

YANK

THE ARMY



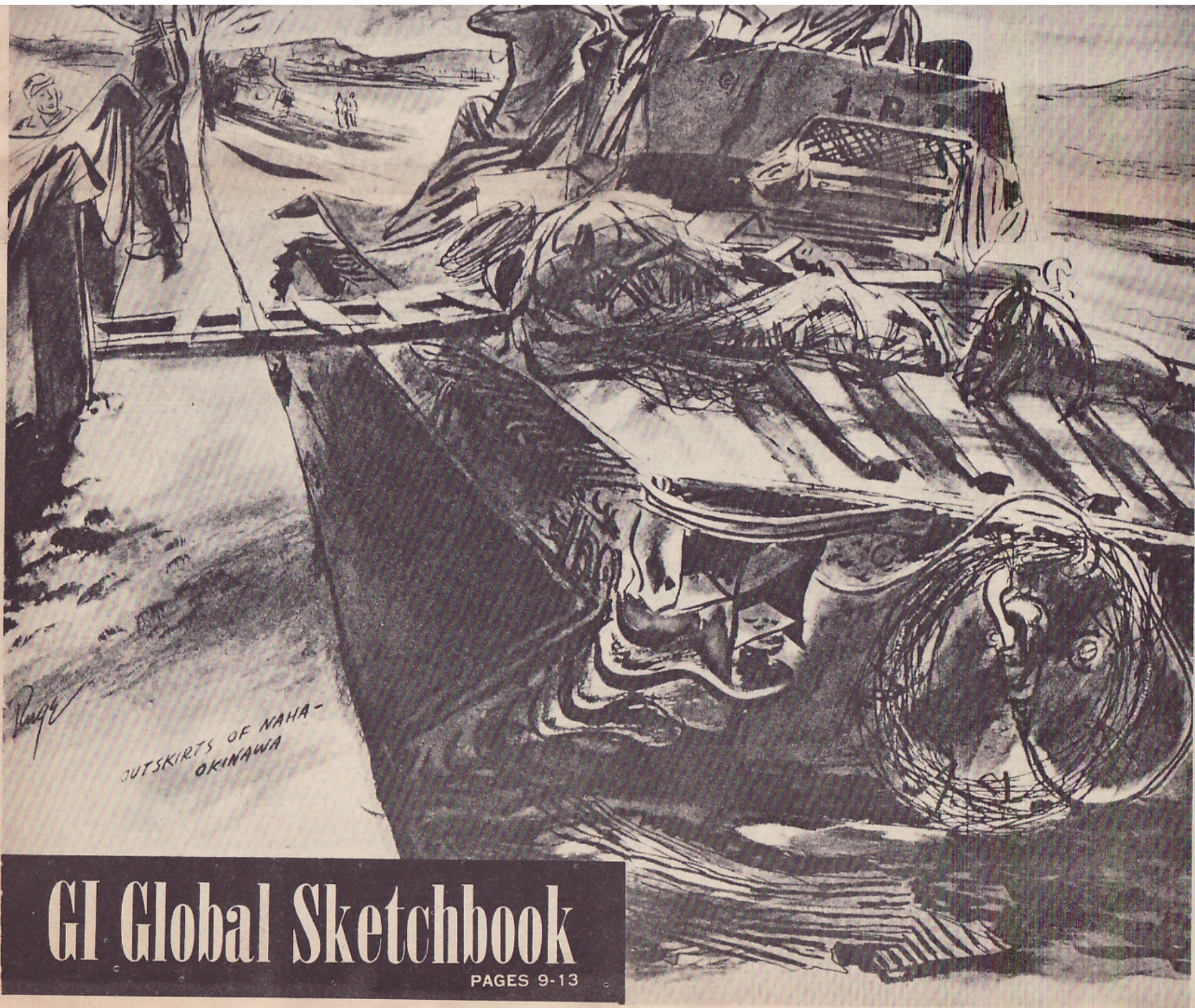
WEEKLY

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AUG. 3, 1945
VOL. 4, NO. 7

By and for the enlisted men.





OUTSKIRTS OF NAHA -
OKINAWA

GI Global Sketchbook

PAGES 9-13

MANY words have been written—and many more will be written—about Germany since the defeat of the Nazis. It is a tangled and fascinating story of a people raging with a scientifically-cultivated disease, and of the attempts to bring them back to the real world. This is YANK's first account of what is happening in Berlin, where the doctors are trying to agree on their methods of treatment, where four nations are trying to save the patient. Like typhus the disease of Nazism, if allowed to remain, can threaten the whole world. It is a sudden transition from war—the peace in Germany—but the Americans, French, British and Russians are tackling it with the energy of war. In our serious united effort to treat the Nazi disease, we have a chance to immunize ourselves against another war.





It was nice for the middle-aged Berlin housewife to pass along packages of loot from the Eastern Front. It is not so nice passing bricks to clean up Berlin.

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THE CITY THAT WAS BERLIN

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

BERLIN—Private Luba Rosenova, blue-eyed, brown-haired Russian girl who directs traffic near the Brandenburg Gate in the center of Berlin, was saying that she liked being in the Red Army very much, thanks.

"Of course I do not wish that it will be a permanent thing," she said, "but I am nineteen and there is still much time for me." She explained that she had met a French soldier—a Monsieur Henri Laure—in the German PW camp near Magdeburg, where she was a prisoner for two years, and that they were planning to be married.

"We are much in love and I think it will somehow be possible," she said. But meantime the army was a good life.

"I am well-fed and I am seeing great things," she continued.

A dull-eyed woman stepped out of a crowd of curious civilians and stuck out a thickly-coated tongue at Pvt. Rosenova.

"You are well-fed!" said the German woman, who was wearing a pair of very large men's shoes, and whose dirty blue dress was patched in four places. "You are well-fed and we Germans starve!" Then she spat.

Pvt. Rosenova spoke to the woman in the halting German she had learned in Magdeburg. "I am sorry for you," she said. "You are such a fool. You couldn't get your arm high enough to heal your Hitler and now look what he has done to you." The Russian girl glanced at the ruins lining both sides of what was once the proudest street in Berlin. "I think you are a fool and I am sorry for you," she repeated.

The German woman walked away, mumbling, and joined the crowds of middle-aged *Frauen*

passing Russian wagon. The oats they would grind into rough flour for making bread.

A typical menu is that of the family of Herr Kurt Leisser, who is doing manual labor in the temporary town hall. It is a cup of tea and a slice of black bread each for himself, his wife and his six children, for breakfast. For dinner each gets potato soup made with one small onion, one potato and a half pint of milk, a small portion of mashed potatoes, and an infinitesimal helping of cauliflower. For supper there are two small boiled potatoes each and another thin slice of bread. During the month of June the families of most men and women doing manual labor got meat—usually beef—on an average of once a week. This month there has, as yet, been no meat ration at all for many sections of the city.

Of the five grades of ration tickets, those issued to laborers are the most generous, with the exception of those for a few city officials and highly skilled professional men—doctors, lawyers, engineers, and scientists.

Yet there is no real starvation in this city of three million people—now. What will happen when winter comes no one in Soviet, U.S. or British military government teams, will predict.

Neither will Dr. Arthur Werner, engineer, educator, and now *Oberbürgermeister* (Lord Mayor) of Berlin.

Dr. Werner placed a Chesterfield on his desk.

"If you will forgive me," he said, "I will save such a luxury as this for Sunday. Such a gift is for a time of relaxation and quiet."

The Lord Mayor, his council of magistrates, and *bürgermeisters* of twenty districts of Berlin, were all chosen by Red Army officers who, two months ago, inaugurated the military government of Berlin.

The Russians have done what Col. Frank Howley

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of Philadelphia, military governor of the U.S. sector of Berlin, calls, "A crackerjack job."

A surprising few of the city officials are Communists. Dr. Werner, for example, is what he calls "a non-political man." He was never a member of any party but for years had headed one of the best-known private technical schools in Germany preparing scientists for Doctor of Philosophy degrees. Three times he was arrested by the *Gestapo* but each time he was released. In 1942 his school was seized because he was known as "an enemy of the state." A year ago in July, shortly after an attempt on Hitler's life, he was held on the suspicion of having something to do with it but was released for lack of evidence.

"I was known as an anti-Fascist," Dr. Werner explained, "and it was my former students—those who have not died in concentration camps—who persuaded me to become head of the city government. It was a duty I could not refuse."

The majority of officials working under Dr. Werner are Social Democrats, members of the Christian Democratic Union and Communists. Some, like Dr. Werner, are not members of any party but were chosen simply because they had clear anti-Fascist records.

There are still some Nazis in the Municipal government. Dr. Werner admits it but he says, "They will be dismissed within days—I think a few weeks at most." What is more, known Nazis—who cannot be replaced at the moment—receive only 72 *pfennigs* an hour, no matter how important their jobs. This is the rate for ordinary laborers on the street.

From May 1st to July 1st, according to the Lord Mayor, 11,766 Nazis were fired from municipal jobs. The police force of 10,000 men is entirely new. Wearing uniforms of the pre-Nazi police, new policemen were chosen in part from eligible men who suffered most under the Nazis.

"Such men are less likely to be tyrannical in manner," said Dr. Werner.

Stephan Pasheke, who directs traffic in Wedding, a badly damaged working class district of Berlin, is a former house-painter who is married to a Jewish woman. Almost every month from 1933 on he had to report to the *Gestapo* for investigation. He was unable to get many jobs; most of the hiring was controlled by Nazis. In 1941 he was drafted into the Army, then released because of his wife's religion, and placed in the Todt labor group.



Laure—in the German P.W. camp near Magdeburg, where she was a prisoner for two years, and that they were planning to be married.

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The German woman walked away, mumbling, and joined the crowds of middle-aged *Frauen* walking toward the *Tiergarten* to search the grounds for scraps of firewood.

She was among the thousands of poorly-dressed, middle-aged men and women everywhere on the streets of Berlin just now. Most of the young men still wearing their tattered and rain-soaked green uniforms, you see trudging along the roads leading into the city; thousands of them, their heads down.

The prettiest of the young girls are in the few bars and night clubs now open, looking smart or dowdy, depending on the quality of the place, wearing little make-up because none is available. They smile the familiar smile of the Champs Elysées or Piccadilly. Their love is very reasonable compared to the French and English variety, however. Five cigarettes is at the moment the standard rate of exchange.

Less attractive young women have joined their elders in labor brigades that are clearing the rubble of Berlin in the way it was done a thousand years ago, piece by piece, passing from hand to hand. Not even shovels are available.

These city-wife brigades, including women up to the age of 55, work ten hours a day, six days a week, and receive 72 *pfennigs*—less than ten cents—an hour. If a person does not choose to work, she receives no food ration card.

As Pfc. Nikolai Federovich Ignatov, of Novo, Siberia, guard of a work team, put it, "It is unimportant to us Soviet people, whether or not they work. It is also unimportant to us whether or not they eat."

There is, of course, some hunger in Berlin. Along the *Berlinerstrasser*, an avid crowd was cutting flesh from a bloated carcass of a horse. In *Potsdamerplatz* more than twenty old women, boys and girls were scooping up handfuls of oats dropped from a

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Berlin traffic cop—Pvt. Luba Rosenova of the Red Army, 564 speaks German.

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He worked in Todt helping build *autobahn* highways at 72 pfennigs an hour for two years.

"It was not enough for food," he said.

His wife's work card was taken away and she received no welfare aid from the state because she was Jewish. "We nearly starved so many times," said policeman Pasheke. "She could not leave the house because there were always incidents in the streets against the Jews and she was afraid. It was a black time."

Almost all the men who were drafted from his district are now either dead or disabled. "It was my good fortune to be married to a Jew," he says.

German policemen are authorized to make arrests. Most of Berlin's courts have been re-opened. In general, the American Military Governor believes, courts have been de-Nazified. In addition, many of the schools are now operating on a somewhat informal basis. School days usually last only two hours but those who taught under the Nazis, Dr. Werner says, "have been arrested, have fled or have simply been discharged." Old textbooks are gone, too. Since there has been no time to print new ones, many of the classes consist simply of discussion of the news in the three papers now being published here. They are the *Berliner Zeitung*, put out by the city government, *Taegliche Rundschau*, published by the Red Army for German civilians, and the *Volkszeitung*, Communist Party daily.

There is not enough newsprint to supply enough copies of the papers to meet the demand. In the afternoon hours, before the on-sale time, queues two and three blocks long form in front of the newsstands. Copies of the papers are also tacked on bulletin boards at busy intersections.

The papers, averaging four tabloid pages, contain summaries of world news, with a slight emphasis on doings of the Soviet Union, official announcements, and—recently—long articles on the atrocities of Buchenwald and Dachau.

Some of Berlin's subways are operating, slowly to be sure. It usually takes 45 minutes to go five miles. There are some busses, with their windows boarded up, and a handful of street cars. But public transportation halts abruptly every few blocks because of still unrepaired holes in the streets.

There are few telephones outside of public buildings and hospitals. The hospitals, most of which are open, have inadequate staffs and few medical supplies. Radio Berlin is back on the air, under the close supervision of Soviet MG, sending music, sports events, and news—again with a slight emphasis on the USSR.

Berlin's water supply functions. In most districts there are electric lights.

It has been a cold and unpleasant summer in Berlin but Red Army doctors say the cold has been fortunate. No one knows how many dead are buried under the acres of destroyed buildings. If the cold had not prevented fly-breeding there might now be widespread disease. There are many dysentery cases,



Russian wheat fell from a wagon on a Berlin street. A German housewife was among those who rushed to gather it up, make bread of it.

In the evenings the Red Army and the Berlin civilians may attend the concert halls which are still intact. The Berlin Philharmonic plays four times a week, minus a few musicians who were ardent Nazis. Several movie houses are open, showing Soviet and old non-political German films.

The famous *Femina* cabaret, off the *Wittenbergplatz*, the Champs Elysées of Berlin, is open in the afternoons from four to six and in the evenings from seven to ten. If one is willing to pay prices similar to those in Paris, wine, and a cocktail which is nothing more than water faintly colored with wine and tea, are available. Black Market food includes



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It is hard to avoid the fetid odor of death, even in what remains of Hermann Goering's Air Ministry, and the ruins of the Chancellery.

"It is an odor familiar to the Red Army," said Major Feodorovich Platonov, commandant of the Chancellery area, who was a combat leader in the Battle of Berlin. Major Platonov, who has a shrapnel scar on his neck and a slight limp from a leg wound, is one of the many in Berlin who believe Adolph Hitler is still alive.

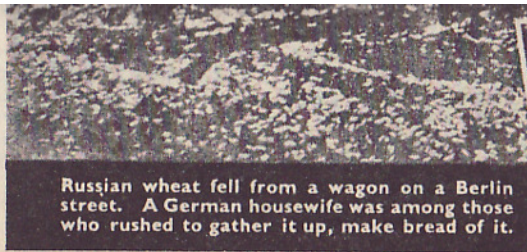
In Hitler's flooded air raid shelter in the Chancellery grounds, he pointed out the spot where the bodies of Goebbels' wife and his four children were found, all poisoned. Just outside the shelter is the spot where Red Army men found the body of the propaganda Minister himself, with a neat bullet hole in his head.

Outside Hitler's once swank Chancellery offices the Major indicated the spot where the body, purported to be Hitler's, was discovered after Platonov's troops had fought their way into the grounds.

"It has been examined by Russian experts," he declared, "and it was not Adolf Hitler. Indeed, it was a poor imitation of that little man." No body even faintly resembling that of Eva Braun, Hitler's mistress, has been found, Major Platonov said.

"It is possible that the man wishes to return in the manner of Napoleon, or to surround himself with the legend of Jesus Christ," he said. "He will not, I think, succeed."

Major Platonov, like most of the Russian soldiers now stationed in Berlin, said, "I would, of course, prefer returning to my home. I am a man who likes simple things. But, in the meantime, as long as military duty goes on, the occupation army is, as I believe you say in America, 'a not uncomfortable life'."



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Those who knew *Femina* before the war say it is quite unchanged, despite buildings on both sides being bombed away. Inside, the cabaret is as smart as Cafe Society Uptown. The only thing missing is the telephone on each table by which a male customer could ring a young woman at another table and ask her over for a drink. Young women, still smartly dressed, are present, however, and a half-smile is enough to summon them.

The management of the *Femina* cabaret has changed. One of the Hoffman brothers, who operated it in Hitler days, has been arrested by the Red Army and brother number two has fled. The new owners are Gert Pagel and Pierre Naida, one of whom escaped from a concentration camp, after months on a mine-detonating detail. The other partner was one of the thousands of Jews hidden in Berlin, living in attics and cellars, on illegal food cards, during the twelve years of German Fascism.

"We had had experience with night clubs," Pagel explained, "and it is the policy of the Russians to aid those who have suffered under Hitler. So they say to us, 'Open this cabaret. It is our wish that the people of Berlin sing and dance whenever they can; they are so filled with troubles.'"

The *Femina*, like the equally famous *Kabaret der Komiker* and a half dozen other night clubs, is crowded with Soviet officers, a few NCOs who can afford its prices, and now some British and American service men. No one seems to know where the girls at the tables and bars get their smart clothes, how they manage to look so well-fed, or where in the rubble of Berlin, they live.

"There are such people everywhere," explained Herr Pagel, pointing to a blonde beauty who was jitterbugging with a long-haired young man.



The Potsdamerplatz, Berlin 1945. Once a proud square in the heart of an Empire. Wrecked flak gun, centre.

"They live on love and there is nothing more than that for them in Berlin."

One of the famous cafes still operating was once owned by Hitler's half-brother Alois. The new proprietor is Herr Walter Herzog, half-Jewish, whose own cafe was expropriated by the Nazis. Although the restaurant was used as a *Volkssturm* CP during the Battle of Berlin, it is now restored with the same blue linen, large mirrors, and chromium plating, such as the old timers remember before the war.

The difference is that it is now a restaurant without a name and there's not much to buy except ersatz coffee and tea, imitation orangeade, and occasional sandwiches.

Like all those whose property had been confiscated by the Nazis, when Herr Herzog returned to Berlin he was given food, clothing, a flat, money and a job by the municipal government. The job happened to be running a restaurant. He says, "When those Nazis took my own place, I said to myself, 'I will some day have the restaurant of Alois Hitler.' I thought it was surely an impossible dream, but when I tell it to them down at City Hall, they say, 'It is as it should be—a time for those opposed to the men of Hitler.'"

Naturally, Berlin is like the rest of Germany; there is not a single citizen in all of Berlin who supported the Nazi gang. Every pious German who begs cigarettes or a bar of chocolate will tell you he was a ferocious anti-Nazi. They are typified by Frau Joanna Mueller, an attractive woman of fifty, who was clearing tables and wearing what was once a smart black silk dress but which is now torn and gray with dust.

Frau Mueller wished to inform all Americans that she was delighted to see them; she spoke English very well and had a brother in New York City. She was hoping that any day now the Americans would help drive the 'barbaric Russians' from Berlin.

"They are savages," Frau Mueller declared, pointing to a blonde, young Red Army man with a tommygun slung over his shoulder. "They have ruined our city."

It was pointed out to her that much of the damage to Berlin was done by the RAF and US Air Forces. "Ja," she said, "but we were in a foolish war caused by that madman and his crazy followers." Was Frau Mueller a Nazi? "I hated them all. I could spit on them." But was Frau Mueller a Nazi? "It is true that my husband, now dead, he joined the party but only because he was

forced to do so to get work. He said many things against them—always many things."

And whose fault did Frau Mueller think it was that Berlin was ruined like Rotterdam and Warsaw and Coventry?

"Ja," she cried, "that man did it all." Did Frau Mueller ever attend party rallies? "Ja, it was required but I said many things. I said many things quietly."

And how did Frau Mueller view the future of Berlin? "There is no doubt of it now. Americans and Germans must join to fight the barbaric hordes from the East. They are a savage people, interested only in rape and plunder."

Did Frau Mueller know anything of the rape and plunder done by the German Army? Had she not read in the *Berliner Zeitung* of Buchenwald? "These are not known to me," she said, "and if such things were, they were the fault of high Nazis. I was only a little person without influence or power, and so alone, you understand. You must also know how many things I said against those Nazis, always quietly because there was so much danger."

The real anti-Nazis are not so easy to find in Berlin. Frau Erna Stock, a graying woman of 59, was fired from her job as official librarian in one of the Berlin courts because she was a Social Democrat and refused to join the Nazi party. That was in March, 1933. She has not worked since, although the savings of her late husband, a famous German scientist who died in 1927, have long been spent.

During Hitler's twelve years she seldom left her house, which was partly destroyed by bombing, because she "knew if I were ever to see one of those scum I would strike him, small as I am, and old as I am." Because there was at least one Jew hidden in her home Frau Stock had another reason to stay in. Frau Stock's neighbours affirm her statement that she hid more than fifty Jews in her house. Many of the neighbors say this because they still believe she is disloyal to Germany.

The *Gestapo* questioned the old lady several times. "They always released me because they were stupid men and scum, and I was too clever for them. Besides, they thought me too old and too small to be dangerous to them."

There is also Willie Gorden, 35, and blonde and "Aryan." He is a bricklayer. He was arrested in May, 1935, because he was then (and still is) a member of the Communist Party. After three months at Columbus House *Gestapo* prison in a Berlin suburb he was taken to Orianenburg concentration camp where he was beaten with a rubber hose once a week, or made to stand 24 hours at a stretch against a wall. "They wanted me to reveal the names of other Communists," said Gorden. "But, unfortunately, I could never remember such names." After he was released late in 1935, the *Gestapo* searched his house once a month. They refused to let him work, and frequently held him for several days' questioning. "There was never any evidence I was a Communist and that was enough." Now Gorden, already graying and with a limp, is unable to work at his trade because of the beatings he took. He still speaks in a whisper when he discusses politics. "One can never be sure who is listening," he says. "We have learned to be quiet if we wished to live."

BOTH Gorden and Frau Stock agree on this point. "If there is to be a future for Germany it can be built only by those who have been always against the Nazis, those whose records are unblemished. They are few." The Communists favor complete cooperation with Social Democrats, the Christian Democratic Union and the Allied Armies. The leaders of all parties agree with Herr Herman Stoesser who worked for the U.S. Embassy from 1926 to December, 1940, and after that for the Swiss Embassy. "The German people must learn all for which they have been responsible because of their support of the Nazis," Herr Stoesser said. "They must be told the entire story of the suffering and death they have made throughout the world. They must have their noses rubbed in the stink of Dachau and in the stink of the German nation under the Nazis. Perhaps it would be well to preserve some of the ruins of Berlin so that they will never forget it."

Herr Stoesser's plan for retaining some of the ruins is likely to be followed. There are no plans for restoring the city, either by Allied MG or the new municipal authorities. Nobody looks much beyond tomorrow. Dr. Werner, the Lord Mayor, believes it will take about 150 years for labor brigades to clear up all the rubble—and nobody knows what to do with the rubble. Only whole bricks are being saved.

The food supply is running low as the countryside is stripped for immediate needs. It seems that food must be imported from somewhere or Berlin will be starving late this fall and winter. There is almost no coal and none in the area to bring in.

All over the city are huge signs in German erected by the Red Army. "We are not trying to destroy the German people but only the Nazi and German militarists" or "The experiences of history show



The now famous *Femina* night club puts out diluted hospitality to a Soviet officer and his German companion. The wine list is depleted





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All over the city are huge signs in German erected by the Red Army. "We are not trying to destroy the German people but only the Nazi and German militarists" or "The experiences of history show that Hitlers come and go but the German people and the German state remain" are two sayings by Generalissimo Stalin the Germans may ponder.

Berlin is a pretty good soldier town for GIs of military government teams and of the Second Armored Division, soon to be replaced by the First Allied Airborne Army. A single cigarette brings 15 to 25 marks on the Black Market—or from \$1.50 to \$2.50, and there's a miniature Black Market on every street corner. One pack of cigarettes and a bar of chocolate can be exchanged for a practically new Leica camera. Two candy bars can be traded for a radio in good condition.

There is a Red Cross dugout and a GI theater. Sightseeing tours throughout the city are underway.

The remaining Red Army girls acting as traffic cops, are young and attractive. The Soviet soldiers are friendly and helpful.

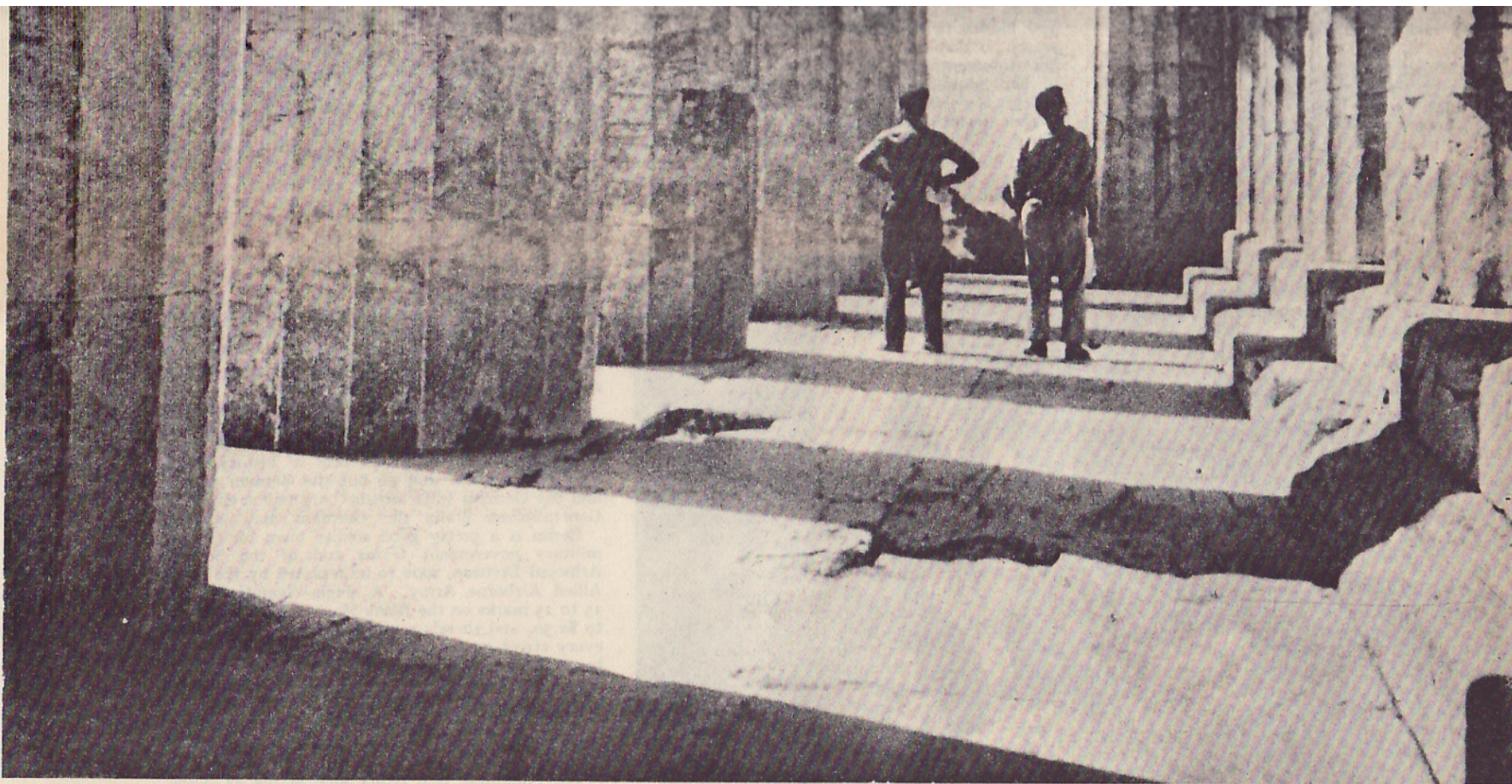
There have been only a few incidents of inter-allied friction on a GI level. Occasionally, Americans out after curfew get warning shots if they do not stop at the command of Soviet guards. Apparently, the shots are fired into the air because nobody has been hit. Some Russians on the street after hours have been picked up by our MPs. There has been no trouble with souvenir hunting because the Russians have no use for knick-knacks.

They liberate only what has a practical use and think the Americans are crazy for collecting water-soaked stationery with Hitler's seal, muddy Iron Crosses, and dirty Nazi flags. "For what will you use such things?" they ask. There is no answer.

Red Army men seem to have a vodka supply while GIs here can't get any liquor. But a single glass of vodka, slammed down Russian-style, and the entire world takes on a magnificent, rosy hue. Then language differences present no barriers to friendship.

GIRLS IN ATHENS





By Sgt. EDMUND ANTROBUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

ATHENS, GREECE—At a sidewalk cafe in Athens an American sergeant and a Greek girl were discussing the American way of life.

"You rush here. You rush there," the girl said, indicating the waste of effort by flipping her hand to the right and to the left. "You always hurry, hurry. You never stop one minute to look at anything."

The sergeant shook his head, bitterly. Finally, he got a word in. "Baby," he said wearily, "since I've been here I've seen the Acropolis seven times. Seven times!" he repeated in wonder. "Ain't that enough? I've only seen Grant's Tomb once."

The girl shrugged her shoulders, but she had to admit what everyone here knows, that, when it is

too hot for Athenians to do anything but sleep, American GIs are trudging up the steep hill to the Acropolis to gaze ardently at the majestic sight.

The Acropolis, a group of excavated ruins on a great pedestal of rock, looks down on Athens like a fortress. Thousands of years ago it *was* the sacred fortress of ancient Greece. It still rules over the city; dazzling, immortal.

For a few seconds, at least, the GIs forgive their draft boards for having sent them half way around the world, and stare open-mouthed in admiration and wonder. Then, without really knowing what they are looking for, they go scrambling up marble steps and over great slabs of stone. Suddenly, they find themselves facing the building of which almost every bank in America is a spurious imitation—the Parthenon. Compared, to the great Christian Cathedrals they have seen in Rome, France and England, this is something mightier. The guide book

says it is the ultimate in man's efforts to create Beauty. So they come back to look at it again and again.

Then, there is the shock of color. The mass of marble, bleached by the sun for 3,000 years, strikes against the incredible Mediterranean sky in a blinding combination of blue and white. It is almost vulgar, like a technicolor postcard of Paim Springs.

To the north you look down on Athens, with mountains in the background. You wonder what it reminds you of, then you think of Denver. To the south, there is a sheer drop to the ocean which stretches out like an enormous sapphire that has been planed flat and then polished until it blazes like blue fire.

GIs express their feeling about all this in terms of photography, not poetry. You hear groans of frustration, "Christ, why don't I have Kodachrome!" or they may appraise a Doric column

with, "That's a beautiful shot. *Beautiful.*" Some may recall a picture of the Erechtheion (temple for the first king of Athens) in *Life* and exclaim, "That's where I saw that, *Life Magazine*, last October."

But of all prosaic utterances there was nothing to compare with that of the GI who was sitting on the steps of the Propylaeum (the entrance to the Acropolis). "This," he said positively, slapping his hand on his knee as if it had suddenly occurred to him, "would be the place to bring your date."

If you drive up to the Acropolis in a jeep and just park for a second at the entrance, a swarm of salesmen will advance toward you like a small detachment of locusts. They effectively block the magnificent view with guide books, postcards, Greek dolls, sandals, postage stamps, etc., waving them in your face and demanding a movie actor's ransom.

The 350 ATC boys who operate the Eleusis airfield are the only American soldiers in Greece. When they arrived last October they got a pretty good welcome. No one will ever forget the little fellow who chased frantically after the first jeep that entered town. He waved his arms and yelled. The jeep slowed down for him. As the little guy caught up, he slipped and fell flat on his face, but shouting, "Hello, boys, I'm from *Cigago.*" The GIs soon learned that there are more Greeks in Chicago, New York and San Francisco than there are in Athens.

In Athens there was probably as much sorrow when President Roosevelt died as in any other European capital. There were religious services, of course, and flags at half mast. But beyond that, shops closed for three days and individual citizens went into mourning. Sgt. Al Gaudrean, of Providence, R.I., remembers a naive but touching tribute paid President Roosevelt by a Greek. With tears in his eyes he enquired, "Who take his place, his son?"

Athens is the closest thing to a metropolitan city that a lot of GIs have seen since they have come overseas. It is reminiscent of America's towns of pre-war days: big hotels, wide streets, night clubs, luxury apartment houses. There is another section of the town called "Old Athens" at the foot of the Acropolis. This is a jungle of adobe-like houses. As you thread your way through the unpaved, narrow, crooked streets you might think you were in another world. But no. Invariably, floating out of a casement window is the music of Harry James.

Athens is one of those incredible European cities that have gone through hell during the past five years yet has emerged with bright lights and tinsel gaiety. On the surface it looks as prosperous as New York. This is disturbing. You read in the papers that in 1942 people were dropping dead in the streets from starvation, and that only last January there was a civil war.

Recovery couldn't be as sharp as this. After a while you detect the hoax. The jazz bands sound phony. The cream cakes cost almost half the daily pay of the average worker. You become conscious of a depression, which like a treacherous current,

Royalty and Democracy. They spoke in verse, with an occasional dance step to illustrate or emphasize a point. If the girl representing Democracy made a good crack she would be applauded by the Democratic ticket holders and, of course, booed by the Royalists. The Royalist girl got the same treatment.

This theatrical Hyde Park applies to the legitimate stage, too. Briefly this was the plot of a play that was running in Athens: Action is during the Civil War. Young couple living in apartment. The wife is ELAS minded; the husband is just another guy, not politically minded. One day a doctor and a drunk come in to hide. They say they are refugees from the hills. Next act, ELAS breaks into the apartment and takes everyone off as hostages. A great deal of politics is hashed out while the people are being held by ELAS: the husband becomes a democrat, the doctor turns out to be a benevolent character who gives aid and comfort to casualties of both sides. The drunk never sobers up. The only contribution he makes to the play is when he dreams about a beautiful girl who comes out on the stage and does a strip tease, in which she sheds first the American flag, then the British and, finally, the Greek flag. The play ends with the war coming to an unsatisfactory conclusion with everyone swearing he is not ELAS.

THE movies, of course, are different. Most of the films are ten-year-old Hollywood products, with Greek subtitles. People are crazy about the movies in Athens. There are literally hundreds of open air theaters. Films are not advertised in the papers but when a popular star, like Mickey Rooney, is playing, word gets around like wild fire.

I was taken to the movies by Sgt. George Zissis Coutsonikas of Nashua, N.H., one of the ATC men at Eleusis airfield. He speaks Greek with a great deal of facility, using his hands, his vocal chords and a repertoire of hissing and buzzing sounds which command a great deal of attention. He is in solid in Athens. His parents were born in Greece. The Greeks have a good word for him.

The show hadn't started when we went in. People were taking their places in little green wicker garden chairs. The moon was shining down, and, rather spoiling this romantic effect, was some canned music blaring *The Fuehrer's Face*, a song dated in more than one sense. Over the top of the screen ran a huge strip of Greek letters. To me it was a curious jumble of consonants and vowels. George said it was a tooth paste advertisement. There were no walls around the theater; only a tall vine leaf hedge separated the audience from the street on one side and a cafe on the other. The people living in flats overlooking the theater were leaning out of their windows and settling down to enjoy a free show.

The first film was a dance band short featuring a young singer who sexed out the number *You Go to My Head*. The banal words of this song had a look of spurious importance when translated into Greek and flashed on the bottom of the screen as



Flea market near the Acropolis. Souvenir salesmen offer the GI everything from Evzone slippers to little woollen dolls. These gents are offering postage stamps.



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When you leave the city the transition is shattering. In the provinces you find nothing but sun-baked, ingrained poverty. You only have to travel a few miles to find the violently contrasting conditions in Greece, and which many people say were the reasons for the civil war.

ALTHOUGH this war ended officially last January the issues are still pretty hot. Politics are a Greek's life-blood. And the best place to witness his blood boiling over is at the theater. Greeks go to the theater to have their political prejudices hashed out by the actors. It is a wild, rugged affair more like a serious performance of *A Night at the Opera* or an Olsen and Johnson opus than anything else. The audience participates magnificently by cheering the actors if it agrees, or by throwing vegetables if it doesn't.

This is what happened at a musical show I was taken to see. It started with a group of pretty chorus girls dancing in front of a Victory sign backdrop. When this was over two very sexy-looking girls, obviously the stars, entered from separate wings of the stage. Instead of joining hands, dancing or singing as you might expect, they posed at opposite sides of the stage. One told the audience she was Miss *Demokratia* (Miss Democracy), the other said she was Miss *Vasaillia* (Miss Royalty). It was as clear-cut as that. The rest of the act was devoted to the girls presenting their cases for

at Eleusis airfield. He speaks Greek with a great deal of facility, using his hands, his vocal chords and a repertoire of hissing and buzzing sounds which command a great deal of attention. He is in solid in Athens. His parents were born in Greece. The Greeks have a good word for him.

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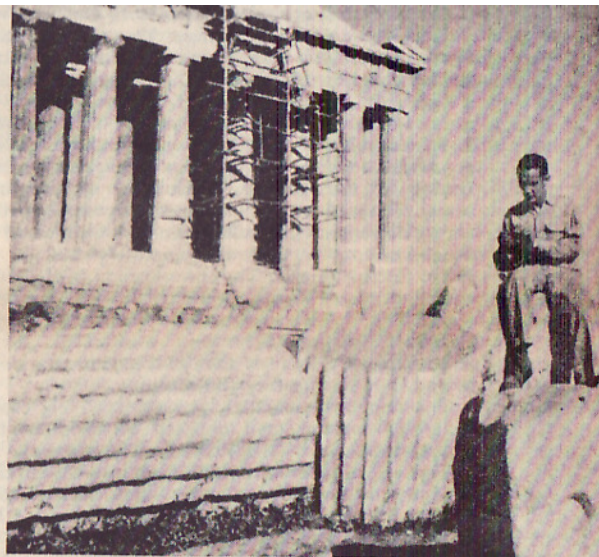
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George Coutsonikas was busy translating. "It's all haywire," he reported. "Instead of 'You Go to My Head,' they've got 'You Make Me Crazy Drunk.' Some of it is even worse."

The main feature came on next. It lasted for about 80 minutes, but there were frequent interruptions. Right in the middle of a fast bit of drama the lights would come on and the attendants, who had changed into white coats, would dash out from the aisles with dishes of ice cream which the audience seemed eager to buy. There were frequent ten-minute breaks like this always occurring, it seemed, in the middle of a fight or a necking sequence. The audience didn't seem to mind the interrupted drama. When all the ice cream had been lapped up and the lights were turned out again the hero's fist would connect with the villain's jaw and the young lovers would continue their embrace.

The big shot in the Greek film world is Skouras, the brother of Spyros Skouras, of 20th Century Fox. The American brother's influence is quite strong. *Skouras Films* are heralded by a rickety impression of the Parthenon with a searchlight sweeping impetuously up and down the Doric columns.

There is no Red Cross in Athens but the ATC enlisted men have started one of their own clubs which is probably the swankiest on the Continent. It is under a GI board of governors and right now is being managed by T/Sgt. Fred A. Spencer of Buffalo, N.Y. It is run on a co-operative basis with a unique plan for distributing dividends. Once a month drinks are on the house from about 7:00 p.m. until 9:30 p.m. In this way the members drink up all the profits. Last dividend night the



Sgt. Gordon Dick changes film for another photographic assault on the Acropolis. The Athens GIs have bulging albums of the local antiquities. Background: Parthenon.



The Propylaea is the entrance building of the Acropolis. GIs, awestricken by the majestic temples of ancient Greece, for once forget to brag about skyscrapers.



Marvel of American Civilization. Greece has the Acropolis but the GI Enlisted Men's Club in Athens has a doughnut machine window to draw Greek admirers.

club unloaded \$200 in hard liquor.

The EM club occupies a two-story building with a dance floor, bar and lounge. Two very imposing figures are a juke box, flown in from Bari, Italy, and a doughnut machine. The doughnut machine is operated right in the front window looking out on to the street and is doing more good for Greek-American relations than a delegation of professional good-will seekers. All day long there are big crowds staring at the machine. The sight of doughnuts being produced every ten seconds by some method which dispenses with rolling pins, ovens and all the usual cooking utensils is completely out of this world for the Greeks. The conversation in the crowd runs like this: "That's America for you. Wonderful machinery." "No sweaty labor in America. Just sit down and press a button," and so on. At the end of the day there is always someone who comes in to ask if he can buy the machine.

The doughnut machine attracts such big crowds that the enlisted men debated on whether they should move it to the kitchen. The sidewalk was always so jammed you couldn't get into the entrance without pushing. But, finally, they decided to let it stay. "What the hell," one of them said, "let's show them what America's got to offer."

From 12 noon to 4:00 p.m., Athens is in total

had died. Shops are closed. Venetian blinds seal the windows to ward off the sunlight. The only living, moving things are king-size cockroaches which waddle across the room and stare impassionately at exhausted sleepers.

In the countryside the crickets roar their heads off. Laborers on a road construction gang can be seen lying under a tree with shovels and picks still grasped in their hands. They have dropped on the ground and gone to sleep as if the whole bunch had been suddenly assassinated.

But at six o'clock in the morning life springs into action as if someone had just fired a shot into the air to start a hundred-yard dash. The sun is shining like the advertisement on the *Old Dutch Cleanser* box. Tradesmen in trucks are tooting their horns, with their necks craned over the driving wheel as if they have dedicated their lives to the main chance. In the street a group of Greek Boy Scouts, all set for a field day, are packed like cords of wood in the back of a truck, whooping and jumping up and down in excitement.

Parades are a dime a dozen: A hatless, dour-looking group of war veterans marching out of step behind a Greek flag. Swinging down the road, a flock of patriots following a band and calling all citizens to unite and extend the border.

The last straw in noise is a loud speaker which is turned on every morning at 6:15. It is set up in the middle of the main square. Brassy celestial music is played for about five minutes. This ends on a discord. There is a few minutes silence and then a frightful harangue for about thirty minutes, which I was told is the day's news. Everyone leaves his shop and house to gape at the loud speaker in the square, although it is quite audible for at least a quarter of a mile away.

On Sundays everyone makes a dash for the beach. Transportation is in such an appalling condition that a lot of people get bogged down before they get halfway there. There are all kinds of improvised vehicles, such as the one we saw by the roadside when our jeep stopped for a few minutes. It was a hybrid, three-wheel contraption, looking as if the manufacturer had crossed a bicycle with a pram. All kinds of cans were strapped around the back wheel: a kerosene container, an oil drum and a very small gasoline tank.

The man who owned this vehicle pushed his way through the crowd which was admiring the jeep. He asked piteously, "Have you gasoline for me?"

But even more compressed are those who travel by motor bicycle. It is not unusual to see a family of five on one machine—the husband driving, two kids straddled across the gas tank, and wife and mother-in-law hanging on behind.

A LOT of Greeks have learned English in school, but those who haven't had this opportunity get by with phrases they have picked up from the movies. The results are sometimes quite funny. For instance, if a Greek wants a GI to look at a pretty girl, his mind automatically associates with bathing beauty films. He nudges the GI as the girl passes by

All the way through the meal your hostess watches your plate, not allowing it to be empty for one second. Towards the end of the meal when your breathing becomes difficult, she may notice that you are not chewing. If so, she will jab her-fork into something on her own plate and hold it up to your mouth insisting that you taste it. It is impolite to refuse so you take another breath and begin chewing again. And so it goes. No one can doubt Greek hospitality.

THE Black Market in Athens is as wide open as a Persian street bazaar. The chief products on the market are American and British canned goods which were shipped to Greece by UNRRA and somehow got side-tracked for sale in these narrow streets. Some of it was stolen but most of it had been distributed by UNRRA and rebought by the Black Market from poor people who decided to sacrifice food for a roll of drachmas.

A can of milk costs about 800 drachmas, which is equivalent to \$1.60 at the present rate of exchange but amounted to over four dollars at the rate of exchange which was in effect last June—and which still is the most representative exchange as far as Greeks are concerned. These canned goods are not displayed in stalls but heaped up on the sidewalk and sold by men who sit cross-legged, leaning in a torpid state against a wall in the sun. Barefooted children hawking English and American cigarettes at about 350 drachmas for twenty do a pretty good trade as roving Black Marketeers. Most of the cigarettes were sold by British and American soldiers when the pound was worth 600 drachmas and the dollar 150 drachmas. These stocks are gradually disappearing as the drachma is now 500 to the dollar and 2,000 to the pound and British and American soldiers are no longer obliged to sell their rations on the Black Market to supplement their pay. Before the rate of exchange went up, a drink cost two dollars and a meal anywhere from eighteen to twenty-five dollars.

However, although this has put prices within the range of the British and Americans they are still very high for the Greeks.

The shoe-shine boys are the only working class Greeks making any real money. They charge 50 drachmas for a shine, which to Americans is the equivalent of 10 cents; last June it was equivalent to 30 cents. These youngsters only have to shine six pairs of shoes a day to make as much as the average white collar worker makes in a day—300 drachmas.

The badge of trade of the shoe-shine boy is bare feet. When soldiers come in to town on a truck the shoe-shine boys patter after them in jet-propelled screaming mobs waving their shoe boxes over their heads like clubs. They give you about five minutes after shining your shoes before they pester you for another shine. For an extra five drachmas they will supply music—rather rhythm—by beating out a tune on the shoe rest between strokes of the brush.

When you drive around town you notice a lot of night clubs and restaurants named after places

The EM club occupies a two-story building with a dance floor, bar and lounge. Two very imposing figures are a juke box, flown in from Bari, Italy, and a doughnut machine. The doughnut machine is operated right in the front window looking out on to the street and is doing more good for Greek-American relations than a delegation of professional good-will seekers. All day long there are big crowds staring at the machine. The sight of doughnuts being produced every ten seconds by some method which dispenses with rolling pins, ovens and all the usual cooking utensils is completely out of this world for the Greeks. The conversation in the crowd runs like this: "That's America for you. Wonderful machinery." "No sweaty labor in America. Just sit down and press a button," and so on. At the end of the day there is always someone who comes in to ask if he can buy the machine.

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From 12 noon to 4:00 p.m., Athens is in total siesta. It is so hot you can't breathe. The streets are empty, and it is so quiet it is as if the world

ATC doughs in Athens live in former Luftwaffe barracks by the seashore. An interpreter, left, is arbitrating prices between a Yank and some shoe-shine kids



beach. Transportation is in such an appalling condition that a lot of people get bogged down before they get halfway there. There are all kinds of improvised vehicles, such as the one we saw by the roadside when our jeep stopped for a few minutes. It was a hybrid, three-wheel contraption, looking as if the manufacturer had crossed a bicycle with a pram. All kinds of cans were strapped around the back wheel: a kerosene container, an oil drum and a very small gasoline tank.

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Some of the American expressions the Greeks pick up from the movies are out of date. This is due to the films being ten years old by the time they are shown. A Greek stopped a GI in Corinth, where Americans are still a novelty, raised his hat and inquired solemnly, "American boy, eh? Oh you kid."

Most GIs, however, have met English speaking Greeks whose homes they visit frequently. From various reports this is, briefly, what happens.

The host and hostess take turns kissing the GI on the cheek. Then they shake his hand. The GI is shown into the living-room and if there are a number of Greek guests present everyone will be talking politics. This will ease up just long enough for the GI to be introduced and then it will swing right back again into the heated political groove. The voices rise higher and higher. Everyone waves his arms, and then, just before the guests come to blows, dinner is served.

A four-course meal is served, accompanied by a steady flow of *Retsina*, the national drink. This wine tastes a bit like resin but the host explains that it is an acquired taste that the American must learn to appreciate. He stands up to demonstrate why *Retsina* is an important drink. First he drinks a tumbler full, inhales deeply, lets out his breath and shakes his head in wonderment. His next move is to stretch out his arms and flex his muscles as if letting the wine circulate through his entire body. Finally he fixes the American with his eyes, which are a bit glassy by now, and tells him, "Retsina is essential for your good health. In this climate you get sick and maybe die if you not drink plenty Retsina."

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When you drive around town you notice a lot of night clubs and restaurants named after places in the States—*Miami Club* and *New Yorker*, etc. The proprietors of these places have made sufficient money in America to start up a restaurant in Athens, and feeling a certain amount of gratitude, have not forgotten the States when naming their establishment. One restaurant sells a lavish ice cream sundae called a "Chicago."

There is one Greek in Athens who *didn't* make enough money in America to start business in a big way in his own country. How he solved his problem is worth telling. After many years in America he returned to Athens with only two hundred dollars. With this he built a small house and rented it. After a few years he had made enough money to build another house close by. The project kept growing. Finally he joined all the houses together and rented them as one building to the American Embassy. Every month he gets a big check from the American government. In other words American enterprise was applied equally effectively on the Greek side of the Atlantic.

A story about Athens would not be complete without mentioning M/Sgt. Dan Mallory of Wichita, Kan., who started a diaper-service in the town. One day he happened to visit an orphanage and was horrified to learn that the babies had only one diaper per day. Immediately, he wrote to all his friends in the States urging them to help him start a campaign called "Diapers for Greece." The call was answered. Scarcely a day goes by without at least one plane arriving with a large number of little oblong cardboard boxes of diapers for Greek children.

In most European countries GIs have paved their way with cigarettes and gum. In Greece there has been this instance of an entirely different approach.

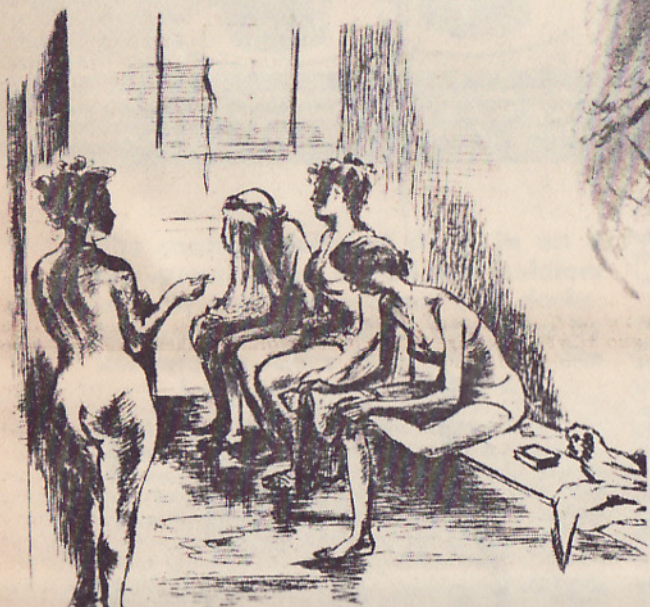
GI GLOBAL SKETCHBOOK

ON these pages YANK presents a collection of hitherto unpublished sketches by GIs from all over the world—the Ryukyus, the Philippines, Italy, France, Holland, Germany and even places like the Spanish-French border and Orlando, Florida. Most of the sketches are by YANK's own staff of artists like Sgt. Howard Brodie, Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh, Sgt. Art Weithas, Pfc. David Shaw and Sgt. Jack Ruge, who recently went with the troops who did the fighting on Okinawa. Others were contributed by soldier-artists, such as Sgt. Ed Vebell, of *The Stars & Stripes*, or by soldiers who draw in their spare time like Cpl. Laszlo Matulay, a draftsman in an engineer regiment in the European theater. While

not constituting all the unpublished art received by YANK during the past years, these five pages of sketches are representative of the excellent quality of GI craftsmanship.

Also, unlike the Art that many civilian painters have produced after trips to the battle fronts and overseas rear echelon bases, it is not the kind that requires a capital "A." It was done by artists who were not in the mood to be pretentious or extravagant. Most of these sketches were made by GIs without time to prune and polish. They are notes of impressions by different artists of different things. They were not intended to be elaborate or commercially ambitious, but they are sincere and accurate.

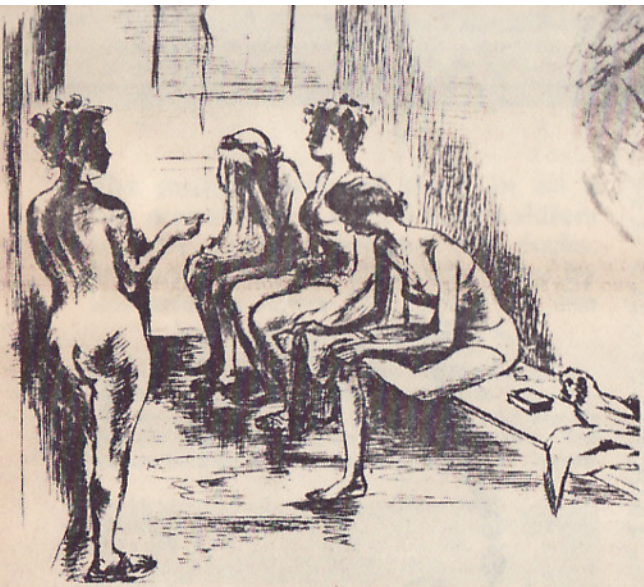
ORLANDO AAB, FLA.



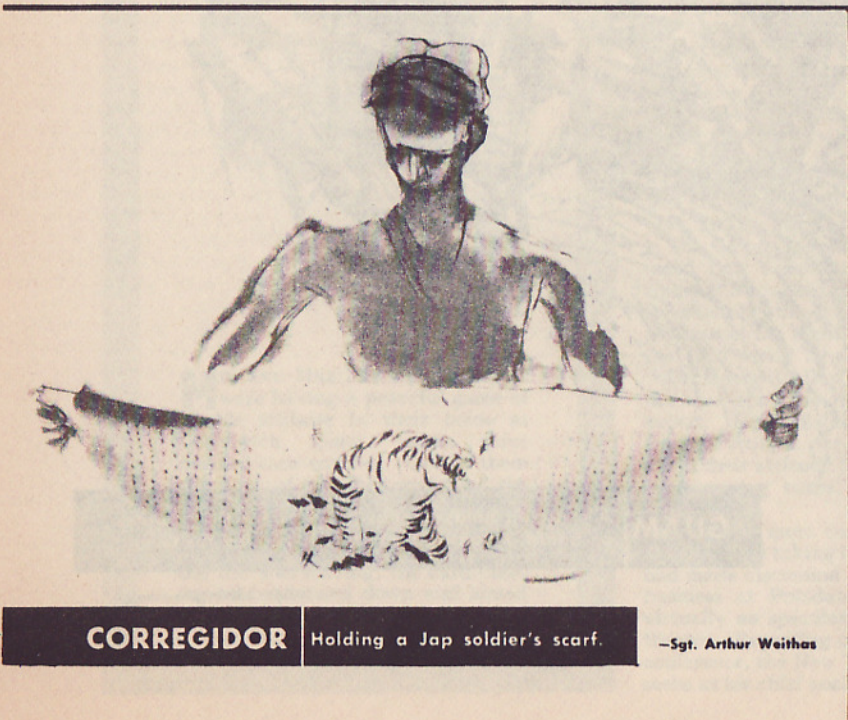
OKINAWA Marines bathing in what was a Jap spring.

—Sgt. Jack Ruge





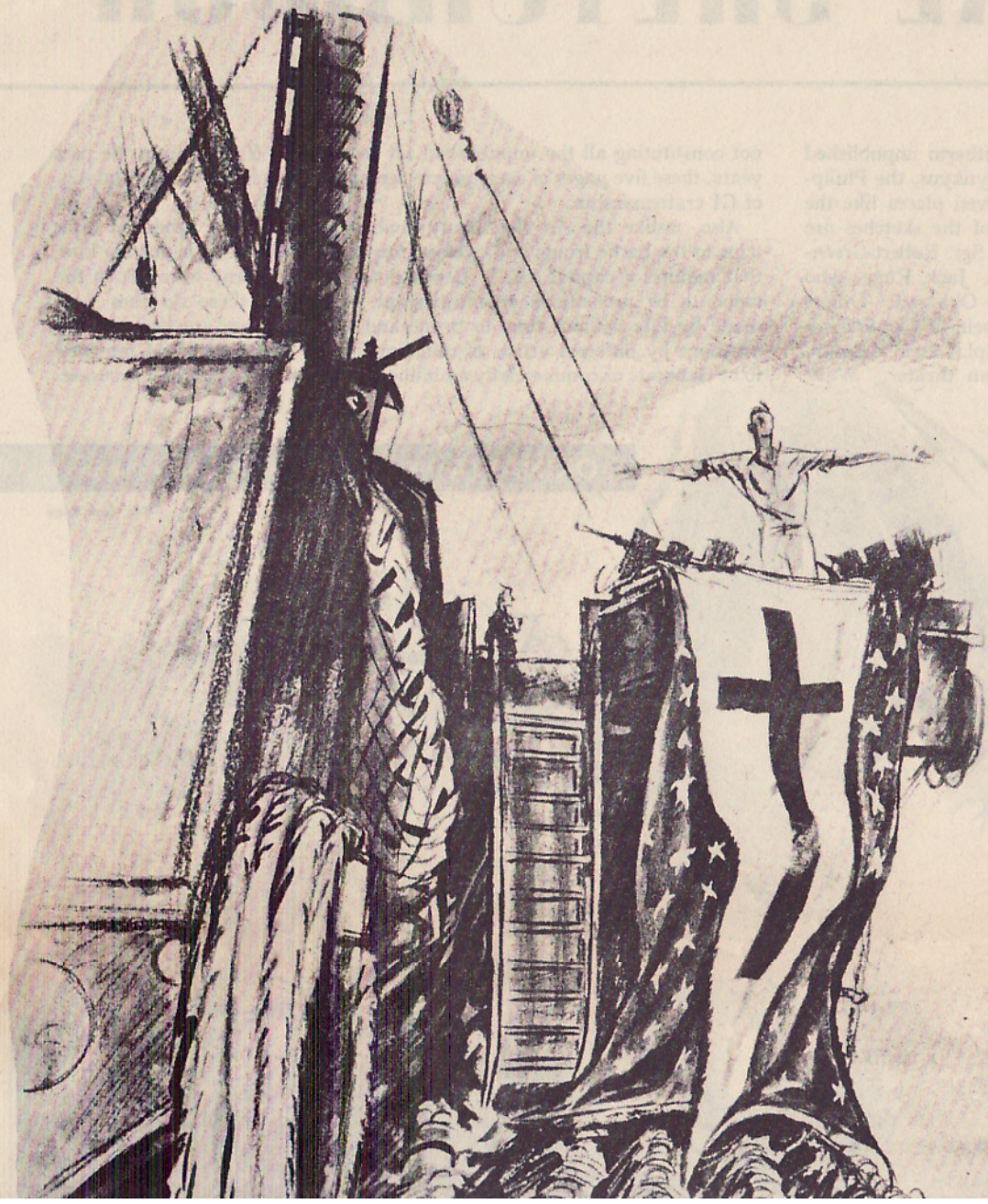
For the Wacs, too, showers are luxuries in hot weather.
—Cpl. Anne T. Cleveland



CORREGIDOR

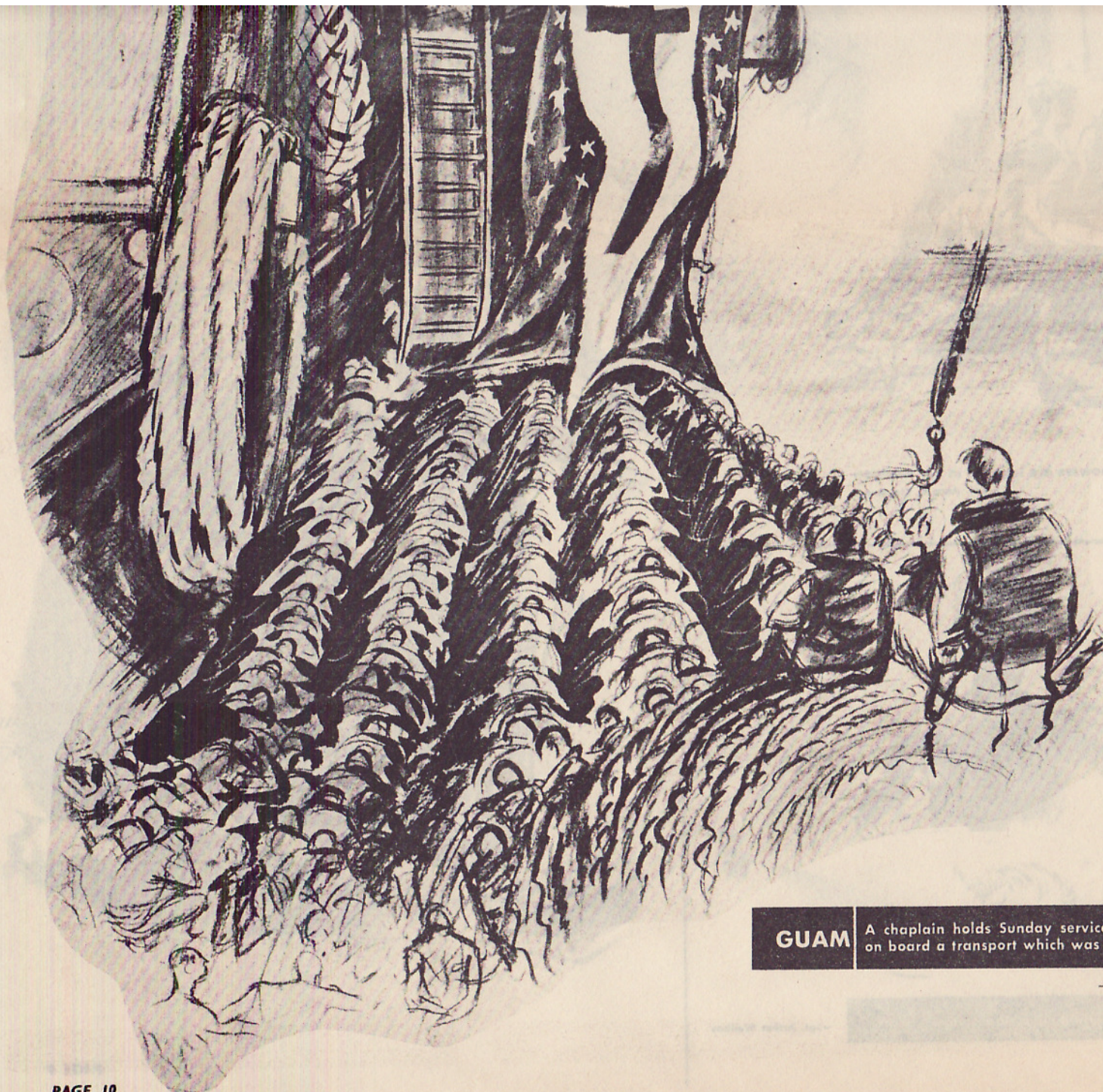
Holding a Jap soldier's scarf.

—Sgt. Arthur Weithas



GUAM The rain is falling at the front.

—Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh



GUAM A chaplain holds Sunday services for the Marines on board a transport which was headed for Guam.

—Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh



PYRENEES French and Spanish guards at the border.

-Sgt. Ed Vebell



PYRENEES Spanish sergeant of the border guard.

-Sgt. Ed Vebell





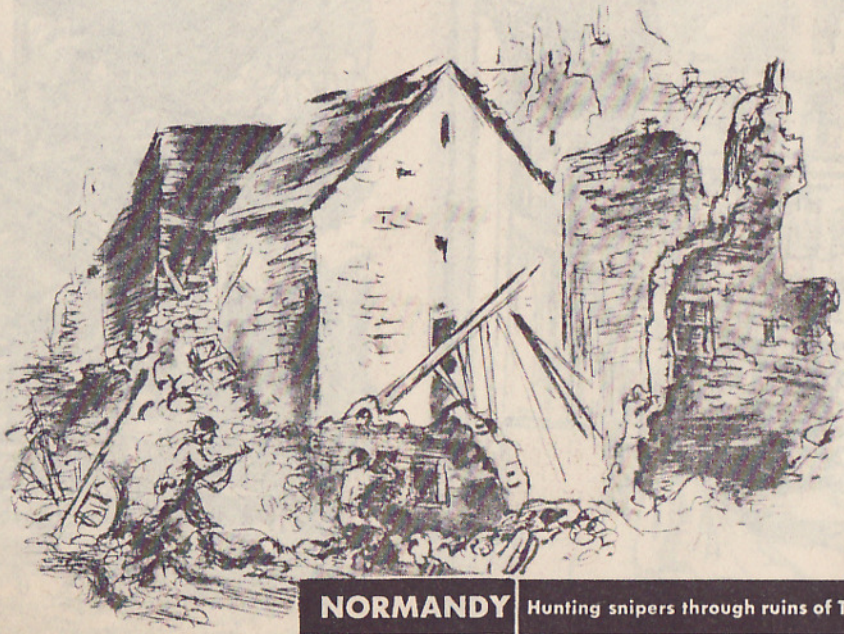
MINDANAO Ruins on the main street of Zamboanga.

—Sgt. Arthur Weithas



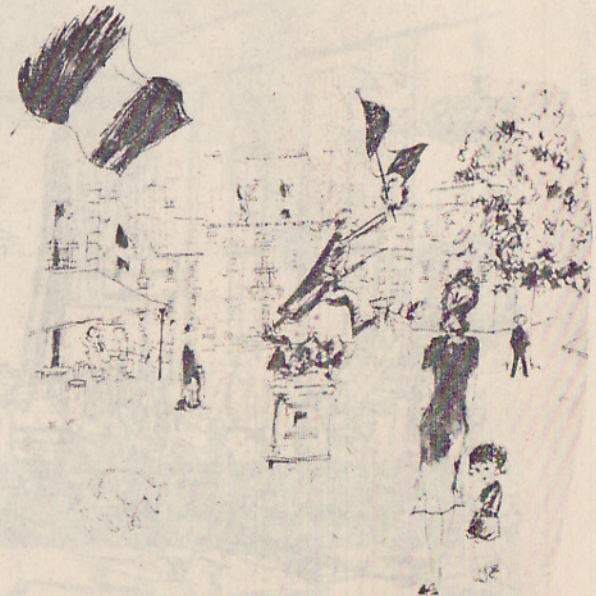
MINDANAO A GI swigging from a bottle of saki.

—Sgt. Arthur Weithas



NORMANDY Hunting snipers through ruins of Trevieres.

—Sgt. George Vander Sluis



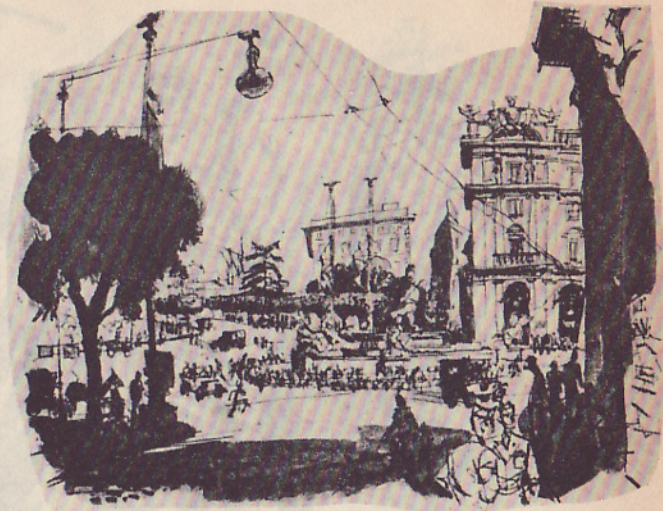
FRANCE A quiet day in a liberated French town.

—Cpl. Laszlo Matulay



NORMANDY Tired dough rests his pack.

—Sgt. Howard Brodie



The Piazza dell'Esedra. The Via Nazionale goes out from it.

ROME



The Piazza Venezia, from the Victor Emanuel Monument.



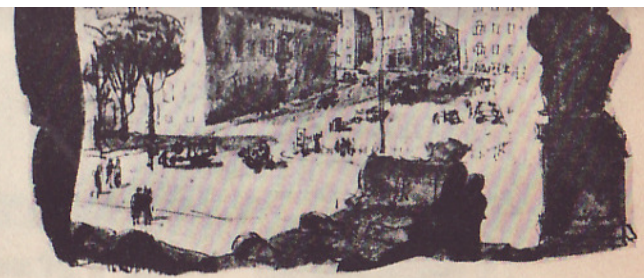
A sidewalk

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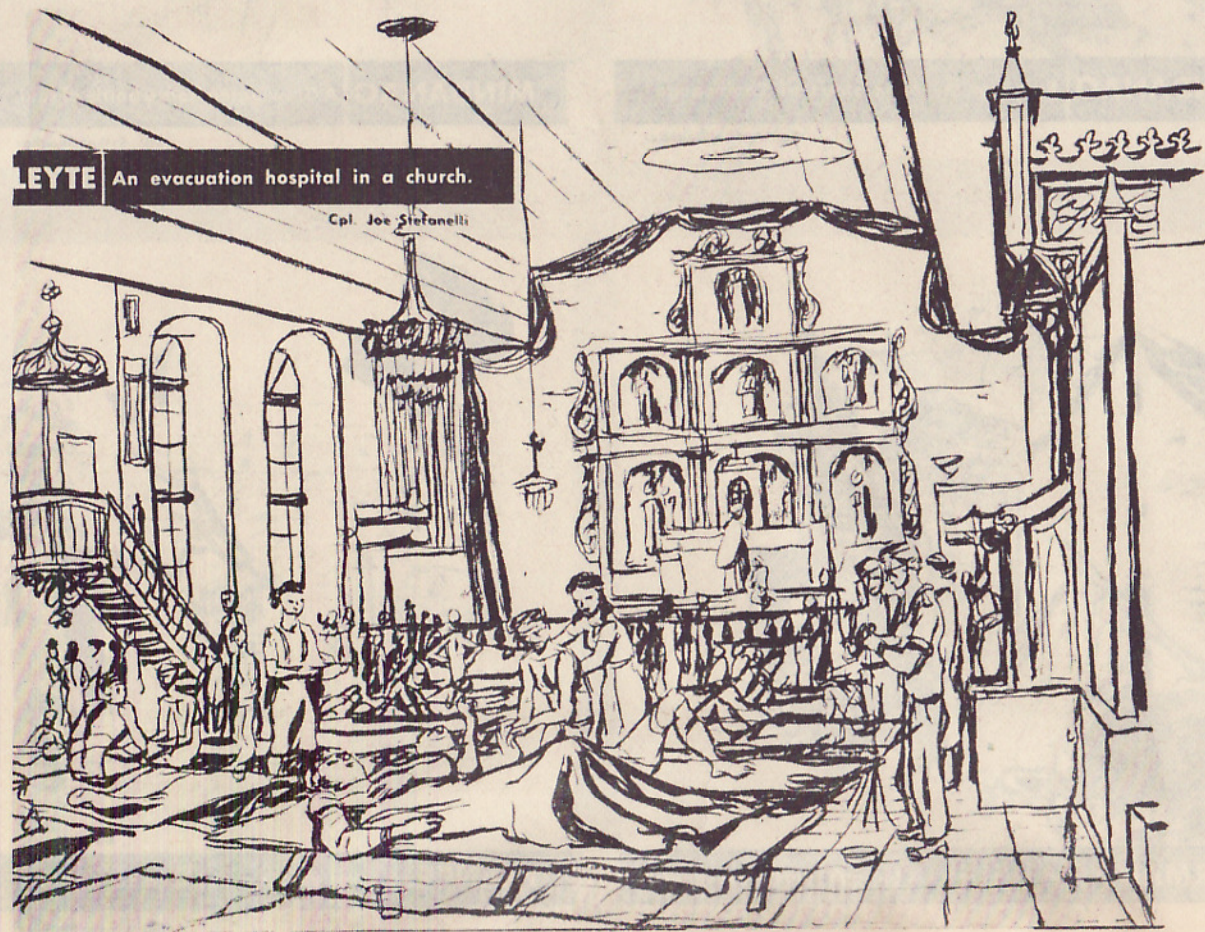
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The Piazza Venezia, from the Victor Emanuel Monument.



A sidewalk



LEYTE An evacuation hospital in a church.

Cpl. Joe Stefanelli

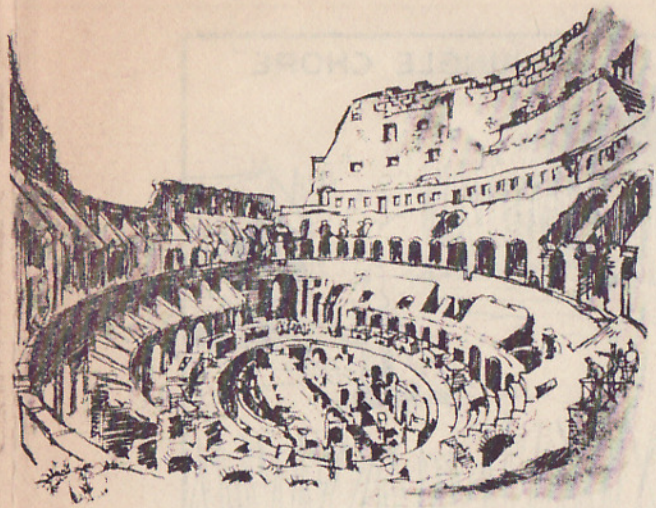


NEW GUINEA An army road junction.

Cpl. Joe Stefanelli



from it.



The Colosseum, where kids pestered you for cigarettes.

ROME



monument.



A sidewalk cafe under trees on the Piazza dei Cinquecento.
—Pfc. David Shaw





monument.



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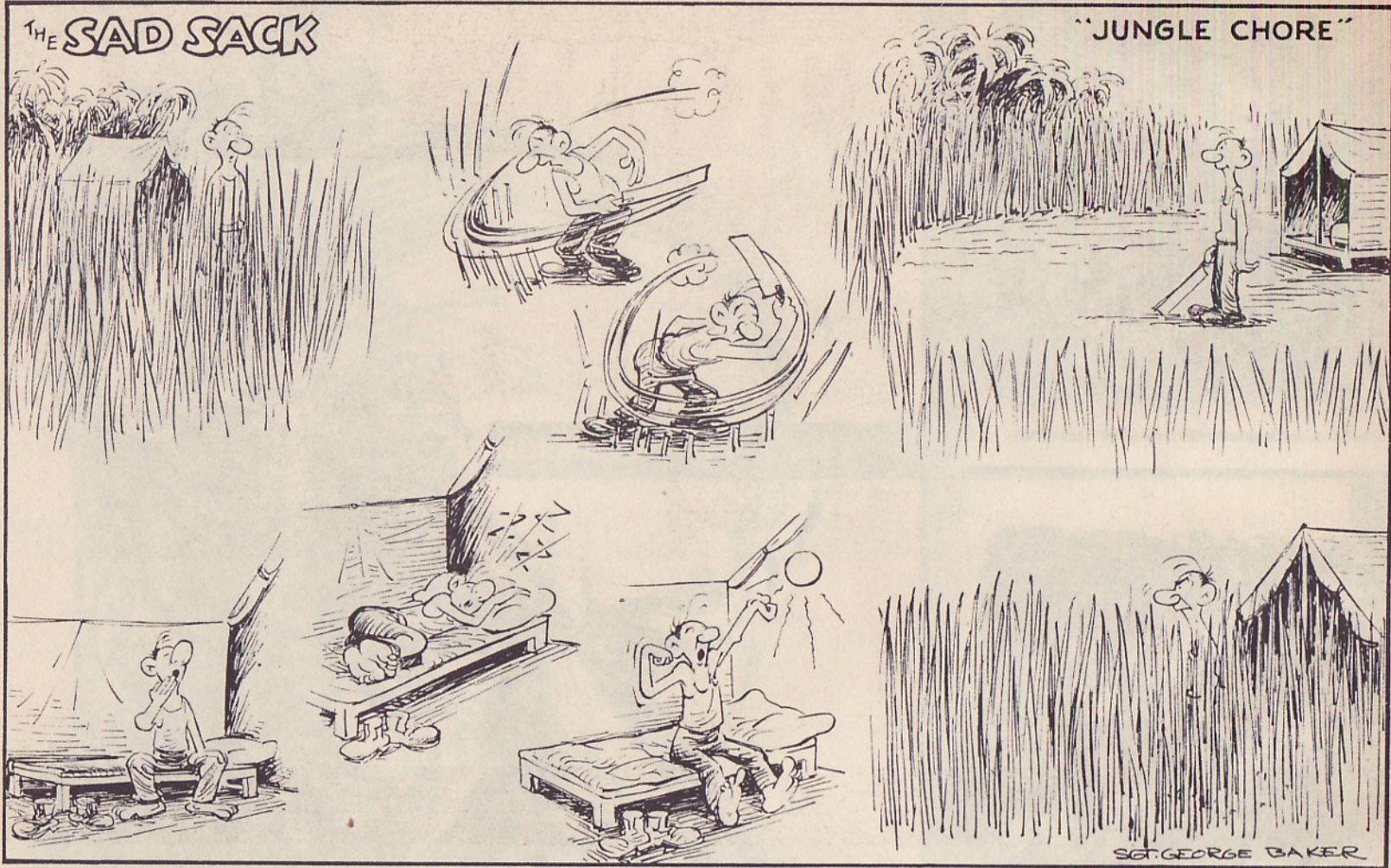
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Stefanelli



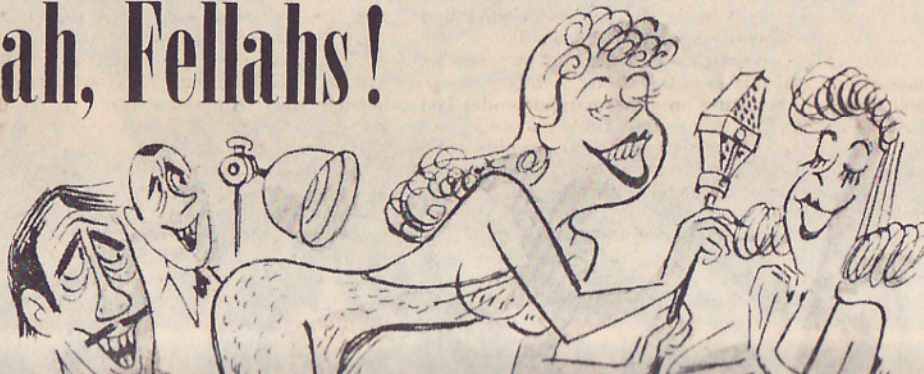
Howard Brodie

GERMANY This 80-year-old German, Julius Schonkase, is disappointed. He wanted to keep on fighting. His sons fought in both wars.

—Sgt. Howard Brodie



Hiyah, Fellahs!



—uh, what? Who said that? Well, Bonnie Buxom, whom do you wish to dedicate this number to?

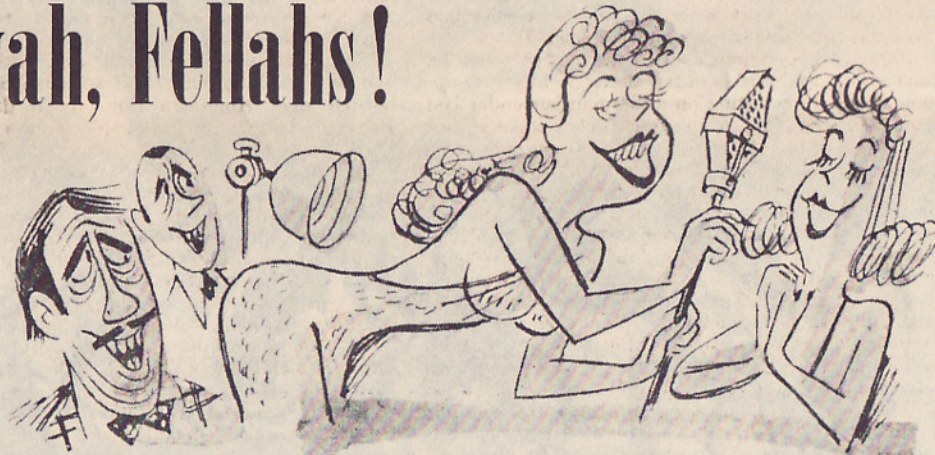
Well, Sally Coy, and fellahs, this is Bonnie Buxom, and I want to sing this number, "Why Not Take All Of Me," especially for all you boys in the foxholes tonight, wherever you are, and I only wish each one of you could be in Hollywood with us tonight. But anyhow we're sending you our love. So especially for you soldiers and sailors and—ouch! Leave go my arm!

VOICE: C'mon Bonnie honey, whyncha let that funny man carry on this program, an' let's us take off. I'm Sgt. McFee, an' this is Pvt. Dillon. Let's get goin', our furloughs is over tonight. Let's go up to yer apartment—you come too, Sally—an' we'll tell you gals how it was in Italy.

BONNIE: Stop, love, make an' the tin...



Hiyah, Fellahs!



By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

ALEUTIANS—Hiyah, fellahs! This is Sally Coy again, bringing another program for you GI Joes in the Armed Forces overseas. These are the songs that you want to hear, you servicemen on duty with the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and that goes for you boys in the Coast Guard too! Well, look who's here! Why **BONNIE BUXOM!** (Applause) Well, Bonnie Buxom, what are you doing here?

Well, Sally Coy, and fellahs, this is Bonnie Buxom. I interrupted my work at the studio on my current picture to come all the way down here to the radio station, but I was only too glad to do it for you fighting men overseas. And now, for all you men in the foxholes and quonsets, on ships at sea, or in planes, or tanks, or jeeps, or afoot, I want to sing "Love Me Tonight."

(Her low alluring voice halts the war effort all over the world.)

Say, thanks a lot, Bonnie Buxom, for dropping down here tonight to sing for the soldiers and sailors and marines and coast guardsmen on all our far-flung fighting fronts! Well, look who's here! Why **WALTER GAG** (applause) what brings you here tonight?

(Eight minutes of bright dialogue about Frank Sinatra's health. Bing Crosby's horses,

Rudy Vallee's age and Jack Benny's toupe.)

Thanks a million, Walter Gag, who is such a favorite with soldier boys overseas. And say, incidentally, I want to thank all you GI Joes who wrote me during the past week. Let me read one letter that I liked *especially* lots: "Dear Sally, meet me tonight, same place, same time. Love, Col. Flanagan." Oh dear no, that's not it—here it is: "Dear Sally, us guys in our hut sure think you're swell and we would like to hear Roy Acuff sing 'Blood on the Highway.'" Signed, The Sad Sacks of Hut 57. So now, for all you servicemen overseas with the armed forces on land, on the sea, and in the air, here's a number I specially like, "Come and Get Me!" How about that, fellahs? . . . Hmmm? . . .

(There's a commotion in the rear of the studio while she sings, loud voices and a sharp clatter like the sudden collapse of folding chairs.)

And now let's hear again from Bonnie Buxom, who came down here tonight especially to sing this number, "Why Not Take All Of Me," for the boys overseas in the armed forces, the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and for the Coast Guard too, in fact for all branches of our fighting forces overseas—

VOICE FROM REAR: Does 'at include the ol' beat-up paratroops from Italy on their way to the gahdam Pacific?

—uh, what? Who said that? Well, Bonnie Buxom, whom do you wish to dedicate this number to?

Well, Sally Coy, and fellahs, this is Bonnie Buxom, and I want to sing this number, "Why Not Take All Of Me," especially for all you boys in the foxholes tonight, wherever you are, and I only wish each one of you could be in Hollywood with us tonight. But anyhow we're sending you our love. So especially for you soldiers and sailors and—ouch! Leave go my arm!

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BONNIE: Stop, leggo—we're on the air, you dope! And now, for all you boys overseas . . .

SGT. McFEE: Tell 'em ya can't sing for 'em because yer takin' off with ol' Dillon an' McFee of the gahdam paratroops. They'll understand . . .

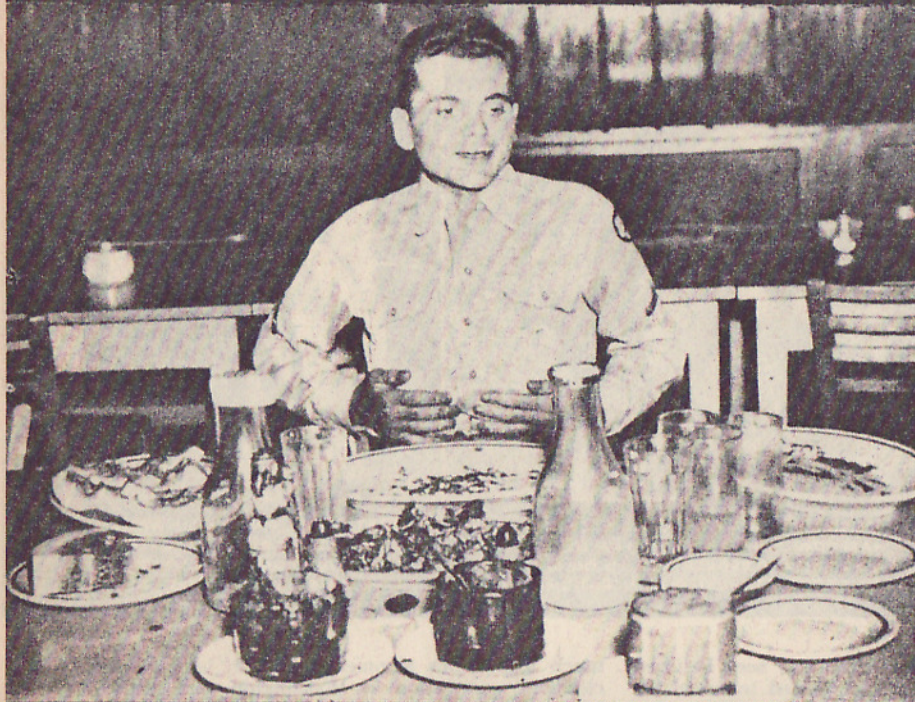
SALLY: Help, somebody! These guys are yelling into the microphone! Leave me alone, you ruffian! I won't leave here with you! Why, I don't even know you!

BONNIE: Shhh, quiet! And now, for all you soldiers and sailors and marines, and for you coast—hey, stop! Put me down, put me down I tell you . . .

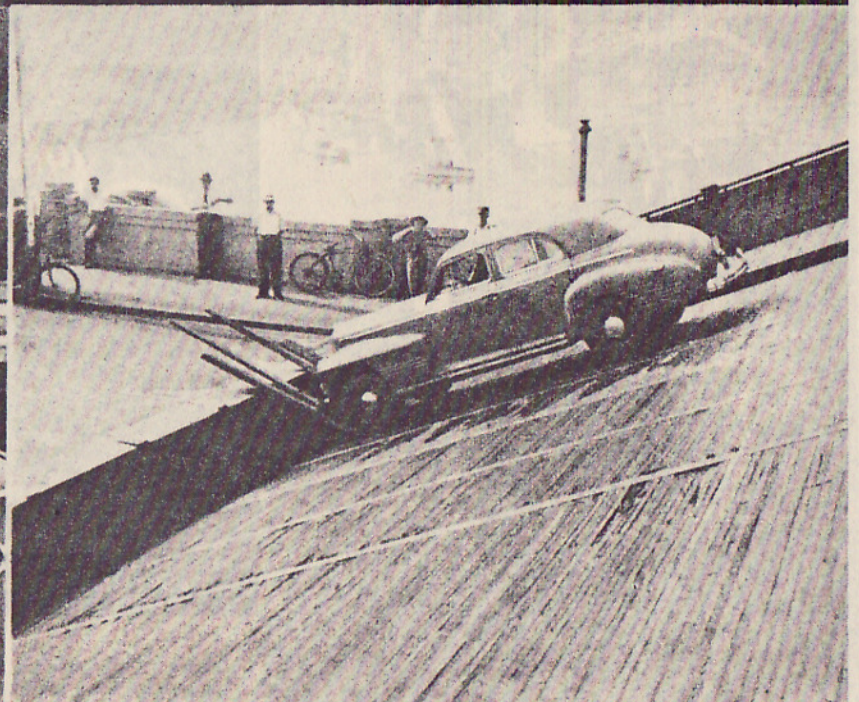
(Scuffling sounds, and muffled screams, as Sally and Bonnie leave the studio in response to urgent requests from two overseas soldiers.)



NEWS FROM HOME



CHOW HOUND. HERE'S A PICTURE OF "THE STOMACH" IN ACTION AT FT. McPHERSON, GA. HE'S PFC. CHESTER SALVATORI, HE BLOWS A HORN IN AN ARMY BAND, AND HE'S JUST FINISHED A MEAL WHICH INCLUDED SEVEN ORDERS OF CHICKEN AND TEN DOSES OF SPUDS.



BALKY BRIDGE. TWO MEN WERE TRAPPED IN THIS AUTOMOBILE WHEN THE WASHINGTON STREET SPAN AT NORWALK, CONN., STARTED TO OPEN ALL BY ITSELF. STRICTLY ON THE BALL, THE DRIVER THREW THE GEAR INTO REVERSE AND PREVENTED A DROP INTO THE DRINK.

The country declared itself in on a big money deal, a POE told soldiers to quit hanging around the docks, Marlene said the USO was okay by her and an Army tank went on the loose in New York State.

THE meeting of the Big Three in Potsdam set off a flood of rumors back home last week. Washington, the papers said, was deluged with reports that the Japs had made an offer to surrender. The rumors became so persistent that the State Depart-

ment was moved to make a denial; a spokesman for the department said flatly that no peace offer had been received directly or indirectly from Tokyo.

Army and Navy officials recalled that they had let themselves and the country in for a bitter disappointment by counting on a German surrender last Fall. Although the Allied time-table had called for a Nazi collapse at that time, the German high command was able to keep its armies fighting until May. U.S. officials don't want to repeat that experience in the Pacific war.

The *Associated Press* carried a story that the Allied chiefs of staff are planning for a tough struggle against the Japs that will last until the end of 1946. Despite Japan's failure to counter the current U.S. assaults on her homeland, military leaders were represented as believing that the Nips will put up

and a bulwarking of the peace." Some newspapers and commentators were irked about the absolute secrecy of the conference.

The papers picked up a brief speech that President Truman made when the Stars and Stripes were hoisted over American Council Headquarters in Berlin. "Let us not forget that we are fighting for peace and the welfare of mankind," he said. "... There is not one piece of territory or one thing of a monetary nature that we want out of this war."

About the same time, back in Washington, Congress was putting its okay on a plan that would commit the U.S. to an active role in international finance. After only four days of debate, the Senate by a vote of 61 to 19 passed legislation to make the country a six-billion-dollar shareholder in the proposed seventeen-billion dollar world bank and

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MR. AND MRS. GEORGE HOUSTON were having a peaceful game of double solitaire in their home at Greenwich, Conn., when three masked men entered. One of them stood guard, another continued the game with Houston and the third looted the house of \$75, nine cases of whiskey and ten gas coupons. As the trio was leaving, the card-playing robber leaned down and kissed Mrs. Houston goodbye.

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There wasn't much evidence that the average American had taken the peace rumors seriously even before they were denied. Newspapers and the radio were careful to point out from the first that the reports were without confirmation. Moreover, the newspapers didn't give their biggest headlines to the unconfirmed reports, reserving their main play for accounts of the daring naval action against the Japanese coast.

Judging by the Gallup Poll, a great majority of the folks on the home-front didn't expect peace with Japan *any* time soon. According to Gallup, twenty per cent thought it would be the latter part of 1946; forty-two per cent said it would be over in the first half of 1946; twenty per cent said it would stop this year, and six per cent couldn't say.

The Gallup people pointed out that this poll indicated that Americans now were a bit more wary about the toughness of the Japanese. In a similar cross-section taken in September, 1944, fifty-seven per cent of the civilian population said they thought the Japs would be finished in 1945.

Dr. George Gallup said the vote wasn't taken with the idea that the man in the street is a military expert. He explained, though, that the guesses of average citizens are important because they often affect their attitude towards buying bonds, changing jobs, paying taxes, or keeping out of the black market.

More and more commentators on the home-front seemed to be taking it for granted that the Big Three had made discussion of the Pacific the main order of business at Potsdam. There was still, however, virtually no speculation about Russia's role in that theater. Reporting on the first days of the Potsdam conference, the *New York Times* said: "Mr. Truman seeks as his chief goals a quicker triumph over Japan

and a bulwarking of the peace." Some newspapers and commentators were irked about the absolute secrecy of the conference.

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The post-war bank and stabilization fund won't be set up until the other members of the United Nations have put their signatures to the agreements, but there was no doubt that the signatures would be forthcoming. As passed by Congress, the legislation was pretty involved, but the Bretton Woods plan has these three main purposes:

1. To make investments in enterprises of war-stricken countries attractive and to develop natural resources, public utilities and industries in undeveloped countries through loans by private investors and the bank itself.
2. To achieve eventual removal of barriers against making payments across international lines, and
3. To provide members with revolving funds of foreign exchange so that they can maintain stable, unrestricted currency relationships during hard times.

Sen. Chapman Revercomb, Republican of West Virginia, livened debate on the world bank by asking just exactly how big is a billion dollars. He pointed out that the dictionary says a billion in the U.S. is a thousand million, while in England and Germany, it's a million million. This, said Revercomb, means that a British and German billion is a thousand times ours, and which one, please, is the Bretton Woods Bill using?

Sen. Robert F. Wagner, Democrat of New York, scratched his head for a while and then said with finality: "The quotas in the bill are in millions." That seemed to satisfy everybody but Sen. Burton K. Wheeler, Democrat of Montana, who said he bet that practically nobody in the country knew what the Bretton Woods bank and fund were all about and that included Senators. No one got up to answer that one.

The Administration had felt that if the Senate



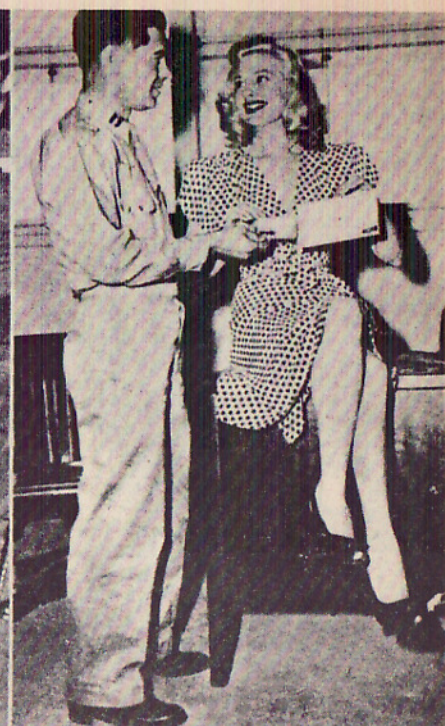
CIVVY JEEPS. THESE BUGGIES AREN'T WAR VETERANS WITH 85 POINTS. THEY'RE NEW ONES DEVELOPED BY WILLYS-OVERLAND, AND HERE THEY ARE OPERATING AS PORTABLE POWER UNITS TO RUN A THRESHING MACHINE.

was willing to approve U. S. participation in the world bank—which called for putting up cold cash—there wouldn't be much doubt of its willingness to approve the San Francisco Charter, which is just a statement of the principles governing the operation of international agencies like the world bank. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee already had urged ratification of the Charter, and observers predicted a maximum of six votes against it on the floor.

Rep. Joseph W. Martin, Jr., House GOP leader, proposed an international agreement to abolish compulsory military training, and the Massachusetts Republican's resolution promptly drew the fire of several House members. Rep. Clifton A. Woodrum, Democrat of Virginia, called it "wonderful, idealistic contemplation," but said it wouldn't work.



YOUNG STOWAWAY. GIs OF THE 121st INFANTRY FOUND NATALE KESIC, 13-YEAR-OLD ITALIAN BOY, IN A NAZI POW CAMP AND LIKED HIM, SO THEY TOOK HIM ABOARD SHIP IN A BARRACKS BAG AND BROUGHT HIM TO THE STATES. THE KID IS SHOWN RELAXING PRIOR TO A BOUT WITH BOSTON IMMIGRATION OFFICERS.



FIRST STOP. PIN-UP CHILI WILLIAMS IS GETTING THE ARMY'S OKAY FOR A FLIGHT TO GUAM, HER BASE FOR A MORALE TOUR OF THE PACIFIC.

States. POE officials said they had been besieged with calls from civilians who wanted to know the whereabouts of Johnny or Jimmy after reading that his outfit had arrived.

Capt. Charles Todd, PRO at the POE, said that many of the missing soldiers had apparently decided to "hit the town for a couple of days" before going home.

Some more industries were asking the Army to give back their workers last week, and especially insistent were the coal companies. According to Sen. Harley M. Kilgore, Democrat of West Virginia, the nation's coal mines need 30,000 experienced men. Two members of Congress introduced a resolution calling on the Army to discharge 10,000 former miners estimated to be eligible for release through the point system, and to furlough 20,000 more coal miners in service said to be stationed in the U.S.

If help for the mines weren't forthcoming, the resolution said, it was going to be hard to supply the nation with sufficient coal next winter. That warning came almost simultaneously with Fuel Administrator Harold L. Ickes' prediction that the coming cold months would be accompanied by the worst fuel shortage of the war in the U.S.

Several members of the Senate charged that the Army has a surplus of doctors and has taken a

much higher this summer than last. A national clothiers' association in Washington said ninety-seven per cent. of its members had indicated they were having calls from servicemen getting back into civvies.

And speaking about things to wear, a bill was introduced in the Senate whereby each discharged serviceman would receive \$150 worth of clothes along with his discharge pay. The bill would provide each discharger with \$150 in negotiable treasury coupons to be used to pay for a new outfit suitable for main street.

Although there were still acute labor shortages in certain industries, the general labor picture in the U.S. was bright enough for the Department of Labor to announce that after October 1, sixteen- and seventeen-year-old girls may not be hired to work on government contracts. Girls of that age had been permitted to work on public contracts as an emergency war measure.

In Washington, the Federal Women's Bureau complained that too many women workers were still being paid "female rates" instead of the rates that should be paid for the jobs being performed. The Bureau said a survey showed that men's average hourly earnings were higher than women's by fifty per cent for all occupations, and by twenty per cent

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Acting Chairman Ewing Thomason, Democrat of Texas, of the House Military Affairs Committee, also said Martin's plan was a "fine theory." But, added Thomason, "I don't believe the millenium has arrived. As long as chaos exists and there are international outlaws, we can't any more abandon our defenses than a city can drop its police force."

Although the country followed the doings of Congress with great interest because of the far-reaching issues being debated, the people at home kept one eye cocked at the redeployment picture. It was a big picture, an ever-expanding one, and its subject matter was close to the hearts of anybody who knew or was related to any one serving in the armed forces.

Something new had been added to the reporting of this war, in order to satisfy the craving of the public for information about soldiers and sailors. Now, home-front newspapers were allowed to publish the names and dates of arrival in the U.S. of units being returned from Europe. The departure of these troops from the States had been the strictest kind of military secret, but the end of one war brought a change in policy.

Papers in New York City, for example, ran shipping lists every day. They were allowed to say that such and such outfits were in staging areas at such points as Le Havre and Reims. But with every list, the papers ran a notice that "relatives and friends cannot contact soldier at pier but he can contact them by telephone or telegraph. Stay home and wait for him to do so."

The New York Port of Embarkation gave the same advice in reverse to the soldiers. U.S.-happy GIs were asked please to go home right away or at least tell their families they were back in the

whereabouts of Johnny or Jimmy after reading that his outfit had arrived.

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Several members of the Senate charged that the Army has a surplus of doctors and has taken a "leisurely attitude" toward letting them go. The Army countered with the statement that it had released 900 medical officers since January 1 and plans to discharge 7,000 more in the next six months. Its policy, the War Department said, was to return "as many doctors to civilian practice as can be spared by military needs."

Sen. Sheridan Downey, Democrat of California, retorted that while the Army may have let 900 medics out since January, it had taken in 1500 others

Ain't it the truth department. Somebody asked Maj. Gen. Frank Cullin, CG of the 87th Inf. Div., whether he'd rather take on the Japs or the Germans. Cullin grinned and answered: "I'd rather fight my way through a ticket line to a good movie."

during the same period. "Thus," said Downey, "there are more medical officers on duty now in the Army than were present in January, 1945, despite the defeat of Germany." He said he had been informed that only 50 to 100 individuals had been released specifically to administer to civilians.

Acting Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson said the Army was now releasing troops at the rate of 4,000 daily and that some 200,000 had already been discharged under the point system. At the present time, Patterson said, the Army was putting back into tweeds about twice as many men as it was introducing to khaki. But some of these men were over-age or medical discharges.

Another sign that the number of discharged veterans was on the increase came with the announcement that the sale of men's clothing was

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News went off the ration list for New Yorkers when the independent Newspaper and Mail Deliverers' Union ended its 17-day strike and started passing out fourteen daily newspapers once more. Distribution was reported nearly normal a few hours after the back-to-work call came, and eager buyers fouled up traffic around the downtown counters and news stands. Union members voted to end the strike after the War Labor Board's Newspaper Commission promised that it would hold an immediate hearing on the issues in the dispute. Chief point in question was the union's request for a welfare fund to be made up from publisher contributions equal to three per cent of the union payroll.

When the war finally ends, it's estimated that Uncle Sam will have about 100 billion dollars worth of surplus property on his hands. How to dispose of these vast stores has already been giving Washington a number of headaches. How can the surplus be most fairly disposed of? How can the government make sure that veterans get the proper chance to buy what they want? Should the Administration's main concern be to get rid of the stuff as quickly as possible or should it concentrate on disposing of the surplus in a way that will help the national economy to the maximum extent?

Apparently the conviction has been growing in Washington that the best way to answer all these questions is to make one man responsible for the disposition of war-time surpluses and to give him all the necessary authority for making big decisions. That is the point of view of President Truman, who asked Congress to do away with the present three-member Surplus Property Board and put all power

in the hands of a single administrator.

When the Surplus Property Law was enacted last Fall, the House voted for a one-man control, but the Senate insisted on a board of five. As a compromise, the three-man board was set up, but the board members didn't get along too well with one another. Former Sen. Guy M. Gillette, Democrat of Iowa, resigned as chairman, and William L. Clayton, now an Assistant Secretary of State, also quit with the comment that the three-man set-up was "unworkable."

At the present time, the Surplus Property Board is headed by W. Stuart Symington, a St. Louis businessman appointed by President Truman. The other two members—Lt. Col. Edward Heller of California and former Gov. Robert A. Hurley of Connecticut—were named by the late President Roosevelt. Washington correspondents seemed to think that if the one-man act was passed, the job of sole administrator would go to Symington. And in that event, the man from St. Louis would have one of the biggest post-war jobs in the nation and his decisions would affect just about every aspect of American life.

At his first press conference, Symington said he thought that war surpluses should be sold under policies that would encourage local enterprise and promote full employment. He also made it plain that his belief was that small business should get its full share. "If we don't promote local independent business," said the new board chairman, "we will end up with a few great companies, and that would be most unfortunate for the economy."

Meanwhile, an official observer reported in Washington that Army and Navy material in the ETO, including potential surplus and residue, is in "excellent condition" because of competent handling by military personnel. After a four-week survey of the theater, James S. Knowlson, Liquidation Field Commissioner, declared, "It is difficult for anyone to appreciate the magnitude of the supply job which the services have been doing. The job has been well done, and the men who are doing it deserve the greatest credit." Take a bow, men.

There still was apparently little or no surplus food around the country. Shipyard workers in Seattle were "stumbling, weak and groggy" for lack of meat and the sick list and accident rate jumped in the last three months, according to the AFL Boilermakers' Union. And a publicity agent for

The kids in Phoenix, Ariz., are plenty burned up at the police department. As a bait, the city gave a free movie to open its bicycle safety drive and 500 young cyclists attended. While the show was on, the cops inspected bikes parked outside the theater—and declared 469 of them unsafe for use.

the American Hotel Association figured out that the odds against getting a steak in a restaurant were 399 to one.

The people got little solace from Secretary of

out of an awkward situation last week when his name was removed from a list of Army men whose backgrounds were described by a House Military subcommittee as "reflecting Communism." Counsel for the committee said it was a case of mistaken identity, after Collins insisted he had never heard of the organization of which he was alleged to have been a member.

The case got Rep. Adolph Sabath, Democrat of Illinois, hot under the collar. He accused Rep. John E. Rankin, who had the Committee's report inserted in the Congressional Record, of taking "every chance and opportunity that he can grab to put into the Record statements that unfortunately seem to follow the policy and program of Hitler and Goebbels."

Marlene Dietrich, back in New York after eleven months of overseas entertaining, denied that soldiers overseas criticized the USO for sending over poor shows. Marlene didn't mention Frank Sinatra by name, but she said, "I personally had only the best of experiences with Special Service and the USO." She added that the boys in the front line "are the most grateful public anyone could have." Later there were reports that the sultry actress was on the dock to show a leg when the transports came in with veterans from Europe.

Lt. Col. Hubert C. Zemke, 31-year-old member of the 56th Fighter Group of the Eighth Air Force, who was credited with 30½ Nazi planes before being taken prisoner, arrived at La Guardia airfield aboard an ATC plane. He said he planned to visit his home in Tampa, Fla.

Pvt. Donald Hicks of Kingston, N.Y., got the support of 1,675 citizens of the English town of Corby in his fight against a 25-year Army sentence on a rape charge. Hicks was convicted and sentenced in Corby and then transferred to the Federal Penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pa. The English townsfolk said in a petition to the Third U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals sitting at Scranton that the soldier was unjustly convicted.

More than a year after it became the law of the land, the GI Bill of Rights had some changes proposed by the House of Representatives. The changes, designed to liberalize provisions of the original bill, won't take effect until and unless they are approved by the Senate and the President, but commentators said they seemed to be a step in the right direction. The most important changes proposed in the education and loan sections of the original law were:

Education—The House bill extends from two to four years after discharge the time in which the study course may be started. It extends from seven to nine years after the war's end the time in which education or training may be given at government cost; provides for short intensive post-graduate or vocational courses of less than thirty weeks; permits the government to finance correspondence courses; increases from \$50 to \$60 the monthly educational subsistence allowance of veterans with no dependents and raises the allowance for veterans with dependents from \$75 to \$85.

Loans—The bill extends from two to six years after discharge the time in which the veteran may apply for a government-financed loan and permits a

prohibits the negotiations for a loan until thirty days after the veteran's discharge; provides that the loan application need be approved only by the lender instead of by the Veterans Administration, and provides that a reasonable value of the property involved in the loan will be determined by the lender's appraisal.

People on the home-front were startled to learn that draft boards in West Virginia and Georgia had ordered up for reinduction two men who had earlier been discharged from the Army as officers. The West Virginia case caused a greater stir. It involved Paul A. Solecki, former Army captain who was released three months ago after a ten-year career that included the invasions of North Africa and Sicily. Solecki, who said he had "no quarrel with the Army," passed his physical and faced induction as a

A pretty good parley turned up in Sikeston, Mo. Mary Nikell, 16, became the bride of Kenneth Dollar, 21, a Marine just returned from three years' service overseas.

private. The circumstances of his being called up again were not made clear, and he said he hadn't requested a return to service.

In the other case, William K. Dobson, 26, had been discharged from the army as a result of action by a classification board in France. He was a second lieutenant at the time of his discharge and had been twice wounded. Back home in Atlanta, Ga., Dobson was reinducted and sent to Camp Blanding, Fla., as a private. He didn't stay there long, though, before he accepted a discharge offered by the War Department.

All was not quiet on the Japanese-American front back in the States. In Stockton, Calif., a gang knocked over tombstones and dug holes in the graves of a Japanese cemetery. Fifteen discharged veterans of the South Pacific War went to work restoring the damage and denounced the desecration caused by what they termed a "hate campaign" against Japanese-Americans. "I thought we were fighting against this sort of thing, not for it," said Marine veteran Bob McDannold of Los Angeles.

Sgt. Tatsumi Iwate, formerly of Lomita, Calif., a Japanese-American infantryman who has a piece of shrapnel an inch deep in his brain, said he's disappointed in Japanese-Americans who had "lost faith" in the U.S. Iwate, wounded in France last October, wrote to a friend in the Justice Department's internment camp who had renounced American citizenship: "I'm rather disappointed in you. I am an American to the last drop of my blood. Being a person of Japanese descent, I am aware of the discrimination that is practised by people who dare not see further than the color of our skin. But I am proud, and I will continue to fight the enemy of our country, be it foreign or domestic."

The protruding gun of an Army tank mounted on a freight train raised all kinds of trouble in Herkimer, N.Y. The huge machine was on a train rolling west, alongside the New York Central's Boston-to-Chicago Limited, when the turret of the

survey of the theater, James S. Knowison, Liquidation Field Commissioner, declared, "It is difficult for anyone to appreciate the magnitude of the supply job which the services have been doing. The job has been well done, and the men who are doing it deserve the greatest credit." Take a bow, men.

There still was apparently little or no surplus food around the country. Shipyard workers in Seattle were "stumbling, weak and groggy" for lack of meat and the sick list and accident rate jumped in the last three months, according to the AFL Boilermakers' Union. And a publicity agent for

The kids in Phoenix, Ariz., are plenty burned up at the police department. As a bait, the city gave a free movie to open its bicycle safety drive and 500 young cyclists attended. While the show was on, the cops inspected bikes parked outside the theater—and declared 469 of them unsafe for use.

the American Hotel Association figured out that the odds against getting a steak in a restaurant were 399 to one.

The people got little solace from Secretary of Agriculture Clinton P. Anderson, who held out little hope that civilian food shortages would be eased before next year. He said, though, that the Army was making a "severe effort" to help out by cutting its demands and had sliced its sugar requirements by 68,000 tons after re-examining its needs.

Capt. Henry C. Collins of Napierfield, Ala., got

petition to the Third U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals sitting at Scranton that the soldier was unjustly convicted.

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Loans—The bill extends from two to six years after discharge the time in which the veteran may apply for a government-financed loan and permits a qualified veteran to negotiate with any established lending agency or any agency or individual approved by the Veterans Administration for a loan for the purchase of a home, farm or business in any amount; retains the existing limitation of fifty per cent of the principal, or \$2,000, whichever is less, on the amount of a loan which the government will guarantee;

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HAPPY WAC. CPL. MARGARET HASTINGS AND TWO SOLDIERS WERE RESCUED BY PLANE AFTER BEING MAROONED 47 DAYS IN A NEW GUINEA VALLEY. THIS PIC WAS TAKEN IN SAN FRANCISCO.



BEST GAMS. SERVICEMEN GET A GOOD GANDER AT GLORIA VICARIO, "BEAUTIFUL LEGS" QUEEN AT PALISADES PARK, N. J.



COMING HOME. THE HUGE NAVY TRANSPORT USS WEST POINT, FORMERLY THE SS AMERICA, WRIGGLES INTO HER SLIP AT NORTH RIVER, N. Y., WITH 7,500 VETERAN COMBAT SOLDIERS ABOARD.

The COVER

This drawing was made by Sgt. Jack Ruge, YANK Staff artist, during the campaign on Okinawa. It shows am-tracks of the 1st Amphibious Marines shelling Jap-held Naha with 75-mm howitzers. The am-tracks were also standing guard against possible Jap infiltration from sea.



Pictures: 2, 3, 4, 5, Sgt. Eugene Kammerman. 6, 7, 8, Sgt. Frank Brandt. 15, left, Press Assoc.; right, Wide World. 16, left, Press Assoc.; centre, Press Assoc.; right, INP. 17, left, Press Assoc.; centre, INP; right, Press Assoc. 20, 21, Pvt. George Aarons. 22, Columbia Pictures. 23, Cpl. Salvatore Cannizzo.

A Captain Proposes

Dear YANK,

I have been reading YANK for several years now, particularly the letters written by men all over the world. Many of the gripes are purely local affairs, but in some cases there is a basic fault revealed in the present set-up of the Army. Recent events indicate that a fairly large postwar military establishment is being planned, which will probably include a form of compulsory military training. Now everyone feels, to some extent, that the present system would manage somehow for this war, but most of us think that a much better system could be instituted. I think it is time we got down to cases and outlined what we think a really first-class system would

3) All ranks, officers and enlisted men, should have the same type of food in the same mess halls.

4) All ranks, officers and enlisted men, should have the same type of quarters, the only difference being that there would be less men to a room as the rank increased.

5) There should be no social differences because of rank, all men being entitled to use the same recreation facilities; no reserved seats for officers, etc.

6) The equipment allowed a man should depend on his job, not on his rank.

The above are a few basic principles. If the Army is to attract a good quality of man and appeal to the average citizen,

drafting the small handful of highly-trained men. . . . Unless the role of science in war is fully realized, this nation could be as defenseless as a baby even with 10,000,000 men under arms.

OK, I've had my say and presented my points. Now, pick it to pieces, defend it, or what you will, but now is the time to do something about transforming your gripes into concrete suggestions.

Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md. Capt. ———

Justice in the Army

Dear YANK,

A gentle slap to you, for continuing to print letters from poorly informed sources, written in a carping and disgruntled manner, and resulting only in a general dissatisfaction on the part of the equally ill-informed reader. I refer to letters written by Sgt. Hesselberg and Pfc. Wallach concerning military courts.

To reply to both of these letters, let me say first that I have served as both Defense Counsel and Trial Judge Advocate in General as well as Special Courts-Martial. Already being somewhat prepared by the course in Military Law at West Point, I helped myself further by later study.

Regarding a "jury of his peers," let Sgt. Hesselberg remember for once and for all that the Army is not a "democracy." The soldier does not have freedom of speech, does not elect his leaders, nor does he vote on the orders he receives. Not even in Soviet Russia is a soldier tried by his fellow soldiers. It would be fine if we could do it, but it wouldn't work. Anyone will agree. This is not a social club, and such a compromise with lawful authority would result in a general lowering of discipline and respect—two things which still exist in good field outfits. The peculiar problem confronted by those who set up and maintained our Army legal system is that of obtaining lawful and just trial by courts whose members are not, and in general cannot be, legally trained. Yet Sgt. Hesselberg wants men with generally even less training and presumably less background and experience to serve on courts, just when the big problem is lack of mature judgment even in the officer ranks of the wartime army!

One of Wallach's points, declared as a "glaring fault" is the "Failure to assign competent, trained counsel to an accused GI." First, any man to be tried, upon receipt of charges from the TJA, is told that he may request any officer or other person to act as his defense. (This is not limited to members of his command. He may hire a civilian lawyer to defend him in a court-martial.) May I say here that the CO's choice of an investigating officer, who does all his work before the trial

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY



BRITISH EDITION

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MAIL CALL

be like. Consideration should be given to the workability of other systems such as the Russian, French, British, Australian, Chinese, German, etc.

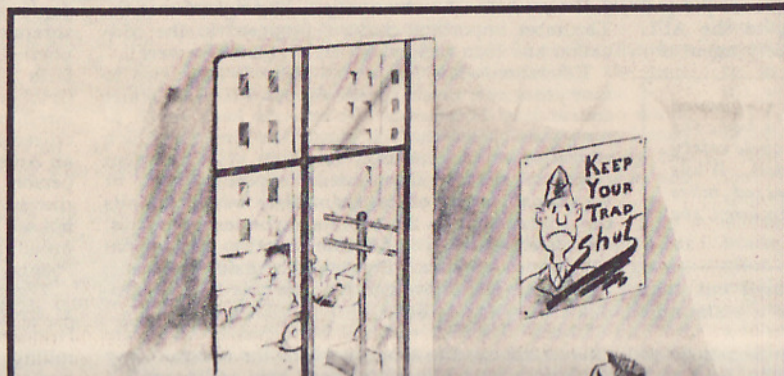
Just to start things off, here are a few of my own ideas:

1) All officers, except those in technical services requiring particular training such as manufacturing plants, engineers, research, etc., should come from the ranks. This would include West Point as well. The system of political appointments of officers should be eliminated.

2) All ranks, officers and enlisted men, should wear the same uniform, differentiated only by insignia of rank.

it must have a democratic basis. The old Prussian type of Army is not suitable for use with intelligent men. Discipline can always be obtained if the job is presented squarely and fairly to the man. . . . Industrial organizations have more complicated systems than the Army and yet they do not need close-order drill, etc., to instill discipline.

In item No. 1 above, I exempted the technical-service officers from the general qualifications for officers. That was done for a particular reason. This war has demonstrated that victory is on the side of science. . . . There is a lot written about the part played by science in this war but at the same time they go on



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PANAMA: Cpl. Richard Douglas.

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Every defense counsel knows that the basic rule for his job is that he will, invariably and regardless of personal feelings, make use of every lawful means to secure acquittal of the accused. This rule is based on our country's great judicial tradition that every advantage of the law is on the side of the accused until he is proven guilty beyond doubt. I have gotten men acquitted on a legality though I had no doubt as to their thorough guilt. It was my duty to do so. Every break is on the soldier's side. I have, for the past several years, talked to many officers with experience in soldier trials. It has been their opinion, as well as mine, that not once in a blue moon is an innocent man brought to trial in the Army. The investigating officer who gathers prospective testimony and forwards the charges with his recommendations is a mature and experienced officer. At least it is intended that he should be, and in my experience he has always been. I have yet to see charges of a frivolous or prejudicial nature come to trial. Let us say, however, they did. Let us say, still more unlikely, that the accused was found guilty and sentenced. The sentence, together with all supporting facts and testimony, must be reviewed by the appointing authority after a thorough review by the Staff Judge Advocate, an experienced lawyer. Even before it gets to him, however, the action may have, and probably has, been tem-



—Cpl. Tom Flannery

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

An open letter to my host, the English citizen

A word of thanks—to the strangers who have given me directions without adding "You can't miss it"; to Mr. Throgmorton, of the *George & Dragon*, who can say, "Sorry, no more spirits" with more sincere consolation than any other publican in the business; to the dry-cleaner who promised me my trousers in two weeks, and kept his word; to the hotel reception clerk who saved my reservation until five minutes past eight; to the clippie who held my forehead one night over the platform edge of a No. 72; to the bobby-soxer at Covent Garden who made me feel like a combination of Cary Grant-Fred Astaire; to the street cornet player on Old Compton who showed me where to get a steak; to the Keith Prowse agent who did the impossible by finding me a "pair" to the Lunts; to the cabbie who had change for a pound note and wasn't sarcastic about it; to the flower stall lady who let me have four bunches of sweet peas for eight dollars—letting me talk her down from ten; and to the benevolent man who didn't charge me for the strawberry I stepped on as I walked up to his fruit stand.

A word of thanks—to the family who asked me to spend a furlough with them and never once asked me what I thought of their climate; to the Dowager Duchess who asked me in Harrod's book shop to come and have tea with her, and served scotch; to the little kid who, when I was unable to grant his request for some, quickly offered me a piece of gum; to the taxi driver who told me where to get a real souvenir of London: a genuine taxi horn (try the Mews around Paddington, if you're interested); to the Apothecary on Jermyn Street who sold me some enervators when I asked for a tonic; and to the barber on St. James' who didn't ask me who in hell had cut my hair last.

Another word of thanks—to the ARP warden whose flashlight quickly went out of order; to the cheerful street-cleaner who offered me a cigarette from a fresh pack of Camels; to the Colonel Blimpish, tweed-suited gentleman who didn't tell me of his trip to New York in 1932; to the friendly old lady on the 5:32 who told me I looked so young to have gone through so much—she must have been talking in terms of pound sterling; and to the feminine loud-

speaker dispatcher at Liverpool Street Station who sounds so nonchalantly cheerful on my arrival, but so comfortable and velvety when I'm standing in a queue for the last one out.

A word of thanks, too, to the English volunteers at the Rainbow Club, especially the two working at Information—what a book they could write; to the ancient porter at the Mostyn Club annex who didn't wake me at seven to see if I had to get up early; to the gay clean-up girls at all the ARC clubs who noisily swarm over the rooms at nine o'clock on the dot, invariably chewing gum and singing *If I Had My Way*, and yet lending a spring-like aura to my autumn condition; and thanks to the English-Speaking Union staff who have never made me feel like a tourist.

And, lastly, a word of thanks to the many generous and friendly people who have peppered my 30 months in their home with poignant memories of confusion, misunderstandings, gaiety and gratitude.

Britain.

S/Sgt. ROBERT BERRY WOODWARD

pered by recommendation of, let us say, the regimental CO, in his endorsement. By the time the sentence is announced and approved, it is more than likely to have been cut to a fraction of the punishment announced in the court. Even after the prisoner begins to serve his sentence, clemency continues to act on his side, and many are the cases originally announced as "15 years" where the men are back to duty in six months, or even less. This is the rule rather than the exception.

The lawyers I have known who, in addition to civilian law, have made some study in the processes of military courts, have been unanimous in their praise of the *Manual for Courts-Martial*. This is one of the finest pieces of legal writing in existence. It is concise, specific, inclusive, and above all, it *requires* justice.

These lawyers, too, have confirmed my opinion that a dereliction in justice is much less likely in US military courts than in civil courts. The Judge Advocate General's Department is one of the Army's keenest and most up-to-date organizations. Its policies have been uniformly fair and far-sighted. If there is anything that the soldier has no right to gripe about, it is this system. The enlisted man in this war, unless he is a guard house lawyer or persistent trouble-maker, has the best deal in history so far

the bottom and with the cords drawn taut.



We want the armchair-borne USO commandos to be kept abreast of the times. What we'd like YANK to do is print a pin-up of Dotty Lamour or Maria Montez, or both, attired in the aforementioned Government issue.

Southwest Pacific. Pvt. JAMES P. GIABERT*

*Also signed by Pvt. Richard C. Wilson.

[The girls' press agents said they were

Irish Question

Dear YANK,

In response to Sgt. Antrobus' article *Yanks in Dublin*, I wish you would give the unforgettable view also. From the superb build-up given Eire—how wonderful the steaks are there, how the people all love Americans, how they all have an interest in us—I almost thought for a moment, "Ah, yes, our old Irish buddies."

I'm too much a true American, too much a free and independent thinker like our free public schools have helped me to be, to be taken in by that propaganda article. Did you want YANK readers—Americans—to forget the cowardly way little Ireland carried on throughout this war?

Eire remained neutral, while England, the Scots and all the rest on this Island sacrificed much. German relations went right on.

Yes, we big-hearted Americans can eat steaks and ice cream perhaps in Ireland now, and eggs too. Too bad, isn't it, that we didn't have those steaks for some of our fighting men during the war here? No doubt, we bought a little from Ireland, but not coming in and supporting the Allies was the most cowardly thing Ireland ever did. Sweden's neutrality was understandable—she was hemmed in

accountable for not having spilled his blood as freely as other men on the battle field, when by virtue of policy set up by the armed services he is earmarked for the roll of service troops. However, even in this capacity the colored American has proven not only his willingness but his ability to serve with valor and distinction. The tremendous supply problem that baffled many military minds, was in the main handled, and handled effectively, by the back-breaking labor of the same Negro troops that the gentleman from Mississippi feels will be "granted unfair preference" should the FEPC remain in force.

The time is swiftly passing when a proud people feel content to sit complacently by and allow the atrocious deeds, done by word or act, that utterly disregard the just rights of honorable men, women and loyal American citizens.

Britain.

E. J. P.

Babies Before Loans

Dear YANK,

For the past three years we've been getting lectures about illegitimate children.

I have been in this country for 32

ment announced in the court. Even after the prisoner begins to serve his sentence, clemency continues to act on his side, and many are the cases originally announced as "15 years" where the men are back to duty in six months, or even less. This is the rule rather than the exception.

The lawyers I have known who, in addition to civilian law, have made some study in the processes of military courts, have been unanimous in their praise of the *Manual for Courts-Martial*. This is one of the finest pieces of legal writing in existence. It is concise, specific, inclusive, and above all, it requires justice.

These lawyers, too, have confirmed my opinion that a dereliction in justice is much less likely in US military courts than in civil courts. The Judge Advocate General's Department is one of the Army's keenest and most up-to-date organizations. Its policies have been uniformly fair and far-sighted. If there is anything that the soldier has no right to gripe about, it is this system. The enlisted man in this war, unless he is a guard house lawyer or persistent troublemaker, has the best deal in history so far as real justice is concerned. . . .

Officers are, and should be, held much more strictly accountable for their actions than enlisted men. Wallach seizes on the newspaper stories, themselves biased and inaccurate, and furthermore patently representing the exceptions in which derelictions of justice have occurred. Naturally such exceptions will take place. There have been cases where officers have been given too light a sentence, and much rarer ones where enlisted men have been given one too heavy. These are the things that hit the scandal sheets. Perfection, absolute justice—these things you will find in Utopia. All we can do is to strive for better ways, and our court-martial system hasn't got any bugs in it that either of these crusaders could remove if he were appointed JAG in place of the present one.

Britain.

1st Lt. RICHARD S. FIELD, Jr.

Bags for Pin-Ups

Dear YANK,

Having been ardent movie-goers back in the States we expected to see native chicks clad in sarongs and grass skirts when we hit the islands. The motion-picture industry has been shamelessly deceiving the American public. There have been some changes made since GI Joe arrived. Here's the correct dope on the latest mode of dress, and we hope the movies dig this and get on the ball.

The best-dressed slick chicks around here now sport mattress covers, somewhat abbreviated, with the slack taken up. Replacing the old type grass skirt is the khaki barracks bag, M145, minus



We want the armchair-borne USO commandos to be kept abreast of the times. What we'd like YANK to do is print a pin-up of Dotty Lamour or Maria Montez, or both, attired in the aforementioned Government issue.

Southwest Pacific. Pvt. JAMES P. GIABERT*

*Also signed by Pvt. Richard C. Wilson.

[The girls' press agents said they were out to lunch—*indefinitely*.—Ed.]

Never Met a Fellow—

Dear YANK,

Bouquets for running Mauldin's story in your edition of the 13th. We always knew where Mauldin stood.

This same day that YANK appears with Mauldin's story, *Stars and Stripes* publishes another crock of stuff about Bronze Star medals, again defending the brass. With what blind eyes *Stars and Stripes* can look at things.

Picture it that a story should appear telling how crazy we are about the discharge plan. I never met a fellow who met a fellow who met a fellow who met a fellow who met a fellow who even heard of a fellow who knew a soldier who was "surveyed." Then our *Stars and Stripes* runs a story by Walter Spear that the vote of the bachelors precluded discharge points for being married. They want us to believe that the bachelors voted for twelve points for every child when so many children were born to keep their fathers out of service. Now the Army becomes a party to their perfidy while the man who delayed having a family for patriotic reasons suffers for his patriotism. Or they want us to believe that the soldiers voted for five points for phony battle stars and bronze star medals?

The British have devised a discharge plan that is accepted by the soldiers and what's more it works. My wife was debbed from the ATS in ten minutes.

We look to YANK to stay on our side against the chicken.

Britain.

(Name Withheld)

the unforgettable view also. From the superb build-up given Eire—how wonderful the steaks are there, how the people all love Americans, how they all have an interest in us—I almost thought for a moment, "Ah, yes, our old Irish buddies."

I'm too much a true American, too much a free and independent thinker like our free public schools have helped me to be, to be taken in by that propaganda article. Did you want YANK readers—Americans—to forget the cowardly way little Ireland carried on throughout this war?

Eire remained neutral, while England, the Scots and all the rest on this Island sacrificed much. German relations went right on.

Yes, we big-hearted Americans can eat steaks and ice cream perhaps in Ireland now, and eggs too. Too bad, isn't it, that we didn't have those steaks for some of our fighting men during the war here? No doubt, we bought a little from Ireland, but not coming in and supporting the Allies was the most cowardly thing Ireland ever did. Sweden's neutrality was understandable—she was hemmed in by the enemy—but Ireland was free to help the Allies. Ireland failed us.

I have Irish relatives, too, but I put my honest opinions above any origin.

I want to take this opportunity to thank you people of YANK. You are doing, and have done, a good job on the magazine. It is American, printing both sides of questions and problems and encouraging free thinking people.

Britain.

Capt. GEO. W. PARKER

[When I came back to England the majority of the people on the boat were Irishmen on leave who are serving in the British forces. In order to visit their own country they have to wear civilian clothes. There are 300,000 Irishmen from Eire in the British forces and war industry. The population of Eire is only three million.—Sgt. Edmund Antrobus]

Unfounded Statement

Dear YANK,

For some time I have been reading with awe the very undemocratic stand being taken by various State and Federal leaders concerning the passage of the FEPC bill. But the statement made by Sen. Eastland in July 3 edition of YANK represents the height of misrepresentation.

The Senator from Mississippi is either grossly ill-informed or is a true misanthrope. Merely reading accounts of the job performed by the Negro soldier would assure him that such a malicious statement was far from being just or true.

Surely the Negro can't be held

However, even in this capacity the colored American has proven not only his willingness but his ability to serve with valor and distinction. The tremendous supply problem that baffled many military minds, was in the main handled, and handled effectively, by the back-breaking labor of the same Negro troops that the gentleman from Mississippi feels will be "granted unfair preference" should the FEPC remain in force.

The time is swiftly passing when a proud people feel content to sit complacently by and allow the atrocious deeds, done by word or act, that utterly disregard the just rights of honorable men, women and loyal American citizens.

Britain.

E. J. P.

Babies Before Loans

Dear YANK,

For the past three years we've been getting lectures about illegitimate children.

I have been in this country for 32 months and have fallen in love with an English girl whom I intend to marry.

I've finally put my papers in to get married and already have them back after waiting the usual two months.

I am a PFC and, as you know, the pay isn't very much, especially when you have an allotment for your folks back home.

I heard that the American Red Cross would loan you money to get married in case of emergency. I applied to them and was informed that it would be impossible to get a loan from them unless my girl was pregnant. If that isn't inviting couples to go the wrong way, then what is?

Britain.

(Name Withheld)

The Pin-up (page 22)

ONE of the best-known show-girls on Broadway disappeared last year and nobody heard much about her until she popped up suddenly in Hollywood and became an immediate success. Her name is Adele Jergens. She is 5 feet 6½ inches tall, has blonde hair and brown eyes. Her new picture for Columbia is "A Thousand and one Nights."

YANK The Army Weekly

By Pvt. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Writer

ABILENE, KANSAS—It was a hot June day—hot even for Kansas—and the wide, clean streets of Abilene (pop. 6,000) were sizzling. The streets were empty except for a few kids who were putting up last-minute decorations on the post office. There were signs in every shop window and they all said the same thing: "Welcome Home, Ike."

Jonah Callahan's drugstore was the busiest place in town. So many people were drinking cokes that Jonah had run out of glasses. Back in a corner a bunch of men sat in their shirt sleeves chewing the fat.

"I hope it don't rain tomorrow," said Ed Graham, head of the parade committee, "and yet I hope it isn't too hot either."

"That's all it would have to do—rain," Sam Heller said. "Everything else has happened. The Chamber of Commerce ordered pictures of Ike and the damned Kansas City printers sent down 3,000 of them with Ike only having four stars."

"Dwight won't mind," Jonah Callahan said. "He was never one for ceremony."

The men at the table, all of whom had known Ike as a boy, started reminiscing. Phil Heath, the 74-year-old postmaster who had had a big hand in sending the young Eisenhower boy to West Point, told about the time Ike came in to see about going to the Academy.

"I was running the town paper then and one night after supper a tall boy dressed in a light gray suit came into the office. 'I'm Dwight Eisenhower,' he said. 'I want to go to West Point. Someone told me that you might be able to help me out.'"

"Well, as it happened, Joe Bristow from Salina was our senator that year. Joe was a Progressive and so was I. In fact, some of you might re-

member, I was the only blasted Progressive in Abilene.

"I tried to disillusion young Eisenhower because I knew Joe had about 10 fellows up for the Academy appointment, but the boy wouldn't disillusion. He just let me rave on and on and when I finished, he grinned and said, 'I still want to go to West Point, Mr. Heath.'"

"He was an ambitious kid and likable even if his father wasn't on my side politically, so I put his name down. I found out that he was a pretty smart student and a hard worker, so when Joe Bristow asked me which boy I thought should get the appointment I named young Eisenhower."

"The way I remember Dwight is down in the furnace room of the creamery," said Paul Hoffmann, whose father was a partner in the Belle Springs Creamery where Ike once worked. "He always had some kind of a book in his hands. I was about four years younger than Dwight and always thought it funny that a football player read books."

"Well, he didn't have the book with him at left tackle," recalled Orrin Snyder, an Abilene farmer who had coached the high school football team. "But he sure was the grinningest football player I ever seen. He grinned when he tackled, grinned when he got hit—he grinned all the time."

On the green lawn of 201 South 4th Street, Johnny Wilson, aged 6, was doing somersaults. "Ike lives here," said Johnny. "And Ike's coming home tonight and he's a five-star general."

"You'd better stop showing off and get off the Eisenhowers' lawn," said Mary Helen, Johnny's 9-year-old sister.

The Eisenhower home is a white, two-story frame house with a roomy porch. It is similar to many other Abilene homes. In the front living room there are a comfortable couch, two easy chairs, an old-fashioned bookcase and a Morris

chair. The furniture in this room, like most of that in the other rooms, is the same as in the days when the six Eisenhower boys were chasing each other around the house.

There are no best sellers or Book of the Month Club selections on the book shelves. Next to two fat volumes of the "Standard Book of Knowledge" stands a volume of Cowper's poems. Then come "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Faust," "The Essays of Marcus Aurelius" and Gunn's "New Family Physics or Home Book of Health." On the top shelf are three volumes of "The Library of Electrical Science" and six volumes entitled "A Treatise on Refrigeration and Icemaking Machinery." David Eisenhower and his son Dwight studied those books.

Beyond the living room there is a small, comfortable room where Ike's mother likes to sit and knit and where once the Eisenhower boys did their lessons. In one corner stands an old upright piano and on top of it are pictures of the six boys, several old song books and a family Bible presented to the Eisenhowers in 1885. The picture of Ike was taken when he was a one-star general. On the bottom of the picture the general had written: "To my parents with love and affection for their devoted love."

In the dining room was a table piled high with boxes and letters, most of them addressed: "General Eisenhower, Abilene, Kansas." Some were just addressed: "General Eisenhower, Kansas."

"There have been over 300 letters in the past two days," said Mrs. E. C. Tillotson, a neighbor who was looking after the house until Mrs. Eisenhower returned from her meeting with her son in Kansas City.

"This morning," Mrs. Tillotson said, "they sent a swanky car with an Army chauffeur here to take Mrs. Eisenhower to Kansas City. I was joking with her and I said, 'Ida, well, you're a big shot now.'"

Ike in Abilene

Ike cuts the cake for his family after a big day in Abilene. Beside him are his son John and his wife.

No tanks, planes or guns in this parade. Some of Abilene's farming machines pass in review instead.

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No tanks, planes or guns in this parade. Some of Abilene's farming machines pass in review instead.

"No, I'm not. I'm just a boy's mother," she said."

The general's train was due to arrive in Abilene at 9:30 that night, but by 8 o'clock the station platform was crowded and the MPs had formed a human rope to keep the people back. At one end of the platform was the Abilene town band, in cowboy costumes. Two pretty young drum majorettes flipped their batons in practice twirls and one red-headed, freckle-faced bandman rattled his drum impatiently.

By 9:20 the whole town had gathered at the station. There were a few minutes of waiting and then from somewhere near the edge of town a whistle was heard over the babble of the crowd and a newly painted locomotive rumbled in. There were eight cars and the people had a clear view of all of them but they couldn't see Ike.

"Where's Ike?" several voices called out. Then, out of a window in one of the rear cars, an officer's cap appeared above a grinning face. The whole crowd must have spotted the general at the same moment, for suddenly a loud yell went up and the band started playing, "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" and the drum majorettes began prancing and twirling their batons.

As soon as Ike hit the platform two dozen MPs formed a cordon around him and made for the swanky car that was to take him to the hotel. But Ike spotted Orrin Snyder and Jonah Callanan and went over and shook their hands.

"You got a little thin, Ike," Orrin Snyder said. "Can't say the same for you," said the ex-left tackle to his well-padded coach.

Maj. H. F. Strowig handed Ike a huge wooden key to the city and the MPs started again to escort the general to the car. But Ike spotted one of the pretty drum majorettes and gave her a kiss, and somehow little Johnny Wilson managed to slip through the MP cordon and tug at the five-star's coat tails.

"Wanna see me do a somersault, Ike?" Johnny Wilson asked. For answer Ike bent down and kissed the top of Johnny's head.

By now he had walked far past the official car and started down Buckeye Street. The MPs tried to usher him back to the car but the general didn't want to go. "Hell, this ain't London or New York," somebody yelled into the MP officer's ear. "This is Ike's home and he wants to go visiting."

Ike went visiting. He walked down Buckeye, turned left on Second Street and then walked slowly back to the station. He kissed the girls, shook hands with everybody in sight and grinned from ear to ear. Then he went back to the train and they moved it down to a siding. Ike was in bed and asleep by 10.

At 10 the next morning the general climbed into a green, open car and started for the Lamer Hotel on Third Street. On the way he spotted T/Sgt. Walter Sapp, a fellow citizen of Abilene who had been a platoon leader with the 5th Division in France and Germany. "Climb in here, Walter," Ike said. "This is your day, too."

The sergeant got into the front seat and the Allied supreme commander made the ex-platoon leader stand up and take the bows.

The reviewing stand on the second floor of the Lamer Hotel was pretty different from the reviewing stands that Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower had been on in London, Paris, Washington and New York City. There wasn't any other brass except the general's aide, and most of the people on Third Street had known Ike all their lives.

As soon as the Eisenhower party was seated, a gun boomed and the parade began. It wasn't a military parade. It told the story of a barefoot boy's rise from fishing jaunts on nearby Mud Creek to command of the Allied expeditionary force that defeated Fascism in Western Europe. There were floats to show Ike's early school days, his high school football team, his years as a cadet

at West Point and his latest military triumphs on the battlefields of Europe.

The parade told the story of Abilene, too—of the days when the town was the railhead for the Chisholm Trail, of the time when Wild Bill Hickok was sheriff. It ended up showing Abilene's agricultural contributions to this war.

Eisenhower reviewed this parade as he never had another. He clapped his hands, marked time to the music with his feet and saluted everybody in the parade but the prize bull that was led past. When the float with the members of the 1909 football team went by, he rose to his feet and there seemed to be a lump in his throat as he called out to his former teammates.

By noon the parade was over and the crowd moved out to Eisenhower Park—it was City Park originally, but got its new name last year—where the general made a short speech. For the first time the grin left his face.

"I am not a hero," he said. "I am merely a symbol of the heroes you sent across the sea. Take the soldiers to your heart as you have taken me."

After the speech, several ETO veterans with Purple Hearts climbed up on the platform and the general hugged the first one up and shook hands with the others.

When his car arrived back at the hotel, a pretty girl broke through the lines and started toward the general. "Lady," said a state trooper, "you can't see General Eisenhower now."

"I don't want to see Eisenhower," said the girl. "I want to see my husband."

Her husband was Sgt. Walter Sapp. She ran to him and they embraced and everybody, including the state trooper, laughed.

On the mezzanine of the Lamer Hotel the Eisenhower clan gathered for a reunion. There were 33 members of the family on hand. Ike sat at the center of the table.

"Buddy," he said to his brother Earl's young son, "move your seat closer to the table so you can get a good look at your food."

A waitress brought in a huge cake decorated with 48 little American flags. Ike cut the cake and handed the first piece to his son John. All tenseness was gone from the general's tanned face and his eyes were soft. "Well, folks," he said, "let's eat."

The Old Man was finally home.

The general had seen welcomes in Paris and London and Washington and New York, but he got the warmest reception of all when he hit his boyhood home town, little Abilene, Kansas.



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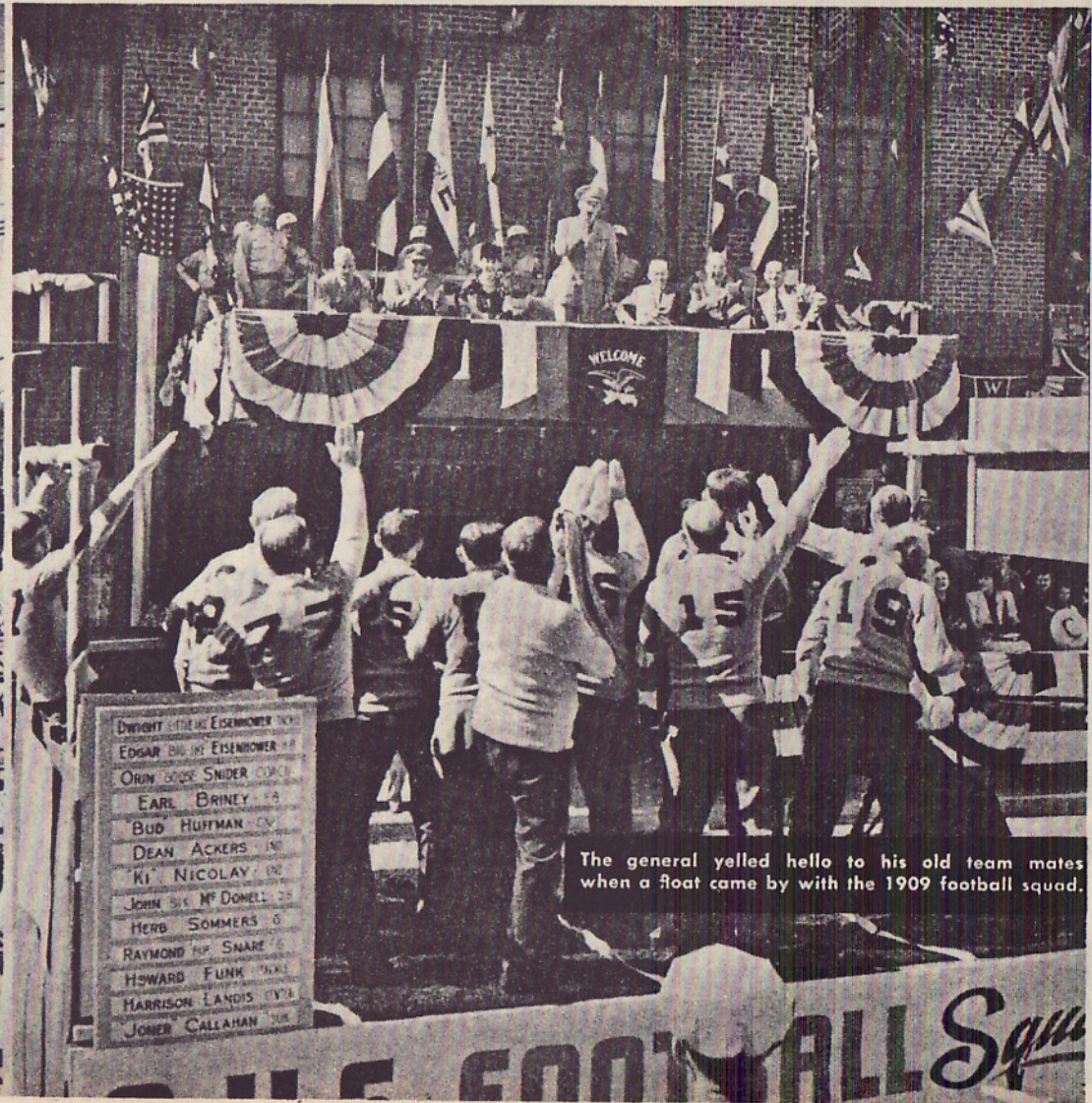
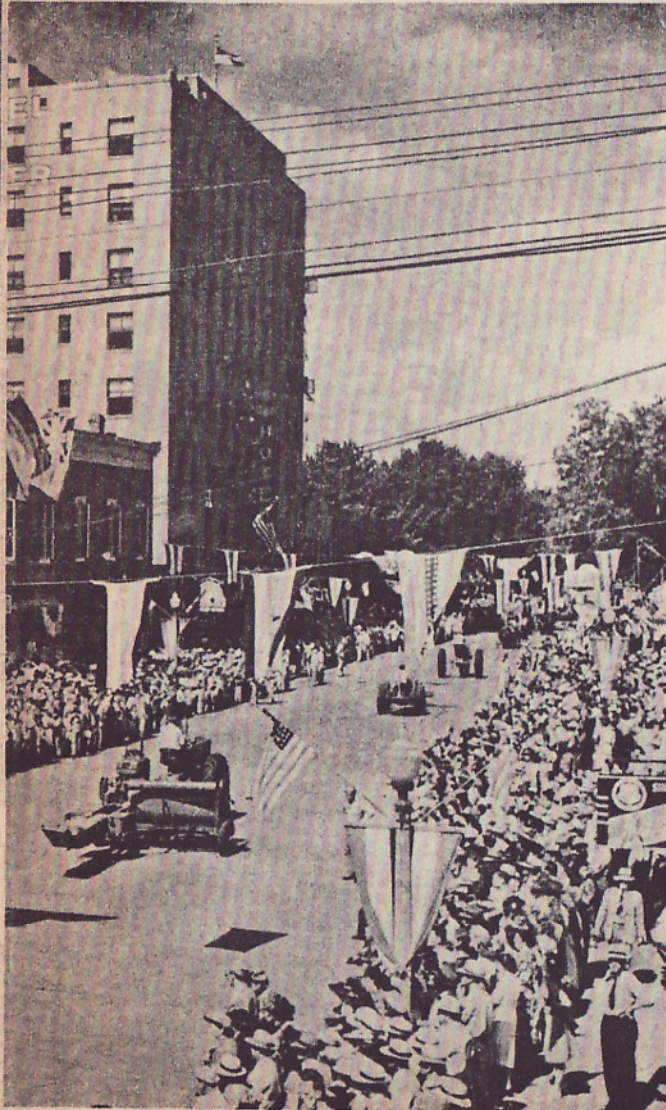
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The general yelled hello to his old team mates when a float came by with the 1909 football squad.





Adele Jergens

YANK

Pin-up Girl

By Sgt. DAN POLIER
YANK Staff Correspondent

SEQUALS, ITALY—Primo Carnera squeezed his 240-pound hulk into the front seat of the jeep and listened patiently while we read his obituary to him. It was a very touching story of the life and death of the former heavy-weight champion, which appeared in a New York newspaper back in 1943 when "Ol' Satch" was reported executed by a German firing squad.

The story described Primo as the saddest man in sports. It told how Carnera's opponents had to be treated to a couple of whiffs of chloroform between rounds; how his managers bled him white by investing his money in phony oil wells and gold mines; how Carnera left America, sick and broken-hearted, and went back to his first job of faking as a strong man in a circus and married a girl from an English pub; and, finally, how he wound up fighting and dying with Italian Partisans in World War II.

Primo roared angrily, "What son of a bitch wrote that?"

Despite the hardships of war, Primo says he has been much happier during the past few years than he was during his heyday as champion. Since his return from the States, he has been living the peaceful life of a gentleman farmer with his wife and two children in a fine home in this little village where he was born.

Primo looks like anything but a sick, broken man. He had a rough time with an infected kidney several years ago, but it has been removed and today he looks as fit and bullish as he ever did. His weight is down, almost 20 pounds under his old fighting figure. There is some confusion about Carnera's age. He claims to be only 36 but the record books list him as 39.

Carnera's wife Josephina is a tall, attractive brunette of 30 from northern Italy. In 1939 they met in the market place at Udine and after a whirlwind courtship of a few months they were married. They went to Rome, Naples and Capri on their honeymoon and then settled down to live in Sequals in Primo's new \$100,000 home.

Josephina's big complaint with Primo is that he is lazy. "He absolutely refuses to do any work around the house," she said wearily. "And he is always giving me his shoes to shine. The only thing I can get him to do is go to town for me. He loves to go to town and talk with the boys. Since you Americans came I haven't had a minute's peace. Primo is always bringing soldiers

Primo with his new manager, Josephina, and their two children, Umberto and Joanna Maria.



CARNERA

at Home

who needs a few extra lire as a sparring partner. He says he has no idea of staging a comeback either as a boxer or a wrestler. Currently, Primo

America. Schmeling wants to go back if he can."

According to Primo, his relationship with the German wasn't always so pleasant. Last year, he said, the Germans followed him as he withdrew \$16,000 from the bank to buy some property and broke into the house and threatened to shoot his wife and children if he didn't hand over the money. Primo also accused the SS of stealing his custom-built Fiat, leaving him only a bicycle to travel to Udine, 25 miles away.

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Both the Carnera children are normal sized and look like their mother. The boy, Umberto, is impressed by the stories of his father's ring career. "He wants to be a fighter," Primo says sourly, "but I won't let him. Goddam, it's a tough racket. His father was a fighter. That's enough."

Primo calls his chubby, two-year-old daughter, Joanna Maria, his "Doll" and showers affection on her. Josephina has warned Primo against showing favoritism but thinks she is wasting her breath. Joanna is the first girl ever born in the Carnera family and Primo considers her his personal triumph.

Scattered prominently throughout the costly Carnera house are Primo's boxing trophies. Entering the front door you are likely to stumble over what feels like a tank trap, but upon close inspection turns out to be bronze impressions of "Ol' Satch's" massive hand and fists. They are used as doorstops. In the living room, hanging over the fireplace, is a full-length painting of Carnera in fighting trunks with his hand raised in victory. Displayed on the mantelpiece in a glass case are the gloves Primo wore when he flattened the champion, Jack Sharkey, with that famous "invisible" punch. Primo's big, bulky scrapbooks are everywhere, on the tables, on chairs and even on the floor. Thumbing through their pages, you can't help but notice that he has carefully omitted all clippings of his fights with Joe Louis, Max Baer, and Leroy Haynes, all of which ended in knockouts of Primo. "Goddam, I forget about the ones I lost," he says.

Primo works out almost every day in the gym, which adjoins his house, using any farm hand



CARNERA

at Home

who needs a few extra lire as a sparring partner. He says he has no idea of staging a comeback either as a boxer or a wrestler. Currently, Primo holds the heavyweight wrestling championship of Italy, a dubious title he won three years ago from "some palooka." He still wrestles on occasion in Udine to help out his old friend, Promoter Charlie Young. Young, incidentally, is a one-time New York gangster who was deported to Italy after serving 10 years on a murder charge. He is now working for the AMG in Udine.

Recently Carnera boxed an exhibition at Gorizia against S/Sgt. Homer Blevins, a 91st Division soldier from Butte, Mont. His weight was announced as 245, nine pounds less than when he won the heavyweight title from Jack Sharkey in 1933. More than 1,500 American soldiers saw him in action, but there was only one solid blow struck during the three rounds.

The reports that Primo fought with the Partisans and was wounded in the leg are phony and Primo himself is the first to admit it. Even today he is no Johnny-come-lately Partisan. "I was neutral," Primo said. "I was respected by my people and I was respected by the Germans, too." He was perhaps more respected by the Germans, because they hired him as an overseer of Italian workers at a mine near Sequals. When Sgt. Max Schmeling toured the Italian theatre, Primo and Josephina were invited to spend the weekend in Venice, where Carnera and Schmeling made a propaganda movie for the Nazis. Later Schmeling came up to Sequals to spend a weekend with the Carneras.

"Schmeling is an old man," Carnera said. "He can hardly stand up anymore because of his leg, which was wounded at Crete. He claims he hates the Germans because they stole his property in Czechoslovakia. His wife ran off with some Nazi party official. We talked mostly about

America. Schmeling wants to go back if he can."

According to Primo, his relationship with the Germans wasn't always so pleasant. Last year, he said, the Germans followed him as he withdrew \$16,000 from the bank to buy some property and broke into the house and threatened to shoot his wife and children if he didn't hand over the money. Primo also accused the SS of stealing his custom-built Fiat, leaving him only a bicycle to travel to Udine, 25 miles away.

Carnera's big desire, of course, is to return to America. "I love the States, goddam," he says. He hasn't heard any news from America in five years. He didn't know Billy Conn even existed and when told Conn weighed only 175 pounds he laughed. "Goddam, another Tommy Loughran." Primo was full of questions about his old friends. He asked about Jack Sharkey, Maxie Rosenbloom, Benny Leonard, Damon Runyon, and wanted to know if Joe Palooka was still champion of the world.

But he was most interested in knowing about Jack (now Commander) Dempsey. "My old pal, Jackie. He taught me a lot in the beginning. Does he still have his restaurant next to the Garden?"

Strangely enough, Primo doesn't consider Joe Louis as the best fighter he fought. He gives this distinction to George Godfrey, another Negro heavyweight whom he fought in Philadelphia in 1931, winning on a foul in the fifth round.

"Godfrey was one helluva fighter for three or four rounds," Primo said, "but after that he would quit. He could knock your head off with one punch. Jack Dempsey wouldn't fight him."

Contrary to popular belief, Primo didn't leave America broke. He claims to have a small fortune socked away in a New York bank and says he owns two apartment houses in Newark, N. J., which his brother, Severino, is managing for him. Primo doesn't nurse any grudges against his old manager Leon See, the French sharpie who took him to America.

"I owe a lot to Leon," he said. "He taught me all I knew about fighting."

Just the same, Primo seems to have learned about managers. "When I come to America again, goddam, Josephina will be my manager," he says.

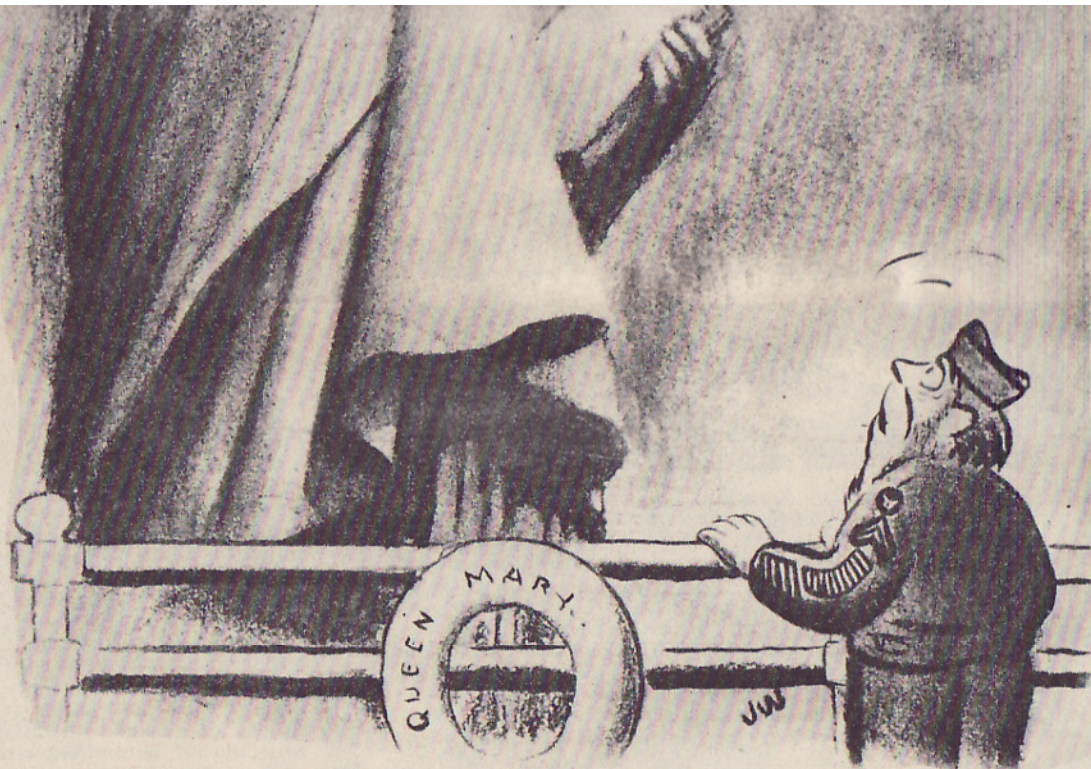
YANK

THE ARMY



WEEKLY





"COR BLIMEY!"

—Sgt. Jim Weeks

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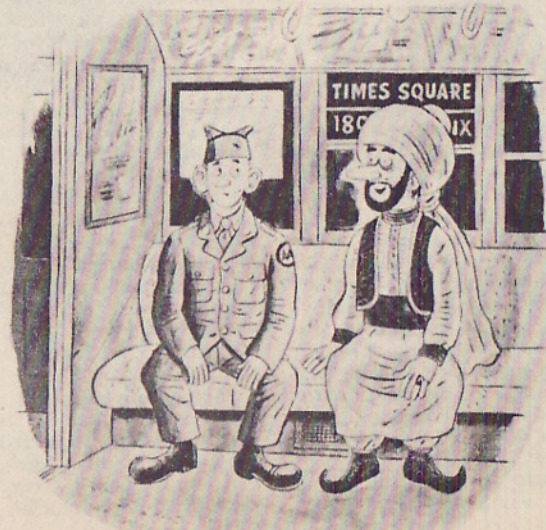
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