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By and for men in the service.

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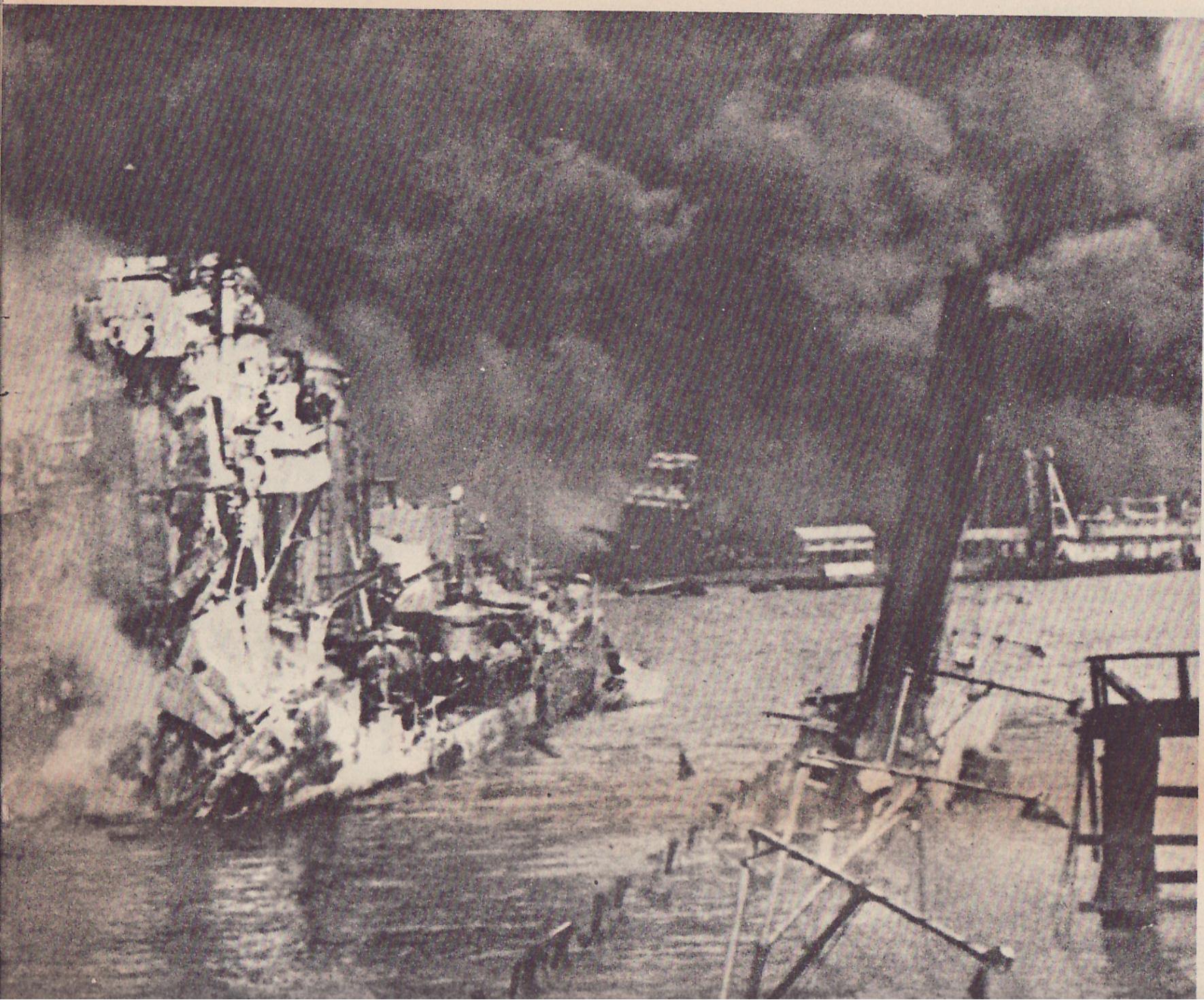
PEARL HARBOR

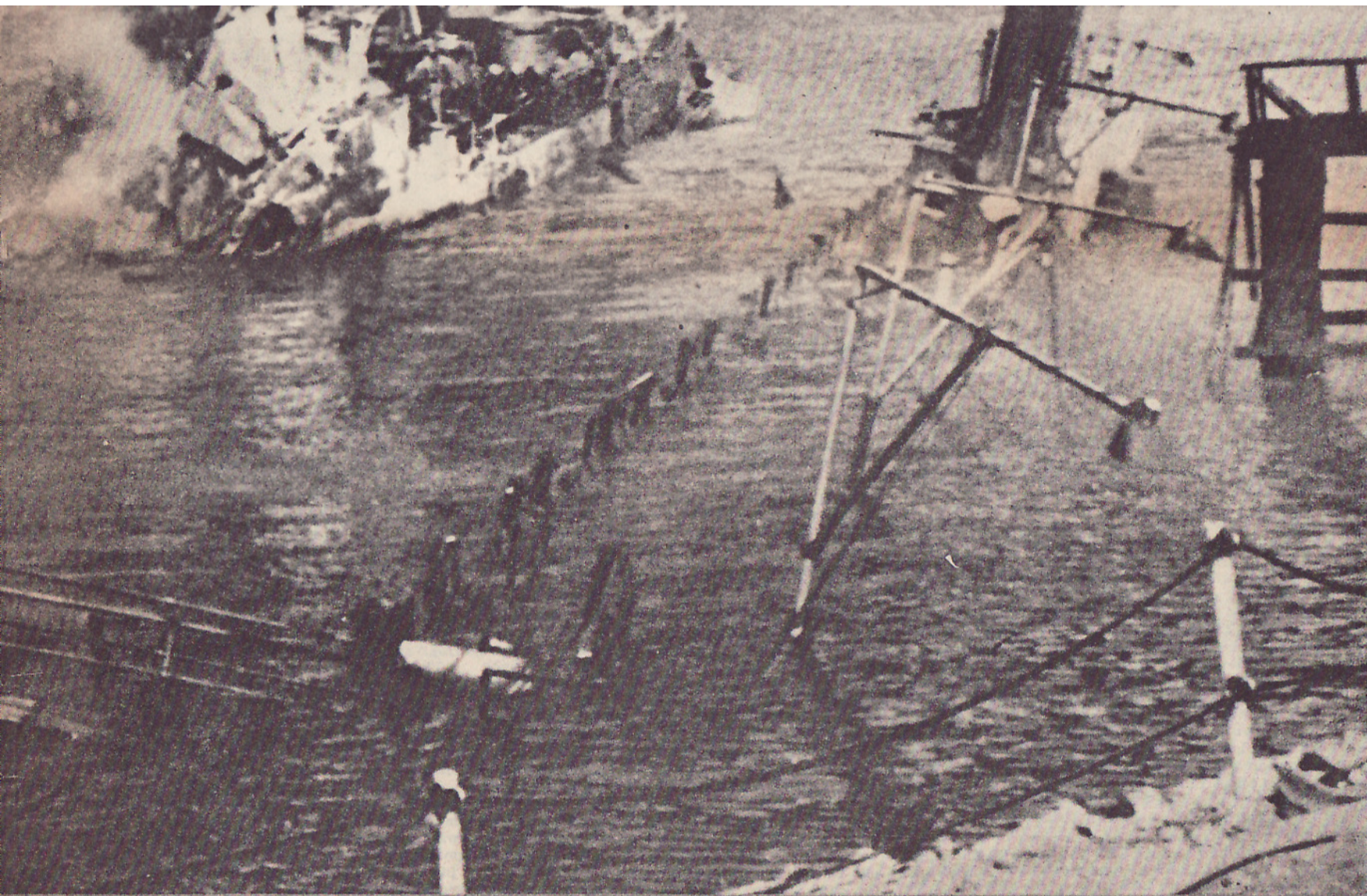
December 7, 1941





HERE at Honolulu it began. It ended with the atom. In the Pacific Americans made war of a new kind, powered by the carrier, the plane, the landing craft, the fighting soldier's heart, the seabee's salty sweat. Armies that floated and flew roved the breast of the Great Ocean. Behind them roaring factories, floating shops and drydocks, pushed into the islands. The atolls grew assembly lines. The bulldozer moved the coral. War was once the fighting man, the general on his horse, and the crawling baggage train. Now it was Pittsburgh in





hulls, industrial society afloat. After the 5th August, 1945, when the atoms opened, all these great fleets and factories floating, entered the museum of ancient arms. "The smallest particle of an element which can exist either alone or in combination" gave up its Jovian secret. Man stared in caveman wonder at his new Apocalypse. The warmakers of Tokio did not commit suicide, but all the world now faced a choice between hara-kiri and uniting men and nations. The end of the next war would come very quickly with nobody left to parade.

(Turn to next page)

Victory and . . . Peace

By Sgt. EARL ANDERSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

LONDON—Japan capitulated in August, 1945—more than three and a half years after the infamous sneak attack on Pearl Harbor that put her in the war on the side of the Axis powers.

Those were long days, long months and long years, as the United Nations first fought back defensively, and then slowly but surely gathered the power that knocked out their enemies one by one, until finally Japan stood alone.

There are famous dates in those years, glorious, tragic, bloody dates that tell of the long-term global strategy of the United Nations.

With the defeat of Germany, the forces of the United States and the British Empire were turned on Japan with such vengeance that event piled on event, and headline followed headline, until GIs in the ETO were punch-drunk with the news. It seemed that there was nothing left to come but "V-J Day, Victory over Japan." But no one knew when that would be.

Then came a date that in future histories of this war may be set in bolder type than all the others preceding it. On August 5, 1945, the first atom bomb fell on Japan.

It made the immediate future clearer. V-J Day moved up on the calendar. It made the distant future—and perhaps not so distant at that—clear in only one respect; man must learn to live with man or perish.

The freedom-loving nations of the world had already set out upon the high adventure of international cooperation, with the milestones marked by Yalta, the Crimea, San Francisco, Potsdam. However, the immediate problem remained the defeat of Japan. As President Truman said on returning to the United States from Potsdam, "The conference was concerned with many political and economic questions, but there was one strictly military matter uppermost in the minds of the American delegation. It was winning the war against Japan. On our programme that was the most important item."

During the Potsdam conference Japan had been given a chance to get out of the war. On July 25, President Truman and Mr. Churchill issued an ultimatum, concurred in next day by General Chiang Kai-shek, pointing out that Japan faced not only the inevitable destruction of the Japanese armed forces, but also of the Japanese homeland. For the preceding two weeks the Third Fleet had been steaming

Under point ten the Ultimatum states, "We do not intend that the Japanese shall be enslaved as a race nor destroyed as a nation, but stern justice will be meted out to all war criminals, including those who have visited cruelties upon our prisoners. The Japanese Government shall remove all obstacles to the revival and strengthening of democratic tendencies among the Japanese people. Freedom of speech, of religion and of thought, as well as respect for fundamental human rights, shall be established."

How long Japan will be occupied will depend on events. In contemplating the eventual day when GIs can leave Japan, the Ultimatum states, "The occupying forces of the Allies shall be withdrawn from Japan as soon as these objectives have been accomplished and there has been established, in accordance with the freely expressed will of the Japanese people, a peacefully inclined and responsible Government."

For those GIs who may be in the occupying forces as well as for those who may have a less personal interest in Japan but still wish to know what makes the average Japanese tick, the following is a quick look at the last of the aggressor nations.

NEW YORK—For the first time modern Japan has been defeated. This fact alone may leave the Japanese as stunned as did the bombs of the Twentieth Air Force. The civilians, particularly, feel the defeat, because for years they have saved the best of everything for the Army and Navy and now they see that the best was not good enough.

Dealing with these people under an occupation government will be the hardest thing for most GIs to cope with. Even in defeat, Japan's people remain a mystery to Occidentals. A big part of the mystery is how the empire sprang in less than 100 years from primitive feudalism to a power that threatened to dominate all of East Asia. The answer lies in understanding the Japanese people themselves and reconciling yourself to the fact that they represent a series of paradoxes; great personal restraint and vicious savagery, crude hand-labor and massive machines, political simplicity and brilliant treachery, fear of the Emperor's wrath coupled with a loyalty that prefers death to failure in duty.

Neighbor nations that looked at Japan's lanterned gardens and delicate porcelain overlooked the fact that she has been at war, internally, for centuries and internationally almost constantly since 1894.

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Then came the atom bomb on August 5. While people were still glued to their radios or eagerly snatching newspapers for the latest details and implications of the atom bomb, Japan got another shock. Russia put into effect a decision made at the Potsdam conference. Russia declared war against Japan, and her armies swarmed over the borders into Manchuria.

Thirty-six hours later, but not before the second A-bomb had fallen, Japan surrendered on the basis of the Potsdam ultimatum with one reservation. She admitted defeat on the terms of the ultimatum "with the understanding that the said declaration does not comprise any demand which prejudices the prerogatives of the Emperor."

What happened after that—the delays, the uncertainties, the unofficial celebrations—is now history and known to all.

Since the Potsdam Ultimatum serves as a guidepost to the future of Japan, GIs will probably be most immediately interested in the seventh of the thirteen points. It states: "Until such a new order is established and until there is convincing proof that Japan's war-making power is destroyed, points in Japanese territory designated by the Allies shall be occupied to secure the achievement of the basic objectives we are here setting forth."

Other points call for limiting Japanese sovereignty to the home islands and such other minor islands as the Allies might designate, for the complete disarmament of the Japanese military forces, abolishing of any industries which might enable Japan to rearm.

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In ancient days, Japan's economy was almost totally bound to agriculture, and the great population masses were slaves to the ruling families. The down-trodden people seemed to accept their back-breaking labor timidly, but inwardly they were seething to the point of insane rage. Frequently the serfs rose up in revolt, and when they did there were mass killings and torture. Always in the end the *shoguns*, the rich and powerful families, won out and the leaders of the revolt were punished in a manner to discourage further uprisings.

Until the middle of the 19th century, Japan lived completely isolated from other nations of the world. Commodore Matthew Perry of the U.S. Navy pulled into Tokyo Bay with a small fleet of ships in 1853 and had a long talk with the reigning *shogun*. That was the beginning of international trade for Japan. It was also the beginning of the "international outlook" which prompted the Japanese aristocracy's dreams of an expanded empire. These visions appealed to both the *Zaibatsu*, the landed and wealthy, and the *Samurai*, the military-minded intellectuals. They passed up no good bets for land-grabbing.

In 1894 China refused to acknowledge the independence of Korea. The Japs considered a Chinese-dominated Korea as dangerous to their own interests, so they went to war and won. As spoils of war the Japs claimed Formosa, the Pescadore islands lying between Formosa and China, and the Liaotung Peninsula, the big chunk of Manchuria that pokes into the Yellow Sea. Japan got away with all of that except the Liaotung Peninsula. Russia, Germany and France put up a squawk and Japan gave the peninsula back to China, but not for long. The Japs kept pouring "colonists" into free Korea at such a rate that Russia began to worry because by this time Russia had leased the Liaotung Peninsula from China and had built up Port Arthur and Darien. Korea lay between these ports and Vladi-



vostock. When the Russians objected, Japan was ready. She went to war and in 1905 took Port Arthur by siege. This victory convinced Japan that she had Russia buffaloed. She took over the lease on Kwantung, the southern tip of Liaotung Peninsula, and five years later announced that she had "annexed" Korea.

The first World War gave Japan a chance to regain friendships, and she made the most of it, aiding the Allies by neutralizing German island possessions in the Pacific and providing troops for the Allied military occupation of Siberia. After the war, Japan got by mandate the Marianas and the Marshalls.

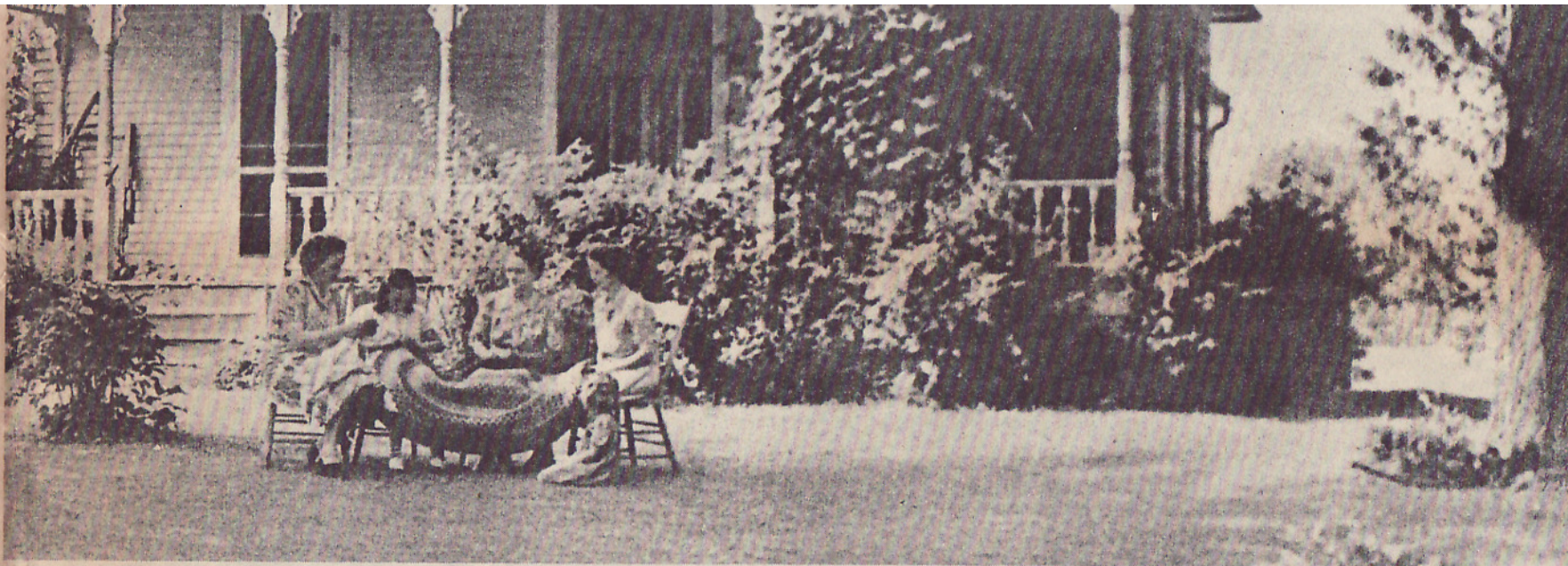
The Japs then contented themselves with spreading the illusion that their country was becoming highly westernized in thought and industry, meanwhile secretly fortifying their mandated islands and making ready for the 1931 drive into Manchuria. Japan has been at war constantly for the fourteen years since that drive.

Throughout this period, it was the Jap farmer and the man on the street who skimmed in good years and starved in poor years so that the armies could be kept in the field.

The Japs have lived under dictatorship of one form or another since the rule of their first emperor, Jimmu Tenno, more than 600 B.C., but the dictators have seldom been individuals.

Throughout most of Japan's history, the empire was ruled not by the emperor himself, but by the *shoguns*. The period of "administration" of each





family group was called a *shogunate*, but by any other name it was still dictatorship.

The emperor as a political power did not exist in modern Japan until 1868, and even since then no emperor has been the true ruler of the empire. Each "divinely descended" emperor has been the tool of scheming industrialists, seekers of political power, and above all, militarists. All were in favor of an emperor whom they could keep as a symbol of authority over the masses. When the actual dictator groups made decisions, it was handy and effective to issue them as edicts of the emperor.

The battle for influence over the emperor has always been close between the industrialists and the militarists, and it has produced some messy political maneuvering, including occasional assassinations.

The industrialists wielded their greatest power in the 1930's when the war in China was going well. At that time almost seventy per cent of all Japan's trade and industry was controlled by fifteen big commercial outfits. The biggest share of that business was in the hands of four families—Mitsui, Mitsubishi, Sumitomo and Yasuda. The Mitsui family alone raked in the profits from one-tenth of all the empire's business and controlled forty per cent of Japan's foreign commerce.

When the war began bogging down in China, the militarists began getting in their licks and by proper threats and undermining of public figures they moved into the saddle. Pearl Harbor came soon afterward.

During the war, Japan's government was a compromise between the militarists and the industrialists. It had to be, because the Army and Navy needed the backing of industry to wage war. Militarists and industrialists operated jointly, using the emperor as a blackjack over the people, under the name of Imperial Rule Assistance Association, a group dictatorship pure and simple.

The government organization was exceedingly clever. It extended downward to the people through Neighborhood Associations, known as *Tonari Gumi*. Each Neighborhood Association was made up of ten or more families, or sometimes all the families living in a city block. In wartime the Association's function included handling the mechanics of rationing, air-raid protection, and bond sales. Chiefly, the association remained in war what it was in peace—a closely knit spy system in which every member has to be a stool pigeon for the government to protect himself against his neighbor. This arrangement was called "thought control." Any man could be convicted of plotting against the government if three of his neighbors accused him in court of thinking bad thoughts.

In the cities there are three classes of civilians below the ruling industrialists; the shopkeepers, civil servants and professional men; urban industrial workers; and slum dwellers.

The peasant farmer was probably not hit as hard as the middle- and lower-class city dweller. The farmer managed to hold enough food for his family.

He no longer had to sell his daughter to pay his taxes. Instead, he shipped her off to the city where she could work in a war plant.

This prominence of women in Japan's industrial life is a new thing, and its full effect cannot yet be determined. Tradition has always made the Jap woman a thing of significance only to the man who wanted her. Even today, well bred Jap women who know their place walk a pace behind their husbands on the street. It has always been the birth of a son that stirred a household to rejoicing, and that is still true. On Boys' Festival Day each family floats from the roof balloons in the shape of a carp, one for each son. The carp is the symbol of masculine virtues. To die without a son is a disgrace. Even before the war, this tradition of a man-centered nation was breaking down. Japanese women were bobbing their hair, going to the universities and graduating as doctors and lawyers. They listened to American phonograph records and learned all the latest dance steps, but they were never given the right to vote.

Such beginnings of social revolution could not help developing in an empire which—at the height of conquest thirteen weeks after Pearl Harbor—had grown to 3,000,000 square miles, six per cent of the world's land area; and controlled the lives of 450,000,000, one-fifth of the world's population. At that point Japan had, with a single exception, everything she wanted and everything she needed. To make use of her conquests to the benefit of the empire she needed what she could not get—peace.



BATTLE OF





BATTLE OF OMMONIA SQUARE

By Sgt. EDMUND ANTROBUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

ATHENS, GREECE—About a week before the Greek revolution Cpl. Gregory Lutz of Chicago and two other GIs drifted into a little gin mill on a side street in Athens.

Anyone not possessing 20/20 vision might not have seen the entrance; it was below street level, at the bottom of a dark, stone stairway. Inside wasn't much lighter. Little iron tables and green basket chairs, the type of furniture more commonly found in parks, were jumbled haphazardly around a small, square, worn patch of dance floor.

Cpl. Lutz ordered a drink, then rested his back against the bar and looked the place over.

There were one or two drab murals of nude women drinking cocktails. At the end of the room there was a large poster of the Waldorf Astoria hotel when it was at its lower Fifth Avenue location, indicating, possibly, that the owner of this place had worked there 20 years ago.

There was one couple on the dance floor. The girl was shaking her plump Greek hips trying to teach a thin young man how to jitterbug. He watched

her feet dubiously. She moved enthusiastically but incoherently as if she had learned to jitterbug from the movies. Undoubtedly she had. Greek girls jitterbugged in this peculiar mimed way long before the Americans came to Athens.

"Let's go while we still like it," Lutz said. But just as he put down his glass, the Greek guerillas walked in. There were four men and one woman. One of the men had a square beard which made him look like Pilar's husband in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. The woman wore sergeant's stripes and ammunition belts looped over her breasts and around her waist. She carried a Bren gun by the sling as casually as if it had been a handbag. Together they were carrying sufficient ammunition for a ten-day siege.

Guerillas were quite a common sight then in Athens: for some time before the revolution they had been drifting into the town from the hills.

The woman sat down first. The ammunition belt made her look stouter than she really was. She was quite pretty. One of the GIs with Lutz whistled softly, "Lay that pistol down, babe, lay that pistol down."

In two days' time these people were supposed to hand in their arms, but they carried them with



M. Sgt. Sammy Simmons (left arrow) and T. Sgt.

such a definite pride that they seemed as likely to part with them voluntarily as they would with their limbs.

Next to Marines on leave in Los Angeles the guerillas were the most uninhibited soldiers Lutz had ever seen. As one of them walked across the room he swiped an orange from a fruit dish and began bouncing it off the walls, as if the night club were a hand-ball court. No one paid any attention to him. The one with the square beard lounged in a chair, with his feet spraddled out in comfort, toying with a hand-grenade—a German potato masher. He had three of them stuck under his belt. As Lutz watched him play with the grenade he had the feeling that the guerilla would toss it into the middle of the dance floor without a moment's hesitation, if he felt like it.

When the Americans left the cafe and were walking home, Lutz said: "Do you know there's going to be a revolution?"

"Sure," one of the Americans answered, "but we're not supposed to talk about it, see. None of our guys are supposed to talk about it, or start any trouble."

BUT by the following week, they were in plenty of trouble. As when a summer storm comes up, and a breeze like a suggestive hand, passes over nature bending the trees and rippling the surface of the water, so Athens became set for the revolution. There was the feeling that everything was waiting. There were little preliminary outbursts. The Americans once saw a child pulling a hand-cart full of rags up a hill. He suddenly let go of it so that it rolled down the hill, underneath a truck, and exploded. There was dynamite hidden in the cart. Then they saw an old woman sitting on a balcony, presumably knitting. As a truck went by she fished a hand-grenade out of her knitting basket. In a second, the truck was on fire.

By December 3rd, the revolution hadn't officially started but there was sniping in Ommonia Square where the Americans were billeted. Regular duty was stopped and the military personnel were ordered to stay inside. S/Sgt. Ray Miller, an AACS man, was the first casualty. He was standing by a window and a bullet went through his lower wrist and came out of his forearm. The British patrolled the streets in armored cars and Sherman tanks, trying to keep traffic lanes open.

Like all wars, no one thought this one would last more than a few days. The Americans kept off the streets as much as possible, but whenever they

had to go out the Greeks shouted, "Roosevelt, Roosevelt," like a cheering football crowd. Some even thought that Roosevelt was coming to Athens to arbitrate.

By December 7, 23 officers and 137 enlisted men of the ATC detachment were sitting on the front line of a first-class revolution. ELAS were behind the hotel in the area surrounding the Square. The British and Royalists held the Square. The Americans were in the middle. For the neutral GIs it was like being in Switzerland, if Switzerland had been on the Siegfried Line.

The war lasted 45 days. Two days before it ended, ELAS blasted in one side of the Americans' hotel in an attempt to storm the Square; the British blasted in the other side to stop them. But a lot happened prior to this.

From a strategic point of view, Ommonia Square was important because it controlled all the roads leading out of Athens as well as an underground railway running to Piraeus, Athens' seaport. The British blockaded the entrances to the streets with barbed wire, and covered them with machineguns.

Now Ommonia Square is about as big as Columbus Circle in New York. But it is congested and surrounded by cafes and hotels. In the middle

is a subway station, with two entrances on opposite sides of the Square. One week of war turned it into a junk yard. Street car cables and telephone wire trailed along the ground like grape-vines tumbled in a storm. ELAS had only machineguns, rifles and a few mortars but they were fired with such intensity and with such an unlimited supply of ammunition that, incredible as it seems, large buildings were torn down with small arms fire. You could scoop lead, which had fallen like hailstones, off the streets. Street cars, which were stalled in the Square, were so bullet-riddled they seemed to be rotting away. Every morning, on top of the rubble, there would be a

fresh layer of leaflets dropped by British planes. Later in the day, the paper became so dirty it looked like grimy snow covering the streets.

With continuous cross-fire for 45 days, the war seemed to be at a stalemate: every day the same. Every day the Americans would see the same Sherman tank rumble past the mess-hall window and lob shells into the guts of a building held by ELAS. Same time, same tank, same building. ELAS didn't seem to have a chance, but they were such excellent marksmen and were concealed so well on the rooftops that the war seemed likely to go on forever. The Americans would go to bed at night thinking that by morning it would be over. But next morning they would look out of the window and see German helmets, almost as reliable as the sun coming up, emerging slowly on the sky line. ELAS wore the odds and ends of three armies, German, Italian and British.

One of the snipers had a rifle of a very small caliber. All day long it pop, pop, popped like an air gun. "He was on the hour, every hour," the Americans said. "We got to know that guy like the CQ." A Sherman tank would roll into the Square and park in front of the building and blast away at the place in which the guerilla was hiding. By that time,



British paratroops were brought from Italy to fight ELAS in Athens. One of them is shown on a roof top waiting to snipe guerillas.

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Francis B. Burns (right arrow) with guerillas who insisted they all pose together in this picture.

however, the sniper would have run down to the basement—and the pop, pop, pop continued until the last day of the revolution.

Between midday and one o'clock, the civilians came out into the streets to hunt for food. The firing continued, but not quite so intensely; there was no official truce. Coming into the streets between these hours was something the civilians had arranged spontaneously. It was risky, but there was the comforting illusion of safety in numbers.

During these hours ELAS came out, too. They took off their uniforms, hid their rifles and looked over the military situation, innocently, as if they were shopping, like the rest of the people.

When the fighting first started in Ommonia Square, the enlisted men of the ATC detachment were billeted in the Banghion Hotel, while the officers were billeted across the Square in the Cosmopolite Hotel.

As the mess-hall was in the officers' hotel, the enlisted men had to walk across the Square three times a day. It was enough to ruin anyone's appetite. Cpl. Pervis L. Hayes of Stuttgart, Ark., and Pfc. George Simmons of Seattle, Wash., caught a burst of shrapnel from a hand-grenade that ELAS had slung over the top of the buildings by some kind of catapult. They were in the hospital for weeks. Finally the enlisted men evacuated the Banghion Hotel and moved into the Cosmopolite with the officers.

But the Cosmopolite was by no means a "safe hotel." The "Battle of the Bath House" raged continuously. The Bath House was an adjoining building directly behind them. ELAS wanted it because it was tall and would give them a clear view of Ommonia Square. The Americans never knew who controlled it from one day to the next.

With a war at their back door the Americans were often hopelessly entangled. What they would have

done without a few Greek speaking GIs to intervene no one knows. A group of them were playing cards one night when they heard something scratching against the wall outside, just above the window. A second later a bundle of dynamite came, dangling, into view.

T/Sgt. Pete Brotsis of Los Angeles, one of the Greek-Americans, rushed over to the window, stuck his head out and yelled something justifiably profane to the men on the roof.

With relief the men saw the dynamite being hauled back. A voice shouted in Greek: "Oh, you're American? We thought there were British here."

Brotsis, who learned Greek at school in Los Angeles, could always be relied upon to curse effectively when things got tough. One day he had to go to the bakery, which was next door to the police station which had drawn quite a lot of fire. ELAS had tried to take the place for weeks. Brotsis was half-way across the Square when a sniper opened up. Brotsis flattened himself on the ground, but only stayed there a second. He got to his feet and began cursing in Greek for about five minutes. His language was so effective that the sniper did everything but surrender. He stood on the top of the building where he was a perfect target for the British, held out his arms piteously and asked for forgiveness. He offered every possible excuse: he had not seen the American flag on Brotsis' field jacket; it was misty; he had a hang-over, etc. Finally, he pleaded that Brotsis come and see his captain so a formal apology could be made.

Brotsis said the captain could take a flying jump at the moon.

ELAS would always apologize elaborately if they accidentally violated American neutrality. The ATC had borrowed a truck from the RAF and had been using it for some time. One night, unadvisedly, they left it parked outside the hotel on Ommonia Square. Next morning it was gone, but there was a polite note left with the desk clerk. "If this truck belongs to the Americans," said the note, signed by ELAS, "we will give it back immediately. But if it belongs to the British we intend to keep it."

One night eight of the men were playing a brand of poker which they had invented while they were sweating out the war at the Cosmopolite Hotel. They called the game appropriately "S— in Ommonia Square." They had reached the point where they were arguing about who owned the money in the pot, when a terrific explosion shook the building. They all flopped onto the floor but no one's hand left the table. Holding down their chips

and cards they asked each other what had happened.

It turned out that ELAS had just blasted into the Bath House next door—but the point of the story is that from then on the Americans had a standing order with the Greeks to notify them if any more buildings were going to be blown near the Cosmopolite Hotel.

ELAS kept their word in a most prompt fashion. A few hours later a little girl of 14 years, fully equipped with cartridge belts and guerilla paraphernalia, woke up the guard on the top floor of the hotel. She explained that her outfit was going to blow up a building catty-corner from the hotel. "We have to use dynamite," she apologized, "to block the road and prevent the British tanks from moving down the street. Stay in the basement until you have heard three explosions."

"When is all this going to happen?" the bewildered guard asked the jeep-sized guerilla.

"Right now," she said, and swung herself through the skylight.

The guard almost keeled over but ran off and woke the detachment. The first explosion went off just as the last man got in the cellar.

During this delicate international situation a civilian liaison man named Charles Dewing was assigned to the Americans to help steer them clear of trouble. He advised the British and the guerillas of ATC movements, and both sides were supposed to keep in touch with him. He was a cocky little man with a great flair for neutrality. He had quite a dangerous job touring around the city. On important missions he smoked a big cigar. It was too big for his face, but he would say, "If I'm going to die, I'm going to die with a big cigar in my mouth." With that he would throw away a half smoked cigar, light up a fresh one and step out into the Square.

Dewing would pop up in the most unexpected places. ELAS and the British got to know him very well. The rank and file of both sides thought he was quite a character. In a battle they looked for him almost the same way that people look for Mayor LaGuardia at a fire. One day Dewing had to drive out to Piraeus. It was a dangerous trip, as the road ran between ELAS and British territory. That day they were sniping at each other from both sides of the road. Dewing realized he would have to go fast if he didn't want to draw fire, but half-way to his destination he had an unconquerable urge to relieve himself. He stopped the jeep and got out. He stepped into the middle of the road and glared at the surrounding countryside hiding ELAS and British soldiers. Then he pointed aggressively at the American flag draped over his jeep. There was not a sound. Dewing stepped over to a tree. As he answered the call of nature ELAS and British soldiers on both sides of the road stood up and cheered.

Except for the cooks, the guards and the couriers

store. There was an understanding that the guy who made this trip could take a few nips from the other fellows' bottles. This helped considerably. The trip back was faster and seemed a lot less dangerous.

All this time the ATC was running its field at Eleusis, about 14 miles from the city. Regular passenger service was suspended, of course, but planes kept coming in with food, and to be re-fueled.

As with the men in the town their biggest problem was trying to keep from becoming entangled with either the British or ELAS. If their field was bombed or torn up in a battle, planes wouldn't be able to land and the food supply would be cut off.

ONCE a British Task Force from Italy landed somewhere along the coast and started invading the air field. They had not been in contact with British headquarters in Athens, and had no idea that Americans were in Greece. They moved on the field mainly because their scouting Beaufighters had spotted an excited crowd of men, in a mixture of clothing, clustered on the roof of the ATC mess-hall. The British thought they were ELAS. Actually they were KPs or, more accurately, Italian prisoners who had escaped from Crete, who had surrendered to the Americans and had been put to work.

One of the ATC officers rode out to meet the British and found himself staring down the barrels of a Bren gun and two rifles trained on him from the lead tank. Brave as a lion he kept advancing. Then when he was about twenty yards away a British captain popped his head out of the turret. When he saw the American he blew a gasket.

"What the bloody hell are you doing here?" he yelled.

The officer explained that the Americans had been carrying on Air Transport activities for the past two and a half months.

The captain was a little teed-off because the Americans weren't fighting ELAS, too. But most of them didn't seem to mind too much and after they had been given a cup of tea remarked, "You're the first decent Yanks we've met yet."

But the British wanted to bivouac for the night. The Americans tried to talk them out of it, explaining that the lights on the field would be sure to attract mortar fire and that if this happened there would be no field in the morning. But the British insisted, and the American personnel slept in the underground shelter to protect themselves against shelling. Fortunately, it was a quiet night, and the British pulled out next morning.

Keeping ELAS off the field was even tougher. Although Lt. Xenophon Papazoglou, a Greek-American who was in charge of operations, discussed this problem again and again with the ELAS forces he never felt he was getting anywhere. The Greeks, who are a nation of poets anyway, spent hours expressing their fondness for the Americans, promising faithfully they would cause no trouble. But just when the lieutenant would figure he had everything settled, an ELAS commander would

ELAS supporters point to the bodies of victims of the first clashes between ELAS and Royalists. This was four days before civil war started.



been using it for some time. One night, unadvisedly, they left it parked outside the hotel on Ommonia Square. Next morning it was gone, but there was a polite note left with the desk clerk. "If this truck belongs to the Americans," said the note, signed by ELAS, "we will give it back immediately. But if it belongs to the British we intend to keep it."

One night eight of the men were playing a brand of poker which they had invented while they were sweating out the war at the Cosmopolite Hotel. They called the game appropriately "S— in Ommonia Square." They had reached the point where they were arguing about who owned the money in the pot, when a terrific explosion shook the building. They all flopped onto the floor but no one's hand left the table. Holding down their chips

ELAS supporters point to the bodies of victims of the first clashes between ELAS and Royalists. This was four days before civil war started.



scrambling round pop up in the most unexpected places. ELAS and the British got to know him very well. The rank and file of both sides thought he was quite a character. In a battle they looked for him almost the same way that people look for Mayor LaGuardia at a fire. One day Dewing had to drive out to Piraeus. It was a dangerous trip, as the road ran between ELAS and British territory. That day they were sniping at each other from both sides of the road. Dewing realized he would have to go fast if he didn't want to draw fire, but half-way to his destination he had an unconquerable urge to relieve himself. He stopped the jeep and got out. He stepped into the middle of the road and glared at the surrounding countryside hiding ELAS and British soldiers. Then he pointed aggressively at the American flag draped over his jeep. There was not a sound. Dewing stepped over to a tree. As he answered the call of nature ELAS and British soldiers on both sides of the road stood up and cheered.

Except for the cooks, the guards and the couriers the Americans didn't have much to do while they were sweating out the revolution, except play cards and shoot craps. The men in the finance department tried to carry on as usual, but what with inflation *plus* revolution it was pretty difficult. There were so many bills to count and so many stray shots coming in through the window that accounting was as difficult as juggling on a boat during a storm.

There was a little liquor store just around the corner from the hotel. But unless a man was very thirsty the trip hardly seemed worth while. However, the men *were* often thirsty and someone always managed to pluck up enough courage to take the chance. He would go to the front door and wave his arms. Then, in a voice like Geronimo's, yell, "Americani." When it seemed fairly safe he would dash round the corner, scramble over sandbags and arrive at the liquor

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The ATC in Athens, meanwhile, holed themselves up in the Cosmopolite Hotel. Mortar shells hit the outside of the building, bullets bounced off the window sills, one room on the second floor got sprayed with stray shots. Two men were killed and 17 were wounded. Then the hotel itself became a battleground.

At ten o'clock, January 18th, ELAS blasted into the hotel through a wall on the first floor. It happened to be the commanding officer's bedroom. Most of the GIs were on the fourth floor. They had heard pounding all night but thought that ELAS were blasting into the Bath House next door. The hotel was a natural barrier and ELAS were getting pretty desperate about storming into the Square.

Three hours later the Americans had more company. The British who had anticipated this move broke into the other side of the hotel. The Americans were given five minutes to evacuate. The GIs, who had a lot of equipment and eight minor casualties, didn't think five minutes was quite long enough. Capt. Kenton MacIntyre, the Intelligence and Security officer, got the time extended to five hours—which was a bit more reasonable.

By six o'clock the Americans had collected most of their belongings and moved into the American Embassy. The Battle of the Cosmopolite lasted 14 hours. The British won.

The Embassy was crowded, so the Americans had to sleep in the hallways for two nights. From there they moved to the Banghion Hotel, their original home on Ommonia Square. Two days later the war was over.

Hello Elmer

"FIRST Sergeant Carl Neuffer of Nashua, New Hampshire, got off the boat in the U.S.A., after three years overseas. The first person he greeted was Elmer, a former pupil of Sgt. Neuffer. Elmer is a chimpanzee who was trained at Sgt. Neuffer's animal farm in Nashua before the war."—NEWS ITEM.

SGT. NEUFFER was a little rusty on chimpanzee language, after three years of speaking English—English, French, and German. After they embraced and Sgt. Neuffer had kissed Elmer on both bearded cheeks, French style, they settled down to talk.

NEUFFER: Well, Elmer, *mon vieux*, you're not lookin' a day older.

ELMER: Outside of my hair getting dark from this lousy wartime chow—you can't get a good salad for love or peanuts—I'm feeling awright. But let's talk about you, professor. You're looking fat and frisky. Feed you all right in the Army?

NEUFFER: Not bad, not bad at all. I was pretty solid with the cook in the officers' mess.

ELMER: Tell me, professor—I'm worried about my people in Germany—last I heard of them was in Cologne. You didn't get to Cologne by any chance, did you?

NEUFFER: I sure did! One of the nicest zoos I ever seen. What billets!

ELMER (*with trepidation*): But, tell me. . . don't spare me if the news is bad. Did you see my uncle there? Uncle Hans. He's about 17, getting a little dark in the beard, yellow eyes, likes to take running jumps from the monkey house to the trapeze. Retired vaudeville actor. . .

NEUFFER (*evasively*): I wasn't there long. He's probably all right. They had low casualties at the zoo.

ELMER: I hope he's okay, even if he was a Nazi bastard. He used to throw up his arm like the rest and talk against the baboons for not being Aryan. But I guess I'll hear from him through the Hagenbecks if he got through all right. (*Brightening*) But tell me, what was your job in the Army, professor?

NEUFFER: I was a first sergeant in a mobile laundry company.

ELMER: A tough ol' Top, eh? I'll bet you made 'em behave. Have to use the pistol or the whip



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NEUFFER: I was a first sergeant in a mobile laundry company.

ELMER: A tough ol' Top, eh? I'll bet you made 'em behave. Have to use the pistol or the whip much?

NEUFFER: The Army don't allow you to use no whips.

ELMER: No whips! What's the Army coming to? How did you keep 'em in line without whips?

NEUFFER: We had company punishment. . .

ELMER: That sounds good! What was it like—shut the whole lot up in the monkey house on bread and water?

NEUFFER: It was something like that, except you did it to only one at a time.

ELMER: Did the dames in Paree come up to expectations?

NEUFFER: A little skinny but lotsa pep. Boy, you shoulda been along with me when I went up to the zoo in the Luxembourg Gardens—that's up around Montparnasse.

ELMER (*leering*): Some nice stuh in the cages?

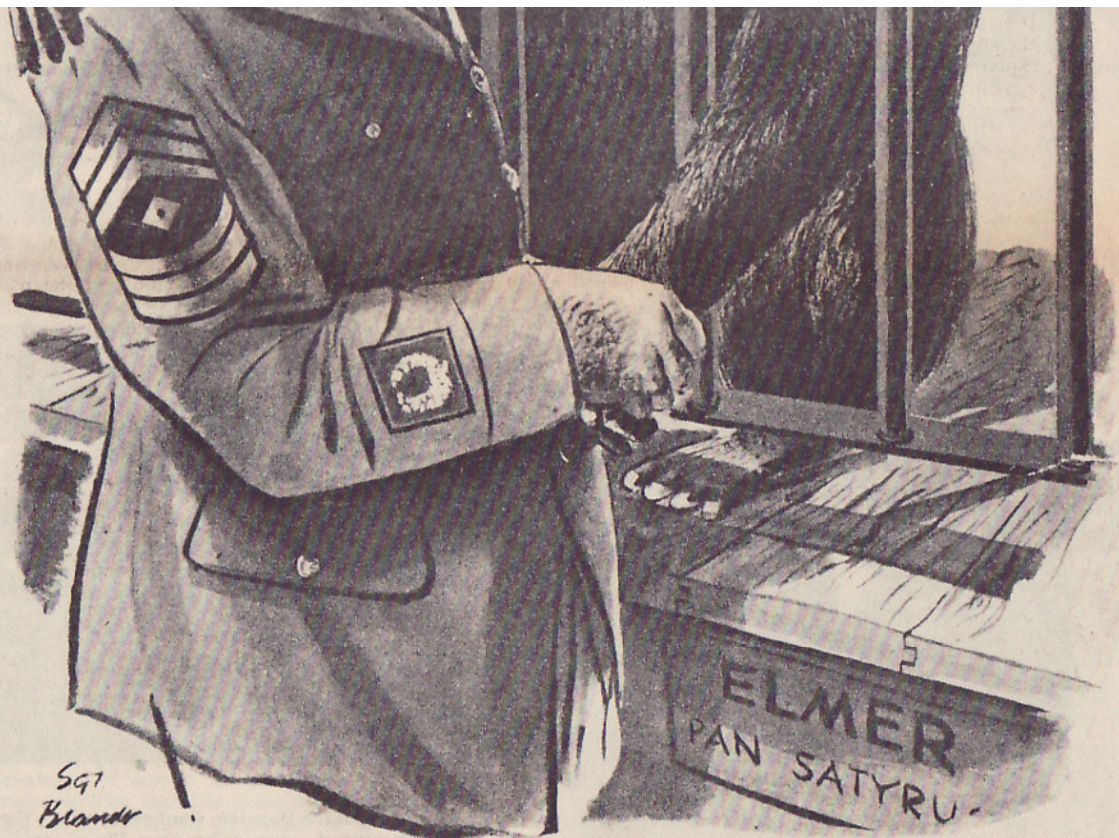
NEUFFER: You wouldn't have been able to control yourself. How's it been around here?

ELMER (*shrugging*): This way, that way. The crowds have fallen away off. Nobody can get the gas to come out here. All the little kids that used to come have grown up and are hanging around Sinatra.

NEUFFER: How's the new keeper?

ELMER (*leaning close*): Confidentially, boss, he stinks. Them 4-Fs aren't man enough to run a bunch of tough monkeys like us. What's your chances of getting out of the Army?

NEUFFER: Lousy. I got 85 points but my



classification puts me in for a trip to the Pacific. (*Bitterly*) I'm trapped in the Army.

ELMER: What's this cage look like to you—a vacation at Atlantic City? I wish I could go to the Pacific with you. Take me along with you, professor?

NEUFFER: Geez, Elmer, you know there's nothing I'd like better. But—

ELMER: They let dogs and pigeons and horses and men in the Army. Why discriminate against the *Simia Satyrus* family? If they'd had us in the African show it'd been over a hell of a lot quicker. Just think what we could do out there in the Pacific against those dirty little macaques and *Macacus speciosus*—them red-faced Japanese monkeys, I mean.

NEUFFER: It isn't to be, Elmer. You got a job here at home, keeping up the morale. We wanta feel that you are behind us, backin' us up.

ELMER (*wistfully*): Well, that's the way it is, I guess. But I sure would like to have been in. Before I die I certainly would like to hit one of those South Sea islands and meet up with some of those native girls, say a langur of the *Semnopithecus* tribe. A fellow over in the next cage says they got stomachs divided into sacculated compartments. (*Sighing*) I guess I'm just an old peculiar secondary type of quadrupedal progression with a vermiform appendix and no ischial callosities, or by God, I'd be going with you in a minute!

—By Cpl. JAMES DUGAN
YANK Staff Correspondent



President Truman comes on board the Renown for his first meeting with the King of England.

After shaking hands with the King, the President inspects the Royal Marine honor guard.



There was more than the pleasant, historic meeting between an American President and the King of England. The Potsdam Conference was over, the first ultimatum had been given to Japan—and the Allied



There was more than the pleasant, historic meeting between an American President and the King of England. The Potsdam Conference was over, the first ultimatum had been given to Japan—and the Allied leaders had solemnly decided to use a horrendous weapon.

By Sgt. EARL ANDERSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

"On the 5th of September, 1620, after being kindly entertained and courteously used by divers Friends there dwelling, the Pilgrim Fathers sailed from Plymouth in the *Mayflower* in the Providence of God to settle in New Plymouth."

So reads the plaque on the quay at Plymouth, England, marking the spot where the *Mayflower* last stopped before sailing for America.

On a bright sunlit afternoon of August 2, 325 years later, another vessel lay in Plymouth Sound preparing to cast off for America. This was the U.S. Cruiser *Augusta*. Aboard her was the President of the United States, Harry S. Truman, and there to wish him God-speed was His Royal Highness, The King of England, George VI.

They had met for the first time earlier in the day on the H.M.S. *Renown* and had lunched together. The King had boarded the *Renown* first, coming from London to this South Coast port in his royal train drawn by two shining locomotives. The President had arrived shortly before noon after

flying from the Potsdam Conference of the Big Three to an airport seven miles from Plymouth.

Only once before had an American President visited England during his term of office. It had taken the first World War to bring Woodrow Wilson over in December, 1918, to be the guest of King George V at Buckingham Palace in London. The end of a second great European war had brought President Truman first to Potsdam, and now to England on his way back to the United States. But the world moves faster for Presidents these days, and with the press of international and domestic events, President Truman could not find the time to come to London—so the King came to Plymouth.

History was in the making that day, but as is so often the case with history, the average person in Plymouth got few "close-ups" of the events. Instead, they strolled on the broad slopes of the Hoe, with its wide sweep of lawn cutting down sharply to the sea, and watched the occasion as a panoramic vista. There was the *Augusta*, and the *Renown*, and also the U.S. Cruiser *Philadelphia*—which would escort the *Augusta* back to the States—anchored far enough out in the Sound so that the flags flying from the ships could hardly be

distinguished one from another.

The American Red Cross Club in Plymouth, two doors from Lady Astor's home, commands a wide view of the Sound, and the warm sun had brought a small group out onto the cement porch. Mrs. Elsie Fletcher, one of the British staff members, sat on the steps of the club where she could listen through the open window for any calls coming in on the switchboard. She looked toward Drake's Island and the Sound.

"We saw the King's launch go out to the *Renown* this morning," she said. "It was green. Almost the color of the water. They're probably just finishing lunch right now, the King and President Truman. It was nice they could get together. I wonder what they had for lunch. Probably chicken."

"And a dessert of bananas and cream," one of the soldiers added. He leaned lazily on the column that supported the porch and divided the steps.

"Anyway it sure is historic," he added irrelevantly. "The President of the United States meeting the King for the first time."

He wore a new Eisenhower jacket, but the Blue and Gray 29th Division patch looked a little



George VI and President Truman meet again, this time aboard the U.S. Cruiser Augusta.
And this time it is the King's turn to do the inspecting. He looks over the Augusta crew.



It Was A
Nice Day

It Was A Nice Day In England



weather-beaten as though, perhaps, he had just taken it off his old blouse and had it sewed on his new jacket.

"The *Augusta* out there was the flag-ship of the Invasion fleet on D-Day. She sure looks more peaceful now."

He could have added that the *Augusta* herself was a part of history. It was on her that the Atlantic Charter was born when Churchill and President Roosevelt held their rendezvous on the North Atlantic in August, 1941. It was the *Augusta*, too, that went to North Africa and supported the landings there by going in boldly and keeping her guns blazing all day long.

"I'm so glad they got a nice day for it," Mrs. Fletcher said. "The President will remember England as a nice, warm, sunny place now."

SMALL boats plied between the *Renown* and the *Augusta*, leaving little tracers of white foam behind them as they plowed through the mile-wide stretch of green water that separated the two ships.

On shore, American soldiers and sailors formed only incidental figures amongst the citizens of Plymouth who had come out to watch the

pageantry. Once, Americans would have crowded the Hoe; now there weren't so many of them left. Most of the soldiers were those back on furlough to visit friends made before D-Day. Already, the once-crowded Red Cross had stopped serving lunches because their main patronage came at night, from sailors off the ships.

Some of the loiterers on the porch drifted off. Others replaced them. Rita, 21 years old, and engaged to a Third Army soldier now in the Army of Occupation, passed in front of the Red Cross on her way back from her duties as a nurse in a hospital up the street. She stopped to talk to Mrs. Fletcher.

"I'd like to go out there and tell the President to give my George a furlough," she pouted. "It's been eighteen months now. I was only 19 then. Didn't even wear make-up last time he saw me." Apparently, Mrs. Fletcher knew all about George, so Rita just went on. "Look, there's another Third Army soldier on furlough. If he can come back, I don't see why George can't."

"Patience, my dear," said Mrs. Fletcher. "Everything will work out all right."

Mrs. Fletcher had lost her husband at Dunkerque. She had seen Plymouth blitzed, had helped evacuate

the wounded, and had memories of barefooted mothers wearing only nightgowns leading their children through the burning streets out to the moors. But still the soldiers and their girls found only optimism when they brought their problems to her.

"It's funny how your bad memories fade away," she had said earlier. "Things that I thought I never could forget are dim in my memory already. Maybe that's why people can be happy."

The 29th Division soldier unbuttoned his new Ike jacket, for the sun was warm.

"You like Americans?" he asked Rita.

"We didn't get along so good at first," she answered. "You people were so forward, and had that air of 'Get out of our way, here comes an American.' But after a while we all got to know each other better and now we are all friends."

It seemed appropriate that out there on the *Renown* the bonds of friendship that had sprung up between the common people of two countries during a trying period were now being sealed at the highest level with a President and a King lunching together.

"Anyhow," the 29th Division soldier repeated, "it sure is historic."

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.

A few summer shoppers were looking for bargains when this picture was taken. It was in the afternoon (don't let the conflicting clocks get you in a lather) and the camera was pointing down Westminster Street toward Dorrance Street.



MAIN STREETS

A LOOK BACK HOME—SINCE

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

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NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Here's a familiar sight for both residents and passers-by. It's Canal Street, of course, looking from the intersection of Carondelet. The picture was taken at 1:30 P.M. just before the photographer stepped into the sightseeing wagon.

STREETS OF AMERICA

SINCE YOU WENT AWAY



EVANSVILLE, IND.

Those two girls were headed for YANK's photographer who was innocently taking a picture of Main Street from the corner of Second Street. In March a fire had gutted Strouse Bros., Evansville's oldest clothing store, at right.



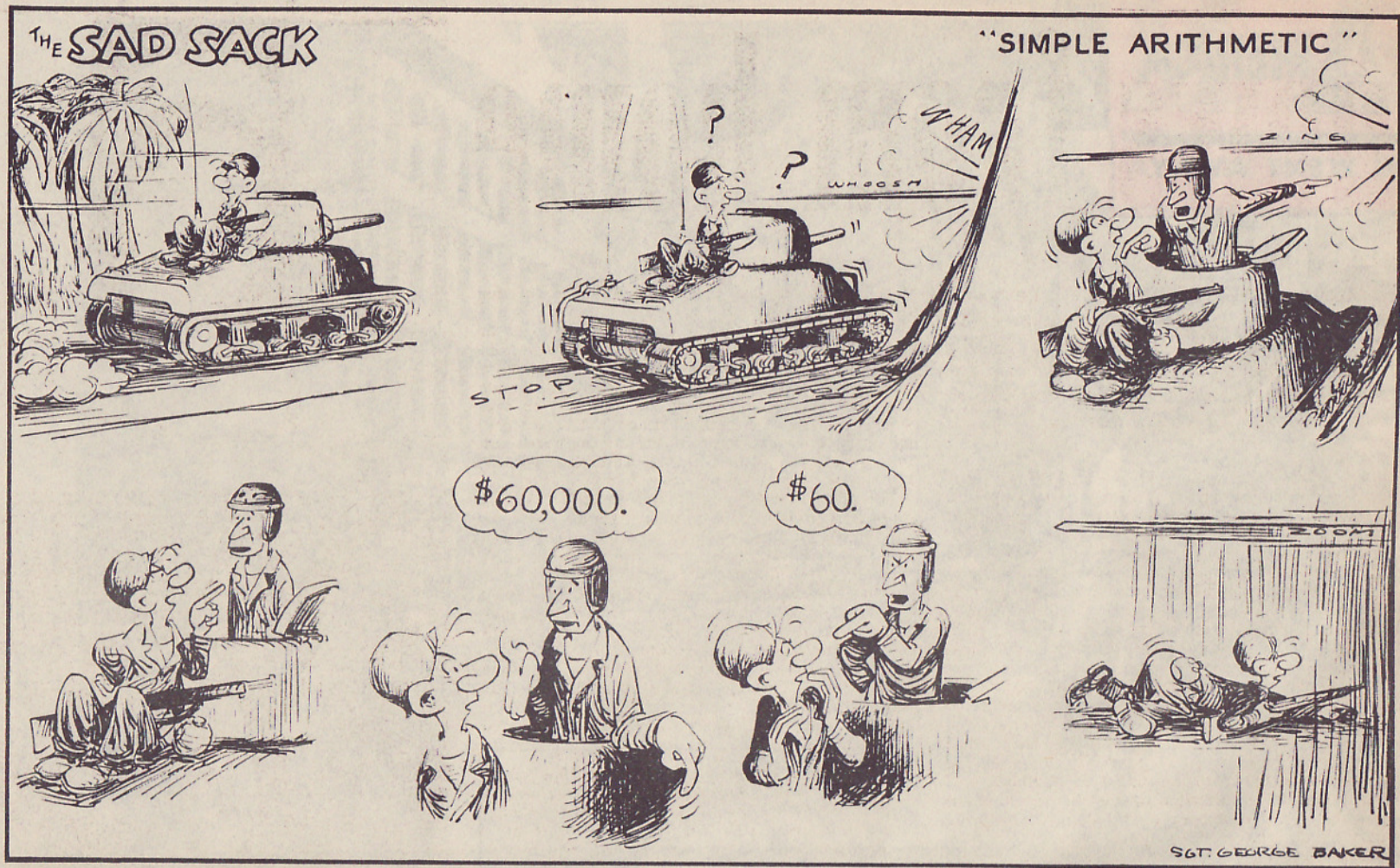
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TULSA, OKLA.

It was early afternoon out in Tulsa, "Oil Capital of the World," and it was raining.. There weren't many people on South Main. Some of them were headed for the Majestic Theater this side of the Palace Clothiers to see "Since You Went Away"



Foreign Bride

Dear YANK:
I married an English girl while I was stationed in Great Britain and now that there is a possibility of my getting back to the States I would like to find out a few things about her citizenship status. First, is it true that she became an American citizen by marrying me? Second, would she lose her British citizenship through our marriage? Third, will she have to wait her turn like any other immigrant to come to the United States under the quota from Great Britain?

Germany —T/Sgt. CLYDE JORDAN

■ To begin with, your wife did not acquire American citizenship through her marriage to you. Nor did she lose her British citizenship through her marriage. If she wishes to become an American citizen, she will have to

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

but I have heard that the insurance isn't any good if I leave the States. Is that right?

Philippines —T/Sgt. JACK SONNETT

part of the loan money to buy furniture for my home and how soon after I get out I have to apply for the loan to be entitled to it.

India —Pvt. PAUL A. ZUMSEY

■ A veteran who owns a home on which there is a mortgage covered in whole or in part by a GI Bill of Rights loan is no better or worse off than any other home owner. If he is unable to keep up the payments on the loan, the bank will probably foreclose its mortgage. In such a case he will lose not only the labor he put into the house but he will also probably lose the money paid





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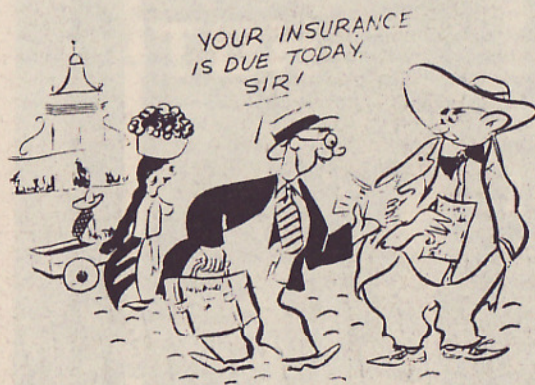
—T/Sgt. CLYDE JORDAN

■ To begin with, your wife did not acquire American citizenship through her marriage to you. Nor did she lose her British citizenship through her marriage. If she wishes to become an American citizen, she will have to be naturalized after she reaches the United States. She will not, however, have to wait for a quota visa in order to come to the States. As the wife of a citizen, your wife gets a non-quota status and can come to the States without waiting her turn under the quota. Get Immigration Form No. 663 from the nearest American consul, who will tell you the procedure you must follow.

Insurance Protection

Dear YANK:

In civilian life I was a traveling salesman. My job took me to most of the Central and South American countries. When I get out I expect to return to that job. I would like very much to continue my GI insurance after my discharge



WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

but I have heard that the insurance isn't any good if I leave the States. Is that right?

Philippines

—T/Sgt. JACK SONNETT

■ Your information is not correct. Your GI insurance will protect you no matter where you go. National Service Life Insurance is free from restrictions as to residence, travel, occupation, or military or naval service.

Mustering-out Pay

Dear YANK:

I had 15 months of service in Puerto Rico before being shipped back to the States. Now some of my buddies are telling me that I won't get the full \$300 mustering-out pay because Puerto Rico is an American possession. They say that I will get only \$200 and that all I can do is count my time in Puerto Rico as overseas service for points. Are they right?

Camp Ellis, Ill.

—Cpl. HERMAN SCHULTZ

■ Your buddies are all wet. You get the full \$300. The fact that Puerto Rico is an American possession has nothing to do with your right to the extra \$100 in mustering-out pay which men who served overseas receive. You served outside the continental limits of the United States and you get the full \$300.

Housing Loan

Dear YANK:

When I get out of the Army I plan to buy a lot and build my own home. I figure on doing the construction work myself. I understand the money loaned under the GI Bill of Rights for building a home is a 20-year loan. If I find it impossible to keep up the payments on my loan and the house is taken away from me, will I lose the labor I put into the house or will the government repay me for it? Does the same thing apply to the interest and principal I will have paid off? I would also like to know if I can use

part of the loan money to buy furniture for my home and how soon after I get out I have to apply for the loan to be entitled to it.

India

—Pvt. PAUL A. ZUMSEY

■ A veteran who owns a home on which there is a mortgage covered in whole or in part by a GI Bill of Rights loan is no better or worse off than any other home owner. If he is unable to keep up the payments on the loan, the bank will probably foreclose its mortgage. In such a case he will lose not only the labor he put into the house but he will also probably lose the money paid



on the mortgage. No part of a GI Bill of Rights loan may be used for the purpose of buying household furniture. You must apply for the loan within two years after your discharge or two years after the war ends, whichever may be later.

Purple Heart

Dear YANK:

When our outfit first got over to France we were attached to an infantry division and we were in action against the Jerries. One day two German planes came over and all the men were a little shaky because we were new in combat and we were going to move up in a short while. We began cleaning our guns. We were all sitting in a circle and one man's gun went off accidentally and wounded two of us, myself and another man. The other man is back in the States now and he has the Purple Heart. Am I also entitled to the Purple Heart?

Germany

—Pvt. CHARLES L. BOURGOYNE

■ You are not entitled to the Purple Heart. Neither was the other guy. The Purple Heart should be awarded only for wounds resulting from enemy action (AR 600-45), not for wounds arising from accidental injuries inflicted by non-enemy action.

news from home

Science and Russia made it the week of the year, peacetime conscription got a stiff jolt, Tokyo Rose got a backhanded compliment, and an ex-GI ran afoul of the law for the wrong kind of room service.

It was the most momentous week of the war, any way you look at it. And though the nation was grateful for the good tidings, it was clearly stunned by epic news events which needed a lot of digesting. First and foremost came news of the atomic bomb; then Russia's sudden entry into the Pacific War; next, the Japanese offer to surrender if Hirohito were kept in power, and finally the Allies' conditional acceptance.

To the men in uniform and to their friends and relations, the Japanese offer to quit was undoubtedly the biggest news since Pearl Harbor. It meant that peace—complete peace—was at hand again; that America and her Allies were on the threshold of final victory over world Fascism; that after an interval of waiting—maybe long, maybe short—civilian ways of life could be resumed.

But Russia's declaration against her Far Eastern neighbor and the first use of the atomic bomb were also events that promised still bigger things to come, and not simply because they appeared to have so much to do with the sudden offer by the Nips to accept the Potsdam ultimatum with just one imperial string attached. A lot of people were saying to each other on buses and subways all over America: "Makes you think, doesn't it?"

As President Truman said of the Russian entry into the war: "The three great powers (Britain, Russia, and the U.S.) are now more closely than ever bound together. We shall continue to march together to lasting peace and a happy world." It was clear that the Russian move against the Japs meant that the Soviet union would share with U.S., Britain, China and other interested nations a portion of responsibility for post-war decisions in Asia. It was a move that had influenced the course of world history.

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official story of the operating principles of the atomic bomb.

Of course, the secrets of atom-splitting could be told only in general terms, for to all intents and purposes, the atomic bomb was still a secret except for the bare facts of its existence, where it is made and rough comparisons of its power. It was generally known that the Germans had been working on such an explosive, but there had been few hints that the U.S. and Britain had been working desperately to perfect an atom bomb.

The story of our research was fantastic even in a world of television, jet-propelled planes, V-bombs and Buck Rogers. Secret factories, weird tests which turned night into day in large parts of Arizona, New Mexico and Texas; a German woman scientist whose discoveries might have given victory to the Nazis had she not been "non-Aryan"—these were some of the elements in the extraordinary history of the atomic bomb.

Naturally enough, it was the destructive force of the new knowledge—rather than its potentialities in the world of peace—that first engaged the nation's attention. There appeared to be few

Workmen draining a swimming pool in Topeka, Kan., found ten vacant bathing suits on the bottom. City park commissioners are wondering how the owners got out of the place without getting pinched, one way or the other.

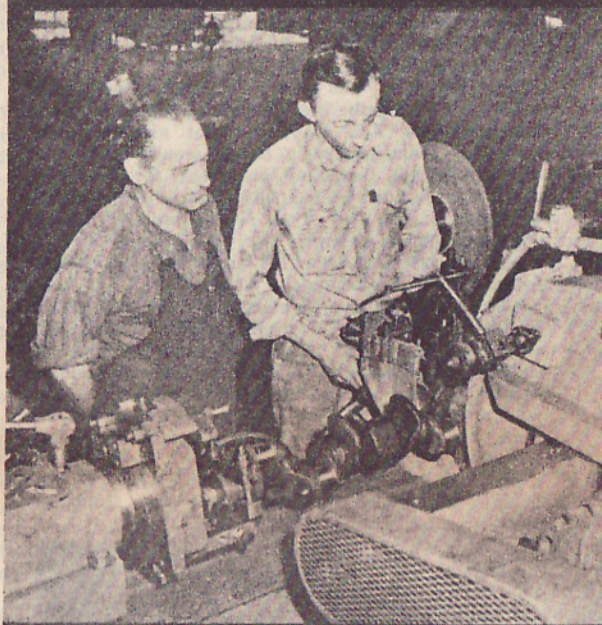
Americans who greeted the bombing of the two guinea-pig Jap cities with hilarious cheers. The effects of the bomb and the threats it held for the future were so staggering that the public felt more awe than elation and more humility than boastfulness. President Truman outlined the general opinion this way:

"Having found the bomb, we have used it. We have used it against those who attacked without warning at Pearl Harbor; against those who have starved and beaten and executed American prisoners of war; against those who have abandoned all pretense of obeying international laws of warfare. We have used it in order to save the lives of thousands and thousands of young Americans.

"But," the President warned, "the atomic



BON VOYAGE. Mrs. Alex Kramer, of Forest Hills, N.Y., adds further eye appeal to these Red Cross boxes prepared for shipment to U.S. troops serving overseas.



VETERANS ALL. Lt. Burl Harrison, who lost a leg in Africa, learns how to run a crank-shaft grinder at a Quincy, Mass., plant that hires only injured vets.

threshold of final victory over world Fascism; that after an interval of waiting—maybe long, maybe short—civilian ways of life could be resumed.

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But the harnessing of atomic energy for a weapon that wrought havoc in Hiroshima and Nagasaki was hailed in the States as the most significant of all the great events that flashed across the headlines. Ahead the people saw a new world in which the energy of the atom would be used to create a paradise on earth—or to destroy the human race. It isn't a fanciful figure of speech to say that the nation caught its breath when the radio and press announced the doom of Hiroshima.

Thousands of words were used to describe not

Dr. John R. Dunning, Columbia University prof who helped develop the atomic bomb, can't stand noise. The 37-year-old New York scientist hasn't even an alarm clock in his home for that reason.

merely the effects of the atomic bomb, but to explain the far-reaching meaning of the discoveries of Oak Ridge, Tenn., one of the production sites. The *New York Times* ran a three-word headline, the like of which was probably never seen on the front page of a newspaper before. It said simply: "New Age Ushered."

The average U.S. citizen had difficulty in grasping even the most elementary scientific principle behind the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, because the average U.S. citizen doesn't usually spend his spare time talking about neutrons, protons and electrons. If he had been aware of the existence of uranium, he would never let the knowledge keep him awake.

So newspapermen and radio writers labored mightily to put in simple English the meaning of what had happened. The task was so complicated that the War Department felt it was necessary to call in a civilian—William L. Laurence, scientific reporter for the *New York Times*, to write the

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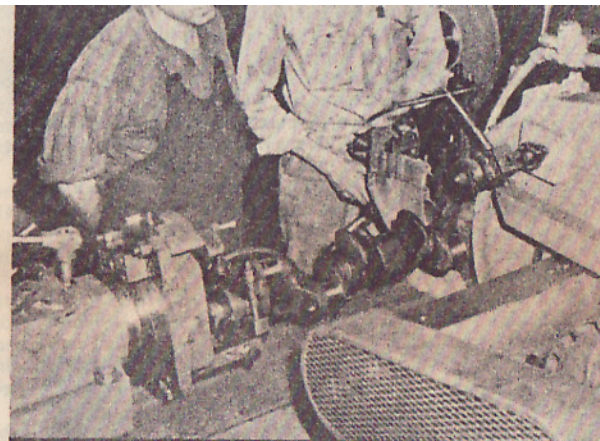
"But," the President warned, "the atomic bomb is too dangerous to be loosed in a lawless world. That is why Great Britain, Canada and the U.S., who have the secret of its production, do not intend to reveal the secret until means have been found to control the bomb so as to protect ourselves and the rest of the world from the danger of total destruction." And President Truman concluded:

"We must constitute ourselves trustees of a new force to prevent its misuse and to turn it into channels of service to mankind. It is an awful responsibility that has come to us. We thank God that it has come to us instead of to our enemies, and we pray that He may guide us to use it in His ways and for His purposes."

There was dispute over how long it would take to put the secret of atomic energy to work for the human race in peaceful pursuits. Most of the scientists and military men who worked on the awesome project said nothing, because they were under orders to say nothing. The War Department issued a general statement saying that the discovery might be used domestically in ten years, but it didn't enlarge on the whys and wherefores.

More or less informed guesses ran the full gamut from extreme optimism to extreme pessimism. Spokesmen for America's vast coal and oil industries discouraged the belief that atomic energy would soon replace the more familiar forms of power. "It will undoubtedly be a generation," said a representative for Bituminous Coal Institute, "before the atom will make all the nation's steel; power the nation's locomotives; generate electricity or furnish the billions of hours of industrial horsepower that coal does now, let alone heat the nation's homes."

Dr. Gustav Egloff, chief chemist of Universal Oil Products, was skeptical, too. He said he thought



VETERANS ALL. Lt. Burl Harrison, who lost a leg in Africa, learns how to run a crank-shaft grinder at a Quincy, Mass., plant that hires only injured vets.



FAIR AND COOLER. This bit of glamor is Angela Greene, the ex-Yank pin-up who broke all Mail Call records. Two to one she didn't down that icy stuff, tho.

that atomic power as an economically competitive substitute for gasoline still appeared to be a long way off. "However, assuming the time comes," added Dr. Egloff, "the oil industry still will be needed to provide lubricating oils for machines driven by atomic power. Wax and other by-products of petroleum still will be on the market and other uses may be expected to be developed by research."

Some experts were confident that before long the atom's energy would become a source of energy for all uses. These people foresaw a "fabulous revolution" in industry as well as in the business of war. They talked of a world in which the old ideas of government and economics would have to be changed or discarded in order to fit a world of over-abundant energy capable of development in any part of the globe.

Hugo Gernsback, editor of *Radio Craft*, wrote a glowing prophecy. He said that atomic power will bring an age in which man will live in smokeless cities, produce light and heat at low cost from portable plants, and will wear clothes wired to cool him in summer and warm him in the winter. All this, said Gernsback, would be possible in a few generations.

Whether or not this was seeing too far ahead, a new world did seem at hand less than twelve hours after President Truman spoke on the radio about the atomic bomb. Early the following morning, the U.S. heard Tokyo Radio announce that Japan was ready to surrender as long as the Emperor's face wasn't included in the deal.

The suspense was pretty terrific, but most Americans, remembering the somewhat premature celebration of V-E Day, did not give way to rejoicing. Occasionally, a rumor would lead to a brief celebration here and there, but, for the most part, the nation waited for official word from Washington and the other Allied capitals. Most were convinced, though, that the end of a war which had lasted for the U.S. some three years and seven months had come in August, 1945.

The Jap surrender offer started all sorts of rumors in the States about demobilization, reconversion and a hundred and one other problems that a sudden peace would bring. There were immediate demands that Congress be recalled from its recess which was scheduled to last until October 8 in order to deal with the changing military and economic picture.

Sen. Alben Barkley, majority leader of the Senate, announced in Washington that Congress

was "likely" to be reconvened on September 4 if the war ended beyond all question of doubt. Following a visit to the White House, Sen. Barkley said the President wanted Congress to act on unemployment compensation, surplus property disposal, full employment, a bill for the continuation or abolition of certain war agencies, and the proposed government reorganization.

Just before the Tokyo surrender bid, the Army had been on the receiving end of increasingly insistent demands to release more men from service. Sen. Edwin C. Johnson, Democrat of Colorado, had urged that the Army "be scaled down to a sensible figure based on logistics and not on the military fortunes of high officers who do not

In Aurora, Ill. Mrs. Jean Dykeman took her five-year-old daughter in hand to administer a spanking. Then Mrs. Dykeman went to the hospital. The child had booby-trapped her panties with a pair of scissors.

relish the idea of being busted."

Some Congressmen were represented as believing that the Selective Service Law should be tossed out no later than November 1. The present draft act, renewed last May 9, remains effective until next May "or the date of the termination of hostilities in the present war, or on such earlier date as may be specified by Congress." Which was another reason why some people wanted the lawmakers called back to Washington pronto.

"Meanwhile, according to the *Associated Press*, Congressional backers of compulsory peacetime military training have admitted that they have all but given up their fight. The *AP* quoted one of the supporters of peacetime conscription as attributing the probable defeat of the measure to the Army's "low prestige" on Capitol Hill. "There are many of us," the spokesman was quoted as saying, "who believe the Army has gone too far in hoarding manpower, in cornering food, in imposing too severe sentences for violations of rules and in the general treatment of personnel."

In between periods of negotiating the end of a war, President Truman was busy conferring with the heads of government agencies about the problems of reconversion. In a letter to J. A. Krug, Chairman of the War Production Board, Truman called for the removal of wartime production controls as soon as possible to speed the development of a healthy peacetime economy. He made it clear, though, that all restrictions on business wouldn't go by the board, at least not right away.

The President outlined this program to the WPB head: A vigorous drive to expand production of materials; limitations of the manufacture of products which need scarce materials; control of stockpiles to prevent "speculative hoarding"; provision of priority assistance to break production

bottlenecks, and allocation of scarce materials for low-priced consumer goods essential to the "continued success of the stabilization program."

Truman got some advice from the American Federation of Labor, meeting in council in Chicago. The Council proposed a program of "must" legislation which would broaden the coverage of unemployment compensation; lift wage minimums to sixty-five cents an hour; provide for post-war housing; widen the social security system, and institute a national program of health insurance.

The *United Press* reported from Washington that two reactions to the Jap surrender offer were immediate cancellation of war contracts totaling four billion dollars and the curtailment of the westward flow of military freight. It reported also that the WPB was ready with a series of orders for issuance within three days after the declaration of V-J Day including the lifting of all manpower controls.

At least one major firm was all set for peacetime. The Socony-Vacuum Oil Company disclosed in New York that it would be able to convert its ten main refineries throughout the country to civilian gasoline production within twelve hours after V-J Day. These refineries had been manufacturing 50,000 barrels of aviation gasoline, or ten per cent of the country's production, according to Socony officials.

War Mobilization Director John W. Snyder announced a program to increase coal production, calling for faster release of high-point miners in the armed forces, draft deferments for civilian miners and increased food supplies in mining communities. Due to the meat shortage, he said, American miners were getting fewer calories than miners in Germany and former occupied countries.

An *Associated Press* survey showed that supplies of civilian clothing were increasing generally but that retail stocks wouldn't improve noticeably before next Spring. Output of wool, rayon and heavy cotton fabrics was definitely on the upswing, experts agreed, but there were continuing shortages of better cotton weaves for shorts, house-dresses, sheets and toweling. Bring your own towel when you go home, just in case, men.

The U.S. Navy waxed ironic in giving a "citation" to "Tokyo Rose," a radio propagandist in Japan whose broadcasts were intended to make GIs in the Pacific lay down their guns and go home. The "citation" was bestowed via shortwave radio by Capt. T. J. O'Brien, director of welfare for the Navy, and it read:

"While U.S. armed forces in the Pacific have been extremely busy capturing enemy-held islands, sinking Jap ships and killing Japs and more Japs, Tokyo Rose, ever solicitous of their morale, has persistently entertained them during those long nights in the foxholes and on board ship by bringing them excellent stateside music, laughter and news about home." O'Brien added:

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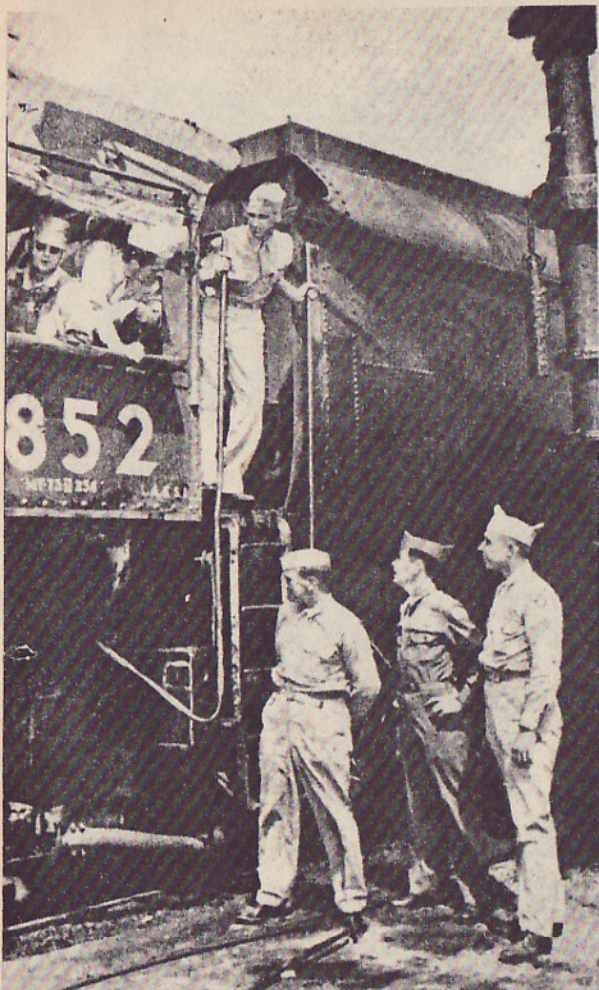
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RE-TRAINING. Five ETO veterans, on leave to ease the transport labor problem, inspect the kind of train they'll help to run in Los Angeles.



BUTCH HELPS OUT. Fiorello H. LaGuardia, Mayor of New York, assumed the role of assistant mover when the Stage Door Canteen left its three-year-old location at 234 West 44th Street for temporary quarters at 106 West 43rd. Even if you missed it while at the POE, the Canteen has served 3,000,000 service people.

Tokyo Rose zealously continued to bring laughter and entertainment to our men and women. In recognition of this meritorious service, this citation is presented. With it goes permission to broadcast soon to the American army of occupation in Japan and to ships of the U.S. fleet at anchor in Yokohama Bay the history-making scene of Admiral Halsey riding the Japanese Emperor's white horse through the streets of Tokyo."

Sen. Sheridan Downey, Democrat of California, apparently doesn't think that GIs and sailors have seen enough of the world. So he introduced a bill to give every veteran a free post-war trip abroad. If members of the guy's family want to go along, Downey would have the government pay fifty per cent of their fares, as well. These trips would be limited to a five-year period, starting one year after the end of the Japanese war, apparently so the recipients could get their land-legs back from previous trips abroad.

Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, American World War One ace, said he thought the present war had resulted in a religious revival both at home and on the battle front. "America has become a nation of prayerful people," Rickenbacker said in Columbus, Ohio, "pleading for the mercy and grace of God in the lives of individuals, in the affairs of men and the events of nations, all of which have passed beyond the control of persons."

In Chicago, state's attorney William J. Touhy lined up with half a dozen judges "in an effort to do something to preserve family ties." Touhy said he was alarmed by the increasing number of adultery charges in divorce bills, especially those filed by returning servicemen. He announced that his office

A lady named Harriet Oswald tangled with the law in Brooklyn. The judge told her she'd have to get rid of her thirty-nine dogs or at least move them out of her three-room apartment.

would check every case involving adultery which, he pointed out, is punishable in Chicago by a \$500 fine, a jail term or both for the first offense. The penalty doubles with the second offense and triples the third time.

The Veterans of Foreign Wars griped out loud about a War Manpower Commission policy which allegedly gave non-combatant veterans the preference in civilian job placements over the men who did the actual fighting. Omar B. Ketchum, the VFW's legislative expert, quoted from a WMC guide for job counselors. One of the passages read this way, according to Ketchum:

"If for example a man has been doing communication work for an infantry company, he can be assumed to be less proficient than a man performing the same duties for a signal corps company. The former has probably been given only the necessary

rudiments of line construction, switchboard work, etc., as a sideline to his regular duties, while the latter will probably be fully trained by the signal corps."

Ketchum said instructions like this should be withdrawn or revised. "Neither rank, duty nor training can be the rule by which a veteran's ability is determined," he said, "and the War Manpower Commission is derelict in its duty when it evades its responsibility to aid the returning fighting men in finding a job."

Some time ago an outfit which calls itself Industry for Veterans, Inc., started to get pledges from Industry that at least twenty-five per cent of post-war jobs would go to returning members of the armed services. Well, it announced last week that promises to earmark part of the post-war work had been received from 384 industries in sixteen states with combined payrolls of more than 500,000 people.

In Columbia, S.C., John Wilson was pushing his stalled car when a stranger obligingly offered to sit inside and steer. He did, and Wilson gave a heave. The car started and kept going, and now police are looking for both the auto and the stranger.

Two young gunmen held up two Hollywood State Bank messengers in Burbank, Calif., and robbed them of \$100,000 in cash. The victims were bound and left on a deserted foothill roadway, but freed themselves and walked for two hours to report to the police. The messengers said one of the hold-up men was dressed as a soldier. Furthermore, they said, he wore the armband of an MP, so presumably the cops got on the trail of a man with a GI sense of humor.

Sgt. Joseph Lennon of Roxbury, Mass., got through several European campaigns okay but he was no match for the little woman. "She'd make two of me," Lennon told a divorce court judge in Boston. "The night before I left for the service we got into an argument and she tossed me down a flight of stairs." He got the divorce.

You can take this with a grain of rice, but Lt. Seymour Appleblood of Chicago claimed that it really happened. He wrote home that a B-29 went in low over an island in Japan, laid its bombs on the target and then plowed through the rising debris. When a crewman went back to see if everything was okay in the bomb bay, he found a little Japanese dog, singed and dazed, which had been blown right up from the target into the plane. The crew kept the dog as a mascot, Appleblood added. Or have you heard something like that before?

Returning servicemen may find their wives with noggins as bald as their own, if the dire predictions of master hairdresser Marcus Tashnet of Newark, N.J., come true. Noting that the "gruesome" new

tied-in-a-knot-on-top coiffeur fad is a throw-back to the jungle women of New Guinea, Tashnet warned that it will cause the weakening and destruction of the tresses by rotting the base of the hair.

It may or may not be legal, but some GI wrote to the editor of the *Dispatch* in Dunn, N.C., seeking the acquaintance of a young widow with three children—object, thirty-six points. The paper said it was getting mail from all parts of the country from women who fitted the description and asked the soldier please to identify himself and take the letters off its hands.

Clare Booth Luce, Connecticut's congresswoman, editor, lecturer and playwright, put on another show. In Stamford's summer theater, she took the title role in George Bernard Shaw's comedy *Candida*. The critics generally agreed that Clare should have confined her career to Capitol Hill, and some rude people passed out anti-Luce literature during the performance.

An emphatic "No" was the U.S. public's answer to a Gallup Poll query asking whether a woman whose husband was overseas should accept dates with other men. A majority of eighty-five per cent replied in the negative, six per cent said "Yes," five per cent gave qualified approval and four per cent wouldn't talk. The people in the qualified group explained it was "Yes" if the dates were in a group and "Yes" if the husband approved.

Lt. Comdr. E. B. Meader, 36, naval veteran of the North African invasion, went on trial in Brooklyn Navy Yard on charges of stealing 180 weapons, including pistols, rifles, signal flares, hand grenades, anti-tank and machineguns, and shipping them back home labeled as personal belongings. The case was said to be the first in naval history in which one man was charged with stealing so many weapons.

A guy named William Ray Holt, 26, who was kicked out of the Army (of all places) a year ago as an undesirable, got nabbed in New York for running what looks like a sweet little racket. The Federal Grand Jury charged Holt with wearing an Army captain's uniform to defraud New York hotels in a room-renting scheme that netted him as much as 200 smackers a week. They said he posed as a pilot with lots of kills to his credit, and that one of the young ladies he impressed was employed in a room-renting agency run by the hotels for the convenience of servicemen on leave. What did Holt do, said the jury, but rent a lot of rooms through the dotting filly at low prices, then lease them at exorbitant prices to desperate civilians.



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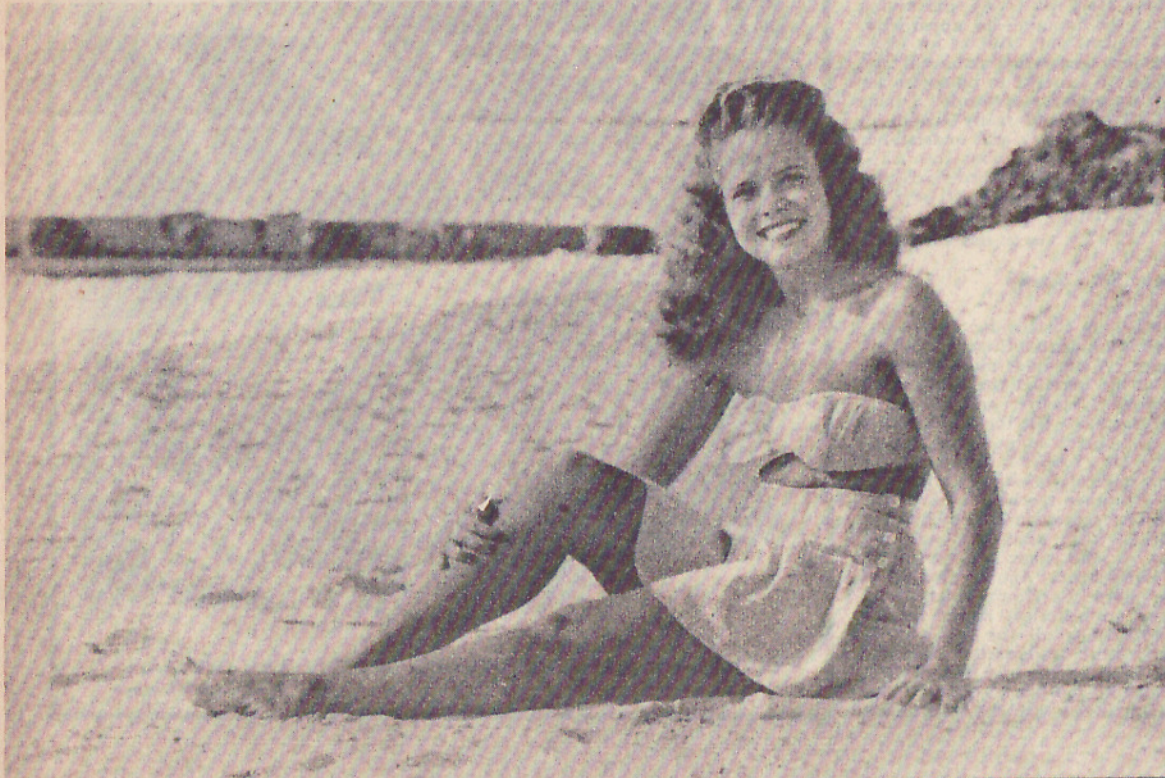
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PIN-UP WIFE. In Miami Beach, Fla., the editors at an AAF Redistribution Station have decided to give Hollywood the cold shoulder as far as beach art is concerned. So they came out with this picture of Mrs. Charles E. Hamilton, Jr., of McLean, Va., spouse of a tech. sergeant who was reprocessed at the Station.



FOR SALE. If you had been in Chincoteague, Va., at the right time, you could have bought this wild pony for \$100. Or didn't you want one?

V-J PIN-UP

This little lady appears as YANK'S V-J Day pin-up in response to many requests. Her statuesque beauty is first to attract the passing admirer, but quickly her air of remoteness serves to make her seem all the more desirable. Vital statistics: Age, 59 years; height, 151 ft.; address, New York Harbor.



YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY



BRITISH EDITION

BRITANNIA HOUSE

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Eire's Neutrality

Dear YANK,

May I be permitted to respond to the letter headed "Irish Question" (YANK, 3 August)?

The Captain is certainly entitled to his opinion of Eire's neutrality during this war. My own opinion happens to differ, partly because I know the Eireans better than the Captain apparently does and (like YANK) like to consider both sides to a question, and partly because the history which I learned in the free public schools makes me reluctant to cast any stones. My impression has been that few (if any) nations base their foreign policies on anything but self-interest. (I said "base"—the gingerbread of propaganda is another thing!).

command, it is the direct fault of the highest echelon. There are so many Bronze Stars, etc., given out to undeserving, but "in the know" personnel, that to GIs medals are becoming a thing of the past, except the Good Conduct Medal. Heretofore, the GCM took a lot of cracks. It was considered very funny to make a joke of it. Now that is changed. It really means something, as it should. At least, a GI has to keep a clean record for a year or so before he gets the Good Conduct Medal. However, policy has been decided, and even though billeting officers are given the Legion of Merit medal, and personnel and training officers are awarded the Bronze Star, I doubt if anything will be done. Personally I don't resent the awards, but the

suggested that the number of eyelets in GI long-johns be reduced from three to two, thus effecting a nice saving of the taxpayer's money without detrimental results to the underwear. For this brilliant bit of inductive reasoning the employee was awarded a sizeable bonus.

In a lucid moment it occurred to me that the Army's opportunities for economizing are infinite. I offer herein a few suggestions.

My first suggestion concerns armament. As any gunner can tell you there are 8 lands and grooves in a caliber .50 machinegun. Is it asking too much to reduce the number of redundant grooves?

And what about quartermaster issue clothing? OD trousers have seven belt loops. Seven, mind you! Would the effective supporting strength of a belt be appreciably diminished if one of these loops were left off? Our trousers are really a monument to economic waste. Why couldn't some of the buttons on the fly be dispensed with?

There are nine pairs of eyelets in a GI shoe. Newly inducted recruits and those soldiers one sees on the movie screen are the only people who wear their shoes laced to the top. Most of us do not utilize the last two or three pairs of eyelets. Ergo, omit these useless apertures. If I am not awarded the Legion of Merit for this suggestion, the Awards and Decoration people just aren't on the ball.

Everyone knows that there are 13 arrows in the shield on officers' caps, but who actually takes the trouble to count them? If the number were reduced to 12 the difference would scarcely be noticeable. I am overwhelmed when I think how many arrows could thus be saved for more important purposes.

Critics may scoff at these money-saving plans. They may call them unfeasible, too intangible, the ravings of a frustrated efficiency expert or salvage

MAIL CALL

And this includes us.

Whatever our sympathies or ideals, it was our own best interests to stay out of this war in '39, '40, '41—at least we thought it was. We got into it because we were pushed in, by the Japs at Pearl Harbor. Whatever we may realize in retrospect, the fact remains that the majority of Americans wanted no part of the war . . . on December 6th. Yes, we tried to remain neutral and did not succeed. Eire tried to remain neutral and succeeded.

Now, whether Eire was justified, whether her course was wise or stupid, I don't know. Nor do I know whether we were right or wrong in not going to war with Japan in '32, or whether we should have pitched in and helped stop Hitler when he occupied the Rhineland, or whether we should have mixed into the Spanish Rehearsal, or whether we should have mobilized when Hitler invaded Poland.

What I do know is that such a letter as that penned by the Captain is uncalled for, and that such epithets as "cowardly" are not only in the worst possible taste, but are inaccurate. Whatever reasons Eire may have had for remaining neutral, cowardice wasn't one of them. As Sgt. Antrobus pointed out in his footnote, 300,000 Eire Irishmen (and Irishwomen) out of a total population of 3,000,000 are in the British Forces and war industry. My arithmetic makes that to be 1 out of 10, which isn't a bad percentage.

method of awarding same is extremely unfair. A board should be set up to review each award, and judge if the actual work done merits the award, and if it is due because of performance over and above the line of duty. I doubt, then, that so many would be awarded so loosely.

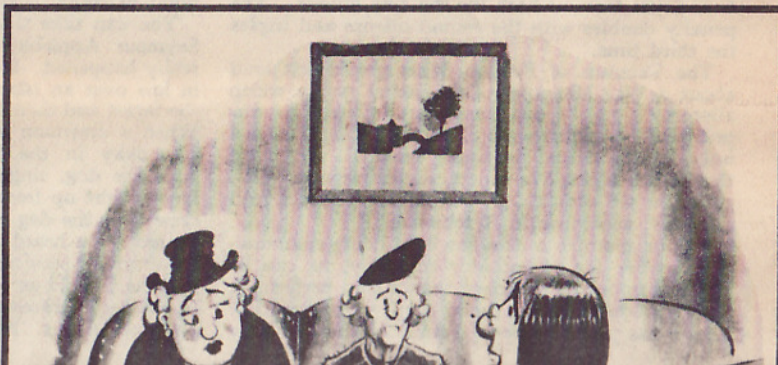
Britain.

Lt. Air Corps.

Supreme Sacrifice

Dear YANK,

The public relations boys, always on the alert for items of news value, have recently given a great deal of publicity to a civilian employee of the Army who



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Stubblefield; Middle East, Capt. Knowlton Ames;

Alaska, Capt. Grady E. Clay, Jr.; Puerto Rico, Capt.

Francis E. Sammons, Jr.

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However, there isn't any use trying to convince the Captain—he, apparently, has it all figured out. But as an Irish-American (one generation removed) and as an officer, I do want to apologize for his unfortunate choice of words. I hope that my relatives and many friends in Eire, and in the Forces, will understand. Especially Ivy, who is in the ATS, Maureen, who wields a wicked rivet-gun, and Billy, who is "sweatin' it out" in a Jap prison camp.

Britain.

1st Lt. AIRD FITZPATRICK

So Many, So Loosely

Dear YANK,

My brother, in combat for 11 months, receives the Presidential Citation, and six battle stars. A buddy of mine, and it is no fault of his, receives the Presidential Citation with a cluster, and six battle stars. He has *never* left the British Isles, but has a desk job at a division headquarters. He received hundreds of passes and several furloughs during this time. My brother received a three-day pass to a rest center during combat. It so happened that transport was not available, so the time was spent in cleaning equipment. Another buddy of mine was given the Bronze Star medal for writing an historical report for his group. Practically all the big wigs at BADA and other headquarters have the Legion of Merit and Bronze Star medals.

It is probably too late to do anything, but the fault is not with the subordinate

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Dear YANK,

The public relations boys, always on the alert for items of news value, have recently given a great deal of publicity to a civilian employee of the Army who

the difference would scarcely be noticeable. I am overwhelmed when I think how many arrows could thus be saved for more important purposes.

Critics may scoff at these money-saving plans. They may call them unfeasible, too intangible, the ravings of a frustrated efficiency expert or salvage



Pictures: 2, 3, AP, 5, OWI, 6, left, AP; 7, right, AP, 8, AP, 10, 11, centre, Sgt. Carl Anderson; all others, Pvt. Stan Faibisy. 12, Sgt. George Aarons. 13, upper, Sgt. George Aarons; lower, Sgt. Ralph Stein. 15, top to bottom, Acme; Wide World; Wide World. 16, 17, left, Acme; others, PA. 20, PA. 21, left, Association of American RR; right, Chesapeake and Ohio RR. 22, OWI. 23, left, Sgt. Dick Hanley; right, INP.

officer. No one can level these accusations at my final suggestion. For this one I can supply facts.

There are about 8,000,000 men in the Army. If only one man not contributing anything to the war effort, a staff sergeant, let us say, were to accept a discharge it would mean a yearly saving of at least \$1,152 (base pay) not counting the additional saving of not having to clothe, feed and shelter the soldier. I will make the supreme sacrifice. I will be that man. And I won't even ask for a cluster to that Legion of Merit.

Britain. S/Sgt. LAWRENCE H. BLUM

Spider-Web Spinners

Dear YANK,
Men of Detachment 157, 116th Army Airways Communications System Squadron, will be mighty unhappy when they read in Sgt. Edmund Antrobus's piece, *GIs in Athens* (YANK, Aug. 3), that: "The 350 ATC boys who operate the Eleusis airfield are the only Americans in Greece."

Unless these AACS men all acquired Greek citizenship just before Sgt. Antrobus arrived—and we doubt that very much—they are all American, and also in Greece.

Incidentally, Sgt. Antrobus over-looked a good yarn when he missed getting the story of how GIs of the Detachment kept vital communications facilities going during the recent Greek "revolution." As a result of their work, two former members of the Detachment, Lt. Harold Hecker, security officer, who hails from Brooklyn, and S/Sgt. Raymond Miller, radio operator from St. Louis, received the Greek Military Cross classes "B" and "C" respectively. These are the second and third highest awards of the Greek government to military personnel. Lt. Hecker also received the Purple Heart for wounds received during the uprising.

So you see AACS is very much in Athens—and almost everywhere else on the map you'd care to put your finger. And due to the work of the men in these small detachments—building a giant spider-web of communication facilities and navigational aids all over the world—ATC and other using agencies of AACS are able to operate air transport services safely and successfully.

Britain. Cpl. VERNON B. BOWEN

[For an Athens yarn that Sgt. Antrobus didn't overlook, see pages 6, 7, and 8, of this issue.—Ed.]

Postwar Conscription

Dear YANK,
The question of postwar compulsory one-year military training pops up all along. From everyday conversations it

Dear YANK,

... The issue of mandatory service in peacetime is more than just the passage of a new law. It is a threat to the freedom of the American citizen. In wartime the nation comes first. It is not good to make the government all important at all times for then the freedom of individuals is sacrificed for the good of the state. This is not the way our country was designed by its founders. America is supposed to be a land of free citizens with the greatest possible degree of individual liberty.

Is it freedom to have every able-bodied youth grabbed by the Army at a certain age and made to become a soldier, regardless of his ambitions and plans for a career? That's the way it's done in Germany and Japan. Are they good models to copy from?

We shouldn't stand by and see a law pushed through under cover of the turmoil of war, which will possibly endanger our whole future way of life.

Military schools and ROTC colleges can be increased if necessary, and military training should by all means be kept on the voluntary basis. Also our Regular Army strength could be maintained at a higher level in peacetime.

Southwest Pacific. Pfc. FRED SNYDER

Dear YANK,

... All the government would need to do would be to offer a college education to any one who qualifies if he would join the Army or the Navy for four years. If decent uniforms were provided there would be no difficulty in getting the necessary enlistments.

With this plan the government would have an uninterrupted flow of college-trained Army and Navy men available at all times. It would be a great advantage to have all the rated men, in the Army or Navy, college graduates. Nine months of the year could be devoted to schooling, both academic and military, two months to the actual maneuvers, and one month of furlough.

Pacific. GEORGE CONKLIN, Sfc

Dear YANK,

Before I want any young lads forced into the Army I would like to see the Army clean its own house. As it stands now it is not a democratic Army but is a system to preserve the power and prestige of "the brass." The Army can save manpower by doing away with orderlies for officers and separate KPs for officers' mess. I estimate the manpower saving at 750,000 men. Am I close? With this type of army I would even vote for compulsory military training—but not before the Army changes.

Britain. S/Sgt. H. R. PALLOT

Hitler's Financiers

Dear YANK,

In all this recent talk about the impending punishment of war criminals, I fail to find any mention of also including those British, Dutch, French and other financiers who bank-rolled Hitler long before he came into power. Perhaps the man who hires a gangster is no longer equally guilty, or maybe those boys didn't know what they were paying for. Or are such actions to be cloaked with a mythical legality? Once that line of reasoning is started, our tribunals will wind up with nothing to show for their efforts but a Van der Lubbe.

India. T-5 R. H. PRIETH

Joe, Tommy and Ivan

Dear YANK,

From time to time there appears the somewhat fervent lament that the only way to get a real peace out of this war would be to let Joe, Tommy and Ivan, the doughboys who are fighting it, get together and dictate the peace terms. I refer to the expressions of opinion as "laments" for the reason that every one of them is pregnant with the idea that such a thing can never happen, that the men who know what it is to fight a war will never have the opportunity to exert their influence to avert another one.

Yet all the discussions concerning organizations for veterans of this war have been from the somewhat narrow point of view of our own nation. They have all dealt with such things as soldiers' benefits and veterans' rights. Not a one that I have seen has suggested an international veterans' organization whereby Tommy, Joe and Ivan can exert their influence on an international scale to the end that the things that they are fighting for today do not become empty and meaningless phrases of Versailles and the League of Nations.

Right now the most influential factor in international affairs is the United Nations soldier, armed with rifle and bayonet, who is carving on the battle-fronts of the world a victory for lasting peace and international goodwill. This same soldier, armed with a ballot and an organization to keep him informed on the trends of international politics, an organization through which he can voice his opinion in the halls of international government, can continue to be a vital influence on world affairs.

At present, the least that any of us are putting into international relations is a few of the best years of our lives. Some of us are giving up life, health and sanity in addition. In my opinion, if we go home and forget about the rest of the world,

Japanese Honeymoon

Dear YANK,

I been in some big towns, and I heard me some big talk, but this beats everything.

I refer you to the 28 May, 1945, issue of *Life* magazine showing two Jap prisoners, a lieutenant and a nurse, being married on Okinawa, by a U.S. Army Chaplain. After the ceremony, they were allowed a one night honeymoon in a U.S. Army tent, before being sent to separate POW camps. Boy, whoever promoted that deal should be awarded the Legion of Merit.

I had a buddy back in civilian life who was about 25 years old, and a fine looking lad. He had been married about four months when he was drafted. He fought under MacArthur and was captured early in 1942. He died of malaria and dysentery while a prisoner of the Japs, in July, 1942. Wonder what he would have to say about this deal?

Also, one of our boys in the company married an English girl (the British are our allies against the Japs, as I remember it) and the day he was married he had to be back in camp at midnight.

Britain. T/4 J. A. McCARGAR

Quotable Quote

Dear YANK,

I'm sure all of us appreciate ex-PW Lt. Richard Wynn's views (*Mail Call*, July 27) on "point beefers." However, when he quotes an aphorism he should use quotation marks.

He states in his last paragraph, without using quotes: "I complained in Germany because I had no soles on my shoes until I saw a man who had no feet." More than two thousand years ago the Chinese said it this way: "I complained because I had no shoes to wear until I saw a man who had no feet."

This quotable quote, which has always been a favorite of mine, was timely in the lieutenant's letter, but let's give the "damned clever" Chinese credit for using it first.

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Pan Letter

Dear YANK,

I don't know what has happened to your weekly editions as of the last few months, it has been terrible. Let's have more of the humor stories of the "Old YANK." I don't know if I have the right to gripe, but I will be reading this magazine in the years to come as I only have 63 points.

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Postwar Conscription

Dear YANK,
The question of postwar compulsory one-year military training pops up all along. From everyday conversations it appears to me that more than 70 percent of the soldiers want some sort of a program. But, there seems to be the feeling that the Army system should be improved for that training.

A much finer-toothed comb should be used in selecting leader material.

A period of entry should be so regulated as to give the least interruption to the man's rights of the pursuit of life.

We don't want it thrown at our brothers, children or friends as it hit us.

Perhaps there should be an increase in tuition—free academies which can train men over a long period of time to be good officers and at the same time study for a normal-life industrial trade or profession. An increased ROTC could turn out better qualified leaders than mass production under straining requirements such as the officers candidate schools had to meet.

As for interruption of life, the most logical suggestion I have heard has been to set an age deadline of say twenty-one, permitting the prospective trainee to enter his one year of service between the age of sixteen and the deadline at which he will automatically be inducted. Thus, he can plan his life. Many would like to work the year in between high school and college.

Physical disability exemptions should be very few. Those incapable of keeping up with a heavy program can have special training in service troops. Don't put a penalty on good health.

Italy. T-5 PERRY E. HADDER

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With this plan the government would have an uninterrupted flow of college-trained Army and Navy men available at all times. It would be a great advantage to have all the rated men, in the Army or Navy, college graduates. Nine months of the year could be devoted to schooling, both academic and military, two months to the actual maneuvers, and one month of furlough.

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Britain. S/Sgt. H. R. PALLOT

Sack in CBI—WHY?

Dear YANK,

We are all very disappointed to learn that Sad Sack has been sent to the Pacific. Why didn't the Army keep him here as an Occupation-GI after all he's been through?

Germany. Cpl. T. DAVIES
[If the Sack were married and had three children (and who'd marry him?) he'd have 36 points. His service record has been missing ever since he was captured by the Blue Army in the Louisiana maneuvers.—Ed.]

Pointless Oldsters

Dear YANK,

We are men between the ages of thirty to forty, and most of us have four years' service, but not enough points to go home. We understand that the draft boards aren't drafting any more men over twenty-nine and also that men with families are to be given "sympathetic consideration." It seems to us that the men at home from twenty-nine to forty have been getting the gravy all this time. Most of them have been holding down good jobs in war plants and making good money. If men are retained in the Army in the twenty-nine to forty age brackets, men at home in that age bracket should be drafted.

Germany. OVER-AGE INFANTRYMEN

or view of our own nation. They have all dealt with such things as soldiers' benefits and veterans' rights. Not a one that I have seen has suggested an international veterans' organization whereby Tommy, Joe and Ivan can exert their influence on an international scale to the end that the things that they are fighting for today do not become empty and meaningless phrases of Versailles and the League of Nations.

Right now the most influential factor in international affairs is the United Nations soldier, armed with rifle and bayonet, who is carving on the battlefronts of the world a victory for lasting peace and international goodwill. This same soldier, armed with a ballot and an organization to keep him informed on the trends of international politics, an organization through which he can voice his opinion in the halls of international government, can continue to be a vital influence on world affairs.

At present, the least that any of us are putting into international relations is a few of the best years of our lives. Some of us are giving up life, health and sanity in addition. In my opinion, if we go home and forget about the rest of the world, limit our interests and activities to the purely national scene, we can consider these sacrifices as a total waste, a job well-started but an unfinished project. If we concern ourselves wholly with an organization dealing with problems of veterans' compensation and rehabilitation and neglect to weld ourselves into an influential pressure group on the international scene, we are not completing the job we started and in so doing are leaving a hole in the foundation of a peaceful world—a hole through which the tides of international dissent and ill-feeling may swell to bring on another world struggle and to bring our sons to write another bloody chapter in the book which we have started but not yet finished.

It is imperative that we should not allow our present union of efforts on the battlefields to dissolve into mutual indifference with regard to each other and with regard to the world at large. In order to avoid such dissolution and in order to preserve our identity when we voice our opinions, we should form an organization, an organization where by we can keep a finger on the pulse of world affairs and through which we can make our voices heard in the house of international government. I, for one, am anxious to learn of any such international veterans' association as may be organizing today, and if there are none I am more than willing to listen to anyone who has a concrete and constructive program to offer.

France. Capt. M. MONROE

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Britain. T/Sgt. ALEX C. PREECE

WHEN President Truman came to Plymouth following the Potsdam Conference, he met not only a King but also a Pfc. The Pfc was Stanley Faibisy. YANK staff photographer, who had managed to be one of the few photographers aboard both the "Renown" and the "Augusta" to take pictures of the first meeting of George VI and the President. Shortly before the "Augusta" raised anchor to depart for the U.S., Faibisy was singled out by the President's personal secretary and introduced to the President as a photographer for YANK, the enlisted man's magazine. "Take good care of yourself now," were the President's final words. Faibisy's historic pictures of the King and the President will be found in this edition.

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RAILROADS

Redeployment is the toughest of the problems the railroads face now, but they're still planning busily for that postwar world where everyone will ride in style.

By Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Writer

PEOPLE working on the railroad these live-long days have got more to do than just pass the time away. Railroad men have a lot on their minds and a lot on their hands. Their industry, like every other industry, has got to think about postwar challenges. But while they're dreaming up ways to improve postwar service and meet postwar competition, they've got a still bigger problem to solve: they have to lick the toughest of their war assignments.

The immediate question is: Can America's undermanned, insufficiently equipped, long-overburdened railroads handle the toughest transportation job in history—the highballing of 3,100,000 combat GIs and millions of tons of equipment from coast to coast? On the answer to that question depends the length and, just possibly, the very success of the fight to bring Japan to heel.

Even old-time trainmen have misgivings. Consider the problems.

U. S. railroads will carry as many troops in the 10 months between June 15, 1945, and April 15, 1946, as they did in two average wartime years up to this time. President Truman put it this way: "The transportation performance in mobilizing our victorious armies in Europe over a period of four long, difficult years required the utmost effort. We must now complete in 10 months a task only one-third less than the previous job, which required nearly 48 months."

With three-quarters of the freight and passenger cars, two-thirds of the locomotives and few more than three-quarters of the employees that they had in 1918, American railroads have been performing just about twice as much freight and passenger service as they did in the first World War.

And that's not all. Redeployed GIs are getting furloughs en route to the Pacific. Railroad experts figure that each man being redeployed will make a minimum of six or seven train rides, from staging area to personnel center to home

Since then, all Pullman sleeping cars on runs less than 450 miles have been ordered withdrawn. This releases 895 Pullman sleepers to the Army and means, for example, that there are no sleepers for civilians between New York and Washington.

Col. Johnson emphasized that summer vacations should be spent at home, and revealed that the ODT ban on conventions had cut civilian travel by 6 percent. More than 50 resort trains have been taken out of civilian service. To pare unnecessary travel further, ODT has decreed that reservations on passenger trains may be obtained no more than five days in advance, in contrast to the previous 30-day limit.

All West Coast lines have long been overburdened, with the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe particularly hard hit by the manpower shortage. Signs of the times are the placards in Frisco's dining cars: "To use this table for

to free another 10,000 on furlough. So far the WD has "reluctantly" furloughed 4,000 soldiers for 30 days work on the railroads.

Equipment is the second most urgent need. The railroads today have approximately 600,000 fewer freight cars, 16,000 fewer passenger cars and 22,000 fewer locomotives than they had in 1918. The only bright aspect of this picture is that the railroads expect to get 1,200 new triple-deck troop sleepers and 400 troop kitchen cars from the shops this winter.

Though there may be occasional tie-ups and there have already been snafus, the huge job of shuttling many armies across the continent will undoubtedly get done. Past railroad performance indicates that. When the lines were faced with another unprecedented situation at the war's start, they got tough with themselves. Every freight car was loaded to capacity. Shippers were induced to load and unload cars at top speed.

The railroads say they have cooperated handsomely with Government agencies to attain a maximum of efficiency. By interlocking their joint facilities they get more speed and a better flow of traffic.

One example of this coordination: Less than



tion depends the length and, just possibly, the very success of the fight to bring Japan to heel.

Even old-time trainmen have misgivings. Consider the problems.

U. S. railroads will carry as many troops in the 10 months between June 15, 1945, and April 15, 1946, as they did in two average wartime years up to this time. President Truman put it this way: "The transportation performance in mobilizing our victorious armies in Europe over a period of four long, difficult years required the utmost effort. We must now complete in 10 months a task only one-third less than the previous job, which required nearly 48 months."

With three-quarters of the freight and passenger cars, two-thirds of the locomotives and few more than three-quarters of the employees that they had in 1918, American railroads have been performing just about twice as much freight and passenger service as they did in the first World War.

And that's not all. Redeployed GIs are getting furloughs en route to the Pacific. Railroad experts figure that each man being redeployed will make a minimum of six or seven train rides, from staging area to personnel center to home and back again through the same channels, thence to the embarkation point. This redeployment program, which will hit a peak of troop movements involving 1,500,000 men next November, coincides with the transit of millions of discharged war workers, the flow of inductees to camps, transport of casualties and export of food and clothing to help Europe.

Will this mean the rationing of U. S. rail transportation? Railroad officials think not, because of the difficulty of determining just what constitutes essential travel. Still, Col. J. Monroe Johnson, director of the Office of Defense Transportation, has indicated that some system of priorities, or rationing, will be necessary, saying flatly that civilian travel on Pullmans will be cut by 75 percent during the redeployment period, since more than 350,000 soldiers will be on furlough at all times.

Railroads will carry 88 percent of the peak movement of redeployment freight to the Pacific, with trucks handling 10 percent and waterways about 2 percent. "The possibility of eastern civilians getting west of the Mississippi is almost nil," Col. Johnson says, pointing out that at the beginning of the summer there were still many persons in Florida who had gone there last fall just for a brief stay.

Shortly after redeployment got under way some troops were put into ancient day coaches for the east coast-west coast haul. Naturally, the men got no sleep; moreover, washing and toilet facilities were inadequate. The men made a bitter complaint, and the War Department backed them up. The ODT, noting that redeployment had got off to an unexpectedly quick start, promised to get the situation in hand.

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debate means dozens must stand and wait" and "From now until the war is won, it is polite to eat and run."

The east coast, with its numerous ports and network of rail lines, can handle a vast amount of heavy traffic. But rail and port facilities become progressively less adequate as troops and freight move west. From the four rail-terminal bottlenecks at Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis and New Orleans only seven railroad lines, often single-track, surmount the Rocky Mountains and proceed to Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles, the three largest west coast ports. The rail lines have always been geared to the capacity of the ports, and even if the railroads could step up the amount of tonnage carried, there still might be a west coast shipping jam.

MANPOWER is the great need of American railroads today. Some 350,000 trained railroaders are in the armed services, 52,000 from the Pennsylvania Railroad alone. Although the railroads are employing 115,000 women, four times as many as before the war, in various types of jobs—including turntable operators and steamhammer drivers—they say they urgently require at least 90,000 more men, especially brakemen, firemen and switchmen. To alleviate this shortage, ODT requested the War Department to discharge 25,000 experienced railroaders from the Army and

five hours after the war in Europe ended, the first freight car had been turned around and headed for a Pacific port.

Spectacular results achieved through teamwork and new techniques during the war augur well for the future of railroading when it meets the competition of the plane, automobile, bus and truck after VJ-Day. That this competition, particularly aviation, with its Government-subsidized airports and facilities, presents a strong challenge even railroad officials will admit.

To meet the challenge some of the larger railroads have conducted surveys to find out just what train passengers want in the way of riding comforts and conveniences. The Boston & Maine went directly to the seat of the problem by setting up a specially designed chair in the main concourse of Boston's North Station. Thousands of passengers have lowered themselves into the chair to be measured, the idea being that railway seats ought to be fitted to the public instead of vice versa.

Surveys show that most passengers prefer individual reclining seats and would like more leg room, thank you. They don't like dirty washrooms and uneven temperatures in the cars, as if you didn't know. A decided preference was shown for broad windows—72.3 percent as against 19.6 percent favoring the narrower, individual windows. The men who managed the

survey kept discreetly quiet on the question of a car window that would open.

An overwhelming majority—92 percent—of passengers interviewed favored the one-class train, giving such unmilitary reasons as “Class distinctions on the same train in America are in bad taste” and “Everyone should share facilities alike and go where he pleases.”

Virtually nobody admitted that economy was the reason for liking the one-class, all-coach streamliners with club-facilities. Instead, such factors as comfort, cleanliness, speed and reserved seats were usually mentioned.

Though there will presumably be few troop movements, little visiting of far-away camps and less migration of labor after the war, railroad officials expect much travel because of the new and distant contacts people have made.

Railroad men anticipate a spirit of restlessness and a new moneyed class with plenty of leisure. They hope to get the bulk of this business with a new fleet of all-coach streamliners like the Champion of the Atlantic Coast Line, the Jeffersonian of the Pennsylvania, the Pacemaker of the New York Central, the El Capitan of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, the City of

dle level (the same as the floor level of present coaches) and ascend a central stairway to the top deck of seats or descend one of two side stairways to the lower deck.

Already in operation on the Burlington Lines is one of General Motors' new “Vista Dome” coaches, a streamlined car with a laminated, heat-and-ray-resisting glass dome from which passengers may enjoy unrestricted 360-degree vision of the passing scenery. This air-conditioned penthouse contains 24 deep-cushioned seats where passengers ride with heads and shoulders well above the train's roof line. Other novel cars still on the drawing boards include spacious new diners, well-appointed lounge and recreation cars and a playroom for children.

GI railroaders of the Military Railway Service in places like Iran have learned the advantages of Diesel power, if they did not know them before. Diesel locomotives are making gains on the home front, too. They now represent more than eight percent of motive power on U. S. railroads.

Where the normal schedule for steam-powered freight is six days, on several occasions 2,000 tons of freight, hauled by one 5,400-horsepower Diesel engine, have been hurtled from a

Chicago warehouse to San Francisco dockside in less than 53 hours. Diesel engines can round curves at higher speed than steam engines and they can travel long distances without making as many stops for refueling.

STEAM still has its advocates, however. Recently, the Pennsylvania Railroad put into operation a revolutionary type of coal-burning steam locomotive, powered by a direct drive turbine engine, which is said to have the smoothness of an electric-powered locomotive and the power to pull a full-length passenger train at 100 miles an hour.

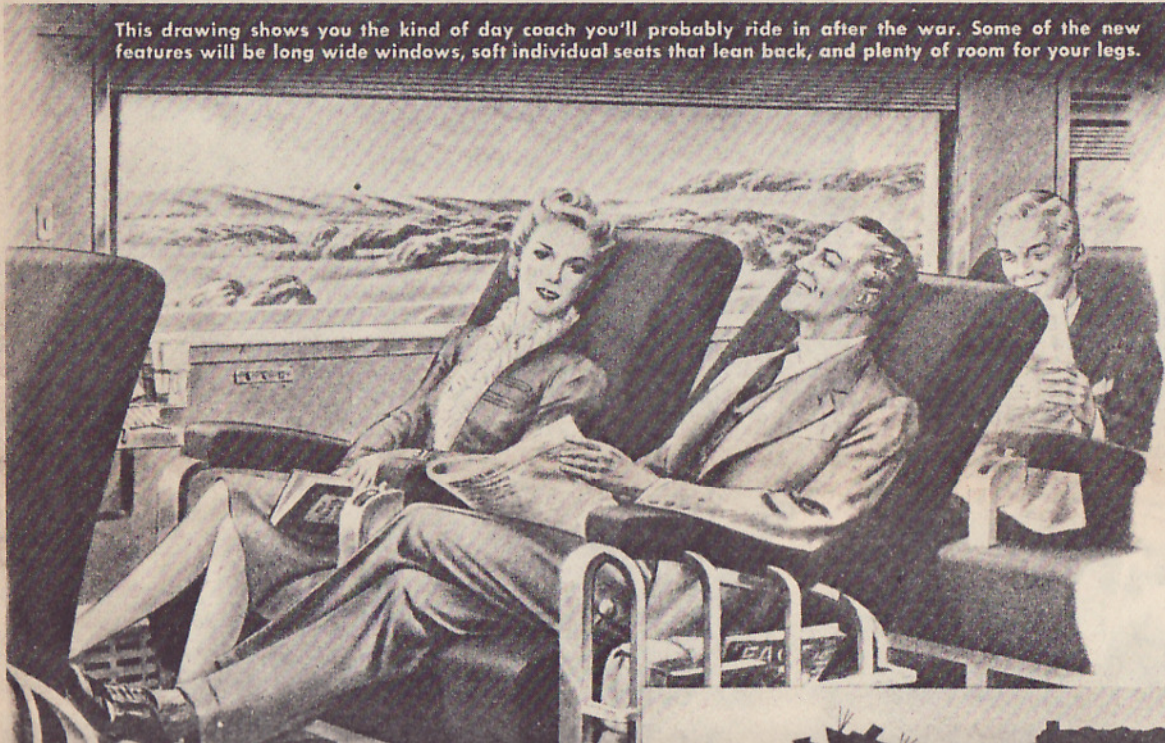
Major source of revenue on most railroads is freight traffic. Some engineers predict more drastic changes in freight car construction than in passenger cars. To meet truck and plane competition, the railroads expect to advertise complete lightweight freight trains, of modern design, set up on fast schedules between important terminals—trains with catchy names like those of the passenger streamliners.

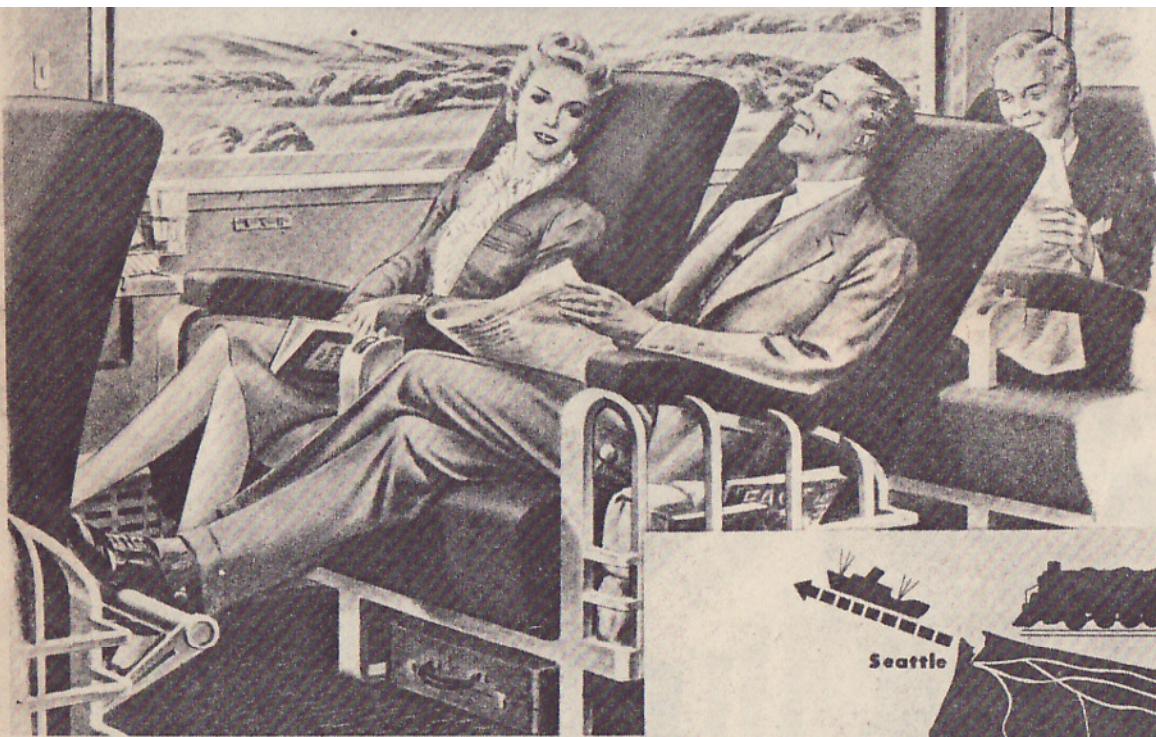
The most widely used method of determining the flow of traffic on the rails is checking train positions by phone and passing out train orders to engine crews en route. A new system called CTC—centralized traffic control—has been one of the most important factors in keeping the trains rolling on the Western roads, where vast mileages are single track. Eliminating the use of train orders, CTC puts the dispatcher in direct control of block signals and switches at all passing sidings. Electric lights on a plotting board of his entire district locate each train for the dispatcher; under the diagram is a set of levers by which siding switches are controlled. Though it costs about \$15,000 a mile, CTC gives 85 percent of double-track efficiency.

Some railroads have also installed improved radio and telephone service. At least one line is using facsimile to send orders to moving trains, to direct dispatchers where to pick up and set out cars, etc. A method of instantaneous reproduction of written messages and illustrations over a wire or by radio, facsimile has two main advantages: Pictures and diagrams as well as words can be transmitted and there is always a written record of the message.

Sentimentalists won't like one aspect of the railroad of the future, though it may prove a blessing to insomnia sufferers. New spot-welding techniques developed during the war have made it possible to lay welded rails, one continuous strip of metal, instead of short lengths bolted together. This may eventually eliminate forever the pleasant clackety-clack of the railroad track.

This drawing shows you the kind of day coach you'll probably ride in after the war. Some of the new features will be long wide windows, soft individual seats that lean back, and plenty of room for your legs.





Miami of the Illinois Central and the Southerner of the Southern. Though they may use more lightweight aluminum and magnesium in fixtures and may have improved lighting, air-conditioning and recreational facilities, the new streamliners will not differ radically from the ones already in service.

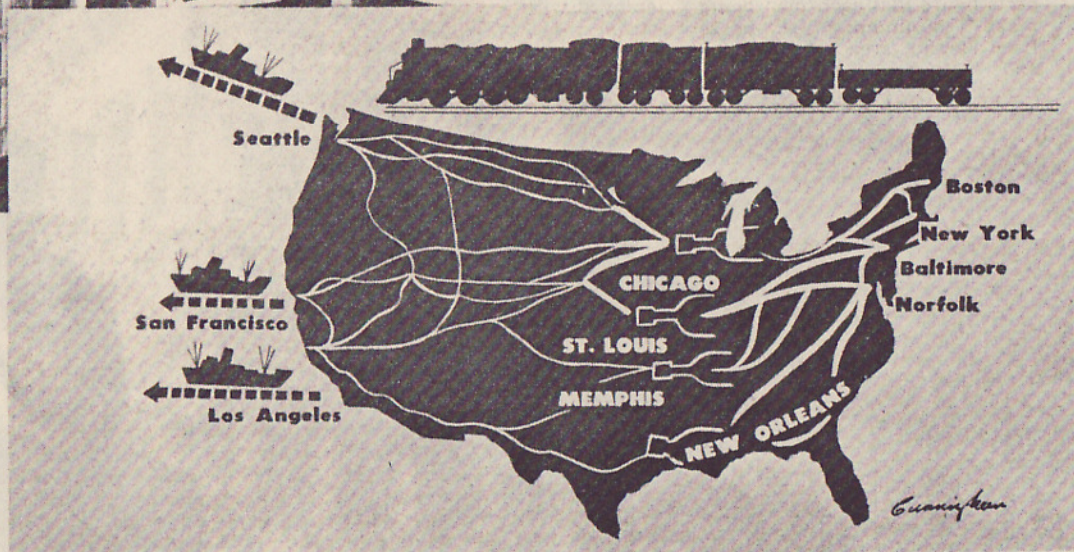
The Pullman Company's best postwar bet is a new triple-deck coach sleeper, with 40 berths as compared to the 14 upper and 14 lower berths in the conventional Pullman. In the daytime the sleeper is an attractively roomy coach, with the seats all on one side of the car, somewhat in the European fashion. At night each triplex tier of berths forms a section, running across the width of the car. Pullman expects the cost of such sleeper transportation to be brought so low that even the automobile will not have a conclusive margin when overnight trips involving hotel or auto-camp expenses are considered.

Pullman is also experimenting with a "duplex-roomette sleeper," a single-bed, air-conditioned room with individual lavatory facilities costing slightly more than the usual lower berth. And Pullman-Standard Car Manufacturing Company is prepared to build a "Threedex" commuter coach, which has four washrooms and four game rooms and will seat 112 passengers, one and one-third times the capacity of the present commuter coach. Passengers enter at either side on a mid-

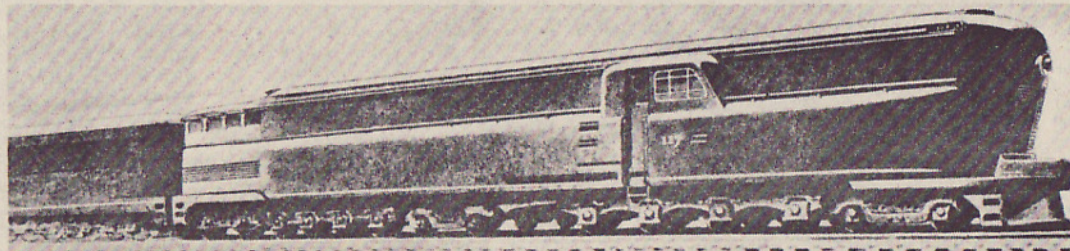
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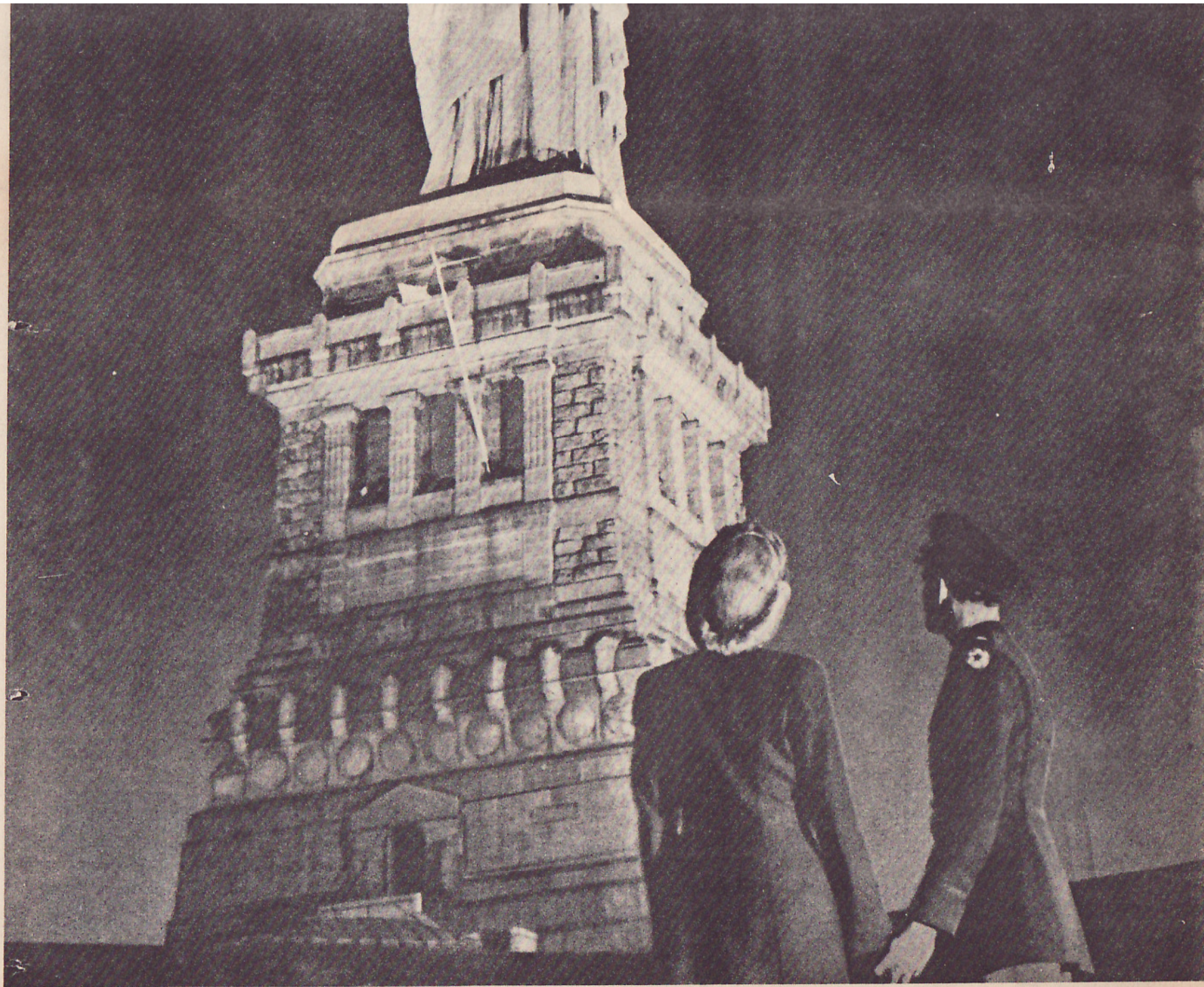
The main railroad lines from east to west are located on this map, with the bottlenecks that develop at Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis and New Orleans and the seven main lines running to west coast ports.



The engine shown in this sketch is a new steam-turbine-electric model being ordered for postwar use. The coal is carried in the locomotive's head instead of the tender. The boiler is behind the engineer's cab.



YANK
Pin-up Girl



The Monk

By Sgt. JOHN McLEOD
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 32D DIVISION, THE PHILIPPINES—Lt. Col. Charles Robert (Monk) Meyer, the great West Point halfback of 10 years ago, is a little squirt of a guy. He has a wild thatch of straw-colored hair and wears glasses. And as one GI in his battalion remarked, "I love that little guy to death, almost, but God, doesn't he look like somebody's hired hand?"

"They started calling me Monk way back in grade school," Lt. Col. Meyer says. "Monk is short for monkey. I always was little. I suppose I looked like a monkey."

The Monk says he weighs 140 pounds, but to look at him you'd think he'd have to take a deep breath before he tipped the scales at 120. Yet back in 1935, while a junior at West Point, Monk Meyer played 60 minutes against Notre Dame. In the Army-Navy game that same year the Monk threw three touchdown passes to help sink the Navy 28 to 6. He's best known in football, of course, but Monk captained West Point's basket-



Here's how Monk looked in 1935 when he first came into the headlines as a West Point football star.

one of the dagburned things at all now," he lamented. "First one I got I traded to the Air Corps for an air mattress, and I swapped the second for a silver-fox coat for my wife."

One of the hardest things to realize about Colonel Monk is that he is strictly a Regular Army officer up and down the line. He was born at West Point while his father served there as an instructor in philosophy. There is hardly a single old-Army post that Monk at some time or another didn't call home. He studied at six different high or prep schools—a year of that in Manila, while his father served as CO of the 60th Coast Artillery on Corregidor.

Monk had too much trouble with his English to win a West Point appointment in the competitive examination for sons of Regular Army officers. ("Dagburn it," he said. "I can't hardly speak it, let alone write it.") But he finally finagled a congressional appointment. Once he did get into the Academy he did all right in his studies; middle third of his class to be exact.

After graduation, Monk went to the 9th Infantry, 2d Division at Fort Sam Houston as a \$100-





Here's Monk Meyer as he looks today, a lieutenant colonel in the Infantry with a taste for watermelon.

ball team, won his letter in track and dilly-dallied with a not-too-sissy pastime called lacrosse, which consists mostly of running up and down a long field and beating people over the head with bats.

The Monk tried out for baseball, too. He especially wanted to win a letter in that because his father, captain of the 1909 West Point baseball team, would have liked it. Monk tried hard but he couldn't make it.

"Couldn't see the dagburned ball," he says.

Monk makes frequent use of the expression "dagburned." Some people, when they first hear him use it, instead of a more profane term, think possibly he got his nickname because he is ultra-religious like a monk, saintly in many things. But it isn't so.

When we met Monk he was AWOL from a hospital, watching a movie at division headquarters in a shack occupied by war correspondents. Before the main feature began, the projectionist, who used to be a Hollywood commercial photographer, ran off some technicolor slides of bathing beauties. As pictures of the more scantily clothed blondes flashed on the screen, Monk would slap his thigh and chortle, "Dagburn it, dagburn it, oh, dag-dagburn it."

Monk is now commanding officer of the 2d Bat-

alion, 127th Infantry. He was assigned to the 32d Division as a casual officer in the middle of the Driniumor River campaign in New Guinea in July 1944, and has been with his same outfit, except for trips to hospitals, ever since.

Meyer is one of the more popular officers in the division. Some of his more enthusiastic men have even compared him with the 32d's great jungle fighter, the late Capt. Herman Bottcher, and that's as high an honor as the 32d can think of. One platoon sergeant who has been with the division all the way said it like this, "Don't get me wrong. If you foul up, you really get on his S-list, and that's too bad. But if you do what's right he'll stick by you all the way. And if you do something really good there's nothing he won't do for you."

Colonel Monk's last trip to the hospital was about a little ear trouble. He was up on the Villa Verde trail with a company blowing up Jap caves with dynamite. He took a charge into one cave himself. First time the fuse sputtered out. Second time, he stayed in longer to see that it was burning properly. He didn't get out fast enough. The concussion played hell with his ears.

Monk is still griping about that. Later arrivals at the scene took six Jap officers' sabers out of the cave. Monk didn't get a one. "I don't have

into the headlines as a West Point football star.

one of the dagburned things at all now," he lamented. "First one I got I traded to the Air Corps for an air mattress, and I swapped the second for a silver-fox coat for my wife."

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After graduation, Monk went to the 9th Infantry, 2d Division at Fort Sam Houston as a \$100-a-month second lieutenant. On his leaves he played pro football with an Allentown (Pa.) team for a little pocket money.

He was in Hawaii when the war broke out. He was company commander and athletic officer of the 35th Infantry, 25th Division. There he was boosted to first looie and captain, got married and coached the Cacti football team, for two years champions of the Hawaiian Department.

Along about the middle of 1942 while Monk was attending the advanced course at the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Ga., he got bumped to major. After graduating, he was jumped to the silver leaf and served as CO and instructor with the Fort Benning demonstration paratroop battalion. Then he went to General Staff School and to the newly activated 86th Division. Then Monk got tired of dry runs and put in for an overseas combat assignment.

"I wanted to go to Europe," he says. "I thought it would be more amusin' than the Pacific. I'd seen that."

But he wound up unassigned in the 5th Replacement Depot, then at Oro Bay, New Guinea; thence to the 32d and to the Driniumor, Leyte and Northern Luzon.

Lt. Col. Meyer's teammates in the 1935 and 1936 teams ("I never did think I was any dagburned all-American," he said,) are pretty much scattered all over the world. All of them have by now reached field grade or higher. Monk's favorite center, Jock Clifford, now sports a full eagle and is CO of the 19th Infantry, 24th Division, in Mindanao.

"Two of the boys made BG," Monk says with a grin. "But they're Air Corps. The Air Corps gets all the dagburned ratin's."



"I DON'T KNOW WHAT SCHEDULE YOU'VE BEEN FOLLOWING, BUT HERE'S THE SET-UP FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS . . .

—Sgt. Jim Weeks

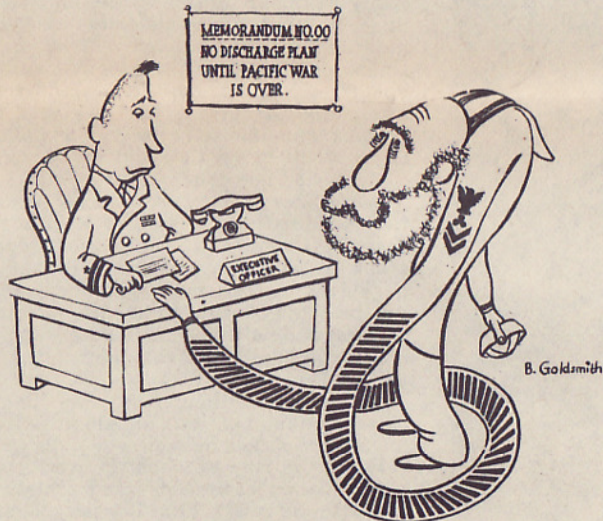


B. Goldsmith



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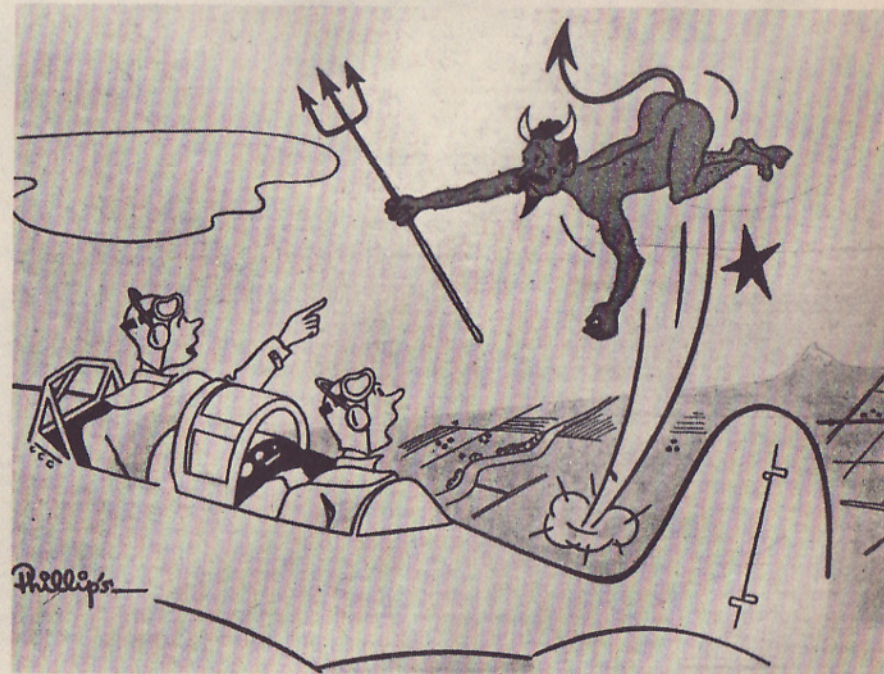
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B. Goldsmith

"BUT IN MY CASE, SIR . . ."

—B. Goldsmith, Y3/C



"LOOKS LIKE THAT NEW ATOMIC BOMB HAS ONE HELL OF A PENETRATION . . ."

—Sgt. F. Phillips

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