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OMAHA BEACH TODAY
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Peace came long ago to Utah Beach but mines and shells still line its shores.



From an old pillbox on Omaha Beach PWs construct a monument to our dead.



By Sgt. DeWITT GILPIN
YANK Staff Correspondent

OMAHA BEACH, NORMANDY—Only the sun and the wind now rake the long beaches of Normandy, and kids with toy shovels play in the sands where a year ago great armies came by sea. From scarred pillboxes silenced coastal guns point aimlessly down the beaches that on June 6, 1944, were covered with dead Americans. A year has passed; the beaches are quiet now.

In front of Omaha Beach are the rusted hulls of ships the Allies sank themselves to make a breakwater. Some day the Navy will come and salvage the ships. In the meantime, two rammed-together nighters close to the shore are used as a rendezvous by couples at night.

Fishermen and peasants in need of fuel have dismantled most of the shattered beachside houses that the Germans used for emplacements. But back of Omaha Beach the brick chateau with its tiny Norman towers still stands. And the faded inscription written on the chateau by a doughboy long ago attests to the fighting that occurred there. The inscription states: "This ain't no USO."

Stretching away from the beaches are green fields and apple trees, lush and inviting. No one goes into these fields. There are signs which read: "Achtung! Meinen!"

German soldiers still walk along the beaches which they once defended. But now these soldiers are prisoners, and they cut sod for the cemeteries where Lt. Gen. Lesley J. McNair and Brig. Gen. Theodore Roosevelt rest with their men.

In two-wheeled carts drawn by gaunt horses, the people of Normandy come to the beaches on Sunday afternoon. Fathers explain to their children how the shell-twisted landing craft were used.

When men and women speak of the fighting on the beaches, they speak quietly. They recall that it was from these beaches that the long march started—the march that ended 11 months and two days later, May 8, 1945.

People point to the twisted landing craft, the

bent pillboxes, the hushed cemeteries in the distance, and they tell again the story of the armies that came from the sea and fought on the beaches. Now children slide down bomb craters, where grass is beginning to grow.

THE full military story of D-Day will some day be written from the operational reports of the assault infantry and engineer units that were first ashore. Only such a story will be able to give full credit to all the units who distinguished themselves in the war's greatest air and seaborne invasion.

There are a few veterans from the D-Day divisions still stationed around the little coastal towns of Colleville, St. Laurent, Vierville, Bayieux, Carentan, Varreville and Ste. Mere l'Eglise. They remember D-Day with the limited perspective of soldiers who could see only what happened around them. They were, it is true, briefed on the "big picture." But to most of them it is hazy now.

These invasion veterans are now in MP units and they patrol the coast they helped liberate. They left their combat units because of wounds or combat exhaustion following the landings. One MP's eyebrows turned white in the hospital; another speaks with a stutter that followed a wound and concussion.

Some of the men have gone back to the beach and laboriously reconstructed their route and plotted the spots where buddies were killed. Others haven't bothered because they would rather forget.

D-Day's big picture, as relived on the situation map, went as follows:

After the terrific naval and air bombardment, the 4th Division, supported by elements of the 90th Division, landed at Utah on a strip of beach behind which lies Ste. Mere l'Eglise, St. Martin du Mont, Popperville and Varreville.

Already ashore and waiting for the seaborne infantry was the 82d Airborne Division. To the left of this beachhead on the V-shaped coast, the 1st and 29th Divisions made their landings between Colleville and Vierville. Already ashore in front of them was the 101st Airborne. Sandwiched in between the two beachheads

were the 2d and 5th Ranger Battalions who scaled the cliffs near Pont de Hoc to attack six coastal guns. Farther to the left on the coast in front of Caen the Canadian and British made their three beachheads.

Once astride the beaches, the American troops jumped off from the beachheads at each end of the V-shaped coast and drove toward the base of the V, effecting a juncture near Carentan. Control of this strip of coast and the road net within it set the stage for sealing off the Cherbourg peninsula and the push into St. Lo.

That is the big picture; the little picture as seen by the men who were there varies with the man you talk to. There's the devil-may-care paratrooper and there's the conscientious Joe who thinks we still don't hate the Germans enough. There's the boy that remembers it as nightmarish and the old line sergeant who noticed little things that were different from maneuvers. And there's the soldier who just obeyed orders and hoped he wouldn't be killed.

Cpl. Fred Clausen of Salinas, Calif., is now stationed on the sea at Carentan, about 10 miles from where he came down in a swamp with four other troopers from the 101st Airborne.

He wasn't particularly scared. The worst thing was sweating out the C-47 which was set afire by ack-ack while still over the sea. He jumped while still over water and the drift carried him and his four buddies into the waist-deep water that the Germans had let into the fields. He never found out what happened to the other paratroopers on the plane.

Naval guns were shelling the area where the men came down and they were more afraid of our shells than the Germans. After shooting their way through a German ack-ack crew, the troopers holed up in the farmhouse of the Jules Bourdet family, who then as now boarded a pretty school teacher, Mademoiselle Barbier. Between their forays to cut German communication wires the school teacher taught Clausen his first words of French and he still goes back to see her "ever so often."

"On the fourth day," Clausen says, "I saw one

The Normans promenade on Omaha and Utah Beaches on Sunday; there are a few D-Day veterans, some Russians and German PWs, and Bernardine still waits for the Yanks to come back.

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Sand and sky and a sun-baked landing boat are all that remain to remind returning veterans of sights and sounds they knew that D-Day on Utah Beach.

When you hit the beach there were mines and barbed wire as well as krauts to check advance into Fortress Europe.



of our tanks coming up the road and it made me feel good. Then I saw his gun go off and wondered who he was shooting at. A second later I knew; the bastard nicked me in the leg with a piece of his shell. So we hunted around until we found some Rangers who knew what paratroopers looked like."

The shoeborne infantry contends that all paratroopers, like Clausen, never come down where they are supposed to. A lot of them didn't on D-Day, but this helped to confuse the Germans who never knew when a wire would go out or a road be cut in supposedly "safe" areas. Actually, however, the main body of chute and glider troops landed near enough to their plotted objectives to fight to them despite heavy losses. The seizing of the bridges over the Meredith and Douve rivers by the 82d Airborne, for example, secured the road down which the two converging American forces moved toward Carentan at the base of the "V."

The first juncture with the 82d Airborne was made by the 4th Division from its Utah beachhead. Coming in with the 2d Battalion of the 8th Infantry was S/Sgt. Walter A. Janicki

of Pittsburgh, Pa. He is a short, husky GI who used to work a blast furnace for Jones and Laughlin.

The 88s were still wooming in when Janicki hit the beach and MG fire was raking their positions. He was a bazooka man then and he had a job to do.

"I missed the pillbox with my first shell," he recalls. "But I got the son-of-a-bitch with my second. I can take you down to the beach and show you where it was if you want to go."

After cleaning up the coastal pillboxes, Janicki's battalion pushed down a secondary coastal road and joined up with the 82d near Varreville.

"One thing I'll never forget about the beach," Janicki says, "is going back to get a buddy I knew had been hit. It was after I got the pillbox. But I don't want you to print who he was or how he looked. An 88 had hit him bad.

"But you can print that I've lost half of my hair. I'm not like some of the guys about things like that. And I stutter now too. But I'm not ashamed of it. And print that!"

For Janicki and the men on Utah Beach the

invasion went pretty much by the book; on Omaha they had to throw the book away and get ashore through the guts of men who made a beachhead where everything went wrong from the weather to the fact that the Germans had an extra, unexpected division looking down their throats when the first thin waves of Yanks staggered from a sea filled with sinking boats and drowning men.

Pfc. Herbert H. Adams is a drawing, six-foot Texan who landed with B Company of the 2d Ranger Battalion on the right flank of the 29th and 1st Division units. In England the special training given the Rangers had prepared him physically for the ordeal of the beach; his body kept going and carried him through it, but there are some blank spots in his memory about those things that people like to read about after the battle is over.

He knows that his company had 11 killed and 24 wounded out of 68 men before they got off the beach. He knows because an officer told him so later. He remembers the explosion when his boat hit a mine, and he remembers the relief that he felt when he found that his gas mask kept him afloat. Then he was firing at the slots in a pillbox and pretty soon he was going up a road with a sergeant who was walking on an ankle with a bullet hole through it. Somewhere along the road the first sergeant was hit, and it was days later before they finally got to the other Rangers who had been cut off when they went after the coastal guns.

"I didn't eat," says Adams. "Just drank some coffee along the way. Our boys were out of ammo when we got to them and they had been fighting with German guns and knives. And don't ask me what I said when I got to the first Ranger. All I remember is that he got out of his hole and shook hands with me and was damn glad to see me. There wasn't many left."

LANDING to the left of the Rangers on Omaha was the 116th Infantry of the 29th Division. T/Sgt. Granville Armentrout, who used to be a plumber in Harrisburg, Pa., came in with the 1st Battalion over a beach "that had more dead men on it than live ones."

Armentrout has been around the Army awhile; he talks and thinks like the infantry platoon sergeant he was on D-Day. The first thing he tried to do was get his men dispersed because they were all bunching up behind the seawall. Then he chewed some of them out because they had dropped the bangalores that he needed to blow the seawall on the beach. He went back to get the bangalores and figured that his number would come up when he used them. But his lieutenant, who was a new man that had come in from the Air Corps for some reason, took the bangalores away from him and blew the wall. "He sure had guts," Armentrout says. "And some kraut put ten bullet holes in those good guts of his a little later."

Armentrout believes that the 29th men froze on the beach momentarily because casualties

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Armentrout believes that the 29th men froze on the beach momentarily because casualties had broken down the chain of command and not because they were afraid to move. It was a day where the brass had to show the stuff they were made of.

They went up the steep hill toward their objective of Vier-sur-Mer, and Armentrout noticed that his old men kept moving and shooting, while some of the replacements let themselves become sitting ducks. When he stumbled over his first German in a shell crater he beat him with his rifle butt before he realized the German was already dead. But on top of the hill where they reorganized the platoon they saw other Germans lying motionless in the open ground they had to cross. When they began their advance the apparently dead Germans came to life and pumped burp guns at them.

"And that was the way it went," Armentrout relates. "I lost some of my old men on the beach and more going across the field. Every time a boy went down who had been in the platoon a long time he would call for me. Usually I couldn't stop. Before St. Lo they knocked out practically all the old men who were left. That's where I blew my top. There was just something about them calling for me and me not being able to do anything about it that got me."

On the beach to the left of the spot at which Armentrout landed, the wounded of the 1st Division suffered, too. The high waves of the incoming tide drowned some of them before medics could make it through the machine-gun fire to get them. T-5 Rafael T. Niemi of the 16th Infantry's 3d Battalion, a replacement, was there, and he knew enough to do what the invasion-wise NCOs and officers of the Red One told him to.

His boat driver had taken a direct hit from a



Sign is tribute to Pvt. Lupe Villarreal of the 4142d Quartermaster Service Company, who died in the D-Day assault.

German artillery shell as they were embarking, and shrapnel had killed eight other men. Other boats coming in with enough troops to build up the assault wave snafued their schedule and jammed together to make perfect targets for the Boche. The waiting men dug in cautiously as best they could because a mined beach is no place to sink in a careless shovel.

Finally Brig. Gen. (then Col.) George A. Taylor of the 1st Division organized the men for the assault with his practical order that they would go inland and die instead of waiting for death on the beach.

"I can still hear that colonel telling us we were going up the hill," says Niemi, who didn't know it was Taylor. "And at first I felt like shooting him with my M1. But now I feel different about it. I wouldn't be here if I had stayed on the beach."

And that was D-Day as the men remember it who now patrol the roads along which the troops from Utah and Omaha drove toward each other to join near Carentan.

MOST of the American troops and French civilians had the same split-second relationship on D-Day as occurred when Raymonde Jeanne, who works in the general store at Ste. Mere l'Eglise, looked out of her bedroom window the night of June 5 and saw an 82d paratrooper in the street. She threw him a rose and, unless Raymonde is romanticizing the incident, he kissed it and walked out of her life with the rose in one hand and his grease gun in the other.

But the French remember. In Ste. Mere l'Eglise, as in every village, the families go to the American cemeteries and place flowers on the grave of their "adopted" son each Sunday. Often they write to the wife or mother and enclose a picture of the grave as it looks with the flowers.

Gone, of course, is the pre-invasion conception of some Normans that our coming would be a costless thing that would not disturb the economic life of the rich farms along the coasts. The peasants and townspeople paid for their liberation in lives, in wrecked homes and depleted dairy herds. Some grumble about these things, but the majority seem to think the bigger sacrifice was made down on the beaches. And most of them also seem to understand why most of the GIs, unlike Raymonde's gallant trooper, were very rough with them on D-Day.

"All evening on June 5," says Monsieur Remand, the mayor of Ste. Mere l'Eglise, "we watched the paratroopers drop into the village square, in the trees, on the houses, on the church. And all night the four machine guns that the Germans had in the church steeple on the square keep shooting. But we are happy, because the Americans have come and we want to help them so much.

"But in the morning when I go out and find the captain of the paratroopers and speak our welcome to him in English, he refuses to shake my hand. I felt very bad. Now we understand



Depart, and I have taught my children *America*. But the older children who learned to sing when the Germans were here still sing in that awful way the Germans do. It will be some time yet before they sing like the French again."

For the Normans who were poor, the liberation has brought economic benefits along with liberty. Madame Furor, who lives in Colleville with her blind husband and her daughter Bernardine, will tell you proudly that she has gained several pounds since the 1st Division ran the Germans out. And while few 1st Division men know it, the Furor family was as much in D-Day as they were. The Furors lived in the house across from the little red brick chateau with the Norman towers on the road that leads up from the beach to Colleville. When the naval bombardment started, they watched it until all the windows in the house shattered and then went to the trench they had dug in the front yard.

When the Germans withdrew from their positions around the road the family kept to the trench, which was now in the target area of enemy artillery. Several times Americans saw

them and discussed shooting them for snipers and Bernardine said, "Oh, I am frightened."

Eventually some doughboy came along who offered Bernardine chocolate, but she was as suspicious of them as they were of her because the Germans had told her that the Americans considered all French on the coast to be traitors and would offer her poisoned candy. It wasn't until D plus one that she decided to eat some, and her admiration of Yanks dates from the first bite.

There isn't even an MP in Colleville now, but Bernardine, who doesn't speak English very well, remembers the days when the road up from the beach was alive with troops coming in to help finish what the D-Day boys began.

And standing by the beach Bernardine will look up to the hill that once seemed so high to the boys of the Red One, clasp her hands to her breast without at all looking like a bad actress, and say:

"Up here go many Americans. Many! All ride trucks that make dust and all say to me, 'haylo, baybee. Comment allez-vous?' It is sad they no come back."

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"But in the morning when I go out and find the captain of the paratroopers and speak our welcome to him in English, he refuses to shake my hand. I felt very bad. Now we understand that the Americans at first could not trust anyone. But the people felt very bad."

Mademoiselle Andree Manoury of Carentan wanted to help the Americans too and she secretly took exactly 72 lessons in English before one of the American bombs that blew up the German gas dump also wrecked her home and forced the family to take to the fields. But while Andree wasn't there to welcome the Americans when they came, one of the town's richest citizens was, and his wine flowed free. Now the position of Andree and the rich citizen are somewhat different. She is the interpreter for the MPs in Carentan and he is in jail, charged with making too much money from the Germans.

Not all of the problems of liberation, including collaborators, have been solved in Normandy. Those peasants who during the occupation sold butter and eggs to the German black market are selling them now to French racketeers. On another score the traditional Catholicism of agrarian Normandy expresses itself in some talk about the Russian displaced persons who are lusty rather than gentile and who seldom go to mass. And the good food fed to both Russian displaced persons and German prisoners causes some comment among persons with anti-American axes to grind.

The mark of the Boche, in the opinion of Mademoiselle Barbier, the school teacher that the paratroopers go back to visit, isn't something that can be wiped out of Normandy in a day or a year.

"We no longer use the books that we had when the Germans were here," she says. "And now we can sing the *Marseillaise* and *Chant du*

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Once there were two soldiers here; now only a German potato masher and a lonely GI legging tell their story.



Four men in an Okinawa foxhole wait for the dawn, uncertain of anything but the Japs' nearness and their own fears.

A BAD NIGHT



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A BAD NIGHT

By Pfc. JUSTIN GRAY
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 96TH DIVISION, OKINAWA—The captain had just been killed. A Jap sniper's bullet caught him in the neck as he was giving us the final instructions for tomorrow's attack. He died instantly.

Many of the men cried. They didn't try to hide it. They had really loved their CO. "The company won't be worth a damn now," one said.

This happened in the late evening. The captain hadn't given all the dope before he was hit. The company would have to advance in the morning without the full plan.

All we knew when we went on outpost for the night was that the battalion was going to attack Kakazu Ridge at dawn and the company was to be in the center of the assault. Jap positions on Kakazu had held us up for over a week. The high command was determined that we would storm over the ridge next day. There was to be no halting until the objective was ours. No company was to be pinned down. Casualties were expected—lots of them—but Kakazu had to be taken. If we had only had more information.

The company was understrength. I was sent to help fill one of the 3d Platoon's holes. Wyatt and Geark were the only men available from the platoon's 3d Squad. A "flying boxcar," one of the Japs' 320-mortar shells, had just landed about 50 yards to the rear of the company. Wyatt

and Geark were lucky. The two other men who had held the hole with them were badly wounded by rocks and dirt. Those rocks were as bad as shrapnel.

The hole was on the extreme left flank of the company. It was literally perched on the rim of the ravine which the company held. Company headquarters were down at the foot of the ravine and the line platoons had dug in at the top. Four men were needed to hold our hole. There were two directions from which the Japs could move in on us, and two men had to be on the alert all the time. Mitchell was brought over from the 1st Squad to help us.

The hole wasn't really in such a good spot. The "skibbies" (Japs) on Kakazu were actually breathing down our necks. You didn't dare stick your head up while there was still daylight. Snipers and machine guns were sighted in on our position.

This was my first time up there and as soon as it was dark enough to be reasonably safe I took a good look about me to get my bearings. The hole was right in the midst of a group of pine and palm trees. There were also some tree stumps about as high as a man. The Japs must have cut down some of these trees for use in their pillboxes. In the dark it would be hard to tell which was a Jap and which was a stump. I tried to get the location of the stumps in my mind so I could pick them out later.

The hole wasn't actually a hole. The ground

was so rocky that you couldn't dig down any depth. What had been done instead was to build up a foxhole with rocks. Around the top were a number of palm fronds which were an attempt at camouflage. That was a worthless bit of effort, for the skibbies knew exactly where we were.

The two of us who were on guard stood near the front of the hole. One watched to the left, parallel with the rim of the ravine, and the other covered the front. A path led up toward our position directly to the front, which passed between two of those huge stone Okinawan graves that cover the hillsides all over the island. Those graves are tremendous and will make wonderful amphitheatres for GI movies once the garrison forces take over. I kept my eyes on that path.

At first it wasn't so bad, even though I was a bit jumpy. I kept thinking of tomorrow's attack. It was bad enough just worrying about being on outpost. But not to know what was expected of the company in the all-out assault that was to follow at dawn was almost too much of an unknown quantity. I tried to concentrate on the present job of guarding the outpost.

The moon was about a quarter full and it lighted up the hillside pretty well. It didn't seem logical that the Japs would try to infiltrate or counterattack until after the moon went down. I leaned over to Wyatt and asked nervously, "When the hell does that moon leave us?"



"I wish to hell I knew what we were supposed to do tomorrow," said Geark as he sat down.

He smiled back and answered: "Not for a couple of hours yet. We don't have to worry until about 2300. Have you got a watch?"

No one had a watch. It was decided that since Wyatt and Geark were the experienced ones, having spent a couple of nights in this hole already, they should be split up, enabling at least one of them to be on duty all the time. I teamed up with Wyatt, and Mitchell worked with Geark. Wyatt and I took the first shift. We were supposed to stay on for what we thought was an hour, then wake up the other two. I doubt if any of us knew just what an hour was without a watch, but that was the plan.

"Give me a kick if you see anything—just anything," said Geark before he sat down in the back of the hole. "I don't think I'll be able to sleep much tonight anyway. I wish to hell I knew what we were supposed to do tomorrow." He sat down and threw a poncho over his head to cover his lighting a cigarette. Wyatt and I were scared of what might happen now and

ward me for a full minute. I began to stare into his sector, but I couldn't see anything. It must have been the wind. I asked him: "Why didn't you people put out some concertinas and trip flares in front of this hole? We wouldn't have to worry so much then."

Wyatt whispered back: "We tried to get out there but the Japs fired on us every time they heard someone move from here. It was just impossible to do it."

The wind began to blow up from the east. I thought of what the book on Okinawa had said about typhoons every month. It would be rough next month when the typhoons are supposed to come. It was hard enough to hear a Jap moving in on you now, when it was only a breeze. Once those storms hit, a man on outpost wouldn't be able to hear a thing. We'd better get this Okinawa campaign over quick, I thought.

Over the ridge to our left front the Japs began to send a stream of mortar shells into what seemed to be their own lines. I knew none of our troops were there. The Japs were using a smart technique on Okinawa. Their troops were so well dug in that they were actually shelling advancing infantrymen even after we reached the Japanese positions. I wondered if we were supposed to overrun those mortar positions in tomorrow's attack. Somebody had better take care of them. If we only knew what the brass expected our company to accomplish. Knowing merely that we had to attack wasn't enough.

I didn't know if an hour had passed yet but I could hardly see any more. Geark and Mitchell took our places. Neither of them had slept a wink. I didn't expect to do any better. Wyatt, not daring to leave the hole, urinated into an empty tin that used to hold a bottle of blood plasma and threw the water over the wall.

It wasn't very cold yet and the mosquitoes were out in force. I poured a bottle of Skat over myself but it didn't seem to do much good. I didn't mind the bites so much, but the constant buzzing around my ears upset me. I began thinking again of what was in store for us in the morning. Wyatt wasn't sleeping either. We were dreaming up schemes which would make whatever might happen in the morning turn out OK.

I didn't think I got my sleep at all but I must have gotten a little for the moon had gone when Mitchell shook me and said another hour had passed. I could hardly believe my eyes when I took my place at the edge of the hole again. It was pitch black. I couldn't hear anything above the wind. I couldn't see how we could defend ourselves if we couldn't see or hear. Wyatt took off his helmet so he could hear a little better. I followed suit.

I leaned over to Wyatt and told him: "Take a look over into my sector every once in a while. I'm not certain I can see at all."

Wyatt nodded a yes but didn't take his eyes off whatever he was watching. That Wyatt was a steady one. Between the two of us were two M1s with bayonets already in position. As I leaned up against the wall I could feel six good solid fragmentation grenades under my arms. Just to the right were a couple of bandoliers of ammo for the rifles. We had enough stuff to stop the Japs if we could only see them or hear them.

Our own artillery began firing. The noise from our guns made it even more difficult to hear. I began wishing the guns would remain silent. With all the good they did, it was probable that any number of Japs could still hit at us.

The wind shifted and I began to smell an awful odor. Wyatt leaned over and pointed right in front of our hole. It was a dead Jap. He had been there all the time and I never saw him. He had been killed the night before. It was a sharp reminder of how close the Japs could get to us. I began to watch even more closely.

Wyatt watched me strain a bit more and then



I must have dozed off when Mitchell shook me.

said reassuringly: "It's better with the wind this way, even with that smell. You can hear the Japs now before they hear us."

His logic might have been correct but it didn't comfort me a bit. I was scared. I remember standing outpost in Sicily and Italy but I don't think I was as scared then. Even though I knew the Germans were fanatical in their attempts to destroy us I always felt confident they also had

"I wish to hell I knew what we were supposed to do tomorrow," said Geark as he sat down.

He smiled back and answered: "Not for a couple of hours yet. We don't have to worry until about 2300. Have you got a watch?"

No one had a watch. It was decided that since Wyatt and Geark were the experienced ones, having spent a couple of nights in this hole already, they should be split up, enabling at least one of them to be on duty all the time. I teamed up with Wyatt, and Mitchell worked with Geark. Wyatt and I took the first shift. We were supposed to stay on for what we thought was an hour, then wake up the other two. I doubt if any of us knew just what an hour was without a watch, but that was the plan.

"Give me a kick if you see anything—just anything," said Geark before he sat down in the back of the hole. "I don't think I'll be able to sleep much tonight anyway. I wish to hell I knew what we were supposed to do tomorrow." He sat down and threw a poncho over his head to cover his lighting a cigarette. Wyatt and I were scared of what might happen now and wondering what was supposed to happen in the morning.

Even with the moon up, more or less protecting us, I felt very exposed. If the Japs shelled us, with all those trees around, there would be high bursts right over the hole. Shrapnel would rain down on us.

Wyatt was looking down off to the left. I put my hand on his shoulder to indicate I wanted to whisper something to him. I held my hand there until he turned to me. "What's the countersign, in case we have to get out of here?" I asked.

Wyatt shook his head. "I don't know. It doesn't make any difference anyway. We can't leave here until dawn. If we tried to go back down into the ravine, they'd shoot us first and ask questions later. We'll have to stay here until the attack."

I just had time to digest that thought when he turned back again and added: "If we do have to get out of here for some reason, run back and yell as loud as you can, 'Rolph, I'm coming down.' Rolph's the squad sergeant down there. He'll let you through—maybe."

I went back to looking down my sector, wishing to God the lieutenant hadn't sent me up here. If morning would only come. I didn't like this lack of movement at night. We kept the initiative during the daytime but seldom moved at night. In Europe we kept the Jerries guessing plenty by hitting them at night. It could be done out here too.

Another thing occurred to me and I laid my hand on Wyatt's shoulder again. He must have been watching something, for he didn't look to-

wink. I didn't expect anything, but I was daring to leave the hole, urinated into a dirty tin that used to hold a bottle of blood plasma and threw the water over the wall.

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He died as he was giving the final instructions.



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said reassuringly: "It's better with the wind this way, even with that smell. You can hear the Japs now before they hear us."

His logic might have been correct but it didn't comfort me a bit. I was scared. I remember standing outpost in Sicily and Italy but I don't think I was as scared then. Even though, I knew the Germans were fanatical in their attempts to destroy us, I always felt confident they also had a strong desire to live. From everything I have heard and seen so far in the Pacific, the Jap doesn't place such a high value upon his life. The Japs crawl into our lines even though they know they have no chance of getting out alive. One lone Jap with that attitude might not hurt the company as a whole, but he sure could wipe out our outpost.

Wyatt and I were relieved by the other two and in turn we relieved them again. The shifts became shorter and shorter for it was getting darker with each passing hour. It was almost impossible to keep your eyes focused on one spot for a full hour.

Soon it would be getting lighter. Just before dawn our artillery would open up in earnest, and then we would jump off on an attack in which we didn't even know what we were supposed to accomplish. I was worn out, first worrying about the present and then worrying about what might happen in the future.

I MUST have been asleep when Mitchell shook me. I jumped up with a start. Someone was calling softly from our rear. What could have happened? Had some Japs gotten in behind us? Then we relaxed. It was Rolph calling.

We were to leave our positions. Our artillery was about to send in its preparation for the attack. The shells would be landing too close to our hole for safety. And while they were shelling, the new CO would finish our instructions. Everything was turning out OK—without the confusion we had dreaded.

By Sgt. WALTER PETERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

MANDALAY—U. Khanti, a sad old man, his face and hands wrinkled by an uncounted number of years, was probably the person who was most interested in the outcome of the 13-day battle between the 19th Indian Division of the Fourteenth British Army and the Japs for the city of Mandalay. At any rate, he was undoubtedly the most interested local spectator at the scene of the battle.

U. Khanti is better known in these parts as the Hermit of Mandalay. As a youth, he became so devout a Buddhist that he collected more than \$2,000,000 from all over the world for his religion. With this money he financed construction of richly sculptured pagodas, idols, monasteries and temples at the peak of Mandalay Hill and around it. When his work was completed, the hill became one of the most unusual shrines in the Far East.

When the Gurkhas with other Indian and British troops of the 19th Division approached the 800-foot hill from the northeast, U. Khanti stepped out of his ramshackle hut at the bottom of it. He saw the forward elements of a Gurkha battalion storming the Jap position on "his hill" and his face brightened with hope.

The Gurkhas didn't use the majestic network of stairways—750 steps in each—which climb to the peak of the hill on either side. They clambered up the bare hillside instead. It was easier for them that way, for the Japs had posted guards on all the stairways of the holy hill.

There was very little resistance until the Gurkhas were halfway up, and someone down below said the Japs must have been caught unawares. The Gurkhas in the storming party said they had heard girls' voices singing what they called "gay Japanese songs." Perhaps the Japs were entertaining their comfort girls. Or being entertained.

Whichever, this was evidence of one of the reasons U. Khanti hated the Japs. His holy hill was being desecrated. Another reason for his hatred was that the missionaries of the Greater East Asia Co-Prospereity Sphere had leveled with bombs much of his beloved city of Mandalay and had starved the population. The once happy, prosperous people who had come to the hill to worship had been sad and hungry during the three years of Japanese occupation.

U. Khanti heard the artillery barrage let go as the Gurkhas approached the hilltop. After it, there was only the relative battle quiet of

nel and throw a tin of petrol into the bloody thing. Then I would follow up with a grenade and see what develops."

"Ordinarily," said the CO, "I would take a dim view of such a stunt. But, carry on."

With a large can of gasoline in his arms and a pair of grenades dangling from his belt, the sergeant climbed cautiously above the tunnel toward the top of one of the entrances. When he got there, he leaned over and hurled the gasoline into the black opening, can and all. A second later he followed through with a grenade.

Flames and black smoke poured out of the entrance. U. Khanti and the other spectators heard screams and groans from the bowels of the tunnel. Seven Japs, one by one, ran flaming from the tunnel and jumped, torchlike, from the top of the steep hill.

Two British soldiers rushed into different tunnel entrances and pumped lead. Next morning 13 Japs were found dead in the scorched corridors. The battle of Mandalay Hill was ended.

THE second phase of the Battle of Mandalay—clearing out the city—wasn't far from U. Khanti's hut either. It centered around an ancient fortress—Fort Dufferin—protected by a red-brick wall 26 feet high and surrounded by a 60-yard moat. The Japs holed up here were able to keep the 19th Division at bay for 13 days.

Several attempts were made to capture the fort during that time. While the Royal Berkshires were fighting on the hill, a battalion of Indian troops tried unsuccessfully to take Dufferin.

They used a 5.5 gun placed only 500 yards away from the fort's northern wall in this first assault. It threw 100-pound shell after 100-pound shell

against the target. When a breach had been made, the Indian troops advanced.

They advanced only to meet a withering barrage of machine-gun fire at the moat. In a few minutes the ground was soaked with the blood of the wounded. Bearded, turbaned Punjabis ran the gantlet of heavy Jap fire to carry out casualties on their shoulders. And the other Indian troops were ordered to withdraw.

IN the next few days several air attacks blasted the fort, again from the north. Two more infantry assaults were launched on two different nights, but both failed. By the 11th day of the battle, the troops of the 19th had fanned out to every section of Mandalay. Only Fort Dufferin remained in Jap hands. Finally, on the 13th day, wave after wave of Mitchell bombers dropped 1,000-pounders on the northern walls. Then, just as the smoke settled, the infantrymen prepared to storm over the rubble and into the fort.

They were poised for their charge when someone pointed to the breach in the wall. Two men stood there, one with a white flag, the other waving a Union Jack.

The two men moved down to the infantry lines and explained everything. They were Anglo-Burmans who, together with 300 other refugees, had been imprisoned by the Japs. The Japs, they said, had fled to the south. "There isn't one left in the fort now."

With this ending to the Battle of Mandalay, U. Khanti sent one of his followers up the holy hill to check the damage to the statues of Buddha, the pagodas and the temples. Soon again his followers would be climbing the hill to worship. Maybe they wouldn't look so hungry and sad.

Battle of Mandalay

It was hard to dislodge Japs from U. Khanti's holy hill.



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U. Khanti heard the artillery barrage let go as the Gurkhas approached the hilltop. After it, there was only the relative battle quiet of a few stray shots. Then silence and the bodies of Jap soldiers strewn before massive figures of Buddha and over the broken stairways and over the floors of one of the temples.

The Gurkhas withdrew, leaving the Jap bodies and the empty beer and sake bottles that lay near them. There was no sign of the alleged comfort girls. If they had been there, they must have left by a southern exit.

For the southern side of the peak had still to be cleared. U. Khanti watched men of the Royal Berkshires take over the assault to the south. There the Japs hid inside the temples, behind pagodas and between huge Buddhist idols.

The fight for possession of the southern peak continued for three days. About 20 of the enemy escaped death until the last by taking refuge in a tunnel running through the hilltop from east to west. The tunnel, made of rock and concrete, was shellproof. It would have been too costly to try to take it by a frontal infantry attack, and an air strike was ruled out because the British did not wish to damage the holy structures any more than could be helped.

U. Khanti was still watching, now apprehensively, when a British sergeant from Essex approached his CO. "Sir," he said, "with your permission I would climb over the tun-

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the pagodas and the lower levels were climbing the hill to worship. Maybe they wouldn't look so hungry and sad.

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Blindfolded Jap prisoners are led into headquarters.



Thirteen Jap soldiers were killed in this tunnel in Mandalay Hill.



Mules brought water and supplies.

An Impression of Berlin

There are Russian girls directing traffic and Red Army officers taking pictures of each other in the rubble that is all that remains of Hitler's capital.

**By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent**

PARIS—This is being written in Paris, and it is difficult to write such a thing here because Paris is in the ecstasy of its victorious spring, its girls once more in billowing skirts, its trees green again, its streets sunning beneath blue sky.

But Berlin was different.

Berlin was wet and sad and the smoke of its fires boiled up to join clouds that hung low over the city and allowed a shrouding rain to drift down first on this block, then on that. And the sun fought through an occasional thin spot in the clouds, but its light was intercepted by the haze and the smoke. The effect was of the interior of a cathedral at dusk. It was weird, this view of the corpse of a city at midday.

This was two days after Berlin fell. From a deserted street came the rattle of an automatic weapon and the staccato echoed with a metallic ring, and then there was quiet. Down the block somewhere men faced each other in the ultimate moment of decision by gunfire, and the efforts of attack or defense consumed them wholly. There was no sound in the street except the sound of fire, and there was no physical sign of the men who fought. They were hidden.

Berlin, capital city of Nazi Germany, had come to a violent end. Other cities may have experienced more destruction but none had borne its mutilation with less grace. Berlin looked dead, and not only dead but desecrated. Its people, fearful and bewildered, wandered without purpose in its streets and the streets were befouled by the unnumbered remains of a city devastated.

Along one mound of debris a family group—men and women—had formed a line and were passing bricks, one at a time, from hand to hand to someone who placed them in his own way, perhaps to brace a sagging foundation or perhaps only to stow them for future use at some place unseen from the street. Brick by



Russians swarmed along the Tiergarten—

Beyond the Gate, a few yards away, sat a

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Physically there was not a great deal more to be said of the wreckage of Berlin than might have been said, in their time, of the wreckage of Aachen or Essen or Cologne. In Berlin a few buildings still stood, as they did in Essen. Streets were blocked by falling walls, as they were in Cologne, and the damp smell of decomposition was the same as in a dozen other cities of Germany. And in Berlin, as there was in the early days during and after the taking of Aachen, there seemed to be fewer citizens of the city than there should have been.

But in Berlin there was an atmosphere of finale even beyond the poignant sense of defeat that other German cities engendered in their dying. In Berlin there was the feeling that here had ended not only a city but a nation, not only an idea but a way of life, that here a titanic force had come to catastrophe. And there was no sympathy.

The Russians were magnificent conquerors. They did the things a legion of Genghis Khan might have done if they had forced the surrender of this wonderful prize. They passed in informal review along *Unter den Linden*, and an officer drove down the street and had his driver remove from each intersection the most famous street signs east of the Champs-Elysees. Groups of officers posed before Berlin landmarks and photographers buried their heads in the black covers of portrait cameras to record them.



Russians swarmed along the *Tiergarten*—walking, riding bicycles, driving shrapnel-studded automobiles, riding the backs of tanks which roared their powerful insolence past the shell of the Adlon Hotel. In the *Tiergarten*, a park bisected by an avenue called *Charlottenburger Chaussee*, a German fighter had crashed and its hulk was a masterpiece of humiliation—the humiliation of a defending plane flung back upon the ground it was sworn to defend.

Berlin, as we saw it from a jeep, was a series of impressions. . . . the strange twisted mouth of a horse that had died by shrapnel, the brilliant grin of a Russian girl directing traffic as she flipped a salute with the pert grace of a wren flipping its tail, the parked cars in front of the Reichstag and the groups of obviously important Russians who stood on the steps as conquerors.

There was the unceasing sense of powerful movement as the Russians explored the city they had just taken, driving with their characteristic insanity. There were Russians eating beside a chow wagon, and a soldier washing down his food with vodka. There were Russians in a square, dancing, and a band played. In *Unter den Linden* were the bodies of civilians, the dust of their famous street like grease paint on their faces.

And by Brandenburg Gate, in a small building that had spilled its guts inward on the floor, was an old woman, alone. She lay on the debris, trying to support herself on an elbow. She had stockings, but no shoes on her feet. Her hair was gray, and the grayness of it matched the gray dust on her dress. The woman slowly moved her head from side to side. She was dying.

Beyond the Gate, a few yards away, sat a Russian artist with his easel. His canvas showed a nearly-finished work in oil, a painting of the Gate with the small building as an insignificant note in the background. Behind him stood some soldiers of the Red Army, watching him work, oblivious to all else around them.

No Complaints

GERMANY—Barreling down the road, the dusty jeep skidded to a stop alongside an MP with a painted helmet and a freckled face.

"Which way to Ferchland?" the captain in the jeep asked.

"Straight ahead, then right at the postoffice and down the block till you come to a bridge. Straight across that and you're there," the MP answered.

The jeep took off like a big-tailed bird, but some premonition of disaster made the captain stop 100 yards from the bridge and proceed on foot. Part of the span remained, but halfway across the river it had been sheared off by dynamite, and there was only an aching void and down below a raging flood.

Back to the MP went the captain, getting madder every foot of the way. When he encountered the unfortunate GI he blew his top, then paused for breath and asked the eaten-out MP if he had anything to say for himself.

"It sure beats the stuff out of me, captain," said the MP. "I've been sending people that way for two days now and you're the first one who's come back to complain."

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

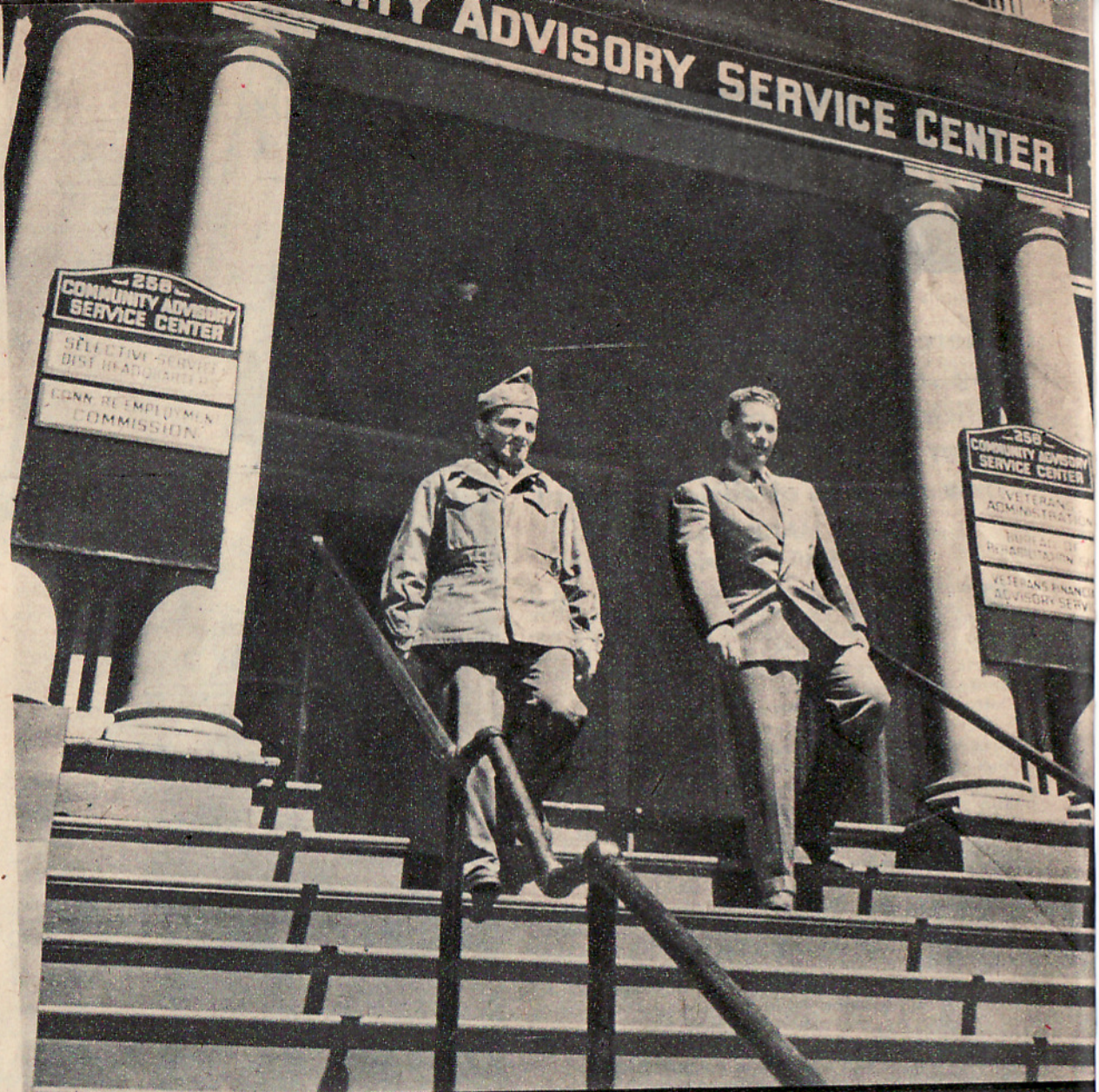
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT—Ex-Pvt. Martin Turk walked up the steep hill leading from Main Street to the old mansion which is headquarters for the Bridgeport Community Advisory Service Center. There he unburdened himself to an attractive female receptionist in a big room with an American flag and a sign which said: "Attention Returning Servicemen! Your discharge papers will be reduced to billfold size, without charge.—Meig's Men's Shop." Turk, a discharged infantryman with ragged nerves and a bad leg, was upset by the red tape he had been going through in Federal and state offices. "I've been trying to get a license to open a liquor store," said Turk, "and instead all I've been getting is a run-around. They say all liquor licenses are frozen."

Turk was ushered up one flight to the office of counselor Meyer Sarkin. Sarkin, a thin dark man in his thirties, was sitting behind the desk of his plain, unthreatening office. He chatted with Turk. There were no forms, no detailed questioning—just informal, friendly talk. Sarkin picked up the phone. In 10 minutes, he had obtained the license for Turk.

Turk left, amazed. But then he couldn't find an available store. So in a few days he came back, to inquire about getting a job. Sarkin had him examined by one of the Center's doctors who discovered that Turk suffers from severe headaches and shouldn't work indoors. Moreover, he can't hear in crowds or noisy spots. Through the U. S. Employment Service, Sarkin got Turk a job to fit his physical condition—as an outside salesman with a sanitary supply company.

This was fine, until another problem came up. The OPA could not allow Turk gasoline for more than 280 miles a month. They told him to ride busses, which was impossible because of his leg. Sarkin wrote a letter to Turk's local rationing board. The ration was increased to 1,200 miles a month. Sarkin next got Turk an apartment (a miracle in war-congested Bridgeport). Also, because it was necessary for Turk's job, Sarkin got him a telephone (a miracle today anywhere in the States). Turk says, "God knows what would have happened to me if I'd tried to make any headway on my own."

This is the way Bridgeport's Community Advisory Service Center works. It is unusual in that it is a group of community-minded civilians whose job is to get the veteran happily back into the community. They don't devote an hour a day to it and then run home to see if the chicken is getting burned in the oven. The veteran is their sole interest. Bridgeport is smart enough to realize that if the returning vets are not taken care of now, it would be the community—not the state or the nation—that would



These two vets, Salvatore Merole (in uniform) and Martin Turk, got help from the Bridgeport Advisory Center.

The Bridgeport Plan

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can't hear in crowds of people. U. S. Employment Service, Sarkin got Turk a job to fit his physical condition—as an outside salesman with a sanitary supply company.

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The Bridgeport plan is a simple one. It is effective



These two vets, Salvatore Merole (in uniform) and Martin Turk, got help from the Bridgeport Advisory Center.

The Bridgeport Plan

They call it a Community Advisory Service, and its job is to untangle red tape for discharged veterans.

because everything is under one roof: the Veterans' Administration man, the Selective Service officer, the occupational counselor, the social-service counselor, the psychological-testing laboratories, a doctor, an insurance counselor, a business and financial counselor, an agricultural counselor, an experienced Government typist to fill out forms, even a nutritionist for men who come back with ulcers and need special diets.

Ordinarily, when a discharged veteran comes home and needs help of some sort, he steps onto a merry-go-round.

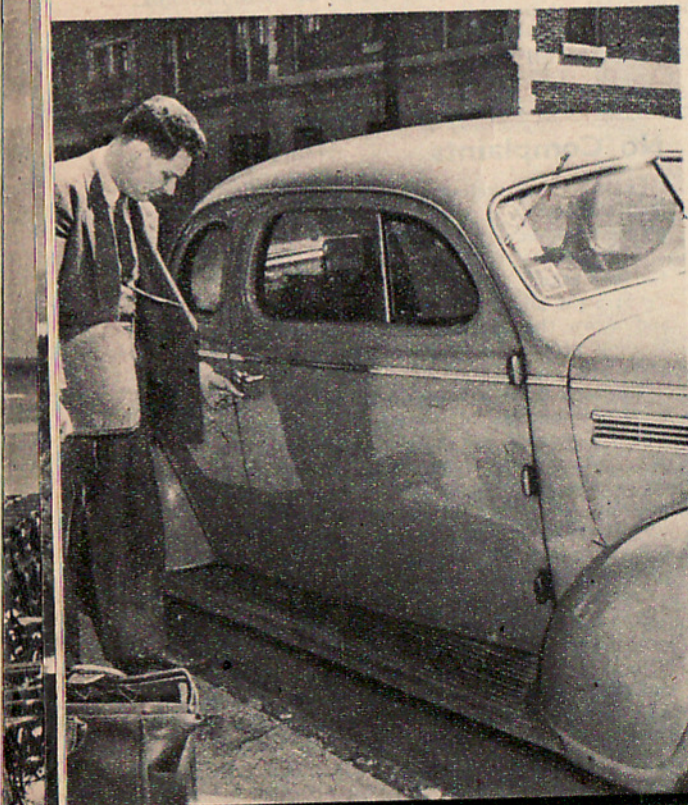
The way the Bridgeport Center is set up, it would be difficult for this to happen here. When a man comes in, he is interviewed by a single counselor, who takes care of everything for him by letter, telephone or in person. It is seldom that a veteran has to see anyone else. When a man doesn't know what he wants to do, the Center puts him through psychological aptitude tests. If any section of the community is needed to help out an individual vet, that section of the community is called in. And it helps—or the rest of the community knows the reason why. Thus, a vet wanting to find out about a career in architecture will be sent to discuss it with the best architect in town—by prearranged appointment.

It is this personal touch that has attracted so much attention to the Bridgeport Plan. Dozens of newspaper stories and magazine articles have

been written about it. In the April 1945 issue of *Harper's Magazine*, Charles Bolté, chairman of the American Veterans' Committee, came out and said flatly, "Bridgeport has come closer to a solution than any town I know of." Hardly a day goes by without representatives from other communities visiting the city to study the Bridgeport Plan. Thirty-five other American cities and towns have already made arrangements to copy it.

And yet, Bridgeport is only one of many American cities that are working on the problem. The Veterans' Administration and state veterans' agencies admittedly are trying to do a good job. But more and more people are coming to the conclusion that the task of coordinating all these services to bring them to bear on the veteran's individual problem really is a community responsibility. That's the encouraging thing. If it can happen in Bridgeport and other communities, it can happen in your town, too.

THE Bridgeport Center has an interesting history. Less than a year ago, nobody had even dreamed of it. But Bridgeport had suffered a terrible Blue Monday after 1918, when all war contracts were immediately canceled and everyone including thousands of vets, received little slips saying, "Your services will no longer be required Monday morning." So every organization—every union, the Elks, the Moose, the I Shall Arise—had



The Center found Turk an outdoor salesman's job.

a veterans' advisory committee during this war. Every time a veteran came home, these committees would meet him at the railroad station and practically tear him apart in an attempt to grab him off and help him out. It looked very fancy and patriotic on the surface. But actually nothing was being done.

Finally the people of Bridgeport got tired of this waste motion. The Chamber of Commerce and the Post-War Planning Council went to Bridgeport's famous Socialist mayor, Jasper McLevy, and asked him to do something about it. The mayor picked J. William Hope, named him coordinator, gave him all the money he needed out of the Community Chest to set up a completely independent agency and told him to go to work. Hope was a gassed veteran of the first World War who had spent six months in a German prison camp. He had a tough time getting started after the Armistice, but now he is a former state treasurer and one of the leading certified public accountants in town.

Hope studied the plans being made by other cities. Then he bought the house on the hill overlooking Main Street and hired Dr. Randall Hamrick to run it. Dr. Hamrick had been handling psychological and organizational problems all his life. He has degrees from West Virginia Wesleyan, Northwestern and Yale, and just before he came to Bridgeport he had been head of a similar counseling center in Hartford, Conn. As the core of his staff, Hamrick signed up Meyer Sarkin, who was then state chief of occupational information and adjustment for the U. S. Employment Service; Dr. Tyrus Hillway, of the University of California and Yale, and then the dean of Hillyer Junior College, and Eleanor Sicilian, who holds a master's degree from Fordham and had been doing social service work for the Catholic Charitable Bureau.

These were all high-priced people, but the Bridgeport planners took care to budget enough to cover their salaries. A half-dozen assistants were signed up as regular staff members. Then Hamrick went to work to get the entire community engaged in the project. The whole thing is paid for by all the citizens of Bridgeport out of the Community Chest. This sum adds up to an annual budget of \$35,000, which is increased to \$50,000 by other private donations. All groups in the city are subject to calls for help. But no one group dominates it. It is controlled by experienced professionals, and it is kept out of the hands of well-meaning but inexperienced volunteer workers.

The bankers got together and hired a full-time financial counselor, whose office is in the Center. The insurance men have a system whereby one of their number is on duty there as a counselor at all times. It is the same with the lawyers and the doctors. The unions have a representative—Leo Dunn of the AFL bricklayers'

A few months ago, the Center was ready for operation. Today it handles every conceivable type of veterans' problem.

Sgt. Willoughby Lay was giving calisthenics to his ack-ack outfit on an island in the North Atlantic not so long ago. The outfit had been there for almost three years. Suddenly Lay felt faint. He reported on sick call, and in two weeks he was home. Medical discharge. Heart trouble. The Army told him nothing more. Lay was sick with anxiety. He was afraid to work. Finally the Red Cross people in Devon, Conn., his home town, sent him to Bridgeport to the Advisory Center.

Sarkin talked with Lay and arranged for a thorough examination by the Center's medical board, which includes most of the doctors and hospitals in town. One of the doctors who examined Lay was Dr. Luther Sprague, the city's leading heart specialist. In two days, the medical board filed its report. The electrocardiogram showed that Lay had a heart murmur, but it was not one-tenth as serious as he had thought it was.

Lay had been in the Army nearly five years. Before that, he had had only one year of high school. He didn't know how he was going to make a living for his wife and child. Sarkin sent him to the test room of the Center, where the department head, Helen McHugh, put him through dozens of psychological aptitude tests. He showed great mechanical skill but he couldn't do heavy work. Sarkin got him a job as a production-control-management trainee at the Milford Rivet Company near his home. Sarkin also arranged for him to take night courses in production control at the Bridgeport Engineering Institute, with the Veterans' Administration footing the bill.

Walter Trojanowski was an all-state center on the Central High School football team in Bridgeport. Then he became an air cadet, smashed up a bad shoulder in a fall from a cargo net, hurt it again on an obstacle course and finally came home on a medical discharge. He wanted one of those \$250-a-week war jobs he'd been hearing about. He ended up fixing flats in a service station.

Trojanowski came to the Center in a bitter mood. "Why can't I make big money like everyone else?" he asked Dr. Hillway. "There isn't any big money unless you work day and night overtime," said Hillway. He got Trojanowski four war jobs in the best-paying plants to prove it. When the vet was convinced, Dr. Hillway started to work on him to go back to school. Today Trojanowski has a pleasant job in a chemical-testing laboratory and is getting ready to take his entrance examinations at Yale. Also available to him is a scholarship to Tulsa University.

Through patience and the cooperation of the community, the Center handles psychoneurotics and other cases who would have a hell of a time otherwise. An ex-Marine sergeant, who had made five Pacific amphibious landings, came home with

months. Then, when he thought he was cured, he came back to take a job in the state police that was waiting for him. At the Center, they found that he was not ready for the police routine. Instead, they got him a nice leisurely job running a 16-foot launch tending oyster beds for the Federal Bureau of Fisheries. Further, to aid the simmering-down process, and to prevent another attack of wanderlust, they got him an extra 10-gallon-a-week ration of gasoline from the OPA, so he could ride around the county in his car.

Another vet, trying to run a restaurant and harried by debts, his psychoneurosis, his in-laws and a bastard of a landlord, finally tried to brain the landlord with a piece of lead pipe. Then he slugged his own wife. Instead of getting arrested, the vet was sent to the Center. The Center reopened a claim for increase in pension on the basis of the vet's psychoneurosis, got him unemployment compensation, found him another house, provided psychiatric treatment, got his creditors to hold off on his debts and negotiated a loan with which he opened a lunch counter that helped put him back on his feet.

When a vet with artificial legs seemed to be getting a run-around at a war plant, the Center called in the man's foreman and, in an intelligent briefing, built up the foreman's shaky confidence in the man's ability to do normal work. When a vet named Frank Benedetto neglected to register his pregnant wife under the Army's Emergency Maternity and Infant Care program, Miss Sicilian had the birth of the baby financed by the Soldier, Sailor and Marine Fund, a state agency administered by the American Legion. When a man came home from the Pacific with a new idea for cork-lined clothespins (the cork swells with water and holds the clothes more firmly), the Center's legal department got a patent attorney in town to go through the complicated process of getting a patent in Washington for him.

Most men, when they come back, have no idea of some of the Government benefits due them. If they do, the red tape and the number of forms to be filled out frightens them. The Center takes care of these things automatically for every vet who comes in. In Connecticut, for instance, there is an exemption of \$1,000 on real-estate tax for all veterans, with a \$500 additional exemption for each 25-percent disability. Few vets know about things like this. Nor are they aware of unemployment insurance or the benefits their families rate under Social Security. Nearly every returning vet has forgotten to file his income-tax return, and some get in trouble over it.

Most men forget about their GI insurance when it is no longer deducted from their monthly Army pay. That can be a serious problem, since many wounded vets can't pass the physicals for commercial insurance after their GI insurance lapses. The Center keeps a full-time insurance counselor to fill out the forms necessary to reinstate

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months before he came home from the Pacific with a new idea for cork-lined clothespins (the cork swells with water and holds the clothes more firmly), the Center's legal department got a patent attorney in town to go through the complicated process of getting a patent in Washington for him.

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FOR the few months it has been in operation the Center has done very well. Vets hear about it mostly by word-of-mouth recommendation, although newspaper stories bring in quite a few men too. During March, 893 vets were serviced. Those I spoke with in Bridgeport were also unanimous in their praise of the Center. Ex-combat men especially were appreciative of the simplicity and lack of red tape, and of the sympathetic treatment they had received. Turk said: "They make you feel like you were the only guy they were handling." The one dissenter I found was sore because the Center had discouraged his plan to go to college. They told him that he would be better off getting a job.

Dr. Hamrick, the Center's young PhD director, doesn't claim the set-up is perfect. "We are constantly experimenting," he says, "and we have had our failures. But we must be getting somewhere, because so many other cities have heard about our plan and are following it." The failures, he explained, involve mostly alcoholics and men who come back thinking they are now entitled to everything without working for it.

After he said this, Dr. Hamrick muttered, "Excuse me," clapped his hat on his head and went out. He was looking for an apartment for an ex-GI. He returned, shaking his head. "Add housing to that list of failures," he said. "In Bridgeport today, not even the Almighty, with 10 five-star generals as billeting officers, could solve the housing problem."



Marine vet Michael Paternoster takes aptitude test.

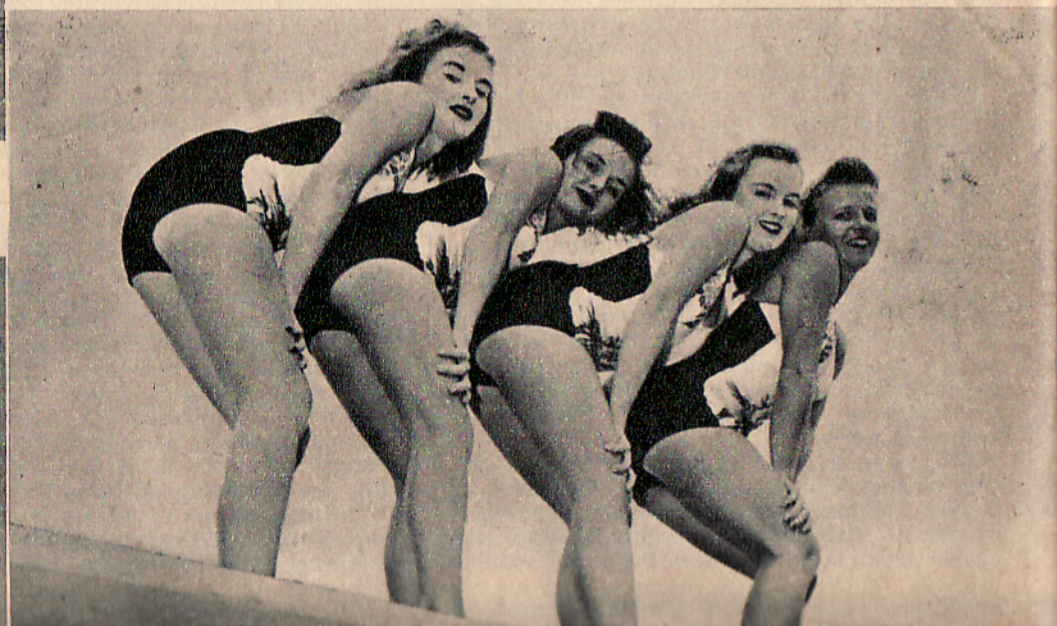
The Center put Walter Trojanowski in a chemical lab.



REVERSE READERS. This photo, entered by Sgt. L. Fuller and Sgt. M. McCandless, won a contest held by the American Red Cross in China.



MILK BAR. This German cow is unusually hospitable to thirsty GIs on their way through Germany. The two soldiers who are getting refreshments are members of the Seventh Army.



Germany. The two soldiers who are getting refreshments are members of the Seventh Army.



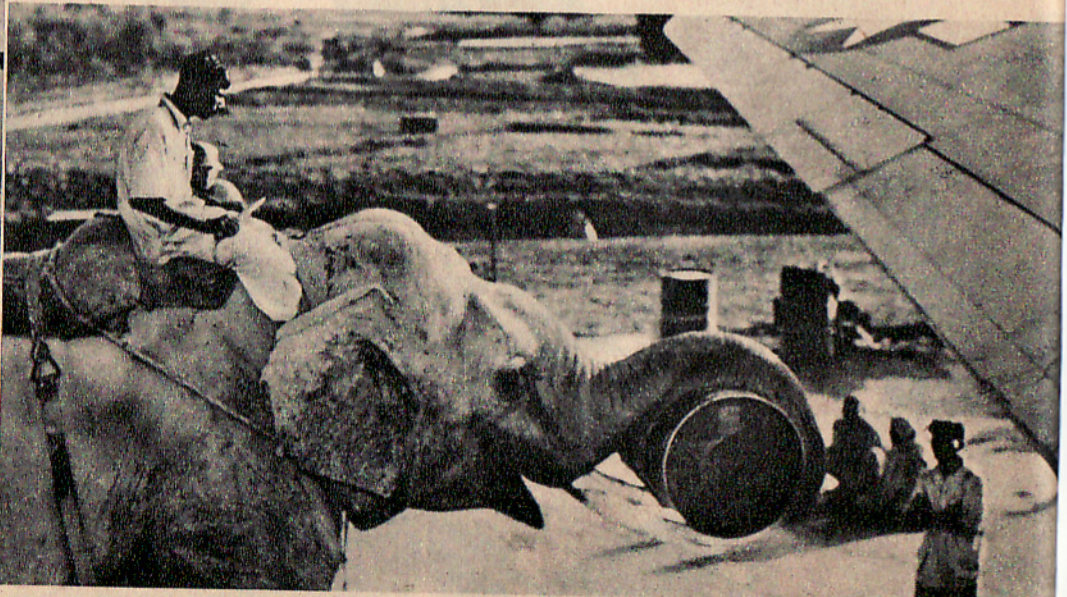
REVERSE READERS. This photo, entered by Sgt. L. Fuller and Sgt. M. McCandless, won a contest held by the American Red Cross in China.



INVASION MONEY. With Maj. Winthrop Rockefeller looking on, Pfc. Jim T. Rogers counts \$10 worth of yen, given to all men before Okinawa.



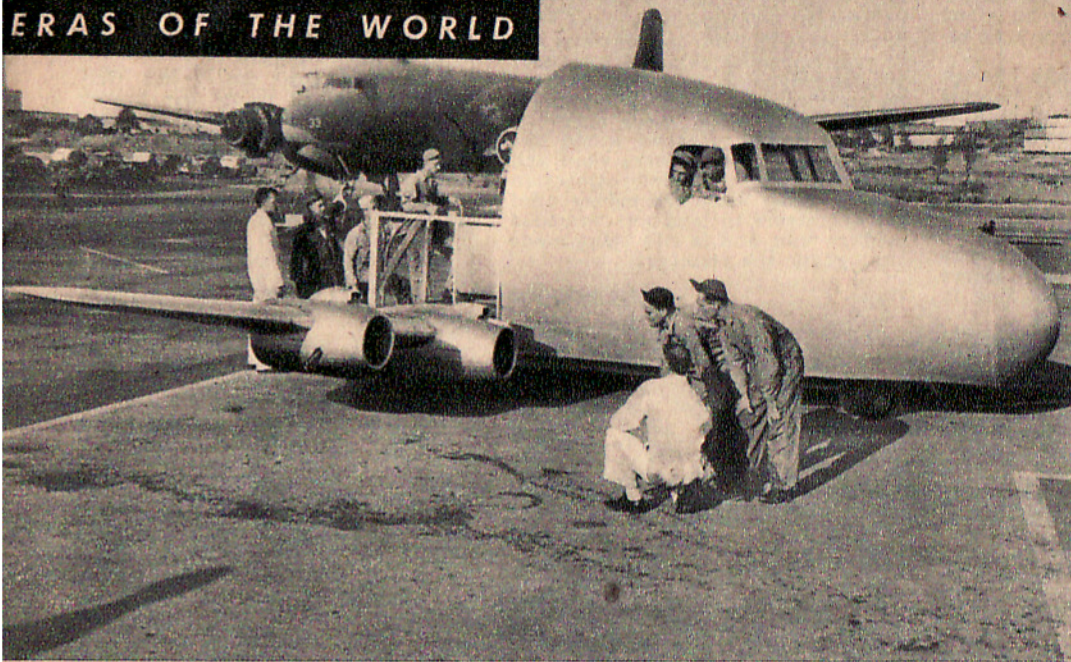
DIVING PIN-UPS. Meet the Fairbrother sisters, in Miami Beach, Fla. They are Skippy, Jim, Pat and Betty, daughters of Butts Fairbrother, ex-jockey who once rode Exterminator.



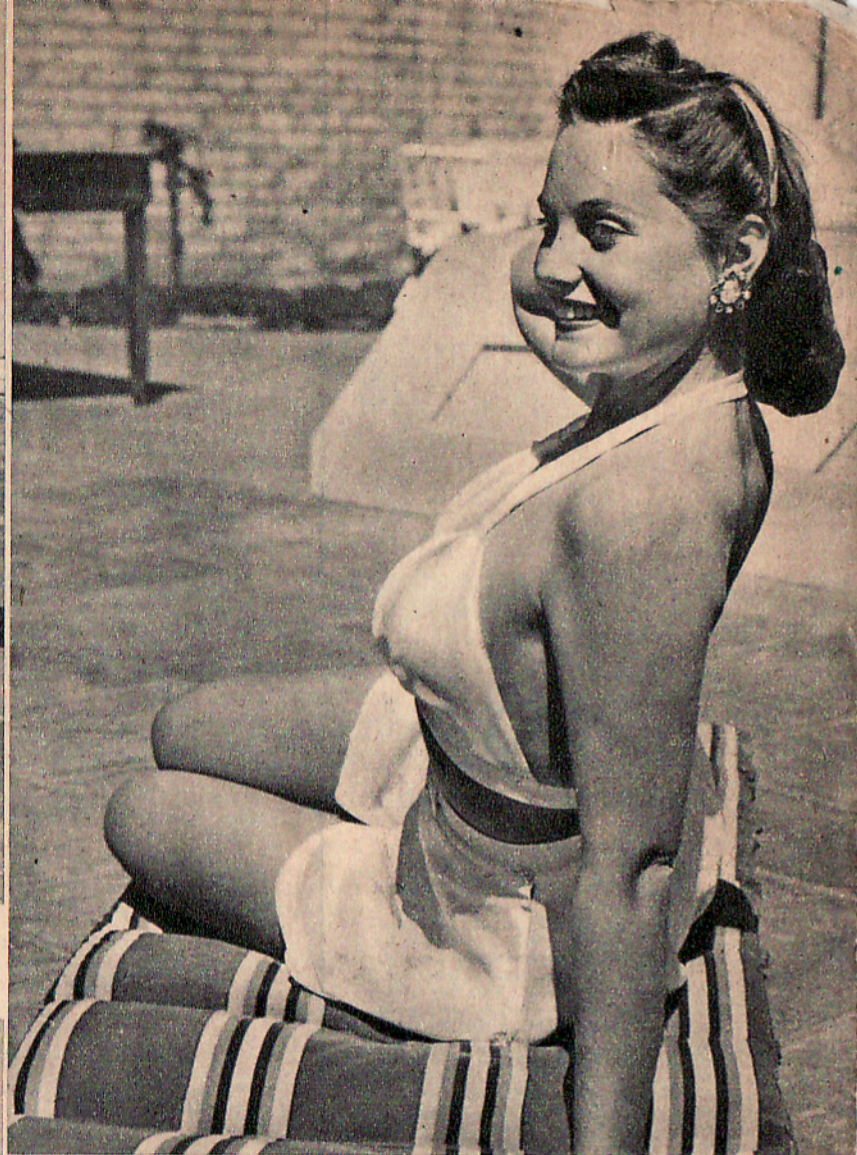
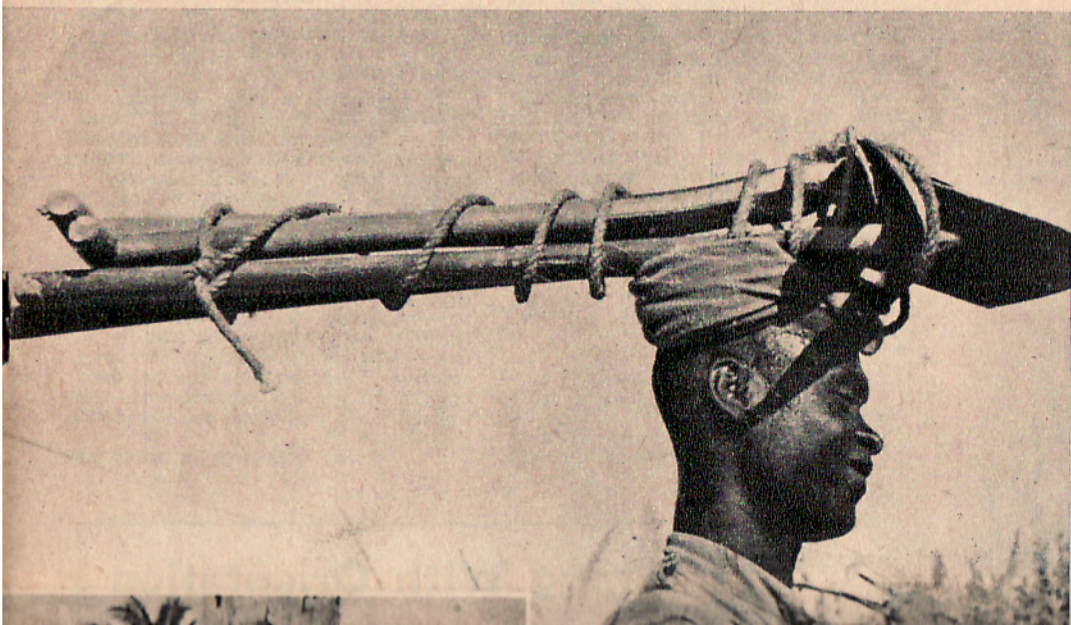
ELEPHANT LOADER. An elephant carries a gas drum to be loaded into a C-46 cargo plane on the India-China route. The ATC found an elephant could do the work of 12 coolies.

Show

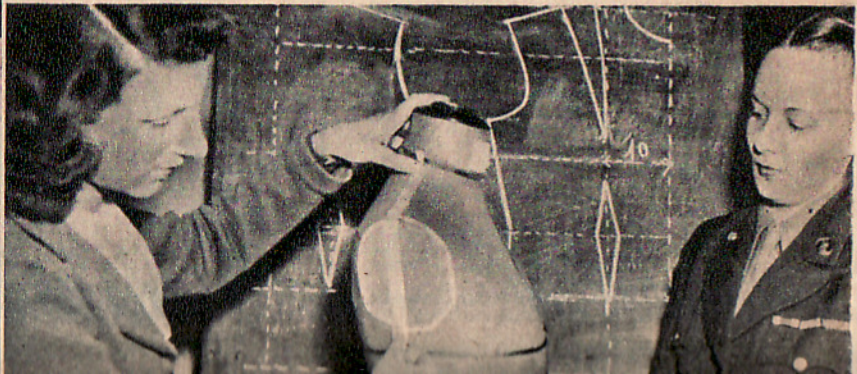
ERAS OF THE WORLD



"THE RUNT." This half-transport plane that looks like an oversized pelican is used at the Santa Monica (Calif.) Army Service Forces school training future pilots for war against Japs.



SPECIAL TREAT. GIs with sore eyes in Latin and Central America got a treat when Jean Bartel, "Miss America of 1943," visited them on tour.

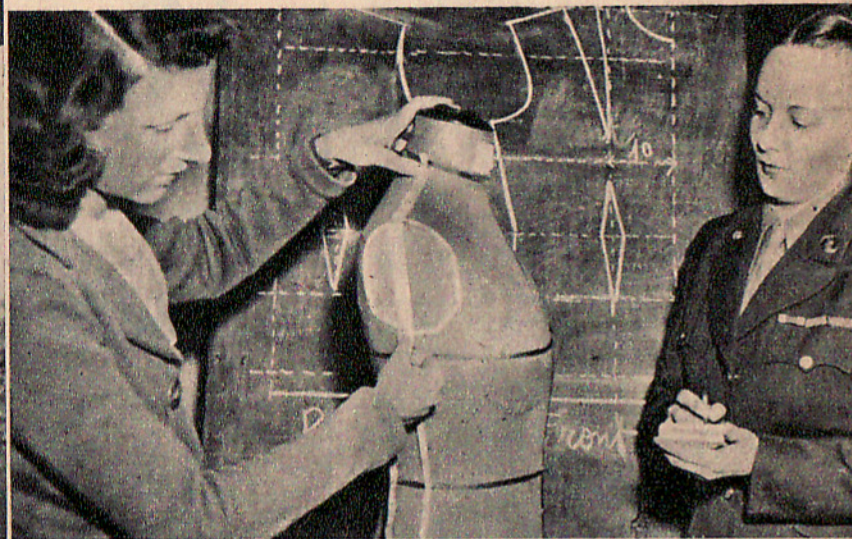




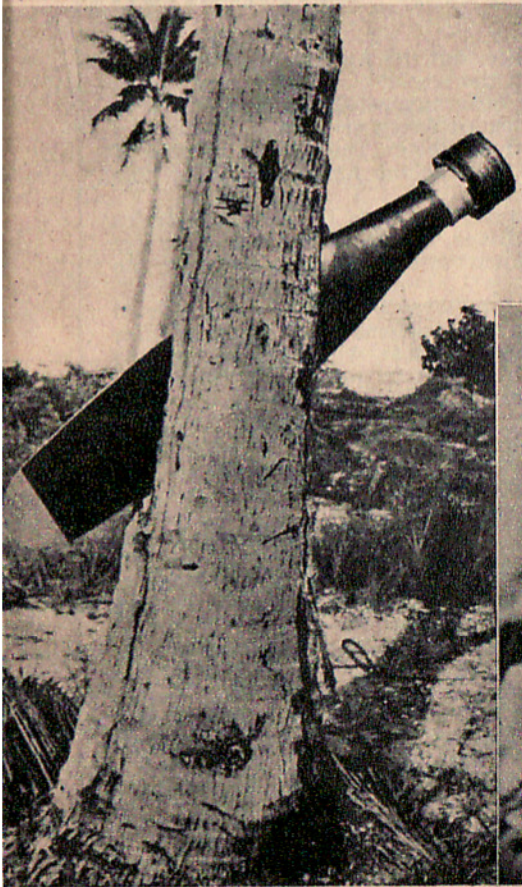
TOOL RACK. A well-balanced West African soldier, from an Indian division in Burma.



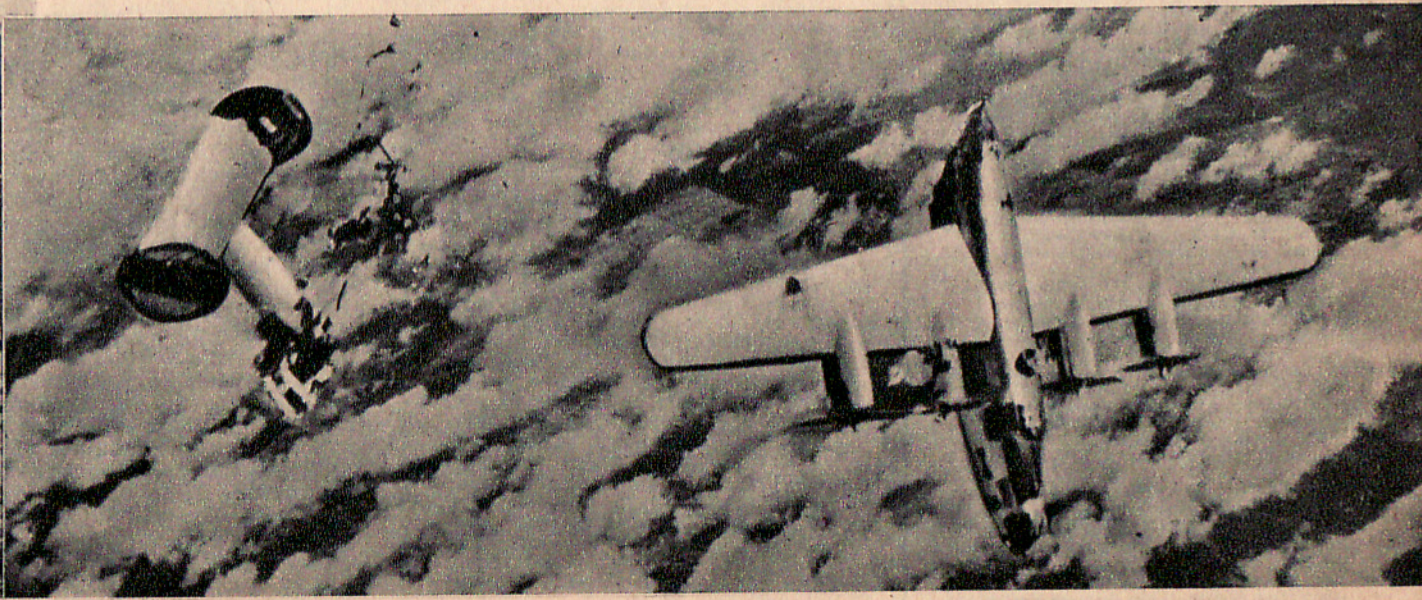
SPECIAL TREAT. GIs with sore eyes in Latin and Central America got a treat when Jean Bartel, "Miss America of 1943," visited them on tour.



THE PARIS WAY. Wac T-4 Marjorie Solomon gets some pointers in the well-made dress from a French instructor at a designers' class in Paris.



FREAK. Propeller in a palm tree after plane crash-landed at a Pacific base.



DEATH OF A B-24. A U.S. Liberator hurtles to the ground after it was shot in half during an air attack on northwestern Germany. The bomber, part of the Eighth Air Force, had been attacking air fields and submarine yards at Kiel and Hamburg.

The COVER



This is Omaha Beach where a year ago American troops invaded the Continent. Now it is simply an historic stretch of sand where three French children play hopscotch. In the background are the scuttled ships. For additional pictures and a story of the beach today see pages 2, 3, 4 and 5.

PHOTO CRÉDITS : Cover, 2, 3, 4 and 5 — Cpl. Pat Coffey. 8 — Sgt. Walter Peters. 10 and 11 — Pvt. George Aarons. 12 — Upper left, Sgt. Fuller and Sgt. McCandless; lower left, Cpl. Lon Wilson; upper right, Signal Corps; center right, Acme; lower right, AAF. 13 — Upper left, Wide World; center left, Signal Corps; upper right, INP; others, Acme. 16 — Lower left, Press Association; lower right, Wide World. 17 — Lower left and upper right, PA; lower right, Wide World. 18 — Chicago Sun. 20 — Sgt. Ralph Stein. 21 — Signal Corps. 22 — Cpl. Ted Burrows. 22 — Sgt. Art Weithas.

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

CONTINENTAL EDITION
HERALD BUILDING

21, rue de Berri PARIS, FRANCE

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War Orphans

Dear YANK:

What does our Government intend to do to help children of men who have died in combat get an education? Why shouldn't they be given an even chance in our future American democracy?

Few stepfathers will take enough interest in a child that is not his own blood to go to the trouble to give him a college education.

Why don't they have some kind of education insurance for men who have children, to be paid off when the child starts college, in case his or her father dies in combat?

What happens to the 300 bucks mustering-out pay in a case where a man that has children dies in

or a first-class world's tour at government expense, or even, shall we say, for romance. No doubt there are some of us who will and do misinterpret their noble reasons and will pass remarks similar to one we just overheard: "Things have come to a fine state when our government has to pay enormous salaries and give special privileges to its citizens to be Americans, and I hate to think I shall have to work beside one."

There is one point we would like to have explained: where were and what were these Patriotic American women doing when the crying need for volunteers to tend our wounded soldiers was, and is still being made throughout the country?

France

—3 JANES AND 4 JOES

Mail Call

combat? Is that lost or does the Government pay that to the wife or child?

I have never read or heard anything on this subject.

Britain

—Pvt. JOHN L. MARTIN

In case of death in service, instead of mustering-out pay the next of kin gets a death gratuity of six months' pay.



Dear YANK:

That was an interesting article, "They Want To Go," printed in YANK (Apr. 29). It made the girls sound very patriotic, but if they want to "help," why not join the WAC at \$50 a month instead of paying them \$70 a week? Let's see if they really want to help or just want a world sight-seeing tour. Let them join the WAC and come under our rules and regulations with our basic training, our inspections, our bedcheck and our living conditions. Ask some of the girls who dodged the buzz-bombs in England or got to Paris before there was enough food for all, whether or not it's worth it. Yes, we think it is, but will these girls your article is written about—or why haven't they joined up before if they are so anxious to "help." That's our answer over here to "They Want To Go."

France

—Sgt. ELMOR J. WALKER

Also signed by 17 other Wacs.

On Fraternization

Dear YANK:

I'm but a civilian, just a little Belgian girl. Your article, "How To Win Friends and Influence People," paralyzes me. First, I was surprised

to hear that there are GIs who don't agree with the non-fraternization policy, and now it doesn't make me feel good to realize that there are a lot of them. I daresay that if more of our continental people had the occasion to read and understand your article, they would all have the same fears as I have.

Your GIs don't know the Germans. The Allied troops can hardly judge the moral and the true character of the Germans by what they see now. Defeated as they are, the Germans know too well that their present and future depend on the good will of the Allies. But, if tomorrow they should be able to form a new army, strong enough to beat the Allied forces, your men would see how kind-hearted the Germans are.

We know them. I mean after four years of occupation we had more than one opportunity to learn to know them. One can't blame the whole nation for the crimes some amongst them committed. There were Germans who didn't agree with the persecution of the Jews, to take an example, but nevertheless they were proud to fight for the same crew who murdered those Jews. We know the docile Germans. They have been misled by their rulers, and that they didn't get the promised victory, thanks to the Allies.

Will those good-hearted Joes deny our sufferings and deceive our last hopes, as they forget their own brothers who fell in action against the Germans? For their own sake and for ours I can only ask them: "Please, don't fraternize."

Belgium

—MARIE

Dear YANK:

In reference to your editorial on fraternization in the April 15 YANK: . . . It seems to have been forgotten that when a GI looks at a well-turned girl, he doesn't ask, "Is it Democrat or Republican, Socialistic or Communistic, enemy or ally?"

It is agreed there is a certain amount of danger in allowing tete-à-tete, and it is not customary to do that sort of thing in pairs—remember—however, a GI will do it anyway, as witnessed by the large number of courts martials. The only solution I can offer is the relaxing of the policy as pertains to the opposite sex between the ages of, say, 18 and 60.

. . . In the infantry battalion of

What's Wrong With Orientation

Dear YANK:

tor, Sgt. Bill Fleming, Sgt. Tom Fleming, DEML; Cpl. Robert A. Fleming, Inf.; Sgt. Art Alexander, CA; Pfc. David Berger, Engr.; Sgt. Howard Brodie, Sig. Corps; Pfc. Pat Coffey, AAF; Sgt. Ed Cunningham, Inf.; Sgt. Robert Debnam, Airborne; Sgt. Allan Ecker, AAF; Sgt. DeWitt Gilpin, Engr.; Sgt. Eugene Kammerman, AAF; Cpl. Howard Katzander, CA; Sgt. Reg Kenny, Armd.; Sgt. Saul Levitt, AAF; Sgt. Ralph G. Martin, Inf.; Sgt. Robert McBrinn, Sig. Corps; Sgt. Mack Morriss, Inf.; Pfc. Debs Myers, FA; Cpl. Roland Roy, Engr.; Cpl. Irene Schafer, WAC; Sgt. Henry Sloan, CMP; Pfc. David Whitcomb, AAF. Officer in Charge, Lt. Col. Charles L. Holt; Assistant Officer in Charge, Capt. H. Stahley Thompson.

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Overseas Bureau Officers: Britain, Maj. Harry R. Roberts; Australia-Philippines, Lt. Col. Harold B. Hawley; Central Pacific, Maj. Josua Eppinger; Western Pacific, Maj. Justus J. Craemer; Italy, Maj. Robert Strother; Burma-India, Capt. Harold A. Burroughs; Alaska, Lt. Grady E. Clay Jr.; Iran, Capt. Frank Gladstone; Panama, Capt. Howard Carswell; Middle East, Capt. Knowlton Ames.

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of mustering-out pay the next of kin gets a death gratuity of six months' pay.



Kite Flyer

Dear YANK:

As the sun was shining and it was such a beautiful day, with the wind blowing slightly, I thought of the days when I used to fly kites back home in West Virginia. So what should I do as all the materials were present but make a kite. I finally had to take it down as it might have given our position to the enemy. But those few minutes were relaxation and enjoyable.

So I'd like to put in my claim as the first to fly a kite over Germany and the Rhine.

Germany

—Pfc. H. C. QUEEN

They Did Go

Dear YANK:

Your article "They Want To Go," appearing in the April 29 issue, is without a doubt one of the finest morale builder-uppers for Army personnel ever put into print.

It proves to us who have been overseas 21 months and longer, serving as clerks and in non-office hours as scrub-women, kitchen help and numerous other unmentionable chores; in living conditions not, of course, like those of our new overseas recruits, that our efforts have not been wasted. They, too (after three years of making up their minds) have answered the need, and for PATRIOTIC reasons only have come to the front. We know, of course, their services are not being volunteered for mercenary reasons,

want a world sight-seeing tour. Let them join the WAC and come under our rules and regulations with our basic training, our inspections, our bedcheck and our living conditions. Ask some of the girls who dodged the buzz-bombs in England or got to Paris before there was enough food for all, whether or not it's worth it. Yes, we think it is, but will these girls your article is written about—or why haven't they joined up before if they are so anxious to "help." That's our answer over here to "They Want To Go."

France

—Sgt. ELNOR J. WALKER

Also signed by 17 other Wacs.

On Fraternization

Dear YANK:

I'm but a civilian, just a little Belgian girl. Your article, "How To Win Friends and Influence People," paralyzes me. First, I was surprised

the Germans. For their own sake and for ours I can only ask them: "Please, don't fraternize."

Belgium

—MARIE

Dear YANK:

In reference to your editorial on fraternization in the April 15 YANK: . . . It seems to have been forgotten that when a GI looks at a well-turned girl, he doesn't ask, "Is it Democrat or Republican, Socialist or Communist, enemy or ally?"

It is agreed there is a certain amount of danger in allowing tete-à-tete, and it is not customary to do that sort of thing in pairs—remember—however, a GI will do it anyway, as witnessed by the large number of courts martials. The only solution I can offer is the relaxing of the policy as pertains to the opposite sex between the ages of, say, 16 and 60.

. . . In the infantry battalion of

What's Wrong With Orientation

Dear YANK:

It has been said more than once that the American soldier is the "most politically ignorant in the world" . . . In the two years I have been in the Army, at five different installations and in twice that many units, I have experienced Army orientation in which I believe we can find the key to the problem. There are a number of major defects in the program to make the American soldier "the most informed in the world."

The orientation material put out on top is the most wonderful stuff one can ask for. The outlines, the maps and the films are tops. But what happens to them when they get down to the bottom?

I have been compelled to see the "Why We Fight" series at least seven times, but not once have the problems raised in these films been orally discussed where valuable ideas, which can become the permanent asset of the soldier, might be inculcated. The maps are usually hung up and forgotten, or if they are ever discussed at the orientation hour, they make this a period in which an unprepared officer upon whom, no doubt, his job as orientation officer has been imposed "in addition to his other duties," tells us that we gained one mile here and two miles there, or vice versa. Orientation then becomes a recitation of our advances, the planes shot down and other statistical data which we have seen in the morning paper, anyway.

The fact that all this doesn't promote political maturity seems to be of no concern to anyone. As for the outlines, I yet have to receive a lecture or hear a discussion on any one of them.

If the job of orientation officer were made a voluntary assignment for officers as well as enlisted men, would we not get those men who are really interested and know such work? I am certain we would have better-prepared and more informative orientation hours. If we would take the time wasted in viewing and re-viewing films over and over again, and discuss the vital problems that face the Allies in the prosecution of the war, we would be more politically alive and lay the foundation for a high and stable morale. . . .

Fort Lewis, Wash.

—Pfc. MURRAY BLUMBERG

which I am a member, I have not noticed any qualms about moving civilians out of their houses with an hour's notice when said house is to be used for billets. Therefore, I am not concerned about the softening of Mr. Doughboy because of fraternization—be it legal or otherwise.

Germany

—Lt. CHARLES L. WIARD



Seabees and Engineers

Dear YANK:

For the past several weeks I have been confined to a hospital. During this time I have had a chance to read a number of magazines and papers. Most of these publications were printed in the vast area of the Pacific. To my amazement, I discovered that the Seabees were winning the war singlehanded. They are credited with building all air fields, roads, camps, as well as docks and bridges.

Now, please don't get me wrong. No doubt they have done a remarkable job and should get a lot of credit. But if they are doing everything, why in the hell do they have Engineer aviation battalions too numerous to mention? I happen to belong to one of these battalions, and it is better than any Seabee battalion could hope to be.

I also know we have worked day and night doing the same things that the Ninth Wonder of the World is getting all the credit for. Also there are other EABs doing the same work just as well and just as fast.

You can bet your life we are proud of our outfit but would consider a trip back to the States since the Wonder Boys can do, and have done, everything. Perhaps our efforts would be more appreciated on the homefront.

Marianas

—Sgt. JOHN BEASLEY

things like the right to vote, freedom of religion and freedom of the press, but, also, the many little things in life that mean so much to all of us.

If, madam, you would take away the soldier's beer, then take away his chocolate rations, cigarettes, cigars and mail.

No, madam, I am not a drunkard, no more than you are, nor am I in the brewing business. I only believe in the right to the pursuit of happiness. Do you?

France

—M/Sgt. H. R. WILLIG

Teen-Agers

Dear YANK:

Thanks for the article on teen-agers in a recent YANK, I sure did enjoy reading it very much. The picture was very typical of the thousands of teen-agers all over the U.S.A. As for myself, it was only six months ago that I was seated in our teen-age assembly. Thousands of guys in the armed forces who are teen-agers receive YANK every week. These fellows like this kind of news. We haven't forgotten those days yet and we hope to be back home before we do.

France

—Pvt. W. A. TARTT

Dear YANK:

On behalf of all first sergeants in the CBI or any other theater, for that matter, I would like to condemn both YANK and Pfc. Debs Myers for a paragraph in the article, "The Teen-Agers," referring to first sergeants as jerks.

YANK is on the downgrade when staff writers waste time, paper and the taxpayers' money to slur the characters of the Army's first sergeants.

Burma

—1st Sgt. GEORGE U. STINNETT



"WE HAVEN'T SEEN HIS SERVICE RECORD YET, BUT I IMAGINE HE'S ABOUT RIPE FOR A DISCHARGE."

—Pfc. Tom Flannery

Vultures All

Dear YANK:

For a long time now, front-line soldiers upon being sick or wounded have become prey for a bunch of vultures. Nothing is sacred to this motley mob; watches, rings, souvenirs and pistols all come under their watchful eyes and sticky fingers.

I had a Luger. It wasn't of any special value, but I wouldn't sell it for any price. I slept with it and I ate with it. And now, because I was too sick with fever to defend my property, some thieving vulture is wearing it.

I have knocked off a lot of Jerries who, in my opinion, didn't deserve killing any more than a rat who would steal from his sick or wounded comrade. My particular pistol is a 1938 Luger No. 6233, and if I were the guy wearing it now, I'd get it to the CO of "A" Co. 290th Inf. and ask him to hold it for its owner. They say a word to the wise is sufficient. We'll see.

France

—Sgt. E. R. WRIGHT

wife and so many other inconveniences that I was relieved from when I donned a uniform. I SHOULD SAY NOT.

This it not written in the nature of a bitch. I realize fully that I and a host of others are serving in the armed forces so that we can go back to our rightful way of living and not because we wish to be on a perpetual camping trip. I have not encountered any bloodshed and killing, and still cannot see much is nice about all this. Surely not enough to give up my former way of living, except for the cause that we are fighting for now.

I have been criticized by some who have read my reply, before mailing, that my choice of words was not strong and vehement enough. What can you say about this?

France

—Pfc. L. WINKLER

Not strong and vehement enough.

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You can bet your life we are proud of our outfit but would consider a trip back to the States since the Wonder Boys can do, and have done, everything. Perhaps our efforts would be more appreciated on the homefront.

—Sgt. JOHN BEASLEY
Marianas

Correction

Dear YANK:

Correction is made to your statement of clothing allowance for enlisted men of the Navy after our first year of service. [YANK said in *What's Your Problem?* that it is \$6.25 a quarter.] Enlisted men are credited \$9 each quarter; chiefs \$18.75, as stated.

—REPPARD D. HICKS YIC
FPO, N. Y.

Thanks for the correction. YANK was misinformed.

Little Things

Dear YANK:

I have just been listening to the "Home News From The U.S.A." over AEF. It informed me that some lady (I did not catch her name) who is president of some Women's Temperance Union made the statement that the selling of beer in Army PXs is a violation of something or other and that Uncle Sam is the world's biggest bootlegger.

I wish to inform that lady that she is advocating depriving the soldiers of one of their few enjoyments, one of the little things in life, one of the many little things that mean so much. Things like coca-cola, a morning cup of coffee, a nickel bar of candy, the comic section of the Sunday paper—a cold bottle of beer in the evening.

These are the things we are fighting for today. Not just the big

Myers' article, "The Teen-Agers," referring to first sergeants as jerks.

YANK is on the downgrade when staff writers waste time, paper and the taxpayers' money to slur the characters of the Army's first sergeants.

Burma

—1st Sgt. GEORGE U. STINNETT



Jobless Pilots

Dear YANK:

"Ours is not to make reply; ours is not to reason why; ours is but to do . . ." Just what?

We are scores of pilots in the ETO who, I believe, have proved that we can take orders without question, but, now, most of us wonder: "Would there be an answer?"

We came overseas in large groups of twin and single-engine instructors (few with any type of transition) six months ago and were assigned to Troop Carrier. Other than to co-pilot gliders on a combat mission (the first glider ride for many of us), we've had very little, almost nothing, to do since that time. A number of us have been in as many as three different Troop Carrier Groups in the last month, and each group has an excessive number of pilots. "We can give you your four hours per month for flying pay," we were told by our COs, "but why you were sent here, I don't know. We've too many pilots here already."

Does the situation "too many pilots" hold throughout all tactical squadrons? If not, we still dream of a job to do, other than just four hours flying time.

France

—EXCESS PILOTS

Signed by five pilots.

Vultures All

Dear YANK:

For a long time now, front-line soldiers upon being sick or wounded have become prey for a bunch of vultures. Nothing is sacred to this motley mob; watches, rings, souvenirs and pistols all come under their watchful eyes and sticky fingers.

I had a Luger. It wasn't of any special value, but I wouldn't sell it for any price. I slept with it and I ate with it. And now, because I was too sick with fever to defend my property, some thieving vulture is wearing it.

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France

—Sgt. E. R. WRIGHT

Try and Stop Him

Dear YANK:

In reading the book, "Try And Stop Me," a collection of anecdotes and stories by Bennett Cerf, I came across this paragraph which jumped up and hit me square in the face, and it wasn't a light slap either.

Astute diagnosing by John Gunther in his latest book, "D-Day:" "The worst thing about war is that so many men like it . . . it relieves them of personal responsibilities . . . There is no worry about frictions at home or the dull necessity of earning a living. Military life is like a perpetual camping trip. I heard one officer say, 'How nice all this would be if only you could eliminate the bloodshed and the killing.'"

"Perhaps," adds Orville Prescott, "Peace planners who debate problems of frontiers and economics had better give a little more attention to eliminating the pleasures of soldierly comradeship and vast co-operative endeavor, the drama and excitement and the fun of war also."

I have my own ideas about exchanging my civilian way of living for Army life. Of course, I welcomed the relief from responsibilities and, as Mr. Gunther so nicely puts it, the dull necessity of earning a living. And along with this I also derived a lot of pleasure from breaking up my home, being separated from my

wife and so many other inconveniences that I was relieved from when I donned a uniform. I SHOULD SAY NOT.

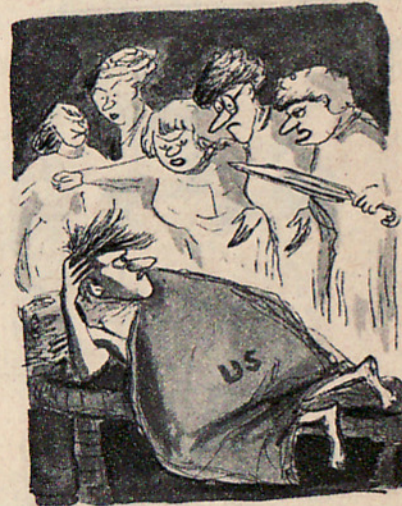
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I have been criticized by some who have read my reply, before mailing, that my choice of words was not strong and vehement enough. What can you say about this?

France

—Pfc. L. WINKLER

Not strong and vehement enough.



Worried

Dear YANK:

I have been in the Army over 18 months and a year of that overseas. Here is my problem: I write to quite a few girls—too many in fact, and I have asked each one of them to marry me. You can think what you like. But now it won't be long until I'll be going back, and it has me worried. What is your suggestion?

France

—Pfc. JAMES C. WOOD JR.

Our advice is to stay the hell away from home.

NEWS FROM HOME

With V-E Day only a memory and V-J Day generally believed to be quite a long way off, the nation settled down to the business of backing a one-front war. The tempo of things changed abruptly. After weeks of high tension, the press and radio calmed down. No longer were there outside headlines. No longer were commercial radio programs interrupted by broadcasts of titanic importance.

After V-E Day

THOUGH a great war peak had been passed, there was actually little change in American day-to-day living. The night clubs and movie theaters stayed open longer and people could bet on horses running on the tracks of the U.S. instead of Cuba and Mexico. Big crowds turned out at the Naragansett track which was the first in the States to reopen. Otherwise there were few surface differences. War plants kept right on working and meat was even more scarce than before—so scarce that Congress called for quick action by the OPA to relieve the situation and the restaurant association in New York City predicted that several hundred of the town's eating places would have to close down for lack of meat unless the supply was increased. Newspapers continued to run long casualty lists—not only from the Pacific but

People are going to the races these days, talking about the designs of new cars, applauding the Eisenhower statement about coddling bigwig Germans, and a few happy GIs are getting into civvies again.

from Europe since the official War Department announcements necessarily lag far behind the actual fighting. Another reminder that the days of sacrifice weren't ended was the start of the Seventh War Loan drive. The goal set was 14 billions, the biggest yet.

The Seventh bond drive will run 90 instead of the 60 days of campaigns in the past. Individuals are being asked to subscribe seven billion dollars, banks and other institutions the remaining seven. Like past campaigns the drive opened with a certain amount of ballyhoo—public ceremonies, special broadcasts and such. Speechmakers for the "Mighty Seventh" drive invariably stressed that there is still a war to be won and that civilians can't let down.

Probably the happiest civilians in the States were the 2,500 veterans who were the first to be let out of the Army on R-Day (Redeployment Day) under the new point system of discharge. The first man to be released on points appeared to be Peter Flowers. He was 28, a corporal and a veteran of 37 months in the Pacific. On R-Day he was at Fort Devens, Mass., awaiting a rotation furlough. He didn't get the furlough. He got out of the Army.

Under the demobilization plan he had 94 points to his credit and because he happened to be at the right place at the right time he got a quick discharge. Mr. Flowers said he had formerly been a bartender in Boston but he intended to enter bars in the future only as a patron. For him and other lucky men the war was ended.

Many other veterans with just as many points wouldn't get out so quickly. Because they weren't home on rotation when R-Day came, they would have to sweat out transportation home. But at least they would have some consolation from knowing that cutting the Army to a one-front size got promptly underway.

The Navy, which had earlier said nothing about partial demobilization, announced that it would release enlisted men aged 42 and up (the Army's been doing that for some time) and also enlisted men on the inactive list who had been called back to active service since the war.

Civilians in general were a little uncertain as to what the immediate future held for them during what official Washington called "The War, Phase Two." Some Washington authorities said the reconversion of industry to peacetime production would be swift and that every effort is to be made to throw civilian goods like radios, washing machines and typewriters on the market. Other officials said that reconversion would be relatively slow and that civilians shouldn't hold their breath until refrigerators and automobiles arrived. For instance, J. A. Krug, chairman of the War Production Board,

up production of durable items like radios, electric stoves and metal furniture until October at least.

Krug said there was still a lot of war production to handle. "So far," he said, "we have produced in this country more than 2,000 of the B-29 bombers. The monthly rate of production is in excess of ten percent of that total. So we not only are producing enough to take care of losses and more but we are building up and considerably expanding the B-29 forces."

According to Krug, the value of war production during the second quarter of this year will be only slightly less than during the first quarter (January through March). War production for the first quarter totaled 14 billion, 452 million bucks. For the second quarter it will total 14 billion, 375 millions—only 77 million less. Until the last three months of 1945, he summed up, there would be decided cutbacks in war-goods manufacture.

The automobile industry said it could start making new cars for civilians by July 1 and complete at least 200,000 by the end of the year and 400,000 more during the first three months of 1946. The War Production Board was expected to approve this schedule. According to tentative plans, each manufacturer will receive a "limiting number" of the cars he may produce but the method of determining the quota was not revealed. Manufacturers of cars may make any type of cars they wish and it was predicted that the new cars would look different from the last models.

Earlier it had been said that the first cars off the reconverted assembly lines would be the same as those made in 1942 when the production of cars for civilians was suspended. It was indicated that new cars would be rationed to customers until the supply catches up with the demand—which may be two years or more.

The decision to resume the manufacture of cars in the near future was attributed to growing unemployment in Detroit. Krug recently said that Detroit has 300,000 more workers now than it can absorb in peacetime production. Though car production is evidently a certainty before summer OPA officials said they were unable to say when more gasoline would be available to civilians.

Cigarette smokers, who have had a thin time of it for months, got words of cheer with the announcement that Army purchases will probably be sharply reduced with the beginning of demobilization. One cigarette company said it could increase its deliveries to civilian consumers greatly, beginning June 1. At the same time, cigarette smokers were warned that they would probably have to continue to stand in line for their packages for an indefinite length of



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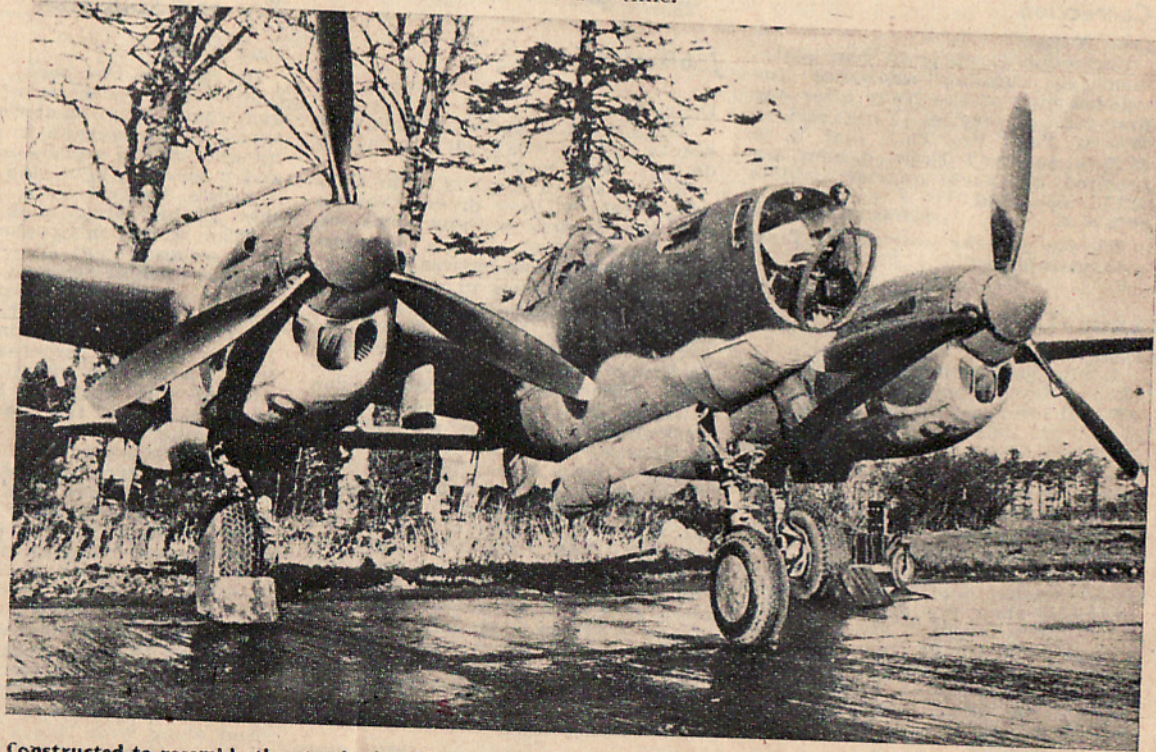
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Pot of gold was found in Washington, D.C., but not at rainbow's end. B. F. Bean, plainclothes man, picks a dollar bill from shovelful of sewer refuse in southeast part of town. More than \$2,300 in muddy stolen currency was dug up.



Constructed to resemble the standard P-38 Lightning fighter, this so-called "droop snoot ship" is not a fighter at all but a new American high-altitude precision bomber capable of carrying complete equipment plus a navigator-bombardier. Latter can operate a device which electrically releases bombs from all planes onto the target.

Patient lines of civilians sweating out cigarettes are now one of the most common sights in the U.S. Dealers generally set a stated time of day for selling their limited stock. Long before the time comes the patrons form a queue like a GI chow line to wait their turn. Except at those stated times, most dealers turn away would-be cigarette buyers with an indignant statement that they haven't any cigarettes or else point haughtily at a sign saying "No Cigarettes Today."

There appeared to be some uncertainty about future taxes as well as the future supply of consumer goods. A number of members of Congress, led by Sen. Walter F. George (Dem., Ga.), have come out for reduced taxes on business, especially small business. But the White House spoke out sternly against any reduction at all until Japan has been beaten. There wasn't even the possibility of reduction before then, President Truman declared.

The President emerged victor in a dispute with some members of the Senate over the reappointment of David E. Lilienthal to the Tennessee Valley Authority. Tennessee's two senators—Kenneth McKellar and Tom Stewart, both Democrats—headed the campaign against Lilienthal but abandoned their fight after the President strongly indicated his support of the TVA chairman. Lilienthal has been a member of the TVA since that agency was established in the early days of the New Deal.

The President, who has now held office more than a month, stepped into the debate over the Veterans' Administration. Some newspapers and organizations, including the Journal of the American Medical Association, have recently criticized the VA for inefficiency and particularly for its management of hospitals. Mr. Truman announced that the VA would be expanded and modernized but that he had no intention of reorganizing it. He told Washington reporters he did not plan to appoint former Sen. Bennett Champ Clark (Dem., Mo.) to replace Brig. Gen. Frank T. Hines as administrator of veterans' affairs. Gen. Hines had several times said that the VA was falling behind in its work because it was unable to obtain enough personnel to handle a greatly expanded burden.

The President also had important things to say about foreign affairs. He told a press conference he hoped for an early meeting with Prime Minister Churchill and Marshal Stalin. Peace plans would be the subject of the next meeting of the heads of the Big Three, the President indicated. Washington reporters figured that since both President Truman and Prime Minister Churchill have said they favor a meeting, the exact date must be up to Marshal Stalin. The meeting, when it does take place, will mark President Truman's first get-together with the Russian and British chiefs.

Mr. Truman moved to untangle the knot that has been tying up the San Francisco security meeting. The conference has been somewhat snarled up because of the fears of some nations—those of Latin America among others—that

the World Security Organization might not offer enough assurances that they could band together to protect one another against aggressors in case the World Security Organization fell down on the job. President Truman let it be known through Secretary of State Stettinius that he would favor a post-war treaty under which all the American republics would assist each other against any aggressor, American or non-American.

An amendment to the original Dumbarton Oaks Charter, giving all nations the right of self-defense in case they fail to receive international protection, was drawn up by Secretary Stettinius. The amendment says "Nothing in this charter impairs the inherent right of self defense, either individual or collective, in the event that the Security Council (that's the most powerful body within the Security Organization) does not maintain international peace and security and an armed attack against a member state occurs."

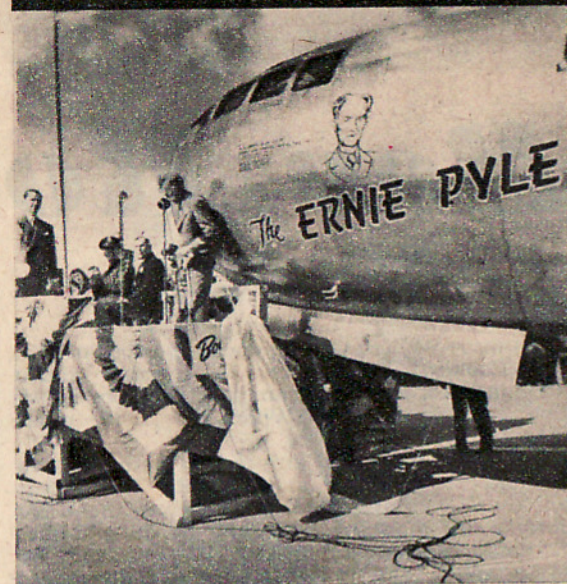
Secretary Stettinius also proposed that the new security charter include an international bill of rights along the lines of the Bill of Rights in the Constitution of the U.S. The international bill of rights will be in the form of four amendments (the Bill of Rights in the American Constitution takes in 10 amendments) pertaining to human rights and freedom in general terms. The first would declare that the promotion of freedom is one of the main objectives of the security organization. The other amendments would set forth the procedure through which the organization would set about promoting the rights of ordinary men and women.

Nazi Matters

GEN. EISENHOWER got a good press back home when he reprimanded "senior U.S. officers" for allegedly treating high German officials on a "friendly enemy basis." The general's statement was the topic of a flood of editorials, all of them praising the Eisenhower attitude. If American newspapers rightly reflected public opinion, the nation didn't want captured Nazis treated like visiting firemen. And it applauded Eisenhower for saying sharply that he didn't either.

There appeared to be considerable domestic interest in the plans for trying major war criminals. The details were agreed upon at Moscow 18 months ago. It was reported from Washington that the U.S. was pushing negotiations with Great Britain and Russia to get the trials under way and that the final agreement might soon be reached.

Associate Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson, named the American prosecutor by President Truman, picked three well-known lawyers to help him with the trials. They were Maj. Gen. William J. (Wild Bill) Donovan, director of the Office of Strategic Services; Francis M. Shea, assistant attorney general, and Sidney S. Alderman, general solicitor of the Southern Railway. All are experienced trial lawyers, and Justice Jackson, a Kentuckian, was



DEDICATION. William C. Pyle, father of Ernie Pyle, unveils a B-29 Superfortress dedicated to the memory of his son by employees of the Wichita, Kan., division of the Boeing Airplane Company. The employees bought the bomber named for the late war correspondent with \$600,000 in war bonds.

U.S. attorney general before President Roosevelt appointed him to the highest court.

According to the *New York Herald Tribune*, which admitted its information was unofficial, the four prosecutors will use the list of war criminals and evidence against them prepared by the United Nations War Crimes Commission but will not be bound by this data in selecting major criminals to be brought to trial.

The number of arch war criminals to be tried by the four-nation court is apparently still unsettled but the *New York* newspaper guessed that not more than 50 would be brought before the high court. Other criminals presumably will be tried at the scene of specific atrocities.

The American prosecutor and his aides have made the Pentagon in Washington their headquarters and are already compiling evidence on war crimes previously collected by military and civilian branches of our government. The date of the trials is still to be set but there seemed to be general hope in official Washington circles that the trials would come off soon.



criticized the VA for inefficiency and particularly for its management of hospitals. Mr. Truman announced that the VA would be expanded and modernized but that he had no intention of reorganizing it. He told Washington reporters he did not plan to appoint former Sen. Bennett Champ Clark (Dem., Mo.) to replace Brig. Gen. Frank T. Hines as administrator of veterans' affairs. Gen. Hines had several times said that the VA was falling behind in its work because it was unable to obtain enough personnel to handle a greatly expanded burden.

The President also had important things to say about foreign affairs. He told a press conference he hoped for an early meeting with Prime Minister Churchill and Marshal Stalin. Peace plans would be the subject of the next meeting of the heads of the Big Three, the President indicated. Washington reporters figured that since both President Truman and Prime Minister Churchill have said they favor a meeting, the exact date must be up to Marshal Stalin. The meeting, when it does take place, will mark President Truman's first get-together with the Russian and British chiefs.

Mr. Truman moved to untangle the knot that has been tying up the San Francisco security meeting. The conference has been somewhat snarled up because of the fears of some nations—those of Latin America among others—that

Nazi Matters

GEN. EISENHOWER got a good press back home when he reprimanded "senior U.S. officers" for allegedly treating high German officials on a "friendly enemy basis." The general's statement was the topic of a flood of editorials, all of them praising the Eisenhower attitude. If American newspapers rightly reflected public opinion, the nation didn't want captured Nazis treated like visiting firemen. And it applauded Eisenhower for saying sharply that he didn't either.

There appeared to be considerable domestic interest in the plans for trying major war criminals. The details were agreed upon at Moscow 18 months ago. It was reported from Washington that the U.S. was pushing negotiations with Great Britain and Russia to get the trials under way and that the final agreement might soon be reached.

Associate Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson, named the American prosecutor by President Truman, picked three well-known lawyers to help him with the trials. They were Maj. Gen. William J. (Wild Bill) Donovan, director of the Office of Strategic Services; Francis M. Shea, assistant attorney general, and Sidney S. Alderman, general solicitor of the Southern Railway. All are experienced trial lawyers, and Justice Jackson, a Kentuckian, was

the four prosecutors will use the list of war criminals and evidence against them prepared by the United Nations War Crimes Commission but will not be bound by this data in selecting major criminals to be brought to trial.

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At United Nations conference in San Francisco, Comdr. Harold E. Stassen, one of U. S. delegates and former governor of Minnesota, confers with his two servicemen advisers: Lt. Cord Meyer of the Marines and Sgt. John Thomson of the Army. Because armed forces are traditionally nonpolitical, uniforms were put aside for the occasion.



Who said you can't teach an old dog new tricks? Here Otis Bailey, 69, proves he's keeping abreast of the times by showing Virginia Brooks strapless evening gown he designed in Bristol, R.I. That bathing suit is also Bailey-built.

Ben Rocklin

By Pfc. DEBS MYERS
YANK Staff Writer

CHICAGO—When anyone opens the door of Ben Rocklin's knife shop a burglar alarm jangles, and out from a back room walks Ben Rocklin saying, "What the hell, quiet please."

He sells long-bladed knives that he calls "Jap stickers" to soldiers, and he sells less lethal knives to civilians, provided he likes them. He doesn't sell anything to people he doesn't like. "I am an American citizen, 100 percent," he says, "and I take no guff from any man, unless he is much bigger than I am, and very little guff from women."

In the past three years, Rocklin has sold 6,000 knives to soldiers and marines. Judging from letters he has received, he estimates these knives have been responsible for killing 10,000 Japs. "Old Ben's knives," he says, "have gone across jungles, across deserts and across more than a few gullets. Sometimes, at night when I'm in bed, I say to myself, 'Ben, you old fool, you are such a ball of fire at killing Japs, it is a wonder you're not afraid of yourself.'"

He used to make knives for slicing bread. "I made fine knives," he says, "and housewives praised me in many tongues. Then the bread companies started selling bread already sliced. When this happened Old Ben's heart was broken, but Old Ben is not a man to sit and sulk. Old Ben knew war was coming. Old Ben knows the Japanese. The Japanese are stinkers."

He bought all the steel filing cases he could get. This was the steel that went into his knives. The knives have blades eight inches long and are sharp on both edges. "Old Ben tooled for war," he says, "from bread knives to Jap stickers. As shy as I am, I sometimes say to myself, 'Ben, you've come a long ways.'"

A Jap, he says, can be trusted no farther than a man can throw an orangutan by the tail. "I fought against the Japs when I was a soldier in the Russian Imperial Army," he recalls, "and even 40 years ago they were stinkers."

Ben Rocklin is 5 feet 4. He weighs 190 pounds. He quit telling about his birthdays when he passed 75. That was a few years ago.

He employs a Chicago telephone directory to illustrate how he used to treat the Japs. The Chicago telephone directory numbers 1,732 pages, is 2¼ inches thick and weighs 4 pounds

11 ounces. Bunching his shoulders, he takes a directory in his thick, stubby hands and twists it into four pieces. "I used to be a strong man," he observes.

Ben has a three-room shop on the second floor of a building at 746 South Halsted Street near Hull House. People in the neighborhood call him the village blacksmith. This he does not like.

"I never shod a horse in my life," he says. "I hate horses. I have ridden many of them and eaten more than a few. I never knew a horse that I liked. Besides, I am a typical small businessman. When my country was threatened, I became a one-man arsenal of democracy. Also, people were no longer buying bread knives."

Once upon a time—he doesn't remember exactly when—he was a professional wrestler and weight lifter. Many years ago, in Milwaukee, he wrestled the great Frank Gotch, when Gotch was world champion.

"It was a hell of a match," says Ben. "I gave it to him good."

"Who won?" Ben is asked.

"I was matchless that night, a pillar of flame," says Ben.

"Who won?" Ben is asked again.

"The crowd cheered me wildly," muses Ben. "I was a hero in Milwaukee."

"Who won?"

He grinds a knife, ignoring the question, then looks over his shoulder.

"Gotch," he says, "in 7½ minutes."

On the wall of the shop are Ben's own rules on how to be happy at 75 plus:

"1. Mind your own business and do not use bad remarks about certain people that you might be sorry for.

"2. If you have enemies, avoid them. Do not go into places where there is suspicion or where there is unsafety. Do not hear behind the door people talk or look in keyholes.

"3. Look in all directions when you cross the street; around the corner look out; keep out of arguments about elections.

"4. Eat and drink everything you like and don't deny yourself pleasure.

"5. Watch out for some of your best friends who are your worst enemies."

Ben is writing the story of his life. He thinks he will probably call it "The Nine Lives and Ninety Thousand Knives of Ben Rocklin."

"It's absorbing," he declares. "I have so much fun reading it I don't have much time to write it."

BEN cringes a little when he remembers his own days in the Czarist armies.

"It was very rough," he recalls. "It was not rich living. It was very rough. I had a general named Gen. Yarovitch. He was big as a stable and smelled like one. He had a great red mustache about six inches wide. When he roared out orders, his mustache waggled like a flag and he roared most of the time. He was a mean man.

"I was a foot soldier. But one day the cook deserted, and before I could get out of the way and hide, Gen. Yarovitch grabbed me and made me a cook. He carried a long whip called a

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"I was a foot soldier. But one day the cook deserted, and before I could get out of the way and hide, Gen. Yarovitch grabbed me and made me a cook. He carried a long whip called a knout with him all the time, and he shook that whip under my nose and told me I better cook good. Faithfully I promised I would cook good. About that time some Czarist dog shot a rabbit and brought it to the general.

"The general says, 'Ben, cook this rabbit and cook it good or I will skin you and maybe eat you, with garlic, of course.' So I clean the rabbit and fix a stew, but while my back is turned the general's dog steals the rabbit, and when I look around I sit on the ground and put my head in my hands and I sorrow. Old Ben's rabbit is gone. Old Ben's goose is cooked.

"And along comes an old soldier, and he asks me why I sorrow and I tell him. And he says for me not to be a fool but to kill the regiment's cat and cook it for the general. So I do this, with plenty of garlic. And pretty soon along comes Gen. Yarovitch swinging his whip and roaring. And he sits down at his table and I put the plate before him. He takes a mouthful, and he looks at me and says, 'Ben, that is peerless rabbit,' and he tips me a ruble.

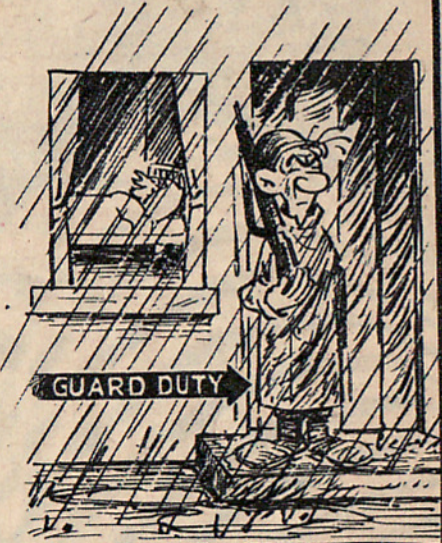
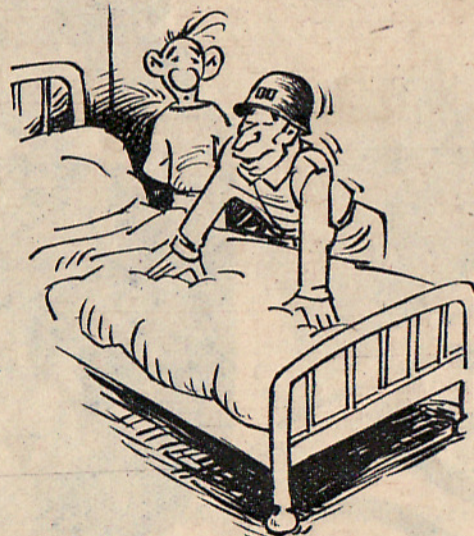
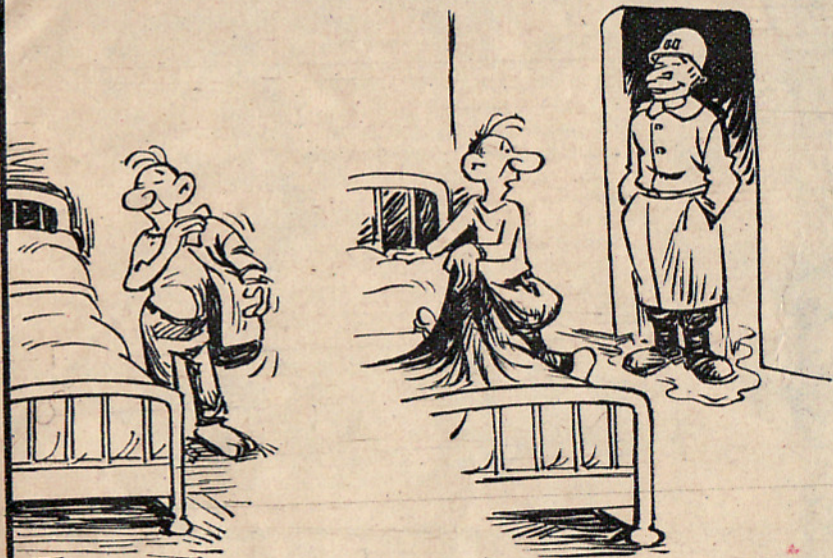
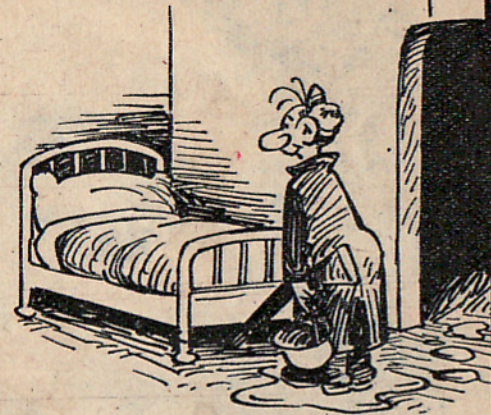
"And some years pass and I come to the United States and become a citizen, and I come to Chicago and make knives. And then there is a great World's Fair in Chicago and I go to it. And at the Russian exposition who do I see there but Gen. Yarovitch. His red mustache has turned to gray and he has no whip. But he is still roaring. And he sees me and he hugs me and he says, 'Ben, you rascal. Once you cooked me a peerless rabbit, and I tipped you a ruble.'

"And I'm an American citizen and I'm in a free country and I look back at him and I say, 'Thank you, Gen. Yarovitch, you son of a bitch. But that was no rabbit. That was a cat.'"

THE SAD SACK



"DISPOSSESSED"



SGT GEORGE BAKER

FASCINATING MILITARY MYSTERIES

1. The Strange Case of The Tennessee Tech Sergeant

By Pfc. CHARLES PETERSON

IT IS seldom that a military investigator uncovers a crime as baffling, as ingeniously conceived or as boldly executed as that which faced Capt. Bascomb Q. Barsnarsser somewhere in France on February 14, 1945—or rather, on

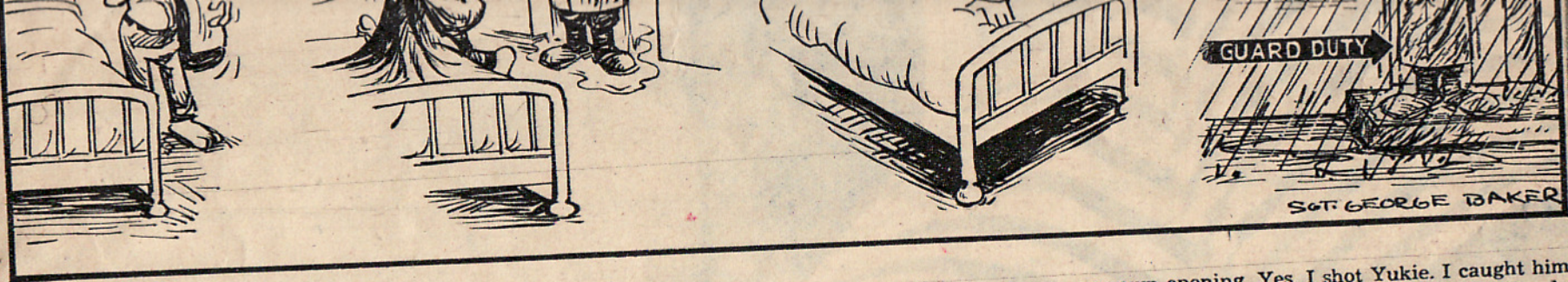
And so it went. Capt. Barsnarsser interviewed one suspect after another, ranging from M/Sgt. Wemmecker, who was under the delusion that Yukie was a member of his draft board at the time Wemmecker had been drafted, to T-5 Hoonfeld, who said Yukie's Tennessee drawl irritated him. "Every time he opened his mou' I hit da

my own opening. Yes, I shot Yukie. I caught him while he was singing 'I'll Meet You at the Pearly Gates, Emmy Dear' and pumped him full of lead."

Capt. Barsnarsser was promoted to brigadier general for his excellent work. Pfc. Wifniss was sentenced to four months in the guardhouse for justifiable homicide, and when last heard from he had been released and had worked himself up to a staff sergeant's rating.

Another brilliant chapter in the annals of military justice had been brought to a close.

Sgt. Baker



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Preliminary investigation brought out a number of interesting points, none of which did more than confuse the issue. The presence of a card wishing T/Sgt. Yukie a happy Labor Day, which was gripped between the dead man's teeth, proved to be as phony as the teeth themselves, and the .45 automatic which was found neatly filed under AG 220.45 ("Self-Inflicted Wounds") was judged to be another false clue. "I tried the experiment on a T-5 I happened to have handy," related Capt. Barsnarsser, "and he found it impossible to shoot himself 14 times. This definitely eliminated suicide."

At first glance no motive seemed to appear, but patient grilling soon brought out the fact that a number of his co-workers had ample reason to plug T/Sgt. Yukie. T-4 Bertram Sorenson, a classical scholar from Oconomowoc, Wis., reluctantly admitted that he had often expressed a desire to strangle Yukie. "He came from Tennessee," Sorenson explained, "and was always singing a ballad called 'When It's Tooth-Pickin' Time in False-Teeth Valley' as well as a number of discouraging revivalist hymns. Used to drive me nuts!"

T/Sgt. Bczyk, chief of the file section, related that Yukie used to borrow the heavy volumes of ARs and use them to crack nuts with, hiding the broken shells between the pages. "It used to embarrass the hell out of me when the colonel opened an AR and filled his lap full of nut shells," he complained.

And so it went. Capt. Barsnarsser interviewed one suspect after another, ranging from M/Sgt. Wemmecker, who was under the delusion that Yukie was a member of his draft board at the time Wemmecker had been drafted, to T-5 Hoonfeld, who said Yukie's Tennessee drawl irritated him. "Every time he opened his mou' I hit da berlin' pernt," he muttered.

It was no wonder that Capt. Barsnarsser often wept hot tears and said plaintively, "Why'd they put me on this job?" He had been a wedding-cake decorator in civil life.

A fingerprint check of the murder weapon revealed no prints except those of Capt. Barsnarsser, and a comparison of times and opportunities (it had been established by the medical examiner that death had occurred between January 29 and February 14, but, since Yukie had been seen alive, well and annoying on February 13, the time limit was narrowed considerably) revealed that anyone in the division and eight attached units could have committed the crime.

At length Capt. Barsnarsser hit upon new tactics. Calling the suspects into his office separately, he glared at each man steadily for five minutes, then roared, "Why did you murder Ovum T. Yukie?" For a time it seemed that this stratagem, too, would fail, since all it did was badly frighten several noncoms, two of whom later had to be transferred to a psychoneurotic center for recuperation, but at last Capt. Barsnarsser struck pay dirt. Questioning a pfc named Wifniss, he elicited the surprising answer, "Because of the T/O." A full confession followed.

Pfc. Wifniss had been smarting for 26 months under the ignominy of his rating and wanted to advance himself. "But there weren't any openings!" he wailed. "These guys never get rotated; they never get transferred; they never get killed. They make Ol' Man River look like a piker when it comes to jus' rollin' along. I decided to make

my own opening. Yes, I shot Yukie. I caught him while he was singing 'I'll Meet You at the Pearly Gates, Emmy Dear' and pumped him full of lead."

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Lina Romay
YANK
Pin-up Girl





GERMANY—They leaned against the fence or squatted on the sidewalk to talk about it because this German village was so small there wasn't even a curbstone to sit on.

They were members of the 2726 Light Equipment (Eng.) Company, and they were discussing what GIs all over the ETO are discussing these days—the point system. Their talk continued far into the night, outside the German home where Sgt. Rudy Stobe of North Olmstead, Ohio, and Cpl. Clay Quillan of Middleboro, Ky., were billeted.

"None of us will get out under this system," said Cpl. Charles Lewis of Albany, Calif. "There isn't a man in the company with 85 points. Geers (Sgt. Herman Geers of Hardin, Ill.) is high man and he still misses it by 12 points. He's got 50 months in the Army, 18 overseas and one campaign star, but he's still short."

"What Herman needs is a kid," said Cpl. Frank Zuccarini of Vineland, N.J. "That 12 points would just get him in under the wire. But he's not married."

"Maybe Hanke (Pfc. Clarence Hanke of Humphrey, Neb.) will lend him one of his," Stobe said. "He's got five kids but he can only get credit for three. How about it, Hanke?"

"Hell," Hanke answered, "I might as well. Even with three kids I'm still 27 points short."

"Your draft board was really getting down to the bottom of the barrel on you," Quillan said. "Things are tough when they take a man with five kids."

"Anybody in an outfit like us needs four years in the Army and three kids to do any good under this system," said Pfc. James R. Johnson of Eldorado, Ark. "I've got the three kids but I'm



HOW MANY POINTS YOU GOT?

two years and ten months short on the service."

"Most of us are just the other way around," 1st Sgt. Benton Adkins of Belleville, Ind., explained. "We got the service but not the children. We went to Northwestern Canada in June 1942 in the 80th Heavy Pontoon Company and worked on that Canol oil line project until the end of 1943. Then we went back to the States for a year and came over here in February as the 2726 Company. But our chief drawback on this point system is that this is our first combat zone so we have only one bronze battle star."

"That overseas service and time in the Army was almost a handicap when you stop to figure it out," Adkins continued. "Take a man who was in the Army for four years with say 18 months overseas. Most likely, he isn't married because

"We're screwed anyhow, so it don't make much difference," Quillan said. "Most of the men have specialists' jobs which required special training so even if we did have 85 points they'd probably declare us essential. It looks like the CBI for us."

"Yeh," Zuccarini said. "We got the ETO and the American Theater ribbons so we might as well get the Asiatic, too. If we're gonna be 30-year men we might as well have all the decorations."

—YANK Staff Correspondent

PARIS—In the big lounge at the AEF Club in the Grand Hotel, several dozen soldiers were having several dozen bull sessions about demobilization. A couple were making mildly violent gestures with coke glasses to

and trenchfoot in the Huertgen Forest. His total is 64.

Another dough who has seen his share of the front but doesn't have 85 points is Pvt. Emanuel Petrone of Staten Island, N.Y., who was in the 30th Infantry, Third Division, in Italy and Southern France until he got a Purple Heart and then trenchfoot. "I've only got 73 points," he said "but I think the point system is a pretty fair deal for the infantry. Those points add up fast, especially if you earned a decoration, and I know a lot of guys with way over 100 points."

Pfc. Henry G. Cox Jr. of Loris, S.C., felt the same way. Most of the other men in the 386th MP Battalion, composed entirely of reclassified combat troops, have what it takes, although Cox—who got the Purple Heart with the 117th Infantry, 30th Division—falls short. "Those others—they deserve it. Sure wish I was in their

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"That overseas service and time in the Army was almost a handicap when you stop to figure it out," Adkins continued. "Take a man who was in the Army for four years with say 18 months overseas. Most likely, he isn't married because most of the early men taken in the Army were single. If he was married, he probably shipped overseas before he started raising a family. In the early days of the draft, what few married men were in the Army wouldn't take a chance on having kids because, at first, they were getting only 21 dollars a month, or they realized what was up and didn't want to cause their wives any hardships. So they go overseas for a couple of years, while other guys who missed an early draft call are back home making 90 and 100 dollars a week. Yet, a married man with three children who came in only a year ago has the same number of points as a man who put four years in the army."

"That's right," agreed S/Sgt. Homer Wilson of San Antonio, Tex. "I think 12 points for each child is too much credit. It gives a man who probably was never in combat the same number of points as a combat soldier who put 12 months in the line. It's too much."

MEET a real Latin from Manhattan. Lina Romay, daughter of a Mexican diplomat, came into the world while her parents lived in New York City. A hit as a radio singer, she later sang in front of Xavier Cugat's orchestra, with which she gained national fame. Lina is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 110, has brown eyes, brown hair, and pronounces her name Lean-a Rome-eye. The new picture she is making for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is "Weekend at the Waldorf."

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PARIS—In the big lounge at the AEF Club in the Grand Hotel, several dozen soldiers were having several dozen bull sessions about demobilization. A couple were making mildly violent gestures with coke glasses to emphasize their criticisms.

Pfc. Chester L. Hale of Dallas, Tex., had about 30 more than the necessary 85 points but wasn't sure he wanted to quit the service. "I'd like to see my wife and daughter," he said, "and if they discharge me I'm going to form my own dance band, but if things don't look so good, I might stay in the Army. I've got six good years in already." Hale had a peacetime Panama hitch before seeing combat in Italy with the 751st Tank Battalion, and then in Europe with the 334th Aerial Resupply Company. He thinks age should be a discharge factor ("I'm only 24 but a lot of my buddies are kinda old and they ain't got long to get started") and combat time should be measured in combat days, not by campaign stars ("so guys who had it roughest longest get out quickest").

Campaign stars boost the total for S/Sgt. Vodre V. Thompson of St. Joseph, Mo., a Ninth Air Force court reporter with 40 months' service, to 92 points. "I don't have any children," he said, "so you might say I earned all my points the hard way." If he's discharged, Thompson plans to go back to his job with the Mid-Continent Petroleum Company; "court reporting is too strenuous on the nerves."

This kind of campaign-star credit POs Sgt. Jack Pollock of Louisville, Ky. "I used to be in the 121st Infantry, Eighth Division. Now that I'm limited assignment, they've got me in the Air Corps—the 453d Air Service Group. Plenty of guys working at our gas dump have more campaign stars than I do, and they've never seen a live kraut—except maybe in a PW cage." Pollock got the Purple Heart at St. Lo

and trenchfoot in the Huertgen Forest. His total is 64.

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"Naturally I think the system's fair," said Pvt. Clarence Callahan of Jacksonville, Fla., "because it makes me eligible to go home." Callahan was in the 509th Parachute Infantry Battalion and he's been overseas since June 1942. He saw action in Africa, Sicily, Italy and Southern France.

As for Pfc. John F. Sneddon of Philadelphia, Pa., "the point system is damn good but I think those RAMPs (Recovered Allied Military Personnel, or liberated prisoners) should get out first, even if they don't have enough points. They've been through enough misery in the prison camps, but some have been out of action so long they haven't enough points." Sneddon is a medic at a RAMP camp near Le Havre.

Two bachelors thought 12 points too much for a kid. Each had put in a long hitch, mostly overseas, but neither had enough points for discharge. Their jobs are specialized so they figure they probably couldn't get out anyway, and they think the point system is in general pretty fair. They are M/Sgt. Walter G. Hartzell of Evanston, Ill., forecaster in the 21st Weather Squadron, and T/Sgt. John Paluch of Alden, Pa., provost sergeant at the Continental Central PWE.

It was Sgt. Charles H. White of Yakima, Wash., company clerk at the 16th Repple Depple, who summed up the general feeling when he said: "The point system gives combat men the most points. They're the ones who deserve them."

—YANK Staff Correspondent



S Sgt. Byron Palmer broadcasts bouts.

P.O.A. Championships

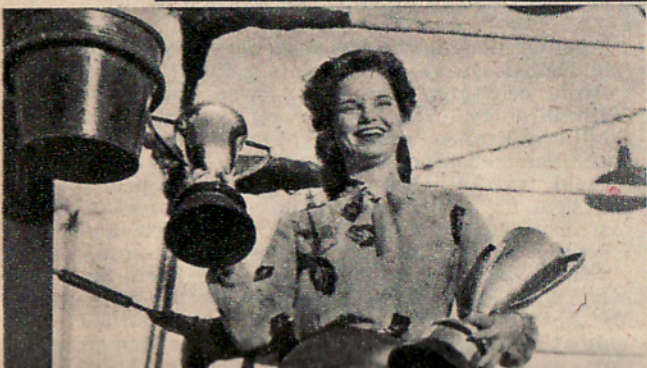
Honolulu Stadium was the scene of the Pacific Ocean Areas Boxing Championships. Cpl. Ted Burrows of YANK took these photos of the event, which brought GI pugilists from bases thousands of miles away.



Crowd started gathering early in order to get ringside seats.



POA Band led by CWO John Kahler, facing the camera, played.

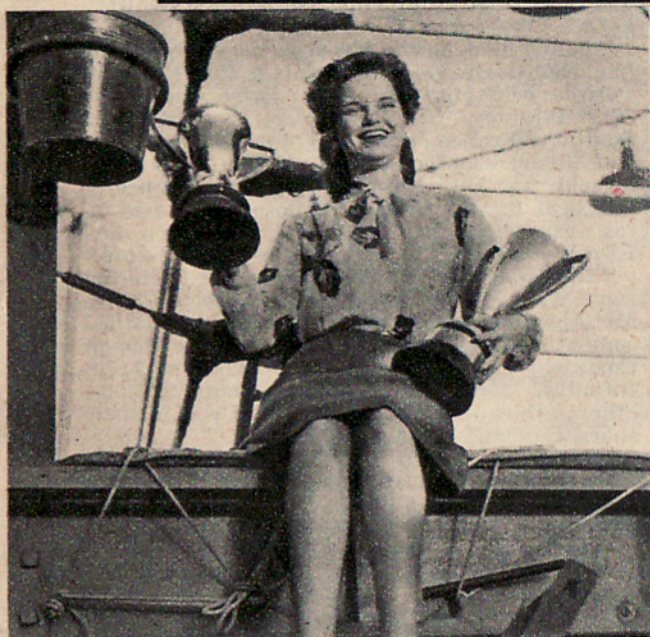




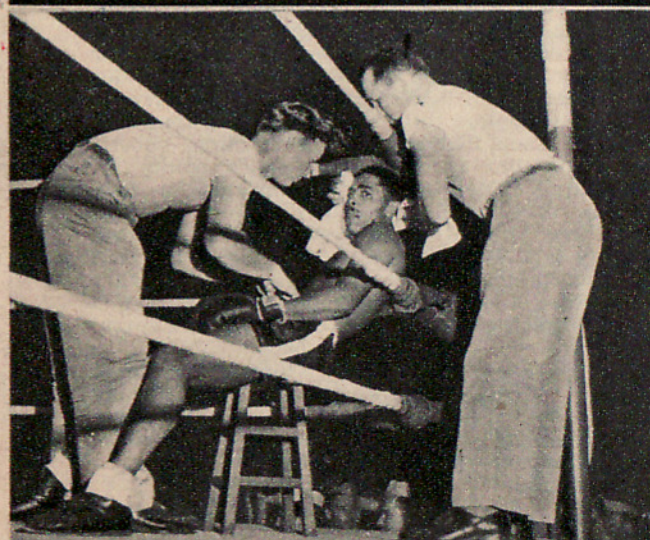
Crowd started gathering early in order to get ringside seats.



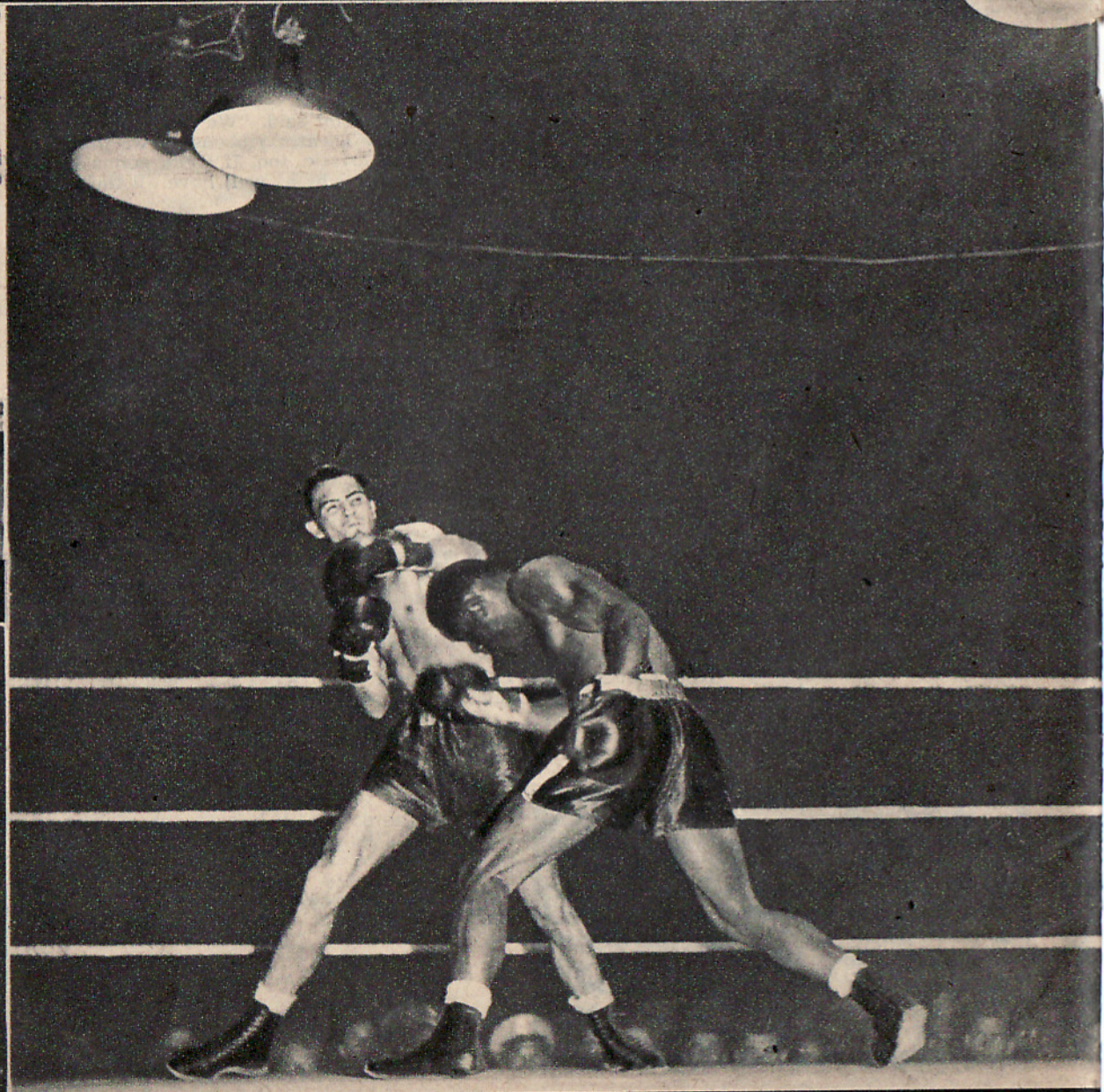
POA Band led by CWO John Kahler, facing the camera, played.



Miss Doris Phillips with title trophies.



Pvt. Willie Banks gets advice in corner.



Pvt. Frank Robinson, winner of junior welterweight title, backs Pfc. William Simmons against the ropes.



Pfc. Delman Cather of the 3d Bomb Group shown with his ace rooster, Sad Sack, before bout. Cather paid 70 pesos for the Sack.



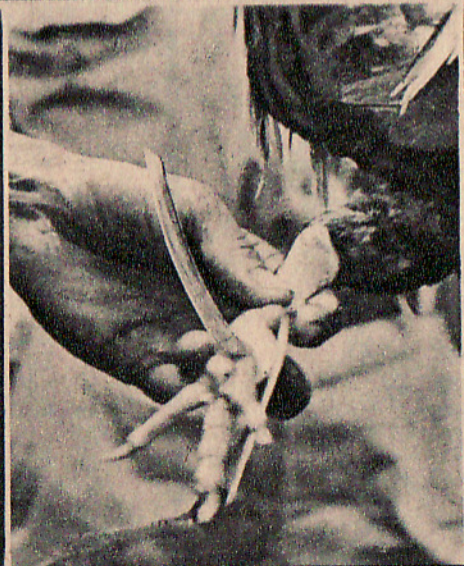
Here Cather (right) posts his part of the wager with unidentified GI stakeholder while Navy Chief Earl Hensen (left, back to camera), owner of Sack's opponent, reaches for his cash.

COCKFIGHT

in the

PHILIPPINES

Cockfighting, illegally staged behind barns in the U. S., is popular with GIs on the islands. Sgt. Art Weithas of YANK took these photos of match between cocks owned by a GI and a Navy man at San Jose, Mindoro.



Murderous spurs taped to fighting cocks' legs are their weapons.



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By the time cocks are turned loose in pit they are so excited that they immediately fly at each other in flurry of feathers.



Sad Sack won but was wounded so badly he had to be destroyed.

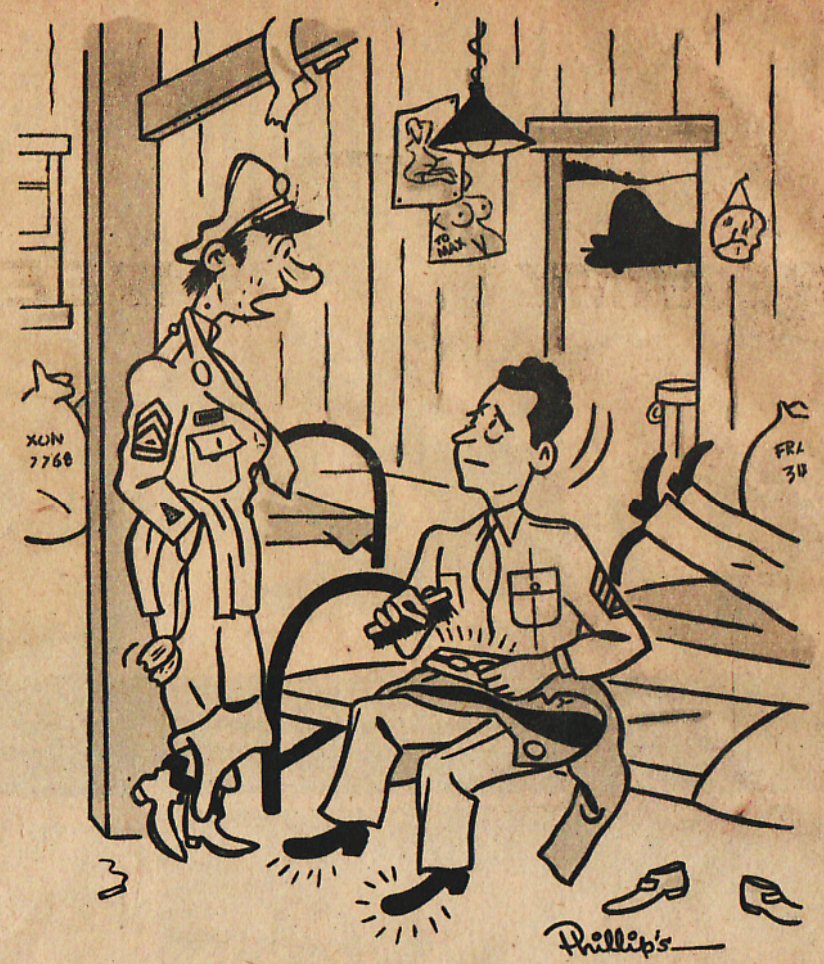


Crowd consists of GIs, sailors and Filipinos, who bet on favorites and take intense interest in fight, which continues until one or both cocks are killed or too maimed to struggle.

...and a money of legging tell their story.



"SO IF ANYONE FEELS THEY'D LIKE TO CHALLENGE MY AUTHORITY, I WISH THEY'D STEP OUT NOW."
-T. Sgt. Frank R. Robinson



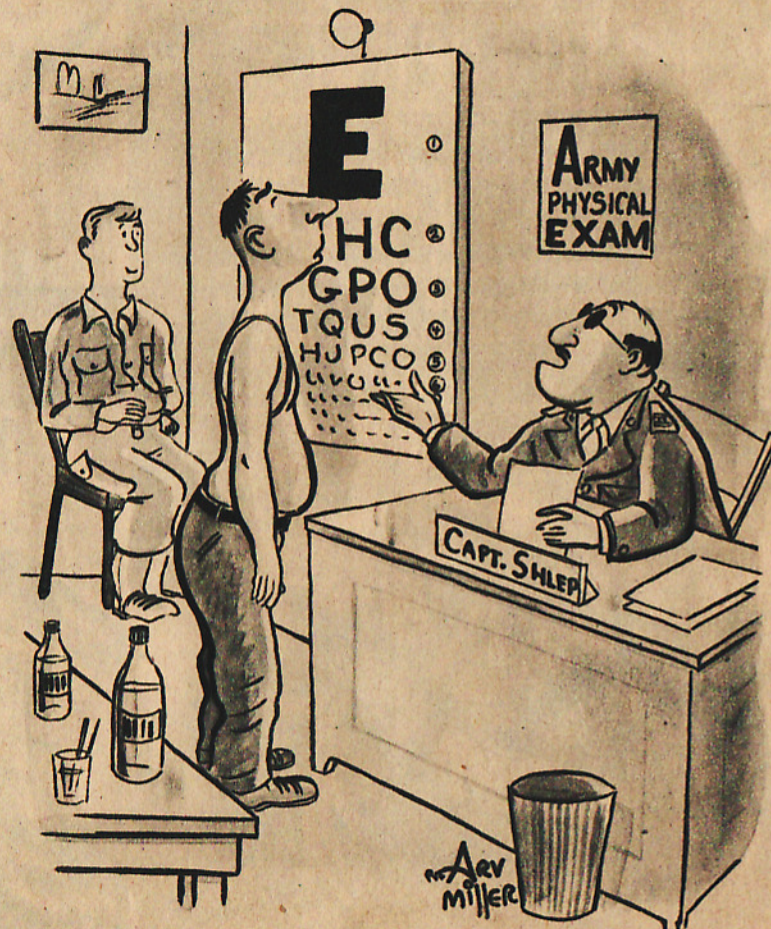
"FRANKLY, SEAVER, YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO THE AIR FORCE!"
-Sgt. F. H. Phillips





"AND FURTHERMORE, I THINK YOUR LAST PICTURE STUNK!"
—Sgt. Al Melinger

"FRANKLY, SEAVER, YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO THE AIR FORCE!"
—Sgt. F. H. Phillips



"THAT'S FINE. NOW READ THE SECOND LINE."
—Pvt. Art Miller

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