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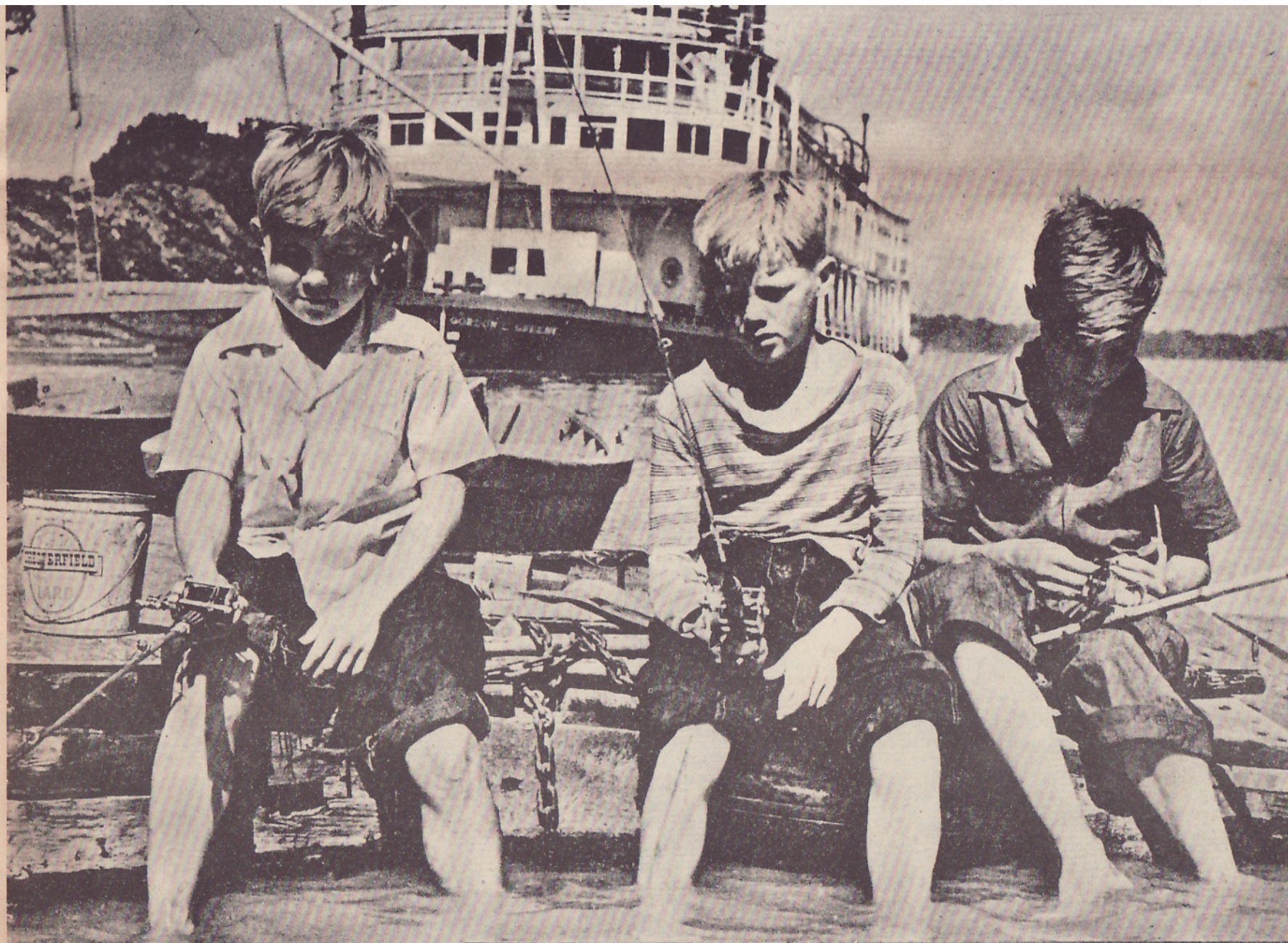
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The Mississippi in Wartime

A PICTURE STORY—PAGES 10 TO 13





PRIME MINISTER from LIMEHOUSE

By Cpl. JAMES DUGAN

YANK Staff Correspondent

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The meeting was held in Trinity Church Hall, the only large hall left in Limehouse after the blitz and the V-bombs. It was a gloomy, dirty hall. Shreds of V-E Day decorations hung from the rafters. Overhead a propeller fan with one blade missing, turned noisily in the June twilight. The crowd of poorly dressed working people—dock hands, seamen, busmen, housewives—listened undisturbed by the shunting engines and the suburban trains, hurrying through the Limehouse slums on the Great Eastern Railway line just behind the Church.

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Surprise at Potsdam. Harry and Joe said goodbye to Winnie and hello to Clem. Ernest Bevin, center, took Eden's place as Foreign Minister. The Big Three carried on.

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The vicar, a white-haired Canadian from Vancouver, wandered around the hall during the speech, with a cigarette drooping from his mouth. He was a famous hero during the blitz. He wore his blitz medal, the Order of the British Empire, on his rusty lapel.

The speech was not exciting. Elsewhere the crowds were cheering or heckling Winston Churchill, but here in Limehouse the people had come out to listen respectfully to Clem Attlee, their M.P. since 1924. The Conservatives had put up a young hero against him but the people paid little attention to the young PT boat commander on his suicide mission. They bought him drinks in their surviving pubs and were nice to him. That was all.

The speaker was a man of middle-height, with a long bald head and a black mustache. He had spoken eight times that day but he was relaxed with his own people. They responded to the familiar chords in his extemporaneous speech—the need of the people for houses, the bettering of living conditions in the gruesome Limehouse slums, friendship with Russia and the U.S.A., employment and prosperity after the war.

Clem Attlee had been fighting the cause of Limehouse since 1918, when he came back from the war as an infantry major. He had commanded a landing party of South Lancashire Yeomen at Suvla Bay in 1916, where Winston Churchill had authored his first amphibious landing on the tragic beaches of Gallipoli. In the relief of Kut, in the Mesopotamian campaign Major Attlee had been severely wounded. When he recovered he went to France. He served there in the newly-formed Tank Corps.

The voice of the speaker was thin. He did not saw the air with his arms, or beat out his sentences in a bewitching cadence. He walked around a little and made some mild, sarcastic jokes about Lord Beaverbrook, "the Svengali of the Tory campaign,"

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Mrs. Attlee, a handsome blonde woman, who looks like an older Mary Churchill, sat beside him in her best clothes, which are not very spectacular after five years of being rationed to one new outfit a year. Lord Winster and Lord Ammon were on the platform. "That's Charlie Ammon," said a committeeman. "Lord Ammon 'e is, but Charlie Ammon to everybody down here—Lord Ammon when 'e gets up to the other end. 'E's an old trade unionist what got put into the 'ouse of Lords. The other's Lord Winster, Commawnder Fletcher 'e was, Ryal Nyvee. We don't care nuffin' for titles 'ere in Stepney.'" Lord Ammon, who had spoken before Attlee's arrival, raised the biggest cheer of the meeting when he said, "What mugs we would be to depend on the Tories for houses!"

There were people in the room who remembered Clem Attlee being elected Mayor of Stepney in 1919. They had heard the dry, friendly, factual voice talking at Toynbee Hall, a famous East End settlement house before the last war. Like Harry Hopkins, Attlee had once been a social worker.

Clem Attlee had believed in Socialism since 1907, when he was working as a young lawyer on Poor Law Reform with Sidney and Beatrice Webb, the famous Fabian Socialists. As a law student he

British Labor inherits the Peace. Clement R. Attlee leads a new government of younger men, with a British "New Deal" program and a solid two-to-one Labor majority in Parliament to back him up.

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After Attlee concluded his sober, friendly speech at Trinity Hall, Mrs. Attlee drove him away in a midget car. His audience walked home through the neglected churchyard with its sooty tombs and trees stunted by railroad smoke and stripped of leaves by flying bomb blasts. One contented elector said to his wife, "Nice, quiet meeting."

The "nice quiet meeting" and thousands like it throughout the United Kingdom resulted in a political explosion that shook the world and put the quiet man of Limehouse and a Labor government in power for the first time in British history. The Party had been in office twice before but never with a majority.

The Parliamentary strength of the "Socialist" Party in the new House is 390 out of a total of 640 members. The Conservatives obtained 180 seats. After adding various minority parties and independents pledged to support either Labor or Conservative the division works out to about 420 to 220 in Labor's favor.

Since the minority Liberal Party was practically annihilated in the election, Mr. Attlee's party will not have to curry favor with a balance-of-power group. It's a clean two-party division on the American style for the first time in recent Parliamentary history.

Clement Richard Attlee first entered the House of Commons in the 1924 election that gave Britain her original Labor Government in which he served as Undersecretary for War. The platform he supported that year was very much like the one he outlined to his Limehouse voters in 1945. It called for support of the League of Nations. Merely substitute "United Nations." It called for independence for India, nationalization of the mines and railways. And it called for a national housing scheme. The people of Limehouse thought houses were a good idea in 1924 and they still think so in 1945.

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The main points of difference between the platforms of 1924 and 1945 are in the fact that this year Attlee put the prosecution of the war against Japan as his first plank.

The 1924 platform advocated a capital levy on fortunes exceeding \$20,000, but it was not attempted when Labor got in, and it was not listed in the 1945 appeal. Two of the 1924 planks have since been realized—independence for Egypt and the recognition of the Irish Free State. Little else has changed. The great explosion of '45 came from a delayed action charge, which had been quietly accumulating sticks of political dynamite since the last war. The electorate remembered many things.

Attlee himself typifies many of the popular causes which were lost during the years of Conservative rule. In 1927 he was appointed as minority member of the Conservative Simon committee, which went to India to report on conditions there. Attlee has remained an advocate of Indian self-government.

IN 1929 the second Labor Government was elected under Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald with a squeak majority of 288 seats to 260 for the Conservatives. The Government was shaky from the beginning. MacDonald was slipping over to the Conservatives. In 1931 Attlee, who was serving as Postmaster-General, warned against Japanese preparations for the assault on Manchuria. He came into open conflict with Prime Minister MacDonald, whom he accused of diverting attention from the aggressive plans of Japan.

In 1931, the consequences of the MacDonald fiasco led to a defeat of Labor by a bigger majority than Labor won in '45. The Tories gained 470 seats to a mere 52 for Attlee's party. Attlee was among the Labor handful elected and he was obliged to sit in a House led by Ramsay MacDonald, whose reward from the winners was the post of Prime Minister of a Conservative-controlled coalition.

While Mussolini was raping Ethiopia in 1935, Attlee was urging the British Government to apply sanctions against the Italian fascists. But the Government encouraged Mussolini by means of the Hoare-Laval agreement which endorsed his conquest. He introduced a motion in Commons in December, 1935, condemning the Hoare-Laval plan as calculated to "reward the declared aggressor at the expense of the victim, destroy collective security and conflict . . . with the Covenant of the League of Nations." The Resolution was defeated by 397 votes to 165, but public outcry caused the government to withdraw the Hoare-Laval deal. The Laval of this gentleman's agreement was none other

than Pierre himself, the French politician who betrayed his country.

His denunciation of Mussolini in Commons so enraged an Italian gentleman that he challenged Attlee to a duel. Attlee answered the impetuous Latin gent in almost Churchillian tones. He brushed off the idea of a duel as a relic of barbarism. He said, "I would have you understand that a free Englishman in a free country is at liberty to express his opinion of the actions of his own or any government, and that no threats will deter a public representative in a free Parliament from stating his views." This was some time before Mussolini received his reward of being hung up on a meathook.

In 1937 he vigorously opposed the "Non-interventionist" policy toward Republican Spain. He said that the supposedly fair policy of forbidding the sale of British and French arms to either side—either the government or rebel Franco—was denying the legally elected Spanish government the weapons they needed to defend themselves against Hitler and Mussolini's war machine. He visited the front in Spain that year. The British and American volunteers who were fighting in the International Brigade of the Republican Army, named one of their ill-armed units "The Major Attlee Company."

Francisco Franco may be having uneasy thoughts over the fact that the godfather of the "Major Attlee Company" is now Prime Minister of Great Britain.

After the 1935 elections which the Conservatives again won 387 to 154, Attlee succeeded the venerable George Lansbury as leader of His Majesty's Opposition in Parliament. This post carries a salary of \$8,000, whereas the rank-and-file M.P. receives only \$2,400. The idea behind the job is this: His Majesty's Government consists of a cabinet chosen from the majority party in Commons. The cabinet jobs pay \$20,000 a year. His Majesty also has one job with a bonus for the minority party leader. He is paid so that he may devote his full time to those necessary duties which fall upon the leader of the organized parliamentary opposition.

Most of the questions Attlee opposed as minority leader were not hypothetical ones. There were deep party differences as Britain skidded down the last half of the third decade toward war. Attlee was the most important Labor figure in the attempts to get the British Government to crack down on the Fascist dictators. He spoke against the re-occupation of the Rhineland, the invasion of Austria, and the Japanese inroads in China.

When Prime Ministers Daladier and Chamberlain met Der Feuhrer and Il Duce at Munich and gave Hitler Czechoslovakia, the Member for Limehouse was again on his feet in the Commons, speaking against Conservative policy. "It is not a policy," he said. "It is an attitude—an attitude of deference."

Winston Churchill and Anthony Eden, and a handful of their fellow Conservative M.P.s also opposed the government on Munich. The present

declared that capital had to be conscripted before he would believe the Conservatives meant it. A lot of desperate Parliamentary attitudes of that sort were swept away by the war.

In May, 1940, the Munich cabinet fell under the ominous threat of an immediate Nazi victory. A general election was due that year—the Tories had ended their constitutional five years of power—but no election was held due to the military crisis. Churchill and later Eden, the Tory critics of appeasement, came into power. Two of Labor's strong men, Herbert Morrison and Ernest Bevin, were invited into the coalition cabinet Churchill was making. Clem Attlee came into the fighting cabinet as Lord Privy Seal and Churchill appointed him Deputy Prime Minister. Churchill meant to insure that the leader of the opposition had a voice in the war decisions of a true unity cabinet.

But the important change did not take place. The same majority that had supported Munich remained seated on the red leather benches of the House. Governmental power passed from the House to the bold man at 10 Downing Street. The people remembered this when the ten years were up. They did not repudiate Churchill whom all honor for his war leadership: they repudiated the party which Churchill himself had opposed in 1939, and for the same reasons—they did not think it fit to run the country's affairs.

Winston Churchill was not an issue in the campaign. At Attlee's Limehouse meeting, for instance, all of the Labor speakers paid warm tribute to Churchill, including Attlee himself, who had excellent relations with the great Churchill while he acted as his Deputy. The issues that were not talked about were apparently the ones that caused the explosion. While the world thought the general election was a vote of confidence in Churchill, the electors seemed to think about the issues.

ATLEE as Deputy Prime Minister and as Secretary of State for the Dominions, an additional portfolio he was given in 1942, relieved Churchill of the departmental detail which would have distracted the P.M. from running the British military effort.

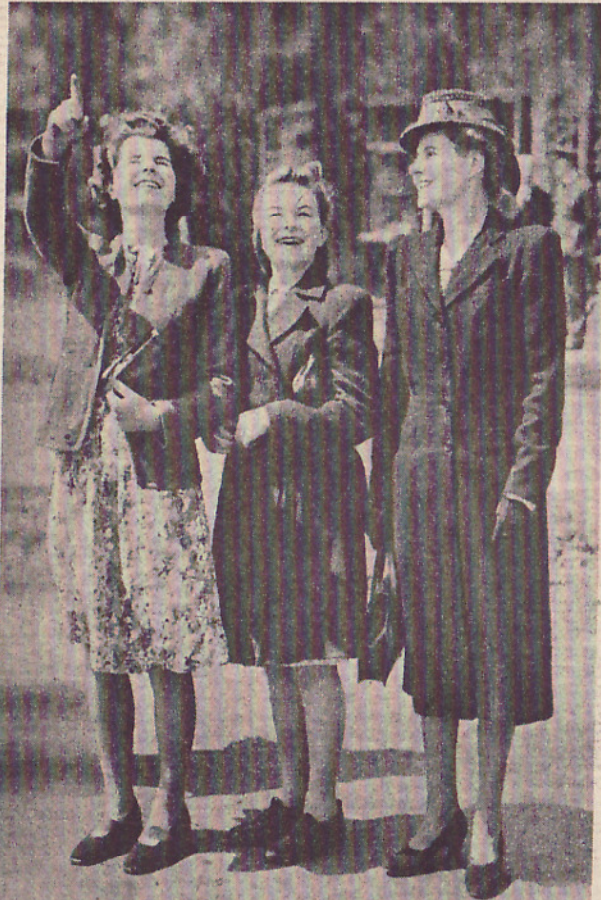
While Attlee stayed home as Acting Prime Minister Mr. Churchill made more than a dozen trips abroad in five years—an aggregate absence from 10 Downing Street of eight months. On August 14, 1941, Attlee broadcast the eight points of the Atlantic Charter while Churchill and Roosevelt were still at sea on the cruiser *Augusta*. Three times Attlee gave war reports to Parliament in Mr. Churchill's absence. In September, 1943, he was given the job of Lord President of Council. In this imperfect world the ruling pair of Churchill and Attlee gave the prime example of war teamwork between diametrically opposed men and parties. Churchill implicitly trusted Attlee to rule during his trips abroad, one of which over the year-end of 1943 to Teheran, Cairo, and Marrakesh, lasted for two months.

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Seeing Pop off to Potsdam. Left to right, The Prime Minister's daughters, Felicity and Alison with Mrs. Attlee, Britain's handsome First Lady.

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Winston Churchill and Anthony Eden, and a handful of their fellow Conservative M.P.s also opposed the government on Munich. The present election showed the interesting result that 187 of the 251 Conservatives who supported Chamberlain to the bitter end were knocked out of Parliament, while almost all M.P.s who opposed him—Labor and Conservative alike—were returned. The people have an elephant memory. They had to wait seven years to get a chance to vote on it, and they did.

Attlee's voting record on seven crucial issues in Parliament since 1935 begins with his resolution against the Hoare-Laval deal. In 1936 he voted for a Ministry of Supply to prepare Britain for war. It was defeated, 337 to 131. In 1938 he voted again for a Ministry of Supply and for an inquiry into the state of Britain's air defenses. It was defeated 329 to 144. Late in the same year he voted against Chamberlain's Munich deal, which Parliament upheld by 366 to 144. In 1939 he voted for an increase in Old Age Pensions. It was defeated 356 to 163. In May, 1940, he voted to displace Chamberlain. This vote was defeated 281 to 200, but the change was made despite the astonishing fact that the Tories were still voting against Churchill. In the new 1945 House there are still 65 Conservative members who voted in favor of Chamberlain retaining power in 1940, including Anthony Eden. In 1943 Attlee voted for the Government's Catering Bill, which was a plan to adjust working conditions in the overworked wartime restaurants and canteens. The bill was passed 283 to 116. In the debate on the Beveridge Report the vote on the Government's proposal to shelve it for the time being, resulted in a 335 to 119 vote. Attlee was among those who voted with the Government, but was in favor of the Report.

In 1939 Attlee opposed national conscription, although the nation was perilously on the brink of war. His argument was grounded on the fear that conscription meant the regimentation of labor. He

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Attlee did not make headlines. In over 2,000 days of war his name was in the top headlines of the London papers only a dozen or so times. There was no reason why Attlee should have rivalled Churchill in newsprint acreage. Churchill was the desirable legend, the fighting captain; Attlee was the quiet executive, who saw that the decisions were carried out. It was a smooth-working combat team.

Attlee's personal life is so normal that it is engrossing. He has four children. The eldest, Janet, 22, is a section officer in the Women's Auxiliary Air Force. Felicity, 19, is training as a nurse. Martin, 17, is an apprentice in the Merchant Navy. Alison, 15, is at school. Mrs. Attlee keeps house like Bess Truman. Until recently she had no help. She spent long hours in the food queues like other British housewives. The dark slender Attlees have a sort of uniform prim good looks.

They keep chickens and a half-blind airedale. They live in a small villa in Stanmore, a humdrum London suburb. These modest homes are the storied "Englishman's Castle," idealized and given names like "Bon Repos" or "The Hollyhocks." The Attlee front gate bears the name, "Heywood."

The housing plan of the new Labor government is to provide thousands of new "Heywoods" for the British people. They are "ill-housed" on a scale that makes F.D.R.'s 1936 plank on housing seem like a frivolity. The Englishman's Castle has been crumbling since before the last war; bombing and deterioration of property have lowered home life to a desperate state. This was the biggest issue of the 1945 election. The Conservatives allowed the Laborites to talk housing while they were yelling about the dark plots of Professor Laski, an academic gentleman whom the people did not confuse with a roof over their heads. At the last minute Mr. Churchill talked housing—to be built by private enterprise—but it did not affect the outcome.

Clement Richard Attlee was born in Putney, London, in 1883, in the sheltered Victorian home of a Conservative solicitor. In the English legal system a solicitor is the lawyer's business manager. The solicitor solicits and sets up the case; the barrister pleads.

Attlee's home was staunchly Conservative. He attended Haileybury College, a public school, comprising the first grade to the end of Junior High School in the American school system. The English "Public School" is not a public school. It is a private tuition school. Haileybury is an Anglo-Indian school. There Attlee, as a boy, became acquainted with the Indian independence movement.

Attlee left Haileybury for University College, one of the 21 colleges of Oxford University. This ancient college (founded 1249) is noted for the fact that it expelled the poet Shelley in 1811 for publishing *The Necessity of Atheism*. Later, in 1893, the college expiated its action by accepting a statue of Shelley drowned. Whether it will sometime have a statue of Clem Attlee may depend on whether his government is expelled or wins stable power.

The slow tide of British democracy last raised a new party to power in 1906 when the Liberals swept away Tory rule. The Liberal reign lasted for twelve years. Lloyd George, the Churchill of the last war, won in 1918 with a Liberal-Conservative ticket, which was converted into 27 intermittent years of Tory rule. Of these 27 years, Labor won two of seven general elections, but had only three years of office. Now Labor comes in with a mandate strong enough to assure that it can make its policies stick for the first time. The parallel situation in American history may be Roosevelt's New Deal debut in 1933.

Attlee is not a strong man. All resemblance to Winston Churchill is strictly unintentional. Churchill was a one-man party with only Anthony Eden as a comparable figure. Because the party he had embraced was without popular support it fell with a deafening crash. To understand mild Clem Attlee, on the other hand, the makeup of the 413 M.P.s pledged to support his government must be studied. The strength of the new British government is not so much in the leader as it is in the Parliamentary Labor Party. Clem Attlee is a party man.

The House has altered drastically in composition. There are 345 brand new M.P.s. The number of Members who come from the lower middle class has risen to over half the membership total of 640. There are 180 service men in the new House, 126 of them Laborites. They range from army privates to Lt.-Generals. Most of them saw active service in this war.

There are 85 trade union officials in the 1945 Commons, and 65 journalists, mostly Laborites. The number of businessmen has fallen to about 75, not all of them Conservatives. Five of the new Labor M.P.s are listed as directors or owners of companies.

There are 79 lawyers, split about even among the two parties. There are 38 teachers and educators, heavily Labor in composition. There are 34 ex-coal-

members of Gen. Eisenhower's staff will sit with four from Monty's HQ and two aides of Field-Marshal Alexander. The best-known author re-elected is The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, member for Woodford, Essex, author of *Marlborough* and co-author of *The Atlantic Charter*. Three war correspondents were elected, along with a Battle of Britain pilot.

The average age of the Labor Members is 43.

This House and Cabinet represent a shift in power from the executive to the legislative. The future of British politics has passed from Downing Street to the Commons chamber in the Palace of Westminster, which the people's men have stormed more boldly than any time since Cromwell. The professional politicians have given way to the combat soldier, the housewife, and the trade unionists. If Clement Richard Attlee is to be one of Britain's great First Ministers it will be because he best administers the will of the new Commons, and not because of any breath-catching deeds of his own. All of his career here-to-fore has been as an executive, carrying out the policies of the Labor Party. If the Labor government wants to go places Attlee is an ideal administrator.

The cabinet appointments have been widely approved by all sections of the public. The cabinet of 20 is supported by several dozen junior ministers who work under their cabinet colleagues in the departments. In these appointments Attlee brought in new blood from the eager rank-and-filers.

The new government is "Socialist," which is a different word than "socialist" in Russia, or even in Australia and New Zealand—the two Dominions with long-standing Socialist regimes.

Labor's long-range objectives are encompassed in a Five Year Plan, which is not comparable in size with the First or Second Five Year Plans Russia began in 1928. Sir Stafford Cripps, newly appointed to the cabinet as President of the Board of Trade, defined the Plan as "the orderly development of the country's resources, bringing some few of the more important industries and services under national ownership while retaining a system of planned and controlled private enterprise for the rest."

The main reform plans of the Attlee government are the nationalization of coal, railroads and banks, and the construction of government housing. Housing is first on the list. During the war no repair to a premise was permitted costing more than \$40. The building industry was completely converted to war needs. Now the industry must be remobilized on a nation-wide scale to get the houses built. The main problems are manpower, and the acquisition of building materials and land. Building trades workers must be discharged from the Forces, and a centralized authority set up to lead the housing drive. Britain is not a home-owning nation like the U.S.A. The Englishman's Castle is a rented heaven.

BBRITISH coal mining has been the biggest industrial problem of the war: The industry is backward

of the Governor of the Bank running the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Chancellor will run him. The object of the new government is to acquire financial control no more drastic than powers the U.S. government has over banking and investment.

IN the field of foreign relations the new government will be inclined to participate in the World Security organization with just as much ardor as the Churchill regime, if not more. The Labor government seeks the strongest ties with the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. American fears that Britain has gone "Red" are groundless. The best proof of this is that the Labor victory aroused great enthusiasm in right and center democratic circles in Europe, where it was said, "Thank God, now Europe has a left-wing rival for Communism." Labor's victory is bad news for European kings and dictators, particularly in Greece, Spain, Portugal and Belgium. Greek policy promises to be drastically revised, with Rex Leeper, Mr. Churchill's envoy to Greece, due for the sack. Lord Halifax in Washington and Duff Cooper in Paris are two more Ambassadors whose position is said in bland diplomatic language to be "undergoing study."

The election results were happily received in India. L. C. M. S. Amery, veteran Secretary of State for India, was defeated in his own constituency, which pleased the Indian subjects of His Majesty. Attlee and his cabinet ministers have long been advocates of Indian self-government. Paradoxically enough, Labor's victory would seem to strengthen the bonds of Empire. Both the Australian and New Zealand Labor governments are expected to be closer to a Labor Home government than to a Conservative rule.

The Canadian Liberal government, with the radical parties of Western prairie Canada, welcome the change. President De Valera of Eire wasn't happy about it. He takes the view that he'd rather thumb his nose at a Conservative government in Britain.

Soviet Russia showed a spectacular disinterest in the results. Nobody in the land of Communism took it as a victory for their cause. Labor is pledged to stronger friendship with the Soviet Union, however. The loudest anti-Russian M.P.s were knocked out of the House and dozens of long-time friends of the U.S.S.R. were put in.

Nobody was more surprised at the explosive 1945 election than the winners. Whatever the success of the Labor Government may be in reconstructing Britain, there is no doubt that the people are behind them. They have been given the tools for the job.



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There are 79 lawyers, split about even among the two parties. There are 38 teachers and educators, heavily Labor in composition. There are 34 ex-coalminers, all Laborites. Fifteen farmers, 15 engineers, and 11 doctors, are also halved between Labor and Conservative. There are 21 railroad men, all Labor. Eight checkweighmen outvote seven stockbrokers. There are 23 officials of the cooperative movement, against six real estate agents and eight accountants. In what Napoleon called "a nation of shopkeepers," there are only two booksellers, a butcher, a druggist, an interior decorator, a pawnbroker, an optician, and two barbers—or "hairdressers"—in Parliament.

There are seven nonconformist preachers: Church of England clergymen may not run for Parliament. They are like civil servants in this respect. There are a bricklayer, three woodworkers, two shipowners, three dentists, a salesman, two stationmasters, two steelworkers, a bookbinder, a policeman, a cotton millhand, a distiller, two law students, an engine cleaner, two championship boxers, two town planners, and a man simply listed as a "french polisher."

There are 24 feminine M.P.s, only one of them a Conservative. The women are mostly tough housewives, sick to death of the conditions under which they have had to make home life. Some of the women came directly out of grade school classrooms. Tom Driberg, Labor M.P. for Maldon and newspaper columnist, is the nearest thing to a British Winchell. One member was born in a log cabin in Tennessee, one served in the Canadian Northwest Mounted, seven have had diplomatic jobs, one fought with the French maquis after having his face altered by plastic surgery to fool the Gestapo. Two re-elected M.P.s are Ulster Abstentionists, who have been elected for years but have never taken their seats because they protest against the division of Ireland. There is a movie producer, a playwright, a stoker from the engine room of one of His Majesty's ships of war, and three ex-prisoners-of-war. Three

with the First or Second Five Year Plans Russia began in 1928. Sir Stafford Cripps, newly appointed to the cabinet as President of the Board of Trade, defined the Plan as "the orderly development of the country's resources, bringing some few of the more important industries and services under national ownership while retaining a system of planned and controlled private enterprise for the rest."

The main reform plans of the Attlee government are the nationalization of coal, railroads and banks, and the construction of government housing. Housing is first on the list. During the war no repair to a premise was permitted costing more than \$40. The building industry was completely converted to war needs. Now the industry must be remobilized on a nation-wide scale to get the houses built. The main problems are manpower, and the acquisition of building materials and land. Building trades workers must be discharged from the Forces, and a centralized authority set up to lead the housing drive. Britain is not a home-owning nation like the U.S.A. The Englishman's Castle is a rented heaven.

BBRITISH coal mining has been the biggest industrial problem of the war: The industry is backward technically, and suffering from pre-war neglect. For decades the mining communities were "depressed areas." Thousands of miners disappeared in the first years of the war. Many of them went to work in war industries with secure, well-paid jobs—the first in their lives. Thousands more went into the forces.

Public ownership and modernization of coal mining has been a vital issue in Britain for forty years. Conservative governments have resisted attempts at nationalization. During the war young men were drafted into the mines in an effort to keep up production. These apprentices, called "Bevin Boys," after Laborite Ernest Bevin, the Minister of Labor in Churchill's cabinet, were a rebellious lot. Most of these 17-year-olds had their hearts set on flying bombers rather than crawling through underground burrows choking with coal dust. In justice to them the mining methods were so antiquated and dangerous that there was no attraction for a young man to make a career in mining. There was also the specter of unemployment as soon after the war as the European markets opened up again.

The Labor government will probably move quickly on nationalizing coal. A committee of miners, trade unionists and M.P.s are now drawing up the public ownership bill. Emmanuel Shinwell, a hard-hitting Labor M.P., has been named Minister of Fuel and Power, which will have the job of solving the coal problem. There promises to be an acute shortage this winter of houses and coal. The government will have to act briskly and show results before cold weather.

Public ownership of the railroads is not an immediate issue, and the nationalizing of the Bank of England is almost a simple technicality. Instead

radical parties of Western prairie Canada, welcome the change. President De Valera of Eire wasn't happy about it. He takes the view that he'd rather thumb his nose at a Conservative government in Britain.

Soviet Russia showed a spectacular disinterest in the results. Nobody in the land of Communism took it as a victory for their cause. Labor is pledged to stronger friendship with the Soviet Union, however. The loudest anti-Russian M.P.s were knocked out of the House and dozens of long-time friends of the U.S.S.R. were put in.

Nobody was more surprised at the explosive 1945 election than the winners. Whatever the success of the Labor Government may be in reconstructing Britain, there is no doubt that the people are behind them. They have been given the tools for the job.



Attlee met Molotov at San Francisco. His government seeks stronger ties with the U.S. and U.S.S.R. The Premier's cigar is rare: he usually has a pipe.





FIGURING

Sooner or later—and sooner than some of us expected—you'll have a chance to make your own decisions about your future. But in making any decision you should know as many as possible of the facts involving discharge, reenlistment, the emergencies anticipated in our problems of occupation, and what you might expect on Civvy Street. This article does not attempt to give all the facts, but it does try to present all the information it is possible to obtain at the present time.

**By Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Correspondent**

WASHINGTON—The plan the War Department has announced for demobilizing some five million men within a year may or may not be your idea of a good deal. But the big question to GIs who remembered and were PO'd by the rotation deal is: Good or bad, will it work?

The WD answers that \$64 job this way: The demobilization plan will work okay if (1) We get the breaks on the occupation detail (Widespread internal disorders in Japan or a threat of renewal of hostilities would demand the retention of an Army considerably larger than that now planned for);

(2) Congressional action doesn't snafu the basic principles of the demobilization pattern as it now stands (Congress could, for example, abruptly abolish the draft; such action, the WD says, would shut off the monthly supply of thousands of inductees

slated to be replacements);

(3) The transportation setup functions with a minimum of hitches.

All this may sound as if the WD is getting ready to send out TS slips instead of discharge papers. Luckily that's not quite the case. The WD says it is merely playing it safe by taking into account any snags that may occur in the future. Actually, sentiment around Pentagon is that the demobilization machinery ought easily to be able to spring five million men out of the Army within twelve months.

The brass doesn't appear to feel that either separation centers or shipping will prove to be bottlenecks. As far as separation centers are concerned, the WD points out that the readjustment and redeployment plan after V-E Day gave them a four-month "trial" and a chance to iron out lots of the wrinkles that emerged. One kink has been getting discharges paid in a hurry. That's been taken care of now by the addition of 1,800 finance clerks who were flown from

the European theater to the States immediately after the Jap surrender.

In addition, the separation centers have been expanded and plans are in the works for them to take over certain reception center facilities should the need arise.

A colonel who helped in the evolution of the separation procedure told YANK that further expansion of separation centers probably won't be necessary. At the peak, he added, the separation centers should be able to handle at least half a million discharges monthly.

The other possible bottleneck—shipping—should also be a cinch to break. During May, June and July, despite the fact that the overwhelming emphasis was on winning the war in the Far East, 800,000 men were returned from Europe to the U.S.A. Although the Pacific run is twice as long as the Atlantic, thousands of tons of shipping formerly used for the redeployment of troops and supplies from Europe to the Far East will now be available for demobilization uses.

Also, tactical aircraft, in addition to the Air Transport Command fleet, will be employed to speed the process of getting eligible men home. A transportation officer told YANK that a deal is pending whereby APAs and even LSTs would be available to the Army for demobilization needs.

The demobilization plan, like the readjustment plan put into effect last May, is based on the old point system, and the same point values go for the same four factors: service credit, overseas credit, combat credit and parenthood credit. But there are at least two important differences between the two plans:

(1) R-Day (redeployment day), May 12, 1945, the date at which all computations of point scores stopped under the old setup, will be discarded just as soon as our occupation needs in the Far East are ascertained, and a new date will be substituted, allowing troops credit for service after May 12, 1945;

(2) A lower critical score will be established for both enlisted men and WACs and "further reductions in this score will be made periodically to insure that discharges proceed at the highest rate permitted by transportation." As of the day of Japan's surrender, no definite score had been announced but most authorities were pretty generally agreed that it would be in the neighborhood of 75 for enlisted men.

Under the demobilization plan you will compute your score in exactly the same way you did under the readjustment plan until a new critical score is announced. When that announcement is made, the only difference will be that instead of using May 12, 1945, as your deadline for points, you will include all points you have earned up to the new deadline date.

The demobilization plan does not provide credit for dependents other than three eligible children, and no point credit is given for age. The age limit for the army, however, has been lowered from 40 to 38, and this limit—according to the Pentagon colonel—will be progressively lowered as the plan begins

"Therefore our number one task is to get enough men on the spot as soon as possible and in the right places to insure real peace. After that has been accomplished and a system of supply for the occupation troops is clicking, the demobilization process can go forward in full swing."

Granting priorities to occupation armies doesn't necessarily mean, however, that the process of getting eligibles out of the army will be impeded much if at all. The mechanism for demobilization, says the WD, is tuned so it can go simultaneously with the machinery that builds and maintains our armies of occupation.

First to be released under the plan are 550,000 men who had 85 or more points under the original readjustment plan. According to the colonel, these men are being discharged just as fast as they can be moved to separation centers, or in case of high-pointers overseas, loaded in ships and planes and returned to the States. While he was reluctant to make any definite prediction as to the exact time it would take to spring all high-pointers, the colonel did say: "It is perfectly possible that most of them will be back in civvies within 60 days after V-J Day. A considerable number should be out sooner than that."

Of the half-million high-pointers under the original readjustment plan, those who were in the States when Japan surrendered were necessarily the first to get out; indeed, the WD announced that it would try to get all of these out by August 31. Accordingly, some guys in the U.S.A. with a bare 85 points got out sooner than some men overseas with one hundred points plus.

That may appear unjust, but the WD spokesmen justify it on the score of expediency. They describe the demobilization process as a giant funnel. The eligible men already in the States (or enroute) would clog the funnel if they were kept sweating it out until the overseas troops with higher scores reached the States.

How many men will be needed for occupation duty?

The answer to that one depends on several things. First of all, we do not have any way of knowing as yet what problems we'll encounter in Japan. There's a terrific density of population to consider, and that fact added to the screwy twist in the Jap mind will, in all probability, force us to keep plenty of manpower around to police the area constantly and thoroughly. At the same time, our Occupation Army in Europe—possibly 400,000 men—will continue on their job until Congress decides that there's no further use for it. In addition, we'll have to keep, according to the war department's estimate, around a half million men on duty in the U.S.A., Alaska, Panama and Hawaii. These will be used to man the garrisons and to see that transportation and supply for the occupation armies don't bog down. Finally, all or most of the islands we've captured in the Pacific will have to be garrisoned for an unspecified period of time. All these needs, the WD figures will ultimately require a peacetime army of at least two and a half million men. Presumably, these two

in the Army who's qualified for a discharge on points, the WD is already undertaking an intensive campaign to get civilians into the jobs now being held by officers and enlisted men in many U.S. installations, in order that high score men may be released sooner, and low score men may be sent overseas to replace the veterans.

Another latrine rumor has it that men eligible for point discharges will be given furloughs in the States before their release so that they can look around for jobs on the Army's time. That's phony, too. When your number is called you can do only one of two things. You can walk up and get your discharge papers or you can choose to stay in the Army.

The choice to remain in the Army may sound a little wacky, but a lot of GIs, sobered by recent predictions that there may be as many as 8,000,000 unemployed in the U.S.A. by next Spring are thinking seriously about it. High pointers who think that the going in civilian life would be too rough right now and who elect to remain in the Army have three choices (1) They can enlist in the Regular Army; (2) They can volunteer to remain for the duration plus six months with the Occupation Army in the theater to which they're presently assigned; (3) They can volunteer for duty in the U.S.A. for the duration plus six.

If you decide to enlist in the Regular Army, you'll be required to take a three-year hitch. You'll be able to keep the rank you had at the time of discharge, but how much freedom you'll have in choosing your arm of service hasn't been decided. The WD is working on plans for an intensive "stay-in-the-Army" campaign which is expected to include flowery inducements in the way of educational opportunities, easy promotions, retirement privileges and so on.

The other two deals—volunteering for continued duty for the duration plus six—involve several if's. First, you can elect to stay in the theater in which you are presently stationed if your CO decides there's a legitimate need for your services, and if he wants you around. If he accepts you, you're stuck only for the duration plus six. You won't be required to join the regulars.

You can volunteer for duty in the U.S.A., too, without joining the regulars. If there's room for you you'll probably be accepted. On this deal, you also sign for the duration plus six, but if it should develop before the end of that time that you are not needed the WD says your chances of getting out in a hurry are good.

In case you're still baffled on the "duration plus six" business, here are the facts: You were inducted under the law for the duration and six months "after the date of the termination of hostilities." This termination of hostilities date has nothing to do with the "Cease Fire" order. It'll be a date defined by law as "the date proclaimed by the President—or the date specified in concurrent resolution of Congress, whichever is earlier."

The Marine Corps is using exactly the same plans

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That worn out bit of double talk—"military necessity"—should just about disappear under the de-

the overseas troops with higher scores reached the States.

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The Marine Corps is using exactly the same plans as the Army used for its readjustment and redeployment plan. As of August 14—the date the Japs said they'd quit—it took 85 points to get out of the Marine Corps. The Navy and Coast Guard have quite a different plan. The Navy gives a one half point credit for each year of age, figured to the nearest birthday; one half point credit for each full month of active duty since September 1, 1939; and ten points for a dependent. (It doesn't matter whether you have more than one dependent; you just get ten points.)

The critical score for Navy enlisted men is 44 points; for enlisted WAVES, 29, for male officers, 49; for WAVE officers, 35. The Navy, too, will lower its critical scores as "military commitments permit." From one and a half to two million men and women will be released under the Navy's plan within a year to eighteen months.

ON THE FUTURE

mobilization plan. For all practical purposes, the WD insists that the words "essential" and "non-surplus" will be tossed out of the GI vocabulary.

Actually only four types can be stuck and they really fall into highly specialized categories: (1) orthopedic attendants, (2) acoustic technicians, (3) electroencephalographic specialists, (4) transmitter attendant, fixed station.

All that does not mean that you couldn't be retained temporarily even if you don't belong in one of the foregoing groups, but under the regulation now being considered by the WD you can't be held longer than six months after V-J Day.

The first job is to get the armies of occupation set. "That job," the Pentagon colonel explained, "takes priority over everything in this plan, just like beating Japan took priority over everything in the readjustment plan. We have got to make damned sure, in a hurry, that the Japs don't hole up and get a chance to start an underground movement that could cause us plenty of grief later on.

Many more men than that will be needed at first, principally because of our uncertainty as to how the internal situation in Japan will develop. But most of the big brass here believe that the normal discharge system, spreading demobilization over a twelve-month period, will insure there being enough troops around to take care of any incidents that may occur in the early phases of the occupation.

There's been a lot of latrine talk lately about a so-called Army plan to regulate the flow of discharges back into civilian life, not on the basis of high point scores but on the basis of whether the guy has a job waiting for him when he gets out. There's no such regulation in the War Department's plan for demobilization, although Congress could conceivably make such a regulation if it decided that it would be to the best interests of the national economy. But the War Department says its sole job is to get five and a half million men out of the Army just as soon as it's humanly possible to do so.

The fact is that far from trying to hold anybody





This is the shack in which the Privetts used to live.

War Memorial

The people of Blytheville, Arkansas, knew all about elaborate monuments like the one in St. Louis, but they hit on something different to keep alive the memory of their war dead. Theirs is a living memorial, a community experiment in understanding.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

BLYTHEVILLE, ARK.—When the men of the 5th Division smashed into Verdun last summer, one of the first patriots to greet them was old Louis Cornet, caretaker of the world-famous Douamont memorial to the French dead of the last war. Later, M. Cornet took some of the 5th's men through the impressive structure on the battlefield just outside the city. He showed them the marble corridors and crypts, the golden windows, the chapel and towers. Then M. Cornet came out with a remark that sounded curious, coming from him.

"This is probably the most beautiful memorial in the world," he said sadly, "but what good is the beautiful marble today to the hungry and homeless descendants of these dead? They cannot even live here. The marble is too cold."

This was a Frenchman speaking, but the thought seems to be confined to no one country. In the U. S., the Wisconsin legislature has passed a resolution urging practical war memorials this time instead of the occasionally handsome but useless stone ones so common after the last war. William Mather Lewis, president of Lafayette College in Easton, Pa., calls for "memorials like hospital beds, medical research projects, perpetual scholarships in institutions of higher learning, playgrounds, community halls, crippled children's clinics, music foundations and others which will properly immortalize the country's heroes."

Some American towns have already built playground and recreation centers in the name of their dead of the second World War. In Denver,

Then Jake said suddenly, "Listen, you made me this promise. Maybe you don't know what I mean. It may be for a long time. It may be forever."

"I know what you mean, Jake," Jodie said. "But take it easy, son. Don't you go away feeling like that."

"I can't make it," Privett said. "I know I can't make it."

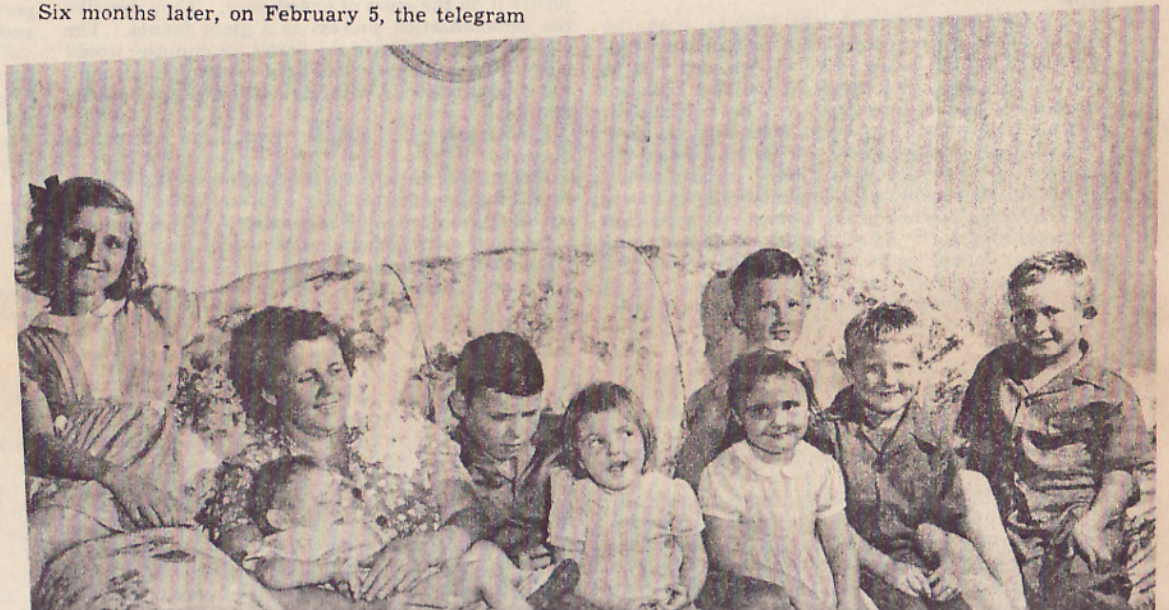
Six months later, on February 5, the telegram

The idea stuck in his mind, and he mentioned it in the Glencoe Barber Shop in Blytheville when he got back the next day. There were 10 other men in the shop at the time.

"Suppose," Jodie said, "that we took the money we were all going to give to raise a monument for the war heroes of Blytheville and bought a house for Jake Privett's family instead?"

Without his saying another word, the 10 men dug down into their pockets. Each handed Jodie a \$5 bill.

From the barber shop Jodie went to the Blytheville *Courier-News* office and talked about his idea to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Norris, editor and city editor respectively, of the local paper. Sam Norris wrote out a check for \$25, then called in to the composing room. "We're going



dows, the chapel and towers. Then M. Cornet came out with a remark that sounded curious, coming from him.

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Some American towns have already built playground and recreation centers in the name of their dead of the second World War. In Denver, Colo., there will be a \$3,000,000 war-memorial hospital. Cities in Britain and Russia are building memorial colleges and libraries.

But it remained for the people of this small Arkansas town to think up one of the simplest, most human and moving tributes of all.

Blytheville's tribute is to the memory of Pfc. J. C. (Jake) Privett, killed last winter in Luxembourg during the Battle of the Bulge.

Jake Privett was a 37-year-old Infantryman who had a little garage on Division Street before the war and at one time or another had fixed a car for nearly everybody in Blytheville. He had a wife and eight kids—the eldest, Billy Gene, is now 13—living in a rickety old four-room shack. When he was drafted, he worried plenty about his family.

Jake worried even more when he came home on his last furlough in August 1944. Finally, he went over to see his old friend, Jodie Nabers, a tall, kindly, thin-faced veteran of the last war, who ran a grocery store in Jake's neighborhood. Jodie was just about ready to close for the day when Jake drove up.

"Drive downtown with me, Jodie," Privett said. "I want to talk to you."

"Sure thing," Jodie said. And he got into Privett's car.

"I'm leaving tomorrow," Jake said after a while, "and I wonder if you'll make me a promise."

"What is it, Jake?" Jodie asked.

"Well," said Privett, "if my allotment checks come in late, will you give my wife the groceries on credit for a while? And if they need a man's advice, will you do what you can for them?"

"Sure thing," Jodie said.



Mrs. Rachel Privett gets her eight kids together for a picture on the sofa of their new house.

came. Billy Gene brought it over to Jodie's place around noontime, and after Jodie had read it, he had to close the store for the rest of the day.

Jodie did what he could for the Privett family, but he kept thinking about Jake. Occasionally someone would say to him, "What a shame that a guy with a wife and eight kids had to go," and Jodie would feel even more troubled than before. For three weeks he tried to figure out what he could do. Then he had to go to St. Louis on business. It was while he was looking at the big war memorial there that the idea came to him.

"How many children," he said to himself, "could be fed and educated with the money that went into this memorial?"

to remake page one," he said. Jodie Nabers' idea went into that afternoon's edition.

The first day after the story appeared \$287 came in, mostly in dollar bills. Next, Jodie brought up his idea before a meeting of the local American Legion post. One member asked whether it would be fair to the families of other veterans of this war to single out the Privett family for help. Jodie answered, "Help other families, too, when each case comes up. But right now I don't know of any other man with eight kids who has been killed in action. Make your donation. Then go over and visit Rachel Privett and her children. If you're not happy then, I'll give you double your money back."

The Legion gave Jodie a check for \$50.

Jodie also talked to the Lions Club at a regular luncheon-meeting at the Hotel Noble. The Lions have a strict rule against collections at their meetings. But after the meeting was adjourned, every member of the club came up to Jodie in the hotel lobby to give him money.

One afternoon Jodie started at one end of Main Street and walked all the way to the other, stopping in at every store. Jodie has a bad leg and can't climb stairs. But when word got round that he was coming, people in offices on upper floors were waiting for him with checks in the ground-floor stores. Jake collected more than \$2,000 that afternoon.

The same day Jodie went into a pool room for the first time in his life. He walked up to the cigar counter to speak to the proprietor. Before he had a chance to say a word, all the men in the place left the pool tables and filed silently past him, dropping their money on the counter. Their contributions came to \$87.50.

A church turned over all of a Sunday service collection to the Privett Memorial Fund—\$113.15. Wherever Jodie Nabers went, people gave him money for the fund. Poor farmers in the swamps sent their kids walking 15 or 20 miles to his store to turn in 25-cent contributions.

Meanwhile, money poured in by mail to the *Courier-News*. At the end of 10 days, more than \$4,000 had come in, and Sam Norris tried to put a stop to the campaign. But newspapers all over

became a committee of two to find a suitable house to buy. In war-congested Blytheville they faced quite a problem. But on West Ash Street they found a pleasant 10-room, white-frame house that hadn't been occupied in some time. There was plenty of ground around the house and plenty of room inside for the kids.

THE house was in a nice neighborhood only a block from the Baptist church, and a school for the children was only two blocks away. Mrs. Privett could live here quite comfortably on the \$200 a month she received from the Government in pension and insurance benefits.

Jodie and Mrs. Norris made Max B. Reid, a lawyer, a third member of the committee, and he closed the sale of the house. An architect, U. S. Branson, became the committee's fourth member. Completely redesigning the house, Branson got kitchen cabinets built in, a lot of re-partitioning done, an automatic hot-water system installed, a new concrete walk and steps laid in front of the house, closets put in every room, new oak floors for the entire house and a new bathroom to handle the overflow of small-fry Privetts.

But a lot of things were still needed. And again the people of the town offered their spontaneous help. Furniture was given. Someone sent over a playground unit for the kids. The plumbers of Blytheville kicked in with a complete new plumbing system. Electricians gave \$262 worth of services. Every one of the 18 members of the

Painters' Union, Local 1264, contributed \$50 worth of labor, and inside of a few days the 10-room house had been entirely repainted, inside and out.

One day the county Farm Extension man, Keith Bilbree, came over to talk with Mrs. Privett. He asked her about the kinds of vegetables she and the children liked. The next afternoon he showed up at the new house with a contingent of kids from the Future Farmers of America. They set in to work and within a week a vegetable garden had been planted in the 50 x 100-foot lot alongside the house.

A short time later Blytheville's scoutmaster, Warren Jackson, showed up with a detail of Boy Scouts and got the peach and pear and apple trees into shape. About the same time 50 chickens mysteriously appeared in the chicken yard.

Screens, rugs, lamps, bedspreads and shades were given by Blytheville housewives. Mrs. Norris and Mrs. Marie Pollard spent three days sweeping and cleaning the rooms and arranging the furnishings. Old Willie Dickens helped with the heavy work.

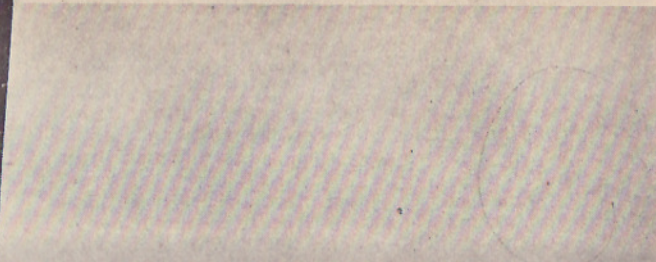
By midsummer the house was ready for occupancy, down to the last bath towel in the bathrooms and a copy of the *Reader's Digest* on the living-room table.

Then Blytheville held a brief, informal ceremony. Hundreds of people from miles around gathered on the shady lawn on West Ash Street. The Calvary Baptist minister, the Rev. P. H. Jernigan, made a little speech. He said: "It was love that built this house."

Max Reid gave Mrs. Privett the deed. He said simply, "This house is donated by your fellow citizens in grateful recognition of your husband's services." Jodie Nabers handed Mrs. Privett the key to her new home. He didn't say anything at all.

Afterwards, the townspeople—820 of them—walked through the house, looking at the furnishings and marveling at what had come about. The Privett kids played on the swings and read comic books in the backyard. Ten-year-old Patty Jean, a redhead, fed the chickens. Eight-year-old J. C. Privett, Jr., got a bellyache from eating green pears off the tree behind the kitchen window. One-year-old Linda slept in the hammock.

Mrs. Privett sat on the front porch. She sat there crying.





This is the 10-room house that Blytheville gave to Mrs. Privett as a memorial to her husband.

the country had picked up the story, and now money was being mailed in from all over the U. S. Some editions of *YANK* ran the item, and the Middle East edition of *The Stars and Stripes* ran an editorial.

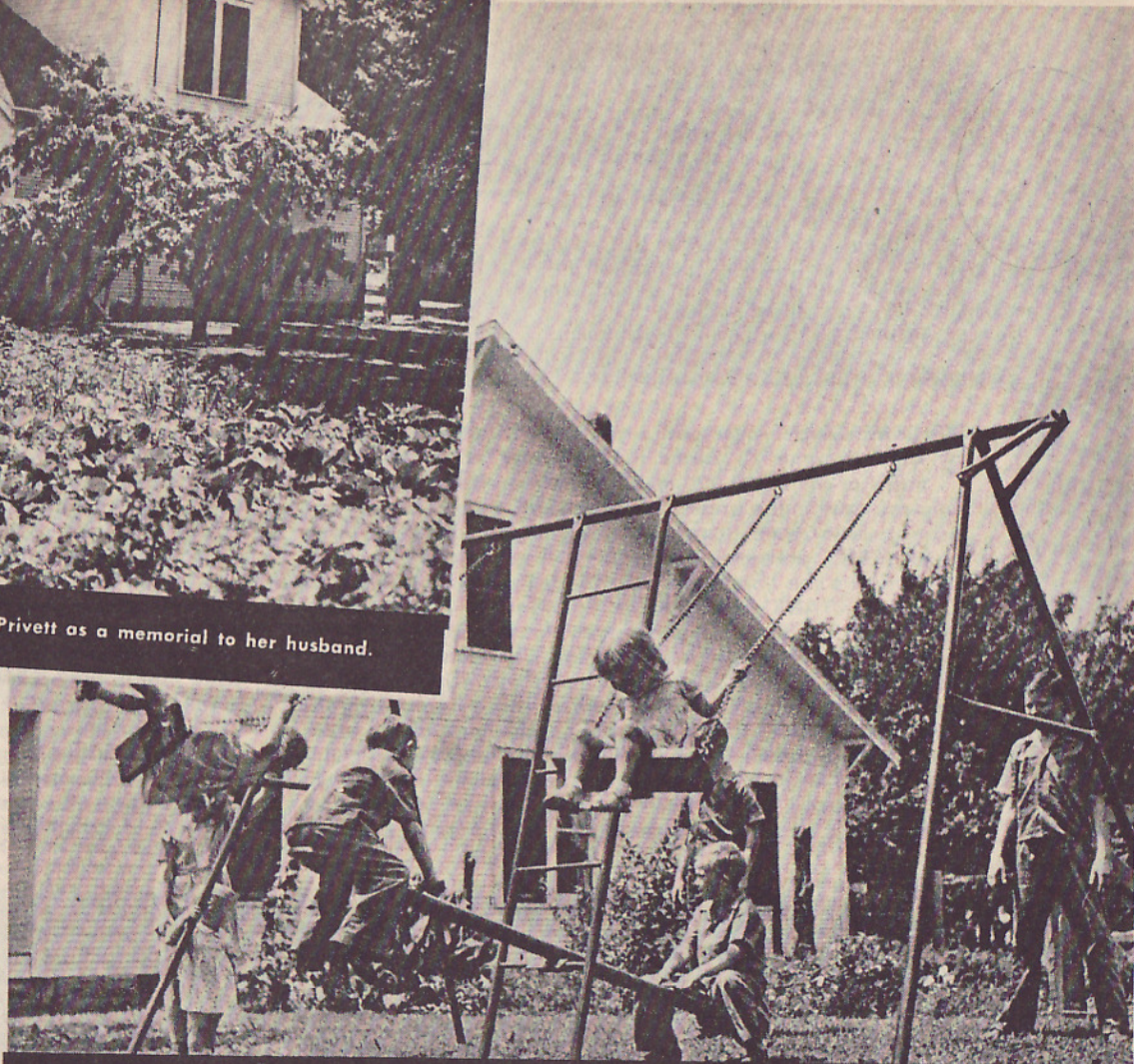
Before long, GIs and sailors in all parts of the world were sending in their dollars and francs and lire and rupees to Blytheville, Ark. The men of an isolated ATC base in the desert came through with \$133.84. A 50-year-old sailor in the South Pacific, with two sons in the Navy, gave \$10. "This is the sort of thing," he wrote, "that makes an old man like me feel like it's worth going on."

In April, when the collection had come to more than \$7,000, Jodie Nabers and Mrs. Sam Norris

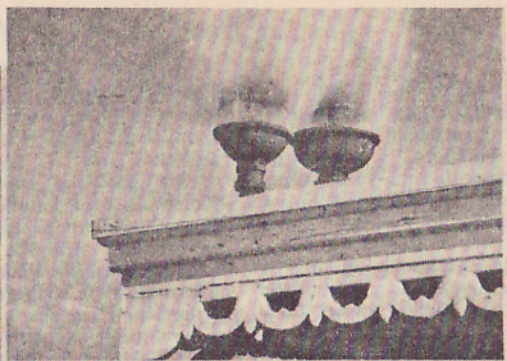
services. Jodie Nabers handed Mrs. Privett the key to her new home. He didn't say anything at all.

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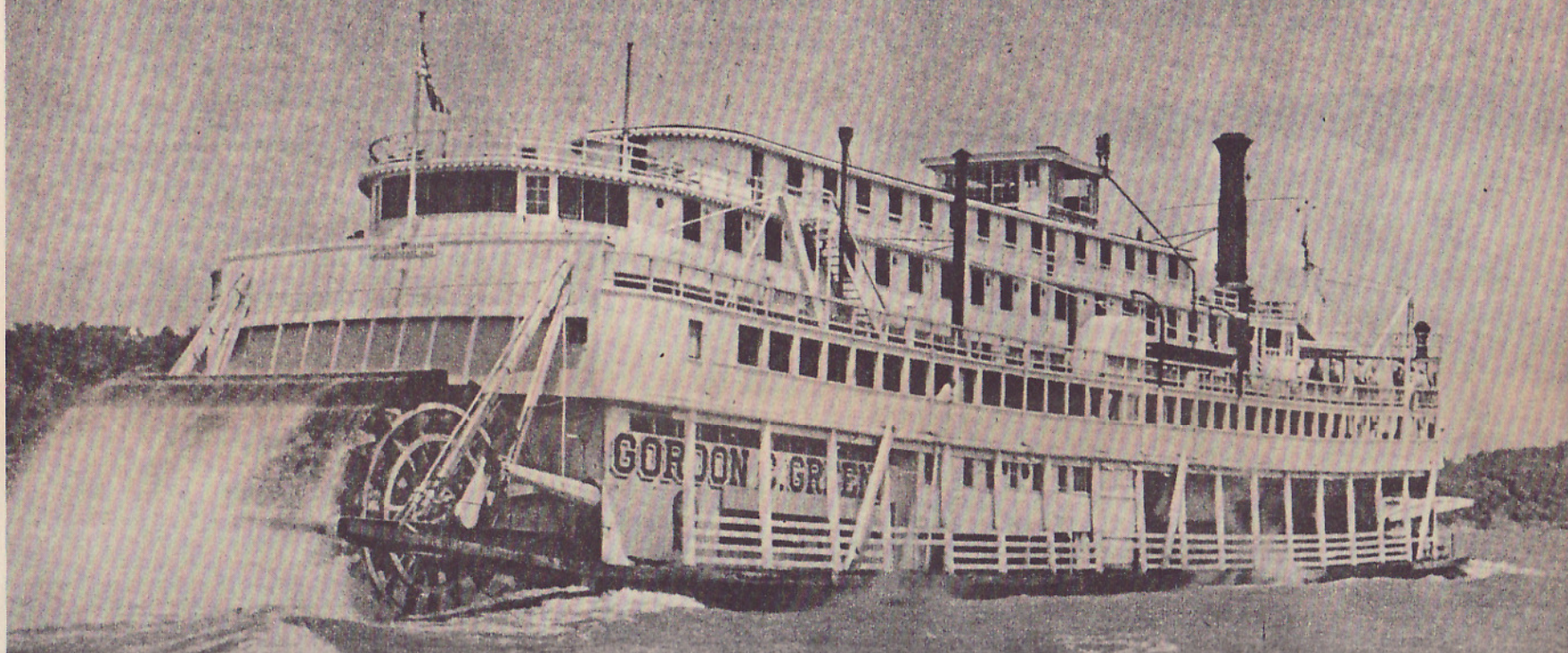
Mrs. Privett sat on the front porch. She sat there crying.



The Privett kids swing and see-saw in a playground unit donated by a neighbor along with the house.



Up the MISSISSIPPI





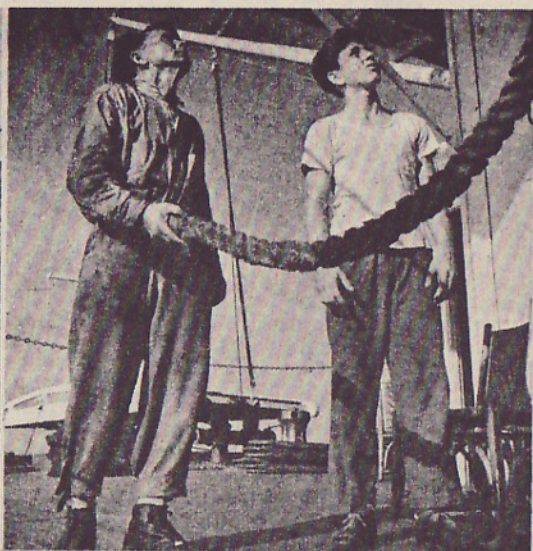
THE Mississippi river and a principal tributary, the Ohio, wind through 14 states in the center of America. For many of the 3,000,000 men and women from those states who are now in the armed forces, a river picture comes near being a letter from home. On this and the following three pages YANK presents such a letter: the pictorial log of a 1945 trip up the Mississippi and Ohio, from New Orleans to Cincinnati. YANK photographer Sgt. George Aarons made the trip on the last river passenger steamer now operating in America, the sternwheeler Gordon C. Greene. She is the only survivor of what was once America's principal means of transportation. The Mississippi river system, a natural highway covering more than 3,500 miles of the heart of the land, once counted thousands of such steamers which offered the only de luxe long distance travel available to inland America. With the passing of that passenger service, most of the color of the Mark Twain days is gone. But the rivers of America

are far from dead. Now they are freight handlers exclusively, with annual tonnages 10 times greater than in the days when Cameo Kirby gambled and the packets raced. Last year the Mississippi and the Ohio handled well over 50,000,000 tons of coal, oil, and munitions. The cruise pictured here is the upstream portion of a 20-day round trip which the Gordon C. makes between Cincinnati and New Orleans twice a year. The steamer has all of the last-century glamor people invariably associate with the river. Her main cabin contains the white gingerbread and scrimshaw woodwork that in the packet heyday was the symbol of the utmost in luxury. It was while on a sister ship of the Gordon C. that Christopher Morley, the author, described its main cabin as "a tunnel through a coconut cake." Her other regularly scheduled trips on the Kanawha, Tennessee and Upper Mississippi rivers have made the Gordon C. Greene a familiar name in practically every river town in the Middle West.

- 1.** This is the Str. Gordon C. Greene, under way at cruising speed of 8 mph. About 180 feet long, she accommodated 190 people in the staterooms on her three decks. Her oil-fired boilers, with a 240-pound head of steam, provided 900 hp. for each of her two engines. The paddlewheel, 27 feet long and 22½ feet in diameter, made 375,000 revolutions in pushing the steamer from the New Orleans riverfront to the wharfboat in Cincinnati.



2. Upstream trip began at New Orleans wharf. Leaving, she passed this excursion steamer and sea-going armed cargo ship.



3. Bill Welch, 16, one of several boys who helped solve the deckhand shortage, had a qualified teacher in oldtimer Ben Yates.



4. A little way out of New Orleans these boys were waiting for their preacher to give them an old-fashioned river baptism.



5. After the steamer got going, her skipper, Capt. Tom R. Greene, found time to pose for this picture. He heads the Greene Line.



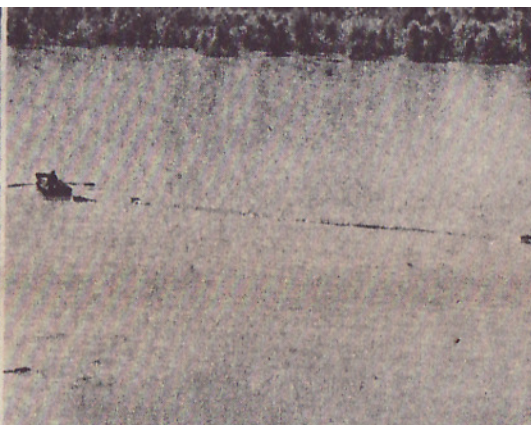
6. Just below Baton Rouge we passed this johnboater, pulling a big drift log to shore. As firewood, the log meant money to him.



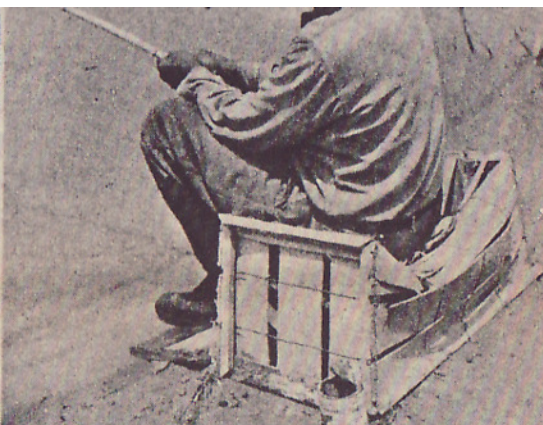
7. Ashore for a brief stop above Baton Rouge, passengers saw this old fisherman seated and ready for the catfish to begin biting.



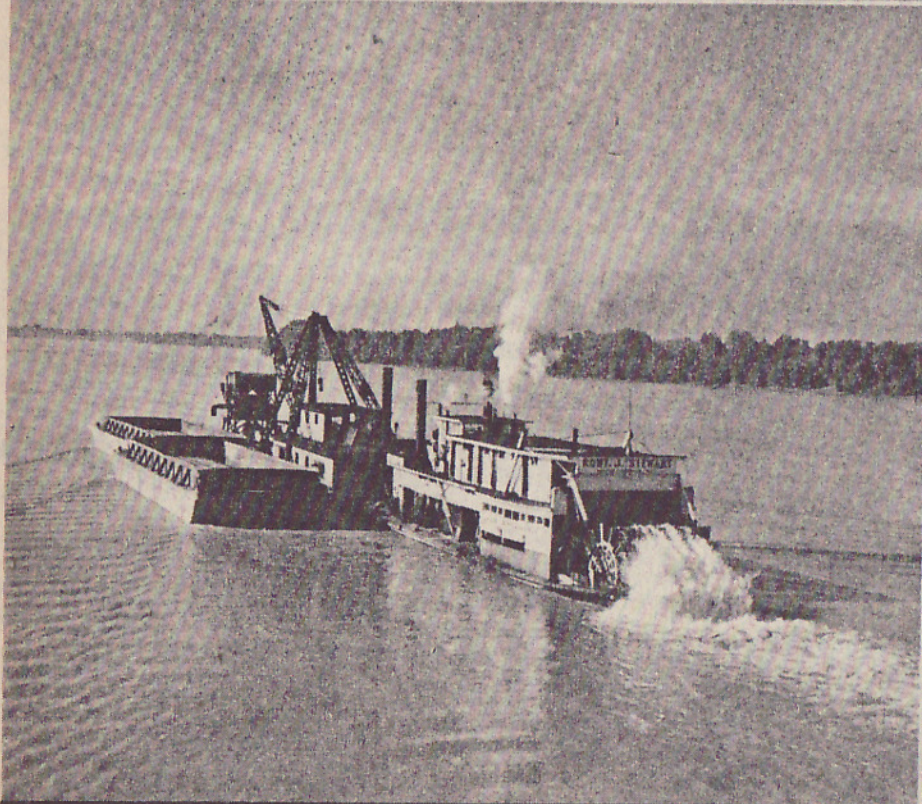
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8. Towboats like this one were to be seen, but their type has become scarcer each year as the propeller gradually replaced the sternwheel. Of 87 boats built since 1941, only two have been of sternwheel type.



9. This type has practically edged out the sternwheelers—the all-metal, screw Diesel. A survey of postwar planning has shown that almost all river vessels now on the drawing boards are propeller-equipped.

ECONOMY SET (3 volumes, one year each). DELUXE SET (6 volumes, six months each). The series of overseas YANK REPRINTS spans period Nov. 8, 1942 thru Sept. 30, 1945. For information or to order: REPRINT, Inc., 2208 No. Cotner Blvd., No. 1, Lincoln, NE 68505, (402) 464-5219. Carroll (Cal) Stewart, president. VISA or MasterCard charge.

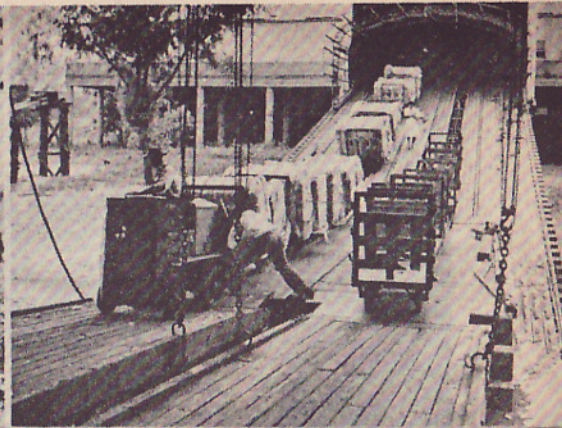
ers weekly: Six months (26 1 (154 issues) \$165; payable in age extra). Handsome bound - available in two formats.



10. The sign gave just enough shade for these folks to watch the levee in comfort. Lake Ferguson was really an old unused riverbed.



11. Above Greenville these Mississippi misses borrowed a rowboat for a morning's outing. Current was too swift for leisurely boating.



12. Passengers at the Helena, Ark., wharf found that in these days machines tote the bales. The cotton was ready for shipment north.



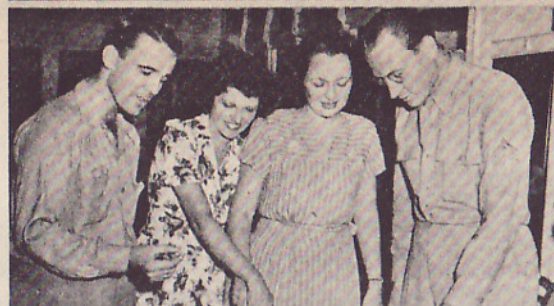
13. Between Helena and Memphis the steamer passed this newly completed LST. A river pilot took it as far as the Gulf of Mexico.



14. One night of the cruise featured entertainment by the maids and waiters. Alfred, here, tapdanced; the maids sang spirituals.



15. Just above Paducah, Ky., we saw where the Tennessee (right) flows into the Ohio. Spit of land between is Livingston Point, Ky.



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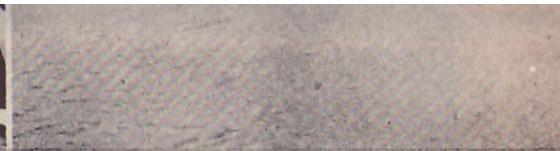
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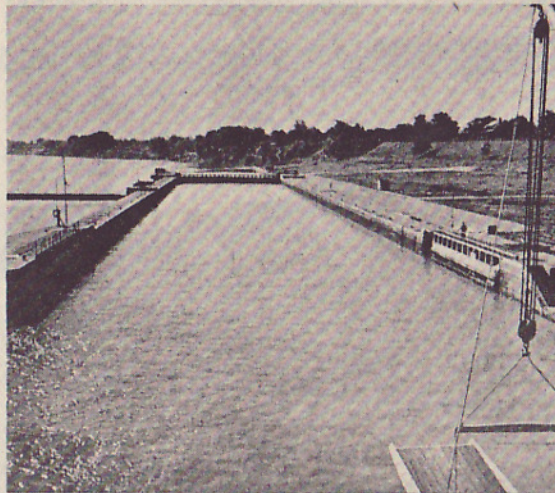
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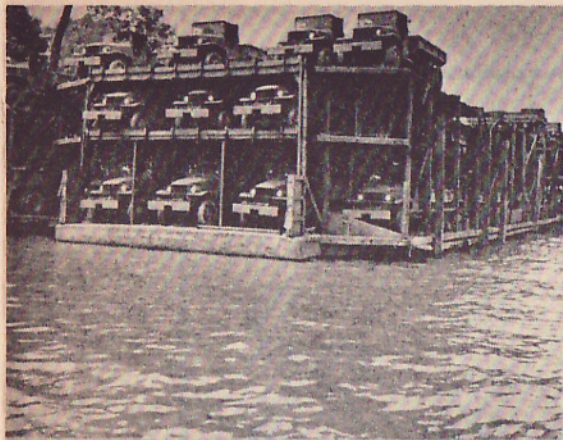
16. Passengers got gifts for the boat's newly-weds: Mr. and Mrs. Joe Sullivan; and Sgt. and Mrs. Ed VanDyne. Van Dyne's an ETO vet.



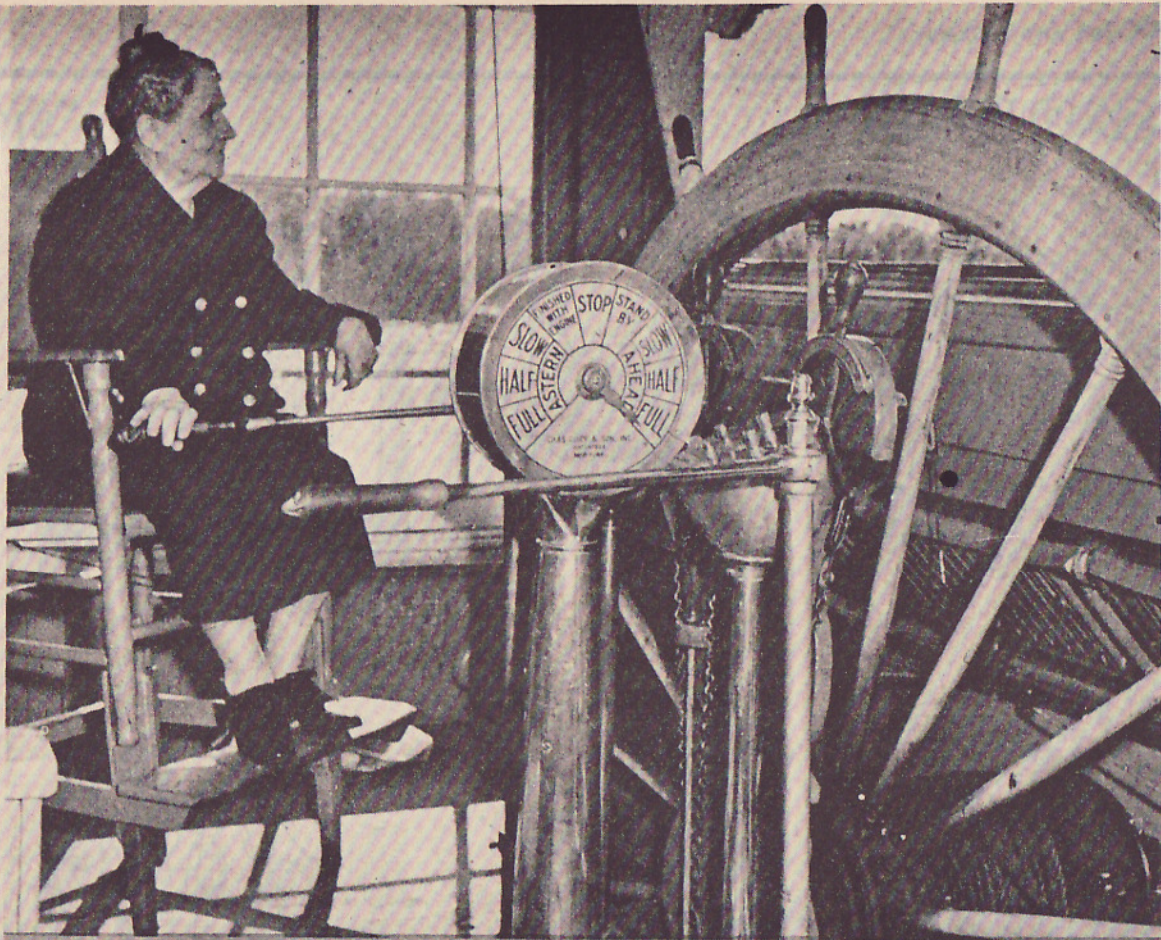
17. We locked through Dam No. 46 below Owensboro, Ky., one of 15 dams steamer passed between Ohio's mouth and Cincinnati.



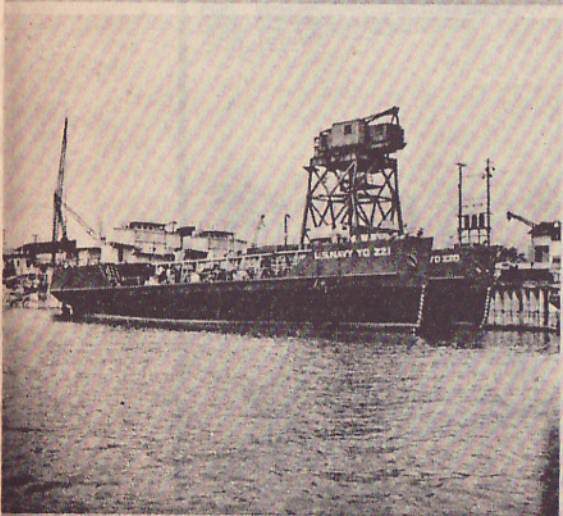
18. At Owensboro, the Gordon C. tied up for two hours. Since it was a nice day for a walk, most of the passengers got off to see the town. Just to even things up, a lot of people from town came out to look over the Gordon C. The colorful sternwheeler is still a drawing card along the river.



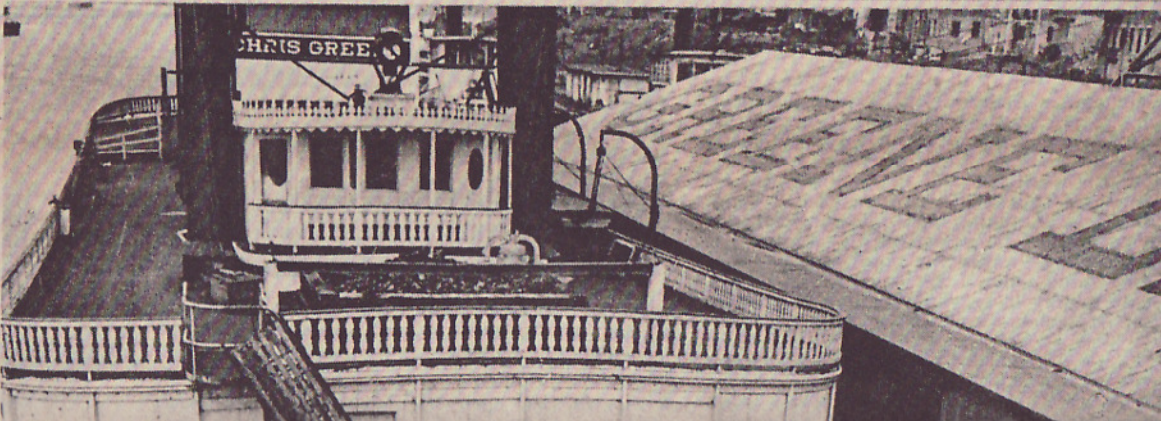
19. Near Louisville, Ky., this triple-deck barge loaded with Army trucks lay at a towhead, waiting for a towboat to move it down.



23. Although she does little piloting now, Capt. Mary B. Greene took over the wheel to show that she still knows how. Today she's the only licensed woman pilot on the Ohio. Once she rode out a cyclone that blew off pilot house roof. She's the mother of Capt. Tom, born in an Ohio river steamer.



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21.

The pilot had this view of the Ohio above Jeffersonville. He didn't turn the wheel by hand; lever-controlled steam power did it.

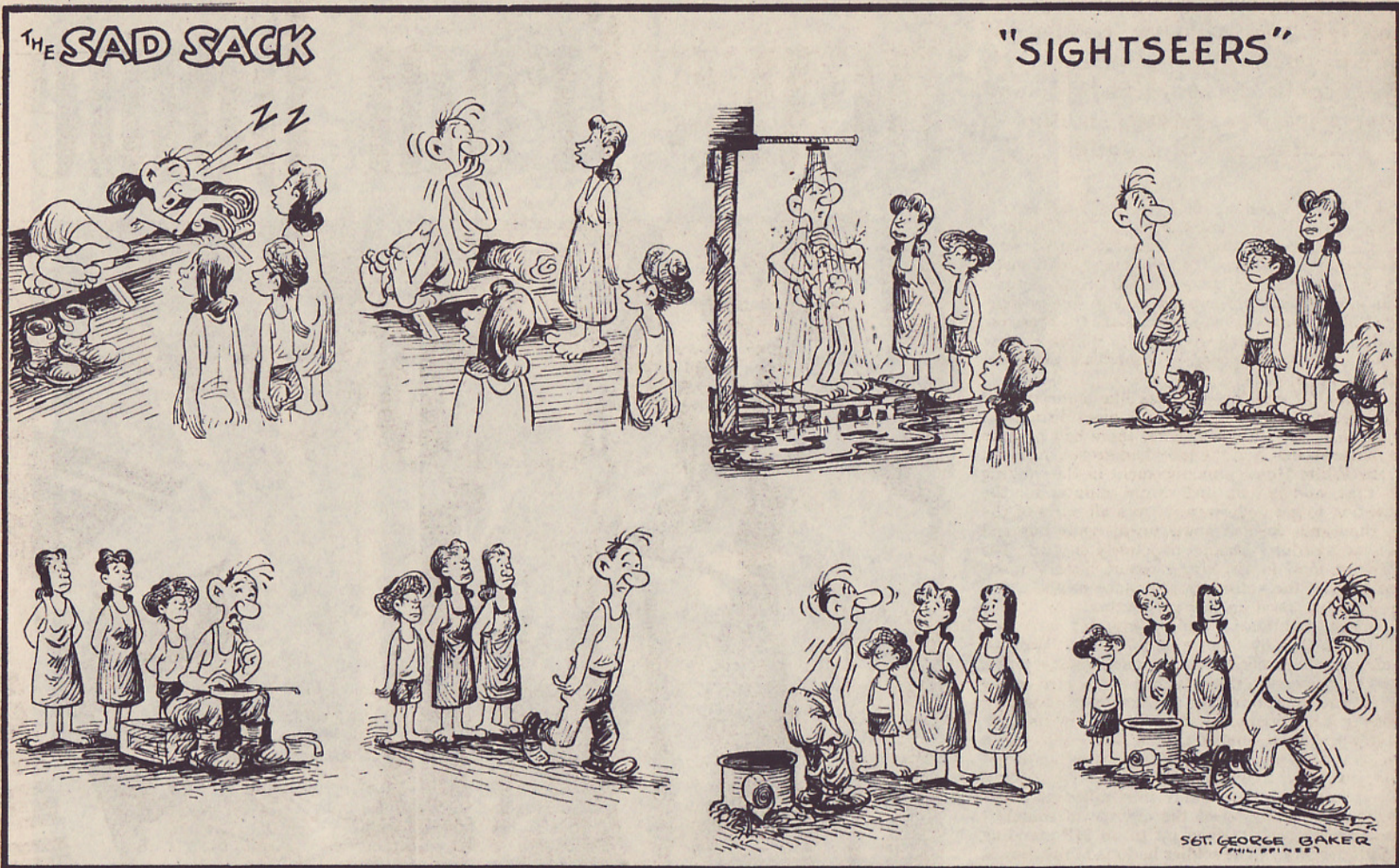
22.

Most of the passengers were content to pass the trip in an easy chair on the Texas deck, watching views like this one of Madison, Ind.

24.

The trip ended at the line's terminal in Cincinnati, where a sister ship, the Chris Greene, was discharging a cargo of Louisville freight. The Gordon C. tied up 9½ days after leaving New Orleans. Three days later, with new passengers, she left for a cruise up the Tennessee river to Knoxville.





Reenlistment

Dear YANK:

I am a Regular Army man with over 10 years of service to my credit. I have 104 points as the result of a Purple Heart and a flock of battle stars. The way things shape up I can probably get back to the States and get a discharge in a few months. That's OK with me. But I have every intention of coming back into service after a short rest. Will I be permitted to reenlist if I accept a discharge under the point system? If I change my mind when I get back to the States and decide to stay in service will I be permitted to do so? If I should reenlist what grade will I get?

—M/Sgt. JOHN B. TERRY

France

■ Regular Army men who are returned for release under

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

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

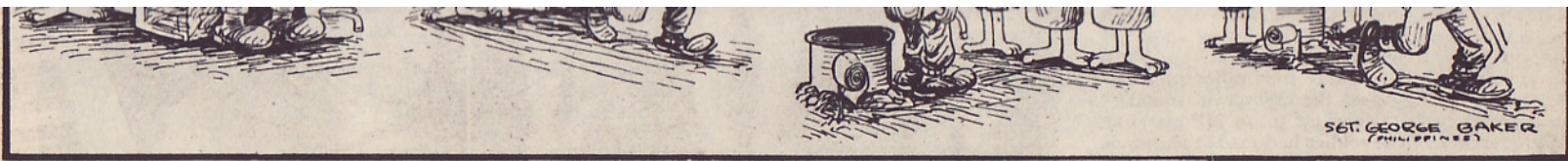
that he had been told that he was presumed guilty until he could prove his innocence. Is that correct?

Hawaii

—(Names Withheld)

■ They are not right. The presumption of innocence





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■ Regular Army men who are returned for release under the point system may remain in the Army upon



arrival in the States. Under the provisions of AR 600-750, Change 9, men who are discharged from service may reenlist within 15 days from the date of discharge. After the 15-day period your enlistment would not be accepted but you could ask your draft board for a voluntary induction if you are under 38. In either case you may be reinstated to the grade you held at the time of your discharge under the provisions of WD Circular 320 (1944) Sec. II.

Presumption of Innocence

Dear YANK:

According to the practice of law in a court martial does a man have to prove he is innocent or does the court have to prove the man guilty? After questioning 25 men in our flight, 23 of them claim they were instructed by the Army that a man is guilty until he proves his innocence. Three of the men questioned had 20 years service and several had over five. One man who had been sentenced by a special court martial claimed

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

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that he had been told that he was presumed guilty until he could prove his innocence. Is that correct?

Hawaii

—(Names Withheld)

■ They are not right. The presumption of innocence which protects all defendants under our civil law also applies to court martial proceedings. According to the Manual for Courts-Martial, page 110, para. 112 (A), "an accused person is presumed to be innocent until his guilt is proved beyond a reasonable doubt."

Officers' Leave

Dear YANK:

With due respect to AR 605-115, Section II, what is the Army's actual practice in respect to the granting of accumulated leave when an officer's active duty status is honorably terminated? Reason for asking—the lugs at home are, in general, receiving their 30 days off a year, while a vast majority of officers overseas have had no official leave since they left the States. If on demobilization the above AR is strictly adhered to, the overseas veteran may be in for a rooking. Which wouldn't surprise me.

Britain

—Maj. FRANK SPEIR

■ The War Department says "that under the provisions of AR 605-115 officers may accumulate leave up to four months which is given to them when their services are honorably terminated. So far as is known this policy has not been departed from under existing regulations."

Schooling and Job Rights

Dear YANK:

Has any provision been made for those who wish to take advantage of the schooling opportunities offered under the GI Bill of Rights and who also wish to resume the work they were doing when they were drafted? Specifically, I was employed in the postoffice under Civil Service and understand that my job will be held until three months after my discharge from the



Army. Will I be able to take a year of schooling and still have my job waiting for me or must I take the job?

India

—Pfc. STANLEY CLINGAN

■ The only way you can be sure of getting your job back and take advantage of the educational provisions of the GI Bill of Rights is by going to night school, or by taking a part-time course of study. To be sure of getting your old job back you must apply for it within 90 days after you are discharged. Otherwise, you lose your right to be re-hired under the Selective Service Law. The fact that the GI Bill of Rights provides free schooling for veterans does not change the picture. The two rights have nothing to do with each other and an employer is under no obligation to hold a veteran's job for more than 90 days.

Army of Occupation

Dear YANK:

I am sure that I read somewhere that draftees were still in the Army three years after the Armistice was signed for World War I. Could you give me any data on just how long draftees were kept in the Army after the war ended in 1918? This means five bucks to me.

Portland, Ore.

S/Sgt. GEORGE D. CONRAD

■ For all practical purposes inductees in World War I were discharged by September 10, 1919. The only draftees remaining in the Army after that date were those who were confined to hospitals or under sentence imposed by court martials or similar military commissions. Those who remained with the Army of Occupation were enlisted in the Regular Army for a one-year period but they were not "draftees" during that time.

The Golden Gate really swung out when the Japs gave up, people got ready to start making plowshares, an actress spoke up about frapping, and experts said a canary makes a monkey out of a gorilla.

news from home

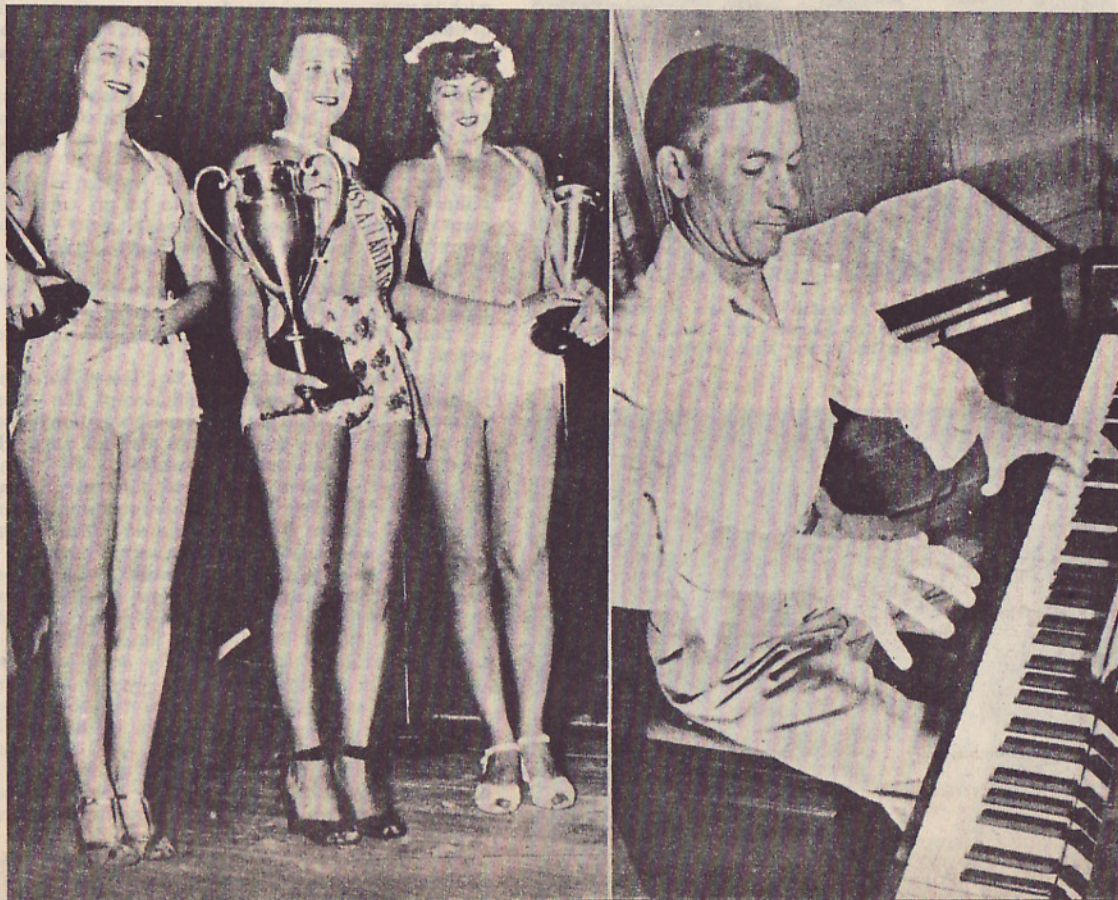
IT was Peace Week on the home front and everybody agreed that it was wonderful. The Victory-over-Japan celebration in America outdid anything within the memory of living man, and made news that shoved everything else out of the picture. It was pretty rough in some places, and some people created minor wars of their own to mark the occasion. But all in all, it was still wonderful. Here are a few samples of what happened in America's big cities when the news came:

DALLAS—V-J enveloped Dallas like a mixture of Hallowe'en and Christmas. It was quiet during the day because, as everywhere else, there had been so many false alarms, and the folks had grown cautious. But the White House announcement in the evening fixed that, and it took just thirty minutes for the celebration to get underway. From all parts of the city, thousands flocked down town, while bus and street-car schedules became hopelessly snarled. The howlingest mob in the city's recent history made short work of the anti-noise ordinance passed a few years back to speed up war production.

Sirens started blaring thirty minutes late, but made up for that by their volume. Paper cascaded out of down town office windows, and street sweepers looked on helplessly, then laughed and joined in the fun. (That's what our man in Texas said, anyway.) Centering at Commerce and Akard Streets, the celebration fanned out to take in the entire down town area, with parades and yelling, chanting pedestrians weaving through the lines of cars with horns going at full blast. Elsewhere shirt-tailed marchers and group singing swelled the volume of sound.

An Army private walked up to an MP standing at an intersection. The soldier had made the rounds of the liquor stores just before a telephone conference of the owners had resulted in the stores closing for the night in the midst of a tremendous run. Toting one bottle under an arm and swigging steadily from another, the private stared at the MP. "Mercy on you, MP," he murmured. "Mercy on you," and walked off.

Boston—The Hub's peace celebration exploded suddenly. All morning and afternoon, while many other cities were already going nuts, Boston waited soberly for confirmation. But this staid attitude was swept away in a surging tide of mass enthusiasm



EX-MISS ATLANTA. Peggy Payne (center) had to give that big cup to runner-up Pauline Walker (right) when the beauty contest judges found out that Peggy was a housewife.

STARDUSTER. Here's composer Hoagy Carmichael working on a tune for a film called "Johnny Angel," in which Hoagy has a part.

IT HAPPENED BACK HOME

a few minutes after the official announcement—and soon more than three-quarters of a million people crammed the narrow, twisting down town streets in the wildest riot of noise in the city's long history. It was fifty New Year's Eve's rolled into one.

The most general impulses seemed to be to shout,

seen among the crowds. A young French aviator seeking refuge in a recruiting booth, which had no customers, spread a newspaper on the floor in an effort to translate the headlines. Seeing his problem, a passerby shouted, "La guerre est fini!" and the aviator jumped to his feet with a whoop

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GASOLINE rationing came to an end last week, but motorists were still having their troubles. For instance there was the man in Trinidad, Colo., who drove up to a filling station with a broad smile on his face. "Fill 'er up," he yelled at the attendant, and watched the couponless gas gurgle. But as the car pulled away from the station the gas tank, unused to the strain, dropped off in the middle of the street.



EX-MISS ATLANTA. Peggy Payne (center) had to give that big cup to runner-up Pauline Walker (right) when the beauty contest judges found out that Peggy was a housewife.



STARDUSTER. Here's composer Hoagy Carmichael working on a tune for a film called "Johnny Angel," in which Hoagy has a part.

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The most general impulses seemed to be to shout, sing, and hug passers-by passionately. For the men in uniform, the celebration appeared to be more of a kissing-test than anything else. They were grabbed by girls and women of all ages and shapes, and their faces soon took on a technicolor hue, as a result of the varied colors of lipstick and mascara. In contrast, hundreds of churches opened their doors, and many thousands entered them briefly to pause for a moment in thanksgiving. Though nearly two hundred persons required treatment for minor injuries, there were no serious accidents.

NEW ORLEANS—After prematurely hailing the end of the war three times, New Orleans really let loose with everything when the final word issued from the White House. The feel of victory in the air kept office workers in mid-city past their normal working hours, and the announcement caught mobs of shoppers and workers on Canal Street, the so-called "widest street in the world." Yet so wary of unconfirmed rumors were the citizens that it took a newsboy fully three minutes to sell the first copy of an extra proclaiming peace.

But once the people were convinced, no Mardi Gras was ever so gay or so wild as the resulting celebrations. Although all bars were closed immediately for varying periods by police order, civilians and servicemen weren't slow in bringing out bottles. You couldn't walk very far or very fast on Canal Street that day, or the next day, either. A loaded watermelon truck which got stalled in traffic on the big street was taken over by sailors, who handed out the melons to passing celebrators. Every type of paper except war-scarce toilet tissue fell in ankle-deep piles, bringing out three extra street-cleaning crews.

A scattering of foreign soldiers and sailors were

seen among the crowds. A young French aviator seeking refuge in a recruiting booth, which had no customers, spread a newspaper on the floor in an effort to translate the headlines. Seeing his problem, a passerby shouted, "*La guerre est fini!*" and the aviator jumped to his feet with a whoop and disappeared into the mob. War industries ceased operations shortly after the big news came over the radio, and the *Times Picayune* weather forecast read: "Peaceful showers and clouds will be enjoyed by New Orleanians."

SAN FRANCISCO—Peace brought something pretty close to chaos to the Pacific's largest port of embarkation. The good news was almost too much for San Francisco, and when all the returns were in, police announced that the celebration had brought a death toll of twelve lives and injury to almost 650 others. The doings lasted thirty hours and included such stunts as breaking into and looting stores, demolishing statues and setting fire to anything that would burn.

Some of the highlights: Firecrackers hoarded in Chinatown for eight years rattled like machineguns. Servicemen and civilians played tug-of-war with fire hoses. Market Street, the wide thoroughfare that had long been a center of interest for visiting GIs and sailors, was littered with the wreckage of smashed war bond booths and broken bottles. A plump redhead danced naked on the base of the city's Native Sons monument after servicemen had torn her clothes off.

Of course, there were thousands of San Franciscans who marked the occasion soberly and with prayer, but the end of the Second World War seemed likely to be remembered around the Golden Gate as the celebration that got way out of bounds. As a matter of fact, Rep. Joseph R. Bryson, Democrat of South Carolina, called the entire nation's V-J celebration a round of "drunkenness and debauchery," and said he expected to introduce a "Prohibition For Peace" bill in Congress.

CAMP KILMER, N.J.—Dusk had just about settled



BIG SAIL. These graceful craft are starting up the six-mile "Flight of the Snowbirds" classic at Newport Beach, Cal., won by young Bob White of Glendale.



over the rolling New Jersey countryside when the factory whistles of nearby New Brunswick began screaming out the tidings of peace. In War Department Theater No. 1, a captain in a clean, crisp, tropical-worsted uniform adorned with the American Defense Ribbon was standing on the stage. He was delivering the standard "welcoming lecture" to some GIs who had just got off the ship from Europe and were to be redeployed to the Pacific.

"Now in conclusion, men," said the officer, "I wish to warn you that any demonstration that results in damage to camp property will result in postponement of your furloughs home. May your brief stay at Camp Kilmer be pleasant."

Someone hurried onto the stage from the wings and whispered to him: "Captain, President Truman has announced that the war is over. Tell 'em that before they leave."

"No," replied the captain. "As far as Camp Kilmer is concerned, there is to be no announcement of peace until the colonel hears it from the War Department through channels and announces it officially."

"But President Truman has announced it on the radio, and it is official," insisted the other.

"Sorry," said the captain. "I'm only following orders."

NEW YORK CITY—At 1:49 a.m., Tokyo broadcast a statement that Japan would accept the Allied surrender terms, and late stayer-uppers hopped on the phone to rouse their friends and tell them the good news. Some made immediately for Times Square, setting off a celebration that was to last well over twenty-four hours. There still was nothing official, of course, but from the way the crowds carried on you would never have suspected it.

At 3:17 the next afternoon, a sailor and his honey were to be seen lying flat on the pavement necking furiously while the throngs shuffled about them. Traffic was barred from Times Square all day so that the mob which ultimately numbered two million could run loose. All the way from Staten Island to Van Cortlandt Park, from the Hudson River to the most remote outposts of Queens, the streets were littered with paper. The Sanitation Department cleaned up 4,863 tons of the stuff in a 24-hour period—a new all-time record which eclipsed the mere 2,500 tons left by the American Legion convention of 1937.

Frantic and madcap as the shindig was by day, however, it was small shucks compared to what it became at night after President Truman made his seven o'clock announcement that the war was *really* over. At once the whole city, already a seething turmoil, seemed to erupt. To the blasts of automobile klaxons and the shrilling of whistles, the *Queen Elizabeth* docked in the Hudson added the deep, throaty notes of her foghorn. Some of the bars around Times Square discreetly closed down, but it was a cinch to get a drink from almost any bottle-toting celebrator. And so it went on into the early hours as the world's biggest city wended its way toward the world's biggest hangover. But it was a hangover that few would regret.

ton. Some of the info was downright alarming, and not a few of the early pronouncements were confusing to people who looked for a guide during the uncertain transition period.

Director of War Mobilization John Snyder led off with the statement that although controls over certain materials like gasoline, fuel oil and canned goods were to go immediately, it might be twelve to eighteen months before the U.S. could reach the level of an expanded peacetime economy.

Snyder added that serious unemployment had already begun to appear, with more than a million people fresh out of jobs, although many of these were marking time while their plants switched from war to peacetime production. As the Reconversion Director saw it, total unemployment might rise to five million within three months, and jump as high as eight million before next Spring.

Three days after the official V-J announcement, a more definite pattern for demobilization and reconversion emerged from the White House when the President drew out a hatful of plans for the industrial future of America. Backbone of the Truman program was a bill now pending in Congress which would enable the government to set up a program each year aiming at "full employment even if the government has to provide work."

As if things weren't bad enough, a man named Alvin Bloom of Los Angeles patented a new pea-shooter with adjustable sights. Bloom, a former Marine machinegunner, said his device would enable schoolboys to spot and nail a moving target.

The President, incidentally, was a little browned-off because practically every worker in the country had taken a holiday on August 15 and 16. Truman *had* announced that those two days would be free, but it turned out that he meant the recess only for government employees. Anyway, the President asked that everybody come to work as usual when the official V-J was proclaimed "in view of the urgency of reconversion."

Truman called on management and employees for a temporary renewal of their wartime pledges against strikes and lockouts, at least until a meeting could be held between labor and industry some time after Congress re-assembles in September. This Congressional session, incidentally, was ordered to reconvene a full month earlier than the vacationing lawmakers had expected.

President Truman also disclosed that conscription would end for all men aged twenty-six or over but that the Army would continue drafting younger men at the rate of 50,000 a month; that between 5,000,000 and 5,500,000 men in the armed forces would be demobilized during the next twelve to eighteen months, and that all controls over the nation's manpower had been abruptly suspended.

Some things got better right away on the home-front. The Army announced cutbacks which would



SOUR PUSS. Mrs. Elaine Wisecarver of Los Angeles, pinched for deserting her three-year-old daughter, shows how much she loves cameramen in juvenile court.



UNION LEADERS. Sidney Hillman, noted U.S. labor leader (left), greets visiting Soviet laborite Vassili Kuznetsov at a CIO-sponsored conclave in New York.

furiously while the throngs shuffled about them. Traffic was barred from Times Square all day so that the mob which ultimately numbered two million could run loose. All the way from Staten Island to Van Cortlandt Park, from the Hudson River to the most remote outposts of Queens, the streets were littered with paper. The Sanitation Department cleaned up 4,863 tons of the stuff in a 24-hour period—a new all-time record which eclipsed the mere 2,500 tons left by the American Legion convention of 1937.

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WASHINGTON—The capital city relaxed its worn nerves and greeted the winning of the war with screaming, drinking, paper-tearing and a free-kissing demonstration. Fraternization among officers and enlisted men was the order of the night in this usually dignified stronghold of the brass. Every girl was fair game, and rank was no obstacle. A buck private and a corporal chased two WAC captains into a doorway of a shop on F Street and kissed their superiors soundly. Our Washington reporter said the captains giggled.

Two Navy officers who warmly invited a victory kiss from a redheaded WAVE ensign in the hallway of the Willard Hotel didn't make out so well. Their confusion was covered, however, by the plight of a liquified baldish gentleman who chose that moment to try to slide down the Willard's banister and made it only half-way. Bottles passed freely among strangers, and one officer stood in the middle of Pennsylvania Avenue waving a fifth of rye at arm's length and repeatedly urged pedestrians to "have a drink on the ETO."

A tech sergeant with a glow on rounded off his night's excitement by shinnying up a pole in front of the White House and leading the crowd in song, beating time with a small American flag. He concentrated on numbe:s like *Keep the Home Fires Burning* and *Home on the Range*. Between songs he led the yells of "We want Harry," but Harry Truman didn't repeat his early evening appearance.

There were many officials in Washington that night who were too busy with the new problems of peace to celebrate the end of the war. President Truman had hardly finished making his momentous peace announcement when a steady flow of post-war dope and predictions began to issue from Washing-

off because practically every worker in the country had taken a holiday on August 15 and 16. Truman *had* announced that those two days would be free, but it turned out that he meant the recess only for government employees. Anyway, the President asked that everybody come to work as usual when the official V-J was proclaimed "in view of the urgency of reconversion."

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Some things got better right away on the home-front. The Army announced cutbacks which would more or less quickly relieve the most pressing civilian shortages of food, coal, cotton textiles, wool yarn, leather, lumber, aluminum and steel. Some of the food involved in this deal, the Army said, was C-ration meat which had been earmarked for shipment to troops overseas.

An unscrupulous lady in Dallas did her reconverting early. She walked into the home of Mrs. Ezell Foster and walked out with a snappy red and white dress, blouse and suede slippers. In their place the intruder left a complete wardrobe of work clothes—shirt, slacks and heavy shoes.

The tangled transportation situation got cleared up a bit, too. Besides the lifting of rationing on gasoline, some other travel restrictions were eased, and all wartime bans went off taxicabs, automobile racing, and regional and state fairs. The government relaxed its demand for a 35-mile-an-hour speed limit for automobiles, and the severe cuts in military supplies promised quick relief for the overcrowded freight lines.

Truman announced at a press conference that he would ask Congress to set up a peacetime military training program which, he said, would *not* be conscription. There had been some speculation that the President's plan for training civilians for war in time of peace would take the form of an expanded National Guard. Compulsory training had come in for some strong opposition from churchmen, educators and certain political leaders.

Then Julius A. Krug, Chairman of the War Production Board, let it be known that the government would encourage private industry to take the initiative in reconversion and planned to step in only to break up bottlenecks. He said the vast majority of the WPB's controls over industry would

be lifted without delay so that raw materials would be available in abundance.

Some of the nation's large industries said they could get started right away on domestic production. The American Can Company, for instance, disclosed that as soon as it started getting enough steel and tin, it could expand into production that would require about twenty per cent more workers than the firm had in pre-war days. Pullman Standard announced that it already had contracts for \$78,000,000 worth of peacetime railroad equipment and expected to boost its output even more.

Hugh Potter, the new U.S. construction coordinator, disclosed that American builders had been authorized to put up half a million houses by the end of 1946, and could erect more than one million a year for the next decade after that. The building boom would provide jobs for four to eight million people when the program was well underway, Potter estimated.

From Los Angeles a dispatch reported that hordes of migratory workers who had answered the call of California's high-pay war plants were streaming out of the state. Some of them had arrived with little else than the clothes on their backs, but California-Arizona border inspectors said the ex-war workers now seemed to be "plentifully supplied with funds." Released from their jobs as a result of Japan's surrender, the departing swing-shifters were loading up with soap, a scarce commodity in other parts of the country.

Things began looking up for people who cater to the lighter side of life. For instance the restriction on congratulatory and greeting telegrams was removed and Western Union hoped that it could soon resume delivery of singing telegrams. All wartime clamps on the sporting world were done away with, making the 1945 World Series a certainty and permitting baseball, football and racing to return to a peacetime footing.

The Office of Price Administration, which was still doing business, suspended price controls over imported wines and spirits, not including whiskeys. Brandy, rum and cordials were the major items affected. *United Press* reported that the drinking public could look forward to an early return of normal whiskey production, but that tipplers would have to wait for a while till the stuff aged a little.

There wasn't much news about atomic bombs last week, except that the U.S. was still producing the things at top speed. A spokesman for the plant at Richland, Wash., said he had received "no instructions about slowing down production" and added "we will produce until ordered to quit." The War Department warned the nation against releasing information concerning the bombs, even though the war was over.

Somebody asked Professor Albert Einstein, the noted physicist, about the new pulverizing explosive. He cleared the situation up this way: "In developing atomic or nuclear energy, science did not draw strength, but merely imitated the

Martha Tilton, the screen actress, doesn't like the Army's non-fraternization rule in Germany even in its liberalized form. Back from a tour of Europe, Martha had these observations: "Of course, the boys want to go with the girls, but the military authorities say they can only talk with the natives in public. They can walk down the street and hold hands, but that's all. It doesn't make sense. In our fairly complete tour of cities entertaining the boys, I didn't see one single young German man, so the girls stand on the corners and all they want is a cigarette and a bar of chocolate."

Some lady called up the War Price and Rationing office in Colorado Springs and inquired: "How do you go about adopting a baby?" The ration board's operator hesitated for a while and then admitted that babies were a little bit out of the board's jurisdiction. "You might try the War Production Board, though," she added helpfully.

In Hollywood, actress Claudette Colbert accused the Motion Picture Academy of cruelty to children in not providing a full-fledged "Oscar" for juvenile players. "The attitude seems to be that a youthful Thespian needs only the cuteness of tender years and a bright, child-like smile to achieve success," said Claudette, "but I have seen children asked to undertake roles which might well feaze their elders."

Leon Zeid, former steward in a yacht club at Larchmont, N.Y., got tossed in the pokey for three months for illegally wearing an honorable discharge lapel emblem. FBI men charged that Zeid got his job at the club by representing himself as a veteran.

Roy Hale, 33-year-old aircraft worker of Los Angeles, gave this explanation why he shot Mrs. Violet Layte in the leg: "I had worked with Mrs. Layte at the plant and once I kissed her I became nervous. Others who kissed her also became nervous." Mrs. Layte, whose husband is overseas in the Army, was nervous, too.

The board of censors at Memphis, Tenn., has done it again. This time they banned the eight-year-old film "Dead End" because it wasn't "a proper film to show before the youth of today." Previously the board rejected "Dillinger," "The Southerner," and "Brewster's Millions."

Sheriff H. M. Mobley of Mount Carmel, Ill., turned out to be a pretty good auctioneer. While Mobley was disposing of articles at a public sale, some prankster tossed the janitor's broom onto the heap. The sheriff knocked down the broom to an eager housewife for \$1.15. Then he had to buy it back to placate the indignant janitor.

Citizens of Lynn, Mass., were up in arms because the Maritime Commission wanted to name a measly old freighter for their city. Explained Mayor Arthur J. Frawley: "Salem has a cruiser named after it. Saugus has an LST named for it, and we get a freighter that looks like a tug." Furthermore, said Frawley, he had turned down a Maritime Commission request for \$400 to provide a library for the vessel.

Sweet Adeline has come back into her own. The



JUNIOR JUDGES. During the last two years not one kid in Morristown, N.J., has been arrested and the reason could be this court, presided over by youngsters.



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Out in Dallas, Oregon, truck driver Henry Strieff wondered why casual acquaintances kept waving at him as he drove along the street. He kept smiling and waving back. But when Strieff got to a feed store, he found that his entire truckload of hay had burned.

reaction of the sun's rays. Atomic power is no more unnatural than when I sail my boat on Saranac Lake." Understand?

In Washington, Gen. H. H. Arnold, chief of the U.S. Air Forces, did some talking about possible future wars and said we'd really be on the ball. Arnold disclosed that the U.S. has a new super-bomber far eclipsing the B-29, that the striking range of the new craft is 5,000 miles or more, and that the new air giant left no place in East Asia out of reach from existing U.S. bases in the Western Pacific. The general also revealed that the Air Forces already have in experimental stages types of rocket bombs which will seek targets through guides of heat, light or metal.

Latest Navy and Army casualty figures showed that nearly twice as many Americans gave their lives in World War Two as were killed in World War One. In nearly four years of this war the death toll reached 251,717 compared with 126,000 in the last one. Overall casualties this time nearly tripled those of World War One, with the balance book showing 1,069,218 against 364,000.

Some Republican and Democratic Senators urged that the full story of Pearl Harbor be unfolded at once. The Senators said that the end of the war had removed all necessity for preservation of the "military secrecy" which has blocked a full investigation of the disaster for almost four years.

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Sweet Adeline has come back into her own. The song was banned early this summer by the Society For the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America because of its "alcoholic past." But now the SPEBSQSA has relented and restored the tune to good standing among its lathered membership. A spokesman for the Society explained: "Newspapers condemned us editorially. Many of our own members complained bitterly, and Adelines in various parts of the country have written scorching letters."

This one will close up the gasoline ration items for this week. A truck driver in Birmingham, Ala., didn't read the newspapers that morning and insisted that the filling station operator accept his coupons. "They must be good," insisted the trucker, "because I just paid seventy-five cents each for them."

Three Alcohol Tax Unit agents got to the bottom of a case by diving into the Tennessee River. They spotted a man pouring whiskey into pint bottles at the water's edge and decided to look a little deeper. The agents discovered twenty-two gallons of moonshine in glass and crockery jugs chained together along the bottom of the stream.

For some obscure reason, the General Electric Company sent a couple of sound engineers to Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey Circus to find out how much noise the animals make. Some of the results made fascinating reading. The testers, for example, discovered that Toto and Gargantua, the gorillas, cause less racket than a canary—four decibels less, to be precise. Circus barkers let out with 100 decibels, which is about equal to the sound of an automobile horn at ten feet. In turn the barkers were topped by an elephant with 109 decibels and a lion with 110. No readings were taken on timely subjects like a GI who has just heard that he is slated for an army of occupation.



PIG ROAST. These tots are digging into the chow at the barbecue held annually for the 900 tenants of the 20,000-acre Braswell plantation in Battleboro, N.C.



WAITING WIVES. These workers at a Los Angeles tire factory are members of the "Wihvets" Club, which stands for War Worker Wives of Hero Veterans.

The COVER

A nostalgic sight for many a GI is this fishing scene on the Mississippi River near Owensboro, Ky. The kids use rods and reels instead of the old pole, line and cork. See pages 10-13 for a picture story of the Mississippi in wartime by Sgt. George Aarons.



Pictures: 1, Sgt. George Aarons. 2, 3, 4, A.P. S. Keystone. 6, Sgt. Ben Schnall. 8 & 9, Sgt. Sy. Friedman (17 Aug., N.Y.). 10, 11, 12, 13, Sgt. Aarons (10 Aug.). 15, left, P.A.; right, Acme. 16, top to bottom, Wide World, Acme, Acme. 17, all I.N.P. 20 & 21, Sgt. Howard B. Edwards. 22, R.K.O. Radio. 23, Sgt. Arthur Weithas.

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY



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Defense of First Sergeants

Dear YANK,

When an individual such as Pfc. Martin V. O'Neil makes slanderous remarks (*Mail Call*, Aug. 10) at all first sergeants, he is doing nothing more than to show his own ignorance and complete disrespect for the *One* man in his outfit who can, and usually does, the most good for all concerned.

Pfc. O'Neil has evidently forgotten that although man is supposed to be created equal they don't all attain the same level. As in every walk of life, there are good and bad. To say that ALL men of one category should be obliterated, just because of the misdoings of one individual, is utterly incomprehensible. Certainly no sane man

look around a little before he calls a first sergeant a stupid cluck.

I wonder if he would like to take the place of any first sergeant in this Army. Perhaps he thinks running an organization is a snap. Well, let him try it and see if he would call a first sergeant feeble-minded and moronic. Evidently O'Neil has run into a first sergeant such as he describes, but that's no reason to condemn every first sergeant in the Army.

We have to be here so why make things harder for ourselves? Take the chicken and keep the hatch closed. We've got enough worries as it is.

I don't believe that Sgt. George Baker intended to give any such ideas to anyone. *Sad Sack* is supposed to be fictional. O'Neil cannot infer anything from Baker's cartoons.

Mail Call

would possibly condone such a statement.

I can only say that if you have a first sergeant like the one you characterized in *Mail Call*, you have my utmost sympathy. Might I suggest that you immediately request a transfer to my organization and witness for yourself how much of a man and friend a first sergeant can really be.

I cannot speak for Sgt. George Baker, creator of *Sad Sack*, but I'm sure he realizes his characterization of his first sergeant is a gross exaggeration. Although I must say there is a semblance of truth to his themes, that is characteristic of the entire Army organization. (Perhaps Sgt. Baker would like to speak for himself?)

Just for the record, I've a bachelor's degree in psychology, and have completed several courses at Cambridge, London and Aberdeen Universities.

Britain. First Sergeant BRUCE S. DARDICK

Dear YANK,

In reply to Pfc. O'Neil's lovely letter on the subject of topkicks; perhaps he should

It seems to me that if our topkicks didn't growl a bit and rave sometimes, the efficiency of the outfit would naturally decline.

I also know that most of the top men in the Army may seem rough outside but you'll get a square deal if you stay on your side of the fence.

That's a pretty broad statement, "No enlisted man has any use for these stupid clucks." How does he know? Where in God's name would we be without a first sergeant? Why can't we save the hate in O'Neil's letter for the people that caused this war?

Britain.

Pvt. JOHN M. DORNISH

Towards a New Army

Dear YANK,

Hosannas to the captain who is willing to admit in print (*Mail Call*, Aug. 3) that this Army is not quite 99.44 per cent perfect. But if the good captain thinks he can help to improve the system of handling the personnel of the Army on a large scale,

he is a greater idealist than practical politician. The brass-bound Army will withstand any weight a mere captain can bring to bear without showing a single sign of wear. The only hope we can hold for fundamental change is that the services will probably be consolidated and reorganized after this war. With this in mind I submit the following, and let the traditions fall where they may.

The captain endeavors to find "a basic fault in the present set-up of the Army," but takes for granted the most fundamental fault, the nub of most injustices, the cause of at least ninety per cent of the antagonism and ill-feeling between officers and enlisted men—the distinction is a hold-over from the days of feudalism, and was necessary to maintain that system, but there is absolutely no excuse for it in the Army of a constitutional government. It is impossible to divide educated men into the two categories of leaders and followers. It defies the hierarchy of nature. We all know that the Army must have rank proportionate with responsibility and necessary authority. We also know that some men are more capable than others in some lines of endeavor. Why not attack the problem in a rational manner by setting up tests—physical, mechanical, intellectual, social, emotional—which a man must pass in order to receive a higher grade? And on the other hand each job would call for a certain rating in each of these lines. The Army would, of course, set up the means by which the men could improve themselves.

Army manuals often refer to the Army as an "organization." The word implies "system guided by reason." Why not try to make the Army an organization in actuality instead of just calling it an organization? Social scientists can supply the data necessary to get a running start in setting up an effective system, and there is no reason why the Army cannot set up a social laboratory and set the pace for social innovations instead of lagging behind civilians and scientists, accepting new ideas only under pressure.

Britain.

G.W.H.

Bonus Grab-bag

Dear YANK,

Sen. Joseph F. Guffey, Democrat from Pennsylvania, has introduced a bill to give all discharged enlisted men one year's back pay in monthly installments.

The venerable legislator doubtlessly means well but he is sadly misinformed as to every soldier's value, in reference, of course, to duties performed. There are plenty of high-ranking non-coms who are riding the gravy train in Air Corps ground units and non-combatant organizations. Their base pay amounts to much more



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I cannot speak for Sgt. George Baker, creator of *Sad Sack*, but I'm sure he realizes his characterization of his first sergeant is a gross exaggeration. Although I must say there is a semblance of truth to his themes, that is characteristic of the entire Army organization. (Perhaps Sgt. Baker would like to speak for himself?)

Just for the record, I've a bachelor's degree in psychology, and have completed several courses at Cambridge, London and Aberdeen Universities.

Britain. **First Sergeant BRUCE S. DARDICK**

Dear YANK,

In reply to Pfc. O'Neil's lovely letter on the subject of topkicks; perhaps he should

enlisted man has any use for these stupid clucks." How does he know? Where in God's name would we be without a first sergeant? Why can't we save the hate in O'Neil's letter for the people that caused this war?

Britain.

Pvt. JOHN M. DORNISH

Towards a New Army

Dear YANK,

Hosannas to the captain who is willing to admit in print (*Mail Call*, Aug. 3) that this Army is not quite 99.44 per cent perfect. But if the good captain thinks he can help to improve the system of handling the personnel of the Army on a large scale,



—Cpl. Tom Flannery

“system guided by reason.” Why not try to make the Army an organization in actuality instead of just calling it an organization? Social scientists can supply the data necessary to get a running start in setting up an effective system, and there is no reason why the Army cannot set up a social laboratory and set the pace for social innovations instead of lagging behind civilians and scientists, accepting new ideas only under pressure.

Britain.

G.W.H.

Bonus Grab-bag

Dear YANK,

Sen. Joseph F. Guffey, Democrat from Pennsylvania, has introduced a bill to give all discharged enlisted men one year's back pay in monthly installments.

The venerable legislator doubtlessly means well but he is sadly misinformed as to every soldier's value, in reference, of course, to duties performed. There are plenty of high-ranking non-coms who are riding the gravy train in Air Corps ground units and non-combatant organizations. Their base pay amounts to much more than that of some privates and corporals who risk their lives daily. For example, a master sergeant receives about three times as much pay as a private does. Also, remember that privates may be crew members in bombers. Oh yes, how about those low-ranking boys in foxholes in the Pacific?

I have been overseas for the past sixteen months and firmly believe that if anyone should receive the lion's share it should be the boys who are giving their all up there in the front lines.

Tunisia.

Pfc. ALFRED F. DUNN

Dear YANK,

A bill such as Sen. Guffey's would cost the taxpayers (and we'll be members of the loyal order of taxpayers upon discharge) a negligible amount as compared to the present expenditures for a global war. You might compare it to a lend-lease to a foreign country; it would be a lend-lease to us to get on our feet. No doubt there will be many and diverse ways for corporations to finagle us out of guaranteed work and there obviously will be a difficult transition involved in getting wage-earning women out of our supposedly guaranteed jobs. A bill such as this, if passed, would aid tremendously in carrying us over three spans. Also, it would add materially to our ability to replace worn-out furniture, needed clothes for us and our families, and possibly a means whereby we could secure an automobile if this were necessary to carry on our civilian positions. All of this would

be extremely beneficial. Therefore, this bill is for us and compensates in a small measure for the excess wages many men have been paid while we were in here aiding in the conclusion of this war.

FPO, San Francisco. **GEORGE G. ROBINSON, Sfc**

Dear YANK,

The proposed \$1,000 bonus to servicemen, if passed, will prove of great assistance and will put the veteran on somewhat more equal terms with those who have been drawing high wages during the past four years. But in itself the bonus now proposed is both unfair and illogical. To give a man a \$1,000 bonus for coming into the Army and getting out by fair or foul means in three to four months and comparing him to another front-line man who has been on the fighting front from three to four years is not democratic or feasible.

In the opinion of many GIs I have talked with a more practical method would be to give each man a dollar a day for every day in the Army with an additional sum for overseas duty.

Marianas. **S/Sgt. A. J. SCHUYLER**

Dear YANK,

Why give the same amount to a general with five months service and years of defense "gold-rushing" as that given to a pfc who has endured TO, which includes TS blockades. I think it should be given in an inverse proportion to rank attained; with, possibly, even greater inflection by consideration of length of service and combat time. And I believe that commissioned personnel should be, a la Sam Goldwyn, included out. The bonus is not to be added booty and I feel reasonably safe in surmising that even down-trodden second-lieutenants have received material benefits equal and possibly surpassing their comparative prerogatives. And lastly, to prevent a mass rush for the courts-martial "reduction board" at the close of the war the bonus should be based on highest rank attained.

Hawaii. **Cpl. ROBERT S. CORLEY**

Single Physical Standard

Dear YANK,

Back in 1943, I graduated from college with a degree in electrical engineering. I applied twice for the direct commissions the Signal Corps was then offering EEs, but I was told I was not even up to the physical standards for induction. So I took an essential job as a radio research engineer. I was drafted when the deferment rules were tightened up.

I eventually got into the Signal Corps, and spent seven months studying a tele-

VOTING IN STATE ELECTIONS THIS FALL

STATE	Date of Election	Soldier may use postcard application supplied by Army at his request.	Earliest date State will receive soldier's application for State absentee ballot.	Earliest date State will mail absentee ballot to soldier.	Date on or before which soldier's executed absentee ballot must be received by State.
ILLINOIS (a) Special	6 November	Yes	28 July	22 September	6 November
NEW JERSEY (b)	6 November	Yes	At any time	16 August	6 November
NEW YORK (c)	6 November	Yes	At any time	On or before 7 September	5 November
OHIO (d)	6 November	Yes	At any time	7 September	6 November
PENNSYLVANIA (e)	6 November	Yes	At any time	Before 29 September	16 November
VIRGINIA (f)	6 November	Yes	At any time	20 August	3 November

Officers to be voted for:

- ILLINOIS—Representative in Congress, 24th Congressional District (including counties of Clay, Edwards, Hardin, Gallatin, Hamilton, Johnson, Massac, Pope, Saline, Wayne and White).
- NEW JERSEY—Members of the General Assembly and various county and local officials, in all counties; State Senators, in certain counties.
- NEW YORK—Justices of the Supreme Court, Mayors of Cities, and County and Town officials throughout the State.
- OHIO—City, village, and township officials, including members of boards of education.
- PENNSYLVANIA—Two Judges of Superior Court; municipal and county officers.
- VIRGINIA—Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Attorney General, Members of the House of Delegates, and certain local officers.

Certain other elections:

- CONNECTICUT—On October 1 a general election for municipal officers will be held in most cities and towns, except that in the following municipalities such elections will be held on the date indicated: September 10—New London; October 2—Colchester; November 6—Bridgeport, Hartford, New Haven, Waterbury; December 4—Meriden.
- ILLINOIS—On November 6 a general election for one County Commissioner will be held in each of the following counties: Alexander, Calhoun, Edwards, Hardin, Johnson, Massac, Menard, Monroe, Morgan, Perry, Pope, Pulaski, Randolph, Scott, Union, Wabash and Williamson.
- MASSACHUSETTS—On the dates below indicated a general election for municipal officers will be held in the following municipalities: November 5—Boston, Cambridge, Chicopee, Everett, Fall River, Fitchburg, Gardner, Leominster, Lowell, Lynn, Marlboro, Medford, Newton, Pittsfield, Quincy, Somerville, Springfield, Waltham, Westfield, Worcester; November 13—Chelsea, Malden, Melrose, New Bedford, Peabody, Woburn; December 4—Brockton, Gloucester, Haverhill, Holyoke, Newburyport, Northampton, Salem, Taunton; December 11—Lawrence, North Adams, Revere.
- MICHIGAN—On November 6 a general election for municipal officers will be held in Detroit.

VD Lectures

Dear YANK,

Here at Berry Field, we have had trouble with venereal disease, I am told. Every effort is being made to eliminate said VD, but it is my opinion that the methods used are not in agreement with the policies and customs of a democratic nation such as the U.S.A.

All of the squadrons here at the field have been divided into flights of at least ninety men each. If there is an occurrence of VD in any flight, the entire flight must pay for it. The punishment consists of a two-hour VD lecture each night for a period of seven days after each case of

experience included design, construction, operation and maintenance of transmitting and associated equipment for eleven years prior to entering the Army. For approximately a year I was in charge of maintenance of a five-kilowatt broadcast transmitter in Denver, Colorado.

In view of all this experience, I don't believe my capabilities are even slightly utilized in the Army. It appears that the main requisite of a "good soldier" is to hang around—as I've done for thirty-two months—and say "yes sir" at the right time.

Homestead, Fla.

(Name Withheld)

Job Disposal

one day when we discovered we had a German fraulein working here as a telephone operator. We are still using coded telephone numbers! All around us we see signs marked "button your lip, the enemy is listening" and then, and only then, does one realize that it pays to believe in signs.

We don't mind telling anybody that we HATE the Germans and why shouldn't we? Haven't they caused us to spend more than two years in foreign countries away from our families and those we love? Haven't they proven to the world they are barbaric and have concern for nobody but Germany and the Reich? Then why have them? Why? We'll tell you why:

with, possibly, even greater inflection by consideration of length of service and combat time. And I believe that commissioned personnel should be, a la Sam Goldwyn, included out. The bonus is not to be added booty and I feel reasonably safe in surmising that even down-trodden second-lieutenants have received material benefits equal and possibly surpassing their comparative prerogatives. And lastly, to prevent a mass rush for the courts-martial "reduction board" at the close of the war the bonus should be based on highest rank attained.

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Cpl. ROBERT S. CORLEY

Single Physical Standard

Dear YANK,

Back in 1943, I graduated from college with a degree in electrical engineering. I applied twice for the direct commissions the Signal Corps was then offering EEs, but I was told I was not even up to the physical standards for induction. So I took an essential job as a radio research engineer. I was drafted when the deferment rules were tightened up.

I eventually got into the Signal Corps, and spent seven months studying a telephone specialty. During the time I twice applied for Signal Corps OCS, passing the boards easily enough, but I was rejected on the physical.

This problem could be readily solved, with the simultaneous solution of parallel cases, by the adaptation of a single set of physical standards for each branch of the service, and for officers and men alike.

Indiantown Gap, Pa. Pvt. JULIAN GULACK

The Royal Works

Dear YANK,

It seems as though some of the dough-boys who really fought through hell and high water are getting a royal screwing.

There are some men, including officers, getting Purple Hearts now so they can get out on the point system. I think it is all chicken, and it's about time someone got wise to the game and looked things over.

What in hell are they going to do with boys who went through hell and did not get the Purple Heart because they did not want to take it for just a mere scratch. But if they tried to get it now it would be just plain TS because they don't have rank or rating high enough.

Also men are getting Bronze Stars and clusters for staying back with the company CP while some boys up there doing their part with 270 days in contact with the enemy are not getting anything.

What in hell are they going to do with the boys who fought 270 days with the enemy?

Germany.

Disgusted 74-Pointer

New London; October 2—Colchester; November 6—Bridgeport, Hartford, New Haven, Waterbury; December 4—Meriden.

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All of the squadrons here at the field have been divided into flights of at least ninety men each. If there is an occurrence of VD in any flight, the entire flight must pay for it. The punishment consists of a two-hour VD lecture each night for a period of seven days after each case of VD.

In my opinion, that is nothing but the old Nazi system of "hostages." . . .

Berry Field, Tenn. (Name Withheld)

Engine Starter

Dear YANK,

At the present time my duties consist of starting a small gasoline engine used in conjunction with an instrument landing

experience included design, construction, operation and maintenance of transmitting and associated equipment for eleven years prior to entering the Army. For approximately a year I was in charge of maintenance of a five-kilowatt broadcast transmitter in Denver, Colorado.

In view of all this experience, I don't believe my capabilities are even slightly utilized in the Army. It appears that the main requisite of a "good soldier" is to hang around—as I've done for thirty-two months—and say "yes sir" at the right time.

Homestead, Fla.

(Name Withheld)

Jap Disposal

Dear YANK,

Problem: What to do with the Japs after the war?

Solution: Put all the male Japs on one island and all the females on a different one, three thousand miles apart.

San Diego, Cal.

T. E. BUSSEY, SFC

Frauleins and Goodwill

Dear YANK,

We have just finished reading "Germany's Steep Road" in the July 15 issue of YANK, and though we don't usually go in for "Voice of the People" columns, we couldn't resist the opportunity of voicing our opinions just this once.

We were impressed with only one sentence in the entire article and that was when Pfc. Myers says: "The German people were taught for twelve years that the Democracies are weak, and they are watching for signs of weakness." The Germans need look no farther for they've already found many signs of weakness. Why do we have to be friendly toward the Germans? Would they have been friendly toward us if the tables had been turned? Of course not! They proved that when they were playing the part of the big shot in the countries which they occupied. Yet we employ them on our bases and stations where they eat our food (don't tell us they don't because we know better), have the most wonderful time discussing German culture with the GIs and officers, and don't for one minute hesitate to tell you that Germany has been double-crossed. The biggest shock of our lives occurred

one day when we discovered we had a German fraulein working here as a telephone operator. We are still using coded telephone numbers! All around us we see signs marked "button your lip, the enemy is listening" and then, and only then, does one realize that it pays to believe in signs.

We don't mind telling anybody that we HATE the Germans and why shouldn't we? Haven't they caused us to spend more than two years in foreign countries away from our families and those we love? Haven't they proven to the world they are barbaric and have concern for nobody but Germany and the Reich? Then why baby them? Why? We'll tell you why: because the average American finds that his sexual desires must be satisfied and that above all is more important than Country and Home. The thought is rather indicative, is it not? If you talk with some of the boys on the base you'll find that the average reply to why they insist upon being friendly with the Germans is the old story of "sex having nothing to do with politics." An out-and-out non-fraternizer here is prejudiced! Yet these same "Liberals" ridicule those of us who show friendliness toward Negro soldiers on this base. The incongruous nature of the American! Some have the effrontery to claim their peculiar type of contact with "frauleins" will build "goodwill!"

There is a certain kind of self-respect in self-restraint, and a "we can get along without you very well" attitude toward the Germans. Let them know we haven't forgotten why we had to come to the land of the supermen in the first place. We insist that this goodwill be held back from the Germans until they prove they are willing to be human beings again and act as we have been taught human beings are supposed to act and think. They certainly couldn't have learned how to be human in sixty days!

Let us hope that these same officers and men who still insist that "sex has nothing to do with politics" won't regret being the fathers of tomorrow, standing on railroad platforms all over the United States waving farewell to their sons and daughters leaving home to make the world safe for democracy for the third time.

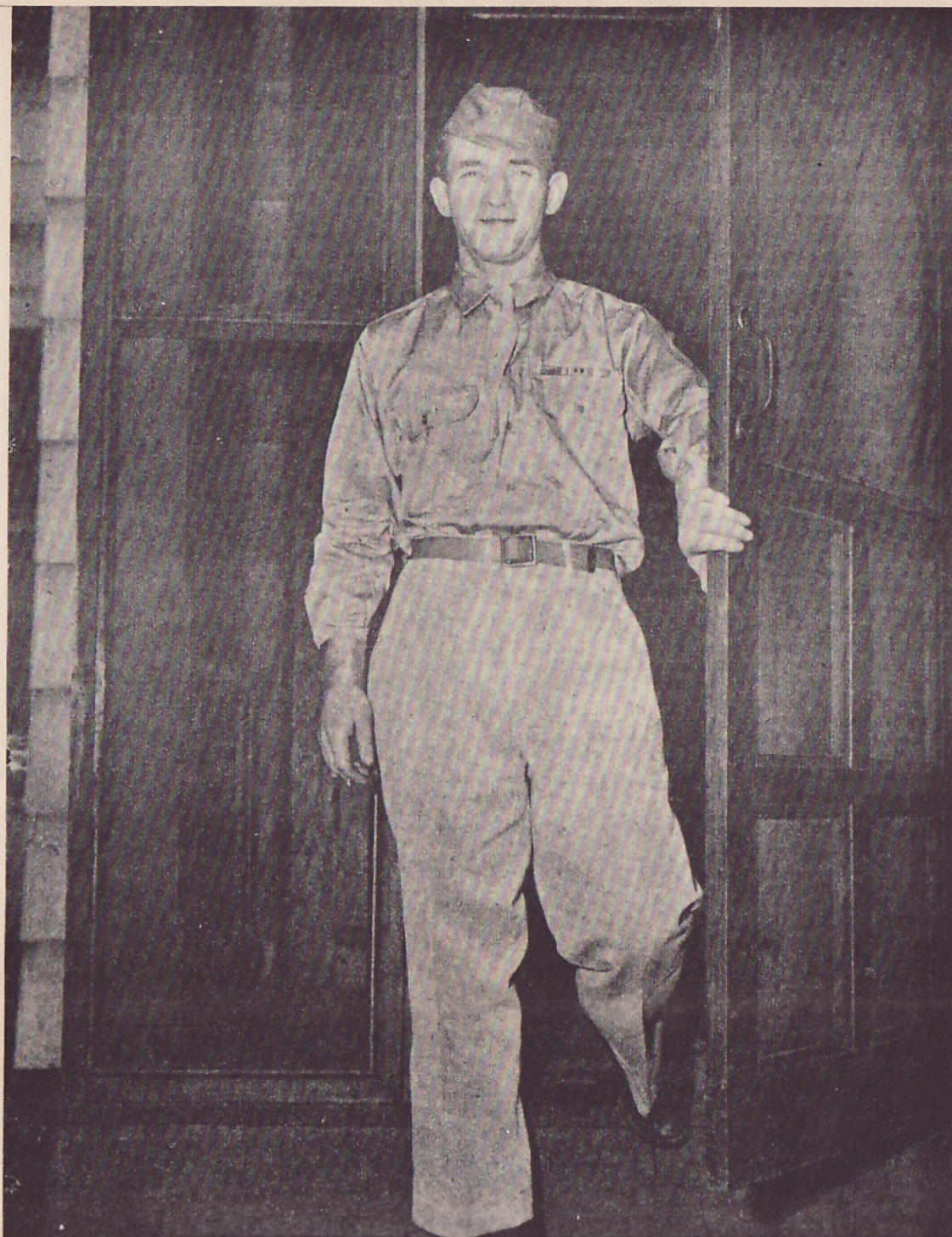
Germany.

Two Disgusted S/Sgts.



system for student pilots. That is all I am required to do—start and stop the engine.

My background includes amateur radio since 1931 and commercial broadcasting from 1937 to 1942 as an engineer. I hold radio-telephone first license, radio-telegraph second license and a class A amateur license. My education includes two and a half years of college—pre-engineering. In civilian life my radio



By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Writer

FRAMINGHAM, MASS.—The mills of the Army grind slowly, but once they get started it takes just about an act of God to get anything caught in them unground.

Consider the case of Cpl. Gilbert J. Beamesderfer of Ephrata, Pa., formerly of I Co., 320th Inf., 35th Division. Beamesderfer is the GI who spent 31 days in an American uniform as a PW of the American Army—a *German* PW.

It happened in France last September, just before the Battle of the Bulge. Beamesderfer was leading a squad against German positions southeast of Nancy. He was leading the way across a field when he happened to look down and there ahead of him, sitting in a hole with a machine gun, was a Kraut.

Beamesderfer took one look, threw his rifle at the German and jumped him. He got one hand on the muzzle of the Kraut's gun, pushing it aside as it went off, and worked over the Kraut with a trench knife in his other hand. That did it, but when it was all over and the German was dead, Beamesderfer looked down and saw his own arm covered with blood.

"Medic!" he yelled.

"Over here!" a medic yelled back.

Beamesderfer crawled out of the hole and across a road into a ditch, where the medic was waiting. The medic bandaged his arm, and then Beamesderfer started crawling toward the rear.

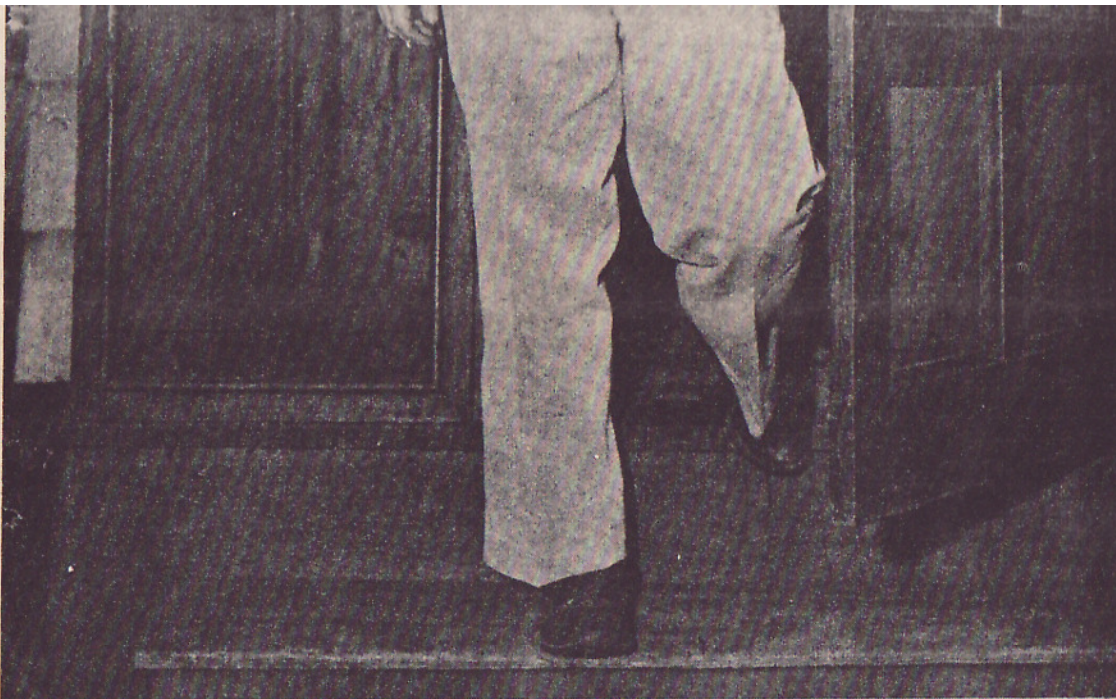
He made it back to the battalion aid station where they rebandaged his arm and put him in an ambulance with some other GI wounded. This took him to a collecting station and from there to a clearing station. Everything was fine until he arrived at an evacuation hospital.

Beamesderfer hit the hospital about midnight, and a couple of medics carried him from the ambulance into a ward. The ward was full of other American wounded, and Beamesderfer felt good when he finally reached a cot. A captured German medic was helping out in the ward and came over to take off Beamesderfer's field jacket and wash his face. Beamesderfer watched the medic for a while and then said to him in German, "Can you understand me?"

"Ja," the German said.

Beamesderfer talked to him for several minutes in the Pennsylvania Dutch he had learned back in Lancaster County, Pa. He found that he got along pretty well. What he didn't notice was that an American nurse was standing at the head of his cot, taking it all in.

THE first hint Beamesderfer got that anything had gone wrong was when all the other GIs in the ward were taken out and he found himself the only patient left. He lay there alone until



THEY THOUGHT HE WAS A KRAUT

It took Cpl. Gilbert Beamesderfer 31 days to talk his way out of a U. S. Army PW camp and back to his status as just another Yank GI.



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THE first hint Beamesderfer got that anything had gone wrong was when all the other GIs in the ward were taken out and he found himself the only patient left. He lay there alone until 7:30 in the morning, wondering what was going on. Then a nurse came through the ward and he called her over.

"What gives?" he said. "Why don't they operate on me?"

The nurse looked at him in surprise: "Where did you learn to speak English like that?"

"What?" Beamesderfer said. But the nurse had already left.

Fifteen minutes later another nurse came and began wheeling him down the empty ward. A



They put him in an ambulance. This took him to a collecting station and from there to a clearing station. Everything was fine . . .

voice called out from somewhere: "Take that Jerry into Room 7."

Beamesderfer looked around for the Jerry, but the ward was empty. The nurse wheeled him into an operating room, where an American doctor was waiting. The doctor smiled when he saw Beamesderfer, patted him on the shoulder and said heartily in bad German: "All right, all right, we'll take good care of you."

"Ja, ja," Beamesderfer said, laughing.

"Are you glad it's over?" the doctor continued in German.

It never occurred to Beamesderfer that this was anything more than a joke. "You're god-damned right I am," he said, also in German.

THAT clinched it. When Beamesderfer came out of the anaesthetic he was in a ward full of Germans. At first he thought he had been captured.

"Hey," he called to an American lieutenant walking past. "Have the Krauts got us?"

"Just be quiet," the lieutenant said. "You got nothing to worry about. You're with your buddies."

"Buddies!" Beamesderfer yelled. "What do you mean, buddies? Get me out of here!"

The lieutenant just walked away.

They kept Beamesderfer in the German ward for three days. American doctors and nurses came in and out and Beamesderfer stopped them and insisted he was a GI, but all he got were blank stares. They had been picking up a lot of German soldiers in American uniforms lately and they weren't taking any chances. To make matters worse, the hospital had checked back with Beamesderfer's company, where it was learned that, according to the records, the ambulance which had evacuated him had been either captured or shot up.

Still, Beamesderfer couldn't believe that anyone actually considered him a German. Things like that just didn't happen, not even in the Army. Then they moved all the wounded in the hospital to a nearby air strip to wait for evacuation to England. There the Germans and Americans were given different colored cards. When Beamesderfer saw his, he realized at last that a ghastly mistake had been made. The card was the one for Germans.

His first thought was that they would shoot him for a spy. After all, he was wearing an American uniform and if they thought him a German that would qualify him for a firing squad. The thought was not comforting. He tried convincing the Americans again, arguing and pleading and yelling and even weeping.

It was no use; everyone thought Beamesderfer was a German, including the other Germans. He made such a nuisance of himself that the Germans began to regard him as their leader, just

claimed. "An American soldier? Like hell I will!" He called over two Germans standing nearby. "Take this goddam pick and dig a goddam hole," he ordered.

The Germans took the pick and went meekly to work. The lieutenant started to bawl out Beamesderfer, but changed his mind when he saw the Germans working. After that, whenever the Americans wanted a detail, they told Beamesderfer to get the men and made him the boss.

Beamesderfer tried talking to the American GIs on the strip, but they wouldn't have anything to do with him. When chow came he automatically got on the American chow line, but the mess sergeant always recognized him and kicked him out. By the time he got to the German chow line, he'd be too late. It got so Beamesderfer had to wait till everybody else had got seconds before he could get his firsts.

The only person in that whole time who thought Beamesderfer was an American was a wounded German lieutenant colonel, and he didn't count. This colonel had been bitching because he wasn't in an officer's ward, so the Americans ordered Beamesderfer to tell him to shut up. Beamesderfer went up to the colonel and told him in his nastiest German that if the colonel didn't shut his face the Americans would take him out into the field and just leave him lay. The German piped down, but that only made Beamesderfer a better German in the eyes of the Americans.

After 10 days on the air strip, the wounded were evacuated to England. Beamesderfer flew with a plane load of Germans, brooding all the way. At the air field in England, three MPs were waiting for him. He was separated from the others and the MPs took him away by himself. My God, he thought, they're going to shoot me!

BUT they weren't. The MPs took him to another hospital, where he was put in a tent by himself. He tried to talk to the MPs, but they snubbed him. He tried everything. Finally he started talking half to himself about Pennsylvania, and one MP showed signs of interest.

"You ever live in Pennsylvania?" the MP asked after a couple of days.

"All me frigging life," Beamesderfer said.

The MP became more interested and let Beamesderfer tell his story. At the end of it, he asked the MP's advice on what to do.

"Well," the MP said, after much thought, "you might insult the captain. Maybe that'd help."

"Okay, I will," Beamesderfer said.

So the next time the captain came to treat his arm, Beamesderfer told him to go away.

"Captain," he said loudly, "why don't you take a flying leap to the moon?"

"What?" the captain said.

"You heard me," Beamesderfer said. "What

I understand English. I'm an American." Then Beamesderfer started to cry.

The two officers left, but next day they returned with a lieutenant interrogator and questioned Beamesderfer for two hours. They asked him questions about the States—who was President, what was the name of the President's dog, what color was the dog, what was the population of New York? They asked him a lot of other questions that any good spy would probably have been primed for, and he answered them all.

THEN Beamesderfer took the offensive, "Colonel," he said, "did you know that Lancaster County is officially listed as The Garden Spot of the World?"

"No, I didn't," the colonel said.

"And that Lancaster is the Red Rose City and York the White Rose City?"

The colonel didn't know that either, but he was impressed. He called in a nurse who came from Philadelphia and Beamesderfer told the nurse more things about Pennsylvania, how when an Amish family, for example, has a marriagable daughter in the house they paint the fence white and the gate green.

When Beamesderfer had finished, the colonel sat in silence for a while. Then he said: "OK. We'll send your fingerprints to Washington."

"That's all I ask," Beamesderfer said. "That's the only thing I ask." Then he began to cry again.

After that it was just sweating it out. Beamesderfer walked up and down his tent. He held his head. He tried to sleep, but couldn't. And then one day the lieutenant interrogator walked into the tent, carrying a piece of paper, and said in his most official tone: "I am happy to inform you that you are an American."

It was too much. "You're happy to inform me!" Beamesderfer shouted. "You're happy to inform me!" Then he just stood there and blew his top.

After that it was gravy. The colonel told the captain, who was no longer mad, that Beamesderfer was to be given anything he wanted. They even held a formal review, with the colonel and his staff and Beamesderfer in the reviewing stand, and all the medics passing before them. After the review the colonel made a speech, apologizing to Beamesderfer in the name of the hospital and the United States Army.

"You have proved yourself an American by your perseverance," the colonel said.

And Beamesderfer stood up, small and wounded, his arm still bandaged, and said in a loud voice: "I accept your most gracious apologies. All is forgiven."

There is only one other thing. Beamesderfer is back in the States now, on a 90-day work furlough between operations at Cushing General Hospital. He feels pretty good, except for his

and they weren't taking any chances. To make matters worse, the hospital had checked back with Beamesderfer's company, where it was learned that, according to the records, the ambulance which had evacuated him had been either captured or shot up.

Still, Beamesderfer couldn't believe that anyone actually considered him a German. Things like that just didn't happen, not even in the Army. Then they moved all the wounded in the hospital to a nearby air strip to wait for evacuation to England. There the Germans and Americans were given different colored cards. When Beamesderfer saw his, he realized at last that a ghastly mistake had been made. The card was the one for Germans.

His first thought was that they would shoot him for a spy. After all, he was wearing an American uniform and if they thought him a German that would qualify him for a firing squad. The thought was not comforting. He tried convincing the Americans again, arguing and pleading and yelling and even weeping.

It was no use; everyone thought Beamesderfer was a German, including the other Germans. He made such a nuisance of himself that the Germans began to regard him as their leader, just because he gave the Americans so much trouble.

He had got to know the Germans pretty well by that time. He didn't like them. Before the war Beamesderfer had been somewhat inclined to give Hitler credit for some of the things he had done, but not after he saw the results.

"Those Germans stink," he says now. "They're no damn good. They want to be led."

One day at the air strip an American lieutenant gave Beamesderfer a pick mattock and told him to dig a garbage pit.

"Me dig a garbage pit!" Beamesderfer ex-

with a plane load of Germans, brooding all the way. At the air field in England, three MPs were waiting for him. He was separated from the others and the MPs took him away by himself. My God, he thought, they're going to shoot me!

But they weren't. The MPs took him to another hospital, where he was put in a tent by himself. He tried to talk to the MPs, but they snubbed him. He tried everything. Finally he started talking half to himself about Pennsylvania, and one MP showed signs of interest.

"You ever live in Pennsylvania?" the MP asked after a couple of days.

"All me frigging life," Beamesderfer said. The MP became more interested and let Beamesderfer tell his story. At the end of it, he asked the MP's advice on what to do.

"Well," the MP said, after much thought, "you might insult the captain. Maybe that'd help."

"Okay, I will," Beamesderfer said. So the next time the captain came to treat his arm, Beamesderfer told him to go away.

"Captain," he said loudly, "why don't you take a flying leap to the moon?"

"What?" the captain said. "You heard me," Beamesderfer said. "What have you got, rocks in your head?"

"What!" the captain said. "Aaah," Beamesderfer said. "Blow it out your barracks bag."

By this time the captain was shaking like a leaf, he was so mad. "I'll get somebody to fix you," he said, and stormed out of the tent, returning a few minutes later with the colonel commanding the hospital.

The colonel started lecturing Beamesderfer in German, but Beamesderfer said, "Goddam it, Colonel, you don't have to talk to me in German.

one day the lieutenant interrogator walked into the tent, carrying a piece of paper, and said in his most official tone: "I am happy to inform you that you are an American."

It was too much. "You're happy to inform me!" Beamesderfer shouted. "You're happy to inform me!" Then he just stood there and blew his top.

After that it was gravy. The colonel told the captain, who was no longer mad, that Beamesderfer was to be given anything he wanted. They even held a formal review, with the colonel and his staff and Beamesderfer in the reviewing stand, and all the medics passing before them. After the review the colonel made a speech, apologizing to Beamesderfer in the name of the hospital and the United States Army.

"You have proved yourself an American by your perseverance," the colonel said.

And Beamesderfer stood up, small and wounded, his arm still bandaged, and said in a loud voice: "I accept your most gracious apologies. All is forgiven."

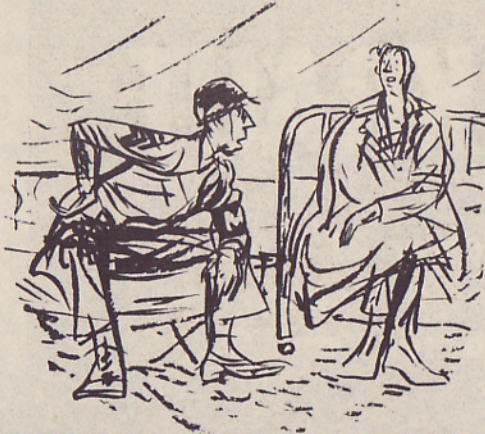
There is only one other thing. Beamesderfer is back in the States now, on a 90-day work furlough between operations at Cushing General Hospital. He feels pretty good, except for his nerves. He's inclined to be kind of jumpy and he's developed a phobia that he feels is going to bother him as long as he stays in the Army.

The phobia probably came from those 31 days of helpless yelling on the one hand and being constantly bawled out on the other. The doctors don't know what to do about it. All they suggest is that Beamesderfer take it easy for a while and maybe get married and settle down. But that isn't so easy in the Army, and the phobia is the kind that might make life somewhat difficult for an enlisted man.

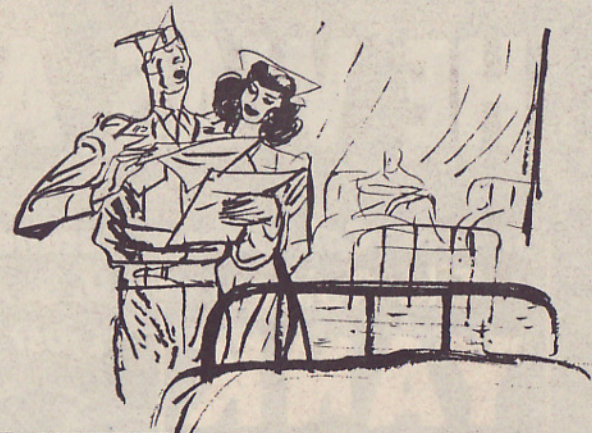
Beamesderfer is scared of officers.



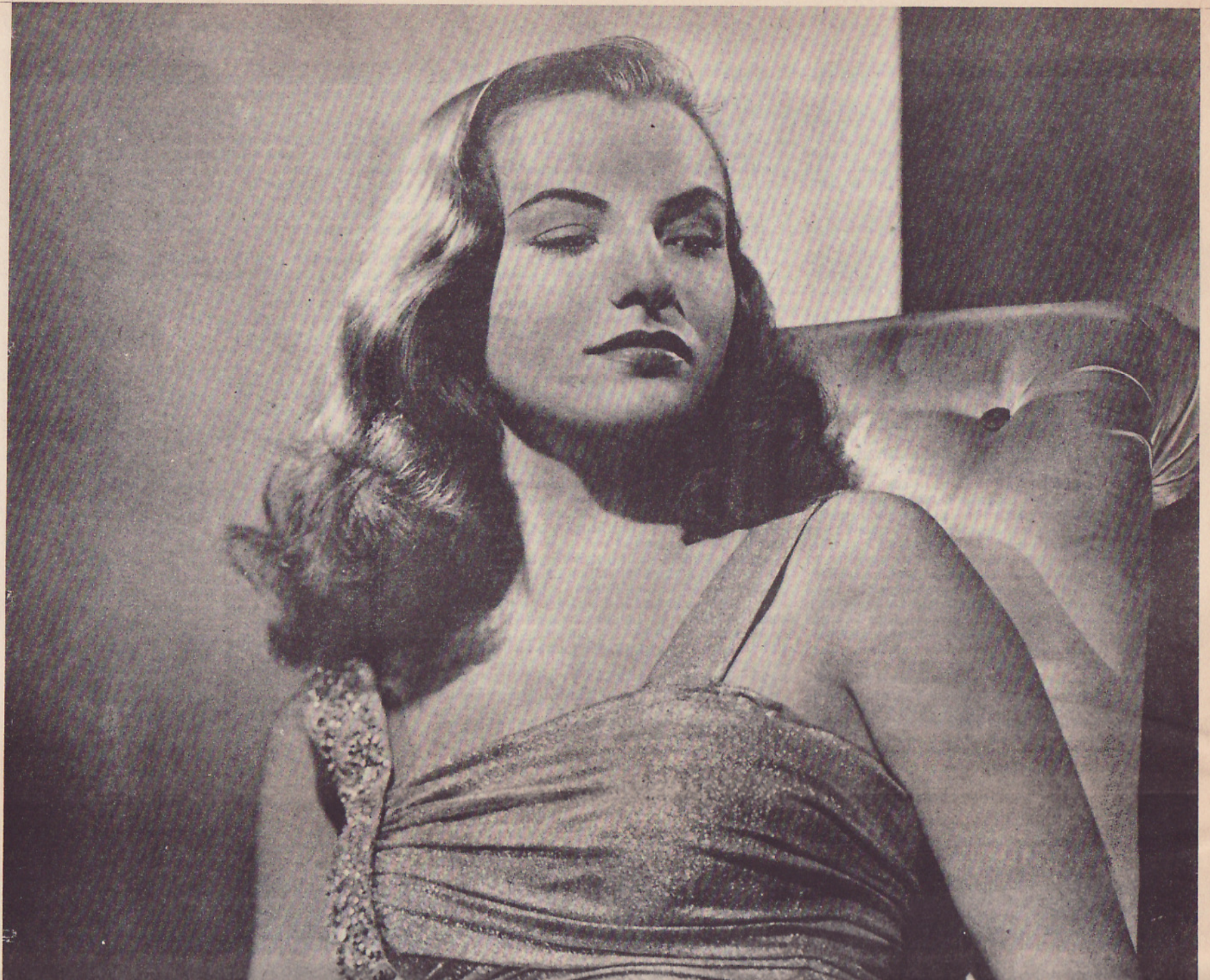
"Hey," Beamesderfer called. "Have the Krauts got us?" "You got nothing to worry about," the officer said. "You're with your buddies."



He started talking to himself about Pennsylvania. "You ever live in Pennsylvania?" an MP asked. "All me frigging life," he said.



And then one day the lieutenant interrogator walked into the tent and said: "I am happy to inform you that you are an American."





Ella Raines
YANK

Pin-up Girl



Some of the future Davis Cup contenders who competed recently in the Eastern Junior Championships at Forest Hills, N. Y. From left to right: the runner-up, Richard Savitt, Fred B. Smith, Jr., Herbert Flam, Californian youngster who won the tournament, Hugh Stewart and the Mathey brothers, Dean and McDonald.



By Sgt. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Staff Writer

FOR most people back home the end of the war will mean the return of tenderloin steak, gasoline, imported sardines, War Bond investments, Madeleine Carroll, Bob Feller, Caribbean cruises, Labor Day week ends, real estate salesmen, Wrigley's chewing gum, beer cans, James Stewart, silk stockings, oil burners, electric refrigerators, polite waiters, hair pins, sons, fathers and husbands. For the United States Lawn Tennis Association, however, it will mean more than anything else the return of America

a former tournament player now in the real estate business on Long Island, arranges transportation for the kids, wrangles them invitations to spare rooms in the homes of tennis enthusiasts and sees to it that they put in the required hours of practice instead of goofing off on the clubhouse porch or getting into too many sets of mixed doubles.

When you ask Man about the young tennis prospects who have come up since we've been away, he mentions Herbert Flam, Hugh Stewart and Henry Fister from California, Buddy Behrens from Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Edward Ray and Bernard Bartzten from Texas, Fred Burton

is one of the best around this year. Behrens has everything my brother Don had at 15 and he hits a harder ball than Don did."

Unfortunately, Behrens and the other Junior Davis Cup recruits are not seeing and playing against the type of tennis on the Big Apple this season that you would call Grade A. Like college football and major league baseball, tournament tennis in the U. S. is far below par as a result of the Selective Service Act. The two best men players serving the ball are Talbert, who has won the National Clay Courts championship, and Cooke, who defeated Sidney B. Wood, Jr., in the finals of the Eastern Clay Courts tourna-



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The last time the Davis Cup was up on the block we were represented by a team that consisted of Bobby Riggs, Joe Hunt, Frank Parker and Jack Kramer. That was in 1939, just before the outbreak of the European war brought international tennis to a standstill. For the sake of the record, the U. S. contingent was beaten in the finals by Australia, three matches to two.

The only players from the 1939 team who will be available for Davis Cup play after the war will be Kramer, now an ensign in the Navy, and Parker, who is a sergeant in the Army stationed in the Pacific. Riggs, also with the Army in the Pacific, turned professional before he was inducted. Joe Hunt was killed while he was flying for the Navy.

The USLTA people, sweating out the next American Davis Cup lineup, also figure on such experienced prewar hands as Ted Schroeder, Lt. Don McNeill, Lt. Gardner Mulloy, Elwood Cooke and Bill Talbert. The team may also include a couple of players you've never heard of. If so, it is a safe bet that these new players will be products of the USLTA replacement training system known as the Junior Davis Squad.

The Junior Davis Cup program is directed by a committee consisting of Dr. S. Ellsworth Davenport, Major James H. Bishop of Culver Military Academy and Alrick Man, who acts as general manager and non-playing captain of the squad. Every year the committee selects six or 10 youngsters from various sections of the country and brings them East during the season of big-time tournaments. That gives them an opportunity to play against and to watch the best competition and to get a few weeks of intensified coaching from top-ranking players. Man,

a former tournament player now in the real estate business on Long Island, arranges transportation for the kids, wrangles them invitations to spare rooms in the homes of tennis enthusiasts and sees to it that they put in the required hours of practice instead of goofing off on the clubhouse porch or getting into too many sets of mixed doubles.

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"As usual, the best ones keep coming from California," he says. "Just like all the best ones in recent years—Vines, Budge, Mako, Stofen. It's not only the California weather, which lets them play all the year around. The competition out there is stiffer and the people in back of tennis in California give young talent all possible encouragement. They see to it that a promising kid gets good instruction and plays against the best older men.

"The outstanding youngster in the American tennis picture right now is Jinx Falkenberg's brother, Bob. He's in the Army now. I think he can make the next Davis Cup team easily, even though he'll be competing against more experienced players like Schroeder, McNeill, Mulloy and Cooke. He was the No. 1 junior and the No. 6 senior ranking U. S. player last season. This layoff in the Army won't hurt him. He has a sound game fundamentally and it won't take him long to regain his form."

Lloyd Budge, the famous teaching professional who developed his own brother, Don, into a national champion, has been watching Man's Junior Davis Cuppers at work recently at the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills, N. Y. He thinks that the only real Davis Cup prospect in the current cycle of replacements is Behrens, who has won two national boys' titles.

"Buddy is only 15 years old but I saw him take a set from Francesco Segura, the South American, in Florida last winter," Budge says. "That's quite an achievement for a boy that age. Segura

is one of the best around this year. Behrens has everything my brother Don had at 15 and he hits a harder ball than Don did."

Unfortunately, Behrens and the other Junior Davis Cup recruits are not seeing and playing against the type of tennis on the Big Apple this season that you would call Grade A. Like college football and major league baseball, tournament tennis in the U. S. is far below par as a result of the Selective Service Act. The two best men players serving the ball are Talbert, who has won the National Clay Courts championship, and Cooke, who defeated Sidney B. Wood, Jr., in the finals of the Eastern Clay Courts tournament. The tip-off on the kind of tennis being staged back home is that Wood and Frank Shields are playing semi-final and final matches. Wood and Shields were finalists at Wimbledon 15 and 14 years ago, respectively.

Looking back over the Junior Davis Cuppers developed in the past, Man thinks that the greatest of them was Frank Kovacs, now in a hospital in Camp Lee, Va., after a stretch in the Army in the Southwest Pacific. He is suffering from high blood pressure. The doctors would not permit him to play an exhibition match against Bill Tilden at Camp Lee a while ago.

"I don't believe that even Tilden in his greatest days had a repertoire of strokes like Kovacs," Man says. "But Frank refused to take his tennis seriously. I remember one time after a tournament at the Marion Cricket Club when we were talking and he complained to me because not enough big time players went in for fun. I told him that he'd have to make up his mind either to play tennis for fun or to play it with the intention of becoming the greatest tennis star in the world. He did well but not as well as he should have done because fun was too important to him."

Holcombe Ward, president of the USLTA, once wrote Kovacs the following letter:

"My dear boy: Your deplorable clowning on the court which has marred the current tennis season will not be tolerated in the coming national championships at Forest Hills. We strongly urge you to be serious."

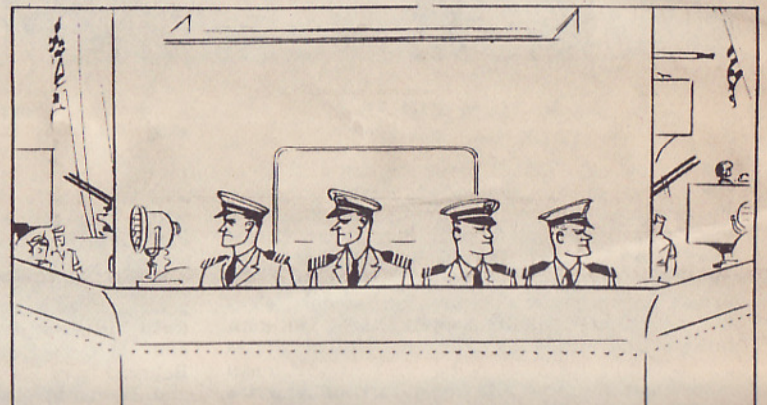
Kovacs replied:

"My dear Mr. Ward: I shall try very hard to be serious on the court during the coming tournament. But something tells me I shall not succeed."



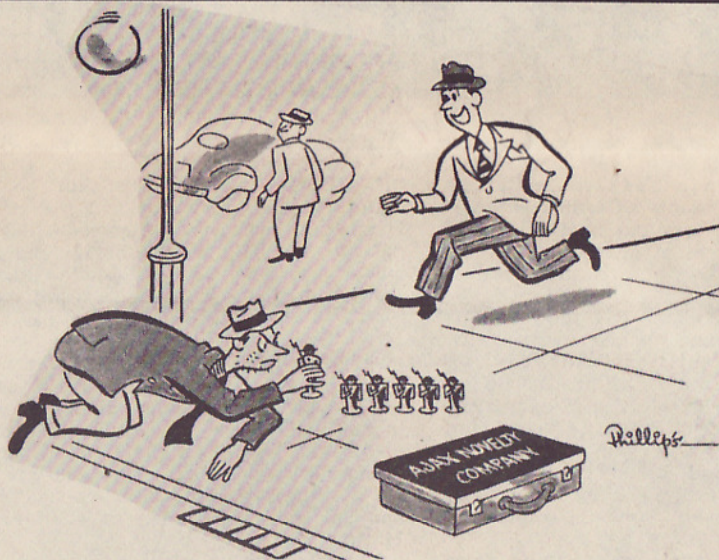
"SO YOU CAN SEE THAT THE STRUCTURE OF THE HEAD IS ANOTHER IMPORTANT POINT OF THE DARWINIAN THEORY."

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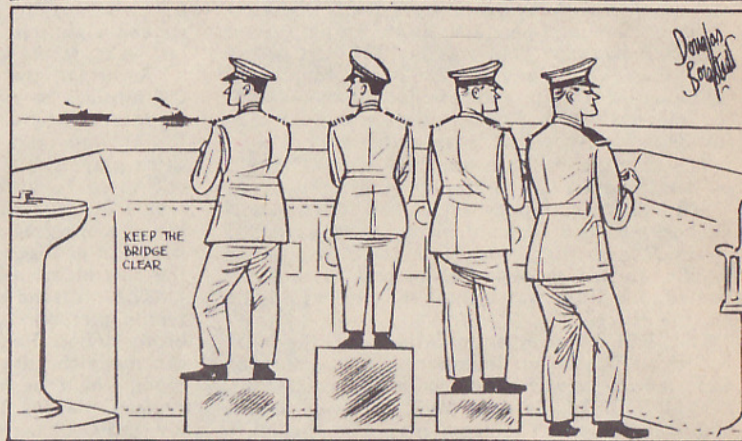
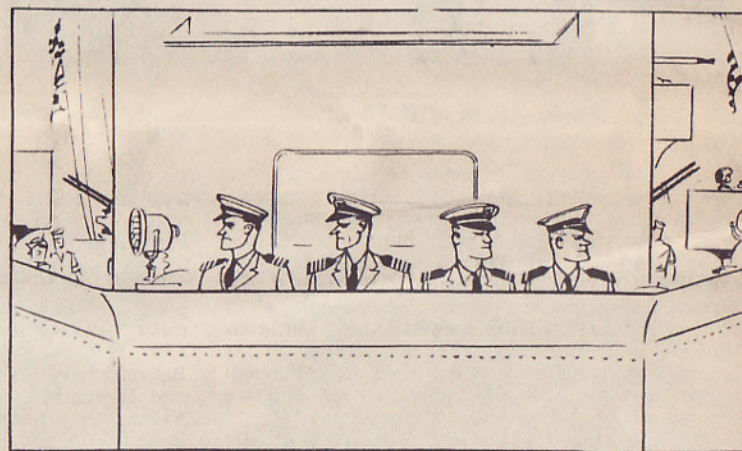
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"WHY, CAPT. WILLARD . . ."

—Sgt. F. Phillips



—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt

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