YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

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SEPT. 7, 1945
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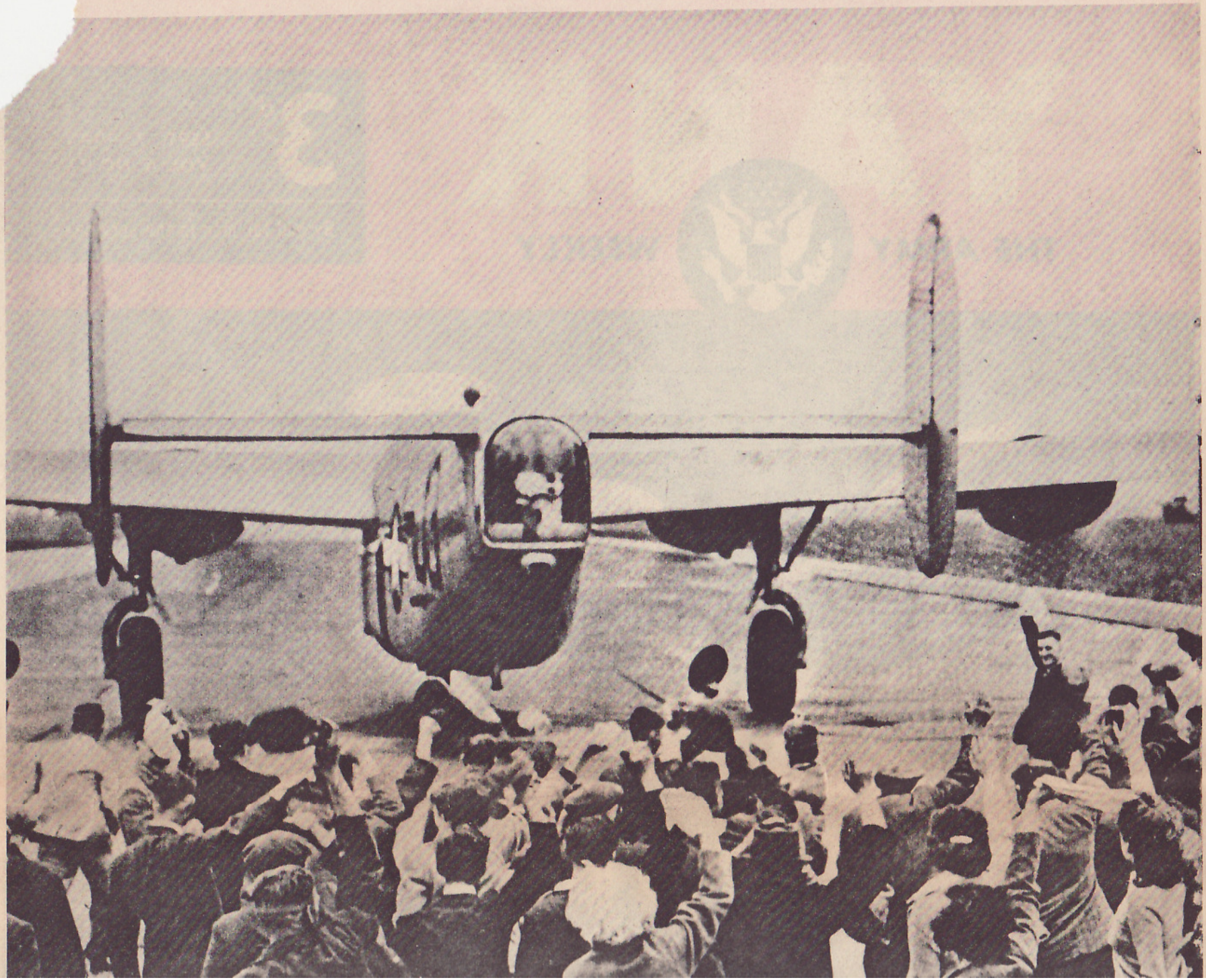
By and for men in the service.

ALLIES "SPLICE THE MAINBRACE"

Bombers' Return—Farewell to Britain

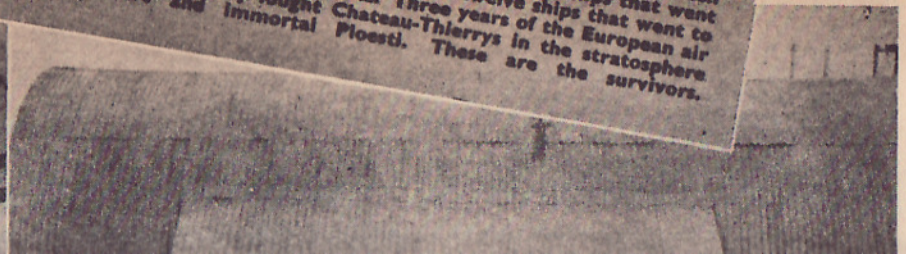
—See pages 2, 3, 4 and 5



This is the farewell to England. From a hundred airdromes the big Liberators and Fortresses of 43 Eighth Air Force Heavy Bombardment Groups take off on their last mission from England. Target Home! The East Anglian villagers know a great deal about Americans now. But suddenly their droning skies are silent and strange. Some of the waving people are wives of Americans, some are pub cronies; all feel that pensiveness of parting. Memories start from now.

TARGET HOME

2 The air echelons leave first, in each ship nine crewmen, a crew chief and ten key groundlings. In flights of three the big ones depart, the ships that went in thousands to Berlin, to Stuttgart, successors to the twelve ships that went to Rouen in the first Fort raid on 17 August, 1942. Three years of the European air offensive are behind them. They fought Chateau-Thierrys in the stratosphere at bloody Schweinfurt and immortal Ploesti. These are the survivors.



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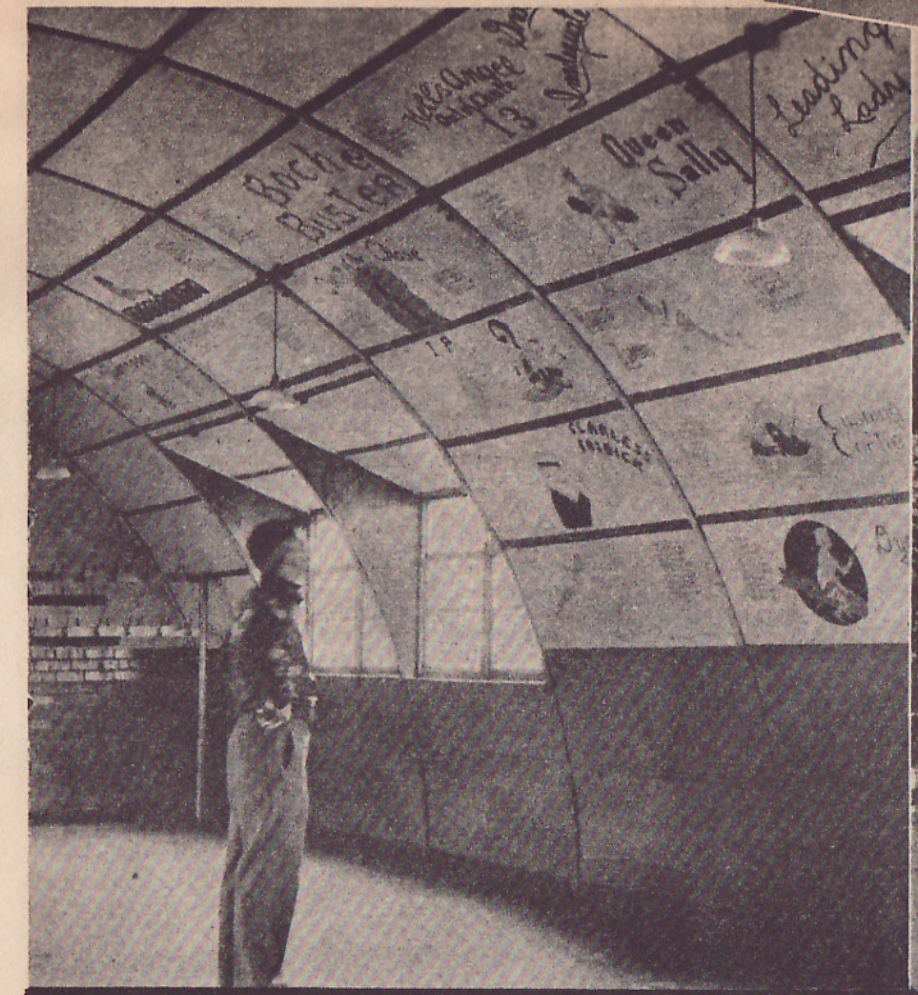
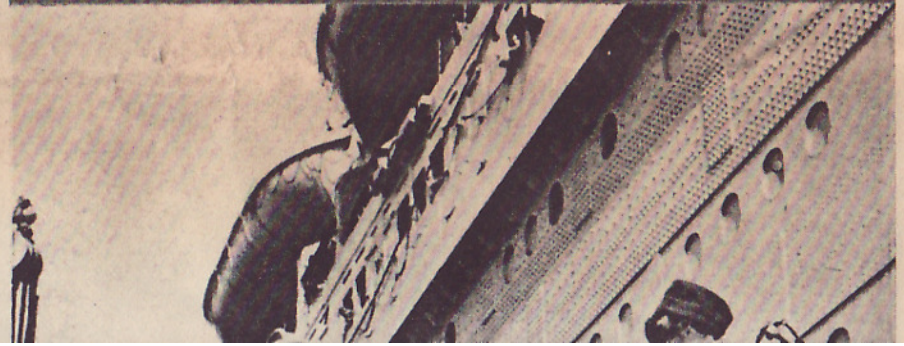


3 At last the control tower is dead. There are no more ships in the hardstands. Here at the Deenethorpe base of the 401st Group the gunners leave a memorial in their deserted mess—cardboard plaques with the names and insignias of the famous Forts—*Leading Lady, Queen of the Chase, Fearless Fosdick*. Now the acting CO has just gotten a long brown manila envelope marked SECRET. Before he opens it the ground echelon knows the secret. Next, a briefing for peace.

4 First step on the journey home. The ground echelon has cleaned up the base to give it back to the RAF, and now the personal equipment and TAT (To Accompany Troops) supplies are packed. Showdown inspections, money changing, last passes and personal goodbyes, are over. It is a rainy day, as it was and ever shall be in England. Fourteen hundred men are on the move. Nobody bitches during these hard-working days. The job's over. No more Nissen huts.

5 This is how it is at the roadside before the convoy pulls out. Her name is Dorothy Hall, Leading Aircraftswoman; he is John Babcock, Staff Sergeant. Nobody makes wise remarks from the trucks at this scene and others like it along the side of the road. Partings are never funny. A hundred of the 401st have married English girls. War is very screwy. The husbands now go home and sweat out their English wives, while other husbands rejoin theirs at home.

6 They used to be called "Liberty Trucks." Brother, you can say that again! This is the last big liberty run. The six-by-sixes will never again wait in a blacked-out square in Corby or Kettering while the GIs straggle back full of mild and bitter. Sgt. "Rocky" Hall writes a letter to his kid in Newark (he never saw the kid), "Dear Twelve Points: You're going to see your old man!" Thousands of points wait at home. GIs suddenly become family men, the good providers.



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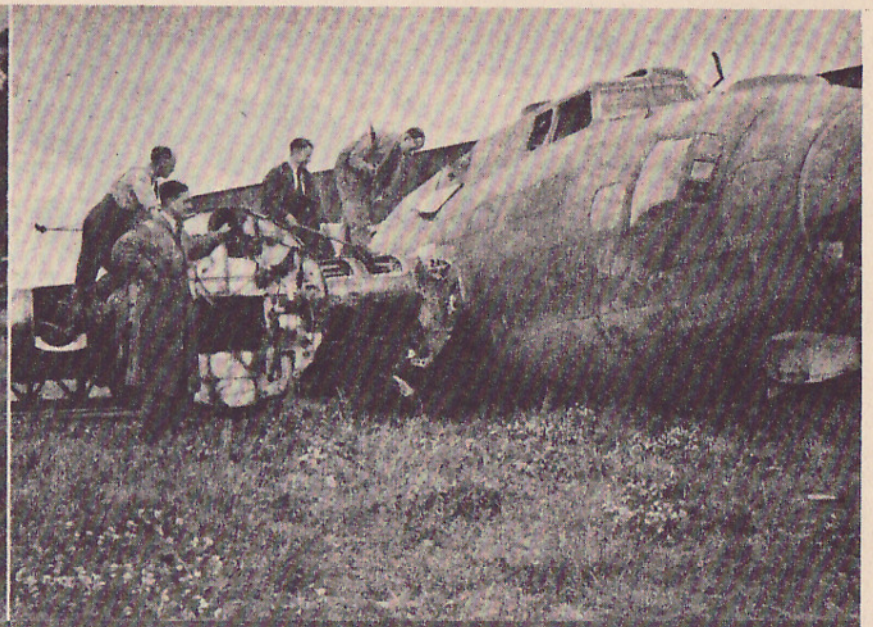
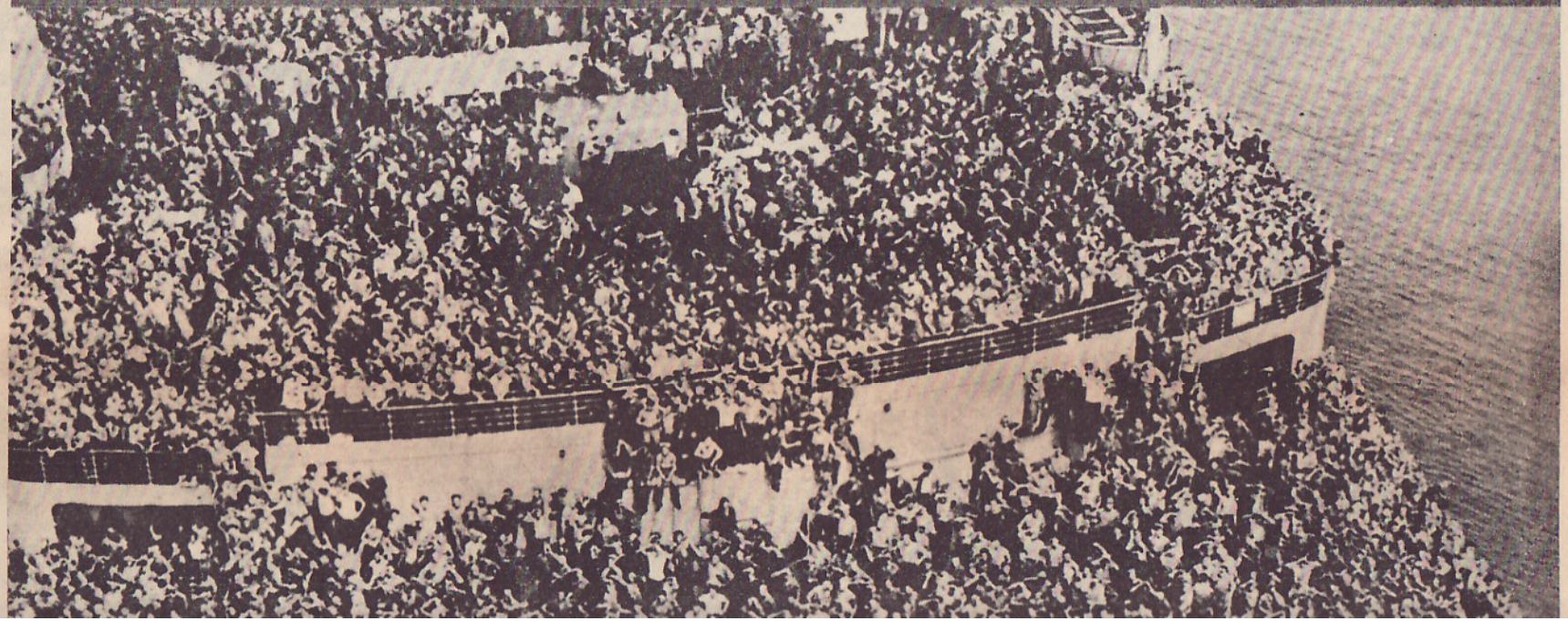
7 Seven miles away two trains wait at Geddington. This is where they first arrived in October, 1943, after a lot of excruciating remarks about the size of English freight cars. Later they discovered that the comedy cars got the air supply to them when they needed it. The farewells seem to stretch out. Somebody finds out from the brakeman that the train is going to Greenock. Guardhouse lawyers prophesy, "It's the 'Liz.'" But anything would do, just so it got there.

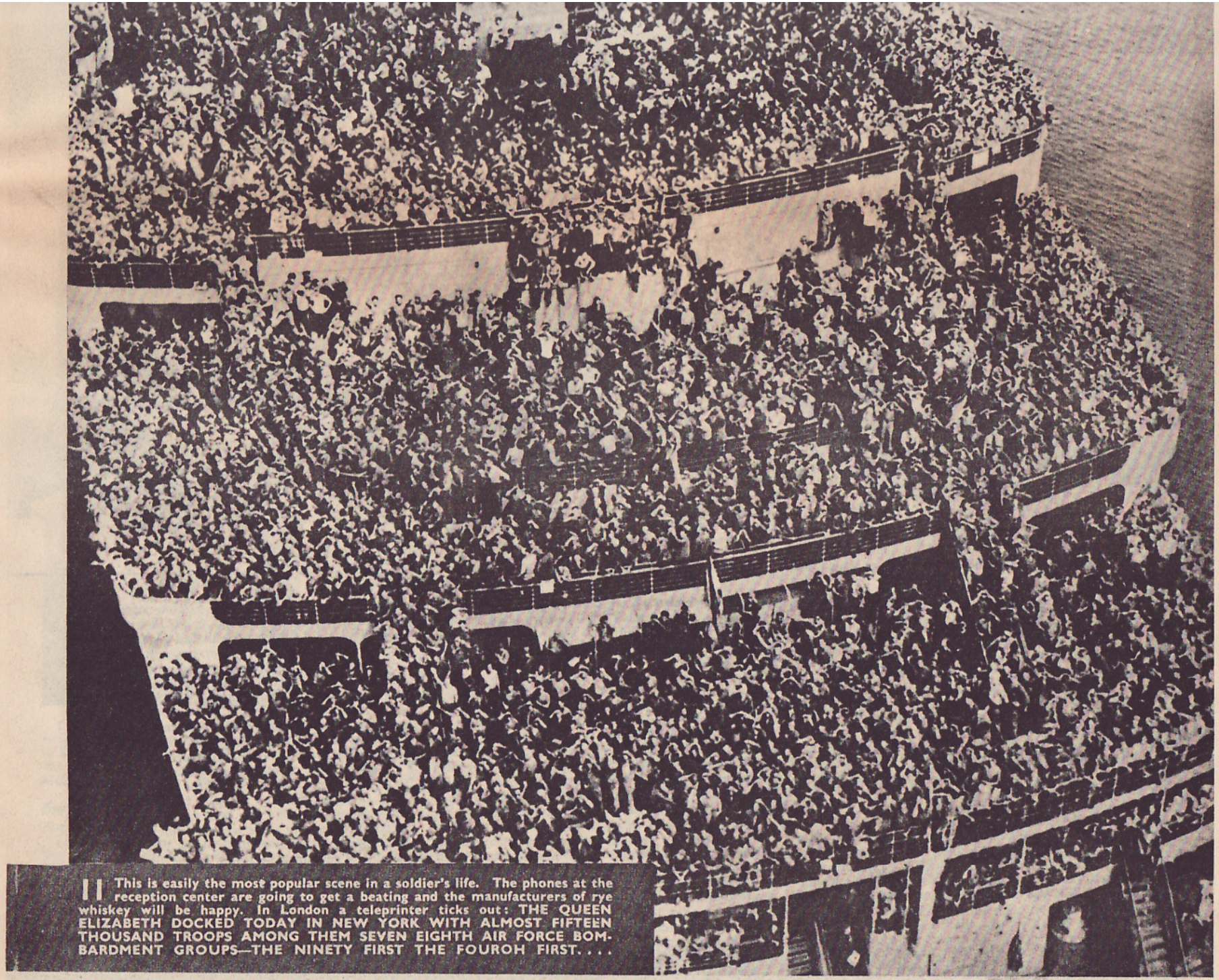
8 It is the "Liz"—the biggest ship afloat, the *Queen Elizabeth*. A lot more queueing, more roll calls, and they run the gauntlet of MPs, RTOs, SPs, Red Cross. One guy says, "I don't care if I have to hang from a strap the whole way across." Naturally, the first thing that happens aboard the "Liz" is that a whole squadron is slung on KP. Three bakers get the bakeshop detail and help turn out 15,000 loaves a day. Most of the guys lay around, heckling the late arrivals.

9 At first they have the run of the ship and then the MPs chase them down and issue white badges. "After this you stay in the white section of the ship. Get it? No going into the red or the blue. Get it?" Okay, they're whites and this life raft is in the white section. The chow turns out to be terrific. The coffee gets a unit citation. The dice artists make quips about the funny money—U.S. currency. The usual rumor gets around that one guy has won $8,000.

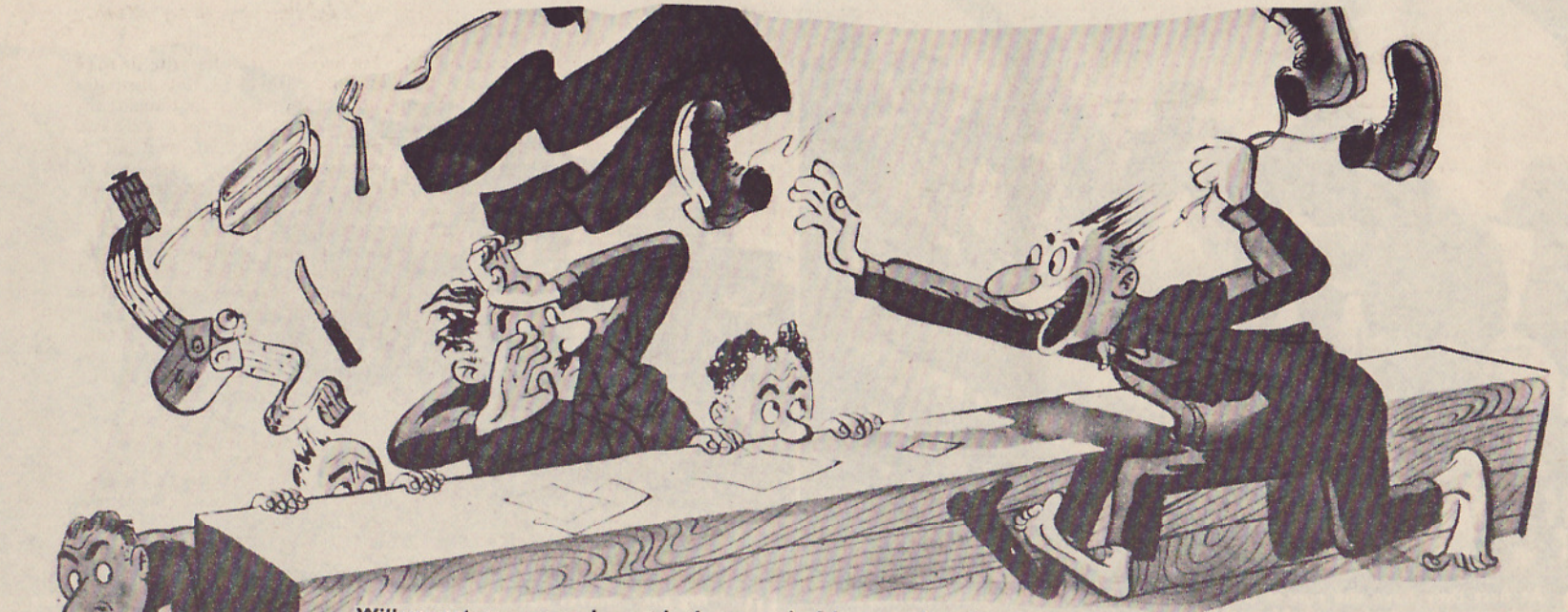


10 "Big Liz" moves out of the Tail of the Bank at seven on a June evening. Back at Deenethorpe the RAF looks at a souvenir—*Hell's Angels*—100 missions. The RAF gets a big empty airdrome with three hulks like this to cannibalize. Aboard the "Liz" at sea the Air Service guys are started on the subject of battle stars, but somehow it doesn't heat up. They're going home. And sack time all the way across. That thought makes you love even second louies.





This is easily the most popular scene in a soldier's life. The phones at the reception center are going to get a beating and the manufacturers of rye whiskey will be happy. In London a teleprinter ticks out: THE QUEEN ELIZABETH DOCKED TODAY IN NEW YORK WITH ALMOST FIFTEEN THOUSAND TROOPS AMONG THEM SEVEN EIGHTH AIR FORCE BOMBARDMENT GROUPS—THE NINETY FIRST THE FOUROH FIRST. . . .



Will you return your equipment in the same playful manner in which it was issued to you when you were inducted in the Army?

"Take It From Me"

Will there be a special course in unmaking a GI bed?

By Cpl. MARTIN S. DAY
YANK Field Correspondent

FT. MEADE, MD.—Even if you've fewer points than I have, you'll probably be seated across the desk from me one of these days while I try to hand you some Separation counseling at the Ft. Meade Separation Center here in Maryland. We Separation Counselors feel that, for us, it's still a long war.

I know how I'll feel when my chance for discharge comes. "Let's cut the chatter, Bud," I'll probably say. "Just give me the white paper and let me take off."

Equally impatient right now, many men try to dash past us without taking full advantage of the Separation Counselor's advice and assistance. But since they've been away so long from the States and from civilian life, maybe they ought to listen to us.

Almost every man getting out on points has plenty of spam bars for overseas service and has sweated out more than enough time for his hash mark. No one could possibly deny that the great majority of dischargees on points deserve their release. Many times I've written about a dischargee who "served as a rifleman in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, France and Germany" or "drove a light tank in France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia."

Most of these men came into the Army in 1940 or 1941, and most of them have seen far more than their share of combat. They've earned WDAGO 5355 (honorable discharge) the hard way.

Every Army system, however, produces its oddities. For instance, I talked to a radio operator-mechanic-gunner on a Liberator who was overseas nine months, and collected 60 combat points. Many infantrymen overseas have collected only half that number. A buck sergeant drove a refueling truck on Italian airfields and never even saw an air raid; he collected scads of combat points because his entire squadron received those little bronze stars. On occasion, rear echelon units in GF and ASF have also picked up combat points the easy way. But what does look screwey is for a man who never left England, to get the Ardennes star and five more points simply because some planes of his squadron got into that scrap.

One fellow I interviewed has 74 time and combat points, and squeezed through to 86 because of an illegitimate child. Of course he had recognized and supported the child for several years, but some of the boys around here were sarcastic. "You do what the medics and the chaplains tell you," they complain, "and you only gyp yourself out of points."

A very few have sweated out points pleasantly. Recently, I had a topkick who was forced to endure the rigors of downtown Honolulu from 1940 until this summer in order to get his release. A fortunate T/4 spent more than three years in Hamilton, Bermuda, before returning to the States in 1944. Early this year he was shipped to India, but the point system tagged him and sent him back for discharge after only three weeks' residence in India.

A Regular Army man beat a peacetime desertion rap and is getting a perfectly white discharge that lists more than 900 days bad time. Men with as many as twelve courts-martial are copping lovely white papers. One youngster is getting a blue discharge because of four AWOLs and a total of 121 days bad time. I've stopped trying to figure out this thing.

If anyone has put this war on a paying basis, I think it's the guy whose feet completely collapsed in basic and sent him back to his wife and three kids after only one month and twelve days in service. In addition to his regular pay, he hit the finance for $240 on dependency benefit, $100 on mustering-out pay, and five cents a mile for the trip back to upstate New York. What are the odds that that Joe would have been on flying pay if he'd stuck it out another week or so?

Point system separatees up to now have been about equally distributed among the Regular Army, National Guard, and Selective Service. Most of them have ranged from 22 to 35 years of age. There's a good percentage of youngsters who lied about their age to get into the Army a few years back. We recently had a kid who had boosted his age to join the AAF; in a trifle more than two years he amassed more than 90 points, and is now back in corduroy pants and a polo shirt. He's just a few months past his 19th birthday.

A while back I used to try feebly to kid Regular Army dischargees by saying, "Why don't you Regular Army men stay in and let us civilians out?"

I've cut out that sickly gag largely because most of my RA first three graders plan to reenlist.

On your way out of the Army, you'll go through a Separation Center—as if you didn't know—and there'll be guys there to help steer you right. By way of introduction, here's a pre-view by one of them.

One grizzled first sergeant with five hash marks, put it up to me: "They won't let me take my family to Germany. I've got a baby boy I've never seen, and I want to get reacquainted with my missus. Taking a discharge means for me a trip home and $100 a month for a three-month furlough. But after that's over I'll be in for another hitch."

Talking about family reunions, I once had one man who was going home to meet his father for about the first time. He was the son of an English girl and an American soldier of the First World War. Born in 1921, he was taken to England by his mother in 1923 when she left her husband in a huff.

After more than one and a half years in the RAF, this man who was an American citizen because he was born in the States transferred to the AAF. Coming back to his native land was coming back to an unknown country and to a virtually unknown

and what-have-you just to perplex them. But tempers and time may be saved, and something vital to you may be gained if you talk over your job problem with your Separation Center interviewer. The T/O lists him as a Vocational Counselor (262); that means he should be able to give you advice on job replacement.

Surprisingly few men I've talked with expect to use the GI Bill of Rights for a full-time education, but many want to take refresher courses at night or some other part-time education in the hope of upping their future earning capacity. Many separatees do not realize that all unemployment and educational benefits will be deducted from any future bonus that may be given to the veterans. This really shouldn't be regarded as a disadvantage, however, as you've nothing more than a raffle ticket on a future bonus.

Do you want an education or a bonus? The education's certain; the bonus, at this moment, is as unpredictable as a supply sergeant.

Also, it hasn't been universally understood that almost everyone, regardless of age, is entitled to a full year of refresher training. To be eligible for *more* than one year of education, you must be able to prove that you were under 25 at the time of your induction, or that your education was interrupted by military service. But your discharge papers are about all you need to produce to be eligible for a one year refresher course in any school or college of your choice.

Maybe you think I'm fooling you, but I recently had in my booth a staff sergeant who was the president of an Alaskan gold mining company. Now 48, he plans a year of advanced metallurgical study before he follows up the Spring in the Yukon, in 1946.

Full publicity has pretty well scotched the hash-ish dream that everybody could slap a discharge down on the Government counter and say, "Now lend me that $2,000, chum."

You'll get a loan only from a private lending agency (usually a bank), and only if the lenders are willing to risk their own cash on you and your enterprise. The banks are pretty wary these days because most values are now highly inflated. Many loan agencies are backing only gilt-edged, beautifully solvent veterans because they don't want a black eye in the community for foreclosing on a GI.

There are plenty of veterans who are planning to get ahead without borrowing. Take the case of the brawny, Slavic T/5 from Pittsburgh, Pa., who owns a plot of ground near his post-war place of work.

"First, I'll build me a garage with a second floor," he told me. "My wife and I can live in the garage while I build my own house in my spare time. I have a little money and I don't want to owe any man a cent."

This plan wouldn't work for everybody, and the steel puddler's family won't roll in luxury for a while but, brother, I'm willing to bet my blue chips on that fellow.

The knottiest problem for most men seems to be what to do about National Service Life Insurance.

all over the ETO. He had divorced his wife in 1941 and thought he had done with her. But although she remarried, she didn't forget her first husband. Not this girl. Last summer she produced a license issued for her first marriage and claimed an F allotment out of his pay. The GI complained to his Regiment but all he got in the way of satisfaction was, "Oh, yeah? Let's see your divorce papers."

Sent airmail, registered, those papers crawled after the guy across four continents, through two hospitals, and around a handful of reinforcement and casual depots. Meanwhile, under protest, he kept paying allotments to another man's wife. I did my legal best in starting action for him to regain what she had mulcted out of him, but I don't know how far he'll push the suit, and that's strictly none of my business.

"After all," he mused, "she's the mother of my child, isn't she?"

That was a simple case. Some time, ask me to tell you about the medical aid man who has a fiancée in Iceland, and a wife and baby in England, but wants to throw the three of them over for a gal in West Virginia.

WHATEVER your problem, we counselors will try to help you somehow, within the limits of our job. My desk is getting bow-legged from its piles of books and files of addresses and referables. I'll give you all the time you want, and I've spent as much as 110 minutes with one man.

Usually, an interview here at Ft. Meade averages forty to fifty minutes, and each counselor can handle approximately ten to twelve men a day. But unless somebody pulls the counselors out of a hat, we'll have to speed things up a bit now because our numbers aren't increasing, and hell-bent-for-civvies boys are really pouring in.

One thing more about your interview with the Separation Counselor. He'll fill out the Separation Qualification Record, which constitutes the Army's job recommendation, just as a discharge is a character recommendation. The form's been used extensively by the U.S. Employment Service and other agencies, and it might be useful to you when you present it to prospective employers.

The interviewer will give you all the breaks in writing up the description of your jobs in the Army and in your pre-war civilian life. However, just because you've sharpened up a lot while you've been in ODs and sun-tans, you shouldn't try to sell the counselor a bill of goods, unless it's on the level.

I haven't had a downright phony yet, but some of the boys who said they were store clerks when they came into the Army, want the Separation Center Qualification Record to call them Department Store Managers when they go out. Even if you fool the interviewer (and he talks to hundreds of men and shouldn't be a complete sucker), you probably won't be able to fool your future employer when you're called upon to produce on the job.

But I've talked to plenty of GIs, and I'm convinced that since they've endured the enemy in foreign parts—and the Army—they can be counted on to

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After more than one and a half years in the RAF, this man who was an American citizen because he was born in the States transferred to the AAF. Coming back to his native land was coming back to an unknown country and to a virtually unknown father. He'd been in the States just four days when I talked to him in an interview booth. Very enthusiastic about his brave new world, he remarked in an Oxford accent, "D'you know, old chap, I was always quarreling with those English about how much better the States were."

A GI is more than usually talkative when he gets to us counselors because he suddenly realizes that, for him, the Army's on the verge of becoming just a memory—so you ought to come around to this office if you want to hear about Dachau, Bilibid prison, Anzio or Salamau.

Older men appear more inclined to want to return to their pre-war jobs than younger men, but about 80 to 90 per cent of the new dischargees I talk with seem to want new and different, and of course, better jobs. The guy who wrote *How You Goin' to Keep 'em Down On the Farm?* wasn't kidding.

From what they tell me, only a small proportion of the farmers plan to return to the farm for good. One Pfc blurted out, "I never got much more than fifteen miles from home. The Army's taken me through fifteen countries, from Brazil to Iceland, and from Trinidad to Czechoslovakia. After where I've been and what I've seen, I couldn't settle down on any farm."

The number of dischargees expecting luscious jobs paying *à la Hollywood* is far smaller than I, at any rate, expected. Most of the men want steady lifetime work, and they're willing to study and sweat and take average wages to clinch that permanent job. This generation seems to think pretty much in terms of security.

Army Counselors can offer extensive referables and perhaps give you the right steer. Some veterans claim that the old run-arounds are still being given to them by multitudinous agencies and departments down on the Government counter and say, "Now lend me that $2,000, chum."

You'll get a loan only from a private lending agency (usually a bank), and only if the lenders are willing to risk their own cash on you and your enterprise. The banks are pretty wary these days because most values are now highly inflated. Many loan agencies are backing only gilt-edged, beautifully solvent veterans because they don't want a black eye in the community for foreclosing on a GI.

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This plan wouldn't work for everybody, and the steel puddler's family won't roll in luxury for a while but, brother, I'm willing to bet my blue chips on that fellow.

The knottiest problem for most men seems to be what to do about National Service Life Insurance. I've talked with men who've been subject to Separation orientation everywhere from Munich or Manila all the way to my desk, without getting a clear picture of Life Insurance conversion. The best advice is to hold as much of the stuff as you can and thresh out the details with your counselor and the Veterans Administration representative nearest your home.

A very poor substitute for Mr. Anthony, I've sometimes found myself dropped into the middle of family squabbles. Not long ago, I talked with a poor guy who had been pestering personnel officers

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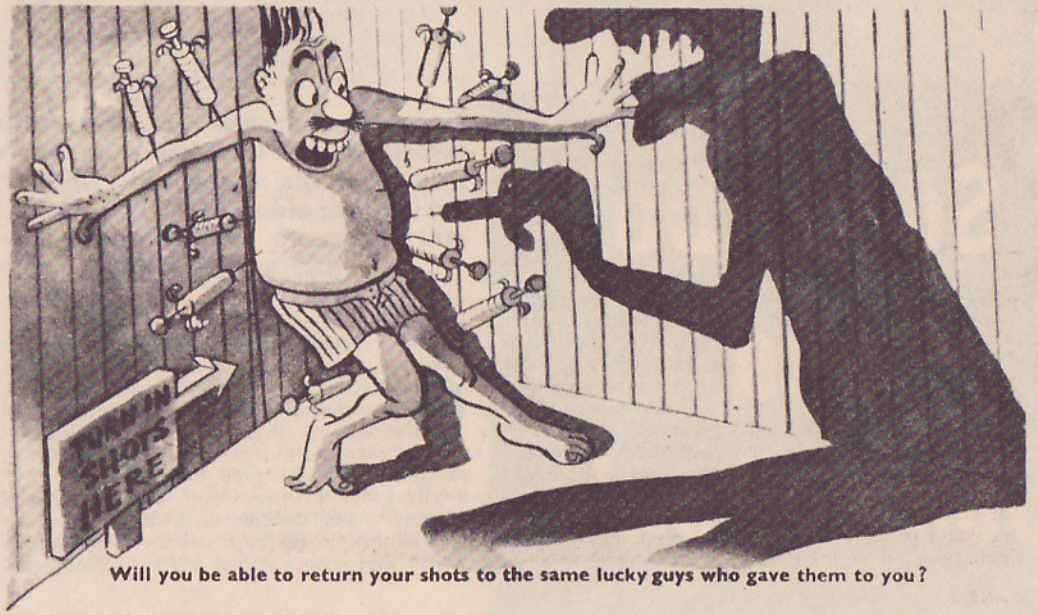
But I've talked to plenty of GIs, and I'm convinced that since they've endured the enemy in foreign parts—and the Army—they can be counted on to meet anything the American future may toss at them.

Now I'll admit that I've skimmed over lots of subjects that might be of interest to men on the verge of getting out. So if you've any question, or just want to kick the subject around a bit more, drop in to see me anytime for some Separation counseling.

But when I finish shooting the breeze with you and wish you the best of luck in civilian life, please don't break my heart with, "Thanks, the same to you, bud. Hope you're out soon."



Will you be able to return your shots to the same lucky guys who gave them to you?


CP
RESERVE COMMAND
10TH ARMORED DIVISION
A N D A ?

Some Do and Some Don't

Fraternization was one of the main topics of conversation prior to V-J Day. Perhaps many will think this subject is old stuff now — but it's still the same problem, and there's just as much talk.

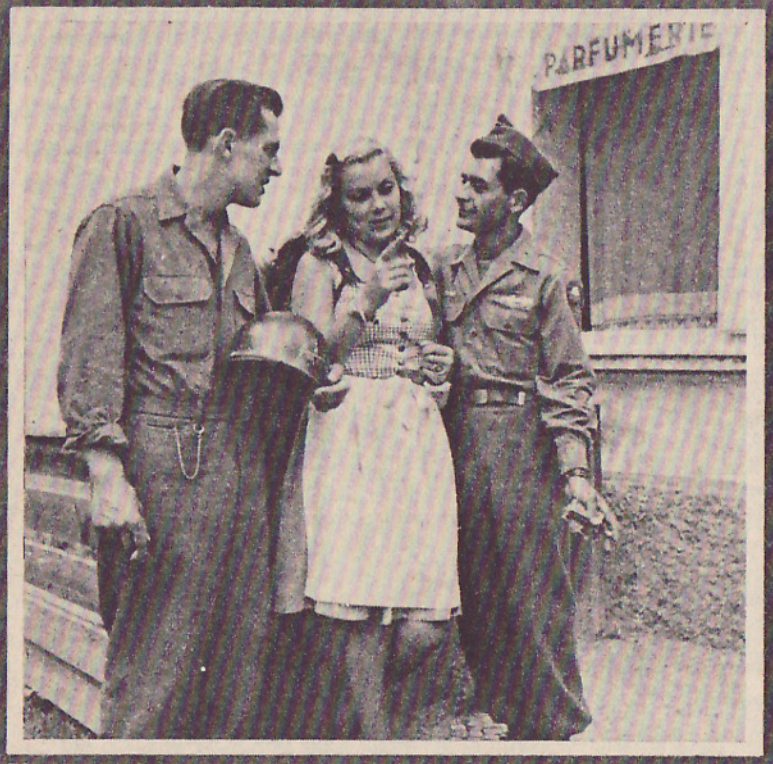
By Sgt. ALLAN ECKER
YANK Staff Correspondent

GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN, GERMANY—It is still summer, and though the tourist trade at this famous Bavarian winter resort is a little slack, there are still plenty of couples making sweet music on the surrounding Alps. The girls, who are mostly German, don't call it making sweet music. They call it fraternizing. It is a word they've picked up from their companions, most of whom wear the Tenth Armored Division patch. Judging by the number of players, this should be one of the resort's most popular sports until the Tenth goes back to the States in November.

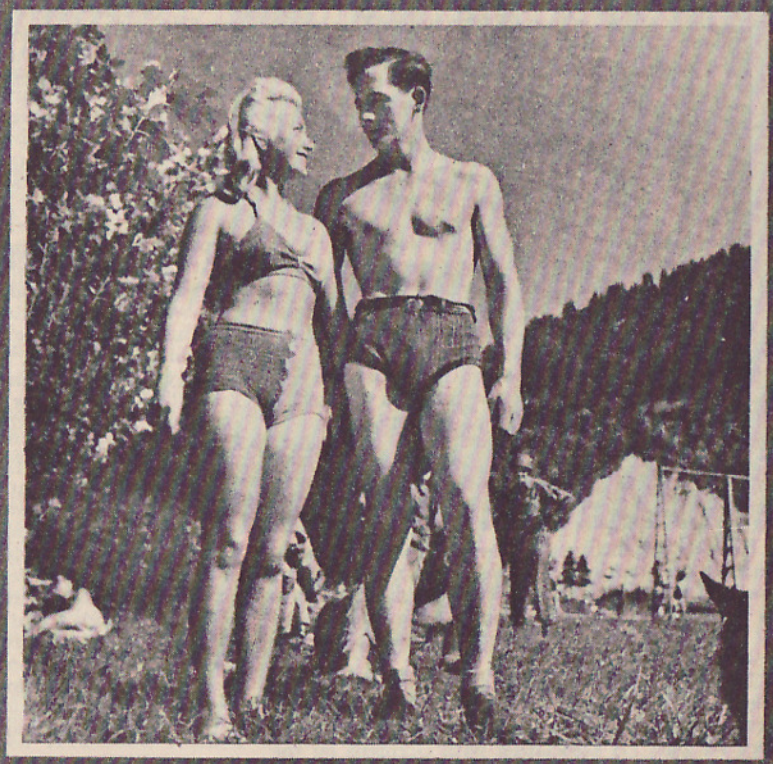
The Division arrived here on April 29 and the war in Europe very conveniently ended a week later. In the few months since then, the officers and men of the Tenth have come to know this city and the surrounding towns in the Division area. They've passed the same Germans day after day on Bahnhofstrasse, until the Bavarian faces are almost as familiar as the ones they used to see on Main Street back home.

The Germans are a handsome people. Six years of living on the fat and loot of Europe have kept them a well-fed and well-dressed people, too. By comparison with the French, the Belgians and the thousands of DPs the Tenth has seen in its travels, the people of Garmisch-Partenkirchen show up to very good advantage.

So it was naturally something of a strain on the Tenth Armored not to be able to play with the kids,



Pfc. Harvey Garnett of Albany, N.Y. (left), and Pvt. Albert Guzman of San Fernando, Calif., both with the 10th Armored Division, demonstrate fraternizing.



Ingo Zehentner, who told Sgt. Ecker, "You cannot change human nature," stands near the 10th Armored Division's swimming pool with Sgt. Steve Stefanko.

A GI and Hella Klawonn, former Berlin actress, picnic in the Bavarian Alps with mountains forming a backdrop for the town of Garmisch in the valley.

You can fraternize in public places, but nobody seems exactly sure what a public place is; so this GI and his girl play it safe by strolling in the park.

pass the time of day with the old folks, or go strolling with the girls. For almost two months all these simple pleasures were forbidden by the non-fraternization rule, which the Division MP platoon did its best to enforce.

Of course, the mere fact that the pleasures were forbidden did not prevent many people from enjoying them, and eighty-four MPs cannot police several thousand officers and men all out for the same thing. As pixieish, twenty-year-old Ingo Zehentner said, admiring the reflection of her blonde tresses in the Division swimming pool two days after the fraternization ban was modified: "You cannot change human nature. These things go on whether they are permitted or not. It is foolish to make a law that you cannot enforce. It just happens that I met Steve only today, but he is a nice boy and I would have smiled at him two weeks ago if I had seen him then, even though it was forbidden."

Steve—Sgt. Steve Stefanko—who fought the Germans as a rifleman until he was wounded and reclassified—was pretty much of the same opinion. "The non-fraternization law was like Prohibition. That didn't work, either. If a man wants a drink, he takes one, even if he has to do it on the sly. Changing the non-fraternization rule was just recognizing the facts of life. To keep an unworkable law on the books only breaks down a man's respect for other regulations."

The ban hasn't been entirely lifted, but there isn't much left for the MPs to enforce. As one MP, an ex-artilleryman with a Bronze Star, put it: "The new rule is that U.S. military personnel may converse with adult Germans in public places and on the streets. What do I think a public place is? I don't get paid enough to think. I halt them when they're going into a German house or coming out now, and the rest of the time I shut my eyes—or maybe wink one of them at the girl, if she's a looker."

Nobody in higher headquarters has defined what a public place is, either, or what conversing means. As a result many Tenth Armored GIs are uncertain about the extent of their new rights and privileges. They still keep an uneasy eye out for officers or MPs when walking with a German girl, and at least one First Sergeant has announced at a formation that conversing means talking for business purposes, and does not include holding hands. But a concensus of GI and MP opinion seems to be that conversing covers a multitude of sins and that anywhere out on God's green open earth and under the blue sky is a public place. There's plenty of that around Garmisch.

The original theory behind non-fraternization was that soldiers of the U.S. Army had come as conquerors and not as liberators of Germany. "Non-fraternization," the law said, "is the avoidance of mingling with Germans on terms of friendliness, familiarity or intimacy." That was okay with many combat veterans like T/Sgt. John J. Murphy of Dorchester, Mass., an Armored Infantry platoon sergeant. "I fought Germans and was wounded by

a German. I don't see why we should have anything to do with them," he said. The Division newspaper *Tiger's Tale*, editorially encouraged this icebox treatment: "The best way to drive home the lesson of defeat is to deny the Germans the human contact they so ardently desire."

THE people of Garmisch couldn't understand such a regulation. They told their troubles to one of the Division chaplains, Capt. Richard Diede of Norfolk, Nebraska, who speaks German as well as he does English, and as a minister had the right to converse with the people. "They seemed to feel," he said, "that—now the war was over—we ought to be friends again. Most of them claimed they had been misled and oppressed by Hitler and the National Socialists. They wanted to know why General Eisenhower had to order his men not to associate with them. So I explained that Americans were not, ordinarily, people who walk around with their noses in the air—that, on the contrary, we were very warm and friendly by nature. We were not permitted to fraternize, I said, because we wanted to make the Germans understand that they were responsible in part for the crimes they blamed on Hitler and the Nazis."

But precisely because it wasn't natural for Americans to be unfriendly, non-fraternization didn't work. Despite editorials, orientation films, lectures by battalion and company commanders, and arrests by MPs, the law started to break down almost before it was on the books.

The main reason, of course, was that Garmisch is filled with pretty girls, and the men of the Tenth Armored know what to do with a pretty girl when they see one. If association with Germans on the main street was forbidden—well, there were always sidestreets. And if the sidestreets were crowded, there were plenty of wonderful mountainsides around. The MPs could only raid one peak at a time.

Now that it's legal, GIs and occasional officers walk arm-in-arm with German girls and chat with old folks in public. You'll find them on the streets, at the tennis court, down by the swimming pool, on the bridge connecting Garmisch and Partenkirchen, in the parks, and up on the mountainside near the ski jump where the 1936 Olympics were held. There are more girls than men in this city—as in so many other German communities whose sons have died in battle—so the Tenth Armored does not have to look far for feminine companionship.

It wasn't just the big German girls who made the law unworkable. There was little Helga Offenmueller, aged six, for example. T/4 Salvatore Adinolfi of Brooklyn, New York, the Division sign-painter, started out by giving her some of his candy ration and ended up by painting her picture. Now Helga's always clinging to Adinolfi's hand or tugging on his ODs. And when Pfc. Roy Bailey of Charlotte, North Carolina, mounts guard at his wooden traffic stand in the middle of Garmisch street, he usually has an assistant—Helmut Schachelier, nine-year-old German boy.

home where he'd been living for two months. A German girl had invited him to meet her family. On his first visit everybody got along so famously that the family invited him to stay on in the spare room, and he accepted. From then on he came to the house every evening after duty hours, played checkers with the old man, teased the kids and sat on the sofa with one, or both, of the grown-up daughters. At bedtime he went to sleep in his own private room in the house, which had clean sheets and hot water and no other GIs to keep him awake. According to the testimony in the case, the soldier's relations with the family were completely platonic.

At the moment, visiting a German house is still barred, but troop commanders predict that this, too, will be changed in time, just as the bans on playing with kids and on talking with adult Germans were lifted.

Many troop commanders in the Tenth Armored hope the final change will be made soon, so "normal relations" can be established between the German community and the U.S. Army garrison. These line officers point out that the original non-fraternization ruling did not stop relations between Americans and Germans; it only narrowed them down to hush-husn sexual relations. That set-up, the officers say, destroyed American and German respect for Army authority. It was fraternization without any of the good propaganda effects that genuine fraternization can have. And it had the dangerous result of increasing the venereal disease rate, which jumped in one month, to sixty-one new cases, the highest monthly total in Division history. Officers and men were reluctant to report to PRO stations, despite official promises that such visits would not be used as evidence in fraternization arrests.

Sgt. Salvatore Adinolfi, of Brooklyn, and Helga Offenmueller, who's six, began frater-

The latest change in the non-fraternization law, allowing American soldiers to meet Germans in public places, is a big step in the right direction, the troop commanders say. But they criticize the program as still essentially negative. Here is what Lt. Francis H. Black of Hot Springs, New Mexico, an engineer with a Bronze Star and Purple Heart had to say:

"You cannot hammer an idea into people's heads with a club. The Nazis tried that at Buchenwald and all their other concentration camps, but they couldn't make Fascists out of all the people of Europe. It's our job to make democrats out of the Germans. If it can be done at all, it can be done by teaching them our way of life. You can't do that unless you're allowed to mingle with the Germans on a normal basis and to set a good example.

"The MPs have established normal relations between soldiers and German children by starting their playground. I think the same idea should be extended to German adults. This is mountaineering country; why shouldn't German guides be allowed to conduct soldier-tours? There are plenty of German entertainers from Munich around, too; they could put on some fine shows for the troops but right now the Army won't let them. And how about GIs being allowed to sit with German girls in church, escort them to GI movies or shows, go swimming together in the Division's pool, throw dances for them? Sooner or later the Americans should be allowed to visit German homes as well, it seems to me.

"If these people get to know and understand us, maybe they won't be so quick to fall for another Fascist or militarist. The idea is worth a try, anyway."

The Germans of Garmisch have welcomed the latest change in the fraternization law as a chance to present their side to the Americans. None of them openly defends Hitler, of course; their line is simply that General Eisenhower is wrong—they were not responsible for what the Nazis did. It remains to be seen who will convince whom. (Some few people in Garmisch, who admit that the whole nation was to blame for Hitlerism, look upon the new fraternization ruling as a sign that the Americans are prepared to give the Germans a second chance.) There is no doubt that the kids of Garmisch are having the time of their lives and that the girls are pretty keen on their new American friends, too. If you can believe what they say, the grown-ups seem very favorably impressed with the kindness the soldiers have shown to their children, and with the orderly way the Occupation Force conducts itself. Certainly the GIs are a far cry from the raping and pillaging brutes Dr. Goebbels led the Germans to expect. One Garmisch *frau* even expressed the hope that all four hundred thousand of the U.S. Occupation Army would marry German girls, so that the peace-loving democratic Americans would dilute the German national spirit.

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It seems perfectly natural to Adinolfi and Bailey to play this way with German kids, even though Helga's father fought in Italy until an American grenade crippled his right hand, and Helmut's father is still a PW somewhere. Kids are kids, and Americans like them no matter whether they are British or German or Hottentot. So the June 21 announcement that "Non-fraternization orders are not applicable to association with small children" was just an official admission of something that had been going on for a long time.

Ever since then, the MP *spielplatz*, or playground for children under fifteen, has been as busy as a Good Humor man on a hot day in Hades. Every afternoon a couple of hundred German kids play on the see-saw, ride the merry-go-round, and enjoy the swings and slides. It all started when the kids began climbing up the exercise bars an MP had erected for his own amusement. Now it's a full-fledged playground, thanks to the Provost Marshal, Capt. R. J. McPeak of Terre Haute, Indiana, and three MPs—Pfc. Jerome Wosinski, of Tonowanda, New York, Pfc. Don Oldham of Cambridge City, Indiana, and Cpl. Arthur Daniels of Hudson, New Hampshire. German mothers and big sisters come to watch the children play in the park under GI supervision. The whole program reminds you of the big brother and PAL organizations the cops have back in the States.

Aside from the attractiveness of German girls and children, there's another reason why non-fraternization didn't, and doesn't, work: many GIs, just plain tired of seeing other GIs all day long, are lonesome for a bit of family life. If it weren't illegal it would be theirs for the asking in Garmisch. One Tenth Armored soldier, for example, was arrested in a local

Sgt. Salvatore Adinolfi, of Brooklyn, and Helga Offenmueller, who's six, began fraternizing when Salvatore gave her a candy bar.

The under 15-year-old kids have a big time in the playground, complete with slides and swings, built in Garmisch by U.S. MPs.

them openly defends Hitler, of course; their line is simply that General Eisenhower is wrong—they were not responsible for what the Nazis did. It remains to be seen who will convince whom. (Some few people in Garmisch, who admit that the whole nation was to blame for Hitlerism, look upon the new fraternization ruling as a sign that the Americans are prepared to give the Germans a second chance.) There is no doubt that the kids of Garmisch are having the time of their lives and that the girls are pretty keen on their new American friends, too. If you can believe what they say, the grown-ups seem very favorably impressed with the kindness the soldiers have shown to their children, and with the orderly way the Occupation Force conducts itself. Certainly the GIs are a far cry from the raping and pillaging brutes Dr. Goebbels led the Germans to expect. One Garmisch *frau* even expressed the hope that all four hundred thousand of the U.S. Occupation Army would marry German girls, so that the peace-loving democratic Americans would dilute the German national spirit.

THAT idea doesn't sit very well with the die-hard advocates of non-fraternization in the Tenth Armored, like T/5 Herbert Stone of Brooklyn, New York, who does not think you can trust the Germans. "When we took Crailsheim, they smiled at us and pretended to be friendly," he says. "Then, when we got kicked out, they pulled down their white flags and sneered at us. Those are the same people we are fraternizing with now.

"Make friends with them? Did you ever hear of Dachau?"

An accurate poll would probably show that at least eighty per cent of the officers and men of the Tenth Armored, as well as the other divisions in Germany now, believe in fraternization—both in theory and in practice.

But even some of its strongest advocates have their doubts now and then. Take Capt. E. A. Movius of Yakima, Washington, one of the battalion surgeons in the Tenth Armored. On July 2 he delivered a German baby in Garmisch, an act which undoubedly won him—and Americans in general—the firm friendship of the child's mother and father (who was, incidentally, a discharged soldier of the *Wehrmacht*). "I was glad to do it," the captain says, "because I knew the effect it would have on the Germans. But just between you and me, I breathed a sigh of relief when the baby was born a girl and not a boy."

An anonymous tank commander had something of the same idea in mind when he answered a question this way: "Fraternization? Yeah, I suppose it's all right. Anyway, I've been doing it right along. But every now and then I wake up in a cold sweat. What do I dream about? I dream that we are at war again, and the German bastards I'm fighting this time are my own."

Flynnberg on SUPPLY

This is the first of a series of fiction stories—based on fact—of a fabulous character who goes by the name of Joe K. Flynnberg. Any resemblance

driven by two dames. They ast where to find the General. We ast why they want to see the General. They got some sweaters in the back of the truck they knitted. They want to give 'em to the General for his men. I give Gino the wink. I con the two dames into comin' inside for a coke. While I'm workin' out on the dames inside, Gino cleans out the truck and takes off with the sweaters.

"Them two Good Grey Ladies gets to the General's and there's a hell of a rumpus when they find the truck empty. The General calls up all the COs. Colonel Bird calls me in and asts me if I know anything about it. I am hurt, amazed. I say: 'Colonel, if you ast me, it musta been them engineers in the next area. I seen a lot of them wearing sweaters today.'"

The Clerk's School laughed heartily at the idea of blaming this on the engineers.

"They turn the engineers' company street inside out and they don't find no sweaters. They don't find 'em nowhere. Me and Gino wait till it dies down and then we dig up the sweaters from where we buried 'em in the sand and give 'em out to you guys. We spread 'em around fair and don't take no more for ourselves than we give out."

Sgt. Flynnberg smiled. His face was transformed. The smile made him look like a schoolboy playing hookey. In this small man there was a touch of both Eric von Stroheim and Mickey Rooney.

"Now, take the regular way to get supply. Take toilet paper. You guys are usin' exactly eight and a quarter sheets per day per man. Cut down on it.

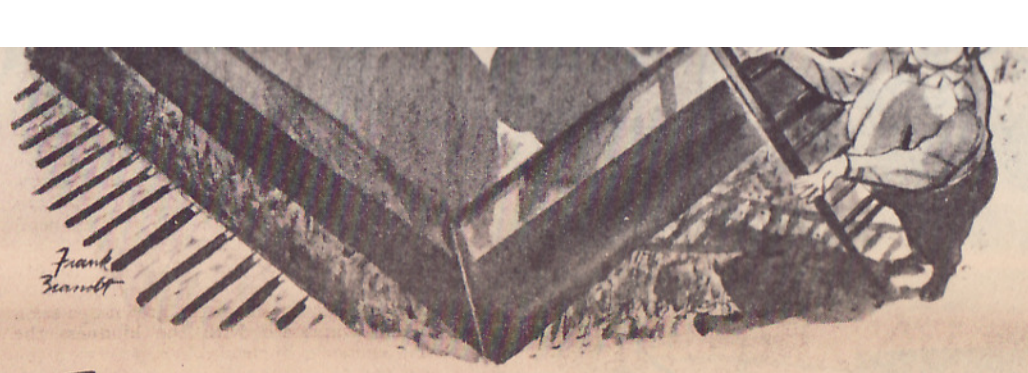
"We order for three months on stuff like toilet paper. We figure out how much we'll need, say 400 rolls. Do we order 400 rolls? Don't be a jerk. The Post Supply always cuts your order in half. So we hafta order 800 rolls to get by.

"Me and Gino take the pickup around to Post Supply. We keep our eyes peeled on the way. You always see somethin' you need along the way. We come to a ganga guys that is diggin' ditches—a buncha cons from the guardhouse.

"The cons is doggin' it. Halfa them is layin' on the ground and the other half is leanin' on the shovels. I stop the car and say, 'Psst, Gino!' Gino jumps outa the car and before you can say Jack Robertson he's back with three shovels, and we drive off.

"We back the truck up to the platform at Post Supply and give them my order. I start talkin' to the lieutenant. He's a new guy, just outa QM school. I say, 'Jeez, lieutenant, I don't see how you keep all this stuff in your head. Why, I oney got a supply tent for one company and can't keep all the stuff in my head, and here you are with a whole big warehouse full.' The lieutenant goes for this big, and starts singin' the blues and tellin' me all his troubles. We start walkin' around, and he stops here and there to show me some fancy items he just got in that he don't have enough of to go around. While I got the lieutenant outa sight, Gino is clearin' out all the stuff he can grab and loadin' it in the truck.

"That way we drive back with what we went



Flynnberg on SUPPLY

This is the first of a series of fiction stories—based on fact—of a fabulous character who goes by the name of Joe K. Flynnberg. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely intentional.

By Cpl. JAMES DUGAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

THE terror a recruit feels in his first army days was increased for a dozen of us in the 901st Station Hospital by finding ourselves assigned to Clerk's School. Half the work of an Army hospital is on paper. The medical department not only is charged with the mission of keeping the soldier fit to fight, but it keeps most of his vital statistics.

Medical records are a maze of forms covered with pigeon-holes and numbers, ranging from the casualty tags to the lengthy treatises of the X-ray technician.

The cadre, a group of youths who had been drafted in peace time and involuntarily put in a non-combatant service, were the faculty of the clerk's school. Laden with forms, they would enter the messhall, which was the Old Main of the Clerk's School. In faltering, vague tones they would try to explain how you filled out the things. *They* knew how to fill them out but they were incapable of passing the art on to others.

After several days of this dispiriting education we dragged ourselves past the morose KPs who were mopping up the floor after supper, to hear a lecture on the work of the supply sergeant, given by the incumbent Sgt. Joe K. Flynnberg.

Joe K. Flynnberg was a small, red-headed boy from the Strawberry Mansion district of Philadelphia. He had a tough, erect figure and a large, insolent square head with close-cropped hair. His nose was small and cross-hatched with scars. He had tiny blue eyes and a menacing way of looking out from lowered lids.

We were all pleased to note that Sgt. Flynnberg had no papers with him. He faced the group of ex-white-collar men from New York and surveyed them cruelly. "I'm gonna tell you how to be a good supply sergeant," he announced.

"The first thing you gotta remember is that the supply sergeant is the honestest guy in the outfit. He's gotta have the respeck of the men.

"He's also gotta be the biggest crook. He's gotta be a regular Robin Hook. He steals from the rich and gives to the poor. The rich is any other outfit and the poor is your own outfit."

The Clerk's School brightened up noticeably and several of the men tried a weak chuckle. Sgt. Flynnberg's expression did not change.

"Okay, you're a supply sergeant. You can't take nothin' for yourself. Like this. Let on there's a couple of pairs of them nice soft garrison shoes come in up at Post Supply. You're in with the lieutenant in charge and he's all for givin' you a pair and no questions ast. Do you take them? Not on your life. You'd lose the respeck of the men. Wait until you can get a pair for every man in the outfit before you take any for yourself.

"Take those sleeveless sweaters you guys are all wearin'. Come in pretty handy when the wind is blowin', don't they? I bet you guys think the army give you them sweaters. Don't be a jerk. Them sweater's a special projeck by the supply sergeant—me.

"Me and Gino are drivin' along by the Special Services Club when we see this Red Cross truck, [illegible] Supply. We keep our eyes peeled on the way. You always see somethin' you need along the way. We come to a ganga guys that is diggin' ditches—a buncha cons from the guardhouse.

"The cons is doggin' it. Halfa them is layin' on the ground and the other half is leanin' on the shovels. I stop the car and say, 'Psst, Gino!' Gino jumps outa the car and before you can say Jack Robertson he's back with three shovels, and we drive off.

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"That way we drive back with what we went for and a lotta other stuff that comes in handy, besides."

The lecture on the supply sergeant's art was richly enjoyed by the clerks-to-be. When I got back to my tent I found that the Franklin stove had gone berserk again. The stovepipe was red hot and sparks were streaming down on the tent flanks. I looked up Sergeant Flynnberg in the supply tent and told him I needed a new stovepipe. He looked at me witheringly. "See any stovepipes around here?" he asked.

I said something about freezing. We had to have a new stovepipe. "Okay," said Flynnberg, shrugging at my helplessness. "Come on along."

We walked along in the March night. Flynnberg walked erectly, turning his insolent head to peer down the company streets. We entered the area of the hated engineers and Flynnberg pointed. "There," he said.

It was a pyramidal tent glowing orange from the naked bulb inside. The stove-pipe smoked cheerily. Moving shadows were projected on the tent walls and we heard the loud ejaculations of a big engineer crap game going on inside.

Flynnberg got a special ladder we used to climb the tent walls to fix the stove-pipes. He placed the ladder against the engineer tent and clambered to the top. Quickly and quietly he withdrew eight feet of stove-pipe out of the Franklin stove which was burning in the center of the crap game, hoisted it through the peak aperture of the tent, threw the pipe down to me, and then we both got the hell out of that area.

"Use your head, man," he said to me later, as I gave the fine stove-pipe to my grateful tentmates.

(Another Flynnberg episode next week.)

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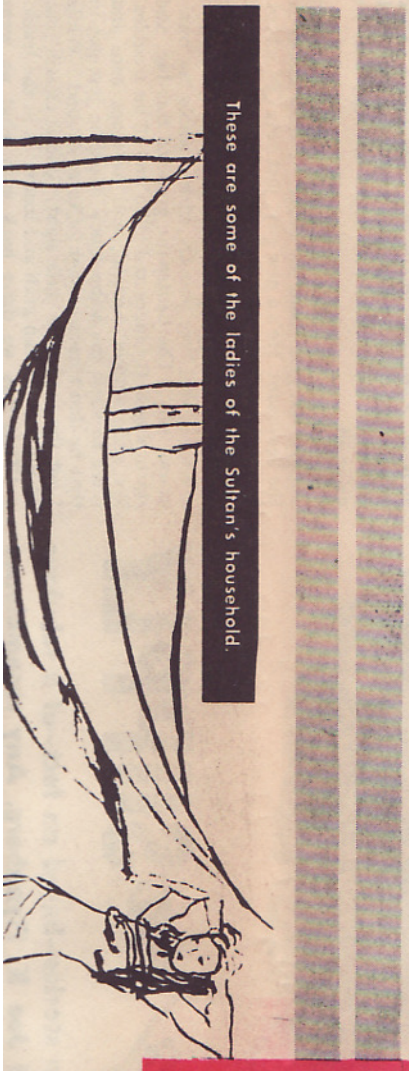
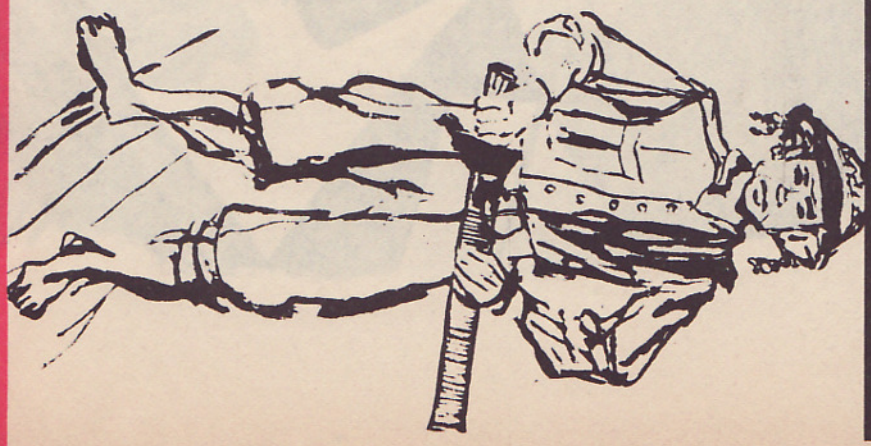


These are some of the ladies of the Sultan's household.

The Sultan holds court in what serves as his palace.

Sultan



This is Sumangsang, the Sultan's body guard.

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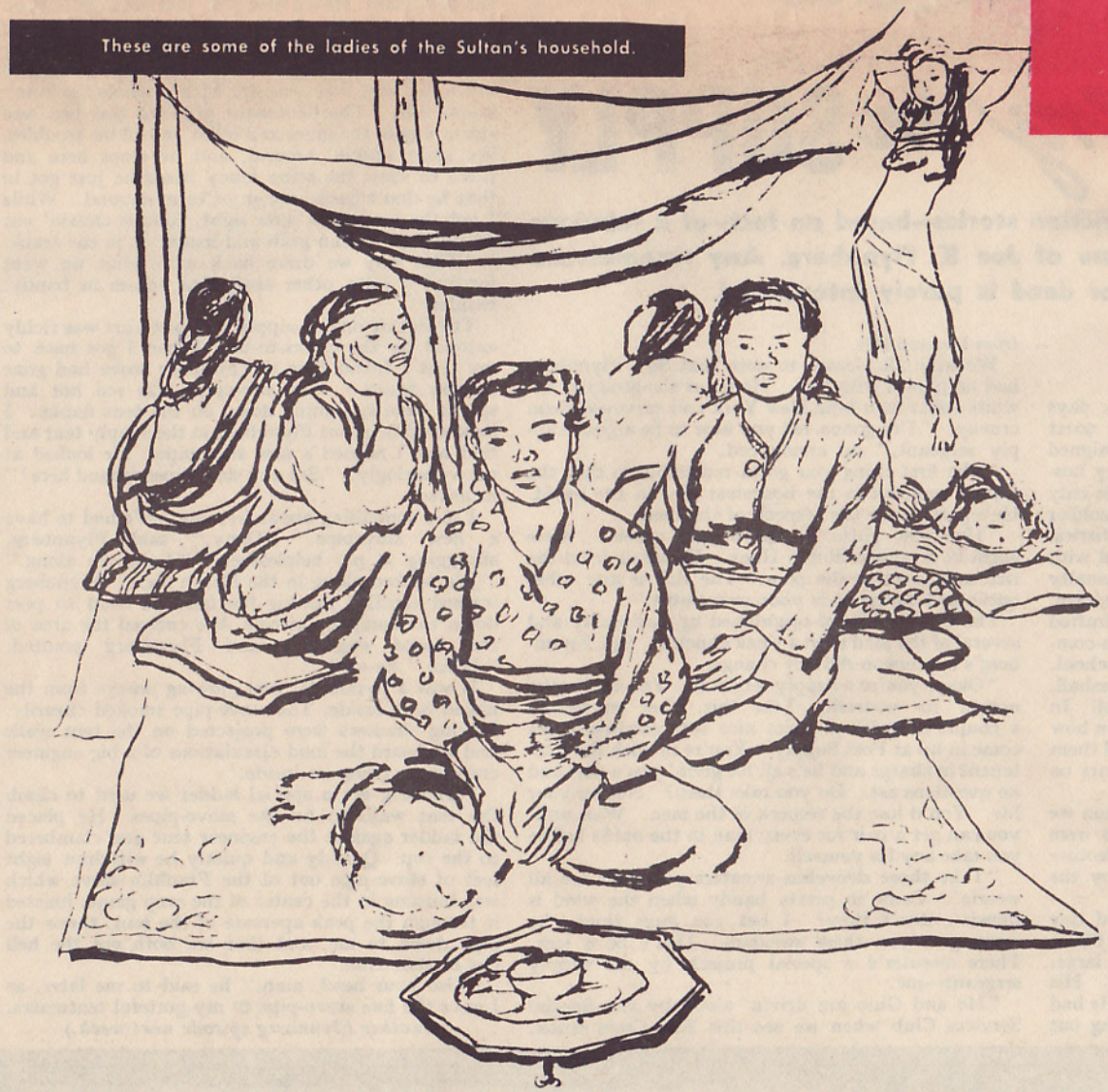
Sultan



These are some of the ladies of the Sultan's household.

CPL. Joe Stefanelli, YANK staff artist, made these sketches on a visit to the Sultan of Sulu, Moro potentate with headquarters on the island of Jolo, which is part of the Sulu Archipelago in the Philippines. The Sultan, known to his subjects as Muhammad Janail Abirin II, has been a Moro big shot since early in the century when he fought as a general against the Americans. But times have changed. During the Jap occupation the Sultan thought very kindly of us. Though he didn't declare war on the Japs he passed the word around to his warriors that the more Jap heads lopped off the happier he would be. The Moros took his suggestion. When 41st Division GIs liberated Jolo they saw the proof in the form of Jap heads wrapped up in banana leaves and kept for the occasion.

And times have changed in other respects. The Moros don't all file their teeth anymore and some of them even wear western clothes. The Sultan is a chain smoker. The Americans have come again and perhaps the Moros will take on more western habits. But the Sultan says the Americans played square by him and he's for them.

n of Sulu

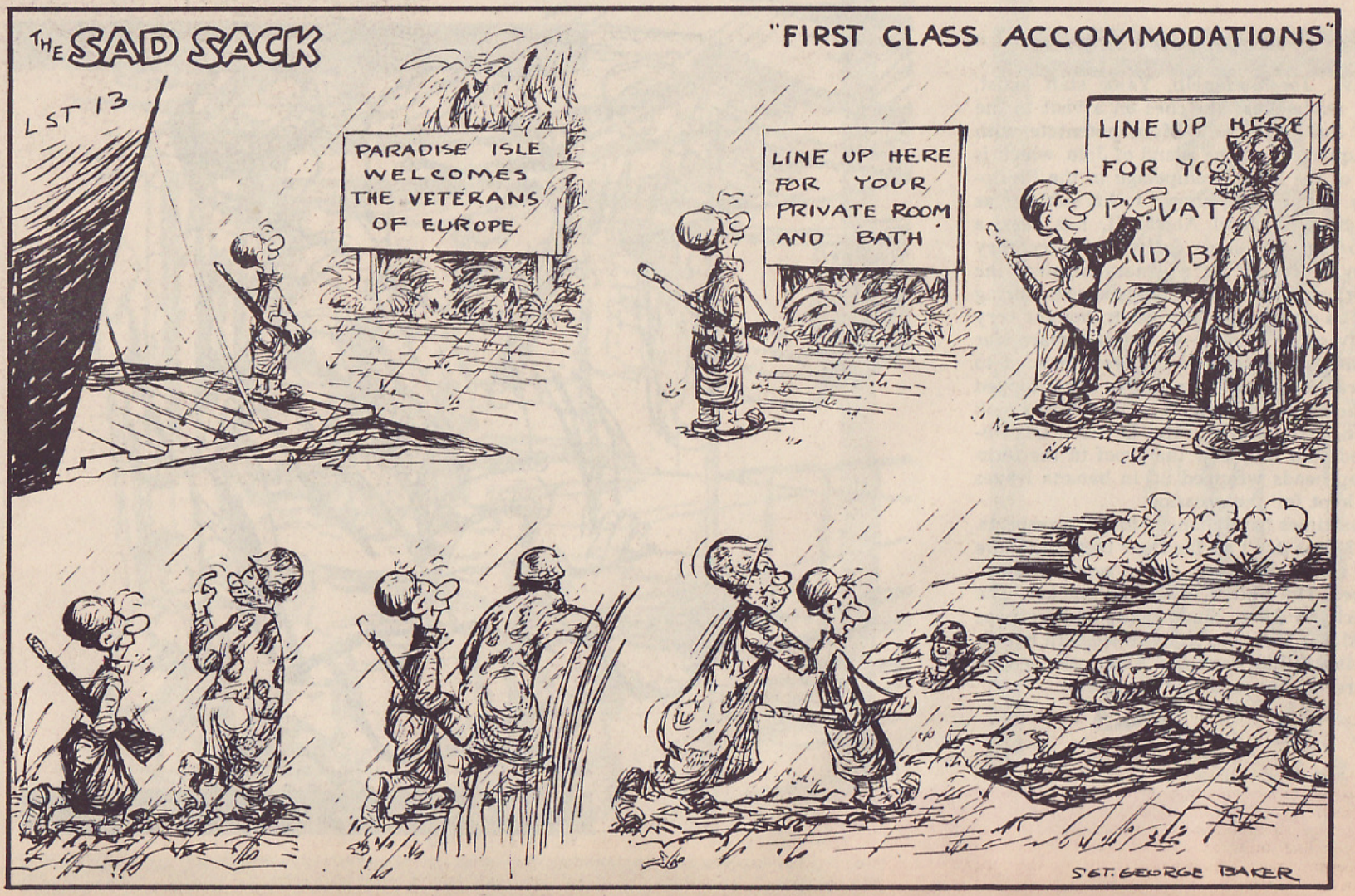
Moro warriors like this one sliced off some Jap heads.

n of Sulu

A Jolo village with fishing boats beached in foreground.

Moro warriors like this one sliced off some Jap heads.

The village *barong* maker. A *barong* is a Moro knife.



FREE 'EM ALL!

By Cpl. LEN ZINBERG

ITALY—A new fellow recently came into our

"He was writing this all down in a gold book. Then he asked, 'How about the older men? And guys with kids?'

FREE 'EM ALL!

By Cpl. LEN ZINBERG

ITALY—A new fellow recently came into our outfit. He was a thin pale T-5, with a gentle hazy look about him. He hardly said a word, and when he did speak, his voice was soft as church music.

The first time he came into the day room, the lads as usual were beefing about the point system. A chubby sergeant from the Bronx named Tommy Carr was saying, ". . . and what gets me is this stuff about they asked the GIs before the point system was approved. I'd like to meet one GI they asked. Just one!"

"They asked me," this T-5 said mildly.

Everybody turned to stare at him. "You mean they really asked you?" Carr asked, his voice heavy with awe . . . and beer.

"Yes they did," the T-5 said. "I was in the hospital with a chronic case of the GIs when one night I was aroused from my sleep and I saw an angel standing before me."

"An angel?"

"Well, he was an old man all in white, sharp white horns on his head, and a lot of gold and silver hash marks on his sleeve. He said to me, 'Son, we're getting up a system for releasing the men. Do you think the first ones in should be the first out?'

"'I certainly do,' I answered.

"'And overseas men should be released first?'

"'But positively.'

"'And combat men should get out before anyone else?'

"'You bet.'

"'How about married men?'

"'Let them out.'

"He was writing this all down in a gold book. Then he asked, 'How about the older men? And guys with kids?'

"'Let 'em go. The big and the tall and the small . . . free 'em all.'

"'Thank you, buddy, you've been a great help,' this old guy said and suddenly he vanished in a cloud of sulphur smoke."

"Sulphur smoke and horns . . . you sure he was an angel?" Carr asked.

The T-5 said, "Tell you the truth, I got washed out of Air Cadets because I was color blind. Maybe it was red he was wearing. But he talked to me." The T-5 blinked at us mildly. "Honest, fellows, that's how it was."

SGT. CARR took a firm grip on his cigar, ran to the CO and said, "Captain, we got a guy here who was actually questioned as to what he thought would be the best system for releasing the men. One of *those* guys they talk about in the booklets explaining the point system."

"Impossible!"

"It's the truth, sir," Carr said. "I hope to throw away this cigar if it isn't."

"That's enough for me. Good God!" the CO yelled, leaping into action. "Hold him, don't let him out of sight!" The CO grabbed a phone and called higher headquarters. In a matter of seconds, a cable was sent to Washington, and by noon the next day the T-5 was on his way to Washington in a special plane.

I understand he's been permanently assigned to the Smithsonian Institution, where he has taken his place alongside the first model of the telegraph, the Wright Brothers airplane and other museum pieces.

NEWS FROM HOME

It was service with a smile again back home, toasters and nylons came back from the wars, bug-powder hit the headlines in a big way and a young Nebraska motorist gave the automobile inspectors a bad time.

In New York City last week a mid-town grocer was observed taking down a sign which he had tacked up during the war. The sign read: "Please be kind to our clerks—they are harder to get than customers." In its place, the shop-keeper had posted this notice: "The customer is always right."

A cigar store in Red Bank, N.J., displayed, for the first time since Pearl Harbor, a bunch of Zippo lighters, priced at $2.50. And pamphlets, circulated among employes of the New York Central and Pennsylvania Railroads, informed that the post-war era was here and that courtesy, "like oil," keeps passenger trains moving.

There were lots of little items like these in the newspapers. The press reported that executives of leading department stores in many large cities were studying improvements in behind-the-counter service. The press also said that clerks in small neighbourhoods and street-corner shops were flashing their pre-war smiles once more.

All this made mighty fine reading for the consumer, and it told only part of the swiftly unwinding story of reconversion. Action on a return to peacetime industry seemed to most observers to be moving faster than that on redeployment and demobilization, presumably because of the delay in Japan's formal surrender and the uncertain needs of occupation.

If the newspapers were right, this Christmas should find the stores stocked with goods that were scarce or missing altogether during the war. Among such goods will be nylon stockings, radios, refrigerators and those toasters that pop the bread out like birds at a skeet shoot. There might—repeat, might—be a new car outside the door, too, since all controls over automotive production were lifted last week.

The War Production Board contributed toward a happy Christmas by dropping 210 individual wartime controls so that industry could "help itself" to reconvert. To protect the consumer, though, the Office of Price Administration immediately placed price ceilings at or near the 1942 level on a variety of goods including washing machines, ironers and pots and pans, with further pricings to follow.

Rationing had been lifted from most canned goods, and it was expected to be removed shortly from shoes and most meats. The lone food item listed as likely to remain in scant supply for a long time to come was sugar. Secretary of Agriculture Clinton P. Anderson warned the public not to launch an "eating spree" now that the war was over, but he admitted that the food picture was much brighter.

The government moved toward normalcy in much bigger ways—the biggest of all being its cancellation of the multi-billion dollar Lend-Lease program. In so doing, Lend-Lease Administrator Leo T. Crowley pointed out that he was obeying a long-standing mandate of Congress. He said that Allied governments could continue to receive supplies from the U.S. after V-J Day—if they paid cash or arranged credit.

Some commentators in the States expressed surprise at the outcry raised in England over the termination of Lend-Lease — at former Prime Minister Churchill's description of the action as "rough and harsh" and the complaint of his successor, Prime Minister Clement Attlee, that the cessation had been effected "without consultation and prior discussion."

To the British reaction, Crowley replied that the U.S. had "never guaranteed to keep the Lend-Lease pipeline full forever." He pointed out that Lend-Lease recipients had been told that the lending facilities of the Export-Import bank were available to them to continue the "pipe-line" on a cash or credit basis. Crowley added: "Of course, if I were offered a house free and one for rent, I would prefer the one free."

There was a general feeling among commentators that some business arrangement would be made to take the place of Lend-Lease. The New York *World-Telegram* put the situation this way in an editorial:

"Such old friends and experienced businessmen as Uncle Sam and John Bull can adjust their business relationship when it is put on a business basis. Britain will not find America any less friendly than in the past. . . . For the U.S. to put Britain on the dole as a charity ward would be fantastic . . . an insult to the British."

With reconversion in its first stages, unemployment continued to rise rapidly in the States. Overnight some 200,000 workers lost their jobs in Detroit and many of them started an exodus from the city, while more than 150,000 were thrown out of work in New York City. In not a few places there seemed to be a lot of openings for jobs. But since peacetime employment in general doesn't pay as well as defense work, a good many war workers were reported to prefer living off their savings for a time rather than accept lower pay.

There was a relatively heavy demand for workers in food and general merchandise stores as well as in service establishments. In San Francisco, for instance, the installation of dial telephones was resumed; meat and soap salesmen again were soliciting orders in Boston, and operators were reopening roadside luncheon stands all over the country to reap the reborn tourist harvest.

From some quarters came statements that too much ado was being raised over reconversion unemployment. Charles R. Baird, Regional OPA Chief at San Francisco, said that "pessimistic predictions of widespread unemployment in the immediate post-war period are inconsistent with the nation-wide demand for consumer goods."

Congressmen began to gather in Washington for the session of Congress opening in early September, and the problem of future unemployment was one of the main items on their agenda. A Senate subcommittee was already busy holding hearings on the pending "full employment bill," which provides for the government to encourage business enterprise and set up big public works projects when private employment slackens.

The Senate was expected to follow the House in passing a bill to liberalize the provisions of the GI Bill of Rights. The House approved a liberalization bill in the recent session, but the Senate went home before taking action. Some observers also thought that Congress would have something to say about demobilization and redeployment, regarding which a good bit of criticism has been heard.

There were still complaints that the Army and Navy could let out more men within the next year than they were currently planning to release. But

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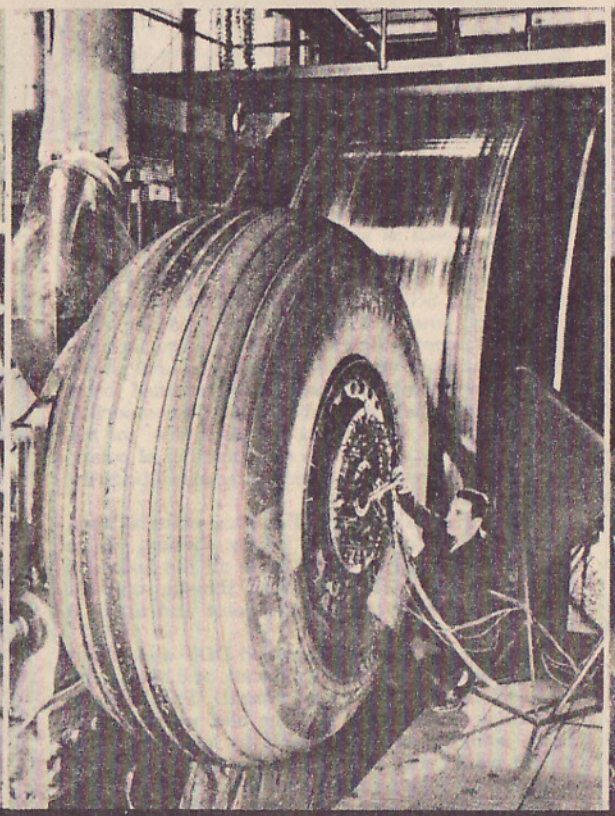
DEER AND HONEY. Actress Jean Trent is shown wooing a beat-up old elk in a Hollywood zoo by the somewhat dubious process of offering him an empty package of Lucky Strikes. But she fills a suit okay.



TIRE TESTER. Aviators at one time risked their necks to determine whether new wheel, tire and brake assemblies would stand the gaff, but now this ingenious machine does the trick at Wright Field, Ohio.

HOME PLANNER. George W. Warnecke, New York housing expert, is telling this couple all the "do's and don'ts" about construction difficulties, so that their dream-cottage doesn't turn out to be a nightmare.

there was also a strong feeling that it wouldn't be time to criticize demobilization plans until the occupation of Japan got underway. Meanwhile, President Truman backed the Army and Navy, remarking that faults would be found with *any* demobilization system, however good.

At the moment, the question of redeployment seemed more likely to get Congressional attention than demobilization. The redeployment issue arose when some members of the 95th Division, recently returned from Europe and now slated for the Far East, protested against the second trip overseas. The White House turned over a telegram from 580 men of the 95th to the Army, whose spokesman replied that men aged thirty-seven and men with seventy-five points or more were being taken out of the Division.

Hot under the collar, the Army later put out a statement that the end of the Pacific War and "not pressure brought by individuals" had made possible the early return home of ETO soldiers with high point scores. This pronouncement was prompted by an article in the Washington *Post* that 3,000 men in the 29th Division "have won their argument to be sent home in a hurry, and not kept in Germany for seven more months."

The War Department quoted from a telegram sent by Gen. George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, to Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower and his aides on August 10. The wire told ETO leaders that when Japan capitulated, they were "immediately to reverse priorities for movement of organizations and men to the U.S. in general terms; first priority to go instanter to men for demobilization, second priority to low-score men required as replacements for Zone of Interior installations in the U.S."

Army Air Forces let it be known that it would not send overseas those men with more than fifty-seven points, and also announced that it would release officers with thirty-six to seventy points if they want to get out and aren't needed. Under this system the lower the officer's grade, the fewer points he needs. All told, the Air Forces said it planned to discharge 1,400,000 men and officers during the next twelve months.

There were commentators who believed that the question of extending the draft might bring on a hotter Congressional debate than either redeployment or demobilization. The national draft quota was cut to 50,000 men a month and limited to men up to twenty-six as soon as the Japs gave up, but some Congressmen thought the draft should be discontinued altogether.

A draft board in Twinfalls, Idaho, pointed up the situation by cancelling induction orders for 27 Selective Service registrants due to report this month. The Administration maintained that to stop the draft would be an injustice to men now in uniform, since if the flow of replacements were cut off, the occupation forces would have to be drawn exclusively from men already drafted. Some Congressmen answered by saying that the Army and Navy could get enough volunteers to take care of all post-war needs.

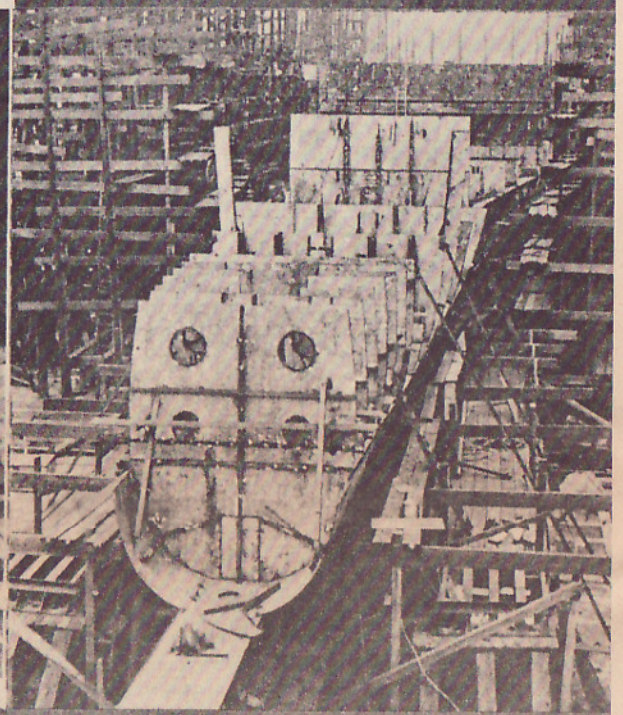
Indiana University in Pyle's name. "I'm greatly disturbed," she said, "to learn that a campaign is about to start to raise one or two million dollars for a pretentious park and cemetery that is entirely out of keeping with everything that Ernie Pyle ever did, or said, or thought, or was. I know Ernie himself would be horrified and indignant at any such project."

Sponsors of the project called her statement a "bombshell," said they didn't think Mrs. Pyle "understood," and planned to launch their fund-raising campaign as scheduled. Meanwhile, Pyle's *Story of GI Joe* broke every movie box-office record during its first week at the Fox Theater in Philadelphia, its first regular showing.

Federal agents charged 44 dining-car employes of New York Central and Erie Railroads with cheating the government and U.S. servicemen, in an alleged racket said to have netted more than $100,000 a year. The agents said the racket operated like this: Servicemen eating on Army meal tickets and entitled to government-supplied meat would enter the dining car. The waiter would tell them that the meat was all gone and that only salad was left. By word of mouth, the waiter would inform civilian patrons that meat was to be had at fancy prices

AWOL POP. For some reason which we can't fathom, the father (upper right) of this mournful family of spaniels took off over the hill and his owner, a 'Frisco cab-driver, is looking for him.

MARKS VICTORY. This may or may not be what Seaman 1/c Murray Berlin was fighting for, but he got it anyway—a photogenic smack from Noel



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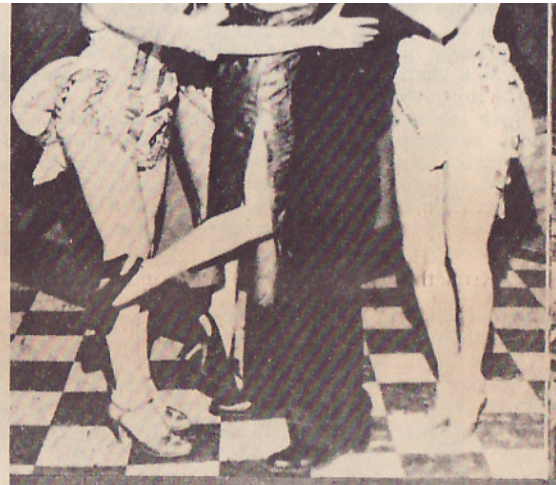
A brief flurry of excitement over post-war work prospects developed when Maj. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, head of Selective Service, pointed out that job guarantees in the 1940 draft law would expire with the law soon after the emergency was declared officially over. President Truman, however, told reporters it would be a simple matter to pass new legislation guaranteeing the job rights.

There was some talk that the termination of U.S. Lend-Lease might lead to a decision to return Britain's two giant ocean liners, the *Queen Mary* and the *Queen Elizabeth*, to civilian passenger service at an early date. The Queens, which have carried an average of three American divisions each month to New York, technically remained in the Allied War Shipping Pool.

Two factors, however, were said to favor an early return of the liners to their owner, the Cunard White Star Line. These factors were Britain's desire to regain her lost trade, and the fact that the U.S. probably could meet its redeployment schedules through the release of ships formerly bound for the Pacific and by using the German liner *Europa*.

Mrs. Ernie Pyle called for abandonment of a multi-million-dollar park and cemetery at Dana and Terre Haute, Ind., in memory of the famous reporter. Claiming that her husband would be "horrified and indignant" at such a tribute, she asserted she would never consent to have his body moved from Ie Shima Island, off Okinawa, where he was killed. "Ernie's lying where he would wish to lie, with the men he loved," his wife declared.

Mrs. Pyle said she thought the small library proposed by Pyle's friends and neighbors in Dana would be a good thing, and added that she also approved the journalism scholarship offered by



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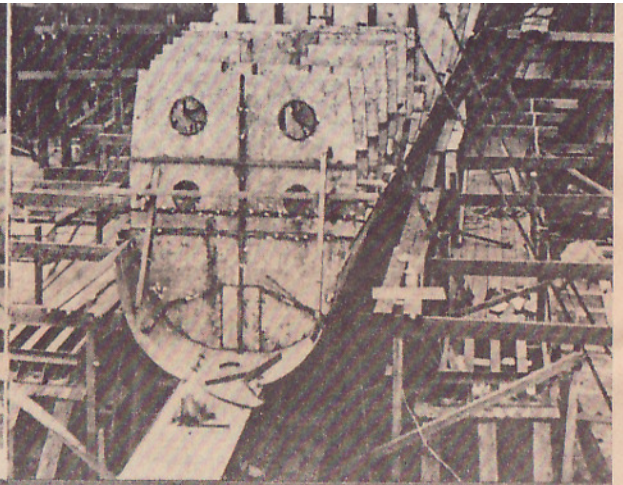


SURPLUS NOW. This was as far as construction work had gone on the aircraft carrier *Iwo Jima* at Newport News, Va., when the Japanese said Uncle and the Navy cancelled the building contract.

and then would serve up food intended for Army consumption only. The connivance of dining-car stewards as well as waiters was necessary to carry on these little deals, the Federal men said.

Fate seems to have linked the lives of Pfcs. Kenneth J. Schreiber and Edwin R. Gould of Davenport, Iowa. They were inducted the same day, went overseas on the same ship, were captured at the same place and time, went to the same prison camp, were liberated the same day, returned to the U.S. on the same boat, came back to Davenport on the same train, reported at the same time for discharge, and had exactly the same number of points. They're at home now, as someone remarked brightly, safe and same.

Mahlon Haines, a York, Pa., shoe manufacturer, decided that York looked pretty shabby, so he bought $500 worth of paint to do all the houses in the community. He stipulated, though, that the townspeople must call for the paint and apply it themselves.

That new super bug-killer called DDT was getting more publicity than Lauren Bacall, and the claims made for it were even more colossal. Public health officials in Washington said the new wonder insecticide would soon be available to housewives and that it would cost only from $3 to $5 a year to rid a home of flies, mosquitoes and other varmints.

Entomologists predicted that DDT eventually might stamp out malaria, which strikes two to five million Americans every year. Sprayed on walls, it crystallizes and remains effective from four to six

MUCH WED. Police in Columbus, Ohio, said that the smile being flashed here by Rosemae Chester had won her seven different servicemen, six of them strictly non-T.O. She got two years, too.

months. Furthermore, said the experts, it is not harmful to humans.

Not everybody was enthusiastic about DDT, however. The Fish and Wild Life Service in Washington warned that it kills not only skeeters and such, but birds and fish and beneficial insects as well. After spraying a New Jersey bay for mosquitoes, workmen found 75,000 defunct fish on the beaches, the Service said. And a story from Columbia, Mo., reported that in a test horseflies merely thumbed their feelers at the deadly killer.

Donald Dempsey of Peekskill, N.Y., feels that everybody is against him. He wears a discharge button and carries an honorable discharge, but he's been ordered by the Army to report for duty at Fort Dix, N.J. Moreover, though Don has read in the papers that all manpower controls have been lifted, he has a letter from the National Advisory Council of Aeronautics that he has been frozen in a job he quit months ago.

Dempsey's troubles began last December when he was a 36-year-old Pfc. in the Army Air Forces. The National Advisory Council got him out of the Army to work on a high-priority secret device. He worked as a civilian employe at Langley Field, Va., for six months, then quit in a wage dispute. The Council

RIDERS' REVENGE. A gasoline ration board in California said no dice, so Mrs. Francis Davis

Bureau came through with its war-end review. There were figures about everything from birth through marriage, embracing the vast changes that Pearl Harbor brought in the lives of Americans.

A recital of them won't take long: There were 10,500,000 births as compared with 5,000,000 deaths; there are 139,682,000 persons in the U.S., which is a gain of 8,000,000 over the 1940 census figures. And just for the sheer heck of it, we'll tell you that about 5,477,000 persons were married during the war. It doesn't say how many were divorced.

In the movies someone is always calling up the Governor at two o'clock in the morning with new evidence to prove that the wrong man is about to get the hot seat. But George H. Pierce, a 48-year-old convicted slayer in Columbus, Ohio, reversed that procedure. He asked Gov. Frank L. Lausche not to intervene in the case and to let his execution go on as scheduled. The Governor disregarded the plea. Pierce, by the way, was charged with killing his estranged wife and son and trying to kill his daughter.

A bizarre case was unfolded in Seattle with the arrest of Earl Victor Hartley, 47, a veteran of both World Wars. He was accused of beheading his wife, after months of drunken brawling between them with knives and guns. A jail attendant said Hartley told him "it was the first time he had ever been able to cut his wife off in the middle of a sentence." These quotes were also gleaned from the accused killer: "We used to get drunk and fight all the time. When we got real drunk we'd grab our big bolo knives and fight with them. We'd cut one another but never too bad, because we respected each other's ability to protect ourselves. We'd also shoot at each other with guns but we never hit one another. We never really aimed, because we knew we could hit and kill at will."

For those who just *have* to know what's what on the hit parade, here are the current first four tunes in the States: *Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, Sentimental Journey, Bell-Bottom Trouser*—a thoroughly scrubbed version—and *If I Loved You*. A song called *Gotta' Be This or That*, edged into fifth place, nosing out a song apparently dedicated to demobilization—*I Wish I Knew*.

Up in Torrington, Conn., Mr. and Mrs. Otto Wald have no trouble at all remembering the birthdays of four of their children. Lena's is December 7, Pearl Harbor Day; Ruth's is June 6, D-Day; Kenneth's is May 9, V-E Day, and Franklin's is August 14, the day the Japs surrendered.

The Navy disclosed that German U-boats took a big toll of ships and lives in the Gulf of New Mexico during 1942 and 1943. The gross tonnage of Allied ships sent to the bottom in waters patrolled by the Eighth Naval District totaled 196,970 tons and 435 merchant seamen and naval armed guardsmen of the United Nations were killed in what came to be known as "the Second Battle of New Orleans."

Several ships were sunk at the mouth of the Mississippi River, it was revealed. The first American cargo ship to be attacked in Gulf waters was the

plate glass windows shattered to the tune of more than $25,000.

A *United Press* correspondent read recently that men in Detroit had been reduced to buying ladies' panties as a substitute for masculine underclothes (news item in YANK, 10 Aug., 1945). Fresh out of unmended unmentionables and apparently devoid of any other inspiration for a story, the writer went out and bought himself a pair of flimsy dance pants. He said they were no good.

"I will say only that ladies have hips and men don't, and what good is a pair of pants that won't stay up?" complained the doughty UP man. "I held 'em up with one hand and sat down in 'em, and ouch! There was a button on the left side, far back, and I nearly broke my arm. I took off those pants and put on my old ones with the holes."

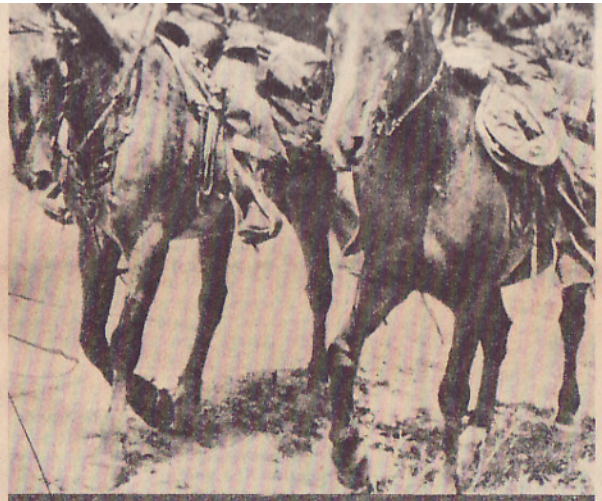
The Disabled American Veterans organization charged that some government agencies were hiring veterans at the front door and firing them at the rear in an effort to preserve jobs for present employes. At the instigation of Millard W. Rice, DAV national service director, the Civil Service Commission ordered a continuing check of employment trends as to veterans and non-veterans in every government office. The Commission said it had no statement on the accuracy of Rice's charges, but that the new month-by-month survey would give the answer.

Arthur S. Flemming, U.S. Civil Service Commissioner, said more than 400,000 ex-servicemen had been placed in government jobs since January, 1943. "Over the next two years," he added, "at least half a million positions now held by persons with war service appointments will be opened to competition."

It hardly seems possible, but Elwyn Hoffman of Roseville, Calif., is too patriotic. He bought $800 worth of war bonds. Then the State's old-age pension authorities told him that he'd have to sell back $200 worth of them and give the money to the State, or else go off the pension rolls. It seemed the law says a pensioner can't have more than $600 in personal property. The case was taken before the State legislature.

Better have the wife check pretty carefully on your buggy before you get back to the States. Otherwise, you might find yourself in the unfortunate predicament of young Mike Urkovich of Omaha, Neb. When Mike pulled into an automobile inspection station in his home town, the front door of his jalopy fell off. After a careful look, the inspectors reported that the car had no windshield or muffler and that the lights, steering gear and brakes were no good. Furthermore, they charged, Urkovich had no driver's license.

IT HAPPENED BACK HOME



RIDERS' REVENGE. A gasoline ration board in California said no dice, so Mrs. Francis Davis (left) and Mrs. Nellis MacDonald made the 1,000-mile journey to Seattle, Wash., on these ponies.

said he had no business quitting, and he replied, okay, he'd go back in the Army. That was last June.

He heard nothing more from either the Army or the Council until August 14, the day the Japs accepted the Potsdam ultimatum, when the Army ordered him to come on back. Then Dempsey got a letter from the Aeronautics Council saying he didn't have to report to the Army, but he could not take a civilian job except with the Council. He's sitting tight now awaiting developments.

Nick Engel, a farmer of Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., claims to be able to raise pre-salted celery. He says he mixes salt with the soil while preparing it for planting. The University of Wisconsin's agricultural department took the claim seriously enough to make a chemical analysis of Engel's celery, and presumably the salt shaker people are interested, too.

Herbert Brownell, Jr., Chairman of the Republican National Committee, returned to Washington from a cross-country tour convinced that the GOP "will undoubtedly win control of Congress in 1946." The party's main issue, he said, would be the contention that the Administration has "fumbled" reconversion.

Brownell asserted that the public is convinced it's about time to "audit" the New Deal, and he added that some Administration adherents were trying "to capitalize for partisan purposes the patriotism of the millions of men and women now returning from duty in the armed services."

People who are interested in statistics rubbed their paws together gleefully last week when the Census

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Several ships were sunk at the mouth of the Mississippi River, it was revealed. The first American cargo ship to be attacked in Gulf waters was the *Alcoa Puritan,* which went down on May 6, 1942. The last Gulf victim of a U-boat was the American tanker *Touchet* on December 3, 1943.

War cost the U.S. 52 of its own submarines, but the underwater fleet of more than 200 ships officially sank 1,187 enemy vessels. Of the submarines lost, 73 failed to return from patrols; four were known to have been sunk; two were destroyed so as to prevent capture, and three old-type craft were stricken from the Navy's list due to loss or damage.

Harvey Wells Communications Company at Southbridge, Mass., announced that a pocket-sized radio-telephone effective at distances up to three miles and costing about $25 will be marketed within six months. A spokesman said the company, which pioneered and developed radar, would produce a phone six inches long and weighing a half-pound. In talking to a friend, the owner tunes in on the friend's wave length, receives the signal and starts the chinfest.

Credit the North Jersey Nurserymen's Association with a much-needed assist to Bill Hallicy, a 50-year-old landscape expert who just got out of the Seebees after 22 months overseas. Hallicy came home to Clifton, N.J., to discover that his business had been ruined by a brush fire which had destroyed almost all the trees and shrubbery in his nursery. That's where the Association stepped in. One day fifteen trucks loaded with shrubs and evergreen plants pulled into Hallicy's yard and fifteen nurserymen unloaded the stuff and planted it in the fire-ravaged grounds. It was on them, they told the ex-Seebee.

A Federal Grand Jury vot to continue an inquiry into the three-night Sa Francisco peace celebration after a preliminary survey by a district attorney showed that in all six women were raped, 1,059 people treated for injuries, twelve killed, and

worth of war bonds. Then the State's old-age pension authorities told him that he'd have to sell back $200 worth of them and give the money to the State, or else go off the pension rolls. It seemed the law says a pensioner can't have more than $600 in personal property. The case was taken before the State legislature.

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IT HAPPENED BACK HOME

KEEPING pace with the times is the Milford Chemical and Manufacturing Company of Lewes, Del. During the war, the plant turned out cartridges and cannon primers in huge numbers. Then the Japs gave up. Almost before you could say "reconversion," the Milford firm went back to turning out its peacetime product—kewpie dolls.

The COVER

English sailors say "Splice the Mainbrace," but the GIs aboard H.M.S. Duke of York in the Pacific might more aptly say "Roll Out the Barrel —of Rum." They were celebrating because Admiral Nimitz had just received the Order of the Bath.

Pictures: 1, Keystone. 2, 3, 4, USTAAF. 5, top, USTAAF; bottom, AP. 8, 9, 10, Cpl. Pat Coffey. 15, left to right, Wide World; INP; Acme. 16, top to bottom, Acme, Acme, PA., PA. 17, Acme. 20, 21, Sgt. John Frano. 22, Warner Bros. 23, Acme.

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

BRITISH EDITION

BRITANNIA HOUSE

16-17, Old Bailey LONDON, E.C.4

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Mail Call

The Jolly USO

Dear YANK,

I'm not the "Letter-to-the-Editor" type, but let's get a few things straight with regard to the jolly USO. There's an AR which says, "Enlisted personnel to receive all priority in seating at USO Camp Shows." Ha! Do they? The hell they do! Small wonder their GI attendance is low. Who in hell wants to watch a pair of crummy, has-been hoofers, a church-social magic act, a faded peroxide prune singing "Oi croiedfayew," plus a bald, greasy, over-made-up MC, with a whisky tenor, who used to follow an animal act at the "Eltinge?" Now, as I said, in spite of the effort of Special Service and the EM Council to change the seating arrangement, who in hell wants to watch this two-bit revue over the heads of a dozen rows of the "Act-of-Congress set" and their ladies?

And, for this exalted crew, it's either too hot or too cold, there's no window in their dressing room, or they're not *used* to command cars, they've *always* had staff cars! The meal was lousy, the footlights are too bright, too dim, too white, too red, too amber. They want the Music Hall, Hollywood Bowl and the Salt Lake City Tabernacle, all rolled into one. And then, on top of all this bitching, slyly, "Say, how about a pound or so of butter, or some steaks, to take back with us? Or some of that pineapple juice? The meals at our hotel are somethin' you wooden bee-leeve, dearie."

Half of the hotels in East Anglia have grey RAF blankets these characters never returned. When they return to write their book, or their magazine publicity, about all they've done "to entertain our brave boys on the fighting fronts," we often wonder if they mean the bartenders in the officers' clubs, the OWI colonels, or the Grosvenor Square swagger-stick-set.

In closing I'd like to say that the most popular show we ever had was a GI revue from the BAD.

Oh, I could go on all day telling little tidbits, and anecdotes, little stories, but it's late and I'm tired and papa's going to relax with a good book and then go to bed. . . .

Britain. SPECIAL SERVICE NON-COM.

Farewell to the Yanks

Dear YANK,

This is just one of many English girls who have had an opportunity of reading fairly frequently your magazine. As I guess I shall very soon see my last copy of the YANK, I thought I would like to tell you just how much I have enjoyed reading it in the past. I only wish you could publish sufficient copies to swamp every bookstall in the country and give us all a chance to read it. You can bet I would be there in the front of the queue to get my copy. A magazine like that would help to give us all a new slant on America and Americans. I only wish someone would start a magazine which would incorporate the YANK with some English magazine and so help these Anglo-American relations we have heard so much about.

Just in case you or anyone else would like to know what I, as an English girl, really think of you boys I will tell you. I have met and grown to know very well many boys in whom my mother and I and also my husband (R.A.S.C., B.L.A.) have taken great interest. They have been of all ranks from captain to privates. We have found them all just tops. I would never ask to meet a nicer, more gentlemanly crowd of boys and I consider it a great privilege to have known each one of them, and to have learned through them so much about America and the American people.

Britain. Mrs. PEGGY LEWIS

LA's Lament

Dear YANK,

After spending five months as an infantryman in combat I was finally wounded and reclassified into LA. The doctors now find out that I need a major operation on my shoulder that can only be done in the States or else I will have a permanent deformity but I will have to wait until I return to the States, which may be as long as two years. The company I am in is so overstrength that a great many of us are doing absolutely nothing.

Being an infantryman in combat is no fun so why the hell can't I go home now and get something done as I'm only wasting the Army's time, food and money over here.

France. Pfc. AL WAKSER

Dream Army

Dear YANK,

As the Army stands today, it will never be able to pass a bill calling for compulsory military training The main reason for this is because of the present standard of military discipline and restriction. The Army will have to become more attractive to the bulk of the men who comprise it. The Government does not have to force people to join the City Police, the City Fire Department or the State Highway Patrol, simply because the members of those organizations do not lose their individual rights as citizens.

There is no reason why the Army cannot be run as any other governmental organization. I personally do not think the Army will ever change, but I want to go on record with suggestions that would swamp the Army with applications for employment:

(1) Wearing of the Army uniform during duty hours only.
(2) Let the soldier live where he wants, married or not, but with barracks being provided for those who want them on the post.
(3) No restrictions on when a soldier may leave the post so long as it doesn't interfere with his duty

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". . . THEN CAME D-DAY PLUS ONE . . ."
—Cpl. Tom Flannery

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(2) Let the soldier live where he wants, married or not, but with barracks being provided for those who want them on the post.
(3) No restrictions on when a soldier may leave the post so long as it doesn't interfere with his duty hours.
(4) Inspections of living quarters being made for purposes of sanitation—without "spit and polish" perfection, and the arrangement of his personal belongings to suit his own convenience.
(5) Make it impossible for a soldier to be punished or given extra duty for the following except that he may be "fired": failure to salute, unsanitary quarters, insubordination, out of uniform, late for duty, etc. However, he should be subject to fine or imprisonment for the same misdemeanors that any civilian is.
(6) Do away with formations to such places as the mess hall and pay window. Make a soldier join a formation only when it's directly associated with his duty.
(7) Mass calisthenics are stupid. Give a soldier a ball and he will play himself in shape. Daily drill routine is the greatest single factor towards "rock-bottom" morale.
(8) Absolutely do away with the soldier having to meet Reveille formation in the morning or Retreat in the evening, although the specific job of the flag raising and lowering should be given to the required number of soldiers.

Treat the soldier like an American citizen and you've got your peace time Army.

Britain. **OFFICER'S NAME WITHHELD**

No Replacements Needed

Dear YANK,

I have observed and waited a good length of time to express my opinion in the form of a gripe, but I cannot hold out any longer. The urge is beyond control.

I refer to the point system and to the 30 or over deferments. Men 30 or over have been given a raw deal in the point system because the military age of the soldier is much lower and quite naturally each man would vote to his own advantage.

Now we are enjoying the second phase of the sagacious meddling of the Army. This time the men 30 or over back home are given deferments because they are essential to industry, because they own businesses, they have families and wives, etc. and etc. We, who have fought through this war in Europe and are 30 or over, have no home, no families, no business and not fit to work in essential industry.

We need no replacements. After all we owe the people back home that little. We will win all the wars for them. Why bother men who are so essential with war? We are already here, used to being shot up, mistreated, and trained to jump to the whim of the armchair "fuehrer," and damn useless for anything else anyway. Yes, indeed, what in hell should anyone care about these men? Is not the war here over? They have done the job. No need to even waste the time and the breath on the propaganda in form of promises. Besides, do not these men receive overseas stripes, stars, medals, citations, points and ribbons (every conceivable color)? What more can a man ask?

France. **Pvt. A. S. KLIMEK**

GI Sister

Dear YANK,

Recently, I happened to come across an issue of the British Edition of YANK dated Jan. 21, 1945. I read an article in the Mail Call stating that the GIs want a picture of some girl that makes them think of home and not a girl in a bathing suit. Don't you think I fit the title—a GI sister waiting patiently for her brothers to come home from overseas? It has been a long and lonely wait for two years.

"What is the use of being given a bonus when you will only have to pay the money back in taxes later on?" This is true. On the other hand, the national debt has already gone over the 300 billion dollar mark, so what difference will a mere two or three billion dollars added to the grand total be. At least we know that it will benefit the soldiers who have fought this war to adjust themselves and help them build a home. We are now so deeply in debt that it will take an eternity to balance the books so why not give the boys who fought the war something to financially adjust themselves.

I think that a bonus should be estimated on time spent in frontline combat, time spent overseas, and time spent in the armed forces. I think this suggestion is very reasonable and the majority of the men will agree with me.

Britain. **S/Sgt. V. CÁPRIE**

Wearing the Uniform

Dear YANK,

We are conscious of the fact that our uniform should be worn with due respect, and more so in the eyes of a conquered people.

This morning we were assembled in the wet street in full view of the German populace. We were ordered to hit the prone and execute pushups, after which we rolled over on our backs to do leg exercises (grassdrill).

This in our opinion is not the proper way to wear our dress uniform.

Germany. **Pvt. EDWARD A. LAGE**

Eagle's Nest

Dear YANK,

I have read a lot about that place of Hitler's called the Eagle's Nest, and I always wanted to get a look at it. So I got a short pass to go to Berchtesgaden and hoped I'd get up to the Eagle's Nest. I made it all right, except I hardly got to see the Eagle's Nest at all.

There's an elevator that takes you up, and I imagine it's a very interesting experience to ride up in it, but I didn't get to do that. The elevator and that long tunnel leading to it are for field grade officers only. I did not mind that so much, though I would have liked to get a look at the inside of that tunnel. I didn't even mind making a 15-minute climb up the footpath.

The only trouble was, those of us who had to walk up had no sooner started looking around the Eagle's Nest than some MP started ringing bells and saying it was time to go back down. Everybody who was going down in the elevator made a dive for it. They had already been up there about 20 minutes and had seen

Peace is Announced . . .

It was leaning close to midnight, yet the GIs at this Eighth Air Force Depot had not gone to sleep—the AFN had promised to stay on the air all night to convey the latest news flashes to the jittery and tense soldiers. A crap game went on smoothly in the day room, a GI took a shower; our barracks was fairly quiet, except for the music, interrupted quarter hourly for the hottest wires.

One man bellowed: "Put out the lights, and turn that ——— radio off. Some of us guys have to work tomorrow!" The midnight broadcast had been routine and unspectacular. We sat on our bunks, cussed the diplomats and bunglers for the delay, dreamed of home and the life we would lead if the surrender terms were accepted, thought all sorts of things, until—our thoughts and conversations were severed by the smooth voiced announcer's words: "The message the world has been waiting for has arrived in Washington and it is officially announced that the Japanese have accepted the surrender terms!"

After that it did not matter what the radio voice spieled. The men were satisfied. Some jumped out of bed, dressed, ran around shouting, whistling and yelling at the top of their voices. Flares, used for formation signalling and distress calls, were substituted for 4th of July fireworks. And what a display was put on!

The fire-trucks went screaming the victory around the camp, red comet-like flares spewing from the driver's seat. The sky was one complete red glare, occasionally splashed with a dash of green or yellow. And underneath the red sky of peace soldiers drank English beer that the PX had reserved for this purpose. Everyone was jubilant, even the men losing in the crap game!

The camp has quieted down considerably now that most of the men have gone on a "blowing-off" spree, a spree they have certainly deserved after 2½ to three years overseas. They have gone to London, Cambridge, Bury St. Edmunds and Newmarket—towns they came to know so well and became known by. There will be plenty celebrating—drinking, kissing and congratulating; there will be prayers of thanksgiving that the Japanese islands did not have to be invaded at the inevitable cost of countless lives.

Our English friends will be glad and sad at the same time. For since the friendly invasion by the Yanks, many British hearts have been captured. Their thoughts will now be: "Will their friends be leaving very soon?" "Will they ever meet again?" In the meantime scotch, gin, and mild and bitter will flow and peace talk will be heard from the northernmost point of Scotland to the crowded southern holiday resorts.

Home will seem a lot closer to the Yank. His older brother will not have to fly his B-29 against the Japs; and his younger brother can return from the Marshall Islands, cast aside his navy blue garb and take up his interrupted, brief married life.

It has become difficult to believe that peace has actually come. A lot of men are sober about the whole thing. They know that it won't be all sugar and molasses, but they know also that getting reconverted to civilian life cannot be much more difficult than being converted to soldiers.

As they drink and celebrate, you will find these soldiers at different moments, in deep and pensive thought. And you can bet your last five shillings that they are wondering, "How long will I have to sweat it out now?" "Will I have to serve time in Germany?" or "Will they discharge us as fast as they drafted us?"

These thoughts and many others, seemingly unimportant to the world as a whole, but the whole world to the GI concerned, will be voiced repeatedly. What has the War Department in store for the men who helped to win the greatest battle our civilization has known?

As the world celebrates, I hope that the men who helped plan this victory do not forget that this incomparable Army of ours is still made up of individuals and wants to be treated as such. I hope they will not forget their sacred duty to the men they called upon in the hour of our country's need and that they return the men quickly so they can begin winning the peace—for peace presents another formidable battle.

Britain. **Sgt. STEVE J. VASILOPUS**

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I have two brothers in the Army, they were both in England. My brother Jerry is home now. My brother Rod sent us the edition of YANK home to us.

Milwaukee, Wis. CHARLOTTE STERNO

For a Bonus

Dear YANK,

I honestly believe that the majority of the soldiers would like to have a bonus sometime after they are discharged from the Army.

Quite a few of the men will be thinking,

Germany. PVT. EDWARD A. LAGE

Eagle's Nest

Dear YANK,

I have read a lot about that place of Hitler's called the Eagle's Nest, and I always wanted to get a look at it. So I got a short pass to go to Berchtesgaden and hoped I'd get up to the Eagle's Nest. I made it all right, except I hardly got to see the Eagle's Nest at all.

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Austria. GI TOURIST

Suits for Vets

Dear YANK,

Sweating it out at this camp has given us time to do plenty of thinking about our postwar gratuities. Education, loans and bonuses look pretty good, but with a little revision and modification by Congress this so-called veterans' "Bill of Rights" can be more appreciated by our boys. For instance, since most of the $300 of mustering out pay is being spent on clothing we would like to contribute an idea in that line that I'm sure would concern mostly all the GIs.

How about running a clothing store similar to our PX at our separation centers to give our discharged veteran *one complete civilian outfit* at cost price. By one complete civilian outfit I mean: one suit, jacket and trousers, one pair of shoes, a pair of socks, a shirt a tie, an undershirt, a pair of drawers and a hat.

Only one article of each should be allowed to be purchased so there will be no beef coming from the civilian clothing manufacturers. After all, it is taking little business away from them. There should be no profit made on this deal because it will be run by the government, bought and sold at cost price.

Soldiers who have had civilian experience as clothing salesmen should be chosen for this job. There should be plenty of styles and colors to choose from, and naturally the clothing should be in style.

If a soldier requires more than one suit he will then have to purchase it on the outside. This break may mean an extra suit of clothes, shoes, shirts, a next month's installment on your furniture, buying your kid an extra pair of shoes, getting your wife a beautiful dress, or salting it away for a rainy day or a contribution on the new car you intend to get someday.

This idea I believe is worthy of attention and I wish some one would take notice of it because in my opinion I know I and many more would appreciate that extra bonus that the government would save me.

France. Cpl. AL NEGRIN

The New Army

Dear YANK,

Maybe I'm in a hurry and maybe I'm jumping the gun, but anyway just for the sake of discussion here are the six points that I believe our post war planners should deal with at the earliest possible moment:

(1) Set a definite time limit on occupational duties and an equally definite plan for personnel replacement. This, if possible, should be regulated by law since the Army sometimes is not too dependable that way.

(2) Announce as soon as possible the number of men the Army intends to keep in uniform and how it will decide who those men are.

(3) Either scrap the point system entirely or clarify it to such an extent that GIs can tell their approximate time of discharge. (The point system was good enough for cutting the Army a little at a time and commitments made under it should be filled first, but for general demobilization it is far too slow involving a maximum shift and replacement within the Army).

(4) Set up the plan for the post war standing Army either by peace time selective service or an attractive recruiting campaign.

(5) Tell the average man what his lot will be if he elects to stay in the Army for another hitch or as a career. Especially the matter of his wartime temporary rank should be made clear. (See YANK, August 31—*Ed*). A lot of GIs would elect now to stay in if this were done.

(6) Activate an agency or plan to clean up the post war Army so young men coming in will receive benefits from their service instead of acquiring a bitterness against it. Special emphasis should be placed on skilled instructors for basic and other training. Make it a man's Army and not one exclusively for officers.

Britain. Pfc. ED R. WILKIN, Jr.

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GI FARM LOAN

This is the barn and barnyard on Roy Rufus Hayes's $2000 farm.

Roy Hayes, ex-private, decided to use his privileges under the GI Bill of Rights to buy a farm. It wasn't easy, but now he has 100 acres, a bungalow, a barn and a chicken house.

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Writer

LINDEN, TEXAS — A Jersey heifer sauntered around the corner of the barn and ambled off into the patch of sweet potatoes. The heifer seemed very contented, but Roy Rufus Hayes, ex-private in the 504th MP Battalion, didn't.

"Somebody left that gate open again," he shouted. His voice had the same carrying quality

Lots of veterans have been stymied right there, but Roy was lucky. Satterwhite's superior, Rogers Davis, the regional FSA man, knew of a storekeeper in the nearby sawmill town of Daingerfield over in Morris County who was famous for making loans.

The Morris County man was William Oscar Irvin. His cluttered general store boasts "everything from mousetraps to tractors." Irvin is known for miles around for his slogan: "I'll buy any man in Morris County two cows."

that would bring in $100 at current high prices, three tons of peas that would sell for $150 and 2,500 pounds of peanuts. He figured he could use part of the peanut crop for hog feed and sell the rest for around $160.

The three tons of sorghum would also serve as feed, except for a little he would grind down into a thick molasses-like syrup to help fill the demand for sweetstuffs in the house. The anticipated six tons of vegetables would go half for the house and half for sale, bringing in about $60.

Besides the crops, Roy said he was planning a livestock program. He counted on his wife's white mare, Dolly, producing a colt for sale at $50. He intended to buy two cows (he already had that heifer) and expected them to produce two calves —one to be sold for $40. He was getting a sow that ought to bring him a dozen pigs a year—

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Roy Hayes, ex-private, decided to use his privileges under the GI Bill of Rights to buy a farm. It wasn't easy, but now he has 100 acres, a bungalow, a barn and a chicken house.

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Writer

LINDEN, TEXAS — A Jersey heifer sauntered around the corner of the barn and ambled off into the patch of sweet potatoes. The heifer seemed very contented, but Roy Rufus Hayes, ex-private in the 504th MP Battalion, didn't.

"Somebody left that gate open again," he shouted. His voice had the same carrying quality it had back at Fort Sam Houston when he used to slow cars down to 25.

Eslie Ray, Roy's 17-year-old son, took out after the heifer at a trot, and Roy settled back to telling about his place. He was the first veteran to get a farm loan under the GI Bill of Rights. Now 35, he received a CDD for stomach ulcers after nine months' service, all of it Stateside.

Roy first learned through his local paper, the Cass County *Sun*, that the Government will guarantee 50 percent (up to $2,000) of a private loan to an ex-GI to buy a home or farm or start a business.

Three weeks after looking into the deal he owned a farm for the first time in his life. Four miles from the little town of Linden, it is 100 acres of just what he wanted. Bobwhites call all day from the 65-acre stand of pine, oak and sweet gum along Roy's spring branch, a brook that never runs dry. Redbirds weave streaks of crimson through the sun-soaked 35 acres under cultivation. Roy has known this kind of land all his life.

After reading the newspaper, Roy went to see Wilburn Satterwhite, the county representative of the Farm Security Administration. That's the Government agency that works on GI farm loans with the Veterans' Administration.

Satterwhite said that it would probably be tough to find someone willing to lend the money. The GI Act says that the veteran may have 20 years to pay off and that the lender mustn't charge more than 4 percent interest. Many banks are prohibited by law from making such long-term farm loans. Others are used to getting 6 or 8 percent interest.

Lots of veterans have been stymied right there, but Roy was lucky. Satterwhite's superior, Rogers Davis, the regional FSA man, knew of a storekeeper in the nearby sawmill town of Daingerfield over in Morris County who was famous for making loans.

The Morris County man was William Oscar Irvin. His cluttered general store boasts "everything from mousetraps to tractors." Irvin is known for miles around for his slogan: "I'll buy any man in Morris County two cows."

Irvin explains the cow business this way. A man who buys a cow isn't likely to move away tomorrow leaving a bad debt behind. As time goes on, there will be calves, milk and butter—all of them sources of cash to repay the loan.

The fact that the FSA people had okayed Roy was about all the information Irvin demanded. Of course, Roy wasn't a Morris County man, but he was a Texan, so the deal was on.

Roy hadn't obtained FSA approval just by a snap of his fingers. As Irvin knew, Roy got a good going over from the Federal agency before being approved. As the first step in the process, a committee of three successful Cass County farmers checked on Roy's reputation. One man on the committee knew Roy and Roy's farmer father before him. The other two walked around Linden the better part of an afternoon talking to shopkeepers and others who knew the former MP. They reached the decision that Roy was "a good, poor, dependable, honest farmer who meets his obligations but who, like many another farmer, has just never been able to get his feet solidly under him."

The main thing was that Roy had done farming before—as a tenant farmer and a sharecropper. Without that practical experience Roy would have been washed out by the FSA committee.

The committee called him in and asked what plans he had for the farm if he were able to get it. Roy said he would do "diversified" farming—put 10 acres in cotton, 10 in corn, five in peas, two in sorghum, five in vegetables.

Roy said he figured he could raise 250 bushels of corn for livestock feed, five bales of cotton that would bring in $100 at current high prices, three tons of peas that would sell for $150 and 2,500 pounds of peanuts. He figured he could use part of the peanut crop for hog feed and sell the rest for around $160.

The three tons of sorghum would also serve as feed, except for a little he would grind down into a thick molasses-like syrup to help fill the demand for sweetstuffs in the house. The anticipated six tons of vegetables would go half for the house and half for sale, bringing in about $60.

Besides the crops, Roy said he was planning a livestock program. He counted on his wife's white mare, Dolly, producing a colt for sale at $50. He intended to buy two cows (he already had that heifer) and expected them to produce two calves—one to be sold for $40. He was getting a sow that ought to bring him a dozen pigs a year—eight of which he would sell for a total of $32. All in all, he hoped the first year to get a cash income of $870 from crop and $112 from livestock.

All this sounded good to the committee. Roy wasn't like some veterans in Dallas who had always been city men but wanted to start a rabbit farm because they'd heard it was easy money. The Dallas guys got turned down.

As one Federal official put it: "Farming is a business. It's hard work. The chance of a man succeeding who is not a farmer by experience is so remote we can't take it."

IF he hadn't been a prewar farmer, the committee would have advised Roy to try tenant farming or sharecropping or hire out as a hand for a couple of years to learn the ropes. It might also have advised him to spend a year or two as a student at an agricultural college under the free education provisions of the GI Bill of Rights.

The committee members next checked on whether Roy's farm would produce what he thought it could. They found that most of the soil was sandy loam, a fairly good kind that would support a variety of crops, while the bottomland along the branch had good carpet grass for livestock.

Then came the higher mathematics. Was the farm worth the money? The owner wanted only $2,000, of which the Government would guarantee $1,000 under the GI Bill of Rights. A professional farm appraiser, Matthew Cartwright of the Federal Land Bank, was called in at $20 expense to Roy to size up the place for the Government.

Farm appraisers must consider the fact that present high farm prices may nose dive after the

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes with their daughter Imogene and son Eslie.

war. One farm-appraisal rule is to take the prices farmers got from 1910 to 1914 as a yardstick of what they should be prepared to get as an average during the next generation. This rule would allow only 10 cents a pound for cotton instead of the current 20 cents; 4.6 cents a pound for beef cattle rather than 8; 23 cents a pound for butter instead of from 40 to 50 cents; 88 cents a bushel for sweet potatoes instead of today's $2.50.

The appraiser figured that even if the 1910-1914 prices should come back, Roy ought to be able to pay off his GI debt. The truth is he got his place at an unusually low figure. When he tried to get another 100 acres of the place to use up his other $1,000 of GI credit, the owner had paint. The not-so-good barn was valued at only $50, the poultry house at $10.

Before he was through, the appraiser had to tell the VA what other income Roy could count on to make things go. He wrote that Roy could always get work in the oil fields or in the sawmills of the East Texas "piney woods."

There is also the $1,200 which Roy may be able to collect from the Government between now and two years after the war. In any month in which his farm income falls below $100 he can apply to the Government to pay him the difference. Twelve such payments are the maximum. If he makes his claim for months in which his earnings add up to zero, he can get the full $1,200. Any farming vet can get the same thing, and Veterans' Administration was willing to give its guarantee.

The farm his, Roy found he needed money not obtainable under the GI act—$150 for his first year's feed and fertilizer and $350 to fix up his water system. Right now the farm has two open rope-and-bucket wells which are very picturesque but breed mosquitoes. Roy wants to concrete both of them shut, fit them up with an automatic pump and pipe the water to the house, the poultry shed, the barn and the garden.

The GI farm loan is virtually limited to items on which the Government can take a mortgage—redeemable non-perishables like farm land, farm buildings and equipment. Satterwhite, the FSA man, came through at this point with the suggestion that Roy try the Farm Security Administration. Roy did and got the necessary loan without any trouble. Since the latter part of the depression, when the FSA was established, it has been noted for pretty generous treatment of farmers of all kinds, veteran and non-veteran alike. FSA gave Roy six years at 3 percent to pay off on the pump. War shortages on things like storage tanks are holding up the project for the moment. Mrs. Hayes can hardly wait.

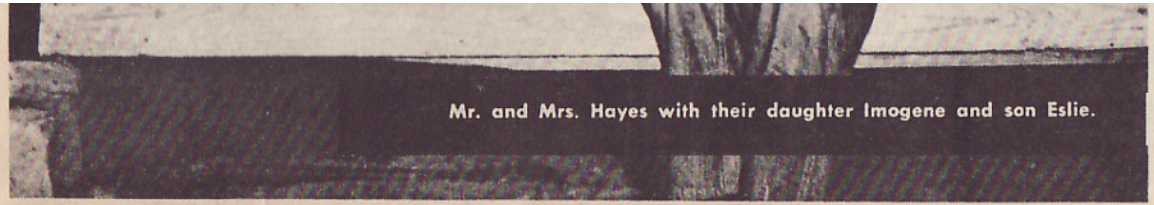
"It sure would be nice if you could wait until we get our pump in to take the picture," she told YANK's photographer wistfully.

SATTERWHITE is ready to stake his reputation that Roy will succeed. But if he misses his guess and Roy is unable to meet the payments, this is what will probably happen: Irvin, the lender, will give the Veterans' Administration 30 days notice that he intends to foreclose and sell Roy's place at public auction. The VA may then *1)* take over the loan; *2)* get another private lender or Government agency to take it off Irvin's hands; *3)* tell Irvin to go ahead with the dispossession.

Because of the danger of foreclosure, some critics of the GI Bill's farm-loan plan down this way assert that Roy would have done better to deal with the FSA instead of the VA for the whole of the loan. These critics say that Carroll Olson, a medically discharged fighter-pilot captain of the 338th Fighter Group, found a much better deal when he skipped the GI farm loan entirely and bought a 157-acre farm in Cransfill Gap, Texas, with FSA funds alone. The FSA got $25,000,000 from Congress on July 1 to lend to farm-seeking veterans. Olson got the first loan.

Under the FSA plan, ex-Capt. Olson will pay an average of $301.74 a year for his farm, but there's a provision that the payments may be suspended in bad years and increased proportionately in good ones. Thus the fear of foreclosure as the result of crop failures is lifted from Olson's mind.

He got a $7,400 loan with 40 years to pay at 3



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The appraiser wanted to know all about Roy's farm equipment and other assets. Roy reported that he had two cars to carry him back and forth to Linden—a beat-up '34 Chevrolet and a '36 Ford, the two valued at $800. He had a horse trailer to transport his livestock and a variety of farm implements—two turning plows; two "Georgia stocks," which are a type of one-horse plow; a "middle buster" to flatten the rows of dirt thrown up by the plows; a planter to put in the seed, and a fertilizer distributor. His livestock consisted of a gelding and the mare Dolly. By and large, Roy had a pretty fair start toward what he needed.

When the appraiser got round to sizing up the general condition of the farm, he noted on one of his forms that the place didn't have a roadstand at which Roy could peddle his produce and that it also lacked a telephone, a milk truck and, worst of all, a power line. This meant that Roy would have to get along with coal oil lamps for illumination. However, the appraiser pointed out for the VA's benefit that with the wartime shortage of copper easing off, the Rural Electrification Administration would soon run a line past Roy's place and that in a short time he would be able to get his electricity at rates cheaper even than in Linden.

The appraiser valued the farmhouse at $400. It's a four-room bungalow with a good corrugated iron roof but with an uncertain foundation —wobbly piles of rock such as are often seen on tenant farmhouses in East Texas. The bare, gray, weather-beaten walls could do with a coat of paint. The not-so-good barn was valued at only $50, the poultry house at $10.

Before he was through, the appraiser had to tell the VA what other income Roy could count on to make things go. He wrote that Roy could always get work in the oil fields or in the sawmills of the East Texas "piney woods."

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SHUFFLING it all together, the appraiser calculated that Roy's income for his first year on the farm would be around $1,640 and his outgo $1,029. That would leave Roy plenty of margin to pay off his debt. The first year's payment will be $180, minus $40 which the Government will pay for him. On all GI loans the Government pays the first year's interest on that part of the loan which the VA has guaranteed. In Roy's case, that would be 4 percent of half the $2,000 loan, or $40. Next year Roy's payment will be $176, the following year $172 and so on down to $104 in the final year, 1965.

One thing the appraiser would not mention—because it is so highly uncertain—is Roy's only visible chance of becoming a rich man. For the past three or four years a large oil company has been paying a royalty of $1 an acre on Roy's farm in exchange for the right to drill for oil. This annual $100 may keep rolling in to Roy as pure gravy for years. On the other hand, the oil company may stop paying it on a moment's notice. Then there is always the off chance that the company may actually drill and hit oil. Roy will get one barrel in eight if that happens, and it has happened a lot of times in this part of Texas.

The 65 acres of woodland are another source of ready cash. A good $500 worth of "merchantable" pine stands on the farm now, and if Roy cuts it, another $500 worth will grow up in 15 years or so.

Everything considered, the Government men agreed that the farm was worth around $2,600. Since Roy was paying $600 less than that, the will give the Veterans' Administration 30 days notice that he intends to foreclose and sell Roy's place at public auction. The VA may then *1*) take over the loan; *2*) get another private lender or Government agency to take it off Irvin's hands; *3*) tell Irvin to go ahead with the dispossession.

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He got a $7,400 loan with 40 years to pay at 3 percent interest. Under the FSA plan the Government lends the money directly instead of through a private lender as under the GI bill. In Olson's opinion the FSA has the GI deal licked. A Texas agricultural authority agreed with him. "A veteran who knew about the FSA would be a damn fool to buy under the GI plan," he said.

Roy Hayes, this man added, was exceptionally lucky in being able to find a farm so cheap that the GI loan guarantee could cover a full half of the purchase price. In 1940, according to the Department of Agriculture, the average U. S. farm cost $7,000, and that was before the current boom. Indications so far are that most of those getting GI farm loans—and it's a small number compared to those who are making use of the GI Bill of Rights to buy homes and businesses—are borrowing the money from the VA for equipment after getting the actual farm through some other deal such as FSA.

In Washington the Veterans' Administration says that the 270 farm loans granted up to the middle of 1945 average only a little more than $1,000 —not nearly enough to buy a sizable farm these days and indicating that the money was used to buy equipment rather than land. So far, there have been about three business loans to every farm loan and over 41 home loans to each farm loan.

Be all that as it may, Roy and his wife, Joy Belle, say they have no kick. They are farming their own place and that is what they wanted.

"It's hard work," leather-faced Roy says. "There are lots of jobs easier than farming but no jobs pleasanter."

Joy Belle says amen to that. "About all we've ever known," she says, "about all we believe in —is farming."


Andrea King
YANK
Pin-up Girl

Chappie OF THE PHILS

By Sgt. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Staff Writer

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—"Of all the hundreds of players this writer has known, he would rank ahead of Ben Chapman as impossible managerial material only those characters obviously disqualified on account of constitutional stupidity."

That's the way Ed McAuley, veteran sports columnist of the Cleveland *News*, who knew Ben

job for himself in the Yankee outfield. That was in 1931, and Chapman was hailed as another Ty Cobb that year when he stole 61 bases. He never equalled that mark again, but neither has any one else.

When he left the Yanks, Chapman's troubles with managers really began. Once, while he was playing with the Red Sox, he came up to bat with the score tied 2 to 2 and the winning run on second. Ben was batting .340 at the time and had driven in the two Red Sox runs, but Herb Pennock, who was coaching on third, received orders from Manager Joe Cronin and flashed Chapman the "take" sign. The pitch was in there, and Ben swung and popped up.

When he got back to the bench Cronin asked him if he'd seen the sign. Most players probably would have pretended they hadn't, but that wasn't Ben's way of doing things. He admitted that he had seen the signal but had swung "because I'm sick and tired of taking cripples." Cronin was forced to punish him and Ben got a 10-day vacation without pay.

Ben's stubborn honest streak colors most of the tales about him. He has always spoken his mind. When Ben was still with the Yanks, a New York sports writer took a poll of Babe Ruth's teammates to see whether or not they thought the Babe, who was slowing up, should bench himself. Ruth heard about it, called a clubhouse meeting and demanded: "Now you boys who popped off to that writer about me, say it to my face!"

All was silence except for the irrepressible Ben. He spoke up: "I'll tell you what I said, Babe. I told him that if I was as old as you and had the money you've got, I wouldn't risk my health and future. I'd get out of the game. That's what I said."

Ruth patted Ben on the shoulder and said: "Okay, Chappie, but the rest of you so-and-so's haven't got the guts you were born with."

It is partly because of this characteristic that Chapman remains the only member of the famous Cleveland "Cry Babies," the group of players who went to Alva Bradley and protested the way Oscar Vitt was managing the club, who has retained Vitt's friendship. In fact, Vitt offered to recommend Chapman for a managerial berth in the Pacific Coast League when he was released by the White Sox.

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That's the way Ed McAuley, veteran sports columnist of the Cleveland *News*, who knew Ben when he was with the Indians, summed up his feelings when General Manager Herb Pennock picked Chapman to succeed Fred Fitzsimmons as Philly manager early in July. And practically every other sports commentator agreed. At various times while he was playing with the Yankees, Senators, Red Sox, Indians and White Sox, Ben Chapman had been tabbed as a clubhouse lawyer, a faint-hearted guy in the clutch and a handy fellow with his spikes and his fists. But nobody—except maybe Chapman himself—had ever suggested that he might make the grade as manager of a big league ball club.

Chapman, however, has changed. Two years as player-manager of the Richmond, Va., team in the Class B Piedmont League have made a new man of him. But he doesn't try to alibi himself.

"I couldn't play baseball except by fighting for every inch," he says. "If I had to do it over again, I'd do and say the same things because the same circumstances would gang up on me again."

After two years in the minors, however, Chapman does have a different perspective. A certain humility has crept into his views. Baseball observers remember his rages and sullenness. When his club was losing he used to rant and roar, kick bat racks and water buckets, snarl and nag and quarrel with umpires. Now he says: "If every player who had two years in the majors had to go back to Class B for a few months, there would be less griping and more hustle in the majors."

Ben even thinks he might still be with the Yankees if they had farmed him out in such a manner. "I know now," he says ruefully, "that a few months of riding those busses and taking care of my own wet uniforms would have given me a greater appreciation of a major league job, and I would have done anything to keep it."

Of course, managing the Phillies is not the most permanent job in the world. Chapman got the job after returning to the big leagues as a pitcher with the Dodgers last year, three years after drawing his release as an outfielder from the White Sox at the end of the 1941 season. He was with the Philadelphia club only a couple of weeks when he was named manager, and General Manager Pennock indicated that it hadn't been decided whether Ben's tenure would continue through 1946 or not.

But Ben has a habit of coming through with an outstanding performance when least expected, and he may survive as the Phillies' manager just because nobody expects him to.

Managers used to be none too unhappy to let Chapman go because he always did what he wanted to, regardless of their instructions. Even in his 'teens, when he first came up to the Yankees, he showed temperament. He was always ready to swing his fists, and he got plenty of opportunities when other players accused him of using his spikes on them. His fights with Buddy Myers of the Senators and George (Birdie) Tebbets of the Tigers garnered the most publicity. Nor was he popular with the umpires after he threw a ball at Byron when that veteran made a ruling that didn't appeal to Ben.

But Ben also had the stuff. Fast on his feet, he had a habit of overrunning slow rollers and when he didn't overrun a ball he threw it into the stands—but he could hit and he could run the bases. He looked like a big league ball player. Joe McCarthy solved the problem by making him an outfielder.

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Another story in which Ben's honesty figures concerns his appearance before Judge William H. Branham, head of the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues, to answer accusations of having slugged Umpire I. H. Case during the 1942 Piedmont League playoffs at Portsmouth. Chapman told Branham: "Sure I slugged him. He deserved it!" Branham thanked him for telling the truth but suspended him for the 1943 season.

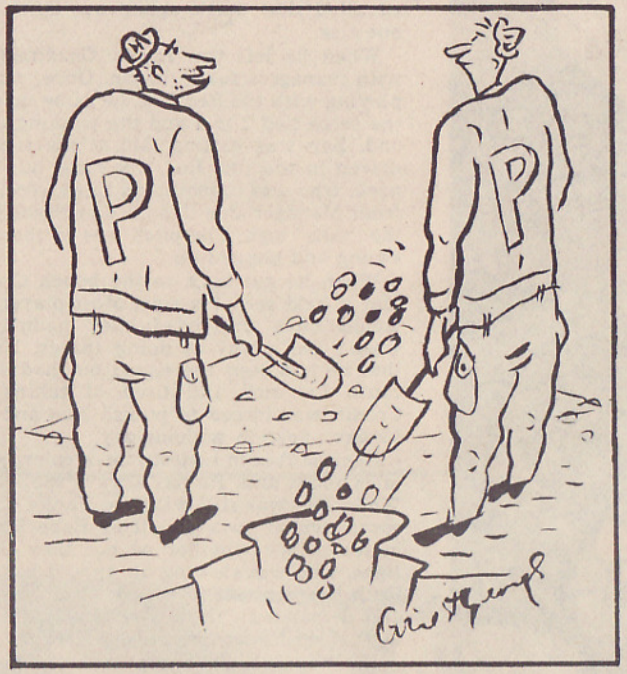
That experience, plus hard work since, has further mellowed Ben. He has worked at being a manager. His original choice of the Richmond job, as against an offer of the Toronto ball club managership, resulted from the advice of his former teammate Tony Lazzeri.

"Tony said I'd learn to handle youngsters, and if I made any mistakes in handling them they wouldn't leave the mark against me they might in Double A ball," Ben explains with his usual honesty.

Ben found that it wasn't only a question of handling men—he had to get in there and pitch too. In one of his Richmond games his team was behind, 10-1, in the second inning. Five doubleheaders were coming up in six days, and rather than waste one of his pitchers on what he thought was a lost cause, Ben took the mound himself. He held Portsmouth to one hit—a homer—and Richmond tied it up. The game was called in the tenth inning. From then on Chapman pitched every fourth day and played third base when not pitching.

After he won 13 games against 6 lost in 1944, five big league clubs tried to buy him. The Dodgers won out. During the remainder of the 1944 season he won 5 and lost 3. Traded to the Phillies, he has won 3 and lost 3 this year.

Chapman's credo as a pitcher: "Put 'em where they don't like them and don't forget to pray the infield is alert."



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—Sgt. Ozzie St. George

"YOU ARE A MAN OF EXCEPTIONAL LEADERSHIP ABILITIES . . ."
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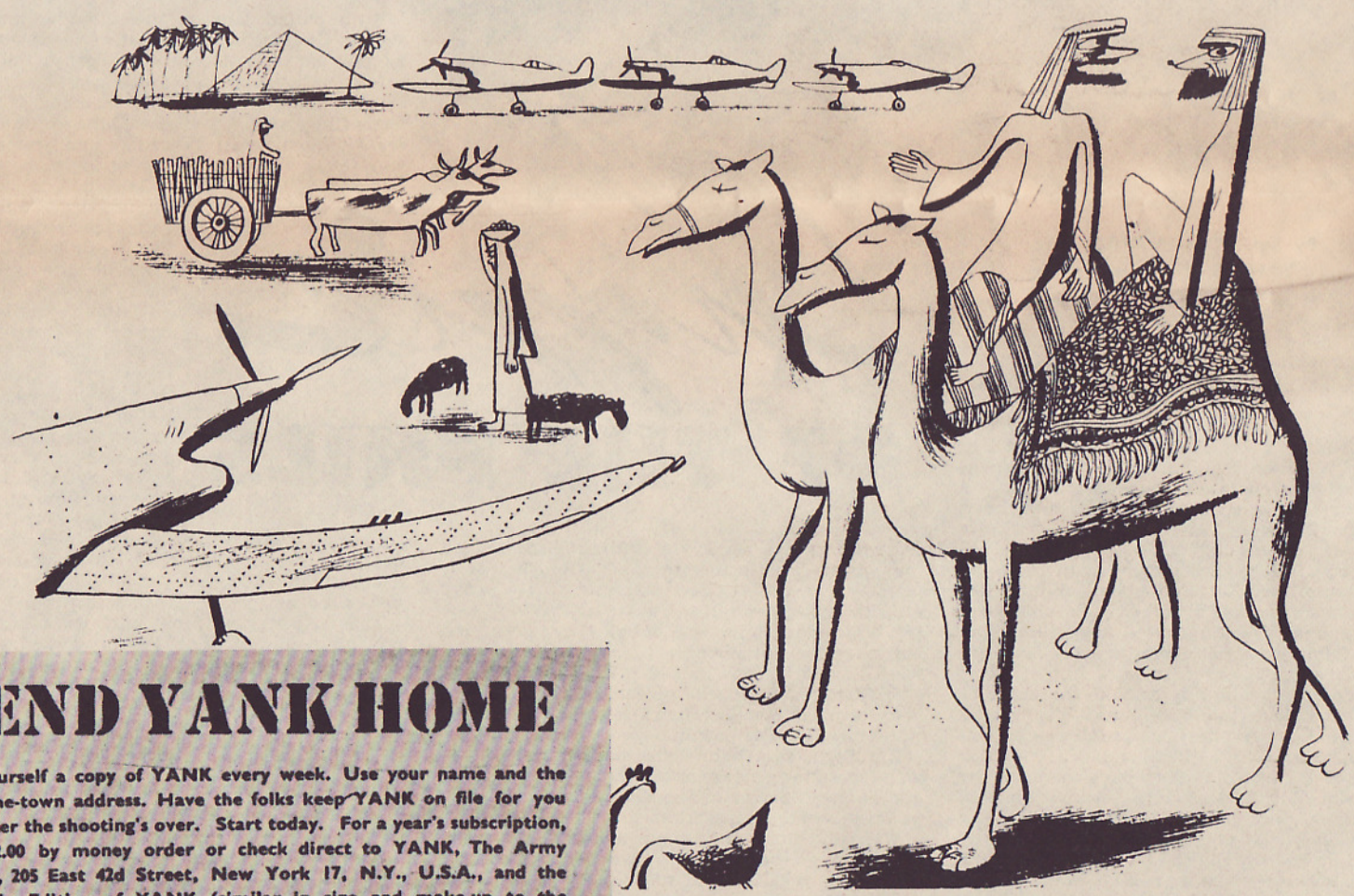

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