

THE STARS AND STRIPES

Printed at The Times Publishing Company, Ltd., for U.S. Armed Forces, under auspices of The Information and Education Division, ETOUSA.



Rigid Control of Germany

To the B-Bag: After reading how German civilians still go around cheering Wehrmacht troops as if they were conquering heroes and had actually succeeded in their plans for world domination...

No Make Sense

To the B-Bag: Why does the Army have a double standard for men 38 years of age? They don't want you if you're a civilian, yet they won't let you out of the Army...

An Isolationist Speaks

To the B-Bag: Perhaps, at this time of reconstruction problems, it might be of interest to consider the slant of one who was and still is an isolationist. The war in Europe is over, it was paid for in lives and heavy expenditure...

Fraternization

To the B-Bag: The Allied policy concerning fraternization was undoubtedly one of the most important orders issued and which contributed immensely to the security of our troops, DURING THE COURSE OF THE WAR.

Sending Moolah Home

To the B-Bag: Did you ever try to send some money home these days? Personnel won't send any checks for us anymore. As for money orders you've got to have a form filled out by the CO, and did you ever try to get in to see the CO? Doesn't the Army want us to send money home? I repeat, did you ever try to send money home? —A Joe, 447 B.G.

Chicken's Tougher

To the B-Bag: For your information we didn't get any 48-hour pass on VE-Day, though other hospitals did. June 6 was just a working day with a full staff on—including a lot of us who can't be classified as essential.

Salvage Equipment

To the B-Bag: As outfits move out some equipment is being abandoned to the junk heaps. Such equipment is generally useless I'll admit, but parts of the equipment can be salvaged. Is there any way in which a GI can establish a claim to these parts?

Hash Marks

Competing with our office cynic, Cpl. John J. Sorich observes, "A widower is the only man who has an angel for a wife." Pfc Tinker Hall calls the scramble to get out of the Army a Point-to-Point race. The little moron asks: "Is anyone who abuses the Non-Fraternization Policy a 'Frat-head'?"



is this little ditty sung by a guy as he lurches out of a pub: All I need to make me happy Is three little kids to call me pappy! 36 Points! Yea, man!

Conversation at an assembly area: "How is your first sergeant?" "All I can say is, to know him is to admire his enemies." Daffynition. Broadway: A place where people spend money they haven't earned to buy things they don't need to impress people they don't like.



A GI walked into the mess hall fuming and ranting about the lack of choice viands for the past few weeks. Started to see the cook drop a huge piece of chicken on his tray he screamed, "Look, fellows, 'Winged Victory!'"

PRIVATE BREGER



"What this squad needs is a corporal of Eisenhower's calibre!"



PAIN IN THE NECK: Here's a closeup of a Japanese "baka" suicide plane captured intact on Okinawa. The snubby, winged bomb is launched by a mother plane with a pilot locked in the tiny cockpit before starting his flight to death.

They Don't Wait to Hurry Up

Stages, Arenas Mushrooming At 17 Redeployment Camps

(This is the third in a series on redeployment.) By Hugh Conway Stars and Stripes Staff Writer ASSEMBLY AREA COMMAND, Rheims, June 22—Entertainment is really getting the rush act in the Assembly Area Command's redeployment camps.

Searcy Heads Trade School

PARIS, June 22—Brig. Gen. Cyrus H. Searcy, Waco, Tex., has been appointed commandant of the Army Centralized Technical School at Tidworth, England.

Rhineland Food Stocks To Last Until Harvest

WITH U.S. 15TH ARMY IN GERMANY, June 22—With an estimated 20 to 30 days' supply of food on hand in the 23rd Corps Area and 40 to 50 days' supply available in the 22nd Corps Area, it is believed food stocks of the Rhine Province will suffice until the harvest.

Open Air or Under Canvas

During the summer all shows will be open air or under canvas. By Oct. 1, however, all are scheduled to be transferred to various types of buildings and huts.

Variety of Sports

For actual troop participation there will be softball, football, baseball, track, volley ball and horseshoe pitching, track of the camps, Washington and Detroit, have landing strips which are being converted into tennis courts.

Pacific Sidelights 3,300 Fliers Saved, Thanks To Iwo Jima

Stars and Stripes U.S. Bureau NEW YORK, June 22—At one time there was criticism over the toll of lives that Iwo Jima cost. Today American Air Forces have written figures in black columns. More than 3,300 U.S. fliers were saved in emergency landings on the island during the first 100 days of its occupation.

GUAM, June 22—One of the strangest manhunts of the Pacific war ended as a Japanese field officer, who held out in the southern jungle for nearly a year after the last organized resistance on Guam ended last August, surrendered at last with an aide, an orderly and 33 ragged soldiers.

NEW YORK—W. H. Lawrence, New York Times correspondent, reports from Okinawa that with 75,000 Japs already killed there, "it is apparent now that the Japanese had almost as many men in their prepared defense positions as we had to rout them out."

Lauds Negroes For Ammo Job

PARIS, June 22—Maj. Gen. Henry B. Saylor, ETO chief ordnance officer, paid tribute to Negro ordnance men who, he pointed out, had handled more than 75 per cent of all ammunition used by American forces in Europe.

Of a total of 6,000,000 tons of ammo handled by ordnance ammunition companies between D-Day and VE-Day, more than 4,500,000 tons were handled by Negro EMs, who comprised 11 per cent of all ordnance personnel in the theater.

Capt. George E. Cobb, of Arlington, Mass., is chief of the entertainment and recreation section of the redeployment area. After the last war he was stuck for six months in an Alsace town, awaiting shipment back to the States. "It was murder," he said. "All we did was pull details and go through training. I couldn't do anything about it then. But I'm going to see that fellows in the same spot now get all the fun they can."

AFN RADIO PROGRAM

Table listing radio programs for Saturday, June 23 and Sunday, June 24, including times and program names like 'World News', 'Yawn Patrol', 'Musique', etc.

THE STARS AND STRIPES magazine



Power in the Pacific

U.S. Fleet Massed Against the Japs has Developed into a Mighty Force
Since the Debacle of Pearl Harbor 3½ Years Ago

By Jack Caldwell

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

Billowing lilac-tinted clouds like giant puff balls hung lazily over the blue waters off the forward Naval base of Guam as units of the powerful U.S. Pacific Fleet steamed silently westward. In front of them sprawled Japan's fortified islands, 1,500 miles away. Behind them lay thousands of miles of ocean dotted with putty-colored islands—and carefully tended white crosses, rusting hulks of smashed ships.

The going was slow and hard in the critical weeks following the Pearl Harbor mauling by Jap sneak forces. Remnants of our battered and greatly outnumbered Far Eastern sea arm had been sent south in an effort to halt the enemy's drive for the Dutch East Indies and Australia. A miniature armada of submarines and motor-torpedo boats alone boldly faced the enemy's numerically superior fleet off the Philippines, fought a delaying action to give the U.S. and its Allies as much time as possible to get organized for the surface and air actions that were to come.

That was little more than three years and six months ago. The Mikado's Navy was bloated with victories—and the fighting was far from Tokyo.

Today the war has come home to Japan,

although it is unlikely that the average Jap knows that the great imperial fleet, in which he has taken such pride since it met and defeated the Russians in Tsushima Strait in 1905, is only a shadow of what it was when it steamed against Pearl Harbor.

He is probably unaware that far more than two-thirds of his merchant fleet—the empire's lifeline—rusts on half a hundred beaches or at the bottom of the sea. He probably has no idea that he has had no victories at sea since his cruisers and destroyers surprised a U.S.-Australian Squadron off Savo Island in the Solomons, on the moonless night of Aug. 9, 1942, and sank four of our ships and damaged two others. And what he doesn't know is hurting him.

— Back in those early war days a task force consisted of one carrier, two cruisers and six destroyers, and for some time was the only sea barrier against the rampaging enemy as we waited for him to come down toward Australia. For that matter, all the carriers the Navy had operating in the Pacific could be counted on two fingers. In those dark days the whole technique of Naval air warfare was new, in the experimental stage, and the Navy naturally was jittery and afraid of losing ships. Then it was "All hands man your battle stations" with all hatches battened down at the slightest provocation.

Today the Fleet boldly roams the Pacific, hunting down Jap ships and planes. Now

you hear: "I hope they come out and fight." But battered remains of the Nipponese Navy, reportedly 97 per cent destroyed after such actions as Midway and Coral Sea, have retired to home waters.

Today, behind the simply-worded communique: "A powerful task force struck . . ." lies months of assembling hundreds of destroyer tenders, storeships, motor torpedo boat tenders, cargo ships, hospital ships, oilers, tankers, attack transports, repair ships, salvage vessels, tugs, submarines, cruisers, battleships, aircraft carriers, destroyers—each necessary in her appropriate position when the zero hour strikes. With those ships must be co-ordinated air forces and ground fighting men.

The terse announcement: "A beachhead was established . . ." likewise adds up into astronomical figures which would floor a layman. It involves the combined punching power of the home front, numerous supply channels often stretching thousands of vulnerable miles through hostile waters, and the full hitting power of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard and the Maritime Service.

The Lingayen Gulf amphibious landings required 1,033 ships, ranging from battleships to landing craft, and naval personnel amounting to 273,000. Iwo Jima was invaded with the aid of some 800 naval vessels manned

Continued on page viii



... There is hunger in the Spring air, restlessness among the French, and worry about the winter yet to come.

Hunger in the Spring Air

In the Shadow of France's Glittering Avenues and Gay Cafes Thorny Problems Cause Unrest Among the People

By David A. Gordon
Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

LOVERS stroll through the little parks along the Champs-Élysées, the moon silvers the Place de la Concorde and the rooftops of the French capital, and autos send long shafts of light through the wide boulevards. But this spring in Paris and in the rest of France is not all moonlight and romance. There is hunger in the spring air, and restlessness among the French, and worry about the winter that is yet to come upon a country which shivered miserably through last winter in heatless homes.

Thorny problems that thrust out sharply amid the beauty of a lush countryside and the smart hats and dresses of some of the Parisiennes who stroll along the fashionable boulevards, are illustrated in the crowds of poorly dressed, anxious men and women who wait at the Paris railroad stations for the returning prisoners of war, the antiquated charcoal-burning trucks on the roads, and the bitter complaints about the "marché noir," the black market, that rise on all lips.

Nobody seems able to point the finger definitely at black-market personalities and name names, but the Leftist parties charge that the men responsible for Vichy are behind the black market, and that through a nefarious scheme seek not only to garner huge profits, but to wreck the efforts of the De Gaulle government to build a democratic France again.*

FRANCE is beset by shortages—of coal, of ships, of housing, of food, of clothing—and fights a black market whose operators have fastened their greedy paws on every commodity needed to keep a people alive. At night, the cabarets on the Champs are jammed by civilians who are comparatively well-dressed and who spend thousands of francs without worry. But the average Frenchman makes only 4,000 francs a month. The average Frenchman cannot afford the night clubs.

A French family cannot obtain meat, butter or eggs in the regular market. Black-market prices are often beyond its means. The cost of a kilo (2.2 lbs) of meat ranges from 400 to 500 francs on the black market, or from \$8 to \$10. A man's suit on the black market costs 20,000 francs or about \$400, while a pair of shoes costs at least 5,000 francs. That is why some Frenchmen and women wear old wooden shoes. That is why their clothing looks so shabby.

Add to the list of rarities on the regular market tobacco, cheese, coffee, tea, chocolate, sugar, fruit and soap, and the picture of life in the average French household is gloomy. The French have a bread ration estimated at 350 grams a day at a cost of seven francs 20 centimes for one kilo. Until recently the government subsidized the cost of bread, and Frenchmen paid five francs for one kilo.

Furthermore, the French have been told that the rationing of all foods, except bread, is to continue four or five years longer. Bread rationing may end soon because the last wheat crop was good and imports from North Africa and elsewhere will soon be resumed. But wine and sugar rations will stay the same and there is no prospect for an increase in the 400,000 tons of meat which have been available to the French yearly since 1941. Prior to the occupation, France consumed 1,700,000 tons of meat each year.

THE government has sought to provide milk for babies at low cost, so that children of three years of age and younger might get one liter a day. However, crippled transportation has made fruits and vegetables difficult to buy and French children still are not getting all the vitamins they require.

The French are badly in need of housing. Recently a government official estimated that 1,500,000 homes were destroyed during the war and that 5,000,000 people in France are homeless. The problem of the taking care of three to four million repatriated prisoners of war has proved so crucial in itself that a separate ministry was established in the government. It has not fared too successfully. One million have already returned to France and found unhappiness transcended only by the misery of their imprisonment under the Nazis. Irked by what they considered lack of proper action by the government, 50,000 of them turned out in a demonstration in Paris recently.

Their demands are for clothing, a payment of money ranging from pay for one to three months, and special steps to restore them to the productive life of the nation. The government finally requisitioned clothing stocks in the capital, but many former French prisoners still walk through the streets dressed in Ger-

man prison camp uniforms. These people haven't the means to buy on the black market.

FRANCE will solve few of its problems until it obtains coal. This problem lies at the root of the country's economic paralysis. Because continental railroads are coal-fired, transport suffers. As a result, distribution of France's meager food supplies is uneven. Only 12 of the country's 110 blast furnaces are producing, for lack of coal for electricity and steam power, and so the rebuilding of bombed-out areas suffers. The textile mills, which should be running in high gear to produce clothing for the coming winter, are operating at only 14 per cent capacity because of the coal shortage, even though warehouses are stocked with wool and cotton. And above all this, with the recently-announced drop of 300,000 tons in coal production during the last month, the people face another heatless winter.

In the midst of these problems, which grow out of a four-year German occupation and the destruction wrought by military operations in France to expel the Germans, French political opinion has moved steadily to the Left. Complete results of the recent municipal elections, as tabulated by the Ministry of Interior, show that in 1,634 communes, excluding Paris, the Communists have majorities as against only 310 Communist municipal councils in 1935. The Socialists have majorities in 5,259 councils as against 1,376 in 1935.

The Radical party, which in 1935 was the political strong party of France, in control of 9,162 councils, obtained a majority in only 6,436 councils in the recent elections. Rightist parties, which controlled 22,685 councils in 1935, now have majorities in 15,656 councils. Rural communities for the most part voted for the Right and Center parties in the recent elections.



Pfc Karl Kjendal in Oslo home of brother peruses family album with brother and sister.

The 99th Oslo Homecoming Bitter as Well as Sweet

By Earl Mazo
Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

OSLO, NORWAY

WHEN the 99th Infantry Battalion—the U.S. Army's special Norwegian-American outfit—came to Norway a few weeks ago, practically every man had someone he knew waiting for him on the Oslo docks. Within a few hours of landing two men applied for permits to marry. But it was a homecoming for most of the 99th filled with bitterness, as well as happiness. T/4 Arne Thomassen, a medic from Brooklyn, who was a native of southern Norway, found out that his cousin had been killed when attempting to escape to England to join the Norwegian Air Force, and later he was told that a relative "in the north" had been a notorious quisling. Pfc Karl Kyndal, another native Norwegian who settled in Brooklyn, found his policeman brother and nurse sister in Oslo, well and healthy. One man learned that his wife had died two months earlier.

The 99th's arrival had been thoroughly heralded by all the Norwegian press and radio. "They are Americans, but they are our own," one Oslo paper said. Another paper embarrassed most 99th men by going completely overboard on a story about the "great war achievements of our brothers, crediting the 99th with everything done in Kiska, Africa, Italy and Europe by all elements of the 47th Infantry Regiment, of which the 99th is now the third battalion.

"Hell, our record is good enough to stand alone. We don't want people praising us for what others have done," said Pfc Ernest Larsen, of Hollywood.

THAT "record" starts as a big military secret. The 99th was activated as a special organization, without a T/O but serving as something like a battalion, in July, 1942. There were a lot of stray Norwegians in America who wanted to fight, and someone in Washington figured it might be a good idea to keep them on hand for the "inevitable invasion of Norway."

Lt. Col. Harold N. Hansen, a young, tough as nails soldier who commands the outfit now, took over right from the start and planned to have only Norwegian-speaking officers and GIs. Norwegians and Norwegian-Americans came from everywhere. The only original requirements for joining the 99th were a will to fight the Germans and a knowledge of the Norwegian language. Veiled in the most secret hush-hush the War Department could devise, the 99th began ski and mountain training within a few weeks of activation. Everything pointed to action in Norway.

But about a year later the 99th found themselves without skis and snowshoes—headed for regular doughboy duty in Europe, via England.

From Omaha beach to deep in Austria the 99th had its share of hard fighting, heroics and casualties. Always "special" and "secret" until V-E Day, the outfit served in Europe with organizations like the Rangers, 2nd Armored Division, 30th Infantry Division, 101st Airborne, and, finally, just before the over-the-Rhine offensive which ended the war, joined elements of several ranger battalions and a special service force outfit to form the 474th Infantry Regiment.

HARD fighting and the casualties that resulted cut into the original Norwegian core of the 99th, and although Norwegian-Americans still predominated, the battalion had its replacement sprinkling of everything else American. Before the battalion was committed in Normandy its several hundred "alien" Norwegians all became American citizens—that left only one non-citizen in the Viking outfit—a Mexican.

Tactically, the 99th in Norway (as a unit of the 474th Infantry) is part of the American and British operational force which is moving hundreds of thousands of Germans out of the country and "keeping the powder dry just in case. . . ." For men of the 99th it means patrols and parades, but the first week of this duty showed that there would be a lot of time for just lolling around and for getting acquainted and reacquainted with the mass of blondes that literally swarm around Oslo.

The 99th's newspaper, the *Herald-Saga*, in its first edition offered this advice to its few non-Norwegian-Americans:

"It is impossible within this short space to teach you Norwegian. So the only alternative for you is to meet an English-speaking girl. This is not done by going up to every girl you see and making the inquiry 'Do you speak English?'"

"If she can, she is probably too smart to let you know. You must, in this case, use the psychological or 'disarming' approach. After you have espied an attractive young lady, you approach her, smile, and say, 'Pardon me, but could you please direct me to (such and such) street?' Having been caught off-guard, if the lady in question speaks English, she will answer.

"Immediately you say, 'Ah, you speak English,' and the rest is up to you."

* The exchange of currency was an effort not only to get the credit machinery of the country on a firm footing, but to discover illegal fortunes.



A Veteran Soldier Tells What He Admires About His Supreme Commander

By Sgt. Thomas Hardy

Special to the Stars and Stripes

BAD WIESSEN.

THE fellows in my outfit are glad to see the folks back home are making a big fuss over Gen. Eisenhower. We feel that he rates it. The way we figure it is that General Ike is strictly for soldiers.

Naturally, you can't have everything your own way in the Army. But if you got a legitimate gripe, General Ike is the kind who would see that you get fixed up.

I'm a tank commander with the 753rd Tank Battalion that's attached to the 80th Infantry Division, and we first went into combat in Sicily with General Ike running the doings. The first part of the campaign every one had C-rations. I suppose it was a carry-over from the African campaign where they fed nothing else but Cs and some British rations. We were in Africa but we didn't get into action there. In Sicily they came out with the five-in-ones. Now I imagine General Ike had something to do with that.

I come from Des Moines, Iowa, and the fellow I worked for in the summer during school vacations reminds me a lot of General Eisenhower. His name is Dale L. Maffit and he runs the Des Moines water works. He didn't look like him but he had the same disposition. He would go out among the employes the way General Ike goes among the GIs.

MR. MAFFIT would go out into the plant and talk to anybody and everybody. If you had a complaint you told it to him and he listened to it; if you were right he'd try to change things around. Everybody was pretty happy under Mr. Maffit. I never knew anybody to quit and they were satisfied with their job because they knew the boss was with them and doing the best he could for them.

From what I read about General Ike and from what fellows in different outfits tell me, I guess that's the way General Ike is—strictly a GI general. Now Mr. Maffit didn't have as many working for him as General Ike has. So he could talk to almost every one who worked for him. It would take General Ike the rest of his life, I guess, if he tried to talk to every GI under his command. But from the looks of it he tried to talk to as many as he could.

Although General Ike never came to our

Sgt. Hardy was asked to tell what he thought about Ike. His story was not a contest winner—there was no contest and he was the only one asked. The idea was for a soldier to try to express what he felt about one of the most respected gentlemen of our times. Sgt. Hardy is presently stationed in Germany where Stars and Stripes Staff Writer James Cannon picked him out at random and took down his story. It is typical of most GIs that Sgt. Hardy has never seen his Supreme Commander in person. As he says: "It would take General Ike the rest of his life, I guess, if he tried to talk to every GI." Yet there are few GIs who, even without the benefit of his personal acquaintanceship, feel that they don't know him. Ike—he's a good Joe.

outfit, we always felt that if he did you could tell him the truth about how you felt and he'd understand what you were talking about.

A fellow I know tells the story of how his outfit was setting up a CP around an olive grove in Italy just before Cassino. General Ike suddenly pulled up in a jeep, with a long column of assorted generals and colonels trailing. He stood in the mud, chatted with them and asked how the work was. Things

like that. Guys up on the slope knew someone big had arrived and they yelled down, "Who's visiting?" And my friend and his buddies yelled back, even though the general was standing with them, "It's Ike." You see, he's Ike, not General Eisenhower, in everyone's mind.

Another fellow I know once compared General Ike to a platoon sergeant—only on a big scale. When a replacement, fresh from the States comes into a platoon, it's a smart sergeant who makes the guy feel that he is needed, that everything will be all right. The same with General Ike. He'd talk to the men in a pleasant, informal way. It's usually hard talking to a general. My friend said it was pretty easy with General Ike.

ONE GI told me that the General dropped in on his outfit unexpectedly one afternoon last winter and one of the fellows told him they had been promised an extra blanket apiece but the requisition had bogged down somewhere. Within a week the blankets were delivered. You gotta hand it to a man like that.

You noticed he asked to see a big league ball game when he went back. He was really hurting to see a ball game, just like we all are. That's what I mean. Sure, he is a big man and he's going to be in the company of big men while he's home, but that made a big hit with me personally. I mean it goes to show you that he has the same kind of likes and dislikes that we have. Being a big man hasn't made him forget that.

Just because a general wants to see a baseball game and just because he will listen to a GI isn't absolute proof that he is a great general, but it makes him one with me. It means he knows the fellow who is leading. He knows why they hate being away from home and why they all want to get home as quick as they can.

The guys in my outfit sometimes gripe about the brass. But it's a funny thing, none of them considers General Ike as being one of the brass. I look at his face and it tells me a lot. He looks like an older GI with five stars on his shoulder. He looks like a good and kind man.

GENERAL IKE never gave us any snow jobs. That's another reason why I personally like him. He knew that combat is the toughest thing in the world and he told us it was a tough job. We knew that or Hitler would have had us goose-stepping up Locust Street. He never made out that war was a big game or the Army was a lot of fun. He gave it to us straight, and we felt good about that.

I imagine that a general like Eisenhower has a lot of worries. What one soldier thinks or what two soldiers think don't seem important. But if you find out what enough soldiers think, you know how the Army thinks. That is, if they tell you the truth. And soldiers told Ike the truth. I'm sure of that. And when a general knows what his Army is thinking about, I think he's that much better off.

I'm just an ordinary GI and that's the way I feel. I get 91 points if I get the Central Europe Star and 86 if I don't. I want to get out of the Army as soon as I can and get back to Des Moines. Even though he will be the big boss of Germany and all that, I'll bet you General Eisenhower would like to stay in the States, too. Anytime a guy misses baseball as much as he does he's homesick, whether he's a general or a GI.



The Soldier's Soldier
... He has a wonderful face



He tries to talk to as many as he can



He wanted to go home to see a ball game

The World...

INTERNATIONAL

Russians Unveiled

As the San Francisco conference—its chief work accomplished—drew to a close, an aspect of the meetings entirely separate from the matters taken up by the delegates began to assume importance. The non-Russian delegates, it was apparent, had unlearned many of the things they thought they knew about the Russians when the conference opened two months ago. Some newspapermen felt this might be as important an achievement at San Francisco as the international charter adopted there. Bert Andrews, a New York Herald Tribune reporter, listed some of the early misconceptions about the Russian delegates and the disproofs finally apparent to many non-Russians. They included:

THE RUSSIANS WANT EVERYTHING THEIR OWN WAY. So, says Mr. Andrews, did everybody else—the Americans, the Latin Americans, the French, and a lot of others. What those who repeated this assertion really meant was that the Russians knew a lot about international poker and were willing to push their hand if they thought they could win.

THE RUSSIANS DON'T REALLY WANT A UNITED NATIONS ORGANIZATION. A hard one to kill, but disproved for all but the unbelieving when the Russians receded from their stand on the veto question, and went along with the views expressed by the other four members of the Big Five.

THE RUSSIAN REPRESENTATIVES ARE AFRAID TO TALK WITHOUT INSTRUCTIONS FROM MOSCOW. Mr. Molotov and Ambassador Gromyko didn't dare speak without "orders" from Moscow, according to this one, but it was entirely different and apparently all right for the Americans and British and French to "consult with their capitals" and "report to the conference the position their governments have instructed them to take"

THE RUSSIANS ARE DIFFERENT. Maybe so, says Mr. Andrews, but as far as international conferences are concerned they don't look much different. Their idea seemed to be to outsmart the other poker players on important issues. But that seemed to be the important thing is that an acceptable United Nations charter was formulated at San Francisco, establishing the conference as the only poker game in history in which everybody won.

Session in Simla

Center of Indian politics this week was Simla, north Indian village nestled on the shelf of the towering Himalayas. Simla's cool mountain breezes were expected to lend a tempering influence to the controversial discussions that face Lord Wavell and the 21 Indian leaders he has invited there. The delegates will discuss Britain's offer of a new government in India, which last week had renewed the hope, dormant for many months, that an Indian settlement might be effected.

The British offer was designed to win the support of all Indian political parties until the defeat of Japan. After that, the British held out their original 1942 promise of dominion status within the Commonwealth, for a united India, or complete independence if the Indians chose.

Indian Nationalists gratefully accepted the release of the last eight of the 15 All-India Congress Committee members jailed two-and-a-half years ago. Then they examined the other concessions offered: a new executive council that would be all-Indian with the exception of Viscount Wavell and Gen. Sir Claude Auchin-

leck, Commander-in-Chief in India and Minister of War; an all-Indian foreign service with its own diplomats abroad, and a British High Commissioner to represent United Kingdom interests in India, as is Britain's custom in full-fledged dominions.

Mohandas Gandhi, India's great Nationalist leader, was cautiously optimistic, nevertheless wired Viscount Wavell: "I have no place in your conference, and as an individual I can only tender advice," the Mahatma wrote. Other Indian Nationalists, examining the proposals informally, noted that the Viceroy retained the power of veto, and commented on the lack of responsibility of the Government to the Central Legislature.

The All-India Congress and the Moslem League, which represent the rival Indian and Moslem peoples in India, were still undecided. One of the released prisoners, Pandit Nehru, All-India Congress party leader, was scheduled soon to converse with Gandhi, long the party's senior mentor. Some observers saw the success or failure of the Simla conference as resting largely on Lord Wavell, British Viceroy, whose sincerity was accepted on all sides; it was felt that with the new concessions offered from London he might at last bring India's irreconcilable factions together.

Mission to Moscow

In 1936 President Roosevelt made Joe Davies Ambassador to Russia with this message for Josef Stalin: that the war brewing in Europe might be prevented if the warlike countries could be convinced that Americans and Russians meant business about keeping the peace. Joe Davies' mission to Moscow did not avert the war, but it bettered U.S.-Russian relations and dramatized the attempts of two great national leaders to keep the 1939 catastrophe from occurring.

Last week another Presidential emissary was back from Moscow. To Harry Hopkins President Truman publicly gave credit for securing concessions from the Russians on two issues that threatened Allied unity—the "Big Power" veto at San Francisco, and the Polish question. The Russian agreement to accept a change in the veto for the Big Powers was a landmark. The Russian move to begin conversations toward broadening the Russian-sponsored Polish government broke the deadlock on an issue that has worried Washington and London for months.

The London press called Hopkins' mission a triumph of "soft-collar diplomacy," and was grateful for Hopkins' patience, Stalin's statesmanship, and Stettinius' initiative. The American Secretary of State had addressed a personal appeal to the Russian Premier through Hopkins just before the Russian delegation agreed to compromise on the veto question.

Hopkins' achievements in Moscow were a reminder that the former social worker and WPA administrator is one of the best informed of all Americans on Allied affairs. When Germany invaded the Low Countries in 1940, Hopkins moved into the White House as friend, counsel, and confidant to President Roosevelt. In the five years since, he has handled job after job that have kept him in touch with Allied leaders and their countries' requirements.

His first foreign assignment took him to London early in 1941 to explore British lend-lease needs. As lend-lease administrator he flew back to England in July, then to Russia, to learn of Russian requirements. He is credited with knowing Stalin better than any other Westerner, and seemed the logical choice when President Truman wished to emphasize to the Russians that Russia's co-operation was vitally important.

Hopkins is 55, hails from Sioux City, Iowa, where his father was a harness maker. In 1931 he gave up social work to become temporary relief administrator for Franklin Roosevelt in New York State; two years later he took over the greatest spending program in history as head of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration. Never one to mince words, Hopkins acquired a reputation for plain speaking, became known in Washington as a first-class administrator and organizer. One friend said of him: "He thinks faster than any one working for, against or with him. He remembers everything. He thinks in chunks of detail, smashes systems and gets things done."

Suffering from overwork and hit by the death of his second wife, Hopkins has been ailing since 1940, and for years has shuttled between the Mayo Clinic and White House assignments in Washington. While the Moscow mission was announced as his last, he is scheduled to be with President Truman at the Big Three meeting in Berlin. He helped arrange the meeting, in fact, during the Moscow visit.



Uzamas in the Hartford Courant
Problem Child



A Case for Firm and

AT HOME

The VFW Accuses

In a calm, unemotional voice a man stood before the United States House of Representatives in Washington and described treatment of American soldiers in a hospital he had seen. For almost an hour he spoke, describing suffering, brutality and mistreatment. He told the Congressmen of men with severe lacerations from beatings, others whose wrists and arms were lashed, some helpless in straitjackets.

The Congressmen, sweltering in the heat of the June afternoon, listened in hushed silence to what sounded like a description of a German concentration camp. Strangely, the speaker was talking of a neuropsychiatric hospital for veterans at Northport, Long Island. The report came from a special investigating committee of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, was prepared by Frank M. Whitaker, VFW Service Officer for the Dept. of New York and read by Joseph M. Stack, of Pittsburgh, senior vice-commander in chief of its VFW.

Labeling conditions at Northport as "sicken- ing," Stack gave an hour-long comprehensive report which pictured the hospital as gravely in need of doctors, nurses and other trained personnel. A skeleton staff of 22 doctors and 46 nurses at Northport are administering the needs of 2,768 patients.

In one ward, he said, 48 "violent" patients were left in care of only two attendants. The patients were seated in chairs, packed closely around three walls of the ward. The doctor in charge, asked to explain, stated that a few minutes earlier one of the patients had dashed across the room and crashed his head against an unprotected window. The doctor said that he had asked that the windows be enclosed, but that the requests had been "overlooked" or "forgotten."

Attendants at the hospital, charged the VFW, were Army "misfits," unadaptable for other military duties. Hospital chief Col. Louis Verdell, testifying before the House Veterans Affairs Committee, said that he was unable to take disciplinary action against offenders because there was a division in authority. Verdell said that there is widespread discontent among both Negro and white soldiers assigned to hospital duty and that their dissatisfaction had "a bad effect on patients and other attendants." Asked if he regarded attendants who had mistreated patients as "sadistically inclined," Verdell said that he felt that these incidents had been "acts of impulse," not sadism. He also remarked that it was difficult to substantiate such charges because attendants refused to testify against each other.

Backstepping the VFW indictment of the Northport hospital and a coincident charge that "47 per cent of all hospitals visited by the VFW committee were inadequate," were reports by the American Legion and the Disabled Veterans of America, whose observations, while not as sensational as those of the VFW, concluded that there was "room for plenty of improve- ment."

Rep. John E. Rankin (D.-Miss.), chairman of the House Committee on Veteran Affairs, said, "I resent the War Department's attitude toward these hospitals. It seems to me that these cases involve negligence on the part of the War Department rather than the Veterans Admini- stration."

Simmering, Congress awaited testimony from War Department representatives, a formal report from their own investigating committee.

Statesman Ike

Newspapermen who attended Gen. Eisen- hower's press conference never failed to be impressed by the sagacity of the Supreme Com-

Britain's First Elec

IT has been almost ten years since the people of Britain have washed down election talk with their mild and bitters, but today in pubs from London's East End to Cornwall's Land's End the publican's call of "Time, please," comes like the pounding of a gavel in the House of Commons. Oddly enough from an American standpoint the mere fact that they're having an election at all on July 5 is itself one of the main campaign issues. This is due to factors peculiar to the British war-time political set-up.

The normal life of a British Parliament is five years. It may end sooner if the Prime Minister, who with his cabinet represents the majority party in the House of Commons, requests the King to call a general election when he no longer can get a working majority to support his policies or when he seeks a vote of confidence to strengthen his hand.

A British Parliament may also perpetuate itself in time of crisis. The present Parliament was due to expire in 1940 but, since the country's very existence hung in the balance at the time, all parties agreed to prolong it and did so until their political truce crumbled this spring. It has been the longest Parliament in modern British history, exceeding that of World War I by almost two years.

Though no national election has been held since 1940, the government has not been frozen to its original political mold. The War Cabinet, which has just passed into British history as the "famous coalition," was created and led by Winston Churchill of the Conservative Party, which had the majority in the House of Commons. It included Conservatives, Labor Party members and a few ministers from the Liberal Party.

The coalition functioned smoothly during prosecution of the war in Europe and formulation of peace aims, but as victory approached and more attention was devoted to domestic post-war problems the old party lines began to assert themselves. The result is that each of the major parties holds the other responsible for the crack- up of the famous "coalition."

Churchill for the Conservatives contends that it was his desire that the coalition continue until the defeat of Japan but that if a general election was inevitable it should not be delayed because

prolonged concern over electioneering would hamper the course of public business.

The Labor Party, of which Ernest Bevin is the dominant figure, charges that his decision was a Conservative plot designed to have the election coincide with victory in Europe so that the Conservatives could cash in on Churchill's popularity as a war leader and thereby obscure domestic issues.

While these charges are flung back and forth the people of Britain are being asked to decide



Pandit Nehru
... He'll See Gandhi



Mr. Churchill has str



Peace in The Newark Evening News



Messner in the Rochester Times Union
The Task at Hand

...We Live In



his forcefulness in presenting his The conferences were viewed as sessions in the strategy of the war. We in part only because of the General's as commander-in-chief, and because what was said was necessarily off the When General Ike visited London and a speech that was widely reported discovered the same simplicity and direct- in Ike's talk, the same deep humanity ed now to public affairs, that newspaper- had long known in the General accordingly, it was no surprise to some when mentators began to say last week that Ike's it speeches, plus his victorious homecoming, made his political future a matter for serious calation A British information service ey led off the discussion with this remark: e Supreme Commander's speeches of the few days have aroused tremendous confi- in his political as well as his military ity."

In New York Mark Sullivan's comment was ch more direct "There is an instinctive ing," he wrote in the New York Herald tribune, "that there may be more in General henhower than military talent, that he has the acuity for thought and judgment in other fields, at his gift for leadership might be made of e in the immense and intricate problems of ace. The world is hungry for leadership and e special kind of leadership they need is the and that Gen. Eisenhower seems able to pro- vide."

There was the loudest call yet heard for the reation in other fields of the American y commanders returning from the war, e such bold speculation, however, there any who felt last week that the Supreme nder at this date wished for no political hat Ike's desire, like that of many ldier, was to get the war over with ome.

EUROPE

Germans 'Mentally Ill'

On a sultry August afternoon in 1934 a contingent of American, French and British news- men lounged on the platform in the Gare du Nord in Paris awaiting the arrival of the after- noon train from Berlin. One man carried a huge bouquet of roses, another a basket of sandwiches and fresh fruit. The Berlin train steamed into the station and Dorothy Thompson stepped down onto the platform as flash bulbs popped around her and she was pressed with questions, sandwiches and flowers. Twenty-four hours earlier she had been ordered to leave Germany, the first foreign correspondent expelled from the Reich for criticizing the New Order.

In subsequent years Miss Thompson contin- ued to blast Hitler Germany, its policies and Nazi sympathizers in the U.S. in her widely syndicated column. In 1938 she again became a national news story when during a Bund rally she heckled fat Nazi Fritz Kuhn and was bodily ejected from the meeting. Strangely, in an article on what to do with a defeated Germany published last November in Newsweek, Miss Thompson opposed the Morgenthau "hard peace," advised her readers that there are good Germans as well as bad.

Inside Germany, for the first time in eleven years, Dorothy Thompson last week announced that she had "stopped thinking in terms of good Germans and bad Germans."

"Since revisiting Germany," she said, "I am more discouraged than ever about the possi- bility of rehabilitating German people. I now believe that most German people are mentally ill and suffer from split personalities, combin- ing Jekyll and Hyde characteristics."

"Which side of their personality expresses itself," she observed, "depends upon who is in control of them. I think it will be years before

the Germans may be trusted to control them- selves again."

Miss Thompson finds American Military Government policies in defeated Germany "un- satisfactory," saying that they are negative and lack direction. "Government without policy seems to be our present purpose," she remarked. "Sooner or later the German people are going to ask 'What is Germany's bridge to the future?' The fact is that we Americans don't have an answer. Our whole role in Europe is hazy and needs clarification.

"Unfortunately," she said, "non-fraterniza- tion runs counter to human nature and it would be a mistake to try to extend it over too long a period."

She is, she concluded, impressed with the lack of formality in the American Army overseas. "It seems to me like just a lot of men working together. My trip has convinced me that the best propaganda our country has produced is the individual American soldier."

Miss Thompson will return to the U.S. early next month, she said. She has been accom- panied on her European tour by her husband, Maxim Kopf, Czech painter, who is on a photo- graphic assignment for the Ladies Homes Journal.

England and the Middle Atlantic States com- bined—but already the Allies were in possession of what they wanted most there.

The Japs had seized Borneo a few weeks after Pearl Harbor for its strategic location and its oil. Last week the Australians were in control of three airfields from which Allied fighters and bombers would soon be able to strike at Jap land and sea supply lines between Singapore and Shanghai. The sheltered Brunei anchorage is big enough to take a great number of ships of any size.

The Brunei oil installations were burning when the Australians took them. When repaired and again put in operation, these and the wells on the Island of Tarakan, now also in Allied hands, would provide, it was estimated, almost half the oil needed to carry the war to Japan.

The number of Japs still left on Borneo was unknown, large sections of the original garrison having been sent to China and Indo-China for reinforcements. The British-and-Dutch-ruled island has 2,300,000 regular inhabitants, only 6,000 of whom are whites. The "wild men" of Borneo live in the interior, large parts of which are still unexplored. In the south of Borneo are large Dutch oil refineries. The Japs guarding them could fight only delaying actions, for the Allied sea blockade eliminated the possibility of additional Jap reinforcements.

Music For Berliners

Berliners living in the ruins of their city had one thing for which to thank the Red Army. This was Berlin radio, which in a few short weeks had been changed from a frantic propa- ganda mill to a bright, entertaining broadcast- ing station. Observers from the German capital reported that Berlin radio was on the air for 19 hours out of 24. Its programs abounded with items Germans have not heard for ten years. There was, in addition to German classical music including that of the Jewish composers, plenty of jazz and swing—eliminated by the Nazis long ago as detrimental to German youth.

A new series, "These you have loved and missed," will give Berliners Marlene Dietrich, Lucienne Boyer and Richard Tauber, artists whose husky, nostalgic songs were famous in the "decadent" days of the German Republic. Inter- larded with this musical fare were interviews with enthusiastic Berlin house-wives, and a little straight propaganda. So artful is the combina- tion, said one observer, that Germans will un- doubtedly accept the propaganda as the price of good entertainment, much as Americans accept "Lucky Star" announcements along with Radio Hamburg and Radio Munich were going to have, were saying that Americans and British would have to work hard and fast to keep good listener ratings in the Reich.

Balloon Bust

A few weeks ago what had been back-fence gossip in several Oregon counties was con- firmed and announced in Washington: six picnickers, five children and a woman, had been killed by a balloon-bomb, launched from the Japanese home islands and carried to the U.S. by prevailing winds, a tricky system of gadgets and balances.

After almost a month of silence, tight-lipped censors last week again allowed a few bits and pieces of information about Japan's fantastic balloon attack on the Western Hemisphere to trickle through to newspaper readers.

Stripped of details, the announcement re- vealed that three balloons have landed as far east as Michigan this year, others have landed in many areas west of the Mississippi and in Canada and Mexico. Property damage has been inconsequential. Most of the balloons (which fly at high altitudes across the Pacific in an esti- mated four days) have hit in remote areas where the incendiaries burned themselves out and ex- plosives were ineffective.

How far inland they may penetrate is any- sandbags determine the length of flight, the report said. They are equipped with fancy mechanisms for destroying the balloons by fire, but the gadget seldom works, and many have been found intact.

on in Ten Years

two drastic types of government. The party, in its campaign leaflets and bluntly states: "The Labor Party is a party and proud of it. Its ultimate at home is the establishment of the Commonwealth of Great Britain." The tives claim that with the war unfinished ge part of the electorate serving in the rces overseas the people ought not to at this time to decide on so violent a

DESPITE its drastic program as compared to major parties in America the Labor Party in Britain has shown itself to be a formidable political force. In the last national election of November 14, 1935, the Conservatives won 387 seats in the House of Commons on a total national vote of 10,488,626 and the Labor Party captured 154 seats with a total popular vote of 8,325,260. Thus the popular vote of the Labor Party reflected strength beyond the total number of seats won.

Against the chance of the Labor Party exceed- ing or supplanting the present Conservative majority in the House of Commons the strong appeal of Churchill as a personality and his experience as a war leader must be considered, however. Many observers feel that both major parties are apt to be returned to Parliament in roughly their present strength. In such an event Churchill has stated that he will continue to have labor represented in the cabinet. If this happens then the Liberals who are led by Sir Archibald Sinclair and are always good for a few seats in the House of Commons, may exercise a "balance of power" influence.

The British people appear to be taking the election seriously even if in a subdued manner. It is hard to judge election interest in Britain by outward appearances because it lacks the ballyhoo and extravaganza to which Americans are accustomed. But you'll find it in the fervor of local political meetings and the endless chatter of the pubs.

Although parties are national in their appeal there are no nationwide elective offices under the British system. The candidates, from the Prime Minister on down, must stand election locally. Curiously, they may not and almost always do not live in the district where they are running, but are adopted by local committees. The bigwigs of each party tour the country as at home in behalf of the party and so they are given constituencies that are "politically safe" in order that they can afford to stump elsewhere without having to worry over their personal political fortunes.

Although election day is July 5 the results will not be known until July 25, primarily due to the large amount of absentee voting from overseas.

THE WAR

Okinawa Finale

In Okinawa last week U.S. soldiers and marines inched through rat-in-the-hole defenses for the final kill. Among the maze of ridges, spurs, knobs and gullies in the enemy's dimini- shing toehold on the southern edges of the Pacific stepping-stone, the fanatic Japs utilized every cave, every underground passage for the 11th- hour resistance. To the natural fortifications, afforded by the plateau comprising no-man's- land, the enemy added their own; dugouts and pillboxes and converted stone tombs, where natives bury their dead.

The fight was hard and bitter, increasing in intensity daily since U.S. forces invaded the 921-square-mile Okinawa, located 325 miles from Japan, last Easter Sunday morning. The bitter Pacific real estate deal was being negoti- ated in blood and the Japs were paying dearly; more than 80,000 of the original 90,000 island defenders have been wiped out. The Mikado had declared that if the Allies took Okinawa they'd be able to take Japan.

The Japs' fate on the hotly-contested island obviously was sealed, but their fanatical deter- mination to delay the end was undiminished. On the Kunishi ridge sector near the southern beaches, a screaming Jap, clutching a grenade in each hand, was cut down by rifle fire in a suicide rush at a U.S. Marine installation. Another banzai was roasted alive by a flame- thrower as he dashed madly at an Army patrol that had just returned from a mission.

That was the way the doughs and leather- necks were driving the Japs from Okinawa, heading for Tokyo where they have a special mission. It's for their late commander, Lt. Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner Jr., who was killed in action last week. The 10th Army commander's favorite toast had been: "May you walk in the ashes of Tokyo."

Is Hitler Dead?

The most intensive manhunt in history is underway, with the Russians determined to get their man, dead or alive. The quarry: Adolf Hitler.

The ex-ruler of the ex-Reich has met a varied fate, according to newspaper accounts: 1— death by poison; 2—a martyr's death on the streets of dying Berlin; 3—a rat's death in crumbled, flaming ruins of the Reich Chan- cellery. Whatever his fate, the Russians, as well as the Allies, want definite proof that the No. 1 war criminal does not escape his just deserts.

Soviet authorities, probing through Chancel- lery rubble, were not fully satisfied any of the charred bodies uncovered is that of the van- quished Fuehrer. And Marshal Gregory Zhukov, who captured the German capital, doubts the corpus delicti will be found. Zhukov has his own theory—that Hitler fled with his bride (Actress Eva Braun) two days before Berlin fell and is now hiding somewhere in Europe, possibly in Spain. Zhukov said refer- ences to Hitler's marriage were found in diaries of his personal adjutants and that the Fuehrer had good opportunity to get away by plane.



ular appeal



Dorothy Thompson
... Germans Cannot Be Trusted

Strategy, Oil

Less than two weeks after the initial landings, General MacArthur's Australian troops were in control of British North Borneo. This was just a fraction of Borneo's total area—the island is the third largest in the world and as big as New

The Francs Go Fast In Gay Paree

By Ernie Leiser

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

YOU get off the plane, hitch a ride into Paris and come into The Stars and Stripes newsroom.

"I'm back," you announce triumphantly. No one, it appears, could care less. The only reaction you get is from Lucien, the French copyboy and official greeter who raises a tired eyebrow and asks superfluously, "C'est vous?"

Not more than ten minutes later the managing editor looks up from his dog-eared copy of *Spicy Detective* stories, and says "Oh, so you're here."

"Say," he adds as an afterthought, "I'm glad to see you."

This is more like it. You begin, "And I'm glad to be—"

"I'm glad to see you," he butts in, "because I've got a job for you this evening."

"What?" you holler. "—But I just got in. I got plans for tonight."

"Cancel them," he orders. "You're working."

Then he explains, "You're a soldier in from Germany, see—"

"THAT I am indeed," you admit. "And it's a good place to be back from."

"Don't interrupt," he snaps. "You just got here, see, and you want to celebrate. So you get a date with a beautiful WAC—"

"Not me," you answer. "Girls don't like me." "—Shut up. You get a date, and you take her out and show her and yourself a good time."

"On what?" you ask.

"On this," he says, and reaches into a drawer, pulls out five of the crispest, newest thousand-franc notes you've ever seen, looks at them with a sad, lingering fondness, and hands them across.

"That's your job for tonight. You're to go out, see, and enjoy yourself, and spend as much of this money as necessary to have a normal good time. DON'T pass out, though, because you've got to write a story on what you did and how much it cost. Things are very expensive in this country for the GI, and I want to know how much money the average GI who comes into town on an occasional pass has to put out to have himself a good time in Paris for one evening."

THE next thing you remember, someone is pressing a wet towel to your forehead. "This is it," you think. "I've been non-fraternizing in Germany too long. I've blown my stack." But you look down and, clutched in your right hand, are those beautiful little thousand-franc notes.

At about 4 o'clock you start work. You go around to the WAC Hotel and ask for T/4 Delin Rudd, as per instructions. In a couple of minutes a living recruiting poster, tall, blonde and lovely, comes into the lobby and asks: "Are you the boy from The Stars and Stripes? I'm your date."

It's early, so you decide to do some sight-seeing. She says OK and you walk down to the Seine and stroll along the right bank beside the book stalls and the baby buggies. Sgt. Rudd, or Dell, as the people back around her Fargo, N.D., home call her, looks even better in the warm Sunday afternoon sun.

SO far you haven't spent a cent. But you both get a little tired of walking. Someone has told you about a nice outdoor cafe in the Bois de Boulogne and you feel like a drink before dinner, so you take the Metro—the Paris subway which is free to Allied soldiers and soldierettes—out to the edge of the Bois and walk over.

It's a tree-shaded pavilion and tables are set outside under the trees. You ask for a Martini, but the garcon just laughs. Prune juice, orangeade and beer. That's the works. You end up settling for a beer and Dell has orangeade. (Item: Beer, 30 f.; orangeade, 30 f.; tip, 10 f.)

It's late for supper, so you look for some kind of a ride back to the GI restaurant. Right in front of the pavilion is a horse and open buggy. Dell looks at it wistfully, you look at Dell wistfully, and you get in. It's a lot of fun riding down the wide, apartment-lined Avenue Foch to the Arc de Triomphe, down the Champs-Elysees a few blocks and to the restaurant. It's just a short ride, though maybe five or ten minutes. (Item: Fare, 500 f.; tip, 20 f.)

You enter the lush surroundings of Chez Mercier, present your mess cards and grab a plateful of the tastiest spam you've had since yesterday.

YOU would have preferred, perhaps, to have a steak dinner at some Paris black-



An orangeade for Dell (30 f.)



Taken for a buggy ride (500 f.)



Looking at the Seine . . . no charge

An Evening in Paris

70 f. Corsage
700 f. Champagne
1000 f. Taxi fare
7,800 f. = \$96



The floor show is free but champagne comes high



Lovely smile, lovely (140 f.) corsage



In between spending

market restaurant, but you think that might be frowned on by the gentleman who audits books, and besides, at the by-no-means exceptional price of 2,000 francs for dinner and wine for two, you wouldn't have been able to make even a dent in the after-dinner entertainment world.

So you gaze tenderly at Dell over your beans—both spam and beans in one meal make it a real red-letter day at the Chez—and then take off.

The photographer who is stalking you all the time knows a man who knows Georges Carpentier, the former heavyweight who has found an even better racket running the Lido cabaret. You've never been there, so you go around and get a fifth-row center table reserved for later in the evening.

You're thirsty from that good spam and you still feel like a Martini, so you go to the nearby Tout Paris bar which has a sign officially making it a First-Class Establishment and you ask politely for "deux Dry" in your most polished argot.

A flower girl comes by and shoves a trayful of roses under your nose. At this moment Dell looks especially appealing so you say: "What the hell" and pin two lovely roses where lovely roses are supposed to be pinned.

SHE'S wearing one of those new beige dresses that make a WAC look like something out of Vogue—or at least this particular WAC—and the flowers are just what is necessary to make her ensemble complete. (Item: Corsage, 140f.; Smile from flower girl, 10f.)

After one of what is sippingly called a Martini, you're still thirsty, and at least these strange-tasting drinks are cool. So you have another one and talk to a guy named Jeff, who is a RAMP and likes Paris so well he's thinking of missing the boat home.

It's about showtime, so you bid Jeff farewell and then head for the Lido. (Item: Martinis, 240f.; tip, 25f.)

You're a couple of minutes early for the show, and so you order a bottle of champagne right away. The waiter brings something that is white, has a bubble or so, and says it has been made with the methode champenoise, but which probably hasn't been bottled much nearer the Champagne region than you have. He smiles when he says: "Your Champagne, sir." The smile becomes a leer when he slips you the tab. (Item: Champagne, 700f.; tax, 100f.; tip, 80f.)

ABOUT this time a girl comes around with souvenir programs and postcards of the place. You figure you might as well have some and so you get a program and a set of

postcards for both Dell and yourself. (Item: Two programs, 100 f.; two sets of postcards, 100 f.)

If you've got your portable comptometer with you, you make a lightning calculation and figure you've spent 2,085 francs thus far. The evening's young yet.

The bottle of champagne is finie. Somehow, with three it vanishes much more rapidly. You order another bottle, and this time the garcon laughs out loud as he says: "Your champagne, Sir." (Item: Champagne, 700 f.; tax, 100 f.; tip, 80 f.)

It's about 11 o'clock and you're hungry, so you go to the late mess for the working newspapermen of The Stars and Stripes.

After supper, you decide to go to Mimi Pinson's, a night club about a block away which Dell has said she'd like to see. Chez Mimi is hot, smoky, crowded, noisy, quaint and about to give birth to a jam session. The waiter comes around and says, "You're having champagne, of course."

"Oh, of course," you reply weakly. This time it's real champagne, and not quite as expensive. (Item: Champagne and tax, 750 f.; tip, 75 f.)

YOU watch some pretty good jitterbugging and then Dell mentions that she's got to work in the morning, so you leave.

It's too late to catch a Metro so you decide to take one of these bicycle taxis to Dell's hotel. It's late in the evening and shouldn't cost as much as that buggy ride you were taken on—or for. Anyhow, you haven't much time in Paris. You might as well do what you want.

It's a wonderful night, so you go the long way—through part of the Bois de Boulogne. The ride takes a half-hour or so, and the velotaxi driver goes nice and slow, but finally you get there, and you dismiss him. (Item: Taxi fare, 1,000 f.; repeat, 1,000 staggering francs. No tip on this one.)

It's been a fine "Evening in Paris"—just the way you wanted it after a stay in the Reich. You've seen the sights, had something to drink, seen a show and shared the whole thing with a pretty girl. It's been a lot of fun.

But, brother, you're glad that you've been having this fun on someone else's money.

IF you add up all those tidy little ITEMS you'll notice that to spend an evening in Paris you also have to spend beaucoup francs—it amounts in this case to 4,800 francs or 96, count 'em, American bucks.

For a Private First Class in the Army of the United States that's about a month and a half's pay, and for anyone right on up the ranks that's a lot of money to blow in one evening.

Guides to U.S.

Some Suggestions on How to Behave In That Strange Country Overseas



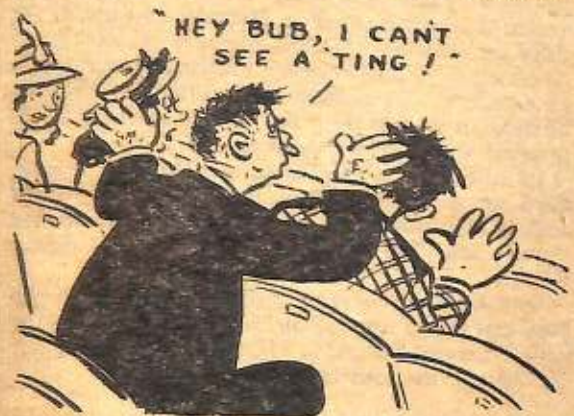
By Bob Wronker

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

HOME is more than where the heart is. Home is the place where you say "Babe" instead of "Mademoiselle" where you can take a girl to the movies without dragging along the whole family, where you drink beer instead of cognac and where an "X" in a circle means the spot where the accident occurred in a crime picture instead of "off limits." All this and much more of quaint customs, taboos and manners of the race known as Americans you have theoretically forgotten.

But no matter how long you've been in the ETO you will remember, if you think hard . . . the place where Americans come from, where money can be kindled instead of crumpled and where when you say third floor you don't mean fourth.

There was this day centuries ago when they handed you a quaint little book describing native customs peculiar to British and French. Now that war has ended here and the flow of GIs is reversing itself, various sharp characters in Europe and the Pacific have retreated



stealthily to lonely foxholes, chalets, palm-thatched huts and pup tents where, in solitude, and a silence punctuated only by shrieks of delight, they have contrived guides of their own, barbed masterpieces based on the original foreign guides, designed to indoctrinate men who on redeployment are going back overseas to the old country.

BY now, all theaters, these guides—scrawled, mimeographed, typed or printed—have become part and parcel of GI folklore. Soiled and dog-eared, they whiz from hand to hand with the speed of off-color jokes and chain letters. Like both, nobody knows who wrote them or from whence they came.

That the need is urgent is revealed by a recent news story from Texas about the reaction to civilian life of a newly discharged GI with considerable combat time. This particular veteran found civilian living conditions so strange that he promptly dug a foxhole in the backyard where he sleeps happily four nights a week.

On this subject of sleeping says one guide: "Upon retiring a soldier may find that a pair of pajamas have been laid out on the bed for him. It should be explained that pajamas are a two-piece garment which are donned



after all clothing has been removed. When confronted by these garments, the GI should feign an air of familiarity and act as if he were used to them. It is definitely not cricket to rear back and roar, "How the hell do you expect me to sleep in a thing like this?"

Probably the best-known guide to the U.S., originated in the Pacific with, legend has it, the Navy. It was soon picked up and began the circulation wherever there were Americans throughout the world. In it unwary returnees can find uplift and reorientation on vital subjects of drink, food, sex and manners.

FOR instance, in case you might have forgotten, when visiting in a private house and the host taps on the door to wake you and for breakfast, it is customary to say, "I'll



be there shortly," instead of "Go!" At the typical American breakfast you will find strange foods, such as cantaloupe, shredded wheat and milk, strange in appearance, but tasty. If occasionally, butter made from cream is served, and you wish more, turn to the person nearest you and quietly say, "Please pass the butter," rather than "Throw me the damn grease."

American dinners, it is emphasized, consist of several items served on separate dishes. Men will refrain from the common practice of mixing items such as corned beef and chocolate pudding, or lima beans and peaches to make them more palatable.

According to the guide, Americans have a strange taste for stimulants. However, drinks in common use in the Pacific, such as Kava, Five Ulcers, Pineapple Swipe, or Gasoline Bitters and water are not ordinarily acceptable in civilian circles. To these can be added Italy's sour vino and green gin distilled from radiator drippings and sea water. When, on special occasions you are offered whiskey, a common American drink, exercise extreme

control. It is considered a reflection on the uniform to snatch the bottle from the hostess and drain it, cork and all.

Many beautiful girls, who have not been liberated, reside in America. Most of them are gainfully employed as stenographers, sales girls, beauty operators and welders. Contrary to current practices, they should not be greeted with resounding wolf howls, hound dog bays or two-tone whistles. A proper greeting is, "Isn't it a lovely day?" or "Have you ever been in Chicago?"

LIKEWISE, in movie theaters, it is not considered good form to whistle every time a babe over eight or under 80 crosses the screen. Since seats are provided, helmets are not required. If you can't see because of the man in the front, take another seat; don't say rudely, "Move your head, jerk, I can't see the damn thing," hitting him over the head at the same time.

On the subject of hitting, never strike persons of draft age in civilian clothes, says the guide—they may have been released for medical reasons. If you must ask for his



Anglo-U.S. Rule the Same

By Dan Deluce

Associated Press Staff Correspondent

HANOVER, Germany (AP)—Whether the Stars and Stripes or the Union Jack flies over the rathaus (town hall) makes little difference in the military government of western Germany.

After a month of prospecting through the zones of the U.S. 12th and the British 21st Army Groups this correspondent can report no major divergencies in the Anglo-American rule over the conquered nation.

With identical measures, both British and American military detachments have tackled these problems:

The repatriation of displaced persons, of whom those with Soviet citizenship have caused the greatest disturbance to Anglo-American decrees concerning law and order.

The rehabilitation of public utilities in bomb-devastated communities.

The stimulation of agricultural production. The prevention of typhus and typhoid epidemics and the reduction of scabies cases, the last named being caused chiefly by soap scarcity.

The organization of German-managed administrations up to the level of provincial "governments" which, as a matter of fact, have less authority than any puppet regime established by the Nazis in occupied territories during the war.

This correspondent has accumulated evidence that London and Washington are in steadfast agreement that, whatever else happens in Germany, at least the British and American zones will attempt to work together as a unit.

Military government officers from the two countries went through the same course of training. When they entered Germany each detachment was pin-pointed in advance for a certain locality.

The Soviet and Anglo-American agreement about the division of territory has not been extended as yet to harmonize political and economic aims. That is a prize "hangover" for the Allied Control Commission to remedy.

I have asked numerous British and American Military Government officers: What about long-range policy? With amazing unanimity their replies boil down to this:

"We haven't received any policy directives to speak of. There have been a few don'ts—don't allow any political activity, don't allow rations above the starvation minimum of 1,150 calories per day, don't permit industrial production beyond a few basic consumer necessities. But mostly we have worked by rule of thumb, trusting to common sense to guide us in restoring some order out of war-time chaos."

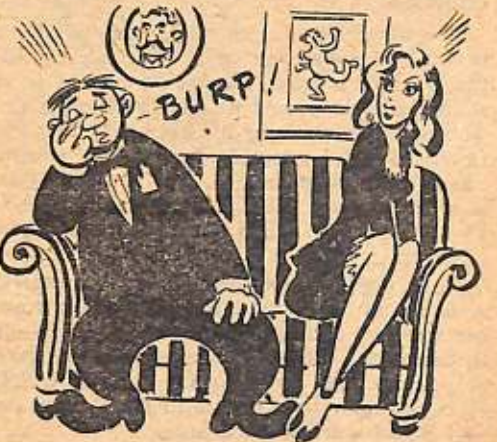
credentials and if he can't show any, then hit him.

Perhaps the most delicate subject is etiquette, and one of the first things to learn, if you retain the helmet, is to refrain from using it as a chair, wash bowl, foot bath or bathtub, all devices which are furnished in the American home. If you have a difference of opinion with an acquaintance, correct him with "I do believe you have made a mistake," rather than, "Brother, you really ———!"

Along the same lines, when your hat is mislaid in a friend's house, turn to the host and say, "I don't seem to have my hat; could you help me find it?" Do not say, "Don't anybody leave this room; some son-of-a— . . . stole my hat!"

An entirely different type of guide is aimed exclusively at gals left behind, to prepare them for the shock of the GI who will come bounding in the front door one day. They are told:

IF, on occasion, he belches and says: "Must be the damned chow!" don't feel hurt. It is merely habit and not a personal reflection on your culinary efforts. It is a good idea to



attempt to "protect" him socially. Try to keep him from meeting men in uniform, living locally, who have never been overseas. Results may be disastrous if these latter GIs try to make him feel that he was well supported at home or, if he is headed overseas again, come up with remarks like: "Gosh, I wish I could go with you when you return."

Don't call the family psychiatrist if he parks a rifle in the corner and every morning pours a little water down the barrel. It may be the one he cleaned so often that he has dishwater hands and he's just keeping that promise to help it corrode. But caution him, gently, of course, that there are such things as ash trays for cigarette butts and that he really doesn't have to crawl under the rug every time he wants to smoke.

FORGIVE and understand his lapses when he uses profanity or some foreign tongue; pretend you understand him. Remember he is starved for affection, but ignore it when he lovingly calls you "Carina Maria" in the candlelight—you may remind him of someone he left overseas. Try to make his first meals as nearly GI as possible, and gently remind him that he used to help wash the dishes.

Be on the alert for his hygienic habits as they may embarrass you; if he leaves the house with a shovel and the daily paper, remind him of existing sanitary facilities. To further make him feel at home, be sure the bed is not too neat or well-made, and during the night set off long strings of firecrackers. If he becomes sluggish and lies in bed until eight or nine in the morning, make him understand this is not normal or good for him, since he is used to arising before breakfast.

With both gals and GIs alerted and indoctrinated to the novelty of each other, return to life among the natives, species Americanus, should easily turn out to be one of the future's more interesting experiences. Naturally, there is the possibility that neither will have changed as much as all the "guides" indicate; in that case, however, someone may well issue the final guide, to end all such.



Power in the Pacific

Continued from page 1

by more than 220,000 officers and men, while landing of men and equipment on hotly-contested Okinawa last Easter morning was supported by 1,400 warships.

It was during the Lingayen Gulf beach assault that a Naval first-aid kit performed an errand of mercy. The landing craft snaked through a veil of violent Jap mortar fire, miraculously reaching the sandy beach with all hands safe. Later a crewman suffered a slight wound and opened the craft's first-aid case. Imbedded in the tightly packed supply of cotton, gauze, adhesive tape and splints was a jagged five-inch piece of steel. Its deadly flight toward several huddled Marines was stopped dead cold after it had torn through the boat's flimsy plywood side.

Much of the long striking and sustaining power of the Fleet is credited to the waddling aircraft carriers, which shoulder the bulk of air work against both sea and land targets when ground air bases are too distant to perform the function. The immensity of these floating landing strips was expressed sometime ago by a British pilot after landing on the huge flight deck of the U.S.S. Saratoga: "Sir, I feel as if I had landed in your state of Texas."

Teamwork between carriers and battleships has cost the Japs plenty. In a five-month period between Aug. 24, 1944, and Jan. 26, 1945, for example, Admiral William F. Halsey's powerful Third Fleet, comprising battleships, carriers, cruisers and destroyers, knocked out 4,370 planes, sank 82 combat vessels and 372 auxiliary and merchant ships, plus numerous small craft. For these deadly strikes the Fleet paid a comparatively small price: 449 planes and the light carrier Princeton.

The officers and men who man the ships match fire power with grit. One seaman of the U.S.S. Princeton, mortally wounded in a strafing attack, peered weakly at the chaplain who was administering his last needs. "It's a funny world," gasped the dying youth. "You're the chaplain . . . and you start our Sunday services all the time with 'Holy! Holy! Holy!' . . . and gosh, that sure is me all over."

On a night patrol through enemy waters, a sudden lurch of a sub-chaser hurled a crew member into churning Pacific waters. Seldom in dangerous waters does a large vessel dare stop for a man overboard. But the U.S.S. Ajax, a repair ship cruising nearby, hove to and began searching the area.

Fifteen minutes . . . a half-hour . . . two hours passed while the Ajax's searchlight groped through the inky blackness. Then, a sharp-eyed signal man on the bridge spotted the victim's bobbing head. As a rescue craft drew up to the exhausted youth he cracked to his rescuers: "Cripes, but it's about time you got here!"

The Navy's sweep across broad expanses of the Pacific in support of the Allies' offensive march along the road to Tokyo has silenced old critics of the "island hopping strategy," long ago advocated by the Pacific Fleet's commander-in-chief, Admiral Chester W. Nimitz. The doughty seadog fooled his kibitzers by by-passing the hardest nuts to crack—like Ponape, Truk, Yap and most of the Palau group, whose occupation would have been costly in time and manpower. Instead, he made a series of long jumps—Eniwetol, Saipan, Guam, Okinawa—which have brought the Fleet's guns to the position where all the world waits for the final jump to China and Japan's own home islands.

When that will come is anybody's guess. But it is a far different speculation than the worry of where Japan next would strike—in the days of Pearl Harbor.



Good Books for the Asking

A Globe-Girdling Program Is Meeting the Needs of Soldiers Who Like to Read in Their Leisure Time

By Carl Pierson

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

AMERICAN book publishers are awaiting the post-war period with an anticipation inspired by the possible wide-reaching effect of the "Council Books" program. Started in September, 1943, "Council Books," or, formally, "Editions for the Armed Services, Inc.," are volumes selected and published by a non-profit corporation, the Council on Books in Wartime, for distribution to GIs everywhere. The Council's advisory committee, made up of authors, publishers and educators, each month select 40 books which they believe will interest the soldier. Their selections are based on what they think the soldiers want—not what someone thinks is good for them.

The author of each selected book gets a small royalty and the initial printing is 140,000 copies. Latest figures show that more than 70 million are being published a year.

The Council turns the books over to the Army or Navy. The New York Port of Embarkation is informed of this theater's needs and the sets are sent by APO to every unit in the theater. Allocation is on the basis of one set for each 150 men, each 50 hospital beds or each small detachment or isolated unit. All an outfit has to do is ask for them.

SELECTIONS run the gamut from humor to horror, biography to history, plays to poetry. The emphasis is on entertainment rather than education. Contemporary fiction and humorous books top the list with historical novels, mysteries and Westerns close on their heels. The demand for poetry is small but so steady that the Council includes at least one anthology each month.

Reaction to the plan has been reported heart-warming. Men away from home, many of them following a monotonous routine, have turned to reading as a form of escapism or

education. Letters received by the Council show that while most of them come from men to whom books always were important, some come from persons who formerly thought books were just the thing to take up shelf-space.

Each series is indexed by letter and number. Thus, the very first "Council Book," "The Education of Hyman Kaplan," was A-1, while the third book in the fourth series, "Blazed Trail Stories," was D-93. The series being distributed in the ETO at this time is the "R" series. When this is completed, all sets from "A" through "R," inclusive, will have been distributed, and there will be no more of those series available. Titles still having a heavy demand possibly will be reprinted in some future set.

THE Special Services Division in this theater has requested that the "expendable" policy toward "Council Books" which prevailed during the war in Europe and under the fluid conditions of combat be revised. It recommends that wherever feasible and as often as possible, permanent unit libraries be established in order that the sets now in circulation get the widest possible use.

In addition to the "Council Books," a standard set of about 25 magazines is assembled and distributed weekly to each unit in the theater on the same basis as the "Council Books."

Questions involving failure to receive the books or magazines should be forwarded to the Chief, Special Services, HQ, European Theater of Operations, APO 887.

GI Bookshelf

This month's set of Council Books is the "R" series which includes: Music, poetry, horror, Westerns, humor, historical—and Colonel Stoopnagle (no one has classified him yet!).

Best-selling *Cluny Brown* (R-22), a novel by Margery Sharp, whose heroine of the same name has as much sense as most girls, is willing, good-tempered and tall. If it is also true that "she doesn't know her place," that only serves to make the yarn even more humorous and spicy than you might expect.

Those who came through England were treated to a number of interpretations of the English people. In *The American Character* (R-16), D. W. Brogan places the shoe on the other foot and treats the British to an interpretation of the Americans.

Deems Taylor, long popular as commentator on the Sunday afternoon concerts of the N.Y. Philharmonic Orchestra and guest expert on Information, Please, collects in *Of Men*

and *Music* (R-23) the best of his intermission commentaries and other musical essays.

The humor of *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay* (R-17), by Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough, is a lightly written report of an eventful trip through England and France in happier times.

You Wouldn't Know Me from Adam (R-8) is Colonel Stoopnagle's autobiography, more or less. There isn't a true statement in it. But you meet such interesting people.

Crime on My Hands (R-15) by George Sanders, it says here in fine print, is more than a routine detective story, telling how George (the same) Sanders solves the dilemma of a dead extra on a movie set. He wasn't in the script. But he was dead. And you could just ignore him and go on with the shooting. Or could you?

Alan Le May turns up with another Western mystery, *Winter Range* (R-18). Hero Kentucky Jones does some crime detecting, some gun blasting—and still finds time to pitch a little woo: Good stuff for the Western fans.

"TOMORROW, THE WORLD!"

By John R. Fischetti

