BRITISH E...

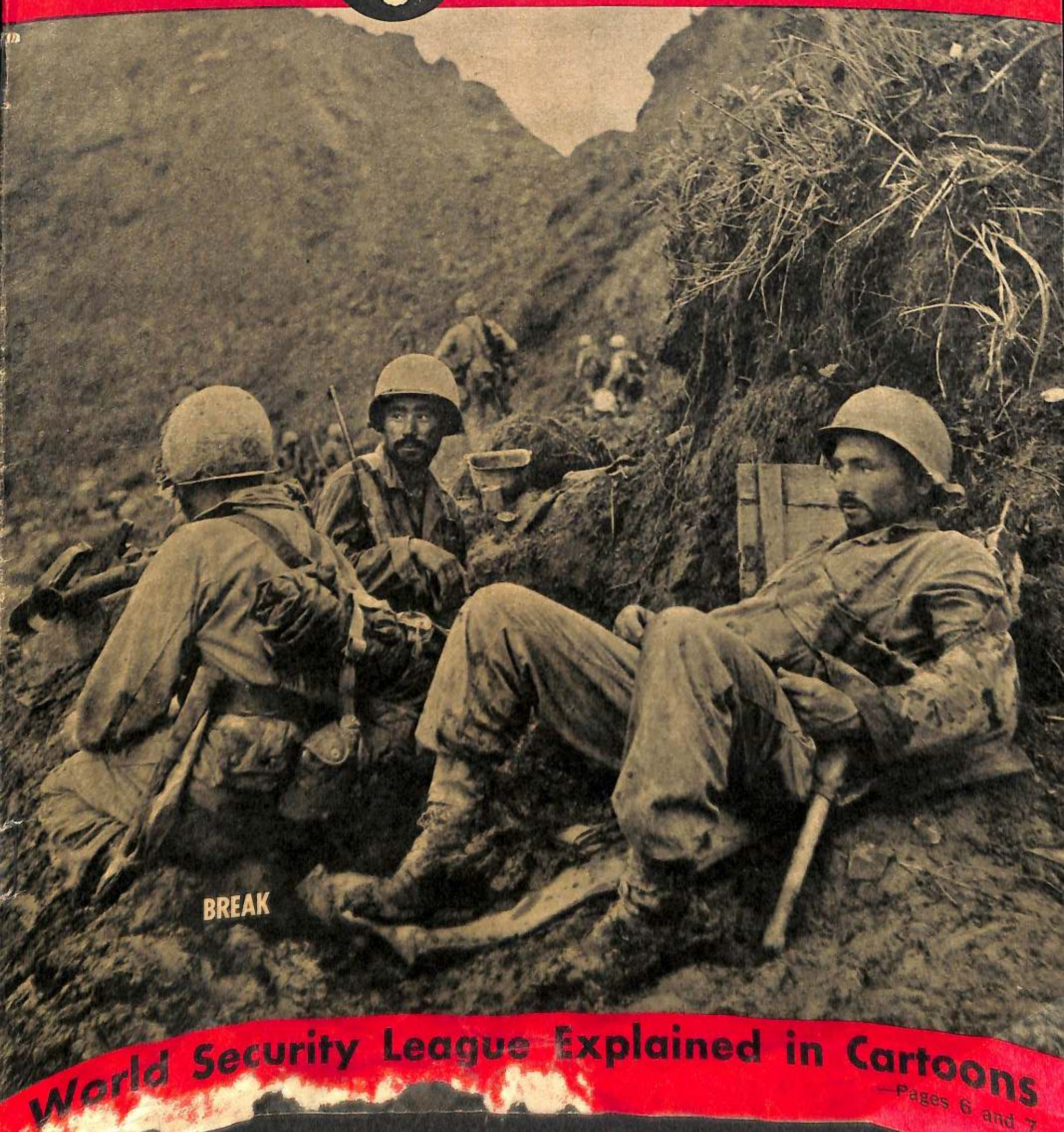
YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

3d

AUG. 10, 1945
VOL. 4, NO. 8

By and for men in the service.



BREAK

World Security League Explained in Cartoons

—Pages 6 and 7

Francois dumped a heavy burlap sack on the ground.

By Sgt. SIDNEY ROSENBLATT

ENGLAND—While Allied invasion troops were battering their way ashore on the Normandy beaches that fateful morning in June, Capt. Walter Kozicki of Chester, Pa., was already 150 miles inside France celebrating the historic occasion with two members of the French Maquis.

Shot down over the Seine-Marne region two days before D-Day, the 361st Fighter Group pilot was to find himself living in the woods with a Maquis band, raiding Vichy establishments for food and tobacco, participating in sabotage against the Germans, and climaxing his adventures by living in Paris, which at that time was teeming with Germans.

After escaping from German soldiers who had spotted him as he parachuted out of his disabled plane, Kozicki contacted the Maquis two days later, when he met a farmer who furnished him with civilian clothes. A local gendarme made the proceedings "official."

"It was then that I learned of the Normandy landings," Kozicki says. "We were all excited. They spoke mostly with their arms; pumped my hands, kissed and hugged me and kept pouring Calvados down my throat until I couldn't see straight. They said now that the Americans had landed, the war would be over in thirty days."

Wedged in the cab of a dilapidated truck chauffeured by a middle-aged and very fat woman, Kozicki was taken to a nearby village, and in broad daylight entered the house of old Andre, the village fire chief, leading citizen, and head of the local Maquis. "Andre was the meanest looking man I've ever seen," Kozicki says. "I got chills just looking at him. But nobody doubted I was an American flier—they took me on trust."

The mustachioed Maquis leader had two sons, Marcel and Charles, both in their early twenties, who had fought in the French Army before Petain gave it away to the Germans in 1940. Drafted by the Nazis for forced labor, Marcel and Charles had escaped and made their way back home.

Marcel was quiet and polite, while Charles was young and voluble. But like all the Frenchmen encountered by Kozicki, they had no use for Nazis. "Their solution to the 'German problem' was simple," Kozicki says. "Just shoot all the bastards."

The family was crazy about Americans. They didn't think there was anybody as wonderful as a Yank except a Frenchman. Kozicki was bombarded with questions about life in the U.S.A., skyscrapers, Hollywood stars and all the things the Frenchmen had seen in movies, or read about. They kept up with events by listening to BBC broadcasts each evening.

Kozicki felt uneasy being cooped up. Although his legs were in pretty bad shape he wanted to get to the Spanish border. Andre bluntly told him it was no use; hundreds of German deserters and French collaborators were trying the same thing, and the Spanish frontier was sewed up tight. Besides, said the old man, there might be a plane landing in the area soon, to pick up the pilot.

Things were getting hot. The Germans were organizing a new labor conscript drive. Hundreds of prisoners were breaking loose from enemy camps and prisons. The French countryside was infested with *Gestapo, Wehrmacht* and Darnand's infamous Vichy *Milice*.

Playing it safe, Kozicki and Andre's two sons moved into the woods. There they joined three other men living in a little hut camouflaged by dirt and tree branches.

One of them—Josef, a Pole—was a small, dark, man with a burning hatred for the Germans who had killed his father and two brothers. He had fought the Nazis in Poland and Rumania, and had then made his way to France to join the French army. Somehow he got evacuated at Dunkirk, became a British Commando and was captured in the St. Nazaire raid. He escaped twice and wound up finally with the Maquis. "I'm alive only to exterminate Germans," he would say.

Six miles from the camp lived Josef's fiancée. She had travelled all the way from Poland to find her sweetheart, finally, in France.

Kozicki was the first American the Pole had ever met. They talked in Polish of Josef's desire to come to America after the war, and of how Josef was impatient with the French because he thought they bickered and argued too much among themselves.

Then there was "Molotov," a young, cheerful, powerfully-built Russian of 27, who always wore long hair and a derby. Well-equipped in music and the arts, he had been born in France. His great-grandfather, a soldier in Bonaparte's army during the disastrous march on Moscow, had stayed to marry a Russian girl. "Molotov" had escaped from a Nazi slave labor battalion after knifing a guard. He got back to France by riding the rods, and took over the job of cook for the Maquisards.

The third man was a huge, muscular, amiable peasant called "Big Marcel," who wasn't concerned with war or politics in the abstract. He just wanted to drive the Boche out of France so he could get back to his farm.

It was necessary to provide Kozicki with identification papers, so the barber of a nearby town (he was also its Maquis chief) and a girl who operated a secret radio transmitter and whose English vocabulary consisted of the one word, "perhaps," came into the woods one day.

The girl had been the mistress of a rich wine manufacturer who had died and of whom she still spoke affectionately as "*mon capitaliste*." She had a big box of German rubber stamps which validated everything from passports to dog licenses. She stamped a blank identity card for Kozicki, and he became "Andre Jean Petit."

The box of rubber stamps was very useful in another direction, too. Each month the Germans issued ration coupon quotas to the villages, entitling the shopkeepers to procure a certain amount of bread, meat or tobacco for the inhabitants.

Put-up jobs would be arranged between the storekeepers and the Maquisards. The resistance members would sneak in at night, lift all the coupons, cut the telephone wires and break a window in the back of the shop. Then, the next morning, the proprietor would hustle down to the Germans and yell that he had been robbed. The Germans may have suspected but they never did anything about it.

All the next day the Maquisards would be busy sorting out the coupons and stamping them with the markings of other villages. Then the coupons would be shared out to all the resistance groups of the region and the townspeople would use the hijacked coupons to buy food "legally" for the underground members. In addition to food obtained in this manner, the Maquisards' diet was augmented by occasional rabbits, wild pigs, geese and goats that were trapped with snares, and by vegetables and potatoes dug up from collaborationists' gardens. The band also managed to promote a few hens from time to time.

EXTREMELY helpful in alleviating the messing situation was a nimble-fingered character named Francois who walked into the camp one evening and dumped a heavy burlap sack on the ground. The sack contained "more skeleton keys, files, picks and burglar tools of all sizes and descriptions than I've ever seen," Kozicki says.

Francois was a real rogue—an international thief who looked the part. He wore a cap over one eye, sidled along furtively, and was very matter-of-fact about his profession. Doing work for the Maquis was all in his line of business. This shifty-eyed French version of Jimmy Valentine hated the Germans because they had beat him unmercifully when they caught him doing some espionage work for the British in Africa.

He never returned from a raid without a complete new outfit of clothes, a big cigar, and food and wine. He also placed great faith in hand grenades and never went out on a job without slipping a pair in his pockets.

Francois was an uncannily accurate "finger man" for spotting collaborators. Once, he lined up a big-time traitor and the band used the information to advantage. Since the collaborationist locked himself in at night the Maquisards and Kozicki abducted his mistress, stole a truck, and forced her to knock on her lover's door. She called out that she had come with another load of goods.

Collaborator "goods" usually consisted of looted and Black Market material. When the collaborationist opened the door he got a Sten gun poked into his belly. His son started to raise a little fuss and had to be knocked on the head to be kept quiet. After trussing up all three the band cleaned out the house from top to bottom, taking away a huge stock of canned goods, sugar, wine, tobacco and shoes.

As the Allied armies battled inland the size of the little band increased. At its peak it numbered 27 men, mostly youngsters hiding from the German conscript drives. One of the exceptions was a B-26 medium bomber pilot called "Woody," who had been shot down over Paris.

Another new arrival was jitterbug-happy Senegalese soldier who simply loved "shwing" and would jump and jive by himself while singing *In the Mood*, in French. He was nuts about Benny Goodman.

American bombers parachuted arms into the region, but all that Kozicki's band could secure were two Sten guns, a pair of pistols, some dynamite and a few hand grenades. Kozicki was familiar with the Sten gun and he held armament classes in the woods for all the underground leaders of the area.

The band also improvised home-made blackjacks, billies and clubs. One man took the tail of a cow that had gone the way of all flesh. The tail was corkscrewed and left to harden. It proved a very efficient switch across the behinds of recalcitrant collaborators.

Visiting Maquis chieftains always brought along bottles of wine and a few French cigarettes. Even so, the tobacco situation was tight. To conserve as much as possible, Kozicki smoked his cigarettes halfway down, then would roll the butts together to make more cigarettes. Finally, he'd shake out his pockets and try making another smoke or two out of the crumbs.

It was also tough to obtain drinking water. It had to be fetched from an abandoned farm several miles distant. Two men would sling a pair of big wicker-covered wine bottles on a long pole. In front would walk a guard with a Sten gun, and bringing up the rear would be a man carrying a pistol.

The little band did all it could to help the war along. All over France it was the same way, as the underground marked time until the advancing armies of liberation drew nearer. Then, the resistance units went "all out." Wire and cable-cutting helped disrupt German communications. The highways were strewn with little jagged steel "crawlers" which cut Nazi vehicle tires to ribbons.

The Germans flooded the area with more *Gestapo* and *Wehrmacht*. Darnand's bitterly-hated *Milice* swarmed through the woods and fields. It became more difficult for the little band to secure food.

Kozicki, "Woody," "Molotov" and Francois debated whether they should try getting into Spain. Francois produced 60,000 francs he had thoughtfully pocketed, while raiding a collaborationist's home, for just such an emergency as this. But old Andre flatly refused. It was too dangerous, he said, and he was responsible for the well-being of the American fliers.

The underground forces were linked together in a network covering the countryside. In this particular region they were under the supervision of a British agent who had parachuted into France many months before. The agent sent word, suddenly, that the fliers must leave at once.

One evening about eight o'clock an FFI truck arrived at the hideout. Kozicki and "Woody" got in the cab with the driver. On the seat was a loaded pistol. In the back of the truck were two armed guards.

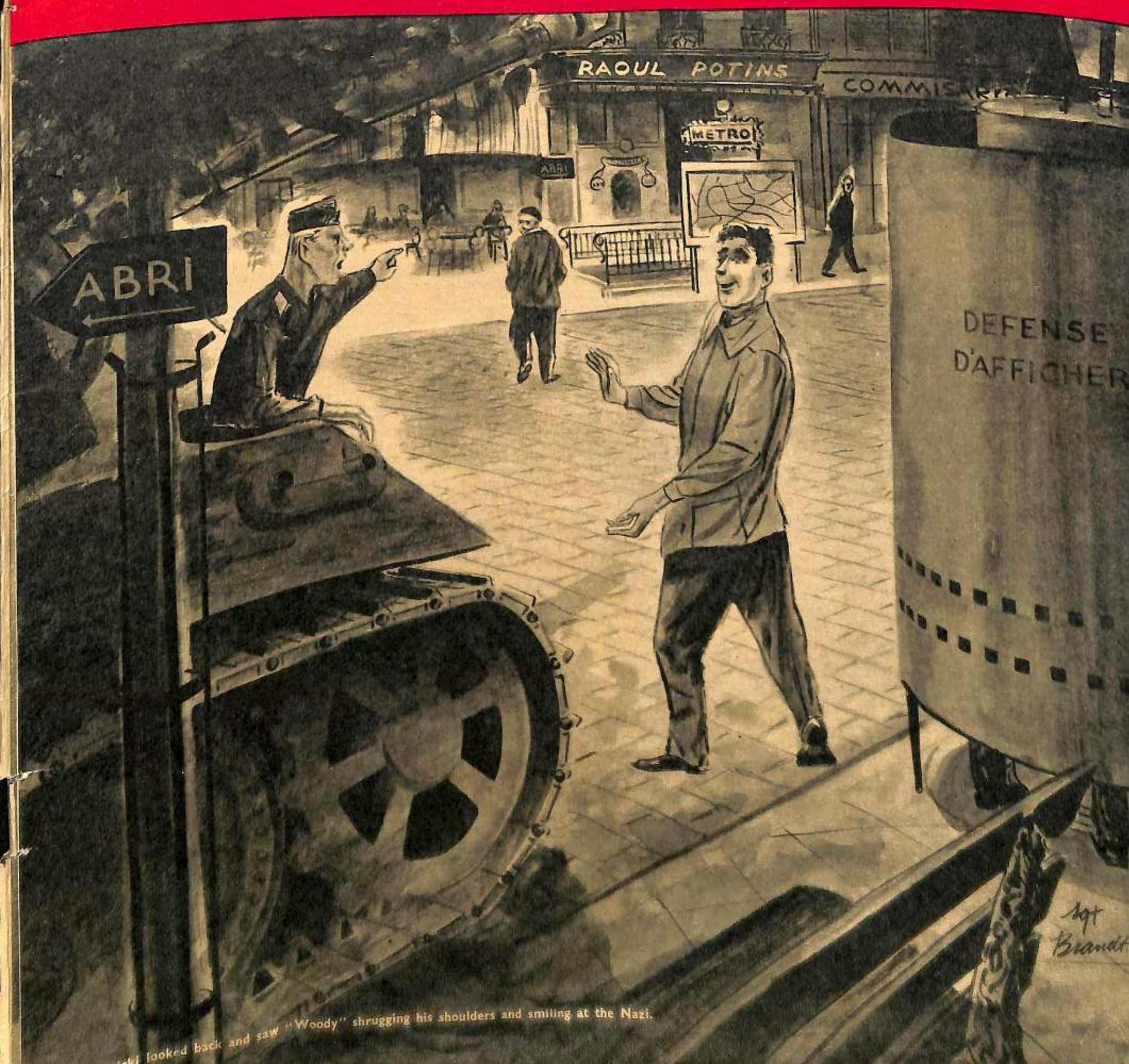
They made their get-away a half-hour before *Gestapo* and *Milice* raided the camp. Later, Kozicki learned that most of the Maquis band had been wiped out, including the old leader Andre.

Driving along the main highway and passing many German trucks and soldiers in the fields, the fliers got to a town in which they were to spend the night. Their driver was a cheerful extrovert with a peculiar sense of humor. He insisted on taking his passengers past the local *Gestapo* headquarters, treating the sweating Americans to the sight of *SS* guards with tommy-guns only a few yards away.

At the driver's home they met the town's resistance chief who told them that the next morning they

The Pilot And The Maquis

THIS is more than just a story about an American pilot who was shot down over Occupied Europe and was hidden by patriotic Frenchmen. It is also the story—one of the first ever to be released—of how he lived and fought with the Underground, and what kind of people his Maquis friends were. It is an adventure story, unembellished with heroics, of a people's war against Fascism.



Kozicki looked back and saw "Woody" shrugging his shoulders and smiling at the Nazi.

Their driver was a cheerful extrovert with a peculiar sense of humor. He insisted on taking his passengers past the local Gestapo headquarters.

One of the last and most effective acts of sabotage performed by the FFI was the switching of highway signposts the Germans had erected. "It was really one helluva confusion."

would leave on the second step of their journey, with another American airman. But next morning there was trouble. The *Gestapo* raided the chief's house, capturing his wife. The chief escaped and got to the fliers.

"The entire area is surrounded by *Gestapo*," he told the fliers. " But you will leave just the same." To even things up the FFI had the *Gestapo* surrounded. It was a grim game of chess, with the Americans as pawns. Posing as mechanics, they left in a truck with a new driver, who was also a maddeningly cheerful character with an endless flow of conversation and a heavy hand on the horn.

At each crossroad the driver honked the horn a certain number of times. After a while, Kozicki noticed silent guardians—a man on a bridge casually puffing a cigarette, someone leaning on a bicycle at a road crossing, a pair of loungers in front of a cafe. Once or twice these Maquisards winked at Kozicki.

They barreled through the one-street hamlets and villages, horn going full blast. Once a German truck poked its nose out of a side turning. The driver leaned on the horn and kept right on going. Finally, they pulled into a garage and ate a hurried dinner while townsfolk, who seemed to have been expecting them, dropped in to say hello.

"Just as I was about to say *'Bon Jour,'* in walked a little mustached Frenchman," Kozicki says. " 'You can speak English to me,' he said, and told us we'd leave for Paris the following day."

Later, a young boy led the fliers to a nearby house in front of which was a two-wheeled pushcart loaded with brushwood. Underneath the branches were three American .45 sub-machine guns. Two of the fliers pushed the cart while "Woody" and the young boy rode on bicycles.

Fifteen minutes later they again met the little Frenchman with the mustache. This was their formal introduction to Capt. Paul ———, leader of the underground organization of that section. A British agent, born in England of a French mother and Swiss father, he was admirably suited for the job.

Young, good-looking, the Englishman was only one of a family whose members ran to soldiers of fortune. Two brothers, one a lieutenant colonel, were in the FFI. An older sister was an FFI official in Paris.

The underground headquarters had no guards. "You needn't worry about it," Paul told Kozicki. "This house is under German protection and not even the *Gestapo* would dare touch it."

In addition to a small arsenal in the cellar, the house contained a powerful radio transmitter whose aerial was cleverly camouflaged by tree branches outside. Four or five children ran about the place creating a "family" atmosphere.

That evening at supper Kozicki met the rest of the organization and many local resistance chiefs. The British agent queried the flier as to how England was standing up to the V-weapons, blue-prints of which Paul had obtained and smuggled across the Channel.

Early the next morning the Americans were taken to the railroad station. Their guide bought tickets and they waited on the platform. Standing casually beside them were four B-17 crew members making the same journey.

They all crowded into a train corridor, still shepherded by their uncommunicative guide. A neighborly Frenchman tried starting a conversation with "Woody," who grinned and replied with a loud *"Ja!"* The man's jaw dropped a mile and he huddled into a corner.

Kozicki kept noticing a middle-aged woman who was knitting. Each time he'd look up she would be gazing intently at him; then she'd drop her glance and go back to knitting. The flier's skin began to crawl; he was happy when the trip was over. Actually, the knitting woman was a member of the secret "Parachute" organization in Paris whose sole job consisted of hiding Allied airmen.

The journey took ages. Marshaling yards along the route had been pounded by American bombers and there were many halts. Once when they stopped Kozicki found himself staring into the faces of German soldiers in a flak car on the adjacent track.

In the Paris station the guide walked up toward the locomotive and shook hands with an inconspicuous looking lounger. The fliers and a B-17 ball turret gunner followed this man out of the station, after surrendering their tickets to an agent at whose side stood an armed German guard.

Tailing their Pied Piper through the streets, Kozicki bumped into a strapping *Luftwaffe* pilot, but an exchange of dirty looks was the only result. They followed the guide into a subway, passing hundreds, it seemed, of *SS* troops armed to the teeth with tommy-guns, pistols and potato-masher grenades.

On the streets once more, they walked in pairs. An *SS* trooper got out of a tank to urinate at a street corner lavatory. A German shouted something to Kozicki who kept right on walking as the skin on the back of his neck tightened. He looked back and saw "Woody" shrugging his shoulders and smiling at the Nazi. The *SS* man waved them on.

Kozicki and "Woody" were delivered to the care of a young married couple named Louis and Marcelle, parents of a five-year-old boy, Pierre. After a "Parachute" official took the names and APO numbers of the men, they settled down to await the liberation of Paris.

"Louis and Marcelle were the finest people I've ever known," Kozicki says. "They made us part of their family, accepting the fact that they would be shot immediately if we were discovered."

The young FFI couple took the airmen out on bicycle trips and sight-seeing tours. Kozicki joined their tennis club and went to the movies with them. "But it always gave me a jolt sitting next to some big Kraut in a theater."

Other American airmen were also being kept in that section of Paris. The B-17 gunner was in the home of a jovial pool fiend named Mr. B———, who often took Kozicki to cafes for a few drinks and a game of billiards. In the evenings Kozicki would often bicycle with Mr. B———'s 15-year-old daughter, Jacqueline, to a Black Market establishment to buy milk for little Pierre. Louis' FFI section chief often took Kozicki and "Woody" to the Seine for swimming and boating to help pass away the time.

FFI units made life increasingly miserable for the Germans. Many minor but effective acts of sabotage were committed by the patriots, hampering the Nazis and keeping them in a constant state of nerves. Bastille Day found Paris a seething pot with the lid ready to blow off. The tricolor sprouted from trees and telephone poles. As fast as the harassed Germans tore them down new flags appeared.

Pitched battles between FFI and the Germans were common. Not long before liberation day it happened to be Kozicki's birthday. Some FFI comrades raided a German fort and came back with 140 cases of champagne.

One day a French air force general in civvies bicycled up to Louis' home. He wanted information on the size and type of terrain for glider landing strips in the Paris area. Kozicki, "Woody," and a B-17 pilot gave the general all the data they could.

One of the last and most effective acts of sabotage performed by the FFI was the switching of highway signposts the Germans had erected. German vehicles were pouring through Paris in retreat. They milled around the city getting lost, and burning up thousands of gallons of precious fuel. " It really was one helluva confusion," Kozicki says.

The FFI even hijacked the big French-made limousine belonging to the German commanding general of the Paris area and parked it in a garage near Kozicki's hideout. They added insult to injury by returning to watch the German general making an undignified exit from Paris in a truck.

Louis was captured in a street battle. The fliers and Louis' wife and child moved to another house, but a couple of days later Louis was back on the job again after an exchange of prisoners.

From this point on the pilots holed up. German trucks tore through the streets shooting up everything in sight. Day and night a full-scale battle raged in the city as the enemy was battered by the armies without and the FFI forces within. The radio announced Paris' liberation one day too soon. Kozicki could barely hear the news for the noise of firing and explosions outside.

The next day Paris went wild. Jacqueline had bicycled into the country and retrieved Kozicki's cached uniform. He was probably the only American officer in Paris that day wearing pinks.

Louis and Marcelle told all their neighbors that Kozicki was an American flier. In no time at all a queue two blocks long, of men and women, grandfathers down to babies, lined up to kiss and embrace the pilot and give him flowers and presents. FFI friends arrived with the limousine stolen from the German general. With a home-made American flag flying from the radiator Kozicki and his friends triumphantly toured the city.

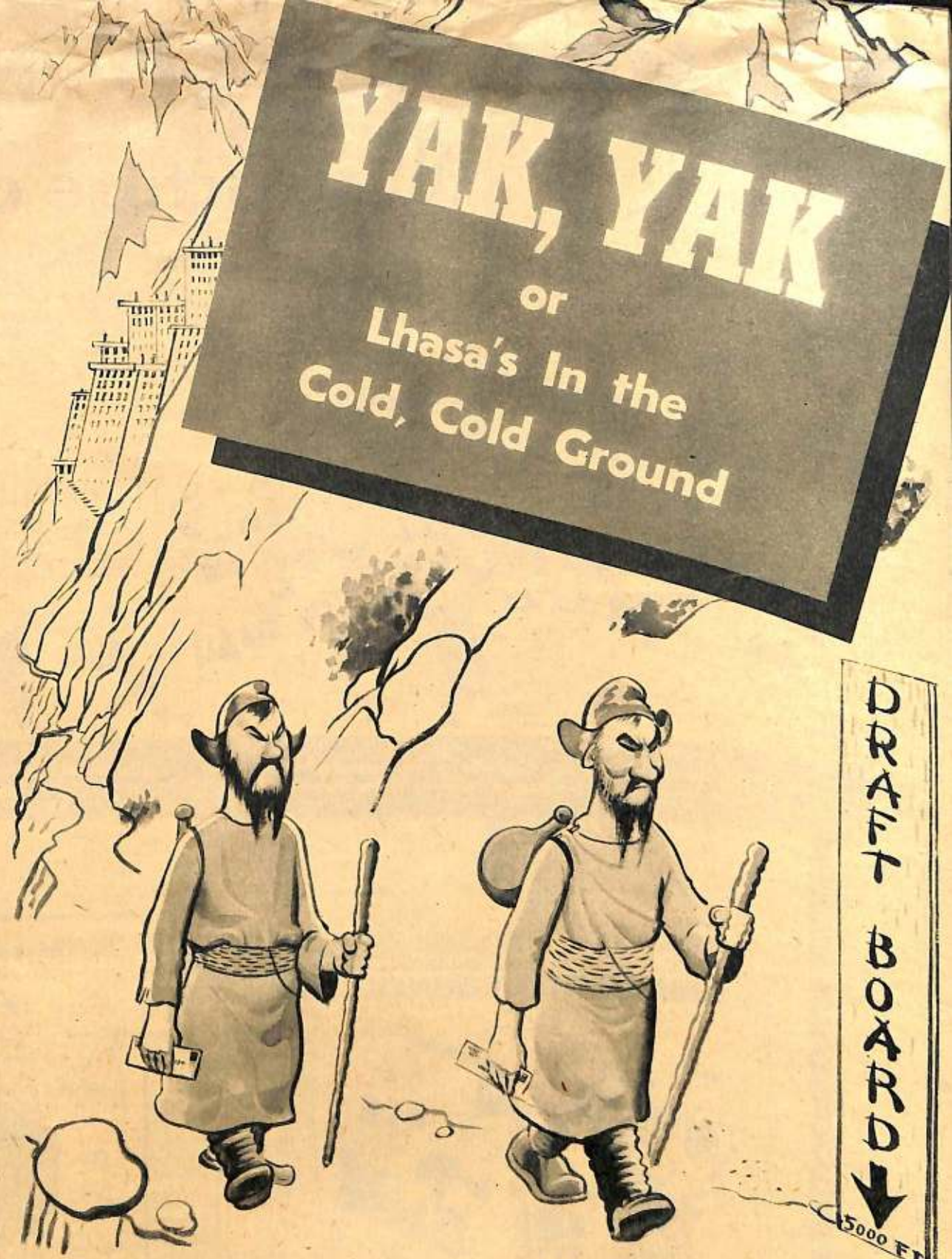
The following morning an American second lieutenant of intelligence called for the American pilot. Kozicki wasn't surprised. In the Paris area were more than 300 "Parachute" agents who had been dropped into France and, for some time, had been relaying information to the American armies.

With a 48-hour pass (in Paris) under his belt the pilot was flown back to England, rejoining his fighter group. One day he telephoned the family of Capt. Paul, the British agent. Paul's wife was not at home that day but his youngest sister, Denise, took the message and invited the flier to visit them.

Not long ago she telephoned Kozicki at his base and told him that Paul had been killed during the fight for Paris' liberation.

But a story like this should have a happy ending. Capt. Kozicki and Denise fell in love and they are to be married in the near future.

YAK, YAK
or
Lhasa's In the Cold, Cold Ground



"Allied troops interned two strange prisoners-of-war recently—two natives of Tibet who have served in the Russian army and the German army. The Tibetans could find no one to talk to for three years, because they know only Tibetan and met no one who could speak their language. The men accidentally wandered into Soviet territory in 1942, were drafted into the Red Army, captured and forced to serve in the Wehrmacht." **NEWS ITEM.**

THE following dialogue takes place in Tibetan. The prisoners are seated in a corner of the prison cage. The first Tibetan is named Jhoe, the second one is named Whillie.

JHOE: Boy, do my feet hurt. From now on I travel strictly by Yak. How far do you think we marched from good old Lhasa?

WHILLIE: I figure it must be at least ninety-five thousand lengths of a pig's entrails.

JHOE: Jeez, lay off the chow talk. What I wouldn't give for a big bowl of curdled yak's blood right now. The stuff they eat around here stinks.

WHILLIE: I wonder what my old lady is doing right now?

JHOE: I'll bet she's shacked up with one of the horse merchants that stayed home and dodged the draft.

WHILLIE: What do you think of these pink women around here?

JHOE: Why these brown-coated soldiers would want to fraternize with them beats me. Why, half of them have yellow hair.

WHILLIE: What I'd give just to hear a little old Tibetan girl talk right now. A real Tibetan girl with her face smeared with caoutchouc, and her old charm box hanging around her neck. Ah, me.

JHOE: Where'd you ever see chicks like that? They don't have 'em over at Gyantse where you come from.

WHILLIE: And whatsa matter with Gyantse? You guys up at Lhasa don't have nothing to look at that'll compare with the Sacred Lake. Boy, that's a man's country; hunting the sloth-bear and lookin' at them glaciers. I can see myself right now, laying in a yak-hair tent, with the dung piled up high outside to keep out the wind, knocking back a case of barley beer without a care in the world. That's the life for me. When I get out of this man's army I'm gonna take off for the old Sacred Lake. They'll have to come after me with bows and arrows to get *me* to join up again.

JHOE: You know, Whillie, I woke up in the middle of the night, dreaming I was drinking a big mug of buttered tea, laced with wild-ass milk.

WHILLIE: These soldiers in the brown coats seated in the mechanical oxen, could do with a little hot-buttered tea. God, they're pale.

JHOE: I wonder what outfit this is? It's a different one than those last guys in the green coats.

WHILLIE: It's all the same to me. They don't work us as hard as those last guys, and since we got bivouacked in this camp-with-twisted-wire, there don't seem to be nearly as much drill.

JHOE: Hah, you found a home in the army, eh?

WHILLIE: You remember those guys we served with before we transferred to the green coats? They wasn't bad guys, even if I couldn't make head or tail of their language.

JHOE: That strong white beer they had was good. (*Sighing*) My God, we been in a long time. How many overseas charms you figure we have now?

WHILLIE: Thirty-six moons have risen over Mt. Everest by my count.

JHOE: I wonder who's gonna get in as Dalai Lama? The old one musta kicked off by this time.

WHILLIE: Who cares? You can bet those politicians put in a guy they could control. Just wait till the servicemen get home, things'll change in Tibet.

JHOE: Why, you clucks over there in Gyantse, what in hell do you know about how to run the country? Every time I seen any of them Gyantseans in Lhasa they was gandering around at the buildings, getting in the road of the oxen. Why you're so dumb you still have polyandry, when everybody who's up to date has switched to polygamy.

WHILLIE: Lhasa ain't Tibet. One of these days the people of the steppes are gonna wake up and put in their own Dalai Lama, and get a square deal for the farmers and the vets.

JHOE: Listen, old man, I've been listening to that dung all the way from Fort Dhix. I'm sick and tired of it—you hear! I don't like your politics and I don't like the way you smack your lips all the time thinkin' of barley beer.

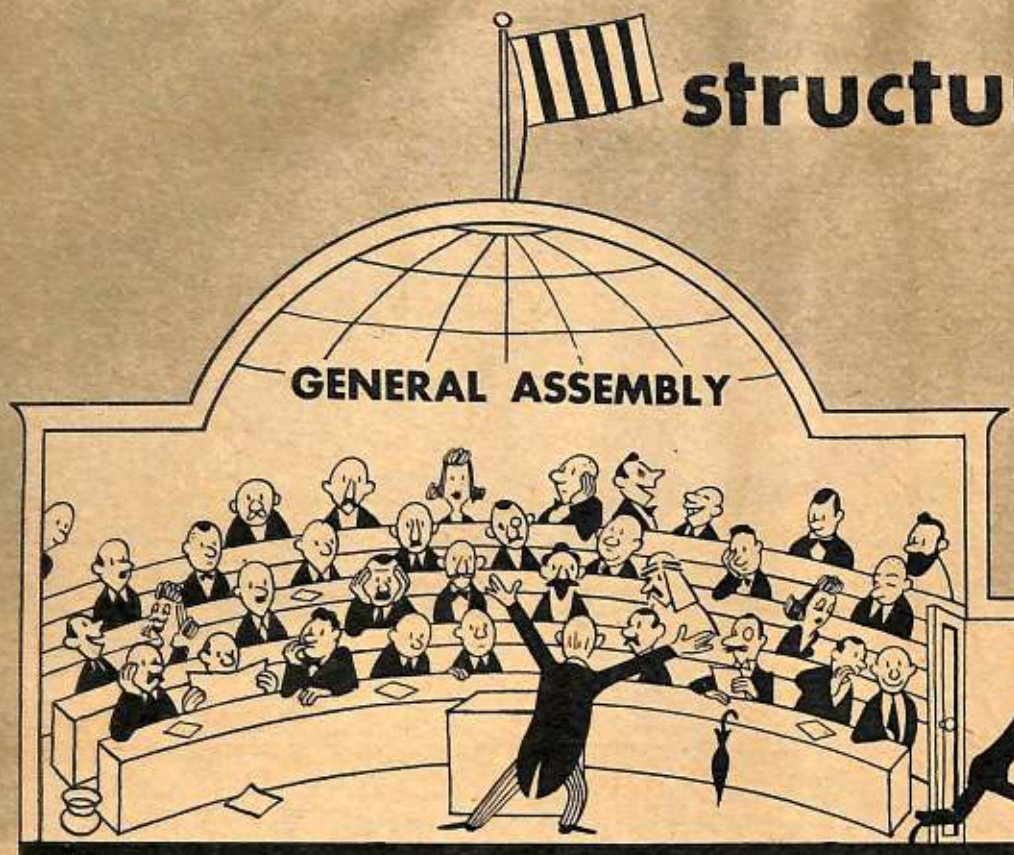
WHILLIE: Nerves! Nerves! You ought to get out and talk to someone else for a change. You'd find a lot of guys have woke up. You're in a rut, Jhoe.

JHOE: Yeah, I guess that's it. I wish there was somebody to talk to. . . .

–By Cpl. JAMES DUGAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

THE UNITED NATIONS

structure and function

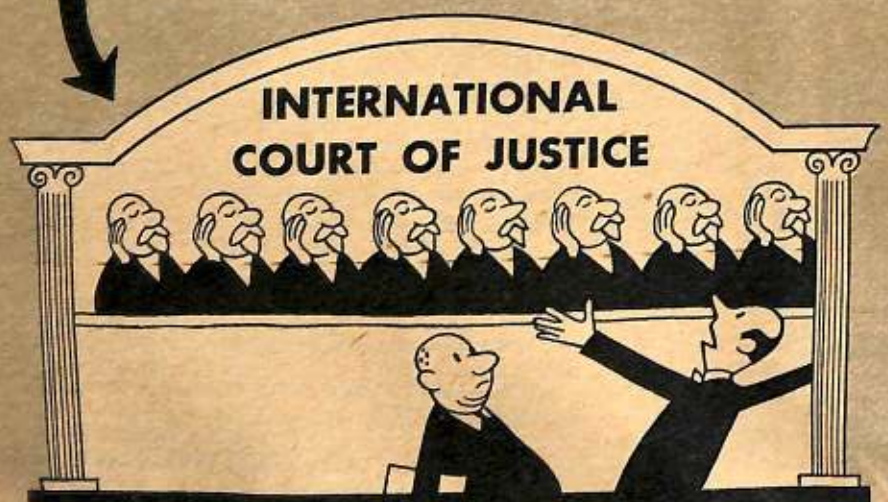


Each of the United Nations gets one vote in the Assembly, which will discuss world issues and make recommendations to the Security Council.

The Council is the heart of the security organization. Its 11 members have the job, among other things, of making plans to halt aggressors.

This body is charged with promoting the educational, social and economic progress of the colonial areas of the world.

This group—the Chiefs of Staff of the U. S., Britain, Russia, France and China—will direct armed action against any future aggressors.

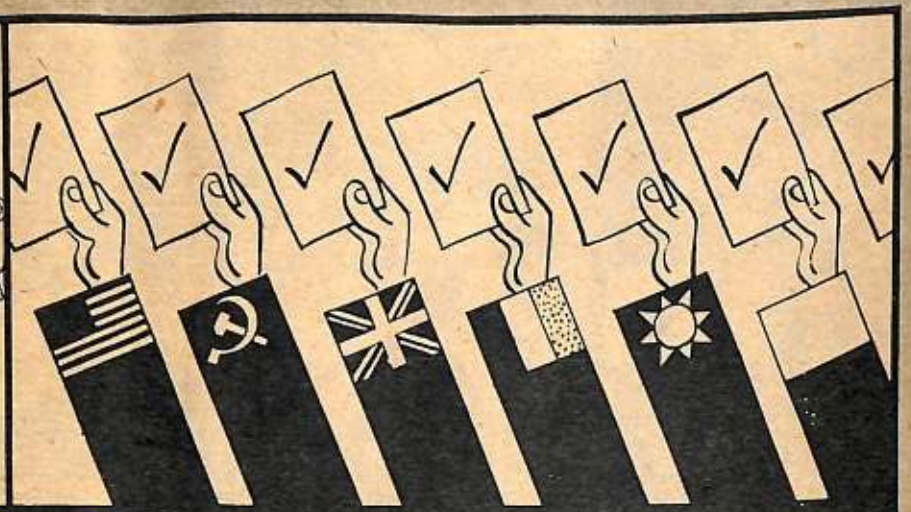


This permanent court will decide legal disputes between countries. Members of the United Nations are pledged to follow its rulings.

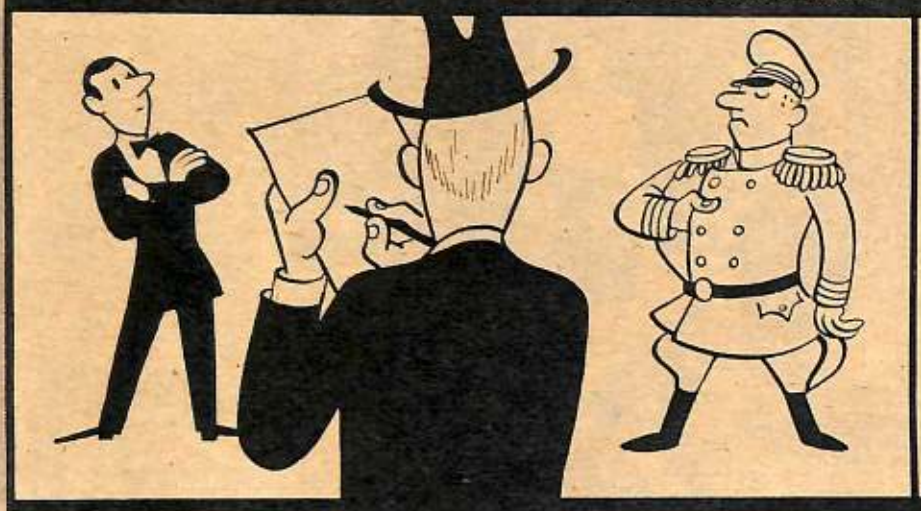
Each nation promises to have a quota of troops ready for future emergencies and to make them available whenever the need arises.

How Security Council would operate against an aggressor

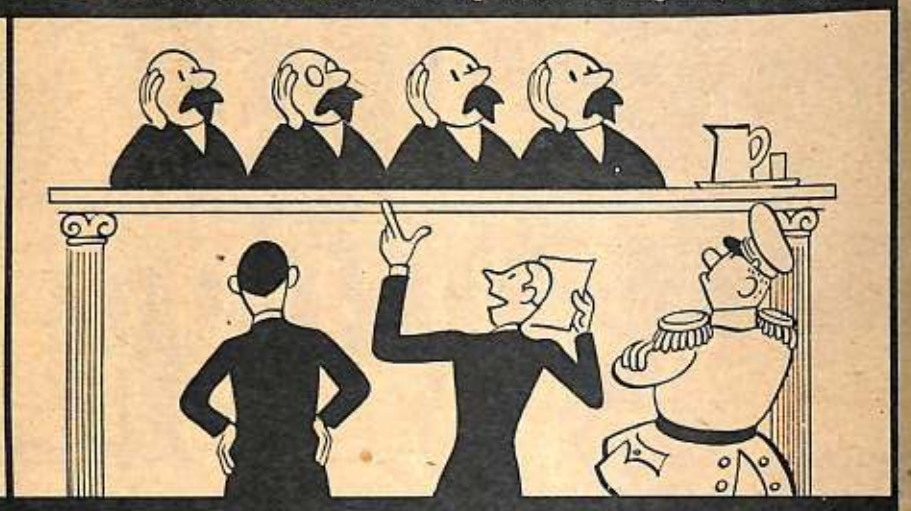
1 Complaint of aggression is made to the members of the Security Council, which permanently includes the U. S., Britain, Russia, China, France.



2 The Council decides whether the case deserves investigation. To start an inquiry, seven votes, including each of the Big Five, are needed.



3 If the complaint looks serious to the required majority of the Security Council, investigators are empowered to get all the facts in the case.



4 The Council, as soon as the facts are in, sets procedure for settling the issue. Whenever possible, settlement is to be by peaceful means.

5 But if the aggressor refused to listen to reason and every effort at voluntary settlement of the dispute failed to make the offender see the light, then the Security Council could make use of its most effective reserve weapon—the power to employ the economic or the military strength of the United Nations.

THE NEW CHARTER of the United Nations signed at the San Francisco conference by 50 participating countries sets up an organization whose chief purpose is to maintain the peace. President Harry S. Truman, in urging the Senate to vote for American membership, said that the charter has four main objectives: "It seeks to prevent future wars; it seeks to settle international disputes by peaceful means and in conformity with principles of justice; it seeks to remove the economic and social causes of international conflict and unrest." Nobody has claimed that the charter is perfect, but Comdr. Harold E. Stassen, former governor of Minnesota and one of the men who helped to draft this "Constitution for a Free World," said that the new organization should be the basis for at least 50 years of world peace. The organization created by the San Francisco conference comes into official existence when not fewer than 23 of the United Nations and all of the Big Five—the U. S., Britain, Russia, France and China—agree to become members. The functions of the new world organization as pictured on these pages are its most important but not its only jobs. There are also to be an Economic and Social Council, which will undertake to uproot the economic causes of war, an International Bank for Reconstruction to help promote postwar development and an International Labor Organization to raise the standards of the working man throughout the world. More than a debating society, the organization comes equipped with sharp teeth. It is empowered to use its combined economic and military strength to stop any nation that wants to start a war. Membership isn't open to just any country. The new organization will admit only "peace-loving states which in the judgment of the organization are able and ready" to carry out the obligations of the charter. The Big Five, as permanent members of the Security Council, have the heaviest obligations for preserving world peace.

Ex-GIs in College

Some ex-servicemen leave one of the college buildings at the University of Chicago with their fellow students who are proof that co-education is a nice thing.

The 23,478 discharged servicemen already back in college are running into plenty of personal problems and have started a big controversy among university officials about how they should be handled but generally speaking they're making out fine.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

IN February 1945, a boy named Harold Baumgarten went back to the New York University Arts College, resuming his studies as a freshman. A few months later, Baumgarten was playing in a varsity ball game against Fordham.

Now there is nothing remarkable about this, except that as Pvt. Harold Baumgarten of the Bronx, N. Y., he had stepped on to Omaha Beach at H-Hour, D-Day with his 29th Division assault company and an 88-mm shell fragment ripped away the left half of his face—teeth, cheek and gums. Nevertheless, he kept moving with his BAR.

Before he was evacuated 36 hours later, he was wounded four times more. Shell fragments creased his skull, an S-mine shattered his knee, and machine-gun bullets smashed the small bones of his right foot.

He was discharged from a hospital in the States on February 12, 1945. Two days later he was back in college

Baumgarten is pretty typical of the 23,478 discharged veterans who are already going to college under the educational provisions of the GI Bill of Rights. While he was in the hospital, Baumgarten read the literature on various colleges provided in Army kits and made up his mind about returning to NYU to prepare for medicine.

His sister, Ethel Yates, phoned the Arts College veterans' counselor, Assistant Dean Winthrop Ranney, and asked about Baumgarten's return. Ranney looked up Baumgarten's pre-induction college record. "Send him over as soon as he gets out of the hospital," he said.

When Baumgarten showed up, the semester had already begun. The 20-year-old veteran filled out the necessary Form 1950 right in Ranney's office. Ranney sent the form immediately to James Gaynor, the university's Veterans' Administration man. Baumgarten immediately started classes—the university itself staking him to tuition, books and laboratory equipment out of its own funds, months before official approval came through from the Veterans' Administration.

There is no trouble at all getting to college today under the terms of the GI Bill of Rights. All you have to do is apply. The only difficulty is the delay while the application goes through VA channels, but most colleges, like NYU, lean over backwards to ease the burden for the vet until the certificate of eligibility arrives.

Of the 23,478 vets now in college, 16,404 are under the GI Bill. The other 7,074 are under Public Law 16. If you are disabled, you have a choice of either.

Under the GI Bill you get tuition, books and equipment up to $500 a year, plus $50 a month subsistence ($75 if you have dependents).

Under Public Law 16, you get $92 a month ($103.50 if you are married, plus $5.25 for each child). This includes your pension. You also get annual tuition, books, etc. up to any amount. But you have to take examinations to determine your suitability for your chosen future career, and the Veterans' Administration can limit your education to any length of time it sees fit.

Of the vets now in college, 1,957, or more than 8 percent, are at New York University alone. This highlights an interesting controversy over the veteran problem which has torn the educational world in two.

One side in this controversy is led by Robert Hutchins, the University of Chicago's unorthodox young president, who claims that the educational

provisions of the GI Bill of Rights were rushed through Congress without the consultation of educators and that, as a result, there are flaws in the bill that can wreck American education and convert a frightening number of veterans into what he calls "educational hoboes."

According to Dr. Hutchins, who drove an ambulance in Italy as a buck private in the last war and claims to have the GI point of view, there is no protection for the veteran in the law. "Money-hungry colleges," he says, "will attempt to grab off all the vets they can—together with their $500 apiece. Many veterans will be taking four-year courses, in such subjects as Diesel engines and air conditioning, that they could just as well get from industrial vocational schools in a few months. And many other vets will wrongly be wasting time in college when they would be better off getting a job."

Hutchins also claims that vets will be misled into studying for already-crowded professions, in which there is no future. He adds, however, that the dangers of the GI Bill will become serious only if there is a period of mass unemployment after demobilization. Otherwise, he thinks, the number of veterans who want to go to college instead of getting a job will be small anyway.

Hutchins believes that the law should be amended to provide for a national system of psychological-aptitude tests, in which a man would have to prove himself capable of absorbing a college education before obtaining GI educational benefits. He also thinks the university should pay half of the veteran's tuition, as a means of deterring greedy institutions. "Education," he says, "should be for those who can profit from it. Otherwise, it is a waste of the veteran's time and the taxpayer's money."

The Hutchins point of view seems to be in the minority. Vigorously upholding the other side of the controversy is New York University. Prof. Mario Giannini of the NYU College of Engineering takes direct issue with Hutchins on two major points. "In the first place," he says, "it is the responsibility of the colleges to provide post-high-school vocational-technological training—not industry, where there is neither time nor inclination for schools of this sort. This is the only way the veteran can be kept out of the hands of shyster trade schools, such as those which set up in an empty store and claim to teach drafting or radar overnight."

Giannini also disagrees with Hutchins' plan for national tests to determine a vet's eligibility for GI educational rights. He says: "The best test of a man's ability to get through college is the first half of the freshman year. Here, for instance, if he does well in mathematics, physics and drawing, we know he's got the ability to go on and study engineering."

"In this way, the most you can waste is a few hundred dollars of the Government's money and a few months of the veteran's time. Sure, we're liberalizing our freshman entrance standards, but our sophomore standards remain the same, and at least we're giving the vet an opportunity. Even if we salvage two dozen good engineers this way, it's well worth it to the country."

Elwood C. Kastner, registrar of the university, points out that whereas the present total of 23,478 veterans in college is only a tiny fraction of the more than 1,000,000 men who have already been discharged, the final total will be considerable even if the percentage of veterans entering college doesn't increase.

"There are 12,000,000 men in the armed forces," he says, "and 12 times 23,478 is nearly 280,000. That is not a figure you can ignore."

Concerning NYU policy, Kastner says flatly: "We will admit every veteran who left this university to go into service. They have first right here. Over and above that, we will admit all other veterans who qualify, insofar as our space and staff will allow. We will go all out. We will have classes six days a week, day and night. And we don't need the students. We have more than we need already. We consider it an obligation."

As a result, veterans get every possible break at NYU, and other universities following the same line of thinking. At NYU's Washington Square College and the School of Commerce, there is a special course, approved by the Veterans' Administration, to teach rusty vets how to get back to studying again. At the College of Engineering, there is a special mathematics refresher course for vets, to enable them to brush up and compete with the 16-year-olds just out of high school. Dean William Baer of the Arts College is instituting a new curriculum in the social sciences to prepare vets for careers in international relations. The College of Engineering is planning short, intensive vocational courses, specifically to train men for jobs.

But despite the battle raging among the respective educators, the veterans at both the University of Chicago and New York University seem to be doing all right. There were 183 vets at the University of Chicago at the beginning of the last school year. Of these, none was kicked out, and 138 stayed through the year.

Of those who left, five were graduated and the rest withdrew voluntarily or had relapses from their wounds or disabilities. One man tried to stay on through 30 insulin-shock treatments and finally had to give up. He is coming back next semester. There were only three "educational hoboes," all of whom left of their own accord after their first exams.

At New York University, the scholastic average of the veterans is slightly higher than the average of the other students. At Chicago, it is about the same. This represents quite a victory for the men involved. Joe Mankovitz, for example, is a freshman in the NYU College of Engineering. He is 29. The other students in his class are 16 and 17.

Mankovitz was graduated from an Astoria, L. I., high school 12 years ago. Then he kicked around a bit and eventually ran a fruit-and-vegetable store. In 1942, he enlisted in the Coast Guard and became interested in Diesel engines. He was in on the North African invasion in 1942, putting part of the 9th Division ashore in his LCI. At Licata in Sicily he went under fire again with the 9th, and then with the British Dunham Light Infantry. Just before D-Day, he got a medical discharge, and became a civilian.

But the Diesels really had him. He decided to become an engineer. So ex-MoMM3c Joe Mankovitz goes to school every day with the 16-year-old kids, straining to keep up with them, studying twice as hard to get his rusty memory going again. He's doing it, too. "He'll make a good engineer some day," says Giannini.

Another man who had a pretty tough time is Ed Wood of Chicago. Young Wood was an ASTP student fooling around with engineering, when he was suddenly yanked out last summer and thrown into a repple depple. He became an infantry replacement in the 7th Armored Division.

Wood went all the way across France with the 7th Armored. Just outside of Metz, when Patton ran into his first stiff resistance, it was the armored infantry of the 7th that got tapped. Wood was digging in alongside a canal when the position was straddled by 88 fire. Wood got it in the head and in the buttocks. He was paralyzed for months. He didn't even know the name of the city where he had been hit. He just knew it was "great big place down the highway from Verdun."

Wood came back to the University of Chicago a month after he was discharged from the Mayo Hospital. "I had a hell of a time studying," he says. "I had a hell of a time sitting down to try to concentrate on anything for three hours at a stretch." But the university carefully helped Wood select general courses in things he is interested in. They avoided the complicated engineering courses he never wanted to take anyway. So today Wood is loaded up with literature. "I'm reading Shakespeare and Thomas Mann until they're coming out of my ears," he says. "But at least I'm reading. And by this time, I find I want to read. I'm getting good grades. Next term, I'll choose my career and specialize."

Many of the vets who are in college now would not have been able to go without the GI Bill of Rights or Public Law 16. Others would have had to struggle their way through by working at the same time. Ex-Lt. Walter Eaton of Los Angeles, for instance, was graduated from UCLA in 1938, and kicked around trying to write and sell sociological essays. He was handicapped by his lack of advanced degrees, but he didn't have nearly enough money to go back to college.

Then came three years in the Army, a hitch in New Caledonia, a siege of dengue fever and a discharge. Today, at 29, Eaton is taking his master's and doctor's degrees at the University of Chicago under the GI Bill of Rights. When he gets out, he can teach or write or both.

Another man with a similar story is a 36-year-old former International League baseball player who came dashing in to see Registrar Kastner at New York University as soon as he got off the boat. He hadn't even been discharged at the time. After four years in the Army, the ballplayer was now too old to go back to big-time baseball, and he didn't want to fool around with Class C and Class D leagues. So he registered immediately to study for a degree in physical education.

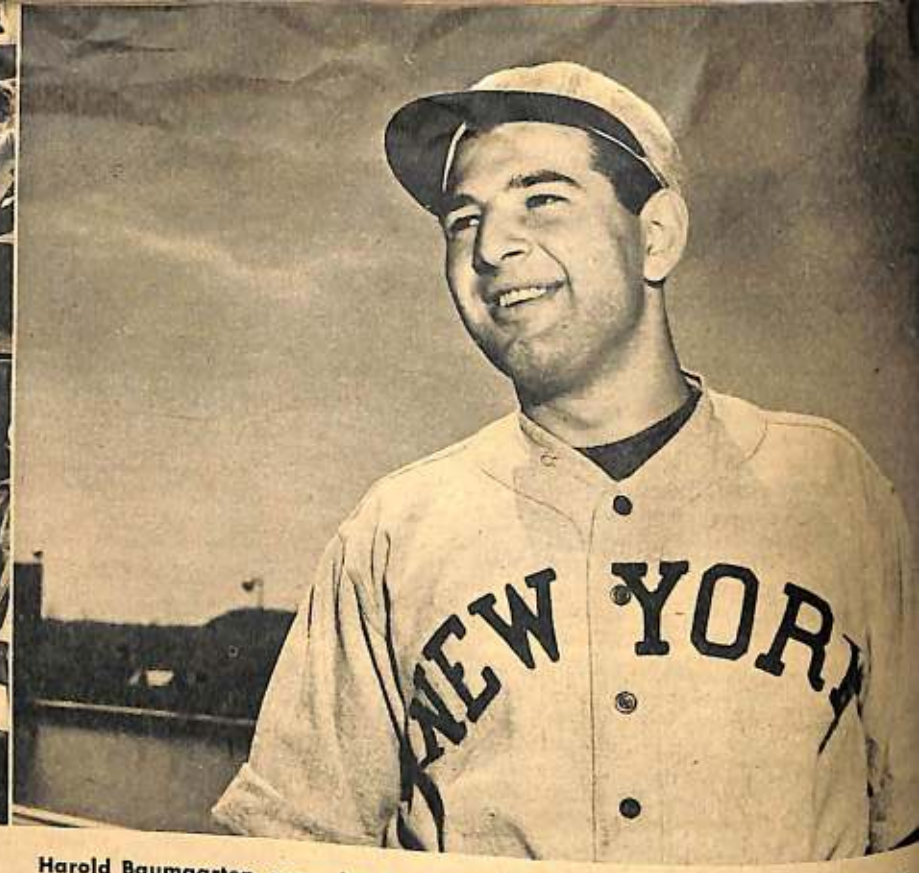
He is in the NYU School of Education now, and in three years he will be a high-school coach and physical-training instructor in his home town. "This new career," he says, "would not have been possible without the GI Bill of Rights."

Younger men have been benefited this way, too. Aaron Smith was working at the Anaconda Wire and Cable Company, and going to the NYU College of Engineering at night, before he became a rifleman in the 63d Division. Today, he is going to school in the daytime. He will get his electrical engineering degree next March, instead of three years from now.

James Higgins, who was a navigator in the

Edward Wood, former armored infantryman, burns midnight oil in his room at the University of Chicago.

Veterans and 16-year-olds are in this freshman class at New York University.



Harold Baumgarten, wounded five times in France, is now playing ball at NYU.

Eighth Air Force, is back at the University of Chicago. His wife, Dolores, is working and attending classes there, too, and he is getting along all right on his officer's retirement pay of $112.50 a month. He says flatly: "I would have had to give up the idea of a teaching career completely, if it hadn't been for the GI Bill."

Joseph Trotter, of Englewood, N. J., an ex-GI at NYU, says, "I'd be working at a drill press in a New Jersey factory today instead of studying to be an engineer."

Many men have changed careers as a result of their Army experience. Daniel Fruchter of New York City, for example, studied forestry at Syracue University before he enlisted in the Army in 1939 and went through the attack on Pearl Harbor with the 25th Division. He was sent to OCS and became a field artillery officer with the 106th Division. He also became an expert in field-artillery survey, and decided that forestry just wasn't for him. Today he is studying engineering under the GI Bill at New York University.

THE process for getting into college under the GI Bill is very simple: *1)* The veteran fills out Form 1950 which is available at all Veterans' Administration offices, colleges, and Government information agencies; *2)* he sends this form to the Veterans' Administration office nearest his home; *3)* the Veterans' Administration investigates the vet's service record to make sure that he was not dishonorably discharged, etc., and sends the vet a letter of eligibility; *4)* the vet takes this letter of eligibility to any approved college or university in the United States or abroad, and if he meets the entrance requirements of the university, he is admitted; *5)* the university sends a certification to the Veterans' Administration stating that the vet has been admitted, and listing the courses he is taking; *6)* the Veterans' Administration sends a letter of approval, if they find the college and the courses satisfactory.

The vet is then formally registered under the GI Bill. The Veterans' Administration pays his fees, and eventually, after months of kicking around in channels, the vet's subsistence money comes through.

Once a veteran enters a college, he becomes indistinguishable from the other students on the campus, except for the button in his lapel. That's the way the vets want it, and most colleges respect their wishes regarding non-segregation. Most colleges, however, have set up machinery for helping vets out with their special problems.

At New York University, there is a veterans' counselor at each of the colleges of the university. These are regular student advisors, like Giannini, Ranney and Prof. James F. Clyne, a veteran of the last war. These counselors help the men when they get tangled up with their studies. They also help them out with family problems, and get the university to lend them money if that's necessary.

Ranney even laid $50 out of his own pocket once, when a man's subsistence was slow in coming through from the VA. Eventually, faculty members now in the armed forces will move into these counselor jobs at NYU, when they themselves become veterans.

AT the University of Chicago, veterans get breaks in several respects, despite Hutchins' published statements. First, each man, taking a placement test to determine how advanced his studies should be, gets full credit for things he picked up in the Army (like internal-combustion engines, radio and trigonometry) provided he shows on the test that he knows enough about the subject.

Secondly, there is a full-fledged veterans' advisor, Dean Zens Smith, who rose from private to captain in the Air Corps in France in the last war. Smith is said to do a beautiful job with veterans' problems. He gets men straightened out in all sorts of scholastic dilemmas.

A vet came rushing in one day, furious about having to sign an attendance register every day. "This is the last straw," he screamed. "When I got out of the Army, I was through with regimentation." Smith reflected on this for a few minutes. Then he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. If you give me your word that you'll let me know if you leave the university, *I'll* sign the book for you every day." The offer was accepted.

Smith instituted an innovation which has gone over very well with the veterans. Each man carries a little allotment book. Every time the vet has to pay for something on the campus, the bursar or the bookstore merely makes an entry in the book for payment by the Veterans' Administration later on, instead of accepting cash, as in the case of a regular student.

The vets at the University of Chicago have set up something themselves which is proving quite helpful. They have a Veterans' Council, presided over by Si Wygodny, a big, extremely capable, former 26th Division MP. Wygodny, who is now studying for his master's degree in business administration, says he was elected president because he cut a three-hour class to attend the first meeting, and the other veterans said, "Anyone who has guts enough to cut a three-hour class at the University of Chicago is for us," so he was nominated and elected at that first meeting.

The organization appears to be pretty powerful and represents the veterans in all official matters on the campus. One of its principle functions is to help out all veterans, especially the younger ones; who are having a tough time getting along. If a kid is having trouble getting back to study, for instance, he can get much better advice from another vet who has been through the same thing himself.

At first, this organization, and veterans' groups like it on other American campuses, caused much fear and resentment among the civilian students. The other students thought that these more mature men would move in like a high-pressure organization and take over everything on the campus. So far this hasn't happened. The veterans tend to mind their own business. They stay out of campus politics as a group. And the fear and resentment have dwindled a good deal.

Although they're a serious, hard-working lot, getting along very well scholastically, everything is not a gravy train for the vets. Nearly all of them have a hell of a time getting back to studying again, and complaints are practically unanimous about the slowness of the VA in providing their subsistence money. Also, they feel that the $50 or $92 subsistence allowances aren't half enough. Hutchins himself says, "Fifty dollars a month is absurd for living in Chicago. If anyone can qualify for college in an examination, he should get a greatly increased allowance."

The general feeling is that these allowances don't take into consideration the high cost of living in the States today. At NYU the situation is alleviated a bit by allowing all veterans to eat at the Army officers' mess, at 60 cents a meal.

Another big problem for the vets is trying to get along with the 16-and-17-year-old kids now cluttering the campuses. When a boy reaches 18 today he is drafted, so there are very few civilian students over 17. Si Scharer, who is 26 and has been married for years, got so fed up with the adolescent titterings in a "Marriage and the Family" course at NYU, that he finally had to drop the subject. Ed Wood lives at one of the University of Chicago dormitories, Burton Judson Court. He often has to lock himself in his room in order to get his work done. The constant topic of conversation of the kids in his dormitory is "When are we going to get drafted?" They bring their questions to Wood.

THERE is very little hazing or foolishness on American college campuses today, but when it occurs veterans are seldom mixed up in it. On one occasion when this happened, the incident ended up in near-disaster.

On the University College campus of New York University, there is a flower-lined walk called the Mall, on which only juniors and seniors are allowed to stroll. It's a short-cut from Ohio Field to the library, one end of the campus to the other. A Junior Mall Committee, armed with wooden paddles, stands guard at all times to prevent any infringements by freshmen or sophomores.

One day a freshman absent-mindedly came walking down the Mall. The commitee, which had not had any business for a long time, rubbed its hands in glee and swooped down en masse on the lone frosh. For the next 10 minutes there was the ugly sound of human flesh getting bruised and expensive shrubbery getting broken. Then all was quiet. The freshman continued unimpeded down the Mall.

Behind him, a half-dozen or so junior bodies were strewn about in the violet beds. The freshman was a veteran of four campaigns with a combat MP platoon in Africa, Sicily and Italy.

The next day, Maurel Hunkins, faculty director of student activities, announced that thereafter veterans would be excluded from all hazing.

The same day, another decree, unrelated but equally noteworthy, was handed down. Veterans, the decree said, would not have to take the college's com-

PEOPLE ON THE HOME FRONT

R. Moss

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

IN the railroad business they seem to have the peculiar custom of never calling anyone by his first name—just initials, like J. P. Wood or L. Lapidus. So to look at the roster of the New York Central System in New York City you would never guess that R. Moss is a female—blonde, young and, as one GI saw fit to put it, "sexy in a wholesome sort of way."

An increasing number of GIs have become aware of the fact that R. Moss is a female because it so happens that she is one of the first women many GIs have a chance to converse with on hitting the U. S. from overseas. It is for this reason, perhaps, that R. Moss is kept safely behind a barred window by the New York Central at all times.

R. Moss (the name, for the record, is Ruth) is one of the 55 war-vintage women ticket sellers in the Grand Central Terminal. She is assigned permanently to the "Military Window." A lot of Joes get sent to this window by the Army to pick up the railroad tickets that will take them home or to their new assignment.

Generally, such a Joe wanders about the big terminal too stunned to talk to anybody. Eventually, he reaches R. Moss, or one of the gals at the other two military windows, and has maybe his first chance since getting back to engage a woman in real conversation. The results are interesting.

One pfc from the Third Army waited patiently in line for half an hour or so. Finally, when he reached the window, he asked for his Pullman reservation. Miss Moss was in the process of making out the ticket when she looked up and almost fainted. The pfc was stuffing something under the bars of her window. That something was black, soft and fluffy—a lace nightgown from Paris.

"For *me*?" croaked R. Moss.

"No, for my wife," said the GI.

"Oh," said R. Moss.

"How do you think she'll like it?" the GI said, and glowed when R. Moss said his wife should like it fine.

Usually, returnees discuss their combat experiences, request information about the nearest bar, give dissertations on the inadequacy of powdered milk, furnish comparisons (with gestures) of foreign and American women and detail their family problems. Every GI whose wife is going to have a baby records that fact with Miss Moss. Very recent returnees insist on making a symbol of R. Moss and reach through the bars to touch her for luck. Five or six times a week, she says, she lends money to GIs whom she has never seen before in her life. This, ordinarily happens when a man comes in late at night after other sources of loans are closed. He comes to a window and says, "A furlough ticket to Utica, please." "That will be $5, please," says Miss Moss. Whereupon the GI's face falls, indicating that the $3 in his hand is all he has. Whereupon R. Moss reaches into her purse and lends him the extra bucks.

Ninety-nine percent of R. Moss' GI debtors have paid off promptly upon returning to the terminal. In more than a year and a half of lending money to GIs at the military window, her net loss, she reports, has been only $2.05 and she expects to get that back some day, too.

Miss Moss's GI patrons appear to get a kick out of the fact that true military democracy is practiced at her window and that officers and men are treated on the principle of first come, first served. This practice causes the GIs to snicker and make funny faces behind the officers' backs, thus occasionally causing R. Moss to laugh unexplainedly in some lieutenant colonel's face.

Nearly every GI who reaches the window opens the conversation with some sort of gag about how long he has been waiting in line. These range from a common "I was drunk when I got in this line, but I'm sober now" to a fairly original if historically inaccurate "I've been standing here since this terminal was a gleam in Commodore Vanderbilt's eye."

Once a guy said, "I've been in line so long that I was a corporal when I started and I'm a sergeant now." This was true. While the man was waiting, a friend came up with orders, just published, conferring the new rank.

Then there was the time a civilian got into the line by mistake. When he reached R. Moss and read the ominous words, "Military Window," over the cage, he whisked away as if under sniper fire. "You'd think," said the tech sergeant behind him, "that the guy was going to be drafted here."

Sometimes a GI will take it into his head to call R. Moss by some such name as Gertie. The next man will hear this, and the next, so that R. Moss will become Gertie until quitting time.

Miss Moss wears ordinary business suits and dresses to work. She and the other girls used to wear anything they pleased. But one day R. Moss came in with bangs and a low-cut dress, so she wouldn't have to go home and change that night for a date. A few minutes after going on duty, R. Moss bent over the cash box. There was a near riot outside the window. J. J. Morrison, an assistant agent, came rushing out. "I don't know what you've got today, Miss Moss," he said, "but whatever it is, get rid of it."

After that there was an unwritten law among the girls against trick hair-dos and low-cut dresses.

Miss Moss came to the New York Central three years or so ago when everybody was being drafted and there was a wholesale rush to train women for men's jobs. She came to the big city after getting a degree in business administration at Ohio State University and doing social service work in her home town, Batavia, N. Y. The railroad put her in the first class of nine girls selected to learn how to become ticket sellers.

For nine weeks she went to lectures, took exams at a mock ticket window and was finally graduated to selling commuter tickets beginning at 5:45 A. M.

About a year and a half ago she was minding her own business when a man came up and nonchalantly tacked a sign over her cage saying "Military Window." She's been handling GIs ever since. Today she makes $188 a month. Like all the other female ticket sellers, she will be replaced as soon as the male ticket sellers come back to their old jobs from the armed forces.

R. Moss, who has two brothers in the Infantry, has managed in spite of everything to form and retain an abiding affection for all GIs. Her window, nonetheless, is the scene of constant biting repartee. "One must," she says, "do a little fencing and treat everyone exactly the same."

The only time she forgot this excellent bit of self-advice was when an Allied officer with a couple of stars came up and she thought he was a prominent foreign general or something. Being a good internationalist, she broke her neck to get him a compartment to Chicago. Then she found out that he was only a lieutenant and that he thought she went with the compartment.

After that, Miss Moss reverted once and for all to her old policy of treating generals like privates, and vice versa.

Pvt. Jack Kier is treated like a general at Miss Moss's window, and generals are treated like him.

Doughs advancing on Shuri pass around a shell crater filled with water.

Pfc. David Ross with GI shoes he picked up from casualties for salvage.

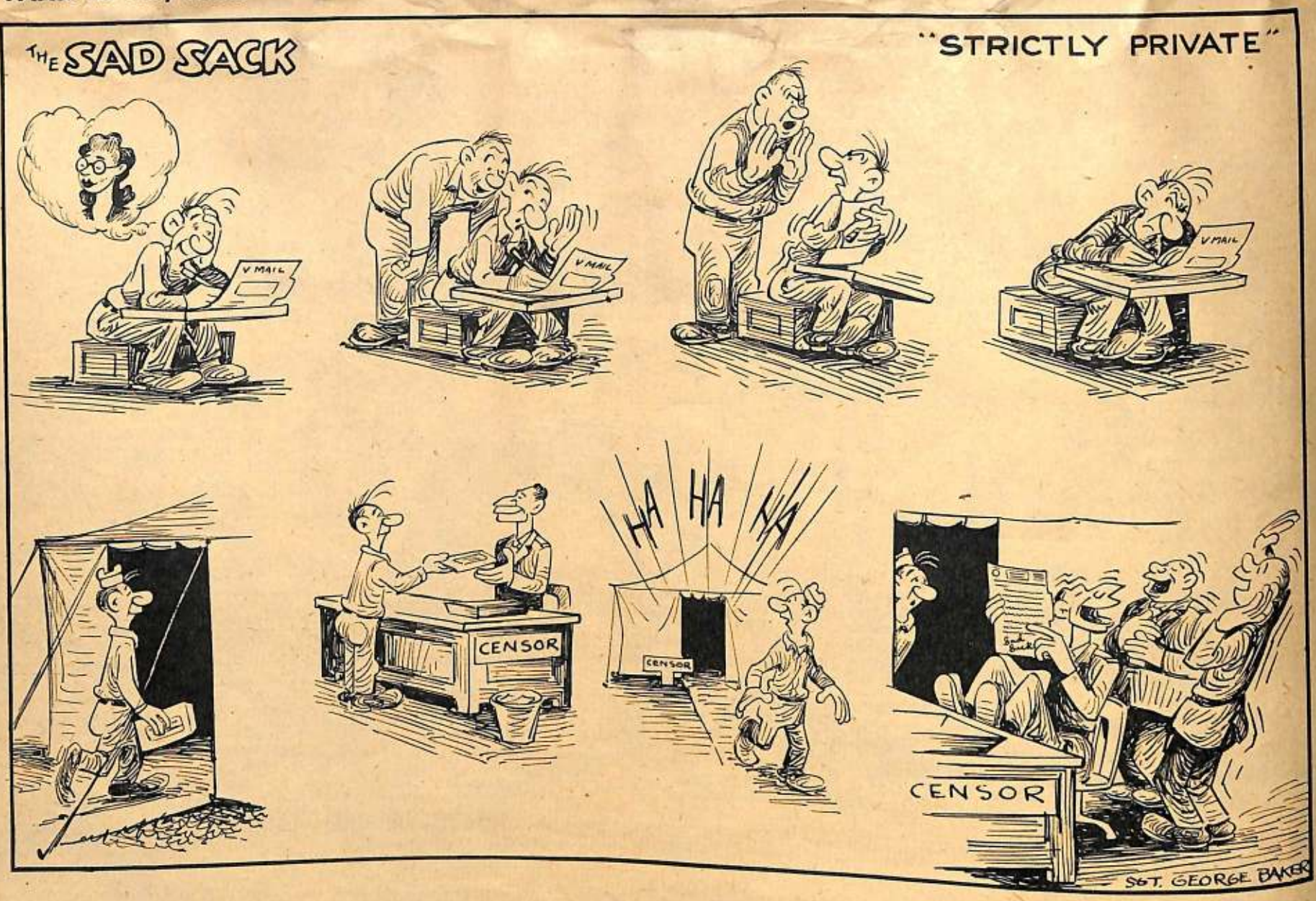
Hauling water cans was a tough enough job, but the mud made it worse.

GIs of the 96th Division look over an embankment toward a Jap position.

T-5 Harold Lovas tried to make a haul to the front but couldn't make it.

MUD

As GIs struggled through mud to take the last Jap strongholds on Okinawa, YANK's Mason Pawlak CPhoM made these pictures.



GI Bill of Rights

Dear YANK:

When I get out of service I am planning to go to school for a year and take a course in retailing. After that I would like to set up my own business. Will I be able to take advantage of both the educational provisions of the GI Bill of Rights and the business-loan provisions?

Marianas —Pvt. HERMAN B. EARLE

■ You probably will. Veterans may take advantage of two or more of the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights. All veterans who meet the 90-day qualifying provision of the law and who are not dishonorably discharged are entitled to one full year of free schooling. After that, if you can satisfy your bank and the Veterans' Administration that you have a reasonable likelihood of success in the business you are planning, you should be able to get a loan under the GI Bill of Rights.

Permanent Warrants

Dear YANK:

I am a Regular Army man with 12 years of service under my belt. At the beginning of the

national emergency I was a buck sergeant. Later, I was upped to T/Sgt. and my present rank is that of M/Sgt. What I can't get straight is this—my promotion to T/Sgt. was in the early part of 1942 and at the time I was told that that would be my permanent warrant. Now my commanding officer says that that is not correct and that my permanent warrant is buck sergeant. He contends that sometime during the summer of 1941 a regulation was issued which made all further promotions temporary and that no permanent grades could be granted after that date. Is he right, and what is the date?

India —M/Sgt. HOMER W. PRINCE

■ Your CO is right. All promotions of enlisted men after July 1, 1941 are temporary.

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

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

Civil Service

Dear YANK:

Before I joined the Army I took a Federal Civil Service exam and got pretty far up on the list. Recently I was reading up on Civil Service rights of veterans and I found that vets are entitled to a five-point credit on Federal Civil Service exams. Since I took the exam before I entered the service, can I still get five points added to my score when I get out of the Army?

Philippines —S/Sgt. WARREN L. LERNER

■ If the list of eligibles for the job you are trying to get is still in existence at the time of your discharge, you will be permitted to have the five points added to your final score. To do that you will have to communicate with the United States Civil Service Commission and submit proof of your honorable discharge.

Proxy Marriage

Dear YANK:

A complete check of all the Army offices in this area has proved unavailing and almost in despair I put my case before you hoping that you will be able to help me. Here is my story. I was married by proxy in the State of Oklahoma. At the time I was told that the State recognized my marriage. Now I am told the government won't recognize it. However, my child is receiving $42 a month from the Office of Dependency Benefits but my wife is not getting any money. Try as I will, I can't seem to convince anyone here that I am legally married and that my wife should be getting the money. My insurance officer even refuses to let me put my wife down as beneficiary on my insurance. Is there any way you can help me straighten out this mess?

Italy —(Name Withheld)

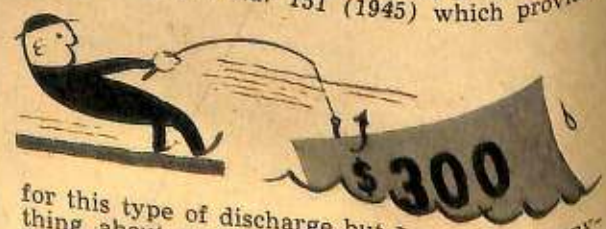
■ YANK cannot tell you whether your marriage is or is not legally valid. However, we can tell you that the Office of Dependency Benefits says that Oklahoma does not recognize proxy marriages. (The ODB will recognize any marriage that the State law recognizes. At the present time only two States, Kansas and Ohio, recognize proxy marriages.) The ODB checked with the Attorney-General of the State of Oklahoma and was informed that there was no court decision on the books validating such marriages. Therefore, at least by implication, Oklahoma's Attorney-General says that proxy marriages are not recognized in that State.

Oklahoma does, however, recognize contract marriages and one way out of your difficulty might be a contract marriage. See your legal assistance officer for full details on the procedure to be followed in such a case. Your insurance officer is correct when he tells you that your wife may not be named as a beneficiary of your GI insurance. Until such time that you have entered into a legally recognized marriage, your wife may not be named as beneficiary of your policy.

Mustering-Out Pay

Dear YANK:

I am over 40 and I have put in for a discharge under the recent regulation. I have looked at War Department Circular 151 (1945) which provides

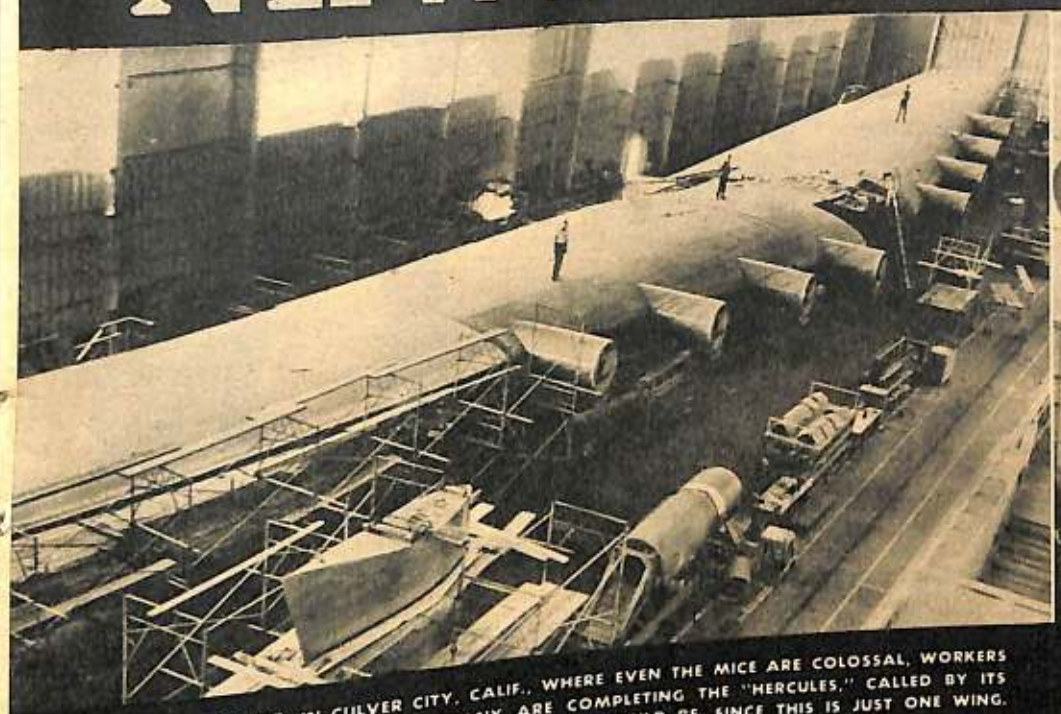


for this type of discharge but I cannot find anything about mustering-out pay. Will I get my $300 or am I out of luck because I am going to get out at my own request?

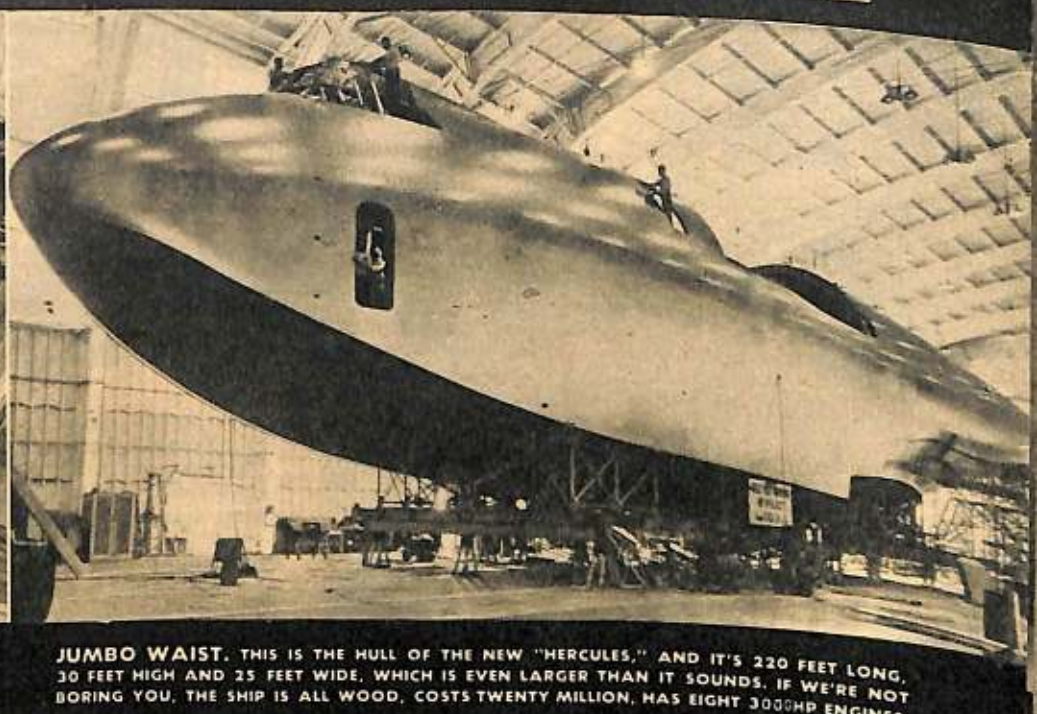
Hawaii —Cpl. THOMAS O'NEILL

■ You will receive your mustering-out pay. Enlisted men discharged under the provisions of that circular are entitled to mustering-out pay (Change 4, AR 35-2490).

NEWS FROM HOME



SUPER-PLANE. IN CULVER CITY, CALIF., WHERE EVEN THE MICE ARE COLOSSAL, WORKERS AT THE HUGHES AIRCRAFT COMPANY ARE COMPLETING THE "HERCULES," CALLED BY ITS BUILDERS THE BIGGEST AIRSHIP IN THE WORLD. COULD BE, SINCE THIS IS JUST ONE WING.



JUMBO WAIST. THIS IS THE HULL OF THE NEW "HERCULES," AND IT'S 220 FEET LONG, 30 FEET HIGH AND 25 FEET WIDE, WHICH IS EVEN LARGER THAN IT SOUNDS. IF WE'RE NOT BORING YOU, THE SHIP IS ALL WOOD, COSTS TWENTY MILLION, HAS EIGHT 3000HP ENGINES.

The Nips got their terms and didn't like them, a pilot lost a million-to-one shot in New York, everybody was talking about the British election and some GIs said they don't care if if she isn't pretty.

THE folks at home kept an alert eye on the newspapers last week because spectacular news was being made. President Truman was at Potsdam where momentous decisions were being hatched; the Senate gave its approval to the United Nations Charter; the war against Japan reached a high peak and public confidence went soaring higher than ever before. There were other sensations, too. A low-flying bomber smacked into the Empire State Building; and there were floods and heat waves.

IT HAPPENED BACK HOME

IT'S rough all over the States as far as clothing is concerned, but Detroit rang the bell this week for the most desperate measure. Department stores in the city reported that the textile shortage has reduced men to buying ladies' panties—for their own use. These were the courageous men. One clerk said she sold four men. One women's cotton "briefs" pairs of size 44 tea-rose step-in to ladies who admitted they were for their hubbies, who were too bashful to make their own purchases.

But way back on the "help wanted" page or thereabouts, many people read with interest and varying reactions a bit of advice from the Women's Christian Temperance Union. The WCTU told how to throw a party with unspiked pineapple juice and still have a good time.

The Union urged everybody to wear Hawaiian *leis* around their necks and orange paper caps, topped with green paper pineapple leaves, on their heads. With glasses of pineapple juice in their hands, hosts and guests were then invited to sing a song to the tune of *Shortnin' Bread*. It went like this: "Did you ever drink our pineapple juice? Pineapple, pineapple, pineapple juice? It gives you strength and keeps you cool and never makes you act like a blundering old fool."

The WCTU offered a program somewhat along the same lines a few years back, it was recalled, suggesting apple juice as a party livener. Unfortunately, it was reported, the program never caught on, as the WCTU planned, because some people allowed the juice to stand too long before drinking it.

The whole idea may have been prompted, it was said, by a recommendation from Secretary of Agriculture Clinton P. Anderson which would halt the use of grain for beverage alcohol starting this month. He said the people were gulping down a lot of corn which could be better used for food and livestock feed. Although nothing was done about Anderson's suggestion, the liquor industry warned that if such a suggestion was ever acted on officially, it would result in national prohibition "as effective as the Volstead Act."

Practically nobody was surprised when the Senate put its okay on the United Nations Charter, making the U.S. the first major power to ratify the security document drawn up at the San Francisco Conference. Eighty-nine Senators voted for acceptance, while only two—Republicans William Langer of North Dakota and Henrik Shipstead of Minnesota—turned thumbs down on the Charter. The Administration had expected a maximum of six opposition votes.

From Potsdam, where the meeting of the Big Three was reportedly nearing its close, President Truman sent a message to Washington saying that the Senate's action "substantially advances the cause of world peace." The President had assured the body in a previous cable that any military agreements made to enforce decisions of the new world organization must first be approved by Congress.

The use of American troops abroad had been one of the new points raised against the Charter in the dull six-day Senate debate. Sen. Burton K. Wheeler, Democrat of Montana, predicting a "real fight" when legislation to supplement the document comes up later, warned that he would raise his voice against any bills giving the U.S. delegate on the proposed United Nations Security Council the authority to commit the country to the use of force against any future aggressor.

A number of other Senators hopped on Wheeler's statement right away. Sen. Carl A. Hatch, Democrat of New Mexico, declared, "if anybody has any objections or reservations to the Charter, let them be offered now." The New York *Times* said Administration leaders were confident that Charter legislation would have little trouble, since Truman's aides believed that only a majority of the Senate—instead of the two-thirds vote needed for the Charter itself—would be required to pass such measures.

The nation—and the Capital in particular—was having a high old time speculating about the prospects of an early victory over Japan. This talk picked up considerably when the Tokyo radio declared in an English language broadcast that Japan's military big shots might be willing to stop the war if the U.S. would go easy on them. About twenty-four hours later came the Truman-Churchill Chiang Kai-shek statement that the Japs must surrender unconditionally—or face "prompt and utter destruction."

Evidently the Nips couldn't see anything "lenient" about this declaration, and the *Domei* news agency in Tokyo said the Japs would keep right on fighting. Still, some commentators at home took the view that the possibility of an early Jap surrender couldn't be ruled out. They asserted that the Tokyo broadcast was an indication that the Japs were fishing for peace and that sooner or later they would prefer any peace to the city-by-city destruction being handed out to their homeland.

By and large, reaction in the States to the Truman-Churchill-Chiang Kai-shek decree was favorable. Some newspapers were happy because there was no departure from the "unconditional surrender" line, while others praised the declaration for saying exactly what "unconditional surrender" means. Such papers stressed that the Allies seemed to be making a greater effort to clarify terms for V-J Day than they had in the case of the Germans.

The U.S.-Britain-China statement promised that the Jap people would never be "enslaved as a race nor destroyed as a nation." On the other hand, it made clear that the Japanese would be limited to their home islands and be forced to give up all territory they had acquired by force of arms. This presumably would mean that the Japs would have to yield Formosa and Korea as well as Manchuria and the vast empire seized since December, 1941.

Nothing was said in the declaration about the fate of the Emperor, but it was made clear that "there must be eliminated for all time the authority and influence of those who have deceived and misled the people of Japan into embarking on a world conquest." The Allies said the Japs wouldn't be permitted to retain their war industries but could "maintain such as will sustain her economy and permit the exaction of just reparations in kind."

And, finally, the Allies promised that occupying forces would be withdrawn from Japan just as soon as "a peacefully inclined and responsible government" had been set up.

These were the terms the Japs rejected, and the

STRANGE FRUIT. THESE GIs ARE PEERING INTO PACKAGES MAILED HOME BY OVERSEAS SOLDIERS VIA SAN FRANCISCO. THE JIGGER IN THE UPPER LEFT IS AN X-RAY INSPECTOSCOPE, USED TO DETECT METALLIC OBJECTS LIKE THE GUNS BELOW.

BEAR BATHING. WEARING NOTHING BUT THEIR ISSUE CLOTHING, THESE THREE CUBS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE TAKING THEIR FIRST PLUNGE INTO THE POND AT THE ZOO IN BROOKFIELD, ILLINOIS, UNDER THE STERN GUIDANCE OF THEIR MOTHER, WHOSE FIRST NAME IS REGINA.

HEAD-WORK. JUNE FRASER OF CHICAGO GOT $1,300 AND A FILM TEST FOR SELLING HER RECORD CROP OF TRESSES TO A HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIO, WHICH EXPLAINED THAT EUROPEAN SOURCES OF WIG-MATERIAL HAD BEEN "CUT OFF."

promptness of the rejection led some commentators at home to believe that Jap fanaticism could be answered only by planes and guns. As for the U.S. Army and Navy, they went ahead with plans to smoke out the Japs by armed action. An Army spokesman said the time-table for beating Japan had been moved up, and that "top priority" must be given to the movement of forces and supplies needed by our Army and Navy in the Pacific.

In Washington, Gen. Jacob L. Devers, Chief of Army Ground Forces, told a press conference of plans to mass a force for a single crushing blow in the Far East. By this, the General said, he meant the Army of 7,000,000 men who will be left after partial demobilization. Devers pointed out that the big job was to get men, who have been on furloughs, back to camp and put them in re-training for the Pacific War.

Troops of the 86th "Black Hawk" Division—first division to be redeployed from Europe through the U.S. to the Pacific—swarmed into Camp Gruber, in Oklahoma. In store for these GIs who had fought in Cologne, the Ruhr pocket and Bavaria was an eight-week workout stressing the jungle as a battlefield. And, whereas combined large-scale action was common in Germany, training in Gruber was slated to emphasize the action of small squads, which more often than not, find themselves on their own in Pacific warfare.

OVERSHADOWING all other news, for a time, the story of how a Mitchell B-25 bomber crashed into the side of the Empire State Building in New York City had the nation aghast. At one time or another, almost everyone who has peered up at the 102-story structure has wondered what would happen if a plane crashed into it. The reality turned out to be as fantastic as the speculation.

It was a rainy, misty Saturday morning when New Yorkers heard the roar of twin engines overhead and then, seconds later, an explosion that echoed for five miles. There were wild rumors that a Japanese buzz-bomb or suicide pilot had struck, and thousands of people gathered, straining their eyes at the smoke and fog and red flame which covered the top of the Empire State. It's the world's largest building—1,248 feet high—three times the height of St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

When it was all over, police estimated that thirteen people had been killed and twenty-four injured—a small fraction of the casualties that might have been recorded if the accident had occurred during a busy week-day instead of on a summer week-end. The bomber was said to have slashed into the 79th floor on the skyscraper's north side, thrusting through to the south side. Every lift in the structure was wrecked, and firemen had to drag their hoses up the stairs while flames roared unchecked throughout eleven stories. Three persons —including the pilot, Lt. Col. William F. Smith of Watertown, Mass.—were killed in the plane, which was reported to have radioed for position to La Guardia Field a few minutes before the crash.

Newspapers in the States used banner headlines to tell about the British elections in which the Labor Party scored an undisputed triumph over the Conservatives and Clement R. Attlee replaced Winston Churchill as Prime Minister. The newspaper *PM* devoted its first eight pages to reporting and interpreting the outcome of the voting, and radio commentators and columnists reviewed the situation over and over again for the information—and sometimes confusion—of the home front.

"The result surprises even forecasters who predicted a wide swing to the left," said the New York *Times*, "but it is perhaps the natural reaction of a nation sick of war and symbols of war, and moved above every other impulse by a desire for a change. . . . All through the steadfast struggle with bombs and blackouts and privations, the people have been promised great rewards at the end. . . . They have voted for the party pledged to the quickest and fullest realization of a peace program and against a party whose long tenure of power has coincided with the grimmest period of English history. . . ."

In an editorial called "An Era Ends," the New York *Herald Tribune* said: "No electoral returns could diminish the stature of Winston Churchill, that towering figure in world history who more than any other single individual saved the British people, and through them, saved the whole structure of rational and civilized world society in its hour of greatest peril."

Some info on the Empire State Building: It has room for 25,000 tenants but never has been filled up. It also has more than fifty miles of water piping; nearly seven miles of elevator shafts; 17,000,000 feet of telephone and telegraph wire, and 6,500 windows.

Said *PM*: "You can't possibly read the results in all their sweep and unexpectedness without realizing: That the British people have understood the social and economic meaning of the war far more accurately than our own reactionaries. The British aren't going to lose the peace if they can help it; and that the British are determined to face their social and economic problems fundamentally and are not going to be put off."

In our own nation's capital, the House of Representatives took off for their longest vacation since 1938—a furlough that will last, barring emergencies, until October 8th. During their half-year of work, they had extended the draft law, continued Lend-Lease, raised the national debt to 300 billions, wrote legislation implementing the Bretton Woods monetary agreements and appropriated something like 59 billion dollars, about two billions less than 1944.

Groups of Congressmen immediately prepared to leave for Europe to have a look-around, and one eleven-man delegation actually took off in an Army plane. Then the White House stepped in and said that lawmakers who want to go abroad would have to pay their own bills unless the trips were authorized by resolution. This understandably reduced Congressional enthusiasm for trans-Atlantic travel.

Just before tackling the United Nations Charter, the Senate put in a heated session about the slightly tangled business of transporting redeployed troops within the U.S. Some Senators blamed the current shortage of trains on the railroads, while others blamed the Army. Still others felt that both the railroads and the Army were making the best of a pretty tough proposition.

Col. J. Monroe Johnson, Director of the Office of Defense Transportation, put the finger on the Army. In what was described as a "red-faced, fighting mood," Johnson told the Senate War Investigation Committee that the military had not kept either his office or the railroads advised of redeployment plans. The Army said that redeployment got ahead of schedule somehow, and some Senators remarked they saw no reason why anyone should complain about soldiers getting home quicker than had been expected.

Just before he sailed for Europe, President Truman issued an urgent appeal for Americans to take railroad jobs in the West. He asked "any patriotic American who is not already engaged in essential war work" to apply for a job in order to help speed the troops to their homes, to redeployment camps, and then on to West Coast POEs.

In all, the railroads said they needed 75,000 new workers. The Army had furloughed 4,000 railroad workers, but the rail lines and the Office of Defense Transportation continued to ask for more men. In order to make things better for troops moving across the country, the armed services were given the authority to use every railway passenger coach in the U.S. for the redeployment program.

Congress gave out some pretty gloomy talk about taxes. Rep. Clarence Cannon, Democrat of Missouri, expressed the belief that Americans will have to foot a yearly bill after the war more than twice the size of pre-war Federal budgets. Cannon's estimate came just one day after the U.S. Chamber of Commerce had asked for a reduction in levies. "The continuance of our system of democracy and free enterprise," said the C. of C., "depends on permitting tax-payers to retain sufficient income after taxes to reward incentive and risk-taking."

Sen. Burnet R. Maybank, Democrat of South Carolina, suggested that some of this tax money should come from the Europeans who have lived in the States during the war. "Lots of refugees who have been coming here since 1939 are wealthy and came for the sole purpose of making more money," said Maybank. He asserted that their wartime profits have run into millions and that many "have not paid a cent of taxes." The Senator added that he might sponsor a drive for an amendment to make refugees subject to the same tax laws as "the humblest American citizen."

Aircraft inspectors in Spokane, Wash., are looking for somebody who is looking for his teeth. They found a dental bridge "gripping firmly to the seat" of a B-24 brought to Spokane Army Air Depot for repairs.

The Claims Division of the Judge Advocate's Office released figures on suits filed against the U.S. for damages resulting from the non-combat activities of American troops overseas since the start of the war. The agency recounted, for example, how the

ANTI-CHARTER. MRS. ELSIE JOHNSON OF NEW YORK CITY TOLD CONGRESS THAT NO GOOD WOULD COME FROM THE UNITED NATIONS CHARTER BECAUSE "THIS COUNTRY IS IN THE GRIP OF A GIGANTIC CONSPIRACY" RIGHT NOW.

DOMESTICATED. THIS IS JUST TO SHOW YOU ONE MORE THING THE JEEP CAN DO—PULL A TWELVE-INCH PLOW. THE WILLYS PEOPLE SAID THEIR NEW VERSION COMBINES THE BASIC FUNCTIONS OF A TRACTOR, LIGHT TRUCK, POWER UNIT AND PASSENGER CAR.

IT'S THE TOP. THIS THING IS CALLED A "TOMMIECOAT" EVEN IF IT DOES LOOK MORE LIKE POP'S NIGHTSHIRT. AND IT'S POPULAR AMONG PEOPLE WHO CAN'T GET PAJAMA BOTTOMS. THE CANDLE WAS THROWN IN FOR FREE.

proprietor of a hotel in England collected from Uncle Sam for tiles in the roof of his establishment wrecked when eight American paratroopers scrambled over the gables of the inn trying to communicate with a room occupied by a French chambermaid. There were some other claims along that line, too.

The Army paid off on 24,428 claims, rejected 12,328 and was nicked for a total of $5,121,000, the Division announced. Sixty to seventy per cent of the suits resulted from ordinary traffic accidents in which American soldier-drivers were at fault. Most of the money was paid out to people in North Africa and the UK, which were the non-enemy areas with the greatest concentrations of temporarily non-combatant troops.

According to Col. Ralph G. Boyd, Chief of the Claims Division, North Africans have been most inclined to look on the U.S. as a Santa Claus. With their usual fondness for bargaining, Boyd explained, they have often turned in claims for sums far in excess of what any sensible man could possibly hope to collect. The Claims Division scaled these down to a figure approximating the true extent of the damage.

The good people of North Africa have also shown the greatest imagination in linking the presence of American troops in their country with whatever ill befalls them, Col. Boyd said. A woman in French Morocco, for example, suffered a miscarriage when a German bomb fell near her. She tried to collect from the U.S. Treasury on the grounds that if the American ack-ack gunners had been on the ball, they would have shot down the plane before it got near her. Nothing doing, the Claims Division ruled however.

A guy named Stephen Ostroski of Bristol, Conn., got browned off because the cops pinched him for intoxication and breach of peace. Just to get even, he took $300 out of his pocket while in the lockup and burned it. Some revenge, eh?

A Frenchman in North Africa wanted the U.S. to make good the loss of some stuff stolen from him by some Arabs. The guy's point was that the Yanks had been so generous that they had led the Arabs into expecting everything for nothing. When they didn't get it, he said, they swiped things instead. The Claims Division said nuts to him.

Two Senators laid down what they said should be the pattern for winning future wars when they introduced a bill to establish a national science foundation to foster research activities. "Research is the key to military success," said Sen. Harley M. Kilgore, Democrat of West Virginia. "Another war will be won in the laboratory, not on the parade ground," said Sen. Edwin C. Johnson, Democrat of Colorado. Their legislation would increase financial support for research on war weapons, medicine, etc.

Senator Kilgore cited the speed with which Germany overran France in answering the question as to whether he believed the U.S. would need compulsory military training in peacetime if we had an adequate post-war research program. He pointed out that after the last war Germany had concentrated on research because she was barred from having a big army, while France had made all her young men take at least a year's military training. Kilgore also mentioned China and her millions as proof that "manpower is not enough."

The general labor picture looked better than it had for several months. Two major disputes involving the production of B-29 engines were settled following a personal appeal by Undersecretary of War Robert P. Patterson. More than 20,000 CIO United Auto Workers went back to work in the Chrysler plant in Chicago, while 30,000 people picked up their tools once more at the Wright Aeronautical Corporation's five plants at Ridgewood, Paterson and East Paterson in New Jersey. And in other parts of the country, at least 7,000 other workers in vital industries like rubber and gasoline also decided to call off strikes.

T/Sgt. Charles E. "Commando" Kelly of Pittsburgh, who won the Congressional Medal of Honor in Italy, got out of the Army in Atlanta, Ga. Before leaving, though, Kelly gave this warning to well-intentioned friends of other servicemen to be discharged: "Forget the wishy-washy 'be-kind-to-veterans-week' stuff. The time to treat a man decently is when he's in uniform. We're grown men and we can take care of ourselves when we become civilians."

Some people aren't making it any easier for discharged war veterans, according to Edward N. Scheiberling, National Commander of the American Legion, who stated in Washington that "there are serious forces at work" trying to undermine the position of former soldiers. Scheiberling said these forces are trying to minimize the veteran's opportunity, "nullify his job preference, freeze his economic position and perpetuate the handicap under which he finds himself by reason of his war service."

The Legion Commander called for a partial "moratorium" on civilian orders for automobiles and other scarce commodities so that veterans would have a chance to buy them. Many dealers, he said, have a huge backlog of civilian "priorities." Scheiberling stated, though, that he didn't blame President Truman for the alleged discrimination, adding, "We know his longtime sympathetic interest in the war veteran, his dependents and their problems."

A couple of USO hostesses in Los Angeles got hot under the collar at the USO. The ladies—Patsy Reno and Maisie Palmer—charged that they were forced to dance with Italian prisoners of war at a dance and that they were given mimeographed instructions to "treat the Italian soldiers just like any other soldiers." Ruth Cowan, regional USO director, said the girls were off the beam, that no hostess had to cut a rug with *any* soldier, American or Italian.

Fourteen GIs who have lost either legs or arms in this war won licenses to drive cars in New Jersey. The men, all veterans convalescing in a hospital at Atlantic City, N.J., passed tests conducted by state officials, using automobiles fitted with special push-buttons and pedals. In Detroit, Henry Ford announced that his company would provide special auto-driving equipment free to such veterans.

Here's an item for typewriter ticklers who like to keep at top form. You used to use this line for practice: "The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog's back." That's old-fashioned now, though, according to a business college official in Columbus, Ohio. He said the modern sentence is this: "A quick movement of the enemy would jeopardize sixteen gunboats." Both sentences contain every letter in the alphabet.

The California Legislative Committee on Un-American Activities offered to cooperate with the Congressional Committee in probing for evidence of Communistic activity in Hollywood. "We have great volumes of information from our investigations which have shown widespread Marxism in the film colony," said California State Senator Jack B. Tenney. "The official reports for 1943 and 1945 contain summaries of programs of individuals and organizations in Hollywood for the destruction of the Constitution and the American way of life."

It was reported several months ago that Charlie Chaplin was reputed to be worth $8,000,000. It should have been $3,000,000. The comedian admitted he was worth the latter amount and a Los Angeles court ordered him to resume paying $75 of it every week for the support of Carol Ann Barry. A jury held last April that Chaplin was the daddy of the child, born 21 months ago to Joan Barry.

Workers at the Stamford, Conn., plant of the Shick electric razor company went out on strike in protest against plant workers being made to mow the lawns and trim the hedges of company executives' homes.

A couple of choice divorce items popped up in the news. In Los Angeles, Mrs. Erminia Roohan exhibited a bedroom door in court as evidence, explaining that the splintered marks on it were caused by butcher knives tossed at her by hubby. And in Chicago, Mrs. Edna Vegelahn complained that her spouse had decorated her with a total of twenty-six black eyes in three years. Only two of the shiners were bestowed during the first year of marriage, though.

This is positively the last item on prolific servicemen. Up to last week, Seaman First Class Roman L. Springer of Winona, Minn., had been champion father of the armed services with fourteen children. But then Chief Steward Gregorio Zagala, 47, of Lomita, Calif., spoke up. He said he had fifteen little Zagalas and in case anybody wanted to argue, there was a sixteenth on the way. Do we hear seventeen?

GIs like to plaster pin-up girls around their Nissens, but they want to come home to a lady who is handy with kids and a frying pan. Anyway, that's what a survey taken by *Woman's Home Companion* magazine among servicemen seems to indicate. Soldiers who received War Bonds for their conceptions of the ideal spouse, ranked beauty tenth on their list of qualifications. Outranking eye appeal in the order named were domesticity, love for children, ability to cook, understanding of world affairs, sympathy, friendliness, good grooming, good sportmanship and devoutness. No one was low enough to mention a rich father.

The COVER

Three weary infantrymen take a break on a muddy hillside in Okinawa before going on to take a Jap strong point. Other pictures from Okinawa by YANK photographer Mason Pawlak, CPhoM are on pages 12 and 13.

Pictures: 1, Mason Pawlak. 8, 9, 10, Pvt. George Aarons. 11, Sgt. Roger Wrenn. 12, 13, Pawlak. 15, P.A. 16, Acme. 17, left, PNP; centre, P.A.; right, Acme. 20, 21, Sgt. Roger Wrenn. 22, Sgt. Horst Horst. 23, P.A.

YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

BRITISH EDITION

BRITANNIA HOUSE

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

Managing Editor, Sgt. Durbin L. Horner; Art Director, Sgt. Frank Brandt; Staff: Sgt. Earl Anderson, Sgt. Edmund Antrobus, Sgt. Francis Burke, Sgt. Jack Coggins, Cpl. James Dugan, Cpl. Thomas Flannery; Business Manager, Sgt. George Bailey; Officers in Charge: Lt. Col. Charles L. Holt (USFET), Maj. Harry R. Roberts (London).

●

MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE, NEW YORK: Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy; Art Director, Sgt. Arthur Weithas; Assistant Managing Editor, Sgt. August Loeb; Assistant Art Director, Sgt. Ralph Stein; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller; Features, Sgt. Burtt Evans; Sports, Cpl. Tom Shehan; Overseas Editor, Sgt. Al Hine; U.S. Editor, Sgt. Hilary H. Lyons; Associate Editors, Sgt. John Hay, Sgt. Ralph Boyce, Cpl. Max Novack.

WASHINGTON: Cpl. John Haverstick, Sgt. Barrett McGurn, Sgt. H. N. Oliphant.

FRANCE: Sgt. Merle Miller, Cpl. Robert Abramson, Sgt. Art Alexander, Pfc. David Berger, Sgt. Howard Brodie, Cpl. Patrick Coffey, Sgt. Ed. Cunningham, Sgt. Allan Ecker, Sgt. Tom Fleming, Sgt. William Frazer, Sgt. Dewitt Gilpin, Cpl. Howard Katzander, Sgt. Reg. Kenny, Sgt. Ralph Martin, Sgt. Robert McBrinn, Sgt. Mack Morriss, Sgt. Georg Meyers, Pfc. Debs Myers, Cpl. Roland Roy, Cpl. Irene Schafer, Sgt. Henry Sloan, Pvt. David Whitcomb.

ITALY: Cpl. George Barrett, Sgt. Donald Breimhurst, Pfc. Ira Freeman, Sgt. Nelson Gruppo, Sgt. Dan Polier, Sgt. Harry Sions, Pfc. David Shaw, Pfc. Werner Wolff.

AUSTRALIA - PHILIPPINES: Sgt. George Baker, Cpl. Frank J. Beck, Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt, Sgt. Roger Cowan, Sgt. Jack Crowe, Sgt. Marvin Fasig, Cpl. Hyman Goldberg, Sgt. Dick Hanley, Sgt. Marion Hargrove, Pfc. Dale Kramer, Sgt. Lafayette Locke, Sgt. John McLeod, Sgt. Robert McMillan, Sgt. Charles Pearson, Sgt. Charles Rathe, Sgt. Ozzie Sc. George, Cpl. Joe Stefanelli, Sgt. Lionel Wathall, Sgt. Roger Wrenn, Sgt. Bill Young.

CENTRAL PACIFIC: Pfc. John O. Armstrong, Pfc. George Burns, Cpl. Ted Burrows, Cpl. James Goble, Sgt. Larry McManus, Mason E. Pawlak CPhoM, USNR, Sgt. Bill Reed, Vernon H. Roberts Slc, USNR, Sgt. Lon Wilson, Evan Wylie SPlc (PR), USCGR.

MARIANAS: Cpl. Tom O'Brien, Sgt. Dillon Ferris, Pfc. Justin Gray, Sgt. Jack Ruge, Robert Schwartz, Y2c, USNR, Sgt. Paul Showers.

BURMA-INDIA AND CHINA: Sgt. George J. Corbellini, Cpl. Jud Cook, Sgt. Paul Johnston, Sgt. Walter Peters, Sgt. Dave Richardson.

ALASKA: Sgt. Ray Duncan.

PANAMA: Cpl. Richard Douglas.

PUERTO RICO: Sgt. Don Cooke.

ICELAND: Sgt. J. Gordon Farrel.

AFRICA—MIDDLE EAST—PERSIAN GULF: Sgt. Richard Paul, Cpl. Alfred Lynch, Cpl. Ray McGovern.

NEWFOUNDLAND: Sgt. Frank Bode.

NAVY: Donald Nugent, Slc.

Commanding Officer: Col. Franklin S. Forsberg.

Executive Officer: Lt. Col. Jack W. Weeks.

Business Manager: Maj. North Bigbee.

Procurement Officer: Maj. Gerald J. Rock.

Overseas Bureau Officers: Britain, Maj. Harry R. Roberts; France, Lt. Col. Charles L. Holt, Capt. H. Stahley Thompson; Australia-Philippines, Lt. Col. Col. Harold B. Hawley; Central South Pacific, Lt. Col. Josua Eppinger; Marianas, Maj. Justus J. Craemer; Italy, Capt. Howard Carswell, Lt. Jack Silverstein, Assistant; Burma-India, Capt. Harold A. Burroughs; Iran, Capt. Frank Gladstone; Panama, Lt. Charles H. E. Stubblefield; Middle East, Capt. Knowlton Ames; Alaska, Capt. Grady E. Clay, Jr.; Puerto Rico, Capt. Francis E. Sammons, Jr.

●

YANK is published weekly by enlisted men of the U.S. Army (Branch Office, Information and Education Division, War Dept., 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y.) and is for sale only to those in the armed services. Material in YANK may be reproduced if not restricted by law or military regulations, provided credit is given, for each item. British Edition printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., Watford. Reviewed by U.S. military censors.

MAIL CALL

Short Men? Tall Men?

Dear YANK,

On June 27, *Stars and Stripes* published an article by William R. Spear containing the reply received from the War Department in answer to the great mystery question of the 20th century—"By what manner and means specifically was that 'fair and intelligent' Point Discharge System established?"

To say that the War Department reply was entirely inadequate is putting it mildly. According to the article, the War Department never answered such questions as—when and where the survey was made, how many men in the various branches of the army were questioned, how many voted in favor or against various factors and many other details which GIs have been asking—except to say that surveys were conducted "all over the world."

It has become quite apparent by now that the survey was not conducted on a broad enough and scientific enough base to produce any statistically valid conclusions. The very fact that the War Department refused to give specific figures and data is clear indication that the War Department recognizes the weakness of its own conclusions.

Moreover, by what hair-brained stretch of imagination can this Discharge System be termed fair and conducive to the welfare of the nation when the discharge factors were determined in the manner they were? For example: To the question "Should married men be let out before single men?"—married men answered 4 to 1 in favor, single men 4 to 1 against, and since single men outnumber married men in service, the War Department eliminated marriage as a factor; or the question of age as a factor in priority of discharge—since young men outnumber older men, age as a factor was voted down; or on the amount of preference given fathers—since they are in a minority in the army, that may be assumed as the reason why fathers get such limited preference in their discharge credits.

Ye Gods—what manner is that of establishing an equitable system of demobilization that will benefit the whole people?

It would have been just as sensible for the War Department to ask—"Who shall be discharged first, short men or tall men?" Naturally, human nature and self interest being what they are (and self interest does not always coincide with the interests of the nation as a whole), the short men in the army would probably vote 4 to 1 that "shorts" be discharged first and the tall men 4 to 1 that "talls" be released first. Then if there were more short men in the service than tall men, the War Department would pompously announce that the fair thing was to release the short men first, since "that was what the men themselves wanted."

Britain. Pfc. SIDNEY FELDMAN

Bonus Boards

Dear YANK,

The GI Bill of Rights fails to anticipate the future needs of the returning Veteran. The present bill is advantageous only to approximately seven per cent of the men and women being discharged.

This Bill of Rights should be drawn in such a manner that it would be adaptable and beneficial to all. With this thought in mind the following plan is submitted:

(a) A bonus of one dollar per day for every day in the service and an additional two dollars per day for every day spent overseas.

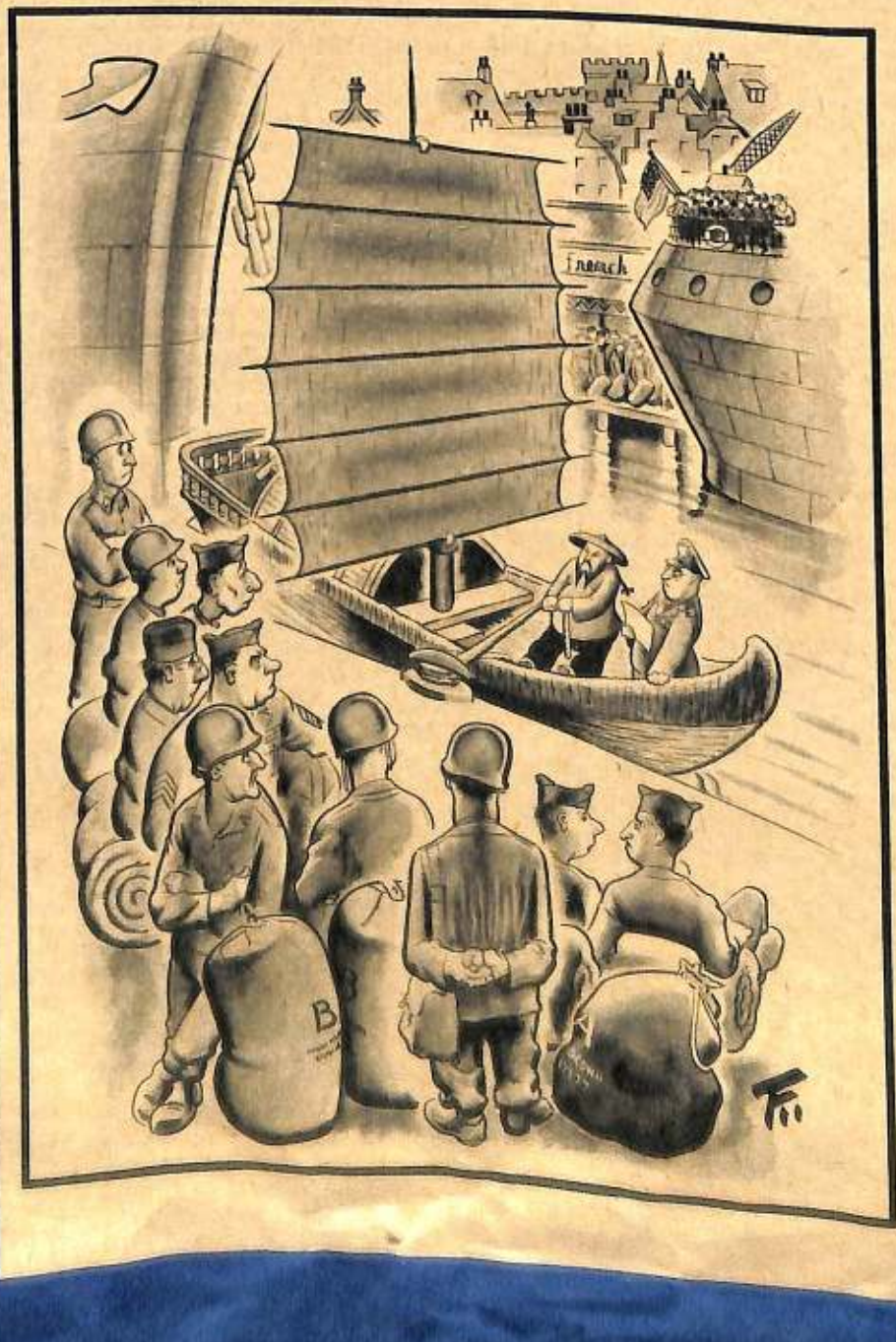
(b) This bonus to be computed at the termination of the individual's service and a trust fund for the total be set up. This fund could then be administered by the payment of monthly instalments over a period of five years.

(c) Lump sum payments of the bonus to be made to veterans for the purpose of establishing a business, additional education, building of homes, and to meet any serious emergency that might arise. Boards should be established by the War Department to hear and determine the merits of each individual application. All this to insure that this money would not be spent improvidently.

This bonus, based on length of service and foreign service, would fairly and equitably compensate each veteran.

Britain. T/3 E. A. HOLCOMB

[At the time the GI Bill of Rights was made into law, Congress made it plain that the benefits were not intended as a bonus. The two are separate problems.—Ed.]



Longer Study Hours

Dear YANK,

For the past months, and especially since VE-Day, considerable amount of printer's ink has been used in trying to promote the Army Educational Program.

With due respect to the entire program, it has its limitations. The advantage as a whole goes to the fighting man whose job is at an end. Being 35 and in the Air Service Command doing supply work, my job practically has no finish.

Personally, little do I appreciate or expect from the GI Bill of Rights. I prefer a program of education which will keep me in the keen competition, when we all return home.

Little, from a practical standpoint, can be accomplished from the two-hour weekly program we have at our base. Why not, after interview and examination, plan a program of education—for a full eight hours daily?

Britain. (Name Withheld)

Speed-Up Justice

Dear YANK,

Reading the current newspapers I notice several instances where German prisoners have been executed for crimes against fellow prisoners, murders to be specific. This is done according to our conception of justice, and the machinery that handles this does not seem to be so ponderous as to cause much delay. I presume that as soon as the evidence is conclusive the execution is carried out.

We have some such criminals in our hands and murder is one of the crimes they are accused of. Not one murder but countless murders, both of fellow countrymen and others.

I have been in the ETO twenty-four months and one of the inducements held up to me to keep up my interest in this war was that these men would be speedily brought to justice. I think the evidence was quite conclusive even before I left the States. This whole war is concerned with our conception of justice. It seems to me that the speedier the sentence is administered the more just it would be.

In short, I feel that someone is failing in a promise to me.

Britain. JUST ONE

Copped Coolers

Dear YANK,

Here in Iran our mission has been accomplished for quite some time, and we have been trying to make life more comfortable for ourselves by improving our living conditions.

We had lamps at the head of our cots but some brass hat got wind of it and we ain't got those no more. Up until this morning we had water coolers in each barracks. A truck was dispatched to

pick them all up. These water coolers were of great comfort to us, for the weather and the water here are both very hot.

By afternoon you could go through the officers' private rooms and find a cooler in each room. . . .

Iran. (Two Names Withheld)

Broadway's Main Street

Dear YANK,

In your 20 July edition of YANK you have four pages of photographs of towns and villages of England. In the description and the picture of one village I think you are very unjust. The town concerned is Broadway. You say it has only one street, which is far from being true. When your photographer entered the town he must have been asleep, because the street where you enter the village is the main street and not the alley which you have pictured in the YANK. The main street is a very beautiful street, with its teashops and buildings. The town has visitors from all over England in the summer, and has been visited by some of our own millionaires during the pre-war days. It is one of the richest villages in England. Anyone seeing this picture will get the wrong impression of this beautiful and picturesque village.

I know this particular village quite well for the simple reason that I am stationed only six miles from it and have been in and thru it many, many times.

Britain. Cpl. LEO H. RUPP

[Not asleep was YANK'S photographer. He just happens to like ye quainte little old side-street. Drowsy, however, was the caption writer who got his notes mixed. YANK hereby restores to Broadway its picturesque main street.—Ed.]

Poultry Fanciers

Dear YANK,

Congratulations on your cover for the July 13th issue. It expresses the feelings of multitudes of ETO bound soldiers.

Britain. Sgt. JOHN RIBEK*

*And two others.

Children vs. Memorials

Dear YANK,

News has reached this theater that many cities of the world are now making plans for elaborate and expensive war memorials and statues.

Men and women in the armed forces of the world appreciate this gesture, I am certain, but they do not agree with it wholeheartedly. Most of them have seen too much of suffering, death and destruction to appreciate spending money on marble statues and memorial buildings. Those who have given their lives in this war gave them so that the others could enjoy a better way of life and learn to exist in peace together.

The eyes of the world are now turned to America as a leader in the rehabilitation program that is to follow after hostilities have ceased. America cannot swing such a program alone obviously, but she can introduce a program of world child rehabilitation. It is suggested that on the great day of victory, when all peoples of the world are celebrating, each man and woman contribute what he may desire in money to be used for worldwide rehabilitation of children. This fund would be turned into supervised channels for the purpose of providing food, clothing and medical care for the millions of little children who have suffered so greatly in this world conflict.

Children have provided plenty of morale building for servicemen and women throughout the world. Contact with children of war has touched them and kept them human. Many a soldier has shared, or given entirely of his last ration, that a starving child should not go hungry. Many of these boys are now dead. They have made the supreme sacrifice. What better memorial could we give to them than to help these same children?

. . . Servicemen and women will be the first to make such a contribution, I am sure. Will other peoples of the world give to such a fund, or would they prefer to build marble statues that will soon be forgotten?

India. S/Sgt. ZERYL E. JACKSON

Surplus Property

Dear YANK,

Probably most GIs, like us, want no GI clothing in their postwar wardrobes. However, there are a lot of items we could put to good use after the war such as wool clothing, tents, trucks, etc. The total must run into thousands of items.

At the time of discharge, every GI will have some ready cash on hand which he'll want to put to good use. We suggest that at the separation center or at about 50 centrally located cities (preferably the latter) warehouses be set up to sell these surpluses to the GI. The Quartermaster could set the prices for new and used items. To prevent the emergence of rackets, each man would be limited to, say, $100 in purchases except of course for jeeps, etc. A 30-day option after discharge could be introduced to prevent the boys being approached by racketeers and give them time to consult with their families.

Philippines. Sgt. BORIS B. SEGELIN

Starve the Japs

Dear YANK,

Pfc. Alleyne Henderson, of Charleston, S. C., in his letter entitled "Don't Starve the Japs," referred to our abiding by the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." Apparently Henderson has forgotten that the Japs have given us no good, that we owe them no good in return.

Perhaps Henderson will contribute that statement "Two wrongs do not make a right." Perhaps the Japs' gratitude for our relief work after their earthquake was so overwhelming that it compensated for the sneaking attack on Pearl Harbor, the death marches, the treatment of our prisoners in Jap prisons and hospitals, the rape of Nanking and the violations of common decency which were outlined at the Geneva Convention. Perhaps, but I think not.

Bombing and gassing and starving every Jap from the face of the earth would further protect our suffering universe from future embellishment by a nation of weasel-brained emperor-worshipping gutter rats, namely the Japs.

Do unto the Japs as they did to us. Give them every torment which can be engineered. Don't give them human kindness; they don't understand that. Give them permanent peace in Satan's bonfire and leave the world for people who love freedom and democracy.

Berry Field, Tenn. Sgt. PATRICK L. LOB

How Much Dough?

Dear YANK,

This is in reply to G.H.B., the Tech. Representative who wants to be enlightened on how he stands in regards to overseas service:

I read your interesting letter in YANK *Mail Call* (27 July, 1945), and would like to be enlightened myself. I appreciate your patriotism and efforts in World War II, but would you be good enough to tell me what your pay, allowances and authorized expense accounts amount to per month? With your permission I would like YANK to publish it along with your letter.

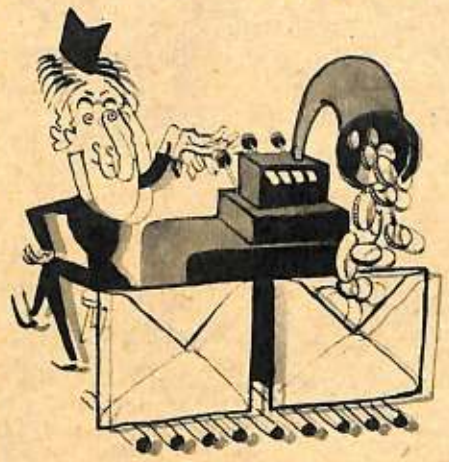
Britain. Major NORTON JACKSON

Sign the Payroll

Dear YANK,

Can anyone tell me why, with the present accent on conservation of manpower hours, it is necessary to "sign the payroll." Is it supposed to be a receipt for pay that will be made two weeks later? If so, it can hardly be a valid receipt.

Can anyone also tell me why the Army pays its personnel by counting out the dough as the men step up to the pay table.



Anyone who has been paid in the Army knows that it takes anywhere from one to three hours to sign the payroll and from two to six hours waiting in line to get paid.

Is it not possible to make up the payroll a few days in advance, have the money counted out and placed in individual pay envelopes with each man's name on the envelope? In this way a man can step up to the pay table, get his pay and sign his payroll right then and there. By the use of an addressograph machine it would be a matter of a few hours' time to print each man's name on his pay envelope. The finance clerks can count out his pay and fill his envelope a few days before pay day. Result: saving of manpower hours that can be used in more productive work and a relief from "sweating out" an almost endless pay line every month.

Presque Isle, Main. Pfc. EDGAR A. ZALOOM

Oldtimers to Stud

Dear YANK,

Let's hear what some of the old-timers think of my idea that Army men (regulars) be placed on reserve after 20 years' service—as is now done in the Navy.

We're going to have one helluva big Regular Army after the war. We're all agreed on that, aren't we? How many inducted soldiers want to sign with the regulars? I could make a guess.

Why not make continued service more attractive to qualified men who were drafted and already will have had a lot of time in? Seems to me lots of them would like to make the Army a career—especially after they've already had, say, five years of their 20. Army recruiting wouldn't have to be a bush-shaking business if men who already know the Army—and lots of them really do like it—were induced to stay in. And many thousands have technical skills, highly developed, that the Army could utilize.

Make it attractive to them by offering inactive status and retirement pay after 20 years—with the men subject to call in case of emergency for the ensuing 10 years.

And now the selfish part of this proposal. Get rid of all us old guys. (I'm four years beyond my 20 now!) who have the ratings. Pass 'em around. Make it worthwhile for the boys to stay in. Best thing the Army could do would be to turn us oldtimers out to stud and make way for the colts. And call us back if they can't handle things.

Ft. Logan, Colo. M/Sgt. WILLIAM J. BOYLE

First Glider Snatch

Dear YANK,

In a recent issue of CBI YANK you state that the first glider-ambulance service was performed at the Remagen bridgehead. I'd like to tell you you're full of prunes. The first glider-ambulance service was pulled off by the First Air Commando Group in Burma. In January *Look* magazine published an issue showing photos of the First Air Commandos, my old outfit, evacuating British West Africans by the "snatch" method. We were also the first outfit to use the glider "snatch" as early as March 1944.

Although I am no longer a member of "Cochran's Commandos," I understand they were right in there punching from Meiktila to Rangoon in the final drive in South Burma. As you know, they built an airfield deep inside enemy lines in Burma, south of Myitkyina, while this city was still in Jap hands. The outfit took in Wingate's Chindits, supplied them, gave them air cover, and took them out when their job was finished, all by air, over a hundred miles behind Jap lines.

China. Lt. HARRY H. ELLIS

Tusk-Drooling Topkicks

Dear YANK,

In behalf of all common dogfaces, I'd like to nominate Sgt. George Baker, the creator of "Sad Sack," for a Bronze Star Medal for "gallant operations against the enemy," the enemy being first sergeants.

I say that NO enlisted man has any use for these stupid clucks. It took George Baker to defy these power-mad dictators and show them for what they are—feebleminded, bellowing, tusk-drooling, uncouth, moronic, slave-driving, Gestapo-souled, ape-bodied, stripe-happy, bestial lice. The man who invented a first sergeant was a sadist.

When George Baker depicts the Army's No. 1 hero, "Sad Sack," grovelling in the power of a diamond-striper, he makes us all know that he's in the Army too. That's why I say that Baker shows courage beyond and above the call of duty when he tells the world what we dog-faces have to put up with.

You see what Baker does for me! So let's do something for Baker!

A medal for Baker
The pappy of "Sack,"
The man who immortalized
"My a-a-a-ching back!"

Germany. Pfc. MARTIN V. O'NEIL

[Note to YANK's first sergeant: The above opinions are those of Pfc. O'Neil and do not necessarily reflect the opinion of the Mail Call editor]

Water Waste?

Dear YANK,

Due to the water shortage here we are allowed fresh water for drinking purposes only. We realize that this isn't stateside and so we are willing to do our part and go without when necessary. But here's the pay-off. An officer's jeep being generously washed with water that is too precious for the enlisted man to use to wash his face. This is the best morale booster I have yet seen.

Marianas. Ship Fitter 3c*

*Also signed by 32 others.

The Pin-up (page 22)

YOU don't have to be a Sissy to cry for candy, if it's Candy Jones you mean. This stick of peppermint began as a Conover model, has done a movie short and appeared in a musical comedy. Candy lives with a white angora cat named Frankenstein and likes all sports except skiing and wrestling. Now she's overseas with a USO show.

Carrying an American flag, Filipinos come up to greet the GIs.

Overland to Davao

It was a rough road and a long one and at the end there were still Japs to be rooted out, but Yanks took and held the last major Jap stronghold.

By Sgt. JOHN McLEOD
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 24TH DIVISION ON MINDANAO—The Japs had always counted on our making the first Philippines landing at Davao Gulf, on Mindanao. They made Davao City their No. 1 citadel of the islands. As it turned out, Davao was the last major city in the Philippines to be liberated. It fell to the troops of the 24th Division after a 15-day, 150-mile hike clear across the island, that brought them in by the back door of their objective.

The road from Parang on the west coast of Mindanao, where the march started, is winding and dust-choking, and most of it is one-way. Dust churned up by the long supply convoys hung over the road so thick that drivers wore goggles over their eyes and tied handkerchiefs highwayman-style over their noses. They had to turn on their headlights at midday.

The doggies, hoofing it down the sides of the road ahead of the traffic, weren't bothered by dust. But the sun beat down without mercy on their steel helmets, and their heavy green herringbones were even heavier with sweat. Some aid stations handled as many as 30 heat prostration cases a day. There was a lot of foot trouble along the way.

Between Parang and Davao, 78 bridges were out. Either we had burned them ourselves in our Mindanao retreat in 1942, the guerrillas had destroyed them during the occupation, or the Japs had blown them up as we came back.

Right behind the infantry came teams from the 3d Engineers with two bulldozers that wheezed and chugged and snorted their way across the island with the troops. For some of the smaller and fordable streams the dozers just scooped out by-passes. For others the engineers threw up Baileys (average construction time four hours for 80 feet of bridge) or else they knocked together home-made jobs.

I was with a photographer and the two of us joined the convoy at Cotabato, a river port town that used to be a Moro fortress. The trucks were 31st Division jobs; and the 31st was headed north, while we were headed for the 24th, due east. But we rode with the convoy some 70 miles to Kabacan, a road junction in the middle of the island.

At the junction we got a ride with a 24th Division convoy of 6-bys loaded with drums of gas.

"Don't you guys do any smoking," the driver said. "I got 92 points and I don't aim to do my next traveling with the wings of an angel."

Going in, the gas convoy was held up at almost every bridge. The Japs had sneaked back in and blown some bridges. Others just broke down under the repeated pounding of hundreds of trucks.

One nice thing about those stops though were the creeks and small rivers. They weren't like the sluggish streams of Leyte, Mindoro or Central Luzon. The creeks we crossed were crystal clear and cold. They gurgled and galloped down out of the mountains. You couldn't imagine them containing any of the bugs the huge billboards of Leyte warn you about.

At every crossing where the trucks were backlogged, you could see the drivers down in the water, stripped, rolling and reveling in it, filling canteens and washing out dust-caked fatigues. The sun was so hot on the rocks that you could spread your fatigues out on them and they'd be dry in 15 minutes.

As we neared the Davao Gulf there were more reports about Jap snipers. Assistant drivers pulled their rifles out of their wrappings and held them on their laps.

The countryside changed from the rolling pastures, rice and cane fields of Central Mindanao to plantation country where dark groves of *abaca* (from which comes Manila-hemp fiber), kapok and banana trees come right down to the road.

WE finally caught up with the front a day before the division entered Davao City. There was a blown-up bridge, and on the far side of it were three Jap trucks riddled with bullets and a dozen Jap carcasses. We had moved so fast that the Japs, headed from Davao City toward some hill refuge, hadn't known we were there.

Waiting for the bridge to be fixed were the jeeps and half-tracks of the 24th Recon Troop. They said they had to reconnoiter some roads leading out to an airfield first, but that they probably would be the first into Davao City.

We joined them and started out an hour or so later across the new bridge. The road was closely lined with *abaca* trees. It was dark by now and you couldn't see a thing except the cat-eye lights of the vehicle ahead and behind you.

About 12 miles beyond the last ford we came into a roadblock of tangled, felled trees that was impassable. The infantry had reported the road was clear, but the Japs had sneaked in behind them and put in this road-block.

It was not a happy place. Everybody expected the Japs to pop out and start shooting any minute. The order came down from the command jeep, and was yelled up and down the column:

"Let's get the hell out of here—fast."

The jeeps turned around. The road was too narrow for the half-tracks. They had to back out the 12 miles. It seemed to take hours.

Back at the by-pass at the last stream we had forded, the vehicles were formed in a column of twos, a perimeter was put out and the men stretched out on their ponchos between the two parked columns. From behind us came the noise of a bulldozer chewing on the grade. The mosquitoes seemed even hungrier and thicker than those at the old 17-Mile Drome at Port Moresby.

I was sawing them off when the first bullets started snapping by, but I was down under the half-track almost before my eyes were open.

Officers, whispering, passed the order down the line, "Steady. Don't shoot unless you see something definite."

Bullets popped around, with larger explosions sounding like grenades. Then one big explosion. A frenzied hysterical babbling followed this:

"Don't shoot! Don't shoot! Me fliend. Me Filipino. *Mabuhay! Mabuhay* Filipinos."

Then an agonized shriek, punctuated with a machine gun's rattling:

"Hello, Joe! Hello, Joe!" And dying off into the distance, "Hello-oh, Joe . . ."

Don't let anyone ever tell you that Japs can't pronounce an "l." Whoever said that was wrong, or the Japs have been doing a lot of practicing.

About 0400, some infantry started marching through. They squashed as they walked. They had waded the stream. One of them said the Japs had blown up the bulldozer, killing one of the engineers and wounding a couple of antitank men guarding them.

When word came that the engineers up ahead had cleared the trees off the road we started out again and passed the roadblock. The infantry stopped us at a crossroads. Doughs were sprawled out alongside the road. The recon troop's CO, whom nobody calls anything but Capt. Shorty, got out to talk with some infantry officers.

Just ahead, off one side of the road, was a freshly dead Jap. In the group of doughs were some wounded men on litters. The medics were giving them plasma and morphine. Nearby were five other litters with bodies under ponchos.

The men were killed and wounded, someone said, when they took a break and walked off the road to sit in the shade. The Jap had pulled a string in the nose of a bomb buried there. The crater was right by the bodies. It was 10 feet from side to side.

The troop moved out again taking a road at right angles to the main one. The road ran out to Libby airdrome. No one had been up that road. No one had been up any road leading toward the drome. There had been a few Jap observation planes around, and we figured the drome might be operational. Everybody guessed most of the Japs had evacuated Davao City for the area around and behind this drome.

We didn't get far up that road. The lead jeep gunner saw some Japs ahead and we gave them a burst. Then he saw what appeared to be a mine in the road and some bunkers around the mine. Ours was the lead half-track and we moved up while Pfc. John Holt of Yorktown Heights, N. Y., fired a long burst with a .50 trying to set off the mine, an aerial bomb planted nose up. It didn't work. We backed out.

"Try another road," said Capt. Shorty.

The other road was worse. The Japs had already blown a huge crater in it. There was a sheer bank on either side and no way to get around that hole. The men in the jeep got out to look. Our half-track nosed up close.

Suddenly the driver looked to his left and started pumping his Buck Rogers gun into the bush.

We'd gone right into an ambush. Snipers and machine gunners opened up all around us. The men up front all crouched and opened up with their tommies. Holt whipped his .50 around and fired bursts on all sides. So did the other gunners in the column.

"Let's get the hell out," the order came back again.

Ellis threw the track in reverse, opened one door to see from, and the other door for the men to crawl in. We backed out, shooting all the way, with a few bullets smacking against one side.

There was still a third road to the drome. We weren't in the lead this time. We changed places with the rear half-track. And we weren't sorry. Also we had a company of infantry along.

It was the same story—another road between high banks, another roadblock, another hornet's nest, and the lead track drew the fire. This time, though, we stayed longer, and every gun in the troop plastered the hillside from which the most Jap fire came, so the doggies could try to flank it. We finally had to pull out of there, too, when the Japs opened up with mortars. The armored sides of half-tracks are no help when the fire is coming through the tops. Again we pulled back to the main road.

It was obvious by now that the recon troop wasn't going to be the first into Davao City. A report filtered down the line that a company of the 19th Infantry had reached the west side of the Davao River the night before, and that a crossing to Davao City, on the other bank, would be forced at about noon.

The river had already been crossed by the time we got there. M/Sgt. Alfred (Sgt. Handlebars) Sousa of Honolulu, a mustached, grizzled little Portuguese, former civil surveyor, had calmly gone from one section of the bridge to another, removing mines. The one section of the bridge the Japs had blown up he bridged for foot traffic by rowing up a native flat-bottom boat, tying it in the gap and hanging ladders from either side.

On the other side Filipino civilians had already begun to rush to the river's bank from their homes. They were carrying American flags, laughing happily, pressing gifts of bananas on us and shaking our hands.

The Filipinos said they didn't believe there were any Japs in Davao City at all. One man and his half-American wife were especially emphatic about there being no Japs. Practically all except *Kempei* (military police), they said, fled to the hills last fall.

But evidently the Japs didn't know they weren't supposed to be in the city. As the first infantry crossed the bridge and started up a rise into the town, the Japs opened up with what sounded like dual-purpose 75s, 20-mm pompoms and woodpeckers.

We dived down to the cover of the river bank; the civilians scattered frantically in all directions, amazement on their faces. The infantry got in about 200 yards from the river bank and were pinned down. They didn't get any farther until the next morning.

But the Japs do funny things. None of their guns was trained on the bridge. The big guns were shooting across the river behind us, their smaller stuff on closer targets. Company after company ran across the bridge without losing a man. On the river bank we seemed to be in more danger from our own artillery, firing in close support, than we were from the Japs. Occasional pieces of shrapnel splashed into the water a few yards from us.

"Aren't they shooting too close?" I asked a guy in battalion S-3.

"Naw," he said. "That's the 13th FA. They never miss. We love 'em."

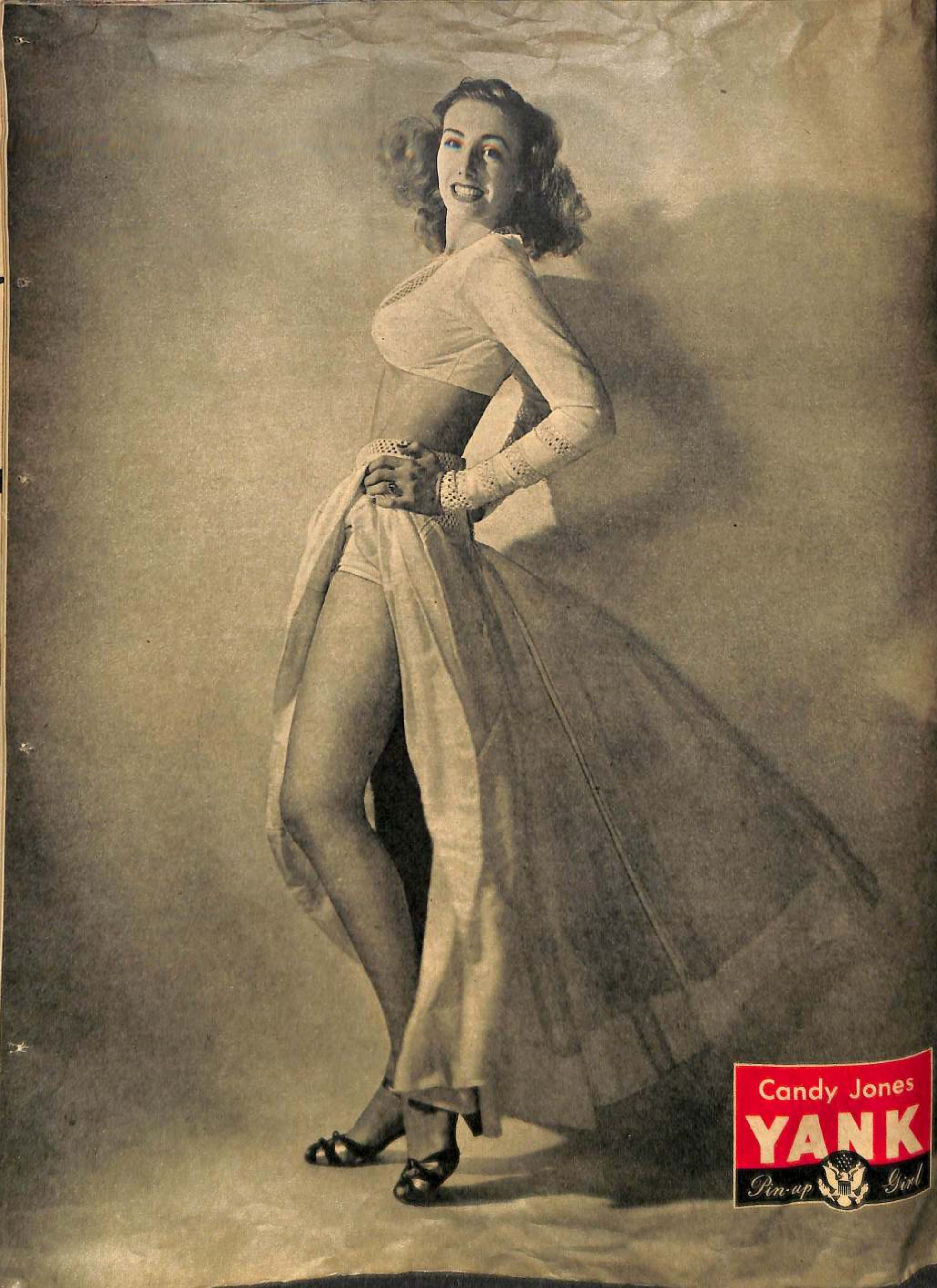
But I noticed he got up under the end of the bridge, where there was a solid layer of foot-square hardwood over his head.

We were in Davao, and though things looked pretty hot then and for several days later, we were in Davao to stay.

Pvt. James Carney of Minneapolis, Minn., had some tired feet after the 150 miles to Davao.

Pfc. John Holt, machine gunner, and Pfc. Roy Massey, keep a sharp lookout for the Japs.

Men of a recon troop fire on Japs along the roadside before calling in the infantry.


Candy Jones
YANK
Pin-up Girl

SEWELL'S CHOICE

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Sports Editor

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Luke Sewell, manager of the St. Louis Browns, says that he wouldn't swap Vernon (Junior) Stephens, his shortstop, for Marty Marion of the Cardinals, even if Billy Southworth would make the trade.

This is strange talk because most baseball men compare Marion to the great shortstops of all time. "I couldn't win a pennant with Marty Marion," says Sewell calmly. "I mean it. Batting is part of this game, too."

In his fourth big league season Stephens is finally living up to Sewell's predictions. During the first two months of the current campaign he was clipping the ball for .313 and leading the league in runs-batted-in with 35. Of the first nine home runs the Browns had, Stephens owned eight.

While Junior was slowly finding himself in the last few years, Sewell patiently refused to tamper with his natural batting style. "What I look for in a hitter is not stance or form," says Luke, "every hitter has what is to him a natural stroke. There isn't much that can be done about changing it because of the physical make-up peculiar to each player. What I want in a hitter is that this 'natural stroke' be a base-hit stroke. That is, the ball must go for a base hit when he meets it right. If his 'natural stroke' raises an ordinary fly or beats the ball into the dirt, there isn't much we can do about making that player a hitter. So if a player has a 'base-hit stroke' I don't meddle with it much.

"Stephens was one of those players who didn't make much of an impression as a hitter when we first got him. Reports we had on him said that he put his foot in the bucket and couldn't hit a curve. I took a look at him, saw him fan twice on curves, but then I saw him hit two others out of the park. We needed a hitter who could do that. He fanned a lot at first, but I told him to keep swinging. That policy is paying off now."

Art Fletcher, the former Phillies manager who has turned down several big-league managing berths in recent years to remain as a Yankee coach under Joe McCarthy, is another Stephens admirer. "He has a lot of power at the plate," said Art. "And I like the way he looks over those pitches. He doesn't go fishing for bad balls."

Comparing Stephens and Marion at the plate, the Browns shortstop has a batting average of .292 for three complete seasons, a fair mark for an infielder, as compared to Marion's .270 for five seasons. But it is in extra base blows that Stephens' superior punch at the plate becomes apparent. Junior has hit 85 doubles, 10 triples, 56 home runs and driven in 292 runs during his brief career. Marion's record for five seasons in this department is 119 doubles, 14 triples, 13 home runs and 273 runs driven in.

Conceding that Stephens is the better batter, the question is whether or not Marion's fielding is so much superior to Stephens' as to justify the difference in batting power.

The experts had a chance to compare them in the field during the World Series last fall. Marion's play was sensational, but Stephens made at least two plays that were acknowledged to be superb. Oddly enough, they were in the same game, the second in the six-game series.

Stephens made the first of his two brilliant plays in the fourth inning when, with men on second and third and two out, Lanier hit a slow grounder. Junior rushed in behind Potter, scooped up the trickling bounder and fired underhanded to McQuinn to make the play and retire the side.

In the eighth inning of the same game with two men on base, Junior made a miraculous back-to-the-diamond catch of Kurowski's fly into left field. He not only robbed the Cardinals' third sacker of a hit, but the catch was so unexpected that he was able to throw to Don Gutteridge and double Musial off second. This play enabled Muncrief, who had relieved Potter in the seventh, to retire the Cardinals without a run that inning.

Later Stephens made two errors, one of them a costly wild throw which permitted the Cardinals to score their three runs in the fourth inning of the sixth and final game of the series. Marion played errorless ball and, therefore, must be given the edge on fielding, at least in the series.

Sewell, however, refuses to concede that Marion is a better fielder than Stephens over the course of the season. "Sure he makes errors," Luke says of his favorite shortstop, "but what player doesn't? He could make a dozen on one fielding chance and it would never get him down. I like a youngster like that.

"As a matter of fact, Stephens has made some plays for us in the last couple of years that I've never seen any shortstop make. It's nothing to see him dive for a ground ball to his right, knock it down and throw the man out at first from his knees." (On the other hand, baseball writers who have seen him in action for several seasons feel that Junior doesn't go to his left for balls quite as smoothly as he goes to the right.)

"I didn't see Honus Wagner play, but I've never heard anybody who did see him play ever say anything except that he was the greatest of them all. Get into an argument about hitters and you'll find some favor Ruth, some Cobb and some Joe Jackson. When you're talking pitching it's a question of Alexander, Walter Johnson, Christy Mathewson and Cy Young. But when anybody talks shortstops, it's always Wagner. He could hit, run and field.

"I don't want to take anything away from Marion that belongs to him. He's a great fielder, but there's been a lot of great fielding shortstops—Durocher, Peckinpaugh and Everett Scott. But Wagner could hit and so can Stephens. That's why Stephens means so much to us."

Willis Butler, a Browns scout, saw Stephens playing high school, American Legion and semi-pro baseball around Long Beach and Los Angeles. He gave him a $500 bonus and signed him to a Browns contract at a time when scouts from the Cleveland Indians and the Boston Red Sox were also after him.

Farmed to Springfield, Ill., of the Three Eye League, Stephens didn't stay there long. "The Three Eye League was too fast for a kid of 17," he recalls. "They finally sent me to Johnstown in the Middle Atlantic League. I was doing all right until I got hurt."

That was the injury that has kept him out of the Army, a knee separation which kicks up every once in a while. In spite of it, however, he got in 40 games that year and batted .257.

The Browns didn't really discover his value until they farmed him to Mayfield, Ky., of the Kitty League for the 1939 season. Playing 122 games at short, Junior hit .361, scored 105 runs and drove in 123 more. His 44 doubles, seven triples and 30 home runs showed his potentialities as a power hitter for the first time.

Promoted to San Antonio of the Class A-1 Texas League for the 1940 season, he got a break in coming under the management of Marty McManus, former Browns and Red Sox manager. McManus worked on his fielding and Stephens gives him credit for whatever skill he has in this department. "Marty helped me in a dozen little ways," he says. "Most of all he taught me the knack of coming in for grounders, getting them on the big, first hop instead of waiting for the second, short bounce."

He had another good season the following year, 1941, at Toledo in the American Association.

When Stephens arrived at the Browns training camp in 1942, Johnny Berardino, the regular shortstop, had been called into the service and the berth was wide open. By the time the team had broken camp at Deland, Fla., Fred Haney, then the manager, had given Junior the job.

The Browns got away to a slow start that season and Sewell replaced Haney in June. But Junior completed the campaign with a .294 average, 13 more points than he had hit in the American Association, and was hailed as one of the brightest prospects in years.

By the time the 1943 All-Star game came around Stephens was playing brilliant ball. Lou Boudreau and Luke Appling, two of the best shortstops in the game, were available for the American League team's infield but Joe McCarthy kept them on the bench and played Junior the entire nine innings.

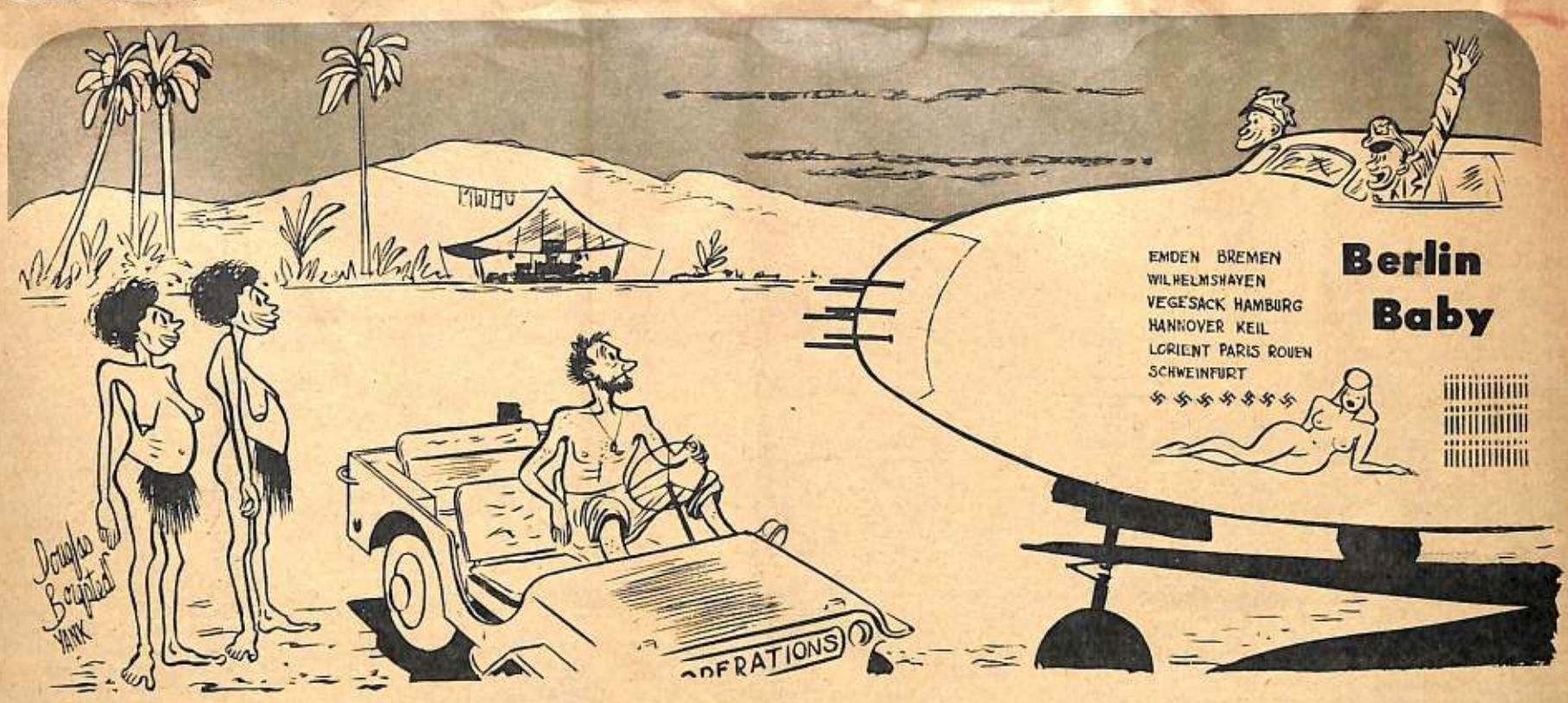
Shortly afterwards his knee began to act up but Luke let him finish the year in the outfield. Most of the time he was just hobbling around, but he finished the season with a .289 batting average and a record of 91 runs driven in. Last year he hit .293 and led the league in runs batted in with 105, a very respectable record for an infielder.

Junior is very popular with his teammates. His round face and ready smile make him look like one of Mickey Rooney's chums in the Andy Hardy series. He's a thoroughly relaxed athlete who sometimes worries his manager because he doesn't take things more seriously.

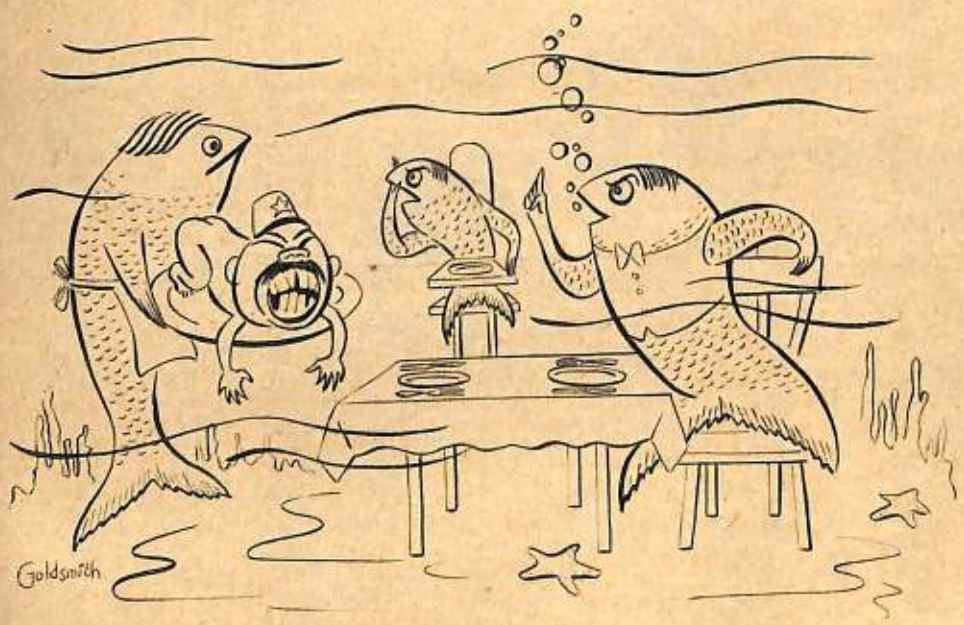
Stephens is married and the father of a son, also named Vernon Decatur Stephens, Jr. He works as a machinist in a California shipyard during the off season.

If he doesn't establish himself as a great shortstop it will because of a tendency to put on flesh. Junior likes to eat and he likes to drink beer. Most people do, but Stephens puts on weight so fast that if he isn't careful he will duplicate the feat of Shanty Hogan of the Giants, who ate his way out of the big leagues.

Vernon Stephens



"HERE WE ARE, MAC! BRING ON THOSE SOUTH SEA ISLAND BEAUTIES!"
—S/Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt



"FOR THE LAST TIME, GUSSIE . . . NO MORE JAPS FOR SUPPER!"
—F. Goldsmith, Y3/c

"ONE THING BEFORE WE VOTE ON THIS POST-WAR DRAFT BILL, WILL IT INCLUDE US?"
—Sgt. Jim Weeks