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By the men . . for the men in the service

FIGHTER PILOT
Back from Germany

How U.S. Military Government Works In Germany

—See Pages 2, 3 and 4

The military government organization in Aachen was more or less of an experiment, according to the American officers there, which might become the blueprint for the occupation of other cities later on. How it worked in the early days of the first crossing of the Reich border is told on these pages.

AACHEN—A squat German, whose neck wrinkled in thick folds, walked firmly into the room. He spoke, but as he spoke his voice tightened and tears glistened on his face. He was like a sixth-grader kept after school who must explain his misbehavior to the teacher, and in explaining loses all his courage and starts to cry.

The German was fifty-nine years old. But he was scared. He was the first citizen of Aachen to be tried before an American summary court, and his offense was small. He was charged with disobeying an order given by the military government MPs, who had told him they would return in half an hour to evacuate him to a refugee camp. When the MPs had returned, the man was gone. They had to go back to find him in the area which was restricted to Germans and from which he had previously been removed.

He pleaded guilty, but he said he hadn't understood that he was not to return to the restricted zone. He said he had gone back to his house there to get medicine for his rheumatism. But the German didn't explain why he hadn't kept his rendezvous with the MPs.

The summary court judge heard his plea through an interpreter. Then he said: "Tell this man that he has violated an order of the U.S. government. Tell him that one of his own people, a German national acting as an interpreter for the military police, had informed him that he was not to return to the restricted area. Tell him that we Americans are fair, but that we will be harsh. We do not intend to have our orders disobeyed. This man is sentenced to three months' imprisonment. Take him away."

The German with the wrinkled neck heard his sentence and looked first at the interpreter and then at the judge; his face tightened and he cried again. Then he left the courtroom, but his attempt at firmness was not convincing.

The next case was that of a 62-year-old Aachener also charged with returning to the restricted area. Military police testified against him. The evidence was completed and sentence passed—nine months' imprisonment.

Recess was called. The judge, shivering in his OD shirt, stepped down from the bench, and lit a cigarette. He was 1st Lt. William Rule, former attorney from Hampton, Ia. He said: "The first guy was just plain scared of us in the beginning. That's why he ran away from the MPs. He knew better, but he was scared.

"But the second guy was a regular krauthead. If his own soldiers had given him orders to stay out of a place he'd have stayed. But with us he thought he could get away with it and nothing would happen to him. He didn't think we meant what we said.

"That's why the sentences were so different. The record of these proceedings will be posted around town so that the rest of the civilians will know what happened. As I said in court, our orders here will be obeyed."

MILITARY government by Americans has come to the first of Germany's occupied cities. With it has come the difficult task of supervising a city that must be built from near chaos to a livable place in which the constantly growing population can live out the winter in damaged homes and on short rations, and, for the most part, with clothing they have been able to retain through the weeks of destruction.

When Aachen fell, it was almost destitute. The army does not intend to use its own resources to put Aachen back on its feet. It does not intend to govern Aachen through American-adopted German officials. The military government of the city has the job of seeing that all things are done, but also of seeing that the Germans do these things themselves. Aacheners will feed themselves, clothe themselves and house themselves under American control.

Here is how the military government of Aachen has operated in its first few weeks.

Residents of the city were required to register with the military government. The registration card lists their address and prohibits them from leaving a designated place. Rules were posted: Curfew from 1800 to 0600 hours that forbids civilians leaving their homes for any purpose other than obtaining food and water; an order against congregation and similar regulations. A board of city commissioners was chosen from among the German civilians. There is an *Oberburgermeister* or mayor, and eight *Burgermeisters* in charge of the various offices. There is a department of labor and public welfare, a legal public administration and a public health department, a department of food production and distribution, industry, commerce, crafts and trades and food rationing, a department of building reconstruction, a city planning and living quarters department, a finance and accounts department, a public utilities and education department, a department of ecclesiastical affairs and a department of municipal police.

Maj. William E. Hullbert, a member of the Jacksonville, Fla., police force since 1922 and now military government officer of Aachen, explained that the appointments of *Burgermeisters* haven't yet been made permanent and that they were chosen by a process of elimination.

"The total available population of the city was boiled down to a small group in the beginning. We checked a man's political affiliations, his business, age, education and his position in the community. He was carefully investigated by the CIC. From this small group we picked our men. Our mayor was not a member of the Nazi party, and he comes from one of the old families of Aachen. As a matter of fact, he is the only one of our *Burgermeisters* who has a clear record. The others are being used on a temporary basis because they are still the best men available.

"The mayor and his commissioners execute the duties of their offices. Each one of them has an opposite number in an American officer of the military government team, but these officers operate only in a supervisory capacity. Our policy here is to let the Germans do the work. We control the administration of the city, issuing orders to the Germans we have appointed, and holding the Germans responsible.

"So far we haven't had any trouble. These first weeks of occupation have been almost disconcertingly devoid of trouble, except for the *Wehrmacht*, which has kept up a sporadic shelling of the city, adding more ruin to a place already eighty percent uninhabitable."

A military government officer interprets the civilian reaction to the shells as being one of fatalistic resignation. In the first place these people have lived for weeks and months in cellars. In the second place, they believe that they are now considered traitors to the Reich because they did not carry out the orders to evacuate. In either case they don't like it, but a little while longer in the cellars doesn't really matter. They are bitter about it, but resigned.

IN Aachen there has been no evidence of guerilla activity. Bomb disposal squads moving into the city have found quantities of small arms, ammunition, grenades, prepared charges for booby traps and weapons of various kinds. These are being collected, primarily to keep them out of the hands of civilians.

"In three days," said Capt. Louis Barbe, of Lake Charles, La., "we have found only six booby traps here. But we've covered only a very small area and will probably be working here for several weeks. We found a few mines not set. We search every house from cellar to attic, and what we've mostly found so far have been trip wires with from one to five pounds of TNT in the cellars.

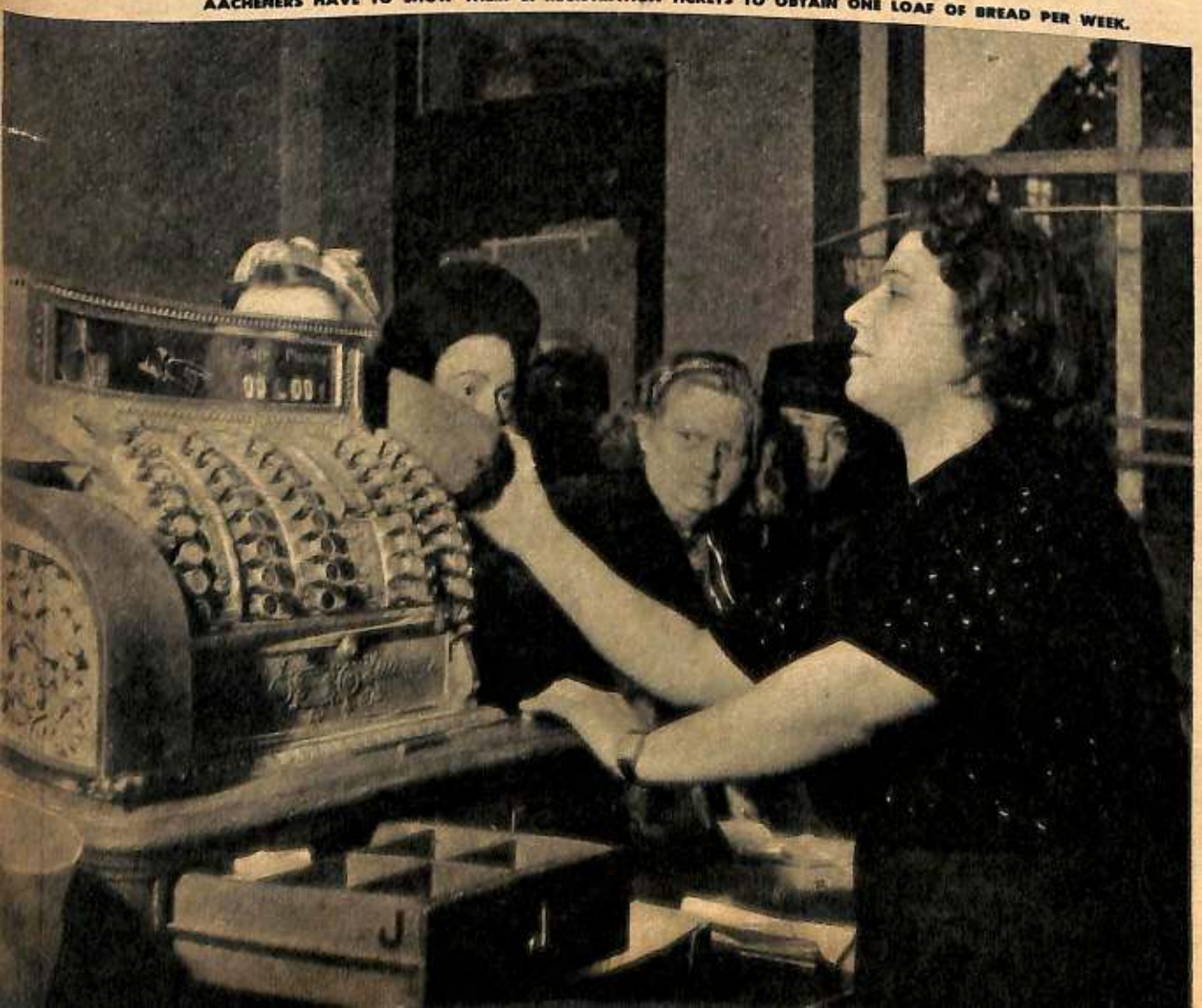
"The civilians returning to their homes have suffered more from booby traps than the combat soldiers for whom the traps were originally intended. Fourteen Aacheners have been treated for wounds inflicted either by booby traps or shells."

"So far we have had only one report—and that one unconfirmed—of one of our men being shot at," said Lt. Lee Metcalf, of Helena, Mont., public safety officer and criminal prosecutor.

Lack of incidents in Aachen can be attributed to several reasons, the most obvious being the military government police organization.

"In France and Belgium," explained Lt. Metcalf, "we used the resistance people as auxiliary police, but here there is nobody we can trust. So some field artillery men who had fought across France into Germany were converted into an MP outfit to enforce the rules imposed on the people here. They are posted over the city to check passes and there are also patrols that make spot checks on suspicious-looking characters—young men who might be soldiers in civvy clothes—and who guard against looting and so on.

AACHENERS HAVE TO SHOW THEIR GI REGISTRATION TICKETS TO OBTAIN ONE LOAF OF BREAD PER WEEK.



SOME OF THE 10,000 AACHEN RESIDENTS—MOSTLY OLD PEOPLE AND CHILDREN—WHO REGISTERED WITH THE AMERICAN MILITARY GOVERNMENT OFFICE.

...No Place for Sentiment

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

"Part of the town is restricted for security reasons, and that part is patrolled. At the moment we have about eighty German civilians acting as police. They filled out questionnaires, were investigated, and then put on beats or fixed posts. German cops check passes and enforce the blackout. Eventually, we hope to team MPs and Germans all over town.

"We have a German who works with the MP desk sergeant, each of them entering prisoners on the blotter, in two languages. We have a German property custodian. For our own MPs, we have gotten away from the old interior guard idea. At every post we have given the men on duty a good deal of leeway in how they want to guard it. They can leave their post or change the location of it altogether. They are given an area rather than a post and it is left fairly well to their own initiative. We don't want things too static here because the Germans can learn the location of a fixed post and find some way to avoid it."

The military government organization in Aachen is in many ways a guinea pig, according to the officers of the team. It may become a blueprint for the occupation of other cities later on, because of the problems which are involved and which are, perhaps, typical.

"It is possible that the writer of some training manual could have thought up all the things that have presented themselves here, but I doubt it," said one rather harassed individual.

WHEN the military government took over, there was nothing left but a small, dazed fraction of the original population of 165,000. There was no water. The only food was what had been hoarded by the barricaded civilians, and stores left by the defeated Nazi garrison. There was no electricity and no communication.

When the evacuation order was given, the merchants apparently threw open their stores to departing Aacheners, who stripped the shops of almost all the essential clothing. There was no money in the banks. Almost every home had been hit and if not destroyed completely, at least had been damaged so that normal shelter no longer existed. There was fuel in small quantities and almost all of that was hoarded.

The first three weeks saw some changes, but hardly miracles of reconstruction. The water supply was reopened almost immediately. After the water mains had been filled, and water was again coming into parts of the city, fate momentarily disrupted even that service. A Lancaster bomber was shot down and crashed onto the main pipes running from the pumping station to the reservoir. The water was again shut off until it could be diverted from the ruptured main pipes to a bypass line which the Germans had built with characteristic thoroughness.

The Aachen telephone exchange, comparable in size to that of Denver, Colo., is being repaired by German civilian laborers under two veteran engineers from the plant.

But the most pressing problem is and will be food. There are between ten and thirteen thousand people in Aachen now, and unofficial estimates are that the population will be thirty thousand within ninety days, depending on the tactical situation. There is now a six weeks' supply of food for the present civilian population.

First Lt. Arthur S. Gilder, of New York, former general manager of a chain of clothing stores in the States, is officer-in-charge of the civilian supply, which includes food and clothing. He says: "We are not going to have food riots here, but it appears that the food situation may become critical. Rationing will be tight.

"When the German army pulled out of here they took with them all the food that was left except the stuff they could not use. For example, we found preserving for vegetables and fruits. But we have no vegetables or fruits. We found soup thickeners but nothing to make soup with. We found potato flour which, if mixed with regular wheat flour, is issued to make bread cakes. But we found no wheat flour.

"Our deficiencies are wheat flour, potatoes, meat, and fresh vegetables. Since this is not wheat country, flour is a big problem. If the farmers can get back to their work soon enough, we may be able to get potatoes and vegetables. We sent thirty families to the country today to help the farmers with their potato crops.

"We hope not to have too much trouble about meat, because farmers will sell their stock to butchers here in the city. At the moment, the people who

WITH RUBBLE ONLY PARTLY CLEARED AWAY, AACHENERS QUEUE UP OUTSIDE THE FIRST BAKERY REOPENED.

have returned to Aachen are existing on the same stores of food which they used during the time they were holed up in their cellars. How much of that food is left we don't know yet, but we intend to find out, since it will have a bearing on the rationing system which is to be put into effect.

"We will require all residents here to register for rationing. When they register they will be handed an inventory listing all possible foods that they may have on hand. They will be told to fill out this inventory on a basis of the food they possess. When they return this inventory to us, they will be issued ration books which are corrected to conform with their personal food situation.

"That is, if the inventory shows they have coffee on hand for the next two months, we will give them a ration book with coupons for coffee for two months torn out of it.

"The effect will be like taking all the food in town and throwing it into a pot. The success of the system will depend on how well these people have been trained to tell the truth. If they turn in sincere inventories it means more food for everybody. But even if the inventory is only fifty percent effective we are still fifty percent better off than we would be otherwise."

The food warehouse for the city has been established. Into it have been moved supplies from fifteen places in Aachen in which food of any kind has been found. This food and whatever comes into the city in the future will be inventoried and prorated to the population when rationing goes into effect.

Small markets have begun to open again in Aachen, but their supplies are scarce and without variety. The first bakery to reopen is managed by a baker and his wife, who, before the American attack, employed seven people. The baker's bread is made of unground corn meal which he saved throughout the assault and comes in three-pound loaves that are sold for forty pfennigs (45 cents) each. It is rationed at one loaf per person per week. As a person makes a purchase, his name is listed for that week. Military government registration cards must be shown before purchase is permitted. This baker will remain in operation until his supply of corn meal is exhausted, which he says will be within three weeks. Then, according to the military government plan, he and all the other bakers in town who have used up their supplies will go to work for one baker, using flour from the city stores.

WHILE the first priority in Aachen has been food, the second is clothing. The only item of civilian supply on hand in quantity is shoes. Essential garments such as coats, sweaters, shirts, dresses and hose are almost completely lacking. In one five-story department store there was nothing left but an old assortment of buttons, toys, a few stoves, brushes and some paint.

"We will have to go through everything and pick up what clothes we can find," said Lt. Gilder. "People have left stuff lying around in bunkers, and we will take over what little there is left in the shops. If we can find enough stuff we may open up a couple of the department stores that are still in fair shape.

"People will buy clothing if they have money, and if they don't have money they will go to the *Burgermeister* and obtain Certificates of Necessity. On these they will be issued whatever clothing they need."

So Aachen faces the winter. The first snow has fallen, and through it move the German families. Aachen is a city of women and children and old men. The people are not all well-clothed. One woman wears a green gray blouse of a Nazi soldier. Another is outfitted in trousers, top coat and a man's hat. The kids wear Jerry boots, and the men sometimes supplement their civilian clothing with odd parts of uniforms.

These are refugee Germans, people whose homes are destroyed, people who were never rich. Their clothing is sombre and dull, and of rough material. By contrast, there is a pretty young girl in a long leather jacket and slacks, looking smart. And across the square moves a woman in galoshes and a transparent raincoat with a peaked hood. It's the only smear of color in the dreary day.

Down a long hill into the city come two women. One of them pushes a baby carriage in which are two wretched kids. A third kid, who is older, walks beside them. The snow comes down in large flakes, and the three heads are bowed against the wind.

We stop for pictures. One of the women comes over to the car and addresses Izzy Cohen, of Brooklyn. Izzy learned German in ASTP, and he speaks it well. The woman pours German at him.

Hitler is the cause of all this, she says. She points to the woman and her kids and the wrecked street. This woman, Izzy is told, had been cursing Hitler as she walked down the street. Now, she stands with her children and does not even look at us in the car. She is cold and snow is in her hair and it is on the jackets of the babies in the carriage. We learn that she must push the carriage for a long way before she reaches her home almost all the way across town. It will take her an hour, and the babies are sick. Their noses are red, unnaturally red, and one of them has a great white sore at the end of its nose, and their bottoms are wet and cold because the blankets in the carriage are wet, and the kids cry.

New regulations on fraternization had been read the night before. Non-fraternization was defined as avoidance of mingling with Germans upon terms of friendliness or intimacy whether individually or in groups, in official or unofficial capacities. The regulations prohibit shaking hands with the Germans. All personnel will be firm but just, stern but civil.

Izzy, who is profoundly unmoved by Germans who say they hate Hitler, says: "Those kids won't live out the winter."

Maybe they won't. Sentiment, as somebody in the movies has said, has no place in the army. There is not much sentiment being wasted around Aachen, and won't be.

CPL. ARTHUR BIEGLESON, of Brooklyn, is the man who registers residents. They file by him and he asks their address, then checks on a map to determine whether or not the address is in a restricted area. If it is, the German must go to the *Burgermeister* who will assign him a billet somewhere else in town.

Biegleson, who weighs 225 pounds, is not inclined toward great patience when the registrant wrangles with him, and alternates flat statements in German with delightful GI cusswords in English as he works.

He has seen most of the people in the city, and is not impressed.

"Before we got here, we thought it was going to be rugged handling these people. We expected a lot of trouble. We haven't had it yet. Because we haven't, it's easy enough to get the idea that the Germans are pretty good people. Some of them are, I suppose, but I still don't trust them, meek as they are.

"I believe that the reason some of them didn't evacuate when they were told to was because they came to the conclusion that if they moved further back into Germany, it would mean more bombing for them and eventually being overrun again. They decided to stay here and get it over with. Whether they stayed here because they hate Hitler is open to question, as I see it. Our contacts with civilians have been very smooth generally. They seem to accept us as the winners here. But I still don't trust any of them."

This mistrust and the wariness that goes with it are the general if not particularly obvious traits of the few GIs who thus far have had dealings with the Aacheners. They are much more obvious in a young lieutenant, formerly a psychiatrist and social worker in a Chicago hospital, who by training and by habit analyzes the Germans with whom he comes into contact.

His analysis is perhaps the most critical of any. "I have seen," he said, "cold hatred in the eyes of one of the women here. They are all women whose homes have been knocked out and whose husbands have been killed. They despise us.

"These people we have found to be very submissive, but I always have the feeling that they are snickering at us. I have worked a great deal with PWs, and I have seen respect in the eyes of the prisoners, but not here. These people sort of laugh at what they think is our inefficiency.

"The Gestapo built up a reputation of officiousness which the Germans are used to. We come in here without all the pomp and circumstance and fill out little pieces of paper, and the Germans don't find a great deal to respect in little pieces of paper.

"They try little tricks on us. Some of us here don't speak perfect German, and when we ask a routine question we sometimes get an answer to the next question. These people learn the questions from those who have already been here and prepare their answers in advance. The answer to the wrong question slips out occasionally.

"Sometimes, we take the older Germans, and after the routine questions, we ask them conversationally about their opinions on Germany, etc. One father told us he didn't want his boy in the Hitler Youth because they were taught guerilla fighting. He said he did not want his daughter in the *Bund Deutsche Maedel*—an organization of Germans from fourteen to eighteen—because they were encouraged to sleep with German soldiers on furlough. He said that people had joked a lot about the *Deutsches Maedel*. They call it the *Bund Deutsche Matratze* (*matratze* means mattress).

"Sometimes the people are hostile. One day a girl of about sixteen came up and stood in front of my desk. She just stared at me without a word. I didn't want to break the silence, but finally I had to. I asked her what she wanted. She didn't say a word, just stared at me. Finally, she handed me a paper or whatever it was she was required to give me. And then she turned around and walked out. She didn't open her mouth.

"I couldn't figure it out until I finally realized that she must have seen I am Jewish."

The End of the Line

Telephone wires are more than mere lines of communication to the men of a Ranger Battalion moving forward into action.

By Pvt. JUSTIN GRAY
YANK Staff Writer

THE battalion was bivouacked about six miles behind the lines. We were divisional reserve. It looked as if we wouldn't get back into action right away because the division was moving forward smoothly. They wouldn't call us unless the Jerries stopped them. It felt good to be resting. We hadn't had much rest in the past month. It was close to midnight and most of the boys were already sleeping, but I was still awake. I had just come off guard and was rolled up in my half-blanket under an olive tree, feeling good and wondering if I'd get some mail the next day. I hadn't heard from home in a long time. I thought about my girl. Funny how I wanted to see that scrawl of hers.

Hodal started to snore. That was a good sign. Hodal never snored when things were going bad for us. I was thirsty but while I was making up my mind to go down to the water trailer I fell asleep.

It must have been a couple of hours, but it seemed like a couple of minutes, when I heard Scotty, our first sergeant, bellowing at us to get ready to move. It took me a long time to react. I couldn't wake up. Miller was shaking me. "Get up, Gray, we're moving out."

The whole battalion was stirring. In the dark some of the men were filling their canteens, others were working on their packs or getting extra ammo. Everyone was awake. I must have been the last one to start getting ready.

"Hey, Cy," I called over, "where in the hell are we going? Back to a rest camp?" Miller groaned and looked at me with disgust. "Do you think they'd wake you up at midnight to get you back to a rest camp? You're going to do some mountain climbing."

I cursed myself for not washing my socks that afternoon we'd had so much time. It had been a quiet, lazy afternoon. And how I hated those mountains. I'd never walk a step when I got home.

Miller was almost ready with his blanket roll and I hurried to finish mine. He went off into the darkness to fill our canteens. He always helped others—a rough fighter and a real friend. I wandered around in the dark and found the CP then grabbed some rations and hurried back.

All the boys were ready when I returned to where I had been sleeping. They were smoking and kidding. Miller had lost all his ammo in a poker game that afternoon, and they were debating whether or not to give it back to him.

The captain would be calling us together any minute now to tell us about our job. I still had my pack to fix. The straps were all sweated up hard, and I couldn't fix them the way I wanted at first. I'd just finished when Scotty yelled: "Over here, guys."

We walked down the hillside to where the captain was bending over a map with a dim flashlight. Cy was right; we were not going back to any rest area. It didn't take long for the captain to tell us what we had to do. The division had met some unexpected resistance. A group of Germans was holding out in a small town way up in the mountains, a tough position to reach. We were to move forward, infiltrate behind the Jerry lines and attack from the rear. It was a two-day job. We had done it before, many times, but I didn't relish this deal. It would be rough.

The other companies had finished their briefing and were forming. The captain dismissed us, and we hurried back to get our equipment. Someone was yelling: "Where's C Company?" We fell in. "First platoon, second platoon, mortars in the rear." The battalion moved out. The colonel led off at a fast clip.

We moved down the mountain to the road below us and turned north. It sure wasn't the direction I'd have picked to go. We'd bypassed a clean little town, untouched by artillery, a couple of days before, and I was ready to go back and see what the girls were like there.

It was pitch black. We moved in two columns, one on each side of the road, the men about 20 yards apart. You couldn't really see the man in front of you. But you could feel him out. You knew that there were units bivouacked on either side of the road, but there was no sign of life—just a dark desolate stretch of road ending in darkness. Everyone else was sleeping. Damn, didn't they know there was a war on? Well, I suppose their job would come up tomorrow. We'd rested the day before. I'd almost forgotten that.

Our artillery was unusually quiet, almost as if it were telling the Jerry to go to sleep so we could slip through. Every once in a while Jerry lobbed a shell over us and we had to flatten down on the dirt road. We were moving pretty slowly, even though still far behind the lines. What seemed to be hundreds of telephone wires stretched on the gravel past my feet toward the front. There was nothing to worry about yet.

A CONVOY of ammo trucks came by, and we had to pull off the road until they passed. I disliked this waiting. I started to count the strands of telephone wire, just to keep busy. The wire was a symbol of security and strength. The telephone is a wonderful invention, but the Rangers seldom take it with them. That's what bothered me most. It didn't seem so bad that we might be wiped out, but the thought that we couldn't let anybody know what was happening to us—that's what was bad. Then I laughed to myself, remembering how relaxed I had once felt on a night assault in Sicily. We had followed a thin strand of wire all night long, certain that infantry was in front of us. In the morning we attacked and only then realized no one was in front of us—we had been following a German wire.

The trucks had gone. We were moving again. It took all my energy to keep the guy in front of me in sight. I lost track of the wires. It must have been a half-hour before the column halted again as some more Jerry shells landed, a bit closer this time. I hit the ground. Where had the telephone wires gone? I could count only about 10. It gave me a bit of a turn. We must have really moved forward in that half-hour.

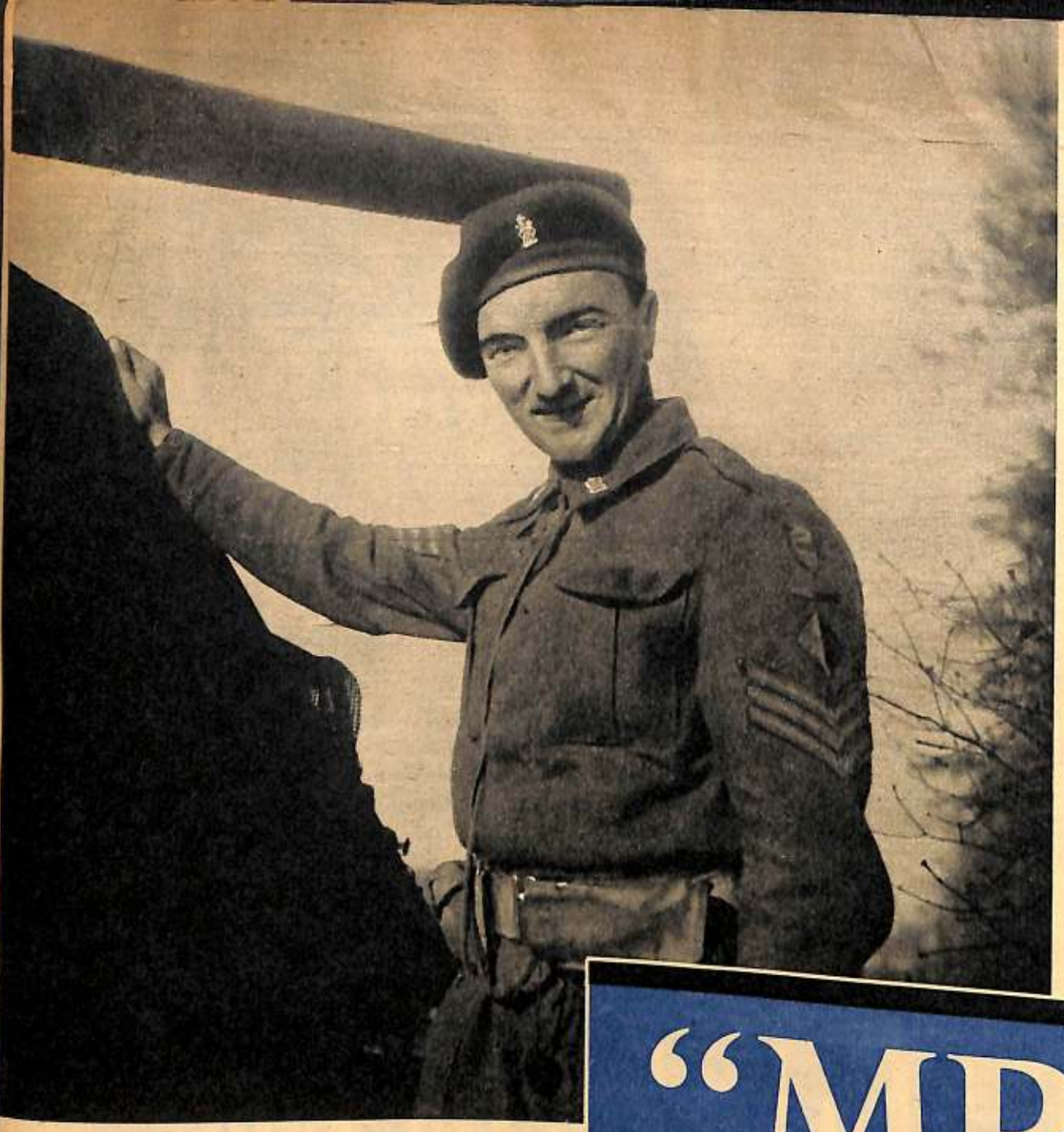
The colonel started off again. I forgot about Gerhart in front of me. My eyes followed only the wires at my feet. One branched off into a field. Another suddenly stopped. It must have been hit by shrapnel earlier in the day. I tried to forget the wires by thinking of my girl. But it was no use; my eyes kept coming back to the diminishing number of wires. There was still no sign of our troops or fighting, and that convoy of trucks was completely swallowed up in darkness.

The telephone wires were my only contact with time or space. I couldn't tell how far we had gone or what time it was. But the telephone wires told the story. Only a few were left. There were no troops bivouacked by the road here.

We passed a lone weapons carrier, a divisional signal-company truck unable to go any farther because a bridge was cut. We had to go down into the river bed and pick our way through a German mine field. There was only one strand of wire left now. I wondered where the Infantry was—probably up on the mountain to our right. I strained my eyes to follow the last strand. And then that, too, ended. It led to a telephone in the ditch below us. A sleepy GI was telling headquarters we were passing his post. This was our good-bye. I wondered when headquarters would hear from us again. Our mission had begun.

Pvt. Gray, who served with the 3d Ranger Battalion, recounts personal reactions to one of his old outfit's assignments in Italy.

Our artillery was quiet, but every so often Jerry lobbed a shell over and we flattened down on the road.



"MR. J. J."

Like several million GIs, John J. Marke, subject of His Majesty the King, was yanked out of a comfortable civilian life and sent to war. Like soldiers in most any army, he gripes about the food, the lack of mail, and tries to get out of details. What's important is that "Mr. J. J." fights like a demon and makes a hell of a good sergeant.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH BRITISH SECOND ARMY NEAR NIJMEGEN, HOLLAND—The big American M-4 tanks of the old British Hussar Regiment came lumbering up the road out of the line a thousand yards or so away. It was funny watching them come, because you had read stories about this particular outfit when you were a kid, and you half expected to see them dashing up in red coats and bearskin hats on cavalry chargers. But there they were, dirty and tired in their coveralls, with the gunners wearily traversing their 75s and special Long Tom 17-pounders back and forth. The outfit had been in the line for three days, and their job had been to frighten off German patrols—what the men called "furnishing moral support for the infantry." The tip of the North Holland airborne salient was pretty quiet at that time.

The Shermans pulled into a turnip field next to a little Dutch farmhouse. Then the men jumped out and two sergeants began arguing. It was one of those everyday arguments that didn't mean anything.

"Go and get some service under your belt before you come around and talk to me, sonny," one of the sergeants, an old regular army man, was saying.

"At least I didn't have to go into the army before the war because I couldn't get a job," said the other sergeant, a little fellow with a mustache.

You listened to this, and it was music to your ears because you realized you had heard the same conversation many times before in American barracks and bivouac areas.

The first of the two sergeants was Charles Rattle, who had spent twelve years, since he was seventeen, in the army. He is fairly typical of one of the two kinds of British GI—a professional soldier who was stationed before the war in India, West Africa, Singapore, and God knows where else. The second of the two sergeants was the other kind—a citizen who got grabbed by his local draft board and soon thereafter found himself staggering around in a khaki suit. This sergeant's name is John J. Marke. He was a minor executive, with an office and a secretary (shared with seven others), in Harrod's department store in London. Accordingly, he is known to one and all as "Mr. J. J." Back at Caen, a Jerry patrol actually was sent out to get him on the theory that Mr. J. J. might have been a visiting VIP (Very Important Personage) in disguise.

Mr. J. J. is thirty years old, five feet five inches tall and in appearance is a cross between Ernest Truex and Field-Marshal Montgomery. He has a pretty wife, Peggy, in Hampton, outside of London, to whom he writes three letters a week. He fills out all the complicated British army forms for the men in his outfit. He gripes about the British ration biscuit and exchanges it for dextrose tablets in the American K-ration. He gets an issue of fifty cigarettes a week and can buy more when travelling canteens come around to the squadron CP every Thursday. He marvels about how his clothing and equipment have improved since he came to Europe on D-Day. He is hungry for newspapers and mystery novels and movies, which he sees occasionally when he gets back to a rest area. He spends hours figuring out his release rate card, which is the same as our point system for demobilization. He likes the British army's orientation lectures on world politics. And on his only 48-hour pass to Brussels, he spent all his time with a M. Trochs arranging a post-war football match between the Harrod's team he managed and the big Bon Marche department store in the Belgian capital.

In addition to all this, he is one hell of a good soldier.

MR. J. J. was one of the heroes of Mont Pincon. The spread-out Western Front being what it is today few GIs in the U.S. army have heard about Mont Pincon—but the battle fought there saved them many headaches. Pincon was on our left flank as we broke through at St. Lo. It was the highest point in Normandy. It loomed more than a thousand feet in the air and from its top, the Germans controlled their exit from the Falaise pocket and the whole battlefield area. They could observe and report every Allied movement by means of a powerful radio transmitter on the peak.

Mr. J. J. didn't know this when he rolled up to the base of Mont Pincon at the head of his troop of four Sherman tanks. All he knew was that here was a whale of a big hill, and the Germans were using it to shoot the hell out of the infantry behind him. Marke's four tanks had done pretty well in the general advance that day. They had fought their way foot by foot through two villages. Marke was in the leading tank. The infantry had tried to work their way up Mont Pincon, but enemy fire was too intense and they had to fall back. Then someone's voice crackled over the radio: "For God's sake," said the voice. "Get that troop of tanks to the top of the mountain before dark or we'll be a month taking it."

Marke looked at his troop leader and the troop leader looked at Marke. "Let's go," said the troop leader, and Marke's M-4, with the other three tanks, lurched forward toward the hill.

The Shermans went through the corn field at the base of Mont Pincon. Then they began to climb. They climbed through woods and brush at forty-five degrees. The enemy poured shells into them from the village on the right flank. But still they climbed, firing their 75s and machineguns all the way. Halfway up the hill they reached a quarry. Marke noticed dugouts in the walls of the quarry. Four tanks pumped 75mm. shells into the dugouts at a twenty-foot range, until the dugouts dissolved.

Then there was trouble. The big 17-pounder tank, commanded by Cpl. Arnold Davies, turned over into the quarry. A few minutes later, Sgt. Rattle's tank got its right tread blown off by a shell, and the remaining tanks raced to the top of the mountain by themselves. They swung around the summit like enraged elephants, peppering every tree and bush and building with machinegun fire. The summit became littered with German dead.

During the night another troop of five tanks made the climb. Marke and Capt. Noel Denny, who arrived with the second troop, organized the M-4s into the modern version of the British square, with their tails pointing in and their guns pointing out. Then the infantry came up and dug in. By midnight Pincon, to all intents and purposes, belonged to the British. The Germans never had time to organize a defense. All Marke had to do after that was to absorb all the German shellfire in that part of Normandy for the rest of the night and then, after the battle had moved on, sit in another damaged tank and absorb the German shellfire for another five days and five nights.

General Herrocks, commander of the British 30th Corps, characterized this action in his citation as "one of the finest pieces of work in the whole Normandy campaign."

Mr. J. J. used to cut quite a figure in London in the old days. Sometimes he wore a frock coat and bowler hat. At other times he wore a black Homburg hat and a banker's grey suit. His job was to visit wealthy customers who couldn't bother to come to Harrod's and shop for themselves. He was a specialist in foreign embassies, supplying them with furniture and aspirin after their countries had fallen. A rich West End family would order some rare old bric-à-brac, and big dust bins would show up instead on the delivery trucks. This would require Mr. J. J. to make a rush call to straighten things out with the irate customers. Once he had to visit a wealthy American lady to measure two small pekinese named "Oodles" and "Toodles" for some special harness.

To recover from episodes like that, he managed Harrod's five football teams in his spare time. He managed them to four straight industrial league championships.

ONE day, in October, 1939, Mr. J. J. kissed his wife goodbye and went down to enlist as a pilot in the RAF. He passed his examinations. Then the flight lieutenant told him, "Just go home and be patient. You'll hear from us soon." He still hadn't heard six months later when he got his "calling-up papers" from the local draft board the following June. "Don't worry, honey," Marke said to his wife. "When they look over my qualifications I'll get a nice executive's job in an army camp somewhere." Almost immediately thereafter he was called up and slapped into an infantry basic training unit. "That's all right, darling," he said as he kissed his wife goodbye for the third time. "I'll be back for Christmas. The war won't last six months." That was nearly five years ago—just after Dunkirk.

Marke got along all right in the army. He attributes this to the "disciplined, well-ordered life I always led." The fact is that he was a beautifully scientific goldbricker. During his basic training in Staffordshire, when every soldier in England was madly digging slit trenches to repel the invasion, he struck up an acquaintance with one "Tiny," a six-foot-four Lancashire man. "Tiny" was a good man with a shovel, but he couldn't write letters, so Mr. J. J. immediately worked out a deal. "Tiny" shoveled; Mr. J. J. wrote letters. When he was stationed outside a little town in Wales, Marke brought his wife Peggy to live in the town, and

crawled back to camp every morning before roll call. When his company had to guard some intransigent French sailors, he arranged a football match with them, absorbing a ten-to-nothing beating, but thus dispensing with the necessity of his standing guard. When the battalion went through the battle courses in four foot of Yorkshire snow and then had to guard seven miles of coastline, he was lance corporal, then corporal in the intelligence section. He didn't march; he rode in a jeep.

A rapid series of events exploded Marke's beautiful set-up in the army. (*a*) His battalion was suddenly shifted from the infantry to the royal armored corps. (*b*) He was sent away to gunnery school and came back an instructor in the U.S. Sherman-mounted 75mm. gun despite his protests that he was strictly a theory man; and (*c*) the entire battalion was then broken up into cadres for other units. Marke suddenly found that he had "collected another tape"—this made him sergeant—and that he had been transferred to the above-mentioned Hussar Regiment.

Mr. J. J. had a tough time at first with the Hussars. The other sergeants were all regular army men, and for Marke it was like stepping into another world. The first half hour he was there, he jumped around like a madman "white blancoing my tapes, scrubbing equipment and applying new color blanco and re-pressing my slacks in the Hussar way." (Blanco is dye. Tapes are non-coms' stripes.) He also had to learn regular army slang which consisted mostly of Indian words like "charpoi," which corresponds to our "sack" for bed, and other strange expressions such as "bond hook" for rifle and "flea bag" for pullover sweater.

Soon, the 16-hour a day battle training for D-Day began.

By D-Day, Mr. J. J. was a pretty good troop sergeant.

He came in on an LCT with the others. He was the only one who didn't get seasick. He had a wonderful time kidding the regulars, then. He hopped up and down in the boat, alternately soothing and ribbing. "Bloody old soldier," he said to Rattle. "Can't take a little rough sea." When they hit the coast, Marke's tank started out through terrible German artillery and mortar fire. His tank was designed to travel the last few hundred yards submerged, but the M-4 hit underwater obstacles and sank. Marke managed to get out of the tank. He tried to swim into shore. He couldn't swim. Besides, the heavy traffic of hundreds of landing craft nearly ran him down. Finally he was picked up by an LST. But the LST was outward bound to Portsmouth. Mr. J. J. didn't rejoin his outfit after that until D-plus-ten.

At St. Honorine, Marke's troop absorbed the full fury of the German counter-attacks around Caen. Every day Mr. J. J.'s tanks would go out into an exposed orchard, get bracketed by hundreds of rounds of SP and minnie fire, and then retire to the town at night. Their job was to beat off any attempt at a German breakthrough. For a while, there was no infantry out ahead of them, and every morning they would have to chase out infiltrating German infantry before taking up their positions for the day.

Marke took part in the push across the Orne and went through the bitter battle at Couvre Chef, where his Sherman was caught out in the open. He hid in the M-4 all day behind a knocked-out German tank. The Germans, for some freak reason, never seemed to notice that the wrecked panzer to their rear had grown a turret and a 75-mm gun.

When the American armies broke through at St. Lo, Marke's outfit advanced, covering our left flank. After that it was a chase for 200 miles all the way up beyond Brussels with the infantry riding on the backs of the tanks. When the airborne landings were made in Holland, Marke's outfit was one of the first to smash through to make junction with the American 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions. They have been working in close support of them ever since.

TRADING between the Yanks and the Tommies has been very cordial. The Americans kill pigs for the British and the British procure scotch and gin for the Americans. When Marke's tank reached the 82nd Airborne at Eindhoven, the Doughs had been out of cigarettes for days. Marke estimates he gave away at least 200 that day. Marke wears a handsome American wrist watch which an American buck sergeant in the Dutch town of Maldon gave him one day for a German Luger, plus 400 rounds of ammunition. Things are so intermingled up here that you seldom see a British tank without a handful of American infantrymen lounging around it and trying to make deals.

The only thing Marke finds difficult to understand is the informality of the American officers. One day when he went up to the front to retrieve a knocked-out tank, he was shocked to find the American infantry colonel in charge lounging in a farm house reading a magazine. "I don't particularly want you guys to go out there," said the colonel to Marke. "They've got the place registered. Besides, don't be a damned fool. Leave the thing where it is." And just a few minutes later, Mr. J. J. was further shocked when a major came up to him and said, "My racket's Signals. If you do go out, let me know so I can figure on how many miles of my wire you're going to tear up." Marke decided to leave the tank where it was.

Marke has a simple theory about Anglo-American relations where they concern soldiers. "An Englishman," he says, "is a peculiar fellow. When he can't pay his way, he feels self-conscious about it, shies off and automatically acts cold and reserved. For that reason, many Americans back in England—where our pay situation was deplorable—thought we were terrible snobs. Over here money doesn't mean a thing. And you ought to see how beautifully we mix."

HE has interesting theories about other things, too. He thinks the army orientation lecture system is the best thing that has happened in England for the past hundred years. There haven't been any lectures since D-Day, but back in England he used to be a

lecturer for his unit. For four hours a week, right in the middle of the training program, he would sink his teeth into such subjects as "The Soldier As a Citizen," "The Soldier As a Man," "The Soldier As a Soldier," "Meet the Yank," "Why We Are at War with Japan," "Why We Are At War with Germany," "Economic Life of Britain," "Political Life of Russia." Marke would read printed lectures prepared by the army education corps (which is made up of ex-British college instructors). Then he would throw the floor open for discussion. It was amazing, he says, how the tough troopers threw themselves into tremendous arguments on the subject. Two days later they would still be arguing. And even today, he says, you find them beating each other's brains out in their dugouts about some lecture of several months past.

Marke took a special course at the army school of education in Wakefield, England, to train him as a lecturer. "The important thing," he says, "is to get a man to think about something. Most of them never have thought about anything except their army life."

About Britain's post-war period Marke is worried. He's afraid that lethargy will settle on the returning soldiers. "They won't give a damn who gets into power in our country as long as they have a good job. All they will want to do is sit in an armchair and not be bothered."

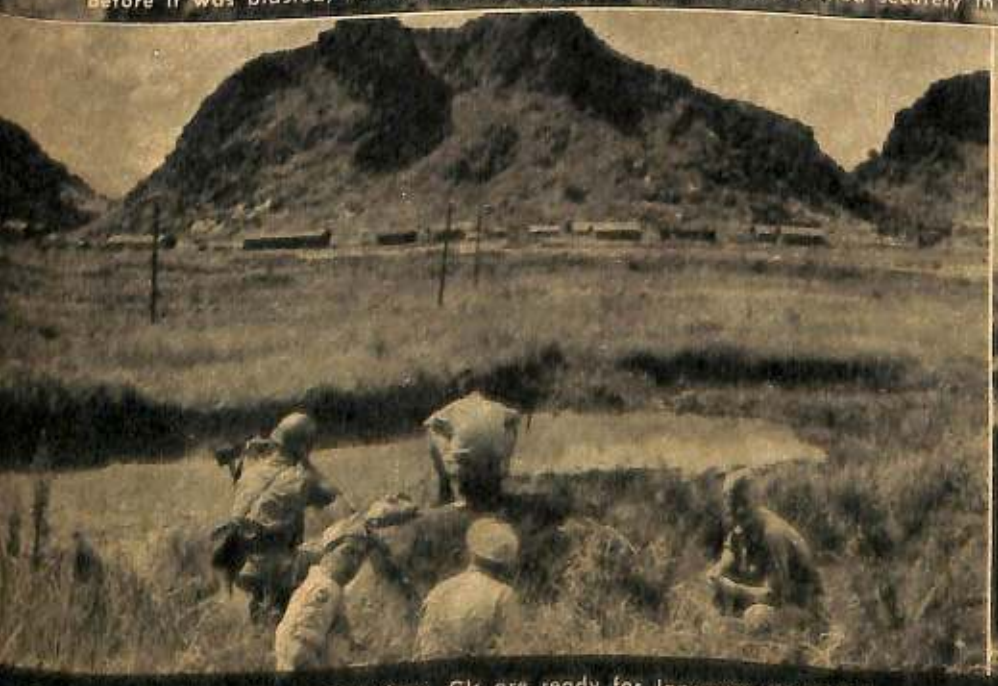
He also worries about himself. "I wonder," he says, "whether I'll have the patience to go back to being Mr. J. J. at Harrod's again?"

This Week's Cover

1st Lt. Vernon R. Richards, of Feltsmills, N.Y., an 8th AAF fighter pilot with a record of 2 Nazi planes downed and 3½ destroyed on the ground, relaxes after a seven-hour grind escorting heavy bombers over Germany. On the back of his hand, in writing which a lick of the tongue will eradicate in case of trouble, is the capsule information needed by pilots on such missions.

Evacuation

Before it was blasted, burned and evacuated, Kweilin airbase nestled securely in this small, green valley, guarded by jagged formations of granite roundabout.



On an alert in Kweilin's active days, GIs are ready for Japanese air raiders.

Buildings near base

# of KWEILIN

U. S. forces destroyed this airbase in southeastern China and withdrew along with thousands of civilian refugees before the advancing Jap armies.

By Sgt. LOU STOUMEN
YANK Staff Correspondent

CHINA—Only 250 miles northwest of the Jap-held port of Canton on the China Sea, in a small green valley formed by jagged outcroppings of granite rock, are the burned, blasted and evacuated remains of Kweilin airbase. Its loss, coupled with the loss of other nearby airbases of the Fourteenth Air Force, is a serious reverse for American arms. It may mean that the war against Japan will be prolonged.

Ragged and ill-equipped Chinese armies are still fighting the battle of the eastern provinces against the tanks, heavy guns, cavalry and motorized infantry of the enemy. Concrete pillboxes, manned by Chinese, have been set up in the streets of Kweilin town, and the machine guns, mortars and ancient rifles of the Chinese are deployed throughout the passes of the mountains of Kwangsi Province in southeast China.

But the forward bases of the Fourteenth Air Force have been blown up and deserted by American airmen who got out with their planes while they could. With them went any immediate hope of close land-based fighter and medium-bomber support of Allied landings from the Pacific on the China coast.

I last saw Kweilin just after the Japanese had taken Hengyang and it had begun to look as if their steam roller would soon be reaching Kweilin. The base's noncombat personnel had already been evacuated.

At that time the town of Kweilin, a few miles from the airbase, was still a quiet and pleasant place. Pillboxes had already been set up in the streets, but Chinese life seemed normal. Rickshas clattered bumpily over the cobblestones. Small bamboo-thatched boats passed up and down the narrow winding river that cuts the town in two.

Kweilin has been called the Paris of Free China, and this was not, even at that time, entirely undeserved. The atmosphere of Kweilin was pleasant and leisurely. It was still the most wide-open town in Free China. The women were gay and pretty. Mulberry wine was cheap and relatively good. And the town itself had not been bombed for more than two years.

But at the nearby airbase, GIs and officers were tired, jumpy and underweight. The strain of overwork, sleepless nights spent in caves and gun pits, repeated bombings, and food so inadequate it had to be supplemented by vitamin pills, was telling on the Americans.

Nevertheless Kweilin was still a fighting airbase. Its 75-mm cannon-packing B-25s and its beat-up P-40s were going out on as many as five missions a day against coastal shipping and against the motorized Japanese columns which had swept down through Changsha and Hengyang toward Kweilin.

THE first time I saw Kweilin airbase bombed was on a day when Fourteenth Air Force P-40s from Kweilin and other bases had been out in force against the Jap Paluchi airfield near Yochow. By luck or nice timing the P-40 flight caught a number of enemy fighters refueling on the ground and destroyed 18 of them. All P-40s returned safely.

That night the Japs struck back at Kweilin. At 1930 hours the field was quiet and heavy with moist heat. The sky was cloudless and starry. A bright half-moon hung not far from the sky's center. Some of the men were in the rec hall watching a dull movie about college football called "We've Never Been Licked." A few were already beating their sheets under mosquito nets, trying to sleep through the hot night.

Suddenly the Chinese barracks boys began pounding on copper washbasins, and from across the field came the thin wail of a siren. It was a One-Ball alert. Men assembled in small groups around jeeps. The Chinese barracks boys ran from room to room, turning off lights and rousing determined sleepers with cries of "*Jing bao! Jing bao!*" (the Chinese words for air raid).

The washbasins were banged again in a different tempo, and again the siren sounded. This was a Two-Ball alert. Jeeps took off with armed men crammed inside and sprawled over the hoods and spare tires. Most of these were men with desk or ground jobs who had volunteered to take over gun positions.

Men who had no battle stations dropped into slit trenches or took cover within natural caves in the granite valley walls. The Chinese barracks boys and mess attendants went in single file up the steep side of a mountain, and I followed. We settled ourselves under an overhanging rock near the top with a good view of the field below.

The airbase was blacked out. Moonlight shone on the runway and the roofs of the buildings. About 2000 hours a red flare came from one of the nearby hills and went up over one corner of the field. It was followed quickly by another flare from a hill on the other side and the two flares crossed in an arch directly above the field's main gas-storage area. As had happened before, Chinese traitors or infiltrated Japanese were sending up welcoming beacons for the Japanese raiders. From slit trenches, gun pits and caves Americans saw the flares and cursed. The Chinese boys on the mountain top made sorrowful tongue-clicking noises.

And now a low-pitched moaning came out of the sky and steadily increased in volume. The small guns of the field, none larger than .50-caliber, opened up, arching tracer bullets at the enemy. A few Chinese-manned searchlights flashed on, fingering the sky hesitantly and unskillfully. The valley was bright with light and echoing with gunfire. The roar of the Japanese planes sweeping low over the field became louder. A stick of bombs exploded on the runway.

The bombers flew on and there was darkness and silence broken only by an occasional rifle or carbine shot. Soldiers in the rocks and on the mountains were out hunting the Japs and traitors who had sent up the flares.

About three minutes later the bombers returned, noisy but invisible against the night sky. They came from a different direction this time,

An army of refugees all head in one direction—away from the city. Chinese civilians crowd the top of this boxcar in a train out of South Station, Kweilin.

passing right over us on the mountain top. The guns and searchlights began to argue it out with them again. There were more explosions, flashes of white light and concussion waves. When the bombers left this time, four small fires were burning near the runway.

The third time the Japs came over they hit what the flares had first pointed out—a part of the field's gas supply. Orange flames rose higher than the granite mountains.

The bombers came over a fourth time and dropped their eggs on the burning gas. The blaze grew bigger and hotter and brighter until the lower half of the field was lit up as if the sun were shining on it. The bare earthy crags across the valley stood out in full detail.

The planes made a fifth pass, low and right over the fire again. Apparently they were out of bombs and only checking on their night's work, because they dropped nothing more.

For a long time nobody moved from his battle station or refuge. The column of fire, huge and hot, shot up in new and terrible billows every now and then.

When the fire had sunk to a red glow and the moon had gone down so it was not far above the mountainous horizon, the "all clear" siren sounded and a few lights blinked on about the field.

BACK in barracks with the lights on, things looked normal. Men walked and jeeped in from their stations. Everyone asked questions about the damage and argued about how many bombers had been over. Most men figured from four to 12.

S/Sgt. Burl F. Quillan of South Haven, Kans., an aircraft mechanic who had volunteered to man a .50-caliber machine gun on the field, sat on the edge of the porch smoking a cigarette, a little shaken by his experience. One bomb had landed about 100 feet from him. He had loaded and fired his gun by himself until it got too hot to handle. He said he thought he had placed a number of rounds in the belly of one low-flying enemy plane.

S/Sgt. Bill Gould of Pittsburgh, Pa., came in a little later. He had been in Kweilin town during the *jing bao*, and had a story to tell of more treachery. Just before the planes came over he had seen several red flares go up over the city and a sizable house set on fire. Guided by this, Gould said, the bombers had flown straight over the town, turned and headed directly for Kweilin airbase to drop their eggs.

"Pretty soon," said one of the men after hearing this story, "the traitors will be sniping at us. After this I'm wearing my gun into town."

Next morning the field looked about as it had before. There were a few bomb holes in the runway. A gang of coolies filled them with tamped-down earth before sundown. One B-25 was a wreck. No buildings had been hit, though some roofs had been perforated by fragments and some windows shattered. The earth and rocks in a wide area around the gasoline dump were scorched and littered with burned-out drums. Aside from two lieutenants who were a little beat up from concussion, there were no injured men and nobody had been killed. The burned gasoline would be sorely missed and would have to be replaced by air tankers. But there was still some gas on the field and Kweilin's planes could still carry on the attack.

What griped the men of Kweilin most about the deal—more than the bombing, more than the sleepless night, more than the overwork, more than the poor food—was the field's lack of proper defenses. There were no adequate searchlights, no properly equipped night fighters, no large-caliber antiaircraft guns. "If we only had a couple of Bofors," the men said.

But they knew why supplies and materiel were lacking. The Burma Road was closed and there was no Allied coastal port. All personnel, bombs, ammo, guns and gas for Kweilin came by air from a rear base in China, which in turn had to be supplied by air from over the Hump in India. And India had to be supplied from the States.

NOT long after that, the airbase was abandoned and destroyed by the American forces, and the civilian population of nearby Kweilin town also was evacuated.

"Gen. Stilwell and Maj. Gen. Chennault made a final visit to the base," said Sgt. Frank W. Tutwiler of San Francisco, Calif., describing the last days of the airbase. "By this time big bombs had been placed in a pattern planned for demolition and soon after the generals left, the real work of breaking up the base began. The work went on day and night. The Jap planes didn't bother us in the daytime, but they did keep us in the foxholes night after night. These *jing baos* didn't amount to much, but they kept people awake and tired people can't work efficiently in the daytime.

"When the runways were finally blown up and the buildings were fired, we thought the Jap bombers would come over. The flames were certainly a lot better guide to the enemy than those flares the traitors and Jap agents used to shoot off. But for some reason, I don't know why, the Jap planes didn't show.

"We knew in advance that the airbase would be blown up and fired, and the boys came around and woke us up about 0100 the night it happened. In an hour two hostels were burning and by 0400 the fighter strip, parachute tower, two more hostels and a lot of miscellaneous buildings had gone up in smoke. A terrific amount of supplies that had been stocked on the field was salvaged just before the buildings were fired. The stuff was loaded on planes that came in at the last minute and took off again.

"From the day we began preparing to abandon the base, and for a week after the demolition was completed, the people of Kweilin moved out of their town toward Liuchow. Day and night long lines of sad-looking refugees trudged across the field and along the runways, carrying with them pitiful bundles and trinkets, trying to take their world on their backs.

"The roads were clogged with refugees, and we could not help thinking what would have happened if it had not been for the Fourteenth Air Force. But our planes kept the Japs from coming over and strafing the refugees, as the Nazis had done in so many countries of Europe.

"At the railroad stations it was the same story. The Chinese crammed the cars to the very tops, they swarmed over the locomotives and hung to the couplings between the cars and even the rods under the cars. And everywhere you saw the great unwieldy bundles of the people, everything they had to their names.

"There was a shortage of coal, and some of the trains had to stand in the station for as long as eight hours after loading up. The smell became oppressive and the flies crawled all over in black clusters but somehow people went on housekeeping and living.

"An evacuation service that had been set up to handle the refugees was slow in getting started and it was soon engulfed by the flood of people. At first advance payment had been required for passage on the railroad but by the time the last 20,000 people left Kweilin, all the railroad wanted to know was where you were going—and there wasn't much choice.

"Back in the half-burned city, the streets were silent and deserted, except for occasional soldiers, and some people who were looting and breaking open store fronts here and there."

TWO of the last GIs to leave Kweilin were S/Sgt. Willard M. Golby of South Orange, N. J., and Cpl. Frank J. Kelleher of Scranton, Pa. "We got on the train at Ehr Tong station to leave Kweilin and had to sit there and wait for six days," said Golby. "It was the last train from Kweilin. We were transporting equipment and had to keep civilians out of our boxcars by posting guards.

"The sixth night we heard explosions and the sky was lit up with the fire from the hostels and airfield being destroyed. We were supposed to go to Liuchow by train but the transportation officer told us that there was a derailment up the line and the train might not be able to leave. We loaded up two trucks with the equipment we were guarding and headed over back roads. On our way we passed an army of refugees all going in the same direction—away from Kweilin.

"But we were cheered by the sight of a different kind of army—Chinese soldiers—moving in the opposite direction. They were going to make a fight for Kweilin."

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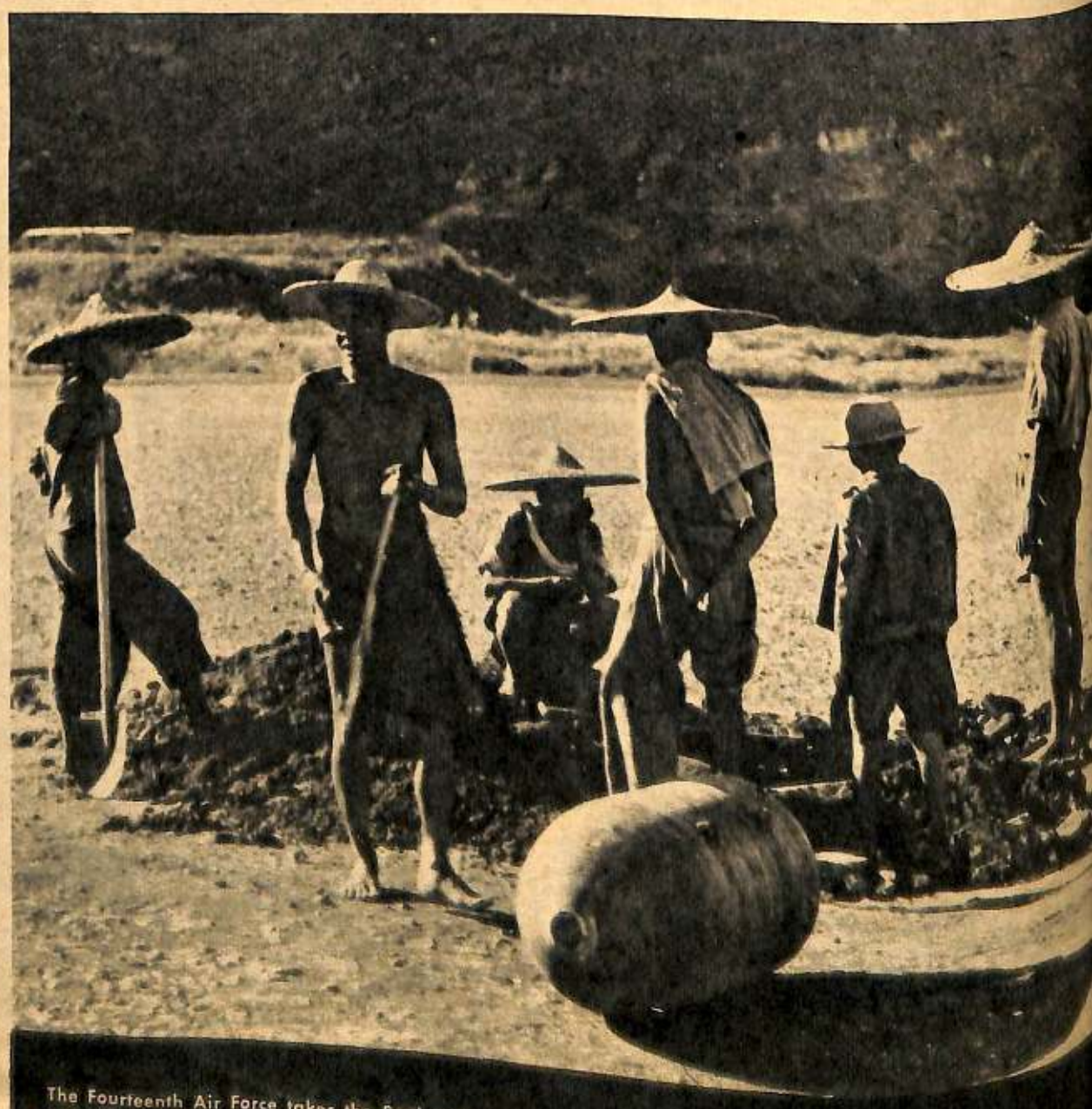


The Fourteenth Air Force takes the final step in destroying Kweilin field. They bury 1,000-pound bombs in patterns and detonate them. Craters thus formed will prevent

War worker at home with his family (l. to r.): Bill Hanley, Frank Hanley, Bill's dog Bing, Frances Hanley, Frances' cat Kitty and Frank's wife Stella Hanley.

War Worker

Here is a report on an average guy in a war plant. He works, rests and plays like we used to and he isn't getting rich.

By Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Writer

TURTLE CREEK, PA.—One war worker who isn't blowing his pay check on $15,000 emerald necklaces or ringside tables at the showier night spots is Frank Hanley of Turtle Creek.

Frank Hanley is an average war worker in a large industrial plant. His reasons for not shooting his pay down the easy-money drain are the same as those of most other war workers. Only a microscopic percentage of them are doing the kind of boom spending you read about in the more sensational Stateside newspapers. These newspaper accounts seem to be more in the nature of civilian pep talks than anything else. It stands to reason that, if the reports were true, we wouldn't be getting the shells and planes and guns we are getting—the guys who make them would be either too hung-over to work or too busy sitting at home watching the sunlight sparkle on their diamonds.

It isn't as interesting to read about a normal, hardworking guy like Frank Hanley as it is to read about a Coal-Oil Johnny, but it's a lot more important if you want to know the truth about things at home. Here are a few everyday facts about Frank Hanley's life as a war worker:

Frank is 27 years old, is married and has two children. One of the kids was born before Pearl Harbor. He has a trick knee that he cracked playing football in high school. The knee doesn't cripple him, but it does stiffen up after a hard day's work. His job in war industry is on a War Department order of top priority.

Frank was born in DuBois, Pa., of Irish-American parents. His family moved to Pittsburgh shortly after his first birthday. He grew up and went through grade school and high school there.

For the first few months after high school, Frank just kicked around, getting the feel of things, thinking about getting a job. When he did get a job, it was at the East Pittsburgh Works of Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company. He went in as a panel wireman in the electric shop, attaching the right wires to the right places in complicated electric devices. He worked a five-day week in those pre-war days, made $165 a month and belonged to the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America, CIO.

Even before Pearl Harbor the factory became busy with defense work. Frank's week was hiked to six days and his monthly pay check to $180.

All this time he was courting Stella Rogulski, a Polish girl from the same neighborhood. He liked Stella and Stella liked him. They went around together for a year and a half before they got married. "Some people wouldn't think that was a very long courtship, a year and a half," Frank says, "but for us it was."

About three months before Pearl Harbor, Frank became the father of a girl who was christened Frances. Almost a year later the Hanleys had another child, a boy they called Bill.

With a steady job, a wife and two children, Frank has become a solid but not solemn parent. At the plant he works hard and bones up in his spare time on electrical lore. He has an up-to-date personal library on electricity at home.

He's active in plant recreation. He coaches the basketball team of his section (he played basketball in high school, too), and last year it won the plant championship. His trick knee prevents him from taking any more active role than coaching.

Part of his plant work is on a hush-hush Army contract. It is so hush-hush that Frank and the rest of the men in his section, up to and including the foreman, don't know what it is themselves. They only do a part of the finished product—the rest is fabricated at other factories—and their part doesn't give away any secrets.

When Frank isn't on the Army job, he has other wiring details, only slightly less vital to defense. For example, he fits and wires ignition rectifiers for aluminum plants. There they change alternating current to direct current and then control its flow as it is used in the process of making aluminum and magnesium.

Frank has kept up his union membership and is in good standing. Labor relations at the plant are good, and he's never been involved in a strike.

Frank's pay check now is $240 a month. The increase is not all a wartime raise; he has had two advancements since he joined the company.

AFTER a good day's work, Frank catches a Turtle Creek bus at the plant and heads for home. He usually has to stand on the ride home. His house, far out on Turtle Creek Road, is the last stop on the line. This works out to his advantage mornings and he always has a seat on his way to work.

The house is very important to Frank. Ever since he went to work he has been saving toward a home of his own. He bought it last year on a bank loan. Rumors about war salaries to the contrary, you can't buy a place outright when you're making $240 a month. The house is a comfortable, not elaborate, six-room structure of red brick. There is a barberry hedge around the postage-stamp front lawn. There is more ground in the back of the house, but Frank hasn't had time to do much with it and it is pretty well grown over.

When he gets home, Frank may read some of his electrical books or just plain loaf. Usually, though, there are things to do about the house. Most of this summer he was busy with painting and repairing.

Then there are unexpected things like the night he came home and found young Bill had banged his head on the fire hydrant in front of the house. Bill had a long, but not deep, gash and a strong yelling reaction. Frank had to play doctor. By the time Bill quieted down it was 12 o'clock, considerably past the Hanleys' usual conservative bedtime.

Barring house repairs, acts of God and the urge to loaf or read, the Hanleys indulge in any one of a number of social activities. Frank figures 8 percent of their budget for entertainment.

Sometimes they have friends in to drink beer and play 500 or just chat. Other times, if they can get someone to mind the kids, they may go out to a movie. Once in a while, when there is a movie nearby they really want to see and no one available for baby-watching, they take the kids with them.

"That never works out very well," Stella says. "They crawl all over everything and you have to pay more attention to them than to the show. And so does everyone who sits near you. It doesn't make you popular."

Very rarely the Hanleys will go into town to a night club. The only decent night clubs are in Pittsburgh, and that's over 15 miles away. They have a 1939 Chevy sedan, but gas rationing doesn't permit much leeway. And once again there's the old problem of finding someone to mind the kids.

With Bill and Frances, respectively 2 and 3, very active around the house, not to mention a dog named Bing and a cat named Kitty, Stella finds more than enough to keep her hands full during the day. Six rooms don't stay clean by themselves and the kids need constant attention.

Stella is a young woman of medium height and looks more like your sister than the mother of two very bouncing kids. She frets because, now that they have the money, they can't find the furniture to fill out their dining-room suite. And she has the same difficulty getting any plant news out of her husband that other wives have. "If his friends didn't tell me what he was doing," she says, "I'd think he just slept there all day." It took considerable research before she found out that Frank had given two pints of blood to the Red Cross Blood Bank.

THE Hanley income is broken down pretty sensibly. First off, there is the 25 percent that goes into paying for the home. Then there is 15 percent for food. Frank usually gives about $8 a week to his church and that with other charities accounts for another 8 percent. At the plant he has signed up for War Bond buying to the tune of 15 percent. All this, with the 8 percent mentioned for entertainment, comes to 71 percent. Most of the rest goes to pay taxes, keep up insurance, pay union dues, take care of doctor bills and meet extra living expenses. After this there's little left. What there is, the Hanleys save.

The whole picture explains why the Hanleys, and the millions of other war-worker families like them, aren't shooting their wad on expensive pretties and night-club carryings-on.

They can't afford to. Their incomes are higher than they were before the war, but that doesn't put them in millionaire-playboy brackets by a long shot. And cost of living has risen as fast as incomes, maybe faster.

Most war workers have other, more important things to do with their money. They have families to think about, their families' futures and their own.

Working in war industries, they know there is a war going on. Bomber noses instead of electric irons go down assembly lines.

Frank Hanley doesn't buy bonds simply because they're a good investment. He doesn't give blood to the Red Cross because he likes its color. He has two older brothers who saw active sea duty with the Navy before they were discharged because of age. He has another, a younger, brother who is sweating out the war as a GI in New Guinea.

Most families in the U. S. are like that because most families are soldiers' families.

Variety

PRODUCED BY THE CAM

TWENTY-SEVEN STARS. This photo full of rank was made at an unspecified headquarters in Belgium. Front row (l. to r.): Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr., Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley, Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Lt. Gen. Courtney H. Hodges. Second row: Maj. Gen. William B. Kean, Maj. Gen. Charles H. Corlett, Maj. Gen. J. Lawton Collins, Major. Gen. Leonard T. Gerow, Maj. Gen. Elwood R. Quesada. Third row: Maj. Gen. Leven C. Allen, Brig. Gen. Charles E. Hart, Brig. Gen. Truman C. Thorson. The two MPs in the last row have not yet received their commissions.

RESCUE PREVIEW. A Coast Guard helicopter picks up a pal from a personnel boat moving

HELPING HANDS. Pfc. Dale Hickman, an infantryman on Noemfor Island in the Schoutens, finds some willing partners on an oil-drum-unloading detail. Kids on the island like Yanks

RUGGED RABBIT. The pet rabbit which Pfc. Lloyd T. Tegge is carrying with such care across a muddy Italian road is Rexine Gothic, veteran of Fifth Army fighting along the entire Gothic line in the Apennines.

DECORATION. Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr. pins the Silver Star on Pvt. Ernest A. Jenkins. Award was for heroism at Chateaudun.

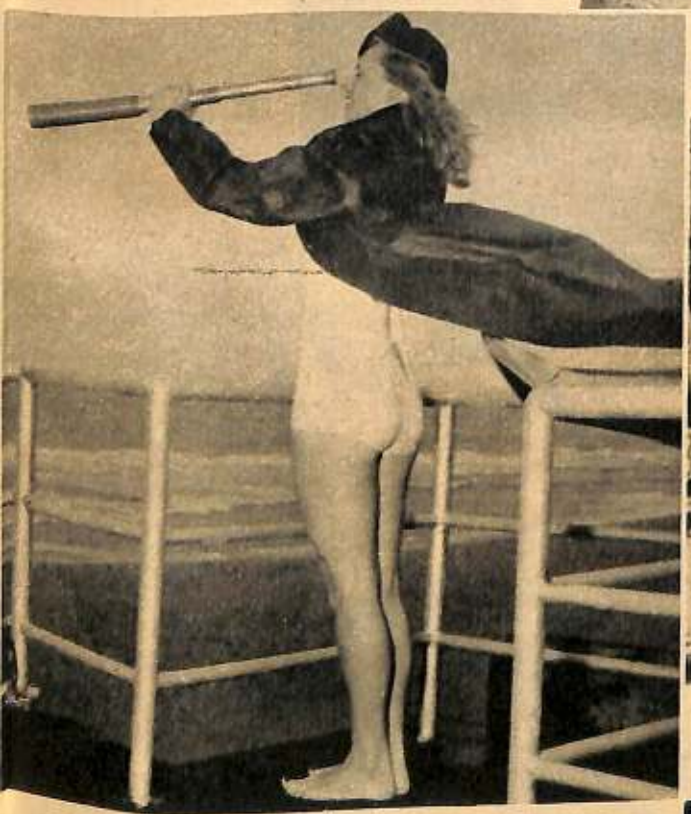
FEET MEET. A friendly Chinese farm woman compares her tiny dogs with those of Lt. Ruth Allair, ANC, as Lt. Ruth Frost watches.

Show

MERAS OF THE WORLD

at a 20-knot speed. The stunt was to show how the new U-type rescue harness operates at sea.

SAIPAN SOUVENIRS. Members of Co. C, 105th Infantry, 27th Division, display some mementos of Saipan. The large Jap flag, possibly the largest captured to date, was the Jap garrison flag of the island.



STRICTLY GAG. When a hurricane passed near Florida, publicity men at Miami Beach posed this look-out.

RAIL JEEP. Just to prove it can do anything, this jeep sets out to provide some competition for the railroads. Special wheels replacing the usual tires enable it to hoot up and down these tracks in France.

FIRE POWER. Cpl. George Avram, Hawaiian Jungle Training Center, uses both arms to teach USO actress Dorothy Fay how to fire a light machine gun from the hip.

ARMY SPECIALIST. Some GIs are technical experts in mechanics, some lead bands. Sgt. Fred Parker, serving in Ramgarh, India, is different. He bites the ears of mules. In this photograph he is caught operating on a new arrival from the U.S. while a veterinary officer brands the lucky animal's neck.

Lauren Bacall

YANK

Pin-up Girl

NEWS FROM HOME

It didn't matter whether or not a man had a cigarette because there was nothing to light it with, thousands of pounds of filet mignon went to a watery grave in the Hudson, men with children were still getting their greetings from the President, and some young ladies in Angola, N.Y., knew what they wanted.

IF it isn't one darn thing, it's another. Except when it's two darn things—which is what the set-up was back home last week. First it was no cigarettes, and now it's no matches, either. Or rather not many matches, although there are still some of the kitchen-variety, strike-anywhere flame-throwers around. Book matches, however, and the other kinds of safety match have all but vanished.

Already groggy from the still unexplained cigarette shortage and without many butts to light anyway, the home folks resignedly took the latest famine without too much of a squawk. The trouble, they were told by match producers, was that government orders had run ahead of the output and until those orders could be filled civilians would be out of luck. The U.S. usually turns out 500 billion matches a year, of which 200 billion come in books, 100 billion are safeties, and the rest are the big, kitchen kind. So it would seem that Uncle Sam must have gone into the match market in a large way.

In some communities the newest shortage started short-lived runs on cigarette lighters, but it soon developed that there weren't many such gadgets available any more. The nation was urged to forget all about the old superstition against lighting three cigarettes (if any) on a match. Looking determinedly for a silver lining, one newspaper observed editorially that "smokers will consider the cigarette situation improved because the match scarcity will be so much worse."

Legislators in Washington were raising a terrible stink over the cigarette situation, but when it came to offering a practical solution to the problem, it looked as if no one had yet hit the jackpot. A military spokesman in the nation's capital thought he had part of the answer in the fact that several million cartons of butts had been bought on the domestic market and sent as Christmas shipments to GIs overseas.

But he added: "No one can understand why cigarettes are short in this country and simultaneously unobtainable in various theaters of operation." And that seemed to be the situation in a nutshell.

Agents for the Senate War Investigating Committee were told by Senator Homer Ferguson, a Republican of Michigan who is not addicted to the weed, that "news from the front indicates that the scarcity of needed smokes is affecting the fighting men." Ferguson continued: "If anything this committee can do will place the responsibility for and help correct the shortage so our fighters can get cigarettes, then clearly we ought to do it."

The House Agriculture Committee was also carrying on an investigation in an effort to track down the butts and turned up the seemingly cockeyed fact that tobacco growers paid more than half a million bucks last year in fines to the Agricultural Adjustment Agency for producing more tobacco than they were supposed to. It was estimated that they'll be nicked for even more this year. George Powell, economist for the Commodity Credit Corporation, explained, however, that these fines were necessary because overproduction of tobacco would mean a surplus of cigarettes in the postwar period.

Rumors that exports of tobacco and cigarettes under Lend Lease and other programs were to blame for the famine in the States were spiked by tobacco experts of the War Food Administration who said that a smaller portion of the U.S.'s annual production is being shipped to foreign markets now than before the war. Less than two percent of the nation's total cigarette output is being exported, it was stated.

While getting practically nowhere in learning what caused the trouble, the nation was given a healthy load of additional bad news from Eric Calamia, president of the National Retail Tobacco Merchants' Association, who said in Kansas City that the shortage would be worse during the next three months than it has been during the last two. Merry Christmas!

Out in Omaha, cigarette retailers and distributors got the backing of the local Office of Price Administration to set up a plan designed to prevent hoarding of cigarettes. Under this scheme, you couldn't get a pack of butts unless you brought in an empty pack and left it with the shop-owner. The plan, it was explained, was aimed at "trotters—those people who make the rounds of various cigarette counters, collecting all the packages they can get."

In Weston, Mo., a flock of workers were busy processing six million pounds of tobacco grown in the surrounding countryside. When they knocked off work and went to get a smoke, they found that there was only one pack of cigarettes in the whole town.

In Chicago, the *Daily Times* suggested that President Roosevelt lead the nation in a one-day fast from cigarettes as a means of relieving the shortage. Nothing was done about the proposal, at least immediately, although the President's wife told a press conference that the White House was having to skimp on smokes. Observing that she was unable to get cigarettes by the carton any more, she said that "we pass them out to guests when we have them" but added that there were plenty of times when there were none to pass.

Other shortages have been hitting the White House, too. Mrs. Roosevelt disclosed that she had been unable to get Christmas tree trimmings this season and that as a result she planned to use war bonds and stamps to ornament the huge White House tree.

Civilians who persist in sunning themselves in Florida this winter are going to get no sympathy from either the Army or the Office of Defense Transportation. Both agencies came out with a demand for a "blackout" of non-essential travel to the tropical state this year.

Warning of an increase in military travel, a WD spokesman said, "It is particularly important that civilian winter vacationists refrain from travelling to Florida. The need for transportation space for soldiers returning to and from war fronts to participate in the Army's Rehabilitation Program is increasing at a rapid rate. These men, with long months—often years—of action on the battlefronts, are being brought back to this country to get the best care and recreation we can give them."

As if beef weren't scarce enough, thousands of dollars' worth of hamburger on the hoof were lost when a barge from the Jersey City stockyards, loaded with about 340 head of slaughterhouse-bound cattle, sank in the Hudson River. Only 73 of the critters, who happened to be on the upper deck, were rescued and it was goodbye to 220,000 pounds of steak.

The cheerful ending to this long tale of woe on the domestic front is that the Office of Price Administration announced that there would be Christmas trees enough for everybody this year, subject to no wartime controls.

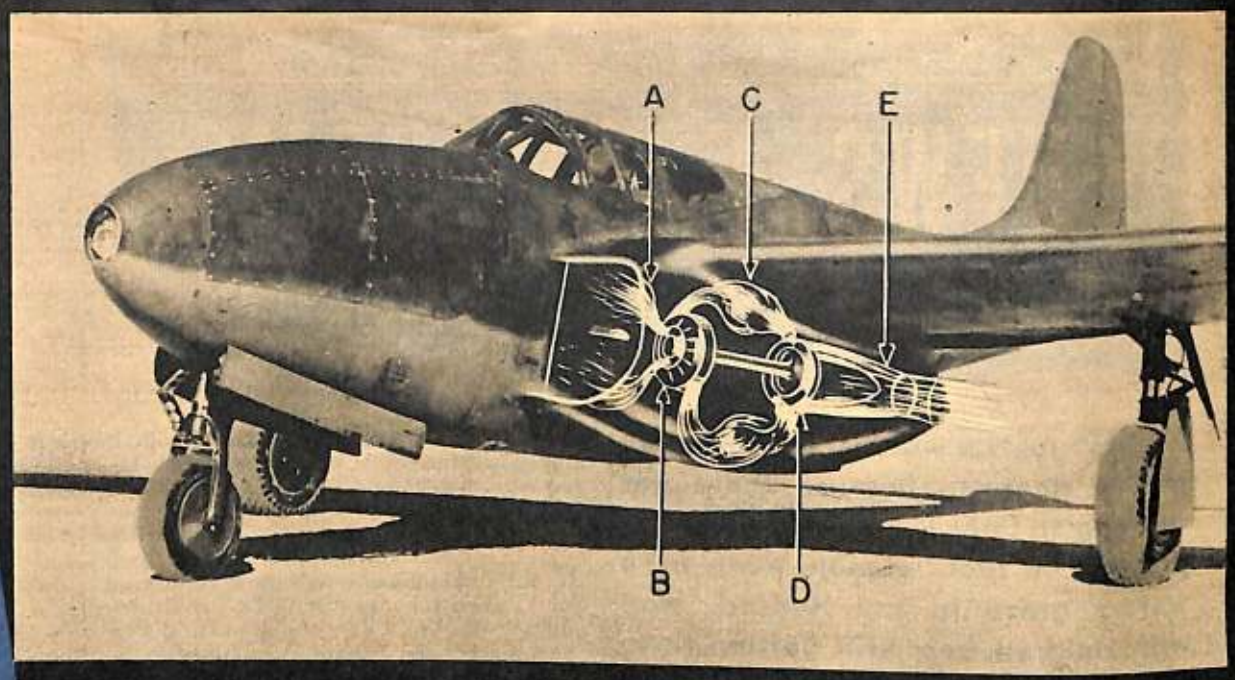
THE big news in the nation's capital last week was the resignation of Cordell Hull as Secretary of State and the appointment of Undersecretary of State Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., as his successor. Hull, who had held the job since 1933, longer than any other person in history, finally had to quit because of ill health. Stettinius, who is only 44, used to be an executive of General Motors and U. S. Steel and has been in government service only since 1940 when, as war seemed to be in the cards, he

SISTER ACT. Lightning can strike more than once in the same family. Look at film star Marie Montez and her three sisters visiting in Hollywood from Santo Domingo. Gaping from the left, you see Lucita, Consuelo, Marie, Adita.

LADY COPS. A GI and a sailor do a quick double take in San Francisco as they spot two brand new feminine traffic police busy on their job. One blue-coat bluestocking writes the ticket as the other stands by with the cycle.

Details of New Jet Fighter Plane

POWERED by twin G-E Turbo jet engines, the P-59 A shown here is one of the new type of propellerless fighters of the USAAF. Developed and manufactured by General Electric, these jet generators of great motive power, which drive fighter planes at lightning-swift speed in the substratosphere, have met exacting tests. The diagram here shows how the jet engines fit beneath the wings and against the fuselage of the Bell-designed plane. Operation of the Turbo jet is as follows: "A," air flows into the intake; "B," the air is compressed; "C," compressed air goes to blast-chamber, where fuel is ignited and temperature raised; "D," turbine is propelled by air pressure, and it, in turn, gives power to air compressor at front of engine; "E," nozzle through which air flows at high velocity, creating by reaction the force which drives the plane forward.



gave up his connections with private industry and became a member of the Council of National Defense.

Since that time, the new Secretary's rise has been spectacular. As Hull's health waned during recent months, the prematurely white-haired Stettinius took over the State Department for increasingly long periods. A native of Chicago, Stettinius attended the Pomfret School in Connecticut and the University of Virginia. He wanted to be a preacher but finally passed that up, along with an offer of a job with the House of Morgan, to work as a 44-cent-an-hour stock-room attendant in a roller-bearing works. Gradually, he climbed the hard way to become vice president of General Motors.

Another important appointment was in the making as President Roosevelt nominated Maj. Gen. Patrick J. Hurley, his 61-year-old special envoy who is now in Chungking, to be Ambassador to China, a post from which Clarence E. Gauss recently resigned and which one observer described as "probably the most difficult assignment of the Foreign Service."

The President also announced that Lend Lease and Reverse Lend Lease "should end with the war," a statement which was widely interpreted as a reply to suggestions which have been heard from time to time to the effect that some sort of Lend Lease assistance should be continued to Britain and possibly other allied nations even after the last guns have been fired on both the European and Oriental fronts.

Both the President and British authorities put out reports on Lend Lease and Reverse Lend Lease and figures of astronomical proportions were kicked around. These showed that the U.K., Australia, New Zealand, and India had chipped in a total of about three billion dollars' worth of goods and services and that the U. S. had anted up a total of about 28 billions' worth to the general cause. Roosevelt, however, urged that no comparisons be made on a dollar basis.

"We are not loaning money under Lend Lease," he said. "We are not receiving payment under Reverse Lend Lease. Neither monetary totals of the Lend Lease aid we supply nor the totals of the Reverse Lend Lease aid we receive are measures of the aid we have given or received in this war. . . . There are no statistical or monetary measurements for the value of the courage, skill, and sacrifice in the face of death and destruction wrought by our common enemies."

Without Britain's Reverse Lend Lease contributions, the President said, "we would surely have been forced to delay the invasion of France for many months." He pointed out that it would have taken thousands of ships to send across the Atlantic the material which American soldiers received from the U.K. under Reverse Lend Lease.

Here are a few more whopping big figures. Maj. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, head of Selective Service, reported that on October 1 the number of persons serving in the American Armed Forces had hit an all-time peak of 11,859,000, a figure which does not include dead, missing or captured. Of that number, the Army claimed about 8,100,000 and the Navy about 3,700,000. And if anyone thinks the draft isn't still active, get a load of this: During October, according to Hershey, 79,000 men put on uniform, among them being no fewer than 18,000 fathers.

IT'LL be no go this year on sending Christmas greetings by cable or radio to or from servicemen overseas. The Army and Navy said in Washington that essential messages are keeping the wires and ether too jammed to permit holiday greetings, either of the canned Expeditionary Force Message kind or original ones which the sender cooks up on his own. The ban will be on until midnight of December 25, but doesn't affect non-Yule messages.

The War Relocation Authority disclosed in Washington that 262 casualties among Japanese-American servicemen have been reported to parents, wives, and other next of kin who are now in relocation camps in the States. Of these casualties, 69 were killed, 187 wounded, and 6 are missing. In the recent heavy fighting on the Western Front, said the WRA, 20 Japanese-Americans have been killed and 68 wounded. The officials said that these figures do not give a complete picture of losses among Japanese-American Yanks, since about one third of the families originally evacuated to relocation camps have now left. What's more, there are several thousand U. S. citizens of Japanese descent who have never been in such a center.

A campaign for the construction in the nation's capital of a 100,000-seat stadium which would serve as a memorial for men and women now in the armed services and would be used, among many other things, for Olympic Games, got the enthusiastic backing of President Roosevelt. Such a memorial, said the President, would make Washington "the center of many national and international programs, which will include international Olympics, all types of sport activities, youth fitness programs, Boy Scout Jamborees, 4-H Club meetings, and veterans' programs with military competitive activities; further, these activities could be expanded into inter-hemisphere activities to promote American good-neighbor programs, as well as mass gatherings for religious, fraternal, and labor organizations." Probably the place your British pals will learn to appreciate a real hot dog.

A severe cold wave hit just about the whole country. There was snow in practically every state north of a line extending from Pennsylvania through the Ohio Valley and southern Nebraska, all the way to the Rocky Mountains. A blizzard swept over northern New Mexico, Kansas, and southern Wyoming. Nine inches of snow fell at Syracuse, N. Y., an inch in Cincinnati; a trace in Chicago; two inches in Madison, Wis.; two inches in Muskegon, Mich.; four inches in Montpelier, Vt.; eight inches in Land o' Lakes, Wis.; and an inch in Bangor, Me. There was an inch all over Iowa; the Dakotas reported falls of from two to four inches and Nebraska had from two to three inches. In Minnesota, the snowfall varied from an inch in the southern part of the state to from four to six inches in the north. There was even some snow in Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi. Snowfall warnings were issued for northern Georgia and western North Carolina, and the South Carolina mountain country.

The thermometer was below zero in Nebraska, the Dakotas, and eastern Montana and down to freezing at Birmingham, Ala., not to mention 25 degrees at Vicksburg, Miss., which is plenty cold for Vicksburg. Other readings: Kansas City, 13; St. Louis, 17; Oklahoma City, 21; and Chicago, 19.

From Denver, Colo., came reports that 18 passengers had been marooned in a bus for 16 hours near Limon during a blizzard which swept the plains of the eastern part of the state. In Atlanta, Ga., low-hanging clouds and a London fog mixed with smoke made daytime as dark as night—"just a peculiar local condition," said the Weather Bureau.

CAVERNOUS KISSER. JANE TANSEY, 19, A FOTOG AT NEW YORK'S BRONX ZOO, IS GOING TO GET A SHOT OF THIS HIPPO'S PUSS IF IT KILLS HER. P.S.: IT DIDN'T.

NOW for this week's dose of news about Frank Sinatra. His throat was in such bad shape that he had to cancel an appearance in Boston's Symphony Hall, where he was scheduled to be heard with Arthur Fiedler and a concert orchestra. This caused no end of grief among The Voice's bobby-socks

admirers in the Massachusetts capital and a whole bevy of them marched up and down in front of the sedate hall chanting, "We want Frankie!"

Meanwhile, George Evans, Sinatra's agent, announced in New York that, beginning in February, his client will take to the lecture platform, addressing grade and high-school students in the New York metropolitan area on such matters as "the value of education and the responsibility of parents in curbing juvenile delinquency." Before he does so, however, Frankie intends to spend several weeks resting up in Palm Springs, Calif., from the effects of his schedule during the past three months, a schedule which Evans described as "heavy enough for ten men."

Bob Hope was taking a drubbing in the religious press. *Novena Notes*, a Catholic publication, reported that in a national poll which it had conducted Hope got the most votes as the comedian who "most consistently violates" Christian principles. Among the runners-up were Milton Berle and Eddie Cantor. *The Pilot*, official newspaper of the Catholic Archdiocese of Boston, called some of Hope's programs "offensive" and then explained that it had done so "in the interest of all those values summed up in the shopworn but meaningful phrase 'the American way of life.'"

Hope, however, got a pat on the back from the Poor Richard Club in Philadelphia, which announced that he would receive the organization's 1944 gold medal for achievement. Last year's winner of the award was General Henry H. Arnold, commander of the AAF.

A hitch developed in sending a USO Camp Shows version of the Broadway musical-comedy hit called *Mexican Hayride* overseas because it was found to be too sexy and in need of toning down. According to Michael Todd, producer of the show, somebody in the Army decided, after trial performances at Army camps in the States, that there were a few lines and a situation or two that would make the boys' minds stray too far from their work.

THE *CBI Roundup*, Army newspaper in the Far Eastern Theater, which recently lit into certain movie stars for "dogging it" when they came out that way, put in a good word for Pat O'Brien and Jinx Falkenberg, who apparently made a fine impression when they toured GI camps in the Pacific. The paper described Miss Falkenberg as "the sweetie pie of every GI in the CBI."

In Wilmington, Calif., Lt. Com. Robert Montgomery, who left the screen for naval service, received the Bronze Star for meritorious achievement as operations officer of a destroyer squadron in action against the enemy during the Normandy landings on D-Day.

King for a day—or anyway U.S. Senator for 37 days. That's the set-up for Wilton E. Hall, Democrat and newspaper publisher from Anderson, S.C. Appointed to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator "Cotton Ed" Smith, Hall took office last week to serve until January 3, when the job will be taken over by Governor Olin D. Johnston, who defeated Smith for the Democratic nomination in the South Carolina primary earlier this year.

Here, according to the latest New York *Times'* list of best sellers, is what the bookish set back home is reading (and, in view of a lot of shortages, planning to send out as Christmas presents):

Fiction—*Forever Amber*, by Kathleen Winsor; *Leave Green Dolphin Street*, by Elizabeth Goudge; *Her to Heaven*, by Ben Ames Williams; *The Razor's Edge*, by W. Somerset Maugham; *Immortal Wife*, by Irving Stone; *Earth and High Heaven*, by Gwethalyn Graham; *The Robe*, by Lloyd C. Douglas; *Strange Fruit*, by Lillian Smith; *Pastoral*, by Nevil Shute; *Cluny Brown*, by Margery Sharpe, *Some of My Best Friends Are Soldiers*, by Margaret Halsey; *Shore Leave*, by Frederick Wakeman; *Sun in Their Eyes*, by Monte Barrett; *Time Must Have a Stop*, by Aldous Huxley; *Being Met Together*, by Vaughan Wilkins; and *By Valour and Arms*, by James Street.

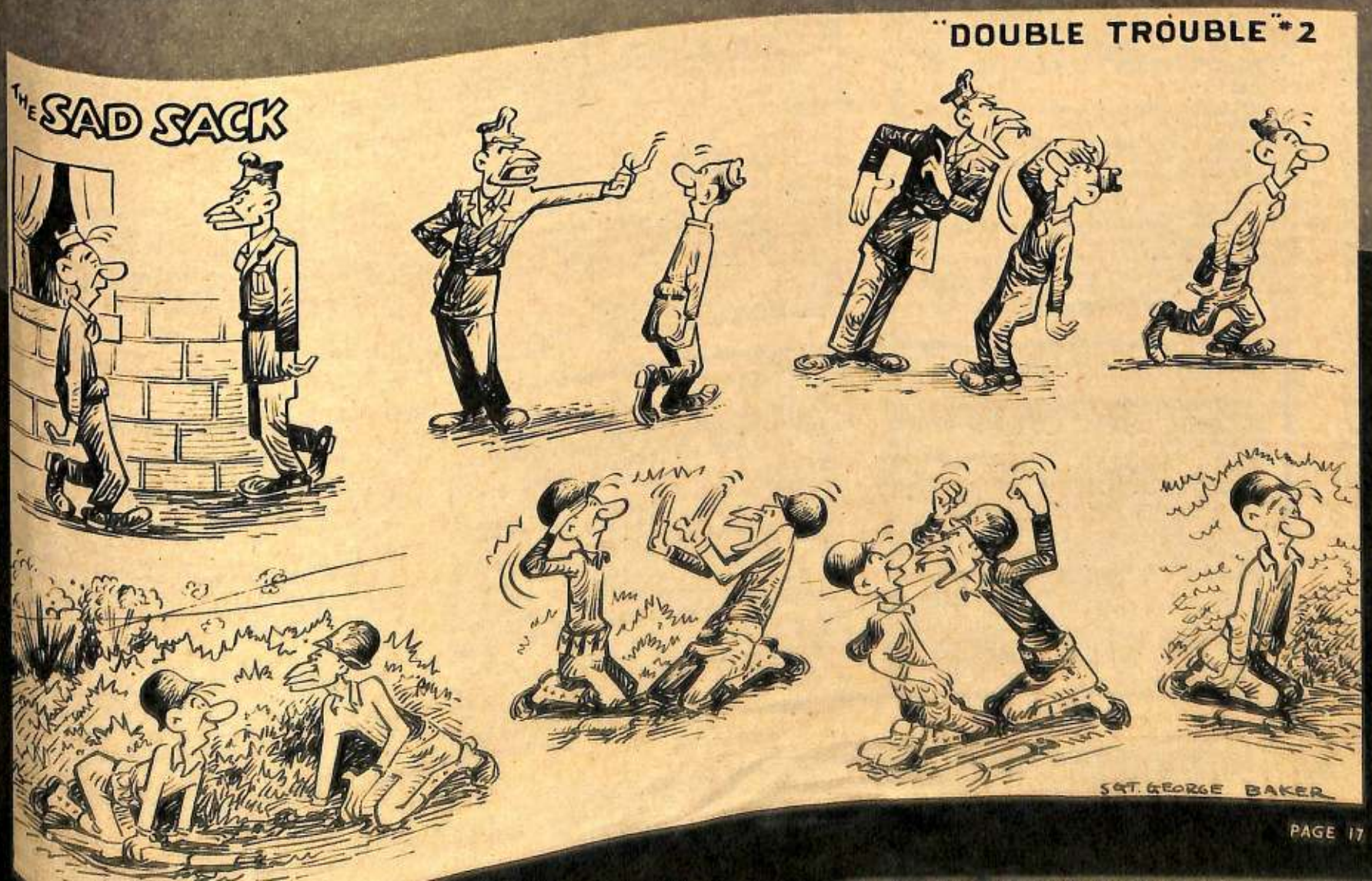
Non-Fiction—*The Time for Decision*, by Sumner Welles; *I Never Left Home*, by Bob Hope; *Yankee from Olympus*, by Catherine Drinker Bowen; *Anna and the King of Siam*, by Margaret Landon; *The World of Washington Irving*, by Van Wyck Brooks; *Lee's Lieutenants*, by Douglas S. Freeman; *People on Our Side*, by Edgar Snow; *Rivers of the Eastern Shore*, by Hulbert Footner Deep; *Delta Country*, by Harnett T. Kane; *Papa Was a Preacher*, by Alyne Porter; *One Damn Thing After Another*, by Tom Treanor; *Fabulous New Orleans*, by Lyle Saxon; *Lost in the Horse Latitudes*, by H. Allen Smith; *Ranger Mosby*, by Virgil C. Jones; *Here is Your War*, by Ernie Pyle.

Norma Gleason, 21, of Belmont, Mass., a cute little number who is a hostess in the Buddies Club, a servicemen's hangout in Boston, volunteered to kiss the three-millionth visitor to the place but the trick didn't come off as planned. The three-millionth guy was Coastguardsman Richard A. Hendry, of Quincy, Mass., a veteran of North Atlantic patrols and battles in the Pacific, and Miss Gleason was already for him, with eyes closed and lips pursed. But nothing happened. Finally, Miss Gleason opened her eyes to find herself face to face with a pretty little Spar. "I'd like you to meet my wife," Hendry stammered to the hostess.

SEVERAL months ago Mrs. Ruth S. K. Braun quit her job in a war plant at Lodi, N. J., because of ill health and sent all she had earned there—$525—to General Douglas MacArthur in the Southwest Pacific, asking him to "use this money for the relief of the heroes of Bataan and Corregidor." Presently General MacArthur acknowledged her "magnificent offering," and last week, at Newton, Pa., where she is now staying she got a letter from the Philippines telling her that her money was being spent to help Filipino children who had been wounded or orphaned by the Japs. "General MacArthur finds time to take a personal interest in the administration of your fund," the letter added.

The bobby-socks-and-sweaters set was getting badly out of hand in Portland, Ore., where executives of retail stores reported an epidemic of shoplifting among high-school girls. The merchants said that several of the girls who had been caught had explained that in their circles "it's smart to steal." One shopkeeper reported nabbing 19 shoplifters in nine days and that 17 of those caught were juveniles. The errant young misses, many of them members of well-to-do families, go in mostly for swiping sweaters, scarves, and junk jewelry. In one instance—two girls—one 12 and the other 14—were caught with $150 worth of stolen stuff. They told detectives that they had been on their way to school, when one of them suggested to the other: "Let's skip classes today and go downtown and shoplift." So they did.

As if the postwar planners didn't have enough headaches already, the young ladies in the Angola, N. Y., High School have given them another one. The editor of the school's newspaper polled the students to find out what they wanted most when peace comes again. He even got up a list of likely postwar desires, but he apparently didn't know his young ladies, for they turned thumbs down on all his suggestions. Instead, the sweet young things almost unanimously wrote in as their first choice: "More men." Now there's a situation that really ought to be so nice to come home to.



Mail Call

They Also Serve

Dear YANK,

I'm in an Ordnance Base Shop, going into my second year in the ETO, and would like to write a letter that doesn't sound too silly but expresses my feelings towards the boys who are fighting, in the air and on the ground. We have serviced a good many outfits, before D-Day and after, that are doing great jobs in Europe today; and we hope to continue with this service to the fighting men for the duration. Not only I, but many others in my outfit, admire the jobs that are being done by the divisions we serviced. We have read of many non-combatant outfits based in the U.K., who are asking for "bronze stars or higher pay," because of servicing some gun or article to be used by the fighting men. We have worked a good many hours overtime and have bitched about the mud, eats, chicken, etc.; but most of us know the boys in the front lines deserve everything.

We were trained to supply and repair the Army; we are trying to do that job as best we know how. We, in my outfit, want the men to know that the fellows in the front lines are doing the big job; we're only helping them; we hope we're doing a good job. We gave up our extra blankets, overshoes, cigarettes, and if there's anything else we can do we'd be only too glad. Those fellows have the tough job of sleeping in the mud with wet blankets, eating field rations, no passes, and, most of all, facing the enemy. We appreciate YANK and have enjoyed reading it very much; but we wish that the boys here in the U.K. wouldn't bitch about things that combat men deserve and we don't.

Britain. THE BOYS IN HUT 62

Dear YANK,

I went into France in August, with a rated medical battalion. We operated as an air-evacuation holding station, serving no lower Headquarters than Army. Ours was a special job; that of seeing that casualties were given rest, food and sent back to the U.K. by plane. It wasn't a particularly dangerous job, though it might well have been had we been in Africa or Sicily during the earlier stages of this war.

I was an A.S.F. (Army Service Forces) soldier, or S.O.S. to you. My little bit, which wasn't much, that I performed over there, was menial in comparison to what those gallant lads of ours were doing up front. But it was necessary. I'm not bucking for any medals or citations, nor do I wish for them. I am eligible to wear only the good conduct bar and the ETO ribbon but I don't put them on.

Why?

I'm just an ordinary American, over here because I've got a mother and father and two kid sisters back home. My kid brother just got back from two and a half years in the Southwest Pacific. He's a Marine and I'm damned proud of him. I hope he can stay out of action now for the duration.

Combat takes a hell of a lot, and if I had my way, those damned Germans would be exterminated like so much vermin. Ever in a tent with them? I mean a medical tent on the field? They are so yellow, it's funny. As far as I'm concerned, they are all like that. We had to treat PWs, and boy did we hate to, especially where our wounded Yanks had to lie there and watch us.

But some of you fellows who've faced the Nazis and fought them, seem to laugh at the Service outfits. As a whole, we don't want citations or medals or credit. All we want is to see this damned mess over and done with, so we can go home and help build that lasting peace along with you and our folks back there. We're all from the same great country no matter if we're one of the Army's scouts, or working in a rear echelon outfit here in England, or wherever we are. As for medals, combat pay and so forth, give them all to the men who deserve them. I think I have a slight idea what it all means and I think those and only those really deserving it, should get it. The only complaint I have is that some combat men seem to derive some diabolical delight in criticizing us, and giving us a virtual face-slapping for the errors of a few.

After reading the Mail Call section of a recent issue of YANK, I was so mad I was about ready to chuck the whole business. I'd like to refer to Pvt. Jack Raskin's letter, if I may. This is only one. Okay! So we non-combatants shouldn't get extra points toward demobilization time. I agree 100 percent. But, for the love of God, is it a crime to be a non-combatant? Perhaps you would have us go up to SHAEF and ask to be placed in solitary confinement for holding up the war effort? I know, as does everyone, the hell you fellows faced and are facing and will face. But your letter made me suddenly go sour for a while, on the whole effort we've been trying to make. I'm not asking for a lot of credit for myself nor for any of us rear echelon non-combatants. The only damned thing I'm asking is that you realize that not *all* of us non-combatants think we should suddenly acquire a lot of credit and points for the job we've been doing and are doing. As far as I'm concerned, all I want from this war is a strong memory so that I can help prevent another outbreak in 20 years or so.

Britain. Pvt. BERNARD WILBUR

Nine Lives

Dear YANK,

I'd like to ask a simple question. Who in the hell flies 5 Grand? (5 Grand is the 5000th B-17 built by Boeing) and now being used in the ETO.

Our crew is assigned the airplane; we have flown it more than anyone else; we've put more combat missions on it than anyone else. The first battle damage it ever received was received when we were in it.

As far as this Group is concerned 5 Grand is *Our* plane. But we keep reading stories about 5 Grand's crew; we hear them on the radio. Every fellow that ever looked inside the plane or stood in the shadow of its wings claims to be a 5 Grand crew member. Well, where in the hell do they hide when we fly a combat mission? As far as I know there are only nine men in the plane, and that is all there ever was or will be, and here are the boys' names:

1st Lt. R. E. BROCKMAN, Pilot
1st Lt. H. V. WEISE, Co-Pilot
1st Lt. B. F. WADE, Navigator
1st Lt. J. H. LENAHAN, Bombardier
T/Sgt. E. V. ALLEN, Engineer
T/Sgt. EARL F. TAYLOR, Radio Operator
S/Sgt. L. J. HRUSKA, Ball Turret
S/Sgt. G. L. PHILBY, Waist Gunner
S/Sgt. J. R. WEARING, Jr. Tail Gunner

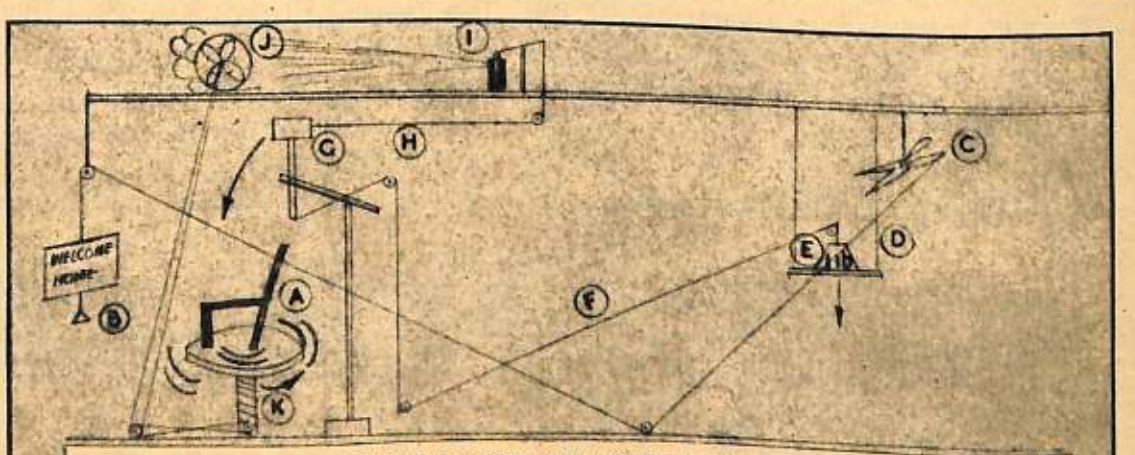
Britain.

Rotation à la Joe Cook

Dear YANK,

Here's a photostatic copy of a drawing indicating the writer's conception of a practical Rotation Plan which would be within the reach of every "ETO-happy" soldier in this theater. It is felt that such a plan might prove of real interest, particularly to harassed personnel officers now confronted with the pressing problem in question.

Britain. Capt. JOHN B. TRIGG, A.C.



PROPOSED ROTATION PLAN (ILLUSTRATED) Unabridged.

Officer or enlisted man desiring to be rotated sits in chair (A). Personnel Officer handling application pulls cord (B) bringing "Welcome Home" sign into view and causing scissors (C) to sever thread (D) which causes weight (E) to fall, pulling cord (F) which causes mallet (G) to strike happy applicant on the head, at the same time pulling cord (H), releasing steam whistle (I) to simulate home town welcome. Steam from whistle strikes fan (J), causing it to start twirling which causes pedestal (K) to move in circular manner, thus creating feeling of "ROTATION".

It is deemed wise to strap the applicant to chair, particularly if he has been in the ETO for period exceeding two years.

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Pictures: Cover, S/Sgt. Ben Rosenblatt. 2, 3 and 4, Sgt. Reginald Kenny. 6 and 7, Sgt. Bill Davidson. 8, lower right, Signal Corps; others, Sgt. Tom Stowmen. 9, Signal Corps. 10, AAF. 11, Sgt. Ben Schnall. 12, upper left, PA; upper right, Coast Guard; center, Sgt. Hanley; lower, Signal Corps. 13, upper right, Cpl. Lon Wilson; center, WW; lower left, Pfc. George Burns; lower right, Signal Corps. 14, Warner Bros. 15, left, INP; right, Acme. 16, upper, OWI; lower, Keystone. 20, upper, PA; others, Acme. 21, upper left, Cornell Athletic Assn.; upper and lower right, PA.

WIN $500 $100 $50 $25 $10

YANK's GI PARODY CONTEST Offers

War Bond Prizes to 91 Lucky GIs!

HERE'S how you can win a War Bond. Write a GI parody to a popular tune. Just tie your own words, written on a subject of Army life—anything from KP to Commando tactics—to any well-known tune.

Let the words come any way they want to. This is not a contest for professional songwriters; it's for any guy that wants to put a string of words together for a War Bond prize. Maybe you have a favorite song—put some new words to it. Maybe you have a song that drives you nuts—do the same by it. All that is required is that you follow the simple rules outlined below.

Prizes will be awarded as follows: Prize winning parody—one $500 War Bond; five next-best parodies—one $100 War Bond each; next 10—one $50 War Bond each; next 25—one $25 War Bond each; next 50—one $10 War Bond each.

These Are the Rules

1. Parodies must be mailed by Mar. 1, 1945.

2. Entries must be original parodies, suitable for reprinting, written by enlisted men or women of the U.S. Army, Navy, Coast Guard or Marine Corps. Do not send music: *send only parody and name of song parodied.*

3. Parodies must be based on complete choruses of well-known tunes only.

4. Individuals may send as many entries as they like. In case of duplicate parodies, only the first arrival will be accepted.

5. Parodies must have a service or war subject. All parodies will become the property of the U.S. Army. Entries will not be returned.

6. Judges will be enlisted personnel of YANK, The Army Weekly, and of Music Section, Special Service Division. Judges' decisions will be final.

7. Address all entries to Parody Contest Editor, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., U.S.A.

8. Winners will be announced in a May 1945 issue of YANK.

9. Include U.S. address to which you wish prize sent. BONDS WILL BE MADE OUT ONLY TO ADDRESSES WITHIN THE U.S. IF YOU'RE OVERSEAS BE SURE YOU INCLUDE HOME ADDRESS AND NAME OF PERSON IN CARE OF WHOM YOU WANT YOUR BOND SENT.

10. Violation of any of the above rules will eliminate entry.

This Is a Parody on "MARGIE"

Laundry,
When am I gonna get my laundry?
I'll tell the world I need it—
They left me a-freezin' behind,
My long flannels
Must be comin' back through channels.
Laundry,
My socks are begging,
"Take me off those feet, please do."
So, if Stinky is my name,
Then there's only one to blame,
Oh, GI Laundry, it's you.

●

For Peace-Time Draft

Dear YANK,

In defense of a peace-time draft, which has been defeated in years past, I want to point out one or two things. It has been stated before that peace-time drafting of men would break up their lives too much. Have not the lives of all of us who are overseas for an indefinite time been broken up fighting for something that might have been averted in the past with such a plan during peace time? I believe that there is no drastic curtailment of individual advancement and learning if upon the graduation of a fellow, preferably from high school, he is placed in one of the branches of the army for a maximum period of a year. I believe . . . that there comes a point in everyone's life when it is essential that he slow down and start to take stock of himself, and determine whether he is going in the right direction as far as his future is concerned. As in many cases, mine included, it was easy to let things slide in the ever-increasing tempo of life. Little serious thought was attempted in self analysis; then a man unknowingly was led to the point where he found himself on the wrong road, too late to turn back into some other occupational field.

Before bridging the wide gap of going from high school to college or some other institution of specialized learning, a fellow would not only be doing his country a favor, but also good to himself by taking, say, a year off, to do a lot of thinking, aided by the facilities offered him by the army, to straighten out a few kinks in his life he never knew existed.

Perhaps I am becoming too idealistic in what I believe the future peace-time army may be like, perhaps it will be similar to the training given to the men who went into the C.M.T.C., of which I was part in 1938. It was run on the old army system. Serious aspects of army life. There is a conscientious effort to better in every way the conditions affecting the average foot-slogger right up the line.

A great deal of psychological study has been initiated and practised in both placing men in the army where they fit the best, and in helping those men who couldn't help themselves after suffering from combat fatigue. Why then couldn't a peace-time army employ to the fullest the advantages of learning enjoyed by men in civilian specialized fields of study, an efficient physical fitness program that could abolish any future 4F classification, the latest up-to-the-minute personnel information that has been developed by the large industries during war time and supplied to the army of the future. Of course, these things will never supersede, but must be integrated into the discipline and military training that exist in any army. . . .

T/5 E. E. WORTHINGTON

ETO

War Effort

Dear YANK,

When I left the States and wound my way to Spamland I had a job to do. It wasn't the kind of a job that goes with making heroes, and the Purple Hearts in my line are few and far between. However, my work does have its place in the winning of the war, remote as it may be considered by some individuals, and it does have to be done by someone. But now I have been totally disillusioned and besides completely "browned off."

It was all set off by a little "detail" involving twelve members of our organization. . . .

It is a well known fact that an officers' club is provided for the edification and entertainment of commissioned personnel in regard to social matters. It is also noted that any personnel (EM) that are required for its operation shall be reimbursed from the club fund for services rendered. I personally would not work in an officers' club for any amount of money, but that's my opinion. You can well imagine my surprise when I found myself a part of a detail of twelve men, ordered to report to the officers' club at this station. Here we spent the entire day cleaning and decorating the club so that the officers might bring in a bunch of girls for a dance. Is this what I came over here for? If all I have to do is decorate dance halls then I would appreciate it very much if I were allowed to return to my family and get a defense job where I could help the war effort. Do we have to be pulled from our jobs, from our homes and loved ones for these kinds of "details?" Is that providing the boys over there with air support?

Sgt. P. D. McDONOUGH, AC

Britain.

Static

Dear YANK,

In reply to letters of Nov. 12 on Troop Carrier Command or ATC, by Lt. J. H. McMillan and an unidentified T.C.C. pilot, let me say first that we do give a helluva lot of credit to the boys who took the boys over there. It takes a lot of guts and they certainly were not short on "said" guts, but . . .

I'm provoked! I finished a tour of combat last Feb. 2nd, with the best LIB outfit in the ETO. . . . I'm now assigned to ATC and when the esteemed Lt. McMillan and un-named pilot say ATC does not fly combat I'd advise them to check on their source of info. Maybe their Junior Gestapo won't be able to get the info, as so many things being done today are so damn secret. Again I would advise the above-mentioned characters to wait till the war is over before making any more accusations.

I had ideas about ATC being Allergic To Combat, too, when I was in the old outfit, but since have changed my views on the subject.

Granted, T.C.C. did have a gripe when ATC was praised for the good work actually done by Troop Carrier Command, but . . . If that's all it takes to send our buddy Lt. McMillan "stark, raving mad," I'd advise giving said Lt. a section 8 and sending the poor boy back to the States.

Anyway, good-luck to all you T.C.C. boys in future ops and congratulations on a big job well done.

ATC RADIO OPERATOR

Britain.

YANK Profits

Dear YANK,

Just as a matter of curiosity, what happens to YANK's sales profits?

Cpl. A. K. GEHRINGER

Fort Bliss, Tex.

[Most of Yank's income buys equipment for new operations, such as the printing and distribution center now being set up in a forward area of the Pacific, and pays for the editions which are not self-supporting.—Ed.]

YANK'S AFN

Radio Guide

Highlights for the week of Dec. 10

SUNDAY 1930—HIT PARADE—The ten top tunes of the week with Mark Warnow's Orchestra and Chorus, Frank Sinatra and Joan Edwards.

MONDAY 1915—STRINGS WITH WINGS—A unit of Major Glenn Miller's American Band of the AEF with Sgt. George Ockner directing the sweet music of our time.

TUESDAY 1901—GI JOURNAL—The feature page of the air with a Hollywood star as editor-in-chief. This week—Bob Benchley.

WEDNESDAY 2207—LISTEN CHARACTERS—Not much to say about this one except that the GI who's CQ on this reconnaissance has a passion for TS slips.

THURSDAY 2130—MYSTERY PLAYHOUSE—The weekly spine tingler.

FRIDAY 1901—COMMAND PERFORMANCE—GI Joe's own program with Groucho Marx, Ken Carpenter, Frank Morgan, Georgia Gibbs, Kenny Baker and Gloria de Haven.

SATURDAY 1330—YANK's RADIO EDITION.

2230—JUBILEE—Ernie "Bubbles" Whitman introduces as this week's guests the Andrews Sisters, Butterfly McQueen, Herb Jeffries, and Emil Fene's Orchestra.

NEWS EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR.

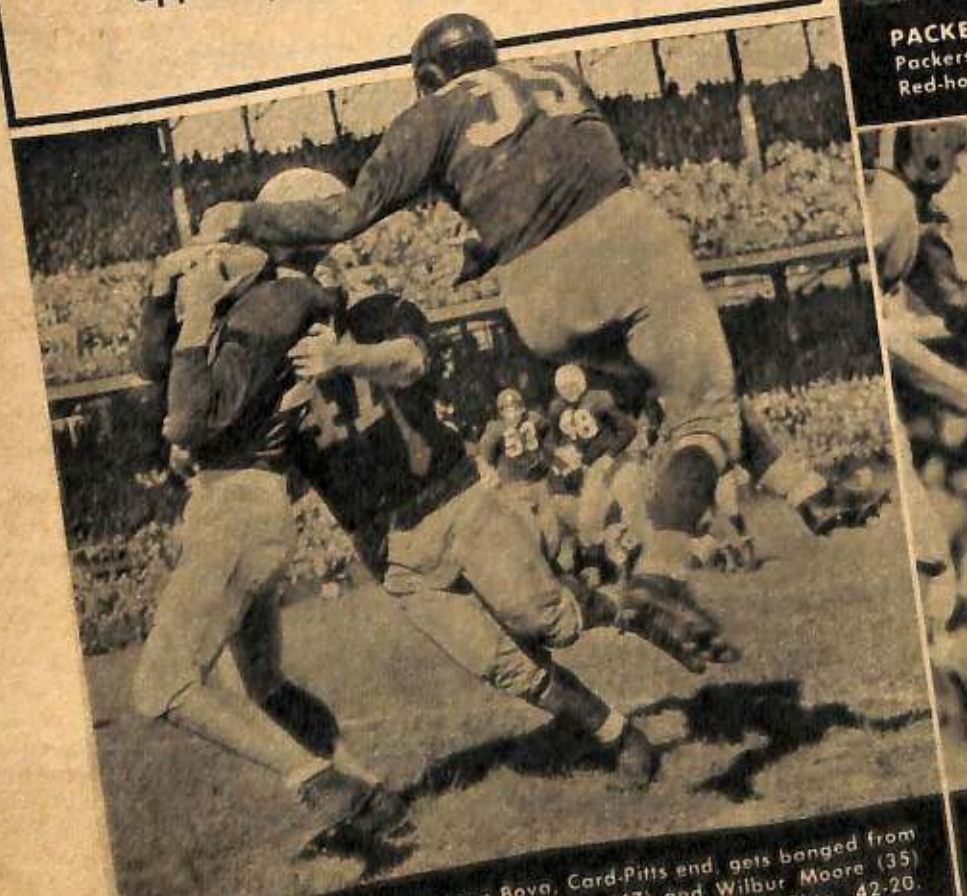
AFN in Britain on your dial:
1375 kc. 1402 kc. 1411 kc. 1420 kc. 1447 kc.
218.1 m. 213.9 m. 212.6 m. 211.3 m. 207.3 m.

TACKLE, FUMBLE, RECOVERY. Detroit's Jack Matheson (with ball) caught a pass from Frankie Sinkwich. Tackled as he caught it, Jack flipped ball back to Bill Callihan (left) who tumbled when Al Grygo (32) of Bears covered him. Callihan recovered and play was good for 14 yards. Detroit 21, Chicago 21.

PRO FOOTBALL

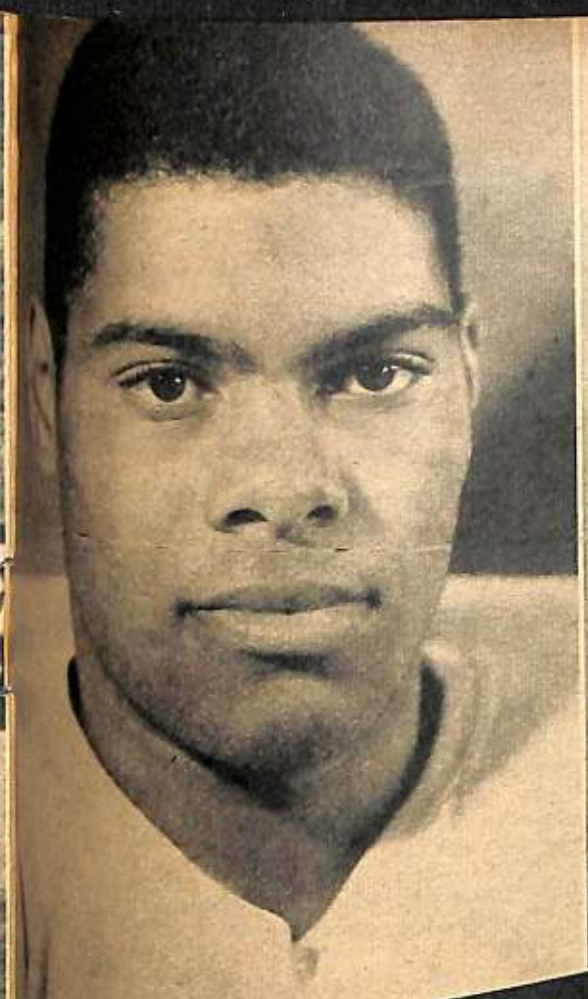
Chicago Bears aren't so bad anymore, but Washington and Green Bay are still tough to live with. Biggest surprise has been Philadelphia Eagles. Biggest disappointment: the Brooklyn Tigers.

PACKERS' PUNCH. Running like a wide-open jeep, Ted Fritsch, Green Bay Packers' back, charges through the Cleveland Ram line for an 18-yard gain. Red-hot Packers trounced Cleveland, 30-21, for their fifth straight victory.



DOUBLE TROUBLE. Anthony Bova, Card-Pitts end, gets banged from all sides by Washington's Jack Keenan (47) and Wilbur Moore (35) after catching 35-yard pass. Also banged were Card-Pitts, 42-20.

NOT SO FAST. A gent named Steinmetz of the Boston Yanks is brought down, but hard, by Philadelphia's Friedman after picking up seven yards. Surprising Eagles kept their undefeated record intact, crushing the new Boston entry, 38-0



Paul Robeson Jr., Cornell, 1944.

Paul Robeson Sr., Rutgers, 1918.

SPORTS: YOUNG ROBESON FOLLOWS IN HIS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

It may be observed from history that father-and-son combinations never quite work out in sports. Many a son of a famed athletic father has acquired a busted skull or an inferiority complex because of his inability to duplicate the feats of the old man. Young Bob Fitzsimmons couldn't fight well, knew it and quit. Bobby Britton, son of the great Jack, was only a moderate success as a club fighter.

Walter Johnson Jr. showed exceptional promise as a high-school pitcher, but when he came up to the Athletics he couldn't strike out Connie Mack. Ed Walsh Jr. was mediocre at best, with his father's old team, the White Sox. Jim Bagby Jr. admittedly has rare pitching talent, but he also has an incurable talent for fighting with managers. Ty Cobb Jr. almost broke his father's heart when he turned out to be a tennis player.

There's at least one exception—Paul Robeson Jr., son of the Negro singer and actor and Rutgers All-American end. Like his father, young Robeson is an end, playing for Cornell's Big Red this fall. Only 16, he weighs 180 pounds and stands 5 feet 11. So far he hasn't shown any ill effects from his parentage. He seems perfectly able to do everything a good football player should do without apologizing for it. He place-kicks, kicks off, carries the ball on Carl Snavely's end-around ruse, catches passes and blocks and tackles with the authority of a young Nagurski. About the only thing he lacks is beenthere experience.

Mr. Snavely, who isn't exactly an optimist, believes young Robeson will become a star as great as his father or Brud Holland, Cornell's legendary Negro hero. Right now, Paul Jr. is faster than either Holland or Robeson Sr. Holland, who supposedly was born for the sole purpose of carrying the ball on Mr. Snavely's pet end-around, never swept a flank with more hip weaving, blazing speed than does young Robeson. After the Yale game, Coach Howie O'Dell admitted he was scared silly every time Robeson got his hands on the ball. "I knew if he once got started, we'd never catch him. He can outsprint any man on my team."

What makes Robeson something special, apart from his heritage, is the fact that he never saw a football until four years ago. Most of his childhood was spent in Russia and England while his father was touring the Continent. He came to this country with only a hearsay knowledge of football. But in four years he not only learned to play the game as if he had invented it, but he turned out to be an all-around sports genius.

At Springfield (Mass.) Technical High School he earned letters in basketball, baseball, track and football. (His father was a four letterman at Rutgers.) Although young Paul admits to playing baseball very poorly, he is a powerful hitter and a greyhound on the bases. Next to football, track is his specialty. Last July in the National AAU high jump he placed third, jumping 6 feet 4 inches. When he was 15 he broke the Eastern high-school high jump record with a 6-foot-5 leap. One amazed official asked him what style he used, the western roll or scissors. Robeson calmly told him that he never had a lesson in high jumping. He said he had read up on both styles, thought they both had merit and worked them into his own style.

According to his closest friend, Robeson Sr.'s one big desire was to have his son play end. This may or may not have been the reason Carl Snavely moved Paul Jr. from fullback to end this fall. In high school he was a fullback and made the All-State team two years straight. At least one college scout, Milt Pupil of Dartmouth, said Robeson was potentially one of the greatest fullbacks he ever looked at. The elder Robeson was flattered but not impressed by this compliment. He turned down Dartmouth's scholarship offer, also one from Purdue, and sent the boy to Snavely. His reason was that Cornell offered the best electrical engineering course.

Actually Robeson Sr. has had little to do with the youngster's football career. He is much too busy with the theater and concert stage. He gave Paul Jr. pointers on blocking and tackling while the boy was in high school, but hasn't seen him play in a college game. "My father knows how to read my mind," young Robeson says. "He can tell what I'm thinking about when I go through with a play, and he can analyze my faults."

The resemblance between the two Robesons is amazing. Paul Jr. is better looking despite the fact he wears glasses almost constantly off the football field. He is farsighted, but his eyes haven't been a handicap at catching passes or flying a plane. At 15 he was the youngest licensed pilot in Connecticut. Like his father, who was a Phi Beta Kappa, Paul Jr. is an excellent student. He was valedictorian at high school and is now among the top of his freshman class. He speaks six languages, Russian flawlessly.

About the only thing he lacks is his father's voice. Little Othello can't sing. He croaks.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Navy's football team will pack more dynamite than ever next year. Already lined up for Annapolis entrance are **Tony Minisi**, Penn's southpaw passer; **Hunchy Hoernschmeyer**, Indiana's triple-threater; **Shorty McWilliams**, Mississippi's 175-pound tailback sensation, and possibly **Bob Kelly**, Notre Dame's All-American backfield candidate. . . . There's a sailor in Hawaii—a coxswain—masquerading as the jockey who rode two Kentucky Derby winners, Behave Yourself, in 1921 and Bubbling Over, in 1926. Get wise, chum. A guy named **Albert Johnson** rode Bubbling Over and **Charlie Thompson** had a leg up on Behave Yourself. . . . **Pvt. Pete Reiser**, former Dodgers' outfielder, and **Pvt. Linus Frey**, former Cincinnati second baseman, plan to buy a chain of minor-league baseball teams after the war and stock them with returning servicemen. The backing will come from an oil-rich Texas angel. . . . **Pvt. Aaron Perry**, the kid lightweight sensation now at Camp McClellan, Ala., likes the Army so much he will re-enlist.

Killed in action: **Cpl. Art Keller**, catcher last year with the St. Louis Browns and Toledo; **Maj. Bill Gillis**, 1940 West Point center and captain; **Lt. Dick Sieck**, star tackle at North Carolina in 1940-41, all in France. . . . *Wounded in action:* **Lt. Abe Shires**, tackle on Tennessee's Rose, Sugar and Orange Bowl teams; **Maj. James Gaffney**, 1936 Harvard guard and captain, both in France. . . . *Transferred:* **Comdr. Jack Dempsey**, one-time heavyweight champ, from temporary duty in ETO to Manhattan Beach (N. Y.) Coast Guard Station; **Pfc. Bill Veeck**, owner of the Milwaukee Brewers, from Bougainville to Oakland (Calif.) Naval Hospital for treatment on his ankle. . . . *Discharged:* **Van Lingle Mungo**, New York Giants' fireballer, from Army because of knee injuries; **Peanuts Lowrey**, Cubs' outfielder who hit .292 in '43, from Army because of knee injuries. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Daffy Dean**, younger half of famous "Me and Paul" pitching combination; **Charley Parker**, 18-year-old national sprint champion from Fort Worth, Tex.; **Roy Partee**, Boston Red Sox catcher, all by the Army.

MOST VALUABLE. Pvt. Bobby Doerr, winner of the American League's most-valuable-player award for 1944, proves himself pretty valuable to the Army, too, in a kitchen at Camp Roberts, Calif.

Yanks in the ETO

Replacement On Pass

BELGIUM—There is an odd sensation as we stumble uncomfortably along the cobblestoned main street of this little Belgian town. Our field jackets are dirty, our ODs are dirty; our substantial brogans are mud-covered with a goo that is as clinging and heavy as the famed mud of France. We feel acutely the need of a hot shower, clean clothing, and the soprano laughter of women. Trucks roar through the narrow streets, but the townspeople only stare for a moment; they are accustomed now to the American vehicles and the wild, impetuous manner in which they snort impatiently through their town. The GIs on the trucks squint enviously at the guys on the streets.

To us—grimy replacements, worn to weariness by the apparently aimless bouncing through the war-battered countries of England, France, and Belgium—the sound of a tinny phonograph in one of the numerous cafés breathes gaiety. The windows of the cafés are clouded by the warmth within, and to us, on pass and shivering in a damp, penetrating November wind, they seem inviting and cheering. We pass the bulletins, printed in French, which have been plastered all over town. The bulletins breathe the excitement of the underground days and of the first flush of liberation when the Belgium underground sprang into new action as the Americans plunged through France. We see signs of the great moment: "Very Grateful," "Welcome, Liberators," and "Good Luck."

We walk hesitantly into a stationery store whose windows are filled with paper-covered French novels, post cards, and pens and pencils. I break the ice with a smiling *"Bon jour, Madame,"* and Madame, a tiny, thin-faced woman who lacks several front teeth, flashes us a gaping smile as she responds, *"Bon jour, Monsieur."* So I continue, *"Avez vous un dictionnaire français et anglais?"* Ah, Madame is distraught. She says it is very distressing. There are no dictionaries. Our buddies have swept the town clean; they have been on a buying rampage, purchasing dictionaries, writing paper, such useful gadgets as carbide lamps and files to sharpen axes and bayonets, and useless souvenirs of all varieties which will gather dust in the years to come in millions of American homes.

Oui, Madame is very sorry. Perhaps tomorrow, she says. There is an exchange of friendly greetings by means of some feeble, GI-phrase-book French. We are the very best of friends, warm Allies. The hell with the Nazis—that is the sentiment. Madame is more expressive. She draws her fingers across her throat in a gesture that is as clear as any American slang. Death to the Boches, death to the Rexists, says our fiery Madame. Yeah, we reply, that's the spirit, kid. Madame draws in her breath very sharply, and then, in a mixture of excellent pantomime and rapid-fire French, describes her feelings when Le Boche was riding high in town.

It was tough, Madame says. The Nazis ruled the roost in exasperating arrogance. They hunted down any resistance, and they grabbed like pigs. Madame burns at the memory. Ah, but when the bombs fell—the bombs from our fliers and the British fliers, then the swine trembled! *Oui*, they were deathly afraid of our bombs, and later when our artillery came roaring at them, they shook with jitters. *Tres bien*, says our Madame, in tones of deep satisfaction. The swine fled, and then, ah, then came the Americans. *Oui*, that was a great day, says Madame, flashing a toothless smile in rapture. Madame confides she loves the Americans, ah, yes. Madame further confides that the British are not bad, but, ah, the Americans! Madame is sold one hundred percent on the Americans. We back out, as Madame winds up her story with much toothless merriment and many joggles and sweeping circles with her arms. Madame pauses. *Oui*, the dictionary. Tomorrow . . . or maybe the next day.

Quite amazed by Madame's fluency in pantomime, we enter a café on the main street. Four GIs, sweating profusely, sit at a table, sipping some Belgian beer. We sit down and wait for Mademoiselle the barmaid, who may well also be the owner of the place, for all we know. Mademoiselle is a blonde, with spectacles and a plump rear. She hurries to our table with a *"S'il vous plait."* Beer, we say, opening our mouths wide in simulation of thirsty men slowly dying on a desert. Mademoiselle is sympathetic; she trots off, the plump rear bouncing, and fills our shells at the tap. The beer is good. All of us immediately claim it is almost as good as American beer. We pay Mademoiselle, who flashes a white smile, unscarred by either gold fillings or toothless gaps.

With a few *"mercis,"* we take our leave of the well-upholstered blonde, and she throws a few *"au revoirs"* at us, in fair exchange. One of us brings up an involuntary belch, and then looks around timidly to beg someone's pardon. I look at a wall in an alley we are passing, and I translate the phrase: *"Défense d'uriner."* "Don't urinate here, boys," I say to my brother replacements. The Belgians, like the French, seem to be perpetually worried about the possibility of the citizenry using stray walls as urinals, and they post signs at the drop of a hat, warning against this social breach. Further down the main street, I notice some urchins defying the signs with many a hoot, much in the manner of Tom Sawyer breathing defiance of all the rules of his aunt.

Each time we catch sight of some GI offices in town, we growl. The lads inside the buildings look quite happy. Why shouldn't they? "Soft, soft," says one of our buddies bitterly. We plop our fannies on the ground, says he, and get the pup-tent blues. "Bet they have showers and nice, warm, dry beds," a guy from Texas puts in. Full-throated and together we chorus an Anglo-Saxon monosyllable and then, having paid our respects to our more fortunate brethren, we march into a *pâtisserie*—bakery to you. There are several tough-looking hombres in the place—GIs armed to the teeth who, if they were booted and spurred, might do well in a rip-roaring Western. They are struggling pathetically with the pitfalls of the Gallic tongue. I step into the scene, and luckily muster enough French phrases to send the tough GIs off in a happy mood, blissfully munching some cream puffs. A comely lass behind the counter sighs and shrugs her shapely shoulders.

"Oui," I say in soothing tones, and then ask if we guys can have some coffee and buns. I have a hell of a time finding the word for "buns," but our comely Mademoiselle gallops to the rear of the establishment and returns with black coffee and some curious concoctions filled with some substance resembling custard. The boys grunt their approval, and the concoctions and the coffee disappear quickly. When we ask for more, Mademoiselle shrugs her shoulders, throws up her hands, and we get the idea. There ain't any more. Ah, continues Mademoiselle, but at four o'clock, if we should be so kind as to return, there will be more of the stuff. We shake our heads regretfully, don our steel Fedoras, and take off sadly.

We now begin to feel like Cinderella at the ball. Time is running out, our passes are nearing the expiration point, and we shall have to hop on the hobnail express and get the hell back to our pup-tent villa. In other words, back to nature, back to the cold hard ground, drafts that sneer at tents, and no fires at night. We take a last fond look at the Belgian town. *"Au revoir,"* we say sweetly to a tall, relaxed MP, who is dreaming of a brunette in Butte, Montana, or is it a cutie in Brooklyn? *C'est la guerre.*

—By Cpl. D. A. GORDON
YANK Field Correspondent

The COUNT

HANGING around a latrine in his north-of-England camp the other day, dodging a detail as usual, that old T/5 fly-in-the-ointment called the Count was thumbing through a mutilated copy of his home-town newspaper when he came upon an item to the effect that somebody back in the States had offered a $500 reward to the GI who nails Hitler, dead or alive. From the Count's point of view, this placed the war in an entirely new light and he almost put in for a transfer to a combat outfit.

Almost, but not quite. "What's the use of me leading the street fighting in Berlin?" asks this gents-room warrior, flexing what pass for his muscles. "Anybody can see that by the time the Allies get to Berlin, Hitler will have scrammed. Hell, I got as much chance of catching Hitler up where I'm stationed now as I have posing for snipers in the Adler, or whatever they call that Berlin hotel. Besides, I'm working on a babe down the road a piece from my camp, and if I was to leave now it might be a lot of time wasted. Not to mention all the bitterses I've bought her."

The Count says he thinks the important thing to do is to find where Hitler is going to try to hide out. To do this, he reasons, the Army will have to have a large force of secret agents and he thinks he's just the man for such work. "I put in for a job like that," he explains, "but it looks like that bird-brained CO of mine is going to turn me down. He's probably just waiting for me to cut him in on a piece of that 500 bucks. Which I will not do, of course, because that would be strictly from dishonorable—and anyway, as a T/5, I need the dough more than a CO does."

Asked what qualifications he has to make him a good secret agent, the Count replies that he looks well in civilian clothes. "What's more," he says, "I am an expert at handling me liquor in swank dumps, which is where you pick up the hot dope. Especially in neutral countries, and neutral countries is where I am at me peak efficiency in wartime.

"I do not abuse an expense account, neither," continues this would-be male Mata Hari. "A mere extra 25 per cent is me standard rake-off—and I do not hike it up another 25 per cent, only except in times of great financial stress."

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, S/SGT. HOWARD D. TOURNIER, OF NEW ORLEANS, HOLDS A GERMAN HAND-THROWN ANTI-TANK ROCKET.

This Is America

BACK in the states nowadays you hear a lot of beefin'. About everything—gas, tires, cigarettes, nylons. It's a good thing you do. It means Americans still care. When you quit gripin' you've lost interest. Gripin's just the good old American way of saying, "Let's go."

To a foreigner, America is an amazing, rather wonderful place; the average American will tell you it's a pain in the neck. That's just his way of claiming ownership of a part of it.

The kid selling papers on the street knows more about "patriotism" than the Elite Guard, but he wouldn't know how to spell it. Americanism isn't screaming about love of country. It's the right to play poker on Friday night, raise the roof on Saturday night, and go to church on Sunday morning.

America's got the richest cities in the world and some of the poorest people; the best schools and plenty of illiterates; the most traffic cops and the most traffic accidents; superior sanitation and miles of filthy streets.

America is a guy with a silk hat and tails eating doughnuts and coffee in an all-night beanery. It's reading the funnies first on Sunday morning; it's turning off the war news to listen to Phil Baker or Fibber McGee; it's soap operas and Vox Pop and Mairzy Doats and Scrambly Amby.

It's a two-million-dollar maternity hospital and it's a one-room venereal-control station in a corner fire-trap.

America is vast forests and magnificent buildings and dams and highways and Coney Island and Macy's. It's also apple pie and baked beans and hot dogs and *True Confessions*. It's St. Paul's Cathedral and a preacher on a mule. It's the sign on a door that says, "Rubenstein, Finklestein, Cohen and O'Grady."

It's high heels and slacks and a mink coat; it's being in a hurry with no place to go and nothing to do when you get there.

It's kids that jabber jive and kids that say, "Sighted sub, sank same." It's kids that fight to hear Harry James and kids that fight on a coral atoll for an ideal. It's people that laugh at a hanging and cry at Al Jolson. It's people that love to hunt but hate to kill; people that love the woods and cut them down; people that save tin cans, paper sacks, and toothpaste tubes and throw away enough food in the garbage can every day to feed a nation. It's people that yell their heads off about the way the country is run and forget to vote.

America's best people go to Reno and its worst go to church. America is kids in bobby socks screaming for "The Voice" and kids in bobby socks who are building the planes that bomb Tokyo. It's housewives with a welding torch. It's Brooklyn bridge and mossy foot logs; it's country lanes and Michigan Boulevard; Kansas wheat farms and backyard victory gardens.

It's everything big and everything small; everything good and everything bad; it's for everything and against everything. It can't be torn down and it can't be built up and it can't be reformed. It just grows and its people grow with it. It's a big, brawling, good natured, evil tempered giant that sleeps and eats and wakes and stretches and shakes the world with its laughter or its anger. It grew up the hard way and refuses to grow old. It's the most tolerant and the most vengeful. It's a polyglot of every ism, affected by all, infected by none. It has everything and appreciates none of it.

It's the best there is and the worst there is and you can't get along with it or without it, so you get to be just a little bit like all of it.

—By a Fort's Combat Crew

Record of Desertion

Dear YANK:

I deserted the Army 20 years ago. Last year I was drafted, and they very quickly discovered my past record and threw me into the stockade. In a short while I was released, given my training and shipped over here. Now I have been hearing that, no matter what happens, I will get a blue discharge (without honor) when I get out of the Army. Is it a fact that all former deserters must get blue discharges?

Bougoinville —Pvt. EDWARD G. JOHNSON

■ No. A man with a record of desertion in a prior enlistment, serving with the Army's full knowledge of that record, will get whatever type of discharge his present service merits. If your present service is honorable you will receive an honorable discharge.

Letters of Recommendation

Dear YANK:

Recently I applied for Infantry OCS but I was told that I would have to submit three letters of recommendation in order to have my application approved. I don't think that is fair when by this time everyone I know is in uniform. How much attention do you think they will pay to letters signed by other enlisted men? Do I have to have such letters?

Camp Swift, Tex. —Sgt. ARNOLD THOMAS

■ No. Letters of recommendation for OCS are not required by present regulations. In fact a recent circular states that they are considered unnecessary and undesirable [*WD Cir. 319 (1 Aug. 1944)*].

Medics on KP

DEAR YANK:

For the last week I have been either on KP or latrine duty. I am a skilled specialist, a dental assistant, and I have tried to prove that medics are not supposed to be put on such details, but I can't. Didn't the Surgeon General send out a letter saying we were not to be put on guard duty, KP or latrine-orderly duty?

New Caledonia —Pfc. HOWARD JACKSON

■ Sorry, but it isn't so. No order has been issued by the Office of the Surgeon General exempting enlisted men in the Medical Corps from such duties.

What's Your Problem?

Mother in Poland

Dear YANK:

My mother is somewhere in German-occupied Poland. While I have not heard from her for over two years, I feel sure that she is alive. A year ago I applied for a family allowance on her behalf and $22 has been taken out of my pay each month since then. So far I have heard nothing to indicate whether the allotment was approved or where the money is going. Can you set me straight on this?

Marshall Islands —Cpl. WLADISLAW DUMBROWSKI

■ The Office of Dependency Benefits is sending your mother's allotment check to the Treasury Department each month. All payments for dependents in enemy-occupied territory are held by the Treasury until the territory is freed. At that time the accumulated checks will be sent to your mother.

GI Bill of Rights

Dear YANK:

Where do Regular Army men come in under the GI Bill of Rights? I have been told that only those who signed up or were drafted after Selective Service went into effect can get any of the benefits of the law. I, for one, enlisted in July 1940 because I knew the law would be passed and because I didn't have the money to pay even a small part of my tuition at college. Now it looks like I cheated myself out of a free education by getting in too early. Is that right?

Italy —T/Sgt. ELLIS P. MOORE

■ No. You are wrong in your interpretation of the qualifying provisions of the law. To take advantage of the benefits of the law, a veteran need only show that he was in active service at any time on or after Sept. 16, 1940, and prior to the end of the war.

Wife Trouble

Dear YANK:

I've been married for 15 months and now we have a baby boy a month old. While I was home on furlough, just before shipping over here, my wife and I never spoke to one another very much. When we did speak, we argued. She told me she wanted me to have my insurance all in her name. She said she would never write to me if I didn't have it changed in her favor. She also said, "All I want from you is the 50 bucks a month and when that's gone, you can go, too." So, when she demanded the insurance, I naturally said "No."

I love my son and I feel I have a right to know how he is. If she doesn't write to me, how will I know if he is all right? Another thing, she said she wouldn't live with me after the war. Do I have grounds for divorce?

Britain —Pvt. LEM R. WILEY

■ In some states your wife's refusal to cohabit with you would constitute grounds for separation or divorce. It might also be possible for you to obtain the custody of your son, or to have him placed in the custody of some person who would keep you informed of his welfare. However, this would depend on the law of your home state and the views of the court that had jurisdiction of the case. Your Legal Assistance officer can give you complete information about the laws that apply to your case.

Dog Tags

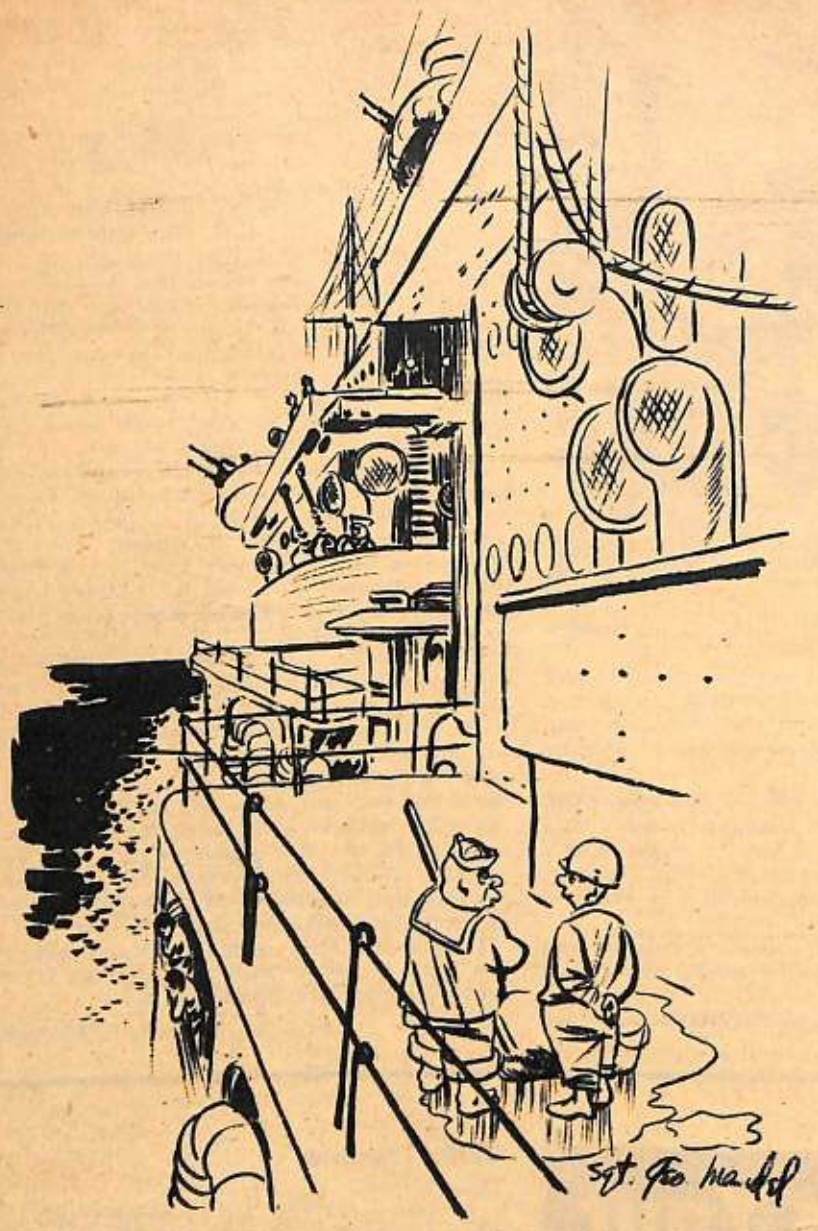
Dear YANK:

I have been wearing my dog tags so long I really think I would feel naked without them. In fact, I think such a means of identification could be used even in civilian life. Can we keep our dog tags when we are discharged from service?

India —Pvt. PAUL WILLIAMS

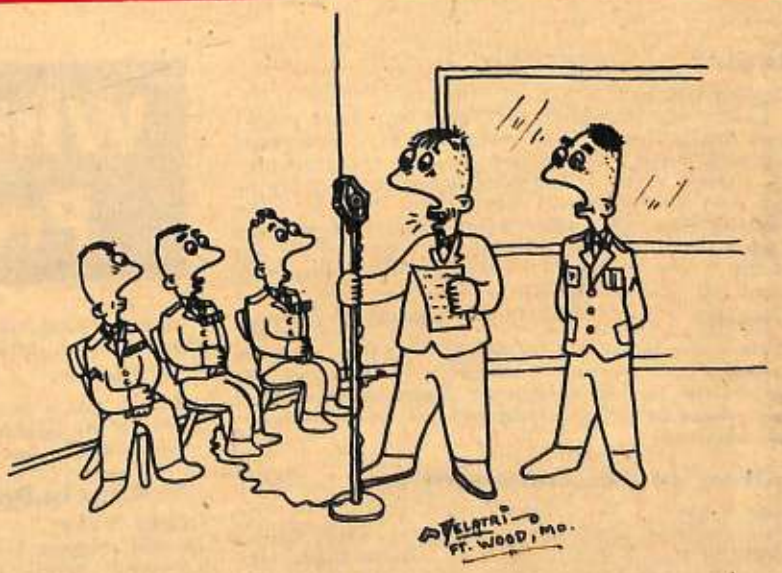
■ You cannot. At the time of discharge identification tags are turned in with other equipment.

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY



"WHO'S RUNNING THIS SHIP, ANYHOW . . . YOU, OR ME?"
—Sgt. Geo. Mandel

"MAYBE WE SHOULD GIVE IT BACK."
—Sgt. Arnold Thurm



"NEVER HAVING BEEN OVERSEAS, PFC. BUNTLY WILL TELL YOU ABOUT HIS EXPERIENCES IN THE UNITED STATES."
—Pfc. Anthony Delatri

"THEN YOU WILL SLIP INTO THE AMERICAN LINES UNOBSERVED."
—Sgt. F. Phillips

"I REALIZE IT'S A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT, RALPH, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE IT BEHIND."
—Sgt. Dick Ericson