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By the men . . for the men in the service

ORDEAL AT OKINAWA

At night the enemy comes out of his caves and pillboxes to prowl and infiltrate. And the soldiers and marines who sit up and stay awake to welcome him are always glad to see the first light of dawn.

By EVAN WYLIE SP1c (PR) USCGR
YANK Staff Correspondent

OKINAWA, RYUKYUS—The G-2 captain was leery about calling it a typical night on Okinawa. But on the other hand, it should not be considered particularly unusual.

However G-2 wanted to classify it, the night of May 15 had been another night in the battle for Okinawa. And to infantrymen of the Army and Marine divisions inching south toward Naha, Shuri, and Yonabaru each day and each night was pretty much like another. The pattern was well established—planes and artillery pounded the positions; foot soldiers fought their way up each hill, held it against counterattacks, and fought their way down the reverse slopes. There were a lot of hills and a lot of Japs. Progress was slow and costly. When night came the men who had fought all day stopped trying to advance and dug in, not so much to sleep as to hide. For it was then that the enemy who did his daylight fighting from caves, tombs and concealed pillboxes came out to counterattack and infiltrate, to probe and harass. When dawn came he was gone again, leaving only the dead behind. And the tired men counted bodies and wondered how many they had really been fighting.

On the left flank the 96th Division moved slowly down the east coast toward Yonabaru. The 382d Infantry was trying to take Dick Hill. At 0700 on the 15th they moved forward. The Japs on the rear slopes blanketed them with mortars. Machine guns hidden in caves pinned them down. Snipers hung on their flanks. Men fought forward but casualties were heavy. By late afternoon there were only three noncoms and one officer left in L Company. The second and third platoons were combined to make one unit. At dusk they were halfway up the forward slope of Dick Hill. Word was passed to dig in for the night. This turned out to be not so easy as it sounded. Underneath a thin surface of churned earth and patches of torn grass lay a substantial stratum of shale; pack shovels made little impression on it. Long after dark some of the company were still digging. Others had doubled up, two or three in a one-man foxhole.

Sgt. Bill House of Portland, Ore., had a command hole in the center of the slope. It was hardly big enough for one but he was sharing it with S/Sgt. Ludas and Pfc. Donald Nordgren. The hole was cramped and uncomfortable but they had to give up trying to enlarge it. Every movement of an arm, leg or shoulder caused another cave-in in the wall of loose dirt they had erected around them to make up for the foxhole's shallow depth.

It began to rain, a steady, cold drizzle that brought with it a thick, clinging ground mist. The men ate a supper of C-ration meat-and-vegetable stew and set a night guard—one man on watch while the other two tried to sleep. House had the first watch. He settled himself in the limited space, one leg folded under him, his M1 across his knees.

In his mind he reviewed his position. His men were spread out across the slope. Further over to the left was K Company. That made that flank pretty secure. On the right, however, things were not so good. After the line crossed the slope it dropped back, leaving the company's flank exposed. House was more worried about the enemy coming in through there than he was about any attack directly down the slope.

The nightly artillery duel was under way. Jap heavy stuff rushed across the valley. House could hear it landing far behind the lines. American artillery became interested in the slope of Dick Hill. Shells whistled overhead and began bursting in Jap positions. The enemy replied with mortars. The first few rounds dropped haphazardly until some Jap was satisfied he had the range he wanted. Then they began to work the slope over methodically. Bursts moved up and down and across the hill. Each one was a little nearer to the center. House wanted to get down further in the hole but he was afraid to stop watching. The barrage might be a cover for an attempt at infiltration. He slid down as far as he dared, peering out into the murk through the slit formed between the rim of his helmet and the ground. Raindrops splattered mud in his face. Nordgren and Ludas stirred beneath the poncho.

"Mortars coming," House whispered. Both men muttered acknowledgment. They had not been asleep after all. Another round landed—about 40 feet away. The next would be either right on top of them or safely beyond. There was nothing to do but wait. House lay motionless, gritting his teeth. He knew the hole was not deep enough. Suddenly there was the quick whispering noise of shells coming. The men in the hole were fused together in a taut huddle of shrinking flesh. There were two blasts, very close, almost simultaneous. Dirt, mud and pieces of shale flew

A marine jumps from cover for a dash to another position, running through machine-gun fire.

into the hole. They waited for the next round. It landed further down the slope. Then, abruptly, the mortars stopped. The men stirred cautiously. Whispers went from hole to hole: "You guys over there OK?" "Yeah, we're all right. But that last sonuvabitch landed damn close."

House wondered how the new men were taking it. They had arrived late in the afternoon, green as hell and scared to death. When he had pointed to a spot on the slope and said, "All right, you guys, dig in here," they had looked at him with wide-open eyes as full import of what lay ahead from now on dawned on them. They wouldn't sleep much tonight. The rain came down harder. Miniature streams ran down the slope and eroded their way into the hole. The hill stank with the musty odor of dank earth and burned powder.

Suddenly gunfire started in down on the right. It was followed by muffled blasts and bursting grenades. Now what the hell was happening? "Hope those guys can handle them." The firing subsided. The time dragged. A message finally came up the hill: "Jap patrol trying to come around the right flank. Stand by for an attack." House passed the word along. Men prodded others into wakefulness. Mortars started in again. On the slope House and his men gripped their weapons and waited.

Down at the right where the gunfire had come from, Platoon Sgt. Richard Stickley of Detroit, Mich., T-5 Gurch and Pfcs. Kirby and Norman Shriner had ended the day in a foxhole on a knobby projection of ground close to the Jap lines. Somebody in the rear decided they should remain there as night outpost. Snipers had them pinned down, making any movement outside the hole impossible. Rations were tossed up to them. They ate them cold and settled down for the night. Jap artillery was falling short just in front of the hole. The four men ducked constantly as rocks and dirt, thrown up by explosions, rained down on them. Around 0230, Shriner nudged Stickley.

"There's something moving down there."

"Where?"

"Down there—coming uphill toward us. I've been watching him for about five minutes to make sure. Here he comes." A shadowy figure rose up and charged them. Shriner's carbine cracked five times. The figure screamed and rolled back downhill. The men lay and listened. Shriner said: "I think there was more than one of them." A noisy scuffle broke out further down the slope. Another Jap had jumped into a hole occupied by two men. Shriner's firing had alerted them and they were ready. One grabbed the Jap, the other battered him with the back of a shovel. Finally he stopped struggling. The men put two shots in the body and pushed it out of the hole. Nobody went back to sleep. When you get a couple like that it usually means there are more close by.

In the center of the island the 77th Division, closing in on the fortress of Shuri, had reached the forward slope of Chocolate Drop Hill. K Company, 307th Infantry, dug in for the night around its base. The rain that was bothering House was worrying them, too.

The Japs on the rear slope were altogether too active. Sgt. Thomas and Pfcs. McCurdy and Major huddled together under their poncho listening to the machine gun firing sporadically off on the right. The Japs, they decided, must be trying to sneak through over there. They strained their eyes, trying to pierce the mist. Suddenly Major yelled "Japs" and started shooting. The enemy was right on top of them. The slope flamed into

When GIs drove on Naha and Shuri in southern Okinawa they first had to take a hill known as the "Escarpment," a network of caves and pillboxes covering the approaches to the two cities. Here men of a combat-engineer outfit carry satchel charges up the "Escarpment" to blow out Jap cave entrances. They use ships' cargo nets to scale it.

activity. Dark shapes raced among foxholes hurling grenades. One blew himself up just before he reached Thomas' position. Then, just as suddenly as it had begun, the firing ceased. There were no more targets. Had they killed them all, the men wondered, or just driven them off?

The right-flank riflemen of the 22d Regiment, 6th Marine Division, had reached the banks of the Asato River and were looking into the rubble-strewn streets of Naha. The 3d Battalion had established a CP in the shelter of the ridge about 500 yards behind the front lines. The row of tombs set in the side of the ridge had been unsealed and then obligingly abandoned by the retreating enemy. The marines lost no time in moving in. Besides offering an escape from the rain, the tombs were perfect protection against all manner of shells. Some of them could withstand even a direct hit. The men spread their blankets, stretched out and talked in low tones about K Company. At 0230 that morning K Company had begun moving up the slope of Sugar Loaf Hill. At 0300 they had sent back the message: "We are on top and intend to stay here." The enemy was determined they wouldn't. Knee mortars fell like hail. Grenades flew back and forth. Snipers crept around the base of the hill and ambushed the amtracks trying to evacuate the wounded. Daylight brought no relief.

Six times the enemy *banzaied* a way to the

As the infantry fought ahead on Okinawa, Jap machine-gun and sniper fire kept pinning them down. Here GIs are held up as a sniper works on them.

crest. Six times K Company threw them back. Not until almost noon did fighting subside long enough for another marine unit to relieve them. Seventy men had gone up the slope that morning; less than 30 came down. "Those guys had a lot of guts," someone said. It wasn't much of a remark but what the hell else could you say. Gradually conversations in the tombs died away. Except for the men on guard outside the CP, they slept. An hour or two passed. In one of the tombs Cpl. Paul Stewart of Waukesha, Wis., awoke with a start. A struggle was going on outside. He sat up, reaching for his carbine. Somebody tossed something inside the tomb. Instinctively Stewart rolled over against the wall. There was a deafening explosion as a grenade went off, killing the man next to him. Stewart was unhurt. He scrambled out of the tomb. Pfc. Spencer Klatt of Alton, Ill., had the grenade thrower by the throat and was slowly strangling him. The Jap gasped and kicked and bit Klatt's arm but Klatt wasn't letting go. Stewart used his carbine. The Jap stopped struggling and died.

He had not been alone. The whole CP area was swarming with Japs. Two tombs away a Lt. Brown of Denver, Colo., found himself face to face with a charging Nip. Brown killed him with his .45. Another jumped down from the top of the tomb with his hands full of grenades. Brown got him before he could pull the pins. In the midst of the confusion Pfc. Donald Houghtaling of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., was trying to help the wounded. Plasma and a doctor were needed. The medic station was on the other side of the open field. Lt. Buenos Young of Ellington, Conn., risked the crawl to the message center and got the medics on the phone. "We have some wounded over here who need help. There are Nips all over the place. I don't know whether you can get through." Word came back over the phone: "We will try it."

The doctor, Lt. John Tuthill, and Infantry Lt. Davis Curtis started across the open field. They did not dare crouch for fear the men in foxholes would mistake them for the enemy. "We are marines," they called. "Let us through." They had gone about halfway when two figures rose up out of the darkness. Curtis had his .45 ready; he fired three shots at close range. The two officers ran about 10 yards and stopped to see if they were being followed but the Japs had disappeared. Curtis was very happy about it—he had only one round left in the .45. Tuthill cursed; when the Nips appeared he had been so startled he had dropped most of the plasma.

They tried another dash and this time they made it to the wounded. Just as he had feared, Tuthill found he needed more plasma. Another call went over to the medics. Corpsman George Perrault of Evanston, Ill., and a chief pharmacist's mate volunteered to bring over another load. In the middle of the field the Japs jumped them. The medics threw the case of plasma in their faces and took off. A grenade exploded behind them. The chief, hit by fragments, dropped to the ground. Perrault made it.

A game of blindman's buff was going on around the CP. Groups of marines moved cautiously about, stalking down Japs in the dark. When they sighted something there was a quick challenge. If there was no answer whatever, it was well sprayed with lead. Gradually they got things under control. But firing had started in down on the beach. Whether enemy survivors had retreated down there or a larger force was on its way up, the marines did not know. They dug in around the tombs and waited to find out.

Late that afternoon five amtanks of Able Company, 1st Armored Amphibian Battalion, had crawled into the sea on the west coast a few miles behind the lines, churned across the estuary and taken up positions on the beach just north of the mouth of the Asato River. Mounting a 75-mm pack howitzer and a .50-caliber machine gun in an open turret, they were there to discourage any attempt at a night counterlanding by bargeloads of Japs sneaking up from Naha. The beach was protected by a six-foot seawall. The platoon commander, Lt. R. Leroy Robertson of Memphis, Tex., deployed his tanks tight up against it in column formation. Two men remained on watch in each turret.

The tide, rising slowly, crept in across the reef. It reached the seawall and rose around the amtanks, lapping softly against their steel hulls. In tank No. 15, Pfc. Junior Howell of Muncie, Ind., munched a handful of salted peanuts. They were damp and sticky, but helped him to stay awake. In No. 11, Cpl. Alex Worden of Roslyn, N. Y., yawned and watched a figure approach, walking casually down the seawall. "Some damn marine," he thought. "Hey you," he called. "You want to get your butt shot off?" Instead of replying the figure turned and sauntered off in the opposite direction. Howell had heard Worden challenge. He looked down the wall. Suddenly he realized there were not one but several figures. "Shoot those sonuvabitches," he shouted through a mouthful of peanuts. "They're Nips."

In a foxhole nearby, tank commander Floyd Harvey of Colfax, Wash., stuck his head up to look around and pulled it right back in again. Howell's tracers were zipping overhead. Three dark forms rushed by the hole, bullets flying around them. Harvey made a dash for the turret. He jumped in, grabbed the machine gun and opened up on two more coming down hill toward the seawall. Other Japs were running around out on the reef. Tracers flew out to meet them. A dripping figure rose from a pothole, brandishing a grenade. Somebody dropped him. Lt. Robertson was shouting, "Don't let them get close. They may have satchel charges."

On the radio he called the amtank liaison officer back at the regimental CP: "You better give us some flares quick if you expect us to be around in the morning." Offshore a destroyer's gun crew went into action. Flares began bursting up and down the reef. Japs trapped in their glare made beautiful targets. On the interphone, Cpl. Daniel Sullivan of Los Angeles, Calif., pleaded, "Shoot 'em high, they may have nice sabers." The 3d Battalion CP, which had been having its own troubles, called down on the radio: "We can hear you firing, do you need any help?" Cpl. Harvey had an answer ready: "Yeah, send us down a bulldozer to help cover up these Nips." The CP was unimpressed. "Brother, you're not telling us anything new. We got 'em all over up here too."

Dawn came slowly. There was no sunrise, only gradual, almost imperceptible transition from darkness to misty daylight. Rain fell fitfully. Flares continued to burn weakly overhead. Along the front on Okinawa shivering men stood up, stretched and looked cautiously around. On the slope of Dick Hill, the cooks brought breakfast to Sgt. House and his men. Cold spaghetti and meat balls and water. Off to the right, Stickley's group cursed. Someone had passed off a batch of Australian rations on them. They tried to eat the hash but it had a funny taste. They mixed the tea with cold water and drank it. Then they went down the hill to look at the Japs killed during the night. They noted they were in good shape—healthy, clean, wearing almost new uniforms. "If they're all like this," one GI observed gloomily, "the bastards aren't even close to being licked."

On the west coast the 3d Battalion CP was evacuating its wounded. When dawn came they had found the chief pharmacist's mate still alive in the field he had tried to cross with the plasma. Unable to move, he had played dead all night.

Down on the beach the amtank men counted bodies in the shallows, scattered along the base of the seawall. Pvt. Sullivan had guessed right; some of them did have sabers. Damp wood sputtered and smoked. The marines were going to have bacon and coffee for breakfast. In the air there was suddenly a high, thick noise. It changed to a piercing whistle, ended in a tremendous crash a short distance down the beach. Before the men could make up their minds whether the shell was a freak more began to land around them. There was no doubt about it. Some Jap over in Naha had spotted them and was zeroing in. Lt. Robertson decided that this was too much. "Get your engines started," he shouted, "we're pulling out." The marines with their mess kits full of sizzling bacon hurdled the seawall and piled aboard. Engines roaring, five amtanks crunched painfully out across the reef in single file. If they could make deep water they would be fairly safe. Shells burst just behind the last one, throwing up geysers of mud and water. The crew ducked and thought about what perfect targets they must be making—"Like the line of beginners' targets in a shooting gallery," someone decided. The last tank bumped down in deep water. The Japs gave up. Platoon Sgt. John Spelce of Clearwater, Fla., looked back over his shoulders and shook his head. "What a helluva night that was," he said. "I thought it would never end."

Sgt. Joseph Perry, of Heron Lake, Minn., takes his job as head medic seriously. He's looking for a sick hen.

NEW CALEDONIAN

Chicken Farm

This is one outfit that can't have enough chicken. The GIs who take care of them see to it that the birds stay on their nests, since they are expected to turn out 2,000 eggs a day for hospital patients. It's one round of bed check, sick call and entry taking after another. The farm is managed by a "chicken platoon" under the command of Lt. Harold H. Stephens of Jonesboro, Ark., formerly of the Farm Security Administration. Mess sergeant for the fowls is Sgt. William Steed, head chicken medic is Sgt. Joseph Perry, and Pvts. Paris Linville Jr. and Myron Hart act as permanent CQs. Of course all this chicken wasn't in New Caledonia before the Army got there. The hens were shipped from Australia when fresh eggs were needed.

Pfc. John Slay of Chipley, Fla., dishes out the chow daily for the hens.

It's egg-gathering time for Pfc. Laurence Weeks of Barre City, Vt.

Sgt. Perry and Pvt. Joseph Walker of Wichita, Kans., wash down a hen's "CC" pill.

YANKS IN DUBLIN

The first Americans who arrived in Eire to visit relatives got as much attention as the first baby Panda in the Bronx zoo.

By Cpl. EDMUND ANTROBUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

EIRE—It was a beautiful day in Dublin. Floating down the Liffy neat little barges with red-topped funnels, loaded with brown barrels of Guinness stout, symbolized good living and pre-war appetites.

Along the riverside the sunshine accentuated, rainbow-wise, the soft greens, blues, reds and yellows with which Dublin's tall Georgian houses are painted. It was low tide and, like a green ribbon along the quay wall, a strip of seaweed stretched as far as one could see.

The centerpiece of this picture was an American sergeant walking across O'Connell bridge, hand-in-hand with a girl in a red dress who looked like Maureen O'Sullivan. If the sergeant had looked up, no doubt he would have run for his life. Behind him were at least fifty people, unconscious that together they made a crowd, following along in absorbed interest.

He was apparently the first American soldier they had seen in Dublin, and the fact that he had become acquainted so quickly fascinated the people.

Actually, the first American soldier to arrive was Capt. Michael Buckley, a chaplain on leave from the Munich area. He arrived two days after Mr. de Valera's Government had raised the ban on the wearing of foreign uniforms, in order to enable Americans with relatives in Eire to visit them before going back to the States.

Something like 20,000 to 30,000 Americans are expected to visit Eire within the next few months but, so far, not more than a few hundred have been seen in Dublin. Most of the GIs have relatives in more remote parts of the country—western Ireland, Galway and Cork.

Americans in Dublin are getting as much attention as the first baby Panda in the Bronx Zoo. This will continue until the novelty of seeing the uniform wears off. When an American walks down a Dublin street he passes through a chorus of "Ooh, a Yank!" accompanied by a lot of nudging and unabashed smiles. It is all reminiscent of a very patriotic American town in 1942.

GIs are followed by tribes of wild, ragged, bare-footed children, whose legs and feet look as if they had been lashed with hail and rain. (As they walk about with bare legs and feet all the year round, this is probably the case.) Aside from that they look in the pink of health. They follow Americans like a tail attached to a kite, not begging, but motivated by curiosity.

The only way to escape is to make a sharp turn into a pub or jump into a bus. If you get ambushed by these kids anything may happen.

I was walking along pretending not to notice the juvenile group-escort in which I was caught about six feet deep, when a little girl grabbed my hand. I happened to be swinging my arms, and as she was so tiny and light I swung her through the air easily. As she hung on, she looked up and smiled as if to say, an American is as good as a day at the Fair.

They are all anxious to hear a genuine American accent. A favorite trick is for the leader of a gang to sidle up with a speculative look and ask: "What's the time, mister?" If it's your first day in Dublin you look at your watch and say: "It's half past three," or whatever it happens to be. At this the kid dashes off with screams of laughter and repeats this in an exaggerated American intonation to the rest of the gang.

About two weeks after the Americans arrived a strange distortion of an old battle cry was heard in Dublin: "Have you got any gumchum, sir?" the kids asked. They thought that "gum" and "chum" were one word.

Some people in Dublin have somehow interpreted the "gumchum" expression as something you say in America instead of "How do you do." It is very funny to see older people who have no operative use for the stuff, giving you a toothless smile, raising their hats and saying: "Have you got any gum, chum?" in friendly greeting.

Every Irishman seems to have some connections in America. They stop GIs and say things like, "I lived in the States for fifteen years," or "I've just sold some property at Rockaway Beach," or "I've got a nephew in the American Army in the Pacific."

One outspoken old gent in a tweed suit halted in front of me one day and said: "I'm a veteran of the last war. It's good to see an American soldier." And as he spoke he looked over his shoulder and his tone sounded threatening. I thought this strange, then realized that his words were a greeting to me and also a challenge to any passer-by who might disagree with him. No one did, of course. This was just another example of a passionate Irish hello.

The welcome the students of Trinity College give GIs is a bit on the intellectual side. I was standing on the O'Connell bridge when two students approached me with: "We're going to a lecture. How would you like to come along?" Five minutes later I was sitting in a classroom listening to a white-haired professor lecturing on the 18th Century novel. There were about fifteen students in the room. Some of them were reading 20th Century novels under their desks. The professor talked for about twenty minutes, and then in what I can only interpret as deference to me, swung the lecture from Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* to Edmund Burke's speech in the House of Commons, protesting eloquently against British taxation of the American colonies.

Trinity College is in the center of Dublin and extremely hospitable. GIs can wander through the campus if they feel like it. It reminds a lot of soldiers of home. Like American college boys the Irish students wear open collars and sports coats. The girls wear sweaters with rolled up sleeves.

The Irish surprise you with their infinite knowledge of the United States. I was walking down Grafton Street when a voice which seemed to come from nowhere called out: "Hey, Yank, where you

"—for me that was IT."

from in the States?" I looked up and saw an old cab driver, sitting cross-legged on the high seat of his horse-drawn vehicle, watching everyone passing by. His derby hat and cab looked equally battered. I told him: "California."

"Here's a man who knows all about that," he said, beckoning to a dyspeptic-looking character on crutches who was leaning against a nearby wall. He hobbled over to us. "California?" he said, like a bored travel agent. "L.A. or 'Frisco?"

"'Frisco," I said.

"Market Street, Van Ness Avenue, Sutter Street, Kearney . . ." he recited. "Hell, I was there before the 'quake. Then in 1917 for ten years. You know *Mark Hopkins, Fairmont Hotel, St. Francis . . .*?" he asked, reeling off all the hotels in the town. "I was a bell hop there." He stopped to look disparagingly at the cabby. "He doesn't know what a 'bell hop' is." Then, raising his voice he said: "But I was a bell hop in every hotel in Frisco."

The cabby broke in excitedly, pointing his whip up O'Connell Street, "But did you ever see such a fine looking street as that," he said, "with two lines of such fine looking tram cars?"

"Oh, for God's sake," the limping atlas said in disgust, "do you know that in Canal Street, New Orleans, they've got *five* lines of trams running up the middle—all in one street?" he shouted.

It was too much. He hobbled back to lean against the wall. The cabby shrugged his shoulders and looked hurt. After a few seconds he said respectfully: "That's Mr. O'Rourke. He knows every corner of your country."

Later on I met a character who professed more than just a passing knowledge of the United States. He introduced himself by showing me an Irish penny. "Gimme another one, bud, for a cup of coffee." This was said in a strong nasal accent, heavily affected. He added piteously, "I'm an American on the rocks."

The next day I bumped into him again. When he made the same approach I pointed out that we had been through this routine only yesterday. "Ah, that's okay then," he said. "I'll be seeing you again in Vancouver, Montreal, New York," implying that he would pay me back when we ran into each other in this gay, romantic world.

THE big story in the Dublin papers the day I arrived was about a local boy who was up on charges in the Children's Court for stealing a book from the public library. The book was about tanks. His father pleaded to the court to be lenient, explaining that his son had "gone mad on tanks" as a result of a long correspondence with U.S. generals. To prove it he showed the judge a letter he said his son had received from General Gerow of the U.S. Fifteenth Army. The boy, he said, had written to General Gerow congratulating him on his direction of the fighting during the battle of the "Bulge," and had received in reply a letter from the General's aide stating: "General Gerow is most pleased to receive your letter of well wishes." Enclosed, he said, was a picture of the General taken during the "Bulge" operation.

The case was dismissed under the Probation Act.

Many of the GIs who come to Dublin are met by the Irish Tourist Association who very kindly offer to show the Americans the town.

To the question: "What do you want to see first?" the GIs generally reply: "A sirloin steak and after that anything you say."

However, one group of GIs were a little more specific. When a trip to the Dail (Irish Parliament), Trinity College or Guinness Brewery were suggested, a GI stepped forward, waved these ideas aside and announced decisively: "We want to see Mr. de Valera."

"Dev?" the guide said with alarm. "No one ever sees Dev. He's usually nine feet deep in private detectives."

"Just show us where he lives," the GIs said.

The guide took them to the door and departed, shaking his head sceptically.

But the next day Dublin citizens, reading their morning papers, whooped "Well done" like a defeated English cricket team. The paper said that the American soldiers had had an informal chat with *An Taoiseach* which lasted fifteen minutes. The Americans said they had had no trouble at all. Mr. de Valera welcomed them most graciously and told them if they were ever in the country again to be sure and drop in.

The film *Going My Way* is naturally a big success in Dublin. The week I was there it was playing in a movie house just around the corner from the famous Abbey Theater where Barry Fitzgerald and his brother, Arthur Shields, started their careers. Everyone seemed to think a great deal of it. In fact it was even a hit among religious circles. A Franciscan monk, next to whom I happened to be sitting in a train, tapped a parish priest on the knee to inquire if he had seen the picture.

The priest said he had, and nodded appreciatively.

"Yes," the monk sighed reminiscently, "for me that was It."

Gasoline is very scarce in Eire so you don't see many cars or buses. In Dublin people queue for transportation. The shortage of gas has given birth to a new industry, not as you might think, to cheap manufactured bicycles, but street musicians who entertain the people who have to wait in the queues. You see the musicians in almost every block, generally a husband-wife-and-child team. The wife sings, the husband accompanies on the accordian and the child sells the lyrics or sheet music. They are alleged to make a pound a day. The most popular ballad is *Lily the Lamp Lighter*, better known to the rest of the world as *Lily Marlene*.

There is cigarette shortage, too. When GIs go into a tobacconist in search of cigarettes they are often told: "Sorry, sir, we've only got American." This rather disparaging tone is not meant to be offensive and if you decide to buy a package of American cigarettes you see what the tobacconist means. *Chesterfields* and a number of other popular brands are stale. Apparently, they have been in stock since the war started. Other American cigarettes are the wild-cat brands which appeared suddenly in the States during the shortage. If the tobacconist sells you a pack of these he adds jokingly: "I can get a coffin for you wholesale."

One of the most colorful characters in Dublin is Jack Doyle, the Irish boxer. The Irish call him the "fighting canary" because he has combined his career with crooning during the last few years. He wears an orange tie knotted in the Duke of Windsor manner and a suit which is so drape in shape that it is far more characteristic of Lennox Avenue, New York, than O'Connell Street, Dublin.

The fact that singing takes up a lot of his time makes his old opponents resentful. There is a story that he was singing *Mother Machree* in Tuam, Galway, one night when Martin Thornton, the Irish heavyweight champion, challenged him from the audience. Doyle paid no attention at first, but he was interrupted so many times that he was forced to stop the performance and accept the challenge, making a date for one fight in Dublin and one in Galway.

IT'S unfair to describe the food in Eire unless a lot of guys are going to hurry up and find some relatives they can visit. Most of us have forgotten how such food and drink taste. There are, as the British say, lashings of whipped cream, salmon, chicken, eggs, milk and tender steaks as large as doorsteps.

In a restaurant called *Jamets* there are eighty different items on the menu. The last thing I remember eating there was ice cream mounted on whipped cream, mounted on strawberries, mounted on meringue.

The bars are full of whiskey, Portuguese sherry, brandy, gin and liqueurs. After seeing a lot of empty bottles decorating the shelves in British pubs this sight is a bit overpowering.

Scenically, Dublin is a lot like Paris. It has wide sweeping streets and a river, arched with delicate white bridges, running through the town. It has an anti-commercial atmosphere with no soot and no factories.

All this was summed up in a bit of understatement by Mr. Eugene O'Brien. His pub is across the street from the Abbey Theater.

"And what do you think of Ireland?" he asked three GIs, who had just walked in. They went into raptures, using superlatives more characteristic of Hollywood press agents than GIs.

He listened, bought them each a drink and then sat down to think it over.

"Well," he said finally, "it's not such a bad little island. It's a lot better than some of those in the Pacific."

"I was a bell hop in every hotel in Frisco."

GI HOME LOAN

Before the Veterans' Administration will guarantee up to $2,000 of your home loan, it must know almost to the dollar what the house is worth and what repairs are necessary.

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Writer

RICHMOND, VA.—Pfc. Herbert J. Pugh was an MP on the gate at the Cherry Point, N. C., Marine Base a year ago when he met Cpl. Florence Streng of the same camp. Rank meant nothing to Herbert because on the gate he was always telling off everybody except the colonel, so the pfc began courting the corporal.

Herb passed 41 and drew an over-age discharge. He and Florence were married and she followed him out of service with a "Section 858," a release for approaching motherhood.

The Pughs set about finding a place to take up housekeeping, and therein lies the story. They became the first veteran couple to obtain a home loan under the GI Bill of Rights. Their experiences are a good clue to what other vets can expect when they buy a home under the act.

First thing the Pughs discovered was that it is hard nowadays to find any place to live. Florence had vague ideas about "one of those lovely *Ladies' Home Journal* cottages where you press a button and an infra-red light bastes the chicken, and there are glass walls, and it's all ginghamy."

The places up for rent weren't a bit like that. The Pughs tried 50 addresses. For $55 a month they were offered lodgings on the outskirts of Richmond where they would have had to share the one bath with a family which, fortunately or unfortunately, didn't appear to use it very often. For $125 a month in a swanky apartment-hotel they could have got a bedroom and sitting room, plus a closet with an ovenless two-burner laundry stove as the "kitchenette."

When Herb happened to hear of a six-room, "one-and-a-half-story" stucco house for sale in a desirable part of Richmond, the Pughs instantly decided to buy instead of rent. Two days later, their names were on the dotted line. The price was $7,200. The owner made the Pughs put down $500 and gave them 60 days to produce the rest.

The Pughs had heard something about the home-loan provisions of the GI Bill of Rights, so they dropped in at the Franklin Federal Savings & Loan Association to get the lowdown. They told Frank Groves, the bank's vice president, that they wanted $8,000—$7,200 to pay for the house and $800 to cover repairs.

Groves sat down to tell them the score. It was 10:30 A.M. When the three stood up again, it was an hour and a half after lunch. There were literally hundreds of questions the bank had to ask for itself and for the Veterans' Administration, which represents the Government in the GI home loans.

The bank, Groves explained, lends the full sum to the veteran, while the Government, through the Veterans' Administration, agrees to make good $2,000, or 50 percent of the $4,000 loan, if the veteran goes bad on the loan and the bank has to foreclose. The Pughs could get a $4,000 guarantee—$2,000 apiece—because each is a veteran.

The Richmond banker made no bones about the fact that he was not interested in making a bum loan.

"I'd hate to be the first one to foreclose a veteran," he said frankly. "It would be in all the papers."

Groves started by asking what Herb was doing for a living now that he was out of the Marines, and how much he was making. Pugh said he was a traveling salesman for the Benjamin T. Crump Company, selling automobile equipment through northern and western Virginia. He said he had a guaranteed income of $2,400 a year, but that commissions brought his earnings up to about $60 to $65 a week.

Groves said that was good, because the bank's rule was that the monthly payments on a house should not exceed the buyer's weekly salary. Including taxes and insurance, monthly payments on $8,000 for 20 years at the GI interest rate of 4 percent would be only $59.50.

Next, Groves inquired how long Pugh had lived in Richmond. He said the bank was leery about making home loans to newcomers likely to want to move somewhere else after the war boom dies down. Pugh said he was born right in Charlotte County, Va., and had lived a good 17 years in Richmond before he volunteered for the Marines.

The banker next wanted to know what sort of neighborhood the Pughs were buying into.

"If he were a wealthy boy," Groves explained later, "we wouldn't let him buy in a slum, for example, even if it was the only home he could find. He wouldn't be satisfied there as the years went by. He wouldn't want to raise a family there."

The bank had the Retail Merchants' Association of Richmond check up on Pugh's reputation for paying bills and living within his income, and then Mr. Groves was ready to ship the application off to the Veterans' Administration offices in Washington and Roanoke, Va., for the Government's approval.

Then the Pughs began sweating out the answer. Originally, they had asked for only a 30-day option on the house, but at the last minute Herb wisely told the owner: "Better give us 60 days. The Government never does anything on time."

Pretty soon, Herb was sorry he hadn't made it 90 days. The first 30 days ran out with no word from the Veterans' Administration, and soon the second 30 were running low. To make things worse, the owner was all business and kept telling the Pughs that the day after they'd signed up he had a call from someone who wanted to buy the house sight unseen over the telephone.

Florence and Herb talked nervously about cashing in their War Bonds and hitting up their relatives and friends for small loans. They could have raised the rest of the $7,200, but it would have meant skipping a lot of important repairs.

What was taking the VA so long was that it had to get an appraisal of the Pughs' intended home from one of the experts on the Veterans' Administration list of approved investigators. The VA in Washington called on Morton Thalhimer, one of Richmond's leading real-estate operators, to do the job. Thalhimer drove out to see the house at 4208 Cutshaw Avenue and, counting the time of two assistants, had to spend 16 man-hours getting the dope the VA wanted.

THE VA's prepared form required Thalhimer to tell just what shape the house was in, with no details omitted. Via the proper spaces on the form, Thalhimer informed Washington that the floors were in poor condition, that the single bath was "fair." As required, he noted that the gutters were copper and "good," the electric fixtures mostly "okay" but old-fashioned; the closets "in bedroom only."

He also had to let Washington in on the fact that the roof was slate and the outside structure stucco on frame. He added that there were no termites, dry rot or dampness but that the back porch was settling. The overall condition of the house he described as "good."

But that wasn't the end. The form asked whether the neighborhood had all the facilities the Pughs would need for the next 20 years.

Thalhimer scribbled down that it was five-eighths of a mile to the stores Mrs. Pugh would patronize, 14 blocks to the grammar school the veterans' unborn child would probably attend in 1951 and one block to Thomas Jefferson High School, which would come in handy around 1959.

The form asked how far it was to church. Thalhimer didn't know the Pughs' faith, so he just put down the nearest house of worship, three blocks away. As things turned out, it was the wrong church. When the Pughs went to worship on Easter Sunday, they found that the nearest chapel of their denomination was three miles off.

Thalhimer listed painstakingly all the neighborhood utilities, available and unavailable. There was water, a sewage system, gas, paved streets, sidewalks and curbs, but the alleys, he noted, were unpaved.

Did the Pughs' house fit the neighborhood, or would they feel out of place? Thalhimer assured the Government that "size of lot and type of house (are) typical of district," though he had to concede that "stucco houses (are) not typical."

The Government's curiosity was far from exhausted. How did the Pughs' price compare with what other people in the neighborhood had to pay in recent years? Thalhimer looked up the records in the Chancery Court, and double-checked by telephoning both the buyers and the sellers. The six-room stucco house across the street at 4205 Cutshaw Avenue sold a year ago for $7,200; the similar house next to it went for $6,500, and the eight-roomer at 4203 cost $12,000. Did Thalhimer consider these fair prices? Well, he did think the $12,000 was about $500 too high.

Which repairs were essential for the Pughs to make? Which were "other than necessary?" How much would each repair job cost?

THALHIMER's list of needed repairs came to $925. His list of "other than necessary" repairs added up to $475. The GI act covers only essential repairs—$925 in the Pughs' case. Veterans have to get money from somewhere else to handle "other than necessary" improvements.

The Pughs were impressed by the appraiser's uncanny accuracy. He figured the plaster, floor, wall and woodwork jobs at $555. The Pughs' actual bill was $568. In all, the couple is spending about $1,500 in repairs, half as much again as the appraiser would allow for borrowing purposes.

Thalhimer still hadn't finished answering Government questions: 1) How much physical depreciation had there been since the house was built; 2) how much economic depreciation; 3) how much functional depreciation?

The second question meant in effect: Is it too good a house for too poor a neighborhood, or vice versa? The third question referred to the fact that many an old-time mansion is just a headache nowadays because few persons want, or can afford, big rooms that are hard to heat and clean.

In the case of the Pugh house, Thalhimer gave favorable answers to all three questions. But one GI whose application Groves the banker handled didn't come off so well. In that instance, the appraiser pointed out in answer to the second question that the $5,650 two-story house the vet wanted to buy stood out like a sore thumb in an area of small modern bungalows. The appraiser said $5,250 was all the house was worth.

The vet pleaded that he had a lot of dependents and couldn't find another house as good for $5,650, but the appraiser wouldn't back down. Groves finally managed to get the VA to appoint a new appraiser. The second man approved the loan.

Another question: How much would the Pughs' house bring in rent?—$65 a month as it was, $75 when repaired, Pugh told the VA.

More questions: How much would it cost to build a house like it nowadays?—$7,560. What was the insured value of the house?—$6,365. What was the value of the property based on other neighborhood sales?—$7,200. Based on "depreciated reproduction cost?"—$6,920.

At this point Thalhimer must have dusted off his crystal ball, because the form invited him to shuffle all these different figures together, take account of the fact that prices will probably drop after the war while the veteran is still paying off, and then come up with the "critical score"—the "reasonable normal value" of the house. Thalhimer could find no definition of what the Government meant by RNV, but he came up with a figure—$8,200. That okayed the $8,000 loan with a couple of hundred bucks to spare.

Thalhimer said that probable postwar deflation of prices was much on his mind as he concocted the RNV of $8,200. The Government's idea, so far

as he can figure, is that a lot of veterans are in the position of a man ready to pay $1,500 for a $900 second-hand car that will resell after the war for not a cent more than $600. The Government, in Thalhimer's interpretation, wants nothing to do with deals like that.

Unless the Government is careful, Thalhimer says, there is danger that, after the war, neighbors with practically identical houses will come to home-owning veterans and propose something like this: "You have a $7,200 mortgage. Walk out on it, and I'll sell you my house for $6,000. Then you'll be in $1,200."

"Unless a veteran was in the real estate business before service, he doesn't know whether a house is worth $4,000, $5,000 or $6,000," the appraiser added. "Ten skilled appraisers might come up with 10 different conscientious RNVs on the same house, but all 10 would be within 5 percent of one another."

Because of all the precautions, many another veteran trying to buy a house has been less lucky than the Pughs in getting the Government to approve the wartime price asked for it.

As the thorough appraisal dragged on, the Pughs were about ready to chew nails. "I wish," Pugh told Groves several times while the 60 days ticked off, "I wish I'd put up my own money and let the GI act go to hell."

Several times the Pughs doubted they would get the loan, but each time Herb would say: "If they don't approve this one, I'd hate to see what happens to some of the kids coming back."

In his outfit, Herb had been considered practically a millionaire. When he was inducted, an officer asked him the routine question about how much he had made in civilian life. Pugh held up a long line of other recruits trying to explain that it was hard to figure an average week in his selling line. "Well," the officer cut in impatiently, "what did you make in your last week?"

When Pugh answered, "$760," the officer looked as if he wished he hadn't brought the matter up.

The Pughs may think they had a tough time getting their loan, but Groves says that their case was a breeze compared with some. He declared that a survey of 1,200 savings and loan associations showed that out of the first 9,421 interviews these institutions had with veterans and their families on GI home loans, only 934 veterans had reached the stage of filing applications and a mere 305 had received loans at the time the banks reported. Total loans requested amounted to $4,211,367. Loans actually granted totaled $187,305.

"I thought they were going to be easier on people," Pugh says. "I figured they just counted on throwing the $2,000 away. I was wrong."

THE fact that both the Pughs are veterans means that the Government will pay $160 of their interest charges for them instead of $80 as it would if only one were a veteran. The Government pays the first year's interest on that part of the loan it guarantees, which in the Pughs' combined case was $4,000 instead of the usual $2,000.

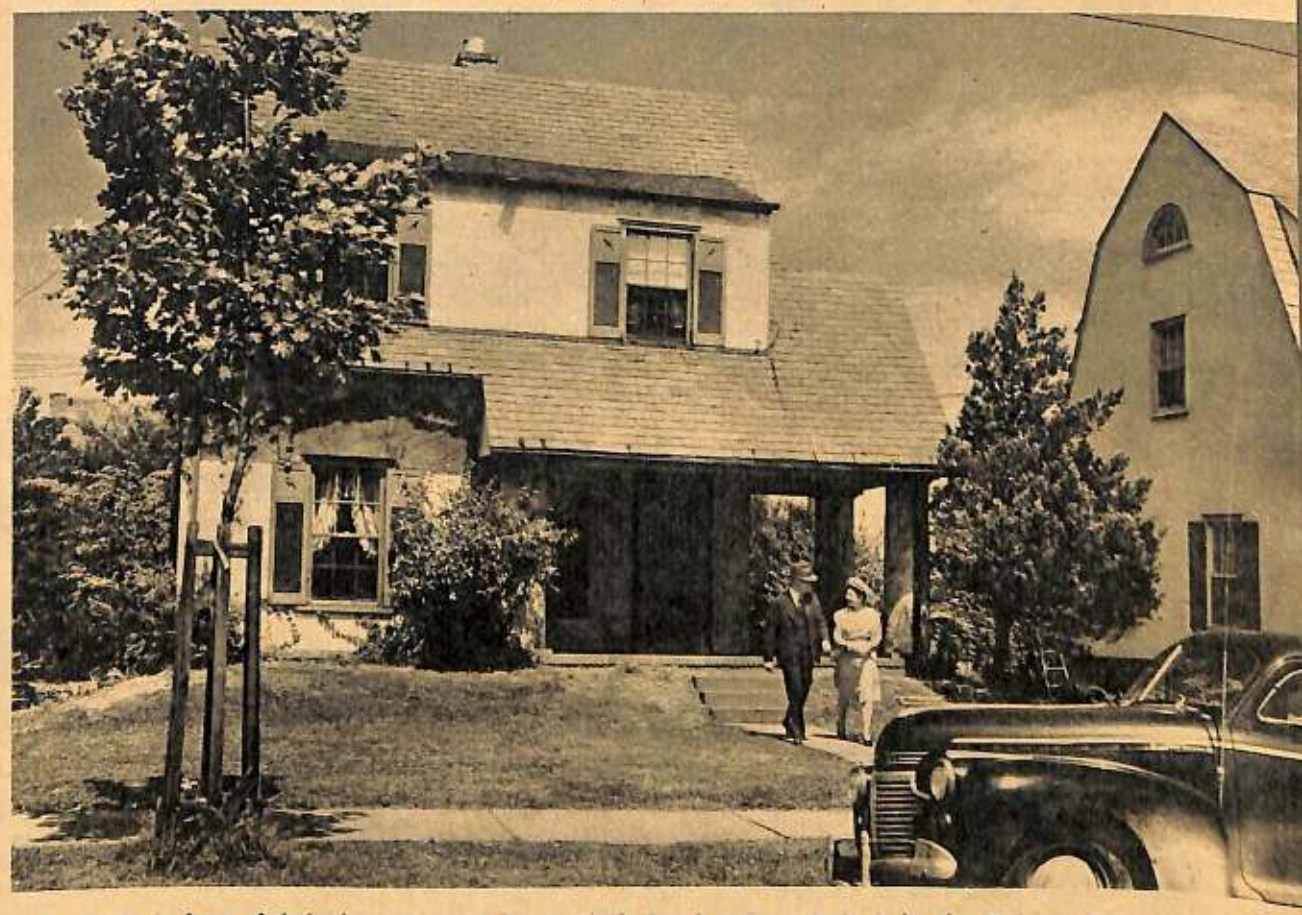
And the fact that the Government would insure $4,000 instead of $2,000 of the loan meant that the bank was more willing to put up its money, Groves said. In cases where the bank doesn't think that the Government is guaranteeing enough of the loan, veterans have the chance to do their borrowing through the Federal Housing Administration, which will insure up to $8,000 over and above the GI act's $2,000. The difference is that as much as 5 percent interest can be charged on the FHA-insured part of the loan. YANK will take up FHA loan procedure in another article.

Looking back, the Pughs feel that this low interest rate is one of the biggest benefits they got. Also, they point out, they obtained the loan without putting up any money of their own. If it weren't for the GI act, a bank would probably laugh at a veteran, or anybody else, trying to buy a house without forking over a nickel.

All is well now at 4208 Cutshaw Avenue. The suntans with the pfc stripe that Herb wears Saturday afternoons when he cuts the grass are the only reminders of their GI background. If you kid Florence about it being unbecoming for a high-ranking female corporal to marry a male pfc, she laughs and says there is nothing wrong with it "if the pfc minds the way he's supposed to."

Then her expression changes as she beams at her lord and master. "But now it's reversed," she says. "Those days are gone forever."

Mrs. Pugh, still in uniform, and her husband (right) discuss their loan with banker Frank Groves.

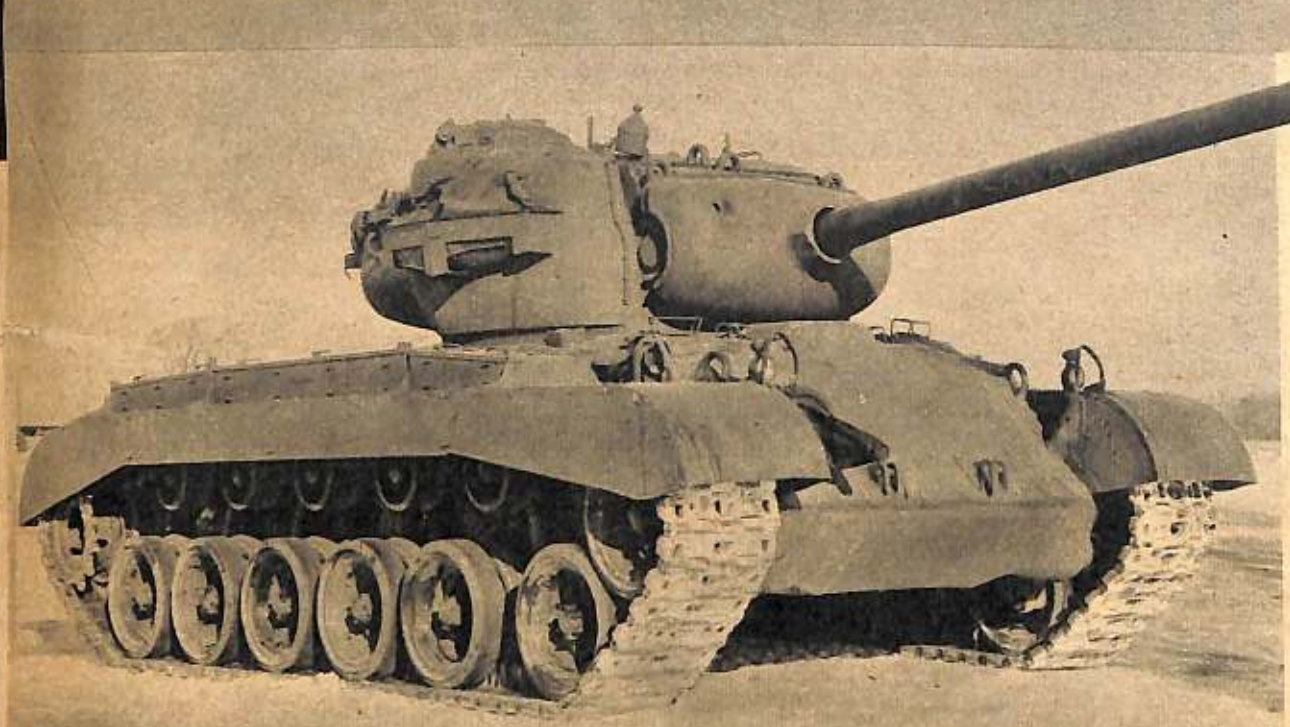


The Pughs in front of their six-room stucco house which they bought with the help of a GI home loan.

The two ex-GIs are reading up on homemaking.

Florence supervises Herb's lawn mowing.

The Pershing M26 (T26 E3)



The M26 is a distinct departure from the usual high, bluff appearance of earlier American armor. This view emphasizes its squatness and shows the long, sharply angled glacis plate at the bow.

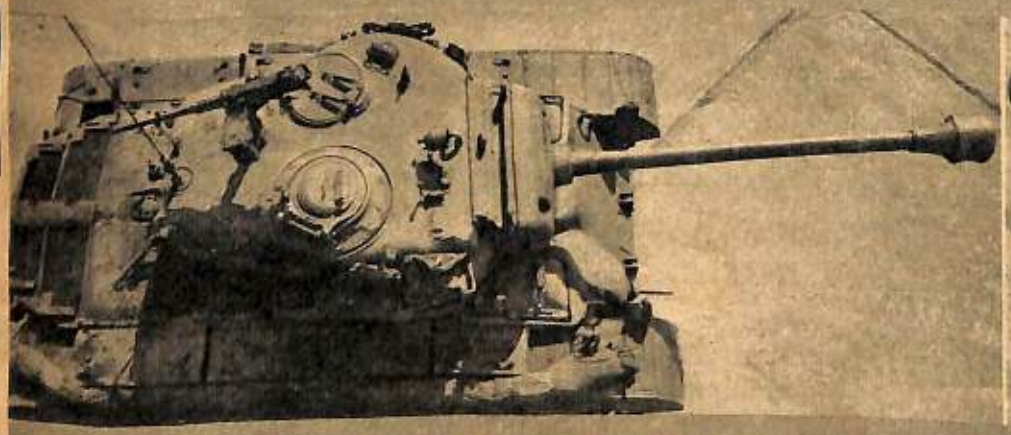
THOUGH the Pershing M26 didn't get into the fighting in Europe until very late in the game, it was in long enough to prove itself.

The first few Pershings went into action in March, with the First Army at Remagen and in the hard fighting east of Aachen where they soon won the confidence of their crews.

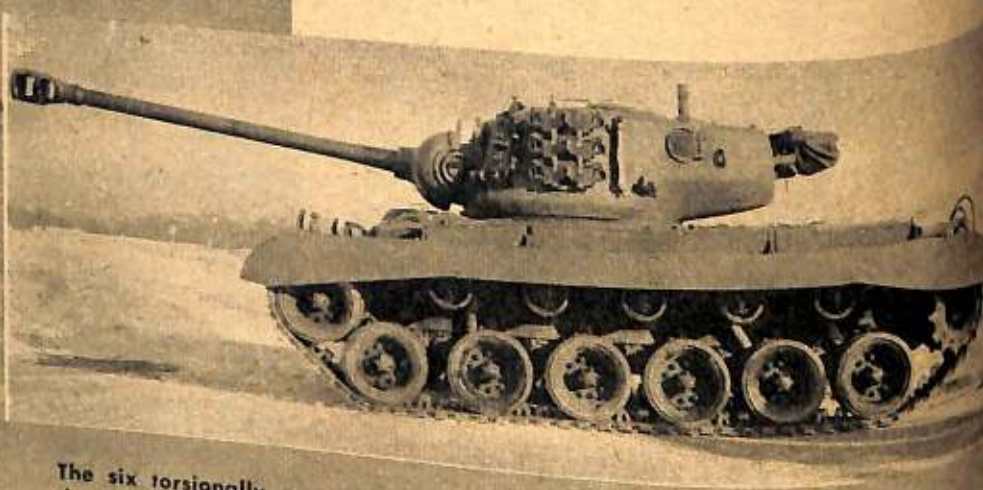
This new 43-tonner is the Ordnance Department's answer to the heavier German Tiger. It mounts a 90-mm high-velocity gun, equipped with a muzzle-brake, as opposed to the 88-mm on the Tiger.

Though it is called a medium tank it is much heavier and has thicker armor and more fire power than our other mediums.

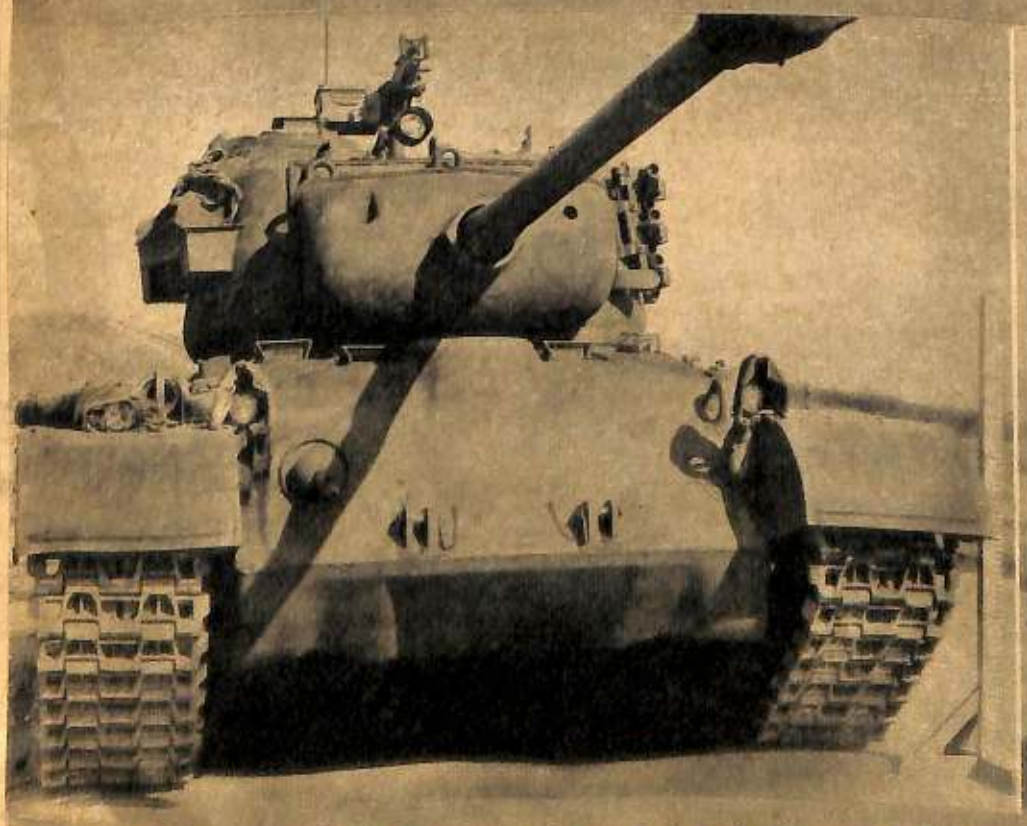
The low silhouette is reminiscent of the Russian T34. Other features such as its torsion bar suspension, large bogie wheels, and wide 24-inch tracks add to its distinctly foreign look. In addition to its 90-mm gun, it mounts a .50 caliber MG and two .30-caliber LMGS. Weighing 85,700 pounds, it is 21 feet, 11 inches long and 11 feet, 2 inches wide. A new 470-HP engine drives the tank at a speed of 25 MPH.



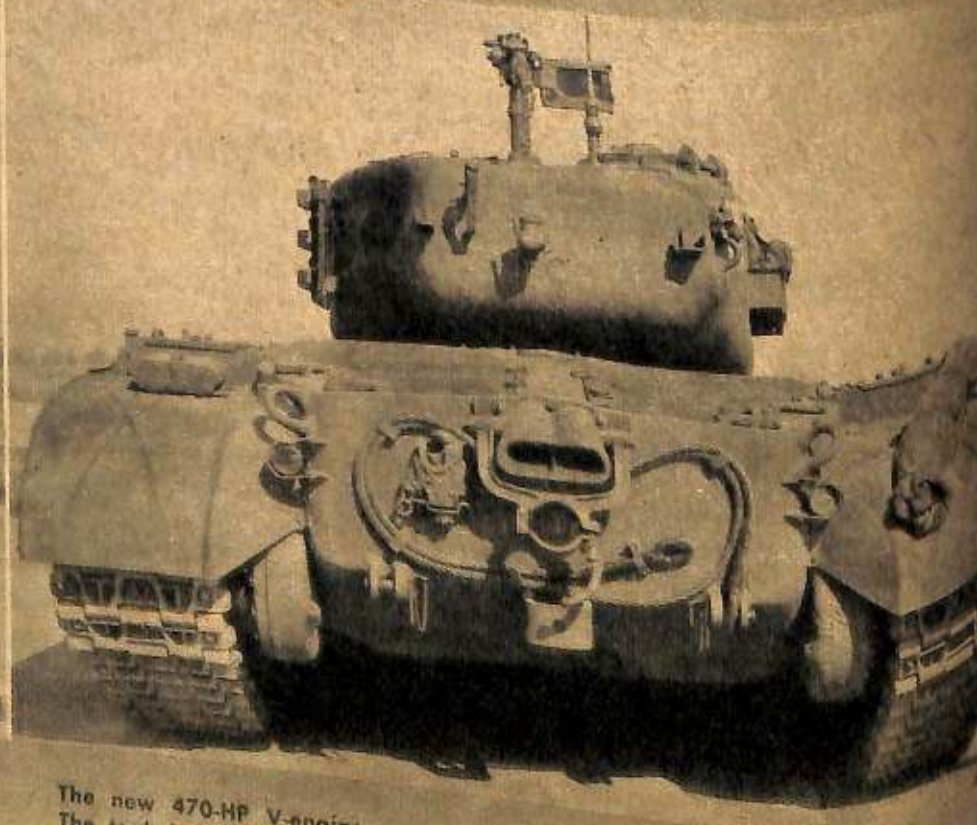
From the top, the great width of this tank is very noticeable. This view shows the triangular shape of the cast turret and the tank commander's cupola.



The six torsionally suspended bogies are an innovation on American tanks, though this type of suspension system has been used for years on foreign tanks.



The increased tread width (24 inches) is a great help in the flotation of the tank in mud. The treads approach the extreme width of some foreign tank treads.



The new 470-HP V-engine was especially designed for this [illegible] Ford. The tank is being manufactured by Fisher Body.

Steinbeck'll Get You If You Don't Watch Out

By Sgt. W. F. CODY

JUST like dat ol' debbil, I guess there's a little Steinbeck in all of us and when I finished reading John's latest novel, "Cannery Row", it began to ooze out of me and so I've let it run on to this page. When I started to write this story, I didn't think it was going to be this way at all, but the Steinbeck influence was on me and it had to be the way it is. You know how Steinbeck characters in his California novels are, of course. They ain't got a lick of sense or git-up about them, to coin a shining new phrase, but they're happy as all git-out and if you don't believe it, you're just an ulcerated old remnant of high-pressure living.

I hesitate to expose what follows to the public gaze, but as they drag me away I'll go shouting that I'm not myself. The old mice and men and the "Cannery Row" gang have got me and this is the way the Army looks to me now.

Early morning in Hut Area Five has magic in it. The black Nissen huts glisten in the pearl light of the early morning. On such a morning and at such a place, Private Irma Roper stretched lazily, told the Charge of Quarters to please leave him the hell alone, smoked a *Marvel*, got up, made his bunk, dressed and washed and then went over to the mess hall.

Irma had a girl's name but he was not a Wac. Just after Irma had been born his father, who always did the naming, had gotten stinking on bath-tub gin and when they asked him to name the baby he was confused and said Irma. At least they think he said Irma. He might have been belching. It didn't make much difference to Irma one way or the other. There was something wrong with his memory —he kept remembering things that hadn't happened yet and it was confusing to almost every one he knew. Then, too, there was something wrong with his coordination and he often had trouble with his neckties. So he had gotten one of the boys to tie one for him and he had carefully slipped it on and off for about six months. It was sort of a rare brown now and the boys used it as a mirror when the wash-room was filled up.

"Irma, stand still," they'd say as they parted their hair, and Irma would smile. He liked to help people when he could find a way to do it.

Only First Sergeant Holman really understood Irma. Irma would creep into the Orderly Room every night to see if Sgt. Holman was there. If he wasn't, Irma would be very sad. The only thing you could do to keep him from sobbing in grief was to let him take a swallow or two of ink out of the big bottle on Sgt. Holman's desk. Later, he would put soap in his mouth and blow colored bubbles.

One of the big reasons the First Sergeant and Irma got along so well was that Irma liked K.P. He would come in and look at Holman for a long time and then he would plead to be put on K.P. Holman was big about it; he always said yes.

Irma had had a little trouble learning how to do things in the mess hall but he was happy if he could wash plates, and he would work all day with-out a rest except for meals. Once in a while he would forget to put soap in the water and then the plates would come out streaked and greasy, but he didn't mind doing them over.

But to get back to the morning when Irma got up and went on K.P. again. He felt good that morning. There was a bird singing in a tree near the road as he walked to work. He took a rock and threw it at the bird. It was frightened and flew away. Irma was sorry and wished it had stayed.

At the mess hall, Irma ate and then went over to the sink. He waited impatiently for the plates he liked to wash so much. While he waited he talked to a baker named Felix.

Felix was a good baker except that he was always taking the cakes he made and soaking them in beer and cognac and eating them. He would get very happy then and, if no one watched him, he would pick up anything he could find around the mess hall and mix it together to make a cake. The only time any one ever really got mad at him was when the mess officer left his watch on a table and Felix put it in the oven in a cake batter he had made out of old wieners and sauerkraut.

But Felix understood Irma. When Irma was on K.P. he'd bring over a hunk of cake and stand near him. He would break off pieces of the cake and feed them to Irma. Big tears would come into Irma's eyes and roll down his cheeks and into the basin. Felix would smile and ask what was the matter.

Irma would look at him for a long time and then he would speak. "I love you," he would say.

It would have gone on like that and there would always have been Irma, the First Sergeant and Felix the baker, the centrifugality of the syllabus and the everlasting wonder. It could have gone on if the mess officer hadn't installed a China Clipper which cheated Irma out of a job.

"I was doing it all right, wasn't I?" he asked Felix, his voice soft.

"Sure you were—sure," Felix said. "They just got the machine in, that's all."

"I did it all right. I only broke three plates the day before the thing arrived," Irma said. There were tears in his eyes.

"Oh, God!" Felix said.

Irma sat and looked at the machine. The tears rolled down his cheeks and his eyes had a sort of a hurt look. They couldn't find him when time for dinner came and when they searched they found him burrowed in under the sacks of onions.

They brought him out and kept him away from the store rooms but Irma went from bad to worse. He would stand around for hours, mop in hand, watching the Clipper. He told Felix he was praying it would break down.

"Felix," he said one day, pleadingly, "it'll break, won't it? Won't it break, Felix?"

And because Felix was tired and hadn't gotten any brandy the night before to go with his beer, he had grunted that he was certain it would go on washing plates forever. He shouldn't have said that because that must have been what made Irma do it.

The mess sergeant finally got worried about Irma watching the Clipper with his fixed stare so he assigned him to work on the machine. He hoped Irma would grow to admire the machine as much as he had liked washing the plates. Irma did the first few batches of plates all right. But he ceased work after he had put through the first few trays. He quit and he looked at the machine. Before any one could stop him he was ripping at the rollers and then beating and hammering at the machine with a broom stick. The medics came and took him down to the hospital and Felix went down to see him.

Felix took a big piece of cake and he fed it to Irma. It seemed to cheer Irma a lot and he ate and looked at Felix and smiled. Finally, it was time for Felix to go. Then Irma spoke.

"Is the thing working now?" he asked.

"No, they had to send it away. They won't have it fixed for weeks."

That made Irma happy. There were tears in his eyes and his jaw was quivering. As Felix started to go again, Irma grabbed his sleeve. Felix turned back toward him.

"What is it?" he asked.

Irma looked at him a long time. "I love you," he said.

Felix walked back toward the mess hall and he spoke aloud to the world, the wind and himself:

Even then
The marble and onyx morning
Waited in silence over the far
dark tiger-trees, waited . . .
Even then
The spangled silvery dove
Drowned in the gray secret
Of the mother-sea
*Even then . . . Even then . . .**

The wind was blowing through the hedge by the side of the road, and the cows roamed and chewed in the pasture beyond it. Behind the hedge, a cat lay still and purred with a lazy but insistent sound.

* "Silver Dove" translated from the Old Persian by S. Samuel Abelow.

MAIN STREE

A LOOK BACK HOME— S

DENVER, COLO. A pleasant, sunny morning along 16th Street in the "metropolis of the Rockies." At right is Denver's tallest building, Daniels and Fisher Tower, and at left the famous Tabor Opera House.

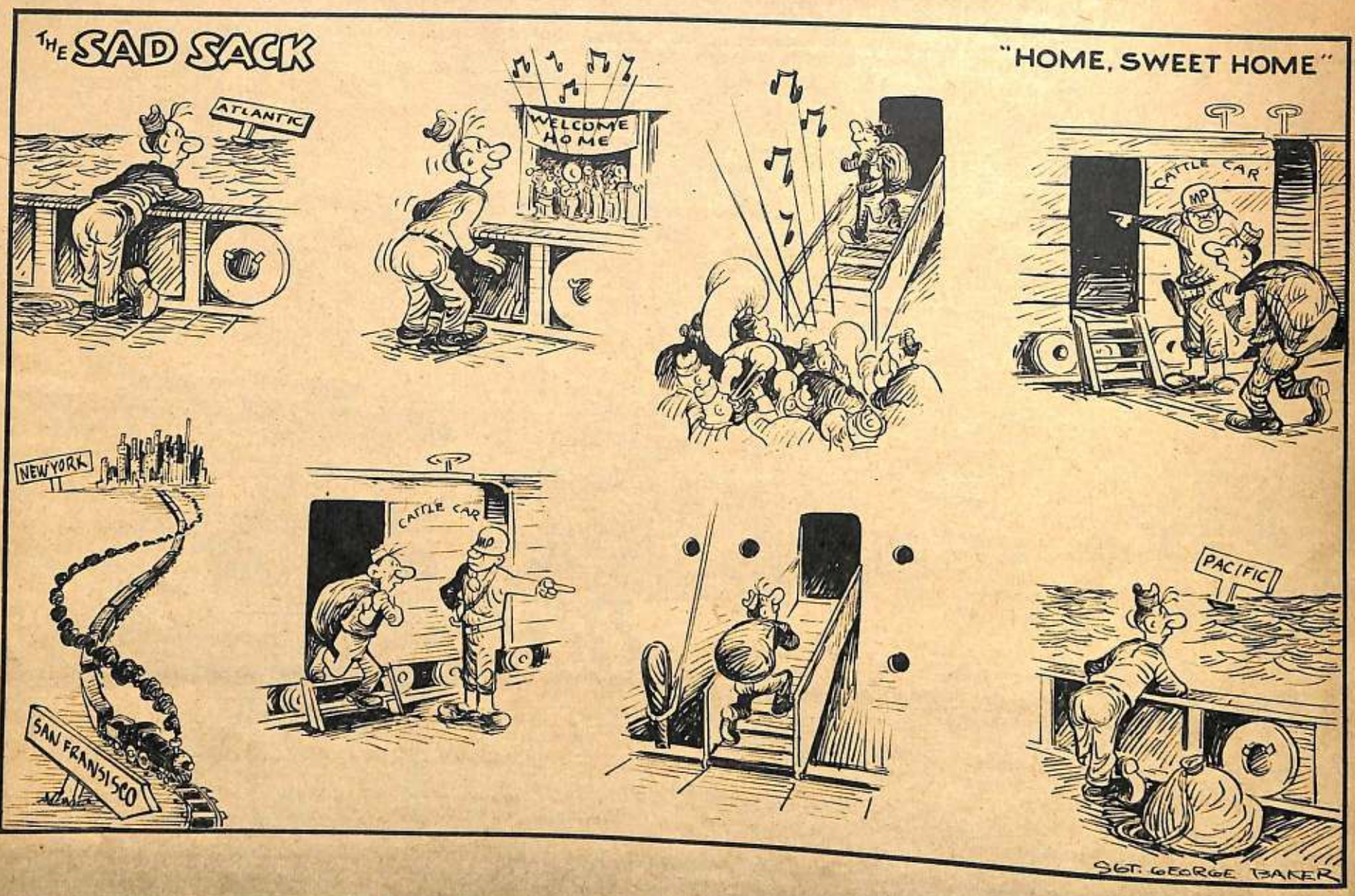
SHERIDAN, WYO. *The main intersection: Main and Brundage. It was 1:45 P.M. as these three ranch hands crossed the street and an old Indian squaw stood by the lamp post waiting to see what the photographer was going to do with his camera.*

OF AMERICA

E YOU WENT AWAY

BOSTON, MASS. A cool Monday afternoon along Tremont Street in the city of Cabots and chowder. In the background is the Park Street Church framed by trees of the Common. When the picture was made, flags were still at half-staff for President Roosevelt.

ST. LOUIS, MO. The camera, perched on the fifth floor of the Melbourne Hotel looks along Grand Street in the theatrical center of the Mound City. The time was 1 o'clock in the afternoon and it looked like rain as workers scurried back from lunch.



Dream CRUISE

They say it happened; but, looking back, they don't know how.

Jo Ann Trebbe, six-foot-two USO girl, and T 4 Robert Diehl, five-foot-one GI, were a jitter team.

These "Diamond Horseshoe" girls did their stuff almost nightly for the Europe-bound soldiers, and sweaters were practically SOP.

AN ENGLISH CHANNEL PORT—The troop transport tied up at the dock after nine days at sea, and none of the soldiers wanted to get off. There was no reason why they should. This voyage across the Atlantic had been a GI's dream cruise.

In the first place, there was shelf-space for several thousand troops in the ship's hold, but there were only 303 soldiers aboard. Nobody had to climb into a bunk and curl up with his duffle bag, which was in itself something new.

The chow was good. There were the customary troughs of tallow and beans, slumgullion of lamb, and breakfast eggs boiled to the point of unconditional surrender. But some rookie ship's steward also sneaked in meals of turkey, chicken, roast beef and ice cream, and never once was the chow line so long that it had to form through the latrine —Oh, happy days!

Then there were the women.

They belonged to the casts of three USO troupes headed for European Army camps: a streamlined version of Billy Rose's *Diamond Horseshoe*, the comedy *Kiss and Tell* and the operetta *Rosalinda*. All of the women were nice numbers to look at. After land had disappeared, they looked even better. Each carried a sweater as standard equipment.

Also aboard were 28 Russians—all male—singers in one of the world's most famous choral groups, the Don Cossacks Choir. They sang.

Almost every night there was a live show on deck. And every afternoon and every night the GIs and the girls got together for a jam and jitter session. The tallest girl was six or eight feet of blonde named Jo Ann Trebbe. Naturally her steady partner was T-4 Robert Diehl of Chambersburg, Pa. "Big Diehl" towers five feet one in his combat boots.

There were a few dark moments in mid-passage. The troop commander got fretful and put the aft decks, where the girls lived, off limits. But the gals saved the day. They collared a lieutenant colonel chaplain for a chaperone, to make the fraternization official, and marched up to the foredeck to join the GIs.

Looking back on the voyage, the Yanks can't get over the feeling that it was all some kind of mistake. After all, someone had told them the original idea had something to do with going to war.

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS,
YANK Staff Correspond

NEWS FROM HOME

A cabinet member put the squelch on Red-baiters, others warned that the Reich is still a tricky customer, some New Yorkers missed the Sunday comics, and a medic discoursed on life in the tropics.

EVERYBODY on the homefront was watching the Pacific and cheering hard-won victories which were steadily encircling the Japanese empire with Allied war might. But another victory held the people's attention—the signing of the Charter of the United Nations at San Francisco. This charter was hailed as a triumph over doubters who said the Allies could plan together for war but not for peace.

The document itself, bound in blue leather, was printed on specially treated paper designed to last at least 200 years. The ink was described as "imperishable" and capable of standing without fading for centuries. There were many observers who spoke just as optimistically about the durability of the new world organization described in the Charter.

President Truman brought the United Nations Conference to a close after its nine-week session with the words: "You have created a great instrument for peace. The world must now use it." Truman started the ball rolling by appointing Edward R. Stettinius as the U.S. representative on the post-war Security Council and chairman of our delegation in the General Assembly of the world organization. He announced that James F. Byrnes, former Director of War Mobilization and Supreme Court Justice, would replace Stettinius as Secretary of State.

As President Truman emerged from his plane in San Francisco, an Army air base band struck up "The Missouri Waltz." Truman was so delighted by this unorthodox tribute to his home state that he grasped the band-leader by the hand and thanked him profusely. Presidents are usually greeted with "Hail to the Chief."

Immediately, the Administration threw all its energy into efforts to secure speedy ratification of the United Nations Charter by the Senate. Sen. Tom Connally, Democrat of Texas, opened the drive in the Upper House by saying: "Foreign nations know that the United Nations organization for peace and security will face failure and futility unless the U.S. is a member. The fate of world peace may depend upon our decision."

Washington observers were generally agreed that the Senate would approve the document, perhaps by mid-August, since not a leading Republican had expressed any strong objection. Walter Lippmann, the columnist, praised the new organization for producing a union of every nation in the world which, when peace comes, will be capable of again waging war.

Sen. John H. Overton, Democrat of Louisiana, prepared a resolution to eliminate Senate Committee hearings on the Charter and to start action on the document directly on the floor. But Sen. Overton couldn't get a word in edgewise because Sen. Theodore G. Bilbo, Democrat of Mississippi, was holding forth in a filibuster to kill the Fair Employment Practices Committee.

The FEPC was created in an executive order by the late President Roosevelt to prevent discrimination in industry and agriculture on account of race or religious belief. President Truman had urged that the Committee be continued, and debates went on in the Senate and House all last week on appropriation bills enabling the FEPC to carry on its work.

The FEPC appropriation was contained in a general war agency appropriation bill, and when Bilbo finally abandoned his filibuster, the Senate voted to include a $250,000 fund for the Committee. But the House of Representatives in its version of the war agency appropriation voted to table the amendment providing money for the FEPC.

After the appropriations measure had been returned to the House, Rep. Clarence Cannon, Democrat of Missouri and chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, asked that the bill be sent to conference to compromise the differences between the House and Senate versions. His request required unanimous consent, and Southern Democrats shouted him down. Thus, House action on the war agency appropriation bill was blocked—and the FEPC was stymied, for the time being.

This move by the Southern Democrats incidentally cut off other war agencies from their regular source of funds. These agencies would be kept functioning, however, through other arrangements, observers said, until the dispute over the war agency bill and the FEPC was finally settled. But there didn't seem to be any immediate solution in sight.

Sen. James O. Eastland, Democrat of Mississippi, assisted in the fight of Southern Senators against the FEPC. He said the Negro soldier has been "an utter and abysmal failure in this war" and that the FEPC would grant "unfair preference" in the hiring of Negro ex-servicemen. Eastland said he got his information about Negro fighters from high-ranking generals on a recent trip to Europe.

Clark Foreman, president of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, retorted that Sen. Eastland was away off the beam. Said Foreman: "The Senator apparently didn't hear the report which Gen. Eisenhower made on the bravery of Negro soldiers in Europe. I believe a great majority of white Southerners are proud of the work of Negro soldiers."

In Louisville, Ky., Gov. Ellis Arnall of Georgia had this to say about the matter: "We believe that every segment of our population, including the Negro, should have economic opportunity. It is important that all our people share in the opportunity for work in the post-war period, but we oppose the Fair Employment Practices Committee as unworkable and as an irritant to harmonious racial relations."

The House Military Affairs Committee told Congress about alleged Communist plans to "penetrate within the armed forces on which we rely for security," and said American Communists will "stop at nothing" to establish their form of government in the U.S. These assertions were contained in a report prepared by H. Ralph Burton, Committee counsel, under the direction of Rep. R. Ewing Thomason, Democrat of Texas.

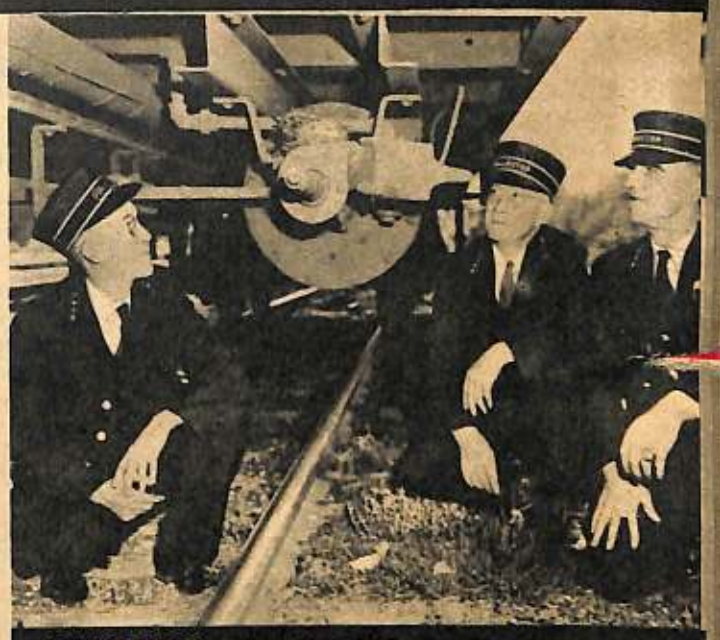
Burton's report charged that after the German invasion of Russia, Communist propaganda hadn't stressed the seizure of power in America. "Now, however," the report went on, "we are entering a new era. Groups of Communists will continue to plot such revolution as they think will realize the Lenin-Marx dream, and will stop at nothing to accomplish their aim."

The high school graduating class in Leominster, Mass., presented its alma mater with a farewell gift of $125. The school principal announced the money would be used to pay the costs of removing the huge white numerals "45" which celebrating graduates had painted on the walls and walks.

Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes previously had sharply criticized people who carry on "a whispering campaign" against Russia which he said was designed to make Americans "suspicious and nervous." The Secretary spoke at a dinner in New York held for Thomas Mann, Nobel Prize-winning writer, who had found haven in the U.S. from Nazi oppression.

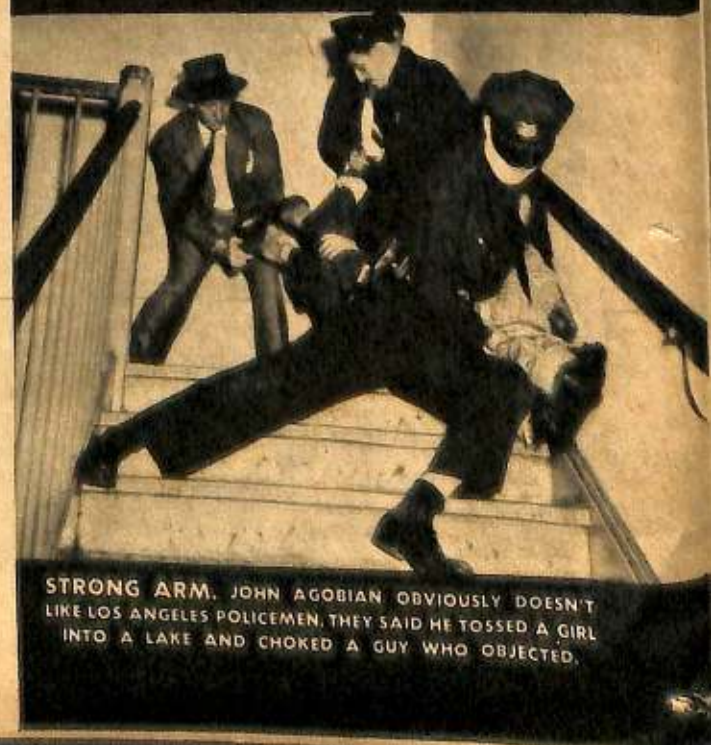
Ickes acknowledged that in working out peace plans, the U.S. "will have honest differences of opinion with Russia as well as with other countries." But he said he could see no reason whatever why anyone in the U.S. should want to prepare to fight our recent Ally. Russia's paramount need, he said, was for peace.

Asserting that there were some people in the States bent on preventing the peace from being more than a short-lived armistice, Secretary Ickes declared: "They love America so tenaciously that they cannot find any other country that is fit to associate with her, even in the interest of a peace which cannot be forged or endure except upon a basis of association and mutuality."



LOWER BIRTH. A ROBIN SET OUT TO HATCH HER EGGS IN THIS NEST PERCHED PRECARIOUSLY ON THE BRAKE CYLINDER UNDERNEATH A CHICAGO-BARRINGTON, ILL., TRAIN.

PINNED-UP GIRL. THIS IS MARTHA VICKERS, HOLLYWOOD STARLET, AND THERE'S NO DANGER OF THOSE BLOOMERS RIPPING, BUD. SHE'S SITTING ON THE FLOOR.



STRONG ARM. JOHN AGOBIAN OBVIOUSLY DOESN'T LIKE LOS ANGELES POLICEMEN. THEY SAID HE TOSSED A GIRL INTO A LAKE AND CHOKED A GUY WHO OBJECTED.

GI's COMEBACK. THE PICTURE ON THE RIGHT SHOWS PVT. JOSEPH DEMLER OF FREDONIA, WIS., AS HE LOOKED LAST MARCH 29 WHEN AMERICAN TROOPS RESCUED HIM FROM A GERMAN PRISON CAMP. ON THE LEFT, IT'S THE SAME JOE DEMLER, PLUS FIFTY-FOUR POUNDS WHICH HE PICKED UP AT THE KENNEDY GENERAL HOSPITAL IN MEMPHIS, TENN.

LOFTY WORDS. SGT. PAUL HUFF OF MEMPHIS ASKED BETTY CUNNYNGHAM TO MARRY HIM WHILE THE COUPLE WERE UP IN A PLANE FROM WHICH HE JUMPED AT A WAR BOND RALLY.

A gesture of American cooperation with Russia came to light in Washington with the release of testimony by Foreign Economic Administrator Leo T. Crowley before the House Appropriations Committee. Crowley said that although lend-lease aid to Russia had been generally thought to have ended with the defeat of Germany, actually the U.S. was continuing to supply the Soviet with goods on those terms. These goods, he said, were for use in Siberia, where the presence of the Red Army kept strong Jap forces deployed along the Manchurian border.

Sgt. Norb Rasmussen of Greenbay, Wis., had the last word in excuses for not having his driver's license with him. He explained to the cops that while a PW in Germany, he ate the card in order to conceal his identity.

Explaining that "a military justification has been established" for this course of action, Crowley said the supplies being shipped to Siberia include aviation and motor gasoline, foodstuffs, and war-production materials. He announced that this aid would continue as long as the President and his advisers considered it to be "of military advantage to the United States."

The people at home were getting a little disturbed by front-page reports of activities in Argentina, a country which was admitted to the United Nations under U.S. sponsorship and Russian disapproval. In Washington, Assistant Secretary of State William L. Clayton reported to a subcommittee of the Senate Military Affairs Committee that Argentina had failed to get rid of a single one of the 108 major Axis enterprises suspected by the Allies of being spearheads of German economic penetration and espionage.

Clayton also said that Germany had developed and partly carried out a grandiose scheme for concealing capital, loot and other assets, and even experts and technicians in neutral and other countries with the idea of starting another world war.

At the same time, Assistant Attorney General Wendell Berge told a Senate committee that Allied bombing attacks had left three-quarters "if not more" of Germany's industrial might untouched. Berge asserted that, while air warfare had interrupted production and proved helpful from the military standpoint, "the total damage to industrial capacity in Germany, according to estimates, is in the neighborhood of 20 per cent."

The Assistant Attorney General disclosed that the Reich's research institutions, laboratories and technological organizations were "largely uncontrolled" despite Allied occupation. He declared that industrialists "are attempting to cloak themselves in a neutral, impartial guise."

Sen. Harley M. Kilgore, Democrat of West Virginia, charged in Washington that Germany's civilian authorities were lying down on the job, that the people were "leaning back in harness" waiting for the American occupation forces to reconstruct their homeland for them. Maj. Gen. John H. Hilldring, Director of the Army's Civil Affairs Division, stated that the Army was aware of the situation, and that "we intend to make the Germans do what we want and not do it ourselves."

The newspapers found room in their columns to detail the personal routine of President Truman. Ever since taking over as President last April, Truman has been subjected to the relentless grind that has made the White House one of the busiest places on earth. To ease up briefly and to get set for a tough summer schedule which includes a meeting of the Big Three to take place, reputedly, in Berlin, the President took himself a six-day vacation in Olympia, Wash., before proceeding to San Francisco.

While in Olympia, Truman went fishing in Puget Sound, hoping to land some of the big salmon for which the region is famous, but he returned from the trip without as much as a single bite. At the close of his vacation, during which he was the guest of Mon C. Wallgren, Governor of Washington state, he took off for Portland, Ore., in the big C-54 plane known as "The Flying White House."

Portland gave Truman the biggest ovation of his trip as he drove through the city's streets on his way to a big veterans' hospital on Marquam Hill. The President, after a tour of the wards, addressed all the patients who were able to get out of bed and gather around him.

First of all, Truman told the veterans that they might expect an improvement in the Veterans' Administration once it is taken over by Gen. Omar N. Bradley, a man whom the President described as "a front-line soldier . . . who understands what the front-line soldier thinks about." It has been reported that Bradley, now in Europe, would assume his new duties in August.

The President, an artillery captain in the last war, went on to tell his Portland audience that the nation is going "to try to give the veterans the treatment to which they are entitled." But he said he also wanted to bring home to them the fact that they were citizens of the U.S., "just as I am."

"They are fighting for a principle," said the President. "Now they want to come back here and put that principle into effect by being first-class citizens themselves just as we did after the other war. In the next generation, the veterans of this war are going to run this country. They fought to save it; now they want to fight to maintain it, and that is their duty."

After his appearance before the final session of the Conference in San Francisco, President Truman flew to his hometown of Independence, Missouri, to spend a little time with his folks. His at-home routine wasn't much different from that of any other vacationer—aside from a few chores required of Presidents.

He arose early, carried the morning paper in from the front porch, ordered roses sent to his wife to commemorate their 26th wedding anniversary, and then got himself a haircut, some shirts and a couple of snappy bow ties. After that Truman attended the Kansas City University's 50th anniversary celebration, and the next day he had a talk with Alf M. Landon, the 1936 Republican Presidential candidate.

Landon came to Kansas City at the invitation of Truman, who held a similar conference last month with former Republican President Herbert Hoover, and has scheduled another talk with Gov. Thomas E. Dewey of New York, the 1944 GOP Presidential nominee. Landon said afterwards that the Chief Executive was trying to develop a bi-partisan American foreign policy which would endure regardless of party differences on domestic affairs. Somebody asked Landon how he thought the country looked under Truman and he replied: "Judgment is suspended."

As the President headed back for the White House, a packet of labor problems awaited him. Some 17,000 workers were out on strike from five plants of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company at Akron, Ohio. A joint War and Navy Department statement had warned the strikers that their walkout "would condemn countless American soldiers, sailors and fliers to death." Selective Service officials were preparing to revoke the occupational deferments of the rubber workers.

Distribution of Sunday newspapers was crippled in New York City by a strike which threatened to affect afternoon as well as morning papers. The strike was called by the Newspaper and Mail Deliverers' Union over a wage-hour-vacation dispute with the publishers. And the long-standing strike of 5,000 AFL workers against movie studios continued in Hollywood. In Detroit, however, 22,000 Packard workers ended a CIO-AFL jurisdictional strike, and the majority of 6,000 truck drivers in Chicago returned to their jobs, thus relieving GIs who had been in the trucking business for almost a week.

War Labor Board officials blamed labor unrest on the victory in Europe, pointing out that since V-E Day, the rate of strike occurrences has about doubled. Labor leaders looked to the new Secretary of Labor, Lewis B. Schwellenbach, to set forth Administration policies which would tide over the difficulties.

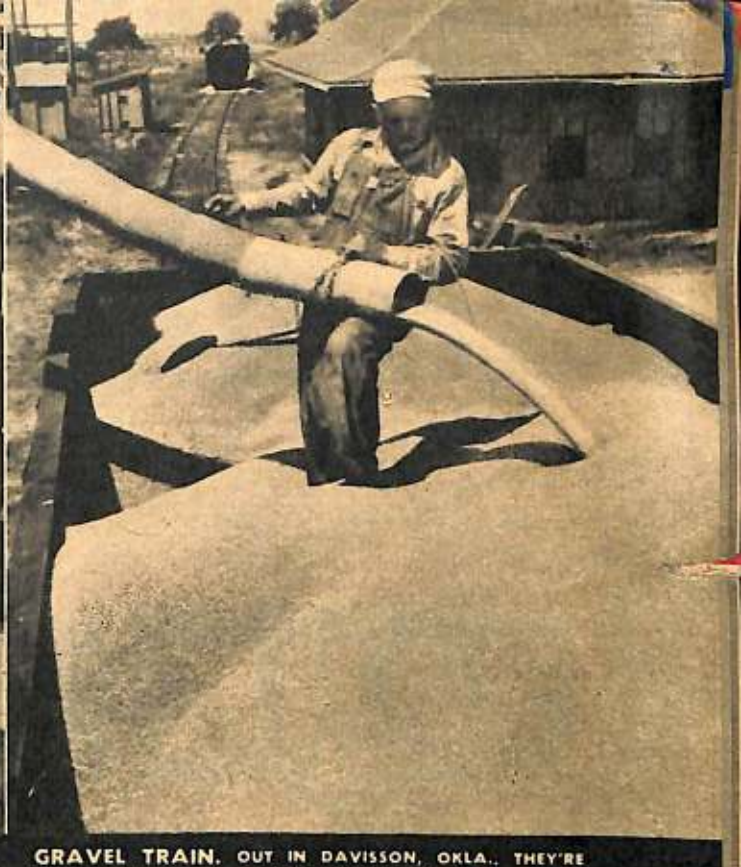
Another candidate for the meanest thief title—the guy who stole the 200-pound cornerstone of a church in Los Angeles the night before dedication ceremonies. Stone-cutters had to work on the Sabbath to hew out a new stone for the occasion.

The food situation wasn't getting any better as Clinton P. Anderson, the New Mexico Congressman, took over from Claude Wickard as Secretary of Agriculture. Armed with new sweeping powers, Anderson promised an immediate check on the much-criticized War Food Administration—"and a clean-up if necessary." The Office of Price Administration said the civilian meat supply would be five per cent greater in July than in June, but added that ration values would not be cut.

Rep. Clare Hoffman, Republican of Michigan, advised Detroit housewives to tackle the city's meat shortage by "taking a rolling pin or frying pan and laying down the law to their husbands—if they were striking." Hoffman was referring to news stories

RADIO STARE. THIS IS DELMA BYRON, NBC ACTRESS. WHO'S WASTING HER FRAGRANCE ON A COLD MIKE. UNLESS THERE'S A TELEVISION HOOK-UP INVOLVED.

WARM ADMIRER. IT WAS THE HOTTEST DAY OF THE YEAR IN BROOKLYN, BUT THIS DODGER FAN STUCK IT OUT TO SEE THE BUMS SHELLACK THE NEW YORK GIANTS.



GRAVEL TRAIN. OUT IN DAVISSON, OKLA., THEY'RE TRANSPORTING THE RECORD WHEAT CROP IN GRAVEL CARS BECAUSE OF THE SHORTAGE OF RAIL EQUIPMENT.

that CIO members were marching on Detroit's City Hall protesting the lack of meat while in other parts of the city the union was on strike in slaughtering houses.

And here's a little note for mess sergeants. The House voted down an amendment in the war agencies appropriation bill which would have eliminated the ban on the use of oleomargarine or other butter substitutes on Army menus.

Lt. Col. John Boettiger and his wife, the former Anna Roosevelt, publisher and associate editor, respectively, of the Seattle *Post Intelligencer*, quit their jobs. They gave as their reason "irreconcilable differences" with the owner, William Randolph Hearst.

It cost Bob Neathery $50 to stick his hand outside the window of a bus in Springfield, Ill. All he wanted to do was to discard a cigarette butt. But somebody grabbed Neathery's wrist, removed his watch and sprinted off down the street.

The General Conference of the Seventh Day Adventists asked President Truman to end Myron Taylor's mission to the Vatican. They said it violated "the traditional American principle of the separation of Church and State."

An Army-Navy War Bond show at New Orleans took a too realistic turn and 250 spectators got themselves burned with hunks of phosphorus hand grenades. Officials said an investigation was under way to find out how the live explosives got mixed up with harmless smoke bombs that should have been used exclusively.

Something along the same lines occurred in Wenatchee, Wash., except that it wasn't an accident. According to police records, Ralph St. Luise got into a family squabble and blew his top. Then he blew up his brother's house, using 46 charges of dynamite. No one was in the place at the time, and so Ralph got only five years in the state penitentiary.

Detroit residents who used to cross the Canadian border into Windsor and bring back meat, have been officially prohibited from doing so. Now they go across the border just to enjoy a good feed. But the Canadian waiters bring paper napkins at the end of the meal, so that the Americans can take home bones for their dogs. There's no law against that, at least.

The head librarian of the Brooklyn Public Library announced the start of a campaign against people whom he calls "O-fillers." These people are related to the pests, he said, who draw beards on posters, except that they fill in all "O's" with pencil, crayon or ink. Some people even add a face and ears—and restoring the volumes takes time and money, the librarian complained.

Shocked by the display of bare skin in public places, the town fathers of Goshen, N.Y., were drawing up an ordinance making it unlawful to show the leg above the knee, or back or bosom below the shoulders. The law will apply only to men and women over 16, which presumably gives the bobby-soxers lots of leeway.

Marshall Field and Company, of Chicago, announced that around October it would begin to retail small airplanes for less than $3,000. Wanamaker's promptly reminded the buying public that in 1909 it had sold a duplicate of the bi-plane which Louis Bleriot flew across the English Channel.

Thanks to heavy purchases by banks and corporations, the Seventh War Loan drive exceeded its $14,000,000,000 goal by $2,000,000,000. Sales to individuals, however, were reported as "disappointing." For the fifth time, Montana became the first state in the nation to make all of its War Bond quotas.

Some of the Navy men in the South Pacific are helping their wives make baby clothes. Home after combat on Luzon, Iwo Jima and Okinawa, Navy Lieut. Harry Anderson told his parents: "Some of the fellows you would think are hard old boys have learned to knit and spend lots of off-duty time knitting sweaters and baby clothes for their youngsters at home."

A group of educators in Washington predicted an eventual system of more than 800 broadcasting stations devoted entirely to education and using surplus equipment left over from the war. The school leaders also discussed the use of other surplus radio and electronic equipment for study in classrooms and laboratories.

A spokesman for the War Manpower Commission said the agency wouldn't mention monthly wages of $450 to $550 in future advertisements for skilled mechanics on the Burma-China truck routes. Some GIs in the CBI were plenty burned up at civilians getting such high pay plus army rations and quarters.

A 46-year-old boiler inspector named David Hardy was hauled into a Hollywood court on a bigamy charge. It developed that he had married seven women during a whirlwind career as a dancehall Casanova. The trouble was that Dave skipped out on each of his wives after borrowing sums of money from them ranging up to $750. One woman said he even made off with $600 of her previous husband's insurance. Hardy explained to the judge that he had "lost faith in women." To show his heart was in the right place, though, he volunteered for service in the Army against the Japs. If he got knocked off, Hardy said, his $10,000 insurance policy could be divided among his ex-wives.

Patrolman Victor Grayber told a police trial board in Pittsburgh that he had "only a few drinks when I leaned against a downtown doorway." But the board said Grayber had "more than a few" and charged him with "leaning against a sidewalk."

And finally, here's a story received in a cable from the States, which may or may not give the last word on the popular topic of women at war. Maj. Margaret D. Craighill of the Army Medical Corps got back to the States last week after a 56,000 mile tour of the war zones with a message of hope for female wallflowers. Any woman, no matter how unattractive she may be, can have a good time overseas, Maj. Craighill reported.

"Women overseas are so scarce that all of them can enjoy themselves," said the Major. "They can take dancing lessons and step out with servicemen. This sometimes turns their heads because they are in such demand, but it's only because women are so scarce. You have to keep your balance in this respect."

The medical officer also undertook the task of debunking some long-held theories about the Pacific. She said, for example, that there was no such thing as "jungle rot," terming it just "an unfortunate GI expression." She also asserted that stories of rare diseases and the effects of the tropics on women were greatly exaggerated.

However, the Major added a cautioning note for American girls who might like to take a shot at a career in the Pacific. Applicants for the tropics, she said, should not be older than 35 years, and they shouldn't remain overseas longer than two years. The reason, Maj. Craighill explained, was that younger women are more flexible and better able to adapt themselves to hardships.

IT HAPPENED BACK HOME

There was an extra railroad seat for sale on the run between San Diego, Calif., and Ottumwa, Iowa—thanks to a patriotic prisoner. Mindful of the Office of Defense Transportation's plea for civilians not to take unnecessary trips in wartime, Ottumwa Sheriff Mike Mier asked Richard (Bomber) Bailey, an escaped convict, to return from San Diego alone. Bailey agreed and arrived promptly at the county jail to finish a one-year term.

The COVER

No gag. Red the Bugler and Pvt. Myron Hart are detailed to the chicken farm run by and for the U.S. Army on New Caledonia. Their job, to see that hens turn out 2,000 eggs daily for hospital patients.

Pictures: Cover, Sgt. Lon Wilson. 2. U.S. Marine Corps. 3, Sgt. Dil Ferris. 4 and 5, Sgt. Wilson. 9, Sgt. Ben Schnall. 10. Ordnance Department. 12 and 13, upper, Sgt. Ralph Stein; lower, Pvt. Aarons. 14, Sgt. Georg Meyers. 15, top, INP.; middle, Acme; lower, Press Association. 16, left, INP.; right, Press Association. 17, N.B.C.; INP.; PA. 21, Sgt. John Frano. 22, Columbia. 23, Sgt. Frano.

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MAIL CALL

Mutual Admiration Dept.

Dear YANK,

Thanks for a fine article on a great General (Alexander). But please let me correct you on one minor point. You stated that the evacuation ferries run across the Irriwaddy were run by "dour little Scots." In point of fact a special Marine detachment was hurried to the scene, commandeered all craft that was available, and besides manning them with machineguns, found the time and courage to carry out very, very offensive action against the Japs who got within shootin' range of the harried Army.

We, who have been associated with the Marines, are proud of the gallant action carried out by Force Viper. They suffered heavy casualties but have taught the Jap as healthy a respect for the British Marine as for the American.

If you've the space to spare I should like also to throw a couple of bouquets. The first is to the staff of YANK, who could have fostered a cheap popularity with its readers by deriding the British Tommy at a time when a poor opinion of the P.B.I. (Poor Bloody Infantry) was the general opinion held by most GIs in this country. Instead you have published articles on the British aspect, repudiated radical and unfair criticisms sent in by your readers that have done much to foster the very real friendship between the two forces that exists today.

The second is to the GI himself. I have served quite a lot of time with him and he has always had my unbounded admiration for his cheerfulness, his generosity, and his acceptance of our stunted, war-time social life. Many of us will not forget the willingness with which he toiled like hell with our own Civil Defence to rescue victims of the rockets and other Nazi playthings.

So to all of you I say a very insignificant "thanks."

Britain. R. A. HOPPER, Ex-Marine Sgt.

Standard of Thinking

Dear YANK,

Three cheers to Sgt. Wright for his letter, "Vultures All." I cannot think of a word low enough to describe a person who will steal valuables and souvenirs from a wounded soldier. . . . The infantryman must sweat and fight in combat, and if he is fortunate enough to return, he is robbed by these lowdown thieves. I did not lose as much as some of my buddies did, but it meant a lot to me.

Britain. Pfc. JOHN EUMURIAN

Dear YANK,

What does it mean to *win* a war? What does it mean to crush the forces of greed and evil in one tiny part of the European continent, if the so-called "American" soldier continues to steal from his buddies?

Some of us are looking for peace—but no good comes. Some of us who seek healing find only dismay, and now we who dreamed of a world made safe for democracy begin to wonder if a mirage is appearing instead. We are thrust face to face with criminals and thieves in GI uniform.

Raoul de Roussy de Sales said that "if the war is long, it will be harder for the Americans to maintain their *standard of thinking* than their standard of living." Sgt. E. R. Wright, in the June 15 British Edition of YANK, reveals the onrushing fulfilment of this prophecy in his statement: "For a long time now, front-line soldiers, upon being sick or wounded (or on furlough) have become prey for a bunch of vultures. Nothing is sacred to this motley mob; watches, rings, souvenirs and pistols (cameras, billfolds, money and furlough papers) all come under their watchful eyes and sticky fingers."

With all the post-war questions and problems looming about the horizon of V-J Day, I haven't heard anybody ask what we were going to do with those unworthy citizens — criminal, thieving GIs—who pose behind Purple Hearts, Good Conduct Ribbons and Battle Stars.

"Men, at infinite cost of sacrifice, fight wars for ideal aims—to end war, to win the Four Freedoms, to establish a cooperative world order; but all the time the processes of war itself undermine the moral foundations of goodwill and mutual understanding on which the better world must rest." However, it is my contention that this chaotic era is no excuse for anything in the character or conduct of a man to cause him to steal from a comrade.

If I am wrong, however, then this so-called great American youth, the average soldier, whose education is supposed to be higher in this war than the last, is certainly not contributing much toward a decent world which "must be grounded in, buttressed by, and held together by, intelligent, undiscouragable goodwill."

Britain. Cpl. ARTHUR L. DUELL

Bald-Headed Bastards

DEAR YANK,

"You bald-headed bastard, you never will get a wife." If us fellows over 30 hear that once, we hear it 20 times a day. The sad part about it is they are probably right. Another common statement is "What's the matter, didn't you ever have a chance with women?" The truth is we have never had any kind of a chance in life. Period.

The graduating motto of our high-school class at the beginning of the depression was "down at the bottom and still going," a joke that turned out to be a reality for 10 years. When we looked for a job, they were turning off men. If we tried to sell something, we were arrested for vagrancy. If we tried to promote a show or dance, we were stopped because we didn't have a license. If we took a job digging a ditch for someone, we got in trouble with the plumber's union. If we saw a pretty girl we never asked her for a date because we were too humiliated by being on the WPA. When the war came along with our one chance to become a member of the human race, we were drafted.

As time goes by, we are getting older and older, balder and balder, with nothing being done to get us out as soon as possible so that we might have a slim chance to belong somewhere and to somebody.

You younger fellows are right. We bald-headed bastards will never have a wife, home or nothin'.

Marianas. (Name Withheld)

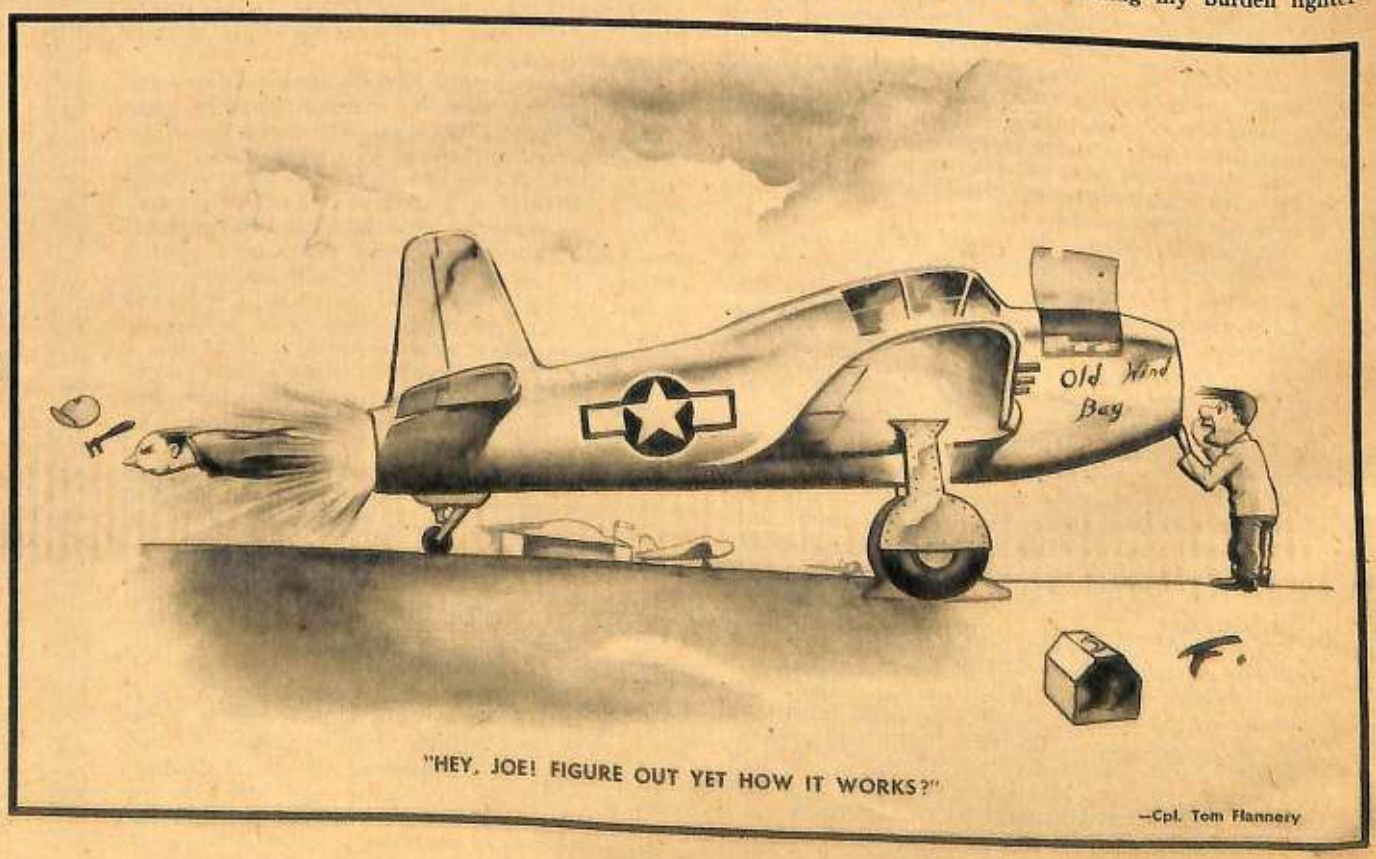
Plea from Home

Dear YANK,

Would you kindly print this plea from a mother who has lost her only son and would like to have the buddies that knew him at the time he was killed on Anzio beachhead write to her?

"To the Buddies on Anzio beachhead:

"I am the mother of Private Herman Seigal of 141st Armed Signal Company, and if any of his buddies that knew him or spoke to him or was a buddy of his before he was killed at Anzio beachhead, please write to me, his mother, at 38 May Street, Poughkeepsie, New York, and you will be making my burden lighter



"HEY, JOE! FIGURE OUT YET HOW IT WORKS?"

—Cpl. Tom Flannery

to carry. Thanks to all, with all my heart.

Poughkeepsie, N.Y. MRS. HARRY SEIGAL

Gripe from Iceland

Dear YANK,

In a recent issue of the New York *Daily News* that we received from the States, an article was noted therein concerning the point discharge system to be used in the discharge of the Conscientious Objectors. Reference is made to the fact that for some uncomprehendable reason they are being granted three (3) points for being married.

Further, although none of the undersigned are at present eligible for discharge under the present point set-up, we *were* somewhat satisfied with the provisions as originally announced. However, since the announcement of the point values, numerous other methods of receiving discharges have arisen and we find ourselves driven to the place where we are definitely forced to "sound off." For instance, the entire point system appears not to be worth a whoop in the light of the age limit being lowered just about every other week, not to mention the numerous proposals also being drawn up for further reductions.

We, the undersigned, have service overseas in Iceland averaging between 20 and 30 months, some of us having well over 30 months but none having any less than 20 months. In addition, the majority of us are past the four-year service mark, with the rest being dangerously close to having completed that amount of service.

Now then in your opinion are the following items fair and just: conscientious objectors receiving three points for being married, while we, the undersigned, are likewise married and receive no recognition on that score at all, men in the older age brackets being considered for discharge without taking into consideration their marital status or their essentiality to some business or length of service in the army or overseas.

Originally we were and still are eligible for any type of overseas duty; however, being unfortunate in a sense of being sent to Iceland, we became, as it turned out, unable to obtain any combat awards or battle stars, which having received would easily have made us eligible for discharge at present in lieu of our long term of service overseas and in the service.

M/Sgt. C. J. ROSENTHAL, T/Sgt. ANTHONY J. MIRANDA, S/Sgt. HARRY D. BUZBY, T/Sgt. LOPP, S/Sgt. GREYNOLDS, S/Sgt. CARL W. McCASLAND, Sgt. THOS. S. JACKSON

Iceland.

Counter Point

Dear YANK,

With the point system being the main topic of conversation in the armies all over the world, I submit a form which I believe will prove more beneficial in cases similar to mine. In my case the total number of points I have is less than my hat size according to the present system.

THE RAYMER POINT SYSTEM

Service Record	*Point Value*
USO Dances Attended	1
Dances With Bands	2
10¢s Signed	5
Phony Passes Used (Each)	3
Combat	
Dates With Servicewomen	10
Tech Schools Attended	10
KP on Sundays or Holidays	2
Guard Duty (Per Relief)	1
Dependency	
Loans to Buddies (Never Repaid)	3
Drinks Bought for Civilians	½
Drinks Bought for Other GIs	1
Wife Living With You (Per Month)	2
Wife Living Elsewhere Per Month	10
Somebody Else's Wife	25

Cpl. PAUL G. RAYMER

Philippines.

About Fraternization

Dear YANK,

What about non-fraternization of American industry and research with German syndicates, at least until they have shown they can earn our trust and respect? A few examples:

1) About 50 percent of German gas stations bear American trade names.

2) Numerous electrical and mechanical devices have U.S. patent numbers stamped on them, though manufactured in Germany.

3) Certain aviation instruments made from our blueprints, under license, and later appropriated by the Nazi war machine, bore the part numbers, patent numbers and name of the Sperry Gyroscope Company, N. Y. The instruments definitely were never manufactured in the U.S.

Is Uncle Sam going to play Santa Claus again with our patents, research and capital?

Pfc. ROBERT A. GAEDE

Germany.

Dear YANK,

No one believes that all Germans are bad, even though the shock of the Buchenwald, Ohrdruff and Dachau revelations has caused even the mildest of men to become angry and vocal. We owe to the German people and to the Germany of the future the opportunity to personally experience the revulsion that the world has felt for years. We must put these concentration camps and horror hotels on display and foment a spiritual revolt against the Gestapo, the Nazi leaders and the Nazi party. A small beginning has been made by a few far-seeing officers, but this program should be extended to include every person over 10 years of age in Germany, Austria and the Sudetenland.

This should be done as thoroughly as we would organize our supply of ammunition coming through to the front. Because that is what it is—ammunition for a lasting peace.

Pfc. ROBERT A. BAKEMAN

Germany.

Dear YANK,

Germans are a regimented people and the democratic way to get this trait out of them is fraternization. We believe in what we are fighting for, and the German believed in what he was fighting for (else he wouldn't have fought). We can't force the Germans into believing that democracy is the best form of government. You will have to convince them along peaceful means. The pen is and always will be mightier than the sword. American soldiers have proven the best ambassadors of good will that America has ever sent abroad. They have proven it in other countries and can do so here if given the chance.

The Germans had a non-fraternization policy also, because they considered themselves the super-race. Our propaganda has been telling them there is no super-race. The non-fraternization policy will give them the idea we believe ourselves the super-race.

I believe Germany must be punished severely but we are not punishing the Germans by non-fraternization. We are only imposing an unnecessary restriction on ourselves which will cause trouble and lack of interest in duty in the ranks.

T-4 FRANK B. GARD

Germany.

The Husband Says—

Dear YANK,

As a reader of YANK since its inception, I've been content to sit on the sidelines and enjoy the complaints and criticisms of fellow servicemen and civilians, but the choice item that appeared in last week's issue sent me flying to the typewriter like a bolt out of the blue. Of all the stupid, asinine statements the one accredited to a certain U.S. Representative takes the cake.

Let me acquaint that Representative with a few facts about marriage overseas:

1. The Army requires a prospective bridegroom to file marriage intentions sixty days in advance of his wedding day.
2. Both the soldier and his fiancée must produce papers certifying that they are single.
3. The intended bride is advised that she will not be afforded post exchange, medical and other privileges that American wives get.
4. The soldier's Commanding Officer must approve the marriage, and if the lady in question is under twenty-one years of age the written approval of her parents must be obtained.

After going to all this trouble, with the usual amount of red tape, and finally getting married, a soldier has to put up with the likes of this Representative, who hopes "that Uncle Sam won't go out of his way to encourage GIs to bring home foreign wives." What does the honored gentleman think the Army is made up of? Two-bit bums? There are still a lot of decent men in the services despite what the Representative may have read to the contrary.

Did it ever occur to you, sir, that we who have married over here could be in love with our wives just as much as we would be if they were American? Or that for many of us "the girl who married dear old dad" may have been a "foreigner," too.

Sgt. FREDERICK S. DELEO

N. Ireland.

The Wife Says—

Dear YANK,

Forgive a mere Irish girl for taking the liberty of saying her piece. As the wife of a GI I would like to say how we wives would appreciate it if we could have our soldier husbands stay with us here in Britain till the last. I for one am in no rush to get to the States, though if that's where my husband goes then I go, too, and just as soon as I can possibly make it.

Too many people have the idea that we girls just marry GIs to get to the States. I admit there are some glamour-blinded girls that do, but *please*, we aren't all alike. I have my folks at home just like so many others, and I am not looking forward to the day when I say "goodbye" to them. I married my husband for love and not just to get to his country. So please, everybody, how about taking us girls as human beings and not as the dark-eyed scheming females we are painted?

GI WIFE (and Irish)

Britain.

Quizzes

Dear YANK,

Here are a few more "Quiztionaires" for the boys of *Flack Shack* (YANK, June 1):

1. What kind of leave do the French take?
2. What kind of treat do the Dutch have?
3. What holiday does a postman take?
4. Whom does the devil tell others to go to?
5. The ——— had a word for it. What would a Greek say here?

Capt. A. H. ROBINS, AC.

Britain.

Solution

Dear YANK:

In a recent YANK Pfc. Robert O'Gorman asked: "How can you move a platoon of men around a building and bring them back to their original position without giving the same preparatory command twice?" The following commands will answer his question:

(1) Right oblique march; (2) Forward march; (3) By the left flank march; (4) Column left march; (5) To the rear march; (6) Column right march; (7) Platoon halt, and (8) Left face.

—Sgt. EUGÈNE HESKETT

Germany.

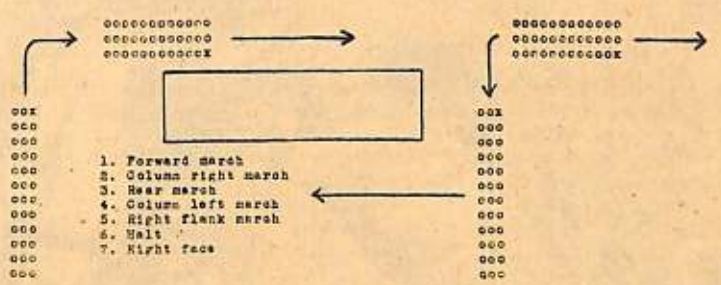
Dear YANK:

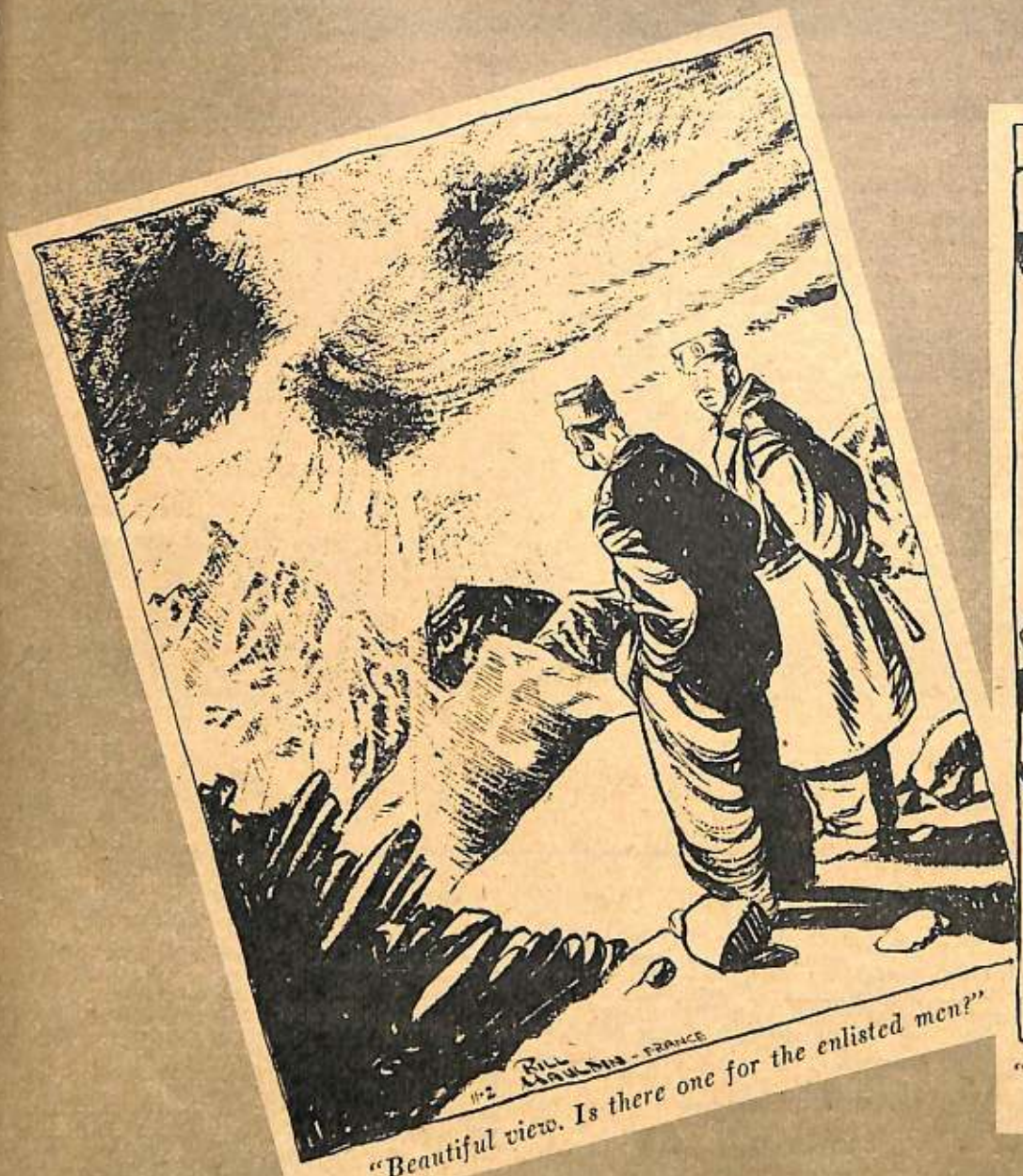
I would like to offer the following solution to Pfc. Robert O'Gorman's letter concerning the movement of a platoon around a building, taking for granted two facts, that he means a four-cornered building and by moving he means marching. The following commands will solve his problem if the platoon is formed as shown in the attached diagram.

(1) Forward march; (2) Column right march; (3) Rear march; (4) Column left march; (5) Right flank march; (6) Platoon halt, and (7) Right face.

—Lt. L. R.

France





"Beautiful view. Is there one for the enlisted men?"

"I'm jest a country doctor. If ya don't mind, I'll consult wit' Pfc. Johnson, th' famous blister specialist."

By Sgt. BILL MAULDIN

The famous GI cartoonist becomes a best-selling writer with a Book of the Month which explains the ups and downs of the combat-zone routine. Here are some of its paragraphs about officers, "garritroopers" and friendship at the front.

As long as you've got to have an army you've got to have officers, so you might as well make the most of it.

The ideal officer in any army knows his business. He is firm and just. He is saluted and given the respect due a man who knows enough about war to boss soldiers around in it. He is given many privileges, which all officers are happy to accept, and he is required, in return, to give certain things which a few officers choose to ignore. I try to make life as miserable as possible for those few.

An officer is not supposed to sleep until his men are bedded down. He is not supposed to eat until he has arranged for his men to eat. He's like a prizefighter's manager. If he keeps his fighter in shape the fighter will make him successful. I respect those combat officers who feel this responsibility so strongly that many of them are killed fulfilling it.

Since I am an enlisted man, and have served under many officers, I have a great deal of respect for the good ones and a great deal of contempt for the bad ones. A man accepts a commission with his eyes open and, if he does not intend to take responsibilities as well as privileges, he is far lower than the buck private who realizes his own limitations and keeps that rank.

I never worry about hurting the feelings of the good officers when I draw officer cartoons. I build a shoe, and if somebody wants to put it on and loudly announce that it fits, that's his own affair.

A few of them have done it, to the subsequent enjoyment of the guys who read the letters to the editor in the Mail Call section of *Stars and Stripes*. One poor lieutenant—let's call him Smith to be on the safe side—wrote that instead of picking on officers I should stop and consider the stupid antics of enlisted men whom he had observed in his three years' service. Several letters came back—not defending me, but putting the blast on the lieutenant for being foolish enough to call soldiers stupid. I remember one of the letters very well. It began:

"... I pick up the October 23d issue of *Stars and Stripes* and what do I see but a letter from my old pal, Lt. Smith. The last I heard from 'Stinky' Smith, he was studying for his third attempt to make a score of 110 in his General Classification test in order to qualify for OCS. . . . Now, 'Stinky,' when you worked in my poultry house in 1940, picking turkeys for $14 a week, neither myself nor the other boys regarded you as a mental giant. Quite the contrary. . . ."

This undoubtedly provided the boys in Lt. Smith's outfit with considerable glee.

A very different and very interesting letter was written by a colonel of artillery. He said:

"... being Regular Army, my father before me, and his father before him, one of the first things I learned at West Point was to respect the enlisted soldier of the United States Army. . . ."

The colonel, for my money, is the perfect officer. He likes the Army, he likes his job, he likes the men under him, and he knows his business. He carries his rank easily because he is capable of earning respect without ramming his eagles down somebody's throat. I will throw the gentleman a salute any time I meet him, and I will look him in the eye while I'm doing it. The Army is his home, and while I am in it he is the host whose rules I must respect. In civilian life, if he comes into my home, I am the host, and it is obvious that he is going to be enough of a gentleman to abide by my rules.

I've thrown a drawing or two at the Regular Army, because too many mess sergeants with 30 years in the army have been made temporary majors and lieutenant colonels, and they are making the most of their moments of glory.

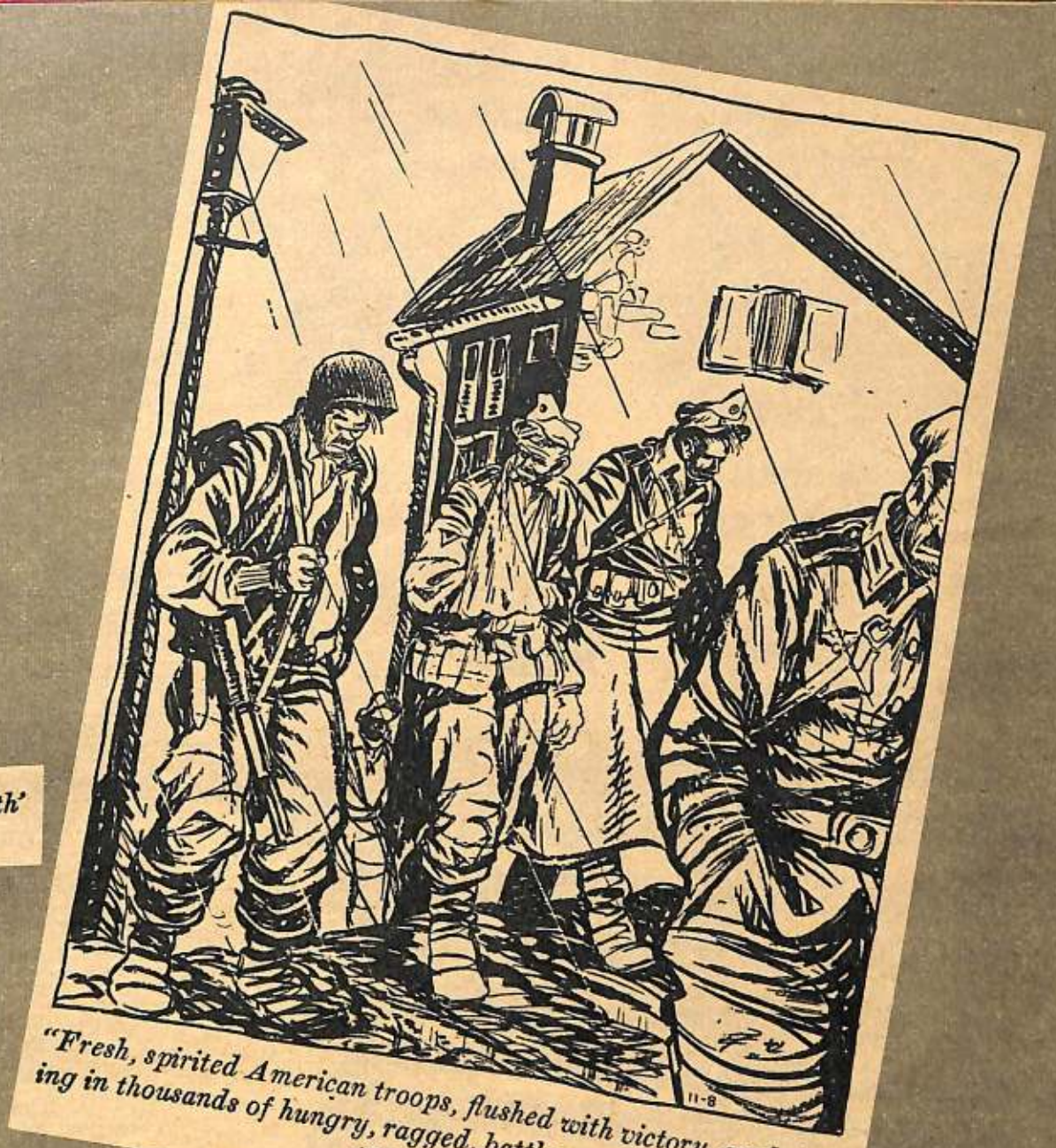
Even after four long years in the Army I still disagree with some of the officer-enlisted men traditions. But I'm not rabid about it. If the men who wrote the rules prefer their own exclusive bathrooms and latrines, that's okay with me. But if the officer is going to have a tent over his latrine in the field, how about one for me? I might not be as important as he is, but I can get just as wet. And keep him out of *my* latrine when the weather is bad, and his latrine is farther away than mine. If he wishes to eat at his own table, and wants me to wash his dishes because he has weighty problems on his mind and no time for dishwashing, then I understand. But let him keep his hands off my own kitchen's canned orange juice.

Many old-line officers are no doubt shocked at a spirit of passive rebellion which occasionally shows itself in this citizen army. That's the whole answer. It is a citizen army, and it has in its enlisted ranks many men who in civil life were not accustomed to being directed to the back door and the servant quarters. To taking orders, yes; but to taking indignities, no.

It doesn't hurt us. Nearly everybody needs a little humbling from time to time. If the Army maintains these customs to prevent undue fraternization between the ruling class and the working class, on the theory that familiarity breeds contempt, then perhaps the Army is right. But most combat outfits scrap tradition, as they scrap many other things, when they go into battle. No man who depends upon those below him—not only for his success, but for his very life—is going to abuse his men unnecessarily. Not if he has good sense.

An officer can be court-martialed for calling an enlisted man a son of a bitch, but that, coming from some sergeants who have complete mastery of the Army language, can be taken as a small compliment. Also, an officer usually lives a little apart from the boys, so if he says there's to be no gambling, it's easy enough to get a flashlight and hold an exclusive little game under a blanket.

"Now that ya mention it, Joe, it does sound like th' patter of rain on a tin roof."



"Fresh, spirited American troops, flushed with victory, are bringing in thousands of hungry, ragged, battle-weary prisoners . . ."
(News item)

BILL MAULDIN

Sgt. Bill Mauldin, GI artist who was awarded a Pulitzer prize for his work as a Mediterranean *Stars and Stripes* cartoonist, is also the author of a new book, "Up Front" (Henry Holt, $3.00). With the permission of the publisher, and United Features Syndicate, YANK reprints on these pages some writing and cartoons from "Up Front."

But a corporal, bucking for a third stripe, can crawl right in there and turn you in if he loses.

The infantry in combat doesn't worry much about rank. One company I know of had two sets of non-coms for a while. One set led squads and patrols when the outfit was committed. After the company was pulled back to a rest area, this first set lined up to be busted, and an entirely different set—those who had more of an eye for regulations and discipline—took over while the others went out and got tight.

THERE is a class of soldiers, midway between the front and rear—"too far forward to wear ties an' too far back to git shot." In this group there were a few men whose conduct, unfortunately, was taken by many combat men as typical of the entire class. I called these few men "garritroopers," to the subsequent protest of some paratroopers who felt that I had intended a crack at them. I really had not.

The garritroopers are able to look like combat men or like the rear soldiers, depending upon the current fashion trend. When the Infantry was unpublicized and the Air Forces were receiving much attention, the emphasis was on beauty, and in every Army headquarters and midway supply dump you could shave yourselves with the garritrooper's trouser creases and use his shoes for a mirror. He would not wear ordinary GI trousers and shoes, but went in for sunglasses, civilian oxfords, and officers' forest-green clothing.

Some months later the Infantry began to get attention. It didn't take the garritroopers long to switch clothes. They climbed out of the glamor rags and tossed the 20-dollar sunglasses into the gutter. "Be dirty, be rough, be scuffed," they shouted. If they rode to town on a truck, they hung their faces over the side to get a coat of dust. They let their whiskers grow. They ripped holes in their pants and pounded their shoes with rocks. You could get five fancy officers' shirts for one tattered combat jacket.

Bands of the garritroopers would hound a poor khaki-clad clerk, on his way home after a hard day at the office. They would yell, "Haw! Goddam base-section. Rear-echelon goldbrick."

The average doggie is rather surprised when he enters a town he remembers having taken last month, and finds it full of rough, bearded wild men, who seem to be in the process of taking it again, for they are yelling like hell, smashing windows and tossing empty vino bottles at "those damned rear-echelon goldbricks."

FRIENDS in war are different in many ways from friends in peacetime. You depend upon friends in war much more.

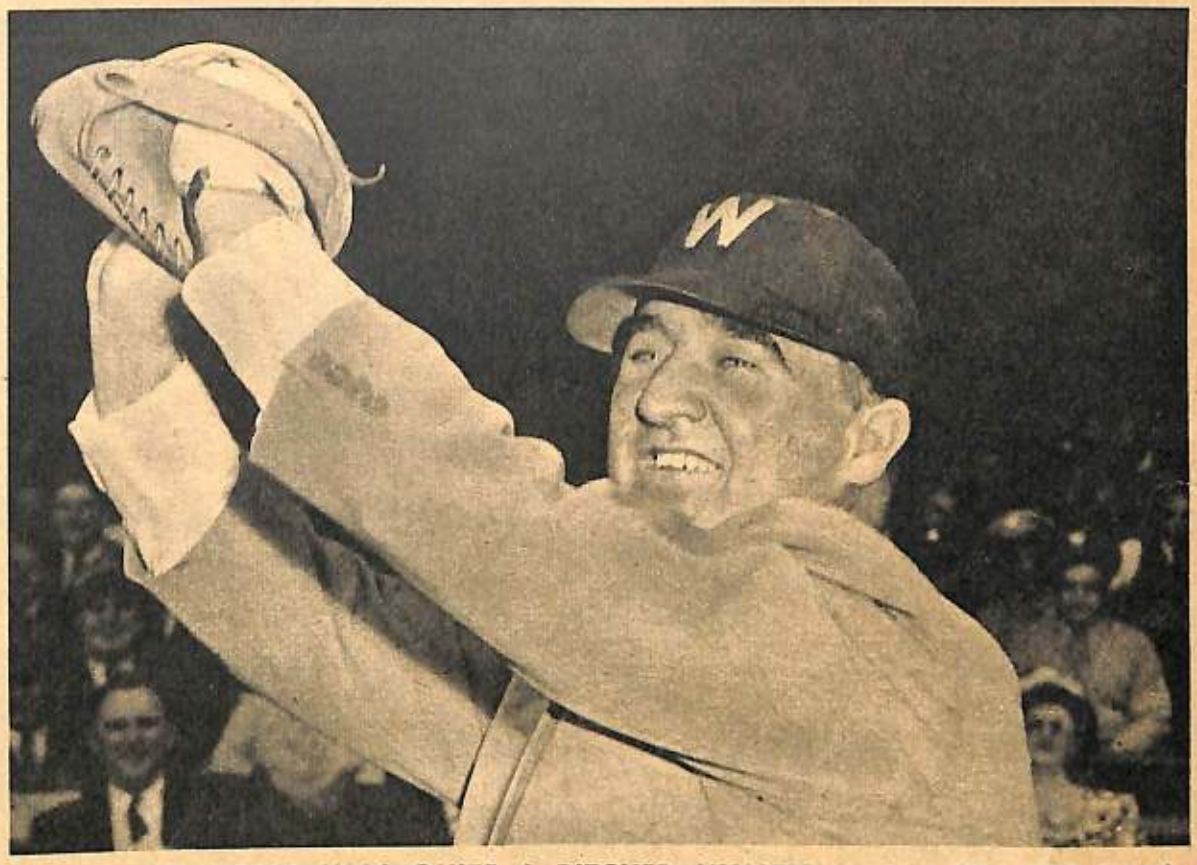
While men in combat outfits kid each other around, they have a sort of family complex about it. No outsiders may join. Anybody who does a dangerous job in this war has his own particular kind of kidding among his own friends, and sometimes it doesn't sound like kidding. Bomber crews and paratroopers and infantry squads are about the same in that respect.

Combat people are an exclusive set, and if they want to be that way, it is their privilege. They certainly earn it. New men in outfits have to work their way in slowly, but they are eventually accepted. Sometimes they have to change some of their ways of living. An introvert or a recluse is not going to last long in combat without friends, so he learns to come out of his shell. Once he has "arrived" he is pretty proud of his clique, and he in turn is chilly toward outsiders.

That's why, during some of the worst periods in Italy, many guys who had a chance to hang around a town for a few days after being discharged from a hospital where they had recovered from wounds, with nobody the wiser, didn't take advantage of it. They weren't eager to get back up and get in the war, by any means, and many of them did hang around a few days. But those who did hang around didn't feel exactly right about it, and those who went right back did it for a very simple reason—not because they felt that their presence was going to make a lot of difference in the big scheme of the war, and not to uphold the traditions of the umpteenth regiment. A lot of guys don't know the name of their regimental commander. They went back because they knew their companies were very shorthanded, and they were sure that if somebody else in their own squad or section were in their own shoes, and the situation were reversed, those friends would come back to make the load lighter.

That kind of friendship and spirit is a lot more genuine and sincere and valuable than all the "war aims" and indoctrination in the world.


Ann Miller
YANK
Pin-up Girl



HAPPY CHANDLER WAS QUITE A PITCHER HIMSELF IN HIS COLLEGE DAYS

Baseball's New Czar

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Sports Editor

WASHINGTON, D. C. — Hiram Johnson, the veteran Republican senator from California, made a speech in the Senate when he heard that his colleague, A. B. (Happy) Chandler of Kentucky had been selected to succeed the late Judge Keneshaw M. Landis as baseball commissioner. "I'm very proud that my friend from Kentucky will be in charge of this great sport," Johnson announced. "He is a man of undisputed guts, stands on his own feet and permits himself no favoritism."

Since then Happy has been kept busy trying to live up to that estimate of himself while defending his recent comments on gambling among baseball players, the future of Negroes in major-league baseball and his right to hold on to his berth in the Senate while serving as guardian of the national pastime.

"I used to think that the political writers were tough," says Chandler. "But I don't think that they're as tough as some of the sports writers. Fellows like Grantland Rice and Vincent Flaherty of the Washington *Times Herald* who know me have been swell. Others who don't even know me and haven't attended the press conferences I've held, have misconstrued my remarks and reprinted only part of what I have said in reply to the questions I have been asked. That's not fair. Why don't they give me a chance to take over the job? The Judge hadn't settled some of these problems in all the years he was on the job. Why should they expect me to settle them in a couple of weeks?"

The horse-racing people took exception to his suggestion that ball players should stay away from gamblers and refrain from betting on the horses. "I can't and don't intend to be lenient just because I'm from a horse-racing state," he says. "That's my obligation to baseball and the American people.

"Some of the finest men I know are in the racing industry. But gamblers must not and will not get into baseball and my advice to ball players and umpires is to stay away from race tracks. I like horse racing and used to go to the Kentucky Derby every year, but I don't intend to ask the players to do anything I wouldn't do. So I'm going to stay away from racing myself."

James T. Cosgrove, a Syracuse, N. Y., baseball fan, wrote Chandler that he had read "with amazement" of his intention of remaining as a member of the U. S. Senate while being employed as commissioner of baseball. Chandler replied, "Let me say that I have no intention of serving in the United States Senate as a lobbyist for professional baseball. The baseball folk do not expect that and my constituents in Kentucky do not deserve it.

"The people in Kentucky have urgently requested me to stay in the Senate and I was elected to represent them. Baseball folk have apparently wanted me to stay here. As a matter of fact, I have a precedent in that Judge Landis remained on the Federal bench some 15 months after he became commissioner of baseball after the first World War."

Chandler probably won't resign as the Senator from Kentucky to devote all his time to his new job until it is possible for Kentucky to hold a special election. Happy's term doesn't expire until January of 1949, but if he were to resign now it would be possible for Gov. Simeon Willis, a Republican, to appoint a Republican to succeed him. There's a Kentucky law which forbids the holding of special national elections the same year local elections are held. The Kentucky Democrats don't want a Republican appointed and have put pressure on Chandler to remain in office until some undetermined later date.

Problems facing Chandler when he is able to devote full time to the baseball job include the demand for tryouts for Negro baseball players in the major leagues, the future of former baseball players now in the armed forces and the attitude organized baseball will take toward the signing of high-school and college stars to contracts before their school careers are over.

"We've got to find places for the ball players, all the ball players, when they come back from the service," Chandler says. "We've got to encourage the organization of new minor leagues so that there will be places for them to play. If some of the players have been physically disabled but want to stay in baseball, then it's up to us to find some kind of jobs for them. We owe them that much. There's plenty for us to do."

Happy plans to suggest to the club owners that they adopt a hands-off policy on high-school and college athletes until they have finished their schooling.

"I think this ought to be done. I'm sure that the club owners will want to take such a step."

CHANDLER is the type of Southerner who is easy to know and he likes people. He also likes to sing anytime he's asked, and sometimes when he isn't asked, in a rich tenor voice. His favorite songs are "Hangman, Hangman," "Gold Mine in the Sky," and "My Old Kentucky Home." He confesses that one of his most enjoyable experiences in recent years was a short singing tour of the camps and hospitals that he took with Bing Crosby.

Next to people and singing he loves sports. Although he is a grandfather at 47, he still plays baseball and basketball with his sons. He played golf regularly until his Senatorial duties claimed too much of his time. Framed on his office wall is a signed score card showing a very respectable 74 at the difficult White Sulphur Springs course in West Virginia.

Happy has his favorite superstition. It's white horses. Whenever he sees one he stamps his left palm with his right fist, smiles and says, "Just for luck." When he was inaugurated as governor of Kentucky in 1935 he drove to the capitol building in a hack drawn by four dapple-gray horses. He was disappointed because he couldn't find a team of whites.

Chandler was an excellent high-school athlete at Corydon (Ky.) High School, but he probably never would have gone to college if it hadn't been for his singing voice. Dr. Homer Carpenter, a Kentucky preacher, and Kenneth Brown, president of the College of the Bible, heard him sing at a church meeting. They encouraged him to enroll at Transylvania, a small college in Lexington maintained by the Christian Church.

The high-school letters he earned in football, basketball, baseball and cross-country meant nothing at Transylvania financially. The college had no athletic scholarships. At Lexington they say he arrived on the campus there with nothing but an old red sweater, a five-dollar bill and a big smile. (His job as baseball commissioner pays $50,000 a year for the next seven years.) He worked in a coal mine a couple of summers, sold newspapers, waited on table in a boarding house and played semi-pro baseball for good money in Grafton, S. D., one summer.

At Transylvania, Chandler played football, was chosen All-Kentucky guard in basketball and once won a five-mile cross-country run in Lexington. "I beat a Jap," he says. "His name was Shirati Inamuro."

However, it was in baseball that young Chandler reached his peak as a college athlete. "Best game I ever pitched? I beat the University of Tennessee, 10-4. That may not mean much to you, but it was quite a thing for Transylvania to beat Tennessee. They had a real good ball club. Frank Calloway, who later played shortstop for the Chicago White Sox, was on that team."

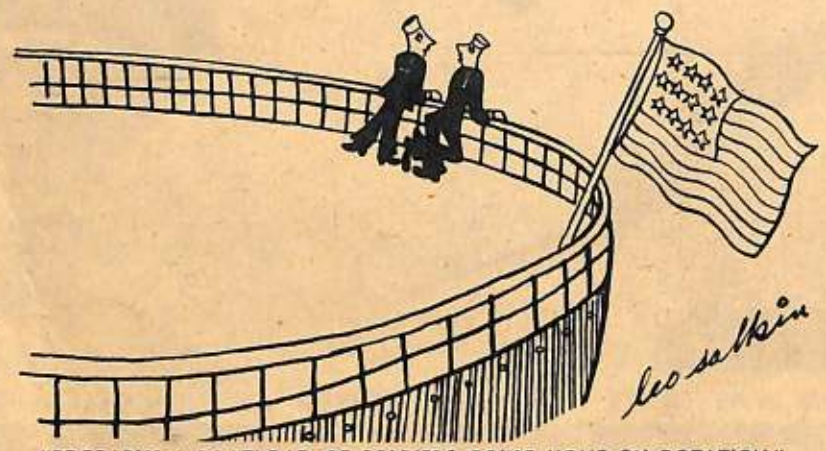
After graduation Happy went to Harvard Law School for a year. While there he coached the Wellesley (Mass.) High School football team and scouted Harvard for Centre College. The Colonels defeated Harvard that fall, 6 to 0.

Attending the University of Kentucky Law School the following year, Chandler coached at Centre College. He continued to coach in his spare time at Versailles High School, Masse School and the University of Kentucky long after he had set up in law with Field McCleod, a veteran lawyer, in Versailles. In fact, he didn't quit until 1932 when his duties as lieutenant governor demanded all of his time.

His rise in politics has been rapid. Since 1929 he has been a state senator, lieutenant governor, governor and U. S. senator, but of all these jobs he has finished only one, that of lieutenant governor, before the voters promoted him to another.

Nobody realizes better than Chandler himself that he isn't another Landis. "The Judge did a great job," he says. "I never could hope to be like him. I'm just Happy Chandler and I will handle the problems in my own way."

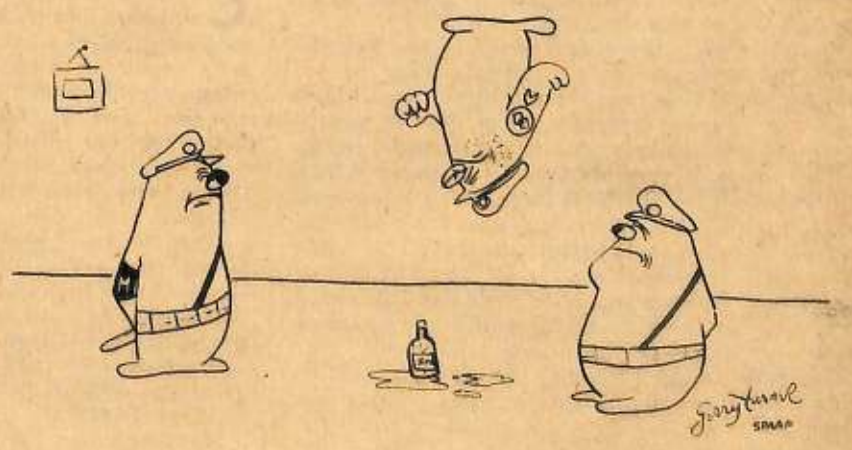
THREE years after she was born in Houston, Tex., Ann Miller began dancing. She hasn't stopped since. Her latest appearance is in Columbia Pictures' "Eve Knew Her Apples." Ann is 22 years old and a brunette with blue eyes. She is 5 feet 5½ inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. She practices dancing four hours a day when not working in the movies.



"PROBABLY A BOATLOAD OF SOLDIERS GOING HOME ON ROTATION."
—Leo Salkin PhoM3c

"BUT THE POINT IS THIS—DO THE JAPS KNOW THAT WE KNOW YESTERDAY WAS THE 28TH?"
—Sgt. Ozzie St. George

"THE NEW CO INSISTS WE WEAR THEM AT ALL TIMES."
—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt



"WHO'S PLASTERED?"
—A/S Gerry Turner