BRITISH EDITION

YANK

THE ARMY W

3d JUNE 15
1945
VOL. 3. NO. 52
By the men . . for the men in the service

How Long Will We Have To Fight The Jap War?

—Pages 8, 9, 10 and 11

85 and OUT

NEW YORK. PFC. JOHN CULHANE, VETERAN OF AFRICA, ITALY AND FRANCE, DRAWS CHEERS FROM NEIGHBORS AS HE HEADS FOR HIS HOME AT 556 W. 180th ST., WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTERS.

ATLANTA. THE FT. McPHERSON MAJOR HAS THE POINTER, BUT THE GIs HAVE THE POINTS. THEY'RE OUT.

EAST NORRISTOWN, PA. THAT EX-S/SGT. CHARLES W. HESSER GIVES YOU THOSE 84-POINT BLUES BY TAKING BREAKFAST IN BED. NO LESS.

FT. SHERIDAN, ILL. THEY'VE SIGNED ... GRINS AS THEY LEAV... ...EE FROM THOSE ...RUNCH.

"Occupied England"

The Germans thought the Channel Islands were just a refuge where decadent aristocrats came to spend their fortunes

By Sgt. DeWITT GILPIN
YANK Staff Correspondent

JERSEY (CHANNEL ISLANDS)—Before the war the English Channel Islands—long known as a vacation spot for the wealthy—were wonderful places to "get away from it all."

Then the Germans came to the Islands after Dunkirk, and for five years 100,000 subjects of His Majesty the King were governed by 30,000 Nazi officers and their men.

The Germans hoped to win the Islanders over to them, since the biggest conquest of England proper lay ahead. But the Islanders, against the background of luxurious hotels and lovely beaches, developed a resistance movement that had all the elements of an Alfred Hitchcock movie thriller and a book by the author of *Peter Pan* rolled into one. Some sub-titles in the story-record of what happened on Jersey, the largest island, would read something like this:

1. Two middle-aged French gentlewomen—both sentenced to death—who used to be part of the Surrealist, art-for-art's sake crowd in Paris before they went to Jersey to get away from artists who talked politics.

2. Two delicate, anti-Communist Russian ladies who decided that their love for the Czar didn't prevent them from sheltering escaped soldiers of the Red Army.

3. The attractive reception clerk at the Jersey Electricity Company—with a figure built for Jersey beaches—who passed out anti-Nazi propaganda with her electric light bills.

4. The deserter from the German army whose father had died at Dachau, who committed the biggest individual act of sabotage on the Islands.

People like these, of course, made up the highlights in the diverse resistance activities. Actually, as is always the case, the mass of the resistance activities was carried on by ordinary families, and particularly by the boys and girls of these families. They were kids like Michael Peter Gray, a lean-faced red-head of seventeen who drew sentences of nine and fourteen months each during the Nazi occupation, the last sentence resulting from his capture when, "I was trying to blow up Robert's hairdressing shop on Guy Fawkes' Day because he was getting on with the Jerries."

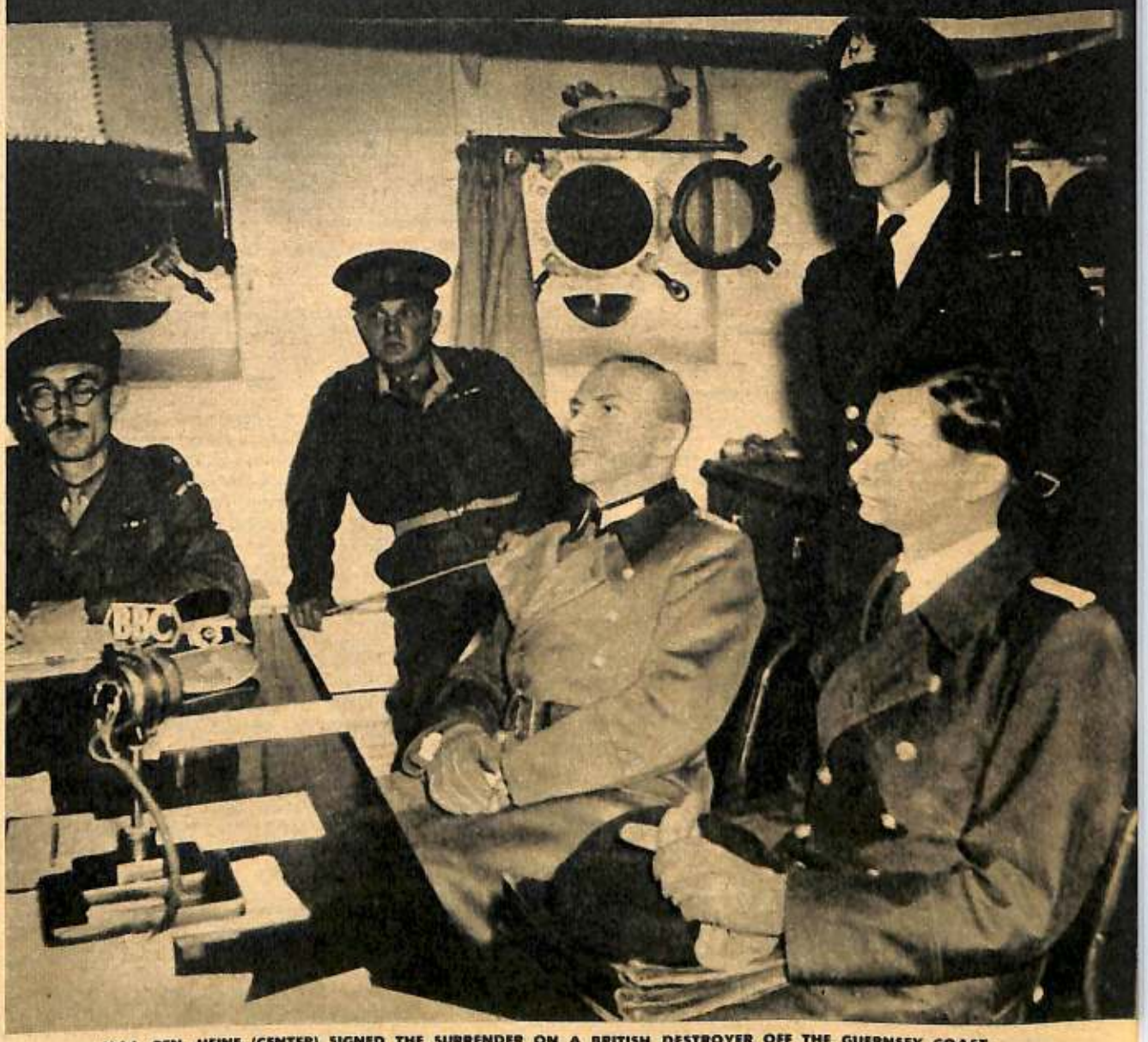
ON Jersey, not counting the persons who were taken to Germany, there were over one thousand political prisoners, out of a population of forty thousand, sentenced to prison terms. This was a constant source of irritation to Lt. Gen. Wilhelm Wulf, Hitler's representative on the Island, because the Germans had carefully prepared a plan of what they considered "fair treatment." Furthermore, as the Germans saw it, the Islands were nothing anyway but a refuge where decadent Englishmen came to enjoy life after they had made their fortunes in London or Plymouth. There were, of course, the chambermaids in the hotels, the shop keepers and clerks, and the peasants who worked the rich farms. But these little people, the Germans had told the "Fatherland" (in press stories datelined "Occupied England"), were all ready to welcome the Reich's New Order.

St. Helier, on Jersey, is the biggest city of the Island, and the *Luftwaffe* established a base there. Goering's pilots would come into *Boots*, the chemists shop, to purchase perfume, and as the English gaped at the hair nets that some of them wore, the pilots would remark casually that "we'll be shopping in London in a few weeks."

The "few weeks" stretched into years, the invasion of France brought about a blockade of the Islands by American naval craft, and hunger gripped the Islanders who had once boasted of their self sufficiency from England. When V-E Day came the German officers, who had always said they would "fight on regardless of what happened," surrendered sullenly and their patched-pants troops finally sailed to—not against—England in prison ships to the jeers of the two polite French ladies, the Russian women who had admired the Czar, the English girl at the Jersey Electricity Company and the German soldier who blew up the Nazi headquarters.

American prisoners held on the Islands, who numbered less than 50, left first after a warm demonstration by the Islanders who had grown to know them during their months of captivity. Most of the sailors and soldiers, like Pfc. Elba E. Kinder, had English girls waiting for them when their PW cages were opened. Each day for months the English girls had brought scribbled newscasts to the stockade and smuggled them into the American prisoners.

Spokesman for the Americans on the Islands was Col. John Reybold, of Wilmington, Del., and the



MAJ. GEN. HEINE (CENTER) SIGNED THE SURRENDER ON A BRITISH DESTROYER OFF THE GUERNSEY COAST.

GUERNSEY ISLANDERS CHEER AS THE UNION JACK FLIES FROM THE COURTHOUSE AGAIN AFTER NEARLY 5 YEARS.

15th Cavalry, and the liberated Yanks showered him with praise when they were free.

"All of us knew how the Colonel would speak up to the Jerries for our rights," said John Leyden Page, the only survivor of a PT boat sunk off the Islands. However, one or two of the American officers on the Islands, while admitting the Colonel's qualities as a fighter, complained that the enlisted men didn't know what the officers had suffered, because of the colonel's insistence on military protocol. "They said the colonel was so GI," one of the doughboys related, "that he practically had the brass dressing for dinner to eat their horsehead soup. A couple of the pilots wanted to come and live with us, but the Colonel wouldn't let them."

Colonel Reybold, who was captured near Brest before the American outfits moved up to contain the Brittany pockets that the German High Command directed from the Islands, began writing Lt. Gen. Wilhelm Wulf "We Demand" letters as soon as he arrived on the Island. He signed them all "Eisenhower's Representative on the Channel Islands."

At first the prisoners, as a result of the German's disregard of International Law, were held in the old fort dungeon; they lived on a diet of beet and horsehead soup, the same horsehead being used for weeks. But eventually the men were moved out of the dungeon, and conditions improved somewhat due to the Colonel's continual quoting of the Geneva Convention decisions on Treatment of Prisoners.

"As Germans go," said Col. Reybold, "they treated us about as well as could be expected. It wasn't any picnic, but fortunately there were not any atrocities committed. You must remember that we were taken prisoner after the invasion and after the Germans themselves, in a sense, were also prisoners on the Islands. They knew that they would eventually have to account for their actions."

The Germans, having wearied of their continual wrangles with Col. Reybold, had, with a comic opera touch, begun drafting Court Martial charges against him as the Allied armies hammered against the last remnants of Hitler's forces on the Continent. The charge was that he had called Nazi bigwigs on the Islands "liars." The Colonel admits it.

His last act on the Island—after V-E Day—was to point out to Island officials that the Algerian PWs enjoyed the same status as Allied PWs and, regardless of what the officials thought about their color, they were to be set free. They were.

Some of the American PWs were captured in a series of raids that German Commandos from the Islands staged this Spring around Granville and Cherbourg. Shortly after the raids began the Palace Hotel, where the raiders were quartered and kept their ammo, was blown up with a loss of nine German soldiers killed and 29 wounded.

THE man who fired the primer cord that sent the German hotel skyward was Private Paul Muhback of the German Army. He is a small, dark little man, who decided to end his protest against Hitler's war (he had been a conscientious objector in a concentration camp) after the *SS* had killed his father at Dachau. At the Russian front he had lost all the toes on his right foot from frostbite, and he was then sent to Jersey. Here he established contact with a group of English civilians who felt that any successful resistance movement on the Islands would depend upon a mutiny among the soldiers, inasmuch as the Allies did not consider the Islands strategically important enough to invade. The group, which included a German priest, published leaflets calling upon the soldiers "to settle accounts with the criminal Nazi officers and their accomplices."

The German Gestapo, of course, knew of the movement and—as conditions approached the starvation point among the German soldiers toward the end—shot three to four German soldiers each week as suspected "defeatists." Muhback himself deserted after he fired the Palace and remained in hiding among the farmers of the Islands for two months until the English Army again occupied Jersey.

"Only about one per cent of the German soldiers on Jersey," said Muhback, "were active anti-Nazi. But I don't think more than fifty per cent would have done much fighting if the Allies had invaded. It is over now, and I want to assist in the prosecution of the war criminals among the German soldiers. They say that the Russians want Gen. Wulf for atrocities committed at Breslau, but there are others. Some day I may go back to Germany, but not now. Not now. Perhaps you don't understand, but now I want some time to relax."

War Criminals among the Germans will be prosecuted by an Allied Military Tribunal, but the action to be taken on the Islands against civilian collaborators is another and more involved question. Unlike other places they occupied, the Germans did not disturb the existing Governments in the Islands but administered through them and around them.

CROWDS OF ISLANDERS FOLLOWED THE BRITISH TASK FORCE WHICH LANDED AT ST. PETER PORT, GUERNSEY, ON MAY 10.

OUT CAME THE UNION JACKS AND THE SIGNS TO WELCOME THE LIBERATORS FOLLOWING THE GERMANS' SURRENDER.

Some civilians of the Islands feel that their Government should have resigned; others feel that the official policy of waiting out the war was correct. At any rate the officials that administered under the Germans are still in office, and trial of collaborators presumably will be held in the same courts that functioned when the Germans were running the Islands.

Already, in their own way, the Islanders are passing judgment, and on V-E Day the homes of some prominent collaborators were splashed with tar, women were stripped and their heads shaven. The "Jerry bags," as the Islanders call the women who took up with the Germans, have aroused some excitement in the British press, and one London paper has published a report that there are over a thousand German babies on the Islands. Down by the PW cages where the German prisoners await transfer to England, English women with blond-haired youngsters in their arms slip up to say goodbye to their lovers before the jeering crowd at the dock claims them.

The little people on the Islands will tell you that it was in the homes of some of the best families that the Germans received their warmest welcome, and it is a fact that among some families whose names were known in English military and political circles there are now German children.

But these cases do not constitute the whole story. The home of the girl who had a "Gestapo baby"—as the Jersey people call the tow-headed, laughing child—is a poor one.

"I met his father," said the baby's mother, a pretty, blonde girl whose eyes and words are nervous, "when the Gestapo started coming here after they had arrested Poppa. Poppa was always against the Jerries. But I'm not ashamed of anything, or my baby. And you can ask Momma if the Germans were not good to us with food—and food was dear. I say if people want to throw stones let them look at themselves first. Why don't you go to Hill Street? Yes, ask the high and mighty people on Hill Street how they lived and how they got on with the Jerries. Life wasn't so grim with them."

Mr. A. E. Harrison, editor of the Island's largest newspaper, the St. Helier *Evening Post*, believes that the policy adopted by some leading citizens of getting along with the Germans ("without fraternization") was a correct one. Mr. Harrison, who is very English from his trim moustache to his cigarette case, turned his paper over to the Germans during the occupation; they subsidized it and dictated its contents to him as its editor. He figured that the Nazis' literary bombast would be the tip-off to the Channel Islanders as to the authorship, and consequently he didn't edit so much as a period of what the Germans gave him. Now Mr. Harrison's headlines are proclaiming the "Liberation."

But in his desk Mr. Harrison has many letters from citizens who are saying things like "you rotten quisling."

"I'm satisfied I did right about this thing," said Mr. Harrison. "People who wrote such letters are ignorant fools. And I'm certain the British Home Office feels I did the right thing."

No such letters as Mr. Harrison receives are being sent to Joyce Rattenbury, the Jersey Electricity Company's receptionist. She is a hard person to talk to in the office because English men and women are always coming in from the street to say such things about her as "There's a girl who was British through and through."

So, in order to tell her story, Joyce went out with me on the beach below the Amaroo Hotel where the fat Gestapo chief, Bode, used to stay. She flexed her brown legs on the sun-baked sand and then, matter-of-factly, told what an average girl could do, and did do, during the occupation.

"I would get the Allied broadcasts each day on the radio," she said, "and write them down for the people in town. But I don't think that was why they decided to make me a jailbird. And it wasn't for helping your American boys, as they told you. It was only a little that I helped them.

"But the Jerry officers didn't like me because I couldn't remember their names. No matter how often they were introduced to me, I would always say the next time, 'I don't believe I know your name.' That would make them very huffy, and those stupid Gestapo fellows told me I had too much cheek. When they sentenced me it only took five minutes. But the jail was so full I had to go on a waiting list. And before I got in the Tommies came.

"Five years is a long time when you're a girl," said Joyce as she looked at the civilians sunning themselves beside the old beach obstacles, "but the beaches look beautiful now without those horrid green uniforms. I'll never wear green again."

MANY people escaped from the Germans during the occupation, and two American officers made it to the mainland of France. But Private Mike Kroheem of the Red Army is the escapee of whom Mrs. C. S. Mibreiber and her sister-in-law—the two Russians—are the proudest, Mike being captured at Kiev and having escaped a total of ten times. Straw-headed Mike himself seems a little embarrassed over the way the emigree Russians on Jersey gush over him, and as he sees it the escapes never achieved his objective. "I'm still not back with the Red Army," he said. "I wanted to meet the Americans in Germany."

No one among the civilians seems to know exactly what happened to the thousands of Russian slave laborers that once brought tears to housewives' eyes when they were driven on bleeding, shoe-less feet

through St. Helier. They were parcelled out in the Islands to build fortifications, and have since disappeared. Out of Mike's original contingent of 110 Russian PWs, 32 died of starvation and disease during their five years on Jersey. Also a mystery are the whereabouts of most of the "politically unreliable" English who were evacuated by the Germans shortly after their landing. Vanished, too, are all the Jews on the Channel Islands.

British bully beef and hard tack—luxuries to the hungry people—are pouring into the Islands now, but it will be some time before they again become, to quote an old tourist folder, "a vacation land where life is sunny and care-free."

THE Germans, with their swank dinner receptions at the best hotels in the early days and their Gestapo interrogation room, brought all the reality of Hitler's new way of life to a people who had once been told that they were self-sufficient in their isolation.

The Nazis corrupted a small percentage of the Islanders, but the majority of them, brought to grips with Nazism, fought it as best they could. It was difficult for the diverse resistance groups to work together, but towards the end of the occupation, the anti-Nazi league of Mr. Lester Hulein, who cooperated with the German anti-Nazis, was gaining strength. Now, out of the experiences of the occupation has come an expression from several quarters that the Islands must end their political aloofness, seek representation in the English Parliament, and institute local parliamentary Government.

There were some English, it is true, who got pretty huffy about Churchill's decision that the Islands weren't of enough military value to do anything about, and one white-haired, retired Naval officer stubbornly refused to eat his quota of Red Cross parcels after the Germans let them through. And on V-E Day the old sea-dog marched down to the Town Hall at St. Helier with his parcels, plunked them on the counter and declared: "I am going to take these to No. 10 Downing Street and ask them if this is any way to treat an officer and a gentleman."

But the Islanders' favorite joke, as they existed on a diet of beets and tomatoes, was a fantasy story about how Churchill sat down with General Eisenhower to a great Victory feast after the war was over. And after dessert and just as Churchill was about to light his cigar, he suddenly exclaimed: "My God, Ike, I've forgotten those Channel Islands."

A summation of what happened to Jersey Island and its placid people who once fancied that their Isle could be a world apart is probably best explained by Lucy Schwab and Suzanne Malmerbe who came from France and bought the most beautiful home on St. Brelards Bay. They had wearied of a Paris after World War I in which people like Salvador Dali, Gertrude Stein, Andre Breton, Picasso and Louis Aragon were always arguing about whether artists and writers should escape life or face it.

Lucy, a little wisp of a woman now after five years of imprisonment, had written a Surrealist book under the name of Claude Cahun, and Suzanne had illustrated it, and the book—surrealist-like—hadn't found too much that was good in an everyday, humdrum life.

But when the Germans came to Jersey the two women, both over 50, found that all the aspirations and values they had sought in the world were threatened by the Nazis who tramped through their garden and ruined their beach by building a concrete seawall on it. So they began to write leaflets against Fascism and place them in German soldiers' packs, on busses ridden by soldiers, and in the soldiers' barracks. When the Germans caught them they were asked to identify 350 separate leaflets that they had written and signed "The German soldier without a name." To the surprise of the German trial officials, the women confessed to the authorship, and Suzanne, when asked at the trial if she knew she had been endangering the morale of the German Army, replied: "Why, of course I did. That was what we were trying to do."

The Gestapo, convinced that they were dealing with a couple of crazy old women, sentenced them to death, and then, because the "fair treatment" policy was still in effect, commuted it to life imprisonment.

Shaken and showing the effects of their imprisonment, the women are back with their books and flowers now. They greet visitors in some old faded studio pyjamas that are a relic of the old Surrealist days in Paris, they apologize because there is no tea or whisky, and they have to be temperate about cigarettes, "because they make us dizzy now."

They were eager to hear about their old friends in Paris. It was news to them that Dali is in Hollywood, that Andre Malraux is an officer in the French Army, that Aragon is the editor of the Communist *L'Humanité*, and that Gertrude Stein is lecturing American soldiers.

Suzanne said that she hoped that their friends in Paris—all those who had stayed and fought the Germans—will feel a little better about her and Lucy now. "Tell them we did what we could against the Germans," she said. "Oh, they were horrid. And the worst thing was that we had to kill our old cat. We knew they would never look after him when we went away."

Lucy, putting aside her book about surrealism with the remark that, "I'm not too proud of that now," produced another book. It was a little paper book that had been laboriously assembled while they were in prison. Inside there was nothing except the scrawled statements of the political prisoners that had passed through the prison while the women were there.

"That," said Lucy, "is my best book. Yes, that is my best book."

It is a pretty good book. It contains such passages as this one written by a Jersey citizen named B. E. Hassal:

"Sentenced on January 26, 1945, to six years imprisonment for attempted extermination of a Quisling. Also with concealing explosives and ammunition. England Forever!"

NO LIBERATION PICTURE IS COMPLETE WITHOUT A KISS, AND HERE A COLONEL IN THE TASK FORCE COLLECTS HIS.

MISSION

THE Forts of the 95th Bomb Group have dropped much mischief on enemy targets in Europe but recently the bomb-load was different—food for our starving allies in Holland. The Germans had looted this rich country, broken its dikes and flooded it, and turned it into a big Belsen starvation camp. Then, Field Marshal Montgomery's columns rolled through the positions of the surrendering Germans and opened up Holland's seaports. In the meantime the Third Air Division was dropping food—five million concentrated meals in the shape of 10-in-1 rations and British compo rations.

The bomb bays of these Fortresses were fitted with special flooring, officially called "Chow Hound Bomb Bay Flooring," to carry our load of compo rations in burlap sacks. The ships were flying in a follow-the-leader formation like the RAF. They didn't want to make a bomb pattern like the one the Forts drop from a combat box formation. All ships were chow-bombing a single target, a white cross in a field a mile in diameter.

These trips were relaxing for the regular aircrew men, but one of them was a big and exciting event for Sgt. H. J. Jazwiecki of Buffalo, an orderly room clerk, and Pfc. John A. Russo, a general duty man from Wilmington, Del. They were making their first flight over Europe.

When the plane made landfall in Holland the crew saw thousands of people waving flags and bedsheets. They went down to 300 feet, close enough to pick out faces in the crowd. One woman hiked her dress over her head and waved it.

A great crowd was seen encircling the dropping area as it came into view. "Bags away!" said the navigator, Lt. Eugene T. Russell of Detroit. From the radio room Russo watched the bomb bays open. He turned away spluttering, his eyes and mouth choked with loose flour and burlap. All of Lt. Russell's bombs hit the field and a couple were in the bullseye, ripping up the white cloth.

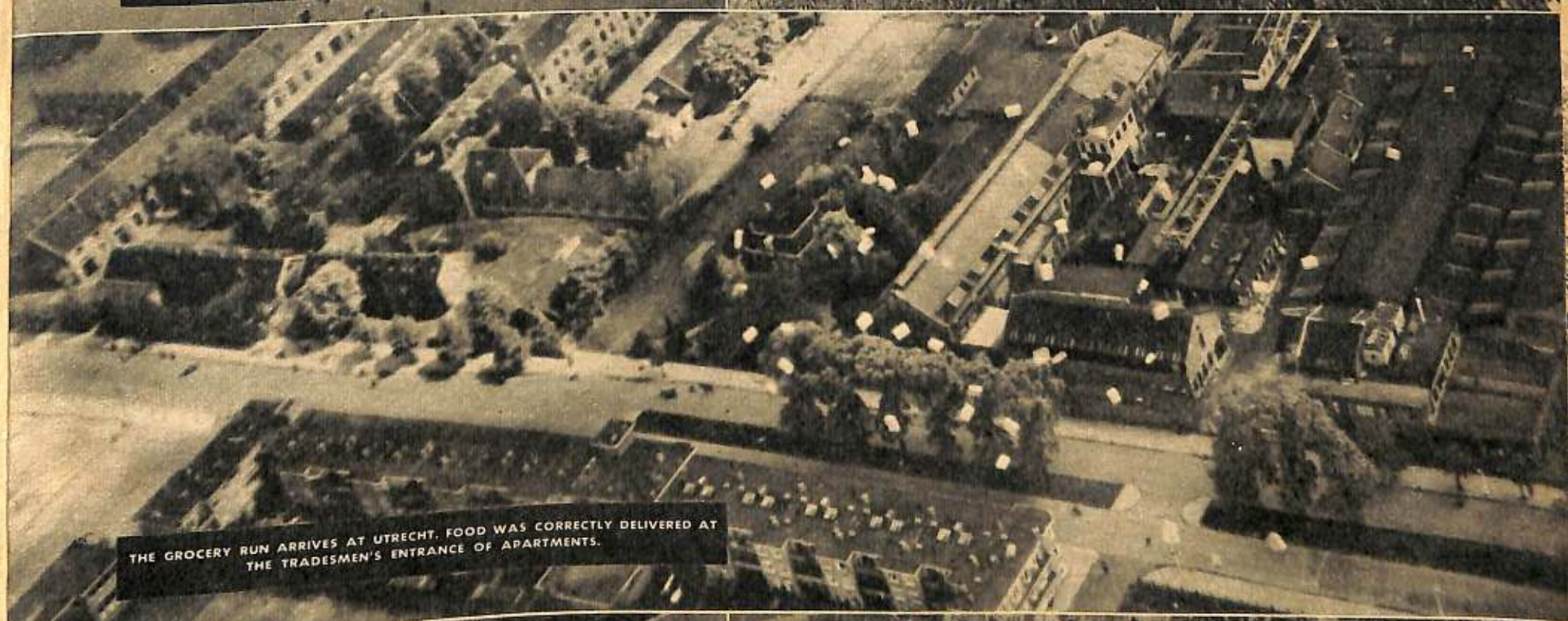
The crowd broke and ran toward the sacks, disregarding a few stray bags still falling. Some sacks fell into a canal. Two women dived in after them. People loaded up pushcarts and baby buggies. The Fort turned back for another look at the target area. It was alive with people. They turned their faces up and waved wildly. All the way back to the North Sea the crowds were out waving and trying to follow the Fort on bicycles.

During the same week food missions by RAF Lancasters even exceeded the rescue work of the Eighth. Adding the heavy chow salvo of the Lancs the Dutch people received a total of 11,410,200 meals by air on the eve of their liberation.

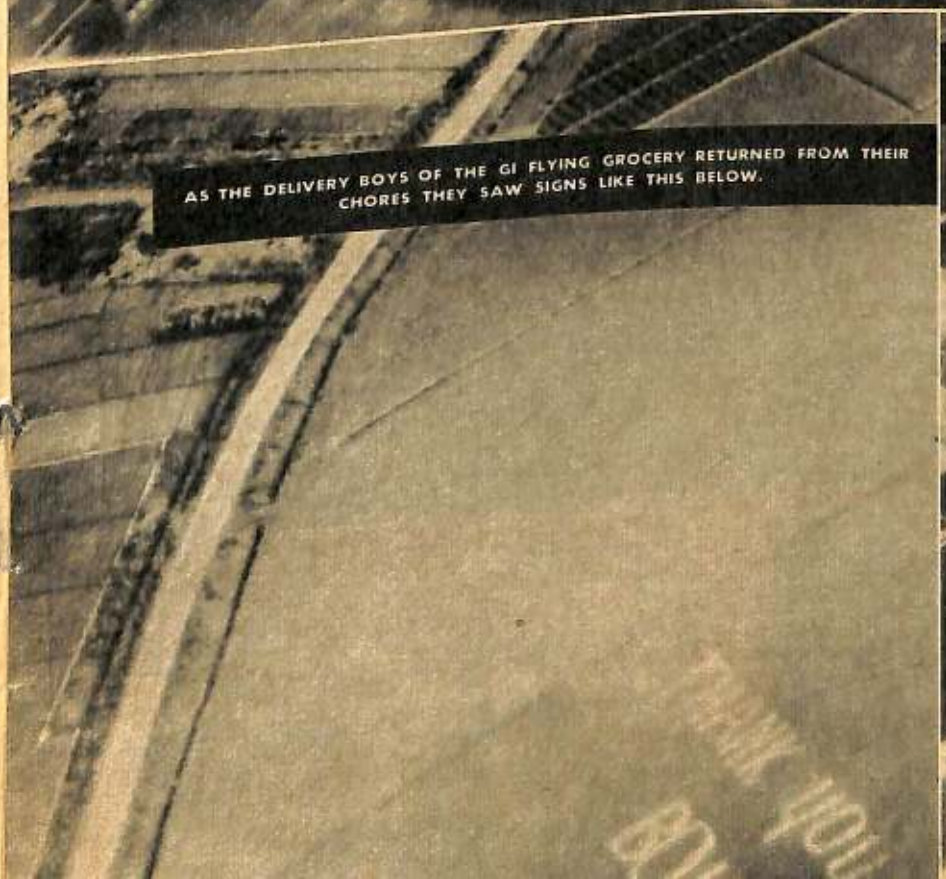
THE FORTRESSES WERE EQUIPPED WITH SPECIAL BOMB BAY FLOORING TO ACCOMMODATE THE 10-IN-1 RATIONS FOR HOLLAND.

A SHOWER OF BRITISH COMPO RATIONS COMING OUT OF THE BOMB BAY INSTEAD OF THE BOMBS THIS GROUP HAS DROPPED BEFORE.

THE CHOW TARGETS WERE WHITE CROSSES LAID IN FIELDS A MILE SQUARE. "BOMBS" ON RIGHT ARE STILL IN THE AIR.



THE GROCERY RUN ARRIVES AT UTRECHT. FOOD WAS CORRECTLY DELIVERED AT THE TRADESMEN'S ENTRANCE OF APARTMENTS.



AS THE DELIVERY BOYS OF THE GI FLYING GROCERY RETURNED FROM THEIR CHORES THEY SAW SIGNS LIKE THIS BELOW.

WILDLY CHEERING CROWDS GATHERED IN AMSTERDAM TO GREET PLANES. NOTE BANDSTAND BEING ERECTED FOR VE MEETING.

The terrain of this Okinawa battlefield marks a new phase in the Pacific war. GIs had gone on from the jungles and coral islands to fight in an open countryside where they could maneuver tanks and lay down a heavy artillery barrage. This picture shows one part of an offensive, the objectives of which extended from "Tombstone Hill" in the foreground, where the Japs had built their emplacements in and among the rows of concrete burial vaults, to "Skyline Ridge" in the background. Assault troops are on the near side of the hill; flame throwers work on Japs in center background.

YANK begins a series of articles on the Big Picture in the Far East and our last remaining enemy with a discussion of the $64 question: How long will we have to fight the Japanese?

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON—The $64 question now is: "How long will we have to fight the Japanese?"

The War Department has no official answer to it, other than that neither the Army nor the Navy is basing future plans on the idea that the complete defeat of Japan will be a pushover.

Unofficially, however, a lot of guesses are being made. The predictions most often heard in the handsomely tiled latrines of the Pentagon, the War Department's giant doughnut-shaped headquarters, run from 1 to 2 years—and up.

"We can possibly get it over in 2 years, but nobody in the world can guess that," says the high-ranking officer who is frequently quoted in newspaper stories from Washington as "a military expert." He refuses to be overoptimistic.

"I don't think it will come any sooner than that unless there is a sudden collapse," he adds. "Two years would be the minimum. Once our air gets to operate on them, it's going to have a big effect. We can't deduce how much."

"We're just on the fringes of what we have to do," says a colonel whose business it is to keep informed about Japan. "The strength of Japan is in Japan and on the Asiatic mainland. We haven't touched it. Any estimate of the duration of the war is just a guess, but the figure of a year may not be a bad guess."

"It looks like a case of 12 months to get out there, and 6 months to do the job," another colonel says.

The higher brass around the Pentagon says

The Jap War

that three major factors—none of them predictable at this stage of the game—will decide whether it will take 1 year, 2 years or longer to win the Far East war. Put the three factors in the form of questions, and they are: 1) How long will it take to redeploy to the Pacific the Stateside and ETO soldiers who are slated for the Jap war; 2) how much punishment will the Japs take before surrendering; 3) will Russia enter the war?

WD strategists point out that because Japan has never lost a war in modern times, there is no yardstick for calculating the Japanese breaking point in this struggle. Some military historians think that Japan would have gone down in her war with Russia in 1904 if the war had lasted another six months. But Russia did not go on, and Japan chalked up a victory.

"We not only have no yardstick of our own: we don't know how long their yardstick is," one student of the Japs declares. "We know there are 36 inches in our kind of yardstick, but those Japs—maybe their yardstick is only 18 inches."

So far, both Jap soldiers and civilians have shown a phenomenal willingness to die in preference to giving up. On Saipan, Jap civilians walked off cliffs rather than come under the American flag. But slowly in recent campaigns the number of Japs surrendering has increased, though the total is still insignificant compared with the hundreds of thousands of Germans who quit when things got hopeless.

On Okinawa, up to the middle of May, 700 Japs had been taken prisoner. That figure looks tiny alongside the 33,462 Japs who were killed during the same period, but the number of prisoners captured on Okinawa looks big when measured by the number of prisoners in earlier campaigns.

In the Okinawa figures, War Department experts see evidence that "the will to collapse eventually will come." If collapse doesn't come, the plans of the high command call for wiping out the Japs. That has been done before in military history. Genghis Khan, the Asiatic conqueror of the Middle Ages, wiped out nations, and the Russians did quite a job on Napoleon's retreating army in 1812.

Current estimates say that the Japs have 75 to 100 divisions, plus 1,000,000 Manchurian and Chinese puppet troops who are organized as auxiliary military units. The Japanese draft has been less thorough and demanding than the German, so that Tokyo should have no trouble increasing the army by at least another million men. By the end of 1945 the Japs are expected to have a 6,000,000-man army.

But there is a joker in these figures. Thanks to Jap blunders and Allied strategy, Tokyo's army is badly scattered. The bulk of it is thought to be in Manchuria, and superior American air and naval forces, operating out of newly captured bases in the Western Pacific, will probably be able to keep it there—helpless to go to the aid of the homeland.

Fanning out from New Guinea, the Philippines, the Palaus, the Marianas, the Bonins and the Ryukyus, American air and seapower have already isolated the big chunk of the Jap army that is in the Dutch East Indies. These Jap forces—estimated to number from 500,000 to 1,500,000 men—appear to be as much cut off from the homeland as the army in Manchuria. Another 500,000 have been "bypassed" in pockets in New Guinea, the Solomons and various islands in the Marshalls, the Palaus and the Carolines. These, too, seem to be out of the real running.

THE Jap strategy at the start of the war was to strike fast on a tremendous front—a front several times the width of all Europe. At first this strategy was a brilliant success. The Japs were able to capture vast areas before a defense could be prepared.

On the same day they hit Pearl Harbor, the Japs struck at the American possessions of Guam, Wake, Midway and the Philippines. They also hit Hong Kong, the rich British colony on the China coast, and the British protectorate of Malaya far to the south. Within a few months the Japs held almost everything of value south of Alaska and west of the Hawaiian Islands.

In addition to their other conquests, they had Burma, the Dutch East Indies, most of New Guinea, half the Solomons, most of the Gilberts and Marshalls and bases for an assault on New

Zealand and Australia, the two big white countries of the South Pacific.

The turning point came in April when American troops were rushed to the Free French island of New Caledonia off eastern Australia. In August, Marines staged the first American offensive action of this war by landing on Jap-held Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands northwest of Australia.

Our strategy since then has been to leap-frog toward Japan. We capture a base, build an airfield and from it launch planes to cover the seizure of the next base. The process has brought us across thousands of miles of the Pacific to within a few hundred miles of the Jap homeland.

One of our forces hopped along the coast of New Guinea from Woodlark Island to Lae to Saidor to Hollandia to Biak to Morotai. Another force came from Guadalcanal to New Georgia to Vella Lavella to Bougainville until it merged with the New Guinea troops. A third, starting from the Hawaiian Islands, fought through the atoll route from Tarawa to Makin to Kwajalein to Guam to Saipan to Palau. A fourth, composed of British forces, drove out of India into Burma and is just finishing the work of expelling the Japs there.

The Philippines, retaken 3 years after the Jap conquest, are evidently to play the role in the Pacific that the United Kingdom played in the invasion of Fortress Europe. The winning of Okinawa, where fighting is still under way, will cut the Jap supply lines to Formosa, Pentagon experts say, and make it possible for us to neutralize that island or invade it.

Military doctrine is that a battlefield must be isolated as a prelude to victory. That was the theory behind AAF and RAF bombings of German railroads. From Okinawa, our planes will be able to attack any ships or planes that attempt to run down to the help of Formosa. The enemy will be cut off from his reinforcements.

With the Philippines taken and Formosa occupied or at least neutralized, the way will be clear for an American invasion of the China coast. Then, air and navy bases at spots like Shanghai and Nanking would pave the way for an attack on the Japanese homeland.

Some such plan, according to various military commentators, is obvious from a study of the present war map in the Pacific, though whether and how soon there will be an American invasion of Formosa, China and the Japanese homeland are matters for the top-secret files.

In weighing the strengths and weaknesses of the Japs, an officer in the Pentagon who knows the enemy particularly well says that "one of the Japs' main strengths is that they're Japanese."

"They have a fanatical belief in their way of living," he points out. "They have a saying that death is lighter than a feather and duty is heavier than a mountain. That's why a Jap, if he's told to do something, does it, by gosh, even if he dies doing it."

The Japs have said that they are ready to lose 10,000,000 men, if necessary, and have talked seriously about this war lasting 100 years.

"One more point in the psychological favor of the Jap is that he has been taught that he can take privations longer than we," says another colonel whose business it is to study the Japs. "He says that we are soft and decadent, that if he can hold out long enough and cause us enough casualties, we'll give in. He says we like our holidays and easy living. He says he doesn't bother with such things—everything goes for Japan and the emperor. The Jap relies a great deal on 'spiritual superiority,' which is his phrase for tenacity."

Geography, nearly everybody agrees, is a trump card in the Japs' hand. They are not only far from the Continental United States, but the terrain of their homeland is much like the rugged mountain country of Italy. There is not much of a road net over these mountains, which will hinder the use of armor just as in Italy, and the terrain will provide the defenders with good hide-outs from air attacks.

Economically, however, the homeland is no fortress. The food supply is anything but generous, and the islands lack some 80 important raw materials, including such vital items as nickel, chrome and manganese.

In normal times Japan depends heavily on China, Korea and Manchuria for essential imports. Without these imports, it's said, she cannot keep her war production going indefinitely. The Japs, however, have had foresight enough to build up big stockpiles of such necessities as scrap iron, which she began to import from America long before Pearl Harbor. Strategists figure that Japan can carry on for many months after planes and warships have cut her last lines of communication with the outside world.

Japan's population is estimated at from 80,000,000 to 100,000,000—some 30,000,000 to 50,000,000 fewer than the United States. But the Japanese population is less productive than ours. The Japanese do far more of their work by hand than we do, with the result that it takes many more man-hours to build a battleship in Japan than in the United States.

The average Japanese farm is only 2.5 acres compared with 155 acres for the typical American farm, so that in agriculture as well as industry the potential output of the people is limited by inadequate use of machines. Plane production is placed at only one-eighth of ours.

The Jap airforce suffered a major defeat in the Philippines, and the often vanquished Jap navy is now far inferior to the American fleets. Jap artillery is not as good as that the Germans had, but in small arms the Japs rate in several ways with the best armies.

THE major Allied weaknesses are the distance to Japan and the current lack of facilities for the men who must be shipped from the ETO during the next 12 months.

Whereas the United Kingdom is only 3,000 miles from New York, Manila is 6,200 miles from Frisco and 13,000 to 14,000 miles from Europe, where the bulk of American combat troops still are. And Manila is 1,700 miles from Tokyo, 50 times as far as Normandy is from England.

Manila, which looks like the staging area for the rest of the war, must be almost entirely rebuilt. Our forces reentered Manila to find 500 ships sunk in the harbor, every dock and crane damaged, only a handful of houses standing and no electric power except that from a small plant in a shattered brewery. To accommodate the forces that will be shipped out to fight Japan, the Army will have to carry out "the biggest dwelling-construction program ever undertaken by man."

Despite these handicaps, the War Department has officially estimated that the 6,968,000 soldiers to be left in the Army after the current discharges will be enough to defeat Japan "quickly and completely."

Allied forces will be in the fight with us. The Chinese Army has been estimated at from 2,000,000 to 3,500,000 men, though lack of training and adequate equipment, together with the absence of a military tradition, has meant the Chinese have been unable to make war on modern terms.

Prime Minister Winston Churchill has pledged that Britain will go "hand in hand" with the United States and the British Dominions in the fight on Japan. The Australians and New Zealanders, whose national survival hinges on the defeat of Japan, continue in the fight to the extent that their comparatively small populations permit. The Aussies are currently fighting Japs in Borneo, outside the strong New Britain base of Rabaul, on Bougainville and in New Guinea.

Russia, which has had periodic trouble with Japan for half a century, this spring notified Tokyo that the Soviet Union would not renew the non-aggression pact that expires next April. Both Russia and Japan have had large armies facing one another on the Manchurian border for several years. In 1938 and 1939 the two forces clashed in "skirmishes" that were really full-scale battles. All responsible American officials, however, have warned repeatedly against speculating about future Russo-Jap relations.

It all balances up like this: Jap tenacity, manpower and geographical remoteness against Allied tenacity, manpower, greater productive capacity, better artillery, bigger navies and bigger air forces.

Just now, the Pacific war is considerably ahead of schedule. At both Peleliu and Leyte, natives and prisoners said that the Japs knew that the Americans were coming but did not expect them for another two months. In both places coast defense guns lay unassembled; work crews had still to put them in operating position.

The War Department plan calls for redeploying men from the ETO and the States so fast that the Japs will not have time to build up defenses or assemble reinforcements at spots where the Japs may figure the next invasions will come.

"Speed is essential," the WD says, "for it is vitally important that we do not give the enemy time either to rest or reorganize his defenses."

Chronology

1941

December

7—Jap naval and air forces attack Pearl Harbor naval base in Hawaii without declaration of war. Sink or severely damage five battleships, three destroyers, one mine layer, one target ship; damage three battleships, three cruisers, one seaplane tender and one repair ship which were repaired quickly. Army, Navy and Marines lose 2,343 killed, 960 missing. Japs also attack Guam, and such strategic Philippine spots as the Cavite Naval Yard.

8—U. S. Congress declares war on Japan.

10—Japs land on Luzon in Philippines.

13—Japs capture Guam.

22—Japs capture Wake.

1942

January

2—Japs enter Manila.

23—Japs in Solomons and on New Britain; Australia appeals for immediate aid.

March

17—General MacArthur arrives in Australia; assumes command of Allied Armies in Southwest Pacific Area.

April

9—Bataan falls. Japs capture 36,000 American and Filipino troops.

18—Doolittle force raids Tokyo, Yokohama, Kobe and Nagoya in Japan.

May

4-8—Battle of Coral Sea. Fifteen Jap warships sunk, including one aircraft carrier and four cruisers. U. S. loses carrier Lexington, destroyer Sims and a tanker.

25—Stilwell admits Allies took "a hell of a beating" in Burma.

June

4-6—Battle of Midway. Four Jap carriers, three cruisers, three destroyers sunk; 275 Jap planes destroyed, 4,800 Japs killed or drowned. U. S. casualties, 307; carrier Yorktown and destroyer Hammann sunk.

12—Jap landings on Attu and Kiska in Aleutians announced.

August

7—Marines launch first counter-offensive of the war, landing on Jap-held Guadalcanal and Tulagi in Solomon Islands of South Pacific.

October

25-26—Naval battle of Santa Cruz Islands. Japs lose one battleship, three carriers, and two destroyers; five cruisers damaged. U. S. loses one carrier, one destroyer damaged.

November

8—U. S. airborne troops land near Buna in New Guinea.

13-15—Naval battle off Guadalcanal. Japs lose 28 ships including two battleships, eight cruisers, six destroyers, eight transports, four cargo ships; two battleships, one cruiser, seven destroyers damaged. U. S. loses two cruisers, seven destroyers.

December

15—Allies take Buna in New Guinea.

1943

May

7—U. S. occupation of Amchitka in Aleutians in January revealed.

July

5—U. S. forces invade New Georgia.

August

15—Allies invade Vella Lavella in Solomons, and, without opposition, Kiska in Aleutians.

September

12—Salamaua in New Guinea falls to Allies.

16—Lae taken in New Guinea.

October
2—Australians take Finschafen, New Guinea.
31—Marines invade Bougainville.

November
20—Marines invade Tarawa and Makin.

December
1—Roosevelt, Churchill and Chiang Kai-shek draw up Pacific Charter in Cairo, pledging to strip Japan of her Pacific islands, give China all territory, including Manchuria, taken from her, and expel Japan from all territory acquired "by violence and greed."
26—Marines land on Cape Gloucester, New Britain.

1944

January
2—U. S. troops land at Saidor, New Guinea.

February
1—Army and Marines land on Kwajalein and Roi in Marshalls.
17—Marines and Army land on Eniwetok in Marshalls.
29—Admiralty Islands invaded.

March
22—MacArthur's forces land along 150-mile front in New Guinea, from Aitape to Hollandia, trapping estimated 30,000 Japs.
23—Japs invade India, march to within 22 miles of Imphal.

May
11—Japs capture whole length of Hankow-Peiping railway.
18—MacArthur's troops capture Wakde.
27—Americans invade Biak.

June
7—Chinese troops cut Burma Road, capture Lameng.
15—Marines land on Saipan in Marianas.

July
19—Tojo cabinet resigns in Tokyo.
20—Americans return to Guam.
28—U. S. troops land on Tinian in Marianas.

August
1—Allies capture 10 miles of coast in Sansapor area of New Guinea.
8—Announcement made that Allied troops in northeast India and North Burma have liquidated nine Jap divisions, killing 42,000 Japs.

September
15—U. S. troops land at Morotai and Palau.

October
19—British recapture Tiddim in Burma.
20—MacArthur's forces land in Philippines at Leyte.
22-27—In Second Battle of Philippine Sea, Japs lose two battleships, four carriers, six heavy and three light cruisers, nine large destroyers or small cruisers.

November
13—Jap offensive in China forces U. S. Fourteenth Air Force to destroy its air base at Liuchow.
24—B-29s stage first of series of raids on Tokyo from new base in Saipan.

1945

January
9—U. S. troops return to Luzon.
12—U. S. Pacific Fleet and carrier planes sink 41 ships, damage 28, destroy 112 planes in French Indo-China area.
22—Chinese troops capture Mues in Burma, complete opening of Ledo-Burma road from India to China.

February
1—B-29's sink mammoth drydock at Singapore.
4—U. S. troops re-enter Manila.
15—U. S. task force raids Tokyo area.
19—Iwo Jima invaded.

April
1—Okinawa island invaded.

May
1—Aussies invade Tarakan, Borneo.
3—British retake Rangoon, capital of Burma.

A heavy machine gun crew fires on Japs holding out in caves and ridges during Okinawa campaign.

The body of a Jap lies smouldering on a ridge in Okinawa after flame throwers had worked him over.

Two GIs wait on the edge of a ridge, ready to move against some Jap emplacements in background.

Variety
PRODUCED BY THE CA

PRIVATE STOCK. A Filipino school teacher saved a bottle of whisky for three years to offer Americans when they came back to Luzon. (L. and R.) Pfc. William Gee and T/Sgt. Floyd Aden.

HUSKIES ABROAD. These team drivers and their dogs were on the Western Front and not in the Far North. They picked up wounded soldiers.

TUNING. Pvt. Russell Myers of the Signal Corps is checking line sag on this pole in France, using the oscillation method for proper wire tension.

RISKY JOB. A Coast Guardsman tries to clear away a loose fender from the deck of a tanker in churning South Pacific seas.

DUTCH TREAT. These little Hollanders were taken for a walk by GIs visiting the home in which 145 of them are cared for by nuns.

Show

...ERAS OF THE WORLD

MPs ON ICE. MPs have off-duty hours, too, and these particular ones are enjoying theirs by spending an afternoon skating in the city of Reykjavik, Iceland.

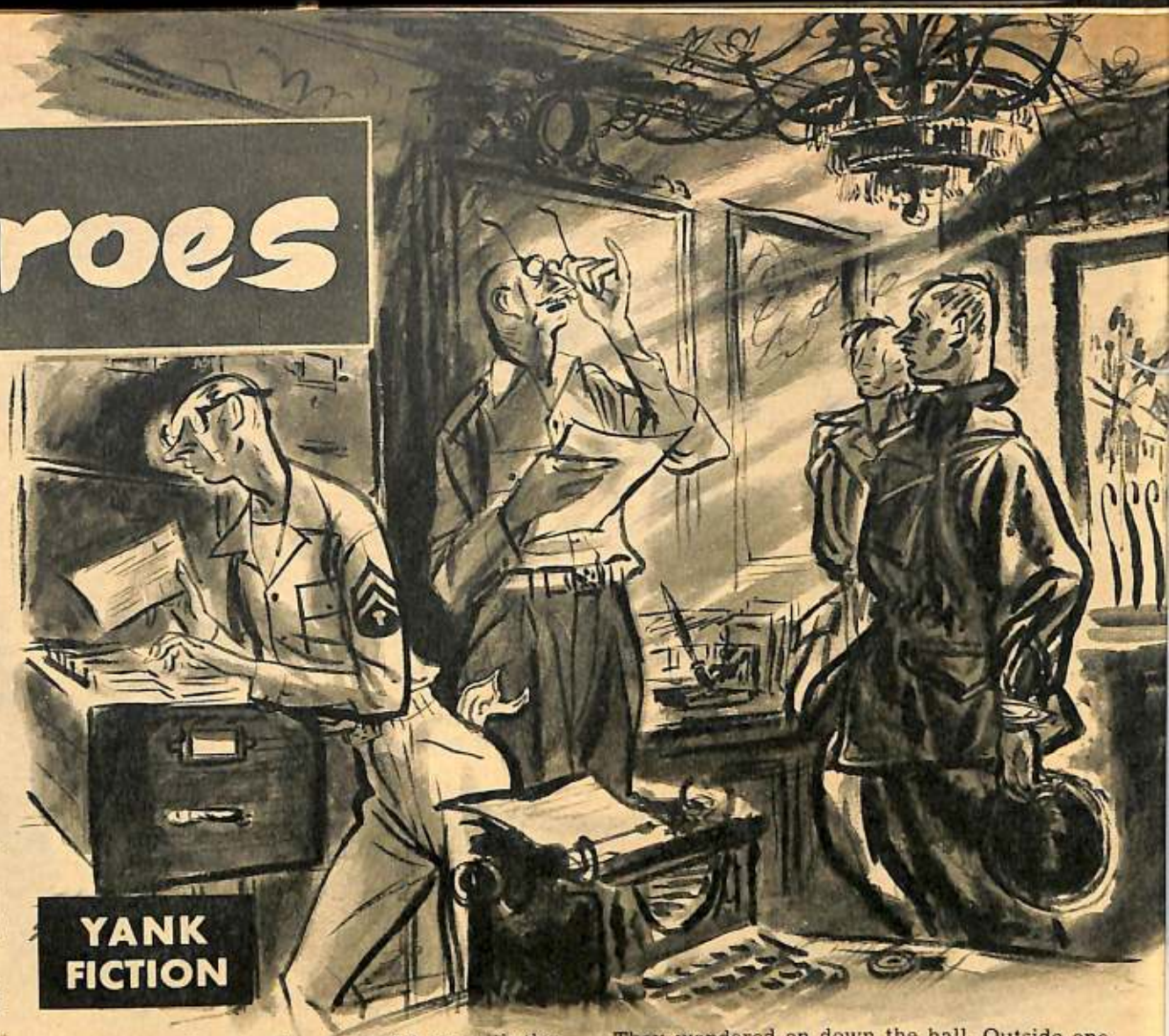
SUPER LOAD. Tons of bombs poured out of these B-29s as they flew over enemy positions in Burma. Their target was a Jap supply depot near Rangoon.

WAC-Y HATS. One way of enjoying off-duty time. In Paris these three Wacs visited a famous shop and tried on the latest in spring hats.

STOPPING THE SHOW. At a GI night club in Belgium with Belgian entertainers and a soldier dance band, T/5 Walter Goldberg croons "Good Night Ladies."

TESTING. Barbara Chambliss doesn't need to test. The water is warm, being the Gulf of Mexico, but it's a nice pose.

The Heroes



YANK FICTION

By Pfc. GUY D. WRIGHT

FRANCE—Shorty George crammed his hands into his pockets and leaned against the sill of the big bay window. He looked out over the red-tiled roofs of the French town, new-washed by the rain and bright in a sudden rift of sunlight. Pretty soon now, according to all the storybooks he had read, a beautiful mademoiselle should appear at one of the windows across the way and smile and wave to him. And if she could speak English that would be all right, too.

He waited and watched, but no one came except a heavy woman in a sagging brown dress who emptied a pan of water from a second-story window and yelled something unintelligible to a kid in the street. Shorty George found he couldn't daydream very well after that. He turned to the soldier who was cursing the pocket-sized, stainless-steel mirror.

"Aw, hurry up, Joe," he growled. "We gotta be ready by 1:30."

Joe made another swipe with the razor. Through the lather he scowled at Shorty George, "We gotta look good, don't we, when we go down there?"

From across the room the Ginzo called: "Hey, y'know, it feels good to be in a room again. I mean a room with none of the walls blown out."

"Aw, shuddup and hurry. We ain't got all day."

"I'm cleanin' my shoes. I'll be ready before you are."

The Ginzo had a legginged leg cocked on the edge of Joe's cot, and he was attacking his mud-caked shoe with a trench knife. Shorty George walked over.

"See if you can scrape some of this mud off the seat of my pants, will ya, Ginz? I can't see what I'm doin'."

The Ginzo scraped the mud-spattered pants. When he had got the worst off he goosed Shorty George with the knife.

"Jesus, be careful," grumbled Shorty. "I got a girl back home."

Joe turned around, drying his face with a dirty undershirt. "Okay, I'm finished."

The Ginzo looked at him and frowned. "You ain't gonna leave that mustache on, are you?"

Joe raised a protective hand to the scraggly travesty. "You kiddin'? This mustache don't go till Hitler goes. When I get home I'm gonna shave it off. Then, when somebody asks me about the war, I'll look at 'em and say: 'War? What war? You must have me mixed up with some guy with a mustache.'"

"Well, it's your mustache," said Shorty George, "but we're gonna look jerky enough when we go down there. If the general gets a look at that mustache he's liable to change his mind about the whole thing."

Joe considered. "Yeah, I guess you're right," he said, turning to his shaving tools. "I can grow another one, anyway."

"What's the deal?" the Ginzo asked. "What does the general want to see us for?"

"You know as much as I do," said Shorty George. "The captain stopped me in chow line at noon and said for us to be ready to go down to headquarters at 1:30. We're gonna get some kind of decoration."

"Why?"

"I don't know. Captain just said be ready."

"Well, let's go," said the Ginzo when Joe had finished with the mustache. They slung their rifles, bloused their trousers over their leggings and put on their helmets.

"How do I look?" asked Joe.

"None of us looks like a recruitin' poster, but it's the best we can do."

Before he closed the door the Ginzo looked back at the three canvas cots and the duffle bags piled in one corner.

"It's a nice room," he said. "Not even a crack in the window."

When they got outside it was raining again. The captain came up as they started toward the motor pool.

"I'm going down in the command car with the major," the captain announced. "You men go on ahead in the weapons carrier. You know where the place is, don't you, Sergeant?"

Shorty George said, "Yes, sir."

The weapons carrier had a rip in its top. Rain gathered in the sagging canvas and poured through the hole.

Joe grumbled, "The mud I couldn't scrape off is gettin' wet and it's gettin' sticky again."

An old Frenchman on a bicycle swerved suddenly in front of the vehicle and Shorty George slammed on the brakes. The abrupt stop sloshed another deluge of water through the ripped top and Joe cursed.

The Ginzo saw a French girl hurrying along the sidewalk in the rain. She held an umbrella close over her face and her legs didn't look any too good, but he whistled anyway.

Joe said, "I feel like I forgot something."

"I feel like I forgot something, too," said the Ginzo. "I don't know what it is, though."

They rode on in silence. After a while the Ginzo slapped his leg.

"I know what it is," he said. "There ain't no artillery noise around here. That's what we think we forgot. Funny, ain't it?"

"That's what it is, all right."

THE general's headquarters was a large stone building with a lot of rusty iron scrollwork on the front. A sentry stopped them at the entrance. They whispered the password and he waved them in. They wandered down a spacious tile-floored corridor, gazing blankly at the rows of closed doors with official labels on them. With a self-conscious motion Shorty George removed his helmet; then, remembering he carried a rifle, he put it on again.

One of the doors opened and a staff sergeant with a sheet of paper in his hand emerged. His trousers were well pressed and he wore a khaki shirt with sharp creases running down through the pockets. He paused for a moment when he saw the three men, looking them up and down critically. Then he made a hygienic detour around them and scurried down the hall. In a few minutes he came back carrying a different-colored paper. Seeing them still there, he stopped.

"Anything I can do for you?" he asked.

"I dunno," said Shorty George. "We wanta see the general——"

"But we gotta wait for our captain first," the Ginzo interposed.

The staff sergeant almost didn't grin. "You can wait out here," he said, "but don't open any of these doors without knocking."

They wandered on down the hall. Outside one of the doors a Red Cross girl was standing. The Ginzo gave a low whistle. "Gee, get a load of that dish," he said. "How would you like to——"

"Careful," whispered Shorty George. "She understands English."

"Yeah, that's right, ain't it? It's funny seein' a girl who understands English. I didn't say anything, though."

"Maybe we can get coffee and doughnuts in that room," Joe suggested.

"Naw," said the Ginzo, "It says 'PRO' on the door."

"What's she doin' outside a pro station?"

"It ain't no pro station. That means Public Relations Officer."

Shorty George sidled around before the Ginzo. "See if you can scrape some more of that mud off the seat of my pants," he hissed over his shoulder, "without her seeing you."

"There won't no more come off."

The door opened and a lieutenant came out. The Red Cross girl smiled up at him and took his arm. They walked off together down the hall. The three men looked after them. After a moment the Ginzo slapped his leg.

"Pinks," he blurted. "He had on pinks."

"And combat boots," added Joe. "Did you see 'em? Really neat, ain't they?"

"We wuz supposed to be issued combat boots, too, remember? Never did come through yet, though."

The lieutenant led the girl to the door, the sentry snapped to attention and they were gone.

When the captain came the men were ushered into a room where a colonel sat behind a large desk. They bumped into each other a little getting through the doorway. They saluted, but it didn't come off very well. They were rusty. The colonel rose and came around before the desk.

"I'm sorry Gen. Blank couldn't be here today," he said, "but he had to inspect a replacement depot. However, he instructed me to present this in his behalf." He produced a sheet of paper from his desk. He cleared his throat and began to read. It began with "To:——" and "Subject:——." Shorty George was gazing at the eagle on the colonel's collar and admiring the way it caught the light. Joe shuffled once from his position of attention, then froze stiff again. The Ginzo kept thinking of the Red Cross girl's legs.

The colonel's voice moved doggedly down the paper. There were words like *great credit* and *outstanding* and *bravery* and *long remember* and *devotion*. The Ginzo was just putting a slave bracelet around the Red Cross girl's ankle when

(*Continued on page 19*)

NEWS FROM HOME

A muddle about ex-GIs and their jobs was headed for the courts, heavy meat-eaters were kept on the anxious seat, the POE was ready with brass bands and fresh paint, and a duck in Milwaukee quacked six times for a big audience.

RESEARCHERS at American University, Washington, came out last week with an estimate that direct war expenditures so far have cost the world more than one trillion dollars. That's a thousand billions, if it makes it any clearer. The experts calculated that the United States itself had spent 280 billion dollars; and the cost in combat casualties to the U.S. stood officially at 1,002,887.

Astronomical figures have become so commonplace in World War II that practically no one but expert mathematicians showed much interest in the announcement by the University men. Besides, there were a lot of pressing personal topics and problems like the meat shortage and the partial reconversion of industry, and the swelling thousands of ex-servicemen.

The last-named, returning to civilian life, found the labor world buzzing with a new and important controversy—one that affected workers everywhere in the United States. The question was just how much seniority war veterans are entitled to when they get back to their former jobs.

In the view of most labor unions and some Congressmen, a recent ruling by Maj. Gen. Lewis B. H. Hershey, head of Selective Service, gave the veteran "super-seniority.". Under the Hershey order, an ex-GI is entitled to reinstatement in his old job or one like it even if his old employer has to fire a worker with greater seniority.

This interpretation of the returning veterans' rights came under heavy fire by the AFL, CIO and railroad unions. While the unions want veterans to be credited with time spent in the armed services, they point out that under Hershey's plan a veteran who had only worked a few months at a plant before the war could "bump" a worker who had spent a lifetime with the company.

Sen. Edwin C. Johnson, Democrat of Colorado, said he doubted that Congress intended to "invalidate contracts made with labor through collective bargaining." He said the intention was to insure the veteran at least a year's employment, and that his military service was to be added to his private employment record for purposes of figuring seniority.

"There's no desire on the part of Congress to give the veteran anything which he did not possess prior to his service," Sen. Johnson said. "Our purpose was to hold for him all of his seniority rights and provide that no security is lost by reason of his military service."

Sen. Wayne Morse, Republican of Oregon, and several other Congressmen said they thought the whole subject of seniority should be submitted to the courts because the question "fundamentally involves a judicial interpretation of the law (Selective Service Act)."

Congress was talking over a plan to place veterans and their families in temporary war houses at low rents, according to the New York *Times*. The newspaper predicted that the program might involve an outlay of perhaps $50,000,000 to cover the costs of rebuilding. The urgent need for such a plan was pointed up, the *Times* said, by the present housing shortage, the lack of new construction, and complaints from ex-servicemen who find their families living with relatives or crowded into "undesirable quarters."

A lot of GIs return from overseas with surprises for their families, but S/Sgt. Jesse Hemphill of Port Arthur, Tex., had a family to surprise his family. Hemphill has been in England for 30 months, but he told his parents for the first time last week about the wife and two children who will accompany him home.

To all the current proposals being offered on behalf of men returning home, Maj. Gen. Hershey appended a cautioning footnote. He said he thought the ex-GI should "do everything possible for himself before asking government aid." Hershey said, "I preach the theory that the Federal Government can provide only limited amounts of aid. Let's use it where it is needed most."

Further advice for ex-servicemen, this time in the field of matrimony, came from Rep. Hubert E. Ellis, Republican of West Virginia. Ellis hoped, he said, that Uncle Sam won't go out of his way to encourage GIs to bring home foreign wives. When the bridegrooms get home, the Congressmen thought, they might regret their overseas selections. "Let our boys get away from the strain and drama of war and they will want a girl just like the girl who married dear old dad," Rep. Ellis predicted.

The House Military Affairs Committee indicated that it was interested in finding out the whys and wherefors of some Army courts-martial sentences. Rep. William B. Barry, Democrat of New York, registered a protest about the two-year penalty handed to Pvt. Joseph McGee of Worcester, Mass., for smacking some German POWs in France. The War Department later suspended McGee's jail term, voided his dishonorable discharge, and restored him to active duty.

Last week Pvt. McGee, now a truck driver in a motor pool at Fort Devens, Mass., was inclined to regard the incident as "water over the dam." He told reporters, "I ordered one German to work faster on a stockade we were building in France and he called me a filthy name. So I clipped him right on the chin with my fist. What else would you do?"

SENATOR ROBERT A. TAFT, Republican of Ohio, found himself in violent disagreement with the result of a public opinion poll conducted by Fortune magazine about having a compulsory peacetime draft. According to the periodical, 69.6 per cent of Americans approved of post-war training, while 23 per cent said no, and 7.4 per cent weren't sure. Sen. Taft said such a law would "strike at the very basis of the freedom for which our boys are fighting." Charging that "secret" government propaganda is being used to put over peacetime training, Taft declared: "We are indeed bankrupt of ideas if we cannot provide a method by which the necessary military forces and reserves are provided during peacetime by the American voluntary system."

Ladies and gents who stoke up on steaks and chops in restaurants after their red ration points have been used up got told off by Rep. Clinton Anderson, Democrat of New Mexico. Anderson, who takes office next month as Secretary of Agriculture, said people like that "tend to make it a rich man's war."

Other food officials were worried about the liberalization of gasoline rations. They explained that a lot of motorists in towns and cities near food-producing areas might use the extra gas to buy stuff directly from the farmers. This wouldn't help the nation's wartime food distribution system, and it wouldn't sit right with people unable or unwilling to shop that way, the officials said.

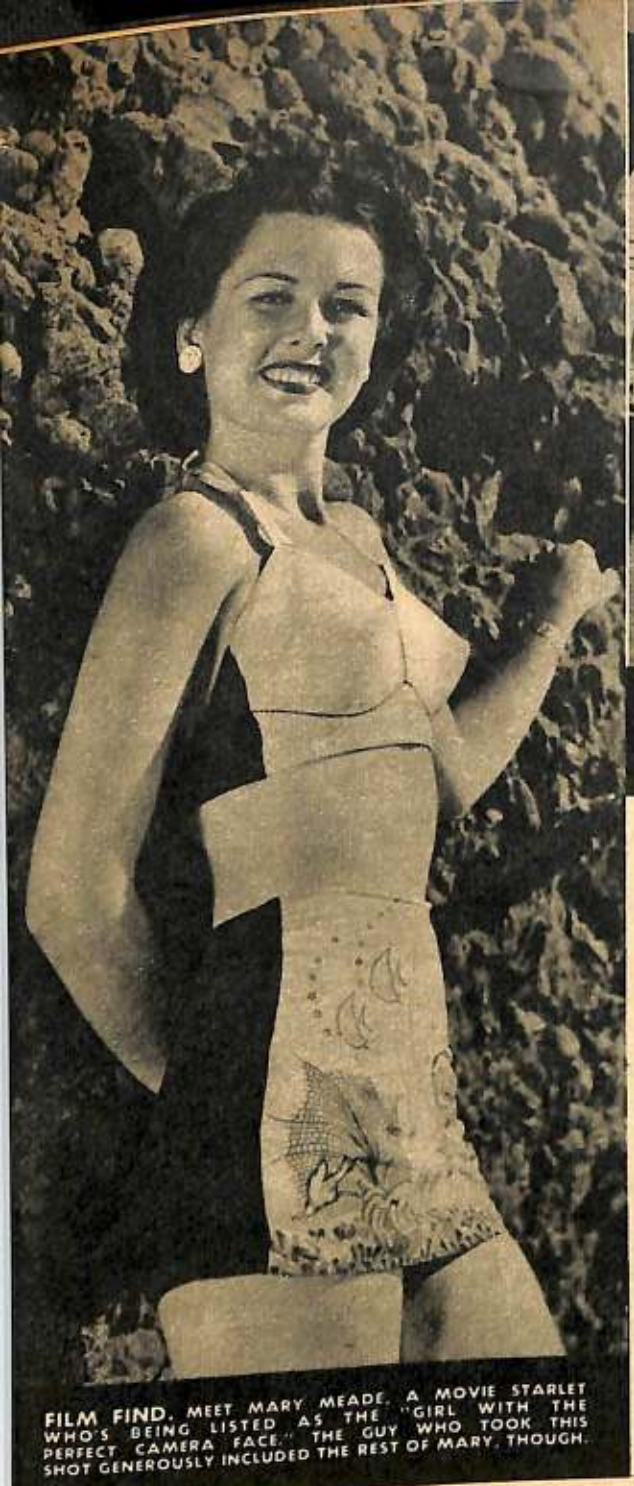
The business of shifting from a two-front to a one-front war was causing a certain amount of confusion on the home front. Chester Bowles, head of the Office of Price Administration, gratified meat-eaters in the eastern part of the country one day by saying that current shortages in that section would soon be eased. Next day, Bowles said the weekly supplies of meat for civilians would be less during June than they had been in May for the country as a whole. Still later, the Administrator told a joint Congressional committee that housewives will have more meat by July 1.

Earlier, Sen. Robert F. Wagner, Democrat of New York, disclosed, after a talk with the OPA chief, that food-price controls may have to be kept until 1950—no matter when the war with Japan ends.

The Bureau of Labor Statistics announced that New England and the Southeastern U.S. have been

SHELL GAME. THE GIRLS TOSSING THEIR WEIGHT AROUND ON THE CHARLES RIVER ARE FROM RADCLIFFE COLLEGE, BOSTON, AND THEY'RE PRACTISING FOR A RACE WITH THE HARVARD CREW, WHICH HAD NO INCENTIVE AT ALL TO GO OUT IN FRONT OF THESE BABES.

PEACE PLANES. PROSPECTIVE BUYERS ARE TAKING A SQUINT AT SOME OF THE 3,000 PRIMARY TRAINING SHIPS DECLARED SURPLUS BY THE ARMY AND NAVY AND PUT UP FOR SALE AT CONCORD, CALIF. THEY CRUISE AT 90 MPH AND COST FROM $700 TO $2,400.



FILM FIND. MEET MARY MEADE, A MOVIE STARLET WHO'S BEING LISTED AS THE "GIRL WITH THE PERFECT CAMERA FACE." THE GUY WHO TOOK THIS SHOT GENEROUSLY INCLUDED THE REST OF MARY, THOUGH.

JUNIOR MESSES. THIS BIT OF ACTION TAKES PLACE IN EVANSTON, ILL. THE TWO CHARACTERS ON THE LEFT ARE HIGH SCHOOL LADS, AND THEY'RE SHOWING THE BONA FIDE YOUNG LADY ON THE RIGHT WHAT THEY THINK OF THE CURRENT BOBBY-SOX STYLES, INCLUDING SNOODS AND BARE TORSOS.

NASTY STUFF. LITTLE CONNIE GROUT REGISTERS DISGUST BECAUSE THE ARMY RELEASED ALL THIS GOO FOR SALE TO CIVILIANS IN HER TOWN, SEATTLE, WASH.

hardest hit by the scarcity of meat. The Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast regions had the largest stocks on hand, the Bureau said. Oklahoma stockmen were reported to be worried for fear that the state's record cattle population would overtax the existing pens and handling facilities.

Things must have been pretty slim in the eating line in Des Moines, Iowa, though. In that city, patrolman Jess Slater was kicked off the police force for selling snake meat to an 80-year-old Negro woman and telling her it was eel. And in Worcester, Mass., government officials seized 25,000 cartons of muskrat meat which was being palmed off as rabbit. In both cases officials said action was taken, not because the meat was inedible, but because it was misrepresented.

Avenue "A" and Fourth Street in New York generally isn't considered to be a stuck-up neighborhood, but it was just that for a while last week. A 50-gallon barrel of glue bounced off a truck, split open and splattered all over the place. In no time at all the goo had collected a horse and wagon, a girl's shoes and one man. White-wings eased the situation by spreading sand.

President Truman told Congress that a "major gap" existed in the general reconversion program. That gap, he said, was the lack of adequate benefits for workers temporarily unemployed during the transition from war to peace. The President requested that additional Federal benefit payments be made to the various states, so that as much as $25 a week could be paid to jobless persons with dependents for as long as 26 weeks a year.

Some newspapers said Congress wasn't any too enthusiastic about the message. Chairman Robert Doughton, Democrat of North Carolina, of the House Ways and Means Committee, remarked that he didn't expect any "rush" of unemployment, and said he had no idea when his Committee would consider Truman's proposal.

Since the war started and the prices in Washington jumped, some members of Congress have been complaining that $10,000 a year isn't enough salary for them. The lawmakers said they have to foot heavy bills—for showing their constituents the sights of the Capital, for instance—which are legitimate expenses of their office but are not exempt from income tax.

Custom decrees that Congressmen never grant themselves a salary rise to take effect immediately. When Congress has boosted its own wages in the past, it has always carefully specified that the increase was not to take effect until the next session began.

But some members of the House got a new idea recently. They proposed that Congressmen vote themselves a tax-exempt expense account of $2,500 a year, which, since it wouldn't be a salary rise, could take effect immediately. A majority of the House approved the idea and passed the expense account. The bill went to the Senate, which also passed it in accordance with another old custom providing that the Senate shall pass any bill of concern only to the House and vice versa.

But some Senators got mad. They said that what with the government trying to ward off inflation and generally trying to hold down wages and salaries, the House was setting a bad example for the country. The Senate refused to vote an expense account for itself and a number of its members went on record as having approved the deal for the House only because of the above-mentioned custom.

The Senate's stiff attitude apparently had a repercussion in the House. Two Representatives—John Taber, Republican of New York (aged 65) and Clarence Cannon, Democrat of Missouri (aged 66), —got into a fist fight over the issue. Nobody saw the tussle, which occurred in Rep. Cannon's office while another Representative was making a speech in the House about a lasting peace.

THE San Francisco Conference of the United Nations designed to write a Charter for the new World Organization was still in full swing last week, but it wasn't producing much in the way of international harmony. It had been anounced that the meeting would wind up on the first anniversary of D-Day with an address by President Truman, but it soon became obvious that the delegates wouldn't settle matters as soon as that.

In its fifth week, the Conference hit its most serious stumbling block, with a demand by Russia that each big power should have the right to suppress even "discussion" of a dispute in the projected World Security Council. Small nations have been saying that they should have just as much right as the large ones to have their problems voiced in the Council.

The New York *Times* made this comment on the issue: "The Russians say in effect, 'We are not against free discussion, but in some cases which may come before the Security Council inflammatory discussion of some emotional issue may produce a situation which could hamper settlement of a dispute and, therefore, we must insist on our right to protect ourselves and the new league against that inflammatory discussion.'

"The Americans and British say in effect: 'We believe . . . there is no danger in free discussion; there is, indeed, safety in discussion, and we wish to protect the right of all nations to discuss as much as they like situations which may imperil the peace of the world.'"

In Washington, Sen. Robert M. LaFollette, Progressive of Wisconsin, had something to say about the San Francisco conference when he took the floor to make his first major speech on foreign policy since Pearl Harbor. LaFollette told the Senate that the World Security Plan needs "basic overhauling," including the revision of veto machinery, more power for the Assembly, easier amendment of the Charter, and an International Bill of Rights.

Charging that Britain and Russia have "flouted" the Atlantic Charter declaration against territorial aggrandizement, the Senator from Wisconsin protested that the U.S. has failed to use its "tremendous bargaining power" to halt their tactics. "Unless we change our direction soon," LaFollette said, "we shall find our fantastic expenditures of men, money and materials have bought us a short and uneasy truce—not the enduring peace we seek."

In a radio broadcast, Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius defended the veto power of the Big Five (U.S., Britain, Russia, China and France) in the Security Council as "not a question of privilege but of using the present distribution of military and industrial power in the world for the maintenance of peace."

Raissa G. Kousnetsova, 22, in San Francisco with the Russian delegation to UNCIO, is a student of American slang. So when Raissa heard someone remark that a certain person was "really hep," she asked for an explanation. The Russian girl was told it meant "able, acute, or knowing what the score is." "Oh, I see," she said, "on the beam."

Newspaper editors, radio commentators, and almost everybody else have been howling ever since V-E Day for a look at Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Supreme Commander of the Allied Expeditionary Forces. The War Department made them happy last week by announcing that General "Ike" will be in Washington on June 18 for a visit, and that his itinerary included New York, Kansas City, Mo., and his hometown—Abilene, Kan. In the foreground with reception plans was New York's Mayor F. H. LaGuardia, who proclaimed June 19 as "Eisenhower Day" in the metropolis.

Speaking about soldiers returning from the war, Rep. Everett M. Dirksen, Republican of Illinois, told the House he didn't think ex-GIs needed any re-orientation programs. "They don't need long-haired men or short-haired women to tell them not to bayonet anyone on the main street of Abilene, Texas," said Dirksen. Servicemen in the galleries beat their palms together lustily.

It looks like the New York POE has the right idea about greeting GIs home from Europe. According to all reports, the port is crawling with brass bands, dripping with fresh red, white and blue paint, welcome signs, and even boasts a newspaper. That sounds a little different from the gloomy pier that you slunk out of one night a couple of years ago with everything but your topkick on your back.

You couldn't tell your family then that you were leaving the States, but now you can send a telegram home (for 31 cents) telling them that Junior is back. The wire says, "Arrived safely. Expect to see you

The COVER

The gent shown on the cover is one-time Superman Lt. Gen. Ulrich Kessler, who, apparently, is trying to peer into the future. Picked up from a U-boat he is shown in the galley of a Coast Guard boat on his way to Portsmouth, N.H.

Pictures: Cover, AP. 2, upper and lower left, Acme; others, PA. 3, 4 and 5, M. o l. 6 and 7, 8th Air Force. 8, 9, 10 and 11, Pfc. George Burns. 12, upper left, Cpl. Roger Wrenn; lower left, USCG; lower right, PA; others, Signal Corps. 13, center left, AAF; lower left, Acme; lower right, W.W.; others, Signal Corps. 15, left, INP; right, Acme. 16, left, 20th Century Fox; others, Acme. 17, left, Acme; right, PA. 21, Sgt. Art Weithas. 22, Sgt. Ralph Stein.

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

BRITISH EDITION

BRITANNIA HOUSE

17-18, Old Bailey **LONDON, E.C.4**

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

●

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

WASHINGTON: Cpl. John Haverstick.

FRANCE: Sgt. Merle Miller, Cpl. Robert Abramson, Sgt. Art Alexander, Pfc. David Berger, Sgt. Charles Brand, Sgt. Howard Brodie, Pfc. Patrick Coffey, Sgt. Ed Cunningham, Sgt. Robert Debnam, Sgt. Allan Ecker, Sgt. Tom Fleming, Sgt. Dewitt Gilpin, Cpl. Howard Katzander, Sgt. Reg Kenny, Sgt. Saul Levitt, Sgt. Ralph Martin, Sgt. Robert McBrinn, Sgt. Mack Morriss, Cpl. Roland Roy, Cpl. Irene Schafer, Pvt. David Whitcomb.

ITALY: Cpl. George Barrett, Sgt. Donald Breimhurst, Cpl. Salvatore Cannizzo, Pfc. Ira Freeman, Cpl. Milton Gorbulow, Sgt. Henry Kramer, Cpl. Bernard Lantz, Sgt. Dan Polier, Sgt. Harry Sions, Pfc. David Shaw, Pfc. Werner Wolff.

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

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

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

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

ALASKA: Sgt. Ray Duncan.
IRAN: Cpl. Alfred Kynch, Pvt. Ray McGovern.
PANAMA: Cpl. Richard Douglas.
PUERTO RICO: Sgt. Don Cooke.
BERMUDA: Cpl. William Pene du Bois.
ICELAND: Sgt. John Moran.
MIDDLE EAST: Sgt. Richard Paul.
NEWFOUNDLAND: Sgt. Frank Bode.
NAVY: Donald Nugent, Slc.
Commanding Officer: Col. Franklin S. Forsberg.
Executive Officer: Lt. Col. Jack W. Weeks.
Business Manager: Maj. North Bigbee.
Procurement Officer: Maj. Gerald J. Rock.
Overseas Bureau Officers: Britain, Maj. Harry R. Roberts; France, Lt. Col. Charles L. Holt, Capt. H. Stahley Thompson; Australia - Philippines, Lt. Col. Harold B. Hawley; Central Pacific, Lt. Col. Josua Eppinger; Marianas, Maj. Justus J. Craemer; Italy, Maj. Robert Strother; Burma-India, Capt. Harold A. Burroughs; Iran, Capt. Frank Gladstone; Panama, Capt. Howard Carswell; Middle East, Capt. Knowlton Ames; Alaska, Capt. Grady E. Clay, Jr.

●

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

MAIL CALL

Courts Martial

Dear YANK,

Congratulations to S/Sgt. Hesselberg for his *Courts Martial and Brass* letter in the June 1 edition. He has touched on a very real GI grievance.

Assuredly, one of the chief reasons for the high number of courts martial convictions of enlisted men is due to inability or blind bias of many officers sitting as members of a trial board in judgment upon an enlisted man. Comparison of the number of GIs and officers court martialled leads to the unalterable evidence that not only do the former fare very badly at the "trials," but conversely, that the latters' crimes are —if not always glossed over—at least regarded in the light of a boyish escapade, and the penalty meted out wholly inadequate. Moreover, it is indisputable that too often officers are not even forced to face a court martial for their misbehaviour.

Another glaring fault in the court martial set-up is the failure to assign competent, trained counsel to an accused GI. It seems to be the baleful custom in many companies and units to give the defense into the untutored and indifferent hands of an officer woefully devoid of the merest idea of how to conduct it. It is justifiable to presume that many a guiltless or quasi-innocent GI has been convicted not upon the facts adduced against him at the court martial, but through the errors and inadequacies of his "defense" attorney.

It is high time that Sgt. Hesselberg's recommendation for courts martial panels consisting of both officers and enlisted men, be adopted. As constituted and conducted under present regulations, military law procedure—despite the constitutional guarantee that an accused is deemed innocent till proved guilty beyond a reasonable doubt—has degenerated, and the GI unfortunate enough to be caught in the net is tried as if he were already guilty, the "trial" being simply a determination of the extent of his guilt and the severity of the punishment to be dealt him.

Britain. **Pfc. SAMUEL WALLACH**

Use of Anti-Nazis

Dear YANK,

The barbaric and inhuman character of the Hitlerian gangster regime, together with the avowed intention to subjugate the population of the world, led the Allies to insist on terms of unconditional surrender. A natural assumption was that we had intent to run out every official and minor Hitler who wielded power, as well as all those who had supported and profited in the spoils of its banditry. We condemned out of hand the brutalities as well as the ideas of National Socialism. We made clear our intention to obtain a hard but a just peace. Hard, because much of the destruction in Europe would be repaired by the supervised efforts of the one-time super-race. Just, because justice is the antithesis of Nazism. Admittedly, this was a tough problem. We can recognize that reconstruction added to rehabilitation is a tremendous task. But with all factors considered, we had every right not to expect to see the old familiar faces at the same old stands.

There is now, among other things, a political vacuum in Germany of today. The little guy in the street who went along with Hitler only because he couldn't see past the castor oil and the rubber hose of the Gestapo—who tells observers he didn't fight Nazism because he couldn't see his family destroyed, has no political place to go. The brief period after the last war that saw an ersatz democracy arise in his country is too far away. In time he'll go some way. What is that path going to be? We have the beginnings and in its extensions. Without the wholehearted support and cooperation of its leaders, Hitler couldn't have blitzed a nursery, much less half of Europe and Asia. To permit any of these men to have a voice in Germany, especially the Germany we demand, is complete negation of our hard-won victory.

There is an alternative. Buchenwald, Belsen and other camps proved that many Germans who believed and fought for human rights and decency still survive in spite of twelve years of the most horrible persecution. There is also evidence of an anti-Nazi movement among the university students, in addition to which are many others who fortunately found asylum in other countries. These are the positive factors for us. These are the materials we can use to do this difficult job. To do otherwise is to temporize with failure. In addition to using these people locally (for obviously we cannot set up a national regime as yet), we must have a more unified conduct of military-civil government in order not to repeat mistakes over again and again. Such a program must be completely integrated, providing for exchange of information concerning Nazis and anti-Nazis. We must ensure that no one official or officer under our command be helplessly impelled or apathetically permitted to utilize people or to make decisions that would result in a resurgence of Nazism. There is a very real danger that a weak policy will permit these unpunished Nazis to work under our very eyes toward World War 3.

Britain. **Sgt. DAVID SCARLET**

Try and Stop Him

Dear YANK,

In reading the book, *Try And Stop Me*, a collection of anecdotes and stories by Bennett Cerf, I came across this paragraph which jumped up and hit me square in the face, and it wasn't a light slap either.

Astute diagnosing by John Gunther in his latest book *D-Day*:

"The worst thing about war is that so many men like it . . . it relieves them of personal responsibilities . . . There is no worry about frictions at home or the dull necessity of earning a living. Military life is like a perpetual camping trip. I heard one officer say 'How nice all this would be if only you could eliminate the bloodshed and the killing.'"

"Perhaps," adds Orville Prescott, "Peace planners who debate problems of frontiers and economics had better give a little more attention to eliminating the pleasures of soldierly comradeship and vast cooperative endeavor, the drama and excitement and the fun of war also."

I have my own ideas about exchanging my civilian way of living for Army life. Of course, I welcomed the relief from responsibilities and, as Mr. Gunther so nicely puts it, the dull necessity of earning a living. And along with this I also derived a lot of pleasure from breaking up my home, being separated from my wife and so many other inconveniences that I was relieved from when I donned a uniform. I SHOULD SAY NOT.

This is not written in the nature of a bitch. I realize fully that I and a host of others are serving in the armed forces so that we can go back to our rightful way of living and not because we wish to be on a perpetual camping trip. I have not encountered any bloodshed and killing, and still cannot see much is nice about all this. Surely not enough to give up my former way of living, except for the cause that we are fighting for now.

I have been criticized by some who have read my reply, before mailing, that my choice of words was not strong and vehement enough. What can you say about this?

France. **Pfc. L. WINKLER**

[Not strong and vehement enough—Ed.]

Arithmetic

Dear YANK,

About the bonus situation for discharged veterans. May I put in my one and 3's worth?

I notice that many GIs are for a good sized bonus of say around $3,000 in one way or another and others wave the flag against same and others point out that we will have to pay it back in taxes anyway, so why get a bonus. No one has mentioned the bonus in a purely economical and financial light. Here's a suggestion and the rational reason for it.

Give the veterans $3,000 cash bonus in one way or another. It will help the

"VERY INTERESTING! NOW I'LL DO SOME QUOTING—FROM THE ARTICLES OF WAR!"

—Cpl. Tom Flannery

discharged soldier and his family and put him on his feet. Around 10,000,000 veterans multiplied by $3,000 is a lot of expense ($30,000,000,000). That's true. But the vets won't bury the dough underground. They will buy homes, furniture, cars, invest in business, buy clothes, etc., with that $3,000. The money would circulate and create business; thus the chance for a depression would be more remote.

In *Stars and Stripes* dated 26 May, 1945, Senator Johnson of Colorado suggests the U.S. cancel $11,000,000,000 worth of war debts of 1918 and help the foreign countries. Their reasons? Here's a quotation from the article: " It is very important to us that these countries restore their economics just as quickly as possible, not from any humanitarian standpoint but from a purely commercial point of view."

We will have to pay that $11,000,000,000 any way you look at it. Let's add $30,000,000,000 for the bonus for the ex-GIs future and for a purely American economical and commercial point of view.

Britain. Cpl. E. R. CIOCCHI

Loading Libs

DEAR YANK,

In reference to Sgt. Glacken's statement (*Mail Call*, June 1) that he, or parties known to him, without the aid of Superman, with three (3) other men, making a total crew of four (4), did on one occasion load one (1) Lib. with 500 lb. bombs in fifteen (15) minutes.

We, being of liberal experience along these lines, are inclined to question his statement.

First of all, these men must do the following: start the put-put; turn on the main line and battery; open bomb bay doors; set up releases; check releases in salvo, interval release, and toggle; set up hoist; fin bombs; crank bombs into position; hang bomb at correct station; insert aiming wire; screw in both tail and nose fuzes and place fonstock clip on both. After the last bomb is hung: final check to make sure bomb bay switches are on; bombardier switches are off and manual controls are in the cocked position; bombs are hung correctly with a release firmly engaged in each shackle; close bomb bay doors; turn off main line and battery; make entry in ship's forms; shut put-put off and police area; stow hoists and slings.

If Sgt. Glacken can, with any crew, do these essential duties, he may indeed call himself and his compatriots, Supermen. Until such is proven, we remain as doubtful as hell that it can be done, or will be done in the near future.

Britain. Cpl. T. C. BERSIN and Cpl. D. GAGE

P.S. Perhaps he will define what he considers loading, maybe we have been doing too much?

Vultures All

Dear YANK,

For a long time now, front-line soldiers, upon being sick or wounded, have become prey for a bunch of vultures. Nothing is sacred to this motley mob; watches, rings, souvenirs and pistols all come under their watchful eyes and sticky fingers.

I had a Luger. It wasn't of any special value, but I wouldn't sell it for any price. I slept with it and I ate with it. And now, because I was too sick with fever to defend my property, some thieving vulture is wearing it.

I have knocked off a lot of Jerries who, in my opinion, didn't deserve killing any more than a rat who would steal from his sick or wounded comrade. My particular pistol is a 1938 Luger No. 6233, and if I were the guy wearing it now, I'd get it to the CO of "A" Co. 290th Inf. and ask him to hold it for its owner. They say a word to the wise is sufficient. We'll see.

France. Sgt. E. R. WRIGHT

Hold Husbands and Wives

Dear YANK,

Regarding the shortage of shipping space for troops leaving the ETO in order to get a furlough or rotated to the States, I have a suggestion.

The War Department is shipping English brides to the U.S.A. on a regular schedule. Why not hold these girls here until the last, and to make it a sounder idea, hold their husbands likewise and ship them together. I am sure they would not mind.

If their husbands are already in the States, then they could get priority, after the troops are taken care of.

In the married couples traveling together idea, they would get compensated for waiting until the shipping pressure is lifted. Then we could get to see our people that much sooner, after sweating out 40 months of overseas.

Britain. S. S. S.

Worried

Dear YANK,

I have been in the Army over 18 months and a year of that overseas. Here is my problem: I write to quite a few girls—too many in fact, and I have asked each one of them to marry me. You can think what you like. But now it won't be long until I'll be going back, and it has me worried. What is your suggestion?

France. Pfc. JAMES C. WOOD, Jr.

[Our advice is to stay the hell away from home—Ed.]

The COUNT

THAT dissipated ex-T/5 known as the Count whose spirit has been scraping the bottom ever since the Army put his bronze-star studded ETO ribbon through the wringer without squeezing out a single demobilization point, seemed even further down in the dumps when we caught up with him this week. Only once before, when the *Pig and Whistle* ran out of mild and bitter at eight o'clock, have we seen such an awful shadow of despair cloud the Count's repulsive features.

" Is that a cigar I see in your blouse there? " he greeted us. We gave out and the Count brightened. After we lit the cigar for him, he began talking.

" After getting three shots in the arm, I'm feeling pretty lousy last night. I goes down to the Olde Oprey House which Special Service has erected on this base to improve the morale of the troops. What a laugh! I sees a double feature, *The Big Broadcast of 1934* and a horror pitcher put out by the War Department called *Two Down and One to Go*."

At this point the Count stopped talking and closed his eyes, probably to muse over the terrible implications he drew from this techni-colored opus that pulls no punches. Suddenly he blurted out between clenched teeth, " I gotta get out somehow."

Then more quietly, " I got two big obstacles to surmount before I ever smile again. I still think I might be able to swing a deal through me beloved Abigail, who, as you know, works in headquarters here, which would insert into me service record the necessary number of points to make me eligible for a pinstripe suit. And then I gotta prove to Druly Puss Mullen how unessential I really am—which might be harder than I thought." He sighed. " Only this morning, when he comes over at noon to get me outa me sack to polish his brass buttons, he tells me that he is afraid of losing me since he considers me the most essential guy in his outfit."

Cont. from Page 14

a sudden change in the colonel's tone interfered. The colonel was saying: "You men will each receive a copy of this just as soon as we have time to run them off."

Then they were saluting and bumping each other out of the room.

"Oh, just a minute, Captain," the colonel called. He extended his hand. "Congratulations—and, ah, I think I happen to have a bottle of Scotch somewhere in this desk. Would you care to join me?"

"Well——," they heard the captain's voice, and then the door closed.

A sergeant with sleek hair was waiting for them when they left the colonel's office. He led them into the Public Relations room. "Now," he said, rolling a sheet of paper into a typewriter. "Lt. Smith was going to handle this, but he had some urgent business to take care of. Don't worry, though, I'll do you up brown. Just tell me, in your own words, all about it."

His hands hovered over the typewriter. They tried to tell him, but he was a hard man to talk to. He kept asking questions like "On what date was that?" The three men looked at each other blankly. Ten years ago? Yesterday? They tried for half an hour to tell him, and when they finished he had little on the paper besides their names and serial numbers and the towns where they were born.

"Well, that's quite a story," he said pushing back the typewriter. "I should be able to splash it all over the front page in your home-town newspapers. Not bad, eh?"

No one answered.

"Well, thanks, fellas," the sergeant said. As they moved toward the door he added, "And good hunting."

They went down the wide corridor and out the door where the sentry stood.

The rain had drizzled off, but the sky was still a sulky, unbroken gray. When they were past earshot of the sentry, Shorty George spoke to his comrades.

"Did you hear what the colonel said?" he asked in an awed voice. "A bottle of Scotch. All the time we wuz standin' there it was in that desk."

"Aw, you prob'ly wouldn't like the stuff anymore. You got a calvados throat by now."

"Let's try to find some cognac."

THEY crossed the street to a corner cafe. A bent old woman with fearful, suspicious eyes met them in the doorway as they entered.

"*Pas-de-cognac-pas-de-calvados-pas-de-mirabelle-pas-de-femmes*," she glowered. "Joost *biere*."

"Okay. *Trois* beers."

She seemed disappointed that they didn't leave and went to slosh three glasses in the well of dirty water which was sunk into the zinc bar. She filled the glasses and they paid her, waving away the change. They stood for several minutes saying nothing. Behind the bar were tiers of finely cut wine glasses and a silver champagne bucket, the mementos and hopes of a better day.

The Ginzo made a wet ring on the bar with the base of his glass. With his finger he daubed in eyes and a nose and mouth and a pair of big ears. Then he rubbed out the face with his sleeve and, finding a dry space, scrawled the name Mary, adding a lot of flourishes at the end.

Joe asked, "That guy said they'd put our names in the papers back home?"

"That's what he said."

"This'll be the second time I had my name in the *Banner*."

"Once when you wuz born, huh?"

"No. Maybe it's three times. I don't remember if they put it in then. They put it in once when I got pinched for speedin'. In my home town they always put your name in the paper when you get pinched for speedin'."

They took another drink of beer.

"The colonel said we wuz brave," commented the Ginzo. "Wonder how it feels to be brave."

The door swung open and an MP came in.

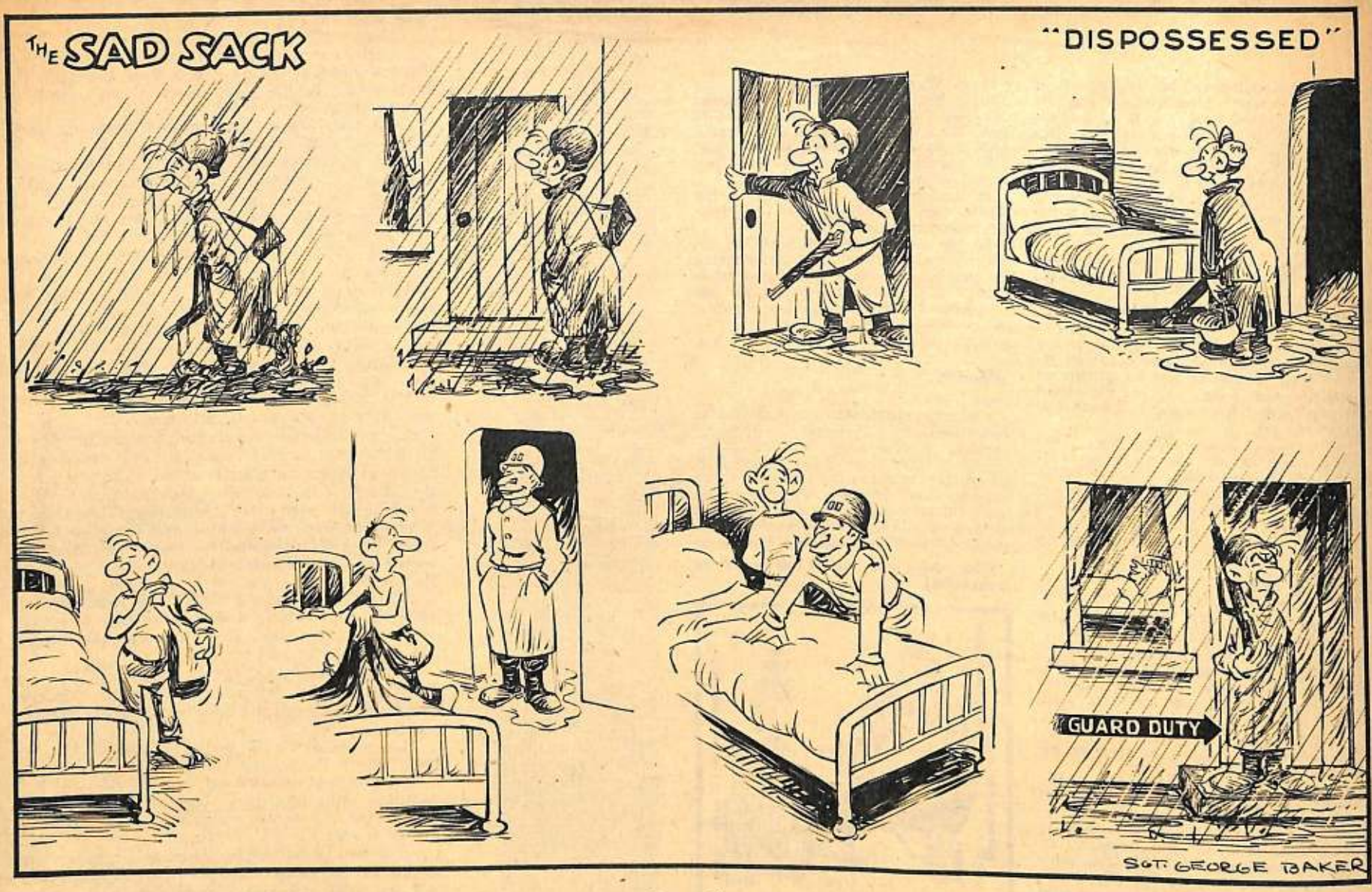
"You fellas got passes?" he asked.

The three men looked at each other blankly.

"We just been over to see the —. Huh-uh, we ain't got no passes."

"You better clear outa here, then. The provost marshal's on the prowl and he's pickin' up everybody he can find. I don't want to pick you up, but you better clear out. You can finish your beer first."

They killed the beer and walked to the door. The rain had started again.



WINGED BAKERY

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

THE ALEUTIANS—Some of my very best friends are flyers, but I never really knew how wonderful they were until I saw the motion picture "Winged Victory."

The film is a tribute to our Army Air Forces. Unfortunately I saw it in an Infantry mess hut. The Infantry is bitter up here, and the audience spoiled some of the most delightful scenes. Hollywood should forget flyers for a while and maybe do a tribute to the Army's cooks and bakers. Something like this:

WINGED BAKERY

SCENE I

Two civilian youths are strolling hand-in-hand, coming home from glee-club practice. One is called BROOKLYN, *because he's from Brooklyn, and the other is called* TEXAS, *because he's from Texas.*

BROOKLYN: Gee, look, Texas. Here comes a loaf of bread!

TEXAS: Gosh—where? *(A beautiful blonde passes, carrying a loaf of bread.)*

BROOKLYN: My, that *was* a beauty. Did you ever see such delicate crust? Oh, Texas, I want *so* much to bake bread!

TEXAS: We will some day, Brooklyn, as soon as our induction papers arrive. The Army needs bakers. We've waited so long. . . .

MAILMAN *(entering)*: Fellows, this is it!

BROOKLYN: Hurrah, hurrah! Our induction papers are here!

TEXAS *(gravely)*: Well, Brooklyn, this is it.

(Enter 16 girls, the wives and sweethearts of the two chums.)

GIRLS *(all together)*: Yes, this is it! We love you so. And don't forget to send us gold identification bracelets.

(Everyone sings the stirring cooks-and-bakers song "Pattycake, Pattycake, Baker Man," as BROOKLYN *and* TEXAS *depart hand in hand.)*

SCENE II

The washout room at Cooks and Bakers School, with a kindly major presiding. Other officers, all with iron-gray hair, sit around the mahogany table. On the wall is a poster that says "Keep 'em Frying."

MAJOR: Send in Cadet Jones. I hate this job of washing out cadets.

OFFICERS *(in chorus)*: Yes, we know. We hate this job.

MAJOR: Cadet Jones, it's my unpleasant duty to inform you that you've been eliminated from Cooks and Bakers School.

JONES *(biting lip)*: Yes, sir! Well, this is it. *(Takes pistol from his pocket and shoots himself.)*

MAJOR: Just a minute, soldier. I hadn't dismissed you yet! Discipline is getting mighty lax around here. Call in the next man.

*(*BROOKLYN *enters.)*

MAJOR: Cadet Brooklyn, you're eliminated from Cooks and Bakers School because your biscuits collapse. Also, your bread is crumby.

BROOKLYN: Yessir. Well, this is it. *(Puts a pistol to his head but it misfires. He sobs.)* See, I'm a failure at everything I try.

MAJOR: Now, now, son. Don't feel that way. You still can be a fireman. You see, a baking crew is a team. A fireman is just as valuable as a commissioned baker, except he gets a lot less pay. . . . Call in the next man. I hate this job.

SCENE III

The oven room in a mess hall overseas. BROOKLYN, *now only a tech sergeant, is writing a letter. Enter* TEXAS, *a commissioned baker.*

TEXAS: Don't feel bitter, Brooklyn, because you washed out and failed to get your baker's commission, like *I* got. You're still sort of useful as a fireman. You see, a baking crew is a team. Even firemen are important, in a way.

BROOKLYN: Thanks, old man, but please don't mention it so often. Well, tonight's the big night. We're baking that batch of cookies for Christmas dinner. This is it!

(Enter the baking crew, singing "Pattycake." They fire the furnace and put in a batch of oatmeal cookies.)

BROOKLYN *(leaping to the oven door)*: Heavens, one of the cookies fell off the pan into the flames.

It must be saved! Well, this is it! *(He crawls into the roaring furnace.)*

TEXAS *(slowly closing the oven door)*: I'm not much of a philosopher, fellows, but somehow I feel that there's a meaning to all this. Brooklyn hasn't died in vain. We'll build a better world.

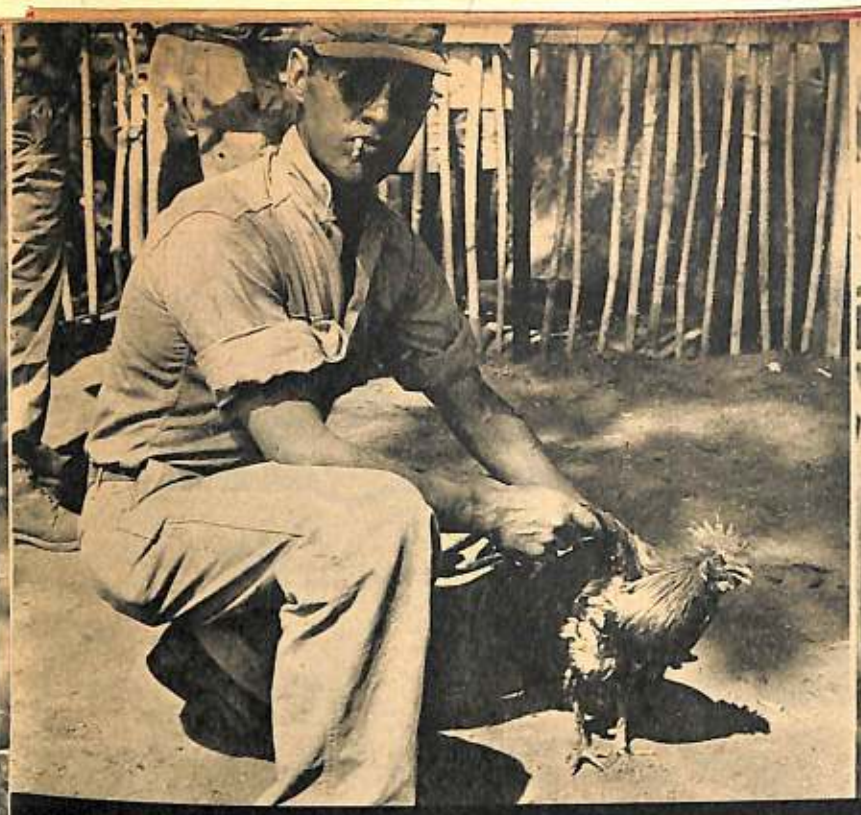
DOCTOR: *(entering, supporting* BROOKLYN*)*: He's going to be all right. These sulfa drugs are marvelous. We shook him out of the ashes down in the cellar.

BROOKLYN: I'm all right. Carry on, fellows! How are the cookies?

COMMANDING OFFICER *(entering)*: Congratulations, men. These cookies are delicious. The good work continues. The troops are being fed. Millions of cooks and bakers are on the march.

As he speaks millions of cooks and bakers march past arm in arm singing "Pattycake" as the scene fades to

THE END



Pfc. Delman Cather of the 3d Bomb Group shown with his ace rooster, Sad Sack, before bout. Cather paid 70 pesos for the Sack.

Here Cather (right) posts his part of the wager with unidentified GI stakeholder while Navy Chief Earl Hensen (left, back to camera), owner of Sack's opponent, reaches for his cash.

COCKFIGHT *in the* PHILIPPINES

Cockfighting, illegally staged behind barns in the U. S., is popular with GIs on the islands. Sgt. Art Weithas of YANK took these photos of match between cocks owned by a GI and a Navy man at San Jose, Mindoro.

Murderous spurs taped to fighting cocks' legs are their weapons.

Rivals "warmed up" by being held head to head and allowed to peck each other.

By the time cocks are turned loose in pit they are so excited that they immediately fly at each other in flurry of feathers.

Sad Sack won but was wounded so badly he had to be destroyed.

Crowd consists of GIs, sailors and Filipinos, who bet on favorites and take intense interest in fight, which continues until one or both cocks are killed or too maimed to struggle.

Lina Romay

YANK

Pin-up Girl

Stratford-on-the-Beam

"If you don't believe Shakespeare wrote the plays, etc., etc."

STRATFORD-ON-AVON people used to say that the average American tourist could do the town so fast he was able to leave on the same train on which he arrived.

The war has given this quip added punch. For there are even more American tourists in Stratford than there were in peace time, and the speed with which some of them do the town has stepped up proportionately.

The first day I was there, two lieutenants pulled up in a winterized jeep, stuck their necks out of the window and yelled, "Where's Shakespeare's home?"

I was standing 100 yards from it. "Over there," I shouted.

The driver let out the clutch and shot off as if he were reporting to a command post.

Seconds later I saw them pull up, scramble out of the jeep and point their cameras at the Public Library, a fine old 16th Century house four doors from the birthplace. They drove off, apparently satisfied. Probably they will never know how close they were to getting a picture of the real thing.

All this the natives accept with stoic calm, for the basic industry of Stratford has always been the American tourist.

Right now the Information and Education Section of the Army, with an arrangement with the British Council, is making it possible for GIs to soak up culture in Stratford on a seven-day "leave course," during which they can hear lectures on Shakespeare by drama critics, professors and authors, tour all the local points of interest and attend a play at the Memorial Theater every night. Although they have a week these GIs cover enough territory in and around Stratford to make a Bedouin tribesman look like a piker.

Cpl. Joseph F. Carroll of Boston, Mass., who was sipping a cup of tea in a rather luxurious lounge at the British Council Center, said that he is definitely in favor of organized culture of this kind. The reason for this, he said, is due to his having been given the run-around when he visited the town in February during the closed season before the Shakespearean Festival had started.

"I was expecting to see at least *King Lear* at the Memorial Theater," he said, "but what did they have but some play called, of all things, *The Bishop Misbehaves*. It was advertised as *Fun in Palace and Pub. A Jet-Propelled Laughter Rocket*. You can imagine how disillusioned I was."

But this time, skilfully shepherded by the British Council, he has been everywhere and seen everything. At tea he was joining in a discussion on the architecture of the Memorial Theater, which is quite a controversial subject in Stratford. It was built in 1926 after the old theater had burned down. The money was raised by public subscription, two-thirds of it coming from the States. The building is modern, but some of the natives think a 16th Century copy would have been more in keeping with Shakespeare. Those who criticize it say it is garish, too modern and call it the "jam factory" or the "barracks."

GIs, however, have nothing but praise for the new theater. All they want to know is why it's not boosted to the sky.

"The trouble with you people," one GI declared, "you know nothing about publicity. If I had this place I'd plaster the town with bill boards and neon lights saying 'This Way to Shakespeare's Memorial Theater.' You should at least have direction signs all the way up from the station. I have seen a lot of quite unassuming roads," he went on, "which lead to such places as Anne Hathaway's cottage and Mary Arden's home. If this were the States they would be four-lane super highways."

"Yeah, with hot dog stands, no doubt," another GI broke in angrily. "If I had this theater, I'd tuck it away in the woods behind the town. I'd make people find it. It's *worth* finding."

Although the town may not be publicity conscious, according to American standards, it certainly makes capital out of everything that looks old or rickety. One stationery store has a sign on the door, "This is an old 16th Century house. Note the carving on the woodwork."

The next day I went to Shakespeare's old home. It was teeming with GIs in frivolous worship of the poet's relics. They scooted through the rooms peering at his chair, his desk and the bills, contracts and summonses which carried his faded signature.

Upstairs an old gentleman beckoned us to gather around. "If you don't believe Shakespeare wrote the plays," he chanted mechanically, "look in the first edition and read the preface by Ben Johnson: 'To the memory of my beloved and what he has left us,'" he quoted.

One of the GIs asked to see the first edition.

"It's in London, sir. The insurance company thought it would be safer if it were kept there over the holidays. There are a lot of thieves in Stratford. We value the first edition at twenty-one thousand pounds."

Like Sidney Greenstreet he injected "sir" with a rising inflection in almost every sentence.

"Do people still claim that Bacon wrote Shakespeare?" one GI asked, getting in the swing of things.

"Oh yes, sir," the old man replied solemnly. "The Baconists are heavily endowed. That's what keeps them going."

"Have any Americans come in here who claimed Bacon was Shakespeare?" the GI asked.

"No, sir," the old man answered unhesitatingly. "60,000 American soldiers have visited this house in the past year and I have found them all very cultured indeed. Although," he added as an afterthought, "it *was* an American lady* who started the Baconist movement. However, she died in a lunatic asylum."

At the end of his speech the old man told us he had been in this business fifty years.

As we left, a new batch of GIs gathered around him. "If you don't believe Shakespeare wrote the plays . . ." he began in the same reverent monotone.

"Boy," said Cpl. Sam Sobel of Paterson, N.J., when we were outside, "if you even had a suspicion that Shakespeare didn't write Shakespeare you'd never get out of this town alive."

ON Friday nights, at least half the audience in the Memorial Theater are convalescing American soldiers. Bus loads of them are brought in from nearby hospitals. Last month, one of these men, Sgt. Leroy Luce of New York City, wounded on the Western Front, had the surprise of his life. When the curtain went up he saw his sister on the stage, Miss Claire Luce, the distinguished American actress. They hadn't seen each other for more than three years, and until that moment neither knew of the other's whereabouts. He ran backstage to see her at the end of the first act.

Appropriately, the play was *Twelfth Night* and Miss Luce was playing "Viola," the girl who is long separated from her brother but who meets him unexpectedly in the last scene. The next day the local papers had a field day with a big headline, *Twelfth Night in Real Life*, which ran above the picture of Miss Luce greeting her brother.

Aside from the plays and the lectures there is a lot to do in the town. GIs stay at the Red Cross and can go bicycle riding, horseback riding, or punting on the Avon. There are no MPs in town and it's a pretty restful way to spend a week's leave.

Everything seems to harmonize to make the "leave course" smooth and peaceful. On the day we left we ran into a couple of GIs with whom we had witnessed a performance of *Antony and Cleopatra*. We offered to take their picture, but they said they couldn't wait as they had dates with two school mistresses.

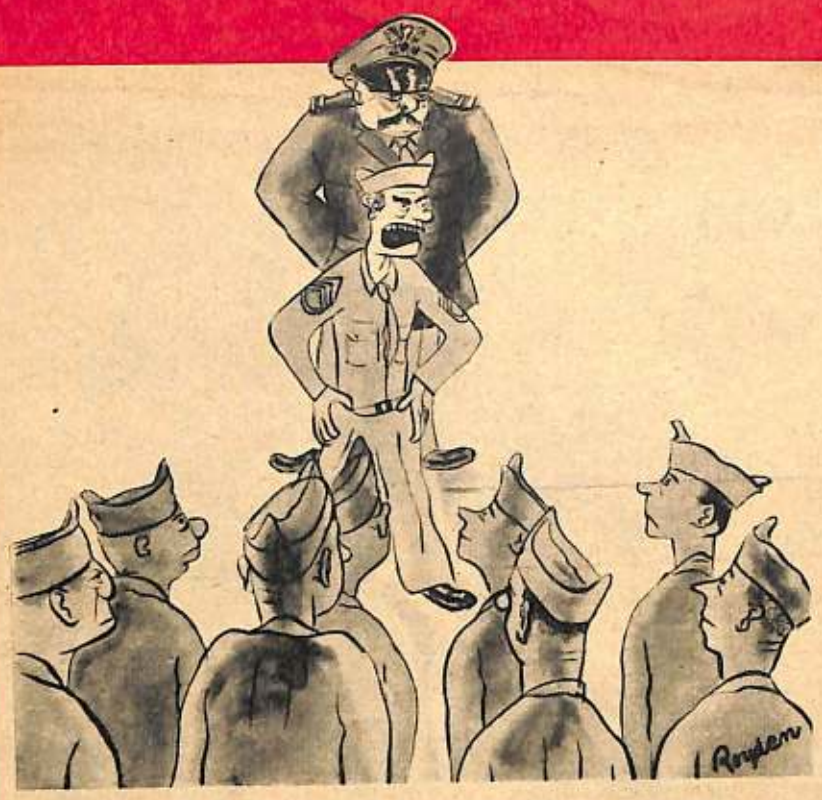
"Where did you pick them up?" we asked inquisitively.

"Please!" one of them said. "You don't pick up women in Stratford."

By Cpl. EDMUND ANTROBUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

*Delia Bacon (1811-1855), born in Tallmadge, Ohio.

MEET a real Latin from Manhattan. Lina Romay, daughter of a Mexican diplomat, came into the world while her parents lived in New York City. A hit as a radio singer, she later sang in front of Xavier Cugat's orchestra, with which she gained national fame. Lina is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 110, has brown eyes, brown hair, and pronounces her name Lean-a Rome-eye. The new picture she is making for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is "Weekend at the Waldorf."



"SO IF ANYONE FEELS THEY'D LIKE TO CHALLENGE MY AUTHORITY, I WISH THEY'D STEP OUT NOW."
—T/Sgt. Frank R. Robinson

"TAKE IT EASY, BUDDY—I'M ONE OF THE EXTRAS."
—Sgt. Jim Weeks

"AND FURTHERMORE, I THINK YOUR LAST PICTURE STUNK!"
—Sgt. Al Melinger

"SIR, WE HAVE A VERY DIFFICULT PROBLEM—A MAN WHO WANTS TO SELL APPLES WHEN HE GETS OUT."
—Cpl. Art Gates