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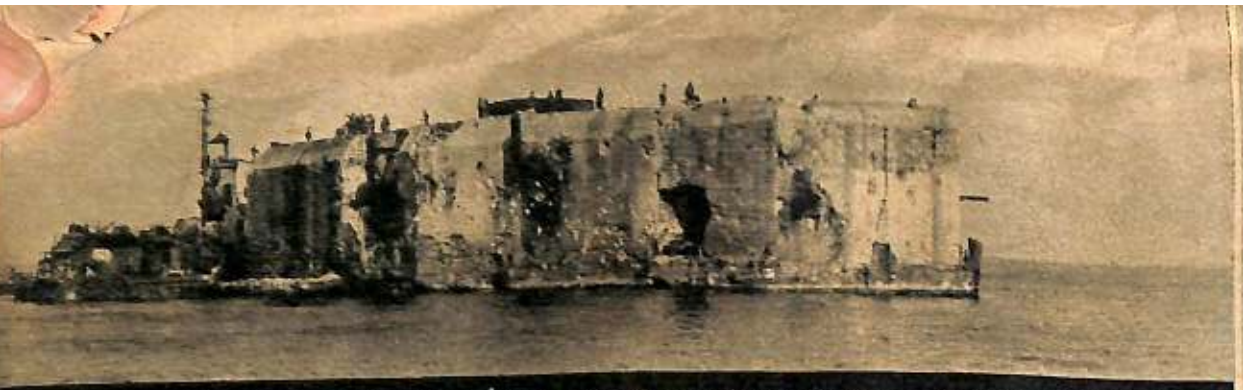
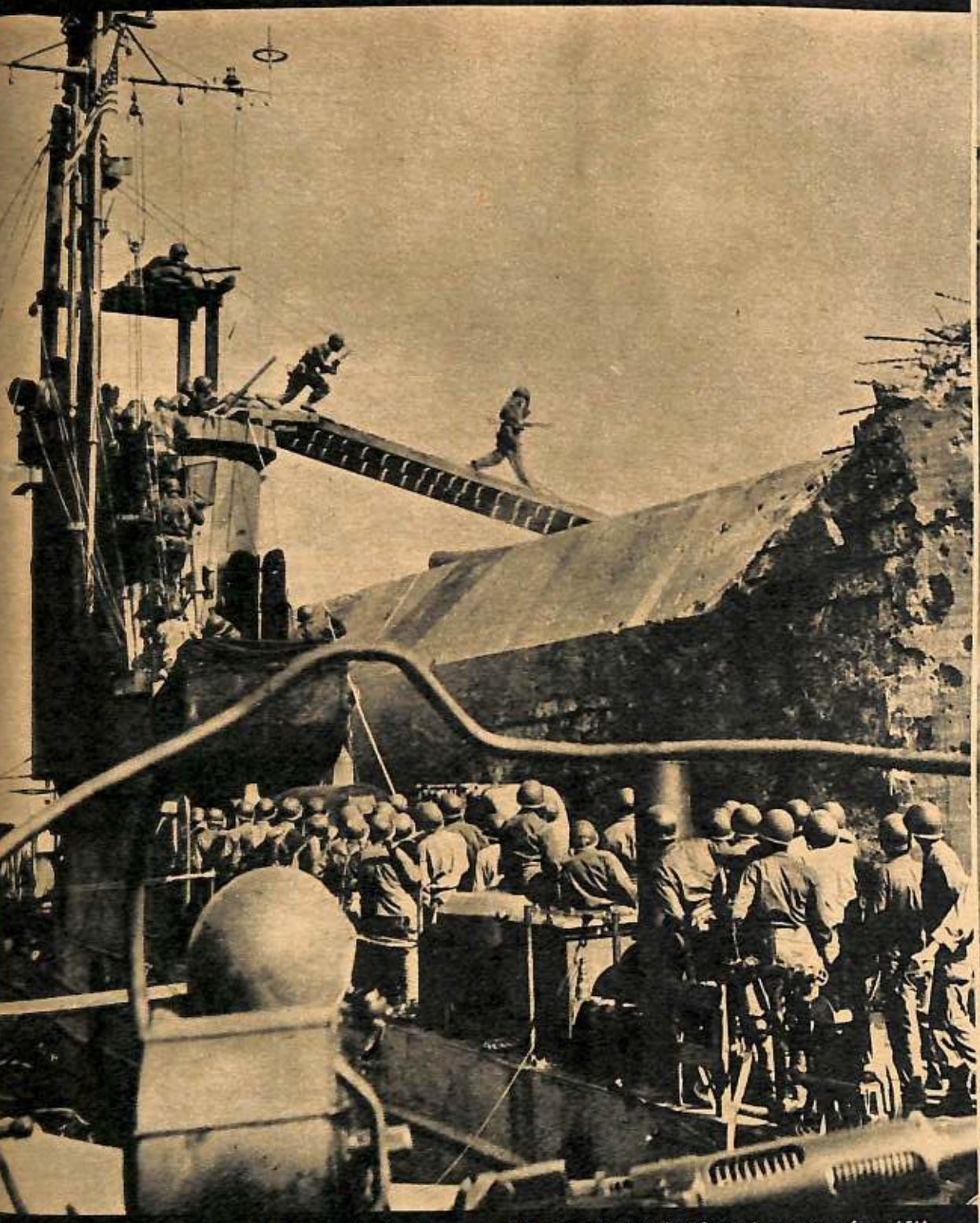
Taking the "Concrete Battleship" In Manila Bay

—See pages 2, 3 and 4



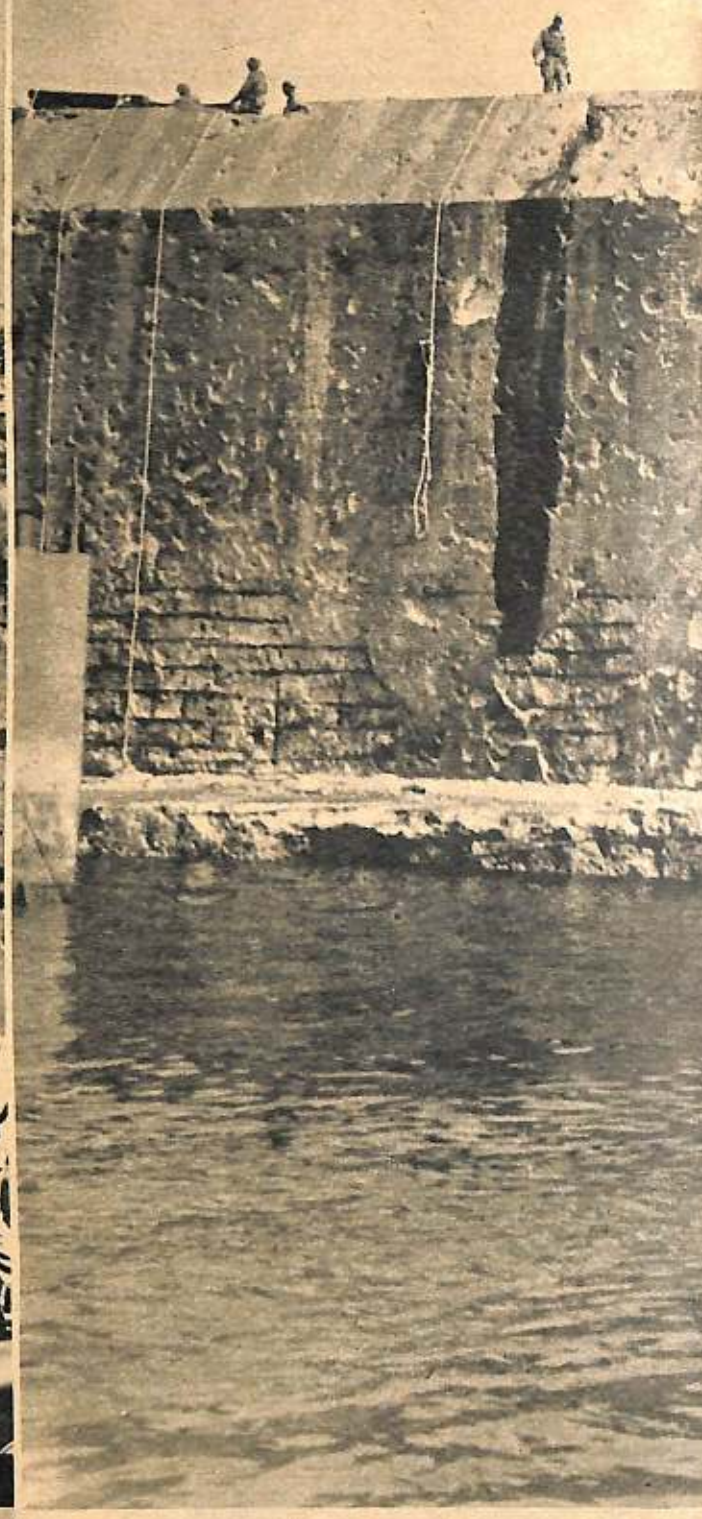
A view of Fort Drum after the LSM and LCM had tied up and the sailors and infantrymen had landed



Infantry riflemen cross over to the fort by way of a ramp extending from the tower of an LSM.

GI engineers on top of the "concrete battleship" haul up fire hose attached to the oil boat below.

THE

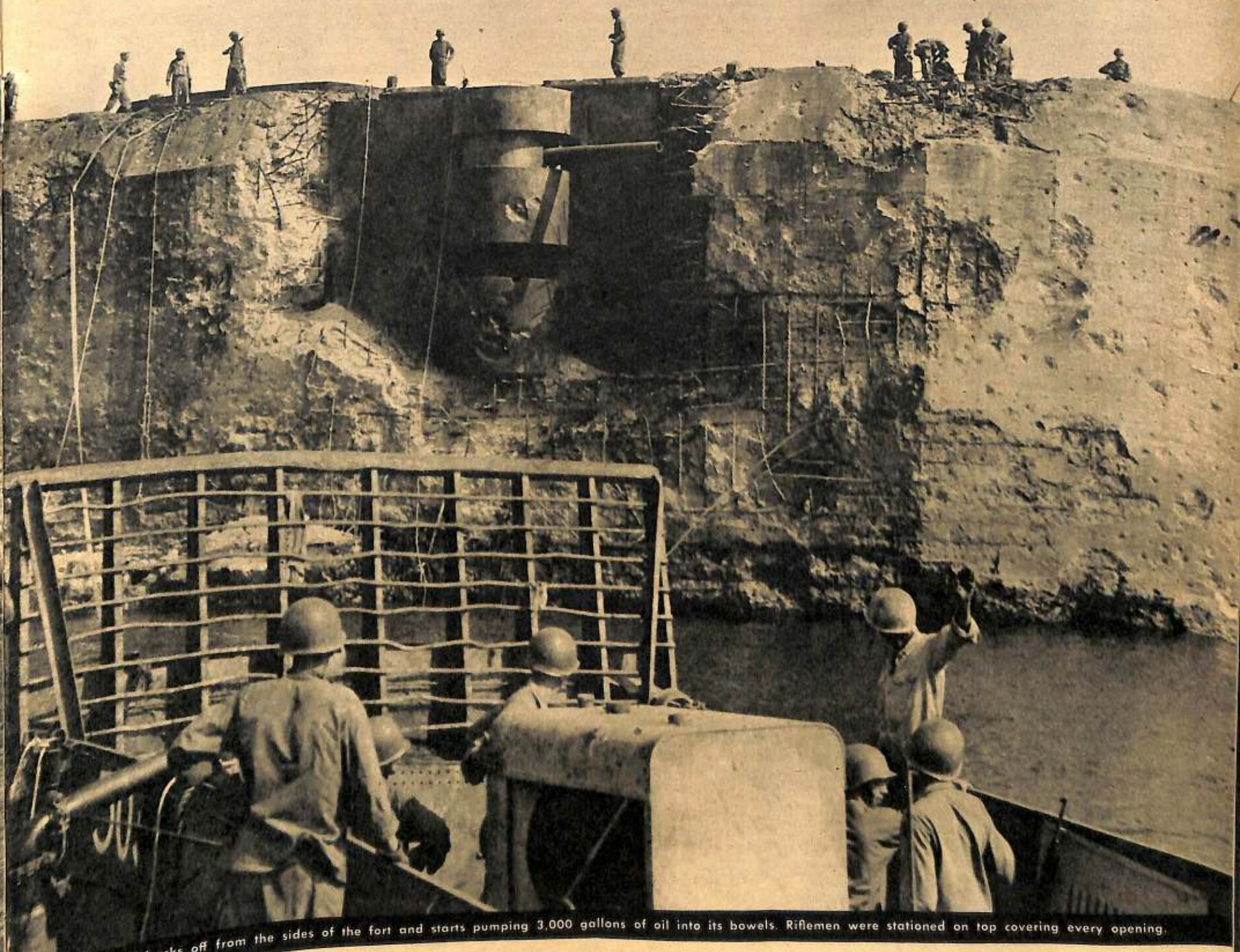


By Sgt. THOMAS J. HOOPER
YANK Field Correspondent

WITH THE 38TH INFANTRY DIVISION, LUZON, THE PHILIPPINES—The taking of Jap-held Fort Drum, a "concrete battleship" in Manila Bay, was like a midocean pirate raid on an unwieldy merchant vessel. It had elements, too, of a medieval battle, with knights in armor thundering across the drawbridge into an enemy castle. It was a little bit of everything, even of the Podunk fire department getting a burning boathouse under control. It took place early in April and now its detailed story may be told.

Fort Drum, which shows up on the maps as El Fraile Island, was built by the U. S., long before the Japs moved in, about three miles south of Corregidor in Manila Bay. The island was originally just another sharp-toothed coral reef.

BLASTING OF FT. DRUM



The LCM backs off from the sides of the fort and starts pumping 3,000 gallons of oil into its bowels. Riflemen were stationed on top covering every opening.

The island of El Fraile in Manila Bay had been fortified to be impregnable by the Yanks, and the Japs, when they moved in, made it even stronger. It still wasn't strong enough to resist the new assault technique of the 38th Infantry Division.

jutting out of the bay waters. Then our Navy decided it would be a handy addition to the chain of bay fortresses—Corregidor, Caballo and Carabao Islands—and proceeded to turn it into a blunt-nosed, square-sterned, battleship-shaped structure, 345 feet long, 135 feet wide, rising from the waters as a 40-foot concrete cliffside.

These concrete walls were 36 feet in width and the top "deck" 18 feet thick—strong enough to withstand any land, naval or air bombardment. Two revolving turrets, each mounting two 14-inch naval rifles were mounted on the flat top. At the north and south (port and starboard) sides, two 6-inch guns were set in "blister" turrets. Inside there were four levels. At the east (stern) end there were two sally ports opening both north and south. Boats carrying men, mail and provisions to the fort tied up here. The ports opened on the inside to an axial tunnel running through the island and connecting all four levels.

It was a miniature Gibraltar, a salt-water pillbox and when the Japs overran the Philippines they were happy to have won it as part of their military loot.

The 38th Infantry Division drew the job of mopping up Fort Drum. The division had already cleared the way by finishing off Corregidor and invading and securing Caballo Island. But Drum was a harder, trickier job than anything that had gone before.

To some of the GIs in the 38th, it was going to be just another souvenir hunt with expensive kimonos, samurai swords, pistols, cameras and maybe a bottle or two of *sake* at the end. To the men who had to do the planning it was a ticklish problem that would take careful planning and ingenuity in preparation and split-second precision in execution. To the interested observer, it was a technical study in how to crack a tough

nut, a fortified concrete nut in the middle of Manila Bay.

The earlier taking of Caballo was the inspiration for the plan by which the 38th cracked Fort Drum. Caballo was a horse-shaped rock and most of its garrison had been knocked off within a few days. A band of 60 survivors, however, had been able to take cover in two huge mortar pits which resisted all efforts of infantry, engineers and artillery. They were of reinforced concrete and at least 20 feet thick, another case of an installation originally built by Americans and improved by the Japs.

Various plans for cleaning out the mortar pits were proposed and rejected. One public-relations officer, with a weather eye cocked at a front-page story in the Stateside press, suggested that a fire siren be lowered into the pits and allowed to scream for a few days. The idea, borrowed from some of our better horror magazines, was to drive the Japs crazy. The PRO's inspiration was turned down on the very logical ground that no fire sirens were handy.

The finally accepted plan was formulated by Lt. Col. Fred C. Dyer of Indianapolis, Ind., G-4 of the 38th. An LCM was fitted with a centrifugal pump and two tanks capable of holding more than 5,000 gallons of liquid. A special mixture of two parts Diesel oil and one part gasoline was mixed and then pumped into the tanks.

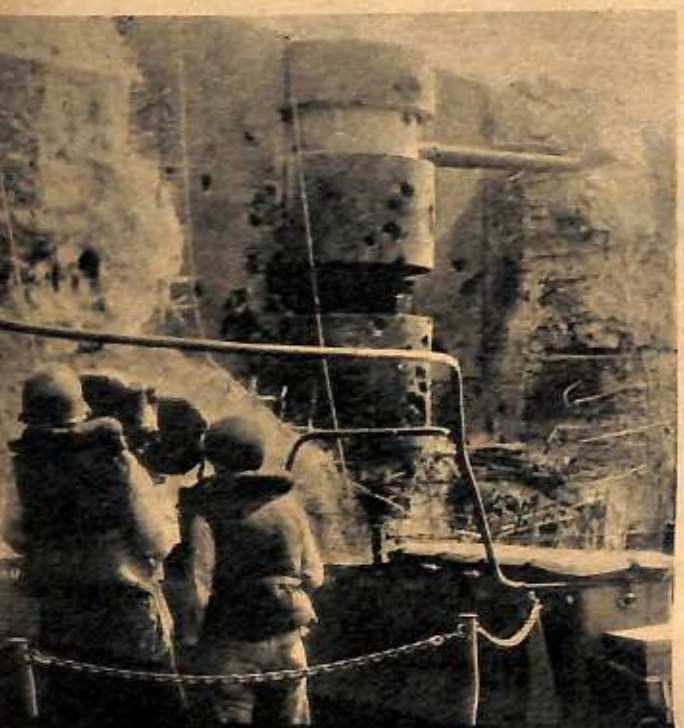
THE landing craft plowed its clumsy way out to Caballo and drew up alongside the hill where the pits were located. Engineers, working under sniper fire, constructed a pipeline up the steep slope of the hill into the emplacements. The mixture of oil and gas—2,400 gallons of it—was then pumped into the pits. As soon as the last drops had been pumped in, riflemen posted a few hundred yards away cut loose with tracer bullets. There was a loud sucking sound and dense black clouds of burning oil billowed to the sky. The mortar pits surrendered only charred Japs when the flames died down.

This was the plan selected by Brig. Gen. Robert H. Soule, assistant division commander, as the best for reducing Drum.

Training and preparation for the landing were begun a week before Drum D-day. On Corregidor a reinforced platoon of riflemen from Company F, 151st Infantry, and a platoon of demolition men from Company B, 113th Engineers, made repeated dry runs to school each man for his individual job when he stepped aboard Drum.

On the Corregidor parade ground the surface of Drum's deck was simulated. Dummy guns and air vents were built and each rifleman was assigned to cover a specific opening in the surface of the fort. Every gun turret, every air vent, every crack in the surface was to be under the sights of an M1 or a BAR so that no enemy would be able to come topside. The men went through the dry run until they could do it in their sleep.

Some engineers practiced planting explosives at strategic intervals on the rock. Others went through the motions of dragging a fire hose from the LCM to the deck of the battleship-fort. The LCM was scheduled to pull up alongside Drum in the same manner used in the Caballo operation.



The sally ports were ruled out as possible points of entrance when a naval reconnaissance force, attempting a landing from a PT boat, ran into machine-gun fire from the tunnel. This made it necessary to work from a ship larger than an LCM, so the 113th Engineers went to work on an especially designed wooden ramp, running like a drawbridge from the tower of an LSM. The ramp was necessary since the 40-foot walls of the island would prevent troops from landing in the usual manner.

Three sailors had been killed in the attempted PT landing and this got the Navy's dander up. To pave the way for the taking of the fort, dive bombers were called in to knock out the large guns on its top deck. On Wednesday, April 11, a cruiser steamed up and bombarded the 6-inch gun emplacements with AP shells. The cruiser broadsides weren't enough to breach the fort, but they did shut up the remaining guns.

April 13—a Friday—was the day selected and H-hour was set for 1000. At 0830 the troops loaded from Corregidor's south dock, walking a narrow plank from the pier to an LSM.

The engineers carried 600 pounds of explosives and the infantrymen were loaded down with rifles and bandoliers of ammunition. In the crow's nest, towering above the landing ramp, a BAR man kept lookout and below him a light machine gun was set up on an improvised platform. The BAR and the machine gun could give covering fire to the men who were to land.

At 1000 hours on the nose, the LSM pulled alongside Fort Drum. It was a ticklish job to maneuver the squat, bulky ship snug and tight against the island and to hold it steady there.

As the LSM inched up on the port side of Drum, three LCVPs manned by naval personnel came up alongside her, bows first, and with motors racing pushed against her side and shoved her as flat as possible against the cliffside.

As soon as the LSM was close alongside the fort, sailors standing in the well deck let down a ramp by means of a block and fall. Other sailors rushed ashore across the ramp, carrying lines which they fastened to the Jap-held gun turrets or to any other available projections. The LSM was made secure.

These sailors were the first Yanks aboard Drum. Just after them came the infantry riflemen in single file up the circular ladder to the tower and from there, helped by sailors, onto the ramp and across it to the flat top of the fort.

Despite the strong lines from ship to fort and the pushing of the LCVPs, the LSM pitched and rolled and the ramp scraped precariously back and forth over the concrete. The operation was at its touch-and-go stage.

The LCM which had been used in the Caballo invasion was brought in behind the larger LSM. A line attached to a fire hose was thrown up to the engineers on the LSM and relayed by them to the deck of Drum where other waiting engineers grabbed it and pulled up the hose.

The infantrymen had deployed according to their previous briefing on Corregidor, each man covering his objective. Every vent had its rifleman. No Jap could raise his head above the surface of the deck without running the risk of having it blown off, and the engineers went to work.

They planted their explosives to do the most good in the least time. Particular attention was given to the powder magazine which lay below the surface on the first level, protected by 6-inch armor plate under a layer of reinforced concrete.

All this while the same Diesel oil mixture that had been used on Caballo was being pumped from the LCM into the fort. It was like a high colonic enema given at sea to some ugly, gray Jap monster of the deep. As minute piled on minute, more and more oil—3,000 gallons in all—was squirted into the bowels of Drum.

In 10 minutes, the job of the engineers was finished. Thirty-minute fuses were lighted and the engineers and riflemen began to file back onto the LSM. Suddenly an unidentified engineer shouted, "The oil line's busted!" By this time all the men were back on the LSM.

Lt. Col. William E. Lobit, CO of the 151st, called for volunteers. "Six men, up here. Let's go."

More than six men fell in behind him and took off up the ladder and across the ramp to the island. The oil, still pumping from the LCM which had pulled about 100 yards away, shut off the instant the hose connection broke apart. The hose was still above water, held up by a floating oil drum to which the next to last section had been lashed.

Col. Lobit and his men snuffed the fuses and stood by to relight them as soon as the break could be repaired. It was while they were waiting that the first and only opposition to the combined oil enema and demolition job developed. An evidently near-sighted Jap sniper, hidden in one of the 6-inch gun turrets on the port side opened up.

His aim was bad on the first two shots and gave away his position without doing any damage to the Yanks. Sailors, manning the LSM's 20-mms were ready and anxious to spray the turret, but a red-headed ensign yelled from the bridge for them to hold fire. Oil was leaking from an aperture in the turret and if a shell ignited it, our own landing party, the LSM, the LCM and the LCVPs would probably all be blown to hell along with the Japs. The sailors held their fire.

The sniper opened up again and a bullet cut through the fatigue jacket of Sgt. Mack Thomson of Springfield, Mo., the colonel's driver and radio operator. Thomson had been standing amidships unaware that he was a target. The bullet made seven holes, passing through the outside of the jacket, the baggy pocket and a sleeve. Thomson wasn't even scratched.

Another sniper bullet grazed the back of Cpl. Vincent Glennon's right hand. Glennon, an aid man from Gary, Ind., had dropped behind a ventilator for protection at the first sniper shot. The bullet went through the light, thin metal of the ventilator and creased his hand, drawing no more blood than a pin scratch.

A sailor had worse luck. A Jap shot split the fittings that connected the three air hoses to the gyroscopic sight of his 20-mm. gun and several pieces of the scattered wreckage were embedded in his throat. Army and Navy medics teamed up to give him an immediate transfusion and to dress his wounds. He, Glennon and Thomson were the only casualties. A bargain-basement price to pay for Fort Drum.

By now the leak had been repaired. Col. Lobit and his men relit the fuses on the island and got back safely to the ship. The lines from the LSM to Drum were cut and all the ships pulled away. Drum had received its quota of oil and the late invaders stood off in the bay to watch the show.

IN 30 minutes there was a slight explosion, not much more than a 4th of July token. Nothing else happened. Disappointment was written on the faces of the GIs and the sailors. The job would have to be done over.

But before they could even phrase a gripe, the second explosion came. In the time of an eye wink it seemed as if the whole island, of El Fraile were blown out of the sea. First there was a cloud of smoke rising and seconds later the main explosion came. Blast after blast ripped the concrete battleship. Debris was showered into the water throwing up hundreds of small geysers. A large flat object, later identified as the 6-inch concrete slab protecting the powder magazine, was blown several hundred feet into the air to fall back on top of the fort, miraculously still unbroken.

Now the GIs and sailors could cheer. And did.

As the LSM moved toward Corregidor there were continued explosions. More smoke and debris.

Two days later, on Sunday, a party went back to try to get into the fort through the lower levels. Wisps of smoke were still curling through the ventilators and it was obvious that oil was still burning inside. The visit was called off for that day.

On Monday the troops returned again. This time they were able to make their way down as far as the second level, but again smoke forced them to withdraw. Eight Japs—dead of suffocation—were found on the first two levels.

Two days later another landing party returned and explored the whole island. The bodies of 60 Japs—burned to death—were found in the boiler room on the third level.

The inside of the fort was a shambles. The walls were blackened with smoke and what installations there were had been blown to pieces or burned.

In actual time of pumping oil and setting fuses, it had taken just over 15 minutes to settle the fate of the "impregnable" concrete fortress. It had been a successful operation in every way but one:

LUCIA MONQUE of VENEZUELA: "I like soldiers from your States and wish more could be where I live."

MARTHA CASTRO of LIMA, PERU: "If all GIs are as nice as the one I know, then I'd like to see many more of them."

BLANCA SALAS of COSTA RICA: "Everywhere they go they seem to find a lot of girls. I think a lot of things about them. I can't tell you all, but I will say that they know how to make love." That's a nice way to put it.

What do you think of American soldiers?

The question was asked of these Central and South American girls by YANK's Cpl. Dick Douglass. Their answers didn't upset inter-American relations.

MARUCA and PILAR PONS of ECUADOR: These sisters had pretty much the same feeling about GIs. Pilar said: "The American boy is the biggest wolf I ever met. He is full of snow jobs, but we learn how to do snow jobs too." Maruca advised South American girls to be careful, but she thought GIs from the states were nice.

NANCY CUCOLON of PANAMA: "I think they treat girls the same way the girls treat them." Now what does Nancy mean by that?

The Japs didn't pull over all the derricks in the Tarakan oil fields when they left. Some of them were still standing, but most of the wells had been plugged.

One of the biggest prizes of the early Jap offensives in the Pacific was the rich oil land of the Netherlands East Indies. Now Yanks and Aussies are winning it back to help supply the tremendous needs of the Tokyo-bound Allied war machine.

By Sgt. DALE KRAMER
YANK Staff Correspondent

TARAKAN—When the Japanese militarists prepared for this war one of their major steps was to lay in vast stocks of oil-field and refinery equipment. For Japan, to be victorious, desperately needed the rich oil of the East Indies. And though the Dutch and the British dynamited the wells and destroyed much vital equipment in the face of the invaders, Jap technicians moved in with their machinery—and probably with blueprints prepared long before. After a little more than a year they had large quantities of black fuel oil and gasoline flowing into their tankers.

While the oil of the East Indies is not vital to Allied victory, it can shorten the war, and Allied troops, mostly Australian, have already begun the task of ousting the Japanese from Borneo, one of the major oil sources. Dutch technicians arrived with invasion convoys to begin working in the now-liberated fields on Tarakan.

But long before the initial landing, airpower had reduced the flow of East Indies oil to Japan to a mere dribble. Mostly it was a Thirteenth Air Force show, but the Thirteenth had some early assistance from the U. S. Fifth Air Force and later help from the Royal Australian Air Force.

The first big strike was made last October 10 on the huge installations at Balikpapan on the east coast of Borneo. Called the Ploesti of the Pacific, Balikpapan was the source of an estimated 15 to 20 percent of Japanese aviation gasoline. That raid set two records—it was the largest strike formation ever to fly in the Southwest Pacific and it was the longest bomber mission in force flown in the history of aviation up to that time.

For this initial blow the Thirteenth and Fifth Air Forces joined forces. Seventy-two unescorted Liberators set out from Noemfoor Island on the 2,500-mile round trip mission to Balikpapan. Bombers flying from Britain to Berlin had to go less than half as far. The Pacific raiders took off at night, each plane with a gross load of 69,000 pounds—12,000 over standard. As expected, targets were heavily defended by interceptors and ack-ack. The Liberators went in and they took heavy losses, but when they pulled away the refineries were spouting flame.

After that the Thirteenth's Long Rangers, Bomber Barons, and radar-searching Snoopers hammered Balikpapan many times, smashed storage tanks and fields at Tarakan, and ranged far north and west to strike oil installations in

After their landing on Tarakan, Aussie soldiers advance through destroyed enemy positions and broken forest land. Black smoke rises from a burning oil tank.

WAR FOR OIL

of these missions fighter planes flew 1,700 miles, another record.

At the same time an air blockade was clamped on Makassar Straits and the Sulu and South China Seas. (It has been so effective that when Liberators sank an 8,000-ton freighter-transport in Balikpapan harbor on May 20, it was the largest Japanese ship sighted in the Netherlands East Indies in months.) The Japanese lifeline to the East Indies was pinched tight. And the payoff came during the crucial Philippines fighting when scores of Jap planes lay on the ground like stuffed ducks for lack of fuel.

The Allies were ready now to convert the oil to their own use. In addition to the oil, possession of air bases in Borneo would place Java, Sumatra, and Malaya with its great port of Singapore within easy bomber range. Whoever holds the East Indies holds the link between the West and the greater portion of Asia. Gen. MacArthur assigned at least the initial phases to the Australians, with the Thirteenth Air Force available to assist the RAAF in tactical support, the U. S. Navy for sea transportation and firepower, and Yank amphibious engineers to put invading forces ashore.

The first breach was made at Tarakan, a small (1 by 15 miles), pear-shaped island a mile or two off the northeast coast of Borneo. The earth of Tarakan is like the crust of a blackberry pie through whose slits the black juice bubbles. The oil is so rich that it can be poured almost directly into ships' engines.

Back in 1942 the Dutch, to protect Tarakan, studded the water just off the main beaches with double rows of upright steel rails reinforced with barbed wire. They dug a moat and filled it with oil ready to be set afire and a little farther back they constructed steel pillboxes. These defenses went unused because the Jap invaders cut their way through the jungle from behind to overwhelm the inadequate force of Dutch and native troops.

Dutch sergeant supervises Indonesian oil men testing to see what is plugging up the well.

This Javanese girl was brought from Java by the Japs and forced into a brothel on Tarakan.

With superior landing equipment the Allied planners decided that breaching the old Dutch defenses would be less costly than a slow hand-to-hand fight from the island's rear. But the assault of man-made beach defenses was something new in Pacific amphibious warfare and the woeful inadequacy of the narrow and swampy beaches added to the difficulties.

On D-day-minus-1, Australian commandos and artillery landed on tiny Sadau Island off Tarakan's west coast. The Navy laid down a smoke screen and under it and covering fire from Sadau Royal Australian Engineers went in and blasted 11 gaps through the rails and wire of the Lingkas Beach station. They worked under shore fire and with ropes tied around their waists to prevent them from sinking out of sight in the soft mud.

Next morning Australian infantrymen crowded the LCVPs and LCIs and LVTs and LCMs and waited for the word to go in. They were veteran fighters, the "Rats of Tobruk," who dug in and held on against the Germans in North Africa. Many had been with Montgomery when he cracked Rommel's line at El Alamein, and almost every one of them had fought in the jungles of New Guinea.

FOR a while they sat tight and watched the Yanks put on the fireworks preliminaries of an amphibious show. Naval vessels stood in and raked the beach. Suddenly the LCIs broke loose with an impressive barrage of rockets, and Liberators swung down out of the sky. Then amphibious engineers of the 593d Engineer Boat and Shore Regiment and the 727th Amphibian Tractor Battalion and naval boatmen dashed through the 11 gaps to put the Aussies on the beach. The boats brought in the Matildas—the Australian medium tanks—25-pounder artillery pieces, trucks, American jeeps, flamethrowers and a variety of other equipment. The Aussies had gone mechanized.

The enemy did not defend the beaches except with machine-gun and mortar fire from a distance. Instead he (Aussies always use the classic "he" in referring to the enemy) had sown beaches and roads and airstrips with perhaps the greatest concentration of mines ever encountered anywhere. For the purpose he had used 500-pound aerial bombs, 350-pound depth charges, 400-pound shells, 44-gallon gasoline drums, and Dutch anti-personnel bombs. One mine blew a Matilda tank 20 feet into the air.

While sappers went to work on the mines, the infantry struck out for Tarakan town, two miles away, and the air strips (the Japs had three in use) and the oil fields a few miles beyond. No flaming oil moat was encountered for the very good reason that bombers had smashed the storage tanks. Allied airmen controlled the skies so thoroughly that not even a Washing Machine Charley put in an appearance.

In five days the town and air strips and some of the oil fields had been secured and the Jap was making his usual bitter fight in the jungle hills. There was steady infiltration and there were wild *banzai* charges, sometimes with long poles to which bayonets had been attached. The Aussies broke the counterattacks and pressed the pursuit. When they were stopped at a tough hill, the land and naval guns pounded it, and then P-38s and Liberators slid out of the clouds and scorched the hill with Napal fire bombs. When the earth cooled the Aussies moved in without much trouble.

In prewar days Tarakan town, with a population of about 8,000, had been a comfortable place, despite intense heat and high humidity, at least for the 400-odd European residents, most of them employees of Royal Dutch Shell. Their houses were modern and servants were plentiful and cheap. Roads were surfaced and there were cement tennis courts, a swimming pool, a soccer field, two moving picture theaters and even a race track. Jap demolition and torch squads left the town a mess of charred ruins.

The population had fled to the hills and fields and as they crept back the Netherlands Indies Civil Administration (NICA) gathered them into relief camps. The Japs had used native troops captured in 1942 as slave laborers and in their retreat had taken them along as carriers. Many of them escaped and, after being outfitted, joined the forces of Dutch Army native troops who assisted the Aussies.

The largest section of Tarakan inhabitants—few of whom would be on the island except for race whose sarong-wearing women are noted for their beauty. A large population of Chinese, originally brought to the island as coolies, have become shopkeepers and minor supervisors in the oil fields. Smaller groups include natives of Sumatra, the Moluccas, Celebes, and even Kyaks, the head-hunting aboriginals who provided talent for the Wild Men of Borneo sideshows of a few decades ago.

Gradually it became possible to piece together a picture of the Japanese occupation. The standard of living on Tarakan had never been very high, but under the Japs it fell to subhuman levels. Each person was allowed about a *katie* (equivalent to a double handful) of rice a week. That was all the food available except for the meager vegetables that could be grown in the oil-soaked earth. Once a year the people were allowed to draw a few articles of clothing. The Japs enforced the usual bowing and saluting and dealt out the customary slaps and sometimes fatal beatings.

Here at Tarakan something new was discovered in Jap technique: the tricking of young girls into eventual prostitution. NICA and Allied Psychological Warfare have gathered the evidence and are preparing to tell all the peoples of the East Indies of these crimes. Here, pieced together, is the story of three of the girls:

In Java—and probably many other places—the Japanese went to the homes of good families and offered attractive daughters the opportunity of attending occupational schools—clothes designing and modeling and the like—at Japanese expense. The girls were given contracts to sign and promised jobs after finishing the courses. The group of which these three girls were a part set out happily from Soerabaja, believing they were on their way to Tokyo. At Tarakan some were taken off the ship and forced into a brothel. The remainder continued, apparently to meet a like fate elsewhere.

The girls lived and were visited by Jap soldiers in miserable, small huts. The brothel master was an Indonesian collaborationist whom they called Ali Baba after the leader of the 40 thieves of the Arabian Nights. (In the Far East version of those tales Ali Baba is far more cruel than in the English translations). Ali Baba cursed and beat and starved them. And when the liberating Allies approached, it was Ali Baba who told the girls that they would be killed either by the Indonesians (all natives are lumped as Indonesians) or by Allied troops. Partly by this persuasion and partly by force he induced them —some pregnant and others with children—to accompany the retreating Japanese into the hills where many died under fire bombs or in caves sealed by flamethrowers.

As a result of our bombing of installations and shipping, the Japanese, despite their desperate need for fuel oil, had not been able to use the Tarakan fields for several months. But some of the installations might have been easily repaired and they were careful on the approach of the Allies to complete destruction. They dropped casings into oil wells and followed them with charges of explosives.

Dutch technicians brought new equipment with them and as soon as the fields were recaptured they began to assess the damage and to repair it. Exactly how long the job will take is a secret. The Japs required about a year and a half to achieve 40 percent of the old 400,000-tons-a-month production, but they are described contemptuously by the Dutch as "pigs in a machine shop."

Value to the Allies of this and other East Indies oil, once it is flowing, is shown by the fact that a single tanker plying from Tarakan will be able, according to Dutch officials, to haul a tonnage equal to that of three or four operating the longer distance from the States.

Future battles in the East Indies, military authorities predict, will follow the pattern set at Tarakan. Landing problems and terrain will be much the same. The Japs will destroy everything in sight, but they can hope for no supplies or reinforcements, and they will have to dig in or retire into jungles. If they choose to dig in they will be, as usual, dug out, and if they go deep into the jungles, of which vast stretches are still uncharted, they will have to do business with head-hunters who shoot poisoned arrows and for many years have not been able to get nearly as many heads as they would like.

"Cab Calloway, the bandleader, has a plan he wants the government to sponsor. He suggests a 'Swing University' in which discharged servicemen will be given instruction in hot music, where they will be able to brush up on their technique. Calloway has a group of prominent bandleaders who have offered to teach. They include Benny Goodman, Harry James, Duke Ellington, Tommy Dorsey, Gene Krupa, and Frank Loesser."—News Item.

LOVABLE, eccentric old Prof. Goodman walked slowly across the greensward, absent-mindedly humming an old folk air. He was on his way to Lombardo Memorial Hall where he conducted his seminar in *Lesser-known Masters of the Chicago School.*

Passing students gaily but respectfully greeted the genial old scholar. "Greetings, Gate!" they cried, and danced boyishly around his black academic robes, playing little tunes on their clarinets, trombones, saxophones, musical saws, and the like.

An imposing figure came along the campus walk and greeted Prof. Goodman. It was none other than President Calloway himself, in a scarlet robe and the bright scarves of his many honorary degrees —from *Roseland*, the *Savoy* and the *Harlem Uproar House*. Prexy Calloway raised his mortarboard cap with its extra-wide brim styled on Lennox Avenue, and was greeted gravely by the eccentric old faculty member.

"Beeden-boden, beeden-bo," said Prof. Goodman.

"Yaaaowoooowoooo!" said President Calloway in reply.

The two academic figures chortled over their little joke. They were fond of speaking to each other in this little-known tongue.

"Gettin' much?" asked the Prexy in a kindly tone.

"Things is copasetic, Jackson," answered the Professor. "I'm feelin' plenty jivey."

"Well, all reet," said the Prexy.

"Well, all root," said the Professor, hurrying on to his classroom.

Morton Magruder was a new student at Swing U. He had just come in from the country the day before —his home had been at Camp McClellan, Alabama. He was nervous and excited by his first visit to the stately University buildings on 52nd Street, and he looked forward to seeing his idol, Prof. Goodman, or "Old Benny" as the students irreverently called him behind his back.

Morton sat in the classroom distractedly fingering his old Army bugle. He was ashamed of its shabbiness. His fingers ran over the dent caused by a Jap knee mortar. The bell was bent in another place where Magruder had hit his section leader over the head in a fight over a Jap battle flag. He glanced furtively at the older fellows. They seemed to be so self-assured! Their instruments gleamed brightly, bespeaking their high cost. The ordinary hum of a classroom full of healthy, mischievous boys, grew louder as more instruments tuned up. Morton stifled an impulse to get up and run away. Would he ever be able to play *Don't Fence Me In* on his homely old bugle as well as these smug sophomores?

"Hush yo mouves!" cried the proctor as Professor Goodman entered the room.

PROFESSOR GOODMAN took his clarinet out of the case, screwed it together, placed it to his lips, inflated his cheeks, and tapped smartly three times. As the smooth, solid music opened, there was a sudden, sickening, sour blast. Professor Goodman held up his gnarled hand. The music slithered to a stop.

Professor Goodman strode up the aisle and stopped at Morton's desk. "Let's see that instrument, son," he said in a not unkindly way. Blushing furiously Morton held up his old bugle.

Professor Goodman examined it and raised it to his lips. He blew an A. One of the sophomores in the back of the room swooned to the floor. "Can you make that note, son?" asked the old Professor, handing back the instrument to Morton.

His lips quavering so that he could hardly make his embouchure, Morton blasted out an A-flat, and fell back in his seat, averting his eyes from the other students. Several window panes which had fallen out tinkled as they hit the sidewalk.

"Son," said Prof. Goodman, "don't play for the rest of the session. Just sit here and follow the music, humming it to yourself. See me after class."

After class the old Professor took Morton for a good long walk. He put his arm in a fatherly fashion around Morton's hunched frame. He asked the wretched lad about his warped boyhood in the Army. As the sordid details came out, the Professor's kindly eyes reflected the pity he felt. Morton told him about the terribly long hours his first sergeant had made him work. How, while the rest of the camp was sleeping, Morton had to get out of bed and warm up his bugle. Standing on a hilltop, shivering, dressed in nought but flimsy suntans, he was forced, day after day, to blow his bugle. Sometimes the Japs shot at him. Sometimes his own men shot at him. Sometimes both sides shot at him. One time an airplane shot at him.

As he talked, the boy felt enveloped in the warm sympathy of the old Professor, and his dreams and aspirations poured out. "Ever since I heard you play *Shirttail Stomp* on Tokio Rose's program," he said shyly, "I've dreamed of some day playing with Benny Goodman. I saved up my points and worked hard for the medals, so I could come to Swing U." Then the boy grew bitter. "But I have failed. I kicked away my big chance. I'm just a failure. It's like the Top Sergeant said, 'Magruder, you'll goof off like you always do.' He was right."

"Now, now, son," said the kindly old Professor. "There's lots of things you can do. You see, Morton, things have changed a good deal in the music field since you went away. Changed so much, perhaps, you won't recognize them. Young fellows have come in with new ideas—Harry James, for instance. To hear him play *The Flight of the Bumble Bee* is to realize to what lengths music has gone. No, Morton, the day of the Army bugle is over."

"I see," said Morton bravely. "You think I don't belong in music, is that what you are driving at?"

"It grieves me to say it, Morton," said Prof. Goodman, "but I don't think you are quite ready for my course. It's pretty advanced, you know. Most of the fellows have a three-year start on you. They were discharged because of draft board mistakes."

Hardly realizing in which direction their steps were taking them they walked the streets, talking. Finally, the Professor stopped Morton short in front of a shabby brownstone building. A peeling sign over the door said, "PROFESSOR CLYDE McCOY'S SCHOOL OF CORNET-PLAYING." The Professor laid a friendly hand on Morton's shoulder. "Son, if I were you, I'd ask the Army to pay your way through this prep school. When you are able to play *Sugar Blues* real good, come back and see me again."

—By Cpl. JAMES DUGAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

YANK *The Army Weekly*

M/Sgt. Arthur A. Dansby, of Phœnix, Arizona, wears Class A uniform while on duty as NCO in charge of the Army Communications System that guides ATC planes into Bromma Airport near Stockholm.

Americans

By Sgt. EARL ANDERSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN—Hans Schaefer is just starting to sweat out one year and five months at hard labor in a Swedish prison. He will have company. Three of his pals drew one year and two months at hard labor. Schaefer, a German, was the chief dispatcher during the war for the German commercial airline running into the Bromma airport, the modern municipal field serving Stockholm.

Whenever an American ATC plane prepared to take off from Bromma on the flak-harried trip over Occupied Norway to Scotland, Schaefer would call the German Legation in Stockholm. Then the Legation would call the German Air Force in Oslo and tip them off that our plane was coming over. It was as simple as that—and Schaefer got away with it until the day before the war was over. Then he was arrested as a spy, along with three other men in his office.

Yet to the Americans Schaefer was unimportant, according to Lt. Col. Maurice Marrs, CO of the present ATC base here.

"Such people just added a little more spice to the lively job of running an airline in a neutral country," said the husky CO who before the war, was a Dutch airline official

The first American soldiers to arrive in Sweden in any numbers were the bomber crews and fighter pilots of the 8th Air Force who made emergency landings there. The first plane came down near Vanacka in southern Sweden on July 24, 1943, with two engines knocked out by German flak. It made a belly landing and all the crew were safe. During the course of the war, over a hundred bombers and several fighters had a similar experience.

The internees lived as civilians in various Swedish towns, and on three days of the month received police permits allowing them to travel to the larger cities. Some found their money piling up, and looked for ways to spend it, to relieve the boredom that lives with internees under any circumstances.

One Swedish girl, for instance, was more than a little surprised, when an American lieutenant she had met quite casually in Falun appeared the very next day at her home on the outskirts of the town. He was carrying an armload of electrical wiring and appliances. He explained that he was an electrician and that he would like nothing better than to do some work around her house. He kept himself busy for several days, and left behind him a house completely rewired and electrically modernized.

Ferry crews are now flying out the bombers that can be made airworthy again. But while they were interned, the combat crews became airplane mechanics and, by cannibalizing some of the more badly damaged planes, were able to save 75 per cent of the bombers that sought refuge in Sweden.

Following the internees into this neutral country came the Americans out of uniform operating an airline under the name of the American Air Transport Service, and engaged in special military projects through the permission of the Swedish government. In March of this year, the ATC emerged as the operators of the airline. The U.S. commitments in Europe which have continued into the post-war period have kept a constant flow of traffic passing through Stockholm since VE-day. A plush C-54 arrives and departs every week on the United States run via Iceland. More frequent trips are made to Paris, Brussels, Copenhagen, Oslo, and other Continental cities.

Yes, these are U.S. sergeants and their dates. They are strolling through one of Stockholm's parks.

The six million Swedes in this country are perhaps as air-minded as any people in the world, and their newspapers discuss with evident relish the prospect of Stockholm becoming an important air center for international traffic. Already ABA, the leading Swedish airline, is pioneering a route to the United States, using the Iceland base and a converted B-17 obtained from the United States.

The men stationed here are no contributors to the gripe section of YANK's Mail Call. They like Sweden. For one thing, they came into the country in civilian clothes in deference to Sweden's neutral status, and still wear civvies off duty. The pleasure of slipping into a sports jacket and slacks for the evening is one that must be experienced to be appreciated. It's an 85 point pre-view.

Because so many people have emigrated from this country to America there is an immediate feeling of friendship between many of the Swedes and Americans. This feeling has been enhanced, particularly among the ladies, and the prevalent impression here is that most Americans are Mustang pilots. Americans became the "Mustangers" [illegible] U.S. pilots had delivered fifty P-51s, purchased [illegible] the Swedish government before VE-Day when [illegible] was still a toss-up whether the Germans would [illegible] in Norway. When one flight came over Stockholm [illegible] —after picking off two German fighters [illegible] Norway—the fliers put on an aerial exhibition [illegible] still has the Swedes talking.

Stockholm is a city of modern bridges with graceful arches were more than the happy Mustang pilots could resist. Some of the people who saw that aerial show claim that two groups of the planes went under the bridges, at the same time, and going in opposite directions. Anyhow the sky was full of planes, apparently, and they made quite an impression. Later that day the pilots went downtown in uniform, and since that time, the GIs have been the "Mustangers."

Captain Robert L. Madden of Dallas, Texas, ranking tennis player in the States, and now ATC Operations' Officer here, has played tennis with the King of Sweden on several occasions. The newspapers, which before VE-Day made frequent mention of Americans being here, always billed him as the "Wild Mustanger," though Madden is the first to assure you that the Mustang is one of the planes he has never flown.

When Madden plays, the newspapers watch his form and "condition"

But when evening brings a date with one of Sweden's young ladies, Dansby chucks off the uniform and tackles the perplexing problem of picking the right tie to match the civilian suit he will wear.

In Sweden

deplore the fact that his duties keep him at his desk so constantly that he does not have enough time to train.

Two modern, four-story apartment buildings close to the Bromma airport, in Riksby, a suburb of Stockholm, serve as ATC offices and as EM living quarters. The men sign for their meals in several different restaurants, all of them good.

THE variety and quantity of food available in a Swedish restaurant makes the eyes of the newly-arrived GI bug out like organ stops. For the first couple of days he is likely to order *smorgasbord*, consisting of perhaps eight separate dishes of fish, meat, red caviar, eggs, and other delicacies, perhaps served with a pitcher of milk; that followed by a steak with mushrooms, and the meal completed with strawberries and ice cream. After a few days when one has time to take stock of one's ration coupons the usual meal compares favorably with those in the pre-war United States.

The sound of two polite phrases, interminably repeated in restaurants, perplexes the newcomer. The waitress after serving a course will inquire, "Wash you good?" If the newcomer is accompanied by a more experienced companion, he will hear the reply, "Taximeter." The phrases, repeated with every serving, mean, "You're welcome to it"—freely translated—and the reply, "Thank you very much."

Fortunately for the GIs, and somewhat to their surprise, a great many of the Swedes speak English. It is one of the basic languages taught in their schools, and the Swedes seem to pick it up faster than the Americans are able to master the tongue-twisting Scandinavian. The word for "seven hundred and seventy-seven," for instance, sounds like an impatient train whistling in a tile-lined tunnel, and the GI who can pronounce it can be sure he has Viking blood somewhere in his family.

"Skolling" is still a national habit. When done properly the glass is raised from the table as the "skol" is sounded. Then it is carried directly to the mouth, tipped with a special little fillip, and then returned to the table with a snappy out and down movement of the arm. In some circles, the lady who is dining out takes a drink only when she is "skolled" by her escort or one of the men at the table. No "skol," no drink. Some of the "Mustangers" here say it is a custom they will try to urge on their wives and sweethearts in the States.

The Swedes, who have made an amazing variety of things out of their great natural resource—the forests—now also make "schnapps" out of wood. It is a clear liquid. With the first taste, the imbiber is likely to think that perhaps modern wood chemistry has advanced just a step too far. With about the third drink, however, even the sternest characters have been known to break out into odes on the beauties of the fir tree.

Although Stockholm's shops display a wealth of items that have not been seen in America or London for some time, some important industrial shortages have developed. Perhaps the greatest of these is coal, which has always been imported largely from Germany. The first evidence of the coal shortage are the huge stacks of wood neatly piled around almost every apartment house, in preparation for the long winters that follow the balmy summer season of 22-hour-long days.

Unless some remedy can be found, the coal shortage will be particularly noticed by Sweden's huge steel industry. Gasoline is also hard to come by. Cars, many of them American makes, are equipped with coke burners attached to the front of the hood and giving the vehicles a peculiar droop-snooted appearance—as though the driver was taking the family washing machine along for the ride.

The gasoline shortage has put the Swedes on bicycles. Stockholm seems to have more bicycles than Paris or the towns in Great Britain. And since beautiful legs are not a monopoly of the Parisians, the natural beauties of Stockholm's hills, lakes and parks are considerably enhanced in the eyes of the appreciative GI.

THERE were other things the early GIs *didn't* appreciate. Although the Swedes are very polite and quite formal, it wasn't unusual before VE-Day for the Americans to find people in the restaurants and on street cars who seemed deliberately bent on starting a quarrel. These were the Germans. The Americans were briefed to ignore them, and they did, out of respect for Sweden's hospitality. But the Americans weren't the only ones who were rubbed the wrong way by the Germans. Earlier in the war, when the going was good for the Nazis, many of the Germans here became hard to live with. The GIs hear stories of how the Germans would come into the grocery stores, for instance, push their way past others who were waiting to be served, and demand immediate attention. They tried to act like *herrenvolk*, the GIs are told.

There were, however, some Germans here who did not go along with the Nazis. Many were Social Democrats. Some were new arrivals and others had lived in Sweden for many years. Among this group were found some who cooperated actively with the Allies in exposing the evil philosophy behind Nazism. Four or five of them, for instance, would be called in by the Americans for a political discussion. While this panel of well-informed Germans would be talking, recordings would be made of the entire discussion.

Although the Germans put on a full-blown propaganda campaign here—a Swede could hardly go to his mail-box without finding German literature, some of it slyly marked "Printed in England"—much of it fell on soil as rocky as Sweden's own ground. Hitler, who found it necessary to destroy all labor unions in Germany, could hardly expect to find a broad acceptance for his philosophy in a country where unions are an integral part of the social system.

Looking out of the

Return to MANNHEIM

In a letter home, YANK's staff photographer Pfc. Werner Wolff tells what it was like to return to the bombed German city where he was born and lived as a boy.

. Mannheim is dead. The train station, the last thing we saw the night we left ten years ago, is gone, and bombs have smashed all the hotels and apartment houses. I remembered how often we used to leave by train for hikes near Heidelberg.

Our house on marked my ro

Walter's home - where, you remember, we used to have parties; a sign says "Danger of Collapsing"

The City Hall tower stands yet, but the main street on both sides of the building is stacked with piles of stone.

Liebhold's, the Jewish linen store which the Nazis seized, is now called Wagner's. It's burned out.

Even the school is destroyed although in my opinion it was bombed many years too late.

erder Strasse is so gutted I've
m with an X for you.

The iron gate in front of the house is gone, perhaps for scrap. My picture was taken here.

Frau Marzi's food store is still down the block. Her husband and children were killed by bombs.

Dad's old office is also badly wrecked and a large sign reading "We Win" lies in front of his window.

The Rhine bridge near where we used to swim is twisted and useless; one end points to the sky, the other is in water.

YOU GOTTA HAVE A SYSTEM

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

ALASKA—"Good to be back!" said S/Sgt. Bullard.

"Thatsa goddam lie," muttered Winters, and Haddington's lips formed an unkind remark, but no sound issued.

"The States," continued Bullard, "was wonderful. Hadda beat 'em off with a club. How'd everything go while I was gone?"

"Good," said Winters. Haddington's lips silently formed the word "perfect" as he bent over the stack of Form 32s.

"Look, Haddington," said S/Sgt. Bullard, "how many times do I hafta tell ya to take them forms off the *bottom* of the pile?" He tossed his traveling bag in a corner. "Is this the way you been checkin' Form 32s while I was gone?"

"How many points you got?" asked Winters, but Bullard was not to be put aside.

"Minute I leave this office everything gets messed up. It was the same when I was in the hospital—remember?"

There was no reply, but Haddington's lips twitched eloquently.

"It's like I was tellin' Capt. Daly," S/Sgt. Bullard continued. "You gotta have someone in charge here that really knows the work. Specially in the Air Corps, it's so damn technical. I said, 'Capt. Daly,' I said, 'I got two good boys workin' for me, an' they both deserve a ratin' of some kind, even it it's only pfc,' I said. 'Don't worry about that tech sergeancy for me till them boys get some kind of ratin', but of course,' I said, 'they gotta have good supervision. You gotta have somebody around who really knows what he's doin'. You gotta have a system.' "

"That," observed Winters softly, "is a crock." Haddington's lips silently finished the phrase.

"Understand," went on S/Sgt. Bullard, "I'm not sayin' that I'm specially good. Any capable experienced man could handle my job. Hell, I oughta be good, I been doin' this work long enough. A guy would be a damfool if he done this work *long as me an'* didn't learn somethin'."

"Right!" agreed *Winters almost* too quickly. Haddington made no comment, *not even a silent* one, but continued to check the stack of *Form* 32s, taking them now from the bottom of the pile.

"*It's like I* was tellin' Capt. Daly before I left, a couple of inexperienced men can run an office for awhile, but pretty soon things get messed up. 'Capt. Daly,' I said, 'this supply office would be the worst mess you ever saw without somebody in there with experience.' "

"Was that when Capt. Daly was lookin' for excess men to ship to the Infantry?" inquired Winters.

S/Sgt. Bullard glared around the room. "What are them mattresses doin' over there in the corner?" he demanded. "How many times I told you guys about that? See what I mean about havin' a system? I'd hate to see what this place looked like if I'd been gone another month!"

Winters' reply was unfortunately lost, because at that moment Capt. Daly appeared. "Welcome back, sergeant!" he said. "Have a nice furlough? Good to see you back! How does the office look? Everything in good shape?"

"Well," frowned Bullard, "it's like I was tellin' the boys—"

"Say," interrupted the captain, "did you hear the news? About the point system?"

"News? No, I just got in. I been asleep on the boat. What news?"

The captain told Bullard about the point system. "Jeez," he grinned, after some fast calculating, "that means I got 88 points. I'm practically out! Thatsa damn good system. Very fair an' sensible!"

"Of course," explained the captain, "other things will count too. If a man's too valuable, or indispensable, he won't get out no matter how many points he's got. Especially in the Air Forces."

There was a moment's silence. Winters hummed *Come Out, Come Out Wherever You Are,* and Haddington's lips worked in silent conversation.

"Well," resumed the captain, "how did things go here while you were gone? Everything in good shape?"

S/Sgt. Bullard roused himself from deep thought. "Oh, swell!" he grinned. "Wonderful. Even better then when I'm aroun'. These two boys have caught on swell—in fact I'm sorta in the way aroun' here now. Ain't that right, boys?"

"Right!" said Winters with too much enthusiasm. Haddington's lips formed a brief vulgar word, and he began to take forms from the top of the pile.

news from home

Some Senators said we'd be in bad shape if peace broke out, the coal situation got blacker and blacker, the Communists set up shop again, and some crooks appeared to be headed for a section eight.

PEOPLE who had been thinking about post-war days in terms of silk shirts and chinchilla-lined jeeps got a rude shock from the Senate War Investigation Committee last week. The Committee warned in its fourth annual report that a sudden end of the Japanese War would literally catch us with our plants down.

"Reconversion will not have progressed far enough to absorb the manpower that will suddenly be released," the report declared. "Government work programs designed to cushion the shock will not have been established. We will probably experience widespread unemployment. . . .

"Although progress is being made, reconversion has not proceeded as swiftly as it should have following cessation of hostilities in Europe. The retarding factors include delay in planning, delay in announcing and making cutbacks, lack of both raw and semi-finished materials, insufficient information available for industry to make plans far enough in advance and lack of manpower in some key places."

The Committee's main recommendation was that to clear up uncertainties and to end delays, the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion should be empowered to control all other war reconversion agencies, apparently including the War Production Board—which, incidentally, won the Committee's praise.

Chief fault of the Army, as described by the Senate group, was the wasteful hoarding of manpower. The Senators recommended the immediate release of "a relatively few men in certain key industries such as lumbering, mining, transportation and textile manufacture" so as to make possible the employment in the near future of a great many persons laid off from jobs and those discharged from the armed services.

The Committee's report seemed likely to bring the whole question of reconversion to the fore. But because Congress has adjourned until October, there was no prospect of the Senate Committee's recommendation regarding the Office of War Mobilization being transplanted into new legislation any time soon.

Potential draftees who had been thinking that maybe they wouldn't be "greeted" after all received no encouragement from Maj. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, chief of Selective Service. The general said that men will be taken into the Army up to, including, and after Victory-over-Japan Day. He explained that the new selectees were needed to maintain strong occupation forces, some of whose members have the necessary points.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation let the nation in on some aspects of the art of draft-dodging. Since Selective Service went into effect, the FBI disclosed, it had looked into 494,774 cases of alleged draft evasion. Of these, the Bureau said, 12,559 resulted in convictions totaling 32,406 years, four months and twenty-three days, and fines aggregating more than one million dollars. All of which adds up to the conclusion that the dividends of crime are still pretty slim pickings.

While on the trail of people allergic to khaki, FBI men collected some pretty weird stories. There was the California evader who explained his case saying, "I looked around and saw no fighting and heard no guns, so I stayed where I was." And then there was the story of two men whose trial on draft-dodging was interrupted when their attorney was inducted.

One evader told the FBI he was "only kidding" when he furnished his draft board with an address that turned out to be a cemetery. Another was really glad that the law caught up with him, because he learned that while he had been hiding out a relative had died and left him more than $20,000. Probably the most touching of all draft-evasion trials had as its chief figure a man who had registered under a false name. He said, "I was ashamed of my real name." When the judge asked him what his real name was, the guy replied sadly, "Julius Cæsar."

Although the Senate had passed the United Nations Charter with only two opposing votes, the general unanimity over the document was split last week by a proposal that the President appoint our Security Council delegate without having Congress first define his authority. Some Republican Senators insisted that the legislative branch should have its say on the granting of powers which involved the authority to use U.S. troops abroad to enforce decrees of the Council.

President Truman meanwhile called for full public American Association for the United Nations, the President declared that Senate ratification "is not so much the end as a beginning." Truman added, "The Senate has done its work and done it wisely, promptly and with courage. It remains now for the people of the U.S. to see to it that the Charter works. . . ."

American businessmen were squawking to the Department of Commerce in Washington over what they claimed was the consistent refusal on the part of U.S. diplomatic and military authorities to help them recover trade in Europe in competition with other nations.

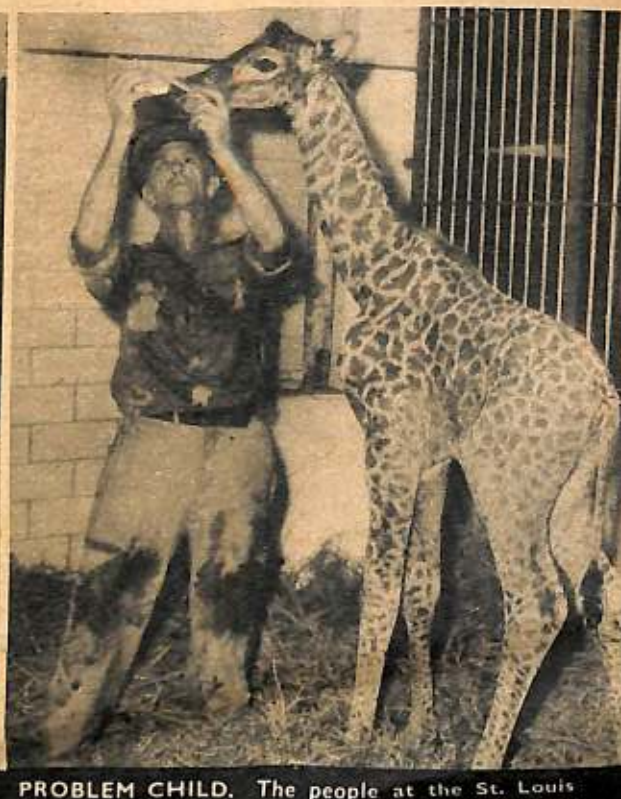
The businessmen pointed out that they got practically no help at all in meeting the difficult problems of food, lodging and transportation for themselves in formerly occupied countries such as France. On the other hand, they said, British military and diplomatic officials in France were going out of their way to assist commercial travelers from the UK, not only by giving them privileges of Army commissaries and digging up hotel rooms for them but in wangling them transportation.

All that American commercial travelers get, it was claimed, was a warning from the State Department before they sail telling them that it's tough going for civilian visitors to France and that they can expect no help from the U.S. Embassy. There was

WAR TRAVEL. You have to catch your forty any way you can in the States these days, what with the shortage of trains and people to run the things.

LIGHTS ON. This is the first picture of the famous beacon at Montauk Point, L.I., since it was relighted after being blacked out during the war.

BIG BLAZE. Nearly 1,500 men got the tough assignment of fighting this disastrous fire which spread over 27,000 acres in Oregon's Tillamook County.



PROBLEM CHILD. The people at the St. Louis Zoo said they planned to use a goat as a wet nurse for this tot, who's just six feet five inches tall.

no immediate comment on these charges in Washington.

Coal for domestic and foreign use during the coming winter drew an increasing amount of attention in the States. Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes touched off the most heated discussion by his proposal to send six million tons of coal to Europe from the States—even though there would be a deficit of thirty-seven million tons in the U.S. Sen. Styles Bridges, Republican of New Hampshire, promptly protested that the shipment of fuel abroad would be unfair to the New England states which have been shivering throughout the war.

Ickes defended the proposed allotment to Europe this way. "If immediate steps are not taken to increase the coal supply in the liberated nations of Europe to a point that will sustain human life next winter," he said, "we must expect rioting, bloodshed, and the destruction of nearly all semblance of orderly government. . . . American lives are at stake in the occupied lands where our troops are stationed to preserve order."

The Secretary again called for the release of 30,000 miners from the armed forces by October 1st and warned that American industry might have to go on a four-day week during the cold months if present fuel shortages continued. If miners aren't let out of the Army, Ickes said, the public must be prepared "to scrape the bottom of the fuel bin as never before, and even burn the bottom of the bin itself."

It might be a little better in the States as far as food is concerned pretty soon. The *Associated Press* reported that the eating requirements of the armed services have passed their wartime peak, barring unfavorable developments in the Pacific War. Military purchases of food for the year ending next June 30th, the *AP* said, were expected to drop at least eight per cent below the same period of 1944-1945.

The sheriff's men in Montgomery, Ala., seized ten gallons of evidence in a moonshine raid, but the bottom dropped out of their case. To be exact, the stuff ate its way through the metal container and went through a rug quicker than Hitler ever did.

Director of War Mobilization John Snyder denied in Washington that there had been a breakdown in the country's transport system. He announced that the War Department had arranged temporary leave for 4,000 men to return to the railway industry and that "very real progress" had been made in the recruiting of other railroad workers. Snyder asserted that these furloughed soldiers, plans to speed the release of former railway workers and the movement of 25,000 to 30,000 Army men per month across the country by airplane should "ease the strain on the roads and provide the needed manpower."

Meanwhile a labor union give a different twist to the transportation story. A. F. Whitney, president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, charged that manpower shortages in the industry were caused by the management's "do-nothing" attitude toward providing suitable wage and working conditions. "Such a policy," Whitney declared, "is good for the bankers and stockholders, but it is most damaging to the war effort and threatens another 1929 catastrophe for the entire nation."

The Communist movement in the U.S. made news at its national convention in New York by dropping its veteran leader Earl Browder and re-establishing itself as an active political party after a lapse of fourteen months. The revived Party denounced Browder's policies as a "revision of Marxism and a negation of the independent role of the labor movement and the Communist Party." William Z. Foster was named national chairman to replace Browder.

People in the States were stirred by the story belatedly coming to light of a respectable 59-year-old Long Island businessman and father of three children who took a rap of three years and four months in Sing Sing prison for a forgery he never committed. Victim of the miscarriage of justice was Bertram M. Campbell, formerly a well-to-do truck dealer, who now lives with his wife and kids in a railroad flat on top of a tavern in Floral Park, L.I.

The real forger for whose crime Campbell had to pay and who closely resembles the innocent man is Alexander D. L. Thiel, who was found in a hospital in Lexington, Ky., by the FBI. He was undergoing treatment for addiction to heroin, it was said.

Campbell, who was born in England and came to the States when he was eighteen, used to work in a Wall Street brokerage house as a $10,000-a-year customers' man and securities dealer. The firm went out of business in 1937, after which he got a good job selling trucks in Freeport, L.I. A few months later some detectives called and brought the bewildered man to New York City where they confronted him with a bank teller who identified him as Thiel. The latter gent had been signing checks with the names of big shots—and so expertly that they themselves couldn't tell whether or not the signatures were genuine.

Anyway Campbell was brought to trial charged with cashing $4,160 worth of forged checks at the Hanover Trust Company. He had been given to understand that the date of the offense was November 15th, 1937, and he felt secure in the fact that he had a watertight alibi, inasmuch as he and his wife had spent all that day shopping in Freeport. When Campbell got into court, though, he found out that the date of the forgery had been November 19th. He couldn't prove anything about that day.

The case against Campbell was strengthened by the fact that Thiel had given the bank a telephone number which was held by the truck firm which employed Campbell. How this happened, the accused man didn't know. One theory was that Thiel learned somehow that he and Campbell looked alike, trailed the latter to his office, looked up its phone number and passed it on to the bank as a sort of red herring.

Mrs. Campbell and the children had to go on relief while her husband went to prison. She managed to scrape together enough money to visit him every week and occasionally brought along the kids—two sons and a daughter. The family was snubbed by the neighbors because of Campbell's disgrace.

Campbell was released on probation in October, 1941, and went to work in Haverstraw, N.Y., for an employer who knew all about him and took compassion on him. Two years later his house burned down and he moved his family to their present home. He's now working as a $50-a-week bookkeeper, and until he is pardoned by Gov. Thomas E. Dewey must continue to report once a week to probation officers as a former convict.

Campbell's innocence came to light when Thiel was sentenced to Federal prison on another offense and confessed to the forgery laid to the ex-truck dealer. Thiel claimed he had tried to help Campbell get out of jail by pulling off another forgery just like the Hanover Trust job, but that somehow or another it didn't come off right. Campbell said he planned to ask permission of the New York legislature to sue the state to recover some compensation for the time he spent in the clink.

Another case that aroused interest was that of a notorious cop-dodger who was pinched in Brooklyn wearing the uniform of a private in the Army—with a Good Conduct Ribbon and five battle stars earned as a cook in the ETO with a bomber squadron. The guy was Charles Bergstrom, 43-year-old former convict with a record of at least eleven arrests since 1918. His pals in the chow line wouldn't know him by that name, though, because ever since enlisting at Newark, N.J., in August, 1942, he has been known as Joseph Thomas Ryan.

Bergstrom was believed to have been one of three men who provided outside assistance to a trio of convicts who shot their way out of Sing Sing in April, 1941. He fell into the hands of the police by making one of the oldest mistakes in the crime business—going back to his former home (in Brooklyn) to see his wife. The cops weren't sure they had the right man because in the place of the sallow punk they had once known, the private who called himself Ryan was a much bronzed and hardened character.

He had returned from overseas only recently and was on a three-day pass from Fort Dix, N.J. For ten hours Bergstrom protested that he was Ryan, although his fingerprints showed, police said, that he was the wanted gangster. He finally broke down and admitted he was the guy the cops were looking for. The next move was up to them, but it looked like Bergstrom was one guy that wouldn't need 85 points to get out of the Army.

The War Department announced that Brig. Gen. Elliott Roosevelt, second son of the late President, would leave the Army at his own request under regulations permitting the release of reserve officers "whose services are no longer required." Gen. Roosevelt accumulated 278 points as commander of photographic reconnaissance units in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, Britain and France. The WD explained that a reconnaissance commander had already been selected for the Pacific in a position comparable to that held by Roosevelt in Europe.

In Washington, Elliott meanwhile branded as a "deliberate, infamous lie" the reports that his late father had helped him to obtain loans which are being currently investigated by Congressional committees and the Treasury Department. "I believe," said the General, "that those millions who loved and respect him have a right to know that Franklin D. Roosevelt never promoted or assisted my personal business affairs."

Airborne Capt. Carl S. Schultz, now stationed in Germany, was very much in the middle of a Brooklyn-Berlin-Chicago marital tangle that had two continents talking. Schultz married WAC Sgt. Kanella Koulouvaris of Brooklyn in a civil ceremony in Berlin and then tried to go through a formal church ceremony. It was then that Mrs. Ruth Priscilla Schultz of Chicago spoke up. She told the

DREAM GIRLS. You don't have to read this, but Warner Bros. say these dames were chosen according to plans and specifications set up by psychoanalysts to discover just what types of women men vision in their dreams.

ROOFTOP VILLAGE. These are just a few of the fifty-three artificial houses built on top of Boeing's B-29 plant in Seattle to hide it from possible enemy air raids. From the sky you can't see that there are no bottom floors

WASHED OUT. Seagoing firemen ran a door-to-door service to rescue families in Edmonston, Md., who were trapped by the swollen waters of the Anacostia River. The cameraman accidentally included some leg art in this shot.

WORLD'S LARGEST. We can't tell whether this airborne grasshopper is coming or going, but it's called the PV-3, and it was manufactured at Sharon Hill, Pa., under the direction of the Navy for use in sea rescues and transport.

Army that she was the wife of the captain and the mother of his two children. So the Army called off the wedding to the WAC and asked the officer How, please?

Capt. Schultz said he had received information through the Red Cross that his wife had been killed in an automobile accident last May and that he had asked for Kanella's hand under the impression that he was maritally free. Back in Chicago, though, Mrs. Schultz said she was very much alive, and added: "I've sent him a letter for the last six weeks and received a $100 check from him only last week. I feel sorry for the WAC who has been taken in by the whole thing. He's gone on toots—but nothing like this."

State troopers got a weird assignment in St. Charles, Va.—that of breaking up a meeting of a religious cult which used live snakes in its rituals. Five thousand hill-dwellers from Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia raised an uproar as the cops pushed into the crowd of people—all members of the Holiness Faith Healers—who were trying to get their hands on a mass of rattlesnakes and copperheads. The troopers, armed with a writ from Gov. Colgate Darden, went into action when a cult leader dragged the squirming reptiles from an automobile and started passing them out to the crowd.

Troopers managed to kill four big mountain rattlesnakes, two of which had been wandering around inside the shirts of worshippers. The cult leaders, who claimed that the ability to handle poisonous reptiles without injury was a test of faith, protested that their religious freedom had been violated and said they'd get some more snakes and do it all over again.

The Navy was getting ready to use helicopters "in support of combat operations" in the Pacific. That became known when Comdr. Arthur J. Hesford, CO of the U.S. Coast Guard Air Station in Brooklyn, disclosed some details of the rotary-wing plane pilot training program that has turned out 117 graduates during the past year. He explained that helicopters might be used in the Far East for laying cables, rescue operations at sea, communications work among ships during radio silence, landing troops in inaccessible places, and spraying malarial areas.

The Commander said the pilot training course included learning to land and take off a sixty-by-forty-foot platform that rolls on a steel base simulating the pitching of a ship. According to Hesford, a number of Navy men had already taken the course. He added that the Coast Guard will handle the ships when they're first put in use, but that eventually the Navy will man whatever of the craft are assigned to the fleet.

As an indication of how efficient the helicopter can be in rescue work, one of the planes put on a demonstration in which it picked a man out of Jamaica Bay in two minutes after spotting him. To do so, it dropped to within fifteen feet of the man's head and then pulled him up with a hydraulic hoist. Which is a pretty deluxe way of getting out of the drink.

The *Washington Post* urged, in a front-page editorial, that a U.S. Naval Academy be built on San Francisco Bay. Observing that the Navy plans to expand personnel and facilities at Annapolis after the war, the *Post* asserted that Washington was overlooking the importance of the West Coast in the U.S. war picture. "The great port of San Francisco is the natural gateway to and from the Pacific," said the paper. "It is the great railroad terminal of the Pacific Coast. It has a vast harbor and every kind of shipping facility."

Cutbacks in war production since V-E Day will lift the nation's unemployment figures to 2,000,000 this month, the War Manpower Commission reported. But the WMC said it wasn't worried about the increase in jobless, anticipating that most of them would be absorbed in reconversion work by November. Unemployment wasn't spread evenly throughout the country, however. The WMC announced that some areas like Portland, Me.; Evansville, Ind.; Jacksonville, Fla.; Detroit; Houston, Tex., and Fresno, Calif., had a surplus of labor, while other cities such as New Bedford, Mass.; Baltimore, Md.; Akron, Ohio; Mobile, Ala., and Portland, Ore., had a shortage of manpower.

President Roosevelt's "unfinished portrait," on which Russian-born Mrs. Elizabeth Shoumatoff was working when the President was fatally stricken in the study of his Warm Springs, Ga., home last April 12th, was unveiled in a New York city department store. Mrs. Shoumatoff said she had permanently put away the box of paints with which she was working when the President died, and would not finish the picture. The portrait will probably be presented to a national museum.

Lt. Gen. Holland M. Smith, former commandant of all Marine Corps forces in the Pacific, predicted that Japan will "fold up" within six months. Visiting his mother in Montgomery, Ala., Smith explained: "The Japs haven't any fleet. They haven't any merchant marine, and their cities are being systematically destroyed one after another. Why, they can't even take their fishing boats out without getting them knocked down." The six months guess, he said, was his "personal opinion," so don't go banking on it.

Worried by rosy forecasts urging young men to "go north," Territorial Gov. Ernest Gruening warned that Alaska's post-war opportunity is limited and that GIs will make few fortunes there. The governor qualified discharged servicemen's prospects with three "ifs"—"if they have initiative, if they're willing to put up with the hardships of pioneer life, and if they have a little capital."

Number 158 is out of the Army. He's Sgt. Harry R. Bell, who got a lot of publicity back on October 29, 1940, when his mother screamed as Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson announced to a Washington audience that the first draft number was 158. After his discharge, Bell held a reunion in Palm Beach, Fla., with his wife and three-year-old son. By the way, do you remember *your* number?

A chorus of "Yoo-hoos" from returning servicemen greeted Lt. Gen. Ben Lear, Deputy Commander of ETOUSA, as he got off a transport in Boston. The yells recalled the time in 1941 when Gen. Lear ordered a long hike for soldiers in Arkansas who yoo-hooed at some girl golfers in shorts. Nothing was said about a hike this time, though.

At Fort Knox, Ky., figures were released showing that Army dentists have yanked 15,000,000 Yank teeth since Pearl Harbor. The Dental Corps also emphasized that 17,000,000 GI choppers have been "restored" during the same period. Which reminds us!

Reporters assigned to the Treasury Department asked for a new electric adding machine in the press room. They complained that the old one, installed during the Coolidge Administration, counted only up to the millions.

The joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington announced that civilians can now travel to any place in Europe except Germany, Austria and Italy. The State Department added a few "ifs," however. It reminded prospective travelers that because of the transportation shortage they might be a long time coming back; that they might even get stuck inside Europe at some place they don't want to be.

It was a screwy sort of week in the burglary trade. In Salina, Kansas, a meat-hungry GI dashed into a restaurant, seized a twelve-pound roast—pan and all—and made off with it. In Mobile, Ala., some viper stole the entire Monday's washing belonging to Mrs. Charles Perez—including a lot of irreplaceable diapers. In Harford, N.Y., some bloke swiped thirteen six-pound chickens from a henhouse and left thirteen others weighing four pounds each. And finally, nervous intruders who grabbed $10,000 worth of cash and jewellery from the Chicago detective bureau left a trail of 75 cigarette butts and match stubs.

IT HAPPENED BACK HOME

A GENT by the name of Vernon Van Duyn got fined fifteen smackers for parking on a street in Pocatello, Idaho, without an automobile. Police testified that he stuck a nickel in the parking meter and then sat down on the curb and shooed motorists away from his space. In court, Van Duyn insisted that it shouldn't make any difference what you park, just as long as you pay for it. But Judge Charles Brown ruled that the defendent should have confined his parking to the saloon.

The COVER

On an aircraft carrier in the Pacific, Sgt. Lonnie Wilson, of YANK, photographs a catapult take-off. Carrier's 5-inch guns frame the picture.

Pictures: 1, Sgt. Lon Wilson. 2, upper, S/Sgt. Edward A. Andros; centre, Signal Corps; lower, Sgt. W. E. Bonhoff. 3, S/Sgt. Andros. 4, Sgt. Bonhoff. 5, Cpl. Richard Douglas. 6, Sgt. Bill Young. 7, Acme. 8, Sgt. Bill Young. 12, 13, Pfc. Werner Wolff. 15, top row, Acme; bottom row, P.A. 16, top, I.N.P.; bottom, Wide World. 17, Acme. 20, 21, upper, Warner Bros.; lower, M-G-M. 22, Universal Pictures. 23, Signal Corps.

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MAIL CALL

Throw the Hooks

Dear YANK,

In reply to Lt. Richard S. Field, Jr.'s letter on Courts Martial, let me say that whereas he may be basically right he obviously has deliberately overlooked a vital point. I refer to the "Investigating Officer."

On countless occasions the investigating officer would, after having gone into the facts, recommend either punishment under the 104th Article of War or trial by a Summary Court. Yet, despite the recommendation by an impartial officer, the Exec of the outfit would insist upon "Throwing the Hooks into Him." He would override the recommendation, and God help the victim.

Too often are men subject to the petty jealousy and hate of officers who are their superiors in rank, yet definitely their inferiors as far as manliness is concerned.

Britain. 1st Lt. GILBERT R. FRIEDMAN

Combat Training Cadre?

Dear YANK,

I have recently read several letters from noncoms who are now overseas suggesting that the training cadre now in the States be replaced by men with combat experience. With all due respect to these men who have been in combat, generally speaking it just does not work out.

For one thing, the men coming back from theaters of war to these training camps do not want to settle down to the routine of training required of them. They simply don't take any interest in teaching men IRTC methods. Another is, IRTC sets up certain standards of training. With few exceptions these standards do not deviate from the "book." It makes no difference how much experience a man has had on the field of battle, if IRTC says a subject is to be taught a certain way it will be taught that way. A veteran may disagree in many respects with our training, but he is absolutely helpless to change it. I know because I have seen this very thing happen.

I agree our trainees should have more practical work and perhaps less garrison. More night problems and less time spent on the PRI circle. "Teach the men how to grab that rifle or machine gun and fire it, to hell with the manual of arms" is the cry from overseas. Well, that is exactly what we would like to do, but when IRTC S-3 plans our work for us that is what we teach.

These facts convince me the men who have not been "over" take more interest in teaching the trainees what the AGF wants them taught. We just do not know any different. Please don't think I am "bucking" to stay here in the States. Fact is, I'm expecting my shipping orders immediately if not sooner.

Camp Gordon, Ga. Sgt. GEORGE W. PAGE

Discharge Points

Dear YANK,

I am a 39-year-old bald-headed pre-Pearl Harbor father of two boys drafted in March 1941, ten months before we entered the war.

Now in my fifth year in the service with one-half of it overseas, I find that I am refused a discharge because I am declared essential due to a critical "spec" number, which by the way, was given to me only a few months ago. The "critical" angle is very questionable since my 12-year-old son could perform the duties to which I am assigned; namely, charge of quarters on a night shift.

My replacement was found and reported for duty over a week ago and we are both still on the job, so you see it isn't a question of a replacement being found, nor a shortage of manpower.

On investigation I find that I am frozen regardless because I am in the Service Forces. I did not ask to be assigned there but took my given assignment and performed my duties to the best of my ability. Now it seems I am being penalized for it. So, I wonder if the "point system" with its usual strings attached is a fair deal for the veterans? Figure it out for yourself:

	Points
50 months' service before May 12, '45	50
27 months overseas	27
3 battle stars (5 points each)	15
2 children (one is over 18 and a Marine)	12
TOTAL	104

. . . This old man is wondering if he ever does get out whether he'll be able to compete with all these young fellows being discharged by the thousands for a job in order to support his family.

ASF, Miami, Fla. (Name Withheld)

Carbine Carving

Dear YANK,

I'm sure that at one time or another every GI who has an old-style carbine has had trouble in pushing the clip-release button instead of the safety button. The two buttons are located very close together to be operated with the forefinger of the right hand.

With a knife we cut out a path to the safety button about one-eighth inch in depth, then smooth it out with a piece of sharp glass towards the pistol grip of the carbine. This method has been found by myself and other fellows of my outfit to be a very successful and quicker and better way for the forefinger to get to the safety button instead of straying to the clip-release button, which if pushed will cause the ammunition clip to drop from the weapon to the ground.

We hope this simple operation will prove to be a help to the GI who has a carbine for his protection.

Philippines. Cpl. JOHN R. SADLOWSKI

Tough War

Dear YANK,

This is written to console the four pfcs whose letters you published under the heading "Automatic Pfcs." These men, though happy that others would automatically make the pfc after a year, were bemoaning the fact that their T/Os held them back. Well, listen to this:

My rate is pfc. I am a navigator. I am responsible for all and doing all that any aircraft navigator in the U.S. armed forces is doing except that my flights are longer than the average and are to small pinpoint islands in many cases. Then, practically all of my flying is over water.

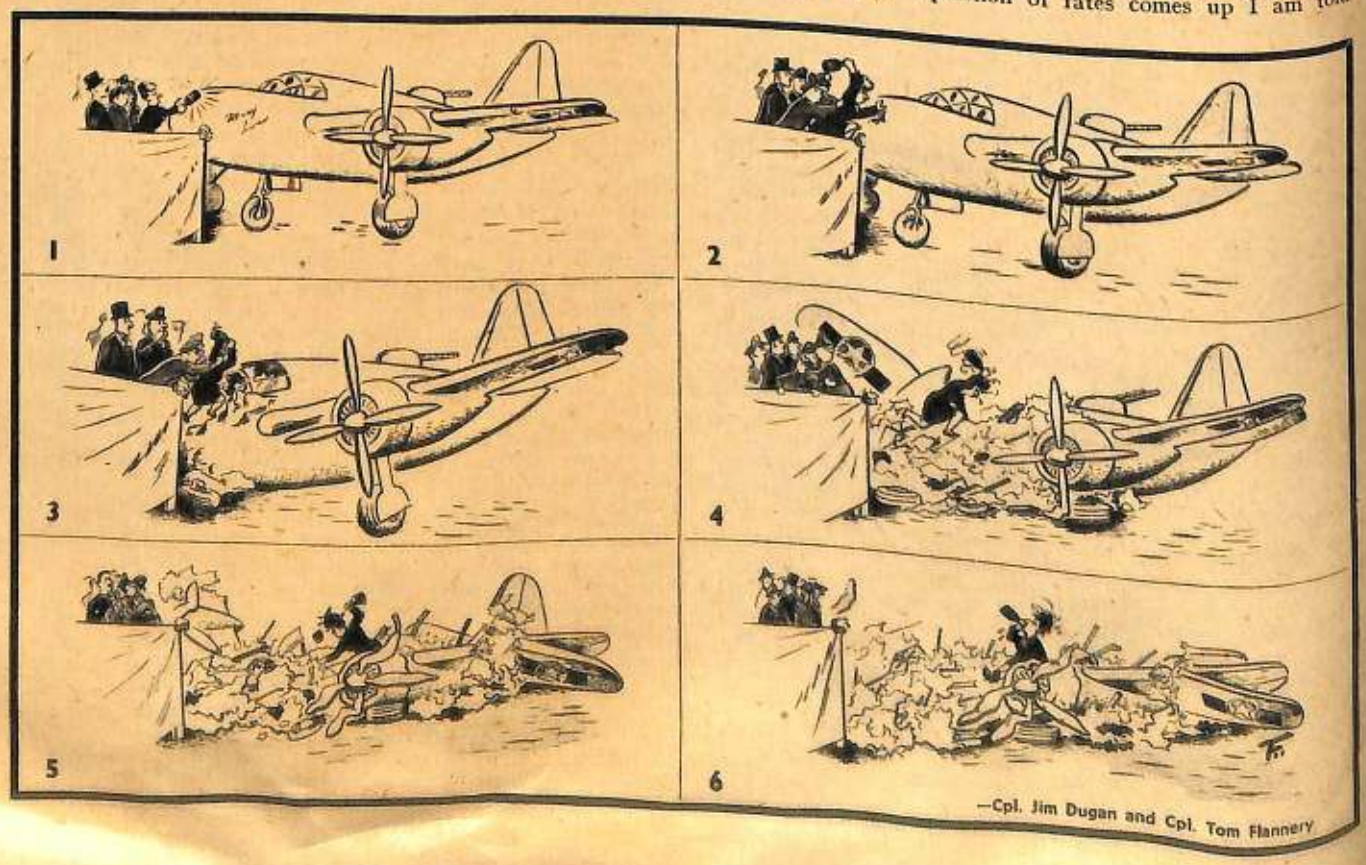
Now in the Army and Navy all qualified navigators are officers but not so the Marine Corps. I have been navigator for over a year as pfc. I have been in my present squadron for eight months and the T/O calls for no navigator below the rank of staff sergeant yet I remain a pfc.

There are many men in the Army with the rank of captain doing my identical job.

My friends outside the service refuse to believe I am a navigator for they think all navigators are officers.

And a few more points: I have a college degree in engineering, my IQ is 25 points above that required to be an officer, my ability to navigate has never been questioned. I have never been lost and I was one of the top men in my class in navigation school.

Yet in the face of all this when the question of rates comes up I am told



—Cpl. Jim Dugan and Cpl. Tom Flannery

"rates" are frozen."

Tell your pfc correspondents, "It's a tough war."

Pacific. **Pfc. GEORGE BRAILSFORD, USMC**

Double Trouble

Dear YANK,

I wish to reply to Lt. Richard Wynn, the ex-P.W. There is a lot of merit to his argument urging GIs to stop "bitching"; however, I would like to relate a story that, to me, seems to justify it.

One day, prior to my induction, I ordered a steak in a small town restaurant. The steak was too tough to eat. When I complained to the waitress she said, "What the hell are you complaining about. Gandhi hasn't eaten for three weeks." (He was on a hunger strike at the time.) If what the lieutenant says is true, there is only one person in the world entitled to bitch. That would be the person with the most trouble because compared to him we all have it good. If I were robbed of two dollars and my neighbor was only robbed of one dollar, I still think he's entitled to complain even though I suffered twice as much. "Bitching" is good for soldiers; un-aired gripes are like a cancer, but once they are aired most of them can be laughed off.

Sgt. GEORGE CONSTABLE

Britain.

Going Home

Dear YANK,

I am at an Air Force Reinforcement Depot, preparatory to going back to the States for an overage discharge. There are also here many Air Corps men who, having 85 points or over, are also being discharged. I have two room-mates out of the Eighth Air Force. Both have one child apiece. One man was a mess sergeant. He has 105 points. He has five battle awards which earned for him 25 points. He has been overseas 26 months. The other man was a KP pusher. He has 99 points. Six battle awards have brought him 30 points, although he has been overseas only 13 months. Now, here is the remarkable part. Neither man has left the UK during that entire time nor have they ever been bombed or strafed. Still, they received 25 and 30 points, respectively, for "battle awards."

This, of course, is an abuse of the point system, but on questioning them they don't seem to think their cases are exceptional, as they say they know of many similar cases in their outfits.

I let the justice of these awards, in these two cases, speak for itself, but just what in the first place, was the purpose of including battle awards in the system of scoring? Was it to reward men who had actually been under the strain of combat?

Pfc. THOMAS NEWBAUER

Britain.

Late Stork

Dear YANK,

I have a son born on the 29th of June, 1945. According to the point system, as I understand it, I am not entitled to the 12 points given to GIs who have a dependent child under 18 years of age. What I would like to know, is there any amendment or modification to the point system, whereby I'd be entitled to the 12 points? It seems to me that there is no difference in the dependency whether a child is born before or after May 12th. It seems unjust that a date should be set on this.

NEW FATHER

Britain.

[We haven't any more information than what has already been printed in the "Stars and Stripes," their issue of August 3. According to the report published on that date, it was announced that there would be a compilation of points, allowing for service after May 12, so that 1,500,000 men in all will be discharged on points by June 1, 1946.—Ed.]

Broken Dreams

Dear YANK,

Our average length of time overseas is two years, during which we overhauled aircraft engines for the Eighth, Ninth and Fifteenth Air Forces. We succeeded in breaking the world's record for four consecutive months and were commended by our general each time. Every Tom, Dick and Harry were awarded battle stars, but none for us. All well and good, for we were satisfied with the knowledge that our work here was well done and we were willing to finish up in the Pacific. They declared us surplus and issued orders to redeploy us via the States, which was swell. We were more than satisfied. We wrote home telling our loved ones to expect us, threw away personal articles to satisfy shipping requirements, and in general fell in line with the idea, for we were rewarded with that dream of 30 days at home. Then after spending seven days at a Reinforcement Depot (waiting for our dream boat) our hopes were shattered with the news that the War Department rescinded the orders. We are to become members of the Ninth Air Force on the Continent. The Army was instrumental in breaking our families' hearts.

S.A.D. No. 1

Britain.

Monkeys and Catspaws

THERE is an old fable, one of the oldest, about a monkey who persuaded a cat to pull chestnuts out of the fire for him. The monkey got his chestnuts all right, but the cat was burned.

The fable has a moral for veterans.

Most of us are still in uniform, but the trickle of discharges before VE-Day has swollen to a small stream and it will be a torrent after the Jap war is ended.

We are not cats, but there are a number of people who would like to use us, once we attain veteran status, as the monkey used the cat in the fable. The first give-away of such groups and individuals is their tendency to look on veterans as a unit of balance in politics or economics.

It is easy to see the motives of those who, on the one hand, would like to see a strong veterans' movement against labor unions and, on the other, a strong veterans' movement against private capital. It might be a good idea for us, before we get out of uniform, to wise up to some of the rallying cries of both groups.

One bunch of salesmen will tell us that this has been just another suckers' war and that the only result of it has been to transfer money into pockets already loaded.

Well, some people are making money out of the war, but there is also proof that the whole show is something more than a purely financial transaction. There are the evidence of Nazi terrorism uncovered in Europe and the marks of Jap brutality still casting a shadow over Asia. There are the people who have been saved from these threats and there is our own country freed from the danger of existing in a world dominated by Germany and Japan. The war hasn't been a perfect solution of all world problems, but, if the nations who fought together can work together in peace, there may be greater hope ahead for all of us than ever before.

The other crowd of salesmen will tell the same story of the uselessness of the war with a new and ugly twist. They will be the boys who want to go backward in history. They will try to show us that workers in the U.S. got fat while we were overseas and that they stabbed us in the back with strikes. They want an isolated America, governed from the top and for the top.

Well, some workers made a lot of money just as some employers did. And there were strikes, but they were comparatively few and held up war production no more than some Army snafus held up distribution of war supplies. The average civilian war worker has acted no better and no worse than the average GI. And we don't have to go backward.

The only point is to beware of these salesmen. This doesn't mean giving up our right to take sides. It means holding on to our right to make our own decisions and not playing follow-the-leader when the leader may be simply another monkey who wants to use us.

It means to beware particularly of the characters who try to show us what we should be against without showing us what we should be for.

God willing, all of us are going to have the chance to spend more years as civilians than the two or three or four or five never-to-be-forgotten years of soldiering. Let's make our decisions, as much as possible, as individual American civilians and let's avoid the sweet talk of the monkeys.

If they want their chestnuts so damn much, they can pull them out themselves.

Unauthorized Ribbons

Dear YANK,

After receiving several letters from boys who have gone home on rotation, we have come to the firm conclusion that each soldier should have and carry with him at all times a certificate showing the ribbons he is authorized to wear. We hear that soldiers who have never seen overseas service wear theater as well as other ribbons promiscuously. Medals won by sweat and blood should not be bought with nickels and dimes. Let only those wear them who earn them.

We suggest that each soldier upon departure from his parent organization be given a certified card showing the ribbons authorized by the regimental adjutant, and that all ribbons come through Army channels only.

Philippines. **Pfc. ELLIS MANDEL**

His Hat is Off

Dear YANK,

With reference to your article, *On Battle Participation Stars for Air Force Service Units*, my hat is off to that exalted body, the War Department, for its skilful use of ambiguous language.

Obviously, the War Department has coldly calculated that once and for all a hot issue would be successfully dropped and that the necessity for admitting a grievous error would be eliminated. The War Department has deftly side-stepped a delicate situation, saved face and precluded the need for corrective action.

It is inconceivable that any military—or civil—administrative body could be so discriminatory and prejudicial to the best interests of fair play and equality, that it could be so indifferent when many thousands of servicemen are seriously affected.

I should hate to think that our War Department, after its brilliant and history-making successes, cannot cope with or find an equitable means of distributing combat participation stars or of releasing men under the Demobilization Plan when they have fully contributed to those successes in the field.

Britain. **S/Sgt. WILLIAM J. SLAVIN**

Regulars Ride Free?

Dear YANK,

I'm making this bid for the regular serviceman who will remain in the forces, Army, Navy, Marines, Coast Guard, etc., in the post-war period, and hope this message catches the eye of some military authority who can champion the cause for free railroad travel warrants for all members of the armed forces. I firmly believe that the railroads, the people of the U.S. and the War Department will all agree that the serviceman is worthy of this privilege.

Britain. **Cpl. WM. JACOBSON**

Tax Exemption

Dear YANK,

There have been various suggestions as to what can be done to enable the returning serviceman (or woman) to have a better chance of normalizing his way of living. It has occurred to me that one feature which would be of definite benefit to the returning person to civilian life would be the alleviation of Federal income taxes (or exemption) for a period of five to 10 years. By and large each serviceman has to go back to a situation in which he is going to be at a certain disadvantage, and this is one feature (it could be added to the GI Bill of Rights) that would give him a better opportunity to become normally enveloped once again in his civilian way of life.

Many returning men are not going to be able to successfully go to their old jobs, for many reasons, so why not give them a little time to set their roofs in a spot where they can adjust themselves much better and not penalize them with the ever-facing necessity of Federal income taxes. The requisite for such a benefit could be any type of discharge except dishonorable discharge.

Burma. **Cpl. LENNY LERNER**

Corn Whiskey

Dear YANK,

In regards to the GI Bill of Rights, it is possible to borrow up to a certain sum of money to set a man up in business. Here is my problem. My occupation, before entering the Army was the corn liquor business. Now, could the government loan me the money to set up a new still and equipment to transport my West Virginia dew?

Britain. **Pfc. BERKSPHERE**

[Shh!! The very walls have ears.—Ed.]

The Pin-up (page 22)

THIS is one of our days for statistics, so: Elyse Knox was born in Hartford, Conn., she weighs 110 lbs., she is 5ft. 3in., her eyes are blue and her hair is blond. Before she went into the movies her face had appeared on at least 9,284 magazine covers—or maybe it was 9,285. Her new movie for Universal Pictures is "Moonlight and Cactus."

The Picture Business

War-time restrictions result in sets made from chewing gum and glue, but cameras bravely continue to grind out epic after epic.

By Pvt. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Writer

LOS ANGELES—The only thing head waiters in Hollywood used to have over their fellow workers in New York City was a carefree manner. Head waiters in the movie colony never had to think twice about placing people at the right tables; it was simply a matter of money brackets. You seated five-grand-a-weekers in the first row, three-grand-a-weekers in the second row, and so on down the line until you arrived at the five-hundred-a-week slave to whom you gave a seat in the men's room or just quietly threw out.

But the war has changed things, and nowadays there are enough five-grand-a-weekers to fill the Hollywood Bowl. It's a situation that is driving Hollywood head waiters nuts. There is the sad report, for example, of a former maitre d'hotel at Romanaoff's who, vacationing in a strait-jacket at a Beverly Hills sanatorium, keeps muttering to himself, "Go to hell, Mr. Mayer; no tables. Go to hell, Mr. Mayer; no tables."

No doubt about it, business in Hollywood is booming these days. You have only to compare the gross take of a peace-time year with that of 1944 to get the idea. In 1941, box offices throughout the U. S. raked in $684,000,000; last year that figure was almost doubled. Besides giving the industry a boom, the war has changed its manners and its traditions; the war, too, has brought Hollywood shortages, responsibility and Lauren Bacall.

You can't get the complete picture from fiscal reports. They fail to note such significant signs of the times as that an eatery on Sunset Strip is paying its dishwashers $7.50 a day or that extras whose mouths once watered at the mention of a day's work have become so snobby that Central Casting has instructed its switchboard girls to be polite to these low-caste members of the colony. "Never thought I'd see the day," one official said recently, "when the motto at Central Casting would be, 'The extra is always right.' It's about time those people got a break."

MAYBE it's because people haven't the gas to get out of town and maybe it's because it gives them the jitters just to sit by their radios and worry, but whatever the reason, movie houses that once were in the habit of booting out B pictures after a three-day run are now holding them for as long as three weeks, and any decent A release gets a box-office play that would make "Gone With the Wind" seem a flop.

The natural reluctance of exhibitors to change their marquee billing while a picture is still packing them in has caused most studios to slow down production. Most of them have a 6-to-8-month backlog of pictures. Quickie producers, those gentlemen who hang out on Gower Street making pictures out of a cigar and a promise, are in the chips and are seeing the inside of the Brown Derby for the first time in their lives.

One of these gentlemen got a little too money-hungry not long ago and is currently in court facing a suit filed against him by Noah Beery Jr. It seems the cuff-producer hired the actor at the handsome rate of $300 a day, placed him in front of a camera, and kept shooting him in various poses, with and without a black mask. After a single day of this, the producer paid Beery his 300 fish and bade him goodbye.

"I thought it was funny for that guy to hire me just for one day," Beery later said, "but I didn't think anything more about it until friends began to tell me how terrific I was in a serial called 'The Masked Rider.' Then I found out that this guy had used a masked extra through a series of 12 pictures, adding at the end of each chapter a picture of my undraped kisser."

Hollywood has its share of troubles during the war, by far the most important of which have been the drastic Government restrictions on supplies. Film, gasoline and lumber allotments were cut almost in half after Pearl Harbor, and art directors were ordered to limit the cost of sets to an average of $5,000. The studios received practically no nails at all and each studio was limited to a meager two pounds of hairpins a month. As a matter of fact, the shortage of nails and hairpins, trivial though such items may seem, at one point nearly stopped production. Carpenters were frantically pasting sets together with glue, and glamor girls had to let down their hair, Hays office or not.

So far as nails were concerned, the answer came from an enterprising carpenter who invented a Rube Goldberg device to pull them out of used lumber. It looked like something to smash atoms with but it did the trick and straightened the nails in the bargain.

To beat the hairpin shortage, studio hairdressers checked hairpins out as carefully as if each one of them were a Norden bombsight. Every night, actresses to whom mink coats are trifles were ordered to return their hairpins to their hairdressers, who sterilized the pins and then doled them out again the next day.

The film shortage was the toughest to beat. Directors found themselves hamstrung in the number of takes they could shoot; no longer was a temperamental megaphone genius permitted to shoot the same scene 50 times. Actors were ordered to come to the sets prepared to face the camera with a polished version of their roles. Delmar Daves, a director at Warner Brothers, feels that in the long run the film shortage has been a boom to Hollywood. "The actors have had to know their lines," he says, "and it's made for less sloppy acting."

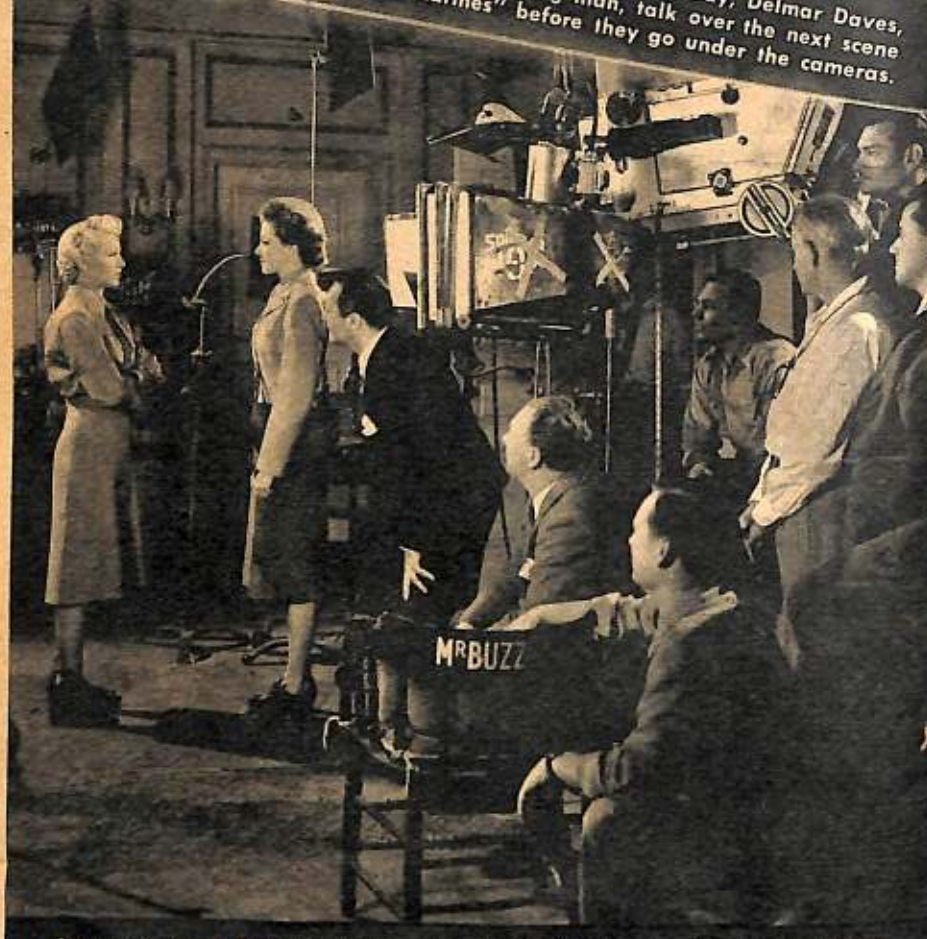
The restrictions inevitably brought many other changes to the industry. Art directors who once guarded secrets with their lives became real neighborly and borrowed sets from one another with the chummy nonchalance of a mess sergeant borrowing a cup of sugar from the next mess hall. Instead of building sets that would do for just one picture, studios took to designing them so that, with a little face-lifting, a middle-class home in Middletown could overnight become a swanky estate on Long Island. In one such instance, Warner Brothers by spending no more than chicken feed converted a set it had used as the humble home of a Philadelphia defense worker in "The Pride of the Marines" into the smart kiss-coop of a Pasadena playboy in "Mildred Pierce."

Tailoring its needs to conform with curtailed supplies is by no means the only way in which Hollywood has shown that it knows there's a war on. The movie industry has also been the most generous in the entertainment field in supplying overseas troops, half of them prints of full-length features. In addition, the Hollywood Victory Committee, in conjunction with the USO Camp Shows, has been supplying "live" talent right along to troops at home and overseas. To date, the total GI attendance in the U. S. alone has come to well over 60,000,000. No figures for attendance overseas are available, but USO performers have traveled more than 2,000,000 miles to entertain troops.

EVER since the Horsley brothers leased the old Blondeau Tavern and barn at Sunset and Gower in 1911 in which to produce the first movie in Hollywood, the star has been the most important element in cinema business. The war hasn't changed the system much. To be sure, the five top box-office names of 1944—Betty Grable, Bing Crosby, Gary Cooper, Spencer Tracy and Roy Rogers—are old favorites, but on the other hand there are a lot of new and already-famous faces around the lots these days.

The studios are giving the male contingent of this new talent the same old ballyhoo build-up, but with a new twist, generally believed to be based on the swooning fad started by The Voice, Frank Sinatra. Nowadays a male star is plugged in direct proportion to the number of girls who faint at the sight of him. In most instances, the press agent of a new glamor girl must get her

Jerry Wald, producer, Eleanor Parker, leading lady, Delmar Daves, director, and John Garfield, leading man, talk over the next scene in "The Pride of the Marines" before they go under the cameras.



Actresses Lana Turner and Laraine Day rehearse a scene in a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture about the Wacs. Eddie Buzzell is directing them.

Here's proof that they can still pick 'em out in Hollywood. These girls were chosen by MGM to act in the Ziegfeld Follies. Wardrobe women are getting them ready for a coming number.

known as THE something or other if his client hopes to get very far.

The outstanding male star to rise in the past two years is Van Johnson, a tow-headed, not too pretty-looking fellow with an amiable grin. Johnson was apparently headed for a B-picture career at MGM until the war wiped away this studio's top layer of actors. When MGM lost Jimmy Stewart, Clark Gable and Robert Taylor, it started looking for a new face. Johnson, physically unfit for military service because of a head injury he suffered in an automobile crash, was the most promising male on the lot. The studio gave him a grand send-off, and Johnson has taken care of himself very nicely.

The new lovelies of the screen are known as The Shape, The Face, The Eye, The Nose, The Foot and, privately, by more intimate parts of the human anatomy. By far the most successful THE girl to make her debut in the past few years is The Look, who signs her name Lauren Bacall. Lauren, a Warner Brothers property, is a blonde-haired chick with a tall, hippy figure, a voice that sounds like a sexy foghorn and a pair of so-what-are-you-going-to-do-about-it eyes.

Miss Bacall's success has caused quite a commotion in her studio. After the release of her first picture, "To Have And To Have Not," all the pretty girls who have replaced boys as messengers at Warner Brothers started emulating The Look, slinking around with long hair and defiant eyes and delivering messages in voices that sounded like young frogs in mating season.

Another cinema bombshell is Yvonne De Carlo, alias The Veil. She is a little dancer from Canada who has appeared in only one picture, "Salome, Where She Danced," but that was enough to set the boys whistling as she unpeeled a mean shape, removing seven veils and acquiring a name.

REALISTS have found encouragement in the fact that screen writers, when they attempt to get their teeth into the war itself, are beginning to realize that combat doesn't consist exclusively of one or two handsome American heroes, very much alive, and millions of dirty Japs, very much dead. Instead of just taking a 4-F writer's idea of combat, the studios are bringing in technical advisors who have been under fire.

One of the most realistic pictures to come out of Hollywood recently, "Objective Burma," was a product of this new technique. GIs with combat stars may complain that there are a few too many dead Japs even in this one, but if so, they've got only former comrades-in-arms to blame, for Jerry Wald, who produced the picture, went out and hired discharged combat veterans to guide him. As a result, the soldiers in "Objective Burma" look like real doughs and react to combat like so many Mauldin characters.

"I had these veterans mingle with the extras," Wald says. "I made them show the other actors exactly what happens in the line, or as much as you can show without actually being there.

"I put it to these former GIs this way: 'This war is grim enough without us phoneying it up. When you were over there you saw pictures about war that embarrassed you. Well, don't let's do that here. If you don't like anything yell and we'll change it.' The kids yelled plenty and we listened."

Such instances are becoming commonplace nowadays. Last winter a GI just back from the Pacific was having lunch with a producer and happened to mention eating out of a 10-in-1 ration box. "What the hell is that?" the producer asked. The GI explained, at which the producer leaned forward earnestly and pleaded with him not to tell anyone else. "It'll wow 'em. A 10-in-1 box, imagine!"

One of the most striking changes in the industry during the past three years has been the rise of the independent producer. Studio people say that the lone wolf has come into his own largely for two reasons. One is that New York bankers these days will back almost any picture anyone cooks up and the other is that the capital-gains system of paying taxes has been found to be a highly thrifty one. "Backing a picture today," said a Wall Street gent recently, "is safer than betting Hoop Jr. to show." As for that matter of taxes, a producer working on a salary basis gets nicked in the higher personal-income brackets, but if he forms a corporation and produces independently, his profits will be taxed at the relatively low rate of 25 percent.

The lone-wolf craze is not confined to full-time producers alone. Writers, directors and actors are also going solo. Jimmy Cagney, Bing Crosby, Eddie Cantor and Ginger Rogers are just a few of the stars who have set up their own producing concerns. Sam Wood, who directed "For Whom The Bell Tolls" has formed his own unit and so has Preston Sturges, who wrote and produced "The Great McGinty." Right now, at least 71 producing units are competing with each other.

The prospect of watching temperamental stars produce their own pictures has the wise boys along Vine Street laughing. But they aren't the only ones who see the potential humor in the situation. Ginger Rogers, who has never been the easiest person to work with, has summed it up by saying: "Now I'll have to carry a mirror around the lot if I want to argue with anybody."

PICTURE trends remain stable, except that at the moment there's an unusual demand for horror pictures and for dramas based on the problems of returning servicemen. The titles of some of the recent releases in the first category speak for themselves—"Mad Ghoul" and "Lady and the Monster" are two typical ones. In the latter group have been such pictures as "I'll Be Seeing You" and "Enchanted Cottage." "I'll Be Seeing You," with Ginger Rogers and Joseph Cotten, concerned the fate of a veteran mustered out for psychoneurosis, while "Enchanted Cottage," with Robert Young and Dorothy McGuire, presented the problems of a soldier whose face had been disfigured in combat.

Now that the war in Europe is over, Hollywood is setting down in brass tacks its postwar plans which before VE-Day never got past the talking stage. Ten major studios have formulated a plan for the re-employment of the approximately 6,000 former studio workers who are now in the service. The basic plan is this: Every studio will hire a psychologist trained in personnel work whose main job will be to interview each returning former employee and figure out where he'll fit in best. Jobs will be adapted to the abilities of disabled veterans. Each ex-serviceman will be given at full pay all the sick-leave and vacation time that has piled up in his absence—a fairly juicy slice of the war-boom melon in any man's language.

Exhibitors all over the country, having already enjoyed a generous share of that melon, plan to build at least 1,000 theaters within the first two years after VJ-Day. There are no elaborate, Roxy-type houses on the schedule; most of the new theaters will be modest jobs accommodating from 600 to 1,000 persons.

The studios are also looking hopefully toward foreign markets. As the magazine *Fortune* pointed out in a recent article, foreign film rentals used to account for approximately 11 percent of the industry's profits. The studios are eager to begin picking up that lost 11 percent again. But here the outlook isn't too rosy because several European countries are planning to finance motion picture companies right in their own backyards.

But unless the postwar world turns out to be a whole lot different from the prewar world, Hollywood figures it can more than hold its own against outside competition.

Elyse Knox

YANK

Pin-up Girl

JOE'S POST-WAR PLAN

By Cpl. DICK PEEBLES
YANK Field Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN THE ALEUTIANS—T/Sgt. Joe Louis says that his much-discussed and eagerly-awaited return bout with Billy Conn won't take place until at least three months after T/Sgt. Louis gets himself separated from the Army. When that separation will take place, T/Sgt. Louis has no idea. He has only 61 points.

A lot of people have been wondering whether or not the Brown Bomber will retire from the ring after he retires from the Army. After all, he has been boxing professionally since 1934, winning 56 out of 57 bouts, 49 of them by knockouts. He has held the heavyweight championship since June 22, 1937, longer than any other champion except the great John L. Sullivan, who reigned from 1882 to 1892. During his administration he has defended his crown more often than any previous title holder, putting it on the line 21 times and winning 19 of those championship appearances by knockouts. His total ring earnings to date are estimated at $2,263,784.

Nobody could blame Joe, therefore, if he decided to quit. But from the way he talked here recently during his tour of the Aleutians and Alaska he has no intention of quitting until after he fights Conn once more in the postwar world. He won't say whether he plans to retire after the Conn fight.

Of course, a Louis-Conn meeting after the war is too tempting a financial plum for him to ignore. Most people in boxing expect it to bring more than two million dollars into the box office. If the circumstances are right it even could rival from a money viewpoint the second Tunney-Dempsey bout in Chicago, which established an all-time high of $2,650,000. It is also reported that Mike Jacobs, the promoter, expects to get

T/Sgt. Joe Louis is the third man in the ring in this bout in the Aleutians, which Joe toured recently.

five million dollars for the Louis-Conn television rights, if television is sufficiently established throughout the land when the fight takes place.

Joe told the GIs who questioned him here that he planned to adopt the same kind of rushing tactics in his second attack on Conn as he used in his second fight with Max Schmeling.

"The last time I tried to box with him," Joe said. "This time I'm going to carry the fight to him early."

The last time, Joe knocked out Conn in the wild 13th round after it seemed as though the championship was about to change hands. The referee, Eddie Joseph, had given Conn seven of the first 12 rounds and had credited Louis with five rounds. One judge, Marty Munroe, had scored one round even, giving Conn seven and Louis four, and the other judge, Patsy Haley, had awarded six rounds to Louis and six rounds to Conn. We asked Joe if he had knocked out Conn in the 13th because he felt it was the only way he could win the fight.

"No," said Joe. "I thought I still had a chance of winning without knocking him out. But I knew I had to win those last two rounds."

The Bomber doesn't consider Conn the toughest fighter he ever faced. He reserves that honor for Max Baer. He says that Baer could take punishment better than the other heavyweights he has fought. He also says that Baer could hit harder than any of the others and that he had the best right-hand punch.

Joe says that Arturo Godoy had the most difficult style to fight against. He considers Lou Nova the biggest flop he ever encountered. The Louis board of strategy expected a lot of trouble from Nova. Instead, Joe found him a pushover and knocked him out easily in six rounds.

With the exception of Conn, the champion doesn't see anyone on the heavyweight horizon whom he considers a serious contender for his title. He believes that Jimmy Bivins, the Cleveland Negro, is the No. 1 civilian heavyweight right at the moment. Although he doesn't come right out and say so, you get the idea from talking to him that he isn't lying awake at night worrying about Bivins.

In his travels through the camps in the States and in the European and Alaska-Aleutian theaters, Joe has noticed three GIs whom he considers likely prospects.

"I saw two fellows in Italy who looked pretty good," he says. "One was a fellow from Brooklyn they called Baby Dutch. The other was Johnny Ebarb from Oakland, California. Here in the Aleutians I've seen one boy I like—Willie Brown from Omaha. All these boys have never fought as pros, understand. But they might develop after the war."

Joe seems to be in good physical condition today except for a slight excess of weight around his middle which would melt off rapidly if he went into serious training. The GIs who are travelling with him say that he won't need the three months of training that he plans to give himself before the Conn fight.

"We've watched him spar with some pretty good boys, kids who are fast punchers," one of them says. "He's still able to slip their punches. That means he's light on his feet and his eyes are good. He'll be in top condition before three months if he wants to be. Hell, he's only 31 years old."

The champ doesn't seem as dead-panned and reserved as he was in civilian life. He laughs a lot and he makes plenty of wisecracks. But then, despite his reputation for Calvin Coolidge-like taciturnity, Joe always seemed to have a talent for saying exactly the right thing at the right time. There was, for instance, his reply to a very embarrassing question put him by a foreign newspaperman during one of his Army tours. The interviewer asked him why he and other American Negroes were wearing the uniform in this war. It was pointed out that many Negroes in America were not getting all of the Four Freedoms. Why were they fighting?

Joe looked at his questioner calmly for a moment and then said, "There ain't nothing wrong with us that Mr. Hitler can fix."

Elyse Knox

"WELL, GILHOOLEY, WHAT DID YOU PUT IN THE STEW THIS TIME?"
—Sgt. Jim Weeks

"NOW YOU MEN KNOW YOUR MISSION. HERE'S THE HACIENDA. THE ATTACK JUMPS OFF AT 0600. YOU'LL GO IN WITH THE ASSAULT COMPANIES." —Sgt. Ozzie St. George

". . . AND WOULD YOU FELLAS BE GOOD ENOUGH TO POLICE UP THE AREA ON YOUR WAY BACK TO THE GATE, PLEASE?" —Sgt. Bil Keane