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GUIDEBOOK TO PARIS

Four Men in Search of the Germans at Montargis

—Pages 2, 3 and 4

THE two-star general had fought in France before. He liked the French and didn't want to shell their towns if he could take them from the Germans any other way. The story that follows tells what happened then when a lieutenant colonel, a sergeant, a YANK correspondent, and a German prisoner as guide, walked into a village to talk the German commander out of fighting.

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOUTHEAST OF PARIS—The two-star general who was the division commander sat in front of his tent, working the point of a cane into the ground and talking to his division artillery general, who wore one star on his shoulder. The two-star general said, "Now, remember, I don't want any shelling of Montargis. I believe we can get in without shelling the town."

The artillery general nodded and started walking away.

"That's an order," the division commander called after him.

"Yes, sir," said the artillery general.

That night our patrols did a little probing around Montargis, and got burned. One patrol, under the command of 2nd Lt. Jack Fox, of Borger, Tex., tried to get in to the town from the south, met machinegun and other small-arms fire, was surrounded from four o'clock in the afternoon until early the next morning, and only managed to get out by the skin of its teeth.

The next morning the division was still trying to get into Montargis. The artillery general, who really loves to fire those big guns of his and who had done so very effectively around Hill 122 above St. Lo, was waiting and ready to let go. The long muzzles of his big guns also were waiting. Maybe he'd get a chance to fire those big guns after all.

Another two-star general came driving into the division area. He was a big man with a big chin and he looked as if he could sign big checks that would never bounce. He said, *"We've got to have* Montargis by tonight."

The rolled-up power of American units was pushing east. These men who had missed Paris and were now beyond it were still going places, and Montargis was a little roadblock on the way. Still, the division commander didn't want to smash it. He was a large, gray-haired man, a decisive but generous man who had fought in France in the last war and who had some warm feeling about the French. He didn't want to shell Montargis, but on the other hand he was going to get in there by nightfall. The commitments of American arms were stretching beyond Paris, and we were committed to occupy Montargis without a day's delay. The division commander dug his cane into the earth some more. The artillery commander puffed on a cigar, with an expectant look on his face.

Then the division commander thought of something, and this led to a sudden hum of voices in G-2. It was decided that the lieutenant colonel in charge of G-2, John T. Hoyne, of Salina, Kan., a small, dark man with a quick, executive manner, would go into Montargis under a flag of truce and ask the German commander to surrender. He would explain again what the German commander undoubtedly already knew: that the German position in the town was hopeless. This fact was written down in German and signed by the division commander. So was the fact that if the Germans did not agree to surrender, then the artillery commander would have his way. The big guns would open up at precisely one o'clock that afternoon.

There were three of us who had watched the unfolding of the Montargis situation and who wanted to get in there without delay. When we heard about the flag of truce, we looked each other over carefully. Colonel Hoyne was studying his maps and he lifted his head only briefly to say in a busy, no-comeback voice, "I'll take just one of you in. It doesn't matter who, but just one."

We tossed on it and I won—the first three-way toss I've ever won and a helluva one to win. The deal was to go in past lots of Germans and see a German commander in his stronghold.

One of the interesting things about this Montargis situation, as about a lot of other situations in the Army, is how the big things are provided for but not the little ones. With only minutes to go before we got started, with the route into town all figured out and the documents ready, it developed that there was no flag of truce. We needed a nice big hunk of white cloth and there wasn't any. Then I remembered a pillowcase which was lying at the bottom of my bag and which I'd got somewhere along the line of training in the States and hadn't ever returned—I believe it belongs to the depot at Fort Dix, N.J. I got it out and gave it to the colonel. The colonel looked it over carefully and decided it would do, even though it was a little dark with age in spots. He took his issue knife out of its scabbard and cut down along one edge. Then he found a branch of a tree and trimmed it down to make a staff, and we were ready.

Four of us made up the party. Besides the colonel and myself, there were Sgt. Efraim Ackerman, of Brooklyn, N.Y., who spoke both French and German fluently, and a German prisoner who knew exactly where headquarters were in the town.

We started out at about 11 o'clock in the morning and got down to one of our advanced regimental CPs, where the colonel asked *a major of the regiment how much farther up was the front line.* The answer was: "A few hundred yards."

IT was a fine morning in France. We got out of our jeep a few hundred yards ahead, at a point which we judged to be the one indicated by the major as the "front line." There was no line; only some American soldiers in a ditch, with guns ready, just ahead of us, and it was all very still right now. The trouble with our flag of truce was that it had to be moved through an area criss-crossed with fighting men. With luck, we might emerge at some place or other into a clearly defined area between our own men and the Germans. We might also be able to indicate clearly and immediately to the Germans in front of us that we came under a flag of truce. But then again maybe there wouldn't be the clearly defined area and the chance to indicate our errand to the enemy. Maybe he'd be right around a turn, down low in a nicely concealed machinegun nest, and maybe he'd fire before he could see any white flag. It was a situation filled with an awful lot of maybes.

We went along the road past the American soldiers in the ditch. It was a very still and beautiful morning in France. We marched abreast and very erect, as if we had arranged this in advance, as if we were in review before the enemy which was concealed around us. The colonel and the sergeant had left their guns behind in the jeep. The sergeant held the pillowcase flag up high. We passed more Americans, one of them wounded, with the blood running out of his sleeve and down his hand. They were crouched in the ditch at the side of the road, and, by that certain tension of posture which can never be mistaken for anything else, we knew the fighting was right here. The soldiers stared at our white flag. One of them said, "You can't go any farther down this road."

"What's up there?"

"Sniper and machinegun fire right around this bend," the soldier replied.

"Well, we're going all the way in," said the colonel.

"Sure," said the soldier, incredulously. "Sure thing."

We reached the bend in the road. "Get that flag up good and high," said the colonel to Sgt. Ackerman. As an afterthought, the colonel added, "Ask the prisoner if he thinks the Germans will surrender."

Ackerman and the prisoner spoke briefly, and then the sergeant said to the colonel, "He says he doesn't think so. He says they're a bunch of crazy bastards and they're going to stay in there. He says they're so goddam crazy they're going to fire on us, flag of truce or no flag of truce."

WE went around the bend in the road. It was fine in France today; there were rolling fields on both sides and stacks of hay—a little like Ohio. Now there were people on both sides of the road and good-looking girls with bottles of champagne and cognac, opened and ready. Seeing the girls and the wide green fields and the open bottles made you understand a little why this country is called "la belle France," but we couldn't stop. We were not the liberators of Montargis, but this was hard to explain to the people on both sides of the road.

"Tell them to keep way back," said the colonel to Sgt. Ackerman. "Tell them to get into their houses."

Sgt. Ackerman told them that. He told it to

WE MARCHED BY THEM WITH DEAD PAN FACES, WE ACKNOWLEDGED NO GREETINGS, AND IT WAS CLEAR THAT THE FRENCH THOUGHT US MAD.

them in loud, fluent French, but they were in no mood to believe anything except that we wore American uniforms and that we were the first Americans they had seen since 1939. They pressed in on us with exclamations of affection, but we kept going. We tried to hold them back but this was almost impossible. We marched by them with deadpan faces, we acknowledged no greetings, and it was clear that the French thought us mad. Yet we knew that behind the cheering French, there were Germans watching us. I could see that Ackerman's face was streaming sweat. My mouth felt very dry and I said something to the colonel, just to check on my vocal chords—somewhat as crews setting up amplifiers say, "Testing. One, two three, four."

Our white flag drooped lower and lower, for Ackerman's arm was very tired after walking a mile holding the heavy flagpole upright in the air. The colonel jacked the flag up every once in a while with a sharp voice.

After we had passed a bridge and reached the town, the crowds really got heavy. The cries of liberation sounded everywhere. We didn't say much of anything to each other. We just marched abreast, trying to keep clear of the affection of the French who were endangering our lives. The joy of the French was separate from us. We were four people on a cold little island in the midst of all that joy.

Every time the French cheered, we wondered how the watching Germans felt about it. Though it was a fine summer morning it wasn't warm enough to make Ackerman sweat as much as he did. The weather south and east of Normandy at this time of the year is very nice and summery, but it is not too hot at all.

Then, out of a side street ahead of us, came two German soldiers on bicycles. They were the first German soldiers I had ever seen going along on bicycles. The German soldiers ahead of us pedalled along very nonchalantly in the manner of people who know a town and have been in it for some time, and their guns, held in belts slung over their shoulders, moved up and down a little as they rode.

Up ahead, the French, seeing us coming along behind, hauled the Germans off their bikes and disarmed them. As we came up we could see the two Germans standing at the curb with stupified expressions on their faces. We wondered what the Germans who were hidden and watching thought of this. Ackerman held our flag up high as we tried to figure this one out. The French attempted to hand over to us the guns of the two Germans but we resisted this very elaborately. We did so in

MONTARGIS

... as they wanted it

pantomime for the benefit of the watching enemy, but the French would not understand us. They forced the guns on us and we in turn handed them back to the Germans, very politely and courteously and with large and friendly gestures, while the French stared at us in a strange mixed look of outrage and betrayal.

We gave those guns back to the German soldiers and kept going. We never looked back once at the French, or at the Germans whom we had re-armed.

Now there were only two more blocks to German headquarters. We pushed our deadpan faces and our drooping white flag through and got there. It was a white stone building and there was a blonde girl standing in the doorway. Ackerman asked her if the Germans were there and she said no.

AND there we were. We didn't really know what to do. We had marched two miles under a flag of truce along a road where there was fighting going on in order to find a German commander and ask him to surrender. Now the commander was gone. We stared for a long minute at the white stone building, as if we might conjure up the German commander by just looking hard at his headquarters. Because we had marched two miles under this peculiar strain, we didn't seem to know how to stop marching. We were like automatons and, with the single fixed purpose burned into our minds of finding this commander, we started to march again, moving like sleepwalkers for several more blocks, with our white flag in the air. Then the spell broke and we said what the hell, and stopped. We stopped near a quiet and cool-looking canal flowing under a bridge. We rested behind a wall to get away from possible fire along the canal. We leaned against the wall, taking it easy and trying to figure out what to do next and suddenly very loose and easy in all our joints. A Frenchwoman clucked sympathetically, and, with the informal and fine friendliness of the French, ran her hand down the back of my OD shirt and exclaimed that it was very warm today and that the life of a soldier is indeed hard.

It was now 12 o'clock. We had passed the edge of Montargis at 11:40. One of our cavalry recon elements had come into Montargis along another road at about the same time we did, so it is questionable and not really very important as to who was actually in Montargis first.

We started back in the direction we had come from, and just then Capt. Glenn Saddler, of the 134th Infantry, a buoyant, cheerful young soldier whose men had advanced so quickly into Montargis that his regimental command didn't even know he was in the town, came up and saluted Col. Hoyne and asked for orders.

"Call in," said the colonel, "and tell them that Montargis itself is apparently empty of Germans and that they seem to be now to the south and east of the town."

The four of us in my group went back in a hurry in order to make sure that the artillery didn't open up on Montargis. It was nearly one o'clock and we knew how that artillery general loves to use his guns. On the way back there was fighting along the roads into Montargis, and there were also soldiers who had stripped down to the skin and were swimming in the canal west of the town. Then we finally heard the sound of our big guns, and Col. Hoyne got a pinched look around the mouth. But when we got down to regiment, we found it was OK because the guns were shelling the Germans south of the town.

THE GERMAN SOLDIERS AHEAD OF US PEDALLED ALONG VERY NONCHALANTLY . . .

So the Americans got into Montargis that day without shelling the town, just as the division commander had wanted it to be. We had got into Montargis before dark, just as the general from "higher headquarters" had wanted it. During that night it rained buckets and there was lightning without thunder off on the horizon. A German plane droned and droned in the sky, with the peculiar up-and-down-the-scale drone of German planes. There was also the sound of machinegun fire which was sustained at one time for several minutes. This is the way it always sounds at night in newly-liberated towns.

In the morning, in the central square of the town, with the rain still falling, the division commander presented decorations to his soldiers. This was done appropriately but quickly, because the division was moving up soon—moving further east.

The German major whom we would have seen if he hadn't pulled out of town showed up the next morning at division—under guard, of course. He was one of some 500 prisoners taken in the area, many of them along the road over which we had marched the day before. It was still raining—a real soldier's day, with lots of mud underfoot to gripe about. The German major looked quite miserable in the rain, and so did everybody else.

Through an interpreter I asked the major whether he knew that we had gone into town the preceding day to ask for the surrender of his unit and whether he would have surrendered if he had known we were coming.

The major had a cold, poker face, distended eyeballs, and a sag of flesh beneath his chin. His color was indescribable, something between pink and pale, perfectly neutral. He was from Koenigsberg in East Prussia. He considered what I had asked him for some time and then said carefully that it would not have been a matter of surrendering but of being cut off and surrounded by superior force and superior firepower.

That was all he said, and when he had said it he looked around him as our division began to break camp, for it was going east. It was going east toward the old battlesites of the first World War—far to the east of Paris. The camouflage netting was coming down, the American soldiers slogged by in the mud past the German major. His poker face never changed as he watched, but he looked weary.

It's Hotter'n Hell at Andimeshk

By Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

DESERT DISTRICT, IRAN—A GI died at Andimeshk post here and went to hell.

"Where were you last stationed?" asked the Devil.

"Andimeshk," replied the GI.

"Oh," said the Devil sympathetically. "In that case you'd better rush over to the supply sergeant and draw your woolen underwear and winter overcoat."

They don't publish the temperature at Andimeshk, but estimates of the summer heat range from 130 to 180 degrees, with most of the soldier vote favoring the higher figure. Worst thing is that it's almost that hot at night, making it hard to sleep. An old-time GI resident of this desert hot box will pour a canteen of water onto his mattress, then lie down in it and try to get to sleep before the water evaporates.

KPs have four meals a day to deal with at Andimeshk — the usual three, plus cold fruit juices and snacks at 0930. This breaks up the work day, which runs from 0530 to 1300 for most of the men; it's murder to work in the afternoon.

Metal subjected to this red-hot sun has caused many a flesh burn. Your dog tags will sear your chest in the short walk from barracks to mess hall. Yet the men here do heavy work, packing supplies for Russia. Most of them, like T/Sgt. Joseph E. Dionne, S/Sgt. Milton Kaplan, T-4 Peter Farkas, T-4 Edward A. Marusa, Cpl. Edward G. Rice and Pfc. Carl C. Miller, are spending their second summer here.

The occasional breeze hits you like a blast from a steel furnace, and the heat plays strange tricks. Some types of soap just melt away, vaseline turns to liquid and shaving cream crumbles.

Andimeshk is practically in the suburbs of Dizful, "the City of the Blind," hottest inhabited spot on earth. Dizful is one Believe-It-or-Not place that lives up to its billing.

To avoid the heat, the people of this ancient city long ago went underground. All the mysterious functions of a Persian city are performed in a labyrinth of caves many feet below the earth's surface. The wealthier the people are, the deeper they can afford to dig, and there is a saying in Dizful that "the robes of the rich rest on Noah's waters." Many of the inhabitants never come up into the daylight. More than half are at least partially blind—some because of disease, some because of their long stay below the earth.

Other Army posts in the Persian desert are almost as hot as Andimeshk. As one GI put it: "To my mind, when it gets over 150 degrees it doesn't make much difference."

And nature kicks up other annoyances for these camps. Ahwaz has almost daily duststorms, and the American soldiers who unload supply ships at the important port of Khorramshahr often labor through sandstorms that blot out the sun. At Bandur Shapur it's the humidity and stench that get you.

The summer heat is even too much for the flies. When the troops first hit this waste area the natives greeted them with these heartening words: "In July the flies die; in August Johnny dies." But thanks to sun helmets, salt tablets and numerous heat-stroke centers, the medics have kept heat casualties at a minimum.

Andimeshk must be unique in one respect. It is probably the only place in the world where the American soldier is denied his one inalienable privilege—the right to sweat it out.

At Andimeshk perspiration dries as it leaves the pores—you can't sweat.

Mogin's Maulers

It wasn't so strange that this Thunderbolt fighter-bomber group was mistaken for tank reinforcements. They had done practically everything else—and were to do much more, in addition to their regular flying duties, in order to knock out Jerry.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
Yank Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 9TH AAF EAST OF PARIS—Mogin's Maulers is the name of a Thunderbolt fighter-bomber group operating rather effectively against the remnants of the German armies here in Western Europe. To all intents and purposes, it is just like any other fighter-bomber group, except that strange things happen to it—as if Walt Disney and not General Eisenhower were planning its destinies.

One day, for instance, Mogin's Maulers took off for a routine clobbering of enemy tanks and troop concentrations in the battle area. On the way, they spotted a German light cruiser moving up the coast of the Brittany Peninsula. Instead of reporting this phenomenon, the little land planes, designed primarily for air combat and ground operations, attacked the big naval vessel themselves. An observer described the scene as "a swarm of angry bumble bees attacking Pluto the Pup." The cruiser went down. And today, when people at headquarters go through the combat record of Mogin's Maulers, they come across the item "1 cruiser, German, light" nonchalantly tucked away among the *tanks, motor transport, bridges, flak towers* and *enemy aircraft*.

Mogin's Maulers came ashore comfortably about a month or so after D-Day, all prepared to move into a nice, homelike airfield in the rear areas, where, as with the rest of the Ninth Air Force, only the pilots would be exposed to danger for a reasonable number of hours a day. They climbed into their trucks and drove off in the general direction of the front. They rode and rode. Finally, Col. Morton Magoffin, then CO of the group, turned to Maj. Theo Davis, of Buffalo, N.Y., and said, "Are you sure we're going right?"

"Yes, sir," said Davis. "Here's the field on the map, just where the engineers built it."

"O.K.", said the colonel.

And they kept on riding.

The artillery fire became louder, and still they rode on. Soon the big guns were firing behind them, and small arms fire could be heard up ahead.

"Let *me* have a look at that map," said the colonel.

The colonel looked, scratched his head, and the column moved up the road another hundred yards. Suddenly, they were in the midst of a concentration of 300 tanks of the 3rd Armored Division. A tank major came running up to them, his face begrimed with the dust of battle.

"Are you our tank reinforcements?" he asked.

"Hell, no!" said Davis. "We're an air corps outfit, and we're supposed to move on to an air strip somewhere around here."

"Oh," said the tank major. "In that case, we'll have to move our tanks. This is your strip. But what the devil the air corps is doing up here a thousand yards from the front, I'll never be able to figure out." And he rushed off with the air of a man who had now seen everything.

MAGOFFIN looked at Davis, and Davis looked at Magoffin. Then the colonel gave the order to detruck. It was lunch time. Just as the men were taking off their packs, three Me-109s zoomed over from the other side of the lines and strafed the column. There were no holes available at the time, and four MPs directing traffic were killed. Then everyone started to dig. The men didn't eat until they had finished digging at 8 p.m. that night. The next morning, after Mogin's Maulers had a sleepless night of listening to our own artillery and machinegun fire, a salvo of German 88 mm. shells screamed into the area, killing eight engineers on the runway.

That was a sample of what they were going to get as a steady diet for the next thirty days.

The strip had been planned in expectation of the front moving up. But this particular part of the front just didn't move. The men in the S-2 and S-3 sections put up a beautiful operations tent the day after the group arrived. The very moment the tent was finished, the 88s slammed in. (The Germans had observation over the whole area from a hill less than a mile away.) The shelling kept up for two hours. Finally, Lt. Col. Joseph Laughlin, of Omaha, now the group CO, the S-3 Maj. Audley Sivert, of South Orange, N.J., and Maj. Philip Goldfarb, of Blainsville, Pa., crawled out under the shell fire and collapsed the tent. At the moment the tent went down, the shelling stopped. After that, group operations were carried on underground.

The Germans shelled the field when the Thunderbolts were taking off, and again when the planes came back from their missions. The shells came in at chow time, and every evening at dusk the Me-109s strafed and bombed. Trees were broken. Pup tents were peppered. S/Sgt. Richard King, of Springfield, Mass., had a carton of cigarettes blown to bits in his slit trench.

THE men dug deeper every night and took care of the Thunderbolts by day. After a while, they became like experienced infantrymen and only took cover when they could tell by the sound that the shells were dropping close. For two weeks, it was impossible to get supplies in to the group, and the men ate K-rations, until finally the K-rations themselves had to be rationed to one dog biscuit per meal. They could only eat cold meals, because the slightest sign of smoke would immediately draw a salvo of shells.

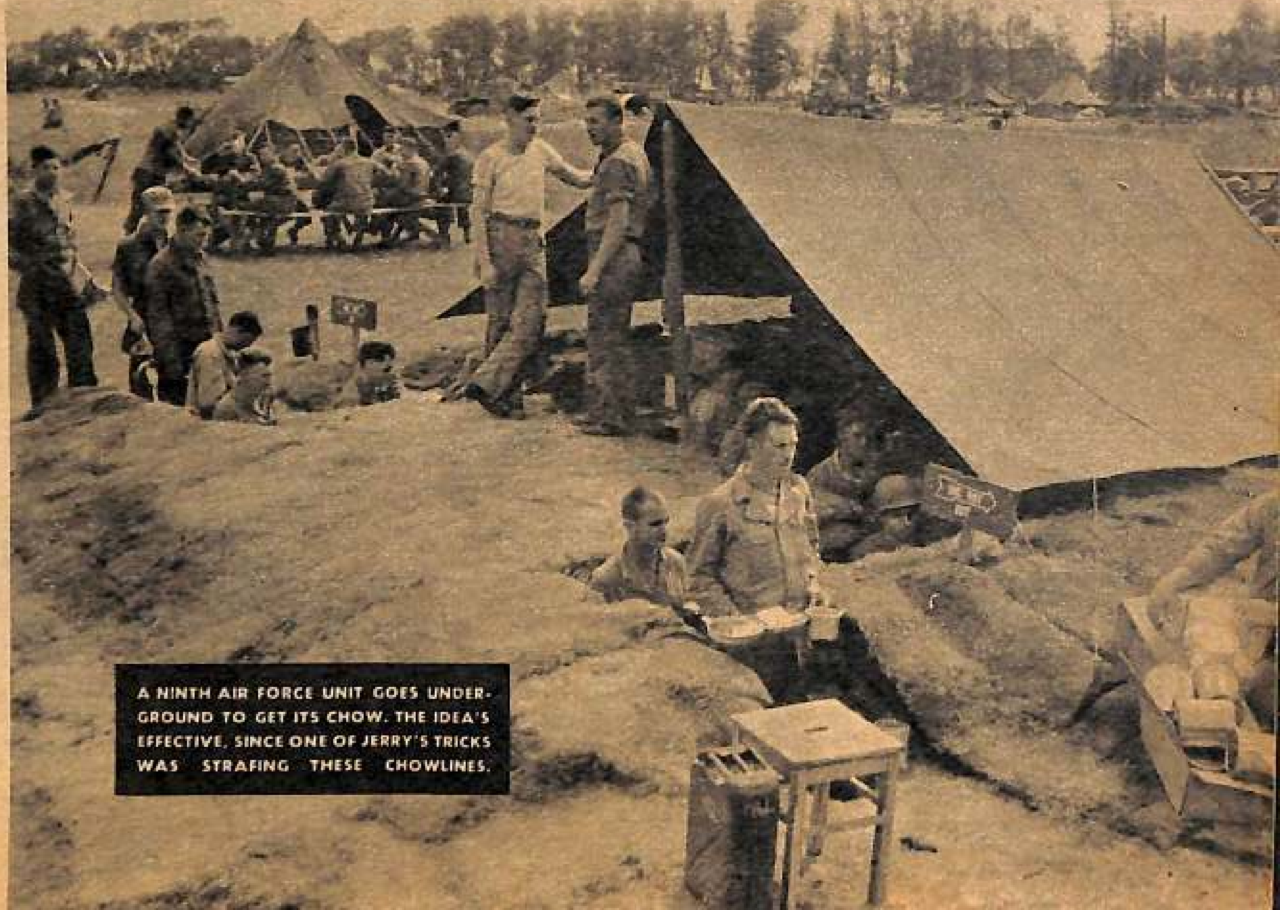
A few times, the ground action surged so close to the field that 1/Sgt. Raymond Breckel, of Buzzards Bay, Mass., had all the men fall out with carbines and tommyguns to form defense detachments. On another occasion, a strafing Me-109 hit an ammunition box, and old army man T/Sgt. Charles Warrington, of Bethesda, Md., sounded the alarm, convinced that the Germans had broken through.

Another old army man, M/Sgt. Charles Duff, of Boston, turned out to be one of the heroes of the incongruous affair. Duff is the group communications chief. He had served in Panama for four years and had been a radio operator-gunner on a Flying Fortress. Every night, some telephone lines would be knocked out by shelling or bombing. And every night, approximately at midnight, Duff would crawl out of his hole and methodically go to work on the damaged lines. He worked in the dark, without any way of seeing what he was doing. And every morning, the lines were repaired sufficiently for the Thunderbolts to take off.

THE pilots kept flying. They took part in the two-day drive on Vire and received an official commendation from the ground force general for the ground support job they turned in. They shot down 25 enemy planes and knocked out approximately 100 trucks, 6 bridges, and 75 tanks and tracked vehicles. They flew all day, and there was no rest for them at night. The Long Toms kept booming in the next field. Our tanks and anti-tank guns kept firing over their heads, and the Jerry bombs and 88s kept pouring in. One night, just for a change, a German 1,000-pounder ripped up the runway. Butterfly bombs were accepted as among the natural flora and fauna of the neighborhood. The only light touch to the whole episode came when a salvo of 88s broke up the inevitable, colossal blackjack game which included Sgt. Breckel, Cpl. John Esposito, of New York City, and Sgt. George Kay, of Memphis, Tenn. A shell fragment overturned the table, and monumental arguments are still raging as to who owes whom how much.

The break came when the front moved back from Vire. Just as the men were settling down to get some sleep, the group was transferred to another field far to the south, where all they had to do was clear mines from the runways, round up seven snipers from nearby barns, worry about the elements of a German panzer division ten miles away, and prepare for a possible repetition of an incident in which a German patrol filtered through and captured four buck sergeants and a weapons carrier.

"But that," yawns Sgt. Kay, with the air of an experienced old infantryman, "was like Sunday on the farm."



A NINTH AIR FORCE UNIT GOES UNDERGROUND TO GET ITS CHOW. THE IDEA'S EFFECTIVE, SINCE ONE OF JERRY'S TRICKS WAS STRAFING THESE CHOWLINES.

The Red Air Force flyers have their own recreation hall in Alaska. Here a U. S. sergeant, in leather jacket, takes on two Russian flying majors at pool.

This map, looking down on the globe from above the North Pole, traces the Arctic Skyway from Great Falls, Mont., its U. S. terminus, to Russian Siberia.

Three Russian pilots and an American lieutenant at Nome gaze up at the sky, watching for the arrival of U. S.-built, Russian-bound planes from Fairbanks.

Sgt. Clem Trent Jr. of Pueblo, Colo., and M/Sgt. Michael Kostin of Moscow, U.S.S.R., study "gripe sheet" pasted on the wing of a Russia-bound fighter.

Chess is a favorite Russian pastime. Two officers play as one kibitzes. Unlike Yanks, Russian soldiers are permitted to wear civilian clothes off-duty.

Yank Lt. Shepard Shedden (center) carries on a conversation with a couple of Soviet ferry pilots helped out by two civilian Russian girl interpreters.

Lined up on a U. S. airfield at Nome, Alaska, these A-20s will soon be flown across the straits to Siberia by Russian ferry pilots.

Skyway to Siberia

Russians and Yanks working together have sent more than 5,000 Lend-Lease aircraft to the Soviet Union via Alaska, the shortest route from our factories to their front lines.

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

FAIRBANKS, ALASKA—Nobody looks up anymore. Used to be that people would get in a lather when a flight of medium bombers roared low over the city—American bombers, sure, but with red stars splashed on instead of the AAF white star.

Now it's old sausage. For two years the GIs and civilians around here have seen Russian pilots heading for Siberia, and they've quit gawking. Plenty of twin-engined bombers and raspy pursuit jobs have let down for a landing with white-starred torsos, then taken off the next day with fresh paint jobs for Nome and points west.

Back in the days when Stalingrad was under siege, it was obvious that the U. S. planes we were shipping to Russia by way of the North Atlantic and the Middle East were showing up about as soon as the 10-o'clock scholar who came at noon.

Then one day a big twin-tailed ship landed at Ladd Field near here and a bunch of Russians climbed out. They were members of a Soviet Purchasing Commission come to strike a bargain. These were the terms:

Under Lend-Lease, Russia would buy U. S. combat planes, delivered to Fairbanks by American pilots. There the ships would be put through demonstration test hops and then Russian pilots would be checked out in handling them. After that, the Russians would ferry the ships to Siberia by way of Nome.

All planes delivered by this "Arctic Skyway" would be used only against the Germans on the Eastern Front. Since the ferry route went right past the back door of Germany's Axis partner, Japan, with which Russia was not at war, the whole deal was hush-hushed.

Today the offices engaged in Russian-American liaison functions at Ladd Field look like the Internal Revenue Bureau on Mar. 15. But when the Arctic Skyway was just a couple of nacelle ruts in the clouds, every man was his own liaison bureau.

At first the Purchasing Commission people were surprised and disappointed. They took one look at Fairbanks and said: "But it is so small! We have heard so much about Fairbanks, we thought it was a big city." Their next remark surprised the Americans in turn, who had figured Siberia was a vast chunk of frozen bleakness. "In the Soviet Arctic," the Russians said, "there are scores of cities bigger than Fairbanks."

Besides this mutual ignorance about each other's countries, there was a language barrier between the Russians and Americans. Four American pilots were assigned to check out the Russian pilots, and only one of them could speak the language. He was Russian-born Lt. Nicholas DeTolly, who acted as interpreter for the other instructors: Lt. Richard Hettenbaugh, Lt. Bob Glass and Lt. Frederick J. Kane. Kane, a veteran airlines pilot from Long Beach, Calif., is now a major in operations and the only one of the four still working with the Russians.

Those first check flights were tough, but nowhere near as tough as the Yanks had expected. One reason was that these Russians knew how to fly. The ferry pilots arriving from Siberia, some of them looking like June graduates from Union High, were veteran combat flyers. One little major with fuzz on his face, who walked with a feminine prance, drew curious looks from the Americans. Then one of them spotted him naked in the shower; his ribs were caved in and the instep of one foot was almost blown away. Under pressure, the major admitted he did have some combat time—as a matter of fact, he'd completed 140 missions when he was assigned to "the rest cure." This job is still the rest cure from combat for most of the Soviet flyers.

"You've probably heard," Maj. Kane says, "about how daring the Russian pilots are supposed to be. This may be true when they're tailing Nazis, but the men who are flying out of here know they have only one job: to get that plane to the spot where it can do the most good."

Teaching the Russians to fly A-20s, Maj. Kane and the other Americans developed the "piggy-back" system of instruction, now commonly used with P-38s. The A-20s, bimotored attack bombers flown by a single pilot, were among the first ships ordered by the Russians.

"At first we thought it would be impossible to ride with the Russians on their transition flights," Maj. Kane says. "Then we cleared out the equipment on the little platform behind the pilot's cockpit. I used to lie there flat on my belly

Russians Had a Word for It

Teheran, Iran—GI mechanics who work in the Ordnance check-up station here, giving the final okay to American trucks assembled in Iran before they head out for Russia and the Eastern Front, have been slightly red in the face ever since they translated into English what their outpost is called by the Russki drivers.

Some of the boys, in fact, have been thinking of spending some money on a green light to hang over the entrance to their station. It seems that in the Russian language there is only one combination of words that expresses the idea of "check-up point." It comes out simply and unmistakably as "prophylactic station."

—YANK Staff Correspondent

Starshiy Serzhant (Senior Sergeant) Ivan Shramkov meets the Sad Sack in an Alaskan Post Exchange.

and point out the proper control operations and instrument readings for the Russian trainees during the check rides."

As for the larger bombers, Russian women interpreters small enough to squeeze between pilot and co-pilot used to ride on the training flights, but the American instructors soon saw that their students got along just as well with pure sign language. Their air sense was keen. Their knowledge of the function of controls, gained in their own planes, was sound. The Russians had their only difficulty with the instrument readings; these were all in English, using our standard calibrations, and were new to the kilometer-trained Russians.

Checking out in the smaller single-place pursuit plane, the Russian pilot would simply climb into the cockpit and rev up the engine while someone explained the instrument panel and controls. Then he was ready for his first lesson in the air—solo.

It has been a long time since American pilots were needed to check out Soviet flyers. Now whenever a Russian arrives who is green in our ships, his fellow officers show him the ropes.

On June 25, 1943, the 1,000th plane had passed through Ladd Field on the Arctic Skyway. Since then at least 4,000 more fighters, bombers and transports have covered the route from Great Falls, Mont., via Edmonton, Fairbanks and Nome. From January through April of 1944 an average of 550 ships entered Siberia from Alaska each month.

Several of the Russians who pioneered the earliest ferry flights to Siberia are still on the run, among them Capt. Vladimir V. Finogenoff, Senior Lt. Peter Gamov and Lts. Jacob D. Gorbenko and Fedor I. Trapeznikov. For his record in flying planes from America to the front, Lt. Gamov was awarded the Order of Lenin, Russia's highest noncombat honor.

It was Lt. Gamov who taxied a grounded bomber a mile and a half through two feet of snow and hidden ice cakes on the Bering Sea to reach a 750-foot strip of glare ice for a take-off. He wrestled the ship into the air and landed it safely at Nome.

Top men at this aerial turnstile for many months were Lt. Col. H. P. Little, American executive officer for operations, and Col. Michael Machin, commanding officer of the Russian Military Mission, a bomber pilot who frequently quit his desk to lead flights into Siberia. Like a few other Russian officers, Col. Machin was authorized to bring his wife and two children to America with him.

Several other Russian women serve with the Soviet mission as secretaries and interpreters, and one woman navigator accompanied a few flights. No Russian women pilots have appeared for any flying assignment from our shores. The women best known to the Americans are two vivacious and chatty interpreters, Natilie F. Fenelonova and Elena A. Makarova.

On the American side, the interpreters are mostly American officers and GIs of Russian descent. Both Capt. George G. Kisevalter, a New York construction engineer who is chief liaison officer, and his assistant, Lt. Michael Gavrisheff, a Washington (D. C.) aerial photographer, were born in Leningrad.

The interpreters at Nome—Capt. Anatol Rapaport, a concert pianist, and Lt. Igor A. Gubert of Berkeley, Calif.—are Russian-born. When Lt. Gubert reported to Nome, one of the enlisted interpreters on his staff turned out to be S/Sgt. Victor F. Salatko, an old schoolmate from Harbin, Manchuria. Salatko was born in Irkutsk, Siberia. Another GI interpreter, Sgt. Elias Borotovsky, New York muralist, was born in Leningrad and was in the Caucasus during the Russian Revolution. The third EM on the staff, Sgt. Alexander Homonchuck, is a former Brooklyn (N. Y.) truck driver.

At Ladd Field there is always an interpreter stationed in the control tower, and a special frequency—monitored 24 hours a day—has been assigned for the Russians to keep them in the right traffic lanes. Tower control and voice radiophone are little known to Russian flyers, and it took a while for them to get used to the idea.

The first point the Russians always hit on their arrival in Alaska is the Nome PX, run by Sgt. Louis B. Stack of Binghamton, N. Y. Within a few minutes of their landing they are clamoring for pens, pencils, lighters, milk chocolate and toilet articles at the quonset department store. If one Russian buys a wool scarf, all the others follow suit by shouting: "Me one! Me one!"

The Russians are almost the only customers Stack has who buy his 15-cent cigars. Usually they buy two and give Stack one. Many are familiar with products only through trade names made popular by advertising. Russians who don't know the word for toothpaste or cigarettes will lean on the counter and ask for *Papsodant* or *Kemmels*. Stack figures each Russian spends an average of $12 to $14 on his first visit to the PX. Once one man bought $57.50 worth of stock.

It has been a long time since GI moviegoers were bothered by the constant buzz in the rows reserved for the Russians, where interpreters keep up a running account of the screen conversation. The Yanks are also accustomed now to the heavy scents the Russians spray on themselves—a respectable manly habit in their homeland.

At Nome the Russian officers share the same quarters, day room and chow with enlisted men, but at Ladd Field, Alaska's most built-up post, the usual U. S. officer-EM relationship prevails for the Russians, too.

Between flights and while sweating out the weather, the Russians at Ladd amuse themselves in their own clubroom. They spend hours around the pool tables and chessboards and sometimes listen speculatively to American swing records. They like to look at the GIs' pictures of Betty Grable, although they haven't started any pin-up collections of their own. But like any GI, they'll flash snapshots of their wives and families at the drop of a hat; some of the Russians haven't seen their relatives since the 1941 German invasion.

The Russians are besieged by short-snorter hounds who want *ruble* bills to collect signatures on. Pfc. Frank Nigro, a former Fairbanks hotel clerk who manages the Russian clubroom, once offered a Russian some American money in exchange for some *rubles* he wanted as souvenirs. "Oh, no," said the Russian, handing him the *rubles*. "I don't need this. This is some money I saved and had left over."

In the Ladd BOQ where most of the Soviet pilots eat, Sgt. Frank T. Bondy, the mess sergeant, has discovered that his standard menus are pretty much okay with the Russians, who prefer salty foods, lots of soup and very little sweet stuff.

Although classes in Russian and English are conducted several nights a week, the language difficulty is still a handicap sometimes.

Capt. E. B. Gentry, Ladd Field engineering officer who used to be a CAA inspector in Alaska, has to deal directly with the Russians on all technical discussions. Russian mechanics, the captain has learned, are extremely careful workmen who accept the view of their superiors that all mistakes are punishable, no matter how honest the error. Capt. Gentry soon found there is no single expression in Russian to correspond to our word "trouble." Now he knows something is amiss when a Russian stalks into his office muttering: "*Trubbuls, trubbuls, trubbuls.*"

The Russians have a broad sense of humor, but on some matters they bristle. Once a Russian fighter pilot stormed into Lt. Col. Riley J. Sipe, operations officer. Some American, he said, had chalked the name *Pistol Packin' Mama* across the nose of his ship. The pilot had called one of the Russian women interpreters, and the only sense she could make of the name was something obscene. The Russian refused to get into the ship until the name was washed off.

The frugal habits of the Russian mechanics still amaze GIs. T/Sgt. Gerald J. Lambert, a former Los Angeles (Calif.) salesman, was among the mechanics who worked with the first bunch of Russians. "I used to watch 'em," he says, "when they were cleaning off the engines. They'd wipe the oil off with gasoline. Then they'd catch all the gas drippings in a can so they could use them again."

M/Sgt. Paul F. Mooney of San Antonio, Tex., a line chief at Ladd Field, thinks there are no more energetic people in the world than the Russians. "They want the war over even more than we do," he says, "and I've never seen anyone put out more work over longer hours."

Last winter a P-39 blew a tire at the end of the runway. Mooney and two or three other GIs rolled out an entire new wheel assembly. While the temperature stood at 25 degrees below zero, Mooney and the boys changed the wheel. And while they were changing it, the plane was held in balance at the wings by five Russians—three majors and two captains.

Capt. Roman P. Pokrovsky with Red Star insignia.

Marauder Magic

It was a case of "now you see them, now you don't" when the U. S. raiders in Jap-held Burma opened their bag of tricks.

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

BEHIND JAP LINES IN NORTHERN BURMA—There's been plenty of hocus-pocus in this jungle war ever since Merrill's Marauders first popped up here.

The magic show started within a week of the Marauders' arrival in Burma. The night before their first sneak around Jap strongpoints, a Jap reconnaissance plane droned over the Marauders' bivouac area. Before they could stamp out all their campfires, the plane had spotted the position.

Next morning, when the Marauders pulled out, Brig. Gen. Frank D. Merrill ordered a few men to stay behind. For several nights they lit campfires in the original bivouac area. And each night the Jap plane returned to circle the area again, its pilot apparently satisfying himself that whoever was camped there hadn't moved.

Meanwhile the main body of Marauders marched steadily into enemy territory over little-used native trails, lighting no fires or even cigarettes after dark. When they finally bumped into startled enemy outposts, they were well behind Jap lines.

The Marauders opened their bag of tricks again during an eight-day battle on a hill named Nhpum Ga. One night a Marauder unit set up part of its perimeter only a stone's throw from camouflaged Jap machine-gun positions. Anxious to check on the location of these emplacements, but not wanting to risk men prowling around in the darkness, the Marauders shoved a pack mule out in front of the perimeter and started him walking toward the Japs.

As the animal rustled through the jungle underbrush, the Japs figured it was a patrol and

The Japs sent dogs ahead to trip booby-trap wires.

opened up with their machine guns, thereby revealing their positions. Next morning the Marauders outflanked the Jap pocket and wiped it out. They found the mule lying dead a few feet from one of the machine guns, its hind quarters neatly butchered. The hungry Japs, cut off from supplies, had eaten Missouri mule steak before dying for the Emperor.

Speaking of animals, the Japs thought up a slick way to guard themselves against Marauder booby traps along the narrow jungle trails. They sent dogs down the trails ahead of their patrols to trip the booby-trap wires. But a Marauder pioneer and demolition platoon countered this move by rigging up the traps in relays. After that, when a Jap dog romped down a trail a dozen yards or so in front of a patrol and tripped a booby-trap wire, nothing happened to the dog, but traps exploded at intervals all the way back down the trail, killing or wounding some of the enemy. Even after the Japs discovered this trick, there

The Marauders smoked tell-tale cigarettes, talked in loud voices and jiggled the mule saddles.

was little they could do about it; they had to stick to jungle trails or risk getting lost.

The old power of suggestion helped beat the Japs at another stage of the campaign. For several days the Marauders had been trying to break through a pocket of Japs dug in strongly on a razor-backed ridge along the only trail in the area. The steep sides of the ridge made outflanking next to impossible. The only way to get through was by frontal attack, and this was costing the Marauders a number of casualties. They pounded away with mortars, raked the ridge with machine guns and BARs, and staged one attack after another. But the going was painfully slow—a few yards a day.

One night the Marauders decided to try another method. A few men and mules set out on the trail leading up to Marauder forward positions from the rear. The men smoked tell-tale cigarettes, talked in loud voices and jiggled the mule saddles to make plenty of noise. Each time they reached the front, the men doused their cigarettes, turned around and silently withdrew to their starting points. Then they began all over again, keeping it up for three hours.

When the Marauders attacked the ridge again the next day, they pushed through easily. Only a couple of Japs were still there; the rest had pulled out. They had been fooled into thinking that all the noise and movement of the night before were reinforcements for a big attack.

One of the most valuable tricks in the Marauder repertoire was a variation of the Statue of Liberty play in football. It was used in attacking a series of Jap strongpoints on high ground.

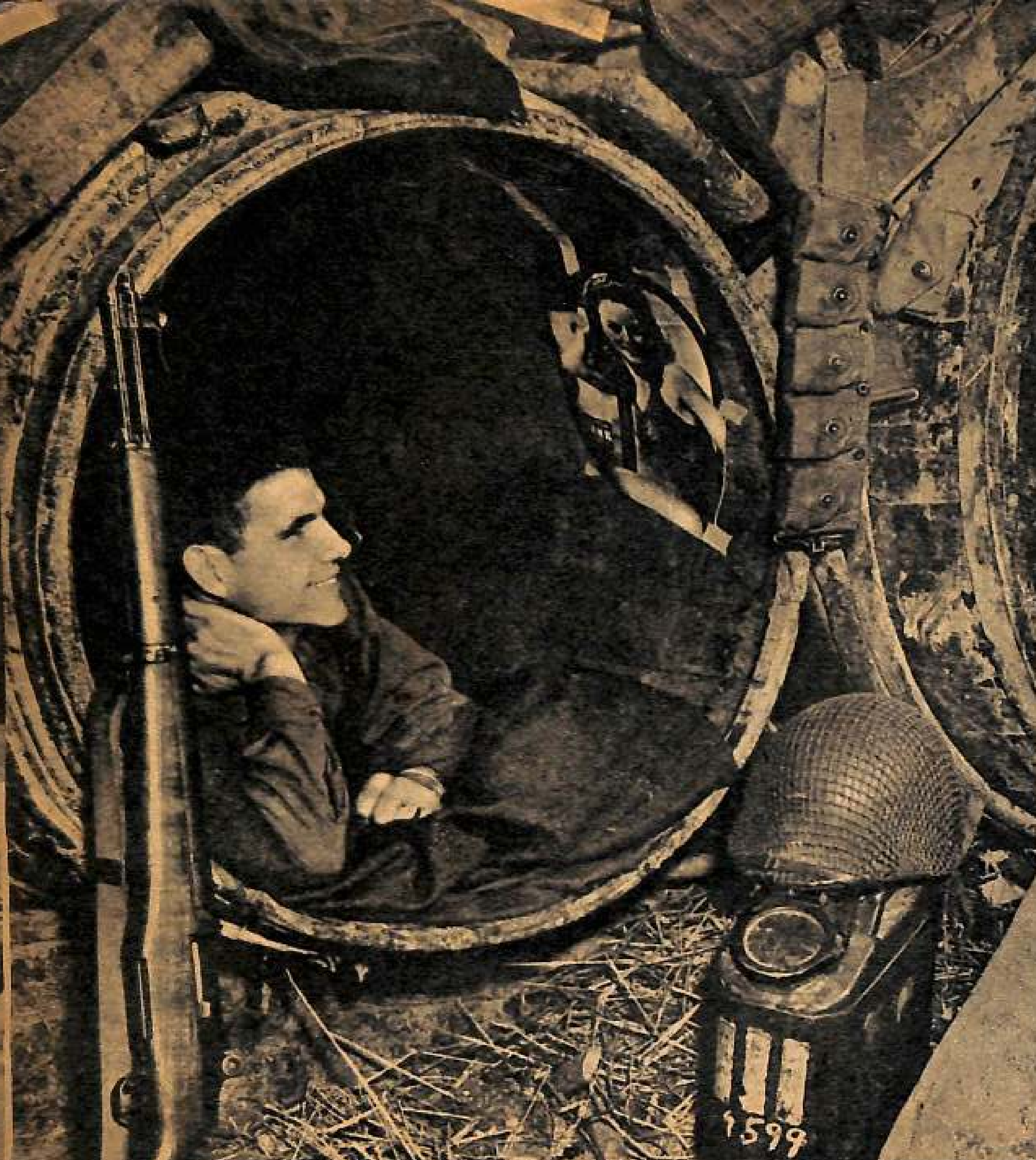
The CP long-range radio called for air support to soften up the Jap hill positions. Soon some P-40s came roaring over. Directed by air-ground radio, they went to work on the Japs, dive-bombing and strafing enemy emplacements on the crest of the hill. After each pass they zoomed up, circled around and attacked again.

The Japs scrambled down the back of the hill and huddled there for protection while the bombs and tracers chewed up their positions. But as soon as the planes finished their dives and roared away, the Japs crawled right back up the hill again and resisted the Marauder advance as stubbornly as before. This went on for several days, with the Japs defending one hill after another in the same way against air and ground attack. All that beautiful air support didn't seem to help much.

Then a Marauder officer suggested the Statue of Liberty play. He radioed the planes to make a few fake passes after they had completed their regular bombing and strafing runs. The pilots dived their ships at the emplacements just as though they were going to let loose with 500-pound bombs or .50-caliber slugs, but they pulled out without doing a thing except scare hell out of the Japs.

As soon as the planes began these passes, the forward Marauder platoon rushed up the hill and climbed into the vacated Jap positions. When the dummy passes ended and the planes went away, the fun began. Up the hill came the unsuspecting Japs to reoccupy their positions. The Marauders cut them down with automatic-weapons fire.

Up the hill came the unsuspecting Japs to reoccupy their old positions.



COMPARED TO A LOT OF OTHER PLACES, THIS WINE CASK HOME OF PVT. ARTHUR B. SKAGGS, OF ST. LOUIS, MO., IS PRETTY LUXURIOUS. DRY FLOOR, SOLID ROOF, AND SWEET AND DRY RUNNING WINE ALONGSIDE OF HIM.

Yanks in the ETO

Better Than Fleetwoods

FIRST Lt. Howard L Eckstein, of Brooklyn, N.Y., a convoy commander in a QM Truck Company of the Ninth Air Force Service Command, is sending personalized souvenirs home these days. He obtained a quantity of German cigarettes from a fortification near Cherbourg. Each butt is neatly lettered in gold with the brand name: "Eckstein."

First Impressions

PARIS—Going to Paris during the first few days after its liberation, you knew you were entering the capital long before you reached its actual city limits. For me, it began with waking up early one hot summer morning in Epernon. Before I had opened my eyes I became aware of the long, ponderous sounds of the convoys moving eastward and of a voice of someone reading a signpost outside. "Paris," the voice yelled. "Sixty kilometers!" And then, from other mouths, I judged, came a long series of incredulous whistles.

With a couple of other correspondents, I took to the road again.

The American and French convoys were on the move all day long and later in the morning we passed large numbers of them near Rambouillet, where French kings and presidents lived during the summertime and where their German successors hunted deer with machineguns in the forests. We drove up through the valley of the Chevreuse and into the flat plains and suburbs, where we had a flat tire, and on and on.

The sun was still out by the time we reached the Porte d'Orleans and that part of Paris where the buildings look like Jackson Heights, across the East River from Manhattan. Here the crowds on the streets, who had been cheering the Allied convoys all day long, cheered again as tanks appeared, decked out with green branches and French womanhood, like Mardi Gras floats. On we drove through Montparnasse, along the Seine, and by the Trocadero, where there were white, glowing streets and green trees, and then past the Eiffel Tower, with the city spread out around it in the evening sunlight. And always, wherever you could see an Allied jeep, there was the Parisian mob—the hoarse, swift-moving, prismatic mob, wearing every color known, but above all, red, white and blue, repeated over and over again in paper hats, cockades, and ribbons. It seemed always the same mob breaking over your head in waves of welcome wherever you stopped, demanding your autograph, kissing you, yelling like mad, or suddenly silent and watching with polite, terrible interest as you got out of the car and unloaded a box of Ten-in-One rations or something.

The Hotel Scribe later on that night was full of Allied soldiers and correspondents, all of them trying and some succeeding, too, to live up to the fact that Paris was a free city once more. They did it by various methods, by toasting one another in champagne, by dandling blondes on their kneecaps, by passing out quietly and ceremoniously on the stroke of midnight. And all through the night could be heard the popping of corks, the clatter of typewriters, and occasional rifle fire. Whether the shots came from German snipers ranging the roof-tops or from young FFI men indulging in bursts of nervous enthusiasm, no one seemed quite sure.

It was a night for crowds, but also it was a night for individuals. There was the young FFI boy who jumped around from table to table, throwing his arms around you, kissing you on both cheeks, and acting very apologetic about it all. "Excuse me, but we have been waiting so long," he explained again and again. And there was a gray-haired, worried looking waiter at the Café de la Paix, who served us beer and said that he had been in New York in 1919. He wanted to know if Coney Island and the Old Hippodrome were still in action. He said that they had two wine cellars untouched in the café, but did not want to open them until things had quieted down somewhat. He spoke only for himself, though.

—By Cpl. JOHN PRESTON
YANK Staff Correspondent

The Hard Way

PVT. JAMES R. CLARK, 28, one-time enlisted pilot and aerial gunner, was just a round GI peg in a square fox-hole the day that a runner from the 29th Infantry Division CP came forward somewhere

T/O TROUBLE

or

There'll be no Promotion this Side of the Ocean

By Pfc. JAMES M. WARREN

Scene I

(The play opens in a typical section of the Blank Command. On the right side of the stage is the main office, which is separated by a partition from the "small-fry" office on the left. The small-fry office of this typical section, which we shall call Section Ate, is ruled by iron-handed Sgt. Brokenose, whom we shall call Sgt. B., which can stand for most anything. Promotion talk is on the lips of all employees. For weeks each EM of the small-fry crew has been dreaming of the day when he will be promoted or placed on an old-age pension in the grade of PFC, or Private for a Century. The main office is in its customary busy state, with 18 officers of field grade standing around, talking business as usual. When they've exhausted the topics of whiskey and women, someone says something about promotions. Immediately Sgt. B., who has been lurking near the door on his side of the partition, sees his cue—he used to play pool—and dashes on to the scene.)

Sgt. B.: Col. Amnesia, speaking of promotions, how about some for dear ole Section Ate?

Col. Amnesia: Oh, yes! I've been intending to see you about promotions. I'm not sure, though, that our men deserve promotions. Someone told me last week that two or three privates have been working only 23 hours out of 24. Also I understand, sergeant, that several of our men have been wanting time off to stand reveille. That nonsense has got to stop.

Sgt. B.: Yes, sir! Yes, sir! But how about promotions?

Col. Amnesia: Oh, yes! Promotions! Well, sergeant, you draft up a list of recommendations and let me see it. *(Fourteen clerks immediately start searching for T/Os, sharpening pencils, procuring scratch pads, etc., for Sgt. B. Sgt. B. returns*

near St. Lo to bring him the news that somehow or other, by some colossal mistake, his own particular snafu had been cleared up.

You know how it is. The army gives you tests, asks you a lot of questions, finds out about your hobbies and your dreams, gives you a number and sends you off to be trained in the one thing where you'd fit perfectly, and then, bang, one day you wake up with an M-1 in your hands looking for the silhouette of coal-scuttle Jerry helmets.

That's what happened to Clark. He had been a cow-punching ranch hand in Miranda, Texas, and had done considerable flying in light planes in Montana. He entered the army in October, 1942, and went to Randolph Field where he trained first at gunnery school, then at the controls of an AT 6. Then he got his spec number as an enlisted pilot.

Then he was tranferred with his group to Mobile. There were five barracks to which they were assigned. He was in one of the last two. Then there came an officer who pointed to the last two barracks and said, "All the men in those two barracks will stand interior guard duty." So Clark stood interior guard duty for months, spending his spare time pulling what strings were available to a buck private to try to get overseas.

In October, 1943, after a year in the army, he hit the jackpot. He set sail for England with his records in good order showing that he was an enlisted pilot and gunner. It looked like he was a cinch for one of those Piper Cub jobs that spot objectives for the artillery. Hadn't he logged hundreds of hours in little planes over the Montana wastelands looking for coyotes?

So he landed at a replacement depot in England and there in the vast, impersonal machinery of the replacement pool, his nice, shiny spec number disappeared and he came up with a brand new one that qualified him as a truck driver. In no time at all he was attached to a QM truck company; but they did recognize his air background. It was an Air Corps truck company.

Clark put in an application to the CO of his outfit for transfer to flying status, and waited and hoped. Then one Sunday he was called to HQ and was told to see a medical major. The major told him he was to be examined for possible transfer to flying status, but the major didn't have his equipment yet so the examination was postponed until Thursday. On Tuesday, Clark was "loaned" to the infantry.

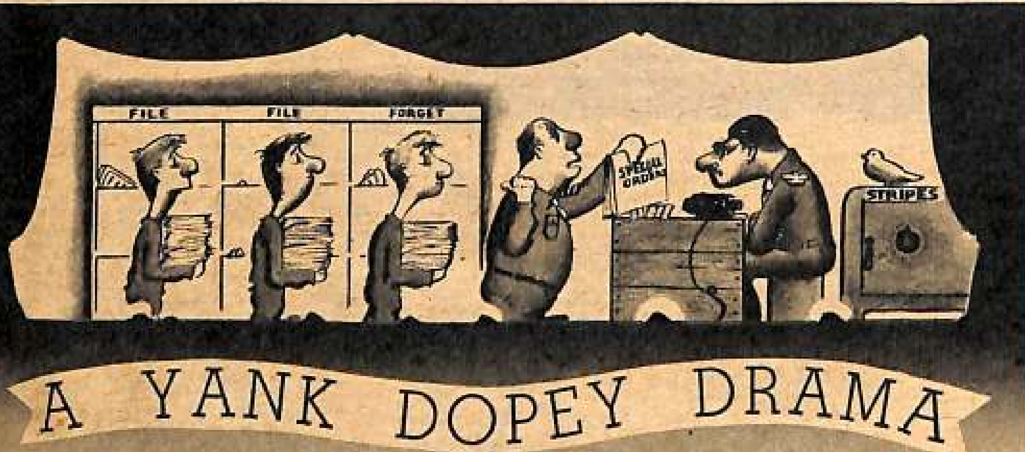
He started a new request through channels. His CO had the letter typed, signed it and sent it off. And Clark went to work teaching classes—the .50 cal. machinegun.

And then there was D-Day.

D-plus-one found Jimmy on a beach attached to an AA group with the 29th Infantry. But he spent most of his time in the line with his M-1, helping to clear the Germans out of the hedgerows, helping to push them back on the road to St. Lo. And all the time there were planes overhead—American planes—rubbing it in, wheeling and circling and bombing and strafing, with Jimmy in a foxhole dug by some Jerry, still waiting, but no longer hoping.

Then came the day when the runner came up and told him he was to report back to his QM truck company (Air Corps) immediately, for reassignment to flying status. The incredulous Texan threw a K-ration can at the runner and swore at him for ten seconds at what he thought was a bad joke.

But it wasn't a joke, and Jimmy knows it now. He knows it because now he's through with foxholes and mud and his M-1. Instead he handles the trigger of a .50 cal. machinegun on an A20 Havoc light bomber in the Ninth Air Force. He's living proof that sometimes the impossible happens.



to the "small fry" office of Section Ate, gets two typists, one file clerk, and eight pencils, and starts in on the recommendations.)

Scene II

(Three hours later)

(As the curtain rises, Sgt. B. is handing a draft of the list of recommendations to the first typist, who hands it to the second typist, who hands it to the file clerk, who can't type but, of course, usually does. This is known as going through channels in Section Ate. The file clerk types up the draft, makes eleven mistakes in serial numbers and, after doing the damn thing over about six times, hands it back to Sgt. B., who dashes into the inner sanctum of Section Ate, falling over three captains and two majors in his haste.)

Col. Amnesia: *(Looking at the draft.)*: Sergeant do we have any red pencils? *(Sgt. B. makes his exit again, clipping the five officers, who have just regained their feet. He enters the small-fry office.)*

Sgt. B.: Where are the red pencils? Where are the red pencils? *(Two Pfc.s hurriedly open eight drawers, spilling their contents all over the desks, but finding no red pencils.)*

Sgt. B.: What the hell is the matter with you dumb GIs? Don't you know we never take the colonel a letter without seeing that he has pencils of all colors? *(Sgt. B. sits down dejectedly and then a thought occurs to him, which is surprising.)* Call up the CO of the 112½'s Supply Room. *(Two Pfc.s and a Master Sergeant dash for the phone and after much conversation, during which the "By order of Colonel Amnesia" is tossed about like a file-folder, arrangements are made to get colored pencils by special requisition.)*

Scene III

(Two days later)

(There being no red pencils available, the promotion list is now under two poop sheets, one canteen cup, and six hand grenades.)

Sgt. B.: Colonel Amnesia, we now have the red pencils you wanted, sir.

Col. Amnesia: Red pencils? Red pencils? You come in here about red pencils when we have five fields bombed, 40 planes wrecked, and the XYZ Battalion has made a mistake and surfaced an advance landing ground with the seat of Kate Smith's drawers instead of square mesh!

Sgt. B.: Sorry, sir, but you wanted red pencils to work on the promotion list with.

Col. Amnesia: Promotion list?

Sgt. B.: *(Clearing the desk of two helmets, three ashtrays, and six scratch pads.)* Here it is, sir.

Col. Amnesia: Oh, yes. Guess I'd better dictate this. Where's my half-posteriored stenographer?

Sgt. B.: Your stenographer is on guard today, sir. It's his day to guard the honey-bucket in the enlisted men's latrine.

Col. Amnesia: What, again! Get me the CO of the 112½ Squadron. *(He takes the telephone from Sgt. B., gets red in the face, and proceeds to give the CO of the 112½ Squadron an extremely good reaming. The CO of the aforesaid squadron gives orders to scratch the colonel's stenographer off all duty rosters, busts two non-coms, and wishes he was at home so he could beat his wife. Meanwhile, Sgt. B. returns to his desk as the colonel's stenographer drags his weary body into Section Ate's small-fry office.)*

Sgt. B.: Sluffing off again, eh? The colonel is looking for you. Get your butt in there.

Col. Amnesia: *(As the stenographer enters.)* Just stand by. Think I'd better see about getting a new T/O drawn up by the drafting section. The one I have is real old—about two days. *(Steno stands by and eight men from the drafting department are brought in and a consultation is held.)*

Scene IV

(Another week has gone by)

(The drafting department has finally secured some drafting paper, after sending three jeeps to an engineer dump for it and finally locating it in Sgt. B.'s desk. The steno is—you guessed it—still standing by.)

Col. Amnesia: *(Dictating.)* Blah, blah, and blah. See what I mean? By command of Blah. *(He pauses a second.)* Maybe we'd better have a stencil cut on this. After all, we should send a copy to each regiment. Of course, they aren't concerned with our promotions, but we might set a bad precedent unless we made proper distribution. Make it a "Z" distribution. *(This means in the Section Ate office that everyone who voted Democratic in the last election, and the street cleaners of Scranton, Pa., all get a copy. Also copies are attached to swallows' legs for delivery to Capistrano. Stenographer closes notebook, exits, and after a minute returns.)*

Stenographer: Here it is, sir! *(He hands the colonel a stencil which looks as if someone had thrown a bucket of red paint at it. The colonel examines it, finds 32 errors, and calls for Sgt. B.)*

Sgt. B.: *(After a bawling out.)* Yes, sir. I'll get it done over for you, sir, right away. *(Exits to the small-fry office where he hands the stencil to the Section Ate typist, who corrects 30 of the 32 errors, but makes 16 new ones of his own.)*

Scene V

(Winter is coming on)

Sgt. B.: Whatever happened to that promotion list that we made up?

Steno: I don't know. We cut 19 stencils and the last I heard of it our messenger took it to the AG for signature, but the AG was out, and so the messenger just left it. *(Sgt. B. exits hurriedly to check with the AG section, where he finds that the stencil was finally signed and sent to the Promotion Section for Col. Meow's approval. The curtain is lowered briefly and rises on Col. Meow's office. Enter Sgt. B.)*

Col. Meow: Good morning, Sgt. B.

Sgt. B.: Good morning, colonel. I'm checking on a list of recommendations for promotion that was put in recently—I think that was in '44.

Col. Meow: Oh, that! Well, you see a new T/O is going to be put out in '46 and besides we are now only making promotions on June 13, when that date happens to fall on Friday. *(Sgt. B. exits sadly, and the scene shifts back to Section Ate. Enter Sgt. B.)*

Sgt. B.: Well, men, cheer up. I'm going to talk to the colonel and see what I can do about getting some recommendations for promotions through.

Section Ate: *(In unison.)* Hold your hats boys, here we go again!

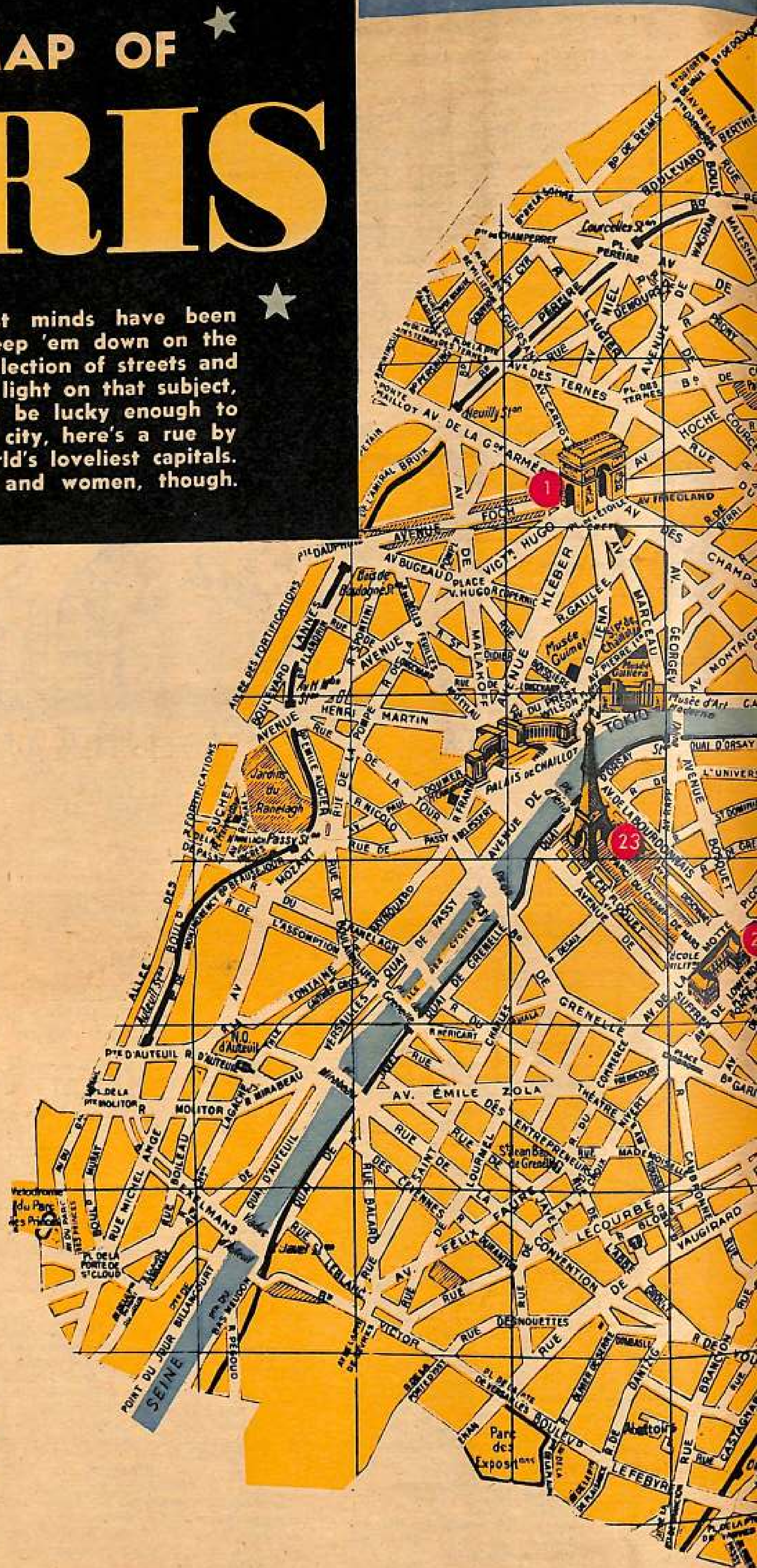
(Curtain.)

STREET MAP OF

PARIS

Ever since 1918, the best minds have been trying to figure how to keep 'em down on the farm after they see this collection of streets and places. We can't throw any light on that subject, but for those GIs who will be lucky enough to get near the Eiffel Tower city, here's a rue by rue view of one of the world's loveliest capitals. It doesn't show the wine and women, though.

1. Arc de Triomphe
2. Gare St. Lazare *(RR Station)*
3. Sacré-Coeur *(Church)*
4. La Trinité *(Church)*
5. Gare du Nord *(RR Station)*
6. La Madeleine *(Church)*
7. Opéra
8. Petit Palais *(Art Collections of City of Paris)*
9. Place de la Concorde
10. Jardin des Tuileries *(Gardens)*
11. Place Vendôme
12. Bibliothèque Nationale *(National Library)*
13. Bourse *(Produce Exchange)*
14. Palace du Louvre *(Art Museum)*
15. Palais Royal *(Richelieu's Palace)*
16. Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers *(History of Industry)*
17. Les Halles *(Central Markets)*
18. Palais de Justice
19. Hotel de Ville *(City Hall)*
20. Musée Carnavalet *(Historic collections of the French Revolution)*
21. Place de la Bastille
22. Gare de Lyon *(RR Station)*
23. Eiffel Tower
24. École Militaire *(Military Academy)*
25. Hôtel des Invalides *(Army Museum)*
26. Gare D'Orsay *(RR Station)*
27. Notre Dame *(Cathedral)*
28. Palais du Luxembourg *(Museum of modern sculpture and painting)*
29. Musée de Cluny *(Art of Middle Ages and Renaissance)*
30. Panthéon *(Temple of Fame)*
31. Jardin des Plantes *(Botanic gardens, zoo and natural history museum)*
32. Gare d'Austerlitz *(RR Station)*



Cimetière Parisien des Batignolles
BOULEVARD NEY
BOULEVARD NEY
BOUL^D MACDONALD
Abattoirs
Marché aux Bestiaux
RUE CHAMPIONNET
MARCADET
R. LAMARCK
Sacré-Cœur
St Pierre
Cim^re Montmartre
AVENUE DE ST OUEN
BOUL^D ROCHECHOUART
B^D DE LA CHAPELLE
GARE DU NORD
GARE DE L'EST
GARE ST LAZARE
B^D DES BATIGNOLLES
R. DE ROME
ST LAZARE
RUE DE CHATEAUDUN
HAUSSMANN
OPÉRA
Madeleine
ELYSÉE
ST HONORÉ
R. ROYALE
BOURSE
Arts et Métiers
PLACE DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE
Parc des Buttes Chaum^t
JAURÈS
LA VILLETTE
B^D DE BELLEVILLE
RUE DE BELLEVILLE
RUE DE MENILMONTANT
PYRÉNÉES
GAMBETTA
MORTIER
AV GAMBETTA
REPUBLIQUE
Cimetière du Père-Lachaise
Tuileries
RIVOLI
HONORÉ
Oratoire
ST ANTOINE
BASTILLE
FAUB^G ST ANTOINE
PLACE DE LA NATION
COURS DE VINCENNES
PORTE DE VINCENNES
DIDEROT
GARE DE LYON
INVALIDES
TOURVILLE
BOUL^D ST GERMAIN
St Sulpice
Luxembourg
Museum
Jardin des Plantes
GARE D'AUSTERLITZ
DE BERCY
ENTREPOT
Cimetière Montparnasse
MONTPARNASSE
RASPAIL
ARAGO
BOUL^D AUGUSTE BLANQUI
PLACE D'ITALIE
N.D. de la Gare
AVENUE D'ITALIE
RUE D'ALÉSIA
Parc de Montsouris
Cité Universitaire
JOURDAN
BOUL^D KELLERMANN
BOUL^D BRUNE
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Julie Bishop
YANK
Pin-up Girl

News from Home

They were all worked up about bridging the gap between war and peace, two octogenarian former Senators died, some war brides reached the States from the ETO, a strip-tease miss was expecting a divorce and a baby, and a general protested that he'd never had a $1,000 bill in his life.

Now here's one lad whose demobilization worries would seem to be pretty much over. Fifteen-year-old Gerald W. Haddon, of West Harrison Street, Chicago, took off for home from Boston last week after a year in the Coast Guard, during which time he was in on the D-Day Normandy landings and, in all, made 13 trips to the beachheads. He's had enough of that sort of business now and is heading back home where he plans to start his sophomore year at Austin High School. "The Coast Guard taught me what a good thing education is," said the youthful vet. "If you don't have one, you can't get anywhere. You find that out when you're out knocking around."

And here's a chap who has not only got his demobilization problem nicely beaten but doesn't have to worry about what sort of work he's going to do once he's out. His name is John Hodge and he's a master sergeant with nearly a quarter of a century of military service to his credit. The sarge's retirement was announced last week at Fort Leavenworth, Kan. The point about him is that, in addition to being an ex-top kick, he's also an ordained minister and for some time has served as pastor for three local churches near where he was stationed. So he figures he'll just carry on ministering to his three flocks.

But for the majority of GIs all over the world, for the folks at home who have a personal interest in them, and for millions of people who have been holding down war jobs in the States the future last week did not look quite so simple. Here's a sample of the seemingly paradoxical and certainly confusing news which kept the home front all stirred up:

One to two million soldiers can get out of the Army once the Nazis give up. A bigger Navy will be needed until the Japs do. Two hundred thousand workers must be found, but quick, to maintain arms production. New automobiles will be ready for buyers three months after Germany quits. An estimated four million war workers will be out of jobs three months after peace comes. Who's got an aspirin?

Back of it all was the fact that "reconversion," a two-dollar word which lots of people up till recently thought of as just a vague problem that might cause trouble sometime in the future, had suddenly blossomed out as one of the hot words of the moment. Because, as Hitler's collapse appeared to be getting more and more imminent, the big question was how soon and painlessly could the nation get back on a partial peacetime basis?

The gist of this demobilization business—assuming you haven't already got an earful of it—is that as soon as Hitler has had enough the War Department plans to start letting out a certain number of "surplus" soldiers, giving preference to men who rate the best when judged by these four standards: length of service, length of service overseas, amount and excellence of combat experience, and number of dependent kids.

Practically nobody in a position to know is holding out any rosy hopes of your being able to march up Fifth Avenue by Thanksgiving, because even if you're declared surplus, most of the ships that put in at ETO ports after Germany's collapse will be heading East of Suez and darn few will be Manhattan-bound.

The text of the WD's demobilization announcement is a long baby and transmission problems have made it impossible to print it in full here this time. Next week, though, the British and Continental editions of Yank will carry the complete announcement together with an interpretation of its significance by a staff correspondent with his ear to the ground in the States.

As President Roosevelt conferred in Washington with his close advisers, preliminary to meeting Prime Minister Churchill in Quebec for a "victory conference," Governor Thomas E. Dewey, of New York, the Republican candidate for President, opened his campaign by starting off on a 6,700-mile speaking trip to the West Coast and back. He made his first speech at Philadelphia, where he charged that the Roosevelt Administration was afraid to let men out of the Army because it couldn't find work for them. On the other hand, he said, the Republican Party could provide jobs for vets under the "American" system.

The next night, speaking at Louisville, Ky., Dewey came out

Jinx Falkenburg, the film lovely, poses a pretty problem for tire thieves. The crossed-steel gadget on the wheel stops grab artists from removing either tire or rim. Interesting, isn't it—and she? Below, we unveil the jeep's new sister—the U.S. M-29. This water baby on tracks can tote GIs or cargo of 1,200 pounds through mud up any hill you can name.

OBJECTIVE UNATTAINED. In New York, N. Y., Hattie Beverly, a Negro servant, threw herself from a tenth-story window. She was saved by a police net.

SPRUCE SPINSTER. Effie Klinker, newest find of Edgar Bergen, looks over the manly frame of Charlie McCarthy at a Hollywood luncheon and finds it good.

MANPOWER SHORTAGE. Esther Edge, daughter of New Jersey Governor Edge, picks peaches in an orchard in her home state.

for the use of force to keep peace after the war and went further than his party's platform in pledging international cooperation. "I believe," he said, "that an organization of peace is a subject which should be talked about earnestly, widely, and publicly. We cannot meet the problems of peace on a hush-hush, pussyfoot basis. On the contrary, they must be methods the American people will believe in."

IN an article in *Collier's*, Wendell Willkie, who ran against Roosevelt in 1940, attacked both major parties for showing "cowardice" on the subject of foreign policy and claimed that they had disappointed millions of independent voters. At about the same time that this article appeared, Willkie entered a hospital for a complete physical checkup. His physician, Dr. Benjamin Salder, said in New York City that he would remain there for some time. "Mr. Willkie's getting along fine," the doctor reported. "However, he will stay for at least two weeks, and perhaps longer."

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University and of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, advocated an amendment to the Constitution which would permit ratification of treaties by a majority vote of both houses of Congress instead of by the two-thirds vote of just the Senate, which is the present set-up. He warned that the way treaties are now ratified "might easily lead to almost irreparable damage to the prosperity and happiness of the American people as well as to the great movement of international cooperation to establish and maintain world peace." Under the present system, he said, it was possible for "a very small number of Senators—one-third of a quorum plus one—representing perhaps only ten million of the country's vast population to prevent ratification of a treaty of the highest importance for national prosperity and international cooperation and peace."

Want some figures? If so, get a load of these: Since V-Mail was set up in the middle of 1942, the Army and Navy Postal Services have transmitted 789,539,390 letters by this method to and from members of the armed forces overseas. The peak for both services came last April when the Army handled 63,638,405 V-Mail letters and the Navy 56,060,703. Interesting, but the best news on this receiving end is that plans are now underway to set up a big station for handling V-Mail in France and thus do away with the delay in rerouting letters through Britain to the Continent.

One of the first separation centers to be set up in the States is at Fort Sheridan, Ill., where the commander recently explained how the thing works. Calling it the "reverse of a reception center," he said it takes care of both officers and EMs who are up for either a discharge or release, and that the processing of the lucky boys includes a final pay and property settlement, physical examination, arrangement for travel facilities home, aid in finding a civilian job, and instruction in the rights and privileges of a vet—especially the dope on what a fellow's entitled to under the terms of the G.I. Bill of Rights. The Fort Sheridan set-up takes care of men, whether they've been stationed in the States or overseas, whose homes are in Colorado, Illinois, Indiana, Idaho, Kansas, Kentucky, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, North Dakota, Ohio, South Dakota, Wisconsin, and Wyoming.

The nation mourned the death of former Senator George W. Morris, who died of a cerebral hemorrhage and a paralytic stroke in his unpretentious stucco house in the little western Nebraska town of McCook. The 83-year-old liberal, who represented his state in the Senate for 40 years, was responsible for the creation of the Tennessee Valley Authority, the "lame-duck" amendment to the Constitution which provides that new Presidents and Congressmen take office in January instead of March, and the law abolishing "yellow-dog" labor contracts.

Funeral services for Norris were to have been held in the First Congregational Church in McCook, but so many friends and admirers wanted to attend that the First Methodist Church, a larger one, was used. Upon learning of Norris's death, President Roosevelt said that "a pillar of state has fallen" and described the former Senator as "an uncompromising foe of special privilege."

Another former Senator died—James A. Reed, of Missouri, who represented his state in Washington from 1911 to 1929. Eighty-two years old, he was in Fairview, Mich., at the time of his death. Reed was noted for having been one of the bitterest enemies of President Wilson's proposal for a League of Nations during the last war.

The first batch of war brides who met their American husbands over here arrived in New York City. There were 60 of them in all, together with 16 children. Naval officials said the young ladies were married to blue-jackets who were returning to the States. Most of the wives came from Northern Ireland and met their husbands while the latter were stationed at a naval construction base there.

Schools began reopening in some parts of the country after the summer vacation, but in the East and North Central States there was a lot of infantile paralysis that made parents uneasy about sending their youngsters back to the classroom. Nine states had reported a total of 6,258 cases of the disease, and 169 deaths from it, and its prevalence was at the highest level since the epidemic of 1916. In some areas, the opening of schools was put off for a month and parents were warned to keep their kids away from crowds until the arrival of cool weather, which can be counted on to better the situation.

Six stores along the boardwalk in Atlantic City, N.J., and the front of the Knickerbocker Hotel at the foot of Tennessee Ave. there were damaged by a general-alarm fire which provided some unexpected excitement for hundreds of visitors who had come to the city expecting to get an eyeful of nothing more than the annual beauty pageant.

Another fire, this one in downtown Cleveland, caused a series of explosions in a towering gasoline-storage tank of the Standard Oil Co. of Ohio. Breaking out in mid-afternoon, the flames caused clouds of black smoke that hung over the area near East 34th Street and Broadway while all available fire equipment in the town was brought into play.

The northeast part of the U.S. and southern Canada were shaken by an earthquake of unusual size for those parts. It came at midnight with a shock that awoke people all the way from Maine to West Virginia and as far west as Toronto.

In Pittsburgh, Meteorologist W. S. Brotzman presented a report analysing the freak storm which swept Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Maryland last June, killing 123 persons and causing $5,000,000 damage. He said it consisted of five separate tornadoes, travelling parallel and about 40 miles apart from one another, and that it was the first such storm ever reported in this area.

Another scientist—Dr. Charles P. Olivier, president of the American Meteor Society—came up with an explanation of a mysterious object which flashed over part of the Midwest a fortnight or so ago and which was at first thought by many to be some sort of long-range doodlebug. He said it was apparently a meteor which had burst at an altitude of between 10 and 20 miles, scattering meteorites over Wabash County in Illinois and adjoining counties in Indiana. He based his findings of 170 reports he had received from residents in Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, and Kentucky. "It was bright enough to hurt the eyes of some who saw it," Dr. Olivier said, "and it left a smoke trail which lasted ten minutes."

You can take the word of yet another expert that there's no sea serpent swimming around in Payette Lake in southern Idaho, despite what some people have been saying lately. This expert is Paul Walter, of Sand Point, Idaho, who read so many reports about the monster in the lake that he went out to have a gander for himself. Sure enough, there it was, swimming along. It seemed to be about 40 feet long until Walter trained his binoculars on it and discovered that "it" was really three beavers chasing each other around.

Things must have changed plenty in New York, or at any rate the cops have. Joseph Marcinkiewicz, 24, who was wanted by the police on an assault charge, was just getting married when the law caught up with him. However, the detectives who had come to arrest him, waited patiently outside the church where the ceremony was being held until the bride and groom emerged. Even then, they didn't whisk Joe off to the clink, but accompanied the couple to a photographer's studio so that they could have a wedding picture taken. It was only when Marcinkiewicz suggested that he'd like to have a honeymoon before being locked up that the cops put their respective feet down.

A bazooka shell exploded in the Bronx, N. Y., with tragic results. It was a souvenir which a GI had brought back from Africa and six little boys were playing with it in the basement of an apartment house when the thing went off, injuring the youngsters, tearing holes in the ceiling, ripping up floor boards, and starting a fire. The most seriously hurt of the boys was 11-year-old Vincent Lennon, who lost both his legs.

SEEMS there's a lot of crime on the home front these days. J. Edgar Hoover, the head G-man, announced in Washington that there were 26.6 per cent more thefts of automobiles during the first 6 months of this year than during the corresponding period in 1943, and that 64.5 per cent of the thefts were committed by boys not yet 21 years old. "The gravity of the present juvenile delinquency situation," Hoover said, "is indicated by the fact that the ages 17 and 18 predominated in the frequency of arrests for males and females respectively." Twenty-three per cent of all persons arrested were under 21, he added. There's been less murder, rape, robbery, and larceny, though—so everybody can't be going to hell in a handbucket.

Thanks to the cooperation of the Red Cross Mobile

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Corps and the Pennsylvania Railroad, Pfc. Louis Colella, 28, who was wounded in Normandy, got to his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., just in time to see his mother before she died. Colella had been invalided back to the States and was at Atlantic City, N. J., when he heard that his mother had only a few hours to live. Capt. Mary C. Moore, of the Atlantic County Red Cross, drove the Pfc. to the station while State Police sent a teletype ahead to have the New York express held. It waited for Colella 13 minutes and he reached his mother's bedside with only an hour or so to spare.

MAJOR O. R. McCoy, chief of the Army's tropical-disease-control division, said there was no cause for worrying, as some civilian authorities have been, that returning soldiers suffering from malaria may cause epidemics of the disease in the States. He pointed out that until recently thousands of immigrants entered the country with malaria and that the bug had failed to spread from them. He also cheered GIs who have picked up the illness by telling them that it is not a life-long affair.

Three doctors from the division of research of Harvard's Graduate School of Business Administration told members of the Aero Medical Association of the U. S., meeting in St. Louis, that inhaling the smoke of a single cigarette impairs the eyesight needed by military flyers on night missions. The doctors were R. A. McFarland, M. P. Halperin, and J. I. Niven, and they said they had found that the loss in seeing power was caused by the carbon monoxide in the tip of the burning butt. This loss is not likely even to be noticed in normal life, they reported, nor does it seem to have any bad effects upon the individual's health, but it can make a big difference to a night flyer working under conditions in which it is just barely possible to discern enemies or objectives. Inhaling three cigarettes, said the medicos, causes a loss of vision power equivalent to that suffered by a man flying at 8,000 feet.

Folks born in South Carolina are more likely to die there than Americans born elsewhere are of dying in their home states, according to some mortality figures compiled by the Census Bureau. Eighty-four percent of the people who died in S. C. during two recent months in which the Bureau made its survey were natives of the state—and that's tops in the U. S. for stay-at-homes. North Carolina came second, followed by Kentucky, Alabama, Louisiana, Georgia, Virginia, Maine, and Tennessee. On the other hand, only eight percent of the people who died in Wyoming had been born there, and that, in its way, was tops, too. Montana had the next highest percentage of migrants, followed by Washington, California, Colorado, Oregon, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Nebraska, South Dakota, Nevada, and Florida.

The WPB disclosed that it had given commendations of one kind or another to more than 6,000 civilians who have thought up useful plans for increasing war production. Among those thus honored are: James Cowling, of Kalamazoo, Mich., who suggested a new milling machine which stepped up the production of 155 mm. guns by 50 per cent; Frederick G. Gray, of New Haven, Conn., who had an idea for making carbine parts which saved 160,000 man-hours a year; Miriam Bennett, of Columbus, O., who suggested a chromate paste dispenser which is similar to a pastry tube and saves $15 a day in making airplane parts; David D. Jones, of Baltimore, who discovered a testing method for bomb releases which saves 3,500 man-hours a year; Clifford Carey, of Trenton, Mich., who doped out a way of increasing alcohol production by spreading grain over a greater area of the tanks in which the stuff is made; Ella F. Baikie, of Richmond, Calif., who suggested repair molds for the electrode holders used in welding and thus brought about a saving of $82.50 per holder every 24-hour day; Walter McGarvin, of Santa Monica, Calif., who found a silk-screening process used for aircraft which resulted in an annual saving of $35,608 and 17,302 man-hours; and Clem J. Burkely, of Akron, who designed a non-skid ice grip for tires.

Quadruplets weighing three pounds each were born to Mrs. Charles E. Lee, of Gainesville, Ga., but two of them failed to live more than a few days. The father, a 25-year-old private at Camp Blanding, hastened home to see his brood but failed to arrive before the deaths occurred. His wife, Mabel, who is 23, was not told that she had lost two of her babies. The other two were reported to be doing well in an incubator.

In Chicago, Soylo Villegas, 26, who last spring cooked up the cute idea of packing his dead wife into a trunk, covering her with salt, and shipping her to Los Angeles, was found guilty of murder by Judge Harold G. Ward and sentenced to 20 years in the coop.

Thirty-seven GIs were injured, none of them seriously, and a fireman was critically hurt in the head-on collision of a passenger train and a freight on the Rock Island Line, near Norton, Kan.

With the late Woodbury Rand, a Boston lawyer, it was a case of love me, love my cat. When it seemed to him that his relatives weren't showing the proper respect for his pet he cut them off in his will, leaving his estate of 60,000 bucks to his tabby, with the observation that his kin had acted "contemptuously" toward the critter. Now Rand is dead and the relatives, consisting of seven cousins, have brought legal action in an effort to break the will. The cat figures she's sitting pretty.

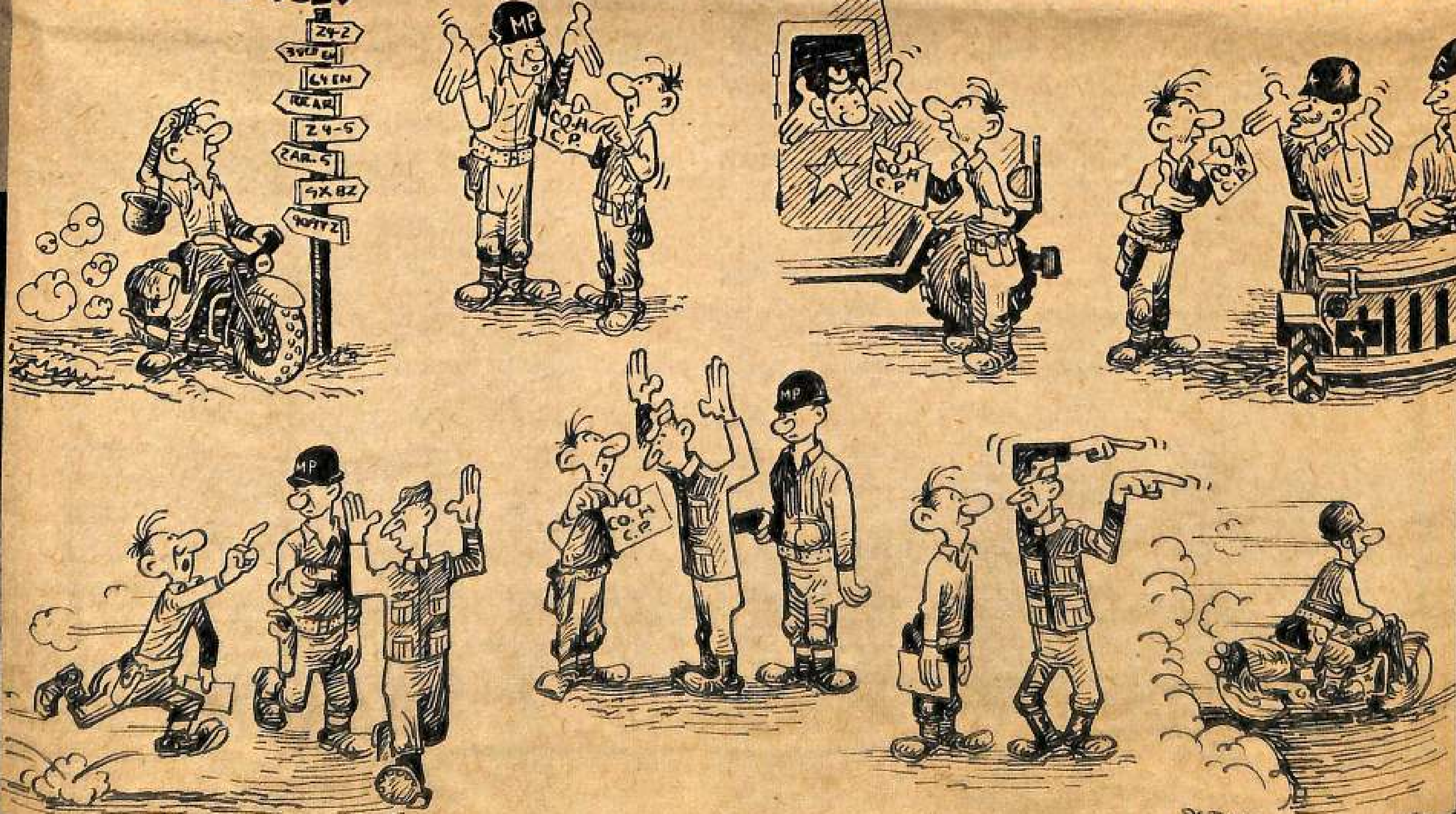
Lt. Col. James Stewart, of the AAF, is back in the States after 20 months in the ETO. No, he's not Lt. Col. Jimmy Stewart, also of the AAF and the ETO, but another fellow by the same name, who comes from Corona, N. J. He said last week in Los Angeles that he's met and likes his Hollywood namesake but that he's going nuts with all the film star's fan mail that he receives. "A nice guy," said Lt. Col. James Stewart, "if it wasn't for all that fan mail!"

Gypsy Rose Lee, the strip-tease honey, turned up in Reno and registered at a nearby dude ranch under her married name of Mrs. Alexander Kirkland. She said she was going to have a baby and divorce her husband, who is a playwright and director.

Lt. Commander Marius Kimmel, son of Rear Admiral Husband Kimmel, was reported missing with the submarine *Robalo*. His father is awaiting court martial for responsibility in neglecting the naval defenses of Hawaii before the Jap attack on Pearl Harbor.

Freeman Gosden, of the radio black-face team of *Amos and Andy*, married Jane Stoneham, daughter of the late Charles Stoneham, owner of the New York Giants.

LT. GEN. GEORGE S. PATTON, commanding the American Third Army on the Continent, is sick of that story which appeared in at least one civilian paper about his arriving in Normandy waving a $1,000 bill and offering to bet he was going through France like a knife through butter, or something. He recently attached this note to a report on military operations which he sent Gen. George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff: "In a clipping which just reached me I saw that a correspondent had stated that I arrived in Normandy waving a $1,000 bill and making bets. I arrived in Normandy incognito. I have never seen a $1,000 bill." So that's that.



Mail Call

Buy Jeeps Now?

Dear YANK,

The question has come up in our company concerning we soldiers buying jeeps. A lot of us would like to start payment on them so we can have them as soon as we are discharged.

Can you put a little light on this question?

Cpl. JESSE BURDETT

Britain.

[Pending legislation may allow vets to buy jeeps at wholesale prices, but no provisions are made to start payment now.—Ed.]

Weak In The Clutch

Dear YANK,

The writer is assigned as a technical representative in this ETO. I should like to thank Sgt. Merle Miller for his timely article on the jeep. He quotes Dorothy V. Knibb, of the U.S. Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce; this woman, in my estimation, shows some good old common horse-sense.

I have watched all this sales build-up the jeep is getting as a one purpose do-all farm unit with disgust.

The jeep will no more make a farm tractor than the GMC, 6x6, will make an all-purpose road truck. I admit it will have its uses on some farms as the gadabout, but if it is put to the plow or disc-harrow it will stand up like a snowball in h——. No tractor has ever been built that I know of with a 6-in. clutch as in the jeep. Usually a 9-in. and better is used and even they have their clutch troubles.

I hope you don't think I am talking through my hat. Born and raised on a farm and 13 years in the farm implement and tractor business, both wholesale and retail is my background.

I don't wish to discredit the jeep any. It's a fine vehicle for its job, but to build up this sales idea that it's gonna do all the work on the farms is one of the most foolish things I have heard of in this —our army.

R. E. SCOTT

Britain.

Just Like New York

Dear YANK,

I have been here in France with my outfit for a couple of months and I would like to say the French people have appreciated what we are doing for them. Just recently we made over 100 miles in one day and it seemed like every native who lived on that highway was on the road, waving, throwing flowers, even trying to touch us and applauding, doffing their hats and crying, "Vive l'Amerique." It really repaid us for the years we spent in the Army. In one town in particular, the people were lined three deep all down the main street, gendarmes holding back the enthusiastic people. People were holding up their babies so they could see us better. All I needed was the ticker tape to make me feel I was back in New York.

Pfc. MORRIS SCHATSKY

France.

No Whoopee

Dear YANK,

The boys who took St. Lo and every other place can tell you the same thing. We people in the front lines don't celebrate.

When some of us boys get wounded (the only way to go back there now) and try to go in these towns for which we've fought, in which we've seen our buddies die, the MPs throw us out before we get there.

We are not celebrating until we get to Berlin, but we'll have to do it before the MPs get there.

France.

FIVE BELATED CELEBRATORS

Treatment Of Prisoners

Dear YANK,

Because you have been an invaluable aid to us in better understanding of world problems, we of our organization turn to you for help in searching for an explanation of the American people who are pampering Axis prisoners of war in the U.S.A. I thoroughly agree that the prisoners should be decently fed and clothed and housed, but not in a manner to which they are unaccustomed, undeserving, and unappreciative of.

I become sick, completely sick, when I read again and again of the generosity of the American people toward these "defeated" men, who deep in their hearts have never known any emotion for Americans but contempt and jealousy.

Cpl. T. W. HALLIGAN

Britain.

Is There Anyone Finer?

Dear YANK,

Here is a snap of lovely Dinah Shore as she was seen in France on a USO tour. The shot was made by Sgt. Al Rios, photographer in the Ninth Air Force. Not bad, is she fellas?

France.

BOYS OF THE SQUADRON

[No.—Ed.]

Wants To Stay Here

Dear YANK,

A few of us in my outfit have been considering the post-war Army of Occupation. Most of us speak more than one language. I speak Polish fluently, read and write it; I know a little French and German and Spanish. I've been through seventeen countries and seemed to have gotten along with all the inhabitants.

I want to know of the qualifications for this job; also the details that go with it. First I'd like to prepare myself by going to school to study French and German.

I'm very adept at languages, so it shouldn't take long. I've been in action three times, including two major engagements.

I would appreciate it if you would forward all this information, including the arrangements for married men, etc.

Pvt. E. C. NOWAK

Britain.

[We can't give you all the information you want, but if you are interested in studying languages now, or some other subject that may be useful to a member of the Army of Occupation, we suggest you look into the United States Armed Forces Institute. You should be able to get a catalogue and a blank from your Special Service officer, library, or Red Cross director.—Ed.]

Soldier, Prisoner or Civilian?

Dear YANK,

Most of us here entered the service gladly because it was a military necessity, but *not* under any circumstances, because it would have been a convenience to the civilian economy at that time. We expect to serve gladly for just so long as in the opinion of our Government that military necessity continues to exist; if we serve any longer than that, except on a voluntary basis, it would be unfair to dignify us with the name "soldiers," for we would be in effect and in fact, prisoners. I am sure that most GIs will agreed that that is just and so!

EDWARD R. DEVEREUX

Britain.

Dear YANK,

We just finished listening to a resume of a speech on discharge of men after this war is over, claiming that it would be just as cheap to keep men in the Army after the war as to create new industries for them. What about telling that speaker that we'd like a chance to indulge in civilian activities as soon as it's humanly possible.

Everything wasn't perfect in the U.S. prior to this war, but we still loved it that way and sure could appreciate a chance to live there as civilians again.

ESSENTIAL SOLDIERS

France.

Bachelor, Bachelor Girls

Dear YANK,

I've read your "Boos for the Bachelors" and partly agree with the married men, but I think some of them just blow their tops without thinking.

I am a bachelor, and have been in the Army going on three years. However, I do think the married men should get the preference. I think most of us bachelors with prospective wives back home can stick it out until most of the married fellas get home to their wives and children.

I know our Uncle Sam will figure out the fairest way and let us know in the near future. Until then let's finish this war and then think of going home.

Sgt. HAROLD E. ZAHN

Britain.

Dear YANK,

Just what makes these married men think they deserve to go home sooner, and that they are the only ones fighting this war? Did you ever stop to

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Pictures: 1, S/Sgt. Ben Rosenblatt. 5, 9th AAF. 6, center left, PA; all others, Sgt. George N. Meyers. 7, AAF. 8, Sgt. Meyers. 10, Keystone. 14, Warner Bros. 15, top, Keystone; bottom AP. 17, left, INP; center, Acme; right, PA. 20, lower left, PA; lower right, Acme; others, INP. 21, upper, PA; lower, Sgt. Ben Schnall. 22 and 23, Sgt. Aarons.

ask your bachelor buddies if they had girls back home waiting for them, or aren't they the type who brag about their women?

I've been engaged to a FIGHTING YANK in the Pacific who has been in the Army almost four years, and I guess you married men would consider him a bachelor. I wouldn't say he was too ugly to get married, or that no woman would have him. And, furthermore, he wouldn't think of using a wife and family as an excuse to shirk his duty, even if it meant being in the Army of Occupation.

I'm not speaking for myself alone, but also for the thousands of other young men and women in the same predicament. I hope and pray that both of us are lucky enough to get home, and build our home and family in a peaceful country where we can be sure that our children won't be doing what we are doing now. We are both doing our share, and we have just as much to fight for as you have.

Britain. **Pfc. CL (WAC)**

Dear YANK,

I've got lots of sympathy with the fathers and husbands whose letters re the "Four Bachelors" appeared in a recent issue—but do they have any thought at all for good Anglo-American relations? If so, why the suggestions that the bachelors should marry girls over here and stay here? What did we girls here ever do that your beat-up old bachelors should be unloaded on to us? If you Yanks have no use for your cast-off bachelors then I guess we would have even less.

Britain. **A GIRL FROM "OVER HERE"**

"THERE GOES STANISLAUS MENTALLY UNDRESSING PEOPLE AGAIN."

Quicker Than the Eye

Dear YANK:

How did that girl ever get her shoes off and on so quickly?

Somewhere overseas **—T-5 NOBLE GRUBBS**

Dear YANK:

. . . How can a woman's stockings come off before her shoes?

Camp Rucker, Ala. **—Pvt. VINCENT BLONDOLLILO**

■ Shucks, that ain't all. Her shoes don't match, either.

Sad Sack Irks MP

Dear YANK,

I think it is high time that the military police stopped getting ribbed in your magazine. I am referring to the *Sad Sack* cartoon of August 27 which is purely slander of character. For in the past two years that we have been military police, never has the occasion arisen like the one imagined by *Sad Sack*. We just do our duty, and the only ones that come in contact with us are the ones that go around breaking all rules and regulations.

So please look at it from our side for we are some of the best soldiers in the Air Force. To prove it you should see our T/S slips. We are the middle man in all things when it comes to taking the crap.

Britain. **T/5 AND HIS RELIEF**

Good Soldiers Never Dry

Dear YANK,

Here in France we have found the most legitimate gripe of the war. We have found that the GI raincoat and shelter halves were made to absorb water, but not to resist it. When not wearing the raincoat, you expect to get wet, but when you have a raincoat on, you expect to keep partly dry. The GI raincoat does not fulfil these requirements at all.

The shelter half is practically in the same corner, because even new ones leak like a sieve. The water runs through them just like Niagara Falls. Just what can be done about the whole situation?

France. **SEVEN WET SACKS**

National Anthem (Cont.)

Dear YANK,

Pfc. Schurr seems to be asking for an argument when he suggests that the *Stars and Stripes Forever* be adopted as our national anthem. In my belief our present national anthem was born of one of our country's most trying battles. The words of *The Star Spangled Banner* were inspired by faith in something that the author and the people of America believed in. We still believe in the same things, so why is a change necessary? That spirit will live on in peace or war.

Britain. **Sgt. CARLOS H. SPARKS**

Dear YANK,

Pfc. E. C. Schurr ought to know that the *Stars and Stripes Forever* is a march written by John Philip Sousa. It has been in existence lo, these many years without any words of note.

I agree with Pfc. Schurr that we need a new national anthem, but let's make it an original piece, complete with words.

Britain. **GEORGE SEMLER, USN**

Dear YANK,

The things which bring a lump to my throat and which make me more determined than ever that America shall continue to be a nation founded on justice, right, and progress, seem best to be found in *America the Beautiful*. Now that I am far from the U.S. and all is grim war, the pictures of home which pass through my mind and give me the most thrill are those of fields of grain, happy school kids, thriving industries, modern luxury trains, a congregation leaving church with their families intact, majestic mountains, lazy rivers, etc.; these are America to me, along with our traditions which are the most noble. Is not all this finer than war? Is it not portrayed in the words of *America the Beautiful*?

Britain. **Sgt. ROYCE M. CHAMBERS**

No Gunners Wanted

Dear YANK,

We are a bit confused. We are now with a Bomb Group in the ETO and much to our surprise we found there was a surplus of gunners, and due to this fact we were relieved of our rank, taken off flying status and are now doing odd ground jobs. They called it "RECLASSIFICATION."

We are now doing such jobs as truck drivers, typists, giving out equipment which takes no particular skill or training whatsoever. Are we that far advanced in this war that they no longer need us? If that is the case we want to be among the first to apply for discharge.

We would like to know how we can again be put on flying status to do the job which we are best qualified and best trained for. In that way we can help our Government as well as ourselves.

Britain. **EX-GUNNERS**

YANK'S AFN Radio Guide

Highlights for the week of Sept. 17

SUNDAY 1715—ANDRE KOSTELANETZ—The famous arrangements of popular and semi-classic music. Percy Faith is guest conductor.

MONDAY 2135—VILLAGE STORE—Fun fest with Joan Davis and Jack Haley.

TUESDAY 1915—GI JOURNAL—A report from the four corners of the earth on the fun front. Jack Carson is this week's editor-in-chief. His staff includes Lorraine Day, Arthur Q. Bryan, Rochester, Mel Blanc, Ransom Sherman and Kay Kyser.

WEDNESDAY 2115—FRED ALLEN—With Portland Hoffa, the Mighty Allen Art Players and all the gang. Music by Al Goodman's Orchestra. Songs by Hi, Lo, Jack and a Dame.

THURSDAY 2030—THE AMERICAN BAND OF THE AEF—The full orchestra under the direction of Major Glenn Miller.

FRIDAY 1935—BOB CROSBY—The Dixieland Band, the Pied Pipers, Les Tremayne and Bob himself.

SATURDAY 1330—YANK'S RADIO WEEKLY.

2105—EDDIE CONDON'S JAZZ SESSION—A new feature. Eddie's guests, Red Stewart, Lips Page, Liza Morrow and Bobbie Hackett.

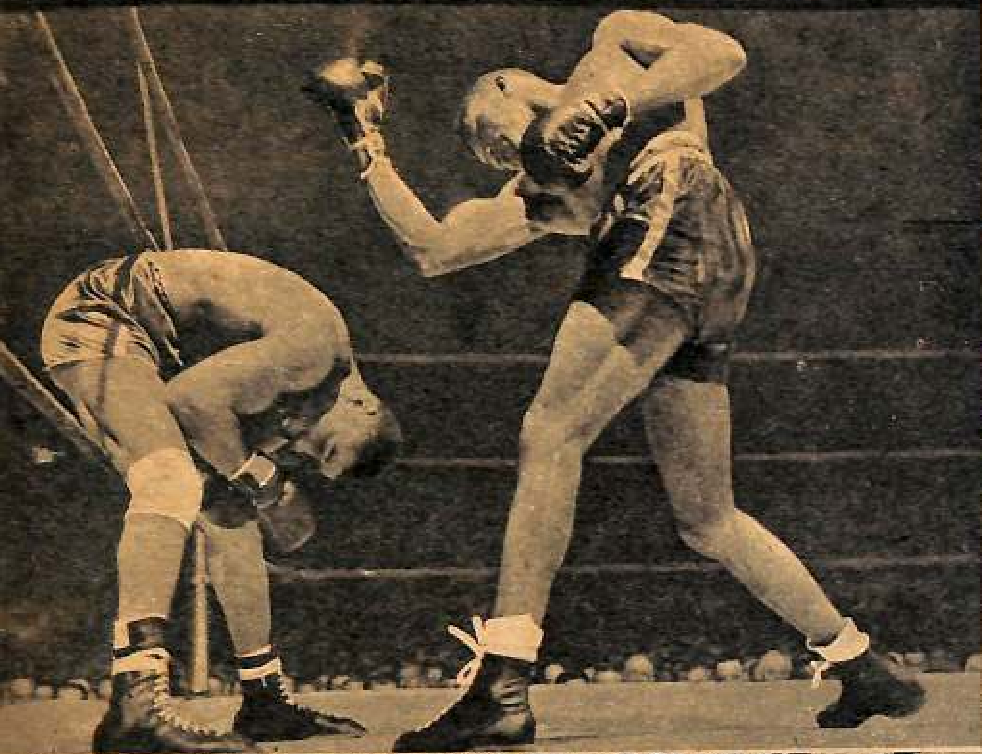
NEWS EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR.

Also heard over the Allied Expeditionary Force Program.

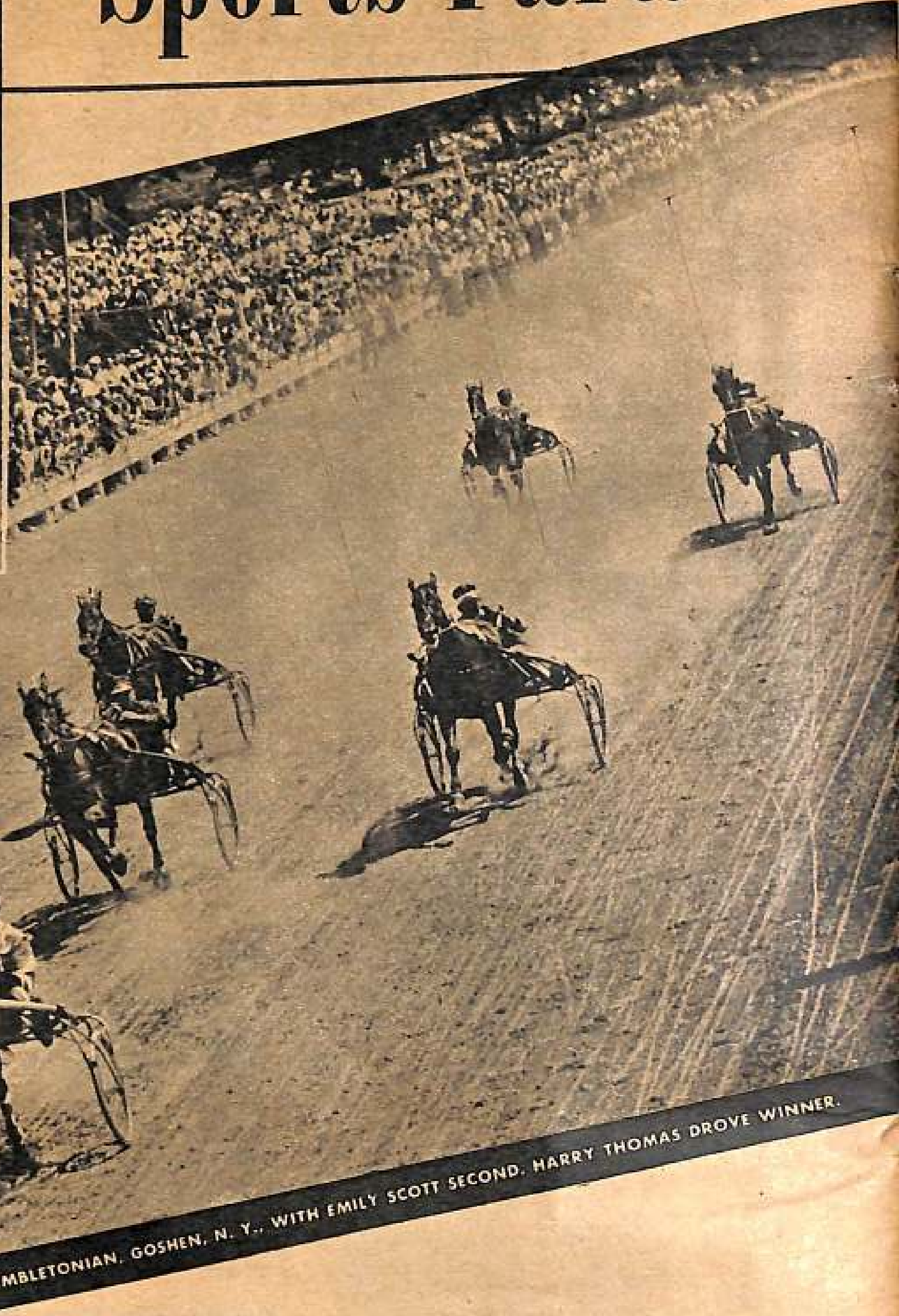
AFN in Britain on your dial:
1375 kc. 1402 kc. 1411 kc. 1420 kc. 1447 kc.
218.1 m. 213.9 m. 212.6 m. 211.3 m. 207.3 m.

AEF on your dial:
583 kc. 514 m.

round decision from Pvt. Bob Montgomery in a War Bond bout at New York. It was their fourth meeting, and the fight drew a 36-million-dollar gate in bonds.



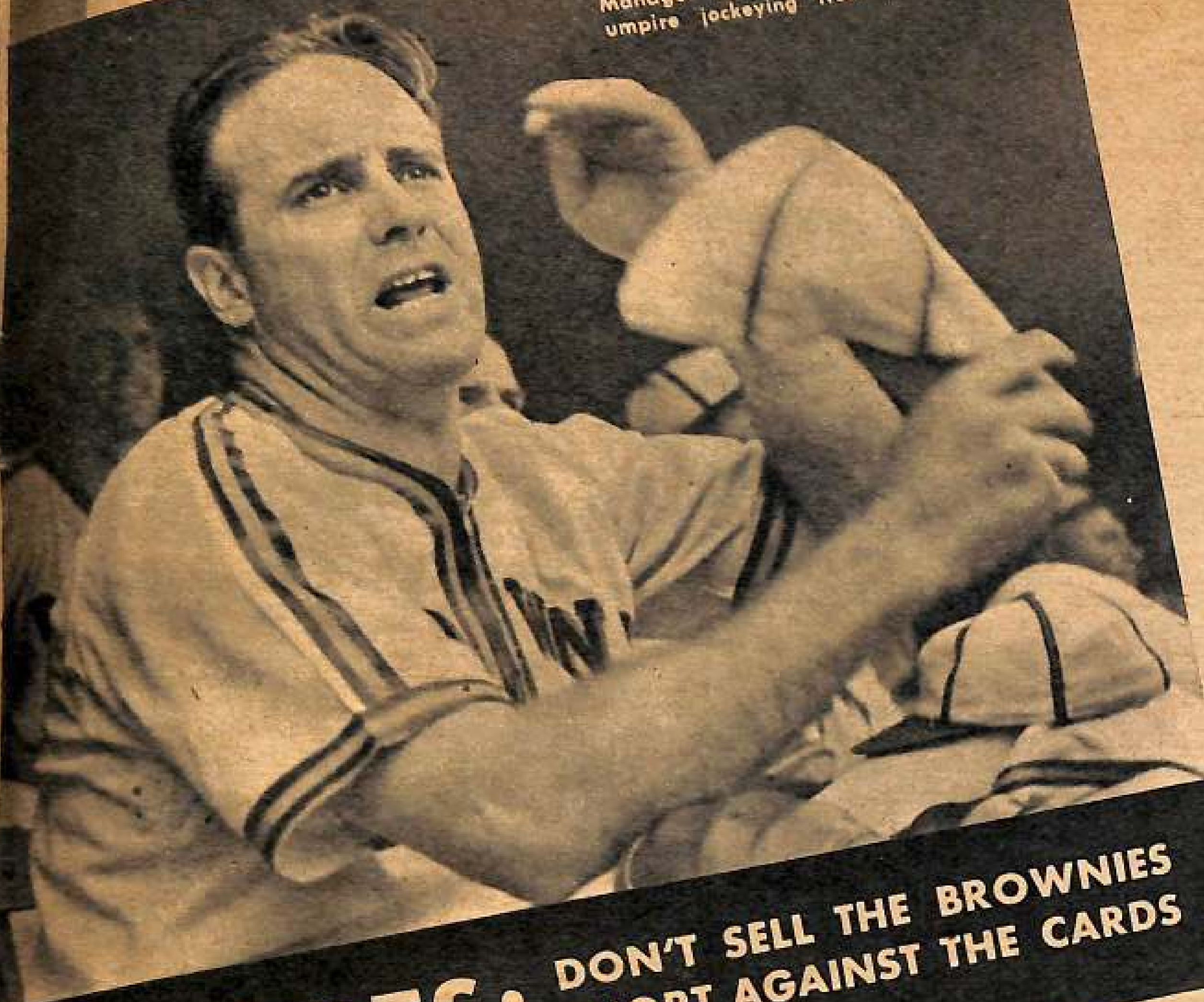
Sports Parade



YANKEE MAID, HALF SISTER OF GREYHOUND, WINNING THE HAMBLETONIAN, GOSHEN, N. Y., WITH EMILY SCOTT SECOND. HARRY THOMAS DROVE WINNER.

Chapman (left), the old Alabama Arrow, gives 16-year-

LITTLE LECTURE. Lou Little, Columbia University's veteran football coach, gives



Manager Luke Sewell does a bit of umpire jockeying from the dugout.

SPORTS: DON'T SELL THE BROWNIES SHORT AGAINST THE CARDS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

If the St. Louis Browns come dashing down the home stretch with the American League pennant fluttering from Mr. James Luther Sewell's hand, don't make the mistake of selling them short against the Cardinals in the World Series. The Brownies have a hunk of wartime strength that may surprise.

Consider these facts:

No team, or combination of teams, has been able to slap more than three straight defeats on the Browns. Every time they have been seriously challenged for the lead, they rapped the opposition smartly on the knuckles and bounced back with an eight-game winning streak. Against the pitching-powerful Tigers they have won 11 out of 14 games.

These facts become even more imposing when you consider that the Browns have faced fiercer, tougher competition in the American League than the Cardinals have belabored in the National. The Cards, for example, could never spread-eagle the American League with anything like their present 17-game lead. There's too much good pitching in the American League to let a thing like that happen. Even the humble Athletics are tough any time they spring Newsom, Flores or Black at the enemy.

The statistical nuts will probably make out a strong case against the Brownies when the series rolls around. Usually these fugitives from a decimal point get their best mileage from batting and fielding averages, which fortunately never seem to prove much and more often than not are confusing. You will probably hear that the Browns never scaled higher than sixth in team batting, or higher than fifth in team fielding, and that the club has only two .300 sluggers. The pay-off on all of this, of course, lies in the indisputable fact that the Brownies are comfortably lodged in first place. What the Browns lack in fat batting averages or dazzling fielding records they more than compensate with up-to-the-hilt playing, dangerous clutch hitting and a deep and abiding faith in a nice guy named Sewell.

PROBABLY the most amazing thing about the miracle Browns is Mr. Sewell himself. He has gathered together a group of aggressive cast-offs and lashed them into semblance of a solid ball club. The experts didn't give him a ghost of a chance of overpowering the Yankees at the beginning of the season. Even fat Mr. Joe McCarthy said the Chicago White Sox and not the Browns were the team to fear.

Mr. Sewell's slickest operator is Vernon Stephens, a loose, gangling shortstop and one of the few products of the Browns' farm system. Currently Stephens is leading the league in runs batted in and is hitting over .300. Without wincing either to the right or left, Mr. Sewell says he would rather have Stephens on his club than Marty Marion of the Cards. But nobody else shares his sentiments.

George McQuinn, who was traded away by the Yankees during the Gehrig era, is a deft hand around first base and shapes up as a better defensive fielder than Ray Sanders of the Cardinals. Sanders, on the other hand, is a stronger hitter. Don Gutteridge, the second baseman, was given up by the Cardinals and shipped to Sacramento where the Browns rescued him. In a show-down with Emil Verban, the Cards' rookie, Gutteridge emerges as the more aggressive and a heavier hitter. Verban is the surer fielder. It's a stand-off at third base between Mark Christman, a Tiger discard, and Whitey Kurowski.

Mr. Sewell's outfielders are plentiful, which means he can juggle them as often as he pleases to get the maximum mileage from them. Mike Kreevich, fired by both the White Sox and Athletics, has developed into a dependable centerfielder under Sewell and rates about even with Cardinal Johnny Hopp. Gene Moore and Chet Laabs, who alternate in left field, were shrugged off by the Tigers and Senators respectively. Neither of them measures up to the super structure of Stan Musial, but then how many ball players do? The two alternates in right field, Al (Make Mine) Zarilla and Milt Byrnes, are newcomers and seem to be more than a match for Danny Litwhiler, himself only a Phillie refugee.

The Browns haven't an outstanding catcher, so this edge goes to the Cardinals who are well healed with a couple of rare peacetime specimens named Walker Cooper and Ken O'Dea. Mr. Sewell is depending on Frank Mancuso, a CDD from the paratroops, and Myron Hayworth, a rookie. They make mistakes but they also hustle.

When we last stole a look at the records, the Browns were getting good pitching from Bob Muncrief (12-6), Nelson Potter (10-5), Jack Kramer (11-10), Jack Jakucki (9-6), George Caster (5-3), Denny Galehouse (5-3), Al Hollingsworth (5-6) and Tex Shirley (4-3). Nobody knows how they will stack up with the famed Coopers, Laniers and Wilks, but when Mr. Sewell discusses their merits he has a wicked wink in his eye. He thinks they are capable of throwing shut-outs at anybody—including the Cardinals.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Pvt. Danno O'Mahoney, the former heavyweight wrestling champ, failed to impress at least one GI at Camp Barkeley, Tex. This guy made the mistake of hitting Danno in the face. So Danno broke his nose, blackened both eyes, then flattened the MP who tried to stop the fight. . . . **Cpl. Billy Conn** is telling the boys in the ETO that **Joe Louis** was lucky to beat him and that he will box Joe's ears off the next time they fight. "Louis couldn't hit me with a solid punch if I didn't want him to," Conn said. . . . **Pvt. Jim Ferrier**, the Aussie golf champion, is stationed at Camp Roberts, Calif., where he recently busted the course record with a sizzling 32-29-61. The old record was 65. . . . According to **Cox. Lew Jenkins**, the mosquitoes on the Normandy beach were so fierce that he needed a blood transfusion when he got back to England. . . . **M/Sgt. Zeke Bonura** wants to bring a GI baseball team from Africa to the states for a bond-selling tour. . . . **Lt. Larry French**, who saw action on D Day with the Navy, is back home. *Killed in action:* **Lt. Kenneth Cotton**, former California football star, in the battle of the Philippine Sea; **Pvt. Vince Kozak**, heavyweight boxing champ of the Army in the ETO, in the Normandy fighting; **Sgt. Robert Smidl**, National junior tennis doubles co-champion, in the Normandy fighting. . . . *Wounded in action:* **Lt. (jg) Paul Lillis**, captain and tackle on the 1941 Notre Dame football team, in the invasion of the Admiralty Islands. . . . *Appointed:* **Bill Atwood**, one-time Phillies catcher, as a flight officer and service pilot in the ATC. . . . *Discharged:* **J. Gilbert Hall**, veteran tennis player, from the Army because of over-age (he's 46). . . . *Ordered for induction:* Pitcher **Tex Hughson** and catchers **Hal Wagner** and **Bill Conroy**, all of the Red Sox, by the Navy. . . . *Reclassified 1-A:* Second baseman **Bobby Doerr**, center fielder **Leon Culberson** and catcher **Roy Partee** of the Red Sox.

CHAMP AT WORK. Gus Lesnevich CM1c, light-heavyweight champ, checks his boxing equipment at Manhattan Barracks, N. Y., where he is boxing director of the Coast Guard Port Security Command.

What The Nazi Soldier Thinks

"YOU'RE A LONG WAY FROM BERLIN," BOASTS A COCKY MASTER SERGEANT CAPTURED IN ITALY.

By Sgt. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—The division PW stockade was located two miles behind the lines in a stable. There were more than 200 prisoners in the stockade, studiously picking lice out of their clothes. Several MPs, with bored looks on their faces, were guarding them. Every now and then a prisoner would move too close to the stable door, and one of the guards would nudge him back with the end of his tommy gun. It was midmorning and the sun was comfortable. Most of the Jerries had taken off their shirts and were attempting to get a tan.

I had come to the stockade to try to find an answer to the question: "What is going through the mind of the Nazi today? What is the proud killer, the superman we used to see marcning so cockily through the newsreels, thinking right now?"

The best man to answer this question, I figured, was a German prisoner himself. And I might get some help, too, from the PW interrogators. The team of interrogators at this stockade had two rooms on the second floor of the stable.

There were three men in the team—one officer and two enlisted men—and they were busy questioning prisoners, but they took a five-minute break for a smoke while I told them what I wanted. The officer introduced himself as Lt. W. J. Lehmann, a New Rochelle (N. Y.) lawyer. The GIs were Pvt. Fred Walk of New York, N. Y., and Pvt. Richard B. Frowmm, who used to sell real estate in Long Island, N. Y.

At first the lieutenant didn't seem to understand what I wanted. He began to talk in a bored voice, explaining the job of a PW interrogator. It sounded like a high-school recitation.

"First we screen them," the lieutenant said, "that is, we separate them according to divisions, battalions, companies and platoons. Then we begin our personal investigation, little of which we are able to tell reporters about. Then——."

"Beg pardon, sir," interrupted Walk. He was a short, well-built kid with a pleasant face except for eyes that were cold and impersonal. "I don't think that is exactly what the sergeant wants," he said. "You mainly want to know something about the typical Nazi soldier's mind today, don't you?" I said I did.

For the first time the lieutenant seemed to be interested. "That isn't the type of thing we ask these prisoners," he said. "But when you talk to so many of them, you're bound to notice things. It would be much better if you saw a fresh prisoner. Of course you won't be able to ask him any questions, but we know the sort of thing you want."

"We have a prisoner in the other room right now who fits the type to a T," Walk said.

"You're right," the lieutenant said. "He's a very interesting guy and he comes from Walk's neighborhood in Essen. Pvt. Walk got out of Germany in 1939 and will be ideal to ask the questions."

Walk and I went out into the hallway to the other room. "There are a few things I'd like to mention before we go in there," he said. "Let me do all the talking, and act as disinterested as possible until he starts to brag—and his type always does. When he starts bragging, pretend to be very interested—even if you're not. There's a little bit of the missionary in all Nazis, and when they think they are impressing anybody, they really begin to loosen up."

AN MP answered Walk's knock on the door. He was a tall joe with a tommy gun in one hand and a comic book under his arm. The room was small and filled with hay. In one corner on a stool sat the prisoner.

The German was blond and blue-eyed. He had a thin red scar on his right cheek. He held his cap in his hands, methodically folding it into layers and then flattening it out on his lap. His look was not one of interest or apathy; it was more of tolerance.

When Walk came closer, the prisoner recognized him, smiled and said something in German.

"He just said 'hello'," Walk explained. "This morning when I was interrogating him he wanted to know how I knew German. I told him I had gone to school in Germany. I always tell them that."

"I won't go into my life history," Walk added. "It probably wouldn't interest you, and anyhow it is too unpleasant. But for the benefit of your story, you probably should know this much:

"I lived in Germany all my life until 1939, when I was forced to leave because I didn't exactly like what was happening. I studied engineering at a school in New York until the war broke out and then I enlisted. I came overseas with an Infantry outfit and fought with it until I was hit at Venafro. When I got out of the hospital, I was reclassified. I requested this job and was lucky enough to get it.

"Though I came from this guy's neighborhood, I don't remember him personally. The part of Essen we come from is pretty crowded. But I probably have seen him many times, especially when the Hitler Youth kids paraded down our street. He was one of them. He is an ideal type for you to see. He is an *Oberfeldwebel*, equivalent to a master sergeant in our army. He is a platoon leader in an *SS* divisional company and was caught early this morning when our Infantry cut off his platoon. Most of his men gave up, but he and another Jerry kept shooting until they ran out of ammunition.

"Here is his history up to date: At 15 he was studying to be an engineer but he quit it to join the Hitler Youth Movement. That was in 1932; in other words, he is one of the original admirers. He has been in the Regular Army 7½ years. He has fought in France, Crete, Russia, Norway and Italy. He has been wounded seven times. Two of his wounds were fairly serious—both of them bayonet wounds and both of them received in Russia. He does not like to talk about his experiences in Russia.

"That is all of his history we have. Oh, there is one more thing. When I began to interview him this morning he was very disturbed. Finally he asked me if there were many Jews in the American Army, and when I said there were he didn't seem to like the idea."

Walk sat down next to the prisoner. I made myself comfortable on a stack of hay, while the MP—his tommy gun straddling his legs—sat in front of the door and began to read the comic book. Walk offered the prisoner a cigarette, and the prisoner refused. Walk began interviewing him, asking a question and then translating the answer into English. This procedure he followed through the entire questioning.

Q. When was the last time you were home on furlough?

A. In the middle of April.

Q. Is there much left of Essen?

A. Essen is flat.

Q. Then where did you stay?

A. I stayed in a camp outside the city, with my wife and child.

Q. What did your wife have to say about the bombings?

A. Not much.

Q. How do the people take the bombings?

A. They don't care one way or the other any more.

Q. How did you feel when you saw Essen bombed flat?

A. Pretty bad. But this is war and I have seen many bombed cities.

Q. Do you know about the invasion?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you believe it?

A. Yes.

Q. How much do you know about it?

A. I know that you have captured Cherbourg.

Q. What do you think about that?

A. We were told by the High Command that it was coming.

Q. Were you also told that the invasion would be successful?

A. The High Command told us that they would let you get so far in and then they will push you back into the ocean.

Q. Do you believe that?

A. Yes.

Q. Suppose you don't push us back into the sea. Then what?

A. You are a long way from Berlin.

WALK threw a piece of stick he had been playing with out the window and turned to me. He was a little mad. "This type," he said, "the typical Hitler fanatic, gets on your nerves. He won't admit a damned thing and he is always cocky. Most prisoners—the ordinary Germans and the Russians and Poles forced to fight—they not only will tell you they are licked but will even tell you the date it will be over. But not this baby. For 15 years he hasn't admitted a thing, and it is pretty hard to break the habit."

Walk turned to the prisoner once more and resumed the questioning.

Q. What do you think of the American infantryman?

A. He is much better than he used to be. But it is his planes and artillery that bother us. There is too much of it—and those dive bombers. They come right down on us. They are not afraid of our antiaircraft.

Q. With what you have just said, plus the invasion, plus what the Russians are doing to you—do you still think you can win this war?

A. It isn't over yet.

Q. You haven't answered my question. Do you still think you can win this war?

A. I repeat, it isn't over yet. (The prisoner's voice was very loud. "That is as close," Walk said to me, "as you will ever get to an answer on that question from this type.")

Plenty of Nazi soldiers like these have been captured in Italy, but they're not convinced the war is lost.

AT this point the prisoner put a question of his own. "Why did you Americans get into this thing, anyhow?" he asked.

"Because we didn't like the idea of fascism," Walk answered.

The prisoner shrugged his shoulders. "You will find Bolshevism much worse," he said.

"What do you mean by that?" Walk asked.

"I mean that you should be fighting Russia *instead of us. They are the real enemy. If we had your production and our super-army we could* have beaten them and the rest of the world," the prisoner said.

"They all give you that line," Walk told me. "And they really are offended when you can't see it their way. There is no sense talking with them on the subject. You'll never get anywhere and you won't learn anything. They just repeat the standardized phrases and get madder and madder when you won't take them as the gospel truth."

Q. What do you think is going to happen to you? (You could see the prisoner didn't like that question.)

A. I don't know.

Q. Would you believe it if I told you that you would be taken to the States? That you would sleep in regular Army barracks, as good as any that an American soldier sleeps in? That you would be clothed, fed and be given the privileges of working and getting paid for it?

A. No.

Q. Well, you will.

A. I won't believe it till I see it.

Q. If Germany should happen to lose the war, and you were returned to your country, what would you do?

A. I don't know. Probably study engineering.

Q. You started to study engineering once and gave it up for the Hitler Youth Movement. Do you think you might give it up for some other movement this time?

A. I might.

Q. Why did you join the Hitler Youth Movement in 1932?

A. Because I believed in it.

Q. Do you still believe in it?

A. Yes.

"SAY, FRITZ, HOW DOES THAT SONG ABOUT SAILING AGAINST ENGLAND GO?"

—Cpl. Ralph Newman

THE prisoner pulled out a battered pack of cigarettes. There were only four left in the pack but he politely offered us each one. We both politely refused. He lit one and stared at us.

Walk got up from the hay pile. The MP stood up and put the comic book back into his pocket. Walk and I left the room.

When we were outside the stable, Walk turned to me. "Well, there he is," he said. "I hope I asked the right questions. There are a lot more I could have asked him but it wouldn't be any use. Either he'd spout phrases at us or he would flatly refuse to answer. For instance, his type won't talk about the Jews or Nazi atrocities in Poland and Russia.

"You know, it makes me very sad to see people make fun of the Nazi. Take the cartoons and stories that poke fun at him. It isn't right. This guy isn't funny. You don't think he is very funny when you go to a Graves Registration Unit collecting point and look at some of the comic stiffs these Nazis have made out of American kids. But very few people get to see GRU collecting points.

"And now that the score is heavy on our side, we shouldn't think of this war as the end of a ball game where you go over and shake hands with the loser. The man you just saw was a criminal long before he was a soldier—and very few people saw anything funny in Dillinger or Capone. Given a chance, this baby will do the same thing over again. He is a dangerous fanatic and there are 12 million more like him in Germany. Just because we see a few dead Nazi soldiers, we shouldn't get the idea they are all gone. I hope we remember that."

Walk accompanied me to the jeep. I asked him if there was any danger in my using his right name in the story. "You can use it," he said. "They can't hurt anyone I know. There isn't anyone left."

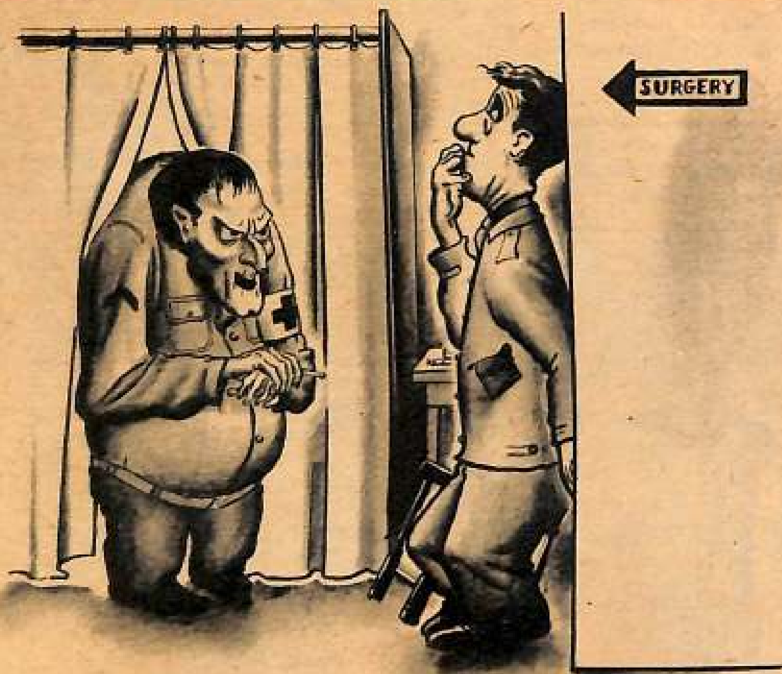
When I left the stockade, the sun had set. Most of the prisoners had put their shirts back on. They sat placidly, picking off lice.

"I WOULDN'T FEEL BADLY, SIR. TIME AND TIDE WAIT FOR NO MAN."
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan

"IT'S TOO BAD WE CAN'T SIMULATE THE WHOLE DAMNED THING."
—Sgt. Dick Ericson

"SHORTY'S EVERY INCH AN INFANTRYMAN!"
—Pfc. Jay Brown

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY



"COME BACK WITH YOUR GAS MASK, HELMET, TOILET ARTICLES, A PRAYER BOOK AND ADDRESSES OF TWO NEAREST RELATIVES."
—Pvt. Tom Flannery

"BOYOBOY, WOULDN'T SHE LOOK SWELL IN A BATHING SUIT!"
—Pvt. William Gee