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By the men . . for the men in the service

ANOTHER RIVER TO CROSS

Story and Pictures of the Men Who Took Duren

See Pages 2, 3, 4 and 5

AS SOON AS DUREN HAD FALLEN TO THE FIRST ARMY DOUGHBOYS PUSHING ACROSS THE ROER, IT BECAME THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE FOR NEW ALLIED DRIVES TOWARD THE RHINE. THE ENGINEERS GREW MORE HAIR ON THEIR EARS DURING THE CROSSING, BUT (ABOVE) THEY GET READY TO ADVANCE AGAIN.

PREPARING FOR THE RIVER-CROSSING THAT HAD BEEN DELAYED BY THREATS OF FLOOD WATERS FROM THE SCHWAMMANAUEL DAM AND BY THE ARDENNES OFFENSIVE, AN INFANTRY WIRE PATROL (BELOW) MOVES CAUTIOUSLY TOWARD SHELL-POCKED BUILDINGS ACROSS THE ROER FROM DUREN.

Floods and a German counteroffensive slowed things down, but the Americans bided their time and finally slugged across the turbulent Roer River to take this gateway to the Cologne Plain.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

DUREN, GERMANY—This is a city that lived on borrowed time for three months. Its first brush with doom came last November, when American troops drove to the west bank of the Roer River, just 40 yards away. Already shattered by Allied air attacks, Duren, an important city in the road net leading to the Cologne Plain, looked like a comparative pushover for the hard-driving First Army forces.

Those 40 yards were a slim lease on life, but they were sufficient for the time being, thanks to the dam system which regulated the flow of water. The dams controlled 160-million cubic feet of water and the Germans controlled the dams. By blowing the two main dams, Schwammanauel and Urftalsperre, the Germans could inundate the river valley and trap any Allied troops attempting to cross the Roer. Duren could not be taken until the dams were captured or neutralized. So First Army units attacked toward Schmidt, the key to the defenses of the watery threat which the Nazis held over us, and this in turn stayed the threat which we held over Duren. Duren's second reprieve came in mid-December, when von Rundstedt's forces crashed through the Ardennes.

AN INFANTRY PATROL OF THE 8TH DIVISION EDGES FORWARD THROUGH DUREN UNDER ENEMY ARTILLERY FIRE.

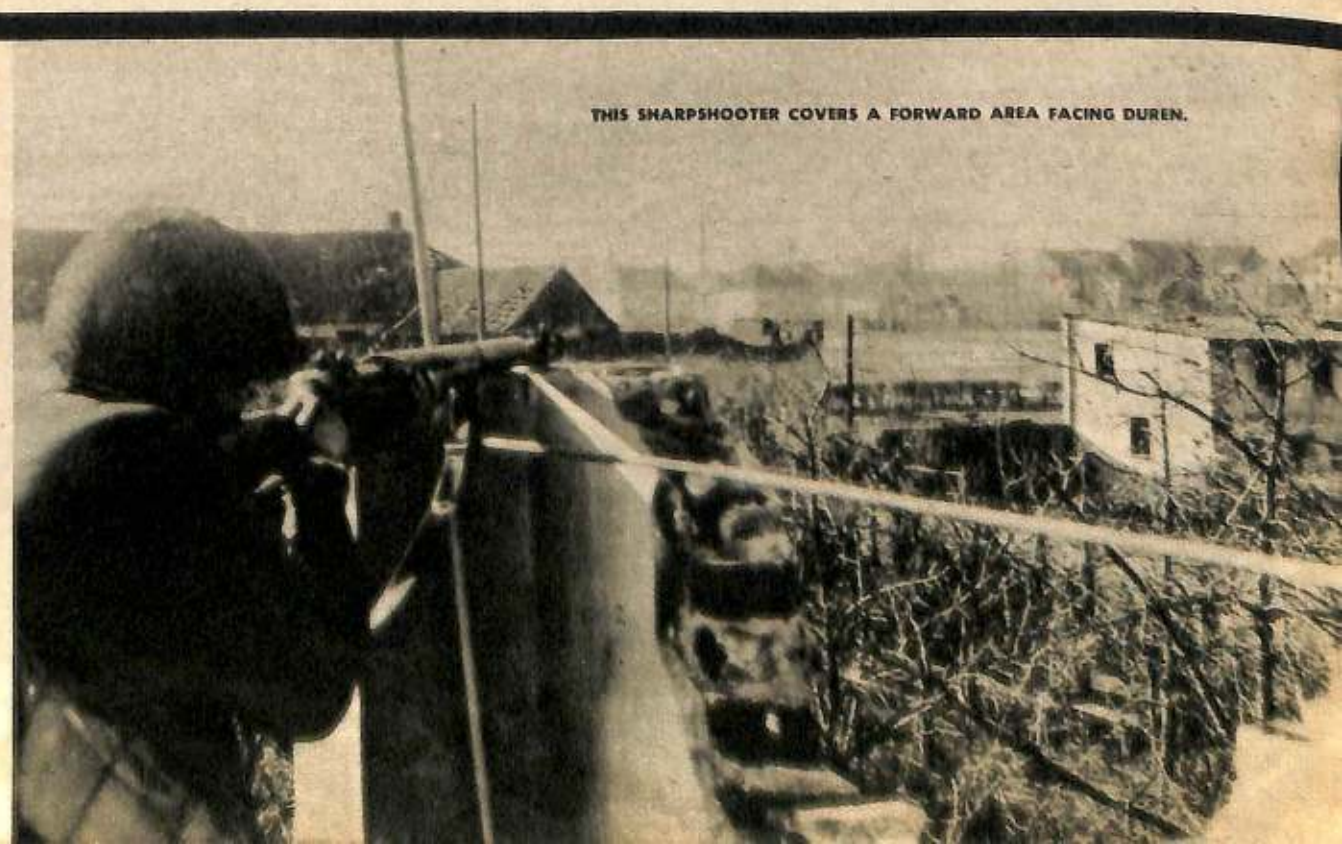
The Drive on Duren

It was not until late in January, when the German counter-offensive had been rolled back beyond Belgium's border, that we could resume the push toward the dam sites.

Troops of the First Army took Schmidt on February 8 and moved on towards Schwammanauel Dam. Two days later, before we could reach the dam, the Germans opened the flood gates and blew the control gates. Roaring waters rushed west toward Duren, raising the river level eight feet, flooding the lowlands, and doubling the speed of the current. An assault crossing under such conditions was all but impossible, so the First and Ninth Armies had to sit back and wait for the flood level to subside.

But Duren couldn't foul off good ones forever. Its third strike was called on February 23, when the First Army's 8th and 104th Divisions wound up and laid one right down the middle. Duren went down swinging. Here is how it happened.

Company "K" of the 13th Infantry, 8th Division, had chow at midnight. It was steak, potatoes, bread, butter and coffee and doughnuts. Some of the men ate it while standing around in the mud and rubble of the skeletonized village of Gurzenich. Others carried it back to their billets in



THIS SHARPSHOOTER COVERS A FORWARD AREA FACING DUREN.

THIS MINE-SWEEPING PATROL OF THE 8TH DIVISION ADVANCES AHEAD OF INFANTRY UNITS TO SWEEP A SAFE PATH THROUGH THE RUBBLE THAT WAS ONCE DUREN. THE CITY WAS CLEARED OF ENEMY FORCES FEB. 25, 1945.

the cellars, where they could eat in comparative comfort. There was still an hour to wait before moving out for the battalion assembly area on the west bank of the Roer, opposite the city of Duren.

"That was a pretty good meal," one "K" Company man remarked as he came back for seconds on the coffee.

"It ought to be," somebody in the mess line said. "If those motors break down tonight, we'll have to paddle across that damned river, and we'll need plenty of energy. The Army's got that angle figured out. What else do you think they're feeding us steak for?"

As they got their chow, some members of the assault teams were giving the cooks a few last-minute instructions.

"Don't make the coffee too sweet tomorrow morning," one said. "And let's have some sunny-side-ups for a change," another man suggested. "Stop beating the hell out of the eggs and serve them up the way the hens lay them."

"You guys will be lucky if those Krauts give you time enough to eat D-rations, let alone hot food," one of the cooks replied. A couple of rounds of Jerry artillery landed on the other side of the village, rattling the already tottering walls of Gurzenich's shattered houses.

"The Jerries must be getting nervous," said somebody.

Inside one of the shattered houses, the second platoon of "K" was waiting for 0100. T/Sgt. John Demeduk, a platoon sergeant from Ramsey, N. J., and the platoon leader, a second lieutenant, were testing the release valves on their lifebelts. Pvt. Francis ("Doc") Marone, a platoon medic from the Bronx, was stretched out on a Jerry mattress on the floor whistling, *I'll Walk Alone*. Several of us were sitting around smoking.

T/Sgt. Edward Kuiken of Fairlawn, N. J., a mortar platoon sergeant, came in. "Ready, waiting and able?" he asked.

"Ready and able, anyhow," someone answered him.

"Say, Ed," the lieutenant said to Kuiken, "I figure we're going to run into trouble at the corner of that Sports Palast. The Jerries probably have a strong point there. So be ready to lay some in there if we need help."

"You let me know when you want it and I'll plaster the hell out of them," Kuiken assured him. "Well," he continued, "guess I'd better shove. It's ten of. Take it easy, you guys, and good luck."

He turned to the lieutenant and put out his hand. "Good luck, Johnny—I mean lieutenant. Hell, I keep forgetting you're an officer now."

"Don't let it bother you," the lieutenant said. "Good luck, Ed. See you over there."

KUIKEN and the lieutenant were old "K" Company men. They'd joined it together back in 1941, as privates, at Fort Jackson, S. C. Both were platoon sergeants when the 8th Division came to France. Johnny got a battlefield commission for leadership at Brest when his platoon leader was injured and he had to take over. He also got wounds there that hospitalized him for four months. He had rejoined the company two weeks ago and tonight would be his first action as an officer.

It was 0055. The lieutenant said, "Let's hit it." The platoon moved out onto the moonlit main street of the German village.

As they were falling in with the 1st and 3rd platoons, Doc Marone said, "Take it easy with the grenades on those Jerry cellars. That's where they keep the cognac."

Another voice in the darkness said, "I'd like a three-day pass, starting immediately."

"Okay, you got it," the lieutenant said. "Only it's made out to Duren."

"If the Jerries knew what I know," a man in the front ranks said, "they'd be heading back to Berlin right now."

"Yeah," a guy behind him said, "and maybe if you knew what the Jerries know you'd be heading back to Indiana."

The lieutenant interrupted the bantering to make a last announcement. "When we get down to 88 Boulevard we'll stop behind the building and get some distance between us. Keep about 10 yards behind the man in front of you. The Germans are liable to spot us, so keep separated. All right, it's 0100. Let's go."

As they moved off in single file on each side of the rubble-heaped street, one optimist said, "Hell, the war might be all over tomorrow."

"Yeah," somebody replied. "All over Duren."

The 2nd platoon stopped momentarily as they swung right onto 88 Boulevard and lengthened their distance. Then they continued on toward the Roer River.

THE artillery began at 0245. Four battalions of it, two lights and two mediums, served shell-encased notices of eviction to the defenders of Duren. The shells fell first on the east bank of the Roer, then on the waterfront buildings, then eastward toward the center of the city so that all Duren would know that the mortgage on this part of Hitler's Reich was being foreclosed as of tonight.

When the artillery lifted at 0330, the Infantry shoved off the west bank of the Roer to enforce Duren's eviction notice. Double assault boats, driven by 50-horsepower outboard motors, were supposed to carry the Infantry across the treacherous current of the Roer. The motors were to have been warmed up during the artillery preparation which would cover their noise until the very minute before their departure. But most of the motors failed to start. So the Infantry, who were supposed to be passengers on this trip, finished working their own way as usual, only this time it was by paddling instead of walking.

The German mortar and artillery fire was raking the east bank of the Roer where the 13th Infantry was making ready to work its own passage across the swirling, 40-yard-wide river. The second lieutenant of "K" Company, who was going into action as an officer for the first time, never even got in his boat. A mortar burst that landed five feet away from him knocked him out and temporarily deafened his platoon sergeant, Demeduk. The lieutenant was returned to the hospital, this time suffering from concussion and possible internal injuries. Demeduk was able to stay with the platoon but, because of his temporary disability, S/Sgt. Harry B. Laws, Jr. of Syracuse, N. Y., took over as platoon sergeant for the assault. Meanwhile, 1st Lt. Martin S. Mock of Batavia, N. Y., had landed his Company "K" assault team on the enemy-held bank of the Roer. Less than 50 yards away was a Jerry machinegun that was spraying other assault boats coming across, all of which were having great difficulty staying top side up in the rushing current of the flood-swollen river. Sgt. Bertram West of Meadville, Pa., crawled up the bank into the Jerry trenches, and made his way around behind an MG nest. He threw a grenade into the hole, routing a three-man crew. Two of the Jerries tried to make a break for it. West killed one with his tommygun and a BAR man, Pfc. Ray Adamson of King Hill, Idaho, killed the second. The third Jerry surrendered.

Pfc. Anthony Woody was in the "K" Company boat. Just as it was about to beach, the current caught it and carried it away. The men jumped for the shore and seven of them made it, but Woody and another soldier were shanghaied by the river. As they were swept helplessly downstream, a German machinegun sprayed them relentlessly. Woody's companion was killed.

By grabbing the branches of an overhanging tree Woody finally succeeded in getting back in the

BEFORE THE ENGINEERS COULD CONSTRUCT THE BRIDGES THAT CARRIED HEAVY EQUIPMENT ACROSS THE ROER, THE HUGE RUBBER PONTOONS HAD TO BE BROUGHT UP FROM THE REAR. HERE THE DRIVERS ARE ABOUT TO BEGIN THE LAST LAP.

T/SGT. JOHN DEMEDUK WAS TEMPORARILY DEAFENED BY A SHELL-BURST ONLY FIVE FEET FROM THE BOAT HE WAS BOARDING.

THESE THREE 8TH DIVISION MEN (L. TO R.), SGT. BERTRAM WEST, S/SGT. LEE SMITH AND PFC. RAY ADAMSON, WIPED OUT TWO MACHINEGUN NESTS WITHIN A FEW MINUTES AFTER HITTING THE EAST BANK OF THE RIVER.

LT. MARTIN MOCK (RIGHT), FIRST "K" COMPANY MAN ACROSS THE ROER, CHATS WITH PFC. ANTHONY WOODY, WHO WAS HELD BY THE GERMANS FOR 15 HOURS.

boat, only to find his haven was directly in front of another enemy machinegun crew, which captured him. As American troops gradually forced the Germans to retreat, Woody was moved from one house to another by his captors. Late the next afternoon they ordered him to load a wounded German soldier on a wagon preparatory to the evacuation of that part of the town. Just then, a platoon of 104th Division men attacked the area. They shot the horse and driver of the wagon and liberated Woody after 15 hours of captivity.

Woody, who ran a barber shop in Afton, Okla., before the Army made him a rifleman, has only a skinned ear to show for his experience. That's where an MG bullet grazed him while he was in the boat. His buddies in Company "K" claim that that's one for the books—when a barber gets an ear-clipping job for himself.

The current of the Roer proved disastrous to the river-crossings at other points, as well. Boats were swept downstream, where they crashed into the pilings of a knocked-out bridge that once connected Duren with the west bank of the Roer. Many of the occupants were drowned. Many others, who escaped, were wounded by enemy fire or suffered from exhaustion which prevented their immediate return to duty, despite the critical need for infantrymen to hold the small bridgehead which had been established by "I" and "K" Companies of the 13th.

Meanwhile, the Germans, profiting from their well-prepared positions, hung a curtain of mortar, artillery and MG fire on the river.

At daylight, the concentration was so intense that it was all but impossible to get more troops across. Two flying ferries which the engineers managed to get into operation were knocked out in less than an hour; the footbridges suffered the same fate. One commander was killed by artillery fire late in the afternoon after he had been twice wounded by mortar fire and had refused to be evacuated. Several engineers were also killed as they tried vainly to get bridges across.

In the city of Duren, "I" and "K" Companies were fighting savagely against overwhelming odds. Forced, when their companion units were unable to cross the Roer, to carry the load of what was to have been an entire regimental attack, these two companies held out against repeated German counterattacks and continued to advance slowly in the city. At 2200, after 14 hours of fighting practically on their own, the two units of the 3rd Battalion finally received some aid when other companies got across on two newly-established flying ferries. Next morning a bridge was built on the pilings of Duren's former one and reinforcements poured in to help "I" and "K" Companies enforce the eviction of all Germans from the city.

At 0600 on February 25, the 3rd Battalion of the 13th Regiment reached its final objective two-and-a-half miles east of the river. Duren, which had lived on borrowed time for three months, had fallen in less than three days.

Duren, queen city of the Roer, is nothing more than a heap of rubble today. Only four civilian residents of the city's population of 30,000 remained to see the monument to Germany's dream of conquest shattered.

Oddly enough, one of the few relatively intact structures in the city is the 25-foot monument to Bismarck, Germany's empire-builder of former days. It stands in the middle of a square whose surrounding buildings have been reduced to rubble. In his left hand is his sword, symbol of the power he wielded over Germany's neighbors. In his right is a scroll bearing the inscription: "Versailles, 18 January, 1871." That was the date of the restoration of the German empire at France's expense.

But the Americans have made two modifications in the statue of Bismarck, neither of which would be appreciated by the sculptor or the people of Duren who, as the tablet says, "caused it to be erected in memory of the eminent Reich chancellor." Draped over his left shoulder and resting between the thumb and forefinger with which he is grasping his sword is a strand of U. S. Army Signal Corps' telephone wire, strung up by some GI who figured it was the only convenient substitute for a telephone pole in an otherwise flattened area.

Another modification is a hole, about the size of a silver dollar, made by a shell which pierced the scroll in Bismarck's right hand, cutting off the top of the "V" in Versailles. But the American modification of Germany's 19th-Century empire-builder didn't stop there. With true poetic justice the shell continued on through the tail of Bismarck's knee-length military coat and lodged on the very spot where many of the people who were empire-ized would often have liked to ram it.

THIS IS THE STATUE OF BISMARCK, ABOUT THE ONLY THING LEFT UPRIGHT IN DUREN, AND IT IS DAMAGED.

PEOPLE ON THE HOME FRONT

Kathleen Winsor

By Cpl. HYMAN GOLDBERG
YANK Staff Writer

KATHLEEN WINSOR may not be the best writer in the world, as some literary critics have said, but none of them has denied that she's the prettiest.

Miss Winsor—that's her maiden name—is the author of "Forever Amber," a historical novel about a young girl laid in the Restoration period of England, during the years 1660 to 1670.

Publication of the book has brought forth more discussion than any other recent novel, and Miss Winsor, who photographs exceedingly well, as any fool can plainly see, has become a very famous lady on the home front.

Some of the critics were fairly gentle with "Forever Amber," but others emphatically didn't like it, as will be seen from the following reviews:

In the New York *Herald Tribune*, Bernard de Voto, a former Harvard faculty man, said: "With the War Production Board ordering another cut in paper, I vote for the *World Almanac*."

Time said: "Many readers will never finish so dull a book."

And the *New Yorker* magazine observed: "Her characters talk about as interestingly as brokers on the 8:19 from White Plains."

Well, if that's so, then those brokers who commute from White Plains are pretty hot stuff, and some weird things are happening on the old New York Central these days, because listen to what one of the heroine's lovers says to her: "Please, darling—don't be angry. I'm in love with you. I swear I am. I want you. I've got to have you!"

And Miss Winsor, describing this stirring scene in the novel, writes: "His fingers cut into her shoulders and his voice in her ear was hoarse with intensity."

Then this wolf gives out with the pay-off sales talk like this: "Please, Amber, I won't hurt you—I won't let anything happen—come here."

But let us draw a curtain on Amber and this guy with the hoarse voice and go back to Miss Winsor, in whose pretty little head all this first took place.

She doesn't seem to mind too much what the critics have said. It isn't any wonder that she has the attitude that "sticks and stones may break my bones, but names will never hurt me." Her publishers, Macmillan, who also sponsored "Gone With the Wind" and "The Oxford Book of English Verse," have already sold well over 400,000 copies of the book—at $3 a copy—and 20th Century-Fox, the movie company, has paid her $200,000 for the screen rights.

"Forever Amber" is Miss Winsor's first novel and her only published work, with the exception of several newspaper feature stories she did for the Oakland (Calif.) *Tribune* giving the woman's angle on football.

Her husband, Miss Winsor acknowledges, knows quite a lot more about football than she does. He is Robert John Herwig, All-American center for 1936-37, football coach for the University of California and currently a lieutenant with the 4th Marines in the Pacific.

Miss Winsor was regretful, but she couldn't tell her age because her agent had advised her not to—which may or may not be an indication that Miss Winsor intends to act in the movies, as has been reported. But she's probably around 28. Not that she looks like an old hag of 28, but she was graduated from the University of California at Berkeley in 1938, which would make her about that.

Miss Winsor is a poised, easy, self-confident talker, as befits someone who has earned in the neighborhood of $400,000 and who has talked often about herself. She's tall—5 feet 6 inches in her stocking feet, she says—and her hair and eyes are brown.

While an undergraduate at California, she wrote a number of short stories, but she didn't try to sell any of them. "I wrote them for my own amusement, or my own amazement," she says. Her story about how she came to write the best-selling story of Amber St. Clare, the Restoration pin-up girl, goes like this:

Her husband, also a student at the university, brought home some books to use in his home work, which happened to be a paper about the English Restoration period, and Kathleen, just like all wives who can't keep their noses out of their husbands' business, picked up one of the books. She was fascinated. She read more. And no wonder, because the English, or at least the English nobility, in those days were frank people, and they called a spade a spade. And a bed a bed.

Miss Winsor denies that she deliberately put a lot of sex into her book so it would sell. "That's the way people were in those days," she says, "and I tried to tell the truth about them. They weren't hypocrites."

She laughed when it was pointed out that her use of the word "hypocrites" might be taken to mean that she thought the standards of the 17th Century were better than those of our day. "I don't mean that at all. I mean that when a man has a mistress nowadays—and they do have them," she said earnestly—"he keeps it a secret, and when it's discovered there's a scandal. In those days everybody had mistresses, and they didn't try to hide them."

Amber St. Clare, Miss Winsor's heroine, is a prominent Restoration mistress. She's a bastard. Her father is a nobleman and she is born in the country, which bores her crazy and is no place for a girl of her talents. So she comes to the big city, just like a lot of country girls are still doing without knowing there is a broken heart for every light on Broadway. She is beautiful. Her mother named her Amber because that's the color of her eyes. And her hair is honey-colored. And she is small.

Well, Amber meets a city slicker named Lord Carlton, and he promises her a screen test or something and she falls for him. Before she's through, Amber goes on the stage, gets married four more times, becomes the favorite mistress of Charles II, King of England, who managed to have quite a number of mistresses, and has other loves.

"How many love affairs did she have altogether? My goodness," Miss Winsor said, laughing. "I don't know. I couldn't keep track of them. Some of those love affairs were very short ones, you see."

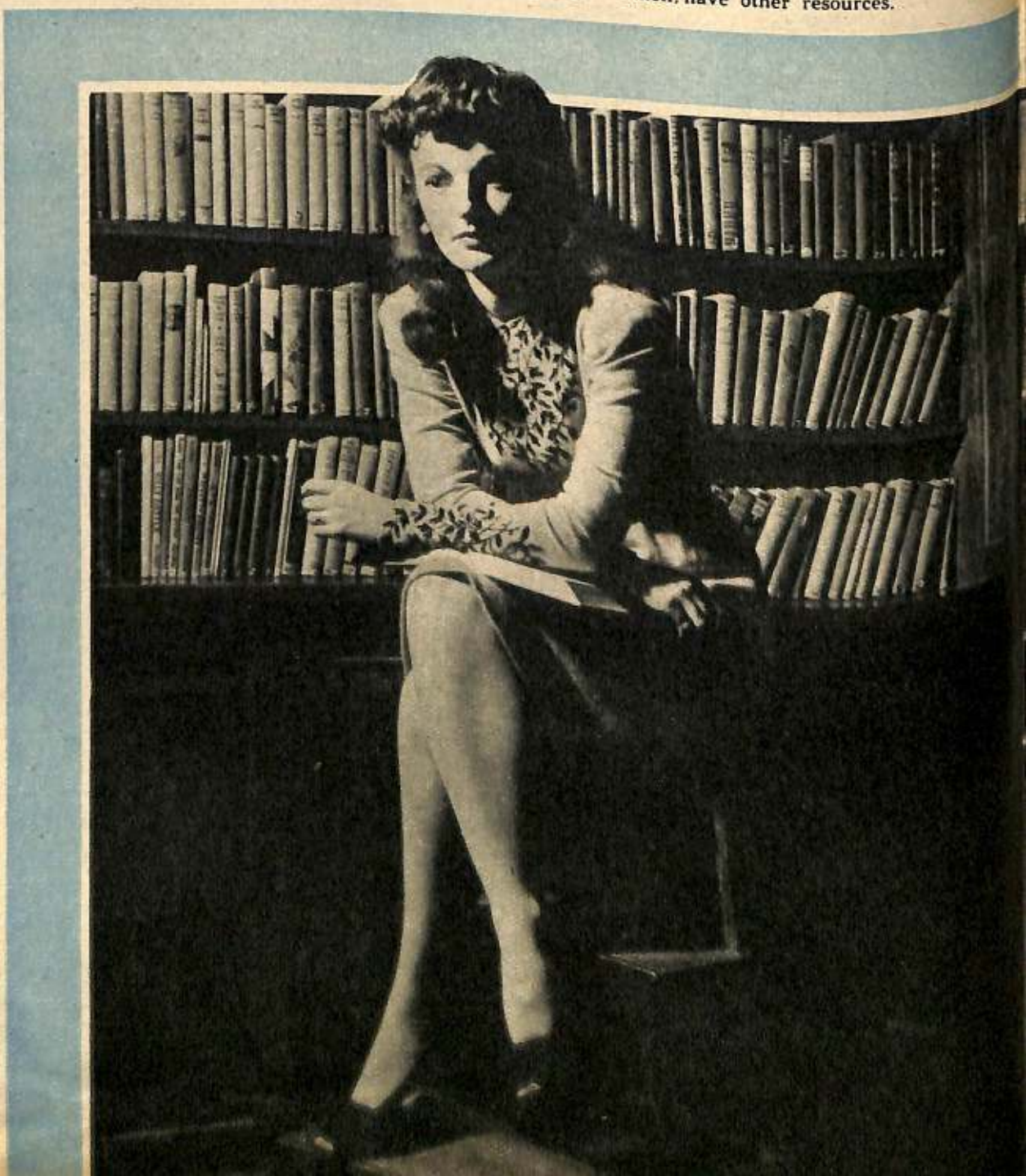
Here are some of Amber's lovers: "Rough and chivalrous" Capt. Rex Morgan; "picturesque highwayman" Black Jack Mallard; "bestial, obscene" Luke Channell; the "sadistic" Earl of Radcliffe and "irresistible" King Charles.

"I read 356 books on the Restoration period," Miss Winsor said, "in one year. Altogether, I spent five years working on 'Forever Amber.' I wrote six drafts before I was through."

The sixth draft totaled 1,500 pages in manuscript form, and the published version numbers 972 pages and weighs just a little bit less than two pounds.

Miss Winsor was asked if she had any Restoration material left over for another book.

"I don't know what I'm going to do now," she said. "I haven't any plans now for another book. My mind is still full of the Restoration period. And whatever the critics say, Amber is a true portrait of a type of woman of those days. In those days if a woman wanted to get ahead in the world, she had only one resource. Nowadays women have other resources."



FLYING 4-F

T/SGT. CLARENCE L. CAMPBELL IS PROUD OF HIS FLIGHT JACKET PAINTED WITH BOMBS SHOWING 79 MISSIONS.

Crews may come and crews may go, but T/Sgt. "Pop" Campbell, who had to fight his way into the Army and has 79 missions under his belt, seems to go on forever.

CAMPBELL IS A GUNNER AND AN ARMAMENT INSPECTOR, BUT HE DOESN'T MIND SHINING WINDOWS.

By Sgt. BASIL WALLACE ROMANOVICH

ENGLAND—"You won't find another guy like him in the whole Eighth Air Force," said the major, gesturing with his thumb towards one of the gunners in the barracks. The men sprawled on cots nearby nodded in agreement, for the flying career of T/Sgt. Clarence L. Campbell of Portland, Ore., is something pretty much out of this world. At 31, he's known as "Pop," not because of his age but just because he's been around the AAF so long.

Merely getting into the Army the way Pop did was something of a feat. Twelve times he tried to enlist and was turned down by the recruiting center because of a spinal injury. He even tried the Canadian Army and the RCAF, and he was about to go to the Canadian Navy when his draft board called him up. He flubbed the board's exam, too, but still didn't give up. Again, he went back to the recruiting center and this time, in March, 1942, they took him. Pop went into the Air Corps.

Pop Campbell didn't let the Army slow him up any once he got in. Having started off to see the world at the age of 14 by joining the merchant marine and getting around to the Orient, Middle East and South America, he had learned to figure things out for himself.

Coming to the UK as a private in August, 1942, Pop flew on the first mission of the then-young Eighth Air Force. Fighter escort, of course, was unheard of in those days. He is proud of the fact that he was the first man from his home state to be decorated by the Eighth. That was in October, 1942, after he had shot down an ME-109 over Lille, France. After three more missions from England he went to North Africa in November, where he flew 46 more. In the course of these and the rest of his 79 missions to date, 20 members of his various crews have been killed by enemy fighters or flak. Once five men in his plane were killed and he was forced to bail out over North Africa when his Fortress was so badly damaged by fighters it could not be landed. But Pop's luck has held.

North Africa wasn't all sand, C-rations and combat. For four weeks he was billeted in a winery near Algiers, surrounded by concrete vats, each as tall as a silo, full of vin rouge.

"All we had to do was dip a C-ration can into a vat," says Pop, "and nobody stood short. The only thing wrong with the set-up was that this vin rouge was a kind of cooking wine, but even so we put a dent into those 1,000,000 gallons."

POP did something about the food situation, too. There was a damaged 250-pound bomb lying around, one that couldn't be fused. Pop sold it to some Arab tribesmen for eggs and tangerines. After the Arabs delivered the eggs and tangerines for so many weeks, the bomb would be theirs.

"I often wonder what happened to the Arabs when we left the field and they claimed the bomb," he says. "Maybe they wanted it for the powder in it. Anyway, we left before the contract ran out."

There was also a transportation situation around Algiers. Pop borrowed a jeep from the Navy, and kept it for two months. Supplies just weren't coming in, and taking what you had to have and could get away with without being caught was considered S.O.P. in those days. This was never referred to as "stealing" but as "appropriating."

"There weren't many rules in the desert," Pop says. "Everything was left up to the GIs, while in the ETO they have laws and are supposed to live by them. During the year I've been in the ETO there've been 24 court-martials in my outfit, while there wasn't one in the desert as long as I was there."

The "Flying 4-F" went back to the States after his North African tour, and stayed there 10 months. Then he asked for re-assignment to combat, anywhere, and got it—a second tour in the ETO, this time with the 401st Bomb Group. A buck sergeant when he went to Africa, he became a tech sergeant last August.

There's only one thing wrong with his squadron, Pop thinks. They threaten to court-martial him at least once a month for making a squawk because they won't let him fly on every mission. The trouble is that Pop's crew finished up and went home the first of the year and so, as a spare, he doesn't get many chances to fly these days. Every now and then he gets burnt-up enough to argue it out with his CO. Pop plans to remain in a combat theater until the war is over.

"I had such a hard time getting in," he says, "that the more I fly the bigger kick I get out of it. Besides, it must be rough in the States with this new curfew."

POP started flying as a civilian. His wife already had a flying license for Taylor Cubs. He looks at flying as a "wartime business, peacetime pleasure," and wants to buy a sheep-ranch in Oregon after the war.

"I logged in about 40 hours before getting into the Army," says Pop. "That was a lot in those days, but now it's just ten missions."

Besides his beef at not getting in enough missions, Pop gets sore at the Air Forces for all the practice flying they do, especially at meal-times. These are the only complaints he has left out of the thousands he had when he first got into the Army. Now he takes things as a matter of course.

When Pop isn't flying, he is an armament inspector and, according to Major A. H. Chapman of Columbus, Ga., squadron operations officer, "he really knows his guns—the best we've ever had in the squadron." Pop also trains new gunners before their first missions, and the boys say they learn a "hell of a lot" from him.

It isn't only the new crewmen who get to know Pop. Some flyers who were shot down over Switzerland last July and interned came back to the base recently and Pop was the only one left on the field whom they recognized. "Crews may come and crews may go, but Pop goes on forever," is a saying on the base.

Pop has had to call on all his maneuvering talents to stay in the ETO. Three times the medics have insisted on a medical discharge—and three times he has violently refused. The trouble is that once in a plane crash in North Africa Pop's teeth were knocked out, hospitalizing him for a month. This, and the spinal injury, plus stomach trouble which he has developed recently, make the medics sort of wish they could give Pop a ticket to the States.

BELIEVING, along with plenty of other flyers who have seen action both in the ETO and North Africa, that combat conditions are about the same in both theaters, Pop says that the cold up here is the only difference. Flak was just about as tough in Africa, he found, and there were more fighters to contend with. However, one thing the ETO has that Africa didn't is something to come back to after a mission. Half the battle, Pop thinks, is getting back to a place where you can take a pass to town, go to a dance, meet someone you can talk to or what have you?

In his 79 missions, Pop's narrowest escape was over Bizerte when a piece of flak tore his heated flying jacket. On another mission, a shell hit the post that was holding his turret in the waist of a Fort, but a retaining hook held and saved him. Strafing by enemy fighters and bombings of his foxhole shelter in North Africa were the usual order of the day.

Holding the DFC with one cluster, the Air Medal with 14 Clusters, the ETO Ribbon with six bronze battle stars and a Distinguished Unit Citation with one Cluster, Pop has no idea of quitting now. He is puzzled about one thing, though.

"I don't have a Good Conduct Medal," he says. "Never knew why, as there aren't any marks against me that I'm aware of."

Modest in his claims, Pop says he has received confirmed credit for destroying two German ME-109s which were members of Goering's famed Yellow Hornets. Since crews don't count enemy planes shot down individually but mark them down as a tally for the plane, his record doesn't show his actual count.

Pop is planning to take a furlough soon and to spend it with the Infantry in France. He's going to get a carbine and see how the front-line doughs live. He already has his pass and transportation to the front arranged. There's a chance he may even meet his brother, Lt. Bruce M. Campbell, who is with a tank destroyer battalion somewhere on the battle line.

killing stragglers but some fellows helped me into a car."

A few feet away from where we talked, half a dozen ex-prisoners, clad only in thin long-handled cotton underwear, lay stretched on the grass. They were deathly pale. Their hipbones showed sharply. Their feet and ankles were bruised purple.

Stanford looked at them. "We are the best-looking prisoners you will ever see," he said. "Our regular guards pulled out in a hurry on Jan. 7, three weeks ago. We have been stuffing ourselves on their food ever since. We had coffee even."

Maj. Ralph W. Hubbard, MC, of Oklahoma City, Okla., on Bataan with No. 2 Hospital, confirmed Stanford's remark. The 500-odd men in Cabanatuan had gained an average of 15 pounds apiece during those three weeks. Anderson gained 38 pounds and weighed 154 when rescued. He had weighed 200 on Dec. 8, 1941, 170 when captured and 116 on Jan. 7, 1945.

CABANATUAN, 60 miles due north of Manila, was once a Filipino Army barracks. The Japs had simply added three 18-strand barbed-wire fences and guard towers mounting machine guns, and called it a POW camp. At one time 8,500 prisoners had been confined there; most of them Americans—from the Army, Navy, Army Transport Service and Marines—plus a smattering of British and Dutch military personnel and civilians. In early 1944 the Japs began to move them out, presumably to Formosa or the Empire proper. Hundreds are buried there.

"They are buried," Stanford told us, "in a space smaller than a city block. The summer of 1942 was the worst—they were dying at the rate of 20 or 30 a day. One day 65 died. The Japs made us bury them—dig holes and then throw 40 or 50 bodies in one hole. When the hole was full we covered it up. The smell made most of us sick."

Maj. Hubbard told of the same thing. Men died so fast it was impossible to identify their bodies. "The Japs," the major told us, "had stripped the prisoners of almost everything by the time they reached O'Donnell—dog tags, wallets, papers, rings, watches, letters, everything. Many were stark naked. We kept what records we could on toilet paper, the labels off cans, any kind of wrapper. Often there were only surnames. We turned these over to the Japanese. But I don't think they forwarded them until late 1942."

"They did not classify us as POWs," Anderson added, "until August of 1942."

3 Years on Luzon

Men who fought at Bataan and Corregidor tell how life was behind the barbed wire of a Japanese POW camp.

By Sgt. OZZIE ST. GEORGE
YANK Staff Correspondent

LUZON, THE PHILIPPINES—Men here know well what the phrase "prisoners of war" means. They have seen Americans — survivors of Bataan, Corregidor and the Death March — freed after 34 months' imprisonment. It is not a sight many of us will forget.

"The worst part, I think," said Cpl. Albert L. Parker of Phoenix, Ariz., a newly freed POW. "was knowing that the Japs could do anything to us—anything they wanted to." Cpl. Parker's knees sagged. He sat down suddenly and bowed his head over his arms.

We were in a farmyard near a dirt road 10 miles north of Cabanatuan in the central Lingayen plains. Parker, Pvt. Joseph R. Stanford of Pittsburgh, Pa., and Pfc. Lloyd E. (Swede) Anderson of Everett, Wash., were three of the 510 POWs in Cabanatuan No. 1, rescued the evening before in a small run-and-grab raid by a reinforced company of the 6th Ranger Battalion.

Anderson sniffed a Chesterfield. "Yesterday," he said, "I could have gotten anything—anything in our camp—for a cigarette."

Stanford fumbled with a match. "We can't strike matches yet," he explained. "We haven't had any since we were captured." He lit a cigarette. "I am going to smoke myself sick today," he said.

Somebody asked, "How was it?" Anderson drew slowly on his cigarette. "Rough," he said seriously.

Stanford said, "Rough—that's all. We would never be captured again."

Stanford fought through the first month of Bataan and was transferred to Mindanao, captured there on May 10, 1942, held in the Davao Penal Colony until June 1943, then sent north to Cabanatuan No. 1. He wore faded blue denim shorts and jacket and Jap socks. Anderson and Parker were similarly clad.

Anderson, a 60th Coast Artillery antiaircraft gunner, fought through Bataan, escaped to Corregidor by small boat when the peninsula fell and was captured there on May 6, 1942, and sent to Cabanatuan No. 1.

Parker fought through Bataan and was captured at its fall on Apr. 9, 1942.

"You were on the Death March?" somebody asked him.

"Is that what they call it?" he said. "Yes, we walked to Capas, about 65 miles. Three days and three nights without food. Only such water as we could sneak out of the ditches. We were loaded into steel boxcars at Capas—100 men to a car. They jammed us in with rifle butts and took us to Fort O'Donnell. I gave out at Capas and was paralyzed from the waist down. The Japs were killing stragglers but some fellows helped me into a car."

Somebody asked about the food. Anderson hesitated a moment. "Poor," he said.

Cabanatuan No. 1 had a farm a few kilometers from the enclosure. The prisoners worked on it from 0700 until 1100 and from 1200 until dark, six days a week. "Sometimes," Anderson added, "we worked every day. We never knew."

They broke the ground for that farm with hoes and worked it with hoes and their hands. "And vitamin sticks," said Stanford. "That is what we call the stuff the guards beat us with—rifle butts, hoe handles, ax handles, anything they could lay their hands on. It was 'keep your head down and your backside up.' If we straightened up to stretch, they let us have it. Our guards at Cabanatuan were Taiwans [Formosans]. They were bastards."

The farm grew camotes, casaba, okra, native spinach, egg plant, onions, radishes, peppers and cucumbers. The camotes and casaba, and sometimes the okra, were for the prisoners; the Japs took everything else.

"They took all the food," Anderson explained; "then issued it to us, but they kept it until it was hard or spoiled. We did our own cooking, over open fires at first. Later we made stoves and ovens of clay and scrap tin."

"We had only one kind of vegetable at a time, plus rice," Stanford said. "Or sometimes only rice. Breakfast was *lugao*—strained rice and water, mostly water. We got 250 grams of rice per man per day, about eight ounces or two double handfuls. We got 160 kilos (about 350 pounds) of meat per week for 2,000 men. It figured out to a little under three ounces per man. We got the left-overs —the heads, guts and so on. Generally it was carabao meat. But there would be weeks at a time when we did not get any meat at all. Instead, sometimes, we got fish powder. We never knew."

Everett Dillard CTM of Cooper Hill, Tenn., who was captured on Corregidor, told of men eating cats, dogs, rats and lizards. "I didn't," he said, "but I went down to 85 pounds. My hipbones broke through the skin. I did eat and can eat any piece of cornstalk straight out of the ground with as much relish as I once ate beefsteak. I lived, I guess, because I wanted to. We all did, all of us that are still alive. The will to live was all that kept us going. Now I'd like to get even. I've had 22 years' service and I can still do some good on a can."

Stanford agreed with Dillard. "We are alive," he said, "because we wanted to live, and because we learned to steal. We had to. If we were caught they made us stand in the sun for three or four hours with our arms stretched level with our shoulders. If our arms dropped we got a beating. Or sometimes, particularly with potatoes, they made us eat what we were stealing, dirt and all. The Taiwans tried to make one man eat half a bushel of potatoes. They forced them down his throat until he vomited."

"We had strafing sacks," Anderson explained. "That's concentration-camp talk for pockets sewn inside our jackets or pants legs that we could hide things in—a radish, a pepper, anything to eat. Strafing means stealing of any kind, and it means a beating too. We have a language all our own—half Jap, half Pino [Filipino], half everything."

"We figured out," Stanford continued, "that it cost the Japs between three and four cents a day to feed us. I don't think we could have lived without the Filipinos. You can say they were really in there pitching. They really stuck their necks out to slip us food, cigarettes, news, anything they had. They're all right."

DURING 1942 and 1943, details of 1,000 or 2,000 men worked on Cabanatuan's farm. "The Japs," Anderson told us, "think only in thousands —1,000 men for this, 1,000 men for that."

Other details were sent to cut wood or to other parts of Luzon to work on roads and airstrips. While on details the prisoners went barefoot. The Japs kept their shoes to discourage escapes. These details were literally worked to the death.

"The Taiwans guarding these details," Stanford told us, "always gave orders in Japanese. When we did not understand they beat us up."

"Those Taiwans," Anderson said, "were just plain mean. They made us *tinko*—that is, count off—in Japanese. They would leave us standing in formation in the rain—a lot of tricks like that. There were a lot of rules and regulations—GI crap, shake-shake-down inspections, all that stuff. A shake-down meant the guards came through and took anything they wanted. We kept our stuff buried most of the time."

Prisoners who broke the rules—or were accused of breaking the rules—were beaten, put on short rations and deprived of water.

"We had nicknames for the worst guards," Anderson said. "White Angel, Clark Gable, Donald Duck, Big Speedo. White Angel was a son of a bitch."

Once classified as POWs the men were paid while on details. NCOs got 25 centavos (12½ cents) per day, privates and pfcs 15 centavos. Officers were paid 10 pesos per month, later raised to 30. All payments were in Jap currency.

"There were other details," Stanford added. "In Davao we built rice-paddy dikes of carabao dung with our hands. In Cabanatuan we fertilized the farm with our hands, with human dung. The Japs took pictures of that and showed them to the Filipinos. There were other indignities—all kinds. They were worse than beatings: We had to salute all guards, or if we did not have a hat, we had to bow to them. That was the worst of all."

Cabanatuan's barracks were of nipa, approximately 50x18 feet. They had a doorway at each end, six small windows covered with bamboo shutters and dirt floors with a narrow board catwalk down the middle. On either side of the catwalk were double tiers of 6x10-foot bamboo bays. Up to 125 men were quartered in each barracks, sleeping five or six to a bay. During the typhoon season the barracks were invariably wet.

TOBACCO in Cabanatuan was literally worth its weight in gold. On a very few occasions the Japs sold it through their commissary at prices too high for the prisoners. Now and then they issued some. The last issue was in August 1944—three bags of moldly weeds the Nips had used in making a nicotine solution for insect repellant. Filipinos slipped tobacco to the prisoners or gave it to details working outside of camp. Maj. Hubbard showed us his home-made cigarette holder — a 2-inch-long ebony cylinder with a hole the size of a match stick in the end.

"That fit our cigarettes," Stanford said, and he dug one an inch long out of his pocket. "Uncured Filipino tobacco and newsprint, as big around as a match. May we never see another."

There were cigarettes—American cigarettes—in the Red Cross POW packages, but those packages almost invariably were rifled before the prisoners saw them—the cigarettes and any sweets removed. While they lasted, the men traded wristwatches, rings and so on to the Japs for those cigarettes. "Changee, changee," the Japs called it.

"Our personal packages were often rifled too—if we got them at all," Anderson told us. "We got our first ones in late 1943. The Japs had let us write a card in March of 1943, almost a year after we were captured. They told us then that we could write one every month, but that promise did not work out, either. Sometimes months would go by, and they would tell us there were no cards."

There were several chaplains in Cabanatuan and a few missionaries, but religious services were subject to approval by the Japs. "They'd tell us we could have mass," Anderson said, "then send everybody out on detail."

The prisoners had their own hospital—a barracks like the rest—and their own doctors and dentists. They had no medicine at first, except now and then some Jap-issued quinine. Later they were well supplied through Red Cross packages. "In fact," Stanford told us, "we had more medicine than the Japs did. We used to trade them sulfa for tobacco. We even made some sulfa ourselves and in Davao some Novacaine. I think they used fire-extinguisher fluid as a part of the Novocaine. The Japs, by the way, tried and tried to analyze our sulfa drugs but never made the grade."

In the prison hospital the commonest ailments were malaria, dysentery, broken ribs, miscellaneous bruises and above all, malnutrition. Two operations that resulted in what the POWs called "vest-pocket bungholes" were performed following prolonged dysentery.

Cabanatuan's contact with the outside world was nonexistent at first and sketchy but surprisingly accurate during the last year. Filipinos for a long time supplied most of it by word of mouth. The prisoners learned of the Normandy landing late in June.

"Our news was scuttlebutt," Stanford said, "except the time the Japs let three *Reader's Digests* slip through in a personal package. That was in March 1943. We had those magazines until they fell apart. Most of the time our news was just scuttlebutt, but it was usually right. We heard about the Leyte landings almost immediately.

"Incidentally, when we heard that green-clad hordes of Americans swarmed ashore, we didn't know what to make of it. Until today, when we saw your green uniforms."

THE green uniforms were on 121 picked men of the 6th Ranger Battalion, commanded by Lt. Col. Henry A. Mucci of Denver, Colo., former Honolulu provost marshal. The battalion was formed months ago in New Guinea at the suggestion of Lt. Gen. Walter Kreuger and trained for six months over the dusty hills of Port Moresby. Once in action, the Rangers grabbed outlying islands in Leyte Gulf on A-minus-3 of that landing and grabbed Santiago Island at the northwestern tip of Lingayen Gulf on this one. Neither show produced enough Jap opposition to suit them.

The Cabanatuan raid was down their alley. They were itching for it. Company C, reinforced by one platoon, got the job. Col. Mucci went along, "just for the ride." "You couldn't keep him home," the Rangers say.

Cabanatuan was 25 miles in advance of our front lines. The Rangers reached the vicinity of the camp, melted into the countryside and cased the joint. The rescue was originaly planned for the evening of Jan. 29. The Japs picked that evening to send a motor convoy through Cabanatuan. The Rangers lay low, sweated out the night and next day, and struck at dusk on the 30th.

"The Japs," Stanford told us, "never knew what hit them. About seven o'clock Pvt. George Barber [an English Tommy captured at Singapore, who jumped ship en route to Formosa and was recaptured in the PIs] took a sack of potatoes up to the guardhouse. About 15 Japs were sitting around. There were about 50 more in and around camp. At a quarter to 8 the shooting started."

The Rangers closed in from three sides. The raid went off like clockwork. They smashed the gates, streamed inside and annihilated the guard.

"Somebody stuck his head into our barracks," Anderson said, "and yelled, 'It's okay. We're Yanks. Get the hell out of here!' We didn't have to hear that twice."

Within 25 minutes the Rangers and prisoners were on the outside, headed home. The Japs counterattacked with tanks in support. The Rangers and a detachment of guerrillas, about 300 strong, fought them off and covered the march. An additional 523 Japs were killed. The Rangers lost one killed and one wounded, the guerrillas 26 and two.

The entire POW party was convoyed from the point of entering our lines to an evac hospital, in jeeps, ambulances, two-and-a-halfs and weapons carriers. It was their first ride in 31 months. I went along.

A GREAT share of the road was lined with waving, cheering GIs and Filipinos. The GIs threw cigarettes and gum, and yelled: "Welcome back!" and "How's it going?" The freed men yelled back: "Glad to be back" and "Good!" To them, at that moment, everything was good. They chain smoked, used matches profusely for the sheer joy of it, threw long butts away with an effort. They threw cigarettes to the Filipinos. They chewed gum. Anderson yelled at a truck full of 1st Cavalrymen, "Boys, you sure look good!"

From time to time they stood up. "We've got no meat left to sit on," they explained.

The heavy-wheeled weapons carriers, a park of carry-alls, a soldier with a bazooka, the spotter Cubs dipping low over our convoy, a bulldozer—all were new to these men, a source of wonder and amazement.

Stanford said, "Look at their helmets!"

Anderson said, "Every guy's got a different kind of gun!"

They gaped about, unbelieving, while I tried to describe an LST.

"We're Rip van Winkles," Maj. Hubbard said. "Everything is new."

I felt oddly like a proud father.

Lt. Col. Henry A. Mucci, who led the rescue raid

Home on Furlough

With the clock on the dresser at a quarter of 12, Pvt. McDonald reads the paper in bed.

While he has a rich breakfast of hot cakes and fresh eggs, his cousin, Helen McDonald, pours his milk.

And now it's time for a few telephone calls which he had promised to make for the men in his outfit.

His aunt, Blanche McDonald, wraps him up before he goes out on the town while a friend looks on.

THESE are two stories of soldiers who got home on furlough from overseas duty—one an interview, the other a first-hand account by the man on furlough. Pvt. John McDonald was one of the lucky GI medal-wearers picked from an outfit in combat on the Western Front. He spent his 30 days in and around his home town of Hollis, Long Island. Sgt. Ralph Boyce, whose furlough took him to Worcester, Mass., was with one of the first U. S. units to land in Australia. He put together planes in an air depot for about a year, then became a reporter for YANK in the Southwest Pacific. He records his own impressions of 30 precious days after three years abroad—not expertizing, just telling how one GI felt.

Back From the ETO

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Writer

HOLLIS, L. I.—The civilian sun streaming through the bedroom window woke 23-year-old John McDonald. He hid his face in the pillow until he saw that he wasn't going to sleep any more, then raised up and looked at the clock on the dresser. The clock said a quarter of 12.

McDonald turned on his back, stretched, yawned, stretched again and reached over to a chair beside his bed for a cigarette. He lit one, propped up his pillow and reached for the morning paper that his aunt had placed at the foot of the bed. He read the paper for a few minutes, then put it away and just lay there, smoking and looking up at the ceiling and listening to the stillness of an American weekday morning in the suburbs.

When he grew tired of this, McDonald got up, shaved, took a hot and cold shower, dressed and went downstairs to breakfast. On the kitchen table were a stack of hot cakes, a quart and a half of cold milk, two boiled eggs, white bread, butter, maple syrup and a pot of coffee. He ate slowly, while his aunt waited on him. In the middle of breakfast, the phone rang and McDonald got up to answer. It was a girl he knew; McDonald made a date with her for that night. His day had begun.

He had exactly 24 more of them before he returned to his job as gunner in the 5th Division's reconaissance troop, somewhere in Germany. McDonald was one of some 1,300 combat infantrymen who were literally pulled out of the lines and sent home for 30 days as part of a new War Department plan to give doughfeet a break.

When he had first heard the news, McDonald was just preparing to go out on patrol. Everyone in his squad had known he had a good chance of getting home. They were picking men with two or more decorations from each outfit on the Western Front, and McDonald had two Silver Stars. So nobody was surprised when a clerk from division came up to McDonald and said, "Pack your stuff and get ready to leave."

"Okay," Pvt. McDonald said.

"Suppose you know where you're going," the clerk said.

"Yes," McDonald said.

After that they took him back to Metz, where it was reasonably safe, and then shipped him to Paris for 10 days. McDonald won't forget those 10 days for a long time.

"Those Paris women," he recalled, with true appreciation. "They got it."

Then the Army shipped him and the rest of the 1,300 to a replacement depot, and shortly afterward McDonald and the others were on a boat coming home. Throughout all this, the men were treated very well; there was practically no chicken and at the repple-depple the returning infantrymen were put in a separate section, where they couldn't hear the screams of the other inmates.

McDonald didn't have much to say about his first reaction to the States after two years overseas. He didn't faint or cry or even choke up when he landed. He just thought things looked pretty good.

When his group was turned loose, McDonald came home to Hollis to stay with his aunt and uncle. His parents are dead, and his two younger brothers and sister live with other relatives.

He got in about 6 in the morning, and everyone was waiting for him. There was a big "Welcome" sign across the living room, and the refrigerator was crammed full in his honor. His relatives had planned a big party for New Year's Eve, hoping John would be in Hollis by then, but he hadn't been able to make it. It didn't matter, though. He was home.

He was home for 30 fast days to make up in part for the long hours in Iceland, the dreary training days in England and Ireland and the brutal weeks from Normandy to the little town in Germany where he had received the news of his furlough. He had one month in which to sleep between sheets in a soft bed; 720 hours to drink milk and eat home-cooked meals, go to double features and dance with a girl who talked his language, listen to the radio with his shoes off and see people he had known all his life. He had 43,200 minutes in which to walk familiar streets and look at billboards, trolley cars, store windows, convertible coupes and proud, beautiful, well-fed American women.

And that was just what McDonald did.

"I don't have any special plans," he told people when he first got back to Hollis. "I just get up in the morning and think of what I want to do, and then I do it."

Mostly he visited relatives and slept and drank beer and ate as much as he could carry of his aunt's cooking. He went out on a couple of dates but wasn't in a rush to go night-clubbing.

"Not yet," he said when he'd been home six days. "You have to swing into that kind of thing easy. I don't think the other guys are doing any either. There's plenty of time for that stuff. I'd rather see people who, you know, love me."

He drank a lot of milk, but beer was really the stuff. He couldn't get enough beer. The steaks were good but tough, "not like the old ones." He had thought he would go big for ice cream, but somehow it didn't appeal to him.

The States didn't seem to have changed much to McDonald, and he didn't have much trouble "readjusting." "Three days," he said. "That's all you need. Three days to get the nervousness out and get back on your feet."

His relatives seemed a little older and a lot of his friends weren't around, but that was about all. He paid a visit to the machine shop in Brooklyn where he had worked as a mechanic before the war, and was offered 12 post-war jobs within an hour. They were good jobs, but McDonald didn't want any part of them. After the war he wants to work for the city, maybe as a patrolman or something like that. He's 6 feet 4 and looks as if he'd make a good cop.

He was kept pretty busy doing things for men in his outfit. He telephoned a lot of families and told them their sons or husbands or boy friends were still around and doing as well as might be expected. He took a lot of drinks for friends.

"They all told me to take a drink for them," he said. "It didn't matter what kind. They're not particular any more."

McDonald wasn't bothered much by civilians. He got a little PO'd by people wanting to take a gander at his ribbons and regarding him as an authority on modern warfare, and he was bothered some by reporters who wanted to know how he felt about the good old U. S. A. and how many Germans he had knocked off. But, on the whole, he felt that the guys back home were a good bunch and on the ball.

"I think they appreciate what the boys over-

seas are doing," he said. "They try, anyway."

But while McDonald didn't think it was hard to readjust, he did feel that he wasn't the same guy who had left the States. His aunt said he had just grown up, but he said he would have grown up anyway, even without a war. The change in him, he thought, involved something more than age and having been away so long. He couldn't quite put his finger on the change, and he wasn't bothered by it, but he was sure he was different.

He was definite, though, about one change.

"I could see after my first date," he said, "that I'm not as sharp as I used to be."

He attributed this rustiness partly to long abstinence and partly to the influence of foreign females. "It didn't make much difference what you said to *them*. They didn't know what you were talking about, anyway. But here you still got to watch your step, just like old times."

So McDonald watched his step and took it easy, not trying to jam everything into each available minute but doing what he wanted when he wanted to do it. He stayed out late and slept late; he spent a lot of time just lying in bed, listening to the peace and quiet. He knew that when the 30 days were up he would just be getting accustomed to being home, but that didn't worry him too much.

After all, 30 days is 30 days. Most men don't get home even for that long.

Back From the Pacific

By Sgt. RALPH BOYCE
YANK Staff Correspondent

WORCESTER, MASS. — Judging by the magazines and newspapers I've been seeing, people in the States these days are being bombarded with advice on how to treat the returning soldier. They are being told that he will come home changed and that they will have to help him adjust himself to a "new" life.

As an illustration of how *not* to treat the returned serviceman, one magazine printed a yarn about a Marine sergeant who went into a soda fountain his first day back to gorge himself on ice cream. The girl behind the counter was reported to have cracked that he must be happy to be back where he "could do something useful."

Maybe things like that are happening in the States, but they didn't happen to me. During a 30-day Stateside furlough after three years in the Pacific I have encountered nothing but the best of treatment from civilians and from GIs stationed on this side.

Overseas veterans and servicemen in general get preference almost everywhere in the States. Round-trip furlough tickets on trains cost a serviceman less than a one-way ticket costs civilians. Some cities have established reduced rates for servicemen on streetcars (streetcars are trams, in case anybody in Australia has forgotten) and in Chicago all transportation for service personnel is free. In other cities, motormen sometimes place their hand over the fare box when a serviceman comes aboard.

The cigarette shortage—and it's a real shortage—has civilians smoking little-known brands like Rameses and Fleetwoods. Often they can't get even those. But after turning down civilians, clerks sometimes manage to find a stray pack for a guy in uniform.

Once in a while this "anything-for-the-serviceman" attitude can be embarrassing. At Boston's North Station, where a large crowd was sweating out taxis, I saw a dozen middle-aged women take over a lone GI and shove him into the first taxi to turn up. The aggressively sympathetic ladies intimidated other civilians with cries of "This soldier's got to get back to camp" and "The Army and Navy first!" It was all well meant, but the GI looked miserable.

For the most part, though, a soldier back from overseas isn't treated in the unnerving "conquering hero" manner. He just gets treated well.

Many civilians are still unfamiliar with campaign ribbons, but nearly everybody seems to be catching on fast. Taxi drivers, barbers and bartenders all know what overseas bars mean. Many times the ribbons and bars serve as a conversational wedge. The conversation usually starts with something like "See you've been over quite a while, soldier. Bet you've seen your share of it." And it almost always ends up with "Got a boy out there myself. Been in it a long time, too. Sure like to see him get home for a while."

After a time you come to the conclusion that nearly everybody must have a brother or a son or a husband overseas. And those brothers, sons and husbands form one of the biggest topics of conversation in the States.

One evening in a cocktail lounge in Paxton, Mass., I listened in on five different conversations. Every one of them was about somebody "out there." Finally I asked if anybody ever talked of anything else.

"Very seldom," was the answer.

Mail call on the home front seems almost as important as in any outfit overseas. In millions of homes the postman's ring is just about the biggest moment of the day. When the mailman leaves nothing, the expressions on faces and the things that are said seem very familiar: "Pretty busy these days, I guess," and "Mail is probably slowed up. I'll bet there'll be a letter tomorrow."

When a letter does come, it gets read by the family, friends, the other people at the office or the plant, the neighbors down the street. "Got a letter today" is the signal for friendly enthusiasm and many questions. Does it say or hint where he is? Where was it postmarked? Is he feeling all right? Is there heavy fighting in his area? The questions go on and on. And everybody has a try at reading between the lines. Somehow it makes the returnee wish he'd written a little more frequently.

Reports of the chicken returning GIs have to take at the hands of the "USO Commandos" back here turned out—in my experience, anyway—to be a bit exaggerated. One thing to remember, in case those reports have had you worried, is that the number of men now in the States who haven't seen foreign service is dwindling. At the debarkation point where we landed, two out of every three permanent-party men were wearing campaign ribbons. They knew what the score was.

Everybody in my furlough group remarked on the efficient way the place operated. Instead of herding us about like a bunch of recruits, they took us for exactly what we were—some tired guys who only wanted to clear this last barrier and get the hell home.

There are still some five-letter men left around, of course. I ran into one when I reached the reception station where I was to get my furlough papers. I opened the wrong door into this man's office and sent a blast of wind across his desk. A pimply faced corporal, he was in charge of the first part of the processing. After growling at me about the door, he announced that it was too late in the day for him to bother with my papers and that I could damn well stay in camp overnight.

I could have blown my top at the kid, but I didn't and I didn't leave the place with a bad taste in my mouth, either. As soon as the kid wasn't looking, another clerk picked up the papers and started them on their way with a wink and a grin at me. The delay made me the last man to go through the processing line, and most of the clerks had put away their stamps and papers for the night. Without a complaint they dragged them out again and went to work.

The aggressively sympathetic ladies intimidated other civilians, crying, "The Army and Navy first!"

"Want to borrow any money?" one asked. I told him I wouldn't bother about that because I didn't want to hold him up any longer. "That's what we're here for," he said, and a Wac stenographer took off her coat and sat down at her desk again to make out my voucher.

One unpleasant incident sticks in my mind, but it had a happy ending. My wife and I were visiting a neighbor's home, and toward 11 P.M. somebody said, "Turn on the radio. It's almost time for the news."

"Oh, no," the hostess said. "I hate to listen to the war news. It's so depressing."

Nothing more was said at the time, but later several members of the party told me how embarrassed they'd felt.

Despite the eagerness of friends and family to hear all about what the serviceman has done overseas, they seldom pump him for information. They take the attitude that, if the man who has come home has seen combat, there's a lot he may prefer not to talk about and that if he does want to talk he'll start when he gets damn good and ready.

"That's what we're here for," he said, and a Wac stenographer sat down again to make out the voucher.

Overseas I got a confused picture of the food situation back home. Sometimes I'd think that the home front must be starving. Sometimes I got the impression there was a lot of bitching about nothing at all. Actually there are shortages of darn near everything at home, but with rationing and price controls virtually no necessities are unavailable or out of reach of pocketbooks.

Crises, like the fuel shortage this winter, are met as they arise. In this fourth year of war people have settled down to accept inconveniences and minor discomforts as part of their daily lives. And it's a rare home-fronter who can do much griping in the face of those long casualty lists now appearing in the papers—lists which by now have struck at least fairly close to every home.

Like GIs overseas, folks back home have found new values in the war and a new appreciation of the little things they used to take for granted. Home life has taken on a deeper meaning.

One evening, because my kid brother insisted, my wife and I went to a high-school basketball game with him in Leominster, Mass. The scene could have been duplicated in any high-school gym in the country. The kids cheered and laughed and stamped their feet. The cheer leaders jumped up and down importantly, and on the floor below the fellows shook hands before they started in and then played as though the whole world depended on the game.

Through the noise my wife shouted in my ear: "Well, is it worth it?"

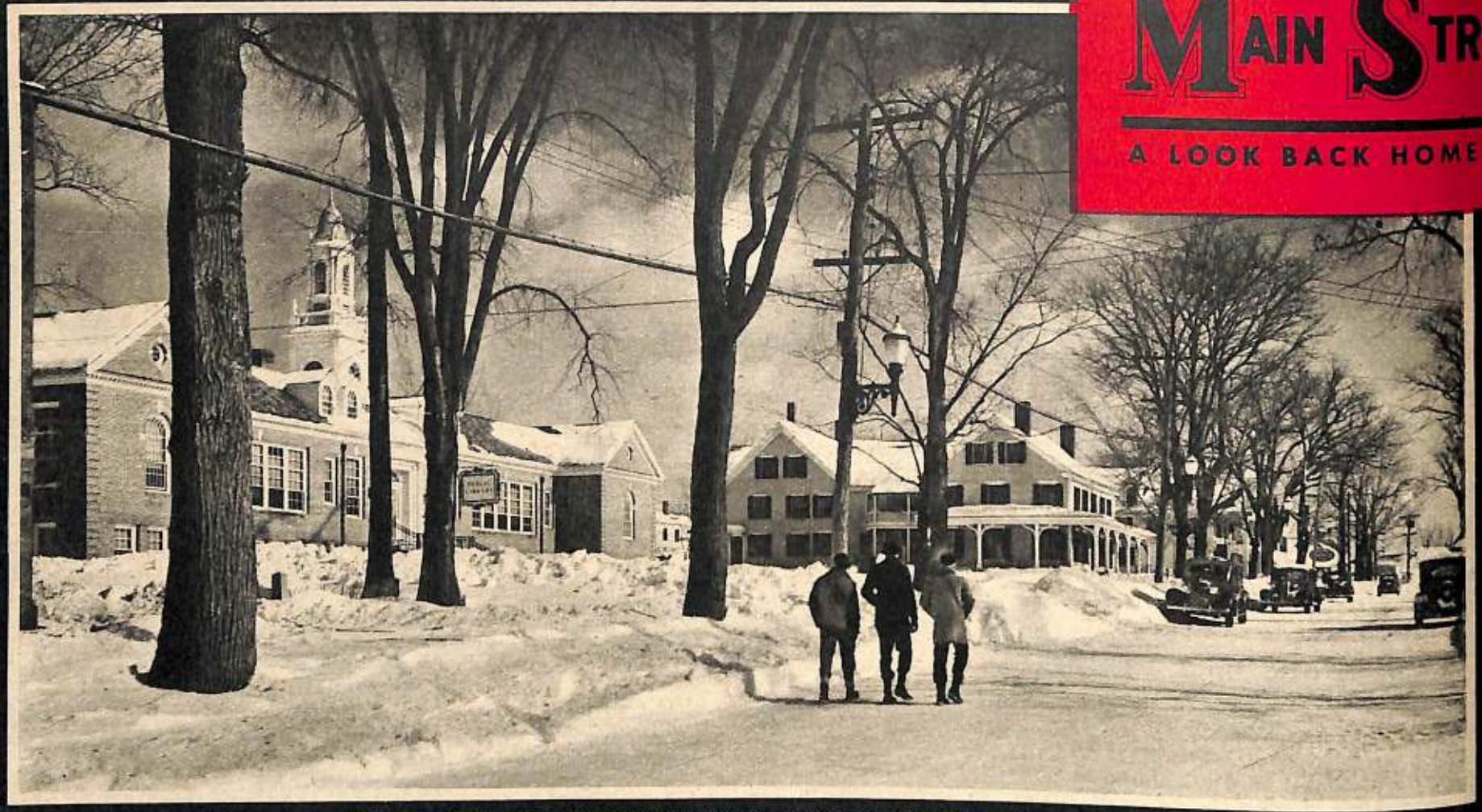
"Is it worth what?" I asked.

"Is it worth fighting for?"

I had never thought of it quite that way.

MAIN STRE

A LOOK BACK HOME—



WOLFEBORO, N. H. Like most of the other towns in New England, Wolfeboro has had plenty of snow this winter and Main Street has had to be cleared off after each new storm. This picture was taken from the corner of Union Street facing southeast down Main. It was about 12:45 in the afternoon when the photographer caught these three boys walking past the Carpenter Grade School and the Public Library at the left.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. This picture was taken at 2:45 on a cold winter afternoon. From the fourth floor of the Minneapolis Public Library, facing north, the camera has taken in a long stretch of Hennepin Avenue, which is lined with some of the city's finest shops. The library is at Hennepin and 10th Street. Farther down the avenue, beyond the Orpheum Theater and Schenley sign, is the eight-story Pence Building

EETS OF AMERICA

SINCE YOU WENT AWAY

ATLANTA, GA. Here is what you would see these days if you were working in the First National Bank of Atlanta. This picture was taken from the bank president's office at 1:30 P.M. Outside is Five Points, the hub of Georgia's capital city and the intersection of Peachtree, Decatur and Marietta Streets and Edgewood Avenue. The trolley is headed south down Peachtree. The 17-story Candler Building is in the center background.

PASADENA, CALIF. When there is snow in New Hampshire, flowers bloom in Pasadena and palm trees line the sidewalk. Pasadena is famous for its residences but it also has a prosperous business district, located here on Colorado Street where it is intersected by Fair Oaks Avenue. The picture, looking west, was taken at 3:30 in the afternoon. The Rose Bowl is about two miles away over the Colorado Street Bridge.

THE SOLDIER SPEAKS:

Which was the greater menace to our country and our values: Germany or Japan?

A Menace, but Like Us

GRANTING the danger that Germany is to our way of living, she still does not offer the menace that Japan does. It must be admitted that Germany has made quite a number of important contributions to the furtherance of civilization. We owe a great many medicines, manufacturing methods, ideas of conservation and other things to their scientific research and experimenting. Their way of life is similar to that of other civilized nations. Take away the bestiality of Naziism and you have the same good basic foundation of decency and progressive civilization that you find here in the United States.

In Japan you have a nation that has prospered from the sweat of others. They have never had the initiative to forge ahead on their own but rather have utilized the advancements of other nations. Their scientific and educational books are direct steals from Europe and the U. S. Take away the false mask of civilization and in Japan you will find a hideous, barbaric race, a race that lives on the misfortune of the illiterate masses.

Japan is our real menace and should be smashed so as never to rise above the level of a fourth-rate power.

Oakland (Calif.) Regional Hospital —T/Sgt. JEROLD M. GORBY

Like Us, but a Menace

FOR the very reason that the cultural and economic ties and origins of the United States are European, Germany was and is a greater menace than Japan. Germany is a country we thought we knew. Emigrants from Germany helped build our country. We know German music, literature, art and science. We always thought of Germans as people like ourselves. There lies the danger and menace.

We now know that German cartels in this country and economic penetration of South America all tended toward the world domination sought by German monopolists. We now know that we "can't do business with Hitler," that Nazi barbarism is unforgiveable.

The direct German menace is now averted by Allied armies, but our values are still in jeopardy. Nazi lies are spoken aloud and printed. We have our Negro question and anti-Semitism. Our President is the target for libelous remarks. We cannot trifle with the blasphemies with which they have polluted the world.

But Japanese institutions were dissimilar to ours and left us indifferent. The Japanese had no cartels in this country. Americans found little value in Japanese opinions and dogma. They were always foreign and suspect to us.

Detroit, Mich. —Ex-Sgt. NATHAN MINKOFF (Veteran of Second World War)

"Nice, Agreeable" Germans

WE must destroy Japan, both as a military power and as an economic contender for prosperity. It is an open-and-shut case. But we are all mixed up about Germany. We realize that we must beat her but we also want to see her become "a nice, agreeable member of the family of nations." Japan, destroyed, will no longer be dangerous but the German danger will still be with us.

Even front-line soldiers and officers admire German efficiency and, "the world's finest soldiers." What they admire is what they are fighting to destroy, militarism. How can we achieve an enduring peace if we are unable to decide how to treat Germany? Some say kiss and make up, others say erase her from the map. We cannot afford confusion. It is Germany's avowed intention to conquer the world when we have sunk back into lethargy.

France —Cpl. PHIL STEARNS

Six and a Half Dozen

WOULD you prefer to be bitten fatally by a cobra or crushed to death by a python? Which represents the greater danger to your home—the arsonist who sets fire to the west wing, or the pyromaniac who sets a torch to the east wing?

China —Cpl. HARVEY J. FOX

The Japanese Locusts

GERMANY has had a desire for world conquest for hundreds of years. However, Japan, evading world affairs and problems but capitalizing on the trials of others, has done Germany one better.

These people have lived like locusts for thousands of years and have built up a gigantic war machine on the profits that civilized people of the world have reaped in order to live in a better world. The Japs are capable of using almost anything to their own advantage though incapable of independent thinking.

That is why I think they are more of a menace than the Germans who had an open desire for world domination.

POW Camp, Trinidad, Colo. —Pfc. KENNETH M. WRIGHT

Traitors to Civilization

BY turning renegade to the traditions of Christianity and Western civilization, by bringing war to the world three times since 1870, Germany has proved herself the worst traitor within the family of nations.

By the Dec. 7 stab at Pearl Harbor, Japan revealed herself as an international thug. Once her designs were unmasked we were ready to deal out retribution. But the German menace has been more dangerous because it has used pseudo science and cross-eyed logic to poison truth and falsify values. Racial supremacy justified the enslavement of people by the Germans; the dogma of nationalism undermined and destroyed independent thinking.

Germany's crime is great. Knowing the full implication of her acts she chose war and barbarism as an escape from the problems of peace.

England —S Sgt. S. J. ZISKIND

Fascist Ideas

COMPLETELY foreign ideas are rarely dangerous, for to be foreign an idea must have no roots in our experience. Japanese values are foreign to us and have attracted few Americans. The Japanese have not tried to export their ideas other than those necessary for economic exploitation of conquered lands. Most Americans hate the Japanese as the villain in a melodrama, not understanding his motivation.

On the other hand German fascist ideas have root and flower in sections of America—the snicker at the smoking-room stories of the Jews: "white supremacy" which can be translated as "*herrenvolk*"; the disgust at the tediousness of democratic procedure and the wish for authoritarian government: the attraction which German militarism has for American nationalists: the Nazi treatment of labor unions, which is that espoused by some of our industrialists: all these are the genitives of fascism, and all are at home.

Germany —Pfc. PERRY WOLFF

THIS page of GI opinion on important issues of the day is a regular feature of YANK. A question for future discussion is "Do You Like What You See in the Movies?" If you have any ideas on this subject send them to The Soldier Speaks Department, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We will allow you time to get answers here from overseas by mail. The best letters will appear in a future issue.

NEWS FROM HOME

The march across the Rhine kicked up the nation's blood pressure, a bill to draft nurses got halfway through Congress, the Ohio River contracted its customary spring fever, and beer caused waves of enthusiasm in Buffalo.

ALTHOUGH battle-weary GIs on the Western Front may have grinned skeptically, some people on the home front last week were getting themselves set for V-E Day. A flood of peace rumors swept the States, following the news that the U.S. First Army had established a bridgehead across the Rhine south of Cologne.

Even Congress was infected by the enthusiasm. The staid Senate clapped at news of the Rhine crossing, and many legislators predicted an early collapse of the German military machine. Sen. Walter F. George, Democrat of Georgia, predicted that if the First Army bridgehead could be maintained and expanded "Germany is done for." At least one Congressman, Rep. George H. Bender, Republican of Ohio, started talking about peacetime conversion of industry, the *Associated Press* reported. He said that von Rundstedt's bulge last December had justified suspension of reconversion plans then but, he added, "it is now clear that the situation has changed completely." City authorities in New York ordered the civil and military police and firemen to prepare for the possibility of a German surrender.

The State Department maintained a dignified silence about a possible sudden end to the war in Europe. President Roosevelt declined to make any predictions on what he termed a crystal-ball question.

American politicos were busy trying to reconcile world organizations and Pan-American agreements. The 16-day inter-American conference on mutual problems of war and peace ended in Mexico City after Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., had called on Argentina to join the United Nations "in our common struggle against aggressors." A good many observers had nice words to say for the conference and for its 130-page agreement under which all signatories guaranteed their respective frontiers and pledged political independence for each other.

Navy Cmdr. Harold E. Stassen, former Governor of Minnesota, went further. In a speech at Minneapolis, he sketched a seven-point program which he said would dedicate the United States to a principle of interdependence of all nations. The speaker, a Republican delegate to the United Nations Security Conference in San Francisco next month, suggested a gradually developed "higher level of world government, with legislative, judicial and executive functions and with world-wide jurisdiction." Stassen envisioned this organization as developing a basic world-wide law starting with the "fundamental code of human rights." The majority of Republican Senators, however, were reported as feeling that Stassen's scheme was just a trifle premature at this stage of the game.

The Administration suffered a setback in its effort to have the Bretton Woods agreement ratified by Congress before the San Francisco conclave. Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau appeared before the House Banking Committee to plead for legislation to permit the U.S. to join in the establishment of an international bank and monetary fund. Those two things were agreed upon as means of combating economic warfare at the meeting of representatives of 44 nations at Bretton Woods, N.H., last July. Some GOP members of the House committee, however, were now asking for an intensive investigation into all international monetary commitments. Observers thought that such an inquiry would postpone hope of any international banking legislation for at least several months.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT got another rebuff on the home front when the Senate passed a manpower-control bill vastly different from the one he had asked for in his State of the Union speech. The Senate bill aims all direct penalties at employers rather than at workers and makes war mobilization more voluntary than anything else. It calls for cooperation among management, labor and government in channelling workers where they are needed most, in contrast to the House-passed May bill which ordered "work or jail" for men found to have disregarded their draft boards' orders to retain or switch wartime jobs. The Senate sent its milder bill back to the House, and it appeared to be headed for an ironing-out conference between the two branches of Congress.

The House passed another controversial measure—the first draft of women for war duty in the history of the country. This particular measure was requested by the Administration to supply an estimated 18,000 nurses for the Army and Navy. As it went to the Senate, the bill provided for the induction of male and unmarried female nurses not over 44 or under 20 years of age. During the closing hours of debate, the House wrote in a provision that before any nurse could be inducted, he or she must be offered a commission by the Army or Navy. It also stood firmly against a suggestion to draft married nurses except those wed after March 15 of this year. Another amendment provided that nurses who refused commissions could be drafted as Navy seamen or Army privates. When the bill later came before the Senate Military Committee, its members were reported to be "sorely divided" over how to handle it. One senator reckoned as how he didn't "like the idea of drafting someone to wait on you when you are sick."

ACCORDING to the *Associated Press*, military leaders are getting fearful about the possibility that war-weariness may crop up after Hitler's goose is cooked. The war leaders were represented as contending that this let-down would be Japan's greatest hope of moderating the effects of her defeat or of gaining a compromise peace. The *AP* said the big shots want to impress on America that there will be relatively few discharges from the Army and that there will be the quickest possible transfer of forces from Germany to the Pacific area.

Lt. Gen. Brehon B. Somerville, Chief of the Army Service Forces, made a speech in Washington on the same subject. He spoke of the big post-V-E Day task of "moving troops back to this country, handling their furloughs, re-equipping them and shipping them to the Pacific." The general also mentioned the necessity of providing new staging areas and port facilities in the Pacific. These references were taken by the *Associated Press* to mean that many combat troops now in Europe probably will get home before going to the Orient, but that such personnel as service forces, engineers, signal corps, transportation men and hospital workers will not. However, the War Department itself had no more to say about furloughs than your top-kick usually does.

More than half a million sick and wounded American fighting men were flown out of battle zones last year with only 28 deaths in flight, according to the Office of War Information. Basing its information on reports from all flight branches of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, the OWI reported that 20 per cent of all American casualties who were returned to the U.S. in 1944 travelled by plane. There wasn't a single loss by enemy action.

Congress did some other important things. The House approved and sent to the Senate a bill to raise the national-debt limit from 260 billion dollars to an all-time high of 300 billions. The House

WAR WORKERS. FOUR GIs, UNDER ORDNANCE COMMAND BUT PAID CIVILIAN WAGES, TURN OUT SHELLS IN McKEESPORT, PA., TO EASE THE MANPOWER SHORTAGE. LEFT TO RIGHT: SGT. JOHN C. JONES OF HIGH POINT, N.C.; S/SGT. AUGUST TOUCHO OF PITTSBURGH, PA.; PFC. HERBERT SIMON OF NEW YORK CITY, AND PFC. WAYNE AMBROSE OF INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

REDUCTION LINE. THESE LITHE EMPLOYES OF THE NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION PLANT AT INGLEWOOD, CALIF., KEEP FIT—AND SLIM—DURING THEIR OFF-DUTY HOURS BY MEANS OF A COMPANY-SPONSORED SPORTS PROGRAM UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF DOROTHY POYNTON TEUBER (RIGHT FOREGROUND), FAMOUS OLYMPIC SWIMMING STAR OF PEACETIME DAYS.

STILL SHAPELY. NEWSHAWK BOB THOMAS FINDS OUT FOR HIMSELF THAT BETTY GRABLE'S FIGURE IS EVEN BETTER THAN EVER SINCE SHE BECAME A MOTHER.

MOMMA BEAR. "MINNIE" THE BEAR, STAR PERFORMER IN A SPORTSMEN'S SHOW IN BOSTON, GAVE BIRTH TO A CUB WHILE ENROUTE BY TRUCK FROM HOLLYWOOD.

also voted its new Committee on Un-American Activities an appropriation of $50,000. The House Foreign Affairs Committee approved legislation to extend the date of the lend-lease act one year beyond its June 30th expiration date. It recommended, however, that the program be stopped with the end of the war and not tied in with post-war reconstruction and rehabilitation. And the Senate speedily confirmed President Roosevelt's appointment of Stabilization Director Fred M. Vinson to become Federal Loan Administrator, succeeding Jesse Jones.

News about labor still rated front-page coverage. Thirteen thousand workers at the Briggs Manufacturing Co. plants in Detroit voted to return to work after a week-long strike. Telephone operators in New York filed an intention to strike within a month unless their demand for a wage raise of $5 a week was met, although the War Labor Board had agreed to approve a $3 weekly increase. In Washington, there was as yet no agreement in the wage-hour parley between soft-coal operators and the United Mine Workers, led by John L. Lewis. The UMW chief has filed notice that the union will strike unless he gets a satisfactory contract to replace the one expiring March 31. The CIO United Automobile Workers upheld their wartime no-strike pledge in a referendum conducted among their members in the U.S. and Canada.

Observers saw good news in the promotion of the War Labor Board's vice chairman, George W. Taylor, a University of Pennsylvania professor, to the chairmanship of the WLB, replacing William H. Davis, who moved up to Stabilization Director in place of Fred Vinson. Commentators predicted a possible end to the dispute between Davis and Vinson over so-called "fringe" wage increases—raises not involving basic wages or union security—which have held up several major labor controversies. Vinson was against such increases wherever it was shown they would cause a rise in prices. It was pointed out that Davis, as Economic Stabilizer, will have supervision of the Office of Price Administration, the War Food Administration, the WPB and other similar agencies and is responsible directly to Director of War Mobilization James F. Byrnes.

A crisis in the air-cargo business was predicted by the Air Transport Association, which said that airlines stood to lose 3,000 young employes to the draft—a loss, it was claimed, that would mean the grounding of almost half the commercial planes now in service by April 1.

THE New York *Times* came up with a big post-war story. The paper reported that the broadest program of public housing, urban re-development and rural home improvement in the nation's history has been formulated by Federal officials. The *Times*, declaring that the plan was designed to clear away virtually all slums in large cities through joint action of Federal and municipal agencies and private investors, said legislation for the projects would be introduced in Congress soon. The proposed scheme, according to the *Times*, involves subsidies of $110,000,000 a year.

As usual at this season of the year, Old Man River made the headlines. A flood, ranked fourth in magnitude in Weather Bureau records, swept the Ohio River along its 981-mile length. Ten people were killed, many war plants were forced to close down, and 125,000 families were evacuated from their homes. When the river and its roaring tributaries had receded, local authorities refused to permit citizens to return to low areas for fear a break might occur in the flood defenses. Sunny Southern California meanwhile had a different problem. The roads out there were blocked and its mountain ranges wore a white mantle far down their slopes as a result of the season's heaviest snowfall.

Nine U.S. combat veterans from the European battlefronts made some interesting comments after a tour of war factories on the home front. The GIs were quoted as agreeing that the home front had no real idea of the hardships endured on the battle lines, and that many workers don't realize the direct relation between their jobs and the actual fighting. The travelling soldiers concluded, however, that most of the key workmen in war plants are doing a great job and are making certain of continued production. "Maybe they're making a lot of money, but they're making a lot of shells, too," commented Pfc. Virgil Barnes of Ehrhardt, S.C.

THE Army got a verbal eating out from Sen. Robert A. Taft, Republican of Ohio, during a mobilization debate. The Army, he said, "is probably as inefficiently used as any labor in the United States." And he added: "With perhaps two million men on the fighting front, they have over six million behind the lines."

Jobs and book-learning for returned servicemen got another airing. Approximately five per cent of the men in the Army plan to get government jobs after their discharge and five per cent more think they "probably" will look for work with Uncle Sam, according to the Information and Education Division, ASF. Two-thirds of the men who have definite plans for governmental employment were in such jobs before entering the Army, the I. & E. survey stated. Civil Service spokesmen in Washington announced that persons now in non-temporary government jobs formerly held by returning soldiers will be displaced so that veterans can have their jobs back. If the job doesn't exist, it was explained, the returning veteran will be put back in a position with like seniority status and pay. The Civil Service promised there would be ample job opportunities for veterans in government, and that goes for disabled men, too.

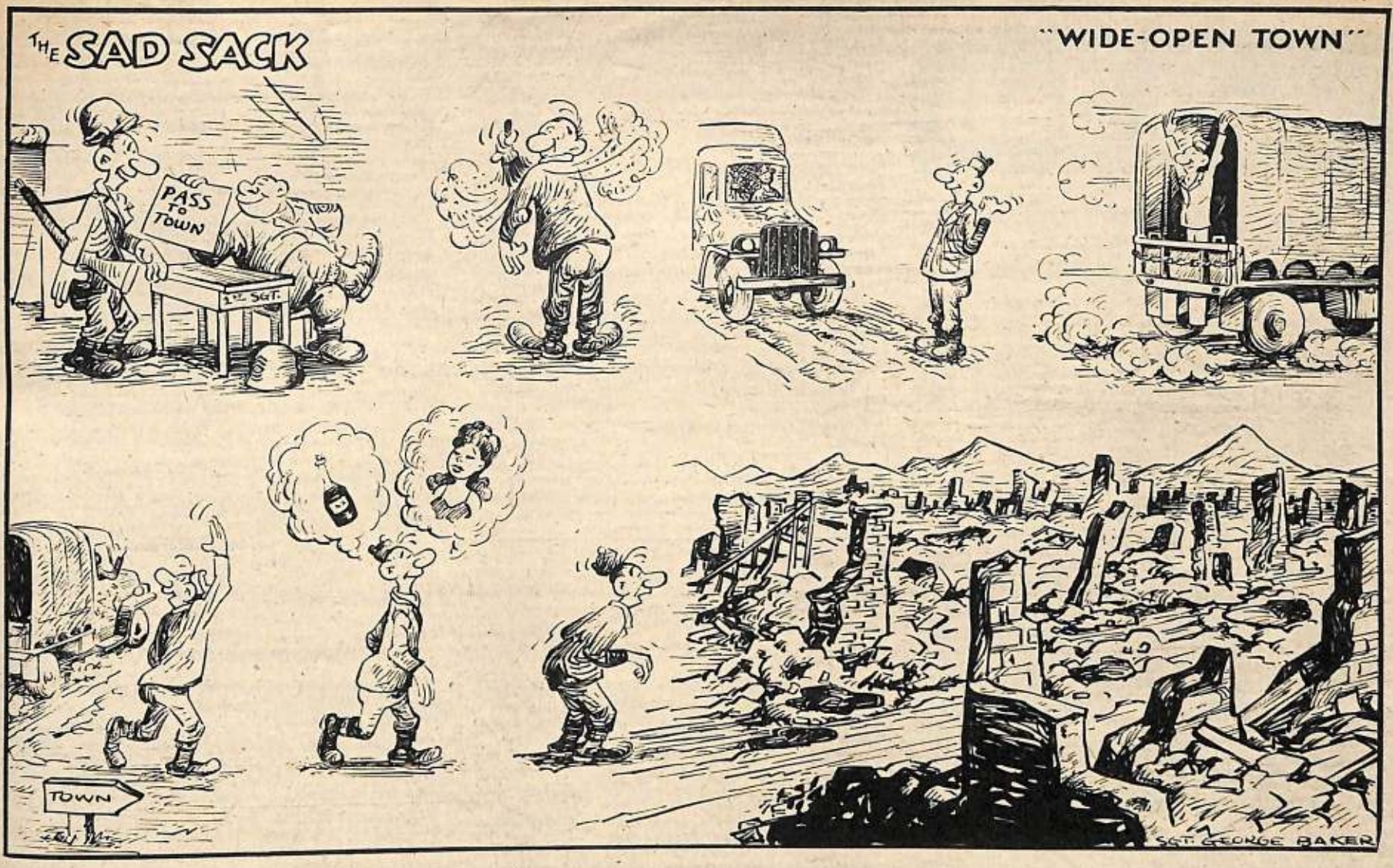
Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell is too modest to wear the chestful of ribbons that he's entitled to. But when a member of his staff, Maj. Richard M. Young, tried to follow the chief's example by leaving off his service decorations, the general told him: "Get 'em on. You earned 'em, didn't you?"

The first normal peacetime year after the war will easily be the biggest in college history, said E. V. Hollis, of the U.S. Office of Education. He released some figures, too, about how educated us service people are. The great majority of enlisted personnel, Hollis reported, have not completed college. Of an estimated 10,800,000 men in military service, only three per cent have graduated, and sheepskins are held by less than

THE WINNER. DONALD M. NELSON, 50, ONE-TIME WAR PRODUCTION BOARD CHIEF, WITH HIS BRIDE, THE FORMER MARGUERITE S. COLBOURNE, 26, ONCE A BEAUTY QUEEN.

CURFEW TOLLS. DON'T ASK US WHY THESE EMPLOYES OF THE COPACABANA IN NEW YORK LOOK SO HAPPY. MANAGER JACK ENTRATTER (RIGHT) IS TELLING THE WORKERS, INCLUDING DANCERS TONY AND SALLY DeMARCO (SEATED AT TABLE, RIGHT), THAT THEY'RE ALL FIRED AS A RESULT OF THE MIDNIGHT-CLOSING EDICT ISSUED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

NO ROMANCE. LT. CMDR. WALLACE BEERY ARRIVES IN LOS ANGELES WITH SYLVIA GALFIELD, 17. HE SAID SHE'S THE CHILD OF AN OLD FRIEND



seven per cent of the 199,800 servicewomen. Hollis predicted that out of these totals, 6,300,000 eventually will go to college, although not all at once, since about 32 per cent of all military personnel haven't finished high school yet. The educator reported that servicewomen on an average have a higher level of education than men, and that women in the Navy and Marines are better educated than ladies in the Army. Which may or may not provoke an argument from the Wacs.

Sen. Joseph F. Guffey, Democrat of Pennsylvania, proposed legislation to give each member of the armed forces a year's base pay upon discharge. Guffey told reporters that this was "no bonus bill," and that its objective was to provide veterans with funds for transition from military to civilian life. He estimated that the payments would run about four billion dollars annually in the demobilization period. There would be a slight catch, though—payment would be made after deducting whatever unemployment insurance might be due a man under the GI Bill of Rights, which could amount to as much as $20 a week for 52 weeks in a two-year period.

A soldier from Hays, Kans., received a unique decoration, but he'll never be able to wear the darn thing. The GI's young bride heard that he had distinguished himself in battle and later she told neighbors proudly: "The very minute I learned he had been so brave, I sat right down and crocheted a Purple Heart and sent it to him Special Delivery."

Some GIs have different ideas about fattening their wallets after the war, as, for example, several guys from the 37th Air Service Group, 37th Oxygen Detachment, APO 520, New York, who wrote to the Los Angeles *Times*: "We are three soldiers stationed somewhere overseas and would like to make contact with wealthy women who would share our postwar plans. Having been jilted by girls back home and being financially short, we would appreciate your cooperation in having this matter brought to your readers' attention." The *Times* didn't say whether the plea received any response.

SURVEYS showed that people throughout the States generally were adhering pretty strictly to the midnight curfew on entertainment and drink. The government, however, ran into at least one outfit which defied the edict. That was the Lamp Lighters Club of Washington, D.C., whose attorney said his client would ignore the closing order because the club normally didn't open until *after* midnight. Anyway, said the club, the curfew order was just a "request" and didn't carry legal force. The Irish got their Irish up about the thing, too, when the Curfew Control Board in New York decided that the United Irish Counties Association couldn't go on celebrating St. Patrick's Day until two o'clock in the morning. The Association said it would appeal to the War Manpower Commission, begorra.

Variety magazine, the bible of show business, reported that the amusement curfew had turned the nation's "Broadways" into ghost streets after midnight. Night-clubs throughout the country were estimated to be doing 25 to 45 per cent less business, and movie theaters five to ten per cent less. In New York City police staged the first prohibition-type raid since the curfew went into effect. The cops hacked a 25-foot bar to pieces with axes and seized furnishings and a quantity of wet stuff. A police inspector said the raid was conducted following the complaint of a citizen that he had been rolled for 250 smackers in the joint. Reviewing the aftermaths of the curfew ruling, though, those in the know predicted that merrymakers would soon get used to early-evening elbow-bending—and midnight coffee-houses.

SINGER Frank Sinatra was put back in 4-F by his draft board after spending a brief period in class 2A-F, which means a physically unfit worker in an essential business. Now he's just physically unfit. Which brings up the story of the soldier whom police in Omaha, Nebr., found wandering along the street in a beat-up condition last week. He told the cops he had used the expression "4-F" during a verbal exchange with a passing civilian. That was all, but it was enough to land the GI in the hospital with two black eyes and a broken nose.

Penicillin, the latest and most widely used life-saving drug, has started moving through regular drug-trade channels, the War Production Board announced. Hitherto, civilian distribution has been made by the WPB office in Chicago to 7,200 hospitals. The drug is now available to all hospitals, physicians and drugstores, but is for sale only in vials for "parenteral medication"—which means for injection into the blood stream or muscles.

There was a bit of a do in Philadelphia about the refusal of Henry J. Huston, 36, father of nine children, to leave his $70-a-week hosiery-mill job for war work at less pay. A draft board slapped Huston, whose wife is expecting a tenth child, into 1-A and approved him for limited service in the Army. But William Leader, draft-appeals-board member, said, "The Army doesn't want men with nine children," adding that there was little likelihood that Huston would be drafted.

HELEN J. SMITH won a divorce recommendation in Camden, N.J., after she submitted two grievances against her husband, Jesse: 1. He brought a "lady friend" home and demanded that his wife cook for her and entertain her; 2. "Every time I opened my mouth he reached for a pistol."

The War Department announced that an additional 100,000 German prisoners will be shipped to the U.S. This will bring the total of Germans in camps in the country to more than 400,000. The purpose of the shift was two-fold, the WD said—to ease the burden of guarding prisoners in Europe and to help the acute labor shortage in the U.S.

James H. Dunn, the movie actor who made a comeback in *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, got himself married to radio singer Edna Rush in Philadelphia. Among the attendants was Betty Smith, writer of *Atgib*. Dunn, who's 43, has been divorced twice, while his wife, 37, has one marital split-up on the record. Comedian Red Skelton used a 14-day furlough from the Army to marry actress Maureen Davis—and to get his tonsils clipped.

There has been more than one complaint from GIs that the Army has misclassified them. But two residents at the Quartermaster School in Camp Lee, Va., have no such grievance. In a file room there two newly-born mice were found in a drawer properly designated "M."

The March 20th issue of *Look*, the picture magazine, was banned from news stands in Washington, D.C., by District Attorney Edward M. Curran. Curran said he took the action because of three "indecent" pictures of almost naked women used in connection with an article entitled *Do We Know There's a War On?*

Hairdressers in Buffalo, N.Y., have found that beer can't be beat for setting waves. "It dries faster, makes the hair softer, brings a sheen to the hair, and really doesn't smell at all," they say. GIs in the UK can write their own comment.

Mail Call

Plea for Pin-ups

Dear YANK,

We were told we were fighting for the Four Freedoms, one of which would include the privilege of having pin-up girls on our tent walls.

We have acquitted ourselves on the field of battle creditably. For that reason we have earned the right to enjoy those Four Freedoms.

By no conceivable twist of the imagination could there be a breach of the economic, political, social or military policies of the High Command in this simple act of a simple soldier hanging simple pictures on a simple wall (sic).

We were very much dismayed when the order came to remove the afore-mentioned pictures from the afore-mentioned wall. Since we, who are again about to risk our lives, cannot enjoy the privilege of eating, drinking and making merry, we see no reason why we should not be able to at least look at Mary.

Det. of Patients, Britain. PVT. T. W.

Nazi Non-coms as POWs

Dear YANK,

As the Allied armies move in to strangle Germany we get the impression that we are winning the war. We stick out our chests, roll up our sleeves and ask for unconditional surrender. The aim of all this is to stamp out the Nazi doctrines and terror forever. So we are told.

We are certainly winning the fighting end of the war but if we deal with a surrendered Germany—"unconditional" or not—as we have dealt with the Nazi prisoners who are in the POW camps in the States now, all will be lost. The Allied Military Government is going to be firm and just with Germans in captured German towns. Why then can't the Army be consistent and handle POWs that way, too?

German non-coms enjoy practically the same authority in POW camps in the States as they held in the German Army. The effect of this is a formation of "little Germany" in each POW camp where persecution of anti-Nazi Germans is the rule. Is this the Army's (our Army's) idea of firm and just treatment? Or are the POWs in some way different from other Germans? I think we will agree that the German non-com is more of a disciple of Nazi philosophy than most of the other soldiers. He became a non-com because he adhered to Nazi policy more closely than others. And he enjoys practically the same authority in POW camps as he enjoyed in the German Army.

Anyone can see this policy encourages the Nazi prisoners. And it certainly plays hell on any German prisoner who wants to be an anti-Nazi. The Army seems frightened to do anything to dampen the fanatical Nazism of the German POW; yet they are going to be firm.

Britain. PFC. JOHN DAHL

Five Years in the ETO

Dear YANK,

How's about sparing a few lines for a couple of ETO-happy gals from Pomona, Calif.? Being gold-plated, beat-up civilians, our only claims to the honor are undying love for your publication (the first touch of real home-readin' we've cast peepers on for five solid years), and equally undying delight in hearing a sad-sack of a homesick GI say, "Gee, it's swell to talk to an American girl again!" We figure, in fact, that if all the guys who have said something like that to us were laid end to end, they'd look awful silly but would probably reach from Los Angeles to Atlantic City!

Our reluctant presence here is due almost entirely to the elegance of the beautifully-illustrated brochure entitled: "England, the Travellers' Joy," or something equally alluring, which the travel bureau in downtown L.A. no doubt still drools over. In a weak moment we fell for it, but it mentioned nothing about a war; hence, after several months in 1939 of waxing bitter (as they say) with transport officials, we resigned ourselves to staying and decided to win the whole thing single-handed. The first five years have gone fairly quickly—haven't seemed a day over 20, in fact. Between bomb and bicycle dodging, Rosie-the-Riveter stuff, Red Crossing, and Canteen K.P., we've been trying to convince the natives that there is absolutely no foundation to the theory that "Oooh, Frankie" is the main-spring of all American girls' vocabularies. Our success remains to be seen, but anyway, fellas, we *are* living proof that even five years of the ETO can't keep a good Yank down!

Britain. BILLIE AND SHIRLEY DWYER

Add the 9th and 26th

Dear YANK,

I've just finished reading your issue of YANK dated Feb. 25. I have great respect for your publication and look forward to its appearance each week. However, in "Strictly GI" you omitted the Ninth Infantry Division in naming all the divisions listed for publication on the Western Front as of Jan. 22.

The Ninth Infantry Division landed D plus 3 on the shores of Normandy, after chasing the Hun off the shores of Morocco back into the hills of Algiers. They pursued the said Hun until the last one was either dead, wounded, off African soil or behind barbed wire. They chased him across the Mediterranean, and off the island of Sicily. From there they returned to England and landed on D plus 3. After cutting the peninsula, they proceeded north and were instrumental in the fall of Cherbourg. This could go on indefinitely.

I hope in justice to fellow Ninth Division men who lie in bed wounded, and for those still gallantly fighting, you will correct this error.

Det. of Patients, Britain. LT. J. U.

Dear YANK,

In regard to your article in YANK (Feb. 25) on divisions in the ETO, I don't seem to be able to find the 26th Division among the divisions listed. It's probably a mere slip but seeing as they have been in combat since Oct. 7 and were in Luxembourg when I left them Jan. 13 I thought I would call your attention to your mistake. Undoubtedly you will receive numerous letters from members of the Yankee Division as to this error.

Det. of Patients, Britain. SGT. R. W.

[Some outfits, after being announced as being in a theater, are put back temporarily on the security list. That may account for the omission of these two divisions from the compilation made by YANK's Paris bureau.—Ed.].

More West Points

Dear YANK,

We are going to need very much more than compulsory military training in the postwar world. If we are to progress as we wish, one year of compulsory training would just put the brakes on many of our technical fields. Which are we to choose, a big Army trained with our present tactics, or a better educational system producing technicians to keep a smaller Army informed on the changing ways to make war? Our big Army of tomorrow is as likely to be worthless as France's Maginot Line unless we have a well-educated population to supply the best technicians.

What I advocate isn't a compulsory training law at all, but a house-cleaning of what Army we do have. Set up other schools as well publicized as West Point for the young men who can make the requirements. Then we will have technical and military knowledge working in harmony. In that way our Army would be ready to train or fight with the very newest ways of war.

Britain. SGT. J. P. THORNTON

Air Force Medals

Dear YANK,

We got a gripe against the Army Air Force and think it's a fair one. We are just a squadron of Navy aircrewmen, and believe our opinion is shared with many other men of the Naval Air Force.

We think the AAF is doing OK, but our gripe is how they hand out the medals. These fellows are given the Air Medal for completing five missions. That's OK, but that isn't what really burns us up. For completing 15 missions they are given the DFC, one of our country's highest awards. It's an insult to the men who earned the DFC and more so to the men who gave their lives and received this award.

How about putting the Army and Navy on equal standards for decorations?

Pacific. R. P. STESSEN AOM3c*

*Also signed by nine others.

Words with Wings

How's your Air Force "slanguage?" You can check it with this list compiled by the 357th Mustang group. Most of these expressions are in general use, some originated with the 357th:

CLOBBER	splatter, hit, telling strikes.
LUFTBERRY	planes in a circle, one after another.
SPLIT	half roll and dive.
JP	junior pilot.
HP	hot pilot, good stunter.
COLD MEAT	easy target.
BALLS OUT	full speed, all out.
HAPPY VALLEY	the Ruhr Valley.
FLAK HOME	rest home for combat pilots.
BIG FRIEND	bomber.
BIG B	Berlin.
GAGGLE	bunch, flock, big formation of.
STRICTLY 10-TENTHS	bad weather, can't see, use instruments.
LITTLE FAT FRIEND	P-47.
DOUBLE-BREASTED FRIEND	P-38.
EPHUS	the needle, ridicule, fool, criticize.
BOGEYS	unidentified aircraft.
BAG OF BOLTS	war-weary aircraft.
JET JOB	jet-propelled aircraft.
RT	radio transmission.
C'EST LA GUERRE	snafu, all screwed up, foiled, "what the hell," nuts, etc.

Do you know any more good Air Force "slanguage," used either in the air or on the ground? If you do, mail them in, and YANK will print another selection.

Civilian Readjustment

Dear YANK,

This is a reply by a soldier to the views expressed by our eminent authorities on the problem of soldiers adjusting themselves to civilian life. I have no qualms about the so-called "readjustment" of the soldier. In my opinion, it is the civilians who will have to do the readjusting. From the newspapers, radio and reading between the lines, we can readily see that the civilians are living a less normal life than we are. They are now

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used to earning large sums of money and usually they are living far beyond their earnings. They are getting used to many things which normally they could not afford.

When the servicemen return, there will be a probable period of continued prosperity, then things will start going on the downgrade, especially salaries. The average civilian will find it rather difficult to give up certain conveniences and luxuries to which he has been accustomed during the period of prosperity. The soldier has learned to do without many conveniences and luxuries and to get along with the bare necessities. To him, it will be no problem of getting adjusted to hard times. He has been used to them throughout his whole Army career. Of course, for some soldiers there will be some slight problem of getting used to a life of comparative quiet and inactivity, and of seeing and going with decent women again, etc. But on the whole I contend that those who are writing all the phony articles about the readjustment of the soldier for all the magazines are merely speaking of a small minority of the servicemen.

Britain. T/5 C. COOPERMAN

Bill of Rights (cont.)

Dear YANK,

We (the undersigned) wish to inform Pvt. G. H. that his letter pertaining to the GI Bill of Rights, published in the Feb. 18 *Mail Call*, has given us the feeling that not all GIs overlook what is taking place in Washington while they serve in the country's armed forces overseas.

To you, G.H., we say that you showed very sound reasoning on the subject and have thereby won our wholehearted interest. It's strange that those responsible for the Bill did not see things that way.

Britain. Cpl. JOHN M. MILEWSKI*

*Also signed by 47 others.

[Briefly, Pvt. G. H. criticised the Bill as offering only negligible benefits to the veterans not returning to school, and asserted the loan provisions offered only a debt, and not economic independence.—Ed.].

PX for Plutocrats

Dear YANK,

I'm stationed somewhere along the Ledo road. We have a PX, but anything a guy wouldn't be ashamed to send home as a gift costs anywhere from Rs. 60 (60 rupees, roughly $18) to Rs. 300 ($90). Even a pillow cover with the CBI insignia on it costs 22 rupees. Pocket-books (I mean something a gal back home will show to everybody with the words "I got this from a guy in India") will stick you 90 rupees. An ivory statuette costs the same. Damn, even a doll costs 20 rupees.

Will you please use your influence to have our PX divided into two sections? In one section let there be a woman (damned if I'll take a man's word), and let her explain to me the reason for the prices listed therein or let her show me the gold or the sapphires woven into the materials I hope to pay 300 rupees for. It would take me six months to save up that sum.

In the other section let there be something (anything so long as it is novel) costing under Rs. 60, the present average price.

India. Cpl. JOEL LYNCH

Cold Huts

Dear YANK,

I've yet to hear any aspersions cast against the current coke shortage in the U.K. While it may seem a trifle trivial to some, this shortage has worked a real hardship on some of us. In my own case, after working a whole day in a warm office as a clerk the change in

temperature in my hut means a real danger of catching cold. While it is true our ration often lasts the larger share of the evening, these Nissen huts fail to ward off the wintry blast the rest of the night. I know there are many in France who don't enjoy the privilege of having a shelter, but in that we do have our barracks and a stove I should think something could be done to assure their continued warmth. I might suggest as a solution to this problem not only upping our weekly quota but an effort be made to procure stoves that will throw off a little heat.

Britain. Cpl. FRED JOHNSON

Thanks to the Yanks

Dear YANK,

I'm sure I am expressing the feelings of all the British prisoners of war recently repatriated from Greece when I place on record our gratitude to the staff of the American Mission at Lamia.

Whilst maintaining a strictly correct attitude of neutrality on all controversial questions, this small band of Americans worked untiringly in keeping a check on our whereabouts while we were being taken north, in assisting in the negotiations for the change of prisoners, and in our conveyance back to British lines when agreement had been reached.

I don't think the story has yet been told of the two Yanks who, intent on getting through to Athens, arranged a 10-minute truce in the middle of a fierce battle near Levadia while they took their jeep through.

We were in a sorry enough state by the time we were released, but it would have been appreciably worse but for the efforts of the Americans.

I don't know the names of any of the personnel of the American Mission but they did a swell job and I'd like to take this opportunity to say "thanks a million."

Britain. Cpl. RON GREEN, R.A.F.

"Look, I kept telling you we were too low over the Channel." —Pfc. Frank Q. Hewitt

British Demobilization

Dear YANK,

There are two features in the British demobilization plan which I would like to see adopted in the American plan.

First, age should be included as a major factor in determining priority of demobilization. The older fellows have had to take a rough deal from the start, physically and emotionally as well as economically. They deserve a break.

Secondly, I feel the group demobilization of the British plan has certain advantages over our plan (which evaluates each individual) and is much more democratic. In so many cases, a certain group of men have been denied various privileges and advantages because they did their job well and could not be spared. That is well enough now, but when the time comes for demobilization, it will not be fair to penalize a man simply because he is efficient at an important job, while letting Snafu reap all the benefits. For this great event I would like to see the regulation applied universally to all soldiers, and the War Department take it for granted that no man is irreplaceable. The British have discarded the conception of the "indispensable man." Why can't we?

Camp Blanding, Fla. Cpl. SOL STEIN

Dear YANK,

According to the British demobilization bill, each and every man in the British Armed Service can sit down and figure out in a few minutes just when he may expect to be discharged after cessation of hostilities—age and length of service being the only thing that counts. They recognize no such thing as essentiality. The American plan of demobilization is the most complicated mess that was ever devised. . . .

There is one category of men who have been completely forgotten or ignored by the American demobilization plan. I mean the men in their thirties who married late in life and whose wives are approaching their forties and who are now childless due to war conditions and whose hopes of ever having a family are blasted because the plan has no consideration for age.

Fort Bliss, Texas. Sgt. WILLIAM H. EVANS

Dear YANK,

. . . Although ours on the surface may seem the fairer plan, the British one, by its very simplicity and its ability to begin functioning the day of Germany's defeat, will emerge as the better one. Then, too, a great number of our seasoned veterans will find that the word "essential" is to be their nemesis, while the British consider no man essential. . . .

Yuma, Ariz. Sgt. ARNOLD HOPPER

Line Sergeants

Dear YANK,

Just finished reading the *Mail Call* letter about exams for NCOs. I believe Maj. Augustus T. Wilson may have something there about this here exams to rate men for NCO jobs. But what about those boys who didn't have enough time for schooling, but make good NCOs in line outfits? Are they to give up what they made to soldiers who were lucky enough to finish school?

The man who proves himself is the one who is able to get an NCO rating in the line of duty, not on what he learned at school. I am sure we have plenty of NCOs who have proved their worth by doing a great job in the line. Those who went through school have the easy jobs in offices and what not. I for one don't approve of this here exams for ratings.

Britain. Sgt. SACKMAN

Occupation, Rotation

Dear YANK,

After giving this much consideration, we think we have the solution to the Army of Occupation. Our plan is very simple, and should satisfy every *single* GI. Let every soldier who has married in this theater stay to police the occupied territory. After all, our American girls are waiting at home for us.

Britain. BOYS OF BARRACKS 32

Dear YANK:

I've read in the YANK and the *Stars and Stripes* all sorts of different plans for demobilization, but so far I haven't read any suggestion that some consideration be given those who were in the Army long before Pearl Harbor, and have been overseas 30 months or better without so much as being granted a furlough before leaving the States. I am not writing this only for myself. I am sure there are a hell of a lot of other soldiers overseas better than 30 months who have spent a couple of years prior to that in the States without getting a furlough while they were there because the Army claimed it didn't have enuff men at that time. Four and one-half years away from home is a long time to spend, whether it be all overseas or 50-50!

This could also be considered before digging into that barrel for those 30-day furloughs!

Britain. M/Sgt. ROGER W. JOHNSRUD

This Week's Cover

IT has been one river after another for the Engineers ever since the D-Day landings, and during the big push to the Rhine they were busy again. A Signal Corps photographer found these Combat Engineers constructing a floating treadway under enemy fire.

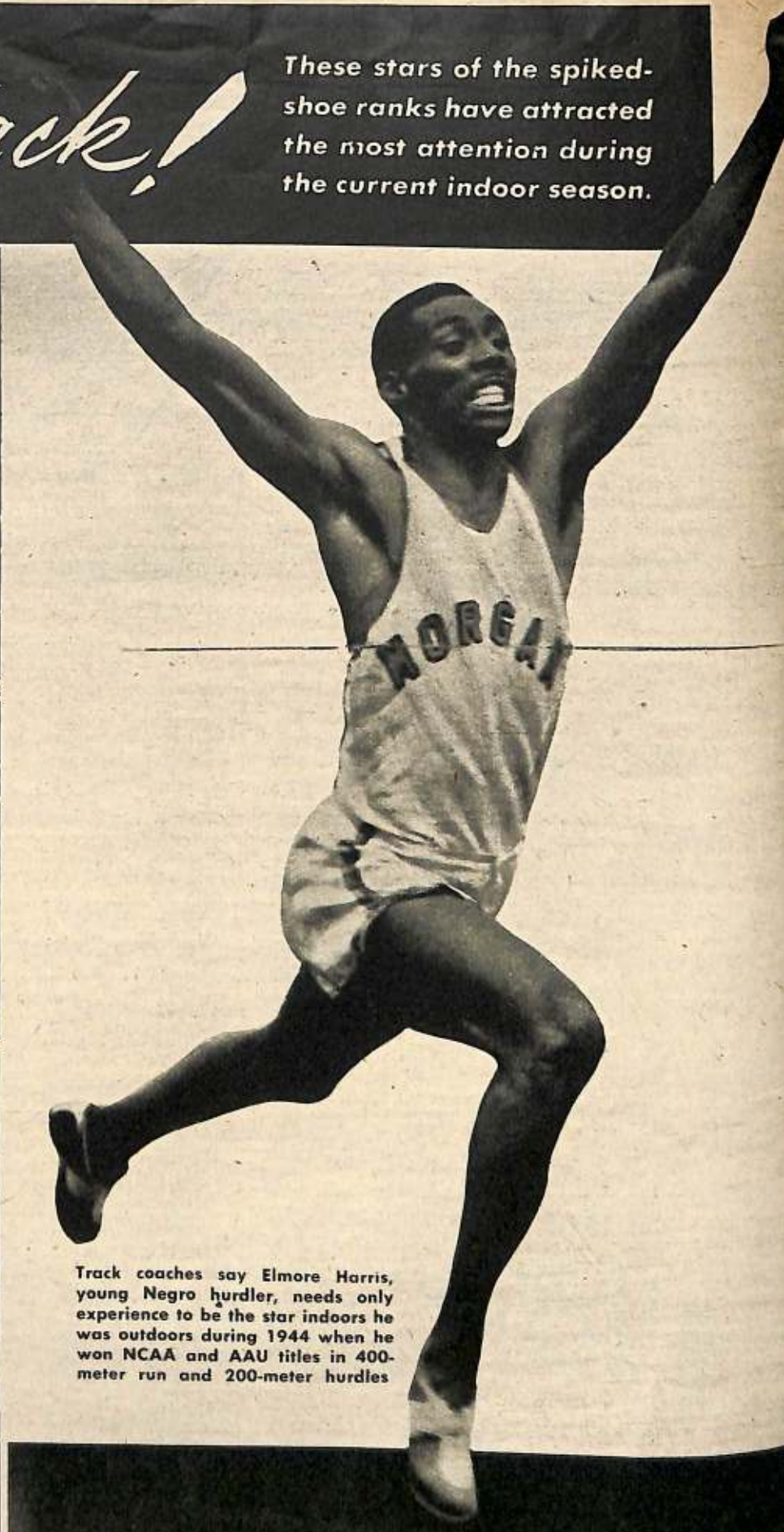
Pictures: Cover, Signal Corps. 2, 3 and 4, Signal Corps. 5, Sgt. Reg Kenny. 6, Sgt. Ben Schnall. 7, Sgt. Joe Pazen. 9, Acme. 10, Pvt. George Aarons. 12, Upper, Sgt. Schnall; lower, Pvt. Aarons. 13, Upper, Pvt. Aarons; lower, Sgt. John Franc. 14, Left, Acme; right, PA. 15, Left, INP; right, Keystone. 16, Upper left and center, PA; lower left and right, INP; center left, Keystone. 20, Upper right and lower left, Acme; others, PA. 21, PA. 22, Warner Bros. 23, Left and center, 8th Air Force; others, Keystone.

Clear the Track!

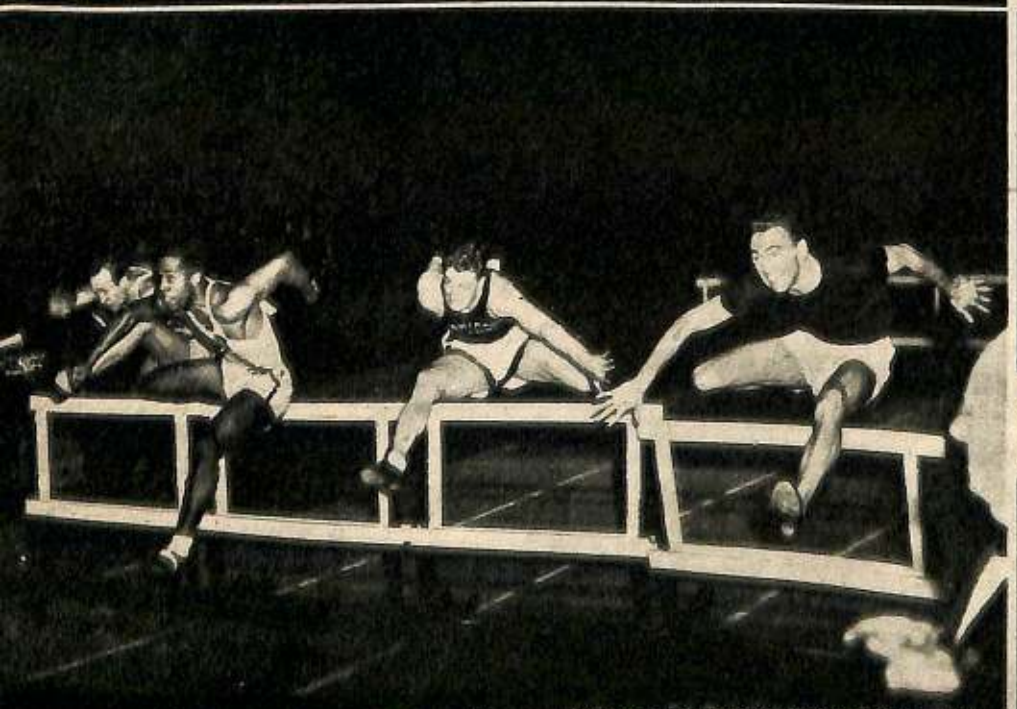
These stars of the spiked-shoe ranks have attracted the most attention during the current indoor season.

Ace dashman is Herb Thompson BM1c, Coast Guard, shown edging Cpl. Barney Ewell (third from left) and Bill Mathis, Washington schoolboy star (extreme left), tying meet-record time of 5.3 seconds for 50-yard dash at BAA Games.

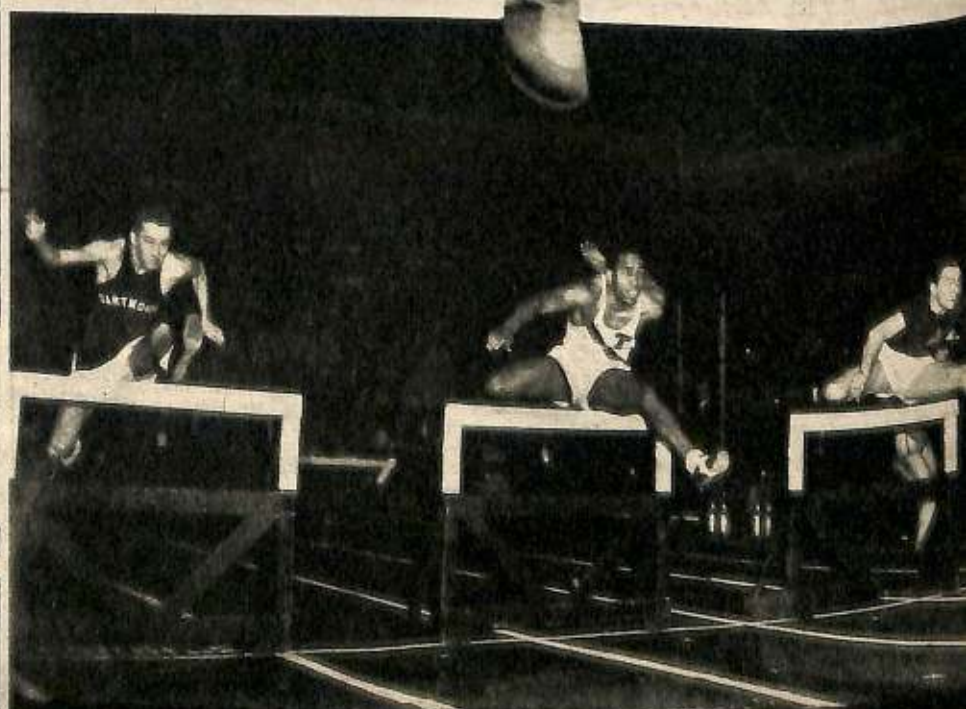
Most consistent pole vaulter is Cpl. Milton Padway, ex-Wisconsin star who won at Millrose AA and BAA meets. Milton, who is a GI lawyer, didn't do it at either meet, but he is capable of soaring 14 feet when he has time to train.



Track coaches say Elmore Harris, young Negro hurdler, needs only experience to be the star indoors he was outdoors during 1944 when he won NCAA and AAU titles in 400-meter run and 200-meter hurdles



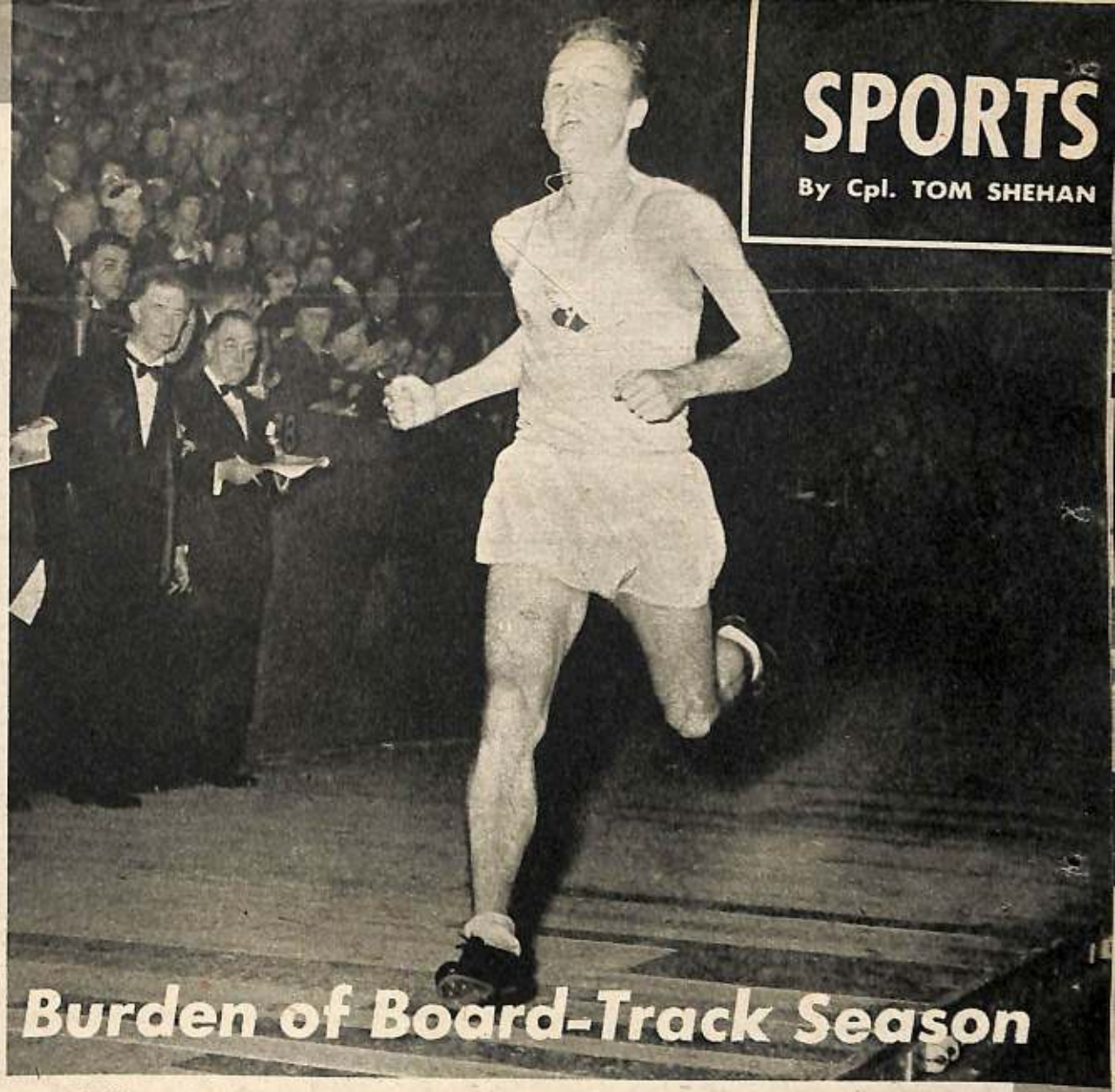
Hurdle competition is a toss-up this year between Ed Dugger (second from left) and F/O Don Kinzle of the RCAF (right). Dugger got the verdict with a 7.5 seconds' win at 60 yards in New York's Millrose Games, but it was close.



Kinzle (extreme right) turned the tables on Dugger in stepping the 45-yard hurdles in 5.8 seconds at Boston's BAA Games, but again it was very close. A. A. Snyder of Dartmouth is shown finishing third behind the two old rivals.

SPORTS

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN



Vets Carry Burden of Board-Track Season

Lacking brilliance of America's milers of the past, Jim Rafferty, 29-year-old New York bank teller, was undefeated in first three starts of indoor season against mediocre milers after Dodds' retirement.

GIL Dodds' retirement and Gunder Haag's off-again-on-again tardy arrival from Sweden have deadened the public's interest in indoor track this season. As in baseball, boxing and pro football, veterans who in normal times would have long ago stopped running for anything except streetcars are doing their best to keep the sport alive, but it isn't exactly in radiant health.

Some of the names on this winter's track programs, like Elmore Harris and Cpl. Milton Padway, mystify the fan who has been on an overseas assignment for a couple of years, but there are still familiar ones like Lt. Charley Beetham, Jim Rafferty, Forrest Efaw, Sgt. Howard Borck, Eulace Peacock, Dave Albritton, Cpl. Barney Ewell, F/O Don Kinzle, Ens. Tommy Quinn, Ed Dugger and Don Burnham. They, with Harris and Padway, have been the main attractions at the indoor meets.

Blue-ribbon event of indoor track, of course, is the mile. America's hope against Haag, if the Swede decides to run at that distance, is a medium-sized 29-year-old New York bank teller named Jim Rafferty who has eight years of major competition for Fordham and the New York Athletic Club under his belt. Rafferty's best effort was a 4:10.3 mile behind Leslie MacMitchell of NYU, but he was never headline material until Parson Dodds swapped his spikes for ministerial robes.

Since then the New Yorker has had everything his own way in winning the Metropolitan AAU, Millrose AA, and Boston AA miles in 4:15.7, 4:13.1 and 4:13.3, respectively. Keeping up the best tradition of the Glenn Cunningham-Bill Bonthron-Gene Venzke era — that successful milers must have some serious leg ailment in their youth—Rafferty did not blossom as a distance runner until after he got out of college and broke his leg.

Elmore Harris, a young Negro who runs in the colors of Johnny Borican's old outfit, the Shore AC of Elberon, N. J., is being touted by track coaches as a future great. Harris competes in the 600 indoors. He was the sensation of the 1944 outdoor season, when he emerged from obscurity by winning both the 400-meter and the low-hurdles titles at the NCAA and the AAU Championships. Before that he had done most of his running as a halfback on the Morgan State (W. Va.) College football team.

Although Harris trailed the veteran Jim Herbert in both the Millrose and Boston 600-yard events, Coach Emil von Elling of NYU, who is tutoring him, thinks he will break middle-distance records. Von Elling blames his defeats in the Millrose and Boston events to inexperience indoors. He points out that Harris fell down at the first turn in the Millrose Games, got a break when the race was recalled, but then allowed himself to get boxed. At Boston, he tired himself by successive spurts to keep the lead early in the race and was unable to stand off Herbert's final kick.

Two of the best GIs competing this season are Cpls. Barney Ewell and Milt Padway. Ewell won the dash at the Millrose meet but was nipped by Herb Thompson BM1c of the Coast Guard at Boston in 5.3—time which tied the meet record. Ewell, a former Penn State star, is stationed at Camp Kilmer, N. J., where he works in the supply room. Thompson is a communications man in a disaster unit.

Padway, who holds BA and LLD degrees from the University of Wisconsin, is attached to the New York Engineers office in the contract termination department. Able to train only one day a week at Columbia, he easily won the pole vault at both the Millrose and Boston meets.

F/O Don Kinzle of the RCAF, former Southern Conference champion while at Duke, is another competitor who has added some spice to this indoor-track season. Kinzle lost a photo finish to Ed Dugger in the 60-yard high hurdles at the Millrose AA affair but reversed the verdict at Boston at 45 yards. Dugger, the only man ever to beat Fred Walker of Rice at the NCAA Championships, is an aeronautical engineer at a Dayton plane factory. He was a one-man track team at Tufts College a few years ago.

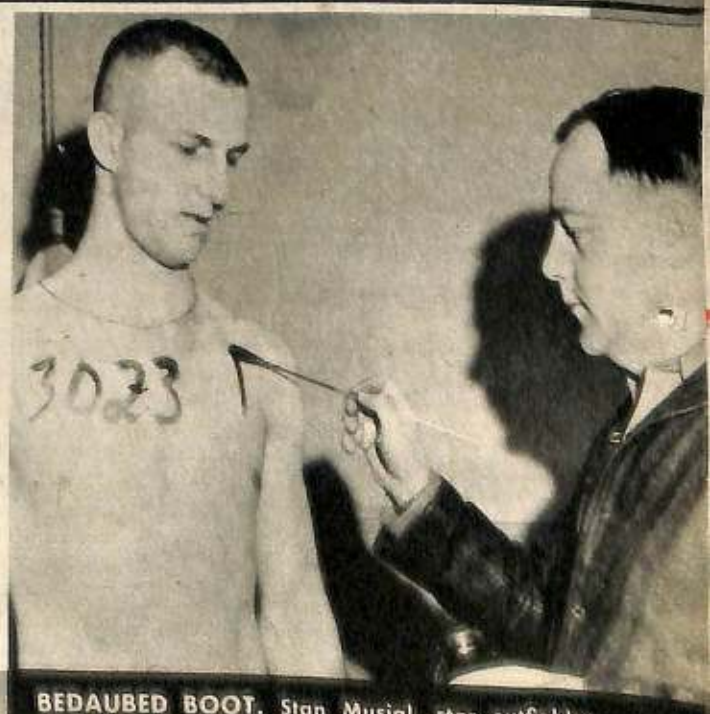
Probably the oldest veteran still in action is Dave Albritton, 31-year-old Negro high jumper from Dayton, Ohio. He is the only member of the 1936 Berlin Olympic team still drawing expense money. But he isn't jumping high enough to get a tie for second place, even with the kind of opposition he is facing nowadays.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Maj. Fran G. Welch, peacetime football coach at Emporia (Kans.) State Teachers College, is conducting the second expedition of civilian coaches overseas to hold coaching schools for Army athletic officers. The party is expected to spend 60 days in the Mediterranean area. **Cecil Isbell**, Purdue coach and former Green Bay star, will teach football; **Howard Hobson**, former Oregon University coach, will handle basketball instruction; **William J. (Billy) Cavanaugh**, West Point boxing coach, will explain the art of self-defense, and **H. William (Bald Bill) Hargiss**, formerly of Kansas University, will handle track and field subjects. Others in the group are **Seward Charles Staley**, director of physical education at the University of Illinois; **Dean Nesmith**, Kansas University trainer, and **George White**, eastern intercollegiate official. . . . Also going on tour is **Comdr. Jack Dempsey** of the Coast Guard, scheduled for a three-to-five-month visit to Pacific bases. . . .

Erwin Rudolph, five-time world billiards champion, was embarrassed during an exhibition at Fort Benning, Ga., when he dropped two of three matches to **Cpl. Don Willis**.

Wounded: **Lt. Jack Knott**, former St. Louis Browns pitcher, in Belgium; **Sgt. Emmett J. Mueller**, ex-Phillies infielder, in Germany. . . . *Rejected:* **Morton Cooper**, St. Louis Cardinals pitcher. . . . *Reclassified:* **Pat Seerey**, Cleveland Indians outfielder, previously rejected, to 1-A. *Retired:* **Col. Larry MacPhail**, former general manager of the Dodgers and Reds, who heads the syndicate which purchased the Yankees; **Lt. R. E. (Bill) Henderson**, acting head coach of football and head coach of basketball at Baylor, to inactive duty. . . . *Inducted:* **Ray Mueller**, 32-year-old catcher of the Cincinnati Reds, at the New Cumberland (Pa.) Reception Station; **Jake Wade**, Yankees pitcher, at Bainbridge, Md., and **Barry Whitehead**, first racing secretary at El Hipodromo de las Americas in Mexico City and official at California tracks in San Francisco. . . . *Transferred:* **Maj. Ernie Nevers**, former Stanford All-American and ex-coach of Lafayette and the Chicago Cardinals, from Treasure Island, San Francisco, to the San Diego Marine Corps base as athletic officer.



BEDAUBED BOOT. Stan Musial, star outfielder of the Cardinals, gets his serial number for boot training at the Bainbridge (Md.) Naval Station.

Alexis Smith

YANK

Pin-up Girl

Yanks in the ETO

Notes from a UK Fort Base

ENGLAND—Back in 1942 when William Ploss of Trafford, Pa., was dragged away from high school and into the Army at $21 a month one of the things that irritated him most was the frustrating refrain: "You'll never get rich you son of a bitch. You're in the Army now."

Since then Ploss, now a corporal in the 385th Bomb Group, has made the writer of that old Army ditty swallow his lyrics. For in his off-time hours Ploss is getting rich painting flattering life-sized color portraits of soldiers' wives and sweethearts. He copies them from the snapshots the men carry around in their wallets.

CPL. RUBY NEWELL OF LONG BEACH, CALIF., CPL. WILLIAM PLOSS AND HIS PORTRAIT OF RUBY.

Ploss has had no difficulty getting customers. "There isn't a guy in the Army," he says, "who doesn't want to show you his wife's picture. When they approach me, I just give them a good sales talk."

Like Velasquez, Ploss relies on flattery. "A guy doesn't mind his wife being glamorized a bit," he says. "If her nose is too long, I can shorten it. If she has buck teeth, I can push them back."

When Ploss started painting at Chanute Field, Ill., he charged only 75 cents for a portrait. But his price has risen since then. In England a Ploss portrait costs two quid. Ploss reasons that they are worth more over here.

"A man misses his wife more than he did back in the States and the photographs he carries around are often so weather-beaten and torn that they're hardly worth looking at."

With some of the extra money he has made in England, Ploss sent home for an air-brush, which has speeded up his production considerably. He uses four or five colors and can now turn out three portraits a night if he feels in the mood. Before he starts, he gets the soldier to tell him what color to paint the eyes, hair and complexion.

About a month ago a crew in the 385th Bomb Group called on Ploss to paint a portrait of Cpl. Ruby Newell on its Flying Fortress. Ruby, you may recall, was recently judged by *Stars and Stripes* to be the most beautiful Wac in the UK.

FLYING Forts aren't built for airobatics, but sometimes one of them is called upon to do a fancy trick or two, just the same.

Take *Satan's Mate*, a Fort of the 385th Bomb Group, for example. Returning from Germany after dropping its bombload, the plane did a complete back somersault without damaging herself or the crew.

It happened on the way back from Rheine. The Fort was flying on instruments, and had just started to make a 23-degree climb to get out of the soup.

Suddenly the plane became caught in the slipstream of the Fort ahead. *Satan's Mate* shot up at 90 degrees, flopped over on her back and then went down in a screaming dive. Her air speed was recorded at 380.

The pilot and co-pilot, Lts. James L. Fleisher of Peoria, Ill., and Paul H. Cowling of Wichita Falls, Tex., were jammed up against the cockpit. They still held the stick and together managed to pull out of the dive.

The centrifugal force of the dive kept the waist gunner, Sgt. Robert R. Cory of Farror, Iowa, and the radio operator, Sgt. Trevor J. Kevan of Lake Forest, Ill., stuck against the roof. It wasn't until after they pulled out and began climbing into formation again that they fell back into their normal positions.

Except for bruised heads and hits from flying K-ration boxes, the crew was unhurt. A hole was knocked out of the plexi-glass radio hatch. If it had been a little larger, the radio operator would have fallen through.

When the plane landed in England the crew got out to look at the damage. They were amazed to find that there was none, except for 74 rivets that had pulled out of the stabilizer.

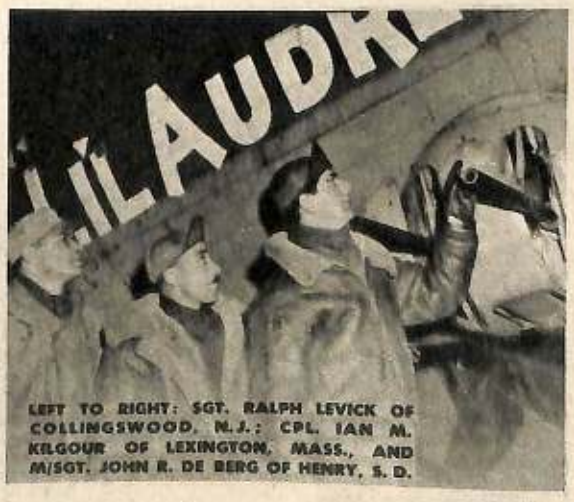
So far as the crew know, they are the first to loop backwards in a Fort and live to tell the story. If it has happened to others they would like to hear about it.

A LOT of people can share the credit for the fact that, as of last week, *Li'l Audrey*, a Flying Fortress of the 385th Bomb Group, had chalked up 111 missions, but no one is any prouder of that accomplishment than M/Sgt. John R. De Berg of Henry, S.D. As the plane's crew chief, he has had her under his care since her first mission and has kept her up in the air for 1020 hours.

There are probably only three or four Forts in the 8th Air Force that can rival *Li'l Audrey's* record. Those that reach the 100-mark do so as a result of luck, expert maintenance and good pilots who have the knack of bringing a plane back on two engines if they have to.

Li'l Audrey's first mission was way back on March 6, 1944, the date on which the 8th Air Force flew its first daylight raid over Berlin. She had been placed in De Berg's care the day before.

Since then she has missed only two Berlin raids and, not counting practice missions, has averaged a mission every third day for the past 11 months. She has had two turn-backs, for mechanical reasons, both after she had completed 73 missions. She has had 18 engines, her plexiglass nose and wings are studded with flak holes, she has come back three times with only two engines, yet not one of her crew has ever been killed or wounded.



LEFT TO RIGHT: SGT. RALPH LEVICK OF COLLINGSWOOD, N.J.; CPL. IAN M. KILGOUR OF LEXINGTON, MASS., AND M/SGT. JOHN R. DE BERG OF HENRY, S. D.

De Berg and his ground crew are naturally pretty pleased by all this. In two years De Berg has never lost a ship. *Mary Pat*, his ship before *Li'l Audrey*, was declared war-weary.

Two pilots have completed their missions on *Li'l Audrey*. The third and present pilot is 1st Lt. John H. Peterson of Chester, Pa. He has 19 more missions to go. De Berg thinks that the way *L'il Audrey* can take it, she'll probably just about last him out.

—By Cpl. EDMUND ANTROBUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

THE facts re Alexis Smith: She was born June 8, 1921, in Penticton, British Columbia. She is 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 126 pounds. Her bust is 35½ inches. Her hair is blond, her eyes blue. Aside from her ability as an actress, Alexis is an expert dancer, both tap and ballet. Her new picture for Warner Bros. is "The Horn Blows at Midnight."

THE ARMY'S ROADSIDE COMPANION—A PLAIN JEEP.

AND THIS IS A JEEP THAT HAS BEEN BUSTED TO A CIVILIAN. MEN AT AN 8TH AAF BOMBER STATION USED ONLY SALVAGED MATERIAL IN KNOCKING TOGETHER THIS STREAMLINED PEACETIME VERSION OF THE OLD WORKHORSE.

The COUNT

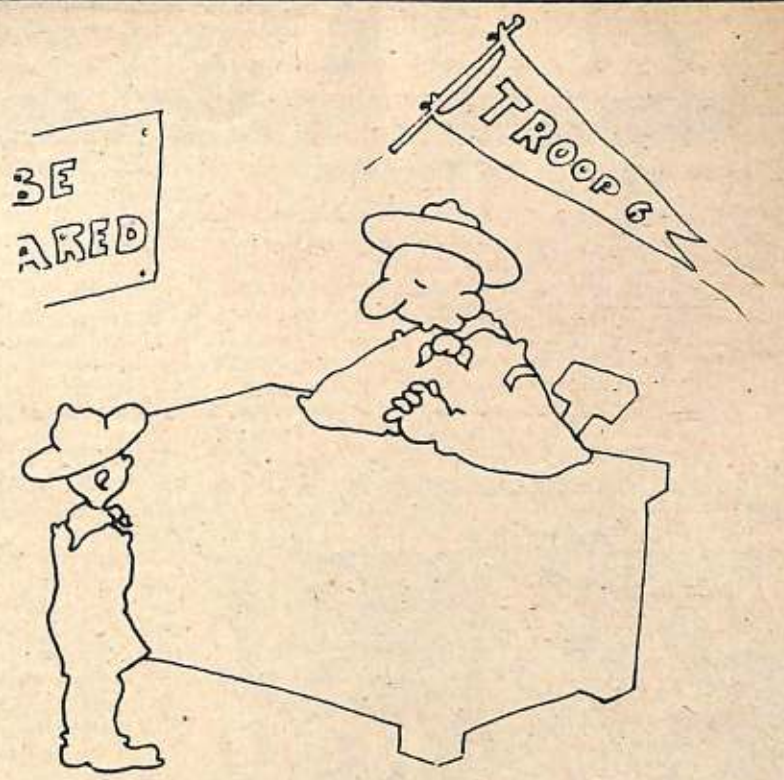
THERE is an occasional hint of [illegible]g in the air these days and the Count, [illegible] mouldy old ex-T/5 who flourishes like sk[illegible]k cabbage in warm weather, has hauled his carcass out of his sack and found himself a new dream-girl—a Wac corporal named Abigail. At least she's making *his* dreams rosy, although it's anybody's guess how he's affecting hers.

We discovered this latest development in the Count's emotional life when we paid him a visit last week and found him vigorously polishing his paratroop boots, a task which he never felt up to in the days before love entered the withered organ that passes for his heart. "Henceforth," he told us, "it will be necessary for me to keep me boots polished at all times since me Corporal Abigail is a stickler for correct military bearing. How's about a little help? Me arm is all worn out, and when me arm aches I cannot talk of love."

Eager to keep the Count in a talkative mood, we took over the brush. "I have also decided that it would enhance me dignity to buy a swagger stick," the Count continued, bumming a cigarette and settling back on his cot. "It is very likely that me top-kick, who does not see eye to eye with me on many matters, will not let me carry such a stick in his presence, although me frank opinion is that what this lousy camp needs is more swagger sticks and less fatigues. But that is not to say that I cannot display a swagger stick, along with me wings and combat stars, when I take me Corporal Abigail into town."

The Count sighed and blew a smoke-ring ceilingwards. "Me Corporal Abigail," he said, "is beyond doubt the most beautiful girl in the world, even if she don't make much money. I have discovered that she is very impressed with a correct British accent, and this I have hastened to acquire. Me greeting to her when we are on duty is, of course, always militarily correct—'Good morning, Corporal,' I says. But off duty I give her the good old Anthony Eden lingo, hot out of Buckingham's Palace. 'Coo, ducks,' I coos at her, and I follows that up with 'Blimey.'"

"I THOUGHT I HEARD A RATTLE SOMEWHERE."
—Cpl. Joe Cunningham



"I REALIZE YOU'VE BEEN A TENDERFOOT EIGHT MONTHS, HADDIGAN, BUT YOU KNOW THE T/O AS WELL AS I DO." —Cpl. Dale Thompson

"WHAT HAVE WE GOT TODAY—CEMENT OR LAUNDRY?"
—Sgt. Ozzie St. George

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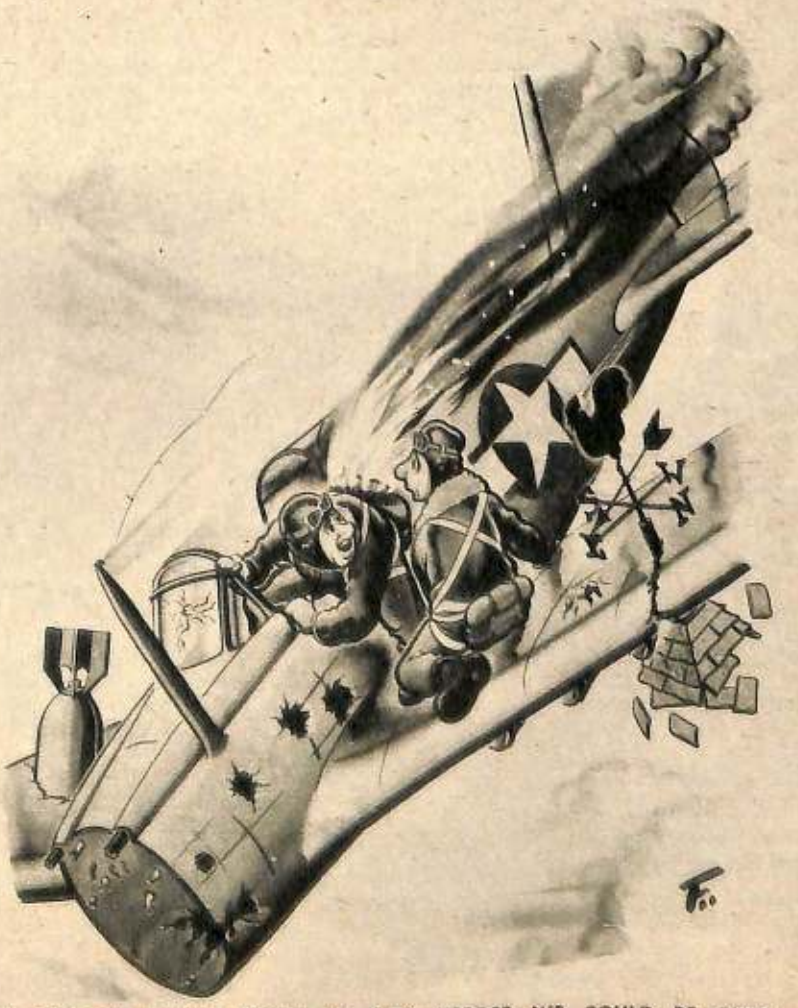
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"BUT NONE OF THE OTHERS INSIST ON STILL WEARING THEIR BARS!"
Sgt. F. Phillips



"I SUPPOSE THINGS MIGHT BE EVEN WORSE—WE COULD BE OVER ENEMY TERRITORY."
Pfc. Tom Flannery