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By the men . . for the men in the service

LEDO-BURMA ROAD

The Last Days Of Berlin—By Soviet Reporters

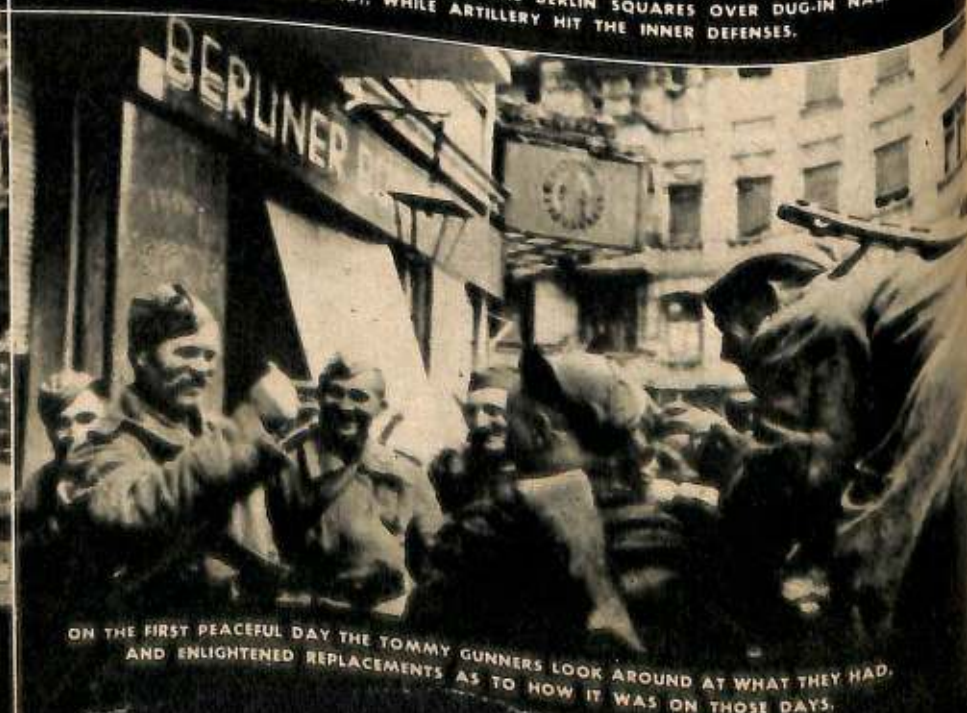
—See pages 2, 3 and 4

THESE TANKERS AND INFANTRYMEN OF COL. GEN. CHUIKOV FOUGHT FROM STALINGRAD TO THE BRANDENBURG GATE TO HEAR STALIN'S ORDER OF THE DAY, AWARDING THEM THE HONOR OF BEING CALLED "BERLIN" DIVISIONS.

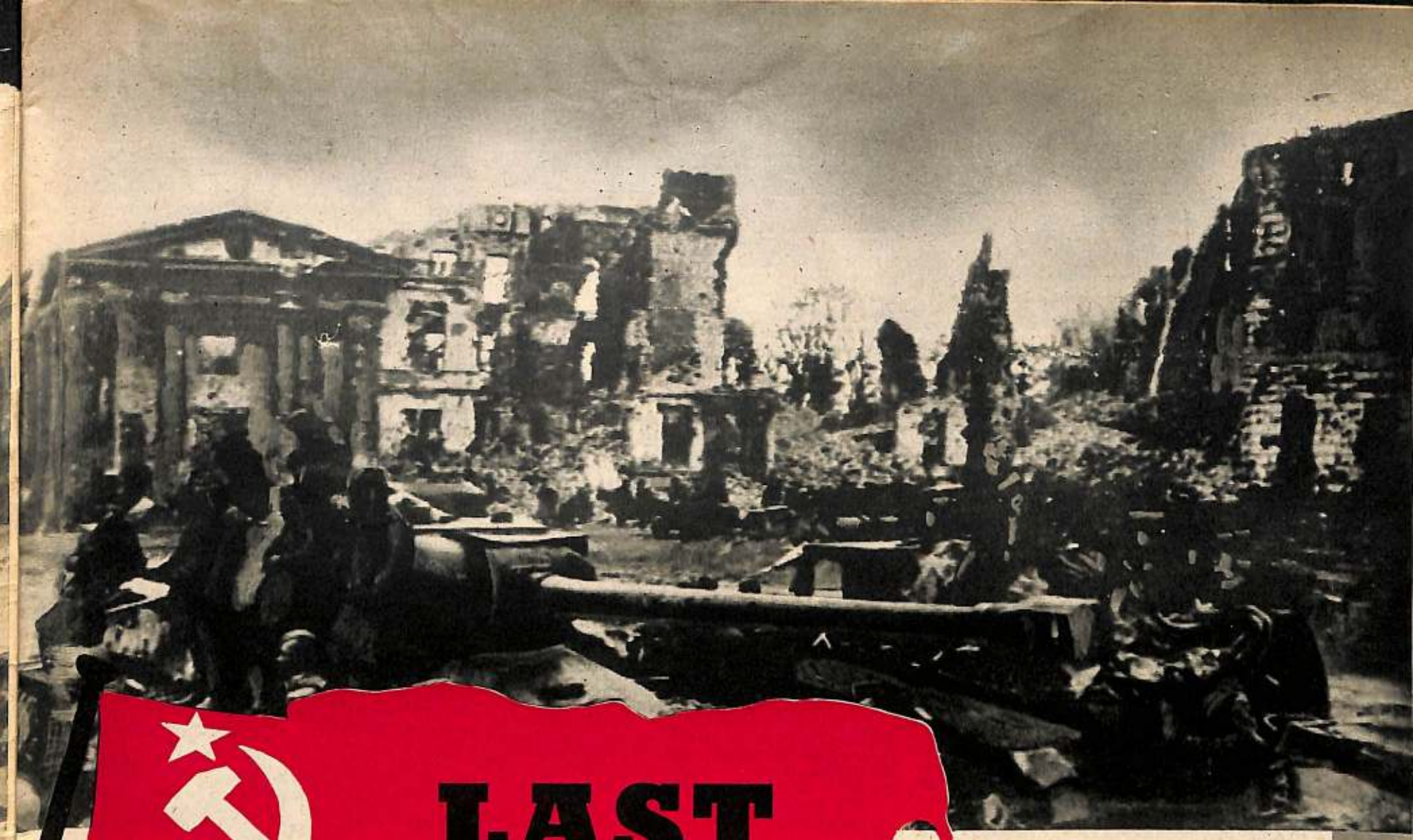
ATOP THE SHATTERED STATUARY ON THE BRANDENBURG GATE, RUSSIAN JOES CLIMBED TO FLY THE RED FLAG, LOOK AT THE RUINS OF HITLER'S CAPITAL.

SOVIET SP GUNS FOUGHT THEIR WAY INTO THE BERLIN SQUARES OVER DUG-IN NAZI TANKS (FOREGROUND), WHILE ARTILLERY HIT THE INNER DEFENSES.

THREE-MAN MORTAR CREWS SUPPORTED THE FINAL ASSAULT ON MAY DAY, IN WHICH GUARDS DIVISIONS ATTACKED WITH FLAGS FLYING, BANDS PLAYING.



ON THE FIRST PEACEFUL DAY THE TOMMY GUNNERS LOOK AROUND AT WHAT THEY HAD, AND ENLIGHTENED REPLACEMENTS AS TO HOW IT WAS ON THOSE DAYS.



LAST DAYS of BERLIN

Inside the capital of the Third Reich, reports by Red Army combat correspondents tell of the events that led up to the grand surrender.

Hitler's Underground GHQ

THE elaborate installations of the telegraph rooms were found intact. When the Nazi chiefs got out they left an operator behind to take incoming calls. At his apparatus we found records of the last messages.

". . . I have an urgent message for Oslo."

"Very sorry but we aren't transmitting any more. We are retiring from Berlin. I'm the last man here. I'll be cutting off communications in an hour or two."

"Is there no one in Berlin who could send a messenger?"

"No."

"My God, what's happening . . ?"

"Attention! Attention! I have an urgent message for Lt.-Gen. Keitel, C-in-C."

"We aren't accepting any more messages."

"Why?"

"I've told you we aren't receiving. Every one has left. What are things like where you are?"

"Oh, splendid, as usual! How are they feeling in Berlin?"

"Oh, splendid, as usual! I feel as if I had a noose around my neck."

"Is there any contact with Prague?"

"No, you idiot! I'm the only person here. Ivan is literally at the door. I'm going to cut the wires in a minute."

In a few minutes the Red Army arrived. They found handwritten notices in bad Russian: "Soldiers, do not touch or damage this apparatus. It will be valuable booty for the Red Army."

The Final Attack—May Day

WHAT was the final assault like? It was like a parade. The Guards went into battle with regimental banners, and the band played so loud you could hear them above the guns. Every one wore his medals—Moscow defense, Stalingrad defense, etc.

There were loud speakers on the street corners broadcasting war reports—the funny thing was, they were mostly about us.

The Germans made good use of their underground passages and railway tunnels for maneuvering their men and material. They thought they had us guessing when they started chasing all over the subway system. They knew their way about in the dark, and we didn't—at first. The Nazis used to lurk between the rails. When we spotted them they'd scoot along to the next station. It worked for a bit—until we started to wall up the stations. We put German civilians on that job.

How They Surrendered—2 May

SEVERAL cars were lined up in a dingy side street of a Berlin square. A group of Soviet and German officers entered one of them, and a Soviet lieutenant-colonel took the wheel. The car sped off in the direction of the guns, which were still maintaining heavy fire.

Previously a delegation of the German command had visited the command post of a Soviet division fighting near the main government buildings. The enemy's representatives announced their consent to unconditional surrender.

They set out on the return trip to our lines, accompanied by Major Belousov and a Soviet signalman with the necessary wire to put up a connection between the two command posts. But as soon as the car had crossed the front lines into the German positions a sniper wounded Major Belousov in the head.

For the moment that ended the matter. The Red Army men were furious at the incident and the gunners subjected the center of Berlin to a bombardment more terrific than anything it had known before.

On May 2, another German delegation crossed the front line. This time Artillery Gen. Weidling, chief of the Berlin defense, came in person to the Soviet HQ and announced that his garrison was prepared to capitulate immediately. He ordered his troops to cease fire. Thousands of German soldiers, headed by their unit commanders, moved in columns down the streets.

Handing In The Arms—2 May

FROM cellars and bunkers and tube stations came the enemy battalions, white flags held high, and marched through the city, escorted by Soviet tommy guns. Some were frankly glad the shooting was over.

But as a whole it was a gloomy procession. The Germans had not recovered from the effects of the Soviet artillery. The Red Army men and officers on duty at the collection centers looked astonishingly clean and tidy by comparison. They were shaved. Their boots shone. Their greatcoats were brushed.

Cpl. Ivan Terekhin examined with scrupulous care every rifle that was handed to him. Many of

From dispatches to *Red Star, Pravda, Izvestia,* and the Tass Agency by Soviet correspondents Makarenko, Koborov, Kudrevatykh, Belogorsky, Dolgopolov, Slavin, Lt. Col. Vysokoostrovsky, and Major Polevoy.

the weapons bore inscriptions which evoked a running commentary from the corporal.

"So you were at Staraya Russa, were you? Did you find the winter sports to your taste? . . . Kaluga . . . Stalingrad . . ."

Big Friends—3 May

THE British and American pilots have made a proper mess of Berlin. The greater part of the city, particularly the center districts, is in total ruin. The picture is more or less the same in the industrial area.

End Of The Chancellery—3 May

DRIZZLING rain is helping to put out the fires of Berlin and keeping down the brick and mortar dust. Hitler's new Chancellery is on fire. The windows had been barricaded by piles of books from which machineguns protruded. The crews lay dead, Iron Crosses pinned on their breasts. The corpses lay on heaps of Iron Crosses. The front entrance was obstructed by large cases filled with neat red boxes —containing Iron Crosses with Oak Leaves.

The surface structures of the Chancellery are largely window dressing. All the rooms are empty now. A bomb dropped by some British or American plane had passed clean through the cupola in the central hall. The real business of Hitler's Reich was conducted below ground.

Down below all the doors are of iron, each furnished with a glass peephole. There is an excellently equipped hospital. Its present patients are SS men and officers who took part in the defense of the Chancellery. The doctors, nurses and ward maids are German. As I walked through, one of the nurses glanced up and her eyes met mine. I have never in my life seen such a look of hatred.

The Shelters Disgorge—3 May

THE people of Berlin emerged from their shelters and packed the pavements, gazing at the spectacle of surrender. The first thing they say when they run into a Red Army man is, "Hitler *kaput.*" The second thing they say is, "Bread!" The carcasses of horses killed in the battle did not lie long. The Berliners dragged them off into the ruins and flayed them for food.

On the Alexanderplatz we saw Berliners swarming in the basement of the huge Tietz department store, looking for tinned food among the wreckage and carrying it off in baby prams.

The people seem quite overpowered by what they've seen of the Red Army. An old German went up to Senior Sgt. Ignatiev, took off his hat, and asked if the entire Red Army was in Berlin. The sergeant told him what was happening in north and south Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria and Yugoslavia. The German said, "Indeed? Our newspapers gave us to understand that your reserves had been exhausted long ago."

The Germans would have us believe that they are glad we have come. They're very obedient removing barricades and clearing rubble. They'll do everything to make themselves useful. But we've got big posters up at all the street corners, saying, "Don't trust wolves in sheep's clothing. They're all around you."

Tremendous banners with portraits of Suvorov (famous 18th-century Russian Marshal) and his words, "Russians always beat Prussians," hang in the central streets. Soviet traffic officers, knowing that every Red Army man wants to have a good look around the Nazi capital, have put up guide signs, "To the Ministry of Propaganda" and "To the German GHQ."

The square in front of the Reichstag is now one of the liveliest places in Berlin—a kind of excursion center for the men of the First White Russian and First Ukrainian Army Groups who captured the city. They like to leave visiting cards in the form of inscriptions. "We are from Stalingrad . . . mortar gunners Vassily Petrov and Georgi Vetchinkin," or "My shells hit the Reichstag . . . Olyutin." In the main hall there is an enormous statue of Wilhelm I —an irrepressible target for the Red Army man's wit. Quips and cracks cover it from head to foot.

Cleaning Up—4 May

BERLINERS crowd outside the office of the commandant of the Freidrichberg district, Lt.-Col. Kuznetsov, from Leningrad. He never expected to hold this post in Berlin. "We arrived here," he said, "with the forward troops of the Red Army, and immediately organized the clearing of the streets and backyards and the baking of bread for the population." The commandant had already appointed a Burgomeister, Paul Leike, a lawyer and non-party man, who from 1907 to 1934 was the Burgomeister of this very district.

Members of the Nazi Party are registering. A lanky German enters the office with a frightened air. He announces, "I am Paul Fischer, a rank-and-file Nazi. I only collected the Party contributions. Neimke is the local fuehrer. He shot prisoners of war. I know where he lives. I can bring him here myself."

Military commanders and German burgomeisters are working in all the Berlin districts. The gas and electric networks are being prepared, and bread and food shops are opened as soon as the area has been cleared of bricks. German doctors in white coats, making medical inspections, walk through the blocks.

Atrocities—4 May

ERICH STUMPF, Doctor of Mathematical Sciences, whom we met in a breadline, put it as follows: "I am used to handling big figures but I am quite bewildered by the number of atrocities committed by Nazism."

Long Camel Trek—5 May

IN some of the aristocratic districts of Berlin, Russian horses are munching hay. Not far away stands the famous Stalingrad camel which was found wandering in the outskirts by a Red Army man during the German attack on the Volga city, and adopted by the soldier's detachment. Since then it has accompanied the detachment all the way to the frontier, and marched with them into East Prussia. Now it is chewing its cud in Berlin.

The Big Rat-Hole—5 May

A TRANSPORT artery runs under a ruined street near the Gestapo HQ. We let ourselves down through a hole in the road covered by a round steel plate. We had to lift the plate by hand—it used to be done by means of a lever disguised as a water pump.

We descended a spiral, iron stair. Using our torches we advanced a few paces along a narrow tunnel. Then it got lighter and we noticed windows above our heads, narrow funnel-shaped affairs that let in light from the street.

Further on the tunnel led to the vaulted cellars of a ruined house—enormous cellars crammed full of all kinds of shells, machinegun belts, tommy guns and other munitions. Everything was neatly labelled with the date of manufacture.

A miniature electric railway line terminated at a small platform where a wagonette was standing. Conveyor belts stretched in all directions through narrow tunnels which led to the various strongpoints throughout the city.

One led directly to an artillery casemate. The gun stood well back, its muzzle scarcely protruding through the embrasure, only a few inches above ground, and very difficult to spot. The Nazis kept the plan of underground Berlin a deep secret. The soldier knew his place at his gun, and the way out. No more. His officer knew the plan of his own small sector. No more. This was apparent during the battles. In many instances, the Germans retreating through the dark warrens before the Red Army men got hopelessly lost, and had no idea where to look for an exit.

I was shown Goering's underground residence. Berliners say he was a terrible coward. His offices and private rooms lay snug under many thicknesses of concrete and steel. Electricity was provided by a private power station. It is an interesting fact that Goering's shelter was built long before the war, when he was swearing to the German people that no enemy bomb would ever fall on German territory.

Final Surrender At Karlhorst—8 May

THE great day began at the Templehof airdrome, with its huge hangars ornamented with the long-legged, hooknosed eagles of the crude, ornate Prussian style typical of Berlin. The vast airfield, only a few days ago a battle arena, had already been cleared. The grass looked astonishingly fresh and green.

Eighteen Soviet fighters roared into the air and streaked west to provide an escort of honor for Allied delegations arriving by air. The first plane to arrive brought Air Chief Marshal Tedder, representing SHAEF, Lt.-Gen. Spaatz and Admiral Sir Harold Borough.

Some time later the representatives of the German Army arrived by plane. They approached in an embarrassed bunch, not glancing to the right or left.

The act of unconditional surrender was signed in the austere hall of the Karlhorst engineering school, which was decorated with the flags of the Soviet Union, the United States of America, Great Britain and France.

Marshal Zhukov rose and said, "Gentlemen, we have gathered here to accept unconditional surrender from the command of the Armed Forces of Germany. I propose that we set to work and call in the representatives of the German Command."

The German representatives were admitted.

Marshal Zhukov spoke again: "Gentlemen, the declaration of unconditional surrender is now to be signed. I ask the representatives of the German High Command whether they are in possession of the declaration, whether they have familiarized themselves with it, and whether, as representatives of the German Command, they are prepared to sign it."

Air Chief Marshal Tedder addressed the same questions to the Germans.

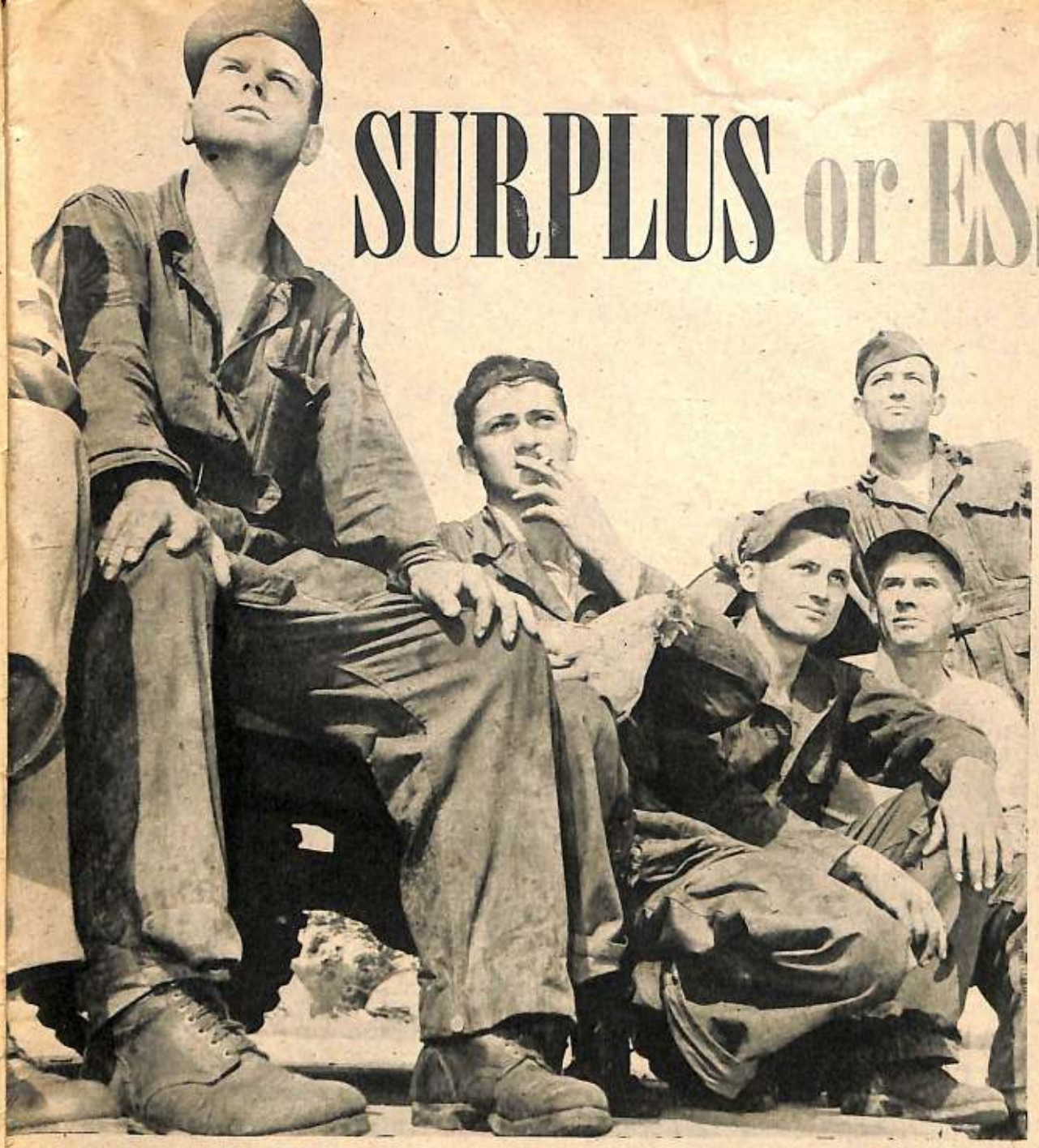
"Yes, I agree," said Keitel in a low voice, and handed Marshal Zhukov his credentials. The necessary formalities having been observed, Marshal Zhukov invited the German representatives to come to the table and sign the declaration.

Then—"The German delegation may now retire," said Marshal Zhukov.

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER OF THE CHIEFS OF THE NAZI ARMED FORCES, STUMPFF, GOERING'S SUCCESSOR OF THE LUFTWAFFE; KEITEL OF THE WEHRMACHT, AND VON FRIEDEBURG OF THE KRIEGSMARINE—AT BERLIN.

TWO ALLIED FLIERS AND AND A SOLDIER TOOK THE SURRENDER— AIR CHIEF MARSHAL TEDDER, MARSHAL ZHUKOV, GEN. SPAATZ.

SURPLUS or ESSENTIAL?



By this time you have probably counted your points backwards and forwards and going both ways from the middle, but just in case you missed anything, here's the latest dope out of Washington.

By Sgt. HILARY H. LYONS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Now that the war in Europe is over, everybody's talking about what the War Department calls its Plan for Readjustment of Personnel. This is a plan which will decide who will move from Europe and other inactive theaters to the war against Japan, who will stay behind for occupation and police duty, and who will come home either to stay for a while in the Army in the U.S. or to get a discharge.

The bare outline of the plan for readjustment of personnel was announced last September and it hasn't changed much since then. It still calls for enlisted men and women who won't be needed in the war with Japan to be discharged on an individual basis rather than by organizations. It still calls for eligibility for discharge to be decided on the point-score system, with points taking in four factors: length of service in the Army, length of service overseas, number of decorations or Bronze Service Stars and the number of dependent children you have under 18—but you don't get credit for more than three children.

And it still makes everything in the plan heavily dependent on military necessity. In other words, nobody in the Army, no matter how many points he has, will get out unless the Army says he's not necessary.

As a matter of fact the only enlisted men in the Army right now who are eligible to get discharged without their commanding officers deciding first whether they're essential, are the men who've been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor or who are over 42 years old.

Incidentally, the plan still gives no points for age.

Although it has made no fundamental changes in the plan for the readjustment of personnel, the War Department in the past month has thrown a lot more light on some of its details and has revealed some previously secret information on how it is expected to work.

Here are some of the more important facts and figures that have been revealed about the plan.

It has been announced that approximately two million men will be released from the Army during the next 12 months. This two million will include men from the Pacific theaters as well as from Europe. Approximately 1,300,000 of them will be men with high point totals. The rest will be wounded or physically unfit for service or over-age.

Ninety-eight per cent of the 1,300,000 who are scheduled to be discharged on the point system during the coming year will have had overseas service. Seventy-three per cent of the 1,300,000 will be men with combat credit—decorations or Bronze Service Stars on their theater ribbons.

Twenty-six per cent of the 1,300,000 will be fathers. Only two per cent of the fathers who will be discharged during the coming 12 months will have no overseas time on their service record. It is a safe bet that in order to get out they will have to have a very long time in the service in the States and the maximum number of three children.

In other words 24 per cent of the physically fit fathers who are scheduled to be released from the Army during the next year will be well credited with overseas and combat points.

The 1,300,000 won't include many Air Forces men. The Air Force will have its own Critical Score, a term that the War Department is using to describe that very important figure each man's points will have to equal or better before he can be considered eligible for discharge. The Air Forces Critical Score will be higher than the Critical Score for the Ground Forces and Service Forces. The WAC Critical Score will be low because, of course, not many Wacs stand high in overseas or combat points.

The War Department will be unable to compute the Official Critical Score until it does some mathematics during the next two months with the individual Adjusted Service Rating Card and figures out exactly how many men have how many points. In the meantime, in order to start demobilization of the 1,300,000 able-bodied men it has set 85 points as an "interim" or temporary Critical Score, not only for the Ground and Service Forces but for the Air Forces as well. The "interim" Critical Score for the Wacs is 44.

These "interim" Critical Scores for the Ground and Service Forces and the WAC are expected to be changed to lower figures before they become official.

Another bit of recent news on the plan for readjustment of personnel, which went over big in Europe, was announced by Gen. Brehon Somervell, Chief of the Army Service Forces. Gen. Somervell said, "The great majority of the troops in Europe slated for duty in the Far East would go to the Japanese war by way of the States and get furloughs at home enroute."

The Army plans to take 3,100,000 men from Europe within the next year if all goes well, leaving behind 400,000 as Occupation Forces. Maj. Gen. Charles P. Gross of the Transportation Corps says the removal of soldiers from Europe may be done even faster if we can find some enemy passenger ships that are in good condition. ATC plans to fly home 50,000 men each month.

Gen. Gross estimates that the U.S. Army will leave Europe at the rate of 280,000 men monthly for the first quarter of the coming year, 395,000 monthly for the second quarter and 269,000 for the third quarter and the remainder to be brought home during the last quarter.

Nobody in the War Department has yet made an estimate about the number of men of these 3,100,000 scheduled to leave Europe who will go on to the Japanese war. That depends on a lot of things we don't know the answers to now, such as the progress of our own Pacific campaigns in the next few months, the help we will get from our Allies and, most important of all, the amount of punishment Japan will take before she hollers quits.

Here are some other details about the plan for the readjustment of personnel that you may have missed last time you read or heard about it.

The War Department says the point system requirements for the eligibility for discharge will remain standard in every theater of operations and in every inactive theater. In other words, a theater cannot set up its own point system.

The War Department says it will do its best to see that commanding officers don't abuse the military necessity clause which enables them to keep an enlisted man in the Army no matter how high his Critical Score happens to be. Theater commanders have been instructed to establish reviewing authorities to pass on individual cases of enlisted men who are being retained in the service, despite the fact that their scores are equal or are higher than the Critical Score.

This reviewing deal, of course, like practically everything else in the Army, involves the old business of going through channels. For example, say you are a first sergeant in an outfit awaiting redeployment in Europe. Your CO happens to be the type that leans heavily on others. He has grown to depend on your special knowledge of his company's routine, a knowledge picked up through several years of handling hundreds of details that the CO was either too busy or too indifferent to handle. Now, even though you may have no more specialized ability than any other normally efficient topkick in the Army, the CO tags you "essential."

Under the War Department's plan the CO's word is not final; his request for your retention must go to the next highest in command—your regimental commander—who can do one of two things. He can approve it, in which case it will be bucked to a higher authority, or he can disapprove it, in which case you will be declared "surplus" and eventually be brought back to the States in the prescribed way.

(*continued on next page*)

Message on Demobilization by Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson

SOME of our soldiers may now lay down their arms. For a long time the War Department has planned for this moment when the defeat of our European enemies would permit partial demobilization. It has come nearly five years since the first draftees were inducted into the Army in the autumn of 1940—nearly 3½ years since the Japanese attacked us at Pearl Harbor. Part of our mission is now completed. All who can be spared will be released.

The plan for release is based on what men in the service believed should be the basis of discharge. You, yourselves, have decided who should be chosen. The needs of war have determined how many shall be chosen and when. You may be assured that the demobilization plan does not interfere with the best strategy we can devise to finish the war with Japan in the shortest possible time and then to get everyone home. If you are among those selected for discharge you have my sincere congratulations and good wishes for a deserved return to the country you have served and saved. If you are among those who must continue the fight, you can count on everything you need to finish the job as soon and with as few casualties as possible. The gratitude of the nation is with you all. May God bless you wherever you are.

In other words, under the War Department's regulations your CO's request that you be retained in his outfit can be approved by all of the brass in the Army and still not hold until a reviewing authority puts its stamp on it.

The War Department says that the creation of the reviewing authority was designed to accomplish one thing: to protect a "surplus" man from the whims—and errors—of the brass over him. But there is one catch. There's no time limit attached to the channel-bucking routine. Paper work being what it is, it would probably be a good idea for everyone in this spot to keep his optimism at a reasonably controlled level.

Ground Forces men will have an easier time than the Service Forces men in getting out of the Army during the coming year. Service Forces include many highly-skilled specialists who cannot be replaced easily and the supply job in the Far East will be tough. The regulation which permits Wacs to apply for discharges if they're married to discharged soldiers still holds good.

A lot of outfits in Europe, particularly service units of Service Forces and Air Forces, will have to shove off for the Pacific in a hurry. As a matter of fact several of them are already on their way. Naturally these outfits will be unable to compute their point scores until after they have been redeployed. That means that men in these outfits with high scores will not know how they stand until they get settled in their new bases. After they get to their new bases they will have to wait for qualified replacements to take their jobs.

To take care of such cases, the War Department has authorized these outfits to carry a 10 per cent. overstrength in their TOs. Overstrength will consist of low-score men who will be trained to replace high-score men on the spot.

The War Department points out, however, that this policy of allowing outfits to carry along replacements as overstrength doesn't necessarily mean that every high-score man in such outfits will be able to get out of the Army fast. There will still be high-score men who may not be replaced until the war with Japan is over.

Here's what is slated to happen to an enlisted man in Europe who has a point total higher than the Critical Score, who is tagged as unnecessary in his own outfit and is, therefore, declared "surplus." He is transferred to another outfit which is composed of surplus men from other units. This outfit of surplus men will be shipped back to the States directly when and as shipping facilities are available.

In the States he will be screened once more to decide whether he will be reassigned to another outfit or discharged. If he is to be discharged he is sent to a Separation Center. If he is to be reassigned he is sent to a Personnel Reception station near his home. There he draws pay and whatever clothing he needs and gets a furlough. After the furlough he returns to the Personnel Center where he is either sent to a special training combat unit or a station complement.

If a high-score man is declared surplus by his outfit, but wants to remain in it just the same, he can do so. But he can't change his mind a few months later and get himself declared surplus again. Once he turns down the chance of becoming surplus he turns down all chances of getting out of the Army until the war with Japan is over.

Furthermore, he has no guarantee that he will be kept in his outfit until the war is over. He stands just as much risk as anybody else of being reassigned somewhere else. For instance, a man may be in an outfit with a soft job that he likes and that he'd like to keep for a few more years. If he turns down the chance to become surplus, he may also get reassigned and lose the job within a few months.

Enlisted men in the U.S.A. will be screened at the base or post at which they are assigned to determine whether or not they are surplus. If they have been overseas and in combat and have high scores they will stand as good a chance of getting out of the Army as the men who are now overseas.

In active theaters like those in the Pacific and in China, Burma and India, the plan for returning surplus men will not work in such a wholesale fashion as it will in Europe during the next year. In active theaters there will be no breaking up of whole units. High-score men in the Far East and the Pacific will not be returned until qualified replacements are available for their jobs.

The War Department says that officers will have a tougher time than enlisted men in getting released from service because of their specialized training. They, too, will fill out Adjusted Service Rating Cards and will have point scores. Their point score will be a secondary consideration, however. The real factor that will decide whether or not they will get out of the Army is military necessity. Officers with long overseas and combat service will get special breaks.

Enlisted men who are declared surplus may have to sweat out long delays before they get back to the States. First of all, there will be plenty of slow paper work involved in transferring them to units composed of surplus men. After their transfer they will have to wait again before their unit is filled with other surplus men.

Then there will be the shipping problem. The surplus men will take second place in shipping priority after men who are going to the Pacific. Equipment in Europe will have to be gathered up and shipped ahead of them and they will have to await the building of special staging areas.

With the cutting down of the Army and readjustment of its personnel, all physically fit GIs today in the service find themselves in one of four categories:

(1) Those who will be retained in their present commands. (This includes men on active duty in active theaters, men in inactive theaters slated for occupation duty and men in the States permanently assigned or in training.)

(2) Those overseas who will be transferred to another theater.

(3) Those in the States who are about to be sent overseas.

(4) Those men overseas and in the States who will be declared surplus and will be screened to decide whether they are essential or eligible for discharge.

Point Values and Critical Score-Points

THE Army's plan for readjustment of enlisted personnel calls for an Adjusted Service Rating Card to be issued to each enlisted man and woman. Point totals will be entered on this card covering each of the following four factors:—

1. SERVICE CREDIT. *One* point for each month of Army service between September 16, 1940, and May 12, 1945.

2. OVERSEAS CREDIT. *One* point for each month served overseas between September 16, 1940, and May 12, 1945.

3. COMBAT CREDIT. *Five* points for the first and each additional award for service performed between September 16, 1940, and May 12, 1945, of the following:—

a. Distinguished Service Cross, Legion of Merit, Silver Star, Distinguished Flying Cross, Soldiers Medal, Bronze Star Medal, Air Medal, Purple Heart, and Bronze Service Stars (battle or campaign participation stars worn on Theater Ribbon).

b. Credit will also be given to Army enlisted personnel who have been awarded the following decorations by the Navy Department:— Navy Cross, Distinguished Service Medal, Legion of Merit, Silver Star, Distinguished Flying Cross, Navy and Marine Corps Medal, Air Medal, and Purple Heart.

c. Credit also to be given for those awards and decorations of foreign countries which may be accepted and worn under War Department Regulations in effect when readjustment regulations are placed in operation.

4. PARENTHOOD CREDIT. *Twelve* points for each child under eighteen years of age born before May 12, 1945, up to a limit of *three* children.

CRITICAL SCORE. Total of points earned by an individual enlisted man or woman in the above four categories will be considered a total point score. The score that the individual must have in order to be eligible for separation from the Army will be known as the Critical Score. The War Department will be unable to announce the official Critical Score until approximately six weeks after the readjustment regulations go into operation. There will be one Critical Score for enlisted men in the Army Service Forces and Army Ground Forces, another for enlisted men in the Army Air Forces and a third one for enlisted women in the WAC.

Until it computes and announces these official Critical Scores the War Department has set, for the purpose of aiding immediate demobilization, a temporary "interim" Critical Score of 85 points for enlisted men of the Service Ground and Air Forces and 44 points for enlisted women of the WAC. These interim Critical Scores will be replaced by the official Critical Scores within the next two months.

Sergeant in Paris

The French paid more attention to his Croix de Guerre than they did to his Congressional Medal.

Spurrier said we could talk better where it was quiet, so we took off to the Sportsman Bar.

By Sgt. DEWITT GILPIN
YANK Field Correspondent

PARIS—Paris in the spring is synonymous with *amour*, so it wasn't surprising that the sergeant who has killed more Germans than anyone else in the 35th Division had a mademoiselle with him when he turned up in the lobby of the Hotel Scribe.

"You can tell her I have to go away with you for a couple of hours," said the sergeant. "I don't parlay much French."

The lady accepted the explanation, and S/Sgt. Junior J. Spurrier and I went out among the crowds of combat soldiers on pass who always throng the streets around the Red Cross Rainbow Corner. Spurrier said we could talk about old times better where it was quiet, so we strolled through the bright sunshine to the Sportsman Bar on the Rue Boudreau.

Braggins, the French bartender who speaks English, took a long look at Spurrier's chest full of fruit salad. Spurrier said that after three days in Paris he was accustomed to having the French look at his medals. "It's the Croix de Guerre they go for," he said. "They don't pay much attention to my Congressional Medal of Honor."

The Congressional Medal was awarded Spurrier for his single-handed liberation of Achain, France. Achain is just about the size of Bluefield, W. Va., where Spurrier graduated from seventh grade and then went to work in the coal mines. He joined the Army at 17 and went overseas for the first time when he volunteered for a secret mission in the Pacific that never came off.

Now 22, Spurrier is long, lean and fair-haired, with a quiet manner that belies an explosive temper. He looked better than when I last saw him at Sarreguemines near the German border in Lorraine. At that time he was just back from the hospital where he had collected a cluster for his Purple Heart.

When the drinks came we talked about the outfit. Spurrier said things hadn't been so tough lately and that casualties had been light getting up to the Rhine. In view of all of his bitching, he added, it had been pretty nice of the colonel to send him to Paris.

"In one way this publicity deal I'm getting isn't such a good one, though," said Spurrier. "These press and radio people start on me in the afternoon and keep me tied up in the evening. And that's the time I want to take off."

I asked him if he had told them about Camp Croft or about the arguments with the captain on military strategy or about that party in Nancy.

"Hell, no," he said with a laugh. "That's between us GIs. Some newspapers try to make every guy who gets a medal a foul-up. Look at the things they wrote about Commando Kelly. A man does a few things that don't mean anything until they say he's a hero and then—blooey."

A French officer came in the bar with a pretty girl in a wine-colored hat. After they had ordered some drinks, the officer pointed out to the girl that the American was wearing the Croix de Guerre with a bronze star. Spurrier told Braggins, the bartender, to make ours the same.

I looked over Spurrier's publicity hand-out to see if it had all the details about the way he won the Croix de Guerre and the Distinguished Service Cross after we got out of Nancy. The hand-out told how Spurrier had manned a .50-caliber machine gun from a tank destroyer in a final assault on a high hill and killed enough Germans to break up a sudden flank attack. When the Germans retreated to fortified positions, Spurrier, his hands bleeding from bazooka-shell splinters, dashed up to the strongpoints and cleaned them out by tossing grenades in them.

"They left out about the seven FFI boys that I had on that hill," Spurrier said. "And did I have a time with them about not shooting Germans who wanted to give up. I'd just as soon've shot them myself, but you know how it is."

The French couple left, the officer pausing first to give an informal little salute, and the girl flashing a smile Spurrier's way. The bar was empty now except for us, and Spurrier looked at his watch and motioned for the bartender.

Braggins, the bartender, is a solidly built, gray-haired little man who has fought in two wars against the Germans. Before the occupation he tended a bar at Castiglione's, which was frequented by the American Embassy crowd in the days when it was easy to put Hitler in his place over the aperitifs. Braggins wanted to hear about Spurrier's medals, so I ran down the list, ending up with the Congressional Medal.

To take the town of Achain, and win the Congressional Medal, on November 13, 1944, Spurrier killed 25 Germans and captured 18 Jerries and two of their officers. He used an M1, a BAR, hand grenades and both German and American bazookas. When he couldn't get the Germans out, he set the buildings on fire. He finished off the job with a Hollywood touch by riding down the main street on a motorcycle, blazing away at the fleeing Germans.

That is the part of the story of Achain that has been told. There is another part that is probably of interest only to GIs. Spurrier started the engagement fighting mad because of the culmination of a long-standing argument he had been having about getting another stripe. Moreover there were some words about the tactics that were slated to be employed in taking the town. The result was that an officer delivered a pre-battle statement that went as follows: "We'll send a company in on one side and Spurrier in on the other side. He'll fight the way he wants to anyway, so let him do what he damn well pleases."

By the time the company got into Achain, Spurrier had taken it. But the fruits of victory didn't yield that other stripe. The colonel was so impressed with him as a one-man army that Spurrier now operates out of company headquarters on special missions only. And one-man armies aren't listed in an Infantry company's T/O.

The talk between Spurrier and the bartender had now gone back to the Croix de Guerre. Braggins said that his Croix de Guerre was the same grade as Spurrier's, and the sergeant asked him if he ever wore it.

"I will not wear it until the war is finished and France is well and strong again," he said.

Spurrier thought this over for a minute, and then said: "Guys like you didn't have anything to do with the beating France took. Somebody on top fouled you up."

Braggins told us about the defective cartridges that caused continual misfires in the French rifles and other things that French soldiers had contended with. France, he said, had been like a *beau tableau, mal encadré*. "That means," he told us, "that France was like a painting that was badly framed. The painting was good and beautiful, but worms were eating up the frame."

Spurrier turned this thought over a couple of times, and then got excited about it. "That's the best way to explain about the French I ever heard," he said. "I never expected to hear it that way from a bartender. By God, you're all right."

THE two hours were up, and Spurrier made Braggins a little speech as we shook hands. "I'm feeling my oats a little," he said, standing very straight, "but this is the truth. We've got a grudge against those Germans just like you French have. It started back in the States when I was reading the papers. And don't worry about me losing that grudge—I've seen too much. I'm no Paris soldier."

"I know just how you feel," said the bartender.

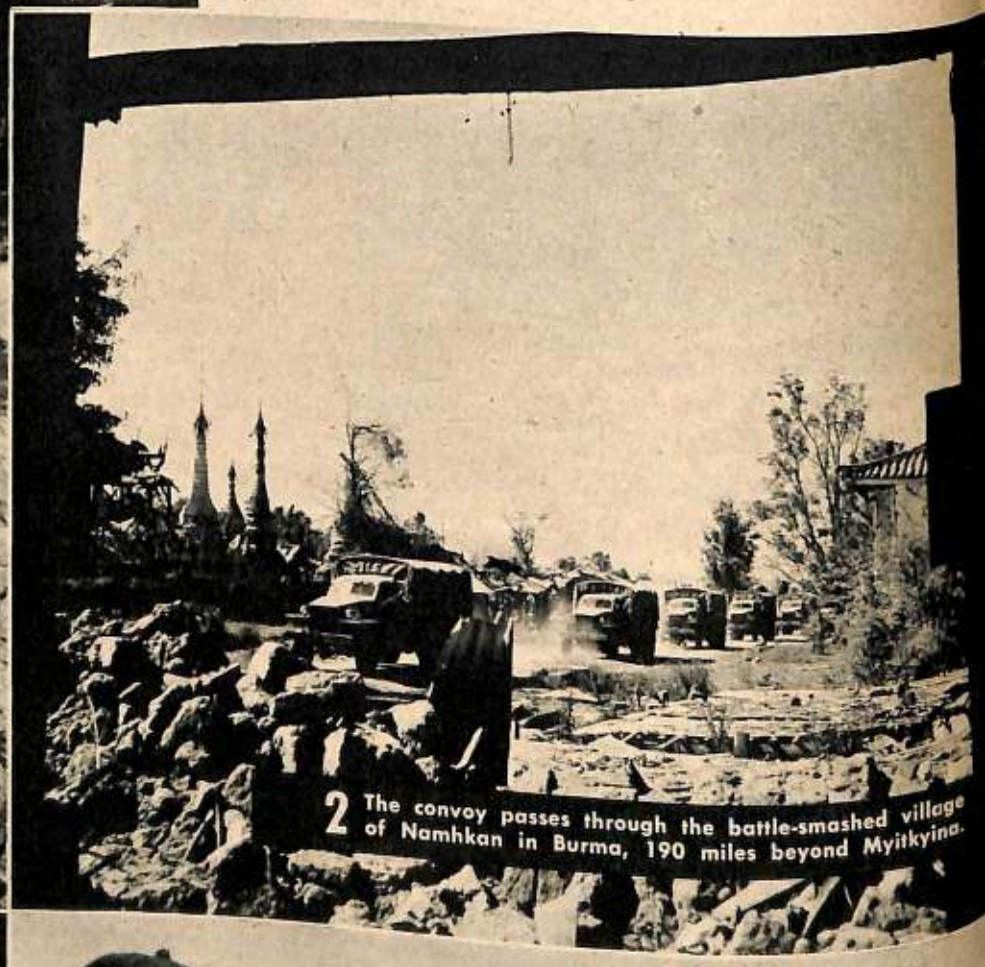
Outside the bar we joined the 90 percent of Paris that seemed to be on the streets. The sun was still hot, and a spring breeze floated down the street where the Germans had once seized 50 random hostages for execution because a bomb had been tossed into a cafe full of celebrating Nazis. The breeze tugged at the coiffures and skirts of whistle-provoking girls on bicycles and whipped at the vendors' newspapers, the headlines of which proclaimed that Patton was across the Rhine. As someone has probably said, there would be lovelier springs in Paris but not until next year.

"My aching back," said Spurrier. "Let's forget the war. I talk so much about it at the hotel that I sound off all the time. Why don't you go back to the hotel and parlay with that blonde for me?" I said I thought he could manage.

After we had parted a telephone call from the Hotel Scribe came for me at the office. Some correspondents, the French operator said, wanted to talk to Sgt. Spurrier, and could I help. All I could say, I told her, was that it was spring in Paris. She seemed to think that made sense.

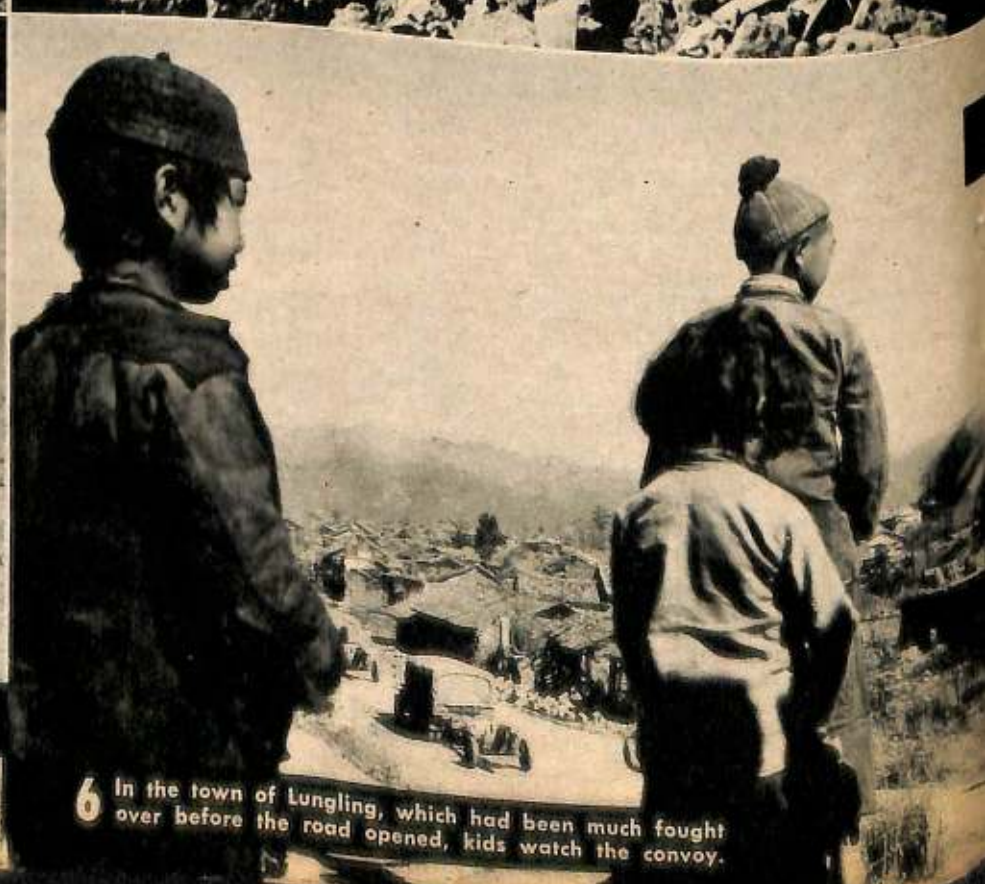
Road to China

YANK's Sgt. Dave Richardson took these pictures when he went along with the first convoy to travel the Ledo-Burma Road, or the "Stilwell Road" as it was dubbed by Chiang Kai-shek. The GIs who drove the trucks the thousand miles from Ledo in India to Kunming in China were opening a new life line for the Chinese armies. Thousands of Chinese, Americans, British and Indians worked and died to build it.

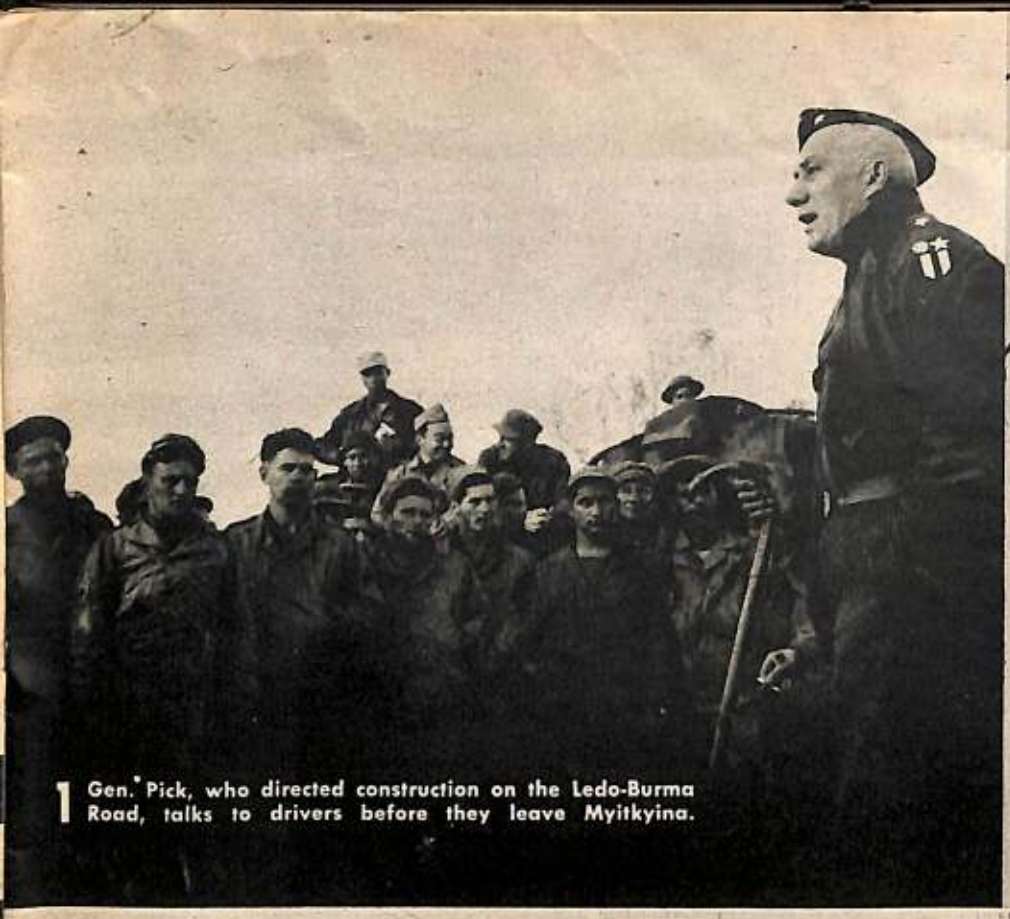


2 The convoy passes through the battle-smashed village of Namhkan in Burma, 190 miles beyond Myitkyina.

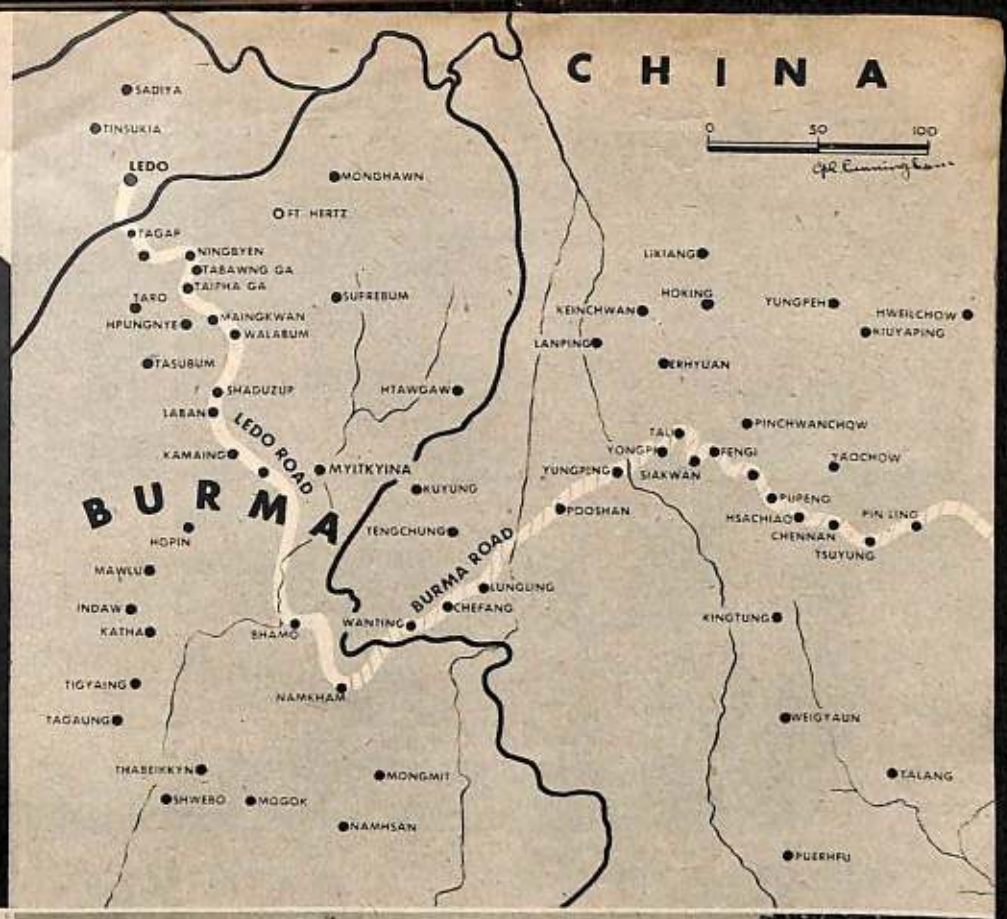
5 T/Sgt. Alvis Wheat takes his truck's quota of gas for the next day's run as they reach a bivouac area.



6 In the town of Lungling, which had been much fought over before the road opened, kids watch the convoy.



1 Gen. Pick, who directed construction on the Ledo-Burma Road, talks to drivers before they leave Myitkyina.



3 Cpl. Charles Robertson, an MP who drove the entire 1,000 miles by motorcycle, lights a farmer's pipe.

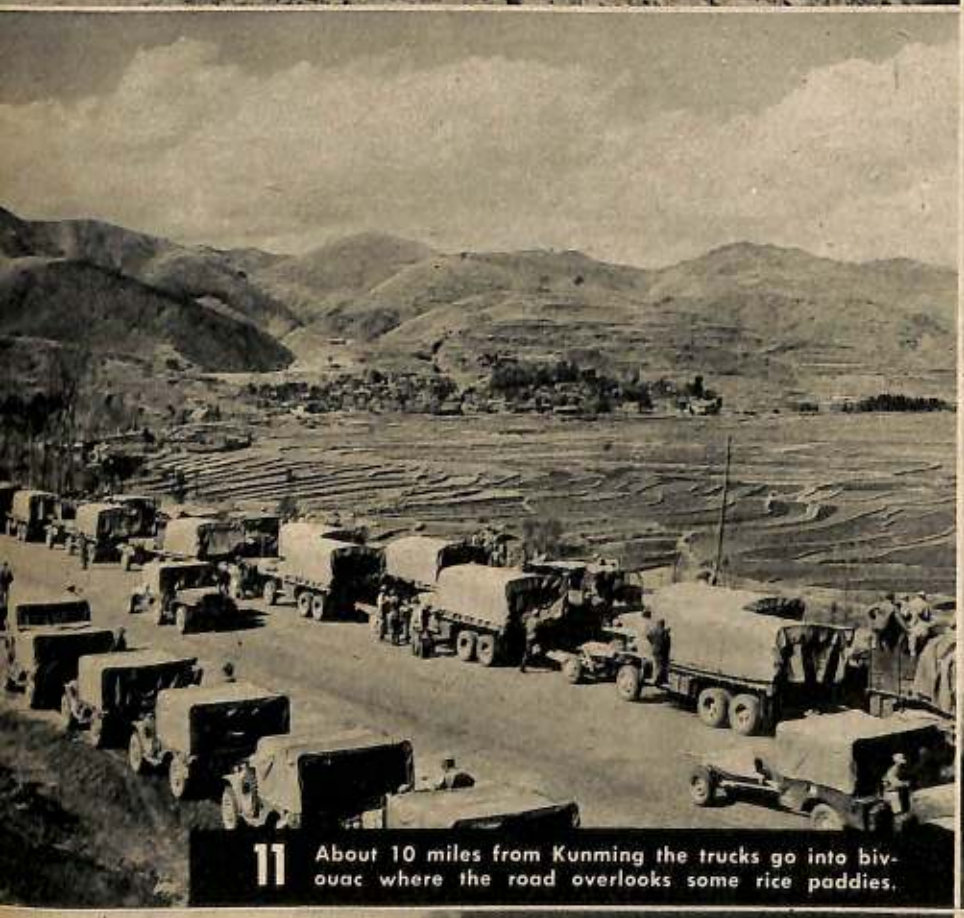
4 The convoy arrives at the Burma-China border near Wanting. The first truck drives under a welcoming arch.

7 A suspension bridge on the Salween River, the lowest place on the Burma Road (2,960 feet above sea level).

8 Beyond the Salween river Chinese vehicles lie where the Chinese abandoned them while retreating in 1942.

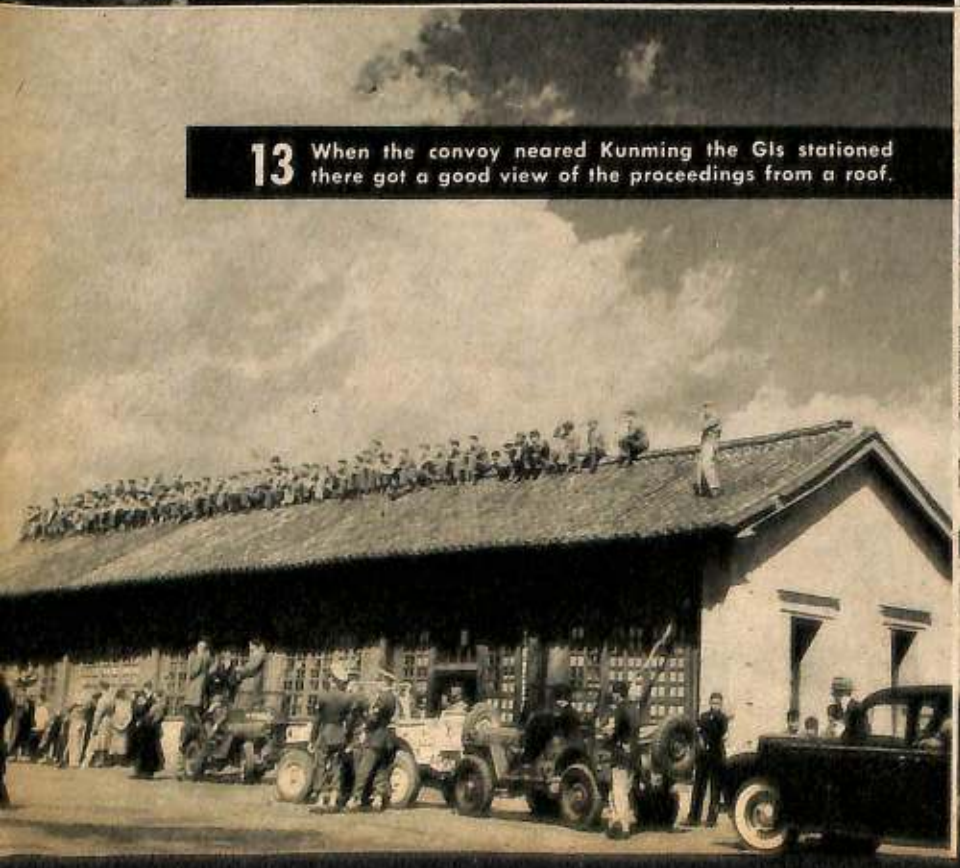
9 Chinese laborers work slowly and patiently to build a stone surface on the road, fitting each rock by hand.

10 In the town of Tu Kwun Tsen the children asked the GI truck drivers to sign their names on an honor roll.



11 About 10 miles from Kunming the trucks go into bivouac where the road overlooks some rice paddies.

12 Three drivers take a break. L. to r.: T-5 Richard Barnett, a Chinese driver, and S/Sgt. Robert Goodman.



13 When the convoy neared Kunming the GIs stationed there got a good view of the proceedings from a roof.

14 Journey's end. Kunming celebrates as the first convoy to drive from India passes slowly through the streets.

PEOPLE ON THE HOME FRONT

Frankie of La Konga

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Writer

COLUMBIA, S. C.—Frankie Sumner is a waitress in an Army town. She is a nice-looking girl, well stacked, with light brown hair that she wears in a kind of pompadour. She is 20 years old and has been working in cafes around Fort Jackson for the last five years. When the history of this war is written, the hundreds of girls like Frankie will probably never be consulted. This will be a grave mistake. Girls like Frankie know as much about the Army as anyone.

Frankie is currently employed in Columbia at a popular, though respectable, establishment called La Konga, where she serves food and drink to a discriminating soldier clientele. La Konga is not a joint, but it is not the Waldorf-Astoria either. It caters almost exclusively to soldiers, particularly enlisted men from Jackson and the Columbia Army Air Base. Recently it has been getting a few marines from a nearby air field.

Frankie's first job was at the Royal Grill near the post, but she has also worked at the Sunrise Club, Harvey's Cafeteria and behind the fountain at Silver's Five and Ten. Most of these places have a soldier trade and Frankie is a girl. Despite the various crises arising from these two facts, Frankie still likes soldiers.

"They don't mean no harm," she says. "They just lonesome. They come in here and try to drink their troubles away and then wake up in the morning with a headache and the same troubles. They just want to get out of the Army, that's all. They want to go home."

The reasons Frankie likes soldiers are simple enough. She likes people and soldiers are people. This conception differs somewhat from that in other places frequented by GIs, where soldiers are only suckers. Frankie kids customers, tries to cheer them up and is as polite as she can be.

She has a nice smile and isn't coy with it. She doesn't wear much make-up, not even nail polish, and years of hiking between kitchen and table have given her a good pair of legs. On duty she wears low-heeled shoes and a blue uniform. All the girls wear the same uniform, for which they pay $4.69. Frankie sometimes wears a sweater over hers. She looks all right in a sweater.

Frankie is an independent girl and has always been able to quit a job when she wanted to. She quit most of her other jobs because she got bored. She feels that work should be interesting. This is a feeling shared by many other people who can't do a hell of a lot about it. Frankie can because there is a demand today for good waitresses.

She has never held any other kind of job, and there is nothing much else she would like to do. But after the war she wants to quit work and live with her mother in Clinton, S. C., and maybe get married. She intends to marry a guy who likes to have a good time, and she wants two kids. She has a boy friend out at the post but says she doesn't love him and there hasn't been any talk of marriage.

Frankie has two sisters, Frances and Ruby, with whom she lives in a rented house on the edge of town. Both sisters are married to servicemen. Frankie and Ruby have always worked together. Frances has been working at La Konga for the last two and a half years, and she kept trying to get Frankie and Ruby to come there. Finally they came.

FRANKIE likes it at La Konga. She makes $10 a week plus her meals, and tips run her pay up to $35. She works from 2 P.M. to midnight three days a week and from 6 P.M. to midnight on alternate nights. When she doesn't have to go to work until 6, Frankie comes to town and goes shopping or to the movies. She sees a lot of movies and likes detective pictures best. Her favorite stars are Humphrey Bogart and Spencer Tracy. Sometimes she goes roller-skating, or dancing at the Carlton Club, which is about six miles out toward the air base.

The work at La Konga is not hard, although it involves a good deal of walking. Nine girls wait on the tables, while six work behind the bar and fountain. There used to be 20 girls, but fewer soldiers come around now. Each waitress has four tables. Their work is fairly easy because they bring large pitchers of beer to the tables and these take some time to consume. When the girls are not walking around, they sit on the counter stools and rest their feet.

The owner of La Konga is a very fat and reasonably genial man named Larry Picatagio, formerly of Staten Island, N. Y. He bought the place three years ago on the advice of his lawyer, then stationed at Jackson with the 77th Division. At that time it was only an empty store. Larry brought all the furnishings from New York, including those for the men's rooms.

"The La Konga is popular because we never clip the boys," Larry says. "We treat them 100 percent. When they walk in here it is like their own home. I mean they are not allowed to wreck the place, but they are allowed to respect it."

Larry originally intended to call his place the Broadway Bar, but a restaurant across the street opened with that name before he did. He then decided on the present name, figuring that spelling it with a K would not confuse it with the well-known night club in New York City, which spells it with a C.

None of the girls have any kick about the way Larry runs the place. He doesn't get sore if they come in a little late, and they can eat pretty nearly all they want. Most of the girls are married to servicemen and got work as waitresses when their husbands were shipped. They all get letters from men overseas. Frankie used to get six or seven letters a week but found she couldn't answer them all. Now she corresponds only with one man in Belgium, writing him what she calls "sisterly" letters.

While Frankie likes soldiers as a group, she is devoted to the Infantry. Air Force men and marines are not for Frankie. "These Air Corps boys are too cocky," she says. "They think they better than anybody else. I don't think they can even smell the Infantry."

Frankie prefers waiting on enlisted men, the lower the rank the better. "They not as bad as lieutenants," she says. "Lieutenants is just wolves, especially them bums from the Air Corps."

FRANKIE has seen GIs come and go since early draft days and she thinks they've changed. The men who haven't been overseas yet are about like the early draftees, except maybe a little younger, but the returnees, she says, are different. "They got a grudge or something," Frankie says. "They think the world owes them something they didn't get. And they a little hateful. They don't like anybody who ain't been overseas."

Half the men now coming around La Konga are returnees. Frankie thinks most of them want to go back, if they don't have to go back into combat. "Seems like they can't get along in the States," she says. She thinks maybe that's because they're not treated the way they think they should be. The people back home try to understand what they've been through, Frankie says, but they can't really know.

Then, she says, a lot of the returnees seem to get put back into the same permanent-party jobs they were pulling before they went overseas. This makes them mad, since they feel that they've done more than other soldiers and deserve more consideration.

"They nice boys," Frankie says. "Only they get a couple of drinks and they want to fight everybody."

Frankie often wonders what has happened to the soldiers she's known. Her sister Ruby follows the divisions that were at Jackson, reading the newspapers carefully to find out where they are, but Frankie doesn't follow them that closely. She doesn't read much, not even the newspapers. She wonders about the boys, though, and sometimes she will see a casualty list and search it for a familiar name, and when she finds one she is very unhappy.

Sometimes, when she listens to men talk about France and Egypt and Australia, Frankie thinks maybe she doesn't want to settle down right after the war. Her plans for a post-war life aren't too different from those of many GIs.

"Sometimes I'd like to go all over the world," she says. "And then again I think I don't want to go anywhere at all."

Frankie prepares to draw two at La Konga bar.

VETERAN'S BUSINESS LOAN

You don't just go to the bank and get money under the GI Bill. Requirements are exacting, but interest is low.

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Writer

Breeden sells some cold cuts to a delicatessen proprietor.

FALLS CHURCH, VA.—Jack Charley Breeden, an ex-torpedoman's mate first class in the Navy, was the nation's first veteran to get a business loan under the GI Bill of Rights. Getting it was quite an eye-opener for him.

"A lot of guys think they're gonna walk down the street and say, 'That's a good-looking gasoline station; I think I'll get the Government to buy it for me,'" Breeden says. "Well, it's not like that. They better get hot and look the act over. It's not a joke—I'll tell you that."

Breeden, whose rank was equivalent to tech sergeant, was helmsman on the destroyer *Philip* when she used to play tag nightly in the Solomon Islands' "Slot" with the bullying Jap task force known as the Tokyo Express. Later, on the same can, Breeden sweated out the D-Days at Vella Lavella, the Treasury Islands, Bougainville, Green Island, Saipan and Tinian. A case of stomach ulcers got him a medical discharge last December from the Anacostia Naval Station in Breeden's native city of Washington, D. C.

Home with his grandparents in nearby Falls Church, Va., Breeden decided to start a business of his own with the help of the GI Bill. He had heard that the Government would put up $2,000 to back up any veteran interested in setting up for himself. A boyhood pal, Roger E. Taylor, was also looking around for a business. Taylor had sold his car and his meat market because he thought he was going to be drafted; then he was classified 4-F.

Breeden and Taylor hit on the idea of buying their own refrigerated truck and carting meat from slaughterhouses to butchers in the Falls Church area. Breeden dropped around to the Lincoln Bank in Washington to inquire about a loan and then began to learn the facts of post-war life.

The Lincoln said it didn't know enough about the complex new GI law and suggested Breeden try a larger bank. So he went to the Hamilton National Bank a few blocks from the White House. James E. McGeary, the Hamilton's gray-haired fatherly credit manager, knew the set-up, and Breeden found himself answering the first of several hundred questions that McGeary and others put to him before the loan was arranged.

THE Government, it developed, will guarantee 50 percent of a bank's loan to a veteran to start a business, so long as the guaranty does not exceed $2,000. However, the bank must consider the business a good enough risk to sink 50 percent of its own money into the venture. Otherwise, the whole thing is off as far as the Government is concerned. Breeden quickly discovered that, even though a bank may wish to help a veteran, it does not like bad debts and wants, if possible, to avoid having to foreclose liens on collateral.

Breeden and Taylor had gone to the trouble beforehand of estimating their business prospects. Jack says that if he had been buying an established business, he would have looked over the books of the previous two years. But about all he and Taylor could do was line up a string of butchers in Fairfax and Arlington Counties and get them to agree to take the Breeden-Taylor wares. The partners-to-be had something concrete to show McGeary, and they were glad they had, because he seemed to think of everything.

First, McGeary wanted to know what experience Jack had had in the wholesale meat line.

Jack Breeden lugs beef into a butcher shop.

None, Breeden said; he had been a house painter, a sheet-metal worker, a plumber's helper and an ordnance worker. Taylor, on the other hand, had been in the meat business for years. McGeary said Taylor's experience would do for both.

Next, McGeary wanted to know whether the partners thought they could clear the purchase of a truck with the various Government bureaus concerned. That question sent Breeden on a tour of Federal and state agencies.

The Office of Defense Transportation heard his case and gave him a Certificate of War Necessity, carrying the required priority on a meat truck. The Office of Price Administration passed on his request for a gasoline allowance but not until after many more questions and answers.

At McGeary's direction, the Interstate Commerce Commission was next. The ICC was very helpful, explaining that Jack's prospective business could be interpreted in either of two ways. If he charged a butcher a flat rate of, say, $12 to pick up the butcher's meat at a slaughterhouse, Breeden would be running a truck for hire and would come under ICC regulations. Also, Breeden and his partner would have to pay a 2-percent Virginia state tax. If, however, Breeden were declared to be a wholesaler who bought the meat outright at the slaughterhouse and resold it to merchants at an increase of a couple of cents a pound, Jack would be considered a regular businessman and would be exempt from the hired truck rules and extra taxes.

Breeden warmly insisted that he belonged in the wholesale class. He pointed out that if some meat were stolen or went bad en route (an unlikely occurrence, to be sure) or if a side of beef rolled off and smashed a $12 case of eggs or a $5 luncheon loaf, he—not his customer—would be stuck with the loss. The ICC saw eye to eye with him, and Breeden breathed easier. He had taken a big hurdle. That state tax would have eaten up much of the anticipated profits.

NOW the bank got down to brass tacks. At this point it had to decide whether Breeden had just a hazy idea or a well-planned enterprise.

How much business did Breeden expect to do the first year? Breeden still can't figure out how he managed to give an answer to that puzzler, but notes covering a couple of reams of paper finally produced a figure—$169,000.

How much of that did Breeden estimate would be profit? Jack said 4½ percent—$7,605.

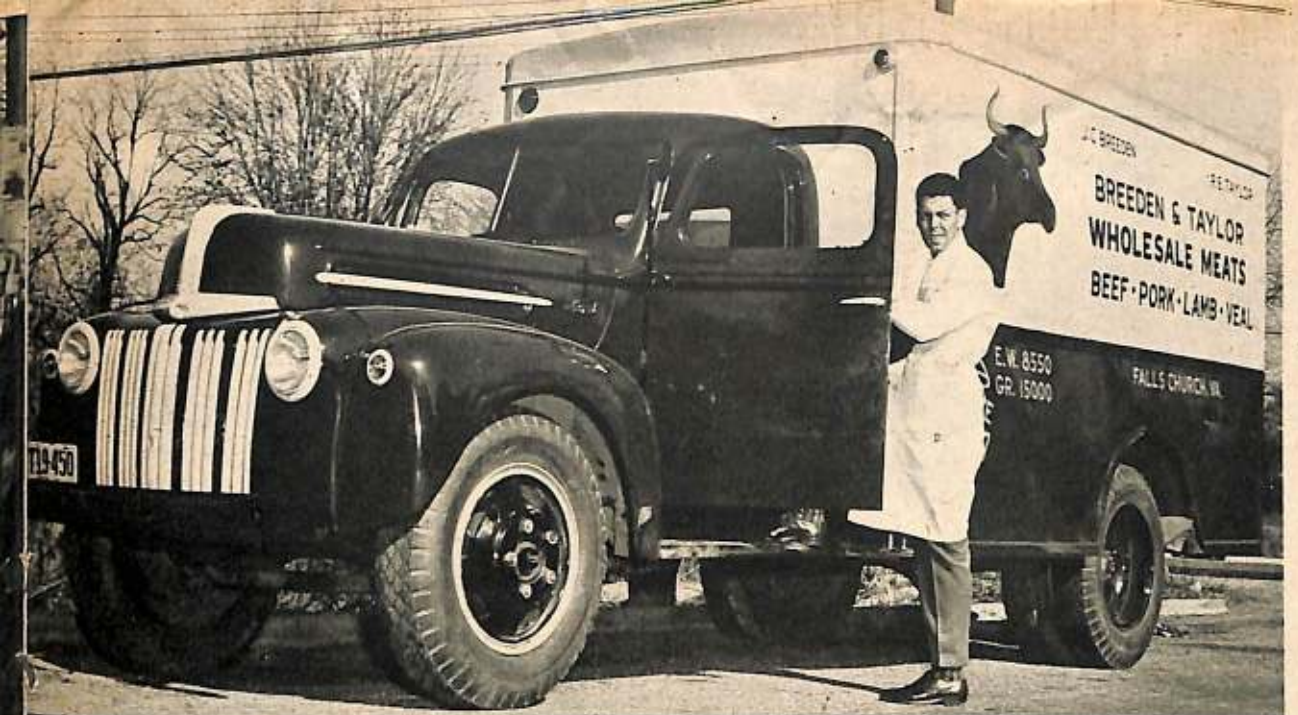
How much income tax would Breeden have to pay on this still-imaginary business? What would his truck's operating expenses be? How much would gasoline cost him? Oil? Tires? Grease? Depreciation of the truck? Repairs? Linens? (In case you can't figure out the reason for that last item, remember that butchers wear white coats. Breeden's answer was that he estimated he and Taylor would shell out $4 a week for laundry.)

All the elements of chance had to be considered in the estimate. "Anything could happen," Breeden notes. "You could be shorted out of 2,000 pounds of meat in a single year. You could load wrong. You could leave a couple hanging you were supposed to get. It don't take long for that to add up." Leaving a couple hang, Breeden explains, means overlooking at the slaughterhouse a beef carcass the wholesaler has paid for. "You might figure wrong what it will dress," Breeden continues. "Sometimes it dresses 50 percent, sometimes 56, sometimes 48."

The wholesaler, it seems, must learn to figure out, while buying a carcass, how much salable meat will be left after parts such as the head, hoofs, hides and entrails have been discarded. "It takes two good men to pick up the insides of a steer," Breeden emphasizes. "That's all wasted."

But the bank had to have its estimate, and McGeary seemed satisfied with the one Breeden and Taylor produced. The banker admitted later that he knew virtually nothing about the meat business, but he said he liked the way Breeden and Taylor seemed to understand what a meat wholesaler is up against.

NEXT, McGeary wanted to know exactly how Jack planned to use the loan—to the penny. Breeden said the loan was needed mainly to buy the truck he and Taylor had to have to haul the meat. He said that a new Dodge truck chassis had been promised him by an automobile dealer and that he had also lined up an old refrigerated



Jack Breeden, meat dealer, with the truck that he and his partner bought with the help of a veteran's loan.

truck body that was resting on blocks in a Virginia field. Its owner had been in the same business but had quit two years ago to become local manager for a meat chain when problems of personnel and red points in his own business became too much for him. Jack figured $2,100 or $2,200 should get the truck.

That rough guess was not enough for McGeary. Breeden would have to itemize. He did. He wanted $600 for the refrigerated body, $1,422 for the chassis, $38.35 for power brakes that the automobile dealer would have to put on as an extra, $13 for helper springs, $9 for a windshield wiper on the right-hand side, $22 for clearance and directional lights and $75 cash to spray-paint the body and do some metal work on it.

Jack was sure he would forget something, or be off on some item, and he was. After the lights were installed, he was told the job would cost another $40. When the partners went to pay the $50.75 that was allowed in the loan for a wholesaler's license, the fellow in the license bureau said he was sorry but he had looked on the wrong line when Breeden came in to get the information for McGeary—the license was $100.75, not $50.75. Jack also forgot the $25 deposit he had to make on a telephone and the $15 monthly rent he had to pay for desk space in the cramped little office of Gibson's Service Station in Falls Church, where he set up headquarters. A stationery bill was overlooked too.

Just about all the forgotten expenses had to come out of funds which luckily Taylor had got from the untimely sale of his meat shop. Breeden thinks the GI Bill ought to allow at least a 10-percent margin for inaccurate advance estimates.

Breeden and Taylor needed from $800 to $1,500 to stock the truck with its first load—beef and small items like luncheon meat, bologna and eggs. They were told the GI Bill permits loans to cover the purchase of the stock of a going concern like a grocery store with food on its shelves but doesn't cover merchandise for a new business like their rolling wholesale meat market.

Some officials told the partners that this was doubtless an unintentional discrimination and probably indicated some haste in drafting the bill. But nothing could be done about it. Fortunately Taylor had enough from the sale of his store to swing the additional loan.

McGeary next told Breeden and Taylor to place their priority against the truck chassis and get a bill from the automobile dealer. The law requires that the loan cover a specific purchase—in this case, a specific truck whose year, model, make and engine serial number must all be listed, rather than just "a truck costing about $2,000" or something similar. The danger is that the dealer may sell the truck or what-have-you to someone else while the prospective purchaser is unraveling red tape.

As a matter of fact, Breeden was dogged by just that kind of trouble. When everything was set, he found he would have to wait 30 days for the specified chassis. The bank, however, got in touch with the Veterans' Administration and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and was able to get Breeden permission to take a Ford chassis instead at approximately the same price.

Now came the appraisal of the equipment to be purchased. The law requires that no veteran may pay more than the "reasonable normal value" of anything bought with a GI loan—the idea being both to protect the veteran from foolish spending and to head off inflation. After studying a catalogue of truck prices, McGeary declared that Breeden wasn't being overcharged. Later, as a double check, the OPA required Breeden and the automobile agency to sign a joint statement on the price Breeden paid.

McGeary then announced that the bank was satisfied that Breeden's plan was a good risk. But there was still quite a way to go.

Breeden was asked to produce a copy of his discharge. McGeary sent it to the Veterans' Administration. The discharge was not dishonorable, and it showed on its face that Breeden had served the required 90 days since the draft started in 1940. Then the Veterans' Administration wired its New York City office to ask whether Breeden had taken out any other Government-guaranteed loan.

A veteran is allowed a total of $2,000 credit for purchase of a home, business or farm and may split the $2,000 credit any way he chooses. Breeden had obtained no previous loans, so the bank received from the Veterans' Administration a "Certificate of Eligibility." That's the Government's go-ahead signal.

McGeary then put the Associated Credit Men of Washington on Breeden's trail to look into his reputation as a debtor. Like credit investigators in other cities, the Washington credit men keep files on most of the people in the District of Columbia. The files show whether residents ever reneged on bills in Capital stores, ever had any judgments placed against them, ever were sued, ever had their salary garnisheed or ever got mixed up in criminal activities. Luckily Breeden had always kept his accounts straight. The credit files produced nothing against him.

The credit agency also called its representative in Arlington, Va., where Jack has passed a lot of time. A regular question-and-answers form has been prepared for credit agencies seeking information about veterans who want to get GI loans. Telephone calls to Jack's neighbors and references brought in the answers. To "Subject's reputation as to character, habits, morals, honesty, fair dealing, and relations with neighbors," the investigator presently answered, "good."

Breeden was not disturbed by this investigation. "They're not going to lend money to a man who has beat everyone in Washington out of $50 or $60," he says.

The rather jolly chief of the credit association, who clearly enjoys his type of detective work, said the same thing. "A boy who went away owing everybody will have a tough time getting one of the loans," he remarked, "but boys who were decent and behaved themselves aren't going to have any trouble from the credit end." He gave Breeden an OK.

McGeary told Breeden to arrange for insurance on the truck. Since the vehicle would be collateral for the loan, the bank, not Breeden, was made the beneficiary of the policy. But McGeary said it was a good time for Jack to start handling such business matters.

The insurance firm Breeden picked out gave him the figure of $167.35. When the loan was finally granted, the bank handed Breeden a check for the insurance. It was made out to the insurance firm for $167.35. "That's how tight they are," Breeden says. "You aren't going to get away with a penny on this loan."

Now, at long last, the bank was satified. It shipped all the papers to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which, as the principal Federal lending agency, handles the approval of GI business loans for the Veterans' Administration.

"They have about 10 men down there who investigate these loans," Breeden says. "They tear the loan application all apart and put it together again. Then they tear it all apart again and put it back together a second time. They ask you all the questions you don't have the answers for."

The RFC people made it clear that they were not just a rubber stamp for the bank. Just because the bank was willing to risk its 50 percent was no assurance the Government was ready to guarantee the other half. The loans are set up so that if the veteran defaults on payments, the bank gets its half first out of the foreclosed collateral and the Government gets only what is left.

Breeden was sure no one could lose in his case. The loan came to $2,444, with the truck as collateral. After he finished his own work on the truck a couple of men appraised it informally at $2,700. Jack is sure he could get $3,000 in the present truck-scarce market if he tried.

Breeden's education was a matter of interest to the RFC men. He had got only as far as the third year among "the little generals" of Washington and Lee High School. Students at the Lexington (Va.) University named after Gens. Washington and Lee are called "the generals," according to Breeden; the high-school boys "the little generals." The RFC men finally agreed that three years of high school were enough for the type of business Jack planned, though it was pointed out that inadequate education or experience will probably block other loans. A man who has been a day laborer all his life would have trouble getting a loan to start a drug store.

Among all the papers was a secret and personal estimate McGeary had been required to make of Breeden's prospects. Evidently this secret estimate was pretty optimistic. "We felt satisfied from the information submitted that the two boys were making a start that had as favorable an outlook as was possible to determine," one of the RFC men said later. "Breeden knew reasonably well what the business was all about. He knew what he would have to contend with. The credit report showed reasonable resourcefulness. So we determined that there was a reasonable likelihood of success."

"Reasonableness" seems to be the yardstick.

The RFC got Jack to make sure that he would be able to obtain a supply of wholesale meat and then sent word that it was ready to see the loan go through. After checks had been sent to the automobile agency and all others involved in the loan, all the folding money Jack actually saw was $75 for the paint and metal work he did himself.

Jack's troubles were not over even after he had the loan. He and Taylor needed help for loading the beef carcasses at the slaughterhouse. Some weigh 400 to 500 pounds. A middle-aged veteran of the last war agreed to help them. Breeden quickly discovered that if his helper's pay ran above $12 a week, the new firm would have to reckon with the social-security withholding tax. Jack took one look at the big white Government booklet on social security and determined to make sure not to use the helper beyond the $12 mark. The booklet was full of charts that looked to Jack like logarithm tables and full of phrases like "unincorporated organization" and "reconciliation of quarterly returns." "I just looked at it and put it away," Jack says. "It was too much for me."

Joel Harris, manager of Gibson's Service Station, showed Jack how to set up books. Breeden was asked why he just didn't carry in his head the figures he needed. "The Income Tax Bureau doesn't like that at all," he laughed. "The Government doesn't like you carrying a business in your head."

Sometimes, as he sums up his experience, Breeden says bluntly: "They're not giving you a damn thing. They're not doing any more for you than

a rich relative would. The Government's no more than an endorser of a note."

He insists at such times: "We had enough collateral to get a loan from anyone who made that kind of loan. There wasn't any risk involved, so far as I could see. A lot of people are not going to have the collateral we had." But Breeden observes at other times that even if the Government is little more than the endorser of a note that's something, because "people are funny about endorsing notes—you don't like to ask them."

He also has to concede that the GI loan does get you a lower rate of interest. His rate is 4 percent, the maximum permissible under the GI business-loan law. The GI arrangement also allows a longer term in which to repay a loan. Without the GI-loan provisions, Breeden might have had to pay a far higher interest rate, with only half as much time in which to complete repayment. As it is, he has two years to pay, in monthly installments of $105.82.

Even if beef were frozen, cutting off the partners' main item, Breeden and Taylor could hold the truck until after the war by getting jobs and meeting the comparatively small monthly payments. The Government will also pay the first year's interest, about a half-century note.

BREEDEN'S impression that not every ex-GI is going to be able to meet all the conditions of the loan was readily verified by various banks. McGeary said he has been able to give loans to only about one-third of the veterans who have approached him, while one New York City bank has made loans to only nine out of 650. Of the nine, eight received regular business loans that had nothing to do with the GI Bill.

A veteran who has a job as a guard at the National Gallery of Art in Washington wanted to get back into the now-profitable taxicab field by buying a cab under the GI Bill and operating it in his spare time, gradually working back into full-time hacking. His request was turned down on the grounds that the law seems clearly meant to cover main-time business only.

Other veterans who have wanted to go into Washington hacking were refused because they would have to pay $500 or $600 to buy up another driver's license. That amount was not considered a "reasonable normal charge" by RFC officials.

Breeden has the impression that he has only about $800 Government credit left for purchase of a home or farm or for going back to school. The idea is that the Government guaranteed roughly $1,200 of the business loan, leaving him $800 credit out of the $2,000 mentioned in the GI Bill. Breeden is right about the first two ideas but wrong on the third, officials say. He can still have as much free education as if he had never taken out a business loan.

In fact, one official said that it is conceivable that a veteran could get $7,820 out of the GI Bill—52 weeks of unemployment benefits totaling $1,040; $500 tuition for four years, plus $675 cash each year to support him and his dependents while taking the free schooling; a $2,000 business loan and $80 interest paid for the first year on the loan. The catch is that, in order to get the $2,000 business loan as a cash benefit, the ex-GI would have to default on the entire amount and would be blackballed by credit agencies for the rest of his life.

THINGS are going "very well" with Breeden's business, he says. The first installment already has been paid back. "We couldn't make near as much working for someone else as we are working for ourselves, and the beauty of it is you're not taking orders from anyone else."

He has no illusions such as those of an Army captain who was overheard on a Washington street remarking in apparent seriousness: "I'm going across the street to get the $2,000 the Government owes me under the GI Bill."

"It's just a debt," Jack insists. "Just an honest debt you owe. If you wash out, the whole thing is not forgotten. It's a debt you'll have to pay some day."

He is quite cheerful about his prospects. "I know if you can make it with all the Government agencies you have to buck, you can sure as hell make it in peacetime. It is a good test to see if you can make it."

He is even glad about all the grilling he got. "If you're not a businessman before you start," says Breeden, "they sure will make you one before you finish."

Soft Hands Across the Sea

By Sgt. W. F. CODY

WELL, lads, the next time you're in the local you might lift a glass of lager to toast American Womanhood. They're in there pitching and they're going to be all right, you just wait and see. I know because I saw it in *This Week*.

You know what *This Week* is, of course. Remember the Sunday papers at home; you know, those big, door-step size Sunday papers? I knew you would. Well, *This Week* is the magazine that's tucked in the middle of it. It has two or three stories and articles and a lot of ads. It was in the ads in the 18 November, 1944 issue that I found out that the girls were going to make out all right. These ads are a revelation any way you look at them.

(You can quit grinding your teeth in that irritating way, Gerald, I'll come to the point when I damn well please. This is important stuff and I don't propose to spring it on you without building the thing up a bit.)

What I've got to say will be of especial interest to lieutenants, but you can all come in and make yourselves at home and listen. It's just that I have an idea a lot of lieutenants are worried about their tomatoes back home. I don't mean whether they're getting enough to eat or keeping cheerful—nothing like that. If I know you lieutenants, you're worried about their skins, their faces and those soft, smooth hands.

Well, pal, don't. *This Week's* got the story on this. It's got it in ads to prove that the girl is taking care of herself. I'm keeping my hands "nice and soft, dear, for you to come home to." That bucks you up, doesn't it? That's a big load off your mind, isn't it, dear?

The girl who is posing for the ad gazes out at you with a look of dreamy determination on her lovely face. One hand is tenderly stroking the curly head of an Air Force lieutenant. He's in seventh heaven, this lieutenant, and why shouldn't he be with those desirable hands to hurry back to?

This ringing pledge to keep those fingers supple and sweet is on page 28 but take a look at page 29. Here is a girl in the arms of another lieutenant with an Air Forces patch and she's telling him how she keeps her face so smooth. "I've got dry skin," she is telling him, "but I use this cream to keep it the way you like it." The lieutenant is checking up on that good old skin with a close inspection. By the look on his face he'll never forget that nice, satin finish.

We're not through yet, Gerald. Look on page 24—and in color, too. There's another lieutenant doing his home work. You can't tell what branch he's in but I suspect it's intelligence. He's getting in close to that smooth old epidermis but he isn't saying anything. He's just smelling. It's the smell—excuse me, boys, the fragrance—that "vibrates a chord in a man's heart." Now, you know.

Are you satisfied? These pretty things know what you'll want when you come back. They know you'll want those caressing hands, that soft skin that isn't dry and that vibrant fragrance. They know, and it'll be there when you get back.

There's more to these ads than that, although, God knows, that ought to be enough for anybody. But it's obvious that someone has been sneaking a listen on lieutenants about to go overseas, and what they say opens up a whole new train of thought. These guys have either discovered a hell of a good line or they really are lovers of the finer things. I prefer to believe the latter.

"You have such darling hands," one of these lieutenants says. "Feminine, soft. I love your hands."

This guy has spent years looking for a girl with those really soft, feminine hands. He's found them at last. No wonder he looks as though he's just come into a big chunk of Standard Oil.

And on the following page the other AAF lieutenant is talking, too.

"Kissing you is a lovely habit," he says.

That isn't especially original but hold on, he's going to explain.

"Your face is so excitingly smooth," he declares.

"Why!" she exclaims. "My skin really tends to be dry. But I use a cream that gives me such all-round expert skin care, it's like a daily treatment."

The lieutenant on page 24 isn't saying anything but he's inhaling enthusiastically and she gets the idea. This soap she washes "with generous abandon into every curve every blessed day" has really got him.

Maestro, oblige us with a fanfare. I am about to announce a trend. These ads are the tip-off. These lieutenants may change in many ways before they get home but nothing will destroy their sense of beauty. When they come home I can see them rushing up to the little woman and grabbing her hands.

"Ah! Still soft and ravishing," he'll murmer, gnawing hungrily at the girl's fingertips. "You haven't quit using that wonderful lotion, have you, dearest?"

Or he'll take her in his arms and run his lips over her face.

"Still soft and thrillingly smooth," he'll whisper. "Faithful to that great face cream, aren't you, baby?"

Or else—and this may very well be the most touching scene of all—he'll just get in close and smell. That's all—just hold the girl in his arms and inhale deeply for a long, long time. She won't think he's balmy; she'll understand.

"I'm vibrating that old chord in his heart," she'll say to herself. "And to think, it's only ten cents a cake!"

NEWS FROM HOME

Newspapers found space for monkey-business, Uncle Sam asked for more money to continue the fight against the Japs, pantries got a little emptier and Kansas City tried to demobilize some noisy junior commandos.

WITH victory in Europe tucked under its belt but victory in Japan still some distance away, the nation settled down to the business of backing a one-front war last week. The people had time to do some stock-taking, and a couple of million citizens were busy for a while counting up Junior's or Hubby's demobilization points and asking the neighbors how *their* servicemen stood.

After weeks of high tension, the press and radio calmed down considerably. Announcers on the air-lanes didn't have their soap operas interrupted by news flashes and bulletins. And the newspapers were able to give prominence to all kinds of silly news items once more.

For example, there was the story about the riot of 10,000 bobby-soxers who besieged the staid Academy of Music in Philadelphia upon the false report that Frank Sinatra was to speak there. And then there were the 19 monkeys, real ones, which escaped from the Philadelphia zoo and raised hell in the Quaker City until they were captured one by one.

And finally the news got so skimpy that editors even featured the Harvard *Lampoon*'s annual crack at the movie industry, listing among other things the "ten worst films" of the past year and calling actress Maria Montez one of the "worst discoveries." Then, of course, the newspapers had to print Hollywood's answer to Harvard, including Miss Montez's description of the rah-rah editors as "seeelly young boys."

Although a great hurdle in the war had been overcome, there actually wasn't much change in America's day-to-day living. Nightclubs and movies stayed open longer. People who had the money could bet on horses running on tracks in the U.S., and big crowds journeyed to the Narragansett track, the first to reopen since the wartime ban was lifted.

Otherwise there weren't many surface differences. War plants kept right on working, meat kept getting scarcer and scarcer and shop queues longer and longer. The press continued to run long casualty lists—not only from the Pacific but from Europe, since official War Department announcements necessarily lag far behind the actual fighting.

Everybody did turn out, though, for a gala event with a serious twist—the official opening of the Seventh War Loan drive. Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau formally launched the seven-week drive for the record sum of $14,000,000,000 in a radio broadcast which stressed the big job ahead for America. And War Finance Director Ted Gamble added this thought:

"We have reached the stage of the war where people will be asked to buy bonds not only to supply the sinews of war," he said, "but to provide reserves that mean security and peace of mind for the individual, to meet the vast responsibilities of reconstruction and rehabilitation . . . and above all, to preserve our economy in the fight against inflation."

Almost before the drive got under way, the Treasury Department announced that Prairie County of Montana, perennially the first county in the nation to reach its Series EEE Bond quota, had done it again. Little Prairie has led in all seven war loan campaigns. And Mrs. Samuel T. Sapiro of Miami Beach, Fla., earned the first "four-star general" title for selling 215 bonds to 215 persons. That's fifteen bonds and 15 persons more than you have to chalk up to become a "four-star general."

War Bond sales were pretty brisk in Scottsbluff, Neb. High School Superintendent J. Eddy and his faculty were shining the shoes of all students who made purchases. A total of $5,600 was racked up on the first day of the drive.

Hollywood and the radio world did themselves proud, as usual, in supplying all the stars and glamor that the Treasury Department could use. There were also plenty of genuine combat soldiers on hand to tell the home folks how important all that war-loan money is to the world's fighting fronts. Some of the GIs who addressed bond rallies were waiting to get out of the army—and a few of them were already out, thanks to their bulging sack of combat points.

Probably the happiest civilians in the States last week were 2,500 war veterans who were the first to be let out of the service on Redeployment Day under the point system of demobilization. The first lucky guy, reports said, was Peter Flowers, 28, a corporal and a veteran of 37 months in the Pacific. On R-Day he was at Fort Devens, Mass., sweating out a rotation furlough when he was told to take off—permanently.

The Army's demobilization program was off to a good start and moving fast. (See page 5 of this issue). The Navy, meanwhile, announced that it would release enlisted men aged 42 and over and also enlisted men on the inactive list who had been called back to active service since the war began.

CIVILIANS in general were still uncertain as to what the immediate future held for them during what official Washington is calling "The War—Phase Two." Some authorities said reconversion of industry to peacetime production would be swift and that every effort would be made to throw goods like radios, washing machines and typewriters on the market. Other civilian officials said that reconversion might be pretty slow and that civilians shouldn't hold their breath until new refrigerators and automobiles arrived.

J. A. Krug, chairman of the War Production Board, said that shortages of materials would hold up production of durable items like radios, electric stoves and metal furniture until October, at least. Krug declared that there was still a lot of war production to handle. "So far," he said, "we've produced in this country over 2,000 B-29 bombers. The monthly rate of production is in excess of 10 per cent of that total. So we're not only producing enough to take care of the losses, and more, but we're building up a considerably expanding B-29 force."

According to Krug, the value of war production during the second quarter of this year will be only slightly less than during the first quarter (January through March). War production for the first quarter totaled $14,452,000,000; for the second it will total $14,375,000,000—only $77,000,000 less.

Publication of these astronomical figures started a big argument about who's going to pay the bill and how much. A group of Congressmen led by Sen. Walter F. George, Democrat of Georgia, came out for reduced taxes on business, small business especially. But President Truman served emphatic notice that he'll fight any tax reductions until Japan is licked. The only way to protect the 85,000,000 war-bond holders, said Truman, is by taxation.

There was some good news along the rationing front, though. The WPB authorized a 50 per cent increase in passenger tires during May, thanks to reduced Army demands following the collapse of Germany. And America was assured of more dry-cell batteries, vending machines, kitchen knives, carving sets, hair clippers and hunting knives, as the result of a WPB revocation of orders to limit production of these items.

People were getting less and less food to use those new carving knives on, though, and Congress was up in arms about it. The Senate Agriculture Com-

WANTS UNIFORM. BLIND IN BOTH EYES FOR 21 YEARS, WILLIAM SHEPPARD (CENTER) HAD HIS SIGHT FULLY RESTORED BY A CORNEA-GRAFTING OPERATION. SO HE PROMPTLY POPPED OVER TO HIS DRAFT BOARD IN JAMAICA, N. Y., WITH HIS SON RONALD, 3, AND TALKED WITH CHIEF CLERK RICHARD DAVIN ABOUT GETTING HIMSELF INTO THE ARMY.

FAMILY REUNION. MARINE PVT. CLIFF BARRAGER, OF ROCKFORD, ILL., IS THE MAN ALMOST GETTING TORN FROM AN UPPER BERTH BY HIS BROTHER DAVID WHILE THEIR MOTHER HAPPILY LOOKS ON. BARRAGER, WOUNDED ON IWO JIMA, WAS ENROUTE TO PHILADELPHIA'S REHABILITATION CENTER WHEN HIS TRAIN STOPPED IN CHICAGO FOR THE MEETING.

WATER MOVE. THE HOUSING SHORTAGE IS SO ACUTE IN SEATTLE THAT THEY DON'T TEAR DOWN OLD HOUSES TO MAKE WAY FOR NEW ONES. THEY JUST BARGE THE OLD-TIMERS VIA PUGET SOUND TO WHERE THEY'RE NEEDED.

STUCK TRUCK. NO, THIS IS NOT A NEW KIND OF FLYING BOMB. IT'S JUST A 12-TON CEMENT CARRIER WHICH FELL THROUGH THE FLOOR OF A PARKING LOT IN LOS ANGELES.

HELLO GIRL. EMMA LOU BOURNE IS ONLY 16, BUT SHE MUST HAVE A HIGH IQ OR SOMETHING, BECAUSE MIAMI BEACH, FLA., CHOSE HER AS THE RESORT'S OFFICIAL GREETER.

mittee put its okay on a subcommittee report recommending a single "supreme administrator" for food and criticizing the Office of Price Administration for failing to enforce the price and ration controls.

Among other things, the Senate subcommittee charged that the OPA's enforcement staff is "inexperienced, unqualified and has failed to obtain the cooperation of the public generally."

The Senate report was submitted just a day after OPA gave housewives another headache by increasing the number of ration points needed to buy lard, shortening and cooking and salad oils. It was explained that America must get along with less of these products because of our food commitments abroad and to "prevent unrest and chaos in liberated countries."

At the same time the OPA took a leaf out of the FBI's book by launching a new and indirect attack on food black market operators. The names of more than 3,000 price violators have been turned over to the Bureau of Internal Revenue, the OPA said, so that Uncle Sam can crack down on illegal profits. And this technique, which was used to put Chicago's Al Capone in the clink, will enable the government to determine if violators have been getting out of paying their income taxes.

A brief flurry of excitement followed the announcement by Foreign Economic Administrator Leo T. Crowley of the suspension of new lend-lease shipments to Europe except to countries fighting Japan or to countries where lend-lease would make easier the redeployment of America's fighting forces. People were quick to notice that Russia would lose a lot of lend-lease that way.

Then Acting Secretary of State Joseph C. Grew came out with a clarification of Crowley's sudden announcement. Grew said the U.S. is studying Russia's military supply needs in the light of the victory in Europe before resuming—on a sharply reduced basis—the shipment of lend-lease goods to the Soviet Union.

Grew also pointed out that the Lend-Lease Act, while it gives the Chief Executive broad powers, "shall not be construed to authorize the President to enter into or carry out agreements for post-war relief, post-war rehabilitation, or post-war reconstruction."

President Truman meanwhile took steps to assure at least a partial repayment from Hitler's fallen Reich. The President appointed 21 American experts to help the Moscow Reparations Commission levy on Germany a war damages bill for enough materials, and probably manpower, to rebuild territories devastated by the goose-steppers. Truman pointed out that the Big Three had agreed at Yalta to demand reparations in kind—materials, plants, rolling stock and the like, rather than in cash.

The Chief Executive told a press conference that he'd like to get together with Prime Minister Churchill and Marshal Stalin for a chat about the coming peace program. Truman said it wouldn't be possible to hold such a meeting, though, until after the end of the United Nations Conference on International Organization in San Francisco.

Truman moved to untangle a knot that has been tying up the security meeting in San Francisco. The Conference has been somewhat snafued because of the fears of some nations, especially those of Latin America, that the new world security organization mightn't offer protection enough against aggressors. The Latin Americans tried to get an assurance that they could band together to protect one another in case the world security organization fell down on the job.

The President let it be known through Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., that he would favor a post-war treaty under which all the American republics would help one another against any aggressor, American or non-American.

An amendment to the original Dumbarton Oaks charter giving all nations this right of self-defense in case they don't get international protection was drawn up by Secretary Stettinius. The amendment said, "Nothing in this charter impairs the inherent rights of self-defense, either individual or collective, in the event that the Security Council (that's the most powerful body within the security organization) does not maintain international peace and security and an armed attack against a member state occurs."

Secretary Stettinius also proposed that the new Security Charter should include an international bill of rights along the lines of the one in the U.S. Constitution. The international bill of rights would declare that the promotion of human rights and freedom in general terms is one of the main objectives of the security organization.

Proceedings at the San Francisco Conference haven't been particularly dramatic of late. As informed observers predicted at the start, drawing up an international charter was more a matter of hard, technical work than of oratory or headline-making action.

Among the busiest people at the Conference were the photogenic young ladies parked in the huge information booth. And the questions they had to answer were just as dizzy as ever, in some instances. One woman called up and said: "I simply must have this information. I want to know where Dumbarton Oaks would be? They tell me it's in the Coral Sea, but what atoll is it on?" It took the information girl five minutes to convince the puzzled one that Dumbarton Oaks is the mansion in Washington, D.C., where United Nations diplomats drew up plans for the peace league now being whipped into shape at San Francisco.

THE President emerged a winner last week in a dispute with some members of the Senate on the re-appointment of David E. Lilienthal as chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority. Two Senators from Tennessee—Kenneth McKellar and Tom Stewart, both Democrats—headed the campaign against Lilienthal, but they drew in their horns after Truman strongly indicated his support of the TVA chairman. Before dropping their active opposition, though, the Senators issued a statement saying that Lilienthal was "personally and politically obnoxious, offensive and objectionable." They also accused him of using the TVA to create a "political machine for his own personal advancement."

The problems of post-war employment, especially for war veterans, began to cop an increasing amount of wordage in Congress and the newspapers. Most publicized outburst, perhaps, came from Senator George, Democrat of Georgia, who complained about the insistence on "sixty million jobs" as America's goal in the post-war years. George said setting a figure would lead to "the most rigid regimentation we ever had in peace."

The Senator from Georgia explained: "We can't reach any such arbitrary figure as 60,000,000 jobs without controlling industry itself and the placement of workers. It would mean a complete change in our economy, and I think the traditional American way has worked pretty well so far."

It looks like a real garrison finish for Sgt. Thomas P. Conroy of Camp Lee, Va. What with his 28 months overseas, he had amassed a total of 71 points, and his wife was expecting at least 12 more. Then, just in time to make the demobilization deadline, the news came that Mrs. Conroy had presented him with 24 points—twin boys.

Government officials and Congressmen are getting worried about rising unemployment among veterans of this war, according to the *United Press*. Veteran administration figures showed that for the week ended April 28, 28,000 jobless veterans—that is, those who are able to work and who have applied for jobs—were getting unemployment payments under the GI Bill of Rights. The UP quoted a U.S. Employment Service spokesman as suggesting that veterans have a natural desire to be at home and that there may be no suitable jobs in their home communities.

The House Veterans Committee was represented as being in a dither because large-scale demobilization is under way and at least 2,000,000 veterans will be poured into the labor market. One Congressman said he couldn't understand the present unemployment rate "in view of the labor shortage in war industry centers."

Government spokesmen meanwhile gave out with announcements about present and future projects that might help to eliminate a lot of unemployment. Maj. Gen. Philip B. Fleming, Federal Works Administrator, said the government is ready to distribute $17,500,000 among the states to finance blueprints for vast post-war construction of things like parks and hospitals and schools. Officials of 900 rural electric systems financed by the Rural Electrification Administration were told to start work at once on delayed power-line construction projects totaling $100,000,000. The authorized construction will create 50,000 man-years of employment throughout the nation, REA officials estimated.

The President, who made more news than usual last week, stepped into the debate about the Veterans Administration. Some newspapers and organizations, including the American Medical Association, have recently criticized the VA for what they called inefficiency, and particularly for its management of hospitals. Mr. Truman announced that the VA would be modernized and expanded, but that he had no intention of reorganizing it as far as personnel was concerned. He told Washington reporters that he didn't have any plan to appoint former Sen. Bennett C. Clark, Democrat of Missouri, to replace Brig. Gen. Frank T. Hines as Administrator of Veterans Affairs. Gen. Hines had said several times that the VA was falling behind in its work because it didn't have enough manpower and couldn't get it.

Coeds of the University of Iowa at Iowa City are walking around the campus these days in those green herringbone Army fatigues. The girls say that the GI garments give them the desired "sloppy look" better than anything they've found so far.

The War Shipping Administration made with an announcement designed to brighten the lives of soldiers lucky enough to get back to the States. GIs sailing home from the European victory, said the WSA, won't have to eat dehyrated rations, but they'll dine on fresh milk, eggs, vegetables—and apple pie—while enroute. Harold J. O'Connell, director of WSA's Food Control Division, explained that a master feeding plan stows fresh frozen foods aboard WSA ships in Atlantic Coast ports. The menus afford 4,500 calories a day compared with the daily requirement of 2,500 calories for moderately active men. That's to fatten the guys up, O'Connell said.

Maj. Gen. William Arnold, former Chief of Chaplains of the U.S. Army, has been named a bishop by His Holiness Pope Pius 12th. General Arnold, recently chosen as Assistant Inspector General of the Army, was ordained in 1908 and named an Army chaplain in 1913. His present Army job deals with religious matters coming under the IG's jurisdiction.

Military personnel at most posts in the U.S. are getting cut down to six packs of smokes, 24 cigars, or four ounces of smoking tobacco a week. A new Army order, which decreed the use of PX ration cards, said that the tobacco ration for Italian service unit members must not exceed one-half the GI ration. POW's won't be allowed to buy cigarettes and cigars at all.

Army Service Forces announced that American soldiers in Europe on occupation duty or awaiting redeployment will be able to spend their furloughs on the fashionable Riviera, according to the *United Press*. The news agency said GIs are scheduled to get 30 days leave a year in smart Continental hotels with the Army paying their travel expenses.

GENERAL MOTORS announced plans to build a lighter weight and more economical automobile in the post-war period. Details of the new vehicle weren't given out, but it was said the new car would be manufactured by the Chevrolet Division.

More than 130,000,000 pounds of grain and vegetable seeds are being shipped to the liberated countries of Europe by the Foreign Economic Administration. FEA officials said these new deliveries will supplement 47,600,000 pounds of seeds previously sent this year. There should be gardens and crops soon to alleviate hunger and reduce to some extent the drain on American food supplies.

Twelve-year-old Doney Vivian Woods filed suit in Denver, Colo., for a divorce or annulment of her marriage to John B. Woods, an inmate of Louisiana State Penitentiary. The child's lawyer said she married Woods one month after her eleventh birthday but that couple split up when the girl came to Denver with her mother. Grounds for the divorce suit were extreme cruelty and the husband's conviction of felony.

Farmer Claude Cushman of Bryant's Pond, Me., apparently doesn't put too much faith in that saying about tempering the wind to the shorn lamb. Cushman sheared his flock of sheep during a warm spell in March, but the critters started shivering when the weather got a bit chilly. So the farmer fitted out the sheep in cast-off sweaters donated by the neighbors, and now everybody is happy.

Fifteen polygamist husbands of 55 women were tossed into Utah State Prison in Salt Lake City to serve terms, not to exceed five years each, for unlawful cohabitation. The "wives" had presented the guys with a total of 287 children before the law stepped in.

Selective Service officials have worked out a point system for the discharge of the nation's 8368 conscientious objectors who refused military service and have engaged in civilian public service work.

The War Department announced it will soon build a vast storage depot for material west of the Mississippi. The new depot is the result of shifting the country's war might to the Pacific.

Estimates on Oklahoma's 1945 wheat production indicated that the current harvest will be 20,000,000 bushels less than the state's 1944 bumper crop.

In a precedent-making decision, Federal Judge Paul Jones of Cleveland, Ohio, prohibited the eviction of a war worker from his house by the owners, who wanted to move in. The jurist held that the tenant could not be moved out of a house built under War Production Board priorities.

Ira B. Stoner, 99, of Salt Lake City, for several years Utah's only remaining member of the Grand Army of the Republic, performed his annual ritual of selecting himself as Commander of the GAR's Utah department. He said he didn't have to do much campaigning.

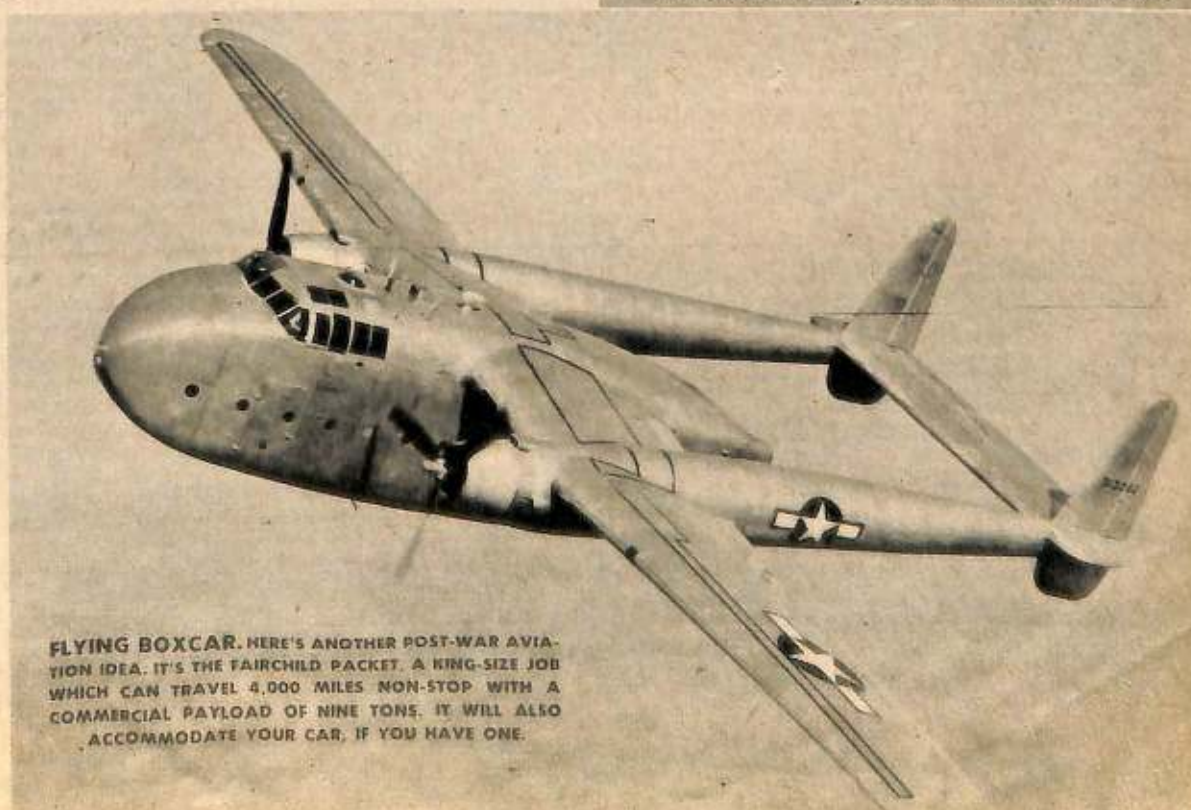
Hollywood's movie companies are busy getting into the television field. Paramount Pictures asked the Federal Communications Commission for a go-ahead on two experimental networks. If successful, the systems will be hooked up to all of Paramount's theaters.

Frances Alda, former Metropolitan Opera star, was acquitted of petty larceny in New York City. She had been charged with stealing nearly 300 red ration points (good for meat, butter, cheese, evaporated milk) from her discharged maid.

After four years of warfare, peace may soon descend upon a certain section of Kansas City, Mo. And a certain division of junior commandos who engage in the hostilities may have to be deactivated—points or no points. Shell-shocked residents in the youngsters' battle zone asked the city to raze a ramshackle building which has been the scene of a daily blitz. Adults who signed the petition told officials that the shrieking of "ack-acks" and "prisoners-of-war" had worn every nerve in the neighborhood to a frazzle. So Building Commissioner Frank L. Lang agreed to ask the owners of the structure to tear the place down.

LAWN MOWER. JIM TUSKA, OF PHILADELPHIA, IS SHOWING OFF HIS DAD'S GRASS-CUTTER MADE FROM OLD RAZOR BLADES AND A VACUUM CLEANER.

NICE BAIT. SPEAKING OF FISH STORIES, HERE'S A WHOPPER TURNED OUT BY THE CAMERA AND IT INVOLVES PONI ADAMS (LEFT) AND BARBARA BATES, HOLLYWOOD.



FLYING BOXCAR. HERE'S ANOTHER POST-WAR AVIATION IDEA. IT'S THE FAIRCHILD PACKET, A KING-SIZE JOB WHICH CAN TRAVEL 4,000 MILES NON-STOP WITH A COMMERCIAL PAYLOAD OF NINE TONS. IT WILL ALSO ACCOMMODATE YOUR CAR, IF YOU HAVE ONE.

The COVER

Along the Ledo-Burma Road, a little boy gives the famous Chinese good-luck greeting to a convoy truck towing a 75-mm pack howitzer. See pages 8, 9 and 10 for a picture story of the first convoy by Sgt. Dave Richardson

Pictures: Cover, Sgt. Dave Richardson. 2, lower right, Planet; others, Pictorial Press. 3, Pictorial Press. 4, Signal Corps. 8, 9, & 10, Sgt. Richardson. 11, Price. 12 & 13, Sgt. John Frano. 15, INP. 16, upper, Acme; center, INP; lower, Wide World. 17, lower, Acme; others, INP. 21, Fox Photos. 22, Warner Bros. 23, Sgt. Frano.

YANK
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MAIL CALL

Service Group Complaint

Dear YANK,

We come to you for help; for explanation of a rank injustice. Hear us out if you will, and then clarify matters for us if you can.

The cause of our trouble is the bronze Battle Participation Star, which counts five points under the WD Demobilization plan. Presently, the Fighter Group on this station wears four such stars—wears, in other words, 20 points. Though we of the Service Group have served side by side with them for two years, doing identical or complementary work just as essential for the successful completion of missions, *we* are not allowed the stars.

To save us, we cannot understand the basis on which these stars were awarded. A man who does the engine changes on our planes is in the Service Group and gets no stars, but the man who drives the gas truck to fuel the planes is in the Fighter Group and gets four stars. A man who keeps a 2½-ton truck of the Service Group in top condition to haul belly-tanks rates no stars; a man who keeps a 2½-ton truck of the Fighter Group in top condition to haul belly-tanks rates four. A man who cooks and serves meat in the consolidated mess hall on Monday is in the Fighter Group and for his participation is given 20 points credit; a man who cooks and serves meat in the consolidated mess hall on Tuesday is in the Service Group, and for his participation is given a two-paragraph commendation which for discharge credit is worth less than the paper on which it is mimeographed. A Fighter Group man in headquarters is handed 20 points; a Service Group man at the next desk, doing the same work, is handed, it would seem, a gold-bordered TS ticket. Communications, supplies and food, flight control, technical shops *ad infinitum* depend on the Service Group men—but apparently all those things are quite unimportant.

The effect is obvious. A Service Group man entering the Army the same day as a Fighter Group man, coming overseas several months sooner, serving side by side on the same base with the Fighter Group man as a mechanic or driver or flight controller or cook or clerk—during the whole period covered by all four awards—has 15 or 20 points fewer than the Fighter Group man. In such a state of affairs, we cannot find one iota of justice, nor the slightest element of that fairness which those glossy-phrased official statements invariably emphasize.

We don't begrudge the Fighter Group their points; more power to them. But we'd certainly like to know why we should not share the benefits of our joint labors.

Britain. 125 FORGOTTEN MEN

Speaking of Bonuses

Dear YANK,

In regard to the educational clause of the GI Bill of Rights, what of the men who are too old to go to school, or men who will be too old to start upon discharge, or who have a wife and children to support who want to start work immediately after discharge? This category will, I believe, comprise the majority of GIs.

The married man who goes to school gets $75.00 per month for his wife and himself, also the government will pay his tuition at any school up to the amount of $500.00 per year, totalling $5600.00 in 4 years' time. The single veteran has the same break, minus the allotment for a wife. What have the older men past the age of schooling got to look forward to—the loan? It seems to me you will have to have $2,000 or equivalent property to get the government backing on a loan of another $2,000. If you don't have it try and get the loan. Oh yes, the GI Bill of Rights also provides for $20.00 per week unemployment insurance. Do you think my wife and I could get along on that, with the cost of living as it is today? I don't want the insurance, I want to work, but the advantages under this bill apply only to schooling, it seems to me.

A few others here, and I, think that a larger bonus for all would compensate for the difference between the married and single fellows' allowances for school; or, perhaps, cut out the allowance completely and give all a bonus of, say, $3,000. It could be paid directly after the war ends, in three methods—apply as an investment in business or home; apply to an education directly from the government; or to be paid as an instalment for a steady income and do away with the weekly unemployment insurance.

Let's fight for the bonus now and not have another deal like there was after the last war. Remember, that one that made a political football out of it?

Britain. M/Sgt. GEORGE P. CUNNINGHAM*

*Also signed by 74 others.

Dear YANK,

You will probably get a letter from a certain group of men agitating for a change in the benefits to be given to GIs under the Bill of Rights. They feel that the provisions do not cover a large enough number of veterans, and propose a larger bonus ($3,000) to take care of this, instead of sending them to school or loaning them money. This may be a good idea. On the other hand, should the bottom drop out of the dollar as it did after the last war, how far will that $3,000 go? Why not give the veterans their choice of either (a) $3,000—payable in instalments, or (b) present schooling benefits or (c) loan benefits as provided by the Bill of Rights? Perhaps this would make everyone happier.

Britain. Sgt. ALEX C. COOK

Dear YANK,

It is pretty disgusting to read so many suggestions as to how we can get more dough for this and more dough for that. Do the guys with the suggestions suggest who will pay for their fantastic methods of getting more money from the "Government"? A financial agency with vaults filled with gold? Or do they think Uncle Sam is a rich old Joe ready to hand out cash to the guys with the best schemes? Please don't print any letters dealing with more free handouts to Joes just because they fought for their country, YANK. It insults the intelligence of the Yanks who realize just how much this mess is costing us in every way.

Then I wish you would quit printing letters from guys who write such stuff as: "I have been in action since D-day and I wish . . . etc." and then follow with another equally fantastic scheme of one kind or another. Limited imaginations and lack of reasoning is no doubt responsible for letters being printed these days.

Britain. T/4 PETER J. LOGERFO

Dear YANK,

The action on the part of the national government to pay the education of a veteran, providing the provisions contained therein are met, is directly in conflict with the ideas of the veteran, who wants relief from signing papers and forms; and desires instead an independence from governmental influence and regimentation. A veteran who sincerely craves for a higher education will get it regardless of subsidization and gift. This is partly illustrated by a study in a highly recognized state university in a cross-section taken a year before hostilities that over 60 per cent of the student enrollment earned part or all of their expenses.

An analysis of this supposed morale builder reveals still further facts. Less than 5 per cent of the nation's population has ever completed the prerequisites for a degree, and the writer doubts whether the percentage will increase, even when opportunity is given to eligible veterans. The nation's higher institutions can, and probably will, raise their eligibility requirements when confronted with a flood of potential candidates, resulting in bewilderment to many who were enamored by the benefits while in the service.

Britain. Cpl. V. A. BENDER

Dear YANK,

At the age of 24 I have contributed 2½ years of my existence to the service of my country. These years normally would have represented the formation of my second stage of life. By that I refer to marriage and a family. I have sacrificed these things along with an excellent position, a comfortable home, a normal way of life and social prestige. These sacrifices have been made on my part with the same spirit as my offerings to my God and Church. A spirit of willingness, desire and thankfulness.

I represent Irish-German stock—all four of my grandparents coming to the States in their late teens. My father's parents, the Irish, lived a humble farm life in New England. Out of this life they produced a son, my father, who by unbelievable toil and sweat worked his way through the finest of Medical Colleges and became one of our country's most respected and prominent surgeons. My mother's family, the Germans, also represented the poor. By the same toil and sweat, my grandfather produced and perfected many dental and scientific tools. Had these people remained in their respective countries the listed accomplishments would never have been possible. Therefore, when the war broke out and our wonderful country and the way of life became endangered, and believe me it was most seriously endangered, I willingly accepted the duties of an American soldier. A firm believer in that old saying, "one never receives something for nothing in this world," I felt the time for payment due.

I have stated my case, YANK. Now I should like to have you state yours. During the time I have been subjected to your publication and the *Stars & Stripes* I have read nothing in *Mail Call* and the *B-Bag* but constant bitching and moaning on the part of the GI. And when I say GI, I do not refer to the private, but to all American soldiers from the Lt. Col. who wasn't recorded the proper respect and position upon returning to civilian life, and the Lt. Col. who wants a promotion to enhance his prestige in future civilian life, to the private who wants a $500 bonus per month. I ask you to state your case, YANK. Are you printing the sensational or the true soldiers' opinion?

It is difficult for me to believe that the majority of American service men are as self centered and lacking in character as your publication pictures them. The American love for their country and patriotism is not measured in monetary consideration and personal ego.

Should my outlook be wrong, distorted, one of an unbalanced mind, God help us in the United States upon the return of the service man. What a heyday the broken down politician will have. Twenty dollars per week per man—a Lincoln Continental in every garage.

Again, YANK, if my opinion of the American soldier is warped, I make an appeal. Sober up, service men. Take stock of yourselves. Are you going to be the football of every scheming politician or a true American, one who is not afraid of hard work or a life of his own. And above that, remember our brothers-in-arms who by their supreme sacrifice will not return to our America and those who will return mangled and torn. They do not ask for charity and gifts, only life.

Britain. S/Sgt. T. G. L.

Flying Count

Dear YANK,

Enclosed you will find a picture of the

original "Flying Count"—or we of Lt. Platner's crew believe him to be. As far as publicity for that Ex-T/5's change in status, I suppose we are behind, but he has been flying since last December.

In fact, our friend, that "moldy Ex-T/5" has well over 25 combat missions and none of us had noticed the ruffle of his eyebrows from worry. Daresay that character may be slightly flak happy. He may have a certain beat-up look but we only believe that could be the result of too many "ginses" with Abigail.

Sgts. Vick and Riley, the crew chiefs, have to keep him on the "straight and narrow" but his ex-crew thinks he is an excellent crew member and, having completed one tour, know that his new crew will find him to be strictly on the beam.

So here's to the "Flying Count." He is already well experienced. How's about that 612 rating?

Britain. **T/Sgt. WADE H. STROUPE**

Heiney Slips

Dear YANK,

I was surprised to see such a reputable magazine as yours take a "punch in the eye" as you did in the edition of May 11. I am referring to the article "Cover Slip" in *Mail Call* written by M/Sgt. Heiney. Or doesn't being called "stupid" brown you off?

You know, as well as I do, that your statement the "Ordnance Crews" were loading the A/C was true and it was up to you then and there to have informed that M/Sgt. of the fact. Since you failed there, possibly you will do so in the future, that is, make the fact known that Ordnance *does* load some aircraft.

And to you, my dear Sgt. Heiney, if what you say is true—then for the past 18 months I have been an armorer and haven't known it. And me with a 505 MOS. I don't see how you could have been so stupid (since you like the word so well) as to have made that statement, "Armament loads all A/C." In this Division, only, I repeat, *only* ORDNANCE personnel bomb up A/C with some possible help from the Armament section (4 or 5 men). And that has been the case in all three groups in which I have been over a period of 18 months.

No doubt, sergeant, you and your armament men load the A/C on your base, but there are Ordnance men who load up also. Think you could get together a group of four men to load a B-24 (and fuze) with 500 in 15 minutes? We have done it.

So the next time you start taking credit for something, make sure that you *and only you* deserve it.

When bigger bomb bays are to be loaded—Ordnance will load them (as far as I am concerned!).

Britain. **Sgt. E. F. GLACKEN**

Gyro Gunsight

Dear YANK,

On the *Yanks in Britain* page of one of your recent issues, you ran an article, *Sergeant's Brain-Child*. This pertained to a gyro gunsight.

Because of your lack of regard for facts, which is apparent in the article, and because of the barrage you fired at the Eighth Air Force Operational Engineering Section, some airing of the truth is indicated; and since we know a few truths here, we'll try and put them in the clear.

Firstly, you infer by saying "... made an unusual contribution to the Group's success by adopting" the hot R.A.F. gyro gunsight for use on P-51 Mustangs" that Sgt. Augugliaro dreamed it all up. That even puts Sgt. Augugliaro on the spot, because he and many others know that the gyro gunsight was developed for use in bomber turrets. It was the forerunner of this section (then Air Technical Section) that had the sight mounted in an American aircraft, tested it, and sent representatives to the United States to expedite its manufacture and installation as a standard fighter gun sight. This was in the early spring of 1943. If my memory serves me correctly, the 357th Fighter Group did not arrive in the Theater until November of that year.

Secondly, the mount you criticize was designed by the manufacturers of the airplane. Operational requirements set up by fighter pilots specified that the visor and glare shield remain on the sight. The optics of the sight require that the pilot's eye be six inches from the reflector glass for proper use. Therefore the sight was located near the pilot. As far as your assumption that the sight mount for the P-51D engineered by this section was "set too far forward where it would injure the pilot's face if he belly-landed, and concealed seven instruments from the flyer's vision" is concerned, we would like to point out that with the shoulder harness in place and the rubber shock pad on the sight, facial injury would not necessarily result from a belly landing; also the "seven instruments obscured" turn out to be the clock and vacuum gauge. These instruments *were* more difficult to see, but with the 357th mount they are still difficult to see.

Thirdly, the statement, "without Augugliaro's mount it would have been impossible to use the sight in Mustangs until months later" shows startling disregard for the truth. The gyro sight was used by other P-51 Groups for some time, and combat records show that their poor misguided pilots managed a lucky kill every now and then.

To sum it all up, Sgt. Augugliaro's contribution was to remove the visor and glare shield, and, using the space vacated, move the sight forward by just that much. It was an excellent contribution because the pilots, after flying this version of the mount, decided they liked it sufficiently to forego the shield and visor. Other pilots were asked for an opinion and it was agreed that the shield and visor were not required. The Materiel Division was then informed by this section of the change to be made and North American was instructed to redesign their mounts. That was how North American went "all out." But when you praise Augugliaro by making false and misleading statements at the expense of this section, we think it our duty to point out certain facts that you have blithely overlooked. From where we stand, it was bad reporting on your part.

It has been our experience that the accomplishment of any worthwhile project is not due to any one individual, but rather to the combined efforts of many. Our work on the gyro sight was done as part of our duty; with no medals nor pretty ribbons for those who did it.

Britain. **Col. CASS S. HOUGH, Director of Technical Operations**

[*YANK said "adapting"—Ed.]

"T-T-TELL ME ABOUT THE POINTS AGAIN, GEORGE, WILL YA, GEORGE? HUH, GEORGE?" —Cpl. Tom Flannery

Courts-Martial and Brass

Dear YANK,

... Court-martial trials, where only commissioned officers sit in judgment upon an enlisted man, are contrary to all the rules and traditions of American jurisprudence, wherein an American citizen is entitled to be tried by a jury of his peers. (The word "peer" means "equal.") ...

Enough evidence has appeared to prove that officers, as a group, will tend to protect a fellow officer where a conflict arises with an enlisted man. In an infraction of one of the "unbiased" Articles of War, an enlisted man's word will count for naught when his testimony is weighed against the "more mature" and "responsible" statements of a commissioned officer.

In many cases involving a choice of company punishment or court-martial, the enlisted man must necessarily choose the former because he feels that he can obtain no true measure of justice from an officer. He believes, with a great deal of truth and experience to influence him, that he will pay a penalty regardless which path he follows. If he accepts an immediate company punishment, he knows what the price is and he can pay it in a short time. Choosing a court-martial might prove embarrassing to him, costly to his salary and generally tying him up in a mire of GI legalistic quicksand.

It is my belief that a fairer sense of justice will apply to court-martial trials only when both commissioned officers and enlisted men sit upon the bench. Only then can the enlisted man be sure that a solid wall of brass isn't stacked against him. Only then will an enlisted man request a court-martial in preference to company punishment, feeling that someone judging him will understand his position, his feelings, his attitudes, his reasons for committing an infraction of military regulations. ...

India. **S/Sgt. SAM HESSELBERG**

Quiztionaires

Dear YANK,

A new craze has hit this base. Remember the chain letters during our civilian paradise, and then came the moron jokes? Well, while sweating out missions (what was left of them) we, of *Flack Shack*, invented a new game called quiztionaires. Can your many readers top the following:

What kind of chance do you tell a Chinaman he hasn't got?

T/Sgt. Charles Flynn.

Where do people in Hades tell each other to go to?

T/Sgt. Richard Thebom.

What language is Greek to Greeks?

Sgt. Ben Stanford.

Who teaches the pigs Latin?

T/Sgt. Fred Blood.

Can you top these, Yanks?

Britain. **Cpl. SYD KERMISCH**

Post-war Conscription

Dear YANK,

Recently I have heard and read quite a bit about post-war conscription. And after giving it a lot of thought, I feel that it would be the best thing for our country, if it would be put into effect.

They say that the "best defense is an offense." I believe this wholeheartedly. Do you think Japan would have attacked us if she knew that we had the biggest fleet and Air Corps in the world? Would Japan have attacked us if she knew that we had 5,000,000 trained men who could be put into action within a month? I think not.

For examples of prepared countries attacking unprepared countries, there was Japan attacking China, Italy attacking Ethiopia, Germany launching her armies at Poland, Belgium, the Netherlands, and even France. Whenever these aggressor nations attacked, they were practically playing a "sure thing." What prevented Germany's conquest of our European Allies? The English Spitfire, Channel and fleet stopped Hitler there. And in the East, Russia's tremendous army stopped him.

I am sure that the 18-year-olds would rather put in one year in service right after graduating from high school than put in five years some time later in their lives after they are settled.

Britain. **Cpl. SAM LENIN**

Ribbon for Ex-Prisoners

Dear YANK,

I have been reading YANK for quite some time. There have been guys putting in about different ribbons and other things, so I thought I would put one in.

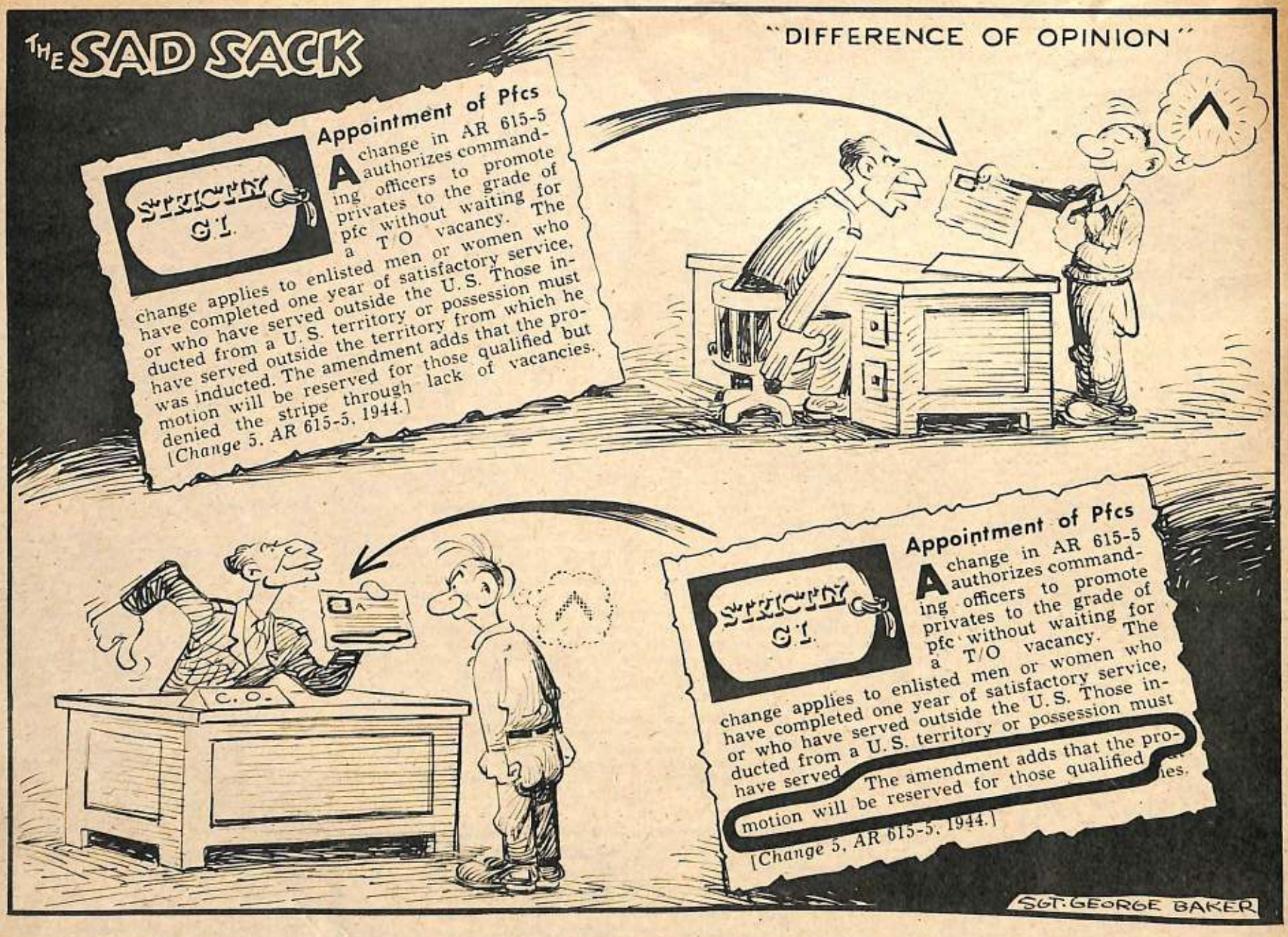
I was a prisoner of war by the Germans for 47 days, and it wasn't no dream being one as I guess you have heard.

I think all of us prisoners should have a ribbon.

It's not the idea of us being proud of wearing it, it's just what we went through.

Please see what you can do for us.

Britain. **Pvt. IRVIN GONSE**



Discharged Husbands

Dear YANK:

My husband was wounded in the battle for the Rhine and has been shipped back to the States for hospitalization. I am told that his wounds are such that he will be discharged after a few months of treatment. If that happens he will certainly need me at home to look after him. Can a Wac get a discharge under such circumstances?

Britain —T Sgt. MILDRED C. McKEE

■ If your husband is discharged for physical reasons as the result of combat wounds you may be able to get a discharge to take care of him. To get such a discharge you will need a doctor's certificate stating that your presence at home is desirable for his health and morale.

Free Schooling

Dear YANK:

Just before I was inducted into the Army I received a four-year scholarship to one of our leading universities. They even promised me they would hold it for me until I get back. I would very much like to study medicine, which is an eight-year course.

Is it possible for me to use this scholarship for my first four years of pre-med and use the educational provisions of the GI Bill of Rights four years later to cover my medical education?

France —Cpl. C. M. HAAYEN

■ You may be able to take advantage of both your scholarship and the educational provisions of the GI Bill of Rights. You need not start taking advantage of the educational benefits of the law until two years after your discharge or two years after the end of the war, whichever date is later. In this regard you should remember that the first World War did not officially end until July of 1921. Therefore you may have lots of time to take advantage of the law and there even is a possibility that you will be able to use up the entire four-year scholarship before applying for the GI Bill benefits.

What's Your Problem?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

Job Rights

Dear YANK:

My brother was in the office of a general agent of a large insurance company for over 15 years. He entered the Army in 1943 and has been overseas since April 1944. Because he had a large clientele, my mother (age 65) was authorized by the general agent to carry on in my brother's place. Since then a new general agent has taken over and made a lot of changes, firing old employees etc. He told my mother he would keep her on, not because her son was in service, but because she was doing a good job.

Does the law protect my brother in any way? Can my mother carry on his business or can this agent fire her at any time?

Holland —M Sgt. FRED KAHN

■ The Selective Training and Service Act of 1940, which offers job protection to men in service, does not extend that protection to the person who replaces the soldier. While the insurance company can fire your mother whenever it wants to, that will in no way affect your brother's right to his old job. If he applies for the job within 90 days after he is discharged, he should get it back or a job of like status and seniority.

Surviving Sons

Dear YANK:

My mother tells me that she read in one of the papers where it is now possible for a son to request that he be shipped back to the States if he has lost a brother in the war. I tried to check this with my local command and have been told that it sounds like another civilian rumor. My brother was killed in the Philippines. Can I get shipped back to the States under that ruling?

India —(Name Withheld)

■ You can not. The War Department statement was that the sole surviving son of a family that had lost two or more sons in the war could be returned to the States. However, where such a man is engaged in nonhazardous duty overseas he may be kept at his overseas assignment.

Retirement Pay

Dear YANK:

Some of the men in this outfit insist that National Guard time counts toward retirement pay. They say that a guy could sign up in the National Guard, drill one night a week for 30 years and at the end of that time retire on a Federal pension. Some others say a guy could count his National Guard time toward retirement so that if he drilled for 15 years he would only need 15 more years in the Army to be able to retire on a pension. Is either of them right?

Philippines —S Sgt. E. PATTEN

■ Neither group is correct. Time served in the National Guard counts toward longevity pay but it does not count toward retirement pay.

THE FIRST YANKS OF WORLD WAR II DRILL IN NORTHERN IRELAND.

Yanks in Britain

First Yanks in Britain

ENGLAND—When the first convoy of Yanks loomed out of the Atlantic mist and docked in Northern Ireland on Jan. 26, 1942, American and British security officials were going crazy trying to trace the source of information that had led to the disclosure of their arrival.

The quayside was jammed with people waving flags and shouting themselves hoarse. Weeks before, they had known that the Yanks were coming. People on the street were even heard to name the day. On the other hand, not one of the American soldiers on board the troopships knew where they were bound for until they stepped off.

Until the last man came ashore, Spitfires dived and roared overhead just in case some members of the enthusiastic welcome party had inadvertently tipped off the enemy.

The first American to land was Pvt. Milburn Henke. Before he could say, "Jolly nice!" the National Broadcasting Co. had whisked him off to Belfast to make a two-way broadcast with his father, mother and fiancée gathered in his father's restaurant in Hutchinson, Minn.

Old man Henke signed off, saying, "Give 'em hell, son." Pvt. Henke, thoroughly dazed by Army troopship procedure, was thinking more of some decent chow and a good night's sleep than of giving anybody hell at the moment. Actually, it wasn't until the Normandy campaign two and a half years later that he had a chance to take his father's advice.

Right away the British newspapers began giving useful hints on how to recognize an American soldier. Under the heading of "While they are over here this is what they will look like," the London *Daily Mail* plunged into a description of the American uniform. "The day an American joins the Army as a private," it stated, "he gets two ties to wear with his uniform, one black, one khaki—both silk. He also gets, when he is graded first class, something no private in the British Army has—a stripe. Privates in the U. S. Army have one stripe, corporals two, sergeants three. The only difference is that the stripes slope down from the apex instead of up as in the British Army."

Next to striped-privates, the English press found, jeeps proved the most singular aspect of the American Army. A correspondent for the London *Times*, visiting an American unit in Ireland, predicted the arrival of more jeeps in these words, "It is expected that an increased establishment will be made of the unarmored scout cars known either as 'Peeps' or 'Blitz-Buggies.'" The London *Evening Standard* reported that "the Americans are descending on all our towns in whippet cars." Another paper referred to jeeps as "military runabouts with a 32-h.p. engine that can go anywhere." Still another reporter told of an interview he had had with an American major on the subject of jeeps. "As we spoke in the hotel foyer," the journalist wrote, "the major looked up the staircase appraisingly. 'If the doors were wider,' he said, 'we could have one running up there easily.'"

A month later the same paper reported that this had actually happened, though not in England, but Egypt. An American officer, it was stated, had driven up two flights of steps in a Cairo apartment house. "Everything would have been all right," the paper said, "only the landlord objected to the jeep being driven up his staircase—every night for a fortnight—in low gear." The account broke off here to describe the low-gear speed with which the vehicle is equipped and ended by stating that the officer's defense at his court-martial was that it was against Army Regulations to leave the jeep on the street overnight.

A few days after the landing in Northern Ireland, Maj. Gen. James E. Chaney established U. S. Army Headquarters in London. Soon GIs were teeming through London, chewing gum, leaning against lampposts, and losing their way.

The press went full out to soften the blow. "The doughboy is puzzled," said the London *Observer*, "to find that English people still regard him as a tempestuous film tough with a ham fist, a voice like a file, the build of Wallace Beery and a permanent hangover, both mental and physical. Forget for a moment the celluloid husky who lives on a diet of iron filings and put in his place a sober, rather pale, normally built young man of middle height and marked natural courtesy, who is self-confident enough, but who can talk sensibly about many things, and whose taste in music is not bounded by gongs and bones and you will have a more reasonable picture of the doughboy of 1942. The young private on the opposite pavement, far from being a Hollywood slugger waiting for some friendly moll, is probably a dry-goods clerk in Kansas—slightly homesick. Incidentally, as a rule he speaks English. That is, you can get his drift without a glossary."

Reporters were sent to interview GIs to find out what they thought of London. They got all kinds of opinions. One paper came out with the headlines: "Doughboys think our girls lovely—but dread a blackout." GIs disagreed. "What's wrong with the blackout?" they wanted to know.

In Parliament, a lady member asked if the Ministry of Food was aware that American servicemen were accustomed to iced water with their meals but often found it so difficult to obtain water at hotels and restaurants here that they had to order alcoholic drinks or minerals. Therefore, she asked, would it be possible to make hotels and restaurants supply water at all meals?

The Ministry of Food representative said that he had received no complaints about this from the American Forces and that, from the way things were going, all the beer in England would soon be mainly water anyway.

Back in Ireland, there was a monetary crisis. The Irish had been very helpful when they found the Yanks were not equal to the task of understanding British currency and had allowed them to continue using dollar bills. Soon dollar and even ten-dollar bills were in wide circulation. It became such a muddle that officials were obliged to make it an offense for civilians to exchange dollars or accept them in payment.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Down and Connor and AEF authorities issued a joint warning to Ulster girls: "Don't marry U.S. soldiers." It was explained that there were no allotments for the wives and children of Yanks below the rank of staff sergeant. But it was too late. Two months before the warning, Pvt. Herbert W. Cook had married Thelma Smith in Belfast, the first of an astronomical number of such weddings. By January, 1945, a little less than three years after the Bishop's warning, 20,000 British girls had married Americans of all ranks below and above staff sergeant.

YANK's predecessor was called *The Belligerent* and was put out by the Army and Navy at the American Embassy in London. Its motto, printed on the masthead, was: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. You'll get a taxi . . . maybe."

When YANK itself first came out, in June, 1942, being published then only in the States, a writer for an English paper, commenting on one of the earliest copies to reach here, said, "Why this title has been chosen is hard to see. I've never yet dared to call any American soldier a Yank, whether he came from North or South."

At about the same time an American colonel attempted to explain the presence of the Yanks to their British hosts. "We're here," he said, "to invade the Continent, not, as it has seemed up until now, to compare British and American fox trots, taxicab drivers and ice cream."

He was a little off base, of course. By that time American influence had abolished the fox trot and ice cream, and taxicab drivers had become just a wonderful dream.

By Cpl. EDMUND ANTROBUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

The COUNT

OTHER affairs kept us from paying our customary visit to that ex-T/5 known as the Count last week, so we asked Willard L. Klenk, Ylc, USNR, if he could fill in for us. He obliged in the navy tradition by calling instead upon the Count's honey, a Wac corporal named Abigail, and here is his report:—

"When we came upon Corporal Abigail, commonly known as the Countess since her romantic relationship with the Count got underway, she was draped in her new off-duty dress looking out at us from behind three or four inches of drugstore lashes that were drooping wearily. She wore sufficient artificial coloring to match the 'mild-and-bitter' ruddy complexion of the Count.

"Before we could open our mouth, she had already started talking about the Count. She said she wasn't going to try to reform her man immediately, as that seems to be a bad habit some women are born with and that's where they make their mistake. 'I especially steer clear of criticizing his clothes,' she said, 'and if he wants to wear his hat so that it looks like it's been through the Mississippi flood, I don't pretend to notice it. Some men like to wear battered, shabby hats.'

"We could not help but ask what she thought of her one and only off-duty dress. 'Well,' she said, 'I notice that I have been receiving an unusual amount of stares from women of the other services, especially when I'm out with the Count. I don't know if they are staring so jealously because of the dress or the Count.'

"We decided against setting her straight on this point and she went on to say that she had already asked her supply sergeant for an extra dress as the Count was in the habit of spilling his mild and bitter on her when pub-closing time drew near. In return she had offered the supply sergeant the company of the Count for one evening. On second thought, she did not figure that a dress was sufficient compensation for this deal and might ask the supply sergeant to throw in a pair of silk hose as well.

"With that, Corporal Abigail cut our conversation short and walked out of the day-room with a sailor, as the Count, it seemed, was tied up with some kind of detail for the evening."


Martha Vickers
YANK
Pin-up Girl

OVERSEAS EDITION
The Sporting News
FOR ARMED FORCES. DISTRIBUTED BY THE SPECIAL SERVICES DIVISION, A. S. F., U. S. ARMY
ST. LOUIS, APRIL 12, 1945
VOLUME 119, NUMBER 10
★ ★ ★ NOT FOR SALE

NEGRO IN O. B. EVOLUTION, NOT REVOLUTION—B.R.

...ime in the Ozarks ... By WILLARD ... ...ssist ...

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Staff Writer

Sports-Minded Spink

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—J. G. Taylor Spink, publisher of the *Sporting News*, let out a roar which brought his circulation manager running. Glaring at him over his glasses, Spink threw the letter he had been reading across the desk and bellowed, "Here's a guy on Guam who hasn't seen our paper in a month."

It isn't Spink's fault if a copy of the *Sporting News*—"Baseball's Bible," as the *Saturday Evening Post* called it a few years ago—isn't available in every latrine and day room from the Rhine to Okinawa. Probably no other civilian publication outside of *Time* and *Newsweek* has put so much effort into serving the servicemen.

When the war began the *Sporting News* had a circulation of about 145,000; now it is rapidly approaching the half-million mark, and a large part of it is going to servicemen in this country and overseas.

Besides its regular edition of the *Sporting News*, which averages 24 pages, Spink prints an Overseas Edition and a Service Edition. The Overseas Edition is just what its name implies. The Service Edition goes to camps and hospitals in this country. Originally, the St. Louis publisher tried to keep his regular edition standard-sized while publishing the other two as tabloids, but it didn't work out mechanically, and now all three papers are tabloid.

"Going tabloid was the best thing that ever happened to us," Spink says. "We did it to the Service and Overseas Editions to cut down the space in the mail sacks. Now we've found that we get a display on the newsstands that we couldn't get as a standard-sized newspaper. I don't think we'll ever go back to the large size."

Sending his paper overseas to our troops during wartime isn't anything new for Spink. He took over the management of the paper in 1914. By 1918, with most of the country's baseball fans off to war, the circulation dropped to 6,000 copies. He was debating whether he would have to fold the paper for the duration when the late Col. Tillinghast Huston returned from France. Huston, who was then a partner of the late Jake Ruppert in the ownership of the Yankees, told of seeing soldiers at the front pass around a copy of the *Sporting News* until it was in shreds. Ban Johnson, president of the American League, then bought 10,000 subscriptions to be sent overseas.

Spink wasn't caught napping when this war broke out. Right after Pearl Harbor he went to Washington and talked with Lt. Col. Ray L. Trautman, library division of Special Services, and Maj. Paul Postell, his assistant, and arranged to send 14,700 six-month subscriptions to Special Service officers for distribution among the troops. Before those subscriptions had expired the quota was raised to 35,000 and it has been increased steadily ever since.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company, the Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Owens-Illinois Glass and a number of other industrial firms, as well as the major and minor leagues, sponsor subscriptions. And papers purchased by the Joe E. Brown All-Pacific Recreation Fund Inc., which sponsors subscriptions for 15,000 copies per week, were flown to the Marines on Iwo Jima. Sgt. Karl Lipke wrote from that island: "The *Sporting News* was the first Stateside paper here. We distributed over 1,000 copies yesterday."

A typical Overseas Edition carries, in addition to baseball coverage, features on boxing, horse racing, hockey, football and whatever sports are in season; also pin-ups and cartoons. "We make an effort to avoid vulgarity in our pin-ups," says Spink. One of the recent *Sporting News* pin-ups was a picture of Sherry Britton, strip-tease artist at Leon & Eddie's in New York. The caption mentioned that Sherry would be glad to send one of her pictures to anybody who wrote to her at the night club. She received 23,000 requests.

J. G. TAYLOR SPINK inherited his newspaper and his love for sports. His Uncle Al founded the *Sporting News* in 1886, but he soon found publishing a paper, even a sports paper, dull business and sent for his brother Charlie, Taylor's father, to run it for him. Al had written a play about horse racing, a turkey named "The Derby Winner," and immediately on Charlie's arrival from the Dakotas, where he had been homesteading, took it on tour. When Al wasn't touring with his play he was attempting to popularize night horse racing at St. Louis' South Side Race Track.

Charlie dropped the coverage of other sports and concentrated on baseball. He fought for a number of reforms in the game, but it wasn't until the advent of the American League in 1900 that his paper, which backed the Ban Johnson circuit in its fight with the National League, really established itself. When the two leagues made peace they asked Editor Joe Flanner of the *Sporting News* to write the National Agreement. It was set in type at the *Sporting News* office and a proof was shown to Harry Pulliam, then president of the National League. Pulliam was impressed with it, and both leagues adopted it without changing a word of the original copy.

About that time Taylor, who wanted to be a sportswriter, quit high school to take a job as an office boy in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* sports department. Later, when the *Sporting News* office boy quit, Taylor went to work for his father.

Ring Lardner succeeded Joe Flanner as editor of the *Sporting News* before the first World War. The paper went steadily downhill under Ring, who wasn't cut out for an editorial desk job. But it was on the *Sporting News* that Lardner wrote "Pullman Pastimes," the predecessor of his "You Know Me Al" series which made him famous as a short-story writer.

SPINK took over management of the paper from his father not long after Lardner left to write sports for the Boston *Evening American*. Taylor improved it greatly by hiring correspondents in every city which boasted a team in organized baseball. After weathering the first World War, he expanded by starting the *Sporting Goods Dealer*, a trade publication, and publishing baseball guides and record books. In fact, Spink did so well that he was able to have a feud with the late Judge Landis.

"The judge did most of the feuding," Taylor says today. "He was the greatest benefactor the game has had, even if he did act like a ham actor at times."

To make this respectful appraisal of Landis, Spink had to overlook the fact that the judge took away from him the compiling and printing of the official baseball guide, a task Spink and his staff had handled for years, and deprived him of thousands of dollars in income.

Spink gets around. He makes two or three trips a year to New York to take in the shows. He'll go anywhere to attend a sporting event. He's traveled in Europe. The Kentucky Derby is an event he never misses, and he loves to bet on the horses. He arrives at his office early and works late, but when the tracks are open he is in constant touch with one of the St. Louis books.

When friends suggested that he was the man to succeed Landis as commissioner of the national pastime he shouted, "I don't want any part of that job."

"Why?" they asked.

"Why?" he said. "Because I wouldn't be able to bet on the horses—that's why."

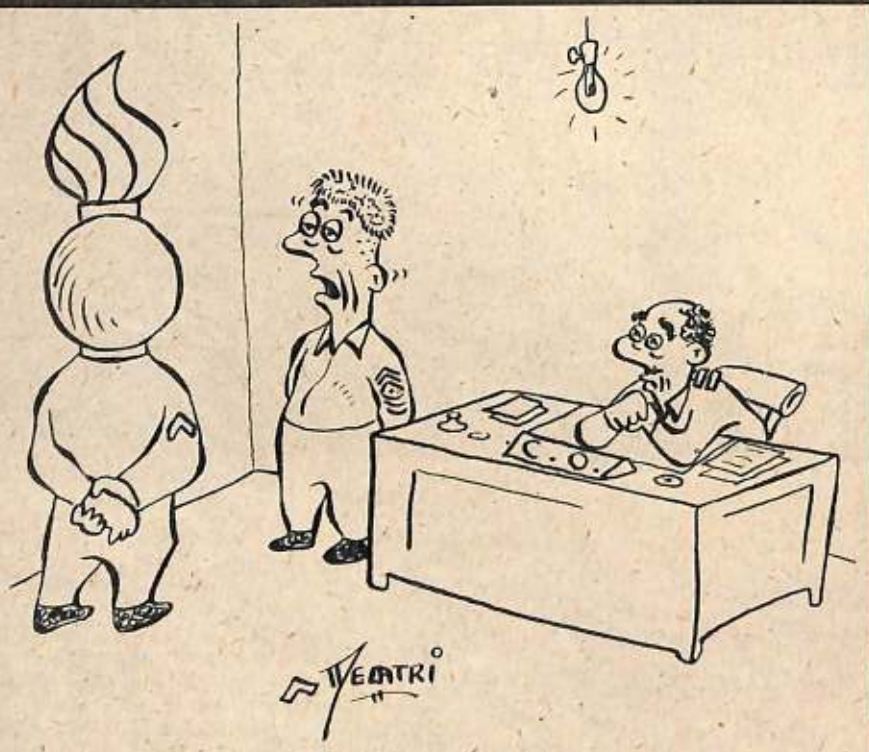
J. G. Taylor Spink uses a Dictaphone to answer all servicemen's letters personally.

THIS nice young thing from Ann Arbor, Mich., is Martha Vickers (nee MacVicar) who has her first important movie role in Warner Bros. production "The Big Sleep," starring Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. Martha will be 20 years old next May 28. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs exactly 108, has light brown hair and blue-green eyes.

"WALLY O'CONNELL, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"
—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell

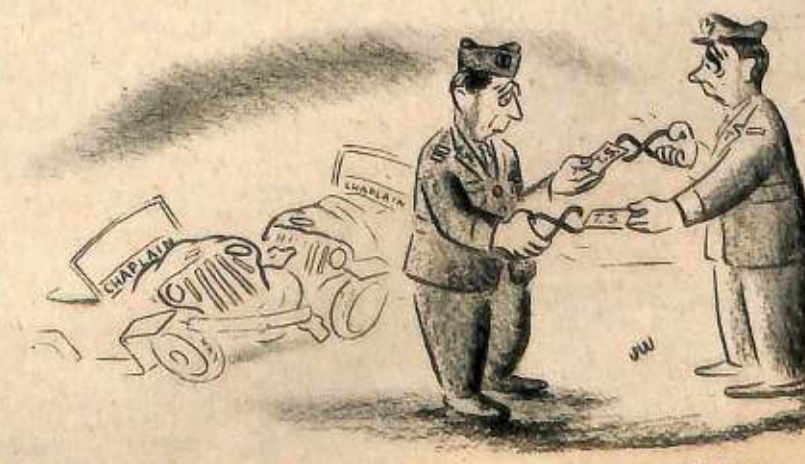
"MISS THE FLIGHT DECK AGAIN, HIGGINS?"

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY



"WE'RE GOING TO TRANSFER YOU, MURPHY. WE'VE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT YOU'VE BEEN IN ORDNANCE TOO LONG."
—Pfc. A. Delatri

"—ABOUT YOUR RUNNING DOWN TO THE NATIVE VILLAGE ALL THE TIME, MITCHELL—"
—Cpl. Frank R. Robinson



—Sgt. Jim Weeks

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(Your name & military rank - NOT your parents' names) 50-B

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