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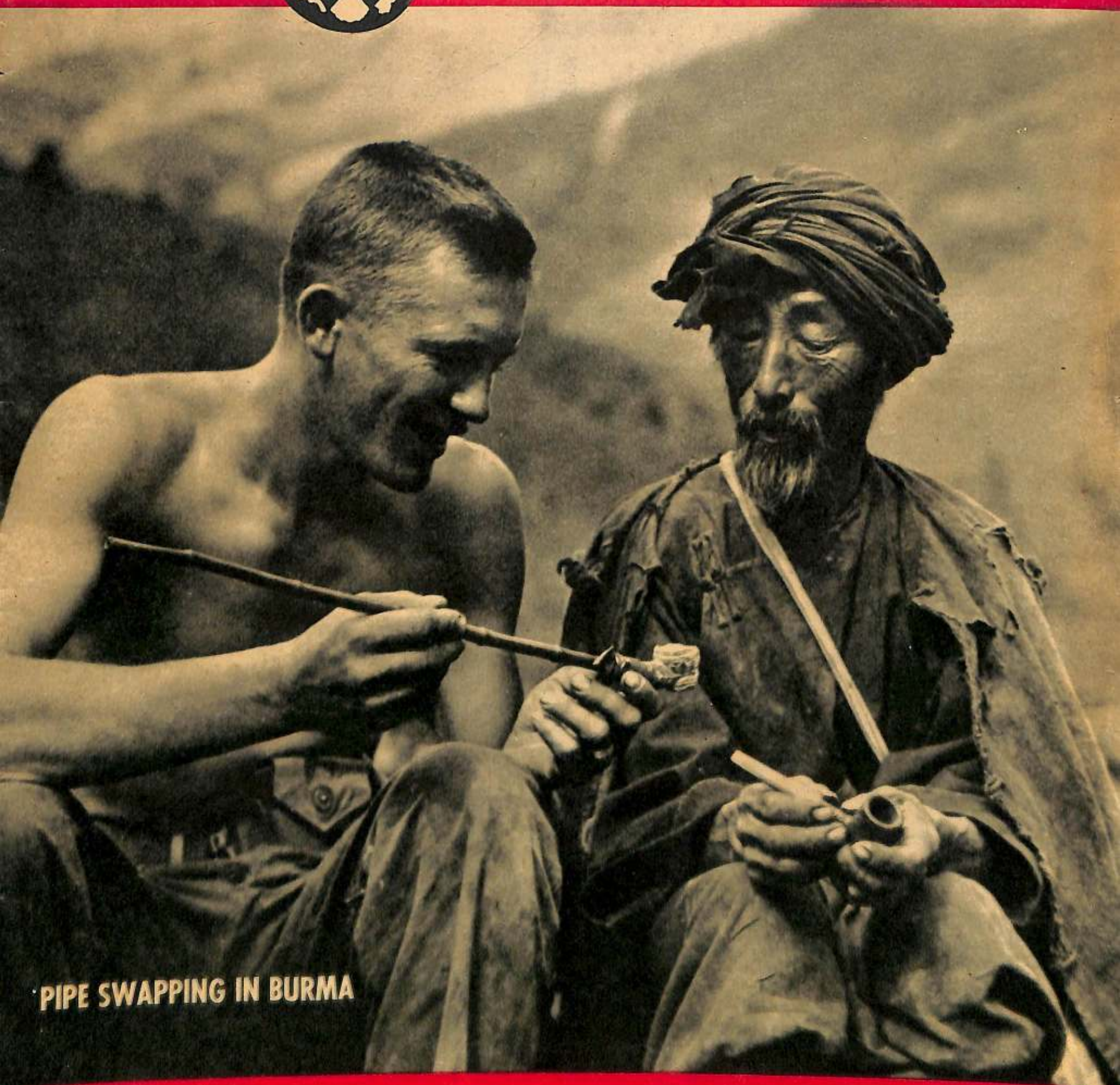
By the men . . for the men in the service

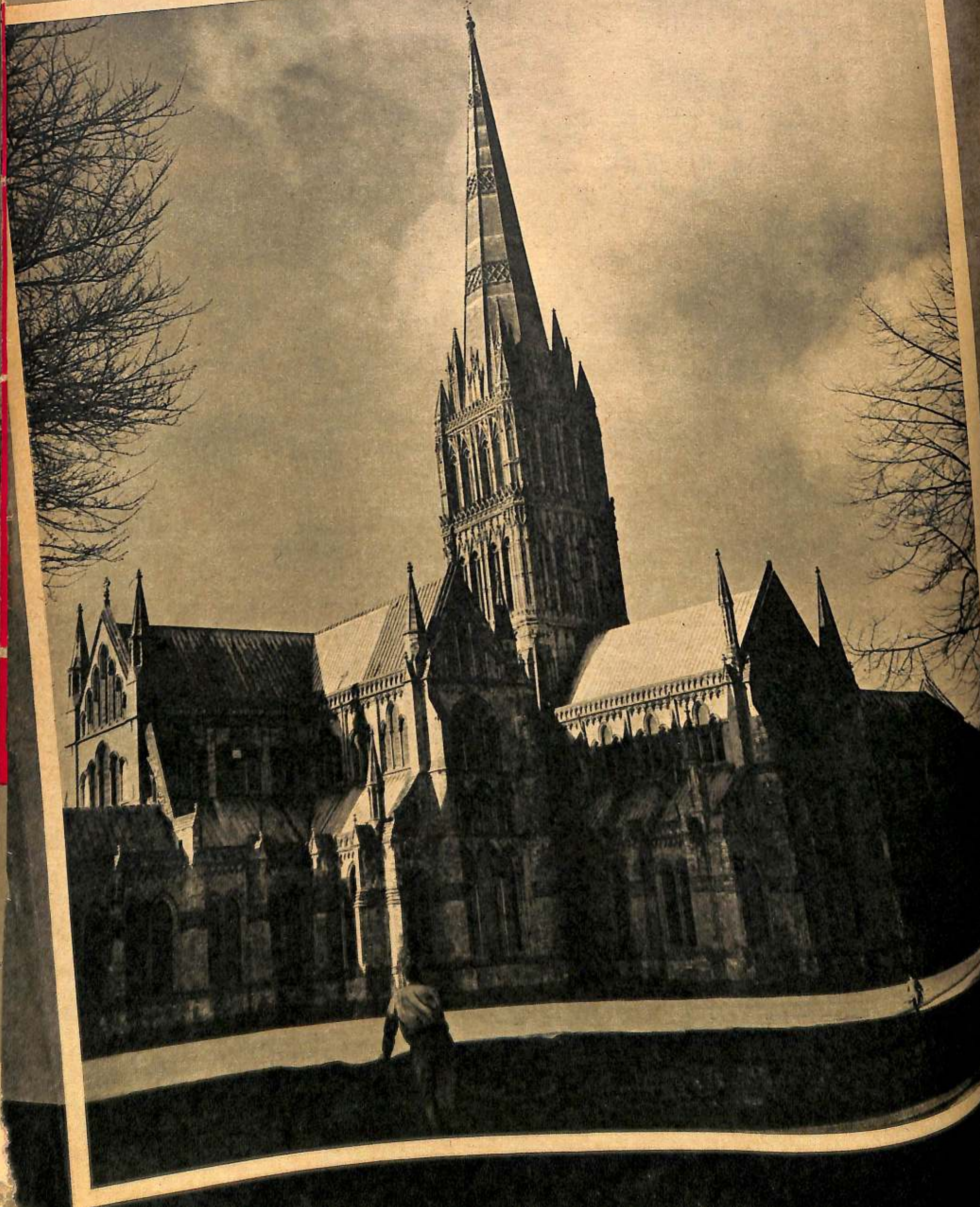


PIPE SWAPPING IN BURMA

Tackling Problems of Government in Bremen

—Pages 8 and 9

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL



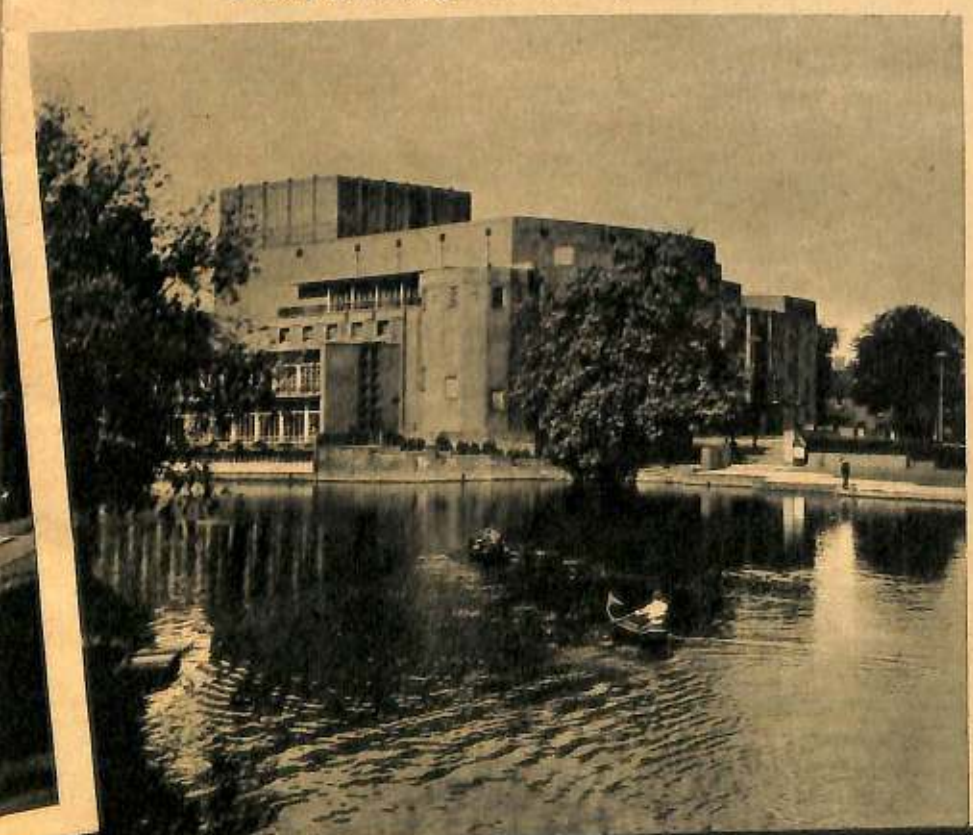
Places To Remember

THE destructive fury of war now has moved far east of the British Isles, water-bound launching platform of the most daring land-sea-air assault in history. For the first time in six years, the people of this island are free to enjoy the abundant scenic splendor of their country. To a more limited extent, the war-obscured beauty and gaiety of Britain are open also to the Americans who have fought side by side with the British. On these four pages, *YANK* presents some pictures of characteristic scenes in the United Kingdom taken by our photographers. Many of us have seen these places, and a lot of us haven't, and perhaps never will. This is not intended to be a guide to the British Isles, nor yet a formal listing of all the good furlough spots. Some of the localities shown can be visited on a 48-hour pass, while others will require a full furlough. You'll have to check up with your CO to see how you

(Turn to next page.)

Some convalescent GIs and their nurse enjoy a moment of ease in the Great Quadrangle at Christ Church in the world-famous Oxford University, whose colleges have opened short courses for Allied military personnel. For visitors who have only a day to do the town, there are conducted tours, and there's a Red Cross club near the schools. That air-raid shelter sign in the archway is in strange contrast with peaceful Oxford.

The beach at Brighton, washed by the waters of the English Channel. Thousands of GIs have visited this spot, which is easily reached from London, and there haven't been many complaints except the usual ones about war-time shortages. It's generally pretty crowded, but worth the trip if you hit it right. The place started out as a fishing town in 1656, but now Brighton has been turned over completely to the pleasure-seeker.

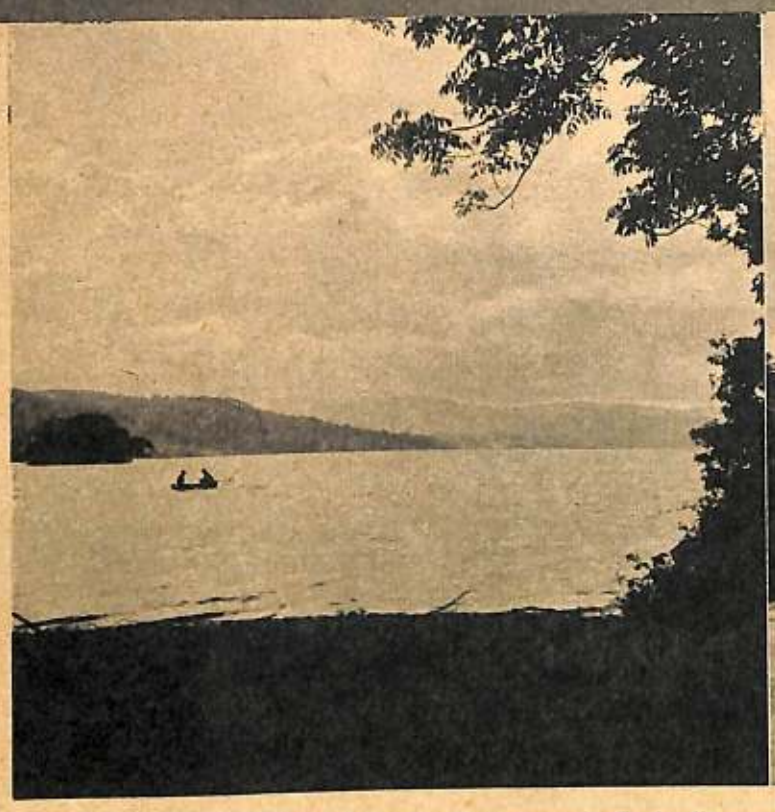


Shakespeare Memorial Theater in Stratford-on-Avon, birthplace of the playwright. During the drama season there's Shakespeare every night. You can take boat rides on the lovely Avon or enjoy a bicycle tour through some lovely countryside. The Red Cross has everything well in hand—food, shelter and tours. There are a lot of good pubs in Stratford, too, and our photographer said there were no MPs around.

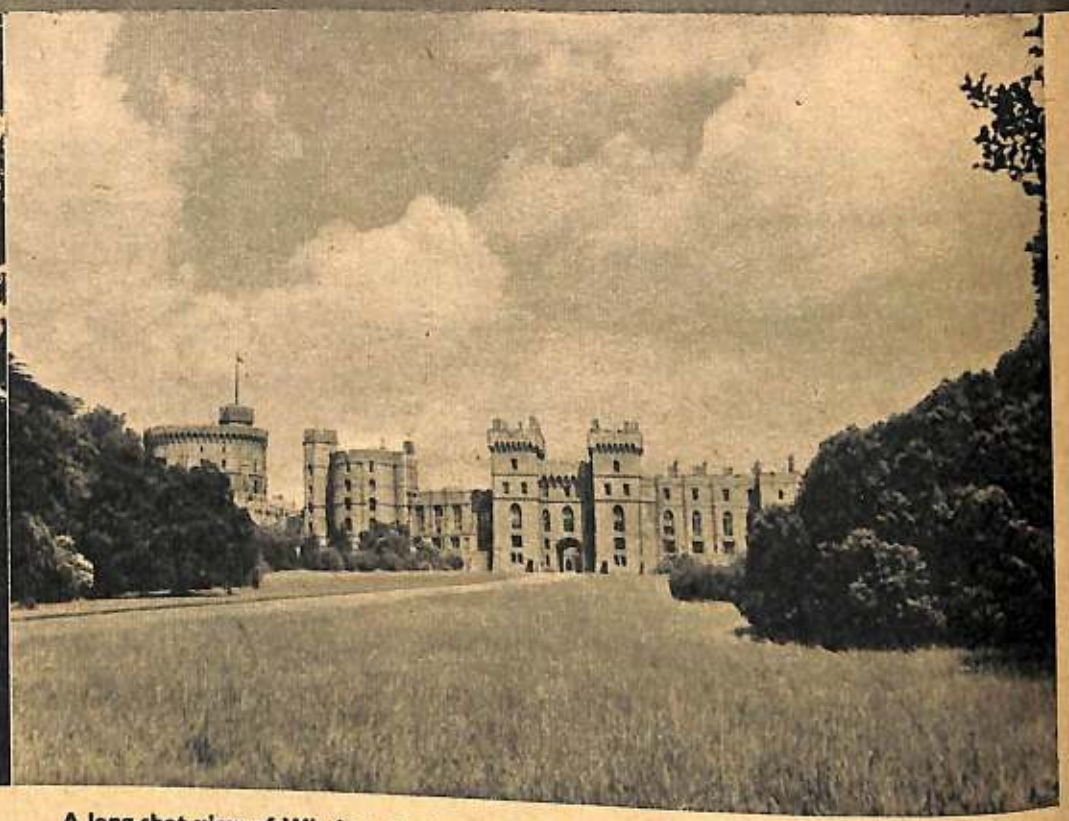
The amusement park at Blackpool, a gay resort town away up north in Lancashire, a swell spot for guys who like sea air and a genuine Coney Island atmosphere. For the benefit of visiting GIs, our man reported that there was little trouble getting a room in a boarding-house, but that the hotels were jammed. He said the food was pretty good, but things weren't so plentiful in the drinking line. There's a 7-mile promenade.

(Continued from previous page.)

stand on the time-off deal. Officially, troops on furlough from the Continent may travel anywhere in the UK. But UK COM Z troops, aside from UK-based Air Force personnel, must stay at one of four leave-centers while on seven-day furlough—Bournemouth, Barnstaple, Falmouth, and Weymouth. These GIs may take trips to places other than these four, however, if they can show hotel reservations or definite bids to private homes. Wherever you decide to go, make sure first about things like Red Cross and travel accommodations, hotels, amusements and the food situation. Like our own country, Great Britain is swinging into the big job of reconverting from a two-way war to a half-time peace, and you've got to take the present limited facilities into consideration. A lot of material has to be moved from here to there in a hurry, and a great many Britons are on the move these days taking long-postponed holidays. Of course, there are a great number of American soldiers who will be content while on leave to revisit places and people whom they have come to know during the past. Some of us would like nothing better than an uninterrupted chinfest or leisurely sessions of mild and bitter and darts and shove-ha'penny. On these pages we are setting forth a few glimpses of a blitz-free Britain—and some places to remember.



This is Windermere, one of the loveliest spots in England's famous Lake District. The lake pictured here is ten miles long, and the facilities for boating, fishing and hiking are ideal. All reports say the food and drink problems are under control, but that you have to sweat it out for a room.



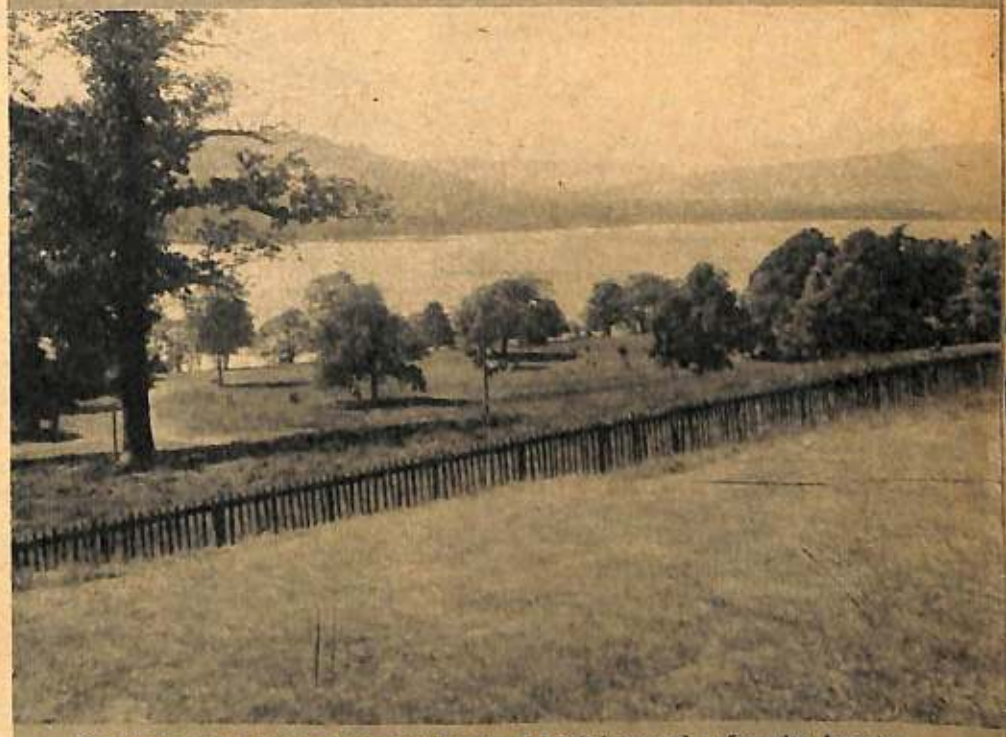
A long-shot view of Windsor Castle, on the Thames River, just forty-five minutes by train from London. It's been the chief residence of English sovereigns dating back to William the Conqueror, and the Castle is steeped with the history of the British Isles. You can walk around the courtyards and into St. George's Chapel, but some parts of the place are off-limits to visitors. Eton College lies just across the river from Windsor.

The magnificent Snowdon Mountains in Wales are full of lakes, passes and streams, all

You might try Tenby, a typical seaside resort town in Wales, if you don't go in for mountain-climbing and you do like swimming, boats, pubs and teas. There's bus service into the picturesque environs, too. The Red Cross Club isn't functioning here, so you had better make arrangements well in advance for hotel bookings. Some places have a bed-and-breakfast deal.

This ancient Inn was built around solid rock, out of which rooms were chiselled, and it's in the tiny fishing village of Stoke Gabriel. The place has no housing facilities for visitors, but it's only a short bus ride from Torquay, on the South Coast. Stoke Gabriel, which once launched ships for Drake's fleet, is pretty quiet but full of teashops, pubs and nautical history.

The only street in Broadway, which is just the opposite of its namesake in New York City. This particular Broadway is a small town in the Cotswolds, a long range of rolling, wooded hills in southern England. The village is replete with tea and antique shops, but that's about all. Better figure on using Evesham as a base, since housing is in short supply here.



You're looking at the celebrated banks of Loch Lomond, a favorite beauty spot for visiting GIs in southwest Scotland. The scenery is bonny, just as the song says, but there's practically no place to bed down in the vicinity. You can reach the Loch in an hour and forty minutes from Glasgow, which is a pretty good jumping-off place for a lot of tours in Scotland.

A look-see at Bournemouth. This is an official U.S. Army rest center facing the English Channel on the South Coast. The bathing and amusements are top-notch, and the Red Cross has taken over some of the best hotels in town. Right now the place is a little crowded, but if you shop early you should do all right for food and drinks. It's three hours from London.

Torquay is another big-time resort town on the South Coast, and our photographer gives the place his unqualified approval. Our man said there were plenty of hotels, food, and night-clubs with floor-shows. He described the Red Cross Club there as the " most un-GI " in the UK. Besides all that, Torquay is built on cliffs and it's just the place for a camera fan.

IKE SUMS IT UP

Paris

THERE is going to be a lot written about this war. Many of you people here present are going to analyze various methods through your acquaintanceship with staff officers, and with what has happened you are going to know much about the basis of decisions, when they were taken, why they were taken and other things that other people don't know. You will then unquestionably write much that will be useful to the military student of the future. If I could urge upon you one thing to study carefully, it is this: the value of integrated tactical power in war.

Now, I don't mean to use ten-dollar expressions. What I am trying to get at is this: There is no such thing as a separate "air" war, as a separate "ground" war, or as a separate "sea" war or "logistic" war or any other branch.

Great nations determine the political purposes of war. The Governments determine the general areas in which they choose to apply their tactical power, and then they begin to make resources ready of the general nature needed; they turn the problem over to a commander and his staff and subordinate commanders, and they fill out the resources on the recommendations of those people in the field who have a chance to study the problem at very close range.

But in all cases it is the integration of all types of those powers and forms of war that bring you your answer in the quickest possible way.

It is perfectly true that your air, for example, has to wipe the other fellow's air off the earth before he can go ahead and use his full power in an offensive way. That is merely the job he does in order to do his main task of advancing your own cause. When you put sea, ground and air together, the result you get is not the sum of their separate powers. You multiply their power rather than add.

The whole basis of thought that led to the attack across the Channel was this: That air power in overwhelming strength applied to a particular area could paralyze traffic, could immobilize the enemy, could soften up his defenses, could make possible operations that would otherwise be and remain in the realm of the fantastic.

Many experienced soldiers did not believe that the attack across the Channel was feasible. We had in the Mediterranean some chance to prove the point that air could prepare the way and could sustain you after you got there in a very, very effective fashion.

Pantellaria was not a good test because the defenders of Pantellaria wanted to quit. But Salerno was a very good test. Not so much in the preparatory phases there as in the supporting capacity after we once got ashore. We had few landing craft and our turn-around was very slow so that our build-up was slow. We knew there was going to be a very dangerous period, running from September 13 to September 18, and it was faith that the air and Navy together could render the support necessary that made that attack reasonable.

The lesson was derived with only a fraction of the air power we had available in England, and we believed that it could do the same thing in the preparatory and, let us say, the sustaining stages.

Air and Ground Coordination

All through the campaign from June 6 of 1944 to the date of the final collapse, the chief characteristic in my mind was the complete and constant coordination between the air and ground, not only in its physical side, but in its—you might say—mental and moral side.

Air and ground officers got to studying problems together, and they took great delight, each in pointing out where he could help the other fellow. I have heard many air officers chuckling about the "ground support" for the air arm, and we finally abandoned the phrases "air support" and "ground support."

It is an air and ground battle. As you people can find instances or new arguments or new approaches to the proof of that proposition, you will be doing a service; you will be at the very least spreading accurate information.

The great tactical power of the whole Allied force on the day we crossed the Rhine was not represented merely in its great number of very large divisions, which, as you know, are twice the size of ordinary ones—British, American, French divisions are all organized roughly the same and are twice the size of all other divisions—but it was in the integration of ground and air, with the air capable of intervening effectively at any point, even to that of supply.

For many days from the time after we crossed the Rhine the thing that made possible the advance was air supply. Most of our freight, it is true, was going by train, but the 2,000 tons a day that we averaged flying by air left us the margin that let the advance go with the speed that it did. The air and the ground together knew the supply details for the plan.

As you know, the double envelopment of the Ruhr was by a direct speedy thrust to cut Germany in the heart into two portions and then to turn toward the flanks, with the next job that of cutting the southern half into another two parts so that there could be no so-called "fortress" or "redoubt" and to join the Russians again in the Austrian area. After that, we had them completely isolated, without any contact with one another. It was not much work to clean up the remnants.

I have talked so often about Allied integration that I am afraid it would merely be a bore to you to listen to my story on that again. I merely wanted to say that the service integration is fully as important as is Allied integrations in waging a war.

From the standpoint of the soldiers, they are tired of the war. They are tired of it, of course—all of them—British, American and French. They are not articulate about it, but I know one thing: They have got an earnest hope for peace. It is my conviction that they believe that if the same forbearance and good-will is applied all through our countries, the United Nations, in meeting the problems of peace, we ought to be fully as successful in peace as we were in war.

Now there is one thing you have in war that you do not have in peace. You have unification, compelled by a very threatening danger. In other words, Franklin's old saying, "If we don't hang together, we'll hang separately," applies in war more definitely than it does in peace.

But if he can, he will express to you—in dozens of different ways—that he really believes he has won a peace that he is certainly praying will be preserved.

I have been in Europe since May, 1942, something over three years. During that time, of course, I have been party to a great many incidents, some of them most controversial. This may be the last chance you people will have with me, and it may be you have got some curiosity about those three years. If you want to attack me, I shall tell you about any one of them or answer any questions on anything that I can possibly throw any light upon over those three years. I am ready to try to do it.

Biggest Worry

Q.—What was the most worried night you had in the last three years?

A.—Well, to tell you the truth, I believe it was the night we first attacked in North Africa. There were so many confusing factors involved.

Remember, we went in there as friends. We hoped to make an ally. But we had to go prepared to fight if necessary for us to make a great show of strength. We hoped that if we made a show of overpowering strength the Germans would not hold that part of France that was then unoccupied and would let it alone. In other words, if the French could show that it was impractical for them to make a great fight down there, it would give them an out.

That was one thing. The next, it was the first amphibious operation I undertook and all of us were more nervous about it, I think, than later we became.

Lastly we were trying to do a lot with very little and the weather on the west coast was abominable, and we did not know what we were going to run into over there. And a fourth reason, communications were so poor. In the Mediterranean we found that the radio practically does not work. I should say the most worried night I spent during the war was the night of November 7 or 8—November 7, I believe, 1942.

Q.—You spoke of Salerno. If you had it to do over again would you go in there again?

A.—Yes, indeed, in spite of the fact that we knew the Germans could pick out almost the exact spot we'd have to come. When we went up into Italy there were two places to go. Just jumping across the Messina Strait was one. The other was to go as far up the coast as we wanted to.

If you are going to make one of these so-called "left hooks," then you could go as far as the fighters could cover. At that time we only had short-range fighters. Salerno was indicated. If you merely put your troops into the toe of Italy the enemy could see that you could come no farther, that you were committed. He could have blocked us there, and we probably would not be to Naples yet.

There was not any question in my mind that the Salerno attack was absolutely necessary. It was a good formation. There was one American division taken somewhat by surprise and, due really to no fault of its own, that suffered more losses than it should have.

The losses were heavy on the 13th. But it was unquestionably necessary to attack. As a result of it, look how rapidly south Italy fell, and we got things we needed for carrying on the campaign—Naples and Foggia. Naples for our port and Foggia we wanted so desperately to make our bombing of Europe effective. I think we had very good reasons.

Q.—Do you think getting Foggia was the prime consideration in the invasion of Italy?

A.—At that stage it was Foggia we were going after. You must remember that for many parts of the year the British base is not too good because of weather and, in addition to that, there were many important targets that could not be reached. Now we had these additional air forces. We built up the Fifteenth Air Force after that. I think until you began to get things industrial in the north, the earliest prize before that was the Foggia airfield.

Q.—What effect on the campaign would have been the throwing back into the sea of the Anzio forces had they been thrown back into the sea?

A.—I was not there then, but the Allies do not attack to be thrown back. It would have been a very, very sad thing. In anything of that kind, its morale value is as important as its physical value, and it would have been very bad. I never considered it because I do not ever let my mind think upon it that way.

Last Straw for Jerry

Q.—From the enemy's viewpoint which day and what event would you say constituted the last straw that broke the camel's back? When was it perfectly obvious that the jig was up?

A.—From everything that we can find, from their own statements, they knew it—the professionals knew the jig was up—on the third day after the Rundstedt offensive had started in the Ardennes. He knew then that he could not go where he intended. If he could not get complete surprise and drive clear through to Liége and drive on behind Antwerp, then there was not much he could do.

At the end of the third day we found that he still hoped then, according to their own statements, that he might get to Liége, where there was a terrific supply base, and cause us embarrassment and loss, and loss of time. From that time on, and when they found their forces destroyed in the Eiffel and in the Saar with that terrifically swift movement down from the north, they knew that it was confirmed. Then they knew they could not even fight a defensive battle.

I have searched and searched to find their reason for prolonging the agony after they knew, and I think there are two reasons: Hitler, with his determination to stay on and the influence he still wielded, and the one hope that in this coalition of four powers working together they could still devise some rift, create some rift whereby they could turn to one of them and say: "All right. What do you give us to go in with you?" They had that desperate hope, unquestionably. Otherwise there was no sense in taking the last month of pounding.

D-Day Weather

Q.—When weather postponed the invasion of Normandy and you finally decided to go, did you have any more time left to play with?

A.—This is a thing that is going to be historical, so don't quote me. [The answer was passed later.] Purely from memory; if we did not go the next day after the day we did, then we would have had to postpone for a minimum of twelve days and that would have put us in the wrong phase for our airborne operations and it would have been pretty bad.

Then of course had we postponed it—I'm not claiming to be good enough to predict weather sixteen days ahead—we would have run right square into that gale. But it was serious enough at the moment that they landed. Even the prospect of trying to hold up that mighty thing fourteen days was bad. On the other hand, you could not risk it without conditions reasonably favorable for its success.

Q.—That ranks pretty high among the difficult decisions?

A.—Yes. In a decision like that, of course, there is one thing a commander faces. Sooner or later you have got to make it and you know it. You have got to say yes or no. That does something, I think, to prepare your mind for the one thing. Decisions sometimes that are suddenly presented and there has not been time for all the cold-blooded analysis, or to go around and see your subordinates and chat it over with them—that is sometimes a little soul-shaking, too.

Q.—Would you be good enough to comment on the contribution Negro soldiers made to the European theater of operations?

A.—To start with, I would like to say this: That I do not differentiate among soldiers. I do not say white soldiers or Negro soldiers, and I do not say American or British soldiers. To my mind I have had a task in this war that makes me look upon soldiers as soldiers. Now I have seen Negro soldiers in this war and I have many reports on their work where they have rendered very valuable contributions and some of them with the greatest enthusiasm.

In late November, when we were getting short of reinforcements, replacements, some 2,600 Negro soldiers volunteered for front-line service and they did good work. All my commanders reported that those volunteers did excellent work.

But their major job has been in Services of Supply, engineer units, quartermaster units, ordnance units. There, so far as I know and certainly as far as any official reports, they have performed equally with every kind of ordnance battalion, quartermaster battalion and engineer battalion. They have done their job and they have done the job given them.

Q.—To return to the Ardennes offensive, we have from time to time been given an estimate of the German aim behind that offensive. Has there been any clarification or any change since we have come into the possession of further information?

A.—I'll tell you that whenever you attack, you have got dreams, then you have got hopes, then you have got expectations and then you have got just what you have got to get. I mean there

are many things.

Let us take an example: When we went into Africa, as I say, in the desperate hope to make friends immediately, one of our great hopes was that the French fleet would sail out of Toulon and say: "Hello, come on. Let's have a good time."

In the Ardennes, you will find that one or two of the commanders said they had so-and-so or no success. Others believed they could go somewhat beyond that. Unquestionably, Hitler's determination was to make a complete breakthrough and get to Antwerp, which, of course, would have completely isolated troops to the north, and anything like that would have been a decisive blow for them.

Their real soldiers knew they could not do it. There is evidence all the way through that certain of the commanders went in knowing that it was just a desperate gamble, but just hoping for the best, that's all.

Q.—Did the German command make any requests to you for a parley before von Friedeburg came through the lines in May?

A.—Not directly. As you saw in the papers, Count Bernadotte was running back and forth. No doubt the first proposal was the one by von Friedeburg.

Estimate of Hitler

Q.—From high ranking professional soldiers now in your possession on the enemy side, what impression do you gather of the actual military capacity of Hitler from a military standpoint?

A.—They unquestionably don't respect his strategic brain very highly. No question about that. Jodl was his personal chief of staff. Some were quite loyal. I think Jodl guided him some.

You will find definite evidence that, for example, in 1943, Hitler's intuition ran the '43 campaign, and that includes his actions in Africa, which we have talked about, I think; the attempts to reinforce his Tunisian garrison after it was useless; the action in Italy, where he hung on and sent in additional troops and all through the Russian front. They said 1943 was Hitler's completely. At other times, he listened a little more to his general staff.

Q.—You said, "They don't respect Hitler's strategic brain" instead of "didn't." Do you think Hitler is still alive?

A.—Let me answer that in a generality. I told Colonel Dupuy that as far as I was concerned there was no censorship on anything I said today. I do want to ask all of you to pass through him any direct quotes so that you can correct any errors I might make, at least in grammar.

I know nothing about Hitler. I'm not trying to be facetious. I accepted as a fact all the evidence which seemed to me to be fact, but I have met my Russian friends who were right there and they definitely said: "In our High Command, we have grave doubts." But, on the other hand, the Russians agreed with me that if Hitler is not dead, he must be undergoing the worst possible punishment for a man who has exercised arrogant and arbitrary power over 250,000,000 people who trembled over his approach, and now to be hunted in disguise and underground.

I can imagine no worse punishment for a man of that kind. It would seem to me that a man of that kind, with what he is faced with, would choose death.

Q.—Could we go from the past to the future? When do you expect to meet with the Control Council?

A.—Of course someone would bring that up. I can't say exactly. Let me say, in meeting all these problems of peace, these things do move slowly. You people who have been at war all these times, you read your own papers and you find that day after tomorrow we are going to launch an attack from Algiers clear up to Marseille and you get a bit of a chuckle and say: "That fellow knows nothing about it."

These problems of peace move slowly, too. Without the incentive of compelling danger, people want to sit back and look over the idea and examine it carefully and see what we are doing.

I have no doubts myself that the Control Council is going to work. It will take some little time, but all arrangements are made. They do not even have to wait for my return. Whoever is senior United States Theater Commander here will be my alter-ego and go ahead and do the job.

I cannot set you such a day and hour. I am certain things will go ahead. I honestly believe that what I say about the desire of peace by the soldiers concerned is shared by every single United Nations soldier in the world.

Q.—Is there any time set for movement of American troops into Berlin?

A.—The exact timing is not set for any of the arrangements that we are going to make. Again we come into all the logistic things, difficulties of moving troops on particular lines and through particular places and under different controls. Let me cover the whole thing again in a generality: Everything that we have to do to get this thing started has been discussed in a friendly atmosphere. We all are attempting to get our plans made up so they can be brought together, coordinated and agreed to by everyone so that the movement can start. There have been certain little—not misunderstandings—little things to iron out, little things that have slowed things a bit. But they will be done; I am perfectly confident of that.

Q.—There has been a considerable campaign recently since German hopes of splitting the Allies. There seems to be a large campaign from a number of places to talk about a "Russo-American war." There is nothing in your experience with the Russians that leads you to feel we can't cooperate with them perfectly?

A.—On my level, none. I have found the individual Russian one of the friendliest persons in the world. He likes to talk with us, laugh with us. He loves to laugh, and I have talked to many British officers and they find him the same way. He likes to see the humor of life, and I am sure they like the Allies and were darn glad to see us.

In an atmosphere of that kind, it has its effects. The peace lies, when you get down to it, with all the peoples of the world, not just for the moment with some political leader who is trying to direct the destiny of a country along a certain line. If all the people are friendly, we are going to have peace.

I think the Russians are friendly. I know all the officers I have met are. I have stopped and talked with interpreters and with some of the men. I found them wanting to grin and wanting to enjoy life. You could not enjoy life in the war when crawling through mud, snow, sleet and rain. That's no way to enjoy life.

Q.—Have your negotiations with the French been concluded yet on occupation boundaries?

A.—All my negotiations are not only completed, but to my complete satisfaction.

Q.—The French occupation zone has been set?

A.—As far as I know. There have been certainly little talks on the governmental level, and as far as I know they were purely about technicalities. But I have no bitter word from anybody about them—none. Again, there are certain technicalities, such as they want a particular place because it is sitting on a mountain, or something else. It has all been technical, so far as I know.

Q.—There was a remark yesterday over the Luxembourg radio that American troops are now withdrawing west over the Mulde River to make room for the Russians.

A.—From the Mulde? No. I'm sure it is a mistake.

Q.—How do you consider Germany's future?

A.—Once when I was in the Kasserine Pass show, there were some rather discouraged soldiers pulling backward. One fellow picked up the whole squad by saying: "There's no future in this kind of thing." I do not see where Germany's got any future at the moment. What they have got to think about is the present.

All the German problem is, from my viewpoint as a soldier, divided into two parts. The first and most important part is that of the emergency problem. We should not begin worrying about long-term government and rules and methods that we are to apply to Germany until we can get the critical emergency problem settled. This is going to reach its height this winter.

So my own idea is that their future vision should try to pierce no further than next spring, when they can begin to plant crops in the proper way. They are planting with the delayed months this year. Their future should be centered on this next winter.

Q.—Could you say anything at all about the probable duration of the occupation of Germany, and also of the possibility of using the Ruhr, for example, for the assistance of other countries as well as for Germany?

A.—Certainly I could say nothing on it except my own ideas, because I don't know what the Governments are going to find it necessary to do, and wise to do. Now, while I have my own little pet schemes for promoting and, let us say, maintaining peace, they are mine only and they are no better than yours and possibly not so good. I just have those that any other citizen has. Outside of that I am the American executive of policies that will be laid down by the heads of Governments.

IN the short time since V-E Day, the world has been seething with rumors, speculations, grumblings, and view-with-alarm experts who, out of the corner of their collective mouth, have been doing their best to deride the efforts and sacrifices of America and her Allies.

This is a very natural and human phenomenon. All wars are followed by just such outpourings.

Not enough, however, has been said or written to allay these prophets of disillusion and defeatism. Many well-intentioned souls have tried, but the job has been too big for them.

But last month, something was said that, in the opinion of the editors of the British Edition of YANK, should be read by everyone who is concerned about the kind of war we fought, and how it affects our future life.

In his farewell address to the press in Paris, General Eisenhower told reporters simply, clearly and eloquently what motivated our military strategy in Europe, and discussed in unmistakable terms such things as our relations with our Allies, our relations with the German people, the GI and his money, and the contribution to the struggle made by all the Allied soldiers irrespective of nationality or color.

Many other things will be said and written as time goes on, but to the YANK staff in Britain, Ike has done it to date.

Fraternization and Prices

Q.—Have you any opinion, as commander, whether there will be any amelioration of non-fraternization, such as the British are now letting soldiers pat children on the head, and also your views on the value of the franc?

A.—The order to United States troops was issued five or six days before Field Marshal Montgomery's to British forces. I had determined long ago that the exact non-fraternization orders that carried us through the operational phase had to be somewhat modified. To my mind, a very young child is really of no nationality. A person achieves his nationalistic bent, let us say, through education or propaganda, but he achieves it after he is beyond, let's say, the age of mere childhood.

Therefore, from that viewpoint, it would be better, as I see it, to place before them an example of kindliness and ordinary human feelings than it is to pretend that you can make the American, British or French soldiers kick children around. That would be just impossible anyway and I, for one, certainly would not want it.

So that order was merely held up in its issue while we examined its language very, very carefully, because you have some people in the world who are extremists and, particularly the further away they are from the scene, they think they can solve the problem with greater facility. So it was held up in order to get the thing clear and unmistakable, but so worded that it did not appear that because I wanted to allay non-fraternization in respect to children, that at the same time I wanted to free Goering or to give him a banquet.

With respect to the two-cent franc, I don't know anything about it. I am not an economist. I should say again it is a problem for the Governments to solve. There are greater issues involved here, if I have any inkling of international finance. There are greater issues involved than as to whether a soldier can buy champagne at a low rate, or any other thing he wants, than at a high rate.

Both armies, American and British, are bringing every possible thing into this country to give their soldiers entertainment, recreational facilities and every kind of social life that we can so they don't have to spend their money here.

Still the soldier wants to spend his money here. How could you help having high prices here? Just the mere revaluation of the franc will not help. There are no goods here to sell. This country has been blockaded. It needs everything it has got, so there is bound to be high prices.

I have very definite views on it. I doubt whether just the mere shifting of the value of the franc with respect to the dollar or the pound right now would have a marked long term effect.

Q.—Would you care to go back to 1942 and give some evaluation of the German commanders who opposed you?

A.—I have studied these people. I have studied the book "Hitler's Generals." I have talked to every British officer who knew anything about them. My G-2, General Strong, knew most of them personally. I have talked to him. Every commander likes to see what is in the brain of his opponent.

The trouble is, you never could tell with that group how far they are independent and to what extent goes their authority for independent decision. Now the bosses for whom I worked, and I think to their eternal glory because there were some very touchy decisions, their policy is to put into the hands of their generals in the field a maximum of authority. I don't believe that was German policy.

To my mind and from what I can get out of it, General von Rundstedt was the most accomplished soldier we met. Now that is purely from what I can try to analyze.

Personally I think Rommel was one of their topflight-people. He was bold and courageous. But he was not a Lee or a Marlborough or anything like that. Von Rundstedt was unquestionably the most highly trained, educated and thorough soldier that we met from what I can dig out of records and from talking to my friends.

Q.—What is the logical or practical basis for deciding that it is to our interest to be firm to Germans, say ten years old, but not to our advantage to be friendly to Germans 11 years old? How can you draw a line?

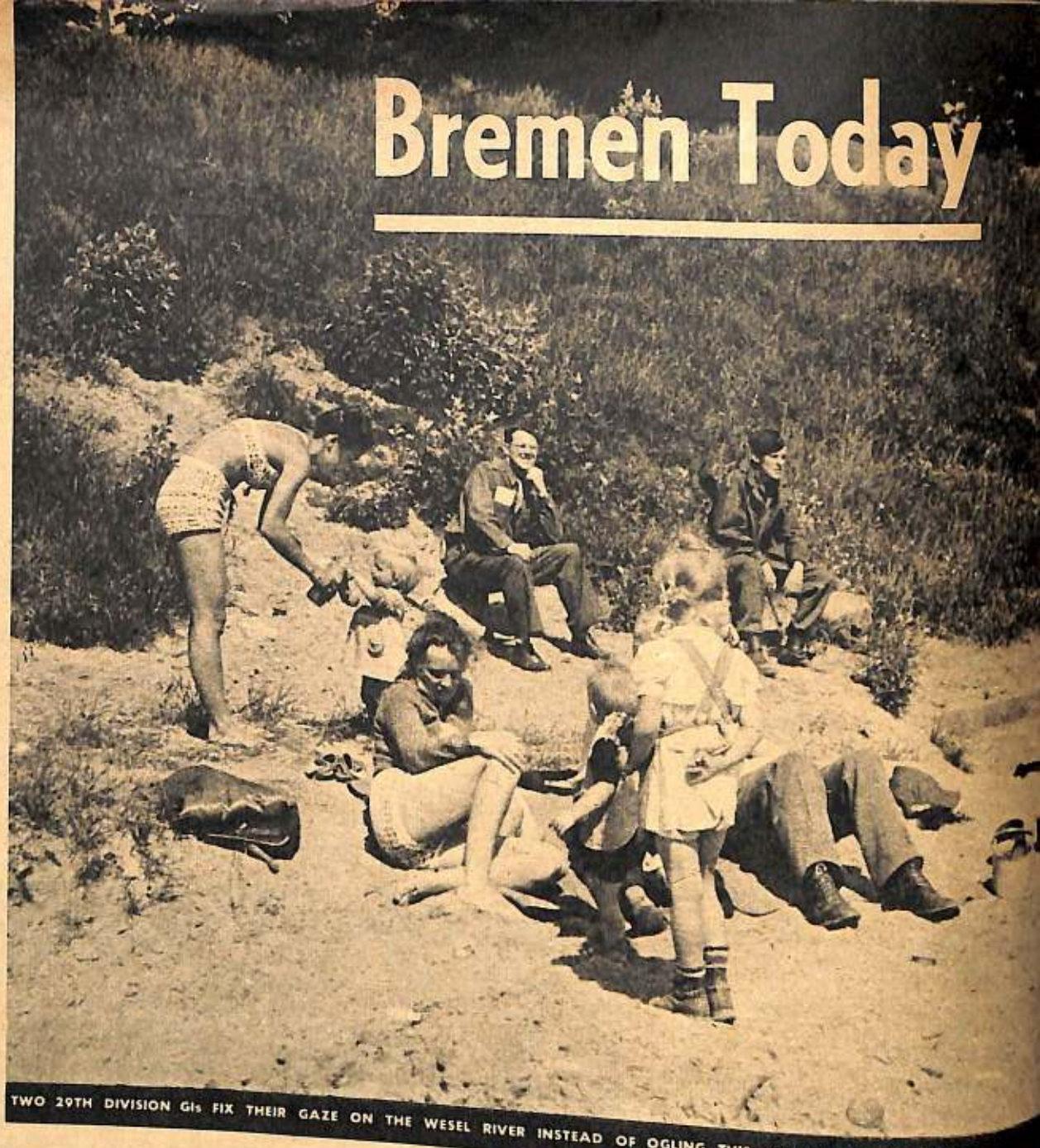
A.—I'd say young children. I did not say 10-year-olds. Again it is a matter where some little judgment has to be used by local commanders, and I hope by the local individuals concerned. The fine line sometimes between wickedness and good is not too clearly drawn.

When you bring soldiers out of battle, it is unquestionably a great thing for them. They will relax and go to sleep and rest. But if you pour enough cognac into them to get them started, they are going to get no rest. I think the same thing is in this question you raised. There has got to be judgment exercised, and I would not draw an arbitrary line.

I saw two or three youngsters the other day trying to play baseball. Our soldiers were so frightened of hurting them that they would pick them up and were as careful as they would have been of their own. The soldiers carried them off to the side and said: "You stay here." They did not get annoyed about it, even though it interfered with the baseball game.

What is a proper non-fraternization policy depends on many things, including the attitude of the Germans themselves. If the German shows he wants to work for himself and is ready to accept orders, it may be wise—if we once know he has gotten rid of the Nazis and poison—it may be very proper for our governments to say: "Let's don't be silly about this thing and do it this way or that way." In those things, I am an executive. My policy-making job ended when the last shot was fired. I am now pro-consul for my Government in a region where I am going to do what I am told.

Bremen Today



TWO 29TH DIVISION GIs FIX THEIR GAZE ON THE WESEL RIVER INSTEAD OF OGLING THIS GERMAN BEACH PARTY.

By Sgt. DeWITT GILPIN
YANK Staff Correspondent

BREMEN—It seemed strange to find the 29th Division occuping Bremen. The first dead soldier I ever saw was a 29th man who was lying beside a road, when we (the 35th Division) moved in on the right flank of the "Let's Go" outfit before St. Lo. And it made me feel good when a Capt. Ellis Mayfield, 29th officer here, said:

"One thing we'll never forget about the 35th is that it's the only outfit in the ETO that never tried to take the credit away from us for taking St. Lo. And it was you guys that went straight down the center until you were on top of it."

Going down that center was pretty terrible for green troops. And as far as the Germans then were concerned, our attitudes were very simple. We just hated them more than we had ever hated anything in the world. They killed our buddies calmly and efficiently, and we cursed the women that had borne the race, and their kids back home who were getting fat on Nazi plunder.

But this part of the war is over now, and Germany and Germans aren't so simple. In Bremen you look at a German who spent years in a concentration camp because he, too, fought Hitler and you don't feel exactly the same about him as you did about the Krauts at Mortain or Nancy. And you can't curse a German woman whose Jewish husband was snatched away from her, and whose half-Jewish children were sent off into oblivion with the day's rations that the Nazis always methodically insisted that the mother provide.

Yes, there are differences now. Instead of GIs chasing snipers down the streets they chase away German kids who learned how to ask for chocolate just as quickly as the French kids. And even if you keep remembering that these kids are healthier than the French kids—because the food of France went to them—they are still kids and still cute. And then you go into the office of an Allied Military Government, and there are efficient, English-speaking German girls working as stenographers. Or suppose you drive one of the trucks that take back displaced persons, and with each load you pick up you have to watch that farewell scene where a handful of your passengers weep, because one of them maybe is a Russian girl who has fallen in love with an Italian; or maybe there are Frenchmen who feel the same way about some German girls. And then maybe there are the motherly German women who clean up your billet and tell you, whether you want to listen or not, that their soldier sons were unlucky and got killed.

Actually, for the soldier, there is little more for him to do in Bremen than there would be if he were in the woods in bivouac; but the difference is that he's in a city surrounded by people—apparently a different kind of people than he used to fight. And a lot of them are leggy, Saxon blondes that look a lot like the girls in Dallas, Tex. As for the Nazi leaders and war criminals, the average soldier hasn't even seen them, hasn't been present at any firing squads and probably won't be. Few soldiers in Bremen will actually participate physically in meting out justice to those who are mainly responsible for the fact that the 29th Division has to be in Bremen.

Even when something happens that brings back that old front line feeling, things aren't exactly as they were before. Take, for example, when some form of sabotage wrecked the police station here, the blast killing five American soldiers and an officer and a larger number of Germans.

Standing among the worried German women who awaited news of their men, was a tall, blonde girl of the "Aryan womanhood" type that used to adorn the Nazi posters. She kept asking questions of the Americans who came near her.

"She's worried about one of our guys in there who hasn't come out yet," explained a GI. He looked her over from her well-cared-for hair to the pretty shoes that might have been purchased back in the days when she and the other *frauleins* had their pick of Paris fashions. Then he said: "It's kinda strange—he's Jewish."

All the new problems of peace, including German girls who insist on "worrying" about Yanks, are present in this cosmopolitan city which once was the home port of one-third of Germany's merchant shipping.

Bremen, in days to come, will be important for Americans because through its port and nearby Bremershaven will pass the supplies for our occupying forces in Germany. Troops of the veteran 29th Division are occupying the city and surrounding area while American army and naval units ready the port that Allied bombers knocked out.

The people of Bremen are Saxons and it was from this region that an early invasion and conquest of England was launched; George of England came from the neighboring city of Hanover.

As the work progresses on reopening the ports, Lt. Col. Bion C. Welker, AMG officer, is directing the economic and political renovation of the city. The colonel thinks he could have been sent to worse places.

"If there is any place in Germany where there ought to be a spark of democracy left, it's here," said Col. Welker, who used to publish a newspaper in Harrisburg, Pa., before he came to France with a cavalry outfit. "The revolution that ended the first World War started here. Anyway, Bremen is going to get a chance to prove how anti-Nazi it can get. We're going to give them a government of the people, through AMG, for the people."

Bremen's AMG-controlled "people's government" has just been constituted. It is headed by Dr. Vagts, a former member of the city senate who authored the 1920 Bremen constitution that re-established the old "free city" status of the port. The eight senate seats are divided equally among representatives of the old center and left parties. Among the left senators is a Social Democrat who participated in Bremen's World War I peace strikes and a Communist who did seven years in one of Hitler's concentration camps.

"I'm trying to find a Jew for the government," Col. Welker said, "but so far I haven't had any luck. There once were thousands here."

THE city administration faces a far from happy citizenry. The citizens are complaining about the fact that their U.S. food ration is several hundred calories per week lower than that which they got under the Nazis. Business men grumble because the factories aren't running. Rich people who moved to their country homes to escape the bombs are trying to get their houses back from the poor people who moved into them. Dr. Vagts, the lord mayor, lives in a garage; hundreds of families are still living in the bomb shelters. Doughs from the 29th bitch because the city police still wear their German army uniforms. The Communists and Socialists don't think enough Nazis have been arrested. And there is a host of little problems—like what to do with the "super-race" babies that were left behind at what American medics call the "SS stud farm." Obviously, AMG's "city hall" has its hands full.

On the basis of history there should be a sizable number of Germans here who will support the new government in all efforts to reestablish Bremen's old democratic heritage. The Nazi leaders who left the city in its present mess got only 33 per cent of the vote in the city's last free election. But with Hitler's assumption of dictatorial powers, events here followed the familiar Nazi pattern.

Eleven leaders of the opposition parties were executed; 88 more leaders were sent to political prisons. German women, like Rucena Mendelssohn, saw their Jewish husbands taken off to concentration camps. Dr. Heinrich Weidemann, who compared Hitler to God, was installed as head of the Lutheran church here. Fathers who had prevented the execution of the mutinous sailors at Kiel in 1918 by their general strike, saw their children joining the Hitler *jugend*. If you didn't like the way things were, you made the acquaintance of a couple of Gestapo men named Herrlen and Frenden. Herrlen was the easy-going fellow who talked to you man-to-man; this softened you up for Frenden whose specialty was torture. Occasionally a man like Meyer Breockhoff, a wealthy doctor, took a stand and refused to take an oath to Hitler. Then he, and others like him, disappeared into the oblivion of a concentration camp.

"Go out and talk to some of the people we have to work with here," said Col. Welker, "and you'll get some idea of what people in Bremen think. I don't vouch for any of them. Sometimes when I put a man in a post our Counter-Intelligence Corps comes along in a few days and kicks him out. That's fine; that's their job. My job is to get a de-Nazified city going so that it is self-sufficient and stops costing us money."

Karl Bollinger, president of the Bremen Chamber of Commerce before Hitler, president of it under Hitler, and president of it under AMG until the recommendation for his removal came from our counter-intelligen[illegible]

as hard as the finish on his suit. Bollinger's friends are big men in Bremen, from families who have been here hundreds of years.

When the Chamber of Commerce had a banquet it was attended by executives of the ship-building companies that sent the big liners like the *Bremen* and the *Europa* out at sea. Bollinger, like everyone else in Germany today, never really liked the Nazis. For one thing, their local leaders were ne'er-do-wells and loud mouths from undistinguished families. Yes, Bollinger said, it was true that most of the members of the Chamber of Commerce had supported the Nazis in the last free election. But there was a reason.

"We had many unemployed," Bollinger said. "There was much unrest. We thought Hitler would keep things like they were."

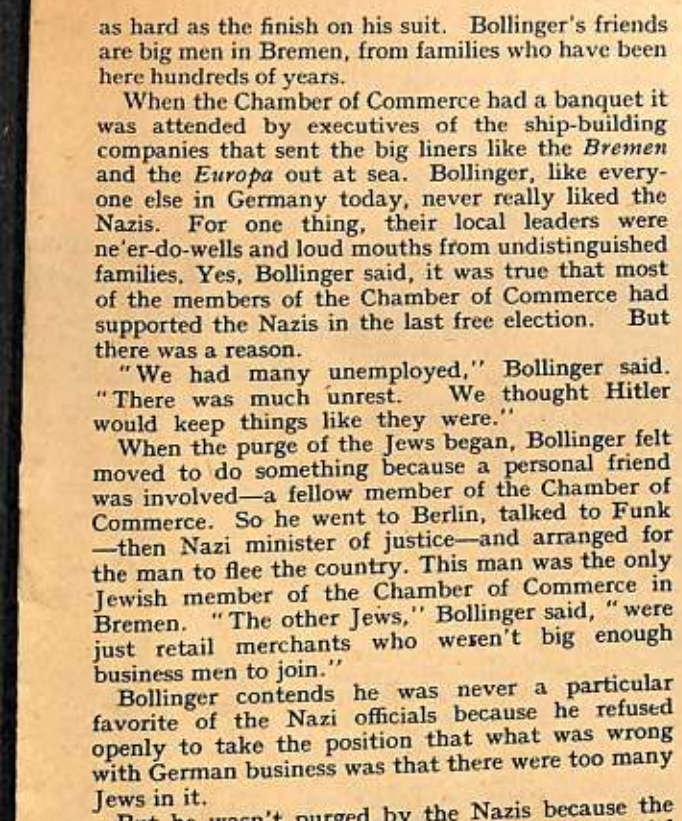
When the purge of the Jews began, Bollinger felt moved to do something because a personal friend was involved—a fellow member of the Chamber of Commerce. So he went to Berlin, talked to Funk —then Nazi minister of justice—and arranged for the man to flee the country. This man was the only Jewish member of the Chamber of Commerce in Bremen. "The other Jews," Bollinger said, "were just retail merchants who weren't big enough business men to join."

Bollinger contends he was never a particular favorite of the Nazi officials because he refused openly to take the position that what was wrong with German business was that there were too many Jews in it.

But he wasn't purged by the Nazis because the business interests he represented were powerful enough to pay Hitler off and at the same time still look out for themselves. They had supported Hitler because they thought it was good business; and they presented a united front against the Nazis whenever their business interests were threatened too much. Not one factory in Bremen was nationalized.

Meanwhile, of course, the terror against the little people went on. Concerning this, Bollinger, the spokesman for Bremen's great ship-building and steel companies, spread his hands out and said: "What could we do?"

Hans Eshien, who used to be the head waiter at the Willard Hotel in Washington before he returned to the fatherland, is a typical small business man of Bremen who, like Bollinger,



A GI AND A GERMAN GUIDE TRAFFIC OVER THE WESEL.

joined the Nazi party. Eshien says he had a good reason—he couldn't get a license for his restaurant if he didn't.

Eshien says he had a hell of a time with the restaurant. To run it he had to be a Nazi. But his customers were mainly impressed foreign laborers, and every time he wore his party badge around the place business fell off. A couple of times the Gestapo gave him a dressing down for "endangering the security of the state" by not wearing his badge.

Like Bollinger, the big business man, Eshien, the small business man, made his one protest against the Nazis. A friend of his told him of seeing a political prisoner killed by bloodhounds at a nearby concentration camp. They talked it over and decided that Hitler and other Nazi leaders would never tolerate this sort of thing "if they knew what was really going on." So Eshien told a high Nazi, who was a friend of his in Bremen, about the way the Nazis at the concentration camp were corrupting the Nazi program. A few days later a couple of Gestapo men asked Eshien's friend if he too "wanted to be killed by bloodhounds?" So ended Eshien's revolt.

Eshien knows Meyer Breockhoff, the wealthy Bremen doctor, who denounced Hitler. He said of him: "Oh, he was a fine man. A brave man, but a martyr. But I could never have done anything like that—my wife worried too much. She worried night and day because I wouldn't wear my party badge all the time."

Hermann Wolters, a working man and Communist senator in the new Bremen government, spent seven years of Hitler's regime under arrest. Eventually, said Wolters, who is 36, it is the youth of Germany that must reconstitute the country because the best of old Germany was extinguished in the concentration camps. His wife, a pretty girl who came of age under Hitler, nodded her assent.

There was once bitter conflict between the Social Democrats (Bremen's old leading party) and the Communists, but Wolters said that the leaders of the two organizations here are now on a policy of working together to help establish "a peaceful and democratic Germany." He praised highly Senator Kaisen, a Social Democrat in the city government, who refused all efforts of the Nazis to make him bend his powerful influence in Bremen to their cause.

When the Nazis took over in Bremen, Kaisen retired from his senate seat and secluded himself on a little farm in the country, where he enjoyed the company of a few hogs and cows in preference to the Fascists who were running his beloved city. "And now," said Wolters, "Kaisen is like the old Roman senator who was called back from his plow."

Both Communists and Socialists are cooperating with AMG, and Wolters believes that non-fraternization was a very good thing when the Allies first came because the people here had believed Goebbels' propaganda "that American gangsters will rape your women and pillage your homes."

But when nothing like this happened, Wolters pointed out, it started a reaction the other way among Germans. He isn't sure that all the *frauleins* who seek invaders of the non-fraternization ban are Hitler youth bent on propagandizing Yanks. Wolters doesn't speak English too well, and at this point he slipped in a German phrase which the girls on the boulevards in Paris and Brussels would translate as "amour international."

Bremen's No. 1 Communist has no special indictment of Bollinger, ousted Nazi Chamber of Commerce head. With seven years' imprisonment behind him, Wolters, like all Germans, holds to the theory that there were "100 per cent Nazis," and men who went along with them when they became winners. Of Bollinger, Wolters said: "He was just a good business man."

Wolters believes that AMG should bring together all business and labor interests in Bremen who are willing to work for the spiritual and industrial reconstruction of the city. He thinks that men like Bollinger can contribute to such a program providing there is no "take it easy" approach to getting rid of "the Nazi fanatics."

Wolters didn't like it, the Socialists didn't like it, and apparently a lot of other people didn't like it when the Bremen police, who in the main served under the Nazis, were given the job of going to homes and picking up clothes for displaced persons. Too many of the police, Wolters said, went only into working-class homes and let the clothing of the Nazi leaders hang on their hooks.

Dr. Vagts, Lord Mayor, who is told what he *should* do by his senators and then told what he *can* do by AMG, occupies an inevitable hot seat in Bremen. The doctor is the German professor-type, with a goatee, and he authored the "free city" constitution while serving as a center party senator for justice and education under the old Republic. He had a small brush with the Nazis while they were in power because he purchased a suit from a Jewish tailor.

When the Lord Mayor goes into a huddle with Col. Welker, Lt. Col. Rupert Anderson, Lt. Col. Douglas Meservey and other AMG officials, things go as follows:

Dr. Vagts, who uses an interpreter, says that all the GIs seem to think that the historic old *Rathaus* where the Senate sits is a museum and keep flocking into it. How about some "Off Limits" signs? Then there is the petition of the trade unions to organize. And will it be agreeable if he takes away the ration cards of Germans who refuse to work on AMG details?

The answers the doctor gets are: "No" to the "Off Limits" signs; the trade unions will delay organization until enough industry is operating to provide them with a function; the lifting of ration cards will go into effect immediately.

And how do the people of Bremen like this kind of government?

Eshien, the small business man, still thinks Hitler was right about the Reds, that "France is going Communist," and that "with Reds all around us the best thing that could happen to Bremen would be to become an American colony." Wolters, the Communist, thinks that men like Eshien haven't learned anything from the war. But both of them contend that not enough is being done about Bremen's Nazi leaders. Bollinger, having been removed as a Nazi, isn't talking. And Dr. Vagts says that what is good enough for AMG is good enough for him.

APPROXIMATELY 500 Nazi leaders and war criminals out of Bremen's present population of over 200,000, have been arrested since American AMG and CIC officials entered with the conquering British troops. Army officials estimate that they have bagged "60 per cent of the top Nazis in the area," despite the fact that both *Gauleiter* Wegener and *Kreisleiter* Schuemann have thus far escaped.

Biggest Nazi apprehended here was Dr. Hans Fischer, No. 2 party man for northwest Germany. AMG has taken over his luxurious home for offices, but Mrs. Fischer still comes around every day to hoe the garden.

Neither public safety officer, Maj. E. Russell Kennedy, a former FBI gangster-getter, nor Capt. Mayfield, 29th Division CIC officer, think that they have got all the Nazis they are going to get. Bremen's citizenry is informing on its one-time leaders faster than the Nazis can be processed. And each Nazi arrested names four or five more. And the CIC, like everyone else in the Army, says its "T/O" isn't big enough.

One issue that Eshien, Wolters, Bollinger and Dr. Vagts all agree upon is that the Germans here want to go back to work at their old jobs in the mills and shipyards. AMG, too, wants to get enough industry operating to make the community self-sufficient. But here again comes the question of the Nazis.

From the viewpoint of expediency, the easy way to get a factory going is to tell the executives who have been running it to start the wheels. But if this is done, it always happens that at least fifty per cent of the executives turn out to have been active Nazis. Meanwhile, they have been on the job and perhaps have readied a pro-Nazi assistant to succeed them.

All the while, the anti-Nazi workers in the factory take a dim view of AMG democracy. This has happened in Bremen. It has happened in all cities where AMG has been faced with the immediate problem of getting the lights on, water running and foodstuffs out, in communities where everyone belonged to some auxiliary of the Nazi party organization.

And so this is Bremen today. It isn't black and white, and hate and fight like it was when the shooting was on. Calm, taut-faced men released from Hitler's concentration camps come into AMG's offices and say the trade unions want to organize. Courteous, well-dressed Germans in Army offices talk of "getting business going." No one has too much to do, so on nice days they flock to the beaches along the river, and it looks a little like Milwaukee along Lake Michigan, except for the ships we sank.

The people are aggressively determined to prove their contention that neither Hitler nor any other Nazi leader except Ley ever spoke in Bremen, because the city wasn't as Nazi as Berlin, or Munich, or Munchen. And there are Americans here who say that "Bremen sure has got a lot of good Germans." Somehow it seems a long time since Nordhausen, Grohn, Buckenwald and Dachau. And that is why Capt. Mayfield—whose job is to see that nobody but "good" Germans get in office—carries a file of atrocity pictures in his billfold. Now and then he pulls them out and shows them to Germans who contend that Bremen has never really changed and is still the "free city" that resulted from the 1918 revolution.

No one, of course, has to tell the 29th Division men about Germans. In their leisure hours they sit in the parks and watch the girls—who never use a sidewalk if there's a park to walk through. And they are as ready with an opinion on Bremen as they used to be quick on the trigger.

"We can't tell these people anything about democracy if we can't talk to them," said a tank driver from a 29th attached armored battalion. "And anyway the fighting is over and we old men want to go home. It's a politician's job from now on."

SERVING THE EM

The Jap private takes a beating during his basic that makes our chicken look like pure gravy. He gets $1.50 a month at home and up to $2.25 more in combat zones. This is the third article in YANK's series on the Pacific War.

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON—How does it feel to be a member of the Jap armed forces?

There's a guy here named Joe who can tell you from personal experience. A native American of Japanese descent, Joe spent several years in college in Japan just before the war and belonged to the Jap ROTC. Talking to him here in Washington you get a good picture of how the Jap Army and Navy stack up.

The Jap EM in basic training, according to Joe, is probably the world's most beat-up character. A wrong turn while learning to march is good for a slap, dropping a rifle rates a kick, and spare moments are considered ideal time to run errands for NCOs and pfcs. Officers usually leave the rough stuff to the non-coms, but there have been reports of officers slapping EM unconscious. The men who got slapped stood respectfully at attention until they passed out.

Why, then, do they obey their officers and non-coms so faithfully? Joe has the answer from his own observation.

"They think being slapped, it's the natural thing," says the former cadet. "They know they can take it out eventually on new recruits."

There is a second reason, Joe believes—the extraordinary religious devotion of the Jap soldiers to their emperor.

"They're in uniform, and they're serving the emperor," Joe says of the much-abused Jap inductees. "What do they care if a few people in between knock them around?"

Hirohito may not have the brains of Einstein, the looks of Fredric March or the physique of Charles Atlas, but he's the emperor and that's what matters, Joe declared. "For two years before Hirohito's father died, he was insane and people knew it, but they still worshipped him because he was the emperor."

Getting caught in the draft is a high honor in Japan, the former Jap ROTC man will tell you. The man's friends all congratulate him, stressing the fact that he now stands an excellent chance of winning an honorary place in *Yasukuni*, the Jap military shrine for men killed in battle.

"They throw parties and escort him to the station," Joe recalls. "If he's important enough in the community, they hire a band. I don't know how the guy feels inside, but his friends put up a good show, and he does too. He has to."

Pretty soon the ex-civilian is doing chores for some "superior private" and is well along the way to winning for his family the medal that is sent to survivors of those killed in action. Or he may qualify for the special award given those who manage to die within three years of catching a disease in service.

In peacetime, city Japs took the *Yasukuni* stuff with a grain of salt, according to another informant here in Washington, a businessman of American parentage who was born in Japan. But even city Japs can be counted on to be fanatically pro-military in wartime, he adds.

When a Jap is inducted, he may apply for training as either an A or a B candidate, Joe reports. The A men are applicants for OCS, and the B men aspire to be non-coms. If a man is accepted as an A candidate, he goes to school and then gets a trial period in the field as a sergeant major, the equivalent of our master sergeant.

"That's where they're really watched," Joe says. "That's where they make you or break you." If he makes it, the officer candidate gets his commission as a second lieutenant.

A good many of the army and navy higher brass come from the Jap "upper classes," which means that they are descendants of the sword-swinging *Samurai*, professional warriors of several generations back. Lately, what with hara-kiri and the increase in the draft, even the class-conscious Jap Navy has had to lower the bars to admit any officer candidates capable of filling the mental, physical and character requirements.

Like all soldiers, the Japs are given to griping, but many, according to Joe, are better off in uniform than they were as civilians.

"The Japanese don't get much in civilian life," Joe says. "When you go in the army, you're at least assured of regular pay, even though the pay scale is ridiculous in our eyes. And the Japanese soldier has the respect of the people. When you're in the army, you're It. That is the way I felt when I was over there."

The pay scale, as Joe implies, would scarcely enable a Jap soldier to buy many American War Bonds. The equivalent of a four-star general gets the same base pay as an American master sergeant, and the lowest of the four grades of private draws only $1.50 a month, plus $2.25 for most overseas assignments. Different theaters draw different pay.

China is apparently considered the softest overseas touch, because a fourth-grade private there gets only $1.75 extra, while French Indo-China and Thailand entitle him to two bucks over his base pay. All other theaters rate the $2.25 extra.

The low Jap military wages aren't counteracted by low prices in the Jap PXs. Beer is a dime. A can of salmon sets the Jap soldier back 15 cents. A box of toothpicks is 3 cents, and a bottle of *sake* takes a Jap buck private's full week's pay—45 cents. *Sake*, for the information of ETO men who have not made its acquaintance, is an insipid sort of rice liquor about a third as strong as gin. It was a prize catch in the Pacific until the re-treating Japs started putting *sake* labels on bottles of wood alcohol.

THE Jap chow situation is far worse even than in U. S. outfits where the cooks have been recruited from the motor pool. The Jap in the field usually cooks his own food, preparing it on a 24-hour basis. Rice, fish and a few vegetables are the mainstays, and even dehydrated seaweed is considered edible. But Jap food dumps sometimes turn up quite a few delicacies, too—canned clams, crabmeat, pineapples and plums.

There are no USO clubs or chaplains in the Jap military system, according to an American newspaperman who worked in Japan for several years, but the morale of the troops isn't altogether ignored by the home front. *Imon bukuro*, or "comfort bags," are mailed to soldiers by Japanese women "by the millions," says a woman missionary who spent more than 15 years in Japan and made many an *imon bukuro* herself. "We made them in our little church," she recalls.

In the *imon bukuro* the Jap gets caramels, chocolate bars and other candies, tooth brush and paste, needle and thread, writing materials, occasionally a pair of socks and usually a supply of toilet paper, which the Jap EM evidently has a hard time obtaining. Good-luck charms, like the loincloth-like Shintoist "belt of a thousand stitches," are also often included. The belts are supposed to protect the wearer from harm.

Theatrical troupes made up of *Takarazuka* girls tour the home islands and China, the missionary reports. These are vaudeville artists who get their name from the theater in which they perform. *Geisha* girls, who, contrary to general American opinion, are not always prostitutes, also give shows for the troops. The religious worker describes them as being well-dressed girls with a good education and an entertaining comedy patter. The Jap Army has employed out-and-out prostitutes, too.

By and large, the fact that the Jap soldier is fighting for the emperor is considered "enough morale in itself," on the word of a silver-leaf colonel in Washington whose detail is to keep posted on the Japanese. Every morning while in training the Jap soldier is read the "Imperial Rescript," a message written by a former emperor calling on every man to fight and die for him. When the going gets tough out in the field, officers sometimes read it as a pep talk.

The strength of the Jap Army lies in its abundant infantry, and the rifle is the infantry's pride even though Japs have a reputation for being poor shots. An American born in Japan says he believes that the wild marksmanship of the Japs is the result not of poor eyesight but of the army's stinginess in the use of ammo in training.

JAPS are taught that their rifles and bayonets are the equivalent of the swords of the old *Samurai* heroes and that once a man has put on a uniform and drawn a rifle he is a "reincarnation of the *Samurai*." Making use of the shoulder sling in the infantry is considered disrespectful to the weapon. The rifle must be carried by hand. Ammo carriers aren't issued rifles because they couldn't hold them in their hands. Even the artillery has a short issue on rifles.

"If we went on a 15-mile hike," Joe recalls, "we had to carry the rifle on our shoulder. We were told the strap is there because it's there but it's not to be used."

Fortunately for us, Japanese emphasis on the rifle seems to have retarded development of modern tanks and artillery. Although Jap tanks and artillery have lately been improved, many observers think the improvement has come too late.

Originally, the Jap Army was built largely on French doctrines, but German influence crept in later. Jap generals went to France—and later to Germany—to study. Jap ordnance also drew heavily from France, and the light French Schneider designs still dominate the Jap artillery. The French influence is seen particularly on such guns as the 1929-model 150-mm tractor-drawn long rifle, the 1930 75, the 1932 105 and the 1936 150-mm howitzer.

In very recent years the Japs had observers with the *Wehrmacht*, so that a lot of German ideas have cropped up in Jap rockets, guided missiles, antitank devices and the placement of ack-ack. There are signs that German technicians have visited Jap factories.

The Russians, in a left-handed way, have also had an influence on the Jap Army. In the clashes with the Russians along the Manchurian border in the past dozen years, the Japs saw that Soviet armor, planes and artillery had quite an edge on their own. They began building armored divisions, but these are described as pretty poor.

The Jap Army lists four theaters of operation or "groups of armies," as Tokyo calls them: the China Expeditionary Army; the Southern Army (which still holds the Netherlands East Indies but has taken beatings in the Philippines, Burma and the South and Southwest Pacific generally); the Kwangtung Armies in Manchuria and the Armies for the Defense of Japan Proper.

The Jap "groups of armies" are in turn divided into "area armies," which are similar to U. S. armies, and these are broken into just plain "armies" that correspond to U. S. corps.

The Japs have two kinds of infantry divisions—the triangular, with from 15,000 to 20,000 men, and the brigaded division, with about 12,000 men. There seems to be a particularly [illegible] brigaded divisions [illegible] number of

mountain artillery with 36 guns ranging from 75s to 150s. There is also a reconnaissance regiment —either cavalry or a dozen tanks.

The lighter brigaded divisions sometimes have no artillery at all. They have no regiments either —just four 1,000-man infantry battalions under each of two brigade headquarters.

The Jap rifle squad consists of an unlucky 13 men. Ten are riflemen, two ammo carriers, and one is a light machine gunner. He uses either the high-pitched old .25 caliber gun or a new type with a .30 caliber slug. Jap ammo, incidentally, won't work in our weapons.

One big difference between the American and Jap armed forces is at the top. Instead of being responsible to a civilian government as our army is, the armed forces run the government. A Japanese cabinet is required to include an army and navy representative from the active list, so all the armed forces need to do to throw out a cabinet they dislike is to withdraw their men. The army broke a cabinet that way in 1940.

Furthermore, armies in the field have been known to decide foreign policy without consulting the government. Some experts here in Washington say that in 1931 the army started

PEROR

the war known as "Manchuria incident" without even bothering to notify the Jap Foreign Office.

This system of military control, political students say, discourages any feeling of personal responsibility for the government or the success of the war effort on the part of ordinary civilians. Now that the war is going badly and bombs are falling on Japan's cities, some quarters here think that the military leaders are less indifferent to home-front ideas.

The recent inclusion of "moderates" in the cabinet is seen as a sign that the militarists hope that by giving civilians more power they can keep an all-out home-front spirit whipped up. The militarists, some students think, fear that if they reserve all power to themselves, civilians will regard the fate of the Japanese government as strictly up to the military and lose enthusiasm for the war.

If you ask Pentagon officials whether the Jap Army and Navy are modern, they reply with another question: "Could a second-rate force inflict so many casualties on our Army, Navy and Marines at Okinawa?"

In motorization, officials add, the Japs are not nearly the equal of the Germans. Infantry divisions are still essentially horse-drawn, although the Japs have been doing their best to switch to gasoline. On Luzon the Japs were quickly cut up because they weren't motorized, and they run the risk of being cut up whenever there is fighting in open country.

Jap air strength is numerically much inferior to American, but the WD warns that with the Jap air force compressed in the homeland, it's capable of "determined" torpedo and dive-bomber attacks on Allied carriers and amphibious forces. Anyone who has seen a *Kamikaze* suicide pilot come through the ceiling will be perfectly willing to agree.

The Jap Navy is now down to little more than a "small-sized task force," on the word of a Navy officer who is just finishing a book on Japanese seapower. The Navy, he says, "presents nowhere near the threat land-based air does. You can see that from the fact that our bombers concentrate not on shipyards but on factories and air bases."

While the French, and, later, the Germans were giving the Japs lessons in how to run an army, the British taught them about navies and even built many of their early ships. One [illegible]-built battleship, the *Kongo*, is still listed in Japan's [illegible] at least 40 years old. Since the war, [illegible] as possible, but the few - hundred - thousand tons they've turned out can't replace the tonnage lost by sinkings. The result is that the Jap Navy is now not one-third as large as it was at the time of Pearl Harbor.

According to a recent estimate by the U. S. Navy Department, the Jap Navy currently numbers about 75 ships — half a dozen battleships with guns 18-inch or better, 6 to 10 carriers, 10 to 15 cruisers and some 40 cans.

The Jap Navy, the experts say, can interfere to some extent with future landings if it wants to commit suicide. Although the Jap Navy has generally preferred to run instead of fight, a Tokyo broadcast some weeks ago claimed that the 45,000-ton super battleship *Yamato*, which was sunk off Okinawa, was engaged in a suicide mission when it went down. And so the possibility of a last-gasp battle remains.

The Jap Navy used to be all-volunteer, but is now half-draftee. The American Navy rates the Jap sailor a good seaman but says he's handicapped by a job-jealous policy that keeps a man from learning the work of the man next to or above him. Accordingly, losses of *junshikan* (warrant officers) and *joto heiso* (petty officers) have been hard to make up.

The Jap sailor is not cuffed around as much as the soldier.

"You'd expect them to treat the sailor better," a Navy man says. "Mutinies are much more dangerous at sea."

Variety

PRODUCED BY THE CAM

HANDLE BARS M1. As though his home state didn't have enough to its credit already, Sgt. Charles A. Kilpatrick of Cleburne, Tex., and the Fifteenth Air Force in Italy, grew whiskers which were checked in at 7½ inches.

IWO JIMA U. Cpl. Roy A. Ginstrom (left) and Cpl. Robert J. Yaegar look over the bill of fare of off duty classes given on Iwo Jima by officers and men of the 7th Fighter Command who have had some previous teaching experience as civilians.

REUNION. Sgt. Jeanne A. Bolis, a Ninth Air Force Wac, met her grandmother, Mme. Marie Lapeyre of Trie, France, for the first time in Paris.

WHO, ME? Capt. Richard C. Suehr, Fifth Air Force pilot, reads his own death notice. He crashed in Philippine waters but native guerrillas rescued him.

FORTY WINKS. Lt. Mae Hanson, Navy nurse, takes a short nap on board a hospital plane of the Naval Air Transport Service in between taking care of her patients. The plane carried casualties from Okinawa to the Marianas.

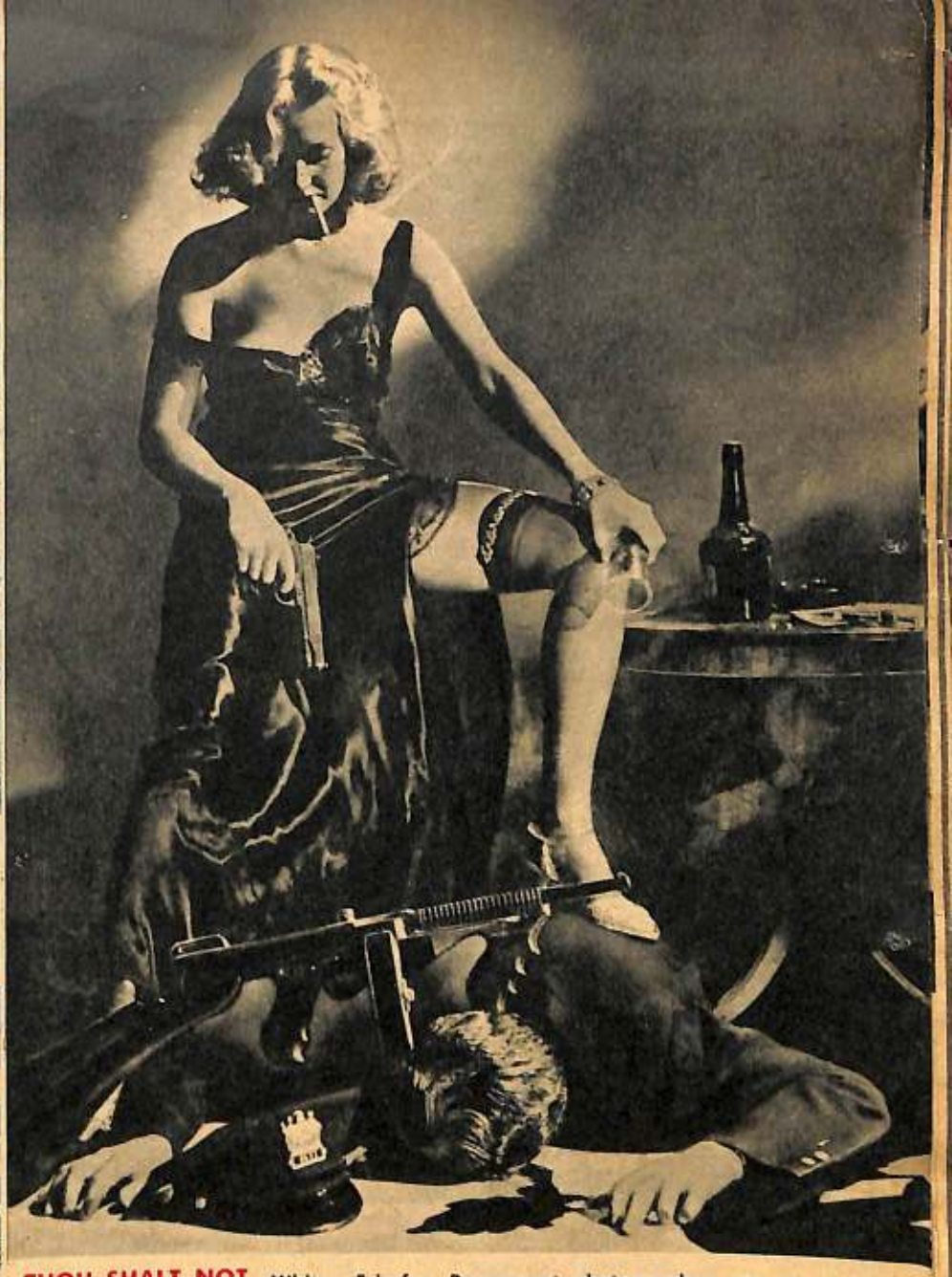
HEADING IN. The camera from another plane ra... diver wheeling in for a landing on the d... from a strike against Ja...

Show

ERAS OF THE WORLD

OKINAWA DERBY There wasn't much of a crowd at the finish line but these riders, Sgt. E. B. Seahlon and Pfc. Herbert Muff rode their nags, two captured Jap ponies, as though they were at Churchill Downs instead of Okinawa.

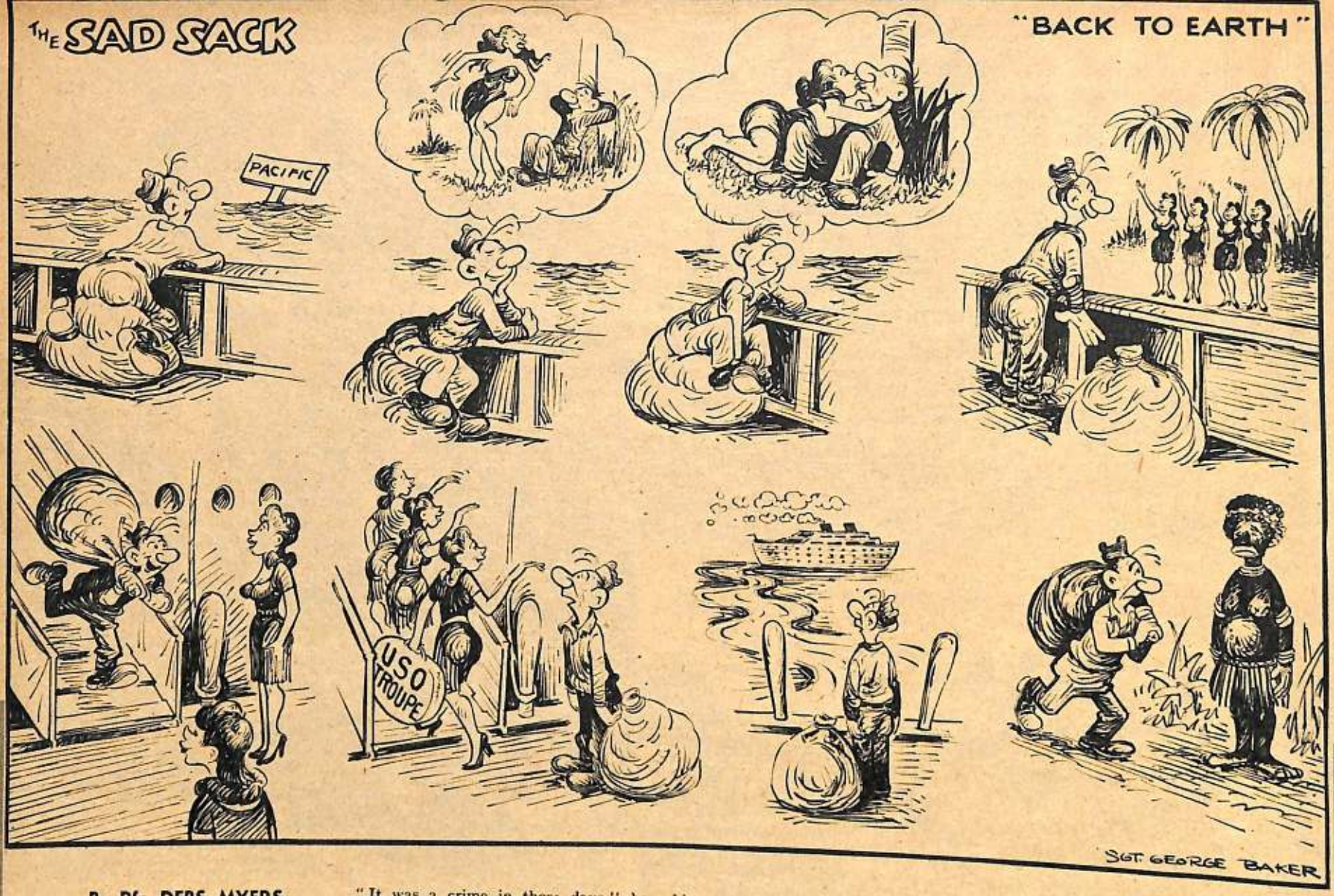
FAMILY AFFAIR. When his three sons went to war Sgt. A. C. Vanskike (third from left) went with them. All pfcs, they are (left to right) Louis E., Archie R., and Clarence E. They fought together in New Guinea and the Philippines.



THOU SHALT NOT. Whitey Schafer, Paramount photographer, staged this gay picture to show what the Hays office won't let him do when he makes his still shots. It is verboten to include: *1)* the law defeated; *2)* the inside of a thigh; *3)* lace lingerie; *4)* a dead man; *5)* narcotics; *6)* drinking; *7)* an exposed bosom; *8)* gambling; *9)* pointing a gun; *10)* a tommy gun. That's how to keep it clean.

several of

LIGHTS IN LONDON. Following years of wartime blackouts, when Londoners walked cautiously in the dark, the lights went on again after VE-Day. In this picture the Houses of Parliament shine out in the floodlights. Big Ben stands at the right and the buildings are reflected in the river Thames.



KING OF THE Nudists

By Pfc. DEBS MYERS
YANK Staff Writer

CHICAGO—Alois Knapp is a Chicago lawyer who has been called the Will Hays of nudism. As president of the American Sunbathing Association, he is the head man of the people who get bare for air. He says that nudism is doing plenty for the war, and, moreover, he's the guy who knows how to stop future wars. "Let everyone take off their clothes," he says, "and no one will know who to shoot."

Knapp, 56 years old, tanned and a little bald, perches his feet on his office desk and allows that he gets hundreds of letters from soldiers all over the world, who plan to take up nudism when they come home.

On his office walls are diplomas, certificates and one picture—a tinted job of a brunette who has all the right trajectories. She is pretty and is peeled right down to the buff, which is another word for bare skin. And she has lots of delightful buff.

"It's logical," Knapp says, "that soldiers would get interested in nudism. They're tired of taking orders from guys with stripes and brass. In a nudist camp, where could a man possibly wear his stripes?"

Further, says Knapp, nudism in its own quiet way is helping win the war.

"First," Knapp points out, "we conserve clothes. Second, we believe in wild life."

Noticing the interviewer brighten, Knapp hastens to add that by wild life he means outdoor life.

"And, third," Knapp says, "we promote democracy. It's clothing that makes social distinctions."

After a pause he goes on: "Nudists are good soldiers. They know how to take care of their bodies. Also, they are not bothered by any of the phobias that torment some men when they first go into the Army. Nudists have no false sense of shame."

Knapp beams smugly. "Shame," he pontificates, "is sham misspelled."

Knapp first became interested in nudism when he was a boy in Austria. "It was a crime in those days," he recalls, "to take off your shoes in front of someone else."

He has been in the States for about 35 years. In the last war, he was an interpreter for the American Army in France. He thinks there is some powerful grass-roots sentiment for nudism developing.

"If we make as much progress in the next 25 years as we have in the last 25," he predicts, "clothing will have reached the vanishing point. It is very encouraging. I can remember seeing a woman arrested in Chicago in 1912 for taking off her stockings."

"Beach wear will be next to feel the nudist influence," Knapp says. "The things they wear now are ridiculous," he observes, "as out-dated as the mustache cup and the horsehair sofa."

Knapp says that nudists are cold to dirty stories.

"If I laugh at a dirty story," he says, "it is only at the childishness of the person telling it. I do not consider anything that has to do with the human body funny. Nudists do not attend burlesque houses, nor do they look at French postcards.

"Nudism would eliminate Peeping Toms. If a back yard is exposed, no one looks. If you build a fence around it everyone peeks."

In 1940, at a national nudist convention in New Jersey, Knapp was crowned king of the nudists. "It was a distinguished honor and I felt humble," he says. In 1941 Knapp's successor as king of the nudists was a former boxer.

"He was a fine figure of a man," sighs Knapp, "and the girl who was crowned queen of the nudists was all right, too. The story has a charming ending. Six weeks after the coronation, they married each other. Then they moved to Oklahoma and now they have a nudist camp all their own."

Knapp believes that nudism is a fine antidote for false pride. "In a nudist camp," he adds, "a man is not what he appears to be, but what he is. That is obvious." It was agreed that indeed this was obvious.

"Further," says Knapp, "a nudist can't hide behind his tailor. His defects show. He tries to do something about them."

KNAPP would like to have cities set aside certain beaches for nudists, with the sexes segregated. "That's half a loaf," he says. "The whole loaf would be municipally supervised camps where a man could go with his family."

He estimates that there are now about 40,000 nudists in the States. Membership in most nudist organizations is by the year, $25 dollars for families, $25 for single men and $10 for single women. "Single women usually don't have too much money," explains Knapp.

Knapp also is associate editor of the association's magazine, *Sunshine and Health*. The stories have such titles as "Analysis of the Nature of Obscenity," "Psychology of Nudism," "Is Going Naked a Sin?" and "The Religious Phase of Nudism." The magazine also includes many pictures which do not have titles. The pictures speak for themselves.

A recent edition of the magazine contained a letter from a sergeant in Alaska who obviously was a man of troubles. Excerpts from his letter:

"So far, I haven't been able to do much about being a nudist because for more than four memorable years I have been wrapped up in olive drab. I might also mention that most of Alaska is not suitable for the practice of nudism.

"One does not believe in nudism at 40 below, and in the summer there are 10,000,000 mosquitoes convincing you that it isn't appropriate. I have, however, done everything in my power to present nudism as it really is to my associates, and I believe I have made some progress."

In this same edition was a story written by a corporal entitled "A Serviceman's Wonderful Christmas." It becomes obvious that nudist corporals get around, as witness the first paragraph:

"Four Christmases in the Army and three of them real nudist Yuletides. The first one in 1941 wasn't really like Christmas time, for we were rather upset and my outfit was in no position to stop and celebrate the season, but since then I've been privileged to have Christmas in nudist homes in three different states. A nudist Yule is one never to be forgotten, but the one this year was exceptional."

The rest of the story deals with jolly nudist conviviality and a 16-pound turkey and it's all wholesome but not titillating.

Officers, it seems, also go for nudism. The magazine carried the following classified advertisement listing a San Francisco post-office box:

"An officer now at sea expects to return to California shortly. Would like to meet companion who also enjoys sunshine and health." Uh-huh.

NEWS FROM HOME

Newsmen had a chance to relax, some more familiar faces left the Washington scene, the country kept a bedside watch on a GI, and a couple of towns carried out Fourth of July resolutions.

DURING the summer months, in peace time, the teletypes in newspaper offices are oftimes quiet for long periods throughout the day. There's just no news, it seems, except an occasional fire or a shooting or dull murder, and the overworked newsmen manage to steal enough time off to get in a game of poker or slip down to Joe's for a fast one.

During the present war, however, machines have been kept clicking continuously—summer as well as winter—with reports of battle. But in the States last week, newspapermen and teletypes had an occasional opportunity to relax. The home front in general was breathing easier, and with pretty good cause. Bloody Okinawa was a thing of the past as far as day-to-day news was concerned, although there were many families whose personal loss in the campaign would never allow them to forget that crazy name.

Superfortresses continued to gouge out huge chunks of Japan's industrial areas, and the Australians, under the direction of General Douglas MacArthur, were ashore in strength on the big Borneo oil port of Balikpapan. That was good news. Also, a lot of soldiers had been re-united, if only for a little while, with their families. The War Department said that 340,000 men got back to the States from Europe between May 20 and June 30.

Almost everybody was happy that the U.S. Senate had finally been given the Charter for International Security for ratification. They liked the way that President Truman had presented the document after requesting that there be no radio broadcast and no photographing during its delivery. The spotlight was to be kept strictly on the Charter.

Truman's speech was short and simple, too. He merely urged that the United Nations Charter be ratified as soon as possible because it "points down the only road to enduring peace." The President said: "The choice before the Senate is now clear. The choice is not between this Charter and something else. It is between this Charter and no Charter at all."

MAIN DRAG. SINCE NO AUTOMOBILES ARE PERMITTED WITHIN THE NINE-MILE CIRCUMFERENCE OF MACKINAC ISLAND, MICH., THESE SURREYS PARKED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HIGHWAY GOT PLENTY OF PLAY WHEN THE 37TH ANNUAL GOVERNORS' CONFERENCE WAS HELD THERE THIS MONTH. THE ISLAND IS REACHED BY STEAMERS CROSSING LAKE MICHIGAN.

It appeared that the Senate would be in a mood to heed the President's appeal, and Administration leaders stuck by their prediction that ratification would come by mid-August. As a heartening symptom of international goodwill which the Charter was intended to foster, Andrei A. Gromyko, Soviet Ambassador to the U.S., suggested that his country might also ratify the document at about the same time as Washington.

Earlier on the same hot and humid day that the Senate had received the Charter and started it through committee hearings, the upper house had given its approval to the appointment of James F. Byrnes of Spartanburg, S.C., as Secretary of State to succeed Edward R. Stettinius, chairman of the U.S. delegation to the new United Nations organization.

The nation, as a whole, seemed to be just as pleased as the Senate with the naming of the 66-year-old Byrnes, a man who had worked his way up from obscurity to become Associate Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court and Director of War Mobilization under the late President Roosevelt. It had already been announced that he would accompany President Truman to the Big Three meeting in Europe.

Incidentally, Byrnes, who was responsible for the midnight curfew, the brownout and the ban on horse racing, advocates the unification of the Navy and War Departments. In a current magazine article, he expressed the opinion that a "Department of the Armed Services" was one of the necessary steps in reorganizing governmental agencies to get maximum efficiency. As an argument in favor of unification, Byrnes asserted that the Army and Navy had competed in buying supplies, munitions, foods, and hospital equipment.

Another of Roosevelt's most trusted assistants, Harry L. Hopkins, left the Truman Administration. Hopkins resigned from his post as special adviser to the President because "the time has come when I must take a rest," and Truman accepted the resignation reluctantly, replying: "I am sorry that I cannot persuade you to remain in the Government any longer."

Now fifty-four years old, Hopkins was born in Sioux City, Ia., and his first big job was that of supervising an association for improving the condition of the poor in New York City. Later, he went to Washington to run the Works Progress Administration and was the first Lend-Lease Administrator. Like Byrnes, Hopkins served as an effective trouble-shooter in both the Roosevelt and Truman administrations. Less than a month ago, upon Hopkins's return from Moscow, Truman publicly credited him with having cleared up the international atmosphere and having done much for the cause of Allied unity.

And still the changes went on. Hardly had the public finished reading about Hopkins when the President told his press conference that Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury since 1934, and Owen J. Roberts, Associate Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court since 1931, had also given up their jobs. The White House later announced that Director of War Mobilization Fred M. Vinson would be nominated as Morgenthau's successor after the Big Three meeting.

DURING Morgenthau's tenure, the national Treasury has taken in 164 billion dollars, nearly twice the total receipts of all the preceding years since the Treasury was founded in 1789. His term also has been during the period of the greatest government spending, adding up to 370 billions, compared with the 120 billions spent up to the time he took office.

The resignation of the 54-year-old Morgenthau, whose home is in Hopewell Junction, N.Y., where he was a neighbor of Roosevelt, brought to six the number of cabinet members whose resignations Truman has accepted since taking office about three months ago. In addition to the State and Treasury posts, changes have been made in the Post Office, Labor, Justice and Agriculture Departments.

Roberts, who is 70, is a Republican, and was named to the highest bench in the land by former President Herbert Hoover. Known on the court as a vigorous dissenter, he was one of two remaining members of the "Nine Old Men," who were the main characters in President Roosevelt's dramatic attempt to enlarge the court in 1937.

All of the front-page news, however, wasn't on the high level of international relations and domestic diplomacy. Even the most staid newspapers in New York City, and many throughout the country, were playing up the killing of a sailor by the wife of an Army major in New Canaan, Conn., a smart commuting-distance suburb of New York.

The victim was Albert Kovacs, 19 years old, who had served in the Pacific and was currently attached to the Portsmouth Navy Yard in New Hampshire. He was shot and killed by Mrs. Imogene Stevens, 24-year-old wife of Maj. George R. Stevens, who is with a parachute outfit in Germany. The coroner found her "criminally responsible" for the shooting, and she was held in default of $50,000 bail on a charge of manslaughter.

Mrs. Stevens, who was a divorcee before she married the Major two years ago, admitted shooting Kovacs, but insisted she did so in self-defense. The coroner's report stated that both she and Kovacs were intoxicated at the time of the shooting, which took place in the home of the defendant's next-door neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Milton. It added that Mrs. Stevens was also emotionally upset when she shot the sailor, because of a quarrel she

IT HAPPENED BACK HOME

MAYOR FIORELLO H. LAGUARDIA of New York has made a lot of newsworthy broadcasts on his weekly radio program. He has read poetry, advised housewives, warned gangsters and commented on the Government. But the newspaper delivery strike gave LaGuardia his most spectacular role—detective Dick Tracy. "Children, I know you're all disappointed today because you did not get the funnies," the Mayor told his audience, "so gather round and I'll tell you about Dick Tracy." And he did. The Mayor instructed station officials to get someone to read the comics every day the strike lasted.

LANDMARK FALLS. FIRE DESTROYED PHILADELPHIA'S SHRINE HEADQUARTERS, LULU TEMPLE, WHOSE COPPER MOORISH DOME HAD DELIGHTED VISITORS SINCE 1904.

IT'S A LIVING. IT TOOK MERLE OBERON AN HOUR TO DON THE PANTS, BODICE AND HEAD-DRESS OF THIS IDOL OUTFIT. THE REST OF HER WAS LEFT OUT TO AIR.

PROXY BALL. IN MACON, GA., FRANCES NEWMAN ARRIVES AT HER 18TH BIRTHDAY DANCE, ORIGINALLY PLANNED BY HER MARINE BROTHER WHO DIED ON IWO JIMA.

had had with Mrs. Milton during a drinking party.

Locked up in the clink, Mrs. Stevens sent this cable to her husband: "Come home at once." The Major took off and got home all right, according to Stevens' socially prominent family, and there were reports that he was waiting for a chance to visit his wife unobserved.

THE blaze of publicity which accompanied the Major back to the States was nothing, though, compared with the stink raised by a lot of redeployed GIs being shipped across the country. It all started when a 15th Army Air Force lieutenant charged that his group of sixty men traveled for 36 hours in a "dirty, antiquated coach" to Camp Beale in California, while a vaudeville troupe on the same train had an entire Pullman with compartments.

More charges poured in from 95th Infantry Division and Eighth Air Force veterans who had to ride in the same coaches for four days and four nights. The Eighth Air Force major in charge of the train declared: "There were no wash basins, the toilets were out of order, there were no decent places to sleep, and it was dirty."

The newspapers rode the story for all it was worth, and the combined protests got a swift response. The Office of Defense Transportation banned all civilian Pullman travel on trips of 450 miles or less, which was intended to release an estimated 1,895 additional Pullmans for military travel. One ODT official said the order was necessary because of "the unexpectedly heavy arrival of troops well in advance of schedule."

It was announced that the Senate War Investigating Committee would reopen hearings on wartime transportation. And a railway executive said that travel difficulties for soldiers would be relieved slightly starting next month when the first of 1,200 new troop cars would be delivered for military use. For the record, a War Department spokesman emphasized that the Army does not control the railroads, and has to take whatever equipment is furnished.

The Senate War Investigation Committee meanwhile turned in a report based on an overseas tour made by a subcommittee headed by Sen. Harley M. Kilgore, Democrat of West Virginia. In its report, the Committee urged prompt recovery by the U.S. of all arms and weapons provided under Lend-Lease to our European Allies, and called for pooling of all enemy material captured in Europe by the Allies.

"So far as the Committee was able to point out," the report said, "no one has even given any thought to the exploitation of this source (Lend-Lease weapons) for filling the requirements of the Pacific War." The Senate group pointed out that the legal title to Lend-Lease material rests with the U.S. and that the Lend-Lease agreements specifically provide for their return.

Two Senators brought up the subject of peace with Japan. Sen. Homer E. Capehart, Republican of Indiana, said he thought that the unconditional surrender demand was impracticable, and he pointed to the cost of the Pacific war as "eight thousand casualties a week and one billion dollars every four days." Sen. Wallace White, Jr., Republican of Maine, called on President Truman to state the explicit surrender terms. Such a statement, White said, "might soften the Japanese will to continue a hopeless struggle and might hasten the day of surrender."

Gen. Carl A. Spaatz, who directed the strategic bombing that leveled Germany, was given the same assignment against Japan. At a press conference, Undersecretary of War Robert P. Patterson announced the creation of a U.S. Army Air Force in the Pacific with Spaatz as the supervising general reporting directly to General of the Army H. H. Arnold, chief of the Air Forces in Washington.

Patterson said there would be two principal Air Forces in the new bombing command—the Eighth under Lt. Gen. James Doolittle, and the 20th under Maj. Gen. Curtis E. Lemay. This giant force was established, he said, because of the "greatly increased size and activity of the Superfortress attacks."

In San Francisco, Lt. Gen. Holland M. Smith, former Commander of the U.S. Fleet Marine Forces in the Pacific, told newsmen that he thought the Japs would quit when their industrialists give a second look at the ruin inflicted by American bombers. "The Japanese people are the most highly regimented people in the world," said Smith. "When their leaders tell them to quit, they'll quit overnight." The General added, though, that it was pretty tough to figure out what he called the warped Japanese mind.

New York radio reports this Tokyo propaganda. Six wild boars were presented to Jap workers as a reward for overcoming production difficulties. "Having eaten these wild boars, the workers were very eager to increase production by exerting their utmost efforts," rejoiced the Nip announcer.

Director of War Mobilization Fred Vinson talked about Japan in his quarterly report to Congress and the President. He stressed the point that the U.S. must be prepared against the possibility that Japan will fall quickly, and outlined a "post-war economic charter" which emphasized high wages, lower taxes and public works.

Vinson declared the drop in munitions production would be rapid from now on, and "will be accompanied by increases in unemployment" in the near future. He advocated lifting the national minimum wage to "at least fifty cents" an hour and broadening old age and unemployment benefits. "The American people are in the pleasant predicament of having to learn to live fifty per cent better than they have ever lived before," Vinson stated. "Only a defeatist can scoff at this inescapable fact that we must build our economy on that basis."

Meanwhile, War Production chief J. A. Krug announced that American industry produced more than half the world's munitions last year and at the same time kept the U. S. civilian better housed, better fed and better clothed than that of any other nation. "Our civilian economy, though short of some of the things to which it was accustomed, has been maintained in a sound and healthy condition," Krug declared in a report to the President.

Shortages and consequent infractions of rationing regulations continued to make news throughout the country. The National Association of Shoe Manufacturers filed a protest with the Office of Price Administration against the growing practice of women buying plastic-soled shoes, which are unrationed, and then having them re-soled with leather before even wearing them.

The Association argued that this kind of re-soling is inflationary because it added two or three dollars to the cost of new shoes. A survey of several St. Louis cobblers showed that re-soling of new footwear constituted from twenty-five to thirty percent of their business.

AMERICA'S food problem was still acute, although more and more meat and butter were being made available. The trouble was that high ration point values have caused these "scarce" civilian food items to glut retail markets in many cities, according to one survey. Butter was reported becoming rancid and stale because housewives didn't have enough red points to buy the supplies.

In Washington, OPA Administrator Chester Bowles announced that his agency had launched a nationwide drive against an "organized racket" in the sale of ration checks. This is a system set up by the OPA to make it easier for merchants to buy rationed foods. Dealers deposit their points at banks and write out checks for the correct number when ordering them. Bowles said that in New York fake ration checks were being sold and that the number uncovered so far would have supplied 600,000 persons with a full month's supply of red-point foods.

In Norfolk, Va., the food situation was so critical that Rep. Ralph H. Daughton of Virginia planned to ask the Department of Agriculture to lift all restrictions on the public sale of poultry and on the slaughtering and public sale of meat. An executive of a grocery feed association in Norfolk charged that ships entering Hampton Roads were throwing thousands of pounds of good meat overboard so that they could obtain their full quotas of fresh stock in port.

Things were still none too quiet on the labor front. Thousands of persons queued up outside newspaper offices in New York City to buy their favorite sheet as 1,700 striking deliverymen prevented distribution of all but one of the city's major journals. The War Labor Board stepped in and told the unaffiliated Newspaper and Mail Deliveries union to order its members back to work, but union leaders had no comment.

New York newspapers were buying radio time to bring war news to the city where more than seven million papers are normally bought every day. *PM*, having recently signed a new contract with the

union, was the only daily on the streets. Only one case of violence was reported and that was when a 15-year-old newsboy was smacked in the eye by a man while purchasing 400 copies of the *Daily News* for street sales.

By order of President Truman, the U. S. Navy seized the five strike-paralyzed plants of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company in Akron, Ohio, and ordered 16,700 CIO United Rubber workers to return to their jobs. The Navy got action, too, and new tires began rolling off production lines for planes and trucks needed for the Pacific War. Company officials estimated that the 20-day work stoppage had resulted in a production loss of 320,000 tires for planes and trucks.

Out in Mackinac Island, Michigan, the governors of the 48 states got together and talked about this and that in their 37th annual conference. The governors unanimously endorsed the Charter of the United Nations and urged its prompt ratification by the Senate. They also asked that the headquarters and capital site of the new world security organization be located somewhere in the United States. And the conference also asked that functions taken over by the Federal government to increase the efficient prosecution of the war be returned to the states.

The Massachusetts legislature has officially granted freedom of speech to the citizens of the state. The action was taken after it was discovered that the privilege had never been written into the state constitution.

A petition signed by thirty-seven governors went to President Truman requesting that he take up the question of Jewish colonization of Palestine at the coming Big Three meeting. "We believe," said the petition, "that the time has come when concrete measures must be taken to open the doors of Palestine to Jewish mass immigration and colonization and to bring about the earliest transformation of that country into a free and democratic Jewish commonwealth."

The House Post-War Military Policy Committee submitted a report endorsing in general a program of peacetime military training sponsored by high-ranking spokesmen for the Army and Navy. The Committee didn't offer any specific legislation, which it said was a matter for the House Military Affairs Committee.

Sen. Hugh Butler, Republican of Nebraska, had a different idea. He suggested that a poll be taken of the public, including personnel of the armed forces, on the question of peacetime military training. Butler pointed out that Congress probably wouldn't act on the matter this year, so that there would be plenty of time to place the matter of compulsory service before the voters.

S/Sgt. Sabu Dastagir, the "Sabu" of film fame, got back to San Francisco on furlough after completing 42 missions and 427 combat hours as a ball-turret gunner on a B-24 in the Southwest Pacific. Sabu, who used to ride mainly on elephants in the movies, was loaded with chest cabbage, including a DFC and the Asiatic Theater Ribbon with four battle stars. He didn't say how many demobilization points he had, but he did say he'd like to get back into the movies as soon as possible to make pictures for the boys "out there."

Down in Fort Worth, Texas, a returned soldier was making a fight for life that was followed eagerly by people all over the nation. The GI's name was Cpl. Jim Newman, and doctors had despaired of his life because of extreme malnutrition and tuberculosis accumulated over three years as a Jap prisoner in Corregidor. Jim also had guts and proved it by continuing to live past the deadline predicted by the medics. When she wasn't busy preparing nourishing food for him, the corporal's mother was by his side. Jim was so optimistic, despite adverse medical decisions, that he sent out for decorations and chevrons for a new uniform. He was made corporal while he was in a military hospital and never had a chance to wear the stripes.

A somewhat different problem was being pondered by Army authorities at Fort McPherson, Ga., in the person of Pfc. Chester Salvatori of Southbridge, Mass. They call him "The Stomach" and they don't know whether to continue feeding him or discharge him. For breakfast, Salvatori downs 40 eggs, 20 pieces of toast, several quarts of milk, eight pieces of bacon, a quart of coffee and a large box of cereal. Once he ate an 18-pound turkey at one meal, and sometimes he has a snack of 36 pork chops. This sort of thing finally got on the mess sergeant's nerves. He couldn't figure how Salvatori continued to weigh only 140 pounds.

The country really had a "safe and sane" Fourth of July celebration this year. Accidental deaths across the country totaled 138, most of them on the highway or on the water. The fatalities compared to a total of 439 deaths for the three-day Fourth holiday in 1944.

Two Cleveland policemen noticed a 14-year-old boy carrying a peculiar-looking object with a lot of mirrors and knobs. They stopped him and found that the object was a $15,000 Norden bombsight, which once had been on the Army's secret list. The boy said he had paid thirty cents for it under the impression that it was a camera. He got it from a 17-year-old friend who had two more just like it.

Three outsized Rockford, Ill., men were going to picket the OPA office to protest because they couldn't buy large enough clothing. They called off the deal, though, when they found out they couldn't get barrels big enough to wear on the picket line.

The cops got hold of the second boy, who declared that he had bought them from a third boy. It was eventually decided that the bombsights had been stolen from a freight car, but just who stole them was still a mystery.

Store owners in Denver reported that a wave of shop-lifting currently in vogue with Denver's bobbysox set had set them back an estimated $1,000,000. Department store executives appealed to school and juvenile authorities to help break up the teen-age crime rings. Store spokesmen said most of the thefts had been committed by high school and junior high students of well-to-do families, with girl shop-lifters in the majority.

Mrs. Grace Petkus, member of the Chicago Board of Health's Dog Advisory Committee, charged in Municipal Court that dogs used in laboratory experiments were cruelly treated by staff members of Northwestern University's Medical School. She said dogs were kept in cases too small for them to lie down in, and that some pups that had died were not removed.

The First Air Force in New York announced that a "complex organized racket" whereby soldiers obtained "fraudulent medical discharges" and transfers from "hot outfits" had been broken up. The fee for a discharge was "several thousand dollars," and somewhat less for transfer to safe and secure branches of the Army, the Air Force public relations officer said. No names were made public. The Air Force said its investigation still was not complete and that court-martial proceedings would be held later.

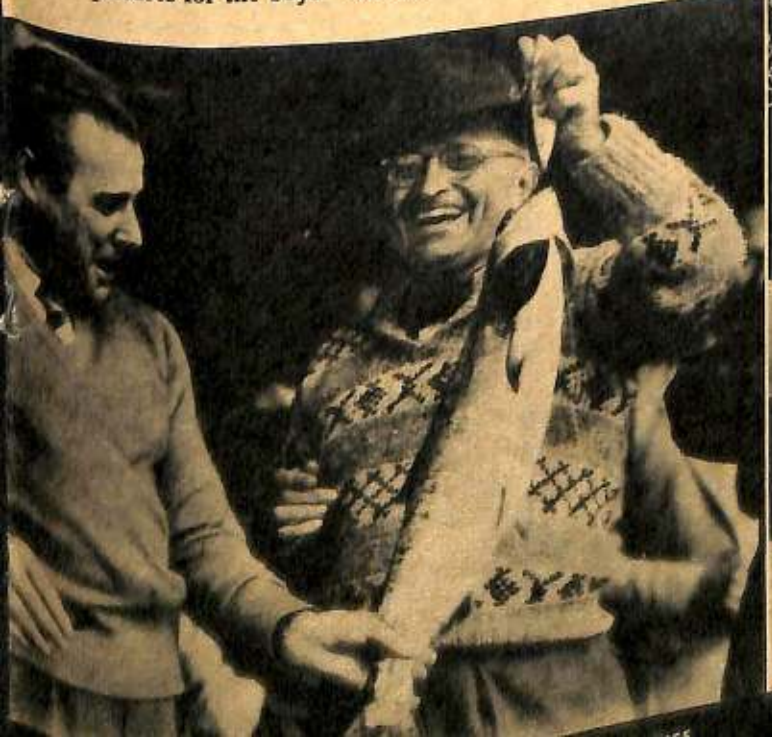
Soldier patients at the Percy Jones General Hospital in Battle Creek, Mich., are enjoying something new in bedside entertainment. Individual radio receivers by the beds operate fourteen hours a day with a choice of four programs. The GIs can have either classical and religious music or jive and there are channels for news broadcasts and variety shows.

THE Government took an unprecedented action in suing a New York City man to recover the salary and hospital expenses paid to a soldier after his injury in an automobile accident. Suit was brought against Francis J. Fehn for $1,421 for Cpl. John F. Laslow of Anson, Me. The complaint charged that Laslow was hospitalized and later got a medical discharge because of injuries inflicted by Fehn's car.

In Manhattan a nineteen-month-old boy clambered up to the open window of his sixth-floor room, fell out and landed in the concrete court below unhurt. His fall was broken by a series of clotheslines heavy with Monday's wash. A 42-year-old shipyard worker in Seattle was lucky, too. He landed upright in an easy chair after toppling three stories.

Telephone service linking home and automobile was promised soon by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Through the use of two-way radio, the motorist will be able to call his home number or any other number he wishes, including long-distance ones. He'll be able to receive calls, too. AT & T has filed applications to install stations in the larger cities and is surveying for installations in smaller towns.

Independence Day brought about a few notable changes of heart this year. The Fourth of July was celebrated in Vicksburg, Miss., for the first time since the city fell to General Grant on July 4, eighty-two years ago. The city of New Rochelle, N.Y., restored the citizenship of its most famous son, Thomas Paine, just 139 years after it denied him the right to vote. In 1806 when Paine, Revolutionary War patriot and pamphleteer, accepted honorary French citizenship, the town fathers took away his voting rights. Dade County in northwest Georgia picked July the Fourth as the date to end the Civil War. The Stars and Stripes was run up on the courthouse staff for the first time in eighty-five years. Town fathers had "seceded" from Georgia and the Union because Georgia refused to leave the Union in 1860. This year they felt differently, though, and declared themselves back in harness. President Truman sent Dade a telegram, "I am delighted," said the President, "to hear of the determination of Dade County to celebrate the glorious Fourth of July by returning to the Union. . . . Welcome home, pilgrims."



FAWN AT SCHOOL. KIDS IN LOS ANGELES ADOPTED THIS BABY DEER. RIGHT IN THE CLASSROOM.

MORE GIRLS. THERE ARE FIVE OBVIOUS REASONS FOR THIS SHOT OF LIFE IN A NEW YORK SWIMMING POOL. IT'S ALSO SUPPOSED TO STIMULATE YOUR INTEREST IN NATIONAL SWIM FOR HEALTH WEEK.

The COVER

During the lull in the fighting, last Spring, for the Burma Road north of Lashio, Cpl. William H. Castleberry of Briggsville, Arkansas, compared pipes with a Chinese native, who lived in the hills nearby.

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

MAIL CALL

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Pictures: Cover, Signal Corps. 2, Cpl. Fred Tonne. 3, upper and lower left, Sgt. Frank Brandt; upper right, Sgt. George M. Bailey; lower right, Sgt. Reg Kenny. 4, left, Sgt. Kenny; right, Sgt. Brandt; lower, Cpl. Jack Coggins. 5, left to right, top to bottom, Cpl. Coggins, Sgt. George T. Bailey, Cpl. Coggins, Sgt. Kenny, Cpl. Tonne, Sgt. George T. Bailey. 8 and 9, Sgt. Dewitt Gilpin. 12, upper left, 15th AFSC; lower left, Wide World; upper right, AAF; others, Acme. 13, upper left, Vernon Roberts, Slc; center, Coast Guard; lower left, Signal Corps; upper right, Whitey Schafer, Paramount; lower right, Wide World. 15, Wide World. 16, left, INP; center, Wide World; right, PA. 17, left, AP; center, Acme; right, Wide World. 20 and 21, Wide World, INP. 22, Bagby Photo. 23, left, Sgt. Georg Myers; right, ATC.

War Criminals

Dear YANK,

The record of the handling of war criminals after the last war is astounding. Not a single murderer was really brought to justice. A few were tried by the Germans themselves, believe it or not, and received small sentences. Even those gangsters were permitted to escape, and the whole world knows how well the Kaiser was treated.

Are the guilty war lords and their stooges to escape again? If they do then the world will be faced with the deadliest conflagration beside which this war will be insignificant. Whole cities may be levelled to the ground by flying bombs set off by the mere pushing of a button. We owe it to our buddies who gallantly fought and died in this war to make certain that it does not happen again.

A commission of representatives from all the countries who were at war with Germany, as of June, 1944 (so as to exclude Spain and Argentina), could make a list of all those who are considered war criminals. It would include Hitler, Goebbels, Goering, Himmler, Hess, Von Rundstedt, Von Papen, Ribbentrop, Schacht, Krupp, Thyssen and many other similar murderers who there can be no doubt have been the main figures in the instigation and carrying out of the war. It should include all members of the Nazi party, the German General Staff, the storm troopers, the *Gestapo*, and last but by no means least those behind-the-scenes murderers among the industrialists and businessmen of Germany. They should all be shot without delay. Everyone knows they are guilty and it would be a waste of time and money to try them. They gave no trials or delay to the millions of innocent victims, including defenseless women and children.

Those men who are in what we might call the doubtful class could be investigated at once, tried by court-martial, and receive punishment or exoneration, according to the findings of the court.

Everyone was satisfied with the way the Duce was disposed of. Let us not be less vigorous in ridding this world of the rest of the murderers.

Camp Barkeley, Texas. **S/Sgt. A. E. HARRIS**

That A.G. Decision

Dear YANK,

The letter and indorsements from the Adjutant General's Department on the Battle Participation Stars in the Air Force appear to have been published for two reasons. First, in order to disseminate the information therein and, secondly, to shutup everybody who has bitched about this unfair situation until everyone is redeployed and it has become an issue of the past. Which purpose it will serve most, I do not know.

In analyzing the tenth indorsement, several points stand out most clearly. The most glaring of all is, that the awards section of the Adjutant General's Department has drawn the line in the wrong place and refuses to admit it or do something about it. Efficient as our Army is, I'm sure the Adjutant General's Department is not infallible and when it makes a mistake, should be willing to correct it. It says that to extend credit to the other units, which Lt. Gen. Spaatz feels should also get credit would dissipate their value. Their value as battle honors in the Air Force has already been dissipated by issuing them to all the chairborne and service sections of Air Force combat units instead of just the flying personnel. Surely the Adjutant General's Department can take the word of Lt. Gen. Spaatz and all other commanders who supported the original request for the service units, that these troops were just as essential to the operation of the combat Air Force stations as the ground echelon of the groups. Does not the word of the men who were there count for anything?

The Adjutant General's Department is constantly on the lookout for unfair treatment of the GI and has in the past conducted innumerable investigations to correct them. Is it not an injustice where an arbitrary cleavage that has been made among Air Force ground personnel results in those who have been in the Army the longest and overseas the longest having to remain when other personnel, right alongside of them, doing the same or similar work, with shorter service, but who have been lucky enough to be assigned or attached to either operational or headquarters units are getting out? A technicality is bad enough when it affects a few, but when it affects so many, the basic decision must be wrong. Is the Award Section of the Adjutant General's Department in such a position that their decisions are irrevocable?

The average GI wants to get the war over with and go home and doesn't particularly care about all the fancy ribbons and medals he can wear on his chest. Of course, they are nice to have, but the points on the path to release are more tangible.

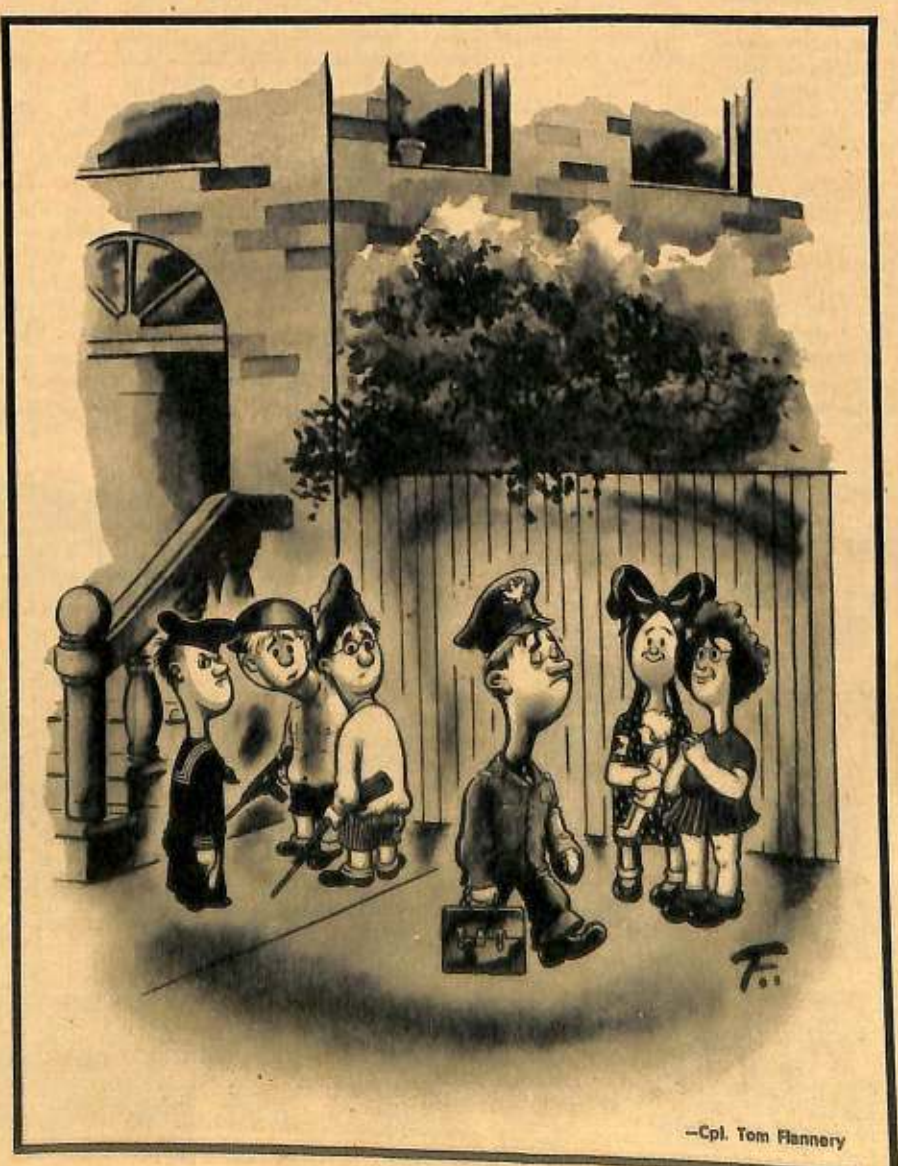
All of the personnel of the service units appreciate the efforts of those who are attempting to right this unfair decision, but it is also felt that this indorsement should not mean the end of these efforts. Other decisions which have been made in the past have been changed, but it has required continued and persistent effort.

Finally, the files of *Stars and Stripes* as well as YANK must contain many letters on this subject, yet other than printing a very small proportion of these letters neither has seen fit to comment or write an editorial on this subject.

How about it?

Britain. **1st Lt. J. L. F., QMC.**

[YANK, being produced by enlisted men, is concerned with any and all problems of the service man, and it is the function of Mail Call to be the means by which GIs can air their grievances or opinions of any kind. If these published statements happen to catch the attention of the proper authorities, and remedies thereby are instituted, then YANK has helped to fulfill one of its obligations. In the matter of the Battle Participation Stars controversy, YANK published a great number of the most representative letters received from enlisted men and officers, furnished higher headquarters with copies of the magazine in which the letters appeared, along with the total number of complaints received in this office, thus bringing the matter directly to the attention of the officials concerned. As a result, of the interest that had already been aroused among these officers, YANK was supplied with the exchange of correspondence that dealt with the matter, and published all the information that was obtainable—in the form of the above-mentioned indorsements—as to the steps that were taken to arrive at the decision that, up to the present time, still stands. If and when further information is available on this subject, YANK will publish it. —Ed.]



—Cpl. Tom Flannery

Dear YANK,

Thank God we Americans enjoy freedom of the press, and while you should be thanked for printing the recommendations and comments on the very touchy subject of "Battle Participation Credits" I personally question the advisability of you having done so.

The mail bag should certainly be heavy as a result of your June 29th edition.

If the comment by every man in this outfit is any criterion of the comment and feeling existing in every Air Service unit, their concensus of opinion will amount to a comparison of the man sitting smugly on a well-upholstered chair in a well-

furnished office ignorant of detail and the *Queen Mary* in drydock.

Discharge on the point system is fair insofar as is practical, however, the awarding of those points doesn't make sense to the GI; the fact that is substantiated by letters in YANK, *Stars and Stripes* and the voicing of opinion in strongly worded GI conversations.

I'm just like most GIs, an ordinary individual, fed up with the war, three years of service, anxious to get home to my family and a job. I am an AM who has worked on numerous bombers and feel that the efficiency of my work was necessary to combat operations, and yet, there were men working by my side, members of the combat group, over here in the ETO half as long as myself who were awarded Battle Stars. Are both cases deserving or undeserving? Certainly one or the other but both cannot be placed in separate categories. I forgot. They have, haven't they?

I know, too, that there are many indisputable cases such as mine, so my question is: What is to prevent reconsideration of the whole issue by the War Department taking in consideration all of the facts?

Britain. **Cpl. CHARLES H. THOMAS**

To a Congressman

Dear YANK,

We receive papers from home where we read Mr. Rankin of Mississippi is always downing Negroes. We would like him to see what Negroes are doing on the front. We are fighting for him and Mississippi as well as we are for Mr. Dewey and New York.

Germany. **A NEGRO YANK**

Intolerance

Dear YANK,

I received a letter from home recently with some very disturbing clippings inclosed. Despite all the sacrifices that were made on this side of the Atlantic, and despite all the sacrifices made and to be made in the Pacific and CBI, the mongers of hate and intolerance are still able to peddle their nefarious wares without guilty consciences.

I cannot conceive of any difference between an oven which burns human flesh because of political or religious opposition (witness Lublin and Buchenwald), and the burning cross on an open plain in some sections of our country. Both are fueled by bigots and persons foreign to Democratic order. One wears a Brown or Blackshirt, the other a White Robe. Both symbolize the brutal answer to those who would oppose them. First we have a fire for books, and then we have a fire for human beings. First we have fiery crosses, and then we have innocent people at the mercy of a fanatical mob. Hitler may be dead, but his spirit of intolerance and bigotry is still very much alive.

I think it is a challenge to everyone of us who sincerely believes in Democracy that such people and organizations are permitted to exist. A person need not, as popular misconception would have it, be a foreign person with a thick accent, and be an agent for an enemy power at the same time. Many persons who speak our lingo, belong perhaps to the same clubs, go to the same movies, hide behind their Legion buttons and belong to some ultra-ultra societies, are just as much a menace as are the foreign enemies of our country. Those who exploit petty differences among our Allies to sow distrust and disunity, we dare not trust them. Those who spread anti-religious, or anti-racial theories, or who advocate color bars, are just as dangerous to democratic order as any swashbuckling Nazi. The same fellows who told us over the American radio that nobody could beat the Nazis; that we should have an influence with the Powers for a negotiated peace with the Axis; that Hitler wasn't a bad Joe once you got to know him better—these fellows, in whatever call of life they might be, no matter how high or low in office, should have their numbers called once and for all. Those graves in St. Lo and Sicily, in Okinawa or Manila, they mean that a lot of Joes died so that guys who spread hate and intolerance wouldn't have a chance to get to first base. Maybe it's too early to determine whether they will or not. But to read the News From Home; to read that Bund leaders go scot-free, that guys like Joe McWilliams, who sold poison on street corners, that guys like Gerald L. K. Smith, are speaking in the name of the vets, makes you feel that you want to stand up and be counted, too. You want to be counted among those who fought for Democracy at home and, perhaps, abroad. Let's not snafu the peace!

Britain. **Pfc. WALTER L. KIRSCHENBAUM**

Technicolor Atabrine

Dear YANK,

Might I make a suggestion. The little pill they call atabrine—why couldn't the Medical Department, or whoever is making this stuff, color the pill red instead of yellow? Being it's an added

coloring they put in it, why not red? It would help out on the appearance of us lads that are taking atabrine.

I don't mind looking yellow, but when the guys start ribbing you that you look like a Jap, I resent that. Besides, how in the hell would it look when I get home; the folks might think I'm on my last hitch of this dear old world. Especially the way my folks are, they'd call a doctor on the minute upon seeing me. Thanks, pal.

P.S. Even purple, any damn color as long as it's not yellow. Red I still prefer, it would give you that added complexion that Mom would always like to see on her boy.

Burma. **Pfc. JOHN De FRONZO**

Suggestions for Peace

Dear YANK,

When we came into the Army we were issued a Soldier's Handbook which explained the (then) most important features of our military service. The first chapter set out, with illustrations from civilian life, to show the necessity for discipline and teamwork.

Now that this Army has begun its return to civilian life, I think that it might be appropriate to issue discharged soldiers a Civilian's Handbook, explaining the essentials of civilian life from which we have been separated so long, and which some of us never really knew as adults, illustrating all this with examples from the military life while it is still fresh in our minds. To such a book, fully aware that it will never be written, I offer this suggested first chapter:

Your purpose as an American soldier was peace. Your fight in this war was to make it possible for your country and other countries to live in peace. And peace itself—the peace which comes only from good order—was the first weapon with which you fought.

Remember, in the civilian life to which you are returning, how your Army kept its order, not only its official routine but the sense of order that held you and your comrades together until victory was won.

Remember that it is not enough to make peace, we must also keep it; and that to keep peace among nations we must have it among ourselves.

Remember the tolerance between man and man which you saw in your own barracks. In the Army men get along with each other because they cannot get away from each other. In civilian life the problem is the same, only larger. The men you dislike are still with you, in the same city, the same country, the same small world. They have to live with you, too. Disorder between you is the first weakness that crumbles the lines of peace.

Remember that obedience also is necessary to order. In the Army you had to obey commands which you had no part in making. In civilian life you have a voice in your own government. This power makes you even more responsible for obeying the laws that are made. Use your power to pass the laws you want; remember your loyalty and obey the laws that exist.

Remember that now you have a right to know what is going on. In war it was often necessary to keep facts and plans a secret. But it was found that when men were told as much as possible of their mission and of their particular part in the mission, they served more willingly and effectively. Now you have every right to know the truth about your government, about your lawmakers. You don't need to wait for rumors to leak out of "headquarters." You have a right to expect your newspapers, your radio, your public officials to keep you honestly informed. Demand this right, take every advantage of it. Your correct understanding of public affairs will help to make you a willing and effective citizen.

Remember that in the Army your job *mattered*, whatever it was. The company cook who died valorously leading a handful of green replacements into an emergency action in Italy won the Congressional Medal of Honor. The thousands of other cooks who kept on cooking contributed just as surely, though not so remarkably, to victory. The same is true of all other soldiers, however far behind the lines, who did their jobs. Remember that as a civilian, keeping the peace you fought for, you and your job still matter. Though you have nothing to do with governments, you can add to, or take from, the peace of the whole world. And the "goldbricks," "the handshakers," the petty swindlers who hampered the Army at war can still hamper the world at its task of peace. To this effort, give your strength.

Remember the question:

"This is your war, soldier. Are you winning it?"

Now it will be:

"This is your peace, citizen. Are you keeping it?"

Britain. **T/3 LEON T. LUKASZEWSKI**

Satisfied Customer

Dear YANK,

I have been reading YANK for the past two years and enjoy every issue.

YANK should be complimented for maintaining articles of interest to the average soldier. The Army has made a thinker out of most GIs, and given him a varied personality. It would take a genius to please him but YANK seems to have done the trick. You undoubtedly receive a lot of bitches that go unanswered.

Continue with the good work.

Britain. **Sgt. D. E. U.**

Advice from Holland

Dear YANK,

We were very badly surprised when we heard of the fraternization of American soldiers with the Germans. But after the first time, we heard of that more and more. We for us ask, have those men got no brains and what character? After all the things the Germans did to themselves, their dear ones and all people in Europe?

We know that they cannot know the Germans like we do, after 4½ years of occupation, but yet we are disappointed in some Americans who are so weak that they cannot leave the German "ladies" alone. We tell you, you will do the whole American Army and their civilian friends a big favor by keeping warning for fraternization. And we blame everybody who tried to speak good about the Nazis, like somebody who wrote the article in the *Stars and Stripes* "Children of God." I hope you understand us, and millions of people speak the same way we do.

Maastricht, Holland. **BARBARA AND JEANNE (Two Dutch Girls)**

Half-Free?

Dear YANK,

Abraham Lincoln said, "As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master." This expresses my idea of democracy.

Can the world exist half slave and half master? Can the San Francisco Conference succeed in a world economy based on industrial feudalism? Now that we have abolished the "master race," will we also abolish the "master class"? Can we take the profit out of war? Will we obey "The Merchants of Death"?

Belgium. **Pfc. ROGER E. FURBUR**

"The Count"

Dear YANK,

I wish I could express in words my utter disappointment upon picking up YANK and discovering for the second successive week that "The Count" was not represented. I don't know if you realize that the first thing we read upon receipt of the YANK is "The Count," and that the rest of the magazine is incidental as far as I am concerned. Subscriptions are sure to drop if "The Count" is no longer to appear in your editions, and I'm sure you realize how important circulation is to a magazine.

Hope to see "The Count" in next week's edition.

Britain. **S/Sgt. N. G. EATROFF and 124 others**

[The Count disappeared to you-know-where, as far as we can tell. We're trying to contact him for more of his memoirs, but he's holding us up for a hell of a royalty fee—as we might have guessed. Whether we'll ever hear from him again we don't know, but it's a sure guess that literature or humanity won't be any the worse for the loss.—Ed.]

Women and Curves

Dear YANK,

The anthropologist from Harvard, Mr. Ernest A. Hooton (June 29, News from Home) had better set his mind to some other subject than the shapeliness of our American women. If he thinks the average American male, and that's going to mean just a few besides us GIs, want the "peculiarly localized fatty deposits" changed on the female of the species, he's completely wrong. If a woman didn't have a posterior, she wouldn't be female. The average of our women are *now* able to "wear pants without creating a spectacle," unless the anthropologist hails from a locality of corn-fed babes where most of the *avoirdupois* is placed to fill out the seat of the slacks.

We've seen enough of women in uniform in this war to welcome the day most heartily when a woman's raiment will be of a clinging material or a scant bathing suit. We like our women with curves that are at least suggested. The professor's idea of wearing off these curves by military training and *judo* would be met by GIs the world over by boos that would be heard on the planet Mars.

Hands off, Professor, leave our women alone.

Britain. **A GI**

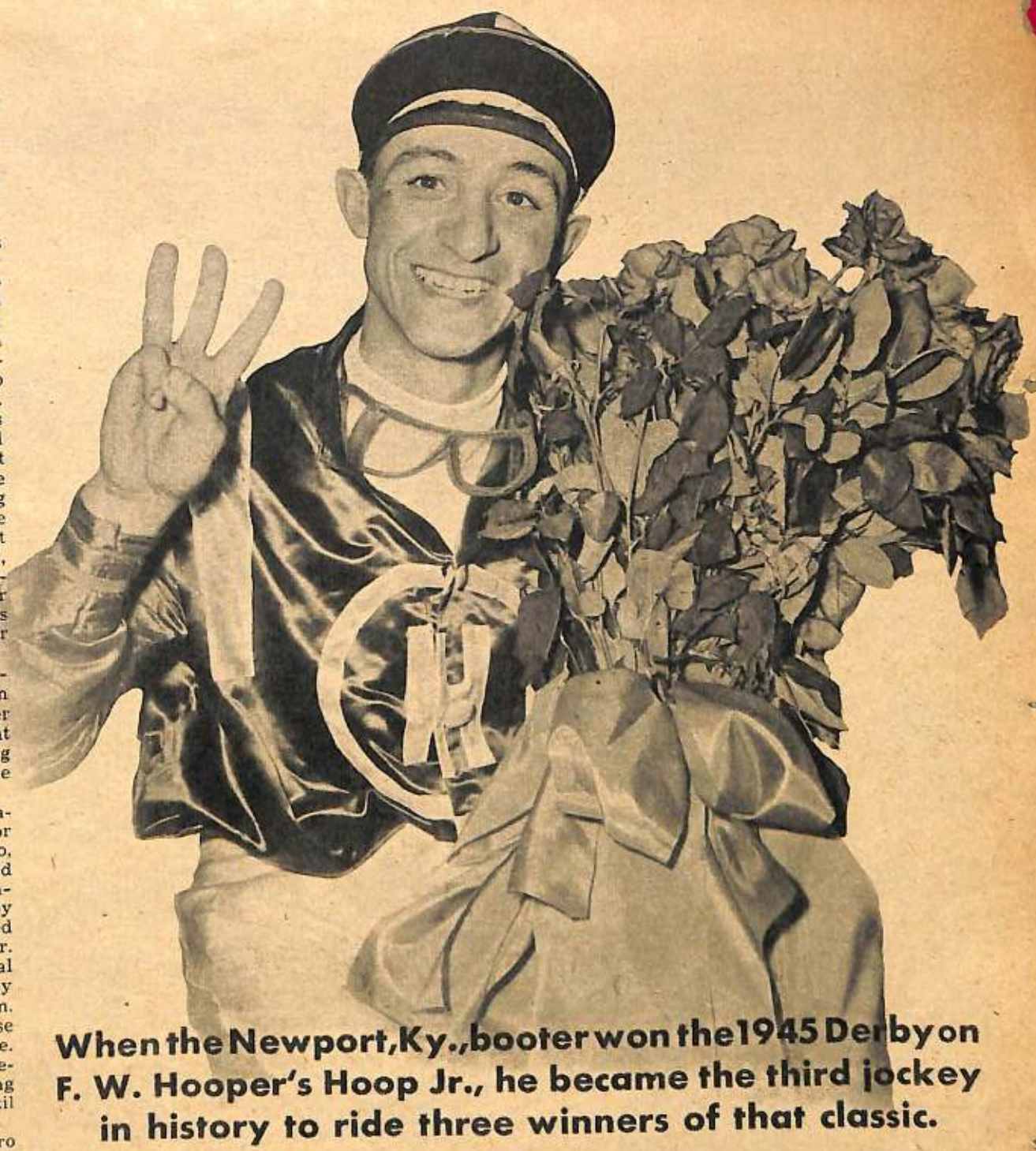
ARCARO'S DERBY WINNERS

F. W. Hooper's Hoop Jr. wins the 1945 Derby

Woolford Farm's Lawrin, 1938 Derby winner

Calumet Farm's Whirlaway wins the 1941 Derby

FINISH



When the Newport, Ky., booter won the 1945 Derby on F. W. Hooper's Hoop Jr., he became the third jockey in history to ride three winners of that classic.

EDDIE ARCARO

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Sports Editor

LOUISVILLE, KY.—"I have seen every topnotch jockey who has ridden on American race tracks in the last 30 years," said Plain Ben Jones, the veteran trainer, after the Kentucky Derby, "but I have never seen one to equal Arcaro."

Eddie Arcaro's latest Churchill Downs triumph on Fred W. Hooper's Hoop Jr., with his previous wins on Lawrin in 1938 and Whirlaway in 1941, equals the mark of Earl Sande, who booted home Zev in 1923, Flying Ebony in 1925 and Gallant Fox in 1930. You have to go back to Isaac Murphy, the famous Negro who won with Buchanan in 1884, Riley in 1890 and Kingman in 1891, to find the only other jockey who can claim three victories in the Kentucky classic.

Arcaro might have had four Derby victories to his credit if he had selected Shut Out instead of Devil Diver before the 1943 race. As contract rider for the Greentree Stable he had his choice between them and took Devil Diver, leaving Shut Out to Wayne Wright. Jones takes the blame for Arcaro's selection of Devil Diver that year. Ben, who didn't have a horse in the Derby, saw Devil Diver work a mile in 1:38 at Keeneland and advised Arcaro to ride him. Devil Diver finished sixth, never threatening, while his stablemate galloped to a two-and-a-quarter length victory.

Arcaro's opinion of horses is sought by veteran trainers. It meant a lot to Trainer Ivan Parke when Eddie climbed off Hoop Jr. after winning one division of the Wood Memorial at Jamaica in May and said, "There ain't nothing going to beat this horse in the Derby. I'd like to ride him for you."

Parke had thought enough of the Sir Gala-had colt to give $10,200 of Hooper's money for him at the Lexington, Ky., sales two years ago, but he was disappointed when Hoop Jr. finished fourth in his first start as a 3-year-old this season. The colt had been trained for the Derby all winter at Hialeah and Parke had expected him to romp. Now he knows that Hoop Jr. didn't run up to expectations in that first trial of the season because of the way that Bobby Permane, who had the mount, handled him. That young jockey rode Hoop Jr. with a loose rein when he got him to the front in the race. Arcaro has been successful with the colt because he has held him together while letting him set the pace, reserving his strength until it was needed.

Hoop Jr. isn't the first equine riddle Arcaro has solved. Whirlaway was called "The All American Outcurve" until Eddie cured him of his habit of running wide at the stretch turn. Lawrin was the same kind of problem as the Hooper colt.

The 1938 Derby winner had plenty of early speed, but until Eddie started riding him he had a reputation for being chicken-hearted. He would go to the front, build up a big early lead and then fold when challenged. Arcaro discovered that Lawrin wasn't chicken-hearted, but that he was a one-run horse who folded when challenged because his speed and strength had been misused.

Arcaro prefers Hoop Jr. to Lawrin but he refuses to compare the 1945 winner with Whirlaway. "It's a little early for that," he says. "Whirlaway was the runningest horse I ever rode. You had to watch him, but he could really turn it on." His other all-time favorites are Nellie Flag and Thingumabob, a 2-year-old who was fatally injured at Saratoga before he established himself.

ARCARO made up his mind to be a jockey one day at Latonia in 1927 when he saw Earl Poole win the Latonia Derby on Handy Mandy. Later he quit high school in nearby Newport, Ky., where his father managed a restaurant supply store, and spent most of his time hanging around the stables at Latonia. A horseman named J. H. McCafferty put him under contract as a rider but after a year gave it back to him and advised him in no uncertain terms to forget the jockey business and to return to high school.

Ignoring McCafferty's advice, Arcaro went to Agua Caliente in Mexico the next winter with Alvin Booker, an ex-jockey who had a stable of a few aged and decrepit nags. On one of them, Eagle Bird, Arcaro won his first race. That was [illegible] his riding style so much that he transferred his contract to Clarence Davison, a former Missouri farmer who had a very successful stable of cheap horses, so that the youngster would have more opportunities to ride.

Davison and his wife took Arcaro into their home and treated him as a son. Under Davison's coaching, Arcaro won 70 races before he lost his "bug," the race track expression for the asterisk in the program beside the name of a jockey who is still serving his apprenticeship with a five-pound allowance. Warren Wright, owner of the big time Calumet Farms Stable, bought his contract for $5,000 from Davison even though it had only five more months to run. Wright immediately raised his pay to $300 a week, gave him 10 percent of all the stakes he won and bought him a new Chevrolet.

Arcaro stayed with Calumet Farms for the 1935 and 1936 seasons and then joined Greentree Stable, his present employer, when it made him the kind of an offer he couldn't turn down. In a good year now he makes as much as $50,000 and even in a very bad year he pays taxes on an income of $12,000.

The Number One jockey of the country is 29 years old, weighs around 114 and stands 5 feet and 3 inches. He is married to a former photographer's model who is five inches taller than he is. They have two children, a boy and girl, and they live about as normal a life as a jockey can live, what with early morning workouts and riding dates at various meetings along the Atlantic seaboard. Their home in Miami is attractive and comfortable but not elaborate.

Although Arcaro has never actually led the American jockeys in wins, he topped them all in purse and stakes earnings in 1940 and 1941. In the 13 years of his riding career before the current season he earned in purses the staggering figure of $3,616,587.

In other words, he is a money rider and like most money riders, he is ruthless and willing to do anything to win an important race. This accounts for the fact that Arcaro, a rather sober and serious fellow away from the track, is often in hot water with racing officials. He was grounded for 90 days for rough riding in 1936 and after he finished second on Occupation in the 1942 running of the Cowdin Stakes at Aqueduct, the stewards suspended him for the rest of that year and part of 1943.

Arcaro says he hasn't any particular post war plans, except that he would like to win the Derby for a fourth time. "My dad wants me to retire," he says. "But I'm not ready for that yet."


Madelon Mason
YANK
Pin-up Girl

What did you do in the war, Grandma?

THE BEWILDERED GENT IS S/SGT. EDWARD L. HUX OF PORT HURON, MICH., AND HE'S GETTING THAT ATTENTION-WITH-A-SMILE STUFF FROM PFC. MARTHA BLANCHARD.

PARIS—Many of us who were not even specialists sixth class in the old days, can remember when a ride in an Army transport plane was not something you undertook voluntarily. The only seats were on top of the barracks bags, and since these always seemed to be occupied by the time you got aboard, you sweated it out with your neck arched against a rib of the fuselage and your undercarriage wedged into a muffin tin. That, of course, was before the Wacs took over, which they have done on the several daily Air Transport Command runs between London and Paris.

Now you squash into a plush seat, and a Wac wearing air-crew wings looks after you. She makes a little speech, telling you that this is an airplane, that she is a flight traffic clerk and that there are plenty of urp bags in her Navigator's Case. In the case are also pajamas, silk, two-piece, in case she has to RON (remain overnight), but that piece of information isn't divulged in her speech. She tucks you into your safety belt and, after take-off, unshackles you and brings magazines and coffee. This experience is quite unnerving, but it is helpful to dwell on the fact that there are only ten such Wac flight clerks in the world so far, and any time you feel like going back to bucket seats, there is always the Pacific.

The Wacs themselves were a bit edgy about the new set-up in the beginning, too, but they'll be collecting their first flight-pay soon and that is a definitely calming factor.

The girls on this job were sifted out by an examining board which included Capt. Elsie M. Sykora of Maple Lake, Minn. It is possible that the board had some theories about how to keep a passenger's mind off airsickness, or motion sickness as it is known in the trade.

Pfc. Martha J. Blanchard, for instance, is a willowy blonde who used to be a railway clerk in Dallas, Tex. Even in Paris, where GIs are hardened to the spectacle of French fillies in short skirts whisking by on bikes, Martha holds her own. She was, in fact, the first Wac flight clerk seen by daylight on the boulevards of Paris. And that brings up some interesting sidelights on the shuttle job across the English channel.

It is all very well for a girl to be able to tell her grandchildren that she used to fly from London to Paris every day, but the facts, as we were told them, are these: Wac flight clerks see very little of either London or Paris. Their flight-rotation schedule is such that they ordinarily land at the ATC field several miles from Paris and take off for London an hour later. From the detachment HQ in England it takes a special 24-hour pass to go farther than 25 miles from the field. London is 28 miles away. This does not make sparkling stuff for the grandchildren.

Nor do the routine chores: checking the passenger manifests, loading cups for water, coffee and motion sickness pellets, and making sure that the cabin is fit for the eye of any ATC inspector that might wander aboard. None of this, however, seems to be boring to the Wacs. They scan each manifest eagerly—so the story goes—because there are many government, military and theatrical bigwigs hitting the ETO right now. Martha Blanchard has "carried" Lucien Lelong, the big perfume and lipstick merchant. Her crewmates have carried Mrs. Randolph Churchill and a basketful of generals.

The London-Paris hop is so smooth, day-in and day-out, that there are only two or three blue stars on the chart the Wacs keep at their home base. A blue star is for a passenger who drops his cookies. A gold star is for a flight clerk. So far, there are no gold stars.

When Pfc. Blanchard, on a recent trip, was going to get an afternoon off in Paris, she looked as nervous as S/Sgt. Joe Louis in the ring with Pvt. Mickey Rooney. That disappeared, however, when she started seeing the town. Everything seemed so familiar. There is something about throngs of GIs that make any city in the world look like Charlotte, North Carolina, on a Saturday night.

Martha managed to scrounge a couple of meals from a Com Z mess and spent most of her time trying to buy something called a calotte. This is a chunk of fabric that might have been bitten out of the seat of somebody's pants by a fox terrier. It comes with a feather and you wear it on your head. Martha was eager to own a real Paris calotte when she goes back among the civilians. Apparently the smaller the calotte, the more thousands of francs it costs.

Martha wound up her pass in Paris at the Stage Door Canteen, where the star of the show was a ventriloquist's dummy that spoke excellent French. When she got back to the airfield the roses she had bought by accident were withered, she had no calotte and she had never located the place where only Wacs can buy hamburgers. If the passengers on her plane thought the flight clerk seemed a little nervous, it was only because she was wondering what she was going to tell her grandchildren about her afternoon in Paris.

—By Sgt. GEORG MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

THIS week's tenant of the page across the way moved in especially for the younger element of the Army. As you've already noticed, she is a 'teen age beauty. Her name is Madelon Mason. Madelon is a highly successful Conover cover girl. She was born in Cleveland. She is blonde, blue-eyed, stands 5 feet 7 inches and weighs 112. At the moment, she has no special boy friend, despite what anyone has told you. So go ahead, soldier. Try

"YOU'LL HAVE TO REWRITE THIS REGULATION. WHY EVEN A CHILD CAN UNDERSTAND IT."
—Cpl. Wayne Thiebaud

"DON'T LOOK NOW, LIEUTENANT, BUT YOUR RIGGING IS HANGING."
—Richard Allen, Yic

"SEARCH HIM." —Cpl. Irwin Touster

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"SO WHAT? SHE AIN'T GERMAN!" —Sgt. Jim Weeks