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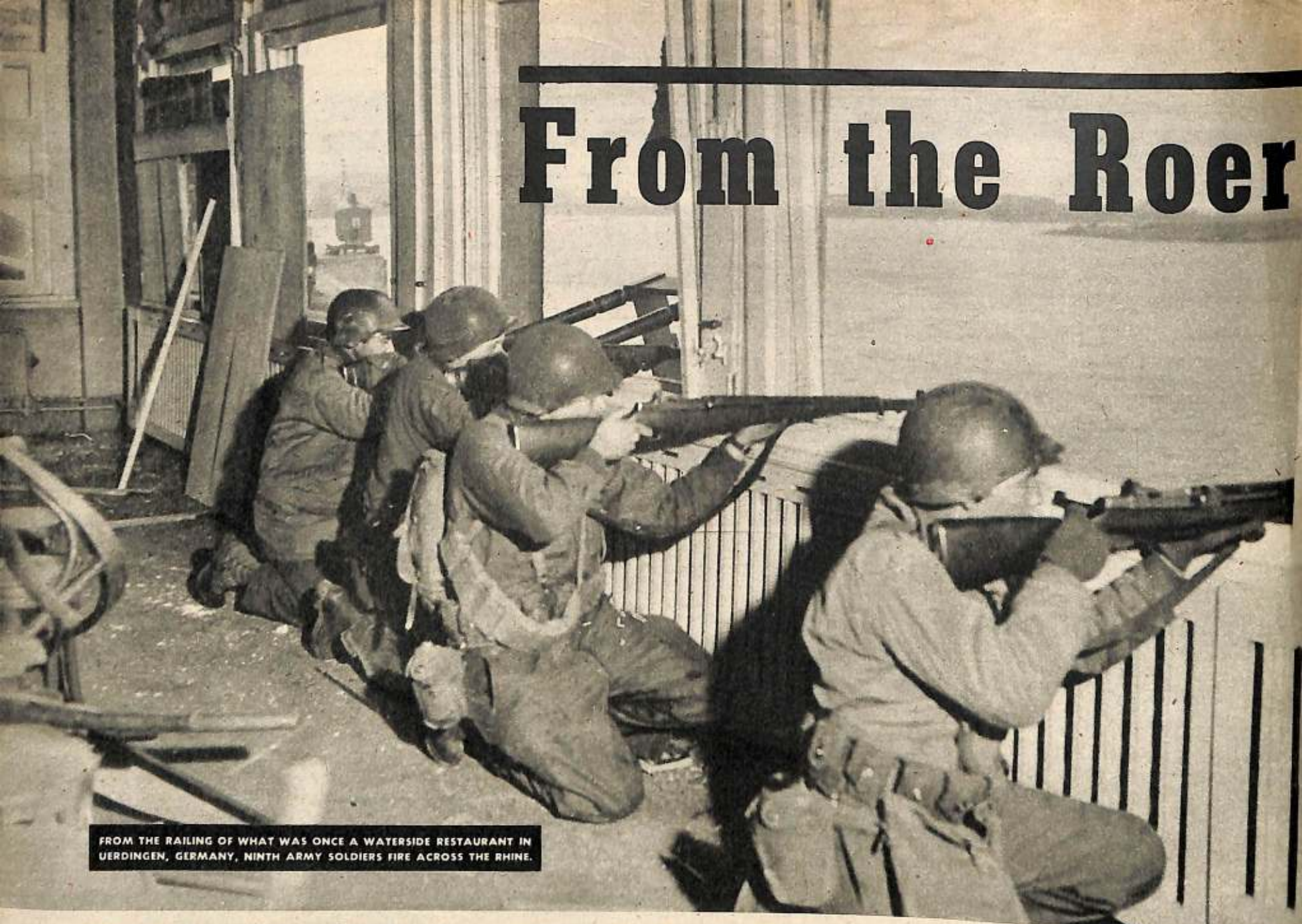
By the men . . for the men in the service

—Pages 8, 9 and 10

From the Roer



FROM THE RAILING OF WHAT WAS ONCE A WATERSIDE RESTAURANT IN UERDINGEN, GERMANY, NINTH ARMY SOLDIERS FIRE ACROSS THE RHINE.

The Yanks moved so fast that the enemy didn't know where they were coming from or where they were going or even where they were.

By Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN

WITH THE NINTH ARMY AT THE RHINE—In a comfortable-looking living room, dirty, bearded doughfeet were puffing on liberated German cigars and discussing the interesting characteristics of women in various parts of the world. Stretched out on a sofa, a platoon sergeant was talking over the telephone.

"Listen, sister," he said, "this is a very goddam important call. I have a personal message from the citizens of the Bronx to der Fuehrer himself. Ring him again. I don't care how busy he is."

Everyone in the room temporarily forgot about their women and gathered around the sergeant. The sergeant put the receiver in the center of the group so that they could all hear the excited German gutturals of the telephone operator.

When the men stopped laughing, the sergeant said: "I guess they still don't know we took this town."

That just about summed up the Ninth Army's sweep from the Roer to the Rhine. It was so fast that the Nazis didn't know where we were coming from or where we were going or even where we were.

As for us, it was like a fever. The speed of it even excited some of the battle-weary boys—Mauldin's fugitives from the law of averages.

To different guys this was the St. Lo breakout, or the push up Southern France, or the race to Rome, or the smash across Sicily, or the final phase of the Tunisian campaign.

They were all talking like this:

"Well, maybe this is it. Maybe we'll meet the Russians in Berlin next week. Maybe we'll all be home in a couple of months. Maybe, maybe, maybe . . ."

In a cellar underneath the rubble of Roerich, the general stared at a map, his face shining like a bridegroom's on his wedding night.

"Look where they are now," he said. "Hell, they're 12 miles in front of the front."

AS 83rd DIVISION GIs CLEAR THE CITY OF NEUSS, THEY EDGE FORWARD UNDER SIGNS WISHING HITLER A LONG LIFE.

It was Task Force Church of the 84th Division, made up of beaucoup truck-loaded troops and tanks. At 0700 that day, they had taken off and they had just kept going. Whenever they had bumped into any SP fire from either flank, they had just detrucked some troops, detoured some tanks to mop up, and continued to move forward as fast as they could.

Now, only four hours later, they were way in front of everybody. On the map their push looked like a long, skinny finger.

Before the day was over, the long, skinny finger had reached out and captured a rear-echelon repple depple, complete with staff, personnel and more than 100 replacements. Poking around the Nazi rear, the finger of Task Force Church also picked up a whole Nazi field artillery battalion, intact.

Most indignant of all the Nazi artillery officers was the paymaster.

"It isn't fair," he complained in German. "You were not supposed to capture me. This wasn't supposed to be the front."

But the front was everywhere. It was sprawling like a fresh ink spot. As soon as the Nazis would try to rush some reserves to one sore point, we would bust out somewhere else. Then the whole front disintegrated almost completely into a rat-race.

"I'M going nuts here," said an arm-waving MP at the crossroads. "Everybody asks me where this outfit is and where that outfit is. Hell, I don't even know where my own outfit is."

He told about an MP buddy of his who was detailed to guard a yard filled with several hundred PWs, and then suddenly the detachment got orders to pull out and they forgot all about this guy. Later that afternoon, this tired, worried, hungry MP approached Capt. Horace Sutton of New York City and the 102nd Division, and said:

"Look, captain, I don't know where my outfit is. I don't know if I'm getting any relief. And I don't know what to do with all these prisoners. Can you help me?"

Prisoners were pouring in from everywhere. Long convoys of trucks were packed with them. Hundreds

to the Rhine

and hundreds of others walked back, carrying their own wounded. Occasionally, a column of frontward-marching Yanks would pass by a backward-marching column of Jerries. Sometimes there would be a stirring silence. But every once in a while you could hear the doughfeet talk it up:

"Jeez, some of them are babies, just lousy, goddam babies."

"Why don't you goosestep now, you sons of bitches?"

"And to think that they may send some of those bastards home. Why don't they just keep them here? There's plenty of cities to rebuild."

"Just what is your opinion now of the general world situation, Mister Kraut?"

Almost 3,500 refugees from all over the world were crowded together in a huge courtyard in Erkelenz. All of them had been doing slave labor of one kind or another for the Nazis.

"You are now under the supervision of the American Military Government," said Eugene Hugo of St. Louis, Mo. "We will feed you and take care of you until we are able to get you back to your native country."

He said it in English and then repeated it in French, German and Russian.

The refugees stood there entranced, as if they were listening to some great and wonderful music. Finally, a Russian woman broke into hysterics. "We have been waiting for this for four years," she sobbed. "For four years . . ."

Erkelenz had been taken only that morning, but it was already so rear-echelon that the only outfits in town that night were some Quartermaster and service troops. Some of the QM boys were wandering around in house cellars, hunting for liquid refreshment that possibly might have been overlooked, when they spotted two Jerries. Sitting next to the Jerries was an unused pile of hand grenades.

The kidneys of the Quartermaster boys almost started functioning then and there, but the Germans only wanted to be friends. They explained that they had tried all day to surrender but nobody wanted to stop long enough to pick them up, so they had come down to this cellar, hoping that someone would drop by to whom they could surrender. What they wanted was something to eat. They couldn't understand it. Why were the Americans in such a hurry?

It wasn't a breeze anywhere. There were plenty of spots where the Krauts decided to stay put until they were kaput. There was, for example, a flat, 5,000-yard-long field partially surrounded by a semi-circle of thick woods. Planted in the woods were a dozen AT guns, plus some liberally-scattered SP guns and machinegun nests and tanks. The guns were all pointed, waiting and ready for the American armor to try to get through.

G-2 of the 5th Armored knew what the score was, but alternative detours would take too much time. A slow, slugging battle would be too expensive in the long run, and besides these enemy guns had to be knocked out sooner or later anyway.

So the tank boys just raced across the field at full speed, their guns firing. Not all the tanks made it. Some got hit on the run; others bogged down in the thick mud and sat like dead ducks until AT guns picked them apart and burned them up.

When the show was over, there were no more AT guns in operation, no more SP guns or enemy tanks, either. The 5th Armored boys also shot up two American light tanks which the Germans were using, minus USA insignia.

After the Roer jump-off, our troops had found just as many dead Germans as live ones in these tiny rubbled towns but Munchen-Gladbach was different. It was full of live Germans, an estimated 75,000, practically all of whom were trying to butter-up to us and sneak inside our sympathies. Especially the women, who felt that they had favors to barter for food.

"The Nazi officers had their own women living right here with them," said Capt. Bennett Pollard of Baltimore, Md., at the CP of the 1st Battalion, 175th Regiment of the 29th Division. The CP was a complicated network of hallways and cellars, with triple-decker steel beds for the enlisted men and separate rooms for the officers.

The Nazi CO had had a private blonde who had still been there when the American troops came into the city during the night.

Capt. Pollard held up a flimsy nightgown that he had found on his bed. "I guess we really surprised them all right," he said.

He told how absolutely still it had been when they marched in, how they had heard nothing except the noise of their marching. There had been no sniping and the only case of enemy activity was the report that two Teller mines had been placed in tank treads on the road during the night. Both had been discovered in time. Everything was smooth and easy so far. Too smooth, the captain said.

There was nothing smooth about the push into Neuss, which sits smack on the Rhine, just opposite Dusseldorf. Outside the town, the Krauts had built a big embankment near the railroad tracks, and they studded it with their small, accurate mortars and fast-firing machineguns. After considerable artillery preparation, the doggies of "A," "B" and "C" Companies of the 1st Battalion of the 329th Regiment of the 29th Division finally had to sweep past at 0300 with marching fire. They just walked in and kept shooting.

They kept shooting even when they came down Neuss's main street; they had to because the houses were filled with snipers. Within the next few hours, some of the snipers ran into cellars and were burrowed out by hand grenades; some of them just continued firing all day long, killing doughs, and then, when they ran out of ammo, coming out with cheerful smiles, ready to surrender. But some of these Volkssturm boys just conned the situation, stopped shooting, took off their armbands, and ran outside with bottles of cognac to greet the American "liberators."

"We caught a couple of those bastards in the act of taking off their armbands," said the battalion CO, Lt. Col. Tim Cook of Snyder, Tex. "I had a tough time trying to stop my boys from shooting the whole bunch of them. These people seem to think that if they take down their Nazi flags and scratch out Hitler's face on a big portrait then they're automatically anti-Nazis and our bosom buddies. I just don't trust any of them."

The first day in Neuss was typical of the whole week's war. Civilians were strutting around the

THIS IS A SECTION OF NEUSS, ACROSS THE RHINE, IN THE BACKGROUND, LIES DUSSELDORF.

town, not paying any attention to the snipers' bullets, well knowing that they weren't a target. Shells were dropping in the town's outskirts, near the river only a few blocks away, and every once in a while the soldiers around the city square would look about for doorways to run into. But most of the guys didn't seem to be worried too much. A few of them were tinkering with a non-working, abandoned civilian auto. Several dozen others were riding around on bicycles. Some were even wearing top hats.

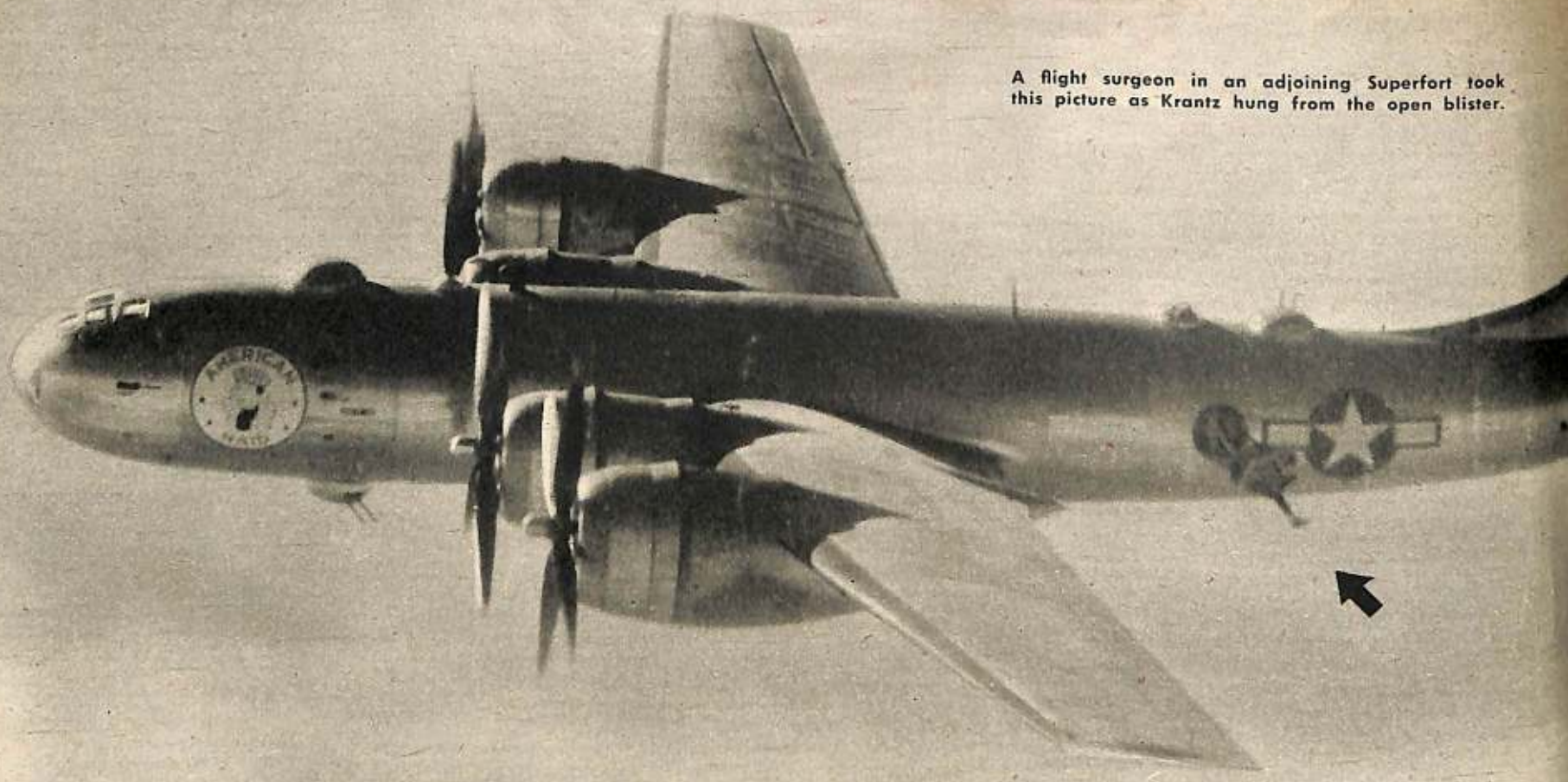
A window in the top-floor toilet was the 3rd Battalion OP. From there you could see not only Dusseldorf and the big bridge over the Rhine but the war itself, almost as clearly as if it were a play and you were sitting in the eighth row center.

You could see the Krauts dug in for a last-ditch stand in front of the bridge (which was scheduled to be blown up soon), and you could see our guys ducking and running and falling flat, and you could see the mortar fire falling among them. During all this, on the floor below us, some old women were scrubbing the floors, occasionally staring at the visiting soldiers with expressionless faces.

Back in the center of town, sitting behind a heavy machinegun, Pfc. John Becraft of Brooklyn, N. Y., "C" Company, didn't seem to give much of a damn about the Rhine.

"I'd rather see the Hudson," he said.

102nd DIVISION REINFORCEMENTS NEAR GEVENICH GET ADVICE FROM A DOUGH WOUNDED BY MACHINEGUN FIRE.



A flight surgeon in an adjoining Superfort took this picture as Krantz hung from the open blister.

Trapeze Act Over Japan

When his gunner's blister on a B-29 blew out almost six miles above Nagoya, Sgt. Krantz blew out too—but not all the way.

By Cpl. KNOX BURGER
YANK Field Correspondent

TWENTIETH AIR FORCE, PACIFIC HEADQUARTERS—In a war in which close shaves are practically SOP, the story of Sgt. Tim Krantz, a B-29 gunner from Hickory Point, Tenn., will go down as one of the narrowest escapes in the book. Krantz's gun blister blew out just after his ship, *American Maid*, had dropped bombs on Nagoya. Krantz went out with the blister—all the way out. He was saved by a harness he had devised himself in anticipation of just such an emergency. He was outside the ship for more than 10 minutes, almost six miles over Japan, and the temperature was 40 degrees below zero. After the first minute or so, he lost consciousness, his body, whipped by a 200-mile-per-hour wind, flogging the side of the fuselage. His oxygen mask was torn from his face as he passed out. He didn't have on winter flying clothes or a parachute.

It happened on the *Maid*'s third trip to Nagoya. On the first trip over the city, the No. 3 fan was torn from the engine and went spinning off into thin air, narrowly missing the fuselage. On the second, the top blister blew out. The top gunner, S/Sgt. Alvin K. Hart of Glendale, Calif., fell to the floor unconscious from lack of oxygen.

Krantz hadn't liked the idea of a blister blowing, particularly since the side blisters are bigger than the top blister—plenty big enough for a man to go through. He didn't have too much faith in the regular safety belt, so he set to work making one of his own. It consisted of a broad waistband with a double-thickness extension to the floor and two straps over the shoulders. On the morning of this mission, he had told the other crewmen that he hadn't had time to stitch the floor attachment the way he wanted to. They kidded him.

There were lots of fighters, and the *Maid* was "flying the diamond"—she was the tail ship in the formation. A few minutes before Krantz's blister blew, every gunner on the plane called fighters coming in from six directions practically simultaneously. Back in the tail, Sgt. Donald Wilson of Bringhurst, Ind., had credit for one enemy plane destroyed—an Irving. About two minutes after Wilson had seen the Irving go down, a Tony dove through the formation and got off a burst at the tail of the *Maid*. Wilson saw the glass in his window shatter, and felt a slight pain in his left hand. He was firing at two fighters hanging out at 6 o'clock, and didn't bother to look at the hand.

Just about this time—none of the crew members are positive of the chronology from here on in—Sgt. Dick Cook, 19-year-old right gunner from Erlanger, Ky., felt a whoosh of air behind him. He turned around. The left blister was gone; so was the gunsight and so was Krantz. He did a double take. This time he saw a foot hugged tight against the inside of the ship. He spoke into the interphone. It was out. Indicating the empty seat to the top gunner, he yanked off his oxygen mask and crawled over to the foot.

Hart, up in the top blister, looked down at the empty seat. "The first thing I thought of," he said later, "was the picture by Krantz's bed—the picture of his wife and kids." Already a white mist was filling the interior of the airplane. The people up front had felt the blister go, too. The sudden depressurization practically doubled them up in their seats.

Just then Wilson, back in the tail, glanced down at his hand. He had received a ring from his sister only the day before and he was very proud of it. The ring and the finger were gone. He pressed his interphone pedal. "Hey," he said, "my finger's shot off." There was a note of mild incredulity in his voice. "It's not bleeding." Then he turned his attention back to the Jap fighters.

In the waist, Cook leaned out of the open blister and was almost pulled through it by the tremendous slipstream. The buckle on Krantz's home-made floor harness had slipped, doubling the length of the extension. Cook managed to get his hand on Krantz's shoulder and pull. Then he ducked back into the waist to get oxygen.

"One of the last things I remember before I blacked out," says Krantz, "was feeling a hand on my shoulder. It felt good. I was glad someone was trying to help me get back in. When I first got out there, I looked down at Japan, and was glad I didn't have a chute. This way I'd never know when I hit. I don't think I was conscious for over two minutes. I tried to adjust my mask. Then I lost it. I tried to keep my leg in that hole. I knew I had to, so the guys could grab me. The gunsight was swinging on a cable just below the hole. I tried to get it between my legs and walk it backward—work back to where I could get my shoulder in the hole. The next thing I remember, I was fighting the guys off. They were trying to give me oxygen, and I was fighting as hard as when I was going out. They say you do the same thing coming to that you did going out."

In the ship flying alongside and a little ahead of *American Maid* was Capt. Guy T. Denton Jr. of Dallas, Tex., a flight surgeon. Before the flight he had been hastily checked out on the camera. "I was working it because I didn't have anything else to do. When I first saw Krantz, he was three-quarters of the way out of the blister. His ship had dropped down and swung up beneath us. As they pulled away, half a minute later, I saw Krantz. He was still conscious, trying to adjust his mask. I took three quick pictures."

The airplane commander, Lt. John D. Bartlett of Bozeman, Mont., had just sent the radio operator, S/Sgt. Robert Angell of East Dubuque, Ill., back to administer first aid to the tail gunner when Hart spoke over the interphone: "Somebody better get back here quick if you're going to save Krantz." Bartlett motioned to his co-pilot, 2d Lt. Frank Crowe of Baltimore, Md. The radio operator arrived back in the waist just ahead of Crowe. Angell's small-size walkaround bottle was used up, and he almost collapsed on the floor. He was handed another bottle. Then he reached out between Hart, who had climbed

CAUSE AND EFFECT

MOST compartments of the B-29, including the blisters, are pressurized for substratosphere flight. Technicians explain that the sudden depressurizing by shell fire will create immediate and terrific suction—suction sufficient to drag a man's body through the hole. This is what happened in the case of Sgt. Krantz.

This danger will always exist in pressurized planes. In early B-29s, the standard harness was unwieldy; some gunners wouldn't wear it while firing and thus were without protection. A new harness, hitching onto the gunner's back, has since been developed. It permits freedom of movement and, at the same time, will prevent the gunner from falling out, even though his blister is damaged by shellfire.

Lying in the hospital after his narrow escape, Sgt. Tim Krantz looks at the picture showing him hanging outside the B-29. Holding the picture is Lt. Wittee. Left and right are S/Sgt. Hart and 2d Lt. Crowe.

On a hospital bunk, Sgt. Donald Wilson, B-29 tail gunner, holds the bullet that tore off his finger.

down from his blister, and the radio specialist, S/Sgt. Russell Strong of East Hampton, Conn., and gave a haul. He saw that there wasn't room for him to do any good, so he continued on back to the tail to see about Wilson.

Just as Crowe arrived in the waist, he saw Krantz's left foot go out of the plane. The single strap holding the gunner to the airplane was rubbing hard against a jagged edge of the plastic blister. Strong had to duck back into the plane for oxygen, so Crowe took his place. He reached out. The wind tore at his hand, whipping it against Krantz's back. He grabbed Krantz's shoulder holster strap and pulled; it broke. The holster and its contents flew back past the tail. Crowe then managed to get hold of a strap of the safety harness. He and Hart could see Krantz's face, covered with frozen blood from minor cuts he'd received as he went through the blister.

They finally got his head and shoulders inside. His eyes were half-open, showing only the whites of his eyeballs, and his eyebrows were thick with frost. Except for the blood, his face was oyster-white. They thought he was dead. Crowe slapped his mask on Krantz's face and turned the oxygen-flow indicator to "Emergency." Hart shared his own mask with Crowe as they worked to get the rest of Krantz's body into the ship. At first Crowe would wave the oxygen away. "You get the feeling you can take care of yourself," he says. Both of them passed out several times.

Krantz regained partial consciousness and tried to fight off the oxygen mask. Crowe thinks he heard him say, "My feet are cold."

When the blister blew out, a lot of oxygen had been lost. The ship was over water by this time, and there were no more fighters. Crowe called Lt. Bartlett and asked him to drop down to where they could breathe without oxygen, but the interphone he used was out. Up front they were worried about gasoline, and losing that much altitude would have been dangerous.

Krantz was still halfway out of the airplane, and the others were just about at the end of their rope when a large hand reached between Crowe and Hart and pulled Krantz the rest of the way in. The hand belonged to the bombardier, Lt. Harrison K. Wittee of Minonk, Ill.

Back in the tail, Angell had tapped Wilson on the foot. The tail-gunner came out of his little chamber and held up his left hand. "Look," he said. "No finger." Together they went up to the compartment behind the waist guns. It was pretty warm in there, and Wilson's hand began to hurt. Angell bandaged it and gave him morphine. "Go back and get my finger, will you?" asked Wilson. "I want to wave it at the crew chief when we get back."

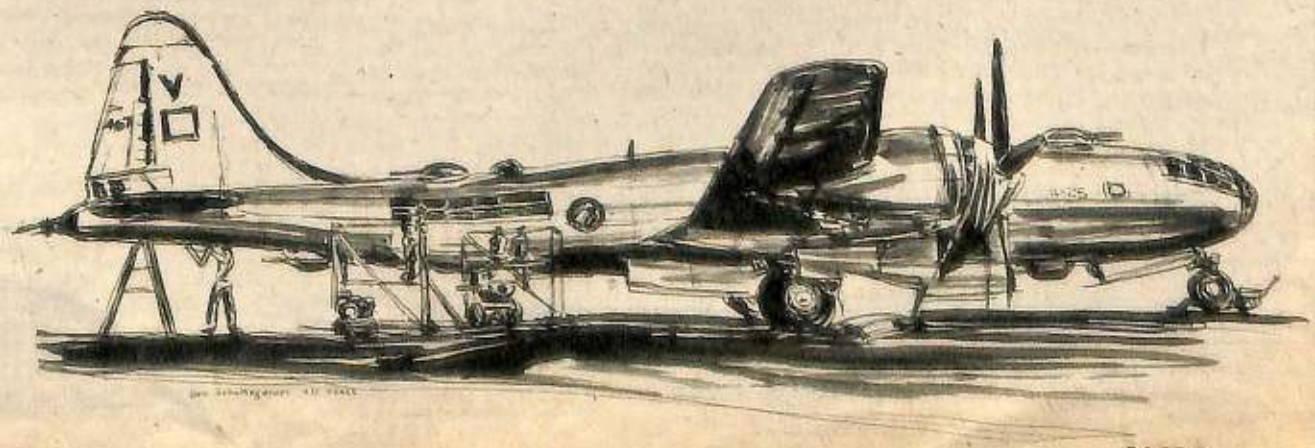
Carrying Krantz into the compartment, they gave him morphine and plasma to relieve shock. The floor was ankle deep in paper and bandages. When he came to he turned to Hart. "Al, do you ever pray?" he asked. "I prayed that if that blister broke, my belt would hold."

At this writing Krantz is in a hospital in Hawaii. His shoulder is bandaged up where he hit it as he knocked over the gunsight on the way out. Several fingers on his left hand are in bad shape from frostbite and other parts of his body are less seriously frostbitten.

They never found the ring, but they buried Wilson's finger up near *American Maid*'s hardstand, and the crew is hoping he can rejoin them. Krantz probably will never fly again. At that, to call him lucky is the height of understatement.

A few minutes ago Sgt. Cook walked through the quonset where I'm typing this. He looked at me and held up half a dozen thick straps.

"Yeah," he grinned. "Think I'll build me a harness."



The bust of Franz von Papen, ex-German ambassador to Turkey, sits in the music room of his chateau.

A Letter To Von Papen

Wallenfangen, Germany.

Herr Franz von Papen,
Somewhere in Europe.

Dear Sir:

SINCE you are very busy these days and reported to be in every neutral capital in Europe at the same time, I think you would be interested in learning something of the condition of your estate at Wallenfangen. First, a word or two concerning the house guests on your estate at the time of my visit. They were an Engineer battalion attached during December to the 90th Division.

The engineers were very busy in the first week of December last, bringing troops of the 90th Division across the Saar River to Dillingen. Dillingen, you must remember, is directly across the river from the estate. For several nights in a row the engineers ferried men and supplies across the river under cover of darkness. This was an immensely difficult operation at the time; no bridgehead had been established, yet the entire division was continuously supplied. And always German artillery fire was heavy.

You must understand how admirable this operation was. From certain relics found in your home, it is clear that you understand military operations. I refer particularly to that trophy of your old regiment, which listed the winners of the trophy in past years. I noticed on the inscription that you were described as being of outstanding military manner and courage. You were in great company as winner of that trophy, for it also listed Von Mackensen, who became a great German general. In fact all the names were Vons —all of them aristocrats and all of them famous military men.

It was during this major operation of carrying over and supplying the division on the east bank of the Saar that the engineers decided to use your estate for a kind of combination rest camp and command post. American soldiers, as you know, have no particular interest in great names, so it did not interest them very much that the house belonged to one of the biggest names in German political life. I regret to inform you that they showed no reverence or respect whatsoever for the reputation of the place.

By the time the engineers were settled on your grounds, the fighting in Wallenfangen, particularly artillery fire from your own German guns, had begun to destroy the estate. For a while the engineers had to live in the servants' quarters, but finally they took residence in the main building. When I arrived as a guest of the engineers, most of the rooms showed signs of both shell and machine-gun fire. The very fine mosaic floor in the central lobby was chipped. Your bust on the mantel in the music room, which stands opposite a medium-sized grand piano, showed your nose slightly chipped by machine-gun fire. Herr Hitler's bust upstairs in the trophy and collection room lay on the floor in a pile of rubble.

Herr von Papen, your caretaker made a blunder, I think, in sealing up some of the rooms below the stairs. All soldiers are curious, and American soldiers are particularly curious. Besides, these soldiers were engineers, which made things doubly unfortunate. With tools of their trade at hand, they naturally blew and crowbarred open these sealed rooms and removed your stores of cognac.

The whole house showed evidence of battle. In fact, while I was there, a German shell came right through the library window and burst. You can imagine the result. But the bookcases and all your valuable library remained untouched. Alfred Weber's "*Kultur Geschichte und Kultur Soziologie*" was still there; so was Richard Kuhlmann's "*Gedanken uber Deutschland.*" The big book on the history of Catholicism in France and all the other books had neither been hit by fire nor disturbed by soldiers. It was all as you must have left it. The engineers had a fire going in the grate. Some of the men were writing letters on one of your small desks. And resting on a big, comfortable lounge were Sgt. Harry C. Digby of Long Beach, Calif., and Sgt. Edgar L. Gearis of Westfield, Tex., who had made at least 20 crossings of the river between them that night.

Your collections of photographs shed a curious light on your interests. There was that set of pictures of American troops on bivouac, on parade, etc., which had been taken before and during World War I. There was the album of pictures taken during your trip to Stockholm in more peaceful days. And there were pictures bringing things more or less up to date. They showed you with Hitler, Goebbels, Himmler, Goering and other important figures in Germany.

Music must have been another of your absorbing interests. Capt. James Owen Stinett of Abilene, Tex., executive officer of the battalion, took a great interest in your three pianos. He is a musician. None of the pianos had been damaged at all, but concussion undoubtedly put them slightly off tune. An engineer, passing by one piano, ran his hands over the keys. It did not sound like Wagner. What music particularly interested you, Herr von Papen?

The pictures of your daughters remained on the wall; also those of your Von Papen ancestors. Nor was the evidence of your hunting prowess disturbed. The elk and moose and deer heads which decorated the stairways and main entrances were still there, with inscriptions indicating you had hunted in the United States. Did you hunt these elk in the Rockies before or after the Black Tom explosion, Herr von Papen?

The letters found by the engineers (evidently the caretaker had been unable to remove them in time) were purely personal and therefore of no interest to Americans. A glance at one or two, however, indicated that you were a widely traveled man, that you had standard family ties and at various times you and your family had been in Washington, Stockholm, Italy and other parts of the world. It was clear from an examination of your house, Herr von Papen, that you were a man of education, aristocracy and affairs.

In Wallenfangen and Buren I made inquiries concerning you. What did they think of you, and how had you lived here in this Saar valley? The opinions varied somewhat, but I believe your reputation has declined. Of course it was mentioned everywhere that you had always been a man of charity; that you made it a habit to give all the children in this valley gifts for Christmas. The people pointed out that you lived here for a long time in the style of a country gentleman, and the *burgomeister* of Buren, who had met you at local affairs, said you were a courteous, soft-spoken man and especially concerned with local benefit drives. When questioned about your political life, he said you had entered politics when Herr Hitler came into power only to soften the blow of Nazism. He thought that your venture into international politics was merely a side line and that your real life was in the bosom of your family in the estate at Wallenfangen. From the *burgomeister* and from several other people, I formed the impression that you were considered a home-loving, peaceable, well-to-do member of the "first family" of the Saar.

But other people seemed somewhat bitter. They were not at all sure you have been an innocent associate of Hitler; that you mixed deeply into Nazi politics merely to soften the harsher aspects. From them I gathered that you had used your reputation to bring many people, particularly the farming population of Germany, to complete support of National Socialism. The American phrase for this is a "front." Because they believed you were a front for Nazi-ism, some of them investigated your property and carried off some items.

I WISH, in closing, to tell you that the trip to your home was very interesting. Who would have thought a few years ago, marching up a ramp at Penn Station into the Army, that the muddy shoes of American soldiers would ever tramp the stairs of the home of Franz von Papen? Will Herr Hitler's Berchtesgaden be like this?

The countryside around was very desolate while I was at your house. The few people remaining in the area slunk by like ghosts. In empty villages only goats pranced about. Cattle without masters lowed in muddy fields. Hour after hour artillery poured back and forth across the river. Toward evening the sky was filled with smoke and fire like a terrible painting of war. And across the river, Dillingen burned with bright fires where 90th Division soldiers pushed on in the steady, unglamorous, griping way the Americans are traveling through this war. Every once in a while a German shell from across the river descended on your house at Wallenfangen. It was clear that the Von Papen estate could not last much longer. And with its passing would go all evidence of your life as a country gentleman. All that would be left would be the diplomatic side of your life in which you always seem to have been surrounded by bomb explosions and assassinations.

As I left Wallenfangen that evening, everything below in the valley was shrouded in battle smoke. Every time a shell burst, the sky lighted up and the whole valley seemed to heave as if Germany herself were heaving and dying.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) **Sgt. SAUL LEVITT**
YANK Staff Correspondent

P.S. For further particulars about your estate, I would advise you to get in touch with Lt. Col. Gilbert R. Pirrung, commanding an Engineer battalion, U. S. Army.

Scuttlebutt began to flow as soon as the Navy said, "Be ready to move within two days," but none of the men guessed that they would soon be seeing history in the making.

ABOARD THE COMMUNICATIONS SHIP THAT CARRIED HIM AND OTHER U. S. NAVY MEN TO THE CRIMEA, CHIEF BACHA LOOKS AT SEVASTOPOL HARBOR. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND AIDES SPENT A NIGHT ABOARD AFTER THE CONFERENCE.

YEOMAN at YALTA

By DICK GRUENEBERG, Sp (x) 1c, USNR

ENGLAND—Twenty-one U.S. Navy enlisted men who were shipped from England to Yalta to serve as interpreters and communications men at the Big Three's recent Crimea Conference returned here a short while ago full of memories of having rubbed shoulders with the men who give orders to the world's top brass and braid. One of the best jobs fell to Chief Yeoman Andrew M. Bacha, a 27-year-old former school teacher of Passaic, N.J., who lived in the palace at Livadia where President Roosevelt stayed and held his conferences.

The odyssey began one morning when the Navy group received verbal orders to "be ready to move within two days." The usual rumors flew about, but not one man hit the nail on the head until their ship ploughed through the Dardanelles.

"It was strange to see the harbors of Istanbul to port and Scutari to starboard all lit up in the middle of the night," says Bacha, a veteran of English blackouts. "Looked like New York City. We wanted to go ashore, but the officers put the nix on that."

Early in the morning they sailed through the Bosphorus into the Black Sea. The Crimean port of Sevastopol was the next stop.

"The city is typical of others we saw that had been occupied by the Germans," Bacha said, "There's damage everywhere. Along the roads are burned-out German tanks, shell cases, aircraft and other war equipment.

"The trip from Sevastopol to Yalta was rugged. The roads are bad and they zig-zag around mountain slopes. More than one car had to stop at the request of men whose stomachs couldn't take it."

As they neared Livadia, the men talked with many Russian girls, 17 or 18 years old, who were armed with machineguns to guard approaches to the meeting place of the Big Three. The entire area was watched constantly, not only by Russians, but also by Yank MPs, Shore Patrols, and Secret Servicemen.

Livadia, where the American delegation lived, is the former summer palace of Tsar Nicholas II. President Roosevelt's dining room had been the Tsar's billiard room. Gen. George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, occupied the Imperial bedroom, and Fleet Admiral Ernest J. King drew the Tsarina's boudoir.

BACHA went to Yalta with the understanding that he would be Fleet Admiral William D. Leahy's yeoman. His assignment was explained to him and everything was set to begin work, but then a snag developed. Before he could handle top-secret material, clearance was needed from Washington. He waited five days for that permission, but it never came. As a result he was reassigned to the information-and administration office as a yeoman and interpreter.

One of Bacha's jobs was to distribute the press bulletins published each morning and afternoon. His "route" included the rooms of Harry Hopkins; Stephen Early, the President's secretary; James F. Byrnes, Director of War Mobilization; W. Averell Harriman, U.S. Ambassador to Russia; Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius, Jr.; Adm. Leahy; Adm. King; Gen. Marshall; Lt. Gen. Brehon B. Somervell, Chief of ASF; and Mrs. John Boettiger, the President's daughter.

Bacha didn't enter Roosevelt's room to deliver the bulletins. He gave them to a Navy lieutenant who passed them on to a Secret Service man, who, in turn, handed them to the President.

Roosevelt's interest in the news bulletins was proved when the fourth edition was handed to him. The first three editions had carried the code name for the conference in their mastheads, but the fourth edition didn't and the President asked about it. The bulletin without the code name, said the Chief Executive, lost its historical significance.

"Although I couldn't get near the President's room after he had arrived," Bacha says, "I was able to make a little tour of his dining room, bedroom and washroom before the conference started. Special facilities had been installed because of his infirmity."

To get into various parts of the conference area, Bacha had to carry three special passes with him all the time. A red one was a general identification card. A green one, with a number five on it, got him into the restricted rooms, and a white card permitted him to travel to the British delegation headquarters at Vorontzoff, about 12 miles west of the American quarters. The Russian delegation was located between the British and Americans.

The food served the U.S. Navy men was plentiful and good. Officers were given champagne, madeira or vodka with their meals. Enlisted men drank assorted wines after a first night of drinking vodka. Apparently the blue jackets had met their liquid masters.

"For breakfast," says Bacha, "we usually ate cheese, cold cuts, eggs and tea which was served in a glass without milk or cream. Dinner consisted of sakuska, an appetizer of caviar, fish, cheese, or salami, meat and one vegetable—potatoes, rice or macaroni. The dessert was either fresh fruit, stewed fruit or cake. Supper began with famous Russian soups (mostly borsht), meat and one vegetable, dessert and tea. On each table was a bottle of mineral water from the Caucasus region."

On February 9, Bacha experienced what he calls the "greatest moment of my life."

"At 4 p.m.," he says, "I saw the Big Three—Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin—posing for pictures in the courtyard opposite Conference Room 'A' in the palace. Servicemen nudged around all the windows and openings in the courtyard. After getting a good look from a side window, I went to the palace corridor near Adm. Leahy's room to watch them as they left.

"As soon as the pictures were taken, Stalin, dressed in his marshal's uniform, stood up and walked into the conference room. When he was sitting, his large head and heavy moustache gave him an appearance of being tall, but when he got up he was surprisingly short.

"Churchill was his usual self at such occasions—beaming and happy. I watched Stalin and Roosevelt more than Churchill, for I had seen the Prime Minister in Parliament.

"Roosevelt looked much younger than pictures make him look in newspapers and magazines. He was dressed in a light-blue striped suit. As he went back toward the building he smoked a cigarette, without a holder, and looked straight ahead. But Secret Servicemen kept looking around every second. Those boys really keep their eyes open."

SIMILARITY of duties brought about a friendship between Bacha and M/Sgt. James W. Powder, 47-year-old Army veteran who is orderly for Gen. Marshall. As a result, Bacha learned a few of the general's idiosyncrasies. For instance, several times Powder interrupted their conversations to excuse himself with: "The general wants his hot-toddy now."

Gen. Marshall, it seems, likes tangerines. More than once Bacha watched Powder walk toward the general's room with his pockets stuffed with them. Like the President, Marshall also enjoys his naps in the afternoon. He is a movie fan. At the showing of *Hollywood Canteen* at Yalta, the general and Adm. King occupied adjoining seats.

Bacha's job often had him in conversation with Russian men and women. The Soviet guards on duty in and around Livadia showed great interest in the news bulletins issued for the American delegation. Bacha translated for the Russians.

"I was guarding a truck loaded with supplies one night," says Bacha, "when the driver, a Russian, and I got to chewing the fat about the war in general. The talk inevitably turned toward the Big Three, who were so close to us then.

"The driver's opinion of FDR was typical of the average man in the Soviet. He told me that he and his friends thought the President is a great man to travel as much as he does. The opinion is supported by the fact that the Russian papers played up the same angle."

In front of the boarding house in which they share an upstairs room, Bill Williams says good-bye to his wife before going to work.

Bill is learning to service office machines. Here he practices on an adding machine having 2,700 parts.

Williams helps his wife with her chair as they sit down to a boarding-house breakfast.

To find out what happens after you're discharged YANK visits two ex-overseas GIs and reports their adjustment to life in their old neighborhoods.

England to Richmond, Va.

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Writer

RICHMOND, VA.—William J. Williams was in the Army four years, two months and 17 days. He knows the exact number of days. "I'll never forget 'em, I know that."

Husky, good-looking and just 22, Williams gets his share of embarrassing stares on streetcars and busses from people who wonder why he isn't in service. He was picked out with a case of arrested tuberculosis during a routine physical check-up in England and after a year's observation got a medical discharge last December. He spent a year in England as a corporal, chauffeuring the staff at 29th Division Headquarters. Five air raids were all the action he saw.

Life back in Richmond has given him a few surprises. One was the wage scale in the war plants. It was much lower than he'd expected after all the talk about $100-a-week war workers. In order to get started in a line he'd like after the war, Bill passed up defense work and took a job that pays only $107 a month.

The former two-striper went to work for the Underwood Elliott Fisher Company as an apprentice in the firm's store on Main Street, a few blocks from the State Capitol. A beginner usually gets only $76 a month, but, as one of several benefits to veterans, the company counted Bill's Army service as "experience in the mechanical line," and that was good for the extra $31. His job is sort of white-collar work, selling and servicing adding and accounting machines and office gear. The company is teaching Bill on its time and probably will give him a six-week "post-graduate course" at its plant in Hartford, Conn.

Both Williams and the company are pleased with the arrangement. The firm, like many other outfits, is eager to hire veterans because the manpower regulations in labor-short areas like Richmond permit business houses to hire veterans over and above their employee ceilings. That probably explains why five other GIs work with Williams in the small store.

For his part, Bill likes the work because he has always had a mechanical bent. "The first time I took a carbine apart, I put it together again blindfolded," he says. There is always something new to learn in this work, he finds. One type of adding machine, for instance, has 2,700 parts.

The only job Bill held before the war was driving an oyster truck for Richmond restaurants to and from the Chesapeake Bay beds. He quit South Richmond's Bainbridge Junior High School to take the truck-driving job, but he didn't like it.

Bill finds it takes almost every cent of his pay to make ends meet. A room and two meals a day for him and his wife in a boarding house cost $90 a month in wartime Richmond. Mrs. Williams is keeping her job as a telephone operator at the Medical College of Virginia. It pays $75 a month plus lunch. That leaves one meal a day for Bill, carfare, clothing and dental expenses to come out of the $92 left from their joint salaries after the boarding-house bill is paid. As for dental costs, Mrs. Williams needs fillings right now, and Bill has to get replacements for the eight teeth the Army took out.

Bill's GI overcoat helped some in meeting clothing demands. For $4.50, Young's Cleaners on Church Hill dyed it Navy blue, changed the buttons and removed the straps. It is quite a stylish garment now, and you wouldn't recognize it as government issue. The ex-corporal had nothing left from his pre-service wardrobe, which he donated to Russia War Relief at induction. It was just as well, for he had gone in the Army a 135-pounder and came out weighing 175. So all he had to start on was the overcoat and some GI socks and OD underwear.

He found wartime clothing prices sky high. It took his first two discharge checks of $100 each to get him enough clothing so he wouldn't have to use Army clothes. He bought three suits, another overcoat, eight shirts, three hats, eight neckties, two sweaters and a couple of pairs of socks. Shopping was not entirely a pleasant experience. Some items, particularly shirts, were hard to get in just the styles he wanted. "There's a war on," sales people would snap when he described just what he was looking for.

IN general, Williams thinks Richmondites impolite as compared with the way they were before the war. Clerks seem indifferent or huffy, streetcar conductors quick-tempered. He finds that even young women have been affected by this apparent decline in Southern manners. "Before, on dates, the girls expected more in manners from the men," he says. "Before, they were more or less homey girls, more understanding."

Bill attributes this change in the girls to the fact that Richmond is so close to many Army and Navy installations—Camps Lee, Pickett, Patrick Henry and Perry (for Seabees), Forts Eustis and Belvoir, Langley Field and the Newport News Navy Yard. The girls have been spoiled, he feels. "They're a little hifalutin'," he says, "a little particular. They more or less act like they're dreaming—not down to earth. They more or less act a little up in the air. They're a little more carefree in their actions and manners. They smoke a lot more than they used to. There are so many men around here from the camps they can get their choice of the better-looking men with the most money and the better personalities."

The fact that he was no longer in uniform might have had something to do with the frosti-

ness Williams observed when he first got back. "You're a hero while the uniform is still on," says former Pfc. William J. Hoelzel, another discharged Richmond GI. "But as soon as it's off, you're a broken-down civilian." Hoelzel was wounded on Guadalcanal with the Americal Division. "We called it the Miracle Division," he recalls. "A miracle if we ever got back."

Whatever the manners of other girls, however, Williams has no kick about his wife, because she at least still has the same high standards of etiquette she had before the war. She expects Bill to open the door for her when they go out in a car, to help her with her wrap and chair when they go to a restaurant, to remove his hat when they're inside anywhere and to give his seat to ladies on streetcars instead of taking the "to-hell-with-the-women" attitude of some men.

Williams married soon after he came home. His wife, the former Anne Elizabeth Dearhart, was only 15 when he left, but she kept her promise to write him every night and to wait for him. Although she is 19 now, she didn't change at all, he says earnestly. "She just grew up a little bigger, that's all."

The Williamses have no intention of leaving Richmond, though Bill now sees flaws in Virginia's capital city that he had never noticed before. For instance, the factories seem to be blanketing the town in dingy soft-coal soot, he complains. He can't help making comparisons between Richmond and places he saw on his military travels. Bournemouth, England, for example. He spent a seven-day furlough there. For prettiness and cleanliness, he says, he must hand it to Bournemouth over Richmond.

Italy to Chicago, Ill.

CHICAGO—Pfc. Ray Latal is back in his old Czech-Polish neighborhood on Chicago's West Side. About a year ago he was wounded by shrapnel in half a dozen places in both legs and in the left shoulder during the crossing of the Rapido River in Italy. He drew a CDD after seven months in the hospital.

"Legs," as the lanky veteran is known in his section, is okay now to all appearances, but he has a silver plug in the shoulder to keep the marrow in one of the shattered bones from drying out. His legs tire if he stands too long and, although he is only 21, he can predict changes in the weather from the aches in his bones.

"They tell me I talk a lot in my sleep," Legs says. "And I still get excited when I hear an airplane." But he no longer jumps up nervously, as he did at first, when a plane comes in for a landing on the nearby Chicago Municipal Airport.

After 28 months of service, mostly as a rifleman in the 36th Division, Legs received his discharge late in 1944. He did not go back to his old job of running a drill press in the small machine shop of the Wittek Manufacturing Company, though the people there offered it to him. He went instead to the huge Dodge war plant in South Chicago, where wages are twice as high. At Dodge Chicago, as they call the mile-square plant, Latal makes $62 a week minus $10 in taxes. He operates a turret lathe, cutting sleeves for the oil system of B-29 engine propeller shafts.

Unmarried, he lives at home with his parents and his sister Violet in a four-room basement apartment in a two-story red-brick house on Kedzie Avenue. To those who have not been away, the neighborhood seems the same as ever. Kaplan's dry-goods store has the familiar sales signs, and Homan's Theater still proclaims on its marquee that ladies get dishes plus two big features on Wednesdays and Thursdays. But for Legs it has been almost a matter of adjusting to a strange environment. Take the West End Bowling Alley.

Legs still bowls as he did before he went into the Army, and he is pleased to discover that something, possibly the marksmanship training, has boosted his score from 165 to 181. But the bowling alley seems much less fun to him now than it was. "There's a different class of people up there," Latal complains. "What we used to call 'little kids.' They're grown up now—17 and 18." The alleys swarm with women, Legs remarks, and he has to shake his head sometimes when he hears the girl bowlers scream for a strike, and scream again for a near-miss.

The Tytans, an all-sports team of local youngsters with whom Legs used to bowl at West End and play baseball in the parks, are scattered now to the four corners of the earth. Once in a while, however, Legs gets together with other stray Tytans who have also come back, such as William Navarital, who was discharged from the Marines for heart murmur, and Ted Juzynski, whose feet froze on Attu. They were privates.

The rest of the bunch are away, and some will not be back. Ray Sefcik, second-baseman for the Tytans, was killed near Aachen. He was a buck sergeant. Pvt. George (Beaner) Root, Tytan shortstop, has a cluster for his Purple Heart, after being wounded in Italy and in France. He is still overseas. Pfc. Andrew (Sausage) Sosko, Tytan catcher, is in New Guinea, but is all right according to the latest word received at Jim's candy store, the traditional Tytan meeting place. Legs, recalling that Sosko was also known as "Mr. Craps," points out that nobody rolls dice any

Two New Civilians

Ray (Legs) Latal sits on the parlor couch between his mother and his sister Violet. As a hangover from his days in the Army, he is wearing GI socks and a woolen OD shirt.

Legs starts out for his war plant in the morning. He and his mother are standing at the entrance to their basement apartment.

Legs working at his turret lathe in the Dodge plant. His machine cuts sleeves for the oil system of B-29 engine propeller shafts.

Ex-Cpl. Bill Williams has his GI overcoat fixed up for civilian wear. The cleaners dyed it Navy blue.

more under the crap-shooting tree by the main doors of Cyrus McCormick Grammar School, across the street from Jim's candy store.

Jim's is still on Legs' list of stopping points at night, but going there only makes him more lonesome. In many ways the place is unaltered. The hot-blast stove is still there. The glass case is full of penny and nickel candies, although odd new kinds like "P-38 Bubble Gum" have replaced many of the known brands as a result of various confectionery shortages. The shelves are still piled high with notebooks, Hedy Lamarr loose-leaf paper, cheap fountain pens and greeting cards for all occasions. The biggest physical change was the disappearance of the two-cents-a-record juke box on which Legs used to play "Elmer's Tune." The company that owns the machines moved them all to Cicero when Chicago put a $50 license charge on juke boxes.

It's Jim's changed clientele that bothers Legs. The store's service honor roll of patrons lists 100 names, and nowadays the names heard around the place are those of the same younger element that has taken over the West Side Bowling Alley. The scarred wooden card table on which the Tytans used to deal the pasteboards has been shoved from the center of the room to a corner. The younger generation irreverently uses the table as an extra bench.

Home, of course, is much different to Legs now that his two brothers are away. Walter is a T-5 in the 3630th QM Truck Company in Belgium and Ernest is a pfc in Battery D of the 868th Anti-aircraft Artillery in the Marianas.

Legs found his day bed gone from the living room when he came home. With the three boys away Mrs. Latal bought the parlor set she wanted and fixed up the front room properly. Legs sleeps in his brothers' room now. The parlor looks different to Legs because of the three "Mother" and "Sister" pillow cases that he and his brothers sent home from the respective PXs of Forts Belvoir and Custer and Camp Haan. Mrs. Latal received six such pillow cases in all, counting those to "Grandmother" from her second generation of descendants, but she ran out of pillows to cover.

Legs has an odd feeling each day as he walks up Kedzie Avenue. In the vacant lot next door he passes the block honor roll listing the 39 who went into service from his rectangle of houses. His name is still on it. There is a blue star for wounds beside his name and those of Joseph C. Stadnik and Stanley C. Hradec.

In the front window as he turns to go down the three steps into the house, Legs sees the three stars on his mother's service flag. Legs' sister Violet contends that Legs' service star should stay up until some sort of discharge banner is developed for window display.

In paying as much attention as he does to the little changes at home and in the neighborhood, Legs knows he is not exceptional among returning veterans. Men like former T/Sgt. Leroy Huber, who lives a few blocks from Legs, say they have had the same reaction. Huber was astonished when he had his first look at the corner of Wabansia and Bosworth where his local sports team, the King Coles, had hung out.

"For a minute there," said Huber, "it looked like I was on the wrong street. Nering's, the grocery store that was near the corner, sold out and wasn't there any more. The building was torn down. King Cole's tavern had a different coat of paint, a green color. Before, I think it was white. The name of Tobacci's tavern was changed to Braumeister's. They even took the old mailbox off the corner. You have to walk two more blocks now to mail a letter—to North and Ashland. No one had told me anything at all."

Huber, by the way, says that the huddled gray houses of his part of northwest Chicago never seemed so "cooped together" as they do now that he has come from two years of outdoor living. He is taking welding at Greer's, a trade school, and plans to start a farm in Missouri after the war boom dies down. A native Chicagoan, he intends to hire out for a while on some one else's acres to learn the ropes. He figures the welding knowledge will enable him to repair his own gear. The Government is paying his expenses at Greer's under the education provisions of the GI Bill of Rights.

In working at Dodge Chicago one of Legs Latal's first difficulties was to get accustomed to the thousands of women working in the factory with him. They wear slacks and turbans and many use a terrific kind of lipstick and nail polish known as pink lightning. There is a severe shortage of eligible males, but Legs notices that the girls are a bit unenthusiastic about CDD men, as if the women were worrying about what caused the man's discharge.

Latal has been an absentee from his war job a total of 3½ days so far in his first month's work. Aches from his wounds kept him home. Some other ex-GIs at the plant have better records, some worse. Ex-Pfc. Joe Brenner, who received a CDD for malaria and arthritis developed while he was in combat with the Americal Division on Guadalcanal, is among those with a stronger record. Brenner is hot on the subject of getting the B-29s into the air, and his face flushes when he talks about how the men on his line went on strike once because the management would not provide stools for them to sit on at lunchtime.

On the other hand, there's another Americal pfc a few aisles over from Legs' lathe who hasn't done so well. He trims bushings inside B-29 engine motorheads. Some weeks his machine is idle 40 percent of the time. He says that because of wounds from Guadalcanal and Bougainville he often has to stay home from work. The same goes for his brother, who has had 18 attacks of malaria since he was a corporal in the South Pacific. It seems to work out like taking turns—on days when one is sick, the other is well and working.

The absenteeing former pfc admits that some mornings hangovers have also influenced his decision to stay home. Calvert's and coke looks mighty attractive to him, he says, after some of the stuff that substituted for liquor on Guadalcanal. He particularly mentions "torpedo juice"—alcohol drained from the submarine tin fish and cooked up with glycerine, sugar and three-parts water.

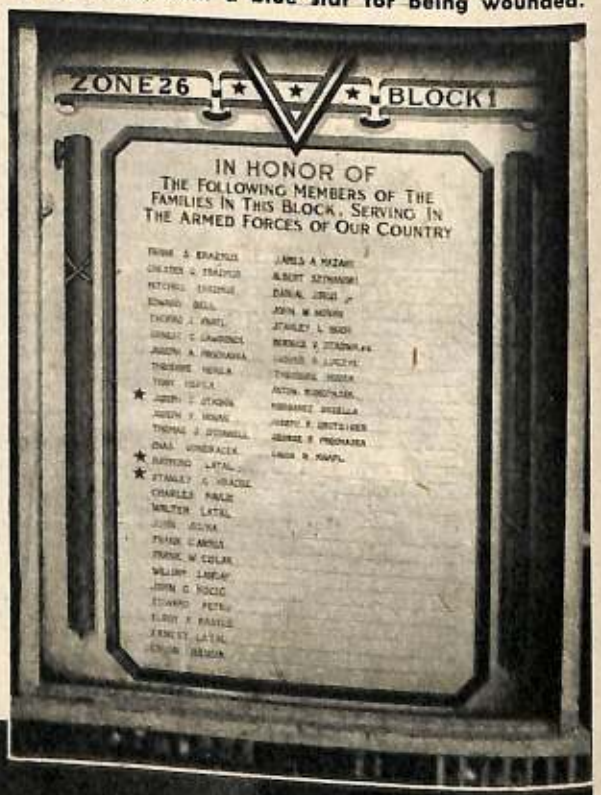
Legs scarcely touched a drop before he went into the Army, but now he likes a couple of beers, or even six or seven on occasion. Before he was inducted he was not inside Buck's Tavern (now Kedzie's Cafe), the corner bar, more than three or four times. He drops in there several times a week now. "My mother still wonders why I go to the tavern," Legs says.

Latal did not go out with girls much when the Tytans were functioning. He calls on one now but does not like to say much on the subject.

Legs hears that the B-29-engine lines will be turned over to automobile manufacturing after the war, so he considers himself all set so far as a permanent job is concerned. Even so, Latal feels that he is marking time.

"Nobody's around, there's nothing to do—I believe I'd rather be back in the Army," he says moodily sometimes. Other times, as he studies the small fry at Jim's and the women at the bowling alley, he thinks of the Tytans and predicts that "things'll get back in shape when they get back." When he says that, though, his tone is more hopeful than confident.

Latal's name is listed on the honor roll that stands in his block, with a blue star for being wounded.



Legs Latal at a cafe with two other ex-GIs who work with him: Lloyd DeGrane (left), Joe Brenner (right).

A German Talks

People inside Germany know the war is going our way, but there is no movement strong enough to buck Hitler, this prisoner says.

By Sgt. JOE McCARTHY
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 26TH DIVISION IN GERMANY—The German prisoner said he was an anti-Nazi. He was a young intellectual, gentle and earnest, and you could tell from his pale scholarly face with its tortoise-shell glasses, and from the way his uniform hung sloppily from his high stooped shoulders with one button missing from the coat, that the regular-army officers in his outfit must have treated him with amusement and contempt.

He was a medic who evidently did not know one end of a rifle from the other, but he was well educated so they had given him a grade which would correspond to warrant officer in our Army. The GIs who brought him to the CP said he had come across to our line alone to ask us to keep our mortar and artillery fire away from his overcrowded battalion-aid station.

He spoke English perfectly without an accent, pausing once in a while in the middle of a sentence to ask the translation of a German word. He had trouble now and then over simple words which he didn't know, like "tired." He would say "fatigued," pronouncing it "fatty-gewed."

"The Germans," he said, "are sure that the Americans will become fatty-gewed with the war here in Europe so far away from their homes. That is why they are fighting. They hope to prolong the war until the Americans become fatty-gewed and open negotiations for a separate peace apart from England and Russia." He also spoke French, Italian, Spanish and Russian.

"Now it is going badly with our army, in this sector at least," he said. "For the past seven days my battalion has been fighting with only one meal a day and that one has not been a hot meal. We have been using our transportation to transport ammunition rather than food. And what little good things we have gotten—hot food, wine and sweets and tobacco—have been kept by the *commanderie*, the high-ranking officers, for their own use. The men in the ranks know this and it has caused bad feeling and hopelessness."

One of the GIs pointed out to the German that his army was still doing well for an army that was supposed to be hopeless and tired.

"You must remember," the German said, "that our average man is loyal to his Fatherland and to his leaders. Only the intelligent people realize that Hitler and the Nazis are bad and the intelligent people must be careful. Again, the average man in the German Army fights on despite his hopelessness because he sees nothing else to do. He sees even less hope for himself in an Allied victory. He feels there is nothing for him to do but to continue fighting. The American and British propaganda has been very bad on this point."

I asked him if there were any anti-Nazi underground movements in Germany with real strength. He said he only knew one person who belonged to such a movement, a close friend of his who was half Jewish. But his friend had told him that the movement was not strong.

"It is practically impossible to organize a powerful revolutionary movement of any kind inside Germany today," he said. "The young people, the men under 30, that you need in such an organization are all at the fronts and they are unable to do anything. The older people at home, those between 30 and 50, they are not there. I mean by not there that they have not the will and the courage to do anything against the Nazis. And so far, there has been no one man big enough and strong enough to lead such a movement.

"If the Americans and the Russians and the British are waiting for a revolution inside Germany to destroy the Nazi Government for them, they will have to wait for many years. I myself doubt that the Nazi Government will ever be destroyed by the German people. The only way you can win the war is to have your armies advance into Germany. And even then, it will be difficult for you. The capture of Berlin will not mean the surrender of the Nazis. They will continue to fight on in small isolated groups in other parts of the country—in the Black Forest, in the Tyrol—until they are killed, or captured, one by one."

SOMEBODY changed the conversation and asked the German how his people felt during the invasion of Normandy and the drive across France and whether the death of Rommel had made them lose confidence.

He said that the invasion brought two kinds of reaction in Germany. The higher-ups—the ranking Nazis and the brass in the Army—went around saying with confidence, "Now you will see us crush the Americans and British and throw them back into the sea." The soldiers and the people, on the other hand, said to each other, "Now we will see whether or not we are able to crush the Americans and the British and throw them back into the sea." They were not as cocky as the leaders but they were not pessimistic, either. Just realistic.

"When you began to rush across France toward our border," the German said, "a great many people were happy and said they would be glad to see the Americans and British come. When your advance stopped at the Siegfried Line and when we counterattacked, these same people changed back to the attitude they had before the invasion. They are careful people. In Germany in order to live they must be careful.

"Rommel? No, his death was not considered a great loss. Rommel lost his popularity in Germany when he lost Africa. After that he was looked upon as—what shall we call it? Yes, a theatrical general."

I asked the prisoner if the rumors of Hitler being dead were as plentiful inside Germany as they were in other parts of Europe, and he said they were. Most of the German people think Hitler is still alive but confined to his room in a state of nervous exhaustion. "The intelligent people in Germany," the prisoner said (he always referred to anti-Nazi Germans as "the intelligent people in Germany"), "believe that Himmler has taken over most of the authority."

Most of the rumors about Hitler's death began early in October when he allowed German soil to be occupied by an enemy for the first time in the war without going on the radio to make some kind of an appeal for the confidence and support of his people. I told the German that if his army had set foot on American soil, the people of the U. S. would not expect President Roosevelt to let it happen without addressing the nation.

"That was exactly how we felt," he said. "I remember the occasion well. Our battalion was then stationed in Denmark—we had come there from the Russian front—and there was a cafe or tearoom in the village with a radio. I remember how our men gathered there when they heard of the Americans entering Germany. They waited for the Fuehrer to speak to them. When there was no speech, they were very much disappointed. It was a bad mistake for him not to say something at that time."

WHEN he mentioned that he had been on the Russian front, an officer in the CP asked if he had witnessed any German atrocities there.

"Yes," he said. "There was a village in the Ukraine where we had some trouble. I forget exactly what happened but I believe that some of the townspeople and Ukrainian partisans helped some of our prisoners to escape while we were retreating from that place. Later we advanced in an offensive and recaptured the village. The people were shot and hand grenades were thrown into their homes. I will never forget one thing I saw there: *SS* soldiers holding small children up by the feet and firing pistols at their heads. Like killing turkeys. Beasts. I would not have believed it if I had not seen it myself."

"How about the ordinary German soldier?" the officer asked. "How does he feel when he sees men in his own army doing such things?"

The German shook his head. It was a hard one for him to answer. "The ordinary German soldier sees nothing wrong with the—what you call it? Ghetto? He sees nothing wrong with the ghetto. He thinks it is not bad for the Jews to be kept in the ghetto and not to be treated well there. I do not mean mistreated; I mean not treated well. He sees nothing bad in that. But he does not believe that the Jews should be killed."

At that point, the truck came to take him and the other prisoners of that morning to the rear. Before he went away, we asked him what the German Army thought of the fighting ability of the American soldier.

"This is the first time my battalion has fought against the Americans," he said. "When we came to this front, there was a meeting of the officers and we were told this: The American soldier when he is advancing against the enemy in an attack is as stubborn as the Russian soldier. But when the American soldier is caught by a surprise attack on his flank, he often becomes confused and disorganized."

THIS AIR VIEW OF A TOWN IN WESTERN LUZON WAS TAKEN FROM A PIPER CUB AS AMERICAN JEEPS AND TRUCKS WERE PASSING THROUGH.

FOUR INFANTRYMEN WALK AROUND WHAT WAR HAS LEFT OF AN OLD CATHOLIC CHURCH AT LINGAYEN. THESE ROOFLESS, SHELL-TORN WALLS WERE FIRST BUILT SOME 400 YEARS AGO.

PVT. HARVEY RICHEY OF BATTLE CREEK, MICH., FOUND A NEW WAY TO ENJOY SIGHTSEEING. HE TOOK OVER A PONY THE JAPS HAD LEFT BEHIND.

FILIPINOS HELP THE ARMY BUILD ROADS, BRIDGES AND AIRFIELDS. THE NATIVE AT THE LEFT LENDS A HAND TO GI ENGINEERS LAYING A SECTION OF MATTING ON AN AIRSTRIP.

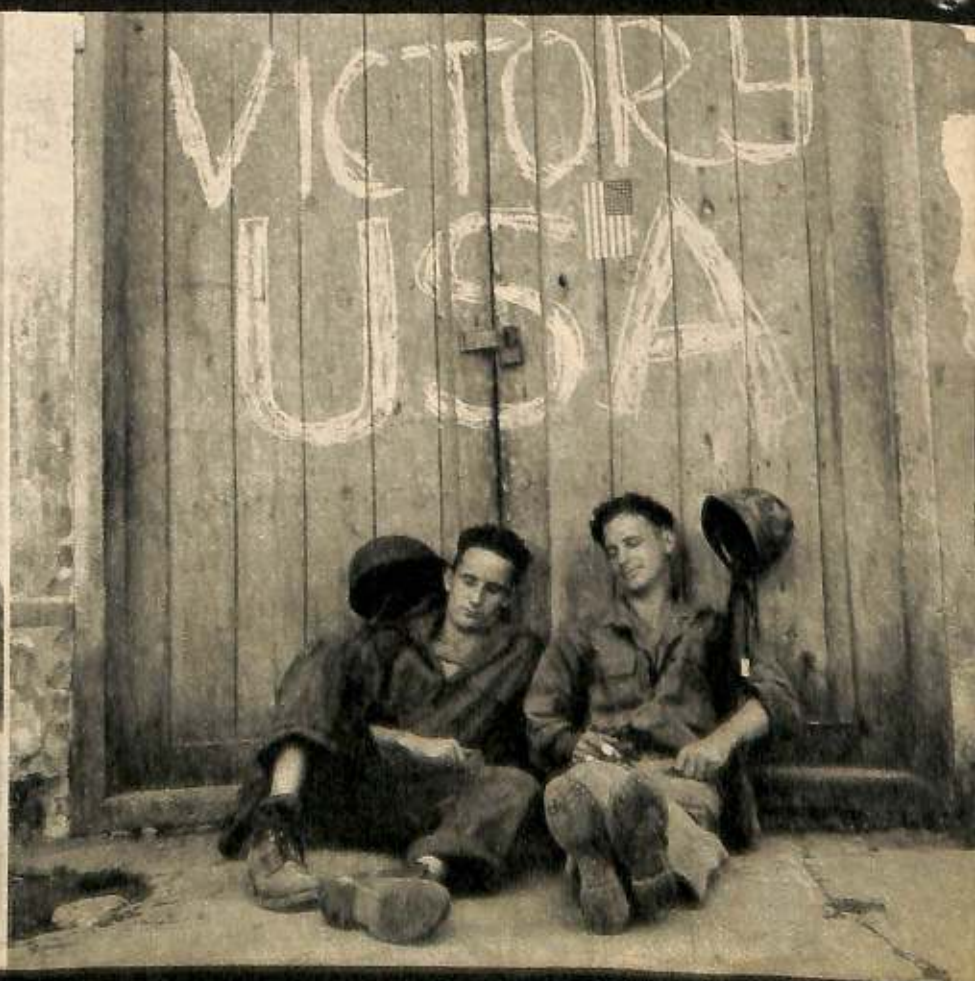
DURING THE ADVANCE AN 81-MM MORTAR CREW LETS OFF A BLAST AGAINST ENEMY CONCENTRATIONS. THEIR RANGE WAS 2,100 YARDS AWAY FROM THE JAPS.

YANKS IN LUZON

YANK photographers took these pictures as American forces were advancing on Manila. They give a cross section of what GIs were doing and what they saw as the Japs retreated before them.

GEN. DOUGLAS MacARTHUR, COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF ALLIED FORCES IN THE SOUTHWEST PACIFIC, TAKES A WALKING TOUR AROUND A TOWN IN LUZON.

ON A SUNDAY MORNING IN DUGAPAN, FILIPINO GUERRILLAS AND TOWNSMEN PUT ON A PARADE FOR THE YANKS. THIS BOY CARRIED A BANNER WITH A WELCOMING SIGN.



UNDER A SIGN DRAWN BY NATIVES ON A DOOR, TWO TIRED INFANTRYMEN TAKE A SHORT BREAK. THEY ARE PVTS. JOSEPH FRENETTE AND ELMER GARREN.

Plans are already afoot to put these battlefield devices to work in everyday life on the home front.

Tomorrow's Telephone

Peacetime applications of GI portable communications equipment will help keep civilians in touch with their homes and offices.

By Sgt. GEORG MEYERS
YANK Staff Writer

THERE are jobs waiting in the post-war world for your old combat friends—the walkie-talkie, the handie-talkie and the tank intercom. Civilians are already eager to put these battlefield devices to peacetime use, and after some hesitation the Federal Communications Commission has told the big telephone outfits they can prepare to peddle "general mobile telephone service" after the war.

The Bell Telephone Company, which would like to sell or rent and install radiophone equipment for New York City's 500 ambulances, 100,000 commercial delivery jobs and 20,000 cabs and busses, thinks that before 1955 at least 10,000 vehicles will have mobile transmitter-receivers.

The Bell engineers have made with the slide rule and figured that office-to-truck or dispatcher-to-cab communications would save enough in fuel, wear-and-tear on tires and dead mileage to pay off quickly the $500 equipment cost (that's the present price; it's expected to come down later) and toll charges on calls.

If the FCC were moving as fast as Bell thinks it should, there would soon be a land-line relay station every 17½ miles on main highways. By dialing central and giving the approximate position of your company's truck, you would be able to talk to the driver and tell him that Mrs. McDade in Hoboken wanted only one case instead of two, and please come back by way of Yonkers and try to shuck off the extra on Old Man Peebles. Your voice would travel by standard telephone line to the relay station closest to the truck and then spray out via radio waves to the driver's receiver.

The telephone people see special value to physicians in this kind of communications service. They say the mobile phone will enable Doc Jones to start out on his rounds in the morning and keep in touch with his nurse back in the office at all times, in case of emergency calls. The FCC doesn't share Bell's enthusiasm, probably having a sneaking sympathy for the harried big-city sawbones who in pre-war non-intercom days was able to duck out to sun himself on a park bench or go for a furtive drive to Blue Creek for a half-hour of fishing.

If Bell has its way, Doc will be a gone gosling.

If he rips the phone out of his car or stealthily tosses his handie-talkie on a Salvation Army tambourine, Nurse can still send out a book message, or general alarm: "Call for Dr. Maw-riss. Wearing a pin-stripe suit and a blue tie with potassium permanganate spots. Look for him. He is want-ted in sur-jurry." Then somebody else with a handie-talkie can be counted on to spot the doctor and turn him in to his patients.

There are 15,000 doctors in New York City alone, and there and in Boston this mobile telephone arrangement is already in operation on a limited experimental and emergency basis. If the idea catches on, Bell foresees the post-war day when doctors in many cities will be demanding the service. The company also proudly reports that several large business concerns in various parts of the country have written to say that they hope to see this mobile phone stuff in operation.

For several reasons, however, it hasn't been easy for Bell's engineers to sell the FCC on the idea. The commission has felt that the additional aid to communications was planned almost entirely for large metropolitan areas without regard for the greater needs of rural and remote regions. But the big rub is technical.

Wartime advances in electronics have opened up a lot more space in the radio spectrum, but when it comes to passing out frequency allocations to standard broadcast, FM, television, police calls, aviation communications, coastal radiophones, etc., the FCC is still somewhat in the position of the manager of a 100-room hotel trying to satisfy 1,000 would-be guests.

One factor that helped persuade the FCC to allocate space to the telephone people was the belief that servicemen returning to civilian life would be used to handie-talkies and such.

"That's one of the things that is going to give us the biggest headache," said Lawrence L. Fly, then FCC chairman, at a hearing called to hash over allocations of radio frequencies for post-war broadcasting. "Those fellows are coming back from abroad thinking they are going to have radio communications in their vest pockets."

"I feel," spoke up F. M. Ryan, radio engineer for the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, "that a lot of our men in the service who have experienced the utility of radio in mobile situations abroad will be rather surprised not to find the same convenience over here."

That did it. Or, at any rate, Mr. Ryan's crack about the surprised and presumably indignant veteran seems to have helped spur the FCC to set aside 31 channels for "mobile situations." The FCC, however, didn't go all the way with the telephone industry, which had asked not for 31 channels but for 200.

Under the FCC's ruling, several frequencies were specifically assigned to something called the Citizens' Radio Service, which is to occupy a space in the broadcast spectrum reserved for the "general mobile telephone" experiment. As we get it, this service will eventually handle things like enabling a farmer to call in the hired hand from the plow without resorting to the banging-on-the-dishpan method of signaling. The hired hand is presumably to carry a transmitter-receiver about the size of a plug of chewing tobacco in his hip pocket.

The assignment of even 31 frequencies was plainly regarded by the FCC as a major concession to the spirit of Buck Rogers. Chairman Fly, for example, made it clear that he was not convinced that the need for vehicular telephones and personal handie-talkies was important or urgent enough to justify the use of valuable radio frequencies, particularly in cities where there's a drug store with a pay booth on every other corner. To one engineer who kept harping on the convenience of mobile communications, Fly said: "I'm not talking about *convenience*. I'm talking about *urgent need*."

"Well, we can get along without bathtubs, you know," the engineer said.

To which the chairman replied, perhaps too hastily, "A lot of people do."

Apparently this retort caused all the FCC men to look at each other and turn a little pink, because soon afterward they dug up those frequencies for the telephone people to play around with.

". . . the utility of radio in mobile situations."

NEWS FROM HOME

The War Department said GIs worry more about the tax collector than the iceman, the government sliced the meat the wrong way, a Congressman saw too many stars in the Army, and a monkey named Peter turned out to be goldbrick and a lady.

THE War Department dealt a blow last week to the belief held in some quarters that GIs are worried sick about "unfaithful wives" at home. According to Maj. Gen. Myron C. Cramer, the Judge Advocate General, soldiers do a lot more sweating about income-tax troubles than about the ladies. In two years, the JAG's legal-assistance branch has handled more than four million cases involving legal aid for servicemen on personal problems. It also gives advice on laws concerning divorces.

But out of those four million cases, only six per cent involved divorces and other domestic problems, Gen. Cramer disclosed. Tax troubles, he said, bothered more than 26 per cent of the soldiers who asked for help. Commented the JA: "It is pleasing to note the low percentage of cases involving domestic-relations difficulties, which is somewhat at variance with the popular belief on this subject."

It's safe to say that practically everybody at home —as well as millions of people in other countries— were given cause to worry about something last week. That something was their diet. The cause

> *In line with the current shortages, the Army Service Forces ordered prisoner-of-war camps to cut down on the butter, meat, chicken and other scarce foods. The order pointed out that, while the Geneva Convention specified that prisoners shall receive food equal in quantity and quality to that served to American troops in base camps, the rules of war don't say that the PWs shall get identical items.*

of the perturbation was an announcement from Washington of a 12 per cent cut in the present meat ration for the home folks starting April 1, and an 87.5 per cent reduction in lend-lease meat for Britain effective during April, May and June. This meant that the U.S. civilian meat allowance for the three-month period will be on a basis of 115 pounds a year per person, compared with the present rate of 130 pounds.

It was also disclosed that meat supplies for the U.S. Army and Navy will be increased. During the April-to-June quarter, Russia will get 300,000,000 pounds of meat under a long-standing agreement, while Britain will receive 25,000,000 pounds.

The severity of the cuts came as a surprise to many commentators, although there had been much talk about an estimated six per cent drop in the U.S. meat supply. From all over the country came reports that quick-lunch stands, barbecue pits and hamburger joints were being forced to close. Menus in restaurants blossomed out with new dishes featuring fish, poultry and vegetables. New York City reported that civilians could find practically no pork, very little veal or lamb, and only about half the normal beef supply.

Earlier, Director of War Mobilization James F. Byrnes had ordered all commitments for overseas supplies—both military and relief—cleared through a new inter-agency committee under Leo T. Crowley, Foreign Economic and Lend-Lease Administrator. Byrnes said Crowley's first job was to make certain that the vast quantities of our exports "do not reduce our own capabilities to support our war effort and to meet our essential needs."

Discussing the new committee, President Roosevelt warned the people that they would have to tighten their belts. Americans, he said, are decent people and would back the Administration's plan to keep people in other countries alive by eating less themselves.

The Senate Banking Committee held sessions on the topic of food, and heard G. L. Childress, of the American Meat Institute, say: "The present situation is so serious that it threatens supplies necessary for war purposes, for Army and Navy uses." Childress testified that the black market in meat was still serious and widespread, and that price regulations must be more strictly enforced.

Another witness—Howard C. Greer, of Kingan & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.—declared that his firm had suffered a million-dollar loss in the last eight months, mostly because it had had to fill orders from war-procurement agencies at below cost. He told the Senate committee: "We are required to produce beef for the Army at prices less than the cost of live cattle."

THE food situation appeared to be headed for another Congressional investigation, no matter who was to blame for the shortages. Sen. Kenneth S. Wherry, Republican of Nebraska, asked the Senate to set up a committee to inquire into all phases of food production, distribution, processing and transportation. He also suggested that another group be formed to investigate food exports and imports.

Coincidentally, the War Production Board disclosed that there would be a deep slash in the supply of leather for civilian shoes in April, May and June because of the enormously increased Army demands for footwear. The WPB said you can expect to see a lot more fabric shoes when you get back to the States.

Manpower mobilization was still unsettled. A Senate-House committee struggled with the job of reconciling the tough penalty-loaded May Bill passed by the House and the milder Senate substitute. Some Congressmen were gloomy about the prospect of getting any kind of work-draft legislation passed—particularly in view of the optimism created by the Allied progress after the initial crossing of the Rhine.

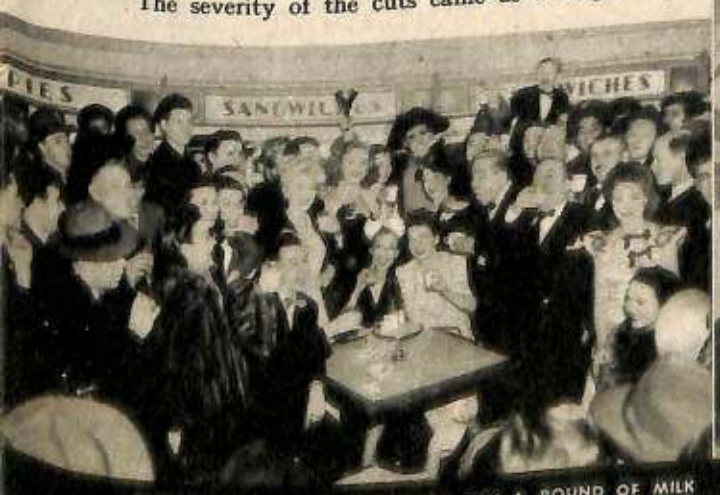
Two major conflicting points of view about drafting people for work seemed to be pretty well summed up by two Congressmen. Said Rep. Frank L. Chelf, Democrat of Kentucky: "There is going to be a day of reckoning in this country when these boys come back. May God have mercy on the political souls of those who fight against this bill (the May Bill) today." But, said Rep. Forest A. Harness, Republican of Indiana: "American youth now is fighting against enslavement, and that's exactly what would happen under the work-or-jail measure."

Another Representative, Charles M. LaFollette, Republican of Indiana, said he doesn't think much of Congressmen who mention "our boys on the fighting fronts" in every debate. "This kind of talk makes me retch," said LaFollette. "It seems we cannot discuss a single issue without someone dragging in 'our boys' either as opponents or supporters of the question at issue."

A lively fight was shaping up on Capitol Hill, the *Associated Press* reported, over the extension of the Selective Service Act which becomes inoperative on May 15 unless renewed by Congress. Legislation to extend the Act for the duration has already been introduced in both the House and the Senate. But, continued the *AP*, there may be efforts to write into the extension legislation some bans against sending teen-age inductees into combat areas without first being trained a year in the States. Another fight, it was said, may center around some Congressmen who insist that men over 30 with pre-war children be deferred, if not completely exempted, from induction. The *AP* also reported that draft deferments for railroad, airline and inland waterway workers under 30 have been liberalized in order to prevent a serious disruption of transportation and that other relaxations are in prospect for coal miners and steel workers.

> *Abraham Calderon, 22-year-old ex-GI of Brooklyn, was awarded damages of $122,000 in New York for injuries which he suffered in a subway accident while on furlough and which deprived him "of the honor and privilege of serving his country in combat." Calderon, who received head and leg wounds when he rescued a man from the path of a subway train, later was given a medical discharge from the Army.*

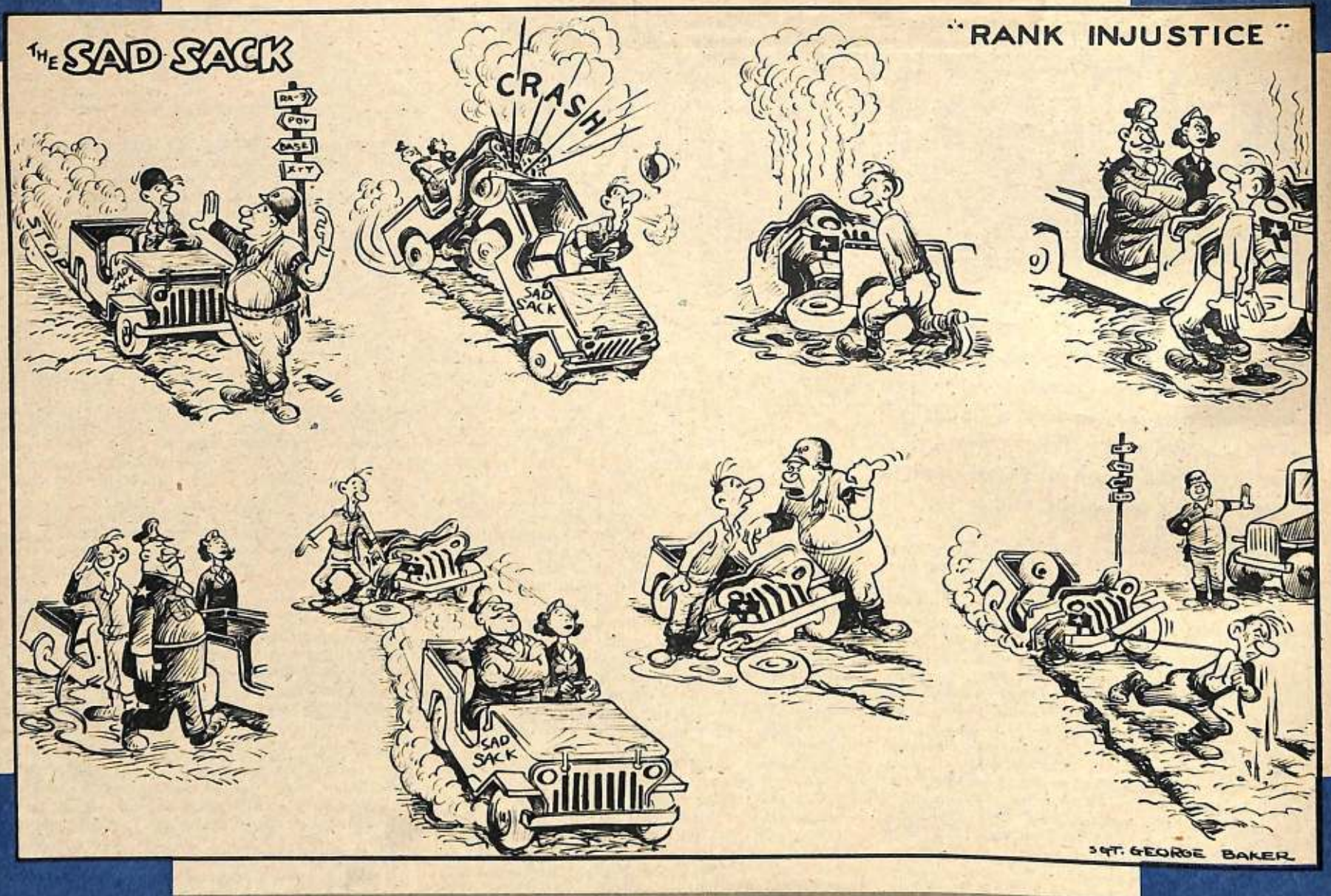
HOLLYWOOD'S movie strike headlined the labor news. Production of films at Columbia, R.K.O., Warner Brothers and the 20th Century-Fox studios was halted. The strike began when 72 set designers walked out in a jurisdictional dispute between two unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. Then the electricians struck, publicity men followed, and the movement threatened to spread to projection employes in movie houses throughout the country. Cameramen were kept busy snapping



CURFEW. OLSEN AND JOHNSON BUY A ROUND OF MILK AT A BROADWAY AUTOMAT FOR CAST OF THEIR "LAFFING ROOM ONLY" SHOW AFTER NIGHT SPOTS CLOSED AT 12.

RIGHT NUMBER. GIs IN THE ETO NAMED TONI SEVEN AS "CHEESECAKE OF THE YEAR"—A TITLE WHICH SEEMS TO ABOUT COVER THE SUBJECT.

HOME ABROAD. WORKMEN IN WASHINGTON, D. C., PUT TOGETHER A DISPLAY MODEL OF THE 30,000 PRE-FABRICATED HOUSES TO BE SENT TO SHELTER BRITAIN'S BLITZED HOMELESS.



pictures of film stars crossing picket lines—or refusing to cross them.

William Green, president of the AFL, called the walkout "unjustified" and demanded that the strikers go back to work. He got a telegram from them saying, "No." Then the film technicians and workers in studio restaurants were ordered back to work by their unions.

The government upheld the right of John L. Lewis to poll 400,000 United Mine Worker unionists to see if they want to strike in the event that Lewis doesn't get a satisfactory contract from the soft-coal operators to replace the pact expiring March 31. The operators meanwhile were mulling over the UMW's contract terms, which included a demand for a royalty of 10 cents on every ton of coal mined. The UMW *Journal* predicted that the negotiations were headed for failure because of what it called an advance agreement among the producers.

In Philadelphia, Federal Judge George A. Welsh fined 27 transportation-company workers $100 each for their activities in last summer's transit strike during which the Army took over trolleys and buses. Fines levied against two defendants were suspended when it was learned that they had been drafted.

Lt. Cmdr. Leonard Cammer, Navy psychiatrist, charged in a speech at Houston, Tex., that men in combat areas get a distorted picture of conditions at home because news of strikes and production lags is publicized more than the record of home-front accomplishments. He asserted that more man-hours have been lost by AWOL servicemen than by striking workers back home.

President Roosevelt proposed the creation of nine new full generals to give the Army its greatest galaxy of four-star officers on active duty in U.S. history. Historians pointed out that previously there had been only 14 four-stars since the country was founded. There are only two full generals now on active duty—Malin Craig, who heads the War Department's Personnel Board, and Joseph W. Stilwell, commanding the Army Ground Forces. There are also four five-star "Generals of the Army"—Marshall, Eisenhower, MacArthur and Arnold.

The nine nominees were Lt. Gens. Joseph T. McNarney, Deputy Supreme Allied Commander, Mediterranean Theater; Omar N. Bradley, Commanding the 12th Army Group, Europe; Carl Spaatz, U.S. Strategic Air Forces, Europe; George C. Kenney, Far East Air Forces; Mark W. Clark, 15th Army Group, Italy; Walter Krueger, Sixth Army, Philippines; Brehon B. Somervell, Army Service Forces; Jacob L. Devers, Sixth Army Group, Europe; and Thomas T. Handy, Deputy Chief of Staff to Gen. Marshall.

Sen. Richard B. Russell, Democrat of Georgia, complained about military "titleitis" when he heard about the nine generals. "First thing you

MUDDY WATERS. TEN PERSONS LOST THEIR LIVES AND PROPERTY DAMAGE WAS GREAT WHEN THE OHIO RIVER OVERFLOWED ITS BANKS RECENTLY. ABOVE, FIXTURES ARE BEING REMOVED FROM A GROCERY STORE AT MILTON, KY., 30 MILES NORTHEAST OF LOUISVILLE.

HOUSING PROBLEM. TWO EXPERTS FROM THE NEBRASKA COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE ARE TRYING TO DECIDE HOW TO PRESERVE THESE 24,000 BUSHELS OF CORN LYING UNCRIBBED ON THE GROUND AT SHELTON, NEB. THE ELEVATOR IS JAMMED AND HAS A HEAVY BACKLOG.

know," he told a reporter, "they're going to have to make officers' jackets with broader shoulders to hold all the stars they'll have to wear. Apparently the idea is to give the officers titles comparable with those of other nations. Now that we have super-generals, the next move, I suppose, will be to create super-duper generals." Observers, though, predicted speedy Senate approval of the President's recommendations.

NEWS of international-security planning was a bit on the slow side. One of the best quotes came from Sen. Arthur H. Vandenberg, Republican of Michigan, who said that as a delegate to the World Security Conference to be held in San Francisco starting April 25, he would give top priority to suggestions from servicemen. In a letter to Republican Gov. Dwight H. Green of Illinois, Vandenberg said he welcomed Green's proposal that uniformed men and women fighting the war should have a voice in making the peace.

GIs who've been listening to the BBC's sponsorless programs for a couple of years or so will probably like this one. The National Broadcasting System declared that commercial announcements henceforth will be eliminated from the middle of its news broadcasts on all NBC-operated radio stations. All newscast sponsors were asked to limit their plugs to the first two and the last three minutes of each 15-minute program.

Army and Navy officials announced that practically all inductees under the age of 21 will go into the Infantry during the next three months to replace combat losses. There will be comparatively few exceptions, who will include men qualifying for specialized naval work such as radio technicians and combat air crewmen. The routine manpower needs of the Navy, whose strength is soon expected to reach 4,000,000 men, will be met from the 21 to 38 age brackets during the next quarter.

Practically everybody in the amusement business reared up and kicked when OPA Administrator Chester Bowles announced that he'd like to see controls placed on the price of admissions to ball games, concerts and other amusements. Bowles asked for such legislation in a letter to Sen. Robert F. Wagner, Democrat of New York and chairman of the Senate Banking Committee. The OPA chief said that movie-admission prices, for example, had gone up 38.5 per cent since June, 1941. But theater men all over the country raised immediate objection to a roll-back in prices. One Broadway producer said a decrease would probably cause many shows to close.

The curfew for drinking and entertainment places ran into stiff criticism—this time from the conservative New York *Times*. The paper charged editorially that the "dumping" on the streets at midnight of thousands of servicemen with nowhere to go had a bad effect on the city's war morale. It said that unless special provisions were made for those in the armed forces, conditions would get a lot worse. Among the results of the curfew cited by the *Times* were drunken brawls induced by hasty drinking before midnight, flask and bottle toting, spiking of coffee and soft drinks in all-night restaurants, necking in dark hallways, and a street parade of soldiers and sailors looking for pick-ups. The *Times* quoted a Navy officer as saying: "We will protect our men some way. We will not have them fall into the hands of prostitutes or be poisoned by bad whisky or be 'rolled.'"

New York State attracted nationwide attention by passing an Anti-Discrimination Bill. Gov. Thomas E. Dewey used 22 pens to sign the bill and make it law. Backers of the measure had asked for the pens because they considered the bill an historic step forward in American racial relations. The law, which bans employment discrimination because of race, creed, color or national origin, had the support of both Democrats and Republicans, and was also favored by the CIO, AFL, church bodies and other organizations. The bill didn't have particularly easy going in Albany, the state capital, however, because some employer groups and the powerful Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen opposed it on the grounds that it was unworkable.

Other states—Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Michigan and California—have similar bills pending. In Congress a bill to make the Wartime Fair Employment Practices Commission a permanent Federal agency is up for consideration. This agency to some extent would undertake to do for the whole country what the New York law is intended to do for that state.

In legal language, the New York law will penalize with a fine or jail sentence or both an employer who fires or refuses to hire or discriminates in employment in any way because of race, color, creed or national ancestry. It will also similarly punish any union which excludes or expels persons for those reasons, and will put the bite on an employer or agency which advertises or inquires about those factors in connection with prospective employment, unless the inquiry is concerned with bona-fide qualifications.

The fine prescribed in the law is $500, with a prison sentence of one year. To carry out the law, Gov. Dewey was empowered to appoint a commission of five men to hold office for five years and draw $10,000 a year each. When a case of discrimination is brought to their attention, the commissioners are first supposed to try conciliation. If that fails, they can impose penalties. But any person fined or handed a jail sentence has the right to appeal to the state courts.

Many New Yorkers seemed to agree with Gov. Dewey that the new law "gives living reality to the great principles of our country." On the other hand, some expressed the belief that it was impossible to legislate tolerance, that the law in operation would hurt rather than improve racial relations, and that it would be better to stick to education as a means of rubbing out prejudices.

Most of the annual Academy awards in Hollywood went to *Going My Way*. The film colony voted those connected with this Paramount film seven "Oscars"—the little metal figures that picture people regard as the highest possible praise. Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald were named the best actor and supporting actor respectively of the year, while Leo MacCarey, who put them through their paces in *Going My Way*, was picked as both the best director and the writer of the best original screen story. The picture itself was called best of 1944, while one of the film's hit tunes, *Swinging On a Star*, by James Van Housen and Johnny Burke, was named the year's best song.

Ingrid Bergman was honored as the best actress for her performance in *Gaslight*. Some critics said the award was a year late, claiming it should have gone to Miss Bergman for her work in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Other actresses given the nod by the Academy were Margaret O'Brien, the outstanding child star, and Ethel Barrymore, chosen as best supporting actress for her part in *None But the Lonely Heart*. It was Miss Barrymore's second talkie, following the film *Rasputin and the Empress* of some years ago. The film *Wilson*, which was barred to members of the armed services for a while last year, won six awards for technical excellence. Two service-photographed films drew praise. The Navy's *Fighting Lady* was called the best documentary picture, while *With the Marines at Tarawa* was selected as the best short.

MONKEY business which started in the Jackson City courthouse at Kansas City found its way into practically every newspaper in the country. It seems that the system of air ducts running through the building hadn't been cleaned for a long, long time. Two brothers named Bob and Steve Ely came along and said they had a monkey which would do a first-rate clean-up job. The monkey, misnamed Peter because she's a girl, was supposed to scamper through the pipes with brushes and a vacuum cleaner to remove soot which ordinary methods couldn't reach. When the test came, though, Peter refused to have anything to do with vacuum cleaners and brushes. She did pop in and out of the pipes, and came out covered with soot, which she shook off on spectators. The Ely brothers wound up by doing the work themselves, explaining that Peter was too shy to work in front of strangers.

In San Diego, Calif., a man named Petros Protopapadakis asked permission of the court to change his name. He said that henceforth he wanted to be known merely as Petros FDR Protopapadakis.

The thing didn't stop there, though. The local humane society called up and said something about cruelty to animals. A cleaning firm called up and offered to turn three dogs and three cats loose in an air duct "and let them run for an hour." After that, the firm said, they would put a white cat and a white dog inside the ducts. If either came out with "tattle-tale gray" on him, the first operation would be repeated. And finally, some men called up the courthouse and asked if the county would be interested in two giraffes, which they said were trained to scrub high ceilings and might take to the pipe-cleaning job, too.

PRETTY POLKA. SINCE AMELIA CROSSLAND, 16, OF ST. PETERSBURG, FLA., HIT THE COVER OF "LIFE" MAGAZINE, SHE'S BEEN GETTING FILM BIDS—AND LOTS OF FAN MAIL.

SERVICE BOUND. THESE RECRUITS WHO ANSWERED A NATION-WIDE APPEAL FOR ARMY NURSES GET A LAST LOOK AT NEW YORK BEFORE DEPARTING FOR FORT DIX, N.J.

PEACE PRE-VIEW. TWO WACS—LT. VIRGINIA WANDELT OF NEW YORK CITY (LEFT) AND SGT. KATHLEEN McMAHON OF DETROIT—INSPECT NEW EASTER CREATIONS IN NEW YORK.

The COVER

Pvt. Alfred P. Weiss of Derwyn, Ill., salvages ammo from a damaged Fortress on the Continent. More than 600 damaged planes have been returned to the UK by the Eighth Air Force Service Command in Europe.

Pictures: Cover, Cpl. Eugene Kammerman. 2, upper, Signal Corps; lower, Keystone. 3, upper, Keystone; lower, Signal Corps. 4, Capt. Guy T. Denton, Jr., MC. 5, AAFPOA. 6, Signal Corps. 7, upper right, Signal Corps. 8, 9 and 10, Pvt. George Aarons. 12 and 13, Sgt. Dick Hanley. 15, center, Keystone; others, INP. 16, left, PA; right, Acme. 17, upper, Wide World; center, Acme; lower, INP. 20, upper right, AAF; lower left, Sgt. Ben Schnall; others, PA. 21, upper, N.Y. Journal-American; lower, Acme. 22, David O. Selznick. 23, left, AP; others, Sgt. Jack Rainone.

YANK MAIL CALL

THE ARMY WEEKLY

BRITISH EDITION

EVENING STANDARD BUILDING

47 Shoe Lane, LONDON, E.C.4

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After the War

Dear YANK,

We soldiers, as individuals, must make known our determination that we intend winning the peace as well as the war. We are, potentially, a group mighty with political influence. We have a vested interest of blood in the future, and if we back up our 10 million voices with the same guts that have made the enemy retreat, we can dictate our own peace. Watch how awesome will be our power when we unloose it upon the quitters and the weak who would betray America with actions of non-intervention, of non-participation, of irresponsible isolationism. We must educate our elected representatives so that this time we will not be finished when the last shot has been fired.

Our primary purpose must not be to shed our uniforms too soon. We have only begun the fight to end oppression and to offer freedom to the world. After Germany and Japan have been defeated, what then of our allegiance to our ideals of the self-determination of all peoples and of their pursuits of happiness? A world police force will be needed and we must show that we are willing to serve in such a force as we are needed. Too many are already over-concerned with demobilization.

We Americans want to live in a world where neighbors cooperate with one another. We soldiers must sacrifice personal liberty a while longer after the fighting has stopped in order that we can enjoy that liberty all the rest of our lives. We soldiers can have a constructive part in the making of a lasting peace. We must let the folks at home know of our resolution. By our determination, civilians will take heart.

Britain. **Lt. S. L. FRANKLE**

A Stripe for the Count

Dear YANK,

We hasten to add our plea to that of Sgt. J. Dolin and his buddies, with reference to the recommendation of The Count to the grade of Private First Class (temp).

He is destined to become the foremost proponent and exponent of GI philosophy; and it is definitely not fitting that such a responsible position be held by a person of the grade of Private only. We therefore request that his CO elevate him to the exalted rank of Private First Class, so that all future records will show that he achieved the fullest measure of success in his Army career.

We will be proud to accept him in our select group of Pfcs.—than which there is no better.

Pfc. ALFRED STAMM | **Pfc. EDWARD J. HORVAT**
Pfc. THOS. McNICHOLS | **Pfc. LAURENCE E. MALLOY**
Pfc. H. MAIORANASTIEN | **Pfc. JAMES TONSEY**
Pfc. EARLENE STOUT | **Pfc. NICK TOROK**

Britain.

AAF Overseas Stripe

Dear YANK,

Why not have a special overseas stripe for the combat crews of the AAF based on combat hours? A fellow can put in 50 missions and a hell of a lot of combat hours, but if he has done all of this in five months he is not entitled to wear an overseas bar. In many cases, he has done more work than the fellow who has been over from six to 30 months, because he has had to fly much oftener and flying is one way to become exhausted quickly.

March Field, Calif. **Pfc. GORDON MACKENZIE**

He is NOT Married

Dear YANK,

I would like to call your attention to the January 14th issue of YANK containing the article on Londonderry, N. Ireland, where a statement was made concerning my marriage, of which I never took part.

As you know, your magazine is world-wide read and known. It so happened that the news reached my home-town and, believe me, my hand has "writers' cramp" trying to explain to everyone. I'm still receiving congratulation cards from my friends; in fact, I'm reminded of it so often, I actually believe I am married. People ask me for a picture of my wife and how can I send one when I don't even have a wife to have a picture of?

I must admit everyone got quite a bang out of it, including me, and just as long as everyone else is happy, then I'm happy. I do hope you'll do me one big favor, though, and that is in your next issue of YANK to please let your many fans know (and mine, too), that *I'm not married.*

If you will grant me this favor then I promise you that when I do get married, I'll give your magazine the "great privilege" of being the first to know it, and I'll even send you a picture of the wedding.

Northern Ireland. **Cpl. JOHN MARINE**

KP Candidate

Dear YANK,

A bunch of the boys who are whooping it up at some awful place called Perrin Field, Texas, claimed, in a letter printed in your March 4 issue, that they "had seen everything."

These unfortunates seem to think that the "aspiring master sergeant"

shouldn't pull KP, presumably on account of his numerous "gongs," including the Good Conduct Medal. Or maybe they think he isn't earning his pay. Well, maybe they think it's rough being in Texas (that's in the United States, I think) taking pilot training (which a great many of the ground types would love to do) and pulling details! Combat was never like that, I'll bet!

My opinion is that anyone who has been overseas, fought the war with real bullets, and not mops, and been fortunate enough to survive and be sent home for flight training, should be glad to do KP. I wish it to be known that I will gladly do KP, bars and all, or without them, for a chance to go back to the States for flight training of *any* type, not just pilot training. I am an experienced KP, young, strong, and healthy, willing to work long hours for little pay, and can be ready on 30 seconds notice, or less.

Britain. **2nd Lt. B. C. JACOBS**

Tough Fighters

Dear YANK,

Several of us just finished reading the letter in the Mar. 4 *Mail Call* by Seaman James A. Mook criticising the Army for bitching.

None of us can say we've been up front but we've been through four European invasions and know full well what the soldiers go through. It makes no difference how hot a landing is, the soldiers always go ashore. Them guys have it damn tough and we'll take our hat off to them any day.

We've carried men and equipment all the way from Tunisia to Normandy and every man on board holds the highest respect for them. The middle of this month we start our 25th month overseas. Sure, we bitch to go home, too, but as long as those guys up front need the stuff we'll stay and shuttle for them. If they have got the guts to stay up front and slug it out, then, by golly, the least we can do is bring the stuff across the Channel.

Mook thinks the Army is the best dressed and fed in the world. That may be so, but when we brought the old American 1st Armored Division out of Tunisia when that campaign closed, brother, they were no models for *Esquire*. But they were fighters, every damn one of them. Them guys lived out of "C" rations for many months and never had the luxuries we in the Navy were lucky enough to obtain during that time.

Britain. **A FIGHTING L.S.T.**

Dear YANK,

It strikes us as being quite irregular that a "gob" should criticize a "doughboy" about bitching.

No one realizes better than the fighting doughboy that we have the best Army in the world, we need not be told that. But we are under the impression that nothing is so good that it couldn't be better, and the best way to secure improvements is to criticize.

We know no better way for GI Joe to voice his opinion than writing to *Mail Call;* so what is wrong with using this method of blowing off a little excess steam? Besides, it's fun and we enjoy it!

Britain. **Pvt. SPARKS STOUT**

Dear YANK,

Please do not judge the Navy by this one individual. Having spent quite some time in France with a small Naval Reconnaissance Unit, attached to an Army Division, I can truthfully say that you boys have plenty of room to "bitch."

Now I wish to send my sincerest thanks to you soldiers for everything you did for our little outfit while we were with you. We take our hats off to you soldiers.

Britain. **E. H. BEUKELMAN, Bosn's Mate 2c***

***Also signed by G. W. Smith, Gunner's Mate 3c.**

Alternating Shoes (cont.)

Dear YANK,

We men of the 785th Tank Battalion noted the letter in *Mail Call* on various means of alternating shoes—the ones with cross laces and the ones with block laces. So the enlisted men of the 803d FA Battalion think they have a gripe? We men of the 785th can go them not one but three better. Not only do we have the cross and block laces, we have (1) a white dot painted on the inside of the tongue ¼ inch from the top, (2) on the same pair we have a hole punched 1 inch from the top of the tongue, (3) between the heel and sole of the same shoe, we have a bright red stripe painted. . . .

The officers around here still can't decide on which day each of the shoes should be worn.

Fort Knox, Ky. **(NAME WITHHELD)**

Ten-Year Man

Dear YANK,

I noticed in *Mail Call* that a postmark dated Dec. 4, 1945, was the latest the Army could produce. The civilian technicians are doing better in getting their mail ahead of time. Here is a postcard I received mailed Feb. 5, 1955. How'm I doin?

Britain. **ALBERT SMALL**

Bill of Rights (cont.)

Dear YANK,

I should like to air my views, which I feel are those of a lot of guys in the over 30-year-old class. The subject is the GI Bill of Rights and its benefits, which I feel we are being left out of entirely. Yet it seems to represent to the younger class, who will receive full benefit of a college education, a gift of our government, something that is really worthwhile.

Now look at it from the other side. An older fellow, who can't possibly find time to go to college, gets practically nothing. Of course, it provides for a loan of $4,000, if he can get the proper backing, etc. (red tape). But he has to pay it all back, including all the interest, which is going to be a hell of a tough job, especially if he has to go through one of those depressions. I've already had that experience several years ago. On the other hand, the Bill provides for those younger ones, a four-year gift of a college education at the expense of the same government. Something that will cost at least about $4,400, counting tuition and expenses, a gift with no strings attached. The same one, I believe, can still take advantage of the $4,000 loan.

I've always been of the opinion that a college education was a better investment to a young fellow than anything we older ones could find to put $4,000 into, if we should get it. A college education was the one thing I wanted most and I would have borrowed the money for it years ago, but you've no doubt heard of the great depression which made practically everything impossible. What I can't understand, however, is that here we have two forms of proposed investments, one sure and the other a gamble depending on conditions, yet one is provided as a gift and the other is a debt with interest.

Remedy: Balance the scales—give those who don't want to be saddled with a debt the rest of their lives, and who get no direct benefits, give them a $5,000 paid-up life-insurance policy with a maturity value in 20 years. A mere suggestion, but I think it would help square things up so everyone would get a fair deal and not only the chosen few, as we are all in this together.

Det. of Patients, Britain. Pvt. F. M.

How to Make Candles

Dear YANK,

While sitting here under this bright Philippine sunshine, I began to think about the individual soldier's supply of light, namely candles. They seem to be more scarce than somewhat around these parts. With this thought in mind, I proceeded to scrape the wax off of three of my K-ration boxes and fashion a candle approximately four inches in length. Now thinking this a very shrewd idea, I offer it to my brother GIs for what it is worth.

I also suggest that the makers of K-ration enclose a length of string to be used as a wick. At present I am employing a portion of my bootlace.

Philippines. Pvt. JOHNNY MARSHALL

Few Ribbons for Red Cross

Dear YANK,

I read your magazine regularly and enjoy it—particularly *Mail Call*.

The issue of Mar. 4 has a letter from T/Sgt. Wm. Tkachuk about Red Cross personnel wearing Presidential Citation ribbons or stars on an Army Air Base.

For the sergeant's information, we can wear only the decorations we earned in the last war and we are not permitted to wear even the ETO ribbon (although I think we should be). There have been instances in this war of citations to our people—one Field Director earned a Silver Star for bravery at Anzio Beach, which, of course, he would be entitled to wear. Among the decorations which can be earned, there are a few that can be awarded to other than Army personnel.

The very nature of Red Cross work means that, to the majority of our personnel, rank, title, decorations and honors mean little. We are here to do a job and I feel that most of us are trying to do it well.

I served several months in the 8th Air Corps—in fact I came over with a Fighter-Bomber Group—and I saw no instances of what the sergeant mentions.

Britain. I. B. ALKIRE, A.R.C.

Tough One

Dear YANK,

After moving from place to place for two months, my mail had not yet caught up with me. A patient in a hospital ward, I bet the boys here that I would get mail before them, and before the first week ended. Well, it's like this: Believe it or not, I got a letter before the week was over addressed to Pvt. John Bongiovanni, my name. So I thought I won the bet. Upon opening this letter, however, I found the address to Pvt. John Bongiovanni is not *this* Pvt. John Bongiovanni. Question is, do I win the bet?

Pvt. JOHN BONGIOVANNI

Det. of Patients, Britain.

[If we were only a little less scrupulous, we'd advise you to lie low, say nothing, and collect. As it is, we're sunk.—Ed.]

"And he says he was to have been discharged in 1865."

Regular Army GI

Dear YANK,

It is about time someone urged some legislation for Regular Army men. The dime we kick in every month for the old Soldiers' Home seems to be our only guarantee of the future.

Only recently has the Army pay been brought to a level adequate to the cost of living. It isn't so long ago that we smoked Bull Durham and borrowed, through canteen checks, for our entertainment. How about allowing soldiers to retire after 25 years of service? Then maybe we can get in another hike before the hardening of the arteries sets in.

I've done my share of the griping, I'll admit, but on paper that old record of service looks pretty good. I'd like to continue it, but how about a break? I'd be better off being unemployed, with a probable income of 20 bucks a week. I could sit in a cozy shack, hoist up the Stars and Stripes, plant a brass cannon on the front lawn and sing *America*, the land of the free and home of the brave.

Belgium. 1st Sgt. S. LANDRY

Jail for Strikers?

Dear YANK,

Why don't our law-makers make it against the law to strike?

The "dirty bums" strike, and then call themselves Americans. At least one thing we here can say is, we kill Germans, not Americans. And, brother, that's a lot more than those "bums" can say. If they want to help the Jerries and the Japs enough to stop helping us, I say put them in jail with the other POWs.

We who are patients at this hospital are doggone mad. Some of those "bums" own kids are here with holes in them, too, and I can honestly say they feel the same as we do about all of this un-Americanism.

That's all, brother.

Det. of Patients, Britain. Z. E. A.

Democratic Opportunity

Dear YANK,

If my eyes don't deceive me, YANK's latest pin-up girl (Hilda Simms) is a Negro beauty. Congrats, YANK, and a case of genuine Scotch to the editors. It is a timely and fitting selection by the magazine which speaks for our Army of white and Negro fighting men. Our Negro buddies who are distinguishing themselves daily by their combat record on every fighting front deserve a great deal more recognition and fullest democratic opportunity.

Hosp. Plant, Britain. Pfc. JOE SOKOL

TS on Old Division Patches

Dear YANK,

I had been with a combat outfit fighting in France, and was evacuated to a hospital here in England, and was later given limited assignment. I am now with a General Hospital here.

What I want to know is, now that I'm wearing the ASF patch, can I wear my old Division insignia on my right sleeve? I've seen a number of them worn. Please let me know if there is a regulation on the wearing of it.

Britain. Pvt. ALBERT A. ERMELS

[Sorry. Regulations do not permit you to wear any patch except the one identifying your present outfit.—Ed.]

Love in December

Dear YANK,

I'm not griping but the old men back home 55 are marrying the girls 20. I know, my old man did. What chance do we 19-year-olders have?

France. Pfc. EVERETTE M. LOUCK

Discharge Button

Dear YANK,

The present veterans' discharge button is entirely inadequate. I'm an overseas veteran, having been discharged because of a disability two months ago. I wear my discharge button, but it has proved of little or no value to me. Few servicemen and practically no civilians even recognize the thing. It is easily mistaken for just another button.

I do not expect glorification for my service after having returned to civilian life, but neither do I expect to go into any explanations justifying my reasons for being a civilian again. I understand it is proper to wear service ribbons on civilian clothing, but I'm sure as in my case, this is undesirable to most veterans. . . .

Wyandotte, Mich. JOHN OSAK

Draft Sinatra?

Dear YANK,

Why don't they draft this 4-F Frank Sinatra for something essential to the war industry besides singing? Both my ear drums are perforated, but still I was put into combat and didn't kick. I am a fed-up Yank who is tired of this guy being declared 4-F because of *one* punctured ear drum while lots of these GIs over here are in worse shape than he is and are still fighting.

Britain. Pvt. B. P. C.

Sports Comebacks

Will the big name athletes now in uniform be able to resume their careers after the war? That's a question puzzling both fans and players. Here are eight of the biggest names in sport, some in and some just out of uniform. Their stories are typical of the star athletes of today.

These did—

—can they?

Ray Robinson is a good example of a discharged athlete who lost none of his ability during the months he was wearing a uniform. Here he is in Chicago, punching out nine-round TKO victory over Sgt. Lou Woods of Camp Grant, Ill.

S/Sgt. Joe DiMaggio has been playing Army ball two years and should regain his berth in Yankee outfield. If he returns to baseball in 1946, Joe will still be a young man of 32.

Hours on a practice tee made Lt. Ben Hogan the most consistent golfer in the game. Unable to devote much time to it now, Ben may have trouble keeping up with his old opponents.

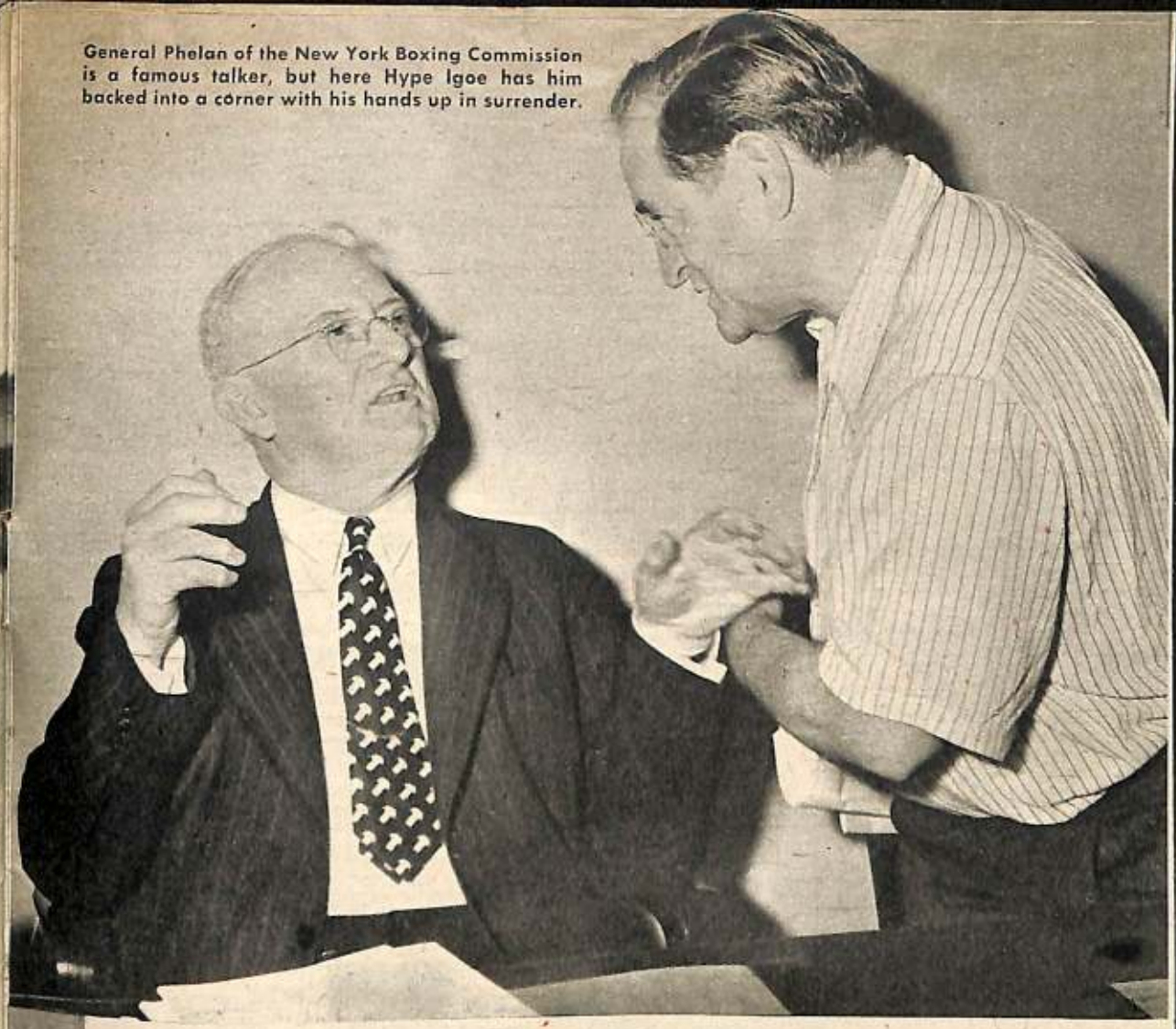
Most speculation has been about S/Sgt. Joe Louis. He is boxing a lot in the Army, but it's only exhibition stuff. If Louis meets Conn in a title bout in 1946 Billy will be 29, Joe 32.

Jack Kramer made spectacular comeback. He spent 1942 in a shipyard and 1943 with the Seabees, then won 17, lost 12 with Browns last year. Pre-war pitching record was 16 wins.

Wearing a Marine uniform several months was no handicap to Frankie Sinkwich, former Georgia star. He led National League punters in his pro debut with the Detroit Lions last fall.

Discharged from the Navy, Sammy Snead picked up where he left off before entering service by giving Byron Nelson a hot battle for honors during tour of winter golf circuit.

Lt. Angelo Bertelli, All American back now in Pacific with Marines, left Notre Dame in 1943 at the peak of his career. A two-year lay-off shouldn't hurt this natural athlete as a pro.



General Phelan of the New York Boxing Commission is a famous talker, but here Hype Igoe has him backed into a corner with his hands up in surrender.

SPORTS: HYPE IGOE, LINK BETWEEN OLD AND NEW IN BOXING

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN

To his readers, Hype Igoe, the famous New York *Journal-American* sportswriter who died last month, was a sentimentalist living in the past. He was forever discovering another Stanley Ketchel, another Jim Corbett or another Jack Dempsey, but his latter-day Ketchels, Corbetts and Dempseys always developed glass jaws. Fortunately for his own peace of mind, Hype never took their failures to heart. He went right on predicting future greatness for other looking-glass fighters who were sensational only in the gym.

But to people in the boxing and sports-writing business who knew him during his off-duty hours, Hype was a pleasant link with the pre-World War I era—a never-go-home character who would sit up all night telling old stories and singing old songs. Everybody loved him, and the stories that were told about him received far wider circulation than those he wrote.

He had some strange habits. Broadway juice-stand attendants remember him as the little man in the *pince-nez* glasses and turtle-neck sweater who insisted on having his orange juice served hot. And he liked to go out on the road with the fighters he wrote about. Max Baer dreaded Igoe's arrival at his training camp because Hype would rap on his bedroom door every morning and shame him into doing road work.

Like most of the old school of fight writers, Hype fancied his own ability to throw a punch. As big as a robin and as cocky, he was particularly proud of his left hook. At the annual *Journal* clambake one year, his associates ribbed him up to try it out on the late Tom Thorp, the former All-American football player and noted gridiron and turf official who was over 6 feet tall and weighed more than 230 pounds. Sneaking up on the unsuspecting Thorp, Hype let fly with his hook. It landed flush on Thorp's square, granitelike jaw. Tom merely blinked and said "If that's the best you can do, Hype, throw it away. It ain't no good."

For years Igoe never bought a pair of shoes. Damon Runyon fancied expensive footgear but dreaded breaking it in. Hype took care of that detail for him and always wore the best.

Runyon's favorite Igoe story concerns Hype's vague managerial connection with Stanley Ketchel, the fighter whom he and almost everyone else considered the greatest middleweight of all time. The fabulous and unscrupulous Wilson Mizner was a friend of Hype's, and when Hype took Ketchel to Philadelphia for a fight, Wilson went along for the trip. Ketchel won and made a very favorable impression on Mizner. On the way back home Hype was sitting in a drawing room on the train when Stanley came in, threw two guns on the table and said: "I want to talk a little business with you, Hype. I think I prefer to have Mizner manage me from now on." Looking at the guns, Hype swallowed and said, "That's fine."

Next to boxing Hype loved to cover the six-day bike races at Madison Square Garden. On one such occasion he strolled out of the Garden with Jack Miley, then a sportswriter on the *Daily News*, to have a few drinks at Mickey Walker's bar across the street. Miley had been enjoying himself at the bike races, and he was complaining because he had to leave town and go to Philadelphia to cover the Army and Navy football game.

Hype said: "Jack, you're a much younger man than I am. The way to succeed is to do your assignment no matter how distasteful it seems to you. Go to Philadelphia and do the story and do a good one."

After each drink Hype would scold Miley about not taking his assignments seriously. Finally Hype missed Miley, but decided that he had gone outside to buy a paper. After a few more drinks, Hype looked up and there was Miley beside him again, drinking a beer.

"Jack," Igoe said; "it's getting late. Remember you have to cover that silly football game in Philly."

"Hype," said Miley, "I've been to Philadelphia. I've covered the Army-Navy game and I've come back. Navy won 3-0. Have a beer."

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

M/Sgt. **Wince King**, an Ordnance worker, set a new high-jump record for India of 6 feet 5 inches in the All-American Track and Field Meet at the Football Club Stadium in Calcutta. . . . **Marshall College** of Huntington, W. Va., had to cancel a game with the University of Maryland after most of its varsity basketball players were called up in the draft. . . . While **Stanley Musial**, St. Louis Cardinals slugger, was posing for a publicity picture at Bainbridge (Md.) Naval Station, a rookie who failed to recognize the big-leaguer told him he wasn't holding his bat correctly. Musial good naturedly adjusted his grip and the photo joe snapped the picture. . . . **Lt. George Sauer**, former Nebraska and Green Bay back who was head coach of football at the University of New Hampshire before he went into the Navy, is at St. Mary's (Calif.) Pre-Flight School after 17 months of duty aboard the carrier *Enterprise*. . . . **Joe Skladany CSp**, Pitt's All American end who left the head-coaching berth at Carnegie Tech to enter the Navy, describes **Charlie Justice**, ex-Asheville (N. C.) high-school star who played for Bainbridge Naval Station last fall, as "the fastest thing I've seen in cleats." . . . **Sgt. Earl (Pop) Cady**, who recalled that he won the featherweight championship of the AEF in Paris after the first World War, was a spectator at the Carolinas Golden Gloves. . . . **Lt. Gar Wood Jr.**, chief of the Hull Training Section at Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla., predicts that Sir Malcolm Campbell's record of 141 mph in a speedboat will be broken after the war. He maintains that motors developed in recent years will enable boats to reach a speed of 200 mph or better.

Discharged: **Charley Malone**, former Washington Redskins end, from the Marines. . . . *Rejected:* **Lennie Merullo**, Chicago Cubs shortstop, at Fort Banks, Mass. . . . *Transferred:* **Lt. Comdr. Norman P. (Red) Strader**, former St. Mary's College coach, to Sampson (N. Y.) Naval Training Center to succeed **Comdr. James H. (Sleepy Jim) Crowley**, former Fordham coach, who has been detached for his second tour of duty in the South Pacific. . . . *Promoted:* **Earl Meadows**, former pole-vaulting champion at University of Southern California, to captain in the Fourteenth Air Force in China; **Tommy Tatum**, ex-Brooklyn Dodgers outfielder, to corporal at Robbins Field, Ga. . . . *Wounded:* **Capt. George Poschner**, end on Georgia's '42 Rose Bowl team, in Belgium; **S/Sgt. Tommy Gomez**, Tampa (Fla.) heavyweight, in Germany. . . . *Killed:* **Lt. Joe Hunt**, national tennis champion in '43, in an airplane crash in Florida.

BULLDOG DONS ODs. While getting his basic training at Fort Lewis, Wash., Pvt. Clyde (Bull Dog) Turner, ex-Chicago Bears center, won't have much use for the football he is storing in his barracks bag.


Ingrid Bergman
YANK
Pin-up Girl

CAPT. K. LANDIS OF EVANSTON, ILL., SITS IN HIS MUSTANG FIGHTER, WHICH IS FITTED WITH THE NEW GYROSCOPIC GUNSIGHT—A BRITISH INVENTION MADE IN THE U.S.A.

LEFT, GIs OF THE 357th FIGHTER GROUP'S SERVICE UNIT—S/SGT. OSCAR E. BRANDT OF NEHAWKA, NEB.; S/SGT. JOHN D. SCHWARZ OF WILLOW SPRINGS, MO., AND S/SGT. DAVID W. PEARCE OF NEWPORT NEWS, VA.—ARE BUSY PRODUCING GUNSIGHT MOUNTS DESIGNED BY S/SGT. IDOLO E. AUGUGLIARO OF BUFFALO, N.Y. SHOWN (RIGHT) IN A MUSTANG.

Yanks in Britain

Sergeant's Brain-Child

ENGLAND—Since July, 1944, the 357th Fighter Group has had the highest destruction rate in the Eighth Air Force. In less than a year it has done in nearly 600 German planes, 350 of them in the air. One of the ground men at the base—S/Sgt. Idolo E. Augugliaro, 23, of Buffalo, N. Y.—made an unusual contribution to the Group's success by adapting the hot RAF gyro gunsight for use on P-51 Mustangs.

Away back in June, 1944, the RAF gave the Eighth the specifications for the gunsight and these were sent to America for manufacture. When the first sight arrived, it was tested by the 357th and it was found that the design fitted only the P-51 B, a fighter plane no longer in general operational use in this theater.

Instead of sending the sight back through channels, Col. Donald W. Graham, then the commanding officer of the 357th, asked Sgt. Augugliaro, one of his best armorers, if he could modify its mount quickly to fit into P-51 Mustangs.

Augugliaro said he'd try. First he removed the sight's anti-glare shield, which pilots use only when firing into the sun and rarely have time to put into position, anyway. Next he cut away part of the shroud, where the cowling comes up over the instrument panel in front of the cockpit. He then set the sight in the resulting recess. Sounds simple, until you look into the cockpit and realize how many instruments and gadgets he had to reckon with.

Col. Graham flew a Mustang with the newly mounted sight in combat and found the installation perfect. He ordered all Mustangs in his group to be fitted in the same way.

The mounts were manufactured by the 357th's Service Group. New tools had to be made. S/Sgt. David W. Pearce of Newport News, Va., an armorer, cut the sheet metal for the first mount. M/Sgt. Franklyn J. Schwartz of San Francisco, and S/Sgt. Vernon Milay of El Monte, Calif., worked with him. Capt. Richard D. Willard of Seattle, group armament officer, and 1st Lt. J. David Murley, engineering officer, approved Augugliaro's design and assisted in the work.

Pilots' scores began to rise right away. It was claimed by some that using the sight made the average pilot about three times as good a shot as he was without it. It doubled his range and enabled him to make a kill from the hitherto impossible angle of 90 degrees. His sighting became almost automatic, and he no longer had to guess where to point his plane so that the bullets from his wing guns would find their mark.

The Eighth Air Force did not beat a path to Augugliaro's door. His mount was submitted to Headquarters but was not immediately accepted for general use. In some quarters it was feared that cutting into the shroud, as Augugliaro had, would weaken it. Augugliaro, however, had put in struts after cutting the shroud and thus, it was subsequently shown, had strengthened it.

A few weeks later, the Operational Engineering Section of the Eighth put out a modified sight of its own. The 357th Fighter Group tested this but reached the conclusion that the sight not only was set too far forward where it would injure a pilot's face if he belly-landed, but concealed seven instruments from the flyer's vision.

Then the home front sent over another modification, made by the North American Aircraft Corporation. This was tested by the 357th and found to have the same disadvantages.

In the meantime some other fighter groups in the Eighth had adopted Augugliaro's mount. It happened that a P-51 Mustang with the modified sight was brought around to an RAF K-14 gunnery school, where American pilots who were training there saw it and were sufficiently impressed by it to tell their commanding officers and armorers about it. These, in turn, flew down to the 357th's base to borrow plans of the mount.

For six months the 357th's Service Group has manufactured its own mounts and installed a sight on each new plane delivered. The group has put in some 200 to date, turning out seven or eight mounts in one day.

Last October, Capt. Willard went to the heads of the Eighth Air Force Operational Section and asked that this work be taken off his hands and done in a factory. As a result, a planning engineer from the Eighth's Modification Center subsequently asked for plans of Augugliaro's mount. A mount based largely on Augugliaro's has now been accepted as a factory installation, six months after the sergeant first came through with his device.

The gyro gunsight is to the fighter pilot what the Norden bombsight is to the bombardier. Without Augugliaro's modified mount it would have been impossible to use the sight in Mustangs until months later. No one knows how many German planes the mount has helped destroy. The youthful GI inventor was awarded a Bronze Star for his ingenuity.

Augugliaro, called "Oggie" for short because his name is harder to pronounce than that of a Welsh village, is a short, thick-set and serious young man, the son of Italian parents. Before he was drafted he studied physical education at Cortland State Teachers College at Cortland, N. Y. He is taking a USAFI course to make up for the time he has lost in the Army.

Last August he volunteered to go on the Russia-Italy-England shuttle-bomb run and went along as a gunner on a Fort. It was a 10-day trip, and he was awarded the Air Medal for it, since he is a ground man and not expected to fly. His job is primarily to maintain guns and sights on fighters—and to help the war along with any other good ideas he may be able to cook up.

—By Cpl. EDMUND ANTROBUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMETHING new has been added to the old haystack prop, in the form of Ingrid Bergman. For our money she makes a wonderful addition. A David O. Selznick star, Ingrid is due to appear in a movie called "Spellbound," directed by Alfred Hitchcock. She will play the role of a psychiatrist. Just relax and tell her all about your dreams.

The COUNT

HARDLY a fortnight back, romance entered the crusty soul of that mildewed ex-T/5 known as the Count and—zing, zing, zing—he fell in love with a Wac corporal named Abigail. Sad to say, it already begins to look as if the affair were going to be strictly no go.

"I am reluctantly about to conclude that love and the Army don't mix," the Count told us shortly after chow the other evening when we came upon him sitting out back of his hut, mournfully contemplating the twilight. "I hate rank, and even corporals is too high."

We asked this run-down Romeo what was wrong, at which he began to blubber. "Me heart is broke," he gasped hoarsely. "Got a clean handkerchief?" We dug one up and he took it, made a quick pass at his schnozz with it, and carefully tucked it away in an inside pocket. "It ain't hygienic for you to be carrying around a rag with me germses on it," he explained.

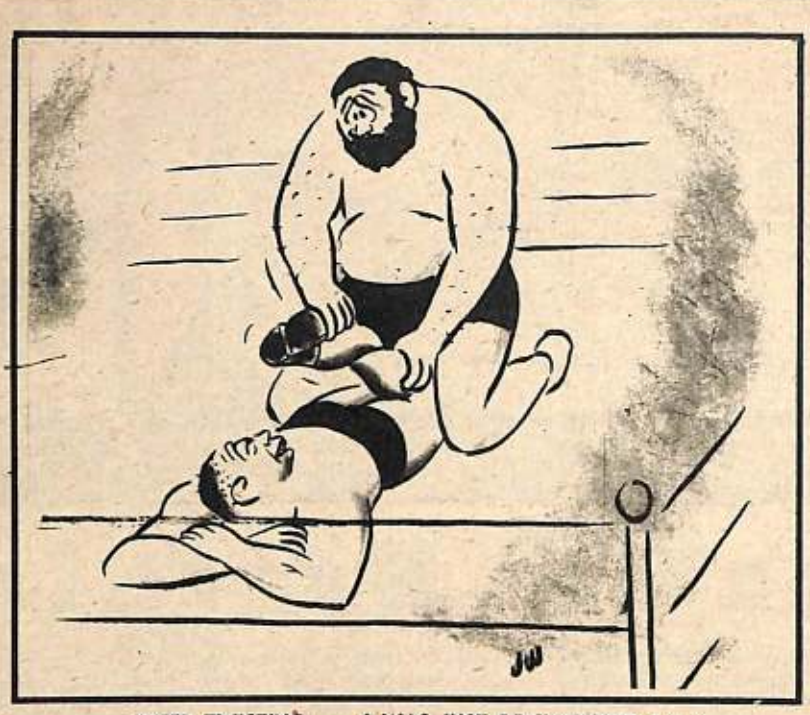
"Here is me tragic story," the Count went on, manfully controlling his emotions. "The other Sunday afternoon I takes this Corporal Abigail to a pub in the village and I buys her a bitter. Pays for it meself, seven pence ha'penny. So then she wants to go to the powder room and I tells her where it is—out the back door, past the hen house, through the apple orchard and down the stream to the foot-bridge, cross that, and there you are. You can't miss it. 'Watch me pocketbook,' she orders. 'I'll be right back.'

"Well, being a mere private, I obeys orders and watches her pocketbook but she, being a corporal, naturally snafus everything, takes the wrong foot-bridge, and don't come back within a reasonable time. After a while, I finishes me drink, and then I can't just stand there, drinking nothing, like a bum selling shoe-laces, can I? So, in the interests of Anglo-American relations, I orders a round of drinks for one and all. Only, being broke, I pays for them out of this Wac's pocketbook, figuring, of course, that I will reimburse her sometime—and besides she makes more money than me.

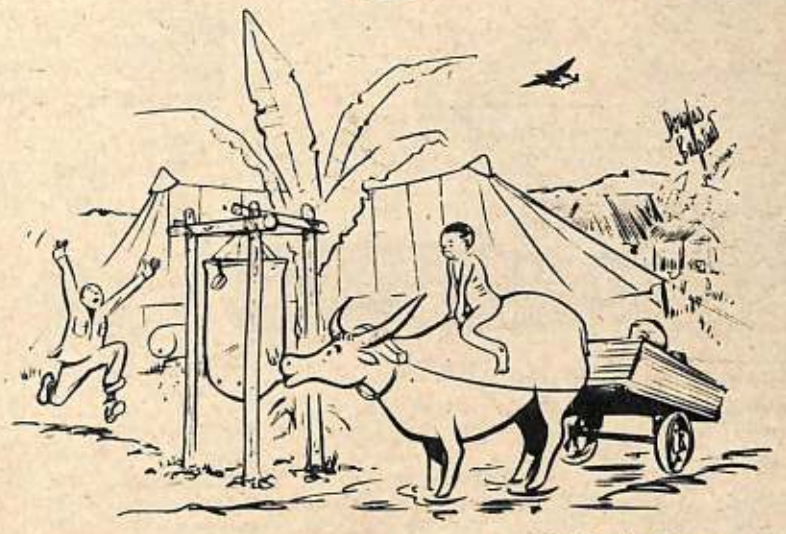
"So pretty soon I scrams out of there and goes to another pub, where I sets the boys up again. And the next thing I know, I'm back in me hut in me sack with her pocketbook beside me—but empty."

The Count paused, and it was plain that his indignation was rising. "And the next morning," he rasped, "after reporting for duty, I carefully returns the pocketbook and starts to explain everything logically. But this Wac gets so rank-conscious she won't even speak to me and begins playing up to some stinker of a sergeant. Yes, sir, I'm off women for life, especially corporals named Abigail."

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY



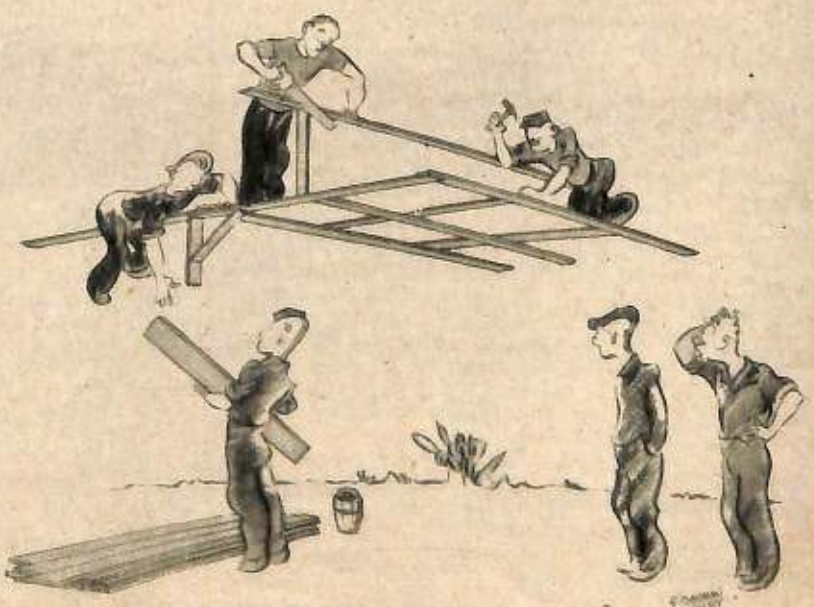
"KEEP TWISTING . . . I WAS JUST RE-CLASSIFIED 1-A."
—Sgt. Jim Weeks



—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt

". . . NEW GUY FROM THE INFANTRY."
—Pfc. Tom Flannery

"HAWKINS, WILL YOU PLEASE QUIT SENDING QUESTIONS TO INFORMATION PLEASE?"
—A/T E. E. Smith



"AIRBORNE ENGINEERS OR NOT, I STILL DON'T SEE HOW THEY DO IT."
—Sgt. H. Bauman