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By the men . . for the men in the service

VICTORY SMILE

They Said the Odds Were Against Us . . .

THE American Army has won another one of its wars. This war smashed one of the greatest military machines in history and saved our country from one of the most dangerous threats its freedom has ever faced. According to the book the winning of such a big and important war should have brought us a deep feeling of satisfaction and pride and peace. But this war did not end according to the book.

The book does not call for an army to turn away from the successful ending of one war and to find, instead of a farewell pat on the back and mustering-out pay, another war waiting to be finished. The GIs who did the fighting against the Germans were not exactly overwhelmed with satisfaction and pride and peace when they heard the big news of the victory in Europe. They felt great relief because the danger of getting killed, that had been hanging over them since they had landed on the Continent, was no longer close. Then they started sweating out the Pacific. Out there, most of the GIs fighting the Japs didn't get much satisfaction or pride or peace out of their Army's defeat of Germany either. They were too busy to give it a great deal of thought.

Maybe it is good for us to feel that way right now. Maybe this is no time to be throwing out our chests and telling ourselves that we did all right in Europe. Perhaps we should be thinking of what lies ahead in Asia and nothing else.

Maybe, on the other hand, it wouldn't do us any harm to stop for a moment, no matter what part of the world we are in, and no matter what part of the present war concerns us most, and look back at what our American Army did to the Germans and the Italians during the past three years.

After Pearl Harbor it was agreed that our best bet was to help the Russians and the British win the European war first. In the Summer and early Fall of 1942 our Allies stopped the German advance at Stalingrad and El Alamein—the two decisive battles of the war—and in order to push the enemy back into Berlin they needed everything we could give them. So we sent the bulk of our Air and Ground forces to the Mediterranean and Western fronts. The war in Europe became the first big test of the fighting ability of the American soldier, and the tactical ability of his commanding officers, in modern warfare.

We went up for that test with all the odds against us and very little in our favor. We were facing the most highly-trained and efficient soldiers the world had ever known. And the enemy's strategists, as everybody said, not only knew everything in the military science textbooks—they had also written them. In preparing for war they were years ahead of us. Our civilian army had none of the discipline, knowledge and weapons that the Germans had already developed in combat.

There were those who also believed that the American Army was surpassed by the German Army in the fundamental things that are more necessary in the winning of a war than training or tactics or weapons. They said that our officers and enlisted men were amateur soldiers at heart. They said that our soft and free democratic way of life would not stand up against the cold regimentation of Fascism when it came to a showdown. They said that we did not have the will to fight, the guts to take it and the ruthlessness to hand it out.

That's how it was when we went to Europe in 1942.

But the American Army—so far behind the German Army in experience and knowledge—caught up to it fast, and in three years wiped out the best that it had to offer, first in North Africa, in Sicily, and then on the Continent.

Our Allied Command, supposedly no match for the brains of the renowned German General Staff, baffled them time and again. There was the depth of the invasion bombardment, which kept German reinforcements away from the Normandy beaches, the breakthrough at St. Lo, the unbelievable shift of the Third Army from the Saar that stopped the Ardennes counter-offensive, the battle of wits along the Rhine that led to the greatest double enveloping movement in military history, and the trapping of 317,000 Germans in the Ruhr pocket.

And the American officers and men, despite the softness of their previously unregimented life, managed in some outfits to stand as much as 500 days in line without displaying any sign of "democratic weakness." They crossed the Rapido River in Italy five times without losing their will to fight. They proved at Kasserine, Hill 609, Salerno, Anzio, Omaha Beach, Aachen, Bastogne and many other places, that they could take it and dish it out.

Maybe some of us don't realize that there's one war actually over; that in that war, the American Army combined with the Russian Army, the British Army and other United Nations' armies, played a major role in giving the greatest German Army in history a terrific beating.

That makes the American Army today one of the most powerful military machines of all times.

And maybe it isn't considered the proper thing to say from the point of view of morale right now, but we would be glad to put any amount of money on it against Japan.

The Surrender —GI View

The MPs took celebrities in their stride—especially Nazis

By Sgt. DEWITT GILPIN
YANK Staff Correspondent

RHEIMS, FRANCE—The 201st MP Company, whose members handled guard detail when the Germans came to Rheims to surrender, is a celebrity-wise outfit.

Celebrities, as a matter of fact, have been their business. General Eisenhower calls many of them by their first names; some of them have dined at Churchill's home; and they have been gun-carrying soldiers during a succession of trips made to High Allied Headquarters by Nazi bigwigs. Von Papen was one of the last German leaders that the MPs got a peek at some weeks before the surrender talks began. To them the crafty Nazi statesman "looked like an old goat in golf knickers."

Prior to the arrival of the German military representatives in Rheims, the MP detail was forewarned by their company commander, Capt. Thomas J. Flynn, of Jacksonville, Florida, that they had been picked for a big job. Of the men selected there were Pfc. Jack H. Arnold, of Lancaster, Pa., Pfc. Charles F. Trautner, of Oakland, Calif., Pfc. Joseph Fink, of Detroit, Mich., Pfc. Clifford P. Cleland, of Plattsburg, N.Y., and Pfc. Frederick A. Stone, of Pittsburg.

They were given no special instructions regarding military etiquette with enemy officers, and Pfc. Stone recalls specifically that they weren't instructed to salute.

"Maybe they thought we would know how to handle ourselves," said Stone, who used to manage an A & P store in Pittsburgh. "Anyway, I waited until I saw a brigadier general salute them, and then I did. I didn't care much about it, and from the kind of salutes the Germans returned, they didn't either."

German representatives who came to Rheims to sign the unconditional surrender document were Major C. S. Wilhelm Oxenius, Col. Fritz Poleck, Gen.-Admiral Hans Georg von Friedeburg (Commander-in-Chief of the German Navy and former Submarine Chief), and Col. General Gustav Jodl (German Chief of Staff).

General Jodl, the MPs said, looked and acted more like a popular conception of a German militarist than the others. He walked and talked with an arrogance that the Junkers have developed in a long series of wars; he didn't seem to drink as much as some of the others; and before and after each conference the MP outside Jodl's bedroom window could see him examining his face in the mirror. After the last conference session, Jodl came back to his bedroom, threw open the windows and looked down at Pfc. Arnold. After that he inhaled deeply, and then twisted and pulled at his face before the mirror.

Like all MPs the men of the 201st are impressed with perfection in a uniform, and the way that Major Oxenius and Col. Poleck wore their clothes made Pfc. Arnold describe them as "really sharp articles who were dressed to kill."

Among themselves the MPs discussed asking Col. Poleck, who was the only German who carried a sidearm during the talks, for his German Luger. But no one ever got up sufficient courage to ask for the prized souvenir.

The German Admiral von Friedeburg seems to have impressed the MPs most as being "a character." In the words of Pfc. Fink, who used to help build Burroughs adding machines in Detroit, the Admiral "had enough medals hanging on his chest to decorate a Christmas tree."

Fink rode in the car that brought the Admiral —whose subs failed to stop the Second Front—to German billets at 3 rue Carnot. Accompanying von Friedeburg was an English major who, Fink recalls, brought the Admiral up-to-date on current events by telling him that the lights had come on again in London. This apparently reminded von Friedeburg of air raids and he replied in English that he "hadn't had a good night's sleep in a month."

Von Friedeburg explained, Fink said, how he had been bombed out of his headquarters three times. Then, changing the subject, the Admiral said that the rolling country around Rheims was beautiful and invigorating and that it contrasted sharply to the Germany he had left. Germany, the Admiral said, must now rebuild.

WHILE he stayed in the billets von Friedeburg consumed large quantities of cigars and liquor without an appreciable improvement in his disposition as far as the MPs could see. On one occasion during a between-conference discussion of American Army publications the Admiral got very excited and pounded his fist on the table. This display of temper resulted—so table waiter Pvt. William Bittay told the MPs—from a copy of *Stars & Stripes* carrying an atrocity picture from a German concentration camp. Previously, the other Germans had spoken in English about the paper, saying politely that they considered it a very good morale builder for the American Army. They also thought that *Sad Sack* in YANK was very funny. And some one, of course, made the inevitable wisecrack about there being a lot of Sad Sacks now in the German Army. But when von Friedeburg saw the *Stars & Stripes* edition carrying the photograph of the murdered anti-Nazi prisoners he was fit to be tied. Nobody could tell whether he was angry at America or Germany.

The house in which the Germans stayed between conferences at the SHAEF Forward Offices "looked like a shack on the outside and a palace inside," according to the 201st men. There were paintings on the walls, a grandfather clock, inlaid tiles in the bathrooms and comfortable double beds in the bedrooms. The Germans seemed to be satisfied with their housing arrangements, and Admiral von Friedeburg commented on the fine linen used on the dining table by saying that the owner of the home "must be very rich."

There was a bit of a fuss before the first meal was served to the Germans because someone had for-

COL. GEN. GUSTAV JODL (CENTER), NEW WEHRMACHT CHIEF OF STAFF, SIGNED GERMANY'S UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER TO THE ALLIES ON MAY 7, 1945, AT A SCHOOLHOUSE IN RHEIMS, FRANCE.

gotten to get the red wine. It was secured in time, however, but the incident caused Pfc. Stone to comment that, "If I was running this thing I would throw them a can of C-rations."

Stone said that his proposed diet also had a practical idea behind it in that he hoped that it might shorten negotiations.

"One of the things that the boys talked about," Stone said, "was that our guys up front were still getting killed while this was going on. And somebody said that they ought to have settled this thing by talking five years ago."

Pfc. Joyce Bennett, of New York City, who acted as manageress of the Germans' billet, thought that criticism of the conference arrangements such as made by Stone and other GIs was very short-sighted.

"I hate the Germans as much as you do," she said, "but all this may end the war."

Everyone agreed with her about hating the Germans and the necessity of undergoing tribulations to end the war, but when it came to work details some of the boys entered objections. Once Pfc. Bennett asked two of the billet orderlies to straighten up the beds of the German officers, and when they protested she told them that, "One has to be diplomatic in a case like this."

The soldiers' answer, as relayed to the MPs, was: "We are usually assigned to Air Marshal Tedder who straightens his own bed up. And so can these guys."

Contrary to tradition, the English representatives at the conference seemed to eat and drink more in their relaxing hours than the Russians, the MPs said. The latter delegation, said the 201st men, was very inconspicuous and had little, if any, physical contact with the Germans. Undoubtedly produced from thin air (and a knowledge of Russian feeling about the Germans) was the rumor that circulated among the soldiers that the Soviet delegation had issued only one directive for dealing with von Friedeburg and Jodl. That directive, so rumor said, was: "Make those Nazis sweat." And the Russians, the GIs said, had a delightful prefix for the Nazis.

When the surrender parleys were on at SHAEF there were three Wacs, T/3 Angelo Cerato, T/5 Agnes Pernazzo and T/5 Christine Shenk who were occasionally called upon to serve tea and coffee. Beauteous Christine, the MPs said, repressed a few speeches that she felt like making to the Germans for the sake of the coming peace.

Popular Agnes has a husband in a 3rd Army Combat Engineer unit and she rates tops with a lot of GIs in Rheims who want to be reminded of nice wives. Speaking about the Germans, the little black-headed Wac from Tarentum, Pa., said: "I felt terribly uneasy serving them coffee. It was an awful feeling. And I can't get over it. And then some officer made a wisecrack about my serving coffee to the Germans while my husband was still shooting them. He thought that was funny. I didn't. And that German general! I'd like to have spilled hot coffee down his neck."

Angelo, a statuesque blonde from Kansas City, said that her duties hadn't left her much time to gather many impressions.

"It's hard to keep remembering they are your enemy," she said, "when they are sitting in a place like that all dressed up and acting like gentlemen. But then I've only been over here six weeks."

On the last day before the Germans signed the piece of paper that officially ended what was to have been Adolph Hitler's New World Order, General Jodl and Admiral Friedeburg were watched by the MPs as they walked in the little garden beside their billet. Friedeburg seemed to have relaxed a little; Jodl seemed as stiff-necked as ever.

Later, when it was all over but the publicity, the MPs went back to their own barracks and had a bull session about the war, the Germans and "Ike."

Actually, they talked most about "Ike." A tall, Jewish sergeant from New Jersey whose boots shone like those of the Storm Troopers in their heyday, recalled the time that the General had given him Montgomery's cookies. "It was D-Day," said the sergeant, "and I'd missed my chow and old Ike knew it. So he turns around and gives me the cookies Monty had given him."

Someone recalled the time they had been General Eisenhower's guard at a meeting filled with dignitaries. They all laughed about that one, and someone said: "Remember how Ike comes over and talks to us while some of those guys' eyes pop out? And with his hands in his pockets! That's because when guys get nervous and put their hands in their pockets, Ike does, too."

And that's the way the war ended for the 201st MPs. Sgt. Henry Wheeler, of Youngstown, New York, said the wind-up was pretty much as they had expected.

"Ike didn't have anything to do with those phonies until they were ready to quit," he said. "Then he went in and told them to sign up. And what does he do as soon as he comes out of the meeting? He shakes hands with the first GI he meets."

"IT STARTED OUT PHONY IN PARIS. IT STARTED WHEN A PHOTOGRAPHER STAGED A SHOT WITH SOME FRENCH BABES KISSING SOME SLIGHTLY OVER-HAPPY SOLDIERS."

How Paris Took the News

By Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN
YANK Staff Correspondent

PARIS, FRANCE—It started out phony. It started when a photographer staged a shot with some French babes kissing some slightly over-happy soldiers in front of Rainbow Corner. Watching the whole thing curiously, quietly, were several dozen GIs sitting at tables outside the Red Cross Club, sipping cokes.

That was Monday, the afternoon of the unofficial announcement.

"I keep telling everybody that the war is really over," said the MP at the door who was no longer checking passes, "but nobody believes me. I told one guy and he just said, 'What! Again?'"

That was only part of the mood that afternoon. There was something else. Two paratroopers were standing in front of the Club when an excitable Frenchman ran up to them waving an inky-fresh French newspaper yelling, "*La guerre finis! La guerre finis!*" After he raced by spreading the news, one of the paratroopers simply said, "For him maybe, not for us."

Then there was the other soldier who was listening to somebody telling him that the war was over and saying bitterly, "Which war, the war in Paris?"

That was Monday afternoon and then the mood changed. It changed slowly. You could feel it change, you could hear it. First the singing in small crowds, loud singing by the people who had drunk lots of cognac and were walking down the Champs Elysées arm in arm until they had a small parade. Then the parades getting longer and the crowds getting bigger and the planes swooping low dropping flares and dozens of people piling on to every jeep.

The Champs was the center of it, and every soldier had a girl or two girls or a dozen girls. Everybody was singing and everybody was everybody's buddy.

"Hiya, Army! Hiya, Navy! Hello, beautiful!"

"Goddammit, don't call me sir. To-day I'm a civilian."

"Hiya, civilian!"

It spread fast. Some of it was forced. Some guys were getting drunk, not because they wanted to but just because they felt that they had to. But most of the soldiers on the Champs were just letting themselves go, catching the spirit of the singing.

"Show me the way to go home!"

"Roll out the barrel, we'll have a barrel of fun!"

"We're forgetting about the CBI tonight," said Pfc. Nat Mangano, of Company H, 301st Infantry of the 94th Division. "We're forgetting about every goddam thing. We're just gonna have a helluva time, that's all. Why not?"

There were very few lonely people.

"I can't find anybody to celebrate with. I don't know anybody here. I'm just on a three-day pass. Every time I find me a girl she disappears. And I can't get a drink because all the bars are closed. But don't worry, bud, I'll make contact before the night's over. I've gotta make contact; I'm going back tomorrow."

About midnight at the Arc de Triomphe, it looked like it was going to last all night long and just never stop, for days and days.

At one of the big cafes at the Rond Point, Pvt. Robert Sullivan, of the 9th Division, put his arm around a lieutenant colonel. Both of them had all kinds of ribbons and all kinds of clusters. Both of them were smiling and looking at the empty champagne bottles.

Sullivan pointed to the lieutenant colonel and beamed. "This wonderful sonofabitch," he said. "If he wanted my right arm, I'd cut it off right now and give it to him." The lieutenant colonel kept beaming and refilled the glasses. Sullivan continued: "He was a second lieutenant and I was a private in his squad, and he was the best goddam second lieutenant in the business and now he's a lieutenant colonel and I'm still a private, and if he wants my right arm, I'll cut it off right now and give it to him. Honest to God." They were both still beaming when they finished off another glass.

On the rue de Berri, in front of the Wac hotel, a soldier and a Wac were in a clinch and the soldier said something and the Wac's voice came out of the darkness, "Nope, not even on V-E Day!"

In the dayroom of the 108th General Hospital, a few of the boys were playing checkers, not listening

to the radio. The radio was announcing the official end of the war.

There were two soldiers, however, sitting right next to the radio, listening very intently, as if they wanted to make sure they got every word.

After Churchill had finished speaking, I asked one of the soldiers how he felt about it. He turned around to stare with wide-open eyes, and then his words came out slowly, as if it was painful for him to talk, as if he had to drag out every word separately. He said: "I have no feeling at all."

He pointed to his head. "I got hit on the head with a dud," he said. "I don't remember too much. I was with the 1st Division. I don't remember what battalion. I don't even remember what my rank is. I think I'm a T/5, but I'm not sure. Isn't that funny?"

The other soldier was Pvt. Ernest Kuhn, of Chicago. He had just been liberated after five months in a Nazi PW camp. He still had some shrapnel in his throat. "I listened to Churchill talk and I kept saying to myself that I was still alive. The war was over and I was still alive. And I thought of all the boys in the 28th Division band with me, who are dead now. We used to be a pretty good band."

The nurse told how all the patients crowded to the balconies the night before to watch the planes drop the flares and how some of the planes spotted the hospital red cross and all the crowded balconies and how they came back and buzzed the hospital again and again, wiggling their wings, dropping so many flares that it looked like daylight. Then how somebody started singing, "God Bless America," and everybody joined in and some of the soldiers looked like they were crying.

In one of the wards, Pvt. Junior H. Powell, of the 78th Division, told how he felt: "It's a great thing all right," he said, "but I kinda' wish it had all happened a month ago."

Then he pointed to his missing leg.

How the Infantry Took It

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE NINTH ARMY—Peace came to the weary Infantry by the Elbe on a soft, Spring day, and the Infantry nodded their heads and went about their business.

There could be, of course, no sudden order of "Cease Fire," for firing had ceased for the Ninth Army days ago. So the Infantry heard Churchill and told each other, "It's over," with hardly more enthusiasm than they might have shown towards the news that chow's up.

For the Infantry was preoccupied.

The lieutenant in charge of the PW enclosure was sweating with the food problem. "I go over to see about feeding twenty-one hundred people and come back and find I've got ten thousand more they just brought in."

The music that followed Churchill's announcement was still playing, but the lieutenant wasn't listening. He was staring gloomily at the huge mass of Germans. A Nazi kid, with a placid face that hadn't ever known a razor, approached the lieutenant and said in high school English, "I'm coming from Brooklyn. At which time do I eat?" The lieutenant stared at the kid, almost said something, thought better of it, and walked off without a word. The stately music heralding peace played on.

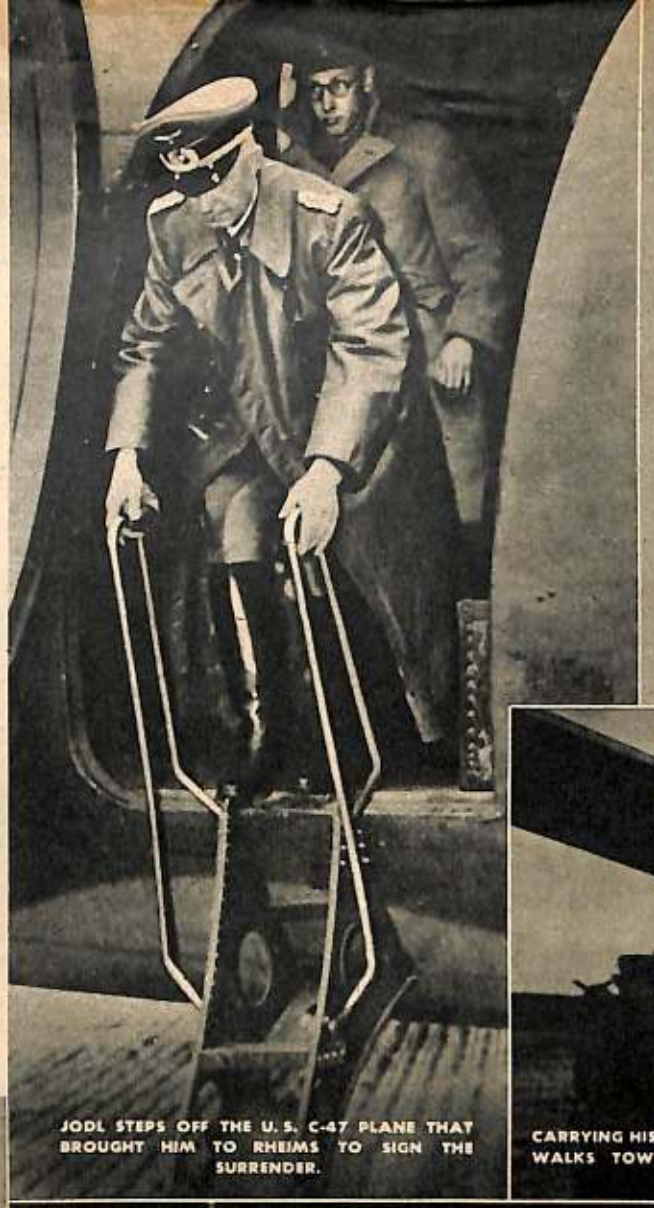
In Magdeburg the Infantry, already saddled with guard duty, met peace with almost a magnificent indifference. One dough rushed out to his company shouting "*Deutches kaput*"; but both his buddies and the Germans only regarded him as people do who are already hearing ancient news. For peace, real peace, was now nothing more to them than blessed inaction which had been theirs for days.

A man with a bottle invited a friend with him into a doorway—for it was bad taste to drink in view of a beaten and bitter Germany and even worse taste to drink where an officer might see. The invitation was followed by the explanation, "It's V-E Day," but the bottle was there before Churchill spoke and the invitation would have been backed by some other excuse or more probably by no excuse at all.

The Infantry talked with the age-old understanding of the Infantry's lot: "Now what?" And in the manner of all infantrymen, shrugged shoulders. Each man for himself did not know.

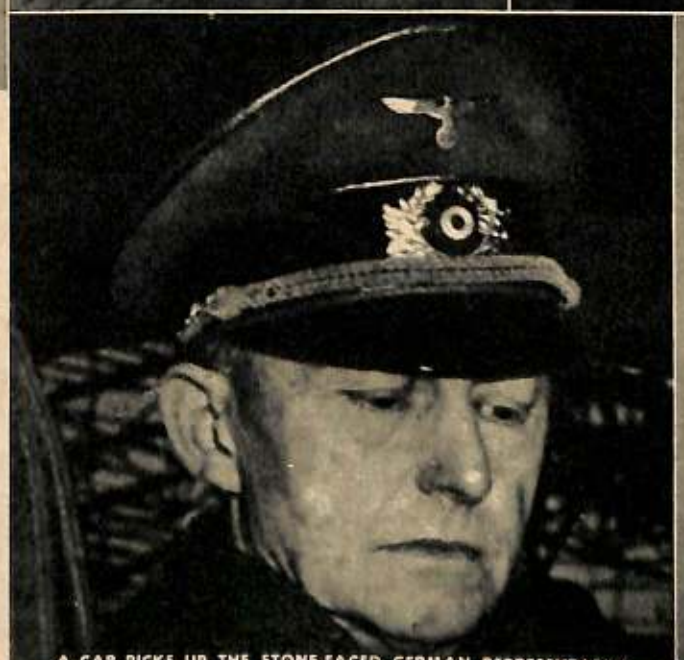
How the Nazi General Took It

Germany surrendered unconditionally to the Allied Forces at 0241, May 7, 1945, at Gen. Eisenhower's headquarters in Rheims. Signing for defeated Germany was Gen. Gustav Jodl, the new Wehrmacht chief of staff.



JODL STEPS OFF THE U. S. C-47 PLANE THAT BROUGHT HIM TO RHEIMS TO SIGN THE SURRENDER.

CARRYING HIS GLOVES AND BUTTONING HIS COAT AROUND HIM, THE PRUSSIAN WALKS TOWARD HIS APPOINTMENT WITH FINAL INGLORIOUS DEFEAT.



A CAR PICKS UP THE STONE-FACED GERMAN REPRESENTATIVE AND CARRIES HIM TO ALLIED HEADQUARTERS IN A SCHOOLHOUSE.

AS HE ENTERS THE WAR ROOM JODL PASSES ADM. VON FRIEDEBURG, COMMANDER OF THE GERMAN FLEET.

JODL STANDS AT THE SURRENDER TABLE FLANKED BY HIS AIDE, MAJ. GEN. OXENIUS (LEFT) AND ADM. VON FRIEDEBURG (SEATED, RIGHT). ASKED IF THE GERMANS UNDERSTOOD THE UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER TERMS, JODL ANSWERED, "YES."

The caisson which carried the body of President Roosevelt moved from the Union Station toward the Capitol.

After the body was lowered into the grave at Hyde Park, the bugler sounded taps and eight

Roosevelt's Funeral

How the nation took the news of a President's death and how the word came to GIs overseas.

servicemen-pallbearers held the flag over the coffin. The Roosevelt family stands in center left.

As the funeral procession arrived outside the White House grounds, the waiting crowd showed its sorrow.

THE funeral march stretched for a thousand miles. The train, with the flag rippling from the engine, had come up from Georgia, past the old battlefields of another war fought 80 years ago. There was a great hush over the land. The people came and stood by the tracks as the long train rolled on, bound for Washington and later a quiet garden high above the Hudson. The President was dead.

The train moved slowly through the night. At Charlotte, N. C., a troop of Boy Scouts started to sing "Onward Christian Soldiers," and massed thousands took it up in a mighty chorus. Along the way people dropped to their knees in prayer. Bells tolled a requiem.

By countless thousands the people came to say good-bye to Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Men in overalls, men with gnarled hands, women with shawls, kids, wet-eyed and solemn, lined the tracks and bowed their heads.

("There is the hope of the future," said the economist who once had been a Brain-Truster. "If Franklin Roosevelt's hopes and dreams are deep enough in the heart of the people, the people will make them come true.")

There had been only one other pilgrimage like this in American history. That had taken place 80 years before, almost to a day, when a wartime President had been borne on a long trek to Illinois and a tomb that became a shrine. His name was Abraham Lincoln.

Across the silent countryside soft with spring, past the sprawling green fields of Virginia, Franklin Roosevelt came back to Washington. There in the Capital, shimmering in the hot sun, where he had four times come in triumph after Presidential campaigns, the President rode again. The last campaign had ended for the man who once described himself as an "old campaigner who loves a good fight." Now he rode in a flag-draped coffin on a black caisson drawn by six white horses.

At the Union Station and along the broad streets leading to the White House, where the President had ridden so often to the crowd's acclaim, the silence was broken only by the muffled roll of drums and the muted dirge.

Five hundred thousand persons saw the coffin on the caisson and sensed that men would speak of this hour 100 years from now.

("Once when I was traveling on a campaign train with Franklin Roosevelt," said the senator, "a little boy came running up the tracks as the train started pulling out of the station. And the little boy yelled, 'Hey, Mr. President, thanks for our new WPA toilet and thanks for everything.' Franklin Roosevelt was the people's hero. The people were his hero. A long time ago he whipped infantile paralysis, and after that he wasn't afraid of anything. No wonder they called him the Champ.")

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt had asked that no one send flowers to the funeral, yet in the stately East Room of the White House, where the closed coffin rested, flowers banked three sides of the room, high against the wall. There were flowers sent by kings and flowers sent by obscure people whom the President never saw. A little boy in Chicago sent a bouquet picked from his back yard. "I was sorry," he wrote, "that I couldn't come to the funeral."

The weather was sultry on this funeral day, much as it had been on April 14, 1865, the day Abraham Lincoln was shot in Ford's Theater. And in the East Room, where Lincoln had lain in state, the mourners gathered at the bier of

Franklin Roosevelt. Great men of the world were there. Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden had flown to Washington from London. He looked grave and worried. Prime Minister Winston Churchill had planned also to attend the funeral of this "cherished friend" but canceled his plans because of the urgency of the war situation.

Cabinet members and diplomats were there. Supreme Court justices, congressmen and men famous in literature were there. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt was drawn and tired, but her step was firm and her head was high. Harry Hopkins, closest of the Presidential advisers, who had flown to Washington from the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn., where he had been ill, grasped the back of the chair in front of him so tightly that his knuckles gleamed white.

Near the Roosevelt family sat President Truman, his wife and daughter, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and Crown Princess Martha of Norway. The new President and his family entered the room so quietly that no one had time to rise. He stared straight ahead, his jaw outthrust. In this hour of mourning, he seemed quietly confident, as though at this flag-draped coffin of his fallen leader he was gathering will of spirit for the task ahead.

The coffin was flanked by flags and rested on a catafalque centered near the east wall. From the wall on either side looked down full-length portraits of George and Martha Washington.

At each corner of the coffin was a guard. Two GIs, a corporal and a pfc, and a marine and a sailor all stood rigidly at attention. The stillness was broken only by the gentle whirring of a fan. To one side of the room sat the President's wheel chair, empty.

(And in the park across the street from the White House, where the people had gathered to talk in low tones, the old man said: "The greatest thing that Franklin Roosevelt did was teach the people that this land is theirs; that the earth's abundance belongs to the people; that they need only the will to gain the power.")

In the East Room, rich with history and heavily fragrant with flowers, the Rt. Rev. Angus Dun, bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Washington, prayed for "steadfast courage in adversity; for sympathy with the hungers and fears of common men; for trials met without surrender, and weakness endured without defeat; for unyielding faith in the possibility of a more just and more ordered world, delivered from the ancient curse of war."

The bishop, at Mrs. Roosevelt's suggestion, quoted the words with which Franklin Roosevelt on a bleak inaugural day more than 12 years before had restored a desperate nation's faith: "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

The bishop closed with familiar words that rang through the long room: "Through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen."

The mourners left the White House. Outside, other mourners still stood, crowds of them. They had stood through a sudden downpour of rain, and now their clothes steamed in the sun.

That night, again through hushed, crowded streets, the President's coffin was carried to the train for its journey to Hyde Park, N. Y. Twelve years before, Franklin Roosevelt had come to the White House at a time of crisis, with millions of unemployed roaming the nation's streets, and he had offered sympathy, hope and bold experiment. Now he was no longer untried. Twelve years before he had reassured the people with the solemn word that the "money changers have abdicated . . . the people have not failed." Now the people were telling him quietly and reverently that he had not failed. They watched the hearse roll to the train, and they bowed in honest grief. His place in history secure, the President was leaving the White House forever.

("Some people compare him to Lincoln," said the professor who had once helped draft New Deal legislation, "and it's true that he was attacked and abused like Lincoln. But Franklin Roosevelt patterned himself after Jefferson and Jackson. He proved, as Jefferson did, that a man can be a great gentleman and at the same time a great commoner. And he was tough like Jackson, a hell of a fighter.")

ONCE more the body of Franklin Roosevelt was borne through the night. And again the people in the villages and towns and farms waited in the darkness while the train rolled past.

Riding with the President on this last journey were men and women who had come to Washington 12 years before, eager to wipe out old laws and write new ones. This night they were tired and troubled. The New Dealers were getting old, and they had lost their leader. Secretary of Commerce Henry Wallace and Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes had boarded the train together, walking arm in arm. "Roosevelt's musketeers," said a man in the crowd.

The train moved through the night, and the dim lights of the towns etched the faces of the people standing near the tracks. Across one station there was a line of boys and girls—boys holding caps in their left hands and girls with pigtails. They stood with chests thrust out at attention. A band played "Hail to the Chief." Some of the kids were crying.

Northward the train rolled, taking Franklin Roosevelt home. At the edge of a little town an old man was spearing waste paper with a pointed stick. In his right hand he carried a greasy blue cap. As the train passed, the old man put on his cap, drew himself jerkily up and saluted. His heels were together, his chest was out. Clearly he had saluted before; maybe in some war long ago.

("I rode with him on all four of his campaigns," said the reporter. "A lot of people praising him the most now are the ones who fought him the hardest. That would amuse the old man. He always knew the pitch on those phonies.")

At lonely crossroads and in great cities, the common people had come to say their own goodbye to this crippled man who once had taken a crippled nation and helped it walk once more.

Sketches by Sgt Robert Greenhalgh show men of the honor guard placing the President's

The next morning was Sunday, April 15, 1945. At 10:15 A.M. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, four times chosen by the people as President of the United States, was committed to the earth of his beloved Hyde Park birthplace.

Against a 15-foot hemlock hedge surrounding the old garden which the President long ago had designated as his burial place, files of soldiers, sailors and marines stood rigidly at attention, their eyes fixed on the flag-draped coffin. A battalion of gray-and-white-clad West Point Cadets was massed at one end of the garden. The cadets' crepe-hung drums rolled mournfully across the chill morning air.

The Rev. Dr. W. George W. Anthony, rector of St. James Church of Hyde Park, quoted from "Requiescat" by John B. Dykes:

"Now the laborer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now thy servant sleeping."

Three cadets fired deliberately spaced volleys across the President's grave. A bugler stepped forward and softly blew taps. A sergeant of the honor guard selected to carry the coffin lifted the American flag from the top, folded it carefully and handed it to Mrs. Roosevelt. Mrs. Roosevelt, ashen-gray but dry-eyed, accepted it proudly.

("Last time I talked with him," said the neighbor, "the President told me he didn't know how history would record him as a President, but he said he knew for sure that he was one of the best doggoned tree-growers ever to come up the pike.")

Within a half-hour after the burial all the mourners had left. Franklin Roosevelt was alone in the garden where he had played as a boy and where he had teased a childhood playmate named Eleanor. The only sound was the footbeat of sentries walking their posts.

—Pfc. DEBS MYERS
YANK Staff Writer

The Virginia Depot

LYNCHBURG, VA.—At 2 in the morning it was warm, and the faint scent of flowers mixed with the odors of coal smoke at the station.

The handsome kid who handled the mail sacks cried orders to his driver, who gunned the old Chevy truck noisily. The handsome kid climbed in beside the driver and looked up at the platform above the tracks as the Chevy rolled away—looked up with the magnificent arrogance of a 16-year-old at the legs of the women above.

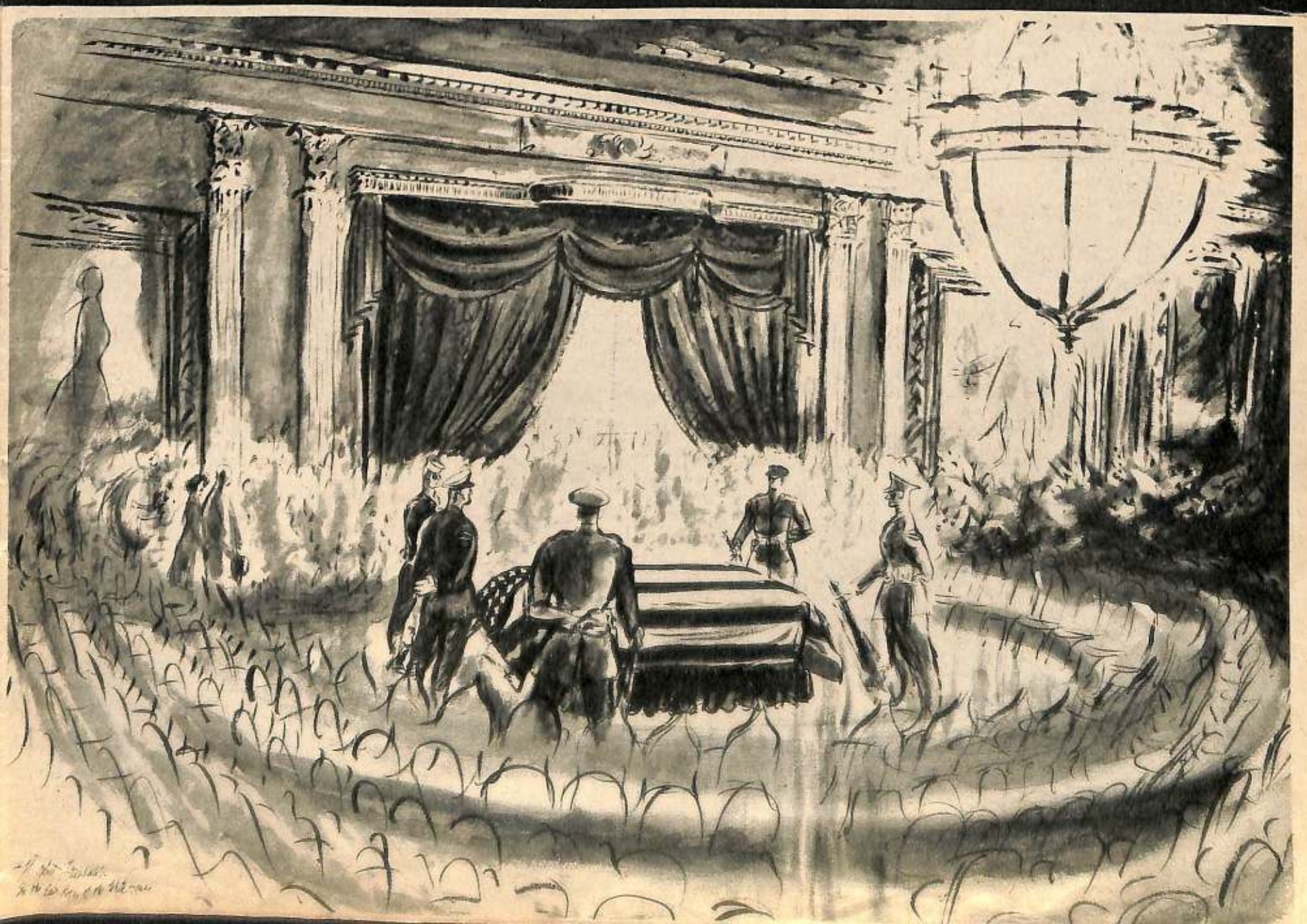
At track level, two Southern Railway detectives stood in self-conscious importance, knowing that soon they could lift their hands and command all Americans to move aside, move back to a certain line. They were the men in charge, conscious that two hours from now they could report that all had been handled according to instructions. They were hard men, and they had their orders.

"We have our orders," they said. Their credentials were in their left hip pockets. One of them showed his badge to a man who wanted to park his car on the track level.

A few older men stood by the platform railing talking in a soft accent. They were talking about the family. They traded sentences in the sympathetic undertones of old friends of the family; their voices were the voices of those who gather at the home and stand outside on the porch, picking carefully and slowly over the events that follow a death in the family. "One of the boys started home by plane as soon as he heard the news from his mother," a man said solemnly. "I don't guess they all can come."

Two squads of soldiers wearing MP armbands marched in columns of twos down the platform and were posted by a staff sergeant. They took

coffin on its caisson and standing by him in the East Room of the White House.



interval to the left and stood at parade rest. A woman watched the staff sergeant and said, "He don't care how long they stand there, does he?" She marveled at the staff sergeant, marveled that this man could order 24 other men to stand like statues until he said they could do something. "They could stand there until 12 o'clock tomorrow for all he cares." Her voice carried wonderment.

At 3 or a little after a train came in, and the people on the platform watched.

"They're loadin' that one. You know they wouldn't be loadin' express on his train," a man said to his wife. His wife said nothing.

A freight came through and temporarily interrupted the conversation of two Negro men. One had taken off his hat as the earlier train came in, then hastily put it back on when he realized this was not the train. He and his friend were talking about past funerals. They had been talking about whether the President could be buried at Arlington, and now they were talking about soldiers of Virginia who had been buried with honors. "That was the first time I ever saw the Richmond Blues," said one. "I mean all them men was tall, too." The freight rolled off, southbound.

Twenty minutes later two state cops went down and cleared the people from the track level. People moved quietly now, and the talk that had been clear became muted. An older Negro man and his wife stood apart and watched as half a dozen teen-agers invaded the platform from the parking space outside. The teen-age boys wore dark pants and light coats with padded shoulders, and the girls wore slacks and short light coats and had peasant scarves wound in turbans on their heads.

The old Negro couple watched them approach and the old man whispered to his wife, "Now, look at that." His words were scarcely audible. He and his wife moved off, down to the end of the platform where other colored people stood. The old man was scowling. A teen-ager shrilled, "There's Shirley!" and waved.

By 3:40 the people who had waited longest at the platform railing were joined by those who had set their alarm clocks and now began to come, carloads at a time in family groups, to the station. They spoke to one another, these groups, as they found places by the railing. They were compact, clannish groups. One seemed to be composed of civic-club citizens. They spoke biting words aimed at those who had cleared the track level. "It's just these officials we have here. Why can't we stand down there?" They looked coldly at the cops, who were unaware of them.

"Why can't we stand down there?" a black-haired young woman said in a sharp accent that cut deep into the low voices of Virginia around her. "His last trip through Lynchburg, too."

A big guy rolled up to the railing and was greeted by a group. "What brought you down here?" they asked. "Same thing that brought you," he answered boisterously. "Curiosity got the best of me." He laughed heartily.

The black-haired young woman looked scornfully across, and her voice was biting. "And *he* had to die——"

The whistle blew far up the tracks, and the sentence was unfinished. The crowd composed itself silently at the railing. From the track level came the echo-distorted command, "Present arms!" The people—400 of a city of 40,000—stood immobile at 4 in the morning. The noise of driving rods cut out from up the track, and then there was the sound of the bell.

Two engines coasted through, drawing the darkened train, and the people tensed for the sight of something they could remember—lights in the vestibules and in the lavatories, a man in a gray suit with one hand in his pocket riding the bottom step of a car.

A light showed in the last car. The car went by, shades up, and for a moment there showed a corner of a flag, red and white, and there was the impression of a red silk bow. Or perhaps there was no bow at all. The train was moving very fast. But there was red and white, and what appeared to be a bow, and that was what the people on the upper platform were able to see.

"It was the last thing in the car," a woman's voice said softly.

The people at the railing stood only until the click of the rails was lost in the rising whisper of those who had come to pay their last respects.

—Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Writer

Members of the Roosevelt family await the funeral train in Washington. L. to r.: Lt. Col. and Mrs. John Boettiger, Brig. Gen. and Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. and Mrs. James Roosevelt.

New York City

NEW YORK, N. Y.—All over New York City people were stunned by the news from Warm Springs, for this was one of Franklin Delano Roosevelt's greatest strongholds. The news flowed into the subways and busses and flowed out again over the city.

The people heard it by word of mouth and radio, and they stood around in little groups in the streets waiting for some word that it was all a mistake and the President was still alive.

When it was learned there was no mistake, crepe-draped pictures of the President were put up in the windows of places as unalike as Saks-Fifth Avenue department store and Paddy's Clam House. Candy-store owners reached over and pulled out the plugs from their juke boxes. In the Trans-Lux Newsreel Theater on Broadway the manager came out and made the announcement. In 10 minutes more than half the people in the theater had rushed out, many crying.

Nowhere was grief so open as in the poorer districts of the city. In Old St. Patrick's in the heart of the Italian district on the lower East Side, bowed, shabby figures came and went, and by the day after the President died hundreds of candles burned in front of the altar. "Never," a priest said, "have so many candles burned in this church."

In the poor Jewish district around Delancey Street every store was closed on Saturday, normally the biggest business day of the week. One man started to open his ice-cream parlor on Saturday afternoon, but dozens of people gathered in front of the shop, cursing angrily. The man hastily closed down again.

In the shelter of the Eighth Avenue subway entrance on Houston Street, a little old woman in a black shawl sat on the sidewalk on an empty orange box. She kept swaying back and forth and sobbing and saying over and over again, "He was such a good man, he was such a good man, he was such a good man."

A cop passed by and he should have made her move, but he made believe he didn't see her.

In all the store windows were *Yahrzeit* glasses, the mourning candles that Jews light on the death of a member of the immediate family. The

sprawling Essex Market, which Mayor LaGuardia built to get the push carts off the streets, was closed. But inside, the market looked like a section of firmament. There were *Yahrzeit* glasses burning on all the hundreds of little stalls.

A man started hawking 1944 Roosevelt campaign buttons in the street, yelling "Get your Roosevelt memorial button — 15 cents." The people drove him off the street. A 6-year-old kid went by saying to her mother: "I wished we lived in Washington. In Washington the kids didn't have to go to school." The mother wound up and landed one on the kid's backside.

Just before 4 o'clock when the funeral services were about to begin at the White House, Mrs. Fannie Kornberg brought a radio down from her home and set it up on the outdoor counter of her little store at the corner of Rivington and Essex Streets. Her store is named Harry's Cut Rate Candy Corner, Imported and Domestic. Harry is somewhere in Germany with the Third Army. Mrs. Kornberg connected the radio, and in 10 minutes a crowd of about 50 persons gathered among the pickle barrels to listen to the services.

There were little men in white aprons, old men with derbies and white beards. There was a prim woman who looked like a school teacher, and another who might have been a social worker. One well-dressed middle-aged man in a gray Homburg looked strangely like the famous picture of the grief-torn Frenchman watching the Germans roll into Paris in 1940. They all faced the radio and listened without speaking.

At 4 o'clock there was a moment of silence, and on the radio a bell began to toll. It was almost a signal. Those who were not already crying cried now. The crowd wept with a long, prolonged hum. A woman clasped her 8-year-old son and said, "Not in my lifetime or in yours, will we again see such a man."

About the same time 35,000 people were gathered in City Hall Park to hear formal memorial services conducted by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University. At 4:05 the rain suddenly came down in torrents. The people stood bareheaded in the rain and listened. They stood there for nearly half an hour, getting drenched to the skin. Fewer than 1,000 of the 35,000 left to find shelter in the nearby buildings.

—Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

The Hudson Valley

BEACON, N. Y.—In 1910 a young man made a campaign speech in Bank Square. He wore a blue flannel coat, white duck pants and white shoes. The speech got a lot of applause, and the opposition felt that notice had to be taken of it.

"It wasn't a great speech," the opposition said. "The womenfolk were gawking at his fancy clothes and the men were taken in by that newfangled auto contraption he brought down here."

The young man got elected state senator from Dutchess County. He was the first Democrat in the county who had received that honor in 51 years. His name was Franklin D. Roosevelt.

After 1910 the young man came back to the square seven times to speak to his friends and neighbors, Harold Brilliant, the local cop, recalled. This quiet Sunday morning Harold sat on the Bank Square curb. There were few people on the streets, and the square itself was almost empty. A warm sun began to nudge over the mountains and into the Hudson Valley as the chimes of the Methodist Church on Main Street announced the 6 A.M. memorial service for the 31st President of the United States. The funeral train from Washington to Hyde Park was due to pass through Beacon about 8.

Harold took off his faded blue cap, scratched his head and pointed to the other side of the square. "He'd drive down from Hyde Park through Wappingers Falls and come into the square from North Avenue," Harold said. "Old Morg Hoyt would be waiting for him. Morg introduced him back in 1910. They always said the same things to each other. Mr. Roosevelt would say, 'Hello, Morg. You don't look a day older than you did back in 1910.' And Morg would answer, 'Neither do you, Franklin.' Then they both would laugh. It was something to see."

The men of Beacon were full of their mem-

After she had seen her husband laid to rest, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt walked away with her son Elliott.

ONE OF MANY

A few days after the death of her husband, Eleanor Roosevelt wrote the following tribute to him in her United Features Syndicate column. When the New York World-Telegram published the column it changed its title from the usual "My Day" to "One of Many."

WHEN you have lived for a long time in close contact with the loss and grief which today pervade the world, any personal sorrow seems to be lost in the general sadness of humanity. For a long time all hearts have been heavy for every serviceman sacrificed in the war. There is only one way in which those of us who live can repay the dead who have given their utmost for the cause of liberty and justice. They died in the hope that, through their sacrifice, an enduring peace would be built and a more just world would emerge for humanity.

While my husband was in Albany and for some years after coming to Washington, his chief interest was in seeing that the average human being was given a fairer chance for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." That was what made him always interested in the problems of minority groups and of any group which was at a disadvantage.

As the war clouds gathered and the inevitable involvement of this country became more evident, his objective was always to deal with the problems of the war, political and military, so that eventually an organization might be built to prevent future wars.

Any man in public life is bound, in the course of years, to create certain enemies. But when he is gone his main objectives stand out clearly, and one may hope that a spirit of unity may arouse the people and their leaders to a complete understanding of his objectives and a determination to achieve those objectives themselves.

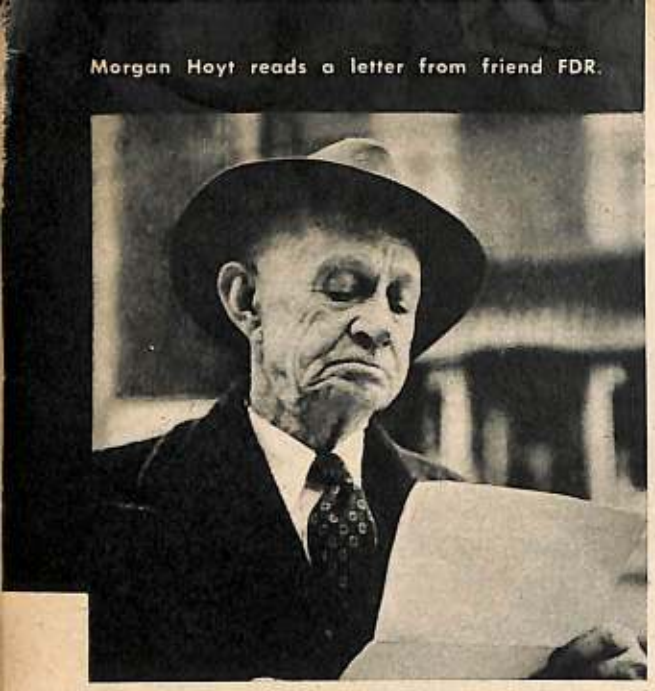
Abraham Lincoln was taken from us before he had achieved unity within the nation, and his people failed him. This divided us as a nation for many years.

Woodrow Wilson was also stricken and, in that instance, the peoples of the world failed to carry out his vision.

PERHAPS, in His wisdom, the Almighty is trying to show us that a leader may chart the way, may point out the road to lasting peace, but that many leaders and many peoples must do the building. It cannot be the work of one man, nor can the responsibility be laid upon his shoulders, and so, when the time comes for peoples to assume the burden more fully, he is given rest.

God grant that we may have the wisdom and courage to build a peaceful world with justice and opportunity for all peoples the world over.

These Americans, crowding at the White House gates, were among millions who grieved for the dead President.



Morgan Hoyt reads a letter from friend FDR.

ories as they waited for the train. "In the old days," they kept saying, "in the old days. . . ."

Thomas Pendell, owner and publisher of the Beacon *Light*, the town weekly and one of the oldest Democratic papers in Dutchess County, said he had known Franklin D. Roosevelt all his life. In the old days, he said, his father, Robert Pendell, used to talk politics with the young Democrat from Hyde Park.

"We used to have a farm on the corner of Violet Avenue and Dorsey Lane, just about six miles from the Roosevelt farm," Thomas Pendell said. "Young Roosevelt would ride down on his horse, and he and my father would talk politics. Later, after he bought one of the first autos in Dutchess County, he would drive down on a Sunday and take my mother for a ride. They had a standing joke between them. They both would pretend they were courting. It was funny with nine of us kids running around the farm."

Jimmy Dondero, who runs the Dondero candy store on Spring Valley Road with his brother Eddie, remembers things too. His family has owned the store for 50 years, and the young bloods of Dutchess County used to meet there to argue politics. The boys would sit on orange crates. Jimmy said, and gab. The boys were Franklin Roosevelt, Ferd and Morg Hoyt, Jim Meyer, Ed Perkins and young Jimmy Forrestal, who is Secretary of the Navy now.

"Franklin Roosevelt was always asking questions," Jimmy Dondero said. "When the boys would get into an argument he would just listen to both sides, say nothing and then, when it was through, ask more questions. One day he came down here by himself and sat with my brother Ed and I. He began asking those questions and finally I says to him, 'Why are you always asking so many questions?'

"He laughed and said, 'Well, Jimmy, the only way a man can find out what the people want and think is to ask them.' I guess that's what he did down there in Washington. He found out what the people wanted and gave it to them."

Old Sam Middleton said he had never thought much of young Roosevelt's politics. Sam has been a bedrock Republican for the 70-some years of his life.

"I remember him when he was a kid," Old Sam said, "and he used to visit with the gang that used to hang out in the town cops office at the jail house on Bank Square. I guess he was about 17 then. He would stay there, blowing steam off his belly, until the wee hours. Many's the night there was just old Ted Moith, the night watchman, and young Roosevelt left. I never liked his politics, but I'll say this for him: He was a great gentleman and a good Roosevelt."

Morgan Hoyt, who always introduced Franklin Roosevelt when he came to Beacon to speak, had the most of all to say. Morg is 82 now, and he and young Roosevelt were fast friends, he said, from the time Morg stumped the county for the Hyde Park Democrat back in 1910. They kept up a steady correspondence through the years.

Morg's last letter from his old friend came just after the President returned from Yalta. The letter, addressed "Dear Morg," read:

"Now that I have returned from my trip overseas, I can tell you that I have received a real thrill from your letter of January 25. Those were good days that you recall—that 1910 campaign, the Sheehan fight, and all the other things that went to make life interesting. As you well observe, those tranquil days are a far cry from the present but the comparison helps us to see things in their due proportion.

"I still say, thank God for the old days and for old and tried friends like you."

"There were a lot of things about that first campaign," Morgan Hoyt said, "that showed then the kind of fellow he would turn out to be. A fellow named Harry Yawkey had the first automobile in Dutchess County and we decided it would be a good idea to stump the county in the contraption.

"One day we were up in the Cove—that's up the valley—young Roosevelt, Ed Perkins and myself, and we ran over a farmer's dog. Ed and I decided to get the hell out of there as soon as possible. But young Roosevelt insisted we go up and tell the farmer about the dog. The Cove in those days had some of the orneriest Republicans in the county and we tried to talk him out of it. But he had his way.

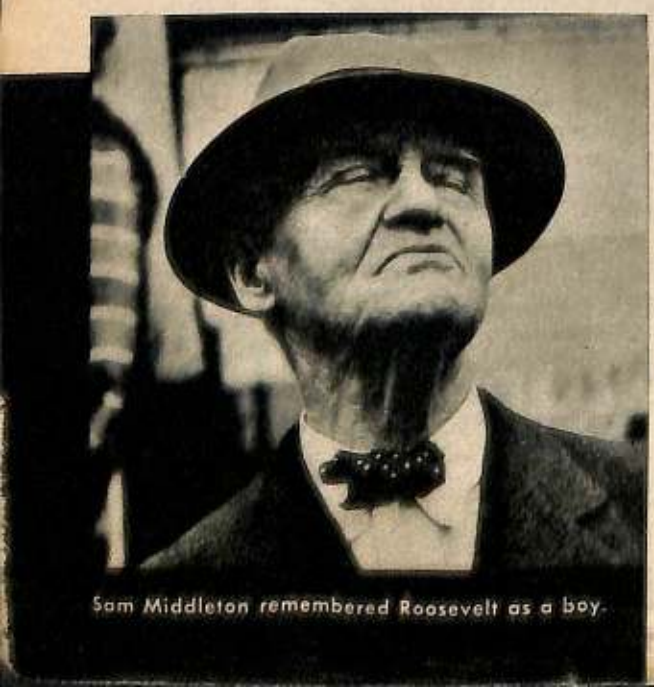
"Ed and I expected to get chased off the farm with a shotgun, but when Franklin told him the news the old farmer smiled and said, 'I've had six dogs killed on this farm and you are the first culprit that owned up to it. Young man, I'm going to vote for you.'"

The sun had pushed over the mountains and its light flooded the whole valley. By 8 o'clock everybody in Beacon seemed to be at the railroad station. The crowd was quiet, except for a curly-haired baby who was crying. A low rumbling came from around the bend and the crowd stirred. The curly-haired baby stopped crying.

The train puffed around Beacon Bend. It came slowly through the station, each coach making a melancholy, wind-swishing sound as it passed. In no time at all the train was out of sight, going on to Hyde Park, 19 miles away. Harold Brilliant, the town cop, stayed in the station after the crowd had left. For a long time he said nothing. Then Harold took off his cap and scratched his head.

"He's gone," the town cop said.

—Pvt. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Writer



Sam Middleton remembered Roosevelt as a boy.

GIs Overseas

BEFORE the news came over the radio from San Francisco, the GIs in the Eighth Army casual camp in the Philippines were talking mostly about the new adjusted-service-rating cards that two men, fresh from the States, had brought along with their service records and Form 20s. Then an infantryman back from morning chow said that the President had died from a heart attack. Another guy was positive he had been killed in a plane accident on his way to Berlin to sign the peace treaty.

When they got the story straight and realized that it wasn't just another rumor, everybody in the camp was stunned and bewildered.

Pvt. Howard McWatters of Nevada City, Calif., just released from the hospital and waiting to go back to the Americal Division, shook his head slowly. "Roosevelt made a lot of mistakes," he said. "But I think he did the best he could, and when he made mistakes he usually admitted it. Nobody could compare with him as President."

Pfc. David Smith of Council Bluffs, Iowa, a railroad man in civilian life and a tank gunner in the Army, said, "Now I suppose the Germans and Japs will think they'll get something weaker than unconditional surrender. I suppose they identified Roosevelt with our country so long that they think Roosevelt is America."

There was more talk about the dead President and the new one. Somebody remarked that when you were in a casual camp in the Philippines, you were pretty far away from things. Then gradually the conversation swung back toward the adjusted-service-rating cards, and an argument started about demobilization points.

In Rome the Allied Command closed its places of amusement and the Italian officials shut down the civilian movies, the schools, the banks and the opera. "I came out of my tent this morning," said Pfc. Fred Carlson of New York City, and the 1st Replacement Depot, "and I saw the flag at half mast. I asked who was dead. Then they told me. I hope it won't work out like when we lost Wilson after the last war."

Pvt. A. J. Smith of Naperville, Ill., an MP in Rome, was in the President's motorcycle escort when he visited Oran in 1943. "I stood very close when he came down the gangplank from the *Iowa*," he said. "He looked tired and aged then."

A Navy lifeguard spread the news among the GIs and sailors on Waikiki Beach in Honolulu. Most of them walked into the exclusive Outrigger Canoe Club, which is ordinarily reserved for members only, and sat silently by the radio in their swim suits, listening to the reports of what had happened in Warm Springs.

At Payne Field, the big ATC base near Cairo, Cpl. George Patcheck of Chicago was reading the story in the Middle East *Stars and Stripes* while he waited for customers at the information desk in the terminal building. Cpl. O. H. Seals of Morristown, N. J., was looking over his shoulder.

"It happens to everybody," Seals said. "The big ones, too."

"But he was an awful smart guy," Patcheck said.

"Sure," Seals said. "But he's not the only smart guy. We've got others. Lots of them."

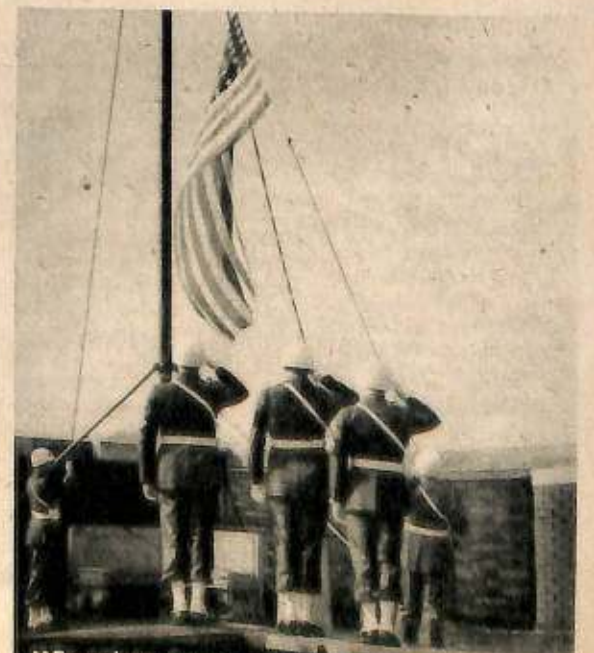
Sgt. Bob Bouwsma was reading the final item of the 5 o'clock newscast in the Armed Forces Radio Service station in Panama when Cpl. Reuben Diaz, the station's Spanish announcer, handed him the flash. GIs hearing it at supper in the mess halls didn't believe it at first. Then the station's phone started to ring. Sgt. Jim Weathers would pick it up and say, "Yes, it's true." "Yes, it's true," he said to each call. "Yes, it's true."

In Sydney, Australia, Sgt. Lloyd P. Stallings of San Antonio, Tex., said, "I came down here to have a good time, but now I don't feel so cheerful."

Pvt. J. D. Cotter of the Australian Army said, "Wish I knew more about this new bloke."

Outside the Grand Hotel in Paris, Pfc. Lester Rebuck, a medic from the 104th Division, said: "It was just like somebody socked me in the stomach when I wasn't looking. I just couldn't get it through my head he was really dead. For my money, that guy was one of the greatest guys that ever lived. You can put him next to Lincoln or Washington or anybody."

—YANK Staff Correspondents



MPs salute American flag flying at half-mast from the roof of Selfridge's Building in London.

ON THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL AT HYDE PARK, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S DOG FALA SITS ALONE BY THE CORNERSTONE OF THE FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT LIBRARY.

THE SOLDIER SPEAKS:

What changes would you like to see made in post-war America?

Education and Eyesores

THERE are two definite changes I would like to see made in post-war America. The first is the creation of a National Board of Education, with the head sitting in on Cabinet meetings. Such a board would raise our educational standards, provide uniform salaries for teachers and give all communities excellent buildings and equipment for their schools.

The second change would be to erase those grotesque eyesores some cities have for courthouses and other public buildings. The WPA, if it is recreated, could do the job. Thus we could improve the appearance of the nation and provide employment for returned servicemen.

Marianas —Cpl. CHARLES BEVERLY

A Problem To Be Solved

America has had the race and color problem long enough. Some think the problem is insoluble, but we will not know whether it is or not until a potent national effort has been devoted to its solution. Basically such an effort would mean revitalizing the principles of democracy as proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence; strict and religious enforcement of the Constitution, congressional enactments and executive orders—all the laws of the land. Principles and laws that are not sustained and enforced are worse than useless. This is above politics and in the realm of statesmanship.

A liquidation of this problem is essential for a just and peaceful world. America should be a positive force in the achievement of world peace. The race problem is part of fascism, which would be as fatal to our country as to the other peoples who have worshipped it.

Italy —Sgt. ANDREW G. PASCHAL

More Than Ice-Cream Dreams

Our dreams for the future don't consist solely of strawberry ice-cream sodas and pretty girls. Our cities should be changed, with a plan of design that gives a feeling of space and beauty. Our slums should be abolished and comfortable houses built within the financial reach of the average guy. The productive system should be revamped so that every man or woman has a job, and we must raise the standard of living. We should have free education and Government-sponsored training programs, giving people a chance to increase their skills and better serve society. And we need an electorate that is wide-awake and educated, ready for responsibility.

Lastly, I'd like to see a land where Negroes and whites are accepted on an equal plane in terms of their rights and privileges, where there is no discrimination between Christians and Jews, where no select group has the right to lord it over others because of any inherent birthright.

Belgium —Cpl. SAMUEL LERNER

Rights and Benefits

I would like to see every American citizen with the right to cast his ballot without cost, regardless of race or creed. Every citizen has a right to help run his government and a right to hold office.

Let all the people have the benefit of medical discoveries. Medicine should be available to all who need it and not just to those who can afford it.

Any person wanting an education should have a chance and not be hindered through lack of funds.

Let more old people come under the provisions of the Social Security Act. Give them an income so that they may live comfortably and let them be independent, which is the pride of every American, from birth until death.

Alaska —T-5 ALVA E. ZIMMERMAN

Scholarships and TVA

I think we should broaden educational opportunity. Among other things we should initiate a nation-wide program, through state or Federal legislation, whereby a percentage of school taxes would go to a fund for scholarships for all students who reach a high enough mark.

I would like to see labor unity. There is no sensible reason for a continued split.

I would like to see less red tape and obstruction to small industry and more uniform and rigid control of monopolies. Also liberalization of patent laws, with higher rewards to individuals rather than corporations. Another thing, why can't we revamp the present Manpower Board into a peacetime machinery which would eliminate the uncertainties of work and labor supply?

I would like to see an extension of the TVA program, with further electrification and other facilities for the farmers.

Finally, let's start practicing the Declaration of Independence which says "all men are created equal." If the Negro soldier is good enough to fight and die over here he is good enough to share in the opportunities and privileges of his country.

France —Sgt. RALPH J. SHAW

Notes for Some Changes

My suggestions would be: a Federally financed slum-clearance and permanent-housing program; the establishment of an active Department of Education with full Cabinet status; guaranty of equality of pay and economic opportunity for the Negro; passage of an anti-poll-tax bill; a Constitutional amendment to make failure to vote during a national election punishable by fine.

Dutch New Guinea —Cpl. ROBERT I. HAYDEN

Trouble Ahead

As I see it we have a three-fold problem: *1)* our high venereal-disease rate; *2)* our great numbers of children who are badly brought up, and *3)* the callous attitude toward hit-and-run drivers.

France —Pvt. LLOYD H. CARPENTER

A General Program

Here are my long-term proposals: *1)* Compulsory military training of a year for youths between 18 and 20; *2)* abolish international cartels; *3)* aid full employment by Government subsidies to small business and aid to farmers, provide low-cost public utilities to impoverished areas, continue useful Federal and state public-works projects; *4)* pass an anti-poll-tax and anti-lynching bill; *5)* provide for a permanent Labor Board to hear management and labor disputes; *6)* streamline Congress, abolishing filibusters and airing important sessions by radio; *7)* have a national slum-clearance project.

Philippines —Pfc. GORDON CRANDALL

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

News From Home

POST-WAR WINGS? HERE ARE TWO TYPES OF LIGHT AIR-BUGGIES WHICH YOU MIGHT BE SEEING A LOT OF WHEN YOU GET HOME. THESE PLANES MAKE 25 MILES ON A GALLON OF GAS, CRUISE FROM 85 TO 120 MILES AN HOUR AND CAN TOTE TWO PERSONS. LAST BUT NOT LEAST, THE THINGS ARE SUPPOSED TO COST NO MORE THAN A MEDIUM-PRICED AUTO.

The people learned there won't be any gravy train this year, Broadway got lit up again, a Senator criticized the GI Bill of Rights, and a babe in Boston gave a sailor the old heave-ho.

WORKMEN building Super-Fortress bombers in a Boeing plant at Seattle, Wash., celebrated the victory over Germany last week in a super-practical way. When the V-E signal was flashed to the factory, a brand-new bomber named "On To Tokyo" had just been completed. So 1,500 workers pushed the big ship outside the assembly plant, gave a lusty cheer and went right back to their jobs.

Tokyo was the topic of some heavy pondering, even at the peak of the contagious enthusiasm that followed the fall of the Reich. Predictions came from all sorts of sources about the length of the Japanese war, and the guesses ranged from nine months to 10 years. Soon after V-E Day, the rumor got around that the Nips had already proposed a negotiated peace.

This led the New York *Times* to comment editorially: "Washington is full of rumors that Japan is preparing to throw up her hands, that she's already making overtures for peace, and that in any case it will not be long before she lies as prostrate as does Germany."

The *Times* cautioned against paying any attention to such talk. "It is to be suspected," said the newspaper, "that these rumors and speculations are based on a complete misunderstanding of the military situation and overall character of the Japanese nation. . . In token of its resolution to keep on fighting, the Japanese government has begun to mobilize the nation against an invasion of the homeland. . ."

Director of War Mobilization Fred M. Vinson hurried into print with some pretty good reasons why the home front shouldn't be too optimistic about the Pacific war. He listed these Japanese strongpoints—the willingness of their soldiers to die rather than surrender; the hard-to-reach geographical positions involved; the Jap army of 4,000,000 men and many more reserves; virtually intact war industries, and the advantage of short supply lines.

To destroy the Japs' power, Vinson told the home folks, the U.S. will maintain an Army of 6,968,000 men for a full year after V-E Day, and almost the entire Navy will be thrown into the Pacific War. He also pointed out that "Tokyo is 1,500 miles from Guam and Saipan, which are 5,000 miles from Hawaii, and Hawaii is as far from San Francisco as London is from New York."

Coincident with Vinson's cautioning words came newspaper recapitulations reporting that the struggle which officially ended at a schoolhouse in Rheims had cost America's armed forces 132,000 lives and more than 550,000 other casualties in three years, four months and seven days of fighting against the Axis in the European and Mediterranean Theaters.

But while the totting-up of the country's losses and the realization of the big job ahead had their sobering effects, the people at home did manage to kick their heels a bit on V-E Day. For an hour or so after President Harry S. Truman's proclamation of Germany's surrender, New York's millions cheered, shouted, sang and danced in the streets —200,000 of them in Times Square. Which, you may recall, is New York's Piccadilly Circus.

In Boston, too, there were impromptu parades and streams of ticker tape, but the hilarity quickly petered out and groups of people strolled leisurely along the main streets as extra police stood around with nothing to do. In Philadelphia, Mayor Bernard Samuel tolled the Liberty Bell seven times —to herald the current Seventh War Loan Drive.

The newspapers made sure that their correspondents in the Pacific found out what the GIs there were thinking about the end of the European war. Typical reaction seemed to be summed up by Pfc. Sam Helman of Jersey City, N.J., who said at Okinawa: "I wouldn't blame the folks back home if they got drunk today, but I hope they sober up tomorrow. There's lots of work still to be done."

MILITARY and government officials didn't waste any time telling Americans in and out of the service just what V-E Day would mean to them. The War Department announced its point system of demobilization for Army veterans, and Gen. Brehon Somervell, Chief of the Army Service Forces, outlined the problems of shifting our main fighting strength from Europe to the Pacific. (See next week's YANK.)

Civilians turned to War Mobilizer Vinson for information about how the second phase of the Second World War would work at home.

Vinson told the nation that until Japan folded up, war production would continue to be the biggest job in the States. During the next six months, he said, war production will be cut only 10 to 15 per cent below present levels. Within a year, however, this production may be curbed by as much as one third.

The Director of War Mobilization made some other important announcements in his report. He said the ban on horse racing and the midnight curfew had been lifted, and promised there would be a little more civilian gasoline and limited quantities of new electric refrigerators, washing machines, radios and passenger automobiles in the months ahead.

But Vinson also disclosed that rationing will be continued; there won't be any new nylon or silk stockings; food and heating-fuel supplies will continue tight, and the government will retain its control over prices, wages, building, transportation, production—and manpower.

That announcement about controls, by the way, didn't sit well with Sen. Robert A. Taft, Republican of Ohio, who promptly introduced a resolution to scrap all wage restrictions and most of the price controls after January 1, 1946. Taft charged that the present price regulation was too strict even in wartime, and that it is becoming a system of controlling profits rather than prices.

HERE are some other prospects which Vinson said the home front must expect until V-J Day:

Food: There's no prospect of improvement in civilian supplies. Military and relief requirements won't be reduced. The most serious shortages are in meat, sugar, butter, fats and oils. Food supplies are five to 10 per cent less than last year, while the demand is five to 10 per cent greater.

Consumers' goods: Shoe rationing must continue, but low-cost clothing should meet at least the minimum demand. Some radios should be available within a year, together with some new furniture of prewar style. Electric iron and stove output will be stepped up in three to six months.

Building: At least 250,000 homes and apartments are expected to be built during the next 12 months and the figure might reach 400,000. Restrictions will not end, and materials will be short for some time.

Employment: In the next year, some 2,500,000 men and women will have to shift from war work to peace production. The 48-hour work week will continue in war plants, but the 40-hour week may soon be allowed in civilian industries.

Taxes: The government hopes to prevent reduction in taxes until after Japan is defeated. War Bond campaigns will not be abandoned.

That just about sums up Vinson's findings, but other government agencies got busy issuing statements which confirmed his conclusion that the U.S. won't be any Shangri-La. For good measure, the Office of Defense Transportation tossed in a gentle hint that the public should stay at home this spring, summer, fall and even winter, if necessary, in order to speed critical material to the Pacific.

In a series of separate actions the President recommended to Congress that a total of $7,445,369,000 be withdrawn from war-program funds already appropriated or projected. He urged a cut of more than $7,000,000,000 in Maritime Commission shipbuilding and advised a slash of about $80,000,000,000 in 1946 budget estimates of eight Federal agencies. He also abolished the Office of Civilian Defense.

The last move was somewhat of an anticlimax, according to the press. In many places, the newest thing in springtime gardens was to take those white air-raid helmets that wardens wore, turn them upside down and plant geraniums and things in them. Other people have been using the helmets as birdbaths, and air-raid whistles have long since been captured by neighborhood kids.

This ought to prove that it's the uniform you salute, men. Col. H. G. Lauterbach of Twin Falls, Ida., has written home about an incident that occurred while he was taking a shower in a makeshift bathroom on Biak Island in the Pacific. A GI walked into the room and, observing the colonel's gray hair, remarked jovially, "Well, well, pappy! Ain't it about time they sent you home for discharge?"

V-E Day, somewhat ironically, brought more benefits to amusement-loving Americans than to any others with the ending of the racing ban, the midnight curfew, and the brownout. Horsemen were all set to resume racing and many tracks announced plans for early meetings despite the retention of the decree forbidding the use of special trains and buses to and from tracks.

The press reported that it was like old times along Broadway as the lights came on and the curfew went off and everything went back to abnormal. Some entertainers left jobless by the midnight closing order last February returned to work along with bartenders, waiters and dishwashers. Happiest of all New York visitors, though, were thousands of servicemen who had

previously been turned out of amusement places at midnight while civilians continued to make merry.

In San Francisco, the lifting of the wartime curfew allowed night clubs, bowling alleys and theaters to stay open after midnight, but liquor sales by the drink still had to cease at 12 in line with a California law in effect long before the national curfew.

The end of the European War stole the headlines from the United Nations Conference on International Organization in San Francisco. Foreign Commissar V. M. Molotov of Russia left for Moscow and Foreign Minister Anthony Eden of Britain prepared to return to London, which meant the loss of two of the Conference's most colorful and important personalities.

Delegates were still knee-deep in the task of completing a charter for a new world organization to preserve peace, and they were going along pretty well. The Anglo-American controversy with Russia over the revamping of Poland's government didn't end, but it faded from the San Francisco scene with the departure of Molotov.

The Conference ran into tough issues involving international trusteeships over strategic territories and regional security systems. The U.S. delegation was faced with the problem of figuring out how to tie in regional pacts for preventing war in the Western Hemisphere with the projected world security system. Many commentators and statesmen have been saying that Uncle Sam should be the absolute ruler of vital Pacific islands won by American fighting men.

As Foreign Minister Eden prepared to leave the States, he declared that UNCIO's accomplishments so far had convinced him that "We will leave here with a better (world) charter than the one outlined at Dumbarton Oaks." And other spokesmen, too, predicted that all major conflicts among the 46 participating nations would be ironed out before the Conference ended.

SEN. WALTER F. GEORGE, Democrat of Georgia, who recently returned from a trip to the ETO, wants to make things a little easier for ex-servicemen. At a news conference, George declared that the GI Bill of Rights should be revised, that all military pay be exempted from taxes on a retroactive basis, and that income and corporation taxes must be reduced. George, who is chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, suggested that the loan provisions of the GI Bill ought to be changed in order to "provide a better loan or a larger guarantee." Educational features of the bill, he said, should be amended "to provide definite instead of conditional education opportunities for men and women over 24 years of age." The Senator said he had found "any number of men in Europe over 24 who want to go into special training in colleges and universities to fit themselves for future careers." Concerning his proposal to exempt all military pay from taxes, George explained he had discovered in the ETO that in many cases commissioned officers had accumulated large income tax liabilities.

T/Sgt. Charles E. "Commando" Kelly, the one-man army from Pittsburgh, is going to get out of the Army under the new policy affecting holders of the Medal of Honor. Kelly will finish a nationwide tour for the Seventh War Loan drive as a GI. Then he'll either get a war job or take another lecture trip as a civilian.

The season for veterans' bonus measures opened in Washington with Rep. John E. Rankin, Democrat of Mississippi, tossing in the first bill. It called for payment of $20 a week for a year to any member of the armed services who served 90 days or more since September 16, 1940, and got out without a dishonorable discharge. Rankin, one of the framers of the GI Bill of Rights, said it was really an "adjusted compensation proposal" rather than a bonus bill. Whatever you call it, the *Associated Press* estimated that if enacted it would cost $11,000,000,000.

Here's something to read while you're shooting the breeze with your buddies over your coffee and sinkers in the Red Cross Club. It's a resume by Basil O'Connor, Chairman of the American Red Cross, of what American troops overseas are getting each month at less than cost. And here it is: More than 1,640,000 complete meals; 9,000,000 snack lunches; 680,000 lodgings. ARC Clubmobiles distribute free a monthly average of more than 2,800,000 cups of coffee and 8,000,000 doughnuts in forward and isolated areas. These last figures presumably don't include that mug of java you gulped just before you scampered up the gangplank of the *Queen Mary* a few years ago.

Speaking about shipping orders and things, President Truman signed legislation extending the Selective Service Act for one year from May 15th or until the end of the "duration." The President said he was signing the measure reluctantly because it contained a Congress-approved amendment restricting the use of 18-year-olds in combat until they have had six months' training.

UNCLE SAM found himself deeper than ever in the coal business when Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes seized 363 struck anthracite mines and breakers in Pennsylvania and three idle soft-coal mines in West Virginia. Previously Ickes had been in control of 233 soft-coal mines which were taken over last month during strikes. Negotiations between John L. Lewis's United Mine Workers and anthracite operators were deadlocked in New York over the issue of granting $1.50 a day for underground-travel time. Strikes among 72,000 hard-coal miners began when their contract expired last month.

In Hollywood, union labor leaders in the film industry launched a move to boycott all movies completed or started since their fight with the major producers began last March. The Conference of Studio Unions, AFL, said 55 films had been put on the boycott list as the result of a strike which grew out of a controversy among AFL unions about jurisdiction over 77 set decorators.

The people in northern New England got to work last week repairing the ravages of the worst May storm in half a century. The estimated loss stood at close to $1,000,000 and much of northern Maine was cut off for a time from all telephone and telegraph facilities. Much of the damage was caused by the heavy wet snow which broke the branches of apple trees. Orchardists expressed fear that 90 per cent of the crop might be lost. Snow and low temperatures also descended on the surprised home-fronters in New York State, Pennsylvania, Michigan and parts of Indiana, Iowa and Connecticut.

The Office of War Information said that ABSIE —the American Broadcasting Station in Europe —would be suspended 90 days after V-E Day. OWI announced its curtailed appropriation would be used for intensified psychological warfare against Japan, a continuation of the domestic educational program, and post-V-E Day propaganda activities in Europe. The agency said its program was based on the assumption that it will be dissolved six months after V-J Day, victory over Japan.

In San Francisco, shipbuilder Henry J. Kaiser announced the formation of a $5,000,000 corporation to build entire communities of homes on a nationwide assembly-line basis. Kaiser said the two-bedroom houses will cost from $4,000 to $5,000 and will be financed with FHA—insured bank loans. He disclosed that the new corporation was ready to start putting up 6,000 units in the San Francisco Bay area, Los Angeles, and Portland, Ore.

A guy named Robert E. Hurst made a sucker out of some people in Memphis, Tenn. At a Naval air training center where he is a civilian employe, Hurst made the rounds of fellow workers with a paper asking donations for the "Widow of the Unknown Soldier's Fund." In a matter of minutes, he collected $11.00. Hurst, certain that he had proved something or other, returned the dough.

A survey showed that 11 states in the Deep South have indicated their willingness to take part in a $1,500,000,000 highway building program authorized by Congress for the first three postwar years. The South's share of the Federal funds is $250,000,000, which will be handed out when it is matched by appropriations from the various states concerned.

Guerrilla forces found and seized five reels of a motion picture film during a daring raid behind the Jap lines east of Manila. Elated at the capture of "inside dope" about the enemy's activities, the raiders rushed the movie back to U.S. headquarters. The army projector flashed on the screen five chapters of the "Junior G-Man" series.

In Boston, Archbishop Richard J. Cushing put women on the pan as mainly responsible for the "vulgarity, coarseness and licentiousness prevalent" in the States. "Let it not be charged," said the prelate, "that men are responsible, for in this matter they take their cue from the women. When women are ladies, men are gentlemen; when women have just no regard for their own sacred character, men have none."

LEGISLATION to legalize betting on horse racing in Pennsylvania was kicked out by the state's lower house. Advocates of the bill had estimated that a four per-cent tax on racing bets would return the Keystone State $25,000,000 annually to be used for school purposes.

Mrs. Violet L. Morris, 22, of Delair, N.J., applied for a divorce from her husband, Ralph, an American soldier who allegedly confessed that he was the father of twins born to an English girl. Mrs. Morris said her hubby wrote her that he had been in England only three days when he fell in love with the girl.

In New York City a psychiatric consultant to

MIAMI BEACH. IT TOOK A MEMBER OF THE ANIMAL-CONTROL DEPARTMENT, TWO COPS AND AN INDIAN FROM A NEARBY VILLAGE TO LASSO THIS ALLIGATOR AND CUT SHORT HIS STROLL THROUGH THE COCONUT GROVE SECTION.

NEW YORK. THE AMERICAN VETERANS COMMITTEE PICKED PVT. ALFRED LILIENTHAL, FORMER GOTHAM LAWYER ON FURLOUGH FROM A CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL, TO REPRESENT VETERANS AT THE 'FRISCO CONFERENCE.

the Army and Navy deplored the use of the expression "Mom" instead of "Mother," and said it was responsible for many psychoneurotic cases in the armed services. "An alarmingly large number of young men in training areas of the Army, in Navy boot camps, and at induction centers," said Dr. Edward A. Strecker, "are not able to serve because of indefinite psychoneurotic symptoms. A considerable segment of that number is due to the fact that these rejectees have 'moms' instead of 'mothers.'" Dr. Strecker said he was hitting at "moms" who keep their sons emotionally tied to their apron strings.

American Legion Commander Edward N. Scheiberling declared in Washington that compulsory military training is necessary now because another war wouldn't permit time for training an Army. He warned that future attempts at aggression can be squelched only by swift invasion of aggressor nations and immediate occupation of their lands. Such a program, he said, calls for an Army ready and trained to fight.

Mrs. Helen Goad MacDowell, a Long Beach, Calif., blonde, found herself married to two servicemen through no fault of her own. She married Ens. Robert A. MacDowell of Saugerties, N.Y., in Florida last December. That was after the War Department said her first husband, Lt. Harold W. Goad, a bomber pilot, had been killed in a plane crash in Burma in 1943. Now the WD has come through with the news that Lt. Goad is alive in a hospital in Rangoon. Mrs. MacDowell said she was going to have her second marriage annulled.

At Windsor Locks, Conn., Col. H. E. Johnson disclosed that Bradley Field, Connecticut's largest air base, would soon go into action as a redeployment center for AAF fliers returning from the ETO. As far as was known at the base, the field is the first in the country to be chosen for such a purpose.

Here's some more proof that a draft board never forgets. Herbert P. Milligan, Jr., of New Rochelle, N.Y., got orders to report for a physical despite the fact that he has served 18 months as a fighter pilot with the Royal Canadian Air Force. Milligan was shot down over Malta in October, 1942, hospitalized for eight months and then returned to Canada as a flight instructor. The RCAF training program folded up last April. Draft rules in the States don't take past service to any other government into consideration.

Yehudi Menuhin, the violinist, who's 29 years old, has been put in 1-A by his draft board in Los Gatos, Calif. The young maestro said his board gave him a 90-day leave to fill concert engagements in Europe, 60 days more than he had requested. Menuhin planned to leave for Britain for his third tour of the ETO.

IN Los Angeles the bugle sounded taps for "Blackout"—a dog of war who served as sentry in an undisclosed battle area for 18 months. He was honorably discharged last fall with a remark in his service record citing "shell-shock and more than a dozen shrapnel wounds." But "Blackout" became nervous and refused to eat when he resumed civilian life, so his master decided it was best to put the dog to sleep. The five-year-old pedigreed doberman-pinscher was put in a gas chamber and then buried in a soldiers' cemetery with full military honors.

Springtime has brought sentimental love ballads back to the top of the national tune-hit list. A merry novelty called *Candy* currently rides in first place, closely followed by *My Dreams Are Getting Better*. Third on the roster comes a number appropriately entitled *I'm Beginning To See The Light*. And while you're busy counting up your demobilization points, you might hum another current favorite called *Just A Prayer Away*.

Of course, all sorts of rumors got underway once the surrender of Germany became official. One bloke called the police to report that a U-boat had surfaced in New York Harbor flying a white flag. But water-borne cops discovered that the "sub" was a Navy ship with sailors' wash hung out to dry.

Michigan men between 18 and 45 who woo the wives of men away in service will face immediate induction into the armed forces if the draft boards heed a request by the state legislature. A resolution offered by Reps. Walter G. Herrick and George A. Gillespie and almost unanimously approved by the legislature called for such action on the complaint of veterans' organizations. "Prompt and effective action is needed to break up such alliances," the resolution stated.

In Dallas, the North American Aviation Corporation announced a new union contract whereby war veterans will be given one month's seniority for each month spent in the services after May, 1940. Such veterans must have honorable discharges and must apply for work within 12 months after discharge.

An official of the National Savings and Loan League, which is a trade organization for the savings and loan business, predicted that 10,000,000 loans will eventually be made to veterans under the GI Bill of Rights.

In Chicago, a highschool-girl fad of using prisoner of war identification letters on blue denim beer jackets was causing the Army concern. The Army said the practice was not only in bad taste, but that it was dangerous near military reservations where soldiers are trained to shoot escaping prisoners.

A retired Canadian sea captain offered a plan to rid Oklahoma of its tornadoes. In a letter to the Oklahoma City Chamber of Commerce, he suggested blasting the tornado out of the way with aerial bombs. The captain pointed out that a tornado is nothing but a land-going waterspout. "Our modern aircraft can fly over them and with a suitable bomb can put their rotational velocity out of working order," he explained.

Twice rejected for military duty, movie actor Jon Hall announced that he had finally "made the grade" and been accepted for induction into the Army. Hall is the husband of Frances Langford, actress, singer and veteran of several overseas USO tours with Bob Hope.

This might come under the head of news, since it involves a dog shooting a man. MP Pvt. Michael Zankich of San Pedro, Calif., has a playful pup. The dog grabbed the soldier's pistol off a chair. When Zankich tried to retrieve the weapon, it went off and a bullet went through his foot.

The people of San Jose, Calif., were highly gratified when newsboys handed out, free of charge, copies of a "Germany Surrenders" edition of the San Jose Mercury-Herald. The publisher wasn't so happy, though, when he found out what happened. It seems the newsboys never had sold papers before. They asked pressroom workers, "Shall we give 'em away?" and got the facetious answer, "Sure, sure." So the kids did.

They still have rackets in the States, and a lot of them have been streamlined to handle the fast-moving servicemen traffic. A curvesome doll stopped a sailor on Boston Commons recently and asked him if he wanted a free photograph of himself to send to his folks. So the sailor obligingly posed and gave his mother's address. The picture arrived at his home with a staggering bill attached, and with it came a letter explaining that the last thing the boy had done before sailing was to have his picture taken for his mother.

MIDDLETOWN, OHIO. IT'S GARDENING TIME BACK HOME, AND YOU CAN BET THESE EMPLOYES OF THE AERONCA CORP. AREN'T PLANTING BRUSSELS SPROUTS.

HOLLYWOOD. THIS IS THE PART IN THE CAN-CAN THAT REALLY WOWED GRANDPA. IT'S THE END OF THE "OOPS-A-DAISY" ROUTINE. DALE EVANS DOES IT.

DENVER. THOSE WHO BUY THEIR VEGETABLES FROZEN GET A HELPING HAND FROM INVENTOR MILTON RIFKIN, WHO THOUGHT UP THIS NEW SELF-SERVICE DISPENSER.

BOYCE, LA. WHEN THE RED RIVER OVERFLOWED, THE NAVY SUPPLIED EVERYTHING BUT THE SLAPS ON THE RUMPS THAT WILL BE NEEDED TO GET THESE CATTLE ABOARD.

PORTLAND, ORE. THOUSANDS OF FISHERMEN, INCLUDING TAD JOHNSON, JOINED IN THE ANNUAL SMELT RUN AS THE FISH HEADED FOR SANDY RIVER.

The COVER

This is how Gen. Eisenhower looked—smiling with elation—during the signing of the unconditional surrender terms by the Germans in Rheims. When the session was over, General "Ike" came outside and shook hands with the first GI he met. It was a happy day.

Pictures: Cover, Signal Corps. 2, A.P. 3, Signal Corps. 4, Pfc. Pat Coffey. 5, Signal Corps. 6, Acme. 7, Pvt. George Aarons. 8, 11 and 12, Sgt. John Frano. 13, Sgt. Art Weithas. 15, Keystone. 16, left, W.W.; right, INP. 17, upper left, INP; lower right, Acme; others, W.W. 21, Morning Telegraph. 22, Universal. 23, T/Sgt. Lackenbach.

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MAIL CALL

First-Hand Info

Dear YANK,

My outfit is one of the new ones in this area, operating off newly established Superfortress bases in the Marianas, but I'll bet we're way ahead of many other outfits when it comes to close cooperation between air-combat crews and ground personnel.

After our last strike at Japan, our CO called a meeting and told us that after each strike the entire group would receive the briefing given the pilots, the weather encountered, navigational problems, type of bomb raid, fighter and flak opposition, photography results and a detailed account from the men who flew that mission. Well, we've had our first one. The fires in Tokyo are still burning at last reports, and we've been officially congratulated by our commanding general for our participation in the raid.

The idea for making each raid by our group a personal affair for each man was the CO's and one that I hope to hear being duplicated by the other groups in in the area.

No more waiting for Tokyo Rose's sugared reports. We've first-hand info now, and coming from the lips of men who thank you for keeping those engines running so smoothly, for keeping those guns working and for bringing them back; it has certainly put more pride and energy on our parts into the performance of our jobs.

Marianas. Cpl. M. B. MUNJACK

Insurability

Dear YANK,

I read with interest the letters and particularly YANK's comments in *Mail Call* on insurability of combat soldiers, and I thought the following remarks might clarify the problem and "make sense."

The misconception that physical fitness or good health and insurability are necessarily the same is common but, paradoxical as it may seem, such is not the case. Insurance practice is based on life expectancy and not physical fitness. For example, it has been shown in large group statistical studies that the life expectancy of individuals who are overweight, have a rapid pulse or a blood pressure over 140 systolic is not as great as when these findings are within so-called normal limits. (This applies to the group as a whole and not, of course, to any one individual in the group). Thus the young man who is overweight, has a rapid pulse or a slightly elevated blood pressure may well be in excellent physical condition and live for many years in good health and yet have a less than average life expectancy, whereas the thin frail individual may have little or no physical stamina and still be an excellent insurance risk. Further, it is readily seen that the man with a short leg or an amputated arm has limited value as a soldier, and yet such an infirmity might not materially affect his insurance standing. Strictly speaking it is, therefore, not as unfair as it appears on the surface for a soldier to be sent into combat and yet be refused insurance.

This insurance theory, I believe, is thoroughly justified in civilian practice, but I am inclined to agree with YANK that it is not entirely justified, even on economic grounds, under the special circumstances (high mortality risk) which exist for the soldier and being covered by the National Insurance Act. I am quite convinced that physical fitness and not life expectancy alone, as determined by variations in weight, pulse, blood pressure etc., in otherwise healthy individuals (concerning the normal limits of which there are still differences of opinion by recognized authorities), should be a criterion of insurability as well in this special type of insurance. That the physically and mentally fit individual is the soldier with the greatest life expectancy in combat, other things being equal, is, I believe, a sound generalization. It is my belief that insurance granted on such a basis with limitations for continuing the policy after discharge plus the present standards of insurability is economically sound, if soldiers are to be granted insurance, and at the same time would give the combat soldier who lacked foresight the protection he wants and which government policy, I believe, is really anxious to give him.

In fairness to the present scheme, however, it should be emphasized that the granting of insurance for a 120-day period without a special examination is a very liberal policy. As a matter of fact, granting insurance to any soldier, no matter how fit he may be, is a generous policy. It would have to be a most unimaginative individual who is not aware of the potential risk which being a soldier always entails, and looking at it objectively, it appears to me that some of your correspondents lacked an ordinary degree of foresight and sense of responsibility when they did not avail themselves of a more than average opportunity when it presented itself. Whether their families should suffer for such human failings is apart from the present discussion.

Britain. Lieutenant Colonel, MC

Appreciation

Dear YANK,

Have just been looking through your April 20 and March 11 British Edition of YANK. When I saw those two covers, I said to myself "That's for me." I am a bombardier on a B-17 and believe me when I say earnestly that we really appreciate the work done by the Armament men in fusing and loading up our ships. Would it be at all possible to have a copy of that picture on your April 20 cover?

Your March 11 cover was nothing short of beautiful. Believe me those "little friends" are mighty welcome around any formation I ever fly in and I believe I speak for everybody who has ever flown in a combat mission. I'll buy any P-51 pilot I happen to meet all the "bitter" he can hold.

Britain. ONE OF THE 8th

Demobilization

Dear YANK,

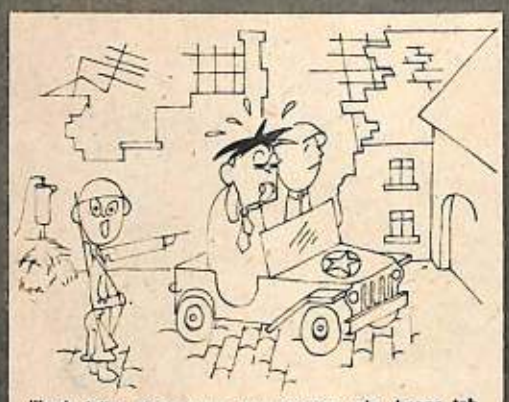
I agree with the War Weary Yank in the April 20 *Mail Call* that age should be given a certain amount of consideration in the demobilization plan. I got married at the age of 28, 2½ years before Pearl Harbor.

We both decided to work for a couple of years so as to have a limited financial background. The war came along and I felt it was my duty to take my share with the rest of us. Now after three years in the Army of which 21 months are overseas service, I feel we should get a break after V-E Day. Married men in my age bracket (34) would, like any other human, have the right to create a family and we haven't many years ahead of us for that. I feel that it isn't fair that while we serve to give the world a better world we are denied part of it ourselves. While here I have put my heart and soul into my

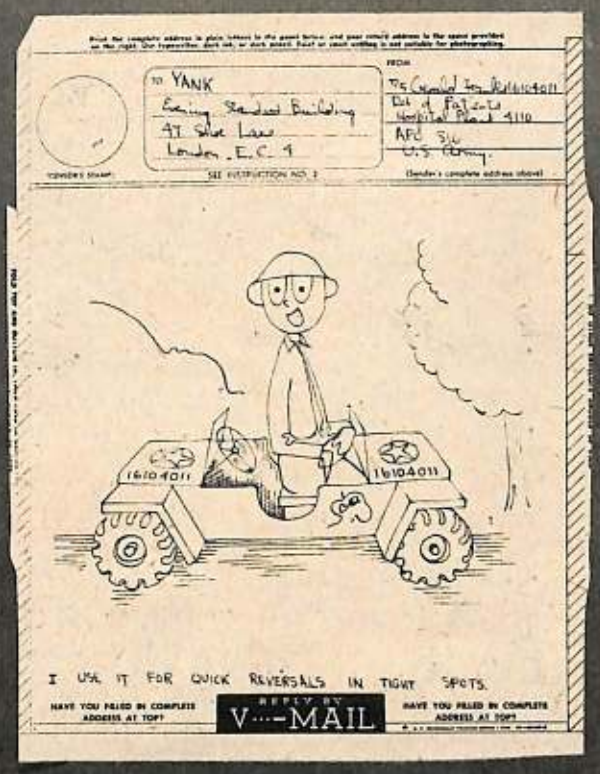
"FINALLY, I JUST HAD TO TELL HIM WE WERE DAMN WELL FED UP HEARING ABOUT BROOKLYN."
—Pfc. Tom Flannery

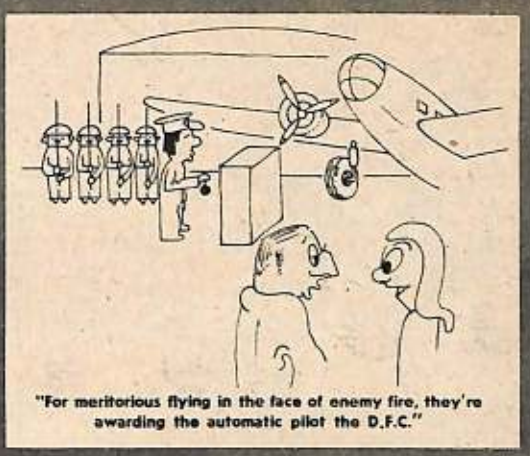
V-MAIL CARTOONIST

T/5 Gerald Franks has been flooding YANK's mail with cartoons drawn on V-Mail forms. Here are a few of them.

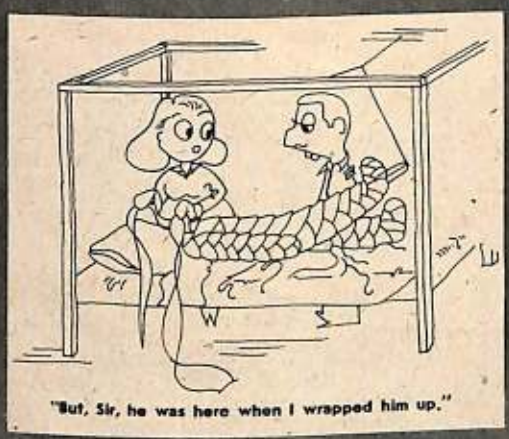


"Look, fellas, there goes the reporter who keeps tab on Patton."





"For meritorious flying in the face of enemy fire, they're awarding the automatic pilot the D.F.C."



"But, Sir, he was here when I wrapped him up."

"Sometime when I'm not looking, will you please help me prolong my stay in this wonderful place?"

T/5 Gerald Franks

duties but . . . if after the end of hostilities here we should be headed for another stretch in the Pacific and give up a few more years of our lives, I'm afraid the picture would be reversed. We would have not a thing to look forward to in life. The result??? Why not follow some of the lines of the British plan? It is much more sensible than ours.

Britain. ANOTHER YANK

Dear YANK,

In my opinion and in the opinions expressed by others, the plans for demobilization, from what I understand, are the most unjust plans that can ever be drawn up.

I, for one, am a member of a Quartermaster Service Company through no fault of my own. My physical condition is A1. In spite of that, all my efforts to be transferred to the Infantry have come to no avail. How could it be fair to me and the rest of the service troops to discharge men according to combat service and medals? We are also a part of this huge war machine. The important factor we play in this war should not be neglected. If we should fail, the infantry, artillery and cavalry would be paralysed. The maximum progress of these combat outfits is determined by their supply lines. We have rare opportunities to win medals, fame and glory which would contribute us any credit towards discharge.

In my honest opinion, the only fair basis for discharging veterans should depend solely upon length of service, regardless of age or dependants, and wounds.

Britain. Pfc. ODIE T. UDDYBACK

Dear YANK,

Let's try to settle this question about age as a factor in discharge from service. Uncle Sam is not drafting men over 38 as a reward for having lived that long. It is the considered judgment of the Army that men over that age are poor risks.

But one may ask, "What of the 38 year old men still going strong in the service? Why are they clamoring for consideration?" In the first place, their expectancy of continued stamina is no better than like civilians who are being deferred. Secondly, if Uncle Sam wants men over 38, then we'll gladly do our best. But can anyone justify a double standard? Why defer them at home and keep them in uniform over here, or anywhere?

Britain. T/5 ADRIAN FREDERICKS

1st Speaks Up

Dear YANK,

In regards to Pfc. Zakowski's letter from the Philippines in the Apr. 20 edition, would you please send him the fur-lined bathtub medal? Does he think the 7th Division has had it so rough? I was a member of the 1st Infantry Division, but am now unfit for duty. Those boys have been overseas for 32 months, fought six major campaigns, and made three invasions—Africa, Sicily and France. There are damn few old timers left in that outfit and I am sure the fellows of the 9th and 34th Divisions feel the same way. Wait till he passes 2½ years at combat before you issue him his T.S. slip. Also the 1st is still slugging it out with Jerry and has been at it steady since June 6th.

Britain. T/5 EUGENE STEINMANN

Post-War Conscription

Dear YANK,

I have heard hundreds of persons giving their private opinions of how the post-war military-training program should be handled, but never have I heard the proposal that part of the training period should be served in occupied foreign countries. This seems to have been overlooked, but it is a valuable source of manpower for use in policing those countries which will need to be policed after the war.

I am in the class called "Regular Army" and have several hitches in, including five major campaigns in this war, and surely don't want to have an army-of-occupation hitch added to the others. Most young fellows would favor this plan, for it would give them a chance to see the battlefields of this war, and as travel is supposed to broaden one's views and education, I can't think of a better plan.

Besides, this plan would release the men who are fighting this war from obligation, and allow them to return to their homes. If this training period is to be effective, there should be a program worked out that would teach the men in training just what it is all about and show them the real reason for having to take military training.

Esler Field, La. S/Sgt. J. W. MITCHELL

Dear YANK,

. . . Peacetime conscription would tend to establish a militaristic ruling class in America, possibly with the same dire results which we had witnessed in the Fascist countries. Training for war is not an honest or effective method to maintain peace. If we are to avoid the world suicide of another war, cooperation of all nations working toward a better world must take the place of competitive armament races . . . The police force that will at first be necessary to deal with outlaws should be under control of a world union and not of individual nations.

Azores. Pvt. RALPH MEYER

Dear YANK,

. . . If you remember, France was supposed to have had the best trained Army in the world. Every Frenchman received two years of military training when he became a certain age. And yet look what happened to France in 28 days. What was wrong with France? It is my belief that she was rotten at the core. It isn't necessary to have a large army but it is necessary for the army you do have to be on its toes. . . .

Fort Lewis, Wash. Sgt. JACOB SORRY

GI Bill of Rights

Dear YANK,

In reply to Pfc. Russel I. Warren's letter (doubting whether a large percentage of men will ever get "a nickel's worth of benefits" from the GI Bill of Rights) I might say that I am just one of some 80-odd veterans attending this college. The dean told me that it is an increase of more than 50 percent over last term.

I am truly grateful for the benefits I have derived from the GI Bill. . . .

Oregon State College, Oreg. JERRY THOMAS

WAC Inducement

Dear YANK,

There is a great demand for Wacs to replace able-bodied desk soldiers and, as an inducement, many thousands of dollars are spent for various kinds of uniforms and attractive caps. It seems to me that a strong point to induce a woman to enlist in the WAC would be to add her time of service to her husband's with reference to points for a discharge, and if she served overseas her husband again should get points for it. Every woman would know that besides helping her country, she was also bringing closer the return of her loved one home.

Hawaii. Cpl. H. E. NOTELEVITZ

Clothing Allowance

Dear YANK,

I am a regular reader of your magazine and have been for the past eight months. And have thoroughly enjoyed each and every edition.

In your edition of Apr. 13, 1945, you stated in answer to Pvt. Richard B. King's letter asking about the Navy clothing allowance, that chiefs get $18.75 a quarter and all others get $6.25. I would like to give you the correct figure. For chiefs it is $18.75 but for others it is $9.00 per quarter. It used to be $8.75 but was raised to $9.00.

Britain. J. F. F., MoM2/c.

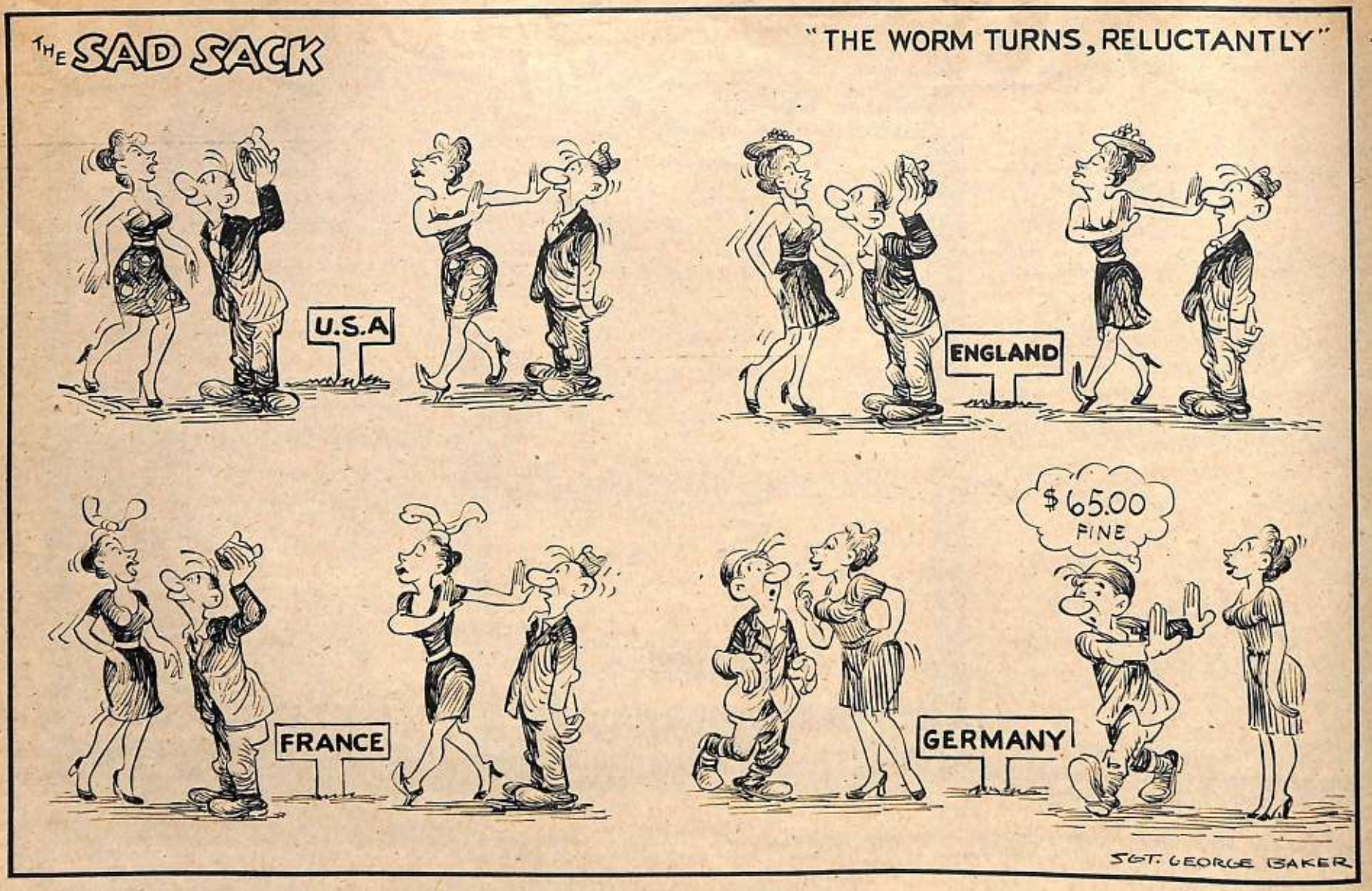
Why We Fight

Dear YANK,

. . . "Why we fight" may be stated in this way: that we are fighting for the total defeat of our enemies in order that we may return to civilian life as soon as possible. Only as civilians can we begin to fight upon the domestic issues that confront us. Certainly every veteran should acquaint himself fully with these issues, as well as problems in relation to foreign nations, for it will be his responsibility in the post-war world to work out their solutions and insure our having a better America and a better world.

I should like to see a discussion concerning this in your columns. For instance, most veterans will have learned to dislike the policies of labor unions and would be in favor of their elimination, but we must realize there is some protection necessary for the common laborer against unscrupulous employers. Could this need be suplied by a national wage-hour law, increased in size and scope, and national laws insuring decent working conditions and safety precautions?

India. Pvt. WILLIAM K. SIMMS



Promotions to Pfc

Dear YANK:

I have been overseas for three years now and when I read your item that privates could be upped to pfc I rushed over to my CO and asked how's about it? He said he would look into it and I never heard another thing. Recently I asked him again and he said that I wouldn't get that stripe because I had been given company punishment about six months ago. Can he hold up the stripe for that reason?

Italy —Pvt. JAMES X. COLLINS

■ He sure can. The promotions to pfc are not automatic. *Change 5* of *AR 615-5* says that men who are eligible for such promotion will not be upped in grade automatically. The promotion is supposed to be reserved for those qualified for but denied promotion because of a lack of vacancies in the T/O.

Insurance Payments

Dear YANK:

We're supposed to be paying premiums on our insurance. I pay on a $10,000 policy. Many of us have our folks, who are fairly old, as first beneficiary. If our first beneficiary dies, the second automatically gets the benefits. Did you know that the insurance pays only (and this is an actual case) $52.80 a month (in this case) for 120 months, or $6,336! This is a $3,664 swindle on a soldier who thought he paid on a $10,000 policy.

How come such business?

France —An Infantry Staff Sergeant

■ A recent amendment to the National Service Life Insurance Act authorizes what are known as Refund Life Income Settlements that enable a beneficiary to avoid the situation you describe. The chief change is in the payments on policies where the beneficiary is over 30 years of age. Under the old plan the first beneficiary received, for life, payments based on the beneficiary's age. If the first beneficiary died before receiving a total of 120 payments, the second beneficiary received payments at the same rate until a total of 120 payments had been made. This total might be less than the face value of the policy.

Under the new plan the first beneficiary, if over 30, will still receive payments for life, although at a slightly reduced rate. If the first beneficiary dies before receiving payments amounting to the face value of the policy, the second beneficiary will receive payments until a total equal to the face value of the policy has been paid.

To come within this new plan you must make your request in writing. Even if you do not apply, your first beneficiary may, upon your death, elect to receive payments under the new plan.

What's Your Problem?

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

Illegitimate Child

Dear YANK:

About a year ago my wife gave birth to a child of which I am not the father. At the time I figured everyone makes mistakes and told her it was all right to put me down as the father of the child. The birth certificate of the child shows me as the father.

I submitted a dependency claim for the child, and my wife has been drawing $80 a month for herself and the child since February 1944. Is the claim legal under the dependency laws, or am I liable for fraud?

I intend to return to the States in the next three or four months and if I find that I am unable to live with my wife I intend to get a divorce. If I do, will she still be able to demand payment for the child through a Class F allotment?

Panama —(Name Withheld)

■ The Office of Dependency Benefits, which handles family allotments, normally presumes that all children born in wedlock are legitimate. Since you have not challenged the child's legitimacy the ODB certainly will not. If you should obtain a divorce, however, the picture may change. In that case it will depend on whether or not the decree provides for alimony. If it does, the Class F allotment to your wife will continue. Otherwise it will stop.

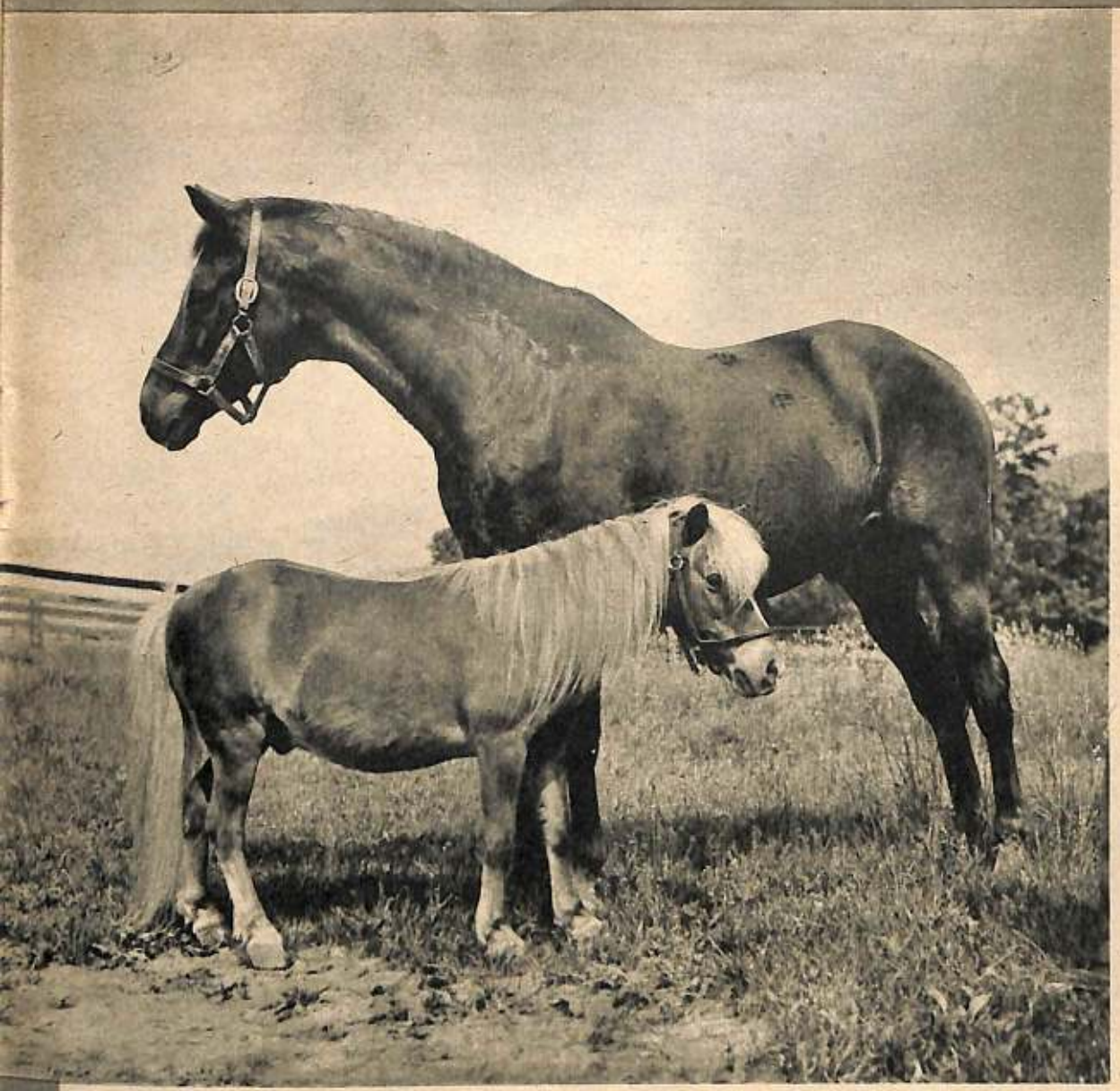
Housing Loans

Dear YANK:

I have been reading stories in my home-town newspaper about veterans who apply for loans under the GI Bill of Rights and get turned down because the homes they want to buy are overpriced. I don't understand why such loans should be refused just because present property values are too high. Has the Veterans' Administration the right to refuse a guaranty for that reason?

Hawaii —M/Sgt. ROBERT WOHLMAN

■ It has. The law states that the Veterans' Administration shall not guarantee any loan on property for which the veteran is paying more than "the reasonable normal value." The fact that most housing is bringing abnormal prices does not change the picture so far as a guaranty goes. As a matter of fact, this provision of the law protects veterans from being suckered into overpaying for a home.



Exterminator, aged 27 and now in retirement, is shown with Peanuts, his Shetland-pony mascot.

Favorite Derby Horses

COL. MAT WINN SAYS EXTERMINATOR WAS THE BEST OF ALL TIME.

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Staff Writer

IN pre-war days this was the time of year to be in Louisville, Ky. Mint juleps sold for a buck a throw and a hotel room the size of a foot locker cost $12 a day, but everybody who made the trip seemed to think it was worth it just to see and be seen at the Kentucky Derby. With all the tracks closed until after VE-Day, the best that racing fans could do this spring was to curl up in the sack with a copy of "Down the Stretch, the Story of Col. Matt J. Winn," as told to Frank J. Menke (Smith & Durrell, $3.50) and read about the Derbies of the past.

The book sparkles with anecdotes about great Derby winners. Only toward the end, on the pages of names of sportswriters and famous personages who have attended the Derby, does it bog down. But even at that it is the kind of a book that the Council on Books in Wartime would do well to convert into an overseas pocket edition for racing fans in uniform to read while sweating out a chow line.

Col. Winn has seen every running of the Derby since "the little red horse," Aristides, won the inaugural with a length to spare in 1875. He's had a financial interest in Churchill Downs, and the Derby, since Judge Himes beat Early by three-quarters of a length in 1902 and he's been general manager since Elwood whipped Ed Tierney by a half a length in 1904.

"Many guesses have been made as to the exact spot I occupied when I saw the inaugural running in 1875," the 83-year-old colonel told Menke. "I saw it from a standing up position on the seat of my father's wagon, anchored in the infield, which was the free gate area, meaning that if you didn't wish to pay a fee to get into the grandstand section, you could walk, or drive, through a special gate to the infield—without charge."

Col. Winn talks about racing in Chicago, St. Louis, New York, New Orleans, Baltimore, Lexington and Louisville in this country, and Juarez and Mexico City in Mexico, having promoted the sport in all those spots at one time or another. In his own mellow, tolerant manner he recalls his fights with politicians, the Western Turf Association and even The Jockey Club itself, before he established the Derby as this country's turf classic and himself as the No. 1 track executive.

During his time the colonel has seen most of the good horses who have raced, including Man o' War, but Man o' War is not the horse who won his complete admiration. "Exterminator was the greatest all-round American thoroughbred I saw," says Winn. "I choose Exterminator because when greatness is reckoned the factors entering into it are speed, courage, stamina, intelligence, and perhaps more important, durability.

"Exterminator was not much at 2 because he couldn't hit his best stride in sprints. He proceeded to come into his own at 3. He raced until he was 9 and won three races in seven starts that year.

"He won at distances from five furlongs up to two and a quarter miles; he won over almost every standard route between the two. He won in thick mud, and the greasy slop, and he won on the dry. He had a more numerous array of trainers than almost any great horse of any era, because W. S. Kilmer, his owner, was constantly dissatisfied and thus constantly hiring and firing. Each trainer used his own copyrighted training methods—and some were not too good. But Exterminator won regardless.

"Exterminator won 50 races in 100 starts, was second 17 times and third on 17 other occasions. His lifetime earnings were $252,296. His one misfortune was that he was foaled too soon. If he had come to the races in years like these, with all the modern pots of gold dangling in front of him, his victories, repeated, would have made him winner of $750,000—perhaps more.

"Stories have been printed that I influenced Willis Sharpe Kilmer to buy Exterminator, but the real situation is this:

"In 1917, Kilmer had campaigned an English-bred colt which he renamed Sun Briar. As a 2-year-old Sun Briar compiled a grand record and came up at 3, in 1918, as the winter-book favorite for the Kentucky Derby. In due time, Kilmer ordered Sun Briar to be shipped to Churchill Downs, where he arrived in charge of Henry McDaniel, trainer of the Kilmer horses.

"Sun Briar didn't show up well in his early training. McDaniel wrote to Kilmer and said he needed a horse to work with Sun Briar. Kilmer authorized McDaniel to buy a work horse, 'if the price is right,' and Henry committed Kilmer to paying Cal Milam $12,000 for Exterminator.

"Some days before the Derby, McDaniel sent out Sun Briar for a final route sharpener, together with Exterminator, to learn the truth about Kilmer's prize racer. I saw him work, which was on a heavy track. Obviously, something was wrong with Sun Briar, and after the trial Kilmer declared Sun Briar out of the Derby—the most disappointed man in Kentucky.

"Later that day I offered Kilmer my sympathies, and then asked:

" 'Who was that horse you had working with Sun Briar?' because I could not identify him.

"Kilmer, always a short-tempered man, and now bitter over the fate of Sun Briar, snapped at me: 'A truck horse named Exterminator that Henry McDaniel bought and got me hooked for $12,000.'

" 'I was watching him rather closely,' I told Kilmer. 'He ran very well. If the boy hadn't been checking him down when he tried to run past Sun Briar——'

"Kilmer broke in: 'That horse isn't fast enough to run past me,' and with that he walked away.

"In the evening I encountered Kilmer again, and he was cussing his luck.

" 'I wanted to see my colors in the Derby, and then this had to happen,' he moaned.

" 'Why don't you start Exterminator?' I asked.

"Kilmer glared. 'He's no race horse—regardless of what you think,' and again he walked off.

"About two hours later Kilmer telephoned.

" 'You still think Exterminator is a Derby horse?' he asked.

" 'Yes.'

" 'If he were your horse, would you start him in the Derby?'

" 'I certainly would.'

"There was a few seconds silence. Then came Kilmer's voice:

" 'All right; he starts.'

"Exterminator lay back off the pace, on the muddy track of Derby Day 1918, until nearing the stretch turn, then he opened up and won easily. The pay-off across the board for $2 tickets was $61.20, $23.10, and $12.40, proving that the majority of the players shared Kilmer's idea that Exterminator wasn't much of a race horse."

ONLY once during his long connection with racing has Col. Winn ever doubted his choice of a career. That was back in 1910 and 1911 when the Hearst papers, led by Arthur Brisbane, were crusading against racing and tarring all track executives with the same charge of corruption. Being a devout Catholic, Col. Winn consulted the late Cardinal Logue, then one of the ranking prelates in this country.

"Son," said Cardinal Logue, "if you don't do anything worse than bet on horses, or operate a race track where others bet on horses, you won't have any trouble getting to heaven."


Barbara Bates
YANK
Pin-up Girl

Yanks in Britain

Negro GIs of the Air Service Command operated the only all-weather route to the Continent, rushing supplies to our air forces. ASC truck convoys crossed the Channel in LSTs, eliminating loading and unloading operations on both sides of the water.

1 CPL. ELMER F. TURNER OF ANDERSON, IND. (LEFT) TAKES THE SHIPPING ORDER, AND PFC. JAMES W. HUFF OF CAIRO, ILL., MAKES A DRIVERS' LIST.

2 LT. AVROME SCHUMAN OF TULSA, OKLA., THE CONVOY COMMANDER, BRIEFS HIS MEN ON THEIR ITINERARY WITH THE AID OF A FRENCH ROAD MAP, ADDING THE LATEST DOPE.

3 S SGT. HENRY SMITH OF LAKELAND, FLA., WARMS UP THE LEAD CONVOY VEHICLE JUST BEFORE DAWN.

5 IN FRANCE, A BULLDOZER HELPS PUSH THE OVERLOADED TRAILER UP THE BEACH AFTER CRACK TRUCK DRIVERS HAVE EASED THE VEHICLE DOWN THE LST's RAMP. THE TRAILERS CARRY MORE THAN 40,000 POUNDS EACH.

4 AT AN ENGLISH PORT, ASC MEN SKILFULLY BACK A TRAILER INTO AN LST WITH A TRUCK-TRACTOR.

YOU'D never know it from the way she dresses these days (look left), but one of Barbara Bates' childhood hopes was to become a champion ski jumper. Another ambition was to be an actress. In that she seems to have made good. Barbara is 20. She was born in Denver, Colo. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 110, has green eyes and auburn hair. Her latest pictures for Universal: "Night in Paradise" and "Here Come the Co-Eds."

The COUNT

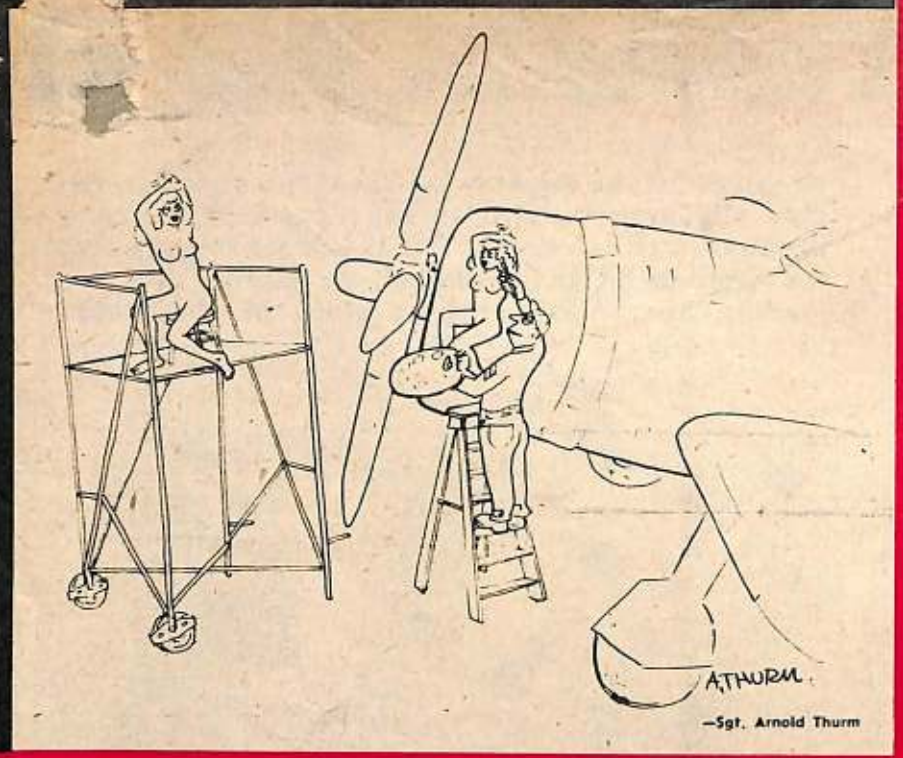
THAT gay-dog ex-T/5 known as the Count is a persistent cuss, and as a result his dream-girl, a Wac corporal named Abigail, has given in and bought a tandem bicycle on which the two of them are planning to see much of the English countryside this summer. We were waiting for the Count at his camp the other evening when he and his lady returned from their first spin and we noticed that Corporal Abigail, who was pedalling vigorously on the front seat, looked red-faced and winded while her ex-T/5 pal behind seemed remarkably fresh and rested as he languidly let the pedals kick his feet around.

"There is nothing in the world so invigorating as a good, brisk ride on a tandem," the Count assured us as he dismounted, leaving the bike for Corporal Abigail to put away. He led us to his hut and, as he entered, three guys who had been lying on their sacks promptly arose as a single man and left. "That's the way them social misfits always does," the Count said. "Still, it gives me plenty of privacy, so it's no skin off me tail. Here, have a cigar on one of them mugs."

Helping himself to five, the Count sat down on his cot and told us about the tandem deal. "Me Corporal Abigail and me has bought it on a 50-50 basis," he said, "except that for the time being she has put up all the dough. Naturally, I expect to pay her my share when I get back to the States —if we happen to meet and if I can put a couple of fish on an Aqueduct winner every now and then."

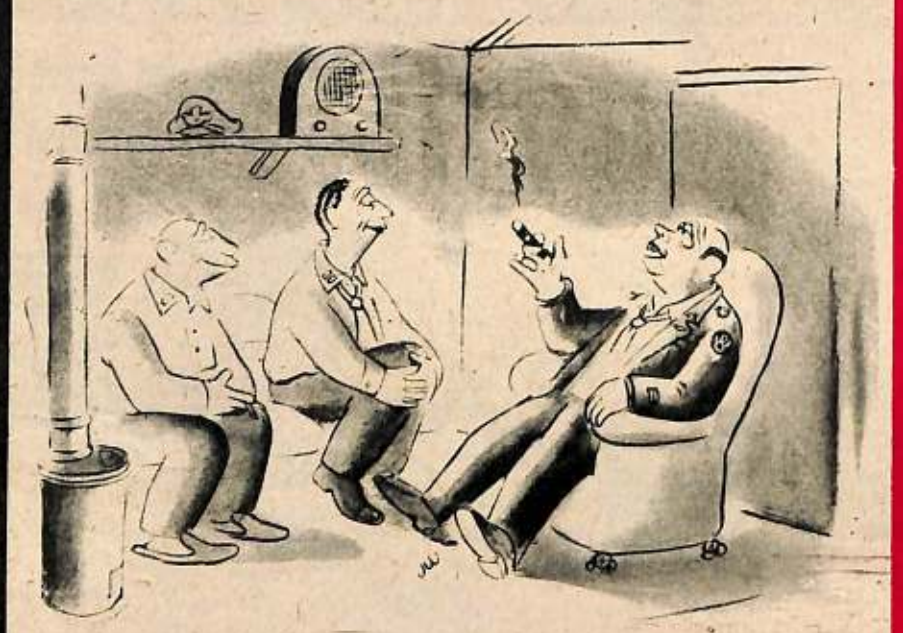
We asked the Count if he was tired after his ride. "Hell, no," he replied. "This tandem business is the stuff. It is a scientific fact that on one of them double-seaters two can ride with the strength of one. When you're on a bike alone, you've really got to sweat, but a tandem rolls along so easy you don't hardly feel the pedals."

The Count went on to say that he had discovered another advantage in having a tandem. "Down in the village," he explained, "I have found a gent who says he will loan me five quid on that bike any time I need it. I have a hunch he may come in handy some week just before payday."



—Sgt. Arnold Thurm

"DO YOU PLASTIC SURGEONS MAKE SPECIAL PRICES FOR A GROUP?"
—Cpl. William Johnson



"GERMANY HAS SURRENDERED. GOOD! TOMORROW WE'LL START OUT WITH A DAILY INSPECTION, TWO HOURS OF CLOSE ORDER DRILL, CALISTHENICS . . ."
—Sgt. Jim Weeks

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THE ARMY WEEKLY

"WHAT'S UP? HEAR SOMETHING IN THE ORDERLY ROOM?"
—Sgt. Frank Brandt