BRITISH EDITION

YAN

THE ARMY

THE STORY OF GERMANY'S

IP

nd 4

PRISONERS WEREN'T ALLOWED TO USE THIS SHOE REPAIR SHOP AT VITTEL INTERNMENT CAMP.

FRENCH FARMERS BARTERED CHICKEN, VEGETABLES AND FRUIT WITH VITTEL INTERNEES.

SMILING INTERNEES, MANY OF THEM JAILED SINCE 1940, WAVE GREETINGS TO GIs IN A PASSING JEEP.

MR. AND MRS. HARRY WACHTEL AND DAUGHTER NETTY, OF BROOKLYN, WERE IN VITTEL FOR THREE YEARS.

THESE AMERICAN WOMEN ARE BREATHING FREE AIR FOLLOWING LIBERATION OF VITTEL BY GIs AND FFIs.

This was a "model" internment camp that the Germans had set up, a place in which 2,000 people representing 48 nationalities were kept. It was clean; it was picturesque; Goebbels took pictures of it to release throughout the world. But what the pictures did not show was what Vittel really was—the false front of a rotten interior.

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

GERMANY—Vittel must surely have been one of the best-looking, the cleanest, the most efficiently operated internment camps in all of what was once Hitler's Europe. It was a stamping ground for German photographers who made regular junkets to Vittel, took lots of pictures. Afterwards, these pictures would bob up in newspapers in Stockholm, Lisbon and other cities. The city itself, which is in the Vosges region of France, not far from Domremy, the birthplace of Joan of Arc, is a modern-looking vacation place on the order of White Sulphur Springs. Before the war it was a sun-drenched, summer resort whose mineral waters brought thousands of visitors. For their two thousand internees the Germans requisitioned seven of Vittel's modern hotels. There was lots of park space, a theatre and wide promenade walks around the hotels. Of course, though, it was all behind barbed wire.

But now the internees are free. A combination of the FFI and armored elements of the Third U.S. Army drove the Germans eastward out of Vittel one day in the first week of September.

The two thousand people who had come to Vittel were some of the thousands trapped in Europe in 1940 by the speed of German military movement. And after the German armies came the German rear echelons—Hitler's tribe of hatchet men called the Gestapo—to investigate, to tap on shoulders, to hustle their victims into concentration and internment camps all the way from Poland to France.

This was the beginning of the road to Vittel. Americans and Englishmen—like Charles E. Lloyd and Stanley Mackenzie, for example—began the trip via other internment camps like Besançon and Compiègne. At these places, the most they might complain of was discomfort, for their citizenship was powerful. And the inspecting eye of the International Red Cross looked them over regularly.

Polish Jews like Sasha Heyman had it a little harder. For Heyman is one of that small band which managed to survive the darkest torture chambers since the Middle Ages—the concentration camps of Poland.

The two thousand inhabitants of the internment camp at Vittel represented more than America, England and Poland. Camp records reveal citizenship in countries of all the five continents. According to Father Albert A. Chatel, a Canadian and himself an internee at Vittel, there were among the two thousand, 48 nationalities and 36 languages. And this fair sample of the earth had reached Vittel by every imaginable road. They were the world's people who were in Europe in 1940 because they liked it in Europe or because they had to be there.

The expatriates—the people who had been in Europe for fun—might have grumbled a little in Vittel because it wasn't quite on a par with Riviera or Paris life as they remembered it. But the very poor, those out of concentration camps, with the memory of torture behind them and uncertain futures ahead of them, found the comparative ease of Vittel too teasing for comfort. The children—the most international children in the world, who could speak a little in many languages—played on good broad spaces around the hotels, under the big clock of the Catholic chapel. Other children were born here and are really the children of Vittel, neither French nor Polish nor anything else. They are the children of documents—of visas for Palestine, Honduras, the United States and other countries. No one at this moment knows exactly where they belong. So you can say they are the natural citizens of the Vittel Internment Camp.

And now, with Vittel liberated, some of the two thousand wait to go home. But, for others, the torn barbed wire is only the entrance way to the bigger internment camp of the world. Where do they belong, and where do they go from here?

SASHA Heyman—or Krawec, to give him his right name—is a hard-bitten young man at one extreme of the life of Vittel. At the moment he faces nowhere. The straight statistics alone on Krawec are astounding. In 1938, he was an art student at the University of Warsaw. In 1939, he was a machinegunner in the Polish Army that was cut to pieces by the Germans. In the next four years he escaped fifteen times from the Germans. And, with the other two hundred Polish Jews at Vittel, he will tell you that he is one of the few survivors of some four millions systematically killed off in Europe.

CHILDREN OF AMERICAN AND BRITISH PARENTAGE IN THE VITTEL CAMP CROWD TO THE BARBED FENCE TO WATCH THE LIBERATING ALLIED SOLDIERS.

SHOPPERS USED FRENCH MONEY AT THIS CANTEEN-DRUGSTORE IN THE VITTEL CAMP.

INTERNEE HILDA KEMPTON, LONDON, GIVES OUT RED CROSS PARCELS IN VITTEL.

HEARTBREAK HOUSE at Vittel

Krawec is a medium-built, blond young man. The distinguishing features about him are his chalky pallor, his low voice which gives off the effect of a clamped-down pressure boiler. No interpreter was necessary because Krawec had learnt English by ear just as he had learned several other languages.

Krawec did not use the word "brutal" to describe the Germans in Poland. He said that the Germans had a policy which declared them superior and which called for the annihilation of the Jews. With great exactitude the German soldier had simply carried out the policy. Therefore, Krawec had a policy, too, which was to kill German soldiers wherever and whenever he found them.

We talked by candlelight in Charles Lloyd's room at the Hotel Thermes, in Vittel. There was the boom of heavy guns from the east where Third Army forces were now fighting. Could he possibly get into the American Army? asked Krawec. He stated his qualifications like someone applying for a sales job at Sears Roebuck. As a machinegunner in the Polish Army he had killed many Germans and was experienced; he needed no time off; his morale would always remain high.

By the middle of 1942, said Krawec, there were in Warsaw well-stocked warehouses filled with household and personal effects of people killed by the Germans. The number disposed of at any one time, in these systematic killing-bees, was never less than 5,000. In the same systematic and correct manner, the goods of those killed were not considered loot but public property and therefore subject to sale. In Warsaw, the living could buy the clothes of the dead.

None of the things Krawec told was really new. It is merely repeated here as part of the record of a conversation. Of the fifteen times he escaped from the Germans, here are two instances. In May, 1942, he was taken off a tram in Warsaw, brought to Pawiak prison which he called "the Bastille of Poland," and put through a kind of third degree sport for German soldiers. With fifteen others he ran through a gauntlet of swinging rifle butts, was stripped to the skin and painted black on one side. Out of these fifteen, five lived.

When Krawec was asked if he got out of the courtyard that way, naked and painted half black, he said, "Of course. That was the way I went out and that was how I walked home. I had made a compact with one of the others there. Whichever one of us came out alive was to inform the family of the other. As you can see I came out of it and he didn't, so I told his family. Up to now I have always come out of it, so it must be that I have a lucky star.

"Isn't it clear," he asked gravely, "that I have a lucky star?"

No one answered.

The last time Krawec escaped from the Germans was in Vittel itself. He had gotten out of Warsaw by the expedient of a visa to South America. The how or why of that visa are not necessary at this point; he had it, and he became immediately valuable to the Germans for the purpose of exchange for one of their own nationals interned abroad. So he reached the internment camp. But, in May 1944, the Germans no longer believing in the possibility of exchanging him, lost interest. Krawec, with many others, was ordered back to Poland. Several of the others committed suicide by poison and jumping from windows. Krawec was hidden within the confines of the camp itself by an Englishwoman. Food was smuggled to him. He was hidden that way until the liberation of the camp in September.

Charles E. Lloyd, originally from Dayton, Ohio, told another story. A tall, white-haired man, with the twang of his Ohio boyhood still in his voice, Lloyd had lived on and off for some twenty years in France. During that time he had made many trips to the States. Like Enoch Eastman, of Manchester, Vt., Louis de Beer, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Aaron Rapoport, of New York City, he was one of more than three hundred Americans at Vittel. A humane man, and fulfilling some of the better traditional aspects of American life, it was natural that Lloyd should become a repository for all the stories of hardship around him. Young Krawec became a kind of protege of Charles Lloyd and his wife.

Lloyd was the American representative of the Bendix corporation. He had held a commission in the last war as captain. In this war his son, Lt. Charles E. ("Eddie") Lloyd is in the U.S. Air Corps. Lloyd married a Frenchwoman after the last war. The Germans took over the French Bendix plant in 1940. When they decided Lloyd was not sufficiently cooperative they interned him. But even in an internment camp Americans had more to eat than the French outside the barbed wire.

"I saw Frenchmen shot dead," said Lloyd, "while reaching through the fence to take the bread we offered them."

(*continued on next page*)

GUILTY as HELL

Remember this man: Capt. Otto Landhauser. He was a good jailer, as jailers go, and for a Nazi jailer he was amazingly humane. There were 2,000 anti-fascists at Vittel, and Landhauser allowed them opportunities for education and recreation. They were fed equally, regardless of religion. They were even permitted a Jewish doctor, one Capt. Levy of the French Army, who was a prisoner—or rather, guest—at Vittel. Several times a week photographers from Dr. Goebbels' office visited the camp and took pictures of the comfortable lay-out and the healthy internees, and these pictures appeared in newspapers in Stockholm and Lisbon and Buenos Aires to show people the humane, the gentle, the wronged Germans. And Capt. Landhauser was different from ordinary Nazi jailers in other ways. There were no atrocities at Vittel by his order. If there were necessary whippings behind the scenes, out of earshot, they were done informally by a Gestapo man named Servai, over whom of course, Capt. Landhauser had no control. Even the children of Vittel could play together within the barbed wire, the French with the Polish, the Jewish children with the "Aryans." Vittel was a model camp. Capt. Landhauser was a model warden.

Remember him. Remember the camp and remember the captain. There was a reason for Vittel, a reason for the kindness of Capt. Landhauser. Two thousand well-fed anti-fascists hid four million slaughtered Poles. There was only one Vittel. There were hundreds of Lublins. Vittel was the respectable front and Capt. Otto Landhauser was the "good" German. He never gave an order to kill anyone. He never tortured or looted or raped. What can he be tried for—being a German? Carrying out orders? Living his life?

The man is guilty.

He is dangerous. He is the front man, the hypocrite, the accessory after the fact; he is as crooked and loathsome as the rest of them. And he is not alone. They are all coming out of the woodwork now: the Nazis who did not know what they were doing, the collaborationists who did not know they were collaborating. Their excuses are easy and convincing, and some of them weren't even in as far as Capt. Landhauser. The big industrialist lets the Germans build tanks in his factories—so that he can sabotage them better. The famous doctor serves only man and is above politics. The champion athlete refuses to perform in Germany but welcomes Germans to his bar; that is simply business. The editor continues to publish Dr. Goebbels' news because there has to be some news; people have to be informed.

These are people to watch. It is easy enough to spot the rabid fascists, but watch out for these birds. They're the slippery ones. They never did anything; it wasn't their responsibility. They were only trying to make a living. And if we believe them, if we let them get away with it this time, they will continue to make their living—and then, like Capt. Landhauser, they will serve again.

The camp commandant, Captain Otto Landhauser, revealed vestiges of humanity—a humanity, however, that cracked under emergencies. He was a native of Innsbruck, Austria. Before the war he had been a professor of physical education at Bohn University. According to Charles Lloyd he had been correct enough; his decrees had not been harsh; and there had been latitude for education and recreation. Whatever minor and petty brutalities had been carried out were done through a German named Servai. Some of these minor brutalities were initiated by Servai. Landhauser did not stop them. Lloyd thought that Servai had been a Gestapo man.

"I strongly suspect, too," said Lloyd, "and other people will tell you the same thing, that Servai was a naturalized American. He spoke American English—not English English—for one thing. For another, he knew the things about America which only someone who had lived there would know about."

FATHER CHALET spoke about Landhauser in more detail. A Catholic priest who had lived and carried on his duties before the war in Paris, Father Chalet had been offered repatriation several times during the period he was at Vittel, but had refused. He came gradually to be a tower of strength at the camp. Even Landhauser came to Father Chalet with problems of the camp. Father Chalet cited one instance of a woman who had come to Vittel with a record of disobedience and violation of orders. Landhauser had not been certain as to how she was to be treated. He had come to Father Chalet and said, "What would you do to her?"

"Why do anything to her?" said Father Chalet. "You are surely man enough to decide for yourself instead of listening to a lot of *bobards* (rumors), aren't you?

"He shook my hand heartily," recalled Father Chalet, "as if he were glad to be rid of the responsibility of deciding the question for himself. 'Will you take responsibility for her good behavior?' Landhauser asked me. 'Of course I will,' I told him.

"You see how it was," said Father Chalet. "He was, I must say, a man in some ways. But on the military side—a complete, obedient German soldier. There were 150 children in this camp. Without regard to race or religion they were all equally well fed. Landhauser saw to it that plenty of milk, meat and fresh vegetables reached the camp for the children. But he had a dual character. There was the military side of him, the Nazi side which won out often enough. But he wouldn't execute ugly decrees himself. There was always that brute of a Servai. . . . In the end, I judge Landhauser as being just as responsible as Servai."

In the matter of the Russian internees Landhauser had been very firm. Since the Russians were not signatories to the International Red Cross, their nationals could receive no parcels. Even though it was pointed out to Landhauser that the others would feed them, Landhauser refused. Therefore, with Father Chalet one of the guiding elements, the Russians were fed from other Red Cross parcels, all of this being done undercover.

Captain Levy, a French-Jewish surgeon, a medical officer in the French Army at the time of France's defeat in 1940, offered other evidence of Landhauser. Levy had been sent to the hospital in Vittel, still a prisoner of war but permitted to practise as surgeon. He was sure Landhauser knew that he was Jewish. But he was never bothered. He regarded this, however, purely as a piece of good luck. There was plenty of work to do at the Vittel hospital. For, besides the civilian cases, German wounded were brought there, too. The French medical staff took care of German wounded, of internee and civilian cases. Of course, on occasion there was a Maquis soldier to be taken care of. And this, said Captain Levy, with a shrug of his shoulders, was also done, and under the noses of the Germans.

"However," said Captain Levy, "you are not to suppose that my status was due to anything other than good fortune. My other Jewish colleagues in the French Army have all been deported."

Life at Vittel was without much incident. Of course, there were funny things like German officers rising in the Catholic chapel and standing at attention when "God Save the King" was played. And then there was the quiet and uneventful escape of some twenty-eight internees. Landhauser had acquired a secretary, one of the women internees. In time there were piles of documents requiring the official stamp, and the secretary took care of this, with Landhauser's approval.

"You know how secretaries are," said Father Chalet, "give them an inch and in time they will have you around their little finger."

So, with lavish use of the official stamp, twenty-eight people went out of Vittel, carrying official travel orders. And the very last one of all to go was the secretary herself.

VITTEL was a world of rumor, and small irritations. Women, said Father Chalet, boiled over as suddenly as a kettle of milk, and then forgave and kissed each other. And, somehow or other, everybody knew how the Allies were making out. They followed our beachhead landings, our advance. All the time the German photographers kept coming to Vittel, to take the pictures that could be used abroad. All the time the big guns drew nearer. Small arms fire finally rattled in the streets of Vittel. The FFI was fighting in the streets. Then Third Army armor roared through. Vittel was free. Landhauser got away, but Servai it is said, did not. Somewhere on the outskirts someone got to him and killed him.

When Americans finally stopped here people swarmed about their vehicles. Two British Indian soldiers came by and said hello. So did a Negro woman from Norfolk, Va. All the accents and all the languages of the world greeted us. It seemed as if most of the world stood around us with hope and wonder in its eyes.

Young Krawec, who had lived through the concentration camps of Poland, through a war with Germany, through the death of all his family, was, however, very quiet. All that night he walked back and forth through the open gateway of the Vittel Internment Camp. The big guns roared nearby. He walked back and forth experimentally, in and out of this heartbreak house called Vittel. He was now free. But where did he go from here? All that night he walked back and forth and by morning he still knew nothing. By morning he still faced nowhere.

THE DUTIES OF PVT. ELDON NICHOLAS, OF CADILLAC, MICH., AREN'T OFTEN AS PLEASANT AS THIS ONE—JIGGLING A TOY MONKEY ON A STICK TO AMUSE MEMBERS OF THE YOUNGER SET IN THE LIBERATED NAZI INTERNMENT STATION.

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Branch Office, Army Education and Information Division, War Dept., 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Reproduction rights restricted as indicated in the masthead on Mail Call page. Entered as second-class matter July 6, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., Watford

That's what Joseph C. Grew, who was the U. S. ambassador to Japan for 10 years, says about our enemy.

"They will not crack morally or psychologically or economically, even when eventual defeat stares them in the face," Grew says. "They will pull in their belts another notch, reduce their rations from a bowl to a half-bowl of rice and fight to the bitter end. Only by utter physical destruction or utter exhaustion of their men and materials can they be defeated. That is the difference between the Germans and the Japanese. That is what we are up against in fighting Japan."

And according to a study made by the Office of War Information, that "utter physical destruction or utter exhaustion" won't come until at least 1½ or 2 years after the end of the war with Germany.

The conclusion reached by the OWI is based on known facts and figures about the enemy's resources—and our own—in men and materiel, and on the estimates and opinions of authorities in the Navy, War and State Departments and the Foreign Economic Administration. Ambassador Grew's opinions were also in the OWI report.

One of the most important reasons it will take that long to defeat Japan is that their lines are shortening and ours are growing longer. Until we began regaining territory overrun by the Japs, their shipping had to cover an area stretching 10,000 miles north and south and 5,000 miles from east to west. The supply problem becomes simpler for Japan and more serious for us as we take the fighting closer to the Jap homeland.

Pacific Forecast

The OWI says we have a long war ahead of us. The Japs are still plenty tough and our lines of communication are getting longer as we get closer to Tokyo.

HERE, as listed by the OWI, are the advantages on our side:

The Allied production of war materiel is far superior to the Japanese. For example, the U. S. alone produces 8,000 combat planes a month compared with an estimated 1,400 to 1,500 planes turned out by Japan.

The U. S. has a great superiority in aircraft carriers, while Japan has lost the power for a strategic offensive beyond the range of her land-based planes.

It is estimated that Japan is constructing less than 1 million tons of shipping a year, while the Allies are sinking more than 1½ million tons of Jap shipping each year.

Japan's industries have been bombed by B-29s.

Some 50 major bases of Japan's outer zone of defense have been neutralized by island-skipping, and Allied forces are now within striking distance of the enemy's inner defense zone.

Allied forces are now in position to shut off Japan's supply routes from the south by taking back the Philippines.

The Ledo-Burma Road from India to China will be opened by a successful conclusion of the fighting in Burma.

According to Gen. MacArthur, the Jap officer corps "deteriorates as you go up the scale." He says that the officer corps is based on the caste and feudal system and that it doesn't represent "strict professional merit." The Allies have the advantage of military leaders of proved ability in global warfare and in battles of maneuver.

The Japs have been outfought and outmaneuvered at sea, and they have lost five planes to every one we have lost. And although the Jap soldier is a good fighter, the Allies have beaten him in every test since we took the offensive.

NOW here are some of the advantages held by Japan that will help her stretch out the war:

The Foreign Economic Administration estimates that Japan is able to replace its airplanes as fast as we have been destroying them, and that in almost every class of war equipment Japan can increase its production by the use of stockpiles and substitutes. The enemy has a stockpile of rubber, for instance, sufficient for another five years. Rubber, in fact, is so plentiful that the Japs are said to be paving streets with natural rubber and cutting down rubber trees in Borneo to make room for rice plantations. Jap stockpiles of other raw materials, however, are not so great. They are said to have only enough aluminum on [illegible] than 6 to 18 months.

Advanced airbases in China, from which attacks could be made on the Japanese homeland, are a part of the Allied strategy. But so far, Japan has been winning the war in China, and instead of gaining new airfields, the Allies have recently lost several.

The OWI says that despite the drain of Jap manpower during the long war in China and in the South Pacific, the Jap army has not yet been brought to its full strength. It is estimated that the army consists of 4 million men and that another 2 million fit and available men haven't yet been called up for military duty. In addition, there are said to be 1½ million men between the ages of 17 and 20 who are not yet subject to the draft. The U. S. has been drafting men of 18. And the OWI says that the destruction of the Jap armies has not yet equaled the normal replacement of between 200,000 and 250,000 who come of draft age each year.

Although the U. S. Navy has defeated the Japs in several battles, Japan still has a strong fleet—10 or 13 battleships, 10 or 12 large aircraft carriers and several smaller ones, and a number of smaller screening warships.

THESE advantages held by Japan are, of course, all relative. In almost each instance, we hold the trump card. While the Japs are able to replace their lost planes, our production is much greater than theirs; while their army has not yet reached its fullest possible strength, the Allies will eventually be able to bring greater numbers of men into play; while their fleet is still strong, ours is much stronger. They are advantages only because we have such great distances to contend with in the war against Japan.

In the invasion of France, the Allies measured distances in scores of miles. In the Pacific they are measured by the thousands. In Europe, the invasion ships made an overnight trip. The round-trip time in the Pacific is as much as five months for some of the longer routes.

For every soldier who hits a beach there must be landed immediately 5 to 10 tons of cargo, ranging from buttons, needles and thread to tanks and locomotives. The OWI estimates that for a force of 250,000 men—a fairly large invasion force—more than 1½ million tons of equipment would have to be landed right away, and that such a force would need an additional supply of more than 300,000 tons for each 30 days.

About 5,000 separate beachings by various types of landing craft would be necessary to land these men and equipment. And in order to maintain them for 30 days, the arrival and unloading of from 30 to 35 Liberty ships and 15 tankers would be necessary.

It takes a supply ship from 30 to 45 days to make a round trip to Hawaii. It takes 90 to 150 days for a ship to make the round trip to Australia. So a supply ship from Australia can make at most four trips a year, and perhaps only two trips with a start on a third. That means that three to six ships must be kept in service to supply one shipload a month.

And supply ships going to the CBI Theater take five months for a round trip.

All this means protection for the supply ships, the establishment of bases for supply and repair of damaged ships, and supplying the right types of craft for landing operations.

Another serious problem is the lack of unloading and storage facilities. According to one authority, the methods available in the Pacific are sometimes "as crude as those Robinson Crusoe had to use to get his stuff out of the wreck."

THE report by the OWI quotes Adm. Chester W. Nimitz's observation that "it may be possible to defeat Japan without the necessity of an invasion," and points out the steps necessary to gain a victory through the use of a blockade.

The war economy of the enemy, says the report, is based primarily on access to North China, Korea and Manchuria, on the mainland across the Sea of Japan. This is a land-locked sea and Japan can patrol it with land-based planes. The length of time needed for a victory through blockade would be decided by the size of Japan's stockpiles of war materiel and the effectiveness of the blockade.

An effective blockade would have to cut Japan off from Korea, only 150 miles away from her shores and with east-coast ports that would have to be protected unless the Allies could successfully and continuously enter the Sea of Japan.

But the OWI report concludes: "There is no question in the minds of American authorities that the Allies will defeat Japan. The odds of military strength, natural resources and the quality of the fighting forces and equipment—all favor the United Nations."

EVERY HOUSE WAS A GERMAN FORTRESS WHEN THESE AMERICAN SOLDIERS SET UP THEIR ANTI-TANK GUN IN A STREET IN AACHEN, FIRST "INVIOLABLE" CITY TO FALL TO ALLIED FORCES.

WAR INSIDE A CITY

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

AACHEN, GERMANY (Delayed)—The outfit lost its platoon sergeant this morning. He went down the hill into the town a little way and didn't come back. The boys who did come back told the lieutenant about it. The lieutenant, who looked like a very dirty, real-life Private Breger, said quietly: "Months of this stuff without a scratch, and he has to go and get killed by a sniper." And then he added: "Those sons of bitches . . ."

The outfit heard about its platoon sergeant and went back to its outguards and its OPs and its machineguns, and waited. But nothing happened. Below them in the sunlight lay Aachen, motionless except for the smoke that drifted up from old fires or boiled up from new ones. The city was not all afire, but there were buildings burning here and there, and the outfit watched them burn and watched the artillery work on its targets of opportunity.

There were Germans down there, but the city lay quietly and let itself be mauled. And, for the moment, the infantry sat on its haunches and let the mauling go on. Those were the orders for the outfit, and there was a reason for them. Aachen is a good-sized town. It is a place that has a lot of history behind it. From the guidebooks and the tourist folders you learn that Aachen is a city of churches and kings, and that the old French name for it is Aix La Chapelle, which means only that it was called "Aix of the Chapel," to distinguish it from "Aix of the Bath," and other towns named Aix. Charlemagne died in Aix La Chapelle and for the next 700 years the kings who followed Charlemagne were crowned in the minster, which is the historic core of the city.

Aachen had a population of about 163,000 Germans, and its hot springs have been a chamber of commerce attraction since the days of the Romans. But the infantry didn't know, and didn't care. Now, Aachen was different. It was spread out down there, with its red roofs and its old walls, like any other town in this part of the world; except that instead of craning forward to get a better view of the place, the infantry jumped past open windows and ran in a crouch from building to building on top of the hill that overlooked it. Because Aachen, city of kings, was now a burning city of snipers and bazooka men, it was impossible, on the hill, to know just where the Germans were or how much they could see from their cellars and their barricades in the saucer of the city below.

The infantry was taking no chances of being knocked off, because Aachen itself wasn't worth it. The first German city to lie in our path, Aachen was not important to anybody except the Germans. To them it was a symbol. To us it was nothing more than a place to be encircled and then mopped up. The real fight was not in the city, but in the country that lay beyond it, where panzer people and SS units tried desperately to form for a counter-attack. Aachen would fall in time; there was no hurry for the infantry and no desperate need for dying. So the infantry took no chances.

The artillery and the air worked hard, and the infantry moved in and begrudged every man it lost to the German garrison which had not only refused an ultimatum, but had ignored it. The Germans fought well, but the infantry moved slowly and inexorably into the city and started mopping up. And they hated the Germans because it had to be done. They hated the Germans because war in a city is quite another thing from war in the country. As the small-town boy mistrusts the city and suspects it of dishonesty and foulness, so the infantry mistrusted Aachen.

War in the open is as clean as war can ever be, but in the city it is a nasty thing of strange death from familiar places, of Schmeisser fire from behind a gravestone, of a mortar blast in front of the barber shop. A soldier stood easily in the doorway and a sniper two blocks away put a bullet through his head. The boy fell and lay quietly for a while. Then he bled from the mouth, groaned, and died. His blood covered the doorway. It was the door that led out the back way to the urinal.

THE infantry had to watch, because there was nothing to prevent infiltration into our positions. Nothing, that is, when night came and the Germans knew the streets in the dark as well as we knew the way from the front door to the bedroom at three o'clock in the morning a few years ago.

On the line there was not always power phone

communications between the men on the first floor of a house and the men on the third. But there was communication of a sort. Pfc. Charles Mateer, of Mount Joy, Pa., was part of a guard that had worked out its own communications. "When it's dark," he said, "the man on the top floor ties a string to his arm and the other end of it is lowered to the ground window and tied to the man down there. If the man on the top throws a grenade the string jerks so that the man below can duck out of the window. That way, we don't telegraph any punches and none of us get hurt."

The infantry was cautious, but only because there was no reason to be spectacular. Its phaselines were street corners, and it cleaned out the blocks up to its phaselines and then waited for the next orders to move on. It used a heavy hand—tank destroyers—to discourage stubborn strongpoints. The self-propelled artillery shelled the cellars. First they fired armor-piercing stuff so that it ricocheted off the sidewalk; then they fired high explosive rounds through the holes they had made.

Automatic weapons, the street fighter's right hand, punched holes in the defenses of Aachen. Sometimes they did more than that. A lieutenant who commanded a weapons platoon set his machine-guns on either side of the street and let go with a five-minute barrage of .30 calibers. Four Germans came out of their hiding. "I saw these four guys come out," grinned the lieutenant, "and I said to myself, 'boy, here's where you get yourself a Luger.' I waved at them to come up to where I was, and when they got a little closer I could see that they all had pistols. I was rubbing my hands. They were walking up the street toward me when all of a sudden they were mobbed by a bunch of doughboys who came scrambling out of doorways as my prisoners came by. All I got was a belt."

But there were other people in Aachen besides men with Lugers. There were civilians and when they had all they could stand, they came out of their shelters and gave up. The infantry was glad to see them—glad to have them out of the way—but they were a nuisance. "Damn it," said an infantryman, "these people come out and you want to get them out of the way so you can go on. And then some old lady eighty years old will remember that she left her kerchief, and of course, she'll want to go back and get it. Or some little girl about six will have run off without her coat and her mother will want to go back to the house and get it, or something. Damn it, that's a nuisance when you're fighting a war."

Inside Aachen, the infantry was cautious, because there was no reason to be spectacular. Aachen was doomed—both sides knew it—and since street fighting was a nasty and costly business, the Americans were taking the town in their own time and in their own way.

Sometimes, however, it's to the infantry's advantage to let people go back. A squad leader, S/Sgt. John Kane, of Boston, knew of one such instance. "It's pretty hard for us to take a sniper prisoner," he said flatly. "Ordinarily, it's up to the man who goes after one whether he takes him prisoner or not. You can see how that would be. It's pretty tough to see three or four of your men hit and then see the Jerry who hit them try to put up his hands and get a free trip back to the States.

"A couple of days ago," said the sergeant, "we flushed one and we told him he'd be all right if he went back and talked his buddies into surrendering. He went back, all right, and brought six others out with him."

Considering the size of the town, the infantry hadn't got very far by the third day. But it didn't matter. Aachen could die slowly as well as any other way, and fewer of our own people would die at all. As a city, Aachen was doomed. From the OPs on the hills it looked chewed up only through a pair of binoculars. But when you walked down the streets of Aachen you picked your way through debris in the streets, and in the houses you learned the full power of shellfire and bomb blast.

Aachen had not yet been utterly destroyed, as our ultimatum had promised, but the ground work had been well begun. There is a certain shock in seeing any town that has felt war. There is also a shock in entering a gutted German city and seeing a gasoline station with pre-war pumps marked "Esso," or the familiar high-relief bottle of a coca cola sign.

It seemed more normal to join the infantry in a graveyard because that, at least, was a remembered scene from *All Quiet on The Western Front*—a scene in which German infantry died under shellfire in a French cemetery. In Aachen, an American company commander had died in a German cemetery, and around him the old graves were unearthed by mortars and artillery from both sides.

Now, the war had moved on a few feet. To reach it you walked through the cemetery until you got to a wall. The top of the wall had been partly blown away, so you crawled over it and dropped down on the other side, moved to an outhouse and then dashed across an open space to the doorway of a building. Inside, the infantry was laying siege. Their target was a huge block of concrete, an air raid shelter, or a legitimate pillbox, perhaps, since Aachen is itself a part of the Siegfried Line.

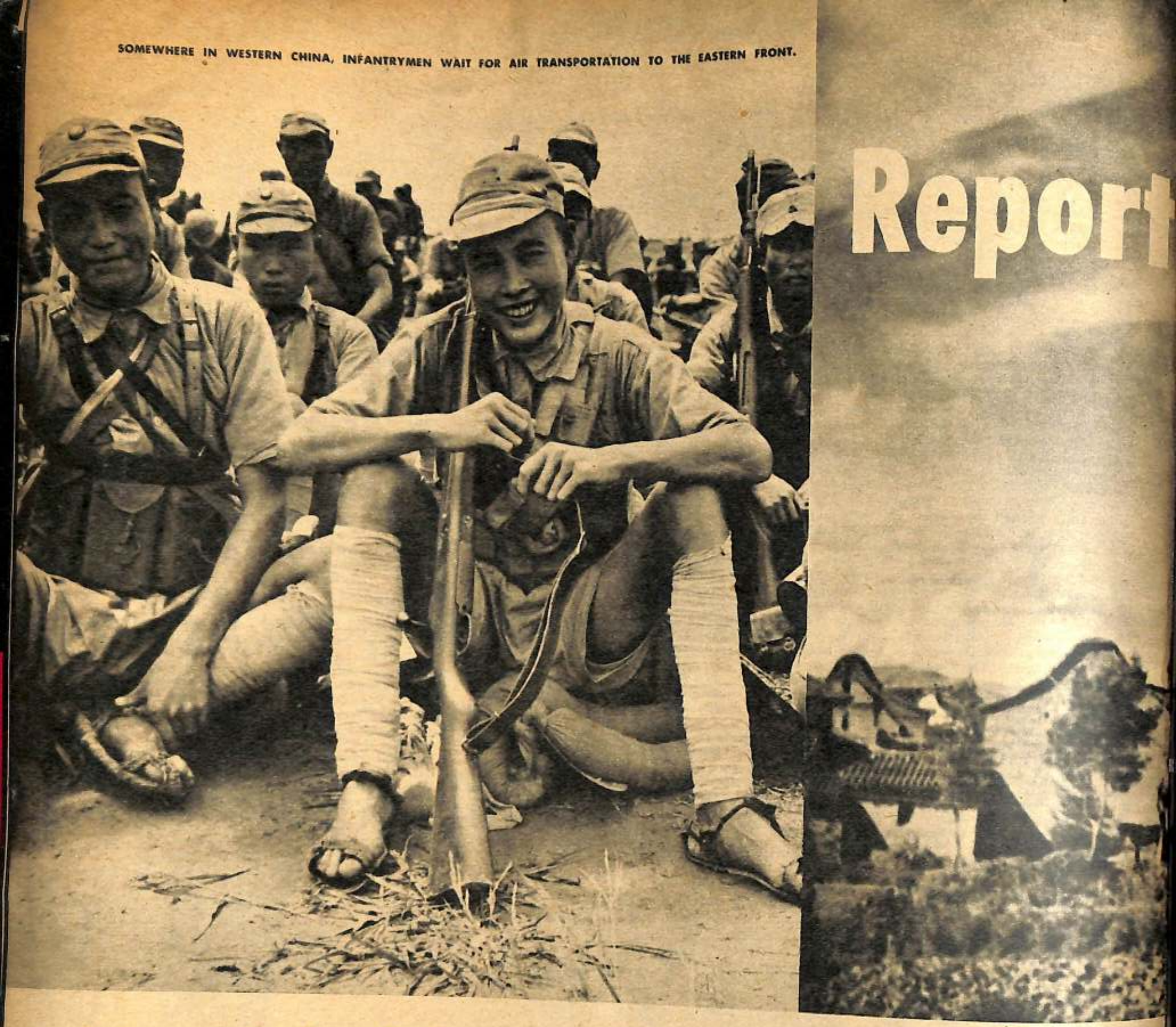
A bearded sergeant on the second floor plugged away at its two entrances with rifle grenades. As he fired, the sound of the launching was much louder inside the building than the sound of the grenade explosion itself a few hundred feet away. After the grenades stopped, the infantry lost interest for the moment, and then a man ran up the stairs and asked eagerly: "Did you see that guy go in over there?" Nobody had. The man balanced himself on a railing, back from the window, and watched the entrances of the shelter. His rifle was held lightly in both hands and he sat poised and anxious. He was grinning with a queer intensity. "I'll plug that joker if he comes out," he said.

Two blocks away, other infantrymen stood in a group near the end of a cleaned-out block. Halfway up the block, debris blocked the street. The infantry, which had reached its phaseline last night, was waiting for the jump-off time of another attack. Between the debris and the street corner which had been their previous phaseline, three of the infantrymen wheeled unsteadily on bicycles which they had discovered in hallways of the houses on their street. In a few minutes they would leave their bikes and attack toward another phaseline, toward another corner two streets away.

The infantry was taking Aachen in its own good time.

AFTERMATH OF THE SURRENDER OF AACHEN. THESE LAST GERMAN CIVILIANS LEAVE THE CONQUERED CITY AGAINST A BACKDROP OF FIRE AND WAR SCARS.

SOMEWHERE IN WESTERN CHINA, INFANTRYMEN WAIT FOR AIR TRANSPORTATION TO THE EASTERN FRONT.



Report

In three stories from the Far East, a GI sizes up the Jap threat to China, talks with Maj. Gen. Chennault about the Fourteenth Air Force and describes life as Yanks live it in the country of our embattled ally.

By Sgt. LOU STOUMEN, YANK Staff Correspondent

CHINA—An early Allied victory is a far-fetched thing to think about in blockaded, mountain-locked China. For here, alone among the world's battlefronts, where the second World War really started and where some of its final battles may be fought, is an Axis army still attacking and advancing against a poorly armed, war-battered neighbor.

Today there are two main fronts in China. To the south, on the borders of Burma and French Indo-China, Chinese troops—with the aid of the Fourteenth Air Force and a few American liaison and supply specialists—are making a successful advance against strong Japanese units over the highest battlefield in the war. These Chinese forces have crossed the Salween River, the Volturno of the CBI Theater, and are moving up the Himalayan windings of the China end of the Burma Road. Since Gen. Joe Stilwell's recent capture of Myitkyina in Burma, a meeting of his forces and those of the Salween (which means the opening of the new Ledo-Burma Road) has become a matter of only a short time. But that junction will not mean the end of the blockade for China in any real sense—the Hump route now carries more tonnage to China than the Burma Road ever did in its best days. What China needs is an open port.

The second land front, and the more important one, is in the east. And the fighting in the east is not going well.

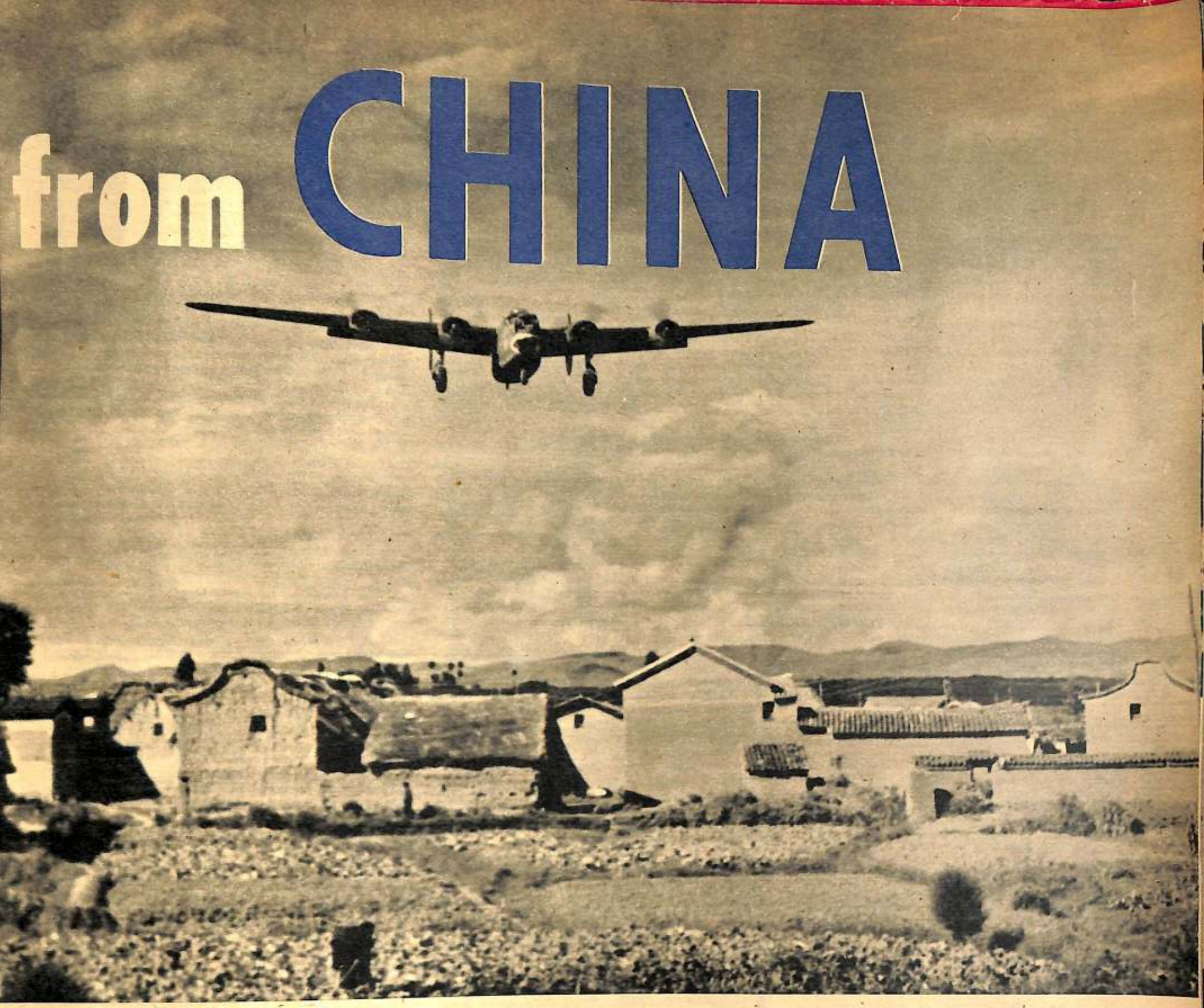
Moving south from Hankow and north from Canton, strong Japanese armies are making steady progress in their dual drive to neutralize the forward airbases of the Fourteenth Air Force and to get control of the north-south railways from Hankow to Canton, French-Indo China and Malaya, thus relieving pressure on Japan's depleted merchant marine in the China seas. Several advance American fighter and bomber bases in eastern China have already had to be abandoned, including the vitally important airfield at Kweilin. Jap forces have once again captured Changsha and overrun Hengyang after a sustained and bloody siege.

Loss of the advance airbases is the more serious blow to Allied operations in China. Planes based on those fields, the forward echelon of Maj. Gen. C. L. Chennault's Air Force, performed daily prodigies of destruction of Japanese shipping, transport, supply dumps and field armies. Their forced withdrawal to rear bases reduces the striking power of the fighters and medium bombers against enemy targets on the South China coast, making tougher the softening-up process that was preparing the way for future American landings in that area.

The Chinese mean business in their defense of the vital eastern corridor. They recently executed a general who commanded front-line troops at Changsha, probably figuring that since he himself got out alive, he had not resisted the Japs sufficiently. Another general was also shot for failure to carry out instructions to defend Chuanhsien, a strategic rail town whose fall forced American airmen to abandon their Kweilin base.

Not many people in China talk any more about an internal Chinese collapse before the end of the war. Bales of crisp Chinese money continue to be flown over the Hump, and the inflation remains as tragic as ever. The people, except for a few merchants and profiteers, are threadbare and lacking in most luxuries as well as many necessities. A ricksha coolie may earn 800 Chinese dollars a day, after he has paid for the rent

from CHINA



of his vehicle; but this is little to feed, clothe and house his large family where one noon meal just for himself may cost 150 Chinese dollars and a cake of good soap may cost 400 Chinese dollars.

But the ricksha coolie is a fortunate man compared with the people of the salaried middle class, whose pay has not kept pace with the inflation. A certain professor of a Chinese university, exiled from his campus because the Japanese have captured it, draws a salary of 4,500 Chinese dollars per month (about 23 U. S. dollars) with which to care for himself, his wife and four children. He ekes out a subsistence by creating scroll paintings in the classic manner for sale to GIs.

Aside from economic troubles and the reverses suffered by its ill-equipped armies, major political difficulties beset the one-party government of Chiang Kai-shek. Without gas, motor vehicles and proper telephone service, it is difficult to administer the vastness of China from Chungking. Provincial governors levy their own taxes, control local armies and are often unresponsive to tactfully worded directives from Chungking. A vigorous "thought control" directed against political heresies is enforced upon newspapers, universities, students and public speakers by under-cover agents of the Chungking Ministry of Education. Many intelligent Chinese bitterly resent this "thought control."

There is also the major problem of the Communist areas. In northern Free China, centering in Shansi Province, a socialist-minded military leadership has instituted moderate land reforms, relatively honest administration and a program of mass education. The people of Shansi maintain large armies which could well be used for concerted action against the Japanese instead of operating chiefly as guerrilla forces behind enemy lines as they now do.

But Chiang Kai-shek has believed it necessary to establish a blockade within a blockade against Shansi, keeping large units—perhaps 500,000 men—of some of his best armies on the Yellow River frontier to watch over the armies of Shansi. As a result, a possible total of one million Chungking and Shansi soldiers are marking political time in that sector instead of fighting the common enemy.

Before the present war Chiang and his Kuomintang Party waged bloody war against these Communists, forcing them on their celebrated "long march" from southeastern China, where they had begun to organize cooperatives, to the mountain borders of Tibet and up to their present territory in the north.

The Chinese almost to a man hope that peace between these two factions can be achieved by democratic and peaceful means and that China can move steadily forward toward constitutional democracy. There are already signposts pointing in this direction. Chiang has promised that the Chinese Constitution, already published, will go into effect after the defeat of Japan. The right of *habeas corpus* has been officially granted by the Kuomintang Government. And it has been arranged for Chungking delegates to visit Yenan, the Communist capital, to exchange views.

Despite this disharmony and all the war-born economic and military ills, China will not collapse. Allied victories in Europe and the Pacific, as well as the China-based B-29 raids on Japan, have been powerful stimulants to Chinese resistance. The land of Cathay is ancient and patient and she has been fighting this war for more than seven years. She will bear more years of suffering and struggle.

China's soldiers have been beaten and beaten again. But they have also won local victories. They are good soldiers, as Americans who have fought beside them in Burma and China can testify. Without any of the heavy weapons of modern war, without even shoes and adequate food, they have fought bloody delaying actions against the modern Jap armies with dignity and heroism.

Typical of this fighting Chinese spirit was this simple last message to Chiang Kai-shek from the commander of the Hengyang garrison:

Our enemy made a breach into the city through the north gate this morning. Heavy street fighting is now raging in the city. Almost all my officers and soldiers have been wounded or killed and there are no more troops to halt the advance of the enemy. However, we swear to die for the sake of our party and our country. We will endeavor to perform our heavenly duties as soldiers and will never dismerit your life-long characteristic teachings. I fear this may be the last telegram. Until we meet again in the next life!

Report from CHINA

CHENNAULT AND THE FOURTEENTH

HEADQUARTERS, FOURTEENTH AIR FORCE, CHINA —Maj. Gen. Claire Lee Chennault, the school teacher from Water Proof, La., who built and commands the Fourteen Air Force, thinks the war's end is a lot closer than it looks.

"Japan," he says, "will fall within six months after the end of resistance in Germany.

"I base this opinion on the belief that Allied power will be shifted into use against Japan very quickly after the fall of Germany, or even shortly before. The airplanes can be flown over, and there will be plenty of tonnage for shipments by water.

"I also believe that Japan has staked everything on offense, and that she has no resources for more than six months of defensive war against superior and aggressive enemies who will strike her from all sides."

The optimism of Maj. Gen. Chennault's prediction is somewhat paradoxical. For today, alone among U. S. air forces, the Fourteenth is harder pressed than ever and its forward airbases are fewer than they were six months ago.

In spite of the rabbit-like growth of the Fourteenth's forces and the hard blows it has struck against the enemy, Jap ground troops have in recent months captured or forced the Americans to abandon the forward fields of Hengyang, Paoching, Lingling and Kweilin. The big difference between the Fourteenth and all other U. S. air forces (except the Twentieth and its B-29s) is that the others fight in close cooperation with well-armed offensive ground troops, while the ground troops of the Fourteenth are the underfed and underarmed Chinese armies. As a result, a superior air force has lost its bases to superior ground troops.

ON your way to see Maj. Gen. Chennault, you walk up a long curved road from the main airfield to Fourteenth Air Force headquarters. You encounter a convoy of horned water buffalo, hauling two-wheeled dirt carts toward a construction project. Mounted on the shaggy back of each animal is a Chinese child or an old person. (The full-grown and the strong are all in the Army, in the rice fields or doing heavy construction work.) You pass by this slow-moving caravan and presently enter the guarded gate of a walled compound. Its one-story buildings of mud brick, neatly painted with white lime, are Fourteenth Air Force headquarters.

You are a few minutes early so you inspect the general's small waiting room. The first fixture you notice is the general's brunette secretary.

On a low smoking table is an ashtray surmounted by a model of a shark-nosed P-40 that looks ready to bite the hand that feeds it ashes. Draped on one wall is a black banner brocaded with gold Chinese characters. On another is a Chinese painting with an English inscription: "Presented to Maj. Gen. Chennault by the Trades Unions of Hengyang." And you remember how the defenders of Hengyang fought to the last.

All these Chinese decorations remind you, too, that Maj. Gen. Chennault has been fighting this war since 1937, when he first came to China to train the country's embryo air force, to set up a system of airfields and an air-raid warning net and to study Jap air tactics by flying against them.

Then came the American Volunteer Group, the first of a long line of shark-nosed flies Chennault threw in the Jap ointment. Next was the China Air Task Force—the China-based unit of the Tenth Air Force, organized in July 1942. Chennault, commissioned a colonel (he'd retired as a captain in 1935) commanded it. In March 1943, the China Air Task Force was reconstituted as the Fourteenth Air Force with Chennault as CG.

Your musings are interrupted by the good-looking secretary: "The general will see you now."

You step onto a thin rug, the only luxury in his bare office, and salute. Outside, in the compound, things are very GI, but the general replies to your highball with a firm handshake.

The general's face looks its 55 years—creased and pockmarked, like the weather side of a rocky mountain. Somehow he reminds you, too, of a veteran football coach.

You ask him when he thinks the war will be over, and he gives you the six-months-after-Germany prophecy. Then you ask him about the Fourteenth's policy on rotating troops.

"The Fourteenth's policy," he says, "is the War Department's policy. Air crews are relieved whenever they show signs of war weariness or combat fatigue. When they really need it, air crews are given a rest and if possible sent home. Ground troops are rotated on the basis of 1 percent per month. Naturally those men who have the longest service overseas go home first. For physical disability or serious disease, air and ground men can be sent home at any time. However, I warned my men we had a war to win and would go home when the war was won."

You have noticed that the general is slightly hard of hearing. And you recall that this failing, common to old-time open-cockpit flyers like Gen. Arnold and Lt. Gen. Spaatz, was the reason for Capt. Chennault's retirement back in 1935, so now you speak a little louder.

"General," you ask, "how do you expect the situation in China to develop?"

"Well," he replies, "the present drive is economic as well as military. The Japs have wanted to wipe out our forward airbases, of course. But they also want to establish land lines of supply for food and industrial products. They want a north-south railway. Japan has lost a terrific amount of shipping to the Fourteenth and our Pacific forces, and the plain fact is that the remaining shipping will no longer sustain the Empire.

"We know that the Japs planned a two-month campaign. They picked the rainy season for it, thinking the weather would cause us trouble. But we sent many hundreds of sorties against them per month, more than they ever expected. Jap tactics have always been better than their strategy. It seems to me that they started the present campaign one year too late. Even if they should succeed in completing the drive from Hankow to Canton, it would take them months or a year to rebuild the railroad and get anything out of it. Now they are already behind schedule, their outer defense ring has been broken at Saipan and Guam, and it's too late for them.

"The Japs may realize this and decide to sit tight. Or, having accomplished the destruction of a sizable Chinese army, they may decide to withdraw, as they did before at Changsha. But it's likely they will pause to regroup—this will take a little time—and then try to push farther south."

YOUR next question concerns the tactics evolved by the AVG and the Fourteenth AAF.

"I take a rather broad view on the use of air," the general says. "I've found that air can be used as infantry, as machine guns and as artillery. This is exactly what we've had to do in China. We've had to make up for the Chinese armies' lack of heavy weapons. We've worked very closely with the Chinese armies and have played the role of heavy ground weapons for them. They are courageous defensive soldiers, but they lack offensive firepower.

"In air combat our work has been more conventional. The AVG score from Dec. 20, 1941, to July 17, 1942, was 299 Jap planes confirmed. We lost eight planes in combat although there were also operational losses. We made a careful study of the relative advantage of Jap planes and the American planes furnished us, and exploited our strong points and avoided display of our weaknesses. We gave our pilots highly specialized training. We refused to maneuver. We avoided turning combat. We insisted upon two-plane-element teamwork. These principles produced results in safety to our flyers and losses to the Jap.

"The China war makes special demands on airpower. We found it necessary to use fighters as bombers. We installed external racks on P-40s. Down on the Salween we once destroyed a whole Jap regiment by fighter strafing and bombing. Up at Tungting Lake our P-40s have cut Jap steamboats in half by strafing alone.

"We've even used bombers as fighters. Last fall the Japs were giving our supply planes trouble over the Hump. So on Oct. 27 we sent a formation of B-24s over the Hump. The Japs mistook them for cargo-carrying C-87s—there's no way to tell the difference at a distance—and the 24s knocked down five Jap aircraft. On the way back, the formation was attacked by another squadron of Jap fighters and shot down six of them. Since that time we've had little trouble.

"The Jap is particularly vulnerable to surprise. We change our tactics, weapons and bomb types often to keep him on edge. We've been using a lot of parafrags over water. We've found that parafrags dropped on water will explode parallel to the water's surface and do a lot of damage. Another tactic we've been using is skip bombing."

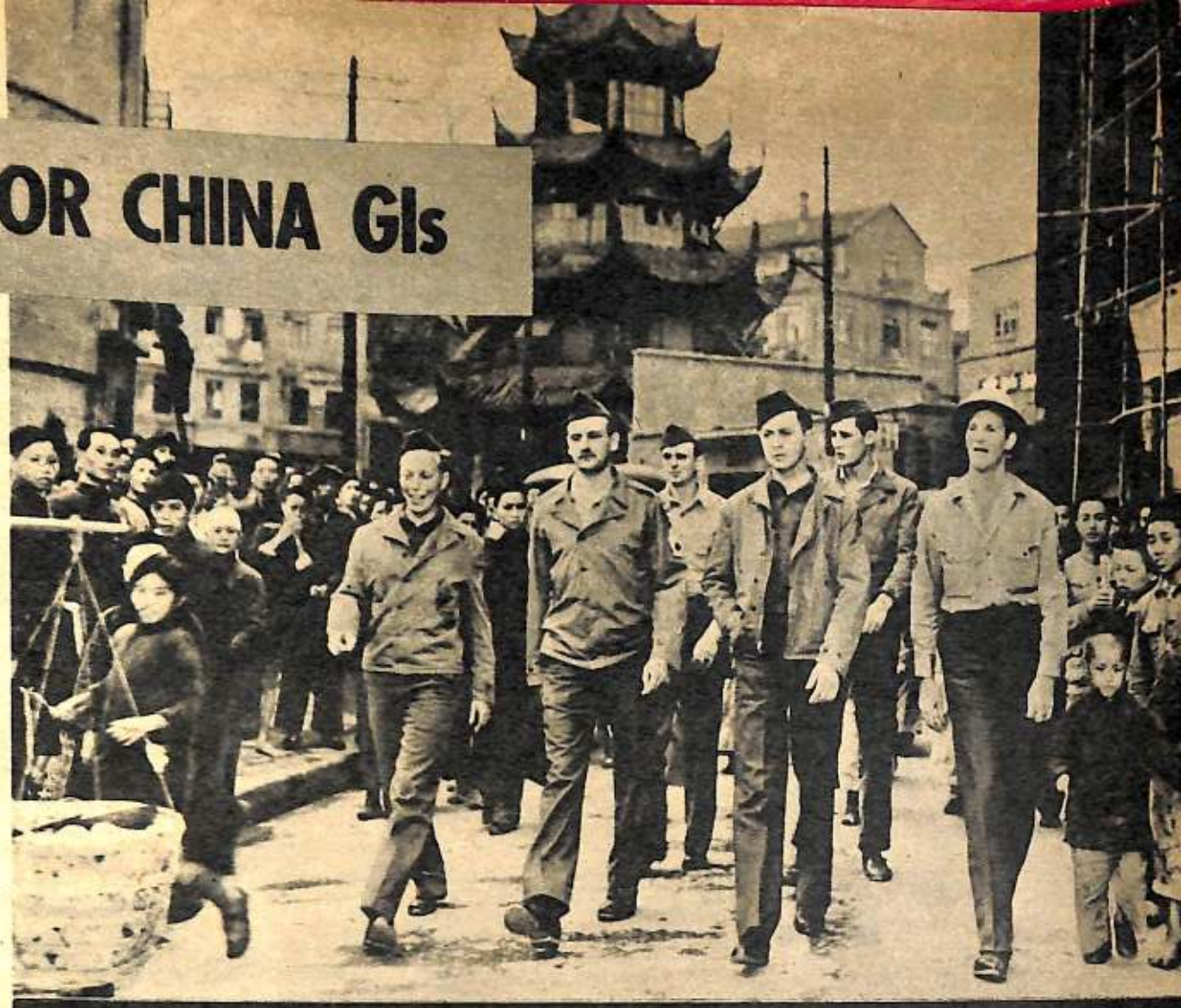
YOU ask the general to describe the biggest nuts the Fourteenth still has to crack.

"Our biggest problem," says Maj. Gen. Chennault, "is getting enough supplies to operate with. We still have to cannibalize parts from one plane to put another in the air. I can get a new plane easier than I can get a box of paint.

"Gen. Stratemeyer (Maj. Gen. George E. Stratemeyer, CG of the Eastern Air Command) and Gen. Hanley (Maj. Gen. T. J. Hanley Jr., CG of the Air Transport Command) have been doing a very thorough supply job for us. But the Fourteenth is the most remote U. S. air force. We're blockaded; everything we get has to be brought to India and then flown across the Hump. It takes a long time to get us new weapons and crews. And we can't afford to expend time and supplies on training.

"I don't expect we will ever get enough so that my operations in China will be decisive in this war. But the steady and increasing attrition we are inflicting on the Jap is considerable. If we can support the main and fatal blows from the Pacific by containing a large Jap air force within China, we figure we will have accomplished a great deal and have done our job."

WHAT IT'S LIKE FOR CHINA GIs



Some Yanks in China out to see the sights in the shopping district, learn they're something to look at, too.

CHINA—For the GI, life in China is neither soft nor hard. There are in the world better and worse stations. The American soldier may live in a barracks with a tile roof turned up at the eaves and corners like a pie crust. This is romantic and something like the China he expected from looking at Chinese prints and seeing Charlie Chan movies. However, his romantic roof is likely to leak when it rains and the mud walls of the building may crack and buckle. Sharing his quarters are spiders, fleas, mosquitoes with a two-inch wingspread and fat rats.

Cut off from the rest of the world by the Japanese, the sea, the world's highest mountains and the wastelands of Mongolia, the GI well appreciates what the years of blockade have meant to the Chinese. His magazines, except for YANK (the CBI edition is printed in Calcutta) and the air edition of *Time*, arrive late or not at all. His Stateside mail takes from two weeks to two months to reach him.

China is one of the few U. S. stations where troops are not supplied with a beer ration. Across the Hump in India, U. S. soldiers receive regular rations, but air-freight space over the Hump is much too precious for hauling beer.

The one grudge China GIs have against YANK is the published photograph of a bunch of 'em at Fourteenth Air Force headquarters drooling over a case of genuine Stateside beer. The picture caption announced that beer had at last arrived in China. Last Christmas the headquarters men, by some aerial sleight of hand, did manage to get a couple of cases over the Hump for a Christmas party. But that was the first and last time it happened. And China GIs feel that this picture (supplied to YANK by the Fourteenth Air Force PRO) was a vile slander.

China is one of the few places in the world today where the pay of the American soldier does not make him a relatively rich man. He can buy anything at all in China, from a 1942 custom-built Buick to a magnum of Piper-Heidsik champagne—if he has the dough. But a good restaurant meal costs him $2 to $4 in American money at the current 200-to-1 exchange rate. A $1 Brownie camera costs him $12. A 10-cent pocket comb costs him $2.50. And a bottle of good Scotch will nick him for $250.

There are, however, ways to beat this inflation at its own game. A carton of PX cigarettes, which costs the soldier less than a buck, can be sold to a barracks houseboy for $12 or to a shopkeeper in town for $15. Since the current ration is four cartons per man per month, an unscrupulous GI can thus add $45 to $60 to his monthly pay. If he gets really ambitious and a little crazy in the head, he can also sell his carbine; with two loaded clips, it will bring $750. And a jeep will bring 10,000 black-market U. S. greenbacks. The Provost Marshal's office naturally frowns on the sale of Government property, making it the quickest way for a GI to get back to the States (and Leavenworth).

THE food dished out in China mess halls is not exactly sumptuous. Practically none of it is GI from over the Hump, and China is crowded and hungry. At one or two out-of-the-way stations where GIs are few, the food is tasty, well prepared, varied and plentiful. At other stations it consists mostly of water-buffalo meat, potatoes, rice, eggs, strange local vegetables (including tons of cucumbers), small sweet cakes and indifferent coffee. At some forward bases, vitamin tablets are rationed daily, one to a man.

The great metropolitan cities of China—Shanghai, Canton, Hong Kong, Peiping and Hankow, with their paved streets, treasures of ancient art, movie houses, race tracks and Western hotels—are all still in Japanese hands. What the GI sees of China today is really its back yard—its farm country and its third- and fourth-rate cities, jam-packed with refugees, poverty, disease and dirt. It is possible for a GI to spend 30 months of service back here (some have done it) and not once get out of his nostrils the smell of the human and animal manure with which the good earth of China has for centuries been fertilized.

Opportunities for recreation are limited. The Army maintains some rest camps, which provide soft beds, good food, and mountain and water sports. The Red Cross does what it can. And Special Service distributes overseas editions of popular U. S. magazines, runs USO camp shows (the Paulette Goddard and Ann Sheridan troupes have visited China this year), and arranges Sunday outings to lakes and mountains. But it's all still pretty dreary and monotonous.

CHINESE customs are so strict that few girls of good family are allowed out with GIs, even if the GIs manage to hurdle the language barrier and ask for dates. There are practically no Stateside women here except Army nurses, Red Cross workers and missionaries.

In most cities near Army posts there are plenty of "dancing girls" on duty at "night clubs," where wheezy Chinese orchestras play American swing tunes in fox-trot or waltz tempo. Here the lonely GI can dance with one of the girls for several hundred Chinese dollars an hour, and share with her a bottle of wine.

Aside from the noxious "fruit" wines and the almost-as-bad *Yuna* wines, there are two somewhat drinkable types—a mulberry wine, by-product of silk production, which tastes like a slightly alcoholic grape juice, and a colorless rice wine, otherwise known as *jing bao* (air-raid) juice, which looks and smells like potato vodka and tastes like an industrial chemical.

As for the dancing girls, some of them are ugly and most are passably attractive. A very few are beautiful. Even some who don't dance will take a walk with the lonely soldier. But the places they walk are generally off-limits. Venereal diseases are widespread in China; besides the usual varieties, there is a peculiarly unpleasant one known as "the Chinese rot."

Souvenir hunters in China can pick up embroidered and brocaded Mandarin coats ($100), Chinese officers' daggers ($7) and jade jewelry (the sky's the limit on this stuff). Also to be had are scroll paintings, ancient and modern; silver water-cooled pipes; sculptures in wood, ivory, jade, bronze and stone; and household utensils of flexible Foochow lacquer.

All in all, the people of China have been a pleasant surprise to the American soldiers. With their war-limited means, many of the Chinese have been friendly and hospitable to GIs. Flyers of the Fourteenth Air Force, XX Bomber Command and Air Transport Command, who have had to bail out over China, have returned to their bases with stories of being housed, bathed, feasted and wined by the people of each town they passed through. Many American lives have been saved in this way, and by Chinese guerrillas who have risked their own lives to lead bailed-out flyers back through Jap lines.

In the rear areas, particularly around Chungking, local Chinese magistrates have entertained as many as 200 GIs and officers at one time, with no rank distinctions.

Along with gunpowder and printing, the Chinese must also have invented courtesy. Everyone smiles here, the poorest and hardest working, even the foot soldier trudging along a dusty road under a great weight of supplies.

THE Americans doing the hardest fighting in China today are undoubtedly the pilots of the shark-nosed P-40s, who fly as many as four strafing and bombing missions a day. Next in line are the officers and men of the heavy and medium bombers who fly against the Japs as often as supplies of gas and bombs will permit.

Aside from the Air Force, Americans play only a small if vital part in the China war. There is not even a squad of American Infantry in China. But liaison, intelligence and communications men are up front with all the fighting Chinese units. It was M/Sgt. William B. Hayes of Lakewood, Ohio, who stayed with his air-raid warning equipment at Changsha until the city was surrounded on three sides by the Japanese. From a mountaintop he directed Fourteenth Air Force attack aircraft against Jap installations until the last possible minute, then made his way back through the enemy lines.

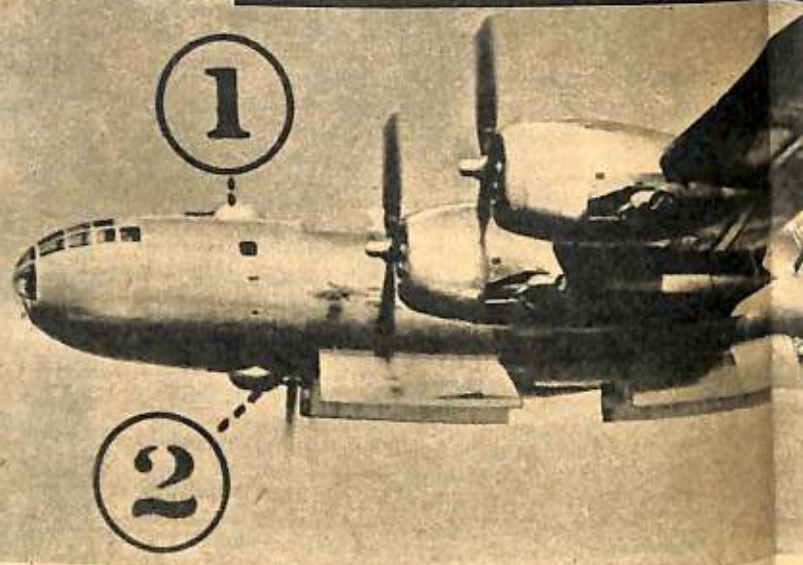
From the China terminus of the Hump air route, vast convoys of coughing and battered trucks, driven by armed GIs for as many as 17 hours a day, fan out toward the fronts, carrying the materials of war.

These convoy life lines, supplementing the vast air-freight deliveries within China, are the roughest motor hauls in the world. Their tortuous mountain routes go so high in some places that the laboring carburetors pant for oxygen as if they were human. Occupational hazards for the GI drivers include wash-outs, landslides, bandits, unsafe bridges, air strafing and artillery fire. It is not as romantic to die under the weight of an ancient truck at the bottom of a roadside chasm as to be listed as "missing in air action over China." But some Americans have died this way, and they are just as dead as the DFC men on the Air Forces' casualty lists.

Variety

PRODUCED BY THE CAM

FRENCH KICK. This young girl of Toulon doesn't like Nazis. She's too well bred to give this captured German all she thinks he deserves, but a swift kick lets off some of her steam.

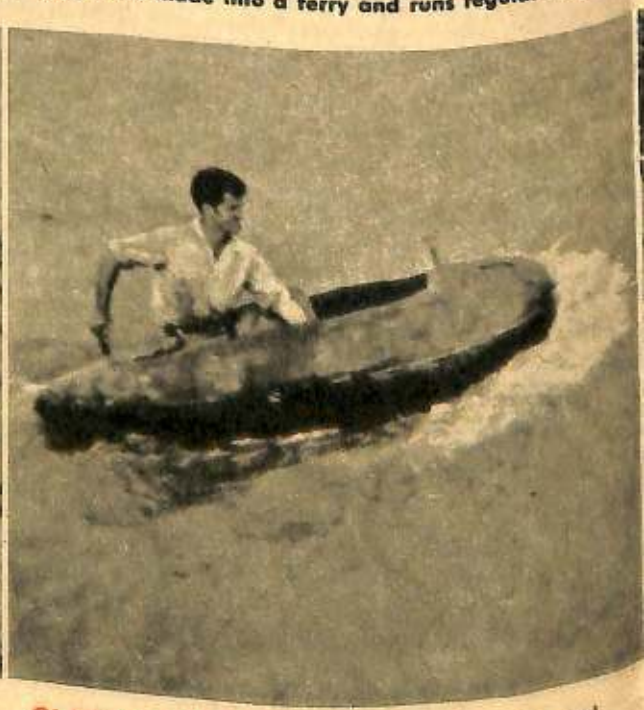


SUPER STINGERS. An uncensored view of the B-29 Superfortress shows for the first time its five multiple-gun, remote-controlled turrets.

ALL YOURS. The sign held by shapely Peggy Lyons, USO entertainer in the South Pacific, has been blanked out purposely so you can fill it in with your own gag.

PACIFIC FERRY. When the Infantry moved into Noemfor Island, they found that water transportation would save them time and trouble. This captured Jap barge was made into a ferry and runs regular trips.

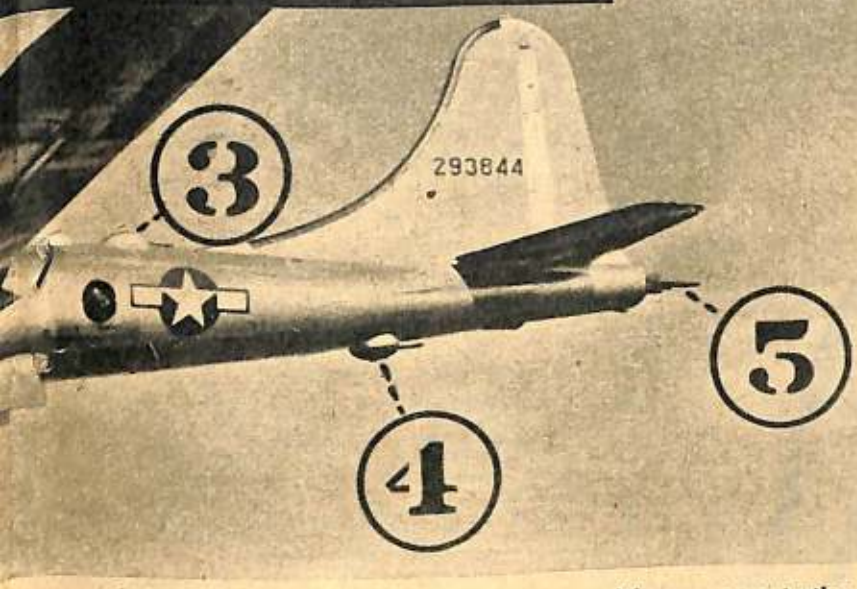
UMBRELLA, M-SOMETHING. This Chinese GI, on guard at the Salween River in Burma, has done some experimenting on his issue rifle.



GI RUBE GOLDBERG. In Southwest Pacific, Cpl. Abram Warner whipped up a motorboat from a salvaged belly tank, old pipe and a one-cylinder motor.

Show

AMERAS OF THE WORLD



This system makes possible an instantaneous and heavy concentration of firepower on any enemy threat approaching from any direction.

PERSIAN POSTERS. Railroading GIs bunking at Camp Atterbury, Iran, have this homey baseball scoreboard. PX gripes get taken for a ride in the cigarette and razor-blade ads.

ONE-WAY TICKET. Grinning GIs are cramming captured high explosives into an abandoned street car which they sent rolling into the midst of Nazis defending Aachen, two miles away.

GOING NATIVE. Pfc. Floyd Schmidt and Sgt. Carlton H. Burnham wheel along an Italian road in the latest in non-Government-issue headgear.

NINE LIVES. Prince, the cat being held by its mistress, was buried for 27 days in debris caused by a buzz bomb somewhere in England.

SOFT PINCH. If only all MPs were like Republic's movie starlet Helen Talbot. If only all MPs were like Helen Talbot. If only all MPs were like Helen Talbot.


Rhonda Fleming
YANK
Pin-up Girl

NEWS FROM HOME

The soldier vote was the missing link which the politicos needed to get a true picture of the election, some lawyers were told that the war is not over for the GIs who are fighting it, a lady warned that returning vets may prove difficult for women to understand, and a familiar if far-from-distinguished name became extinct in New York.

IN Washington last week a spokesman for the Wild Flower Preservation Society relieved himself of a gripe. Plenty irked, he reported that the nation's interest in wild flowers isn't at all what it used to be. So apathetic toward the subject has the public become, he said, that the number of requests to make use of the Society's collection of floral lantern-slides has taken a nose-dive. He was inclined to attribute this distressing state of affairs to the fact that the home folks have become so preoccupied with other matters that they just haven't time to give a hoot in hell whether the wild flower carries on or not.

A perceptive bloke, he. Because most of the people back home last week were in such a dither about who the next President was going to be that they couldn't have told you the difference between a hunk of honeysuckle and a Shasta daisy. Political oratory filled the air as the candidates of both major parties took off their kid gloves and entered the final week of the campaign, really slugging. Since it will be all over next Tuesday, however, there's probably no point in going into too much detail about the free-for-all here.

Besides, there isn't a great deal you could do about it now, even if the mail service were much better than it is and the arguments of one or another candidate made you change your mind. Out in Oklahoma City, Attorney General Randell S. Cobb announced that he had decided to deny the request of a GI from Tulsa who had written in to say that after mailing his ballot he had "got to thinking" and had decided that he had voted for the wrong man, he didn't say who. The soldier wanted to cancel his first ballot and rush another in. No can do, said Cobb, because the war ballots were deposited in a locked box as they came in and the box couldn't be opened until Election Day.

Thousands of other members of the armed forces have been sending in duplicate ballots, Senator Theodore F. Green, Democrat of Rhode Island, disclosed in Washington. He went on to say, however, that this should not be taken to mean that the nation's fighting men are getting in trim for post-war careers of ballot-box stuffing. Instead, he explained, "soldiers moving from battle station to battle station are bringing about this duplication in their anxiety to vote." Don't worry, said the Senator, all this won't result in somebody's getting elected illegally. Registration lists will be carefully checked to make sure no dupes are counted.

The soldier vote loomed as the big headachey question-mark in the calculations of the politicos of both major parties. According to the latest *Fortune* poll, covering the week ending October 20, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Democratic candidate who is seeking re-election and a fourth term in office, had the edge of his Republican rival, Governor Thomas E. Dewey, of New York. The results of this survey showed that 53 per cent of the civilian population preferred Roosevelt and 46 per cent liked Dewey—a slight gain for the President over the previous *Fortune* poll. The compilers of the poll pointed out, nevertheless, that the soldier vote, which the law forbids sampling, was the most important of the factors that might upset the outcome of the election.

A survey of 50 political writers in Washington, conducted by *Newsweek* magazine, failed to jibe with the *Fortune* poll. *Newsweek's* findings showed that the correspondents as a whole were no longer quite as sure Roosevelt would be re-elected as they were in August, when 33 of them voted for the President and 17 for Dewey. The latest *Newsweek* poll showed that the number of writers backing the President had fallen to 29, while the number of those ready to put their dough on Dewey had climbed to 21.

All in all, it was a lulu of a campaign. Norman Thomas, the perennial Socialist candidate for President who is now engaged in his fifth attempt to make the White House his home and who therefore should know as much as anybody about such matters, said that the outcome of this race was the hardest to judge of any of the five Presidential campaigns he's been in. It was generally taken for granted that he wasn't talking about his own chances, either.

Out in Hollywood, political differences were all but breaking up homes, and old-timers in the film colony allowed as how they'd never seen the folks there work themselves into such a lather over an election. Humphrey Bogart was for Roosevelt and his wife was backing Dewey. Jack L. Warner, Samuel Goldwyn and Katharine Hepburn headed the Hollywood for FDR organization; Lionel Barrymore, Ginger Rogers, and Jeanette MacDonald had plunked for the Republican candidate.

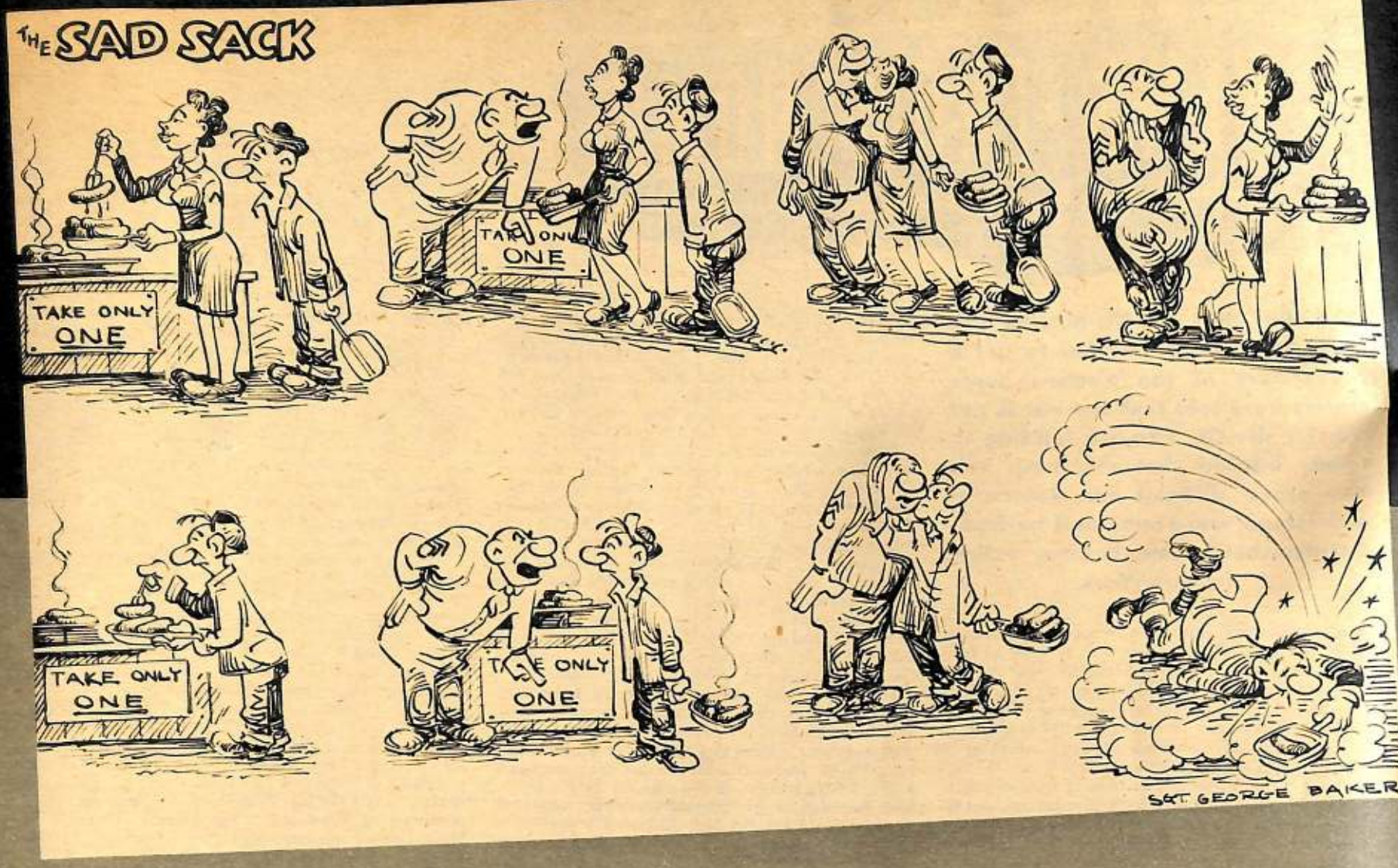
Here, for what it's worth—if anything—is some more dope on the warring camps into which the film stars found themselves divided: For Roosevelt—Bette Davis, Frank Sinatra, Paulette Goddard, Eddie Cantor, Orson Welles, James Cagney, Judy Garland, Danny Kaye, Groucho Marx, Jimmy Durante, Lucille Ball and Walter Huston. For Dewey—Leo Carillo, Edward Arnold, Victor Moore, Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, Joan Blondell, Walt Disney, Fred MacMurray, Gene Tierney, Charles Coburn and Harold Lloyd. And there were plenty more, of course, on both sides.

While the candidates of both major parties went from city to city calling each other "isolationist," one of the seemingly less profitable of the political guessing games which was attracting a lot of attention consisted of trying to figure out whom Wendell Willkie would have voted for if he had lived. Governor Raymond Baldwin, of Connecticut, who seconded Willkie's nomination for President in 1940, said that Willkie told him, after the Republicans chose Dewey last summer: "Well, you can rely on one thing. I will not support the President in his campaign for a fourth term." Henry R. Luce, president of *Time* and *Life* magazines, said he knew Willkie was for Dewey and so did Malcolm Muir, publisher of *Newsweek*. But Roscoe Drummond, Washington reporter for the *Christian Science Monitor*, came up with a letter he had received from Willkie a week before his death indicating that Willkie hadn't yet made up his mind.

ALL this sort of thing sorely upset Willkie's widow. "I am distressed," she said, at her home in Rushville, Ind., "because many people are saying that they know how Wendell Willkie intended to vote in the coming election. I am sure he had not made his decision. No one could speak for him while he was living; I ask out of respect for his memory that no one should attempt to speak for him now."

Roosevelt, after stepping up his drive for re-election by making some speeches in large cities in the East and Middle West, told a press conference that he had noticed the opposition press was calling attention to his remark at the start of the contest to the effect that he would not campaign in the usual sense. He observed that the newspapers

"CHARM"



in which these references appeared neglected to say that he had also reserved the right "to correct any misrepresentations."

Here's a little background and past history which you may want to refer to by way of comparison when the results of next Tuesday's voting become known: A total of 531 electoral votes, one for each member of Congress, will be cast and 266 will be needed to win. In 1928, Herbert Hoover, the last Republican President, beat the late Al Smith by 444 to 87, and was then beaten by Roosevelt in 1932 by 472 to 59. Roosevelt beat Alf M. Landon, of Kansas, by 523 to 8 in 1936, and four years later defeated Willkie by 449 to 82.

It cost Col. T. H. Barton, oil man of Eldorado, Ark., $127,000 to lose the Democratic Senatorial nomination in his state, according to the Senate Campaign Expenditures Committee in Washington. This, said the committee, topped the expenditures of any candidate in the primaries throughout the U.S. As a matter of fact, the Democratic candidates in the Arkansas race together spent far more than the candidates in any other state, the committee's records revealed. The winner of the nomination—Representative J. W. Fulbright—put up a mere $65,000 to beat not only the heavy-spending colonel but Governor Homer M. Adkins, who spent $90,000, and Senator Hattie M. Caraway, the incumbent, who tossed in $18,000, but all in vain.

On the other hand, the committee reported that the Presidential and Vice Presidential candidates of both the Democratic and Republican parties won their nominations without spending a penny.

Politics again crept into the question of who was to blame for Pearl Harbor as special Army and Navy boards completed their studies of the disaster but marked part of their reports "top secret" and the rest "secret." Anti-administration members of Congress, who have been trying to stage a pre-Election Day public inquiry into what really happened at Pearl Harbor, called the secrecy a device to cover up for persons high in the administration. The Secretaries of the Army and Navy turned the reports over to officials in their respective departments to see how much of the contents could be made public, but no one was prepared to say just when an answer might be expected.

Washington announced that it would recognize the government of General Charles de Gaulle as the provisional government of France, and followed this up with a statement that the U.S. was resuming diplomatic relations with the government of Italy.

W. Averell Harriman, U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union, returned to Washington to report to the President concerning the recent conference at Moscow between Marshal Josef Stalin and Prime Minister Winston Churchill, but what the gist of his report was nobody outside the White House seemed to know. All Roosevelt had to say on the matter was that the Moscow Conference had gone very well.

Addressing a dinner of the Bar Association of New York City, Undersecretary of War Robert P. Patterson took a good, healthy swipe at those people back home who persist in looking upon the war as being all but over. Disclosing that there are 6,000,000 Americans now fighting overseas, he stressed the point that for them the war is neither over nor "virtually over." Patterson called attention to the fact that enemy "resistance has stiffened as our ring of steel tightens on the borders of the Reich itself," and he observed grimly that "the fact that German defeat is certain makes death no less final for our men who fall in battle."

Patterson warned that casualties have been heavy in the European fighting during the past few weeks and he criticized minimizing such losses. In this connection he pointed out that a communique stating that 210 American airmen had been lost in a raid "got no particular attention in the day's news—nothing like the attention given to six people in Cuba who were killed in a hurricane."

SECRETARY OF WAR HENRY L. STIMSON had a similarly sobering statement for the home front to ponder. Noting that there were "tragic cases where a family had sent two, three, or four sons to the service and lost all but one," he said the WD had adopted a new policy "in recognition of the sacrifice and contribution" of such parents. The policy: "Sympathetic consideration will be given to every application in cases of families who have lost two or more sons, and have only one surviving, for the return of the survivor to this country for duty here or for discharge from the Army, if circumstances warrant. However, each case will be decided upon its individual merits."

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, arriving in Boston, said that while journeying there on the train from Washington she had chatted with three soldiers wearing Purple Hearts, and she quoted them as saying: "You know, Mrs. Roosevelt, it's almost impossible to tell people here what it's all about because they don't understand." She said that this was an indication to her that Americans at home, and particularly the women, are going to have to put themselves out to try to understand the problems of returning vets. "The men will be difficult at first," said Mrs. Roosevelt, "because they've been under tremendous tension. They'll be tired in a way we can't understand—a deep-seated fatigue that may take months to wear away."

ONE thing women have got to do for their returning loved ones is to get hep to "what constitutes good nutritious food, well cooked," Dr. Helen A. Hunscher, director of the Home Economics School at Western Reserve University, said while addressing a meeting of the American Dietetic Association in Chicago. She paid quite a compliment to the quarter of a million cooks which the Association estimates there are now in the Army when she said: "Good, well-balanced food has been put in front of these boys in military service and they have come to appreciate more than ever before the real value of adequate nutrition in maintaining physical energy." Took the words right out of your mouth, didn't she, Joe?

One man's guess is as good as another, but some are probably better than most. Anyway, Price Administrator Chester Bowles told a meeting of the Commerce and Industry Association in New York that "we are hopeful" that the war in Europe will end in three months and the war against the Japs in 18 months. He said he thought the nation's economy would meet its most severe test from five to seven months after the defeat of Germany, and that price ceilings would have to be imposed promptly on stuff that has been out of production during the war. Otherwise, he predicted, there would be bad inflation. Wartime price controls have been successful, according to Bowles, who said he was "deeply worried" about the dangers of both inflation and deflation once the fighting stops. Ground gained by wartime price controls can be lost, he warned. "We must continue to hold the line against inflation," said Bowles. "We can't let our fighting men come home this time to face rising rents and climbing food and clothing prices as they try to get a new start in civilian life."

The kids at home will get a greater variety of toys at Christmas this year than they did last, but the War Production Board still plans to make sure that Santa Claus keeps in mind the fact that there's a war on. The WPB has given the green light to some manufacturers to use a few scrap and rejected metals for toys, although it's still no go on steel, copper, iron, chromium, tin and rubber, which means no miniature electric trains, steam engines, or washing machines. There will be about 15 per cent of the pre-war number of stamped-metal toys available.

THE fuel-oil situation isn't as tough as it was, said Petroleum Administrator Harold L. Ickes, and a short while later the Office of Price Administration announced that oil-burning households on the East Coast and in the Middle West which switched over to heating by coal when the pinch was on a couple of years ago may now switch back again. But nothing doing yet so far as the Pacific Northwest area is concerned. The demands of the Japanese war, plus difficulties in transportation, make it necessary for people out that way to keep on using coal.

The heart-throb story of the week concerned 6-month-old Kenneth Barry Maloney, the son of Lt. Kenneth Maloney, of Grand Rapids, Mich., who was killed in action at the age of 26 while flying in the ETO. The baby's mother, a 23-year-old English girl, died in childbirth and its maternal grandparents, who then took care of it, were subsequently killed by a robot bomb. The child was then turned over to the Red Cross and flown to the States as a high-priority passenger on an Army Transport plane after the dead lieutenant's parents had asked President Roosevelt to help them bring young Kenneth to their home.

The infant travelled incognito under the name of Little Boy Blue, and it was at first widely reported that his identity would never be made known because his parents had not been married. However, his grandmother, Mrs. William Maloney, turned up in New York to take him out to Grand Rapids and made no bones about who he was. She said she wanted everyone to know that his parents had been married—but secretly, because they were afraid it might affect the husband's status in the Army if the fact became known. "The chaplain who married them wrote and told me," she added.

Robert Nelson Corwin, captain of the Yale football team in 1886 and professor emeritus at the university since 1933, died in a New Haven hospital at the age of 80.

The Third Service Command disclosed in Baltimore that four soldiers who went AWOL in India had succeeded, with the help of forged furlough papers, in hitch-hiking all the way back home. They landed at the air base in Miami, from where two of them made it as far as New York before being nabbed. A third went to his home in Erie, Pa., but his old man wouldn't let him in when he heard the lad was AWOL, so the son went back to Miami and gave himself up. The fourth was still unaccounted for. The boys will probably be shipped back to India for court martial with all the trimmings.

In Towanda, Pa., the Franklin Fire Company has a reputation for always being first on the scene when an alarm is sounded—and it's still got that reputation, thanks to Noble Betts, Jr., a member of the rival Naiadlinta Fire Company. Betts was standing in front of the home of Harry R. Wenck when he heard an alarm. Jumping into his car, he dashed three-quarters of a mile to his firehouse just in time to hop onto the Naiadlinta truck. Yep, that's right—the fire was in the Wenck house.

In Tacoma, Wash., Fred Hansen, 71, was stabbed by a rabbit. He was getting ready to kill the critter for dinner when it gave a kick and drove Hansen's knife right into his stomach. The elderly gentleman was taken to a hospital for treatment.

Broadway Rose, a familiar figure to theater-goers in the Times Square area of Manhattan, was committed to a state asylum.

Mrs. Mary Tweed, divorced wife of CPO George Ray Tweed, the so-called "ghost of Guam" who stuck it out on the island for 31 months during the Jap occupation of the place, applied to a court for a share in the proceeds her husband will receive for the movie and book rights to his experiences. She wants her divorce set aside, too.

Bette Davis, the movie actress, denied rumors that she intended to marry her "old friend," Cpl. Louis Riley, a former New York real-estate dealer. "I am a woman of 36," she said, "and I have sense enough to announce it if I intend to get married."

Maneuvers designed to train members of the New York State Guard in the technique of handling riots were staged so realistically near Liberty, N.Y., that residents of the community thought there was a Nazi bund uprising and put in emergency calls for the police.

Brig. Gen. Julius Ochs Adler retired from the Army because of medical disability and planned to resume his old job as general manager of the New York *Times*.

E. K. Van Cleve stopped at a gas station in Kansas City, Mo., and bought a blade for his windshield wiper and two tires. Then he had his brakes serviced and, while the attendant was putting in 13 gallons of gas and a quart of oil, idly glanced at a sign which read: "If we fail to check your tires and wash your windshield your purchase is free." Van Cleve then paid his bill—a nice fat $50.18—and started home, but got only a short way when he remembered the sign and recalled that no one had swabbed his windshield. Back he drove—but quick—and the happy ending is that the manager of the gas station paid off.

LUCIEN CARR, 19-year-old student at Columbia University in New York City, was sentenced to an indeterminate term at Elmira Reformatory after confessing that he killed a 33-year-old reputed pervert who had harassed him for five years with abnormal attentions.

Richard Bennett, 72, an actor who entertained the nation for half a century on the stage and screen and the father of movie stars Joan, Constance, and Barbara Bennett, died of heart disease in a Los Angeles hospital.

Back in the days when Adolf Schickelgruber was a paperhanger with an itch for a putsch, there were two Hitlers and 11 Hittlers in the New York *City Directory*. Last week, after a Supreme Court Justice had authorized Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Hittler to change their name to Hiller, it was discovered that there wasn't one Hitler or Hittler left. Now how did that ever happen?

SUGAR. Grocer Milton Gol
Chicago made the mistake of
sugar. Here's a bit of the custome

MILK. Mrs. Vincent Wilkers
Wis., helps ease teacher sh
as school marm while fe

Mail Call

YANK, Please Forward!

Dear Folks Back Home:

We thank you . . . We mean it from the bottom of our hearts. If we could write the words any bigger, we would, but the meaning is still there.

We thank you for the planes that are blasting our enemy. With your help, the planes are supplied to our air forces throughout the world, and we do the rest.

We thank you for the guns, ammunition, tanks, trucks, and jeeps which are rolling through the common enemy. With this equipment, we are chasing the enemy back to his home. Once again without your help, our victories of the past would never be history. You are helping us make history, and bring peace to a war-torn world.

We thank you for the food we eat each day, and the clothes we wear. Some of us probably could do better and some worse, but we are fighting for our country and our own lives. Individually, we are lost. United, we stand for victory and peace.

We thank you for your purchase of war saving bonds and stamps. Without bond rallies, we could do nothing. With bonds, you give us planes, guns, ammunition, tanks, trucks, jeeps, food and clothing. With these and several unnamed weapons of war, we are defeating the enemy on all fronts. Again, we thank you folks back home.

S/Sgt. LEO F. HAGGERTY

Britain.

Greene Rooter

Dear YANK,

Our reply to the Boys of the Eastern Command (Russia) who did not like your Pin-up of Angela Greene is: T-iski S-iski.

If those characters have any more gripes about the Pin-ups or any other parts of YANK, I suggest that they subscribe to the Ladies Home Journal because we of the Paratroops think that YANK and the *Stars and Stripes* print what most of the Armed Forces want to read.

There is no "beating around the bush" in either YANK or the *Stars and Stripes*, both print the things as they are and not as some Fancy Pants wish them to be.

Pvt. ART BEAN

Holland.

Advice From The Front

Dear YANK,

. . . In reply to recent letters in your fine paper, a few of us fellows in a signal unit in Germany have decided it best that we wise up a few recruits on this overseas time. We have a little, too. Not just a few of us but practically an entire unit. . . . The old fire of patriotism burns low as hell when we read of a certain group bitching because they have nearly a year over here, or should I say in England? Boy, that was rough—pubs, girls, and all that stuff. That really breaks our hearts. Of course, we all had good Scotch whiskey at thirty bucks a quart, and it was so easy to get. We had only to wait until the mail boats came in which arrived every six weeks or two months. . . .

Now I might go on to add that we went in on D-Day and not plus ten. Of course we realize it was a bit crowded on that strip of sand that day.

Then in our extended travels we now find ourselves in the Fatherland, the real Germany. Gee, we would like to go home, too. You know every one of us had a home in the States about thirty-six months ago and it still looks like such a long road home. We all miss the joint around the corner, the news boy, the bottle of beer with our supper. Boys, do you know that not one of us had an overnight pass for nearly two years; quite a record in our estimation. We really think that all the bitching should cease and we should put forth all our effort to end this battle of Europe so we can prepare for the Pacific. We will see you all in Frisco in a couple of years. . . .

SOME WITH SOME TIME

Germany.

Mr. & Mrs.

Dear YANK,

The Adjutant's Section of this Air Service Command depot was as busy as usual; the chief clerk had his nose buried in the latest YANK magazine while W.O. (Jg) Bill Meub, the Assistant Adjutant, was trying to concentrate on a very ticklish job—the writing of a letter to his wife.

"Jeez! Get a load of this," exclaimed the chief clerk. He stuck the YANK under Mr. Meub's nose, his finger pointing to that week's pin-up.

"So what?" said Mr. Meub in a bored tone.

"What do you mean, so what?" exploded the chief clerk. "I'd like to see you find anything better."

Whereupon, Mr. Meub pulled from the drawer of his desk a picture of his wife, Mrs. Shirley Meub. And here it is. What do you think!

DEPOT PEOPLE

Ireland.

[! ! ! ! ! ! —Ed.]

Irish Orchid

Dear YANK,

Please allow an Irishwoman a small space in your interesting paper YANK, on behalf of herself and family and friends to pay a small tribute to the boys of the U.S.A.A.F. who for a long time were stationed near our village. We enjoyed their company. We loved their charming manners. They became like part of our families and who can blame our daughters if they fell in love with the Yanks, and dream of going over to the States one day? Farewell, boys, and may God Bless you and take care of you all. Even if you never come back to the "Emerald Isle" we shall not forget the "Yanks" and we shall always cherish happy memories of your stay amongst us.

AN IRISHWOMAN

Northern Ireland.

In His Own Jail

Dear YANK:

Here is one for the books. Recently my friend, William L. Bowers Jr., asked his CO for a three-day pass. Being turned down, he went AWOL and while he was at his home in Tennessee, they held an election. He decided to run for constable and was elected. He then made bond and was sworn in. Two days later the constable was in his own jail. Picked up by MPs, he is now doing six months in the divisional stockade at Camp Butner, N. C. Bowers wants to know how they can do that to a constable.

Camp Butner, N. C. —Pvt. FRED SCHUPSKY

Anti-Waste Campaign

Dear YANK,

Several of the boys in Hut 169 at an ATC base in the ETO were distressed after reading an account of an egg-throwing exhibition in New York where Frankie "The Voice" Sinatra was the target.

After perusing said account we have reached the opinion that the civilian population have damn little to do when they have to resort to eggs for a missile to toss at poor Frankie, especially after these boys have to sweat out a breakfast line seven days a week in order to be served "mechanical eggs."

If they persist in tossing things at poor Frankie why not toss rotten tomatoes or bricks?

Let us save the old style egg for the lads overseas.

T/Sgt. JAMES E. FITZGIBBON

Britain.

Points For Discussion

Dear YANK,

Your article on the Army Demobilization Plan was fine. But let's see where the Plan needs improvement:

First, it is unfair to award extra points to those who have won medals and decorations. How about the non-combatant medical soldiers who save lives and enable remodeled soldiers to resume their activities efficiently? They are the unsung heroes. Why should these and many other unsung heroes who move supplies to the front be discriminated against in this regard? The only way to make the system fair is either to enable non-combatant troops to get such awards or to discontinue all awards. The second is impractical.

Pfc. LEWIS WATERS

Britain.

YANK is published weekly by the enlisted men of the U. S. Army and is for sale only to those in the armed services. Stories, features, pictures and other material from YANK may be reproduced if they are not restricted by law or military regulations, provided proper credit is given, release dates are observed and specific prior permission has been granted for each item to be reproduced. Contents reviewed by U. S. military censors.

NEW YORK: Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy; Art Director, Sgt. Arthur Weithas; Assistant Managing Editor, Sgt. Justus Schlotzhauer; Assistant Art Director, Sgt. Ralph Stein; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller; Features, Sgt. Marion Hargrove; Sports, Sgt. Dan Polier; Overseas News, Sgt. Allan Ecker. WASHINGTON: Sgt. Richard Paul. ITALY-SOUTHERN FRANCE: Sgt. George Aarons, Sgt. Steve Derry, Sgt. John Frano, Sgt. August Loeb, Sgt. James T. O'Neill, Pfc. Carl Schwind, Sgt. J. Denton Scott, Sgt. Harry Sions. MIDDLE EAST: Cpl. Robt. McBrinn. IRAK-IRAN: Sgt. Burtt Evans, Cpl. Richard Gaige. CHINA-BURMA-INDIA: Cpl. George J. Corbellini, Sgt. Seymour Friedman, Cpl. Paul Johnston, Sgt. Dave Richardson, Sgt. Lou Stoumen. SOUTH-WEST PACIFIC: Sgt. Bill Alcine, Cpl. George Bick, Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt, Sgt. Ralph Boyce, Sgt. Marvin Fasig, Sgt. Dick Hanley, Sgt. LaFayette Locke, Cpl. John McLeod, Sgt. Charles Pearson, Sgt. Charles Rathe, Sgt. Ozzie St. George, Cpl. Roger Wrenn. SOUTH PACIFIC: Cpl. James Goble, Cpl. Lon Wilson. CENTRAL PACIFIC: Pfc. George Burns, Sgt. Dillon Ferris, Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh, Ken Harris, CPhoM., Sgt. Barrett McGurn, Sgt. James L. McManus, Cpl. Tom O'Brien, Sgt. H. N. Oliphant, Mason E. Pawlak, Pho.Mlc., Sgt. Bill Reed, Sgt. Bill Young. ALASKA: Sgt. Ray Duncan, Cpl. John Haverstick. PANAMA: Cpl. Richard Douglass, Sgt. John Hay. PUERTO RICO: Sgt. Don Cooke, Pfc. James Iorio. BERMUDA: Cpl. William Pene du Bois. BRAZIL: Pfc. Nat Bodian. CENTRAL AFRICA: Sgt. Kenneth Abbott. ICELAND: Cpl. John Moran. NEWFOUNDLAND: Sgt. Frank Bode. NAVY: Robert L. Schwartz, Y2c.

YANK EDITORIAL STAFF
BRITISH AND CONTINENTAL EDITIONS

Sgt. Earl Anderson, Cpl. Edmund Antrobus, Cpl. George Bailey, Tom Bernard, Sp. (x) 1c. USNR, Sgt. Charles Brand, Sgt. Francis Burke, Cpl. Frank Busch, Cpl. Jack Coggins, Sgt. Bill Davidson, Pvt. Thomas Flannery, Sgt. Tom Fleming, Sgt. Durbin Horner, Pvt. Howard Katzander, Sgt. Reg Kenny, Sgt. Saul Levitt, Sgt. Merle Miller, Sgt. Mack Morriss, Cpl. John Preston, Sgt. John Scott, Sgt. Sanderson Vanderbilt. Officers in Charge: Major Walter E. Hussman, Major Charles L. Holt. Publications Officer ETOUSA: Col. Oscar N. Solbert. Address: 38 Upper Brook Street, London, W.1.

Commanding Officer: Col. Franklin S. Forsberg. Executive Officer: Maj. Jack W. Weeks. Overseas Bureau Officers: London, Maj. Walter E. Hussman; India, Capt. Gerald J. Rock; Australia, Maj. Harold B. Hawley; Italy, Major Robert Strother; Hawaii, Major Josua Eppinger; Iran, Maj. Henry E. Johnson; South Pacific, Captain Justus J. Craemer; Alaska, Capt. Harry R. Roberts; Panama, Capt. Howard J. Carswell; Puerto Rico, Capt. Frank Gladstone.

Pictures: 1, AP. 2, AP. 3, Upper left, Keystone; others, AP. 4, AP. 5, Signal Corps. 6, Signal Corps. 7, Keystone. 8, 9, 10, Sgt. Lou Stoumen. 11, INP. 12, Upper left, INP; lower left, Sgt. Dil Ferris; upper right, Beoing News Bureau; center right, Sgt. Dick Handley; lower center, Signal Corps; lower right, Cpl. Roger Wrenn. 13, Upper right, Pvt. Leo Choplin, OTI; center left, AP; lower left, Signal Corps; lower center, INP; lower right, Republic Pictures. 14, Keystone. 15, Left, Acme; right, INP. 17, Lower left, Acme; upper and centre right, PA. 19, Keystone. 20, Upper right, PA; center right, Acme; others, INP. 21, Upper, Acme; lower, Sgt. Bob Ghio. 22, Sgt. Sanford. 23, Signal Corps.

Someday the Post-War World

By Pfc. HOWARD SCHWAB

ITALY—A year in the Army really makes an impression on a man's life, not to mention what a full hitch can do to the ordinary draftee. Since recent events have indicated that the end of the war will come during our own lifetimes, many thoughtful souls are wondering what effect these many impressions will have on Johnny Doughboy when he becomes Mr. John Smith once again.

This is the way I see it:

At 6:15 (0615) in the morning, John bounds out of bed, pulls the covers back with a jerk from his trembling little wife, fills a bucket of water, throws it beneath the bed, grabs a soggy mop and begins to scrub away. While the trembling Mrs. Smith watches with awe-inspired eyes, her delicate boudoir throw-rugs will take on the appearance of a Florida marsh. By this time, husband John is hard at work rolling his various pants, shirts and neckties into neat little balls and stacking them all in a line in the mahogany chest of drawers.

Being a thoughtful spouse, he next hurries into the kitchen, opens all the burners on the stove, fills a five-gallon boiler with water, dumps in a pound can of coffee and as the sweet aroma fills the kitchen he expands his chest until his lungs fairly burst and, in a voice like a 155-howitzer propelling charge, calls out, "Chow." Too frightened now to dare disobey, the timid little wife hurries in to answer the call. As she spies John calmly soaking his dishes in the garbage can, which for some ungodly reason is filled with boiling water, she drops in a heap at his feet.

Being a first-aid man of great skill, hubby immediately recognizes shock. Whipping the breakfast cloth from the table, he thoroughly wraps up the "victim" in jelly roll fashion so as to keep the body warm, but wifey revives just in time to order him in a weak and terrified voice to turn her loose.

This part of the day complete, John clicks his heels smartly together and makes a snappy salute. The Mrs. stands there expectantly awaiting a good-bye kiss, but John does an about-face and marches sharply out of the front door. One left turn and two right obliques, observed by the wondering neighbors, bring him to the garage. In no time at all, he has checked the gas tank, felt all the tires, wiped his windshield and checked all body parts for loose bolts. Finding his hands a bit grimy from the activity, he casually wipes them across his gray flannel trousers and drives cheerfully on his way.

As the cop holds up his hand to stop traffic, Mr. Smith reaches for his trip ticket but finds it isn't there. He reflects to himself that he doesn't have his dog tags either.

At the office, he ceremoniously jumps to his feet each time the boss enters the room. The boss, being a fatherly soul, advises him to see an osteopath for his lumbago. At 5:30 (1730) the whistle blows and quick-witted Smith, thinking it an ideal chance to miss retreat, bolts out of the door and heads for home.

THE Mrs., making another attempt at normality, upon his entrance advises him that the Martins are coming for a visit. "Oh, my aching back," exclaims John, and the worried wife rushes for the hot-water bottle.

Sitting at the table, Smith absent-mindedly fondles a spoon and finds to his horror that it is greasy. Without further ado, he sweeps the table clean and plunges dishes and silverware into hot water. He withdraws the dishes, steaming hot, from the water, turns the plates bottom side up, sets the cups on top and expertly lines them up with a piece of string.

The evening meal finished, Mr. Smith rises from the table, majestically scrapes his plate over the garbage can, deposits his dishes in the sink, smashes his hat on his head and dashes from the room. Next he emerges from the bedroom, revolver in hand, marches out the front door past the porch furniture and finally stops on the lawn. Here he removes his hat, lays it on the ground and then deftly sits down on it. Then he goes to work cleaning the gun.

This completed, he spots a pile of refuse on the grass. He nonchalantly kicks a hole into the fresh sodded lawn, throws in the trash and covers it over. The little lady, observing from the window with saucer-like eyes, has to brace herself as her cherished mate elegantly rips the paper from his cigarette and scatters tobacco and all to the wind.

As bedtime again approaches, Mrs. Smith creeps beneath the covers and peeps out to learn what will happen next. Several minutes later, Mr. Smith marches up to the bed, snaps off the light and in a commanding voice bellows: "Fall in."

If the matter of training soldiers to be civilians before releasing them from the service ever comes to a vote, you can count on at least one person.—Mrs. John Smith.

AWOL Packages

Dear YANK,

I have now been overseas for more than six months and I have yet to receive any of the seven packages my wife has sent me. Four of these packages were sent the first of May. . . . I have recently been evacuated, so here I am thinking about the whereabouts of those packages. Who can help me? My wife is worried about this too, for Christmas is coming.

TWICE WOUNDED INFANTRYMAN

Det. of Patients.

[Maybe they're in this New York APO.—Ed.]

Wants Neater Records

Dear YANK,

Everybody else bitches in Mail Call, so we of the "Chairborne Artillery" feel that it is our turn. Our bitch does not only affect us but all personnel sections of line outfits that have been receiving replacements from replacement battalions and depots.

Realizing that a replacement battalion or depot has an enormous turnover of personnel and their personnel sections are bound to be kept busy, there should be an Army Regulation doing away with the rubber stamp. Almost every service record and Form 20 received for replacements are so full of rubber stamps and inadequate remarks that it necessitates our recopying the Form 20's and hours of extra work trying to interpret service records for our first pay-roll remark. Surely a little care and neater work by replacement battalions and depots would not put them behind in their work and would certainly be a big help to us.

"GENTLEMEN FROM HELL"
(Chairborne)

Belgium.

No Love

Dear YANK,

This is the navy putting in their two cents.

I agree with S/Sgt. T. L. Bourland about this theory that the only good Germans are the dead ones. He has to realize that some of the people in the States do not realize that there is a war on and they can be the only ones who really have any sympathy with the dirty so and so's. I myself was there on D-Day and saw plenty of our boys get wiped out. The whole German population, dead or alive, isn't worth one of our boys. There is no possible way of explaining our deep hatred toward those enemies of ours. It is too deep to ever explain. I haven't killed a Nazi but would get a lot of satisfaction doing it.

TED APRIL, S1/C

Britain.

Dear YANK,

I cannot refrain from writing to you, about how much I agree with S/Sgt. Bourland, and would like to add that anyone feeling sorry for the Nazis ought to be shot and I do mean it.

My father was killed in Dachau (a German concentration camp) and my uncle who came back from there was a human wreck.

Believe me, when I say, that what I would like to do to every German if I had a chance I had better not put down on paper.

FREDA TUCHLER

Britain.

YANK'S AFN

Radio Guide

Highlights for the week of Nov. 5

SUNDAY 2135—GUY LOMBARDO'S MUSICAL AUTOGRAPHY*—The tunes of today and yesterday played by the Royal Canadians.

MONDAY 1105—DUFFLE BAG—Cpl. Johnny Kerr presenting two full hours of popular melodies. (AEF daily from 1105 to 1145.)

TUESDAY 2030—ALL TIME HIT PARADE—Tommy Dorsey's famous orchestra with Tin Pan Alley favorites of the past and present.

WEDNESDAY 2130—BOB HOPE*—With Frances Langford, Vera Vague, Jerry Colonna, Skinnay Ennis and his Orchestra.

THURSDAY 2130—MYSTERY PLAYHOUSE—Half hour of intrigue and suspense.

FRIDAY 1935—DOUBLE FEATURE*—Alfred Drake and Les Tremayn are hosts to the sweetheart of the week. Music by Andy Russell's Orchestra, the Bob Cats and the Pied Pipers.

SATURDAY 1330—YANK'S RADIO WEEKLY.

1930—FOOTBALL—A play by play account by direct shortwave of one of the day's big football games in the States. Also a daily Sports Roundup at 1755 for complete details of the teams participating.

* Also heard over the Allied Expeditionary Forces Program.

NEWS EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR.

AFN in Britain on your dial:
1375 kc. 1402 kc. 1411 kc. 1420 kc. 1447 kc.
218.1 m. 213.9 m. 212.6 m. 211.3 m. 207.3 m.

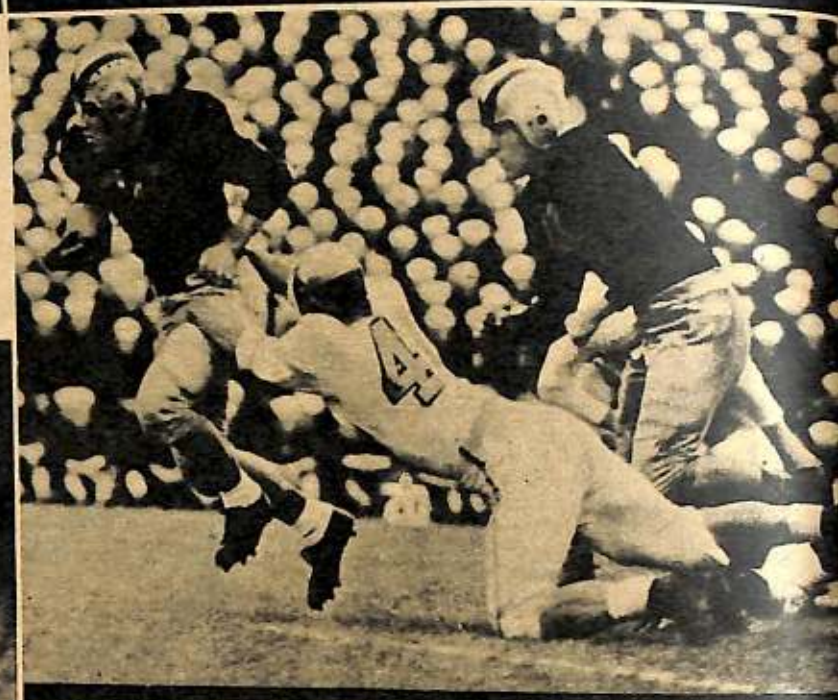
AEF broadcasts shortwave from 0800 to 1900 hours on 6.195 mg.

AEF also continues on medium wave from 0555 to 2305 hours on 583 kc. or 514 m.

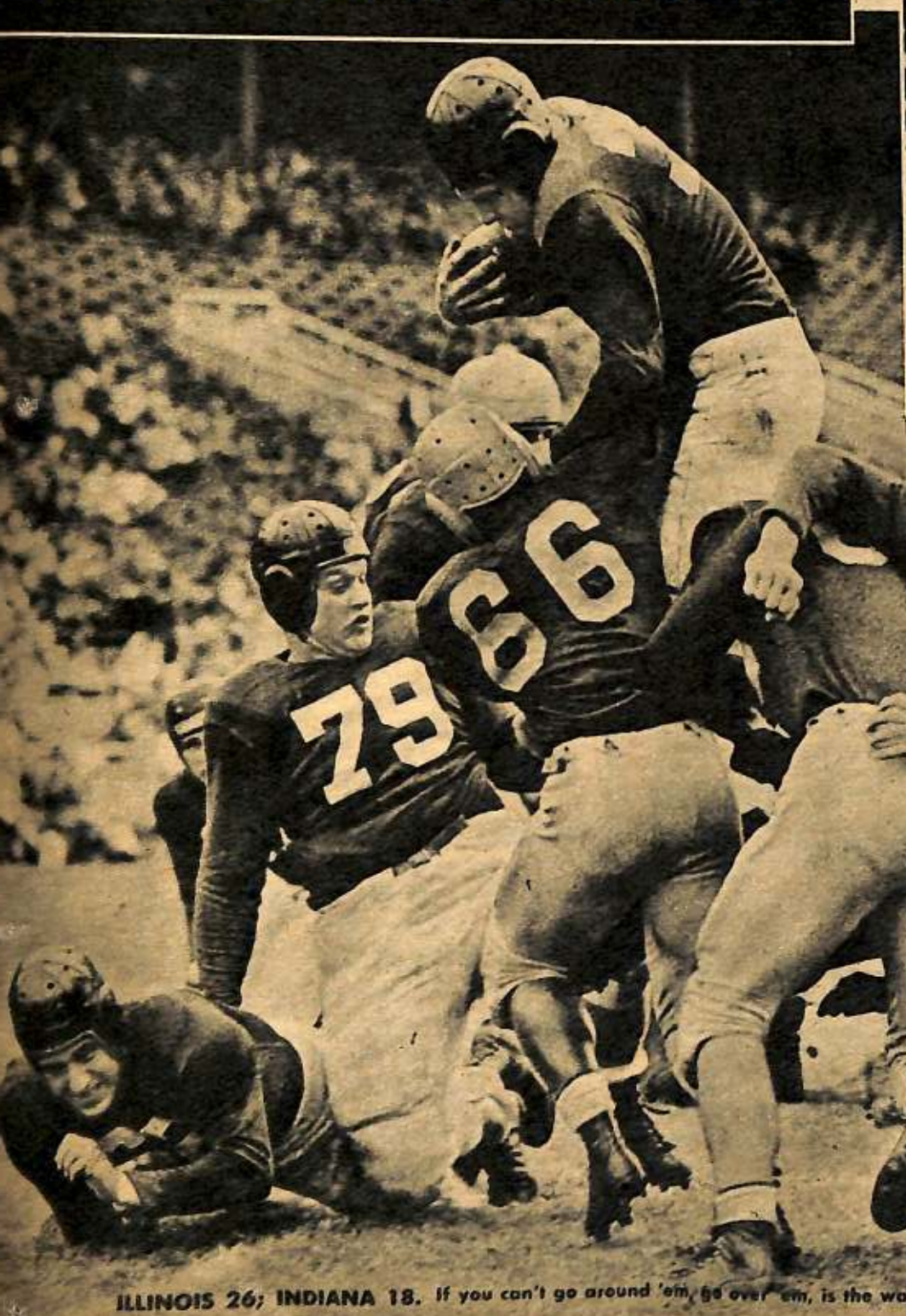
PITT 26; W. VA. 13. Dragging a tackler with him, Tommy Kalmanir fights his way over from two-yard line to score Pitt's first touchdown. Note high-schoolish appearance of these players compared to husky Navy trainees shown in other pictures on this page.

UCLA 13; S. CALIF. 13. Vic Smith, reserve UCLA halfback, takes advantage of some good interference to pick up six yards on this off-tackle play. UCLA kicked extra point after the game ended to tie score.

Grid Headliners



GREAT LAKES 27; PURDUE 18. Frank Sullivan, Great Lakes center, tries to nail Ed Cody, but Cody slips away for 11-yard gain. Purdue looked impressive, gaining 210 yards against Great Lakes' 123.



ILLINOIS 26; INDIANA 18. If you can't go around 'em, go over 'em, is the way Harry Jagade, Illinois halfback, figured this touchdown play.

SPORTS: MR. HUTSON TAKES EASY WAY OUT AND PLAYS AGAIN

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

LAST FALL the football citizenry of Brooklyn, N. Y., was summoned to Ebbets Field to witness a memorable sports event. It was going to be something to tell the kids about. Don Hutson, the peerless pass-snatcher of the Green Bay Packers, was going to play positively his last football game.

The result was strictly in accord with expectations. Mr. Hutson put on a show for the 20,000 who were present, and the Brooklyn Dodgers were beaten, 31-7, by the Packers. To cap his performance, Hutson set a new National Professional League record for the most broken bones by fracturing his finger and several ribs. He also set a record for the most yards gained in one game catching passes, his total being 237. But it wasn't, as advertised, Mr. Hutson's last game. Even Brooklyn should have known it wouldn't be.

Mr. Hutson has long been making these last farewell tours. He first started retiring in 1941 and has continued every year since, always declaring that he wanted nothing more than a quiet life in Green Bay, Wis., with his family and his 20-lane bowling alley. But each year he would yield to the pleas of his teammates to return for just one more season. Again this fall he was lured out of announced retirement, but this time we suspect he won't be risking his aged limbs in the interest of his teammates.

For a change, he's doing it strictly for Mr. Hutson's benefit. He was hired as end coach for the Packers, and after looking over his sad material he probably figured it would be a whole lot simpler if he just went out and did all the playing himself. No one was happier about Hutson's return than the Packers' coach, Mr. Curly Lambeau. "Hutson was the world's greatest player before," Lambeau said. "Now he will be the world's greatest playing coach."

The people who figure to profit most by Mr. Hutson's return are not the Packers but his pupils sitting on the bench. By watching their coach in action, they will learn how to feint. Not in just one direction, either, but in three directions all at once. Their coach is the only man in cleats who can feint north, south and west at the same time and with every part of his anatomy—eyes, head, hips and shoulders.

One of Mr. Hutson's more useful feints is known as the Barrymore. For an illustration of this maneuver we go back to the Giants-Packers game of two years ago. Hutson charged Ward Cuff, the defensive wingback, then suddenly collapsed like a wet paper bag. Every muscle in his face and body seemed to sag. Then when Mr. Cuff was beginning to feel sorry for Don's pathetic state of exhaustion, he was off again and well behind Cuff to grab a touchdown pass.

Another Hutson feint, which his pupils will only learn by long rehearsals, is to give the impression that he is running at top speed when actually he is only trotting. This bit of artistic faking usually coaxes a couple of defending halfbacks to join him. Elated over their success at keeping up with the peerless pass-snatcher, the two halfbacks will begin to shake hands with each other. On about the third handshake, Hutson really opens up and leaves them hand-in-hand while he catches the pass and scores.

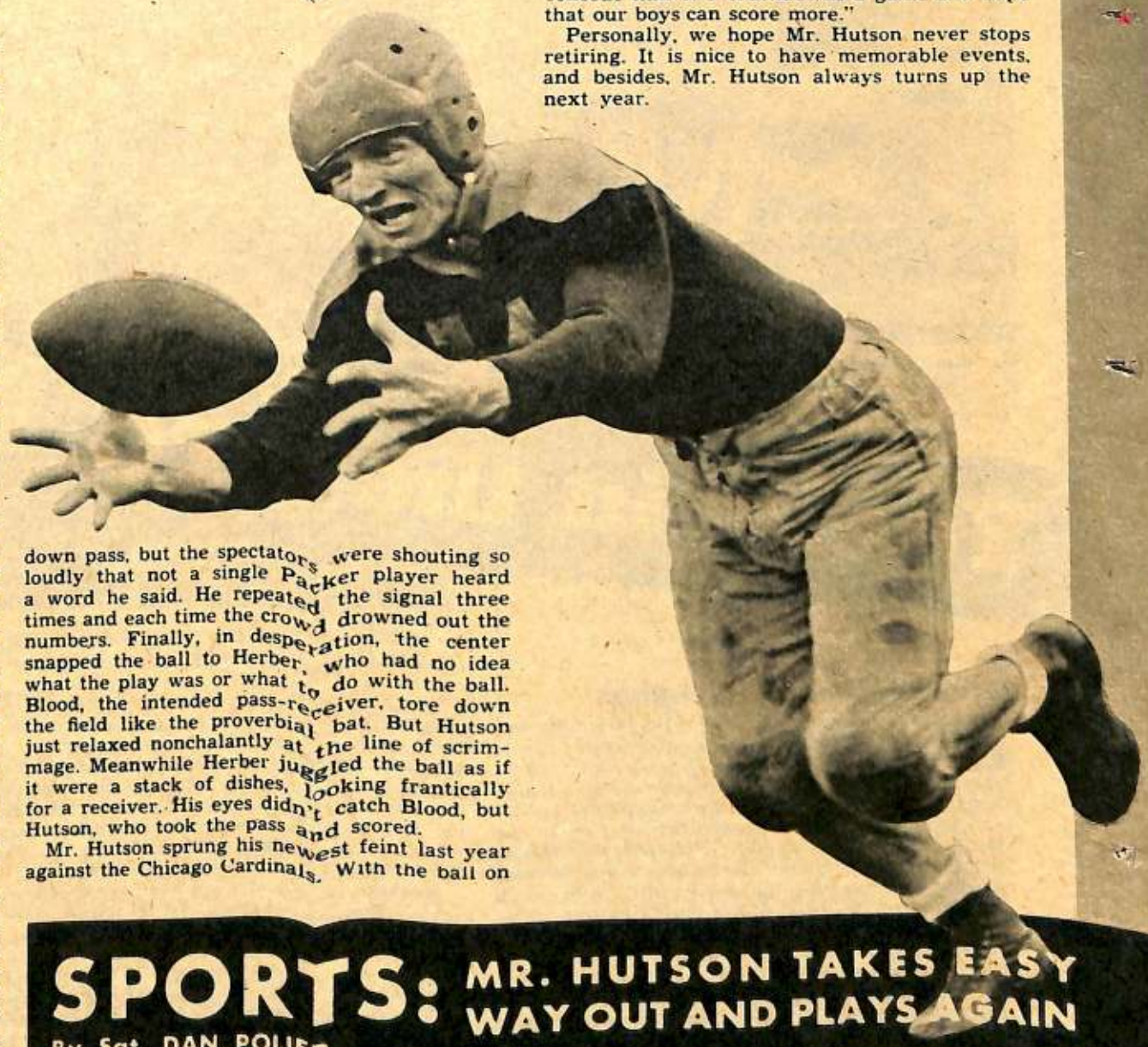
His own favorite feint is to make a vicious charge at a backer-up, as though he intends to nail him with a block. He brushes the backer-up with his left shoulder and then throws himself into a body roll, after which he races to the sidelines to pull down a pass. The strategy behind this feint at the backer-up, Hutson will inform his pupils, is to lure the left wingback out of position so that territory will be clear.

ANOTHER lesson Mr. Hutson's pupils will learn is how to relax. This sometimes pays rich dividends. Two years ago the Packers were trailing the Washington Redskins, 3-0, with only a few minutes to play. Johnny Blood called signals for a Herber-to-Blood touchdown pass, but the spectators were shouting so loudly that not a single Packer player heard a word he said. He repeated the signal three times and each time the crowd drowned out the numbers. Finally, in desperation, the center snapped the ball to Herber, who had no idea what the play was or what to do with the ball. Blood, the intended pass-receiver, tore down the field like the proverbial bat. But Hutson just relaxed nonchalantly at the line of scrimmage. Meanwhile Herber juggled the ball as if it were a stack of dishes, looking frantically for a receiver. His eyes didn't catch Blood, but Hutson, who took the pass and scored.

Mr. Hutson sprung his newest feint last year against the Chicago Cardinals. With the ball on the eight-yard line, he streaked into the end zone, stopped in front of a defending halfback, dropped to one knee and caught an underhanded pass that never traveled more than a few feet off the ground.

Regardless of what maneuver Mr. Hutson uses, there is no legal way of stopping him. The Chicago Bears hit on the idea of having a tackle nail him at the line scrimmage. This, of course, was illegal and called for a five-yard penalty, and it didn't work anyhow because Don would usually feint the tackle silly. Pistol Pete Cawthon, the Dodgers' coach, uses only one man to cover Hutson, because he knows it would be a waste of manpower to assign any more to the job. Another coach, Lt. Comdr. George Halas, late of the Bears, figured it this way: "I just concede him two touchdowns a game and hope that our boys can score more."

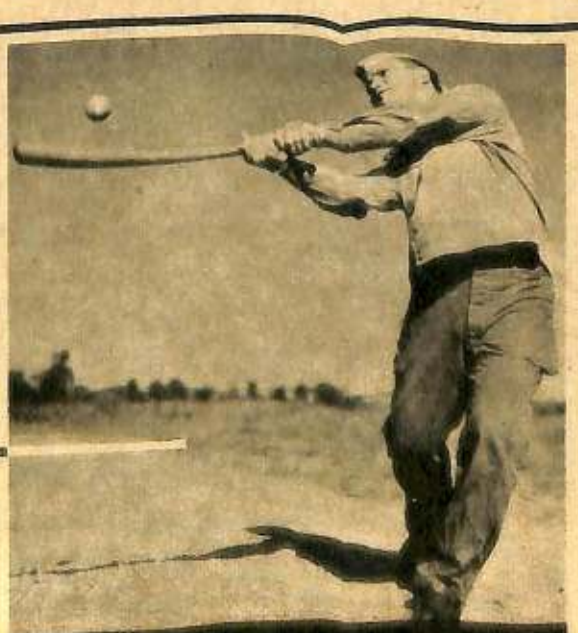
Personally, we hope Mr. Hutson never stops retiring. It is nice to have memorable events, and besides, Mr. Hutson always turns up the next year.



Sports Service Record

THIS year's Allied Boxing Championships will be held at the Palais de Sport in Paris, Dec. 1-10, inclusive, and will draw entries from England, Italy and Africa as well as France. **Pvt. Bob Barry**, defending light heavyweight champion from the Fifth Army, boxed Joe Louis in Italy recently, and Louis didn't hesitate to call him "one of the best I've even seen." . . . The French Athletic Society announces that **Pvt. Jesse Owens** will be shipped to Paris in time for its big liberation track meet. . . . Notre Dame isn't saying so, but **George Connor**, last year's Holy Cross tackle star, has been transferred to South Bend by the Navy and should be one of Mr. McKeever's starting tackles any game now. . . . **Wish Egan**, the Detroit scout, who discovered Trout and Newhouser, says **Ted Gray**, an 18-year-old sailor in the South Pacific, is greater than either one. "Gray is another Detroit boy," Egan confides, "and you just wait for him. He's the greatest, I say." . . . According to **Sgt. Frank Parker, Lt. Don Budge** is not in the Southwest Pacific, as we reported a few weeks ago, but at the Yuma (Ariz.) Air Base. "I should know," Parker writes. "He beat me the other day."

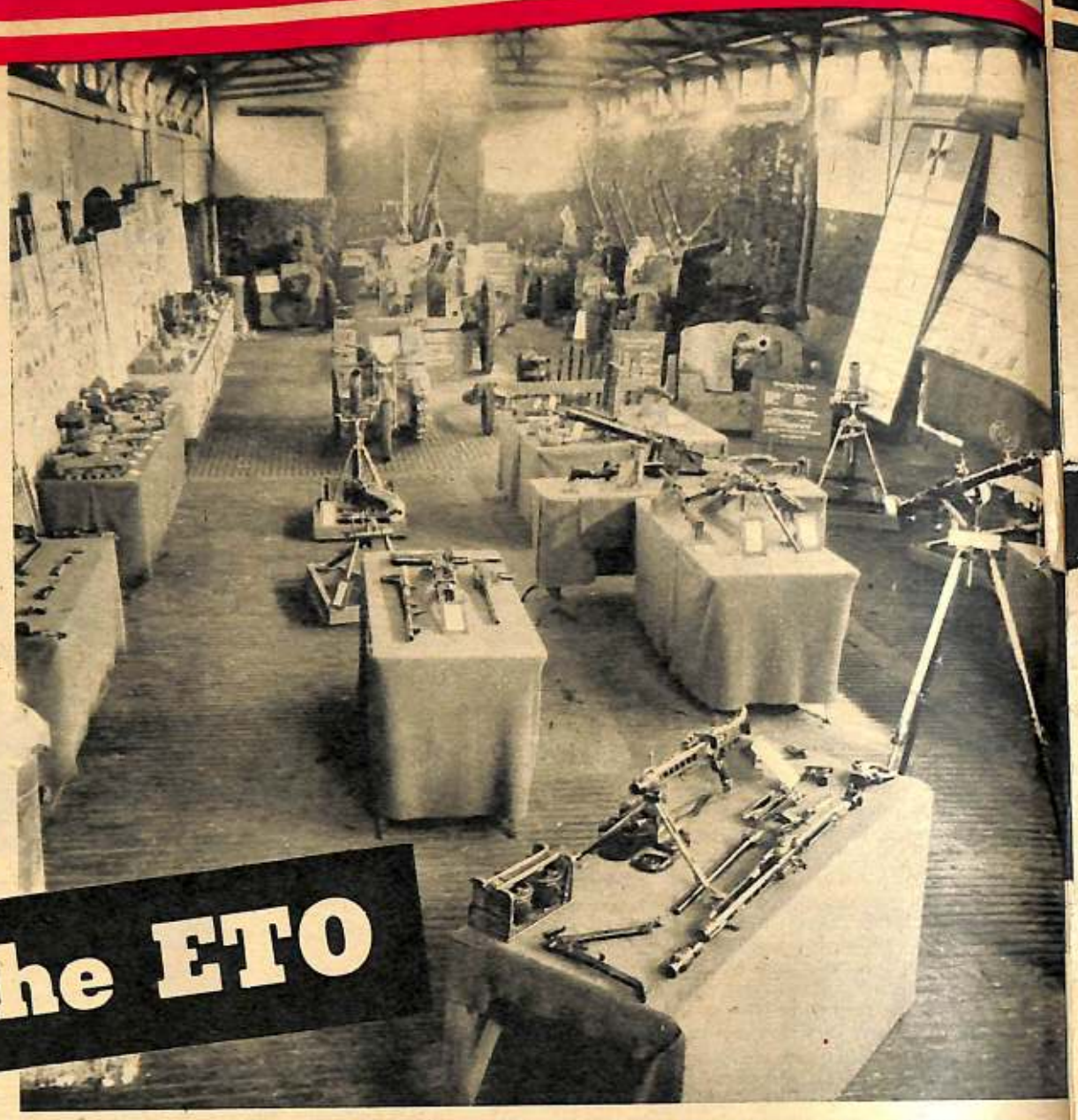
Promoted: **Capt. Steve Hamas**, former heavyweight contender, to major in the Eighth Air Force, England. . . . *Appointed:* **Cpl. Berkeley Bell**, one-time tennis ace, to the Medical Administrative OCS, Camp Barkeley, Tex. . . . *Transferred:* **Lt. Col. Clint Frank**, Yale's All-American quarterback in '36-'37, from the Mediterranean Theater to the AAF Redistribution Station, Miami, Fla. . . . *Discharged:* **Bob Hoernschemeyer**, Indiana's freshman halfback sensation, from the Navy with a special-order discharge which permits him to make up a deficiency in mathematics before taking up an appointment to Annapolis next April. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Dick Wakefield**, slugging Detroit outfielder; **Lou Finney**, first baseman of the Boston Red Sox; **Charlie Metro**, Athletics' outfielder, all by the Army. . . . *Rejected:* **Rube Fischer**, Giant right-hander, because of a bad back. . . . *Reclassified I-A:* **Ernie Stewart**, American League umpire.



WRONG SPORT. Pvt. Hank Soar takes a nice cut at a baseball at Camp Reynolds, Pa., but football is more his line. He played halfback for New York Pro Giants for six years.

PFC. HANS O. MAUKSCH EXPLAINS AN AUSTRIAN MACHINEGUN TO COL. G. A. MOORE, STATION COMMANDANT.

Yanks in the ETO



THOUSANDS OF GIs AND OFFICERS HAVE LEARNED TO IDENTIFY AND HANDLE HITLER'S WEAPONS AND EQUIPMENT AT THIS UNIQUE REPLACEMENT DEPOT MUSEUM. THAT'S A TOWERING 88 mm. GUN IN THE CENTER BACKGROUND.

Friendly Enemy Weapons

ENGLAND—In a Replacement Depot somewhere in England there is a huge stone stable above the entrance of which is hung a sign reading "Museum of Enemy Arms and Equipment." Inside this stable, you'll find displays of captured enemy equipment ranging from a German messkit to the deadly 88mm. artillery piece. You'll also see a couple of hundred soldiers and officers wandering around, viewing and handling the small arms. And you'll probably find Pfc. Hans O. Mauksch and some of his 23-man military intelligence team, more than two-thirds of which were born in foreign countries—Italy, Germany, Austria, France, Russia, Poland and Czechoslovakia.

Mauksch, a pleasant-faced, bespectacled GI, most likely will be parked behind a *Schwarzlose*, an Austrian heavy machinegun, showing how the gun loads and fires. The weapon was his specialty when he was an officer candidate in the Austrian army before Hitler gobbled up both the army and the country in March, 1938.

Scattered around the museum you'll see Mauksch's colleagues, surrounded by groups of soldiers, giving similar lectures and demonstrations on 75 different kinds of weapons. These amount to at least half the enemy's weapons, and opportunity is unlimited for every officer, or enlisted man, who passes through the depot on his way to the wars to learn to recognize and operate the guns, and to be oriented on the nature and operations of the German war machine.

Practically everything about the museum and its instructors is unique. In the first place Mauksch's training unit—called the Military Intelligence Training Team—has no official existence, no T/O, no officer. The unit is directed by Pfc. Mauksch, although there are a full corporal and a T/5 in the group. Furthermore, Mauksch is often called into plans and training conferences attended by nothing but brass and more brass, and no one thinks it's peculiar. The team lives in an old barn, separated from the rest of the GIs, and every man is a replacement, apt to be sent on his way any old time.

None of the exhibits in the museum was actually requisitioned through regular army channels. The displays were collected over a period of about eight months by means of the "military procurement and bargaining" (polite for "scrounging") of Pfc. Mauksch, with the approval of several S-3 sections. Mauksch, for example, talked an ordnance depot into surrendering a complete German 88. The depot not only repaired the weapon in its shops, but transported the huge thing to its new home, and threw in a German infantry howitzer for luck.

Mauksch, who's now 27, was born in Vienna of Jewish Austrian parents and went to school in Czechoslovakia for a while. When he was nearly 19, two years before the mandatory service age, he joined the Austrian army and hooked up with a crack artillery regiment in Vienna. After basic training and maneuvers in the snowy foothills of the Alps one winter, Mauksch got a break; he was promoted to cadet corporal and went off to the Austrian artillery OCS. Vienna's world-famed social life was in full swing then—Hans likes his social life—but the school was called to participate in maneuvers with the Austrian army on the Czechoslovakian border. Then Mauksch's military career had a sudden setback; he had a six-month siege in the hospital with blood poisoning. Discharged from the army with a diploma entitling him to a reserve commission should he be recalled to active duty, Mauksch took some courses at the University of Vienna and the Commercial Academy—and then Hitler struck.

"I was just lucky to escape what happened to some of the others," Mauksch says.

RELUCTANT to talk much about the Nazification of his native city, Mauksch has one story he does tell: "I had a bunkmate all through my army career, an intelligent fellow who seemed to have a lot of regard for me. We were together through basic training, maneuvers and OCS, and there was no indication that there was anything different about him. We drifted apart after I left the army. When I next met him, after the Anschluss, he was wearing the uniform of a second lieutenant Storm Trooper. I was astounded, and asked why, since his insignia revealed he had been an active Nazi worker for two years, he had been so friendly to me, a Jew. He answered quite frankly that I had been a perfect foil for his underground activities, that no one would suspect the friend of a Jew of being a Fascist worker.

"It's the same with all Nazi youth of today," Mauksch says. "There is no such thing as a genuinely friendly Nazi. They hate our way of life and they couldn't possibly like us, not with the poison that has been administered to them by Hitler over such a long period of time. Their whole creed is based on lying and deception, and they are trained in using the pretense of friendship to stab you in the back—and then mourn at the funeral."

Mauksch left Europe in October, 1938, by devious means. His parents followed him later, and his brother is now a master sergeant with a U.S. engineer combat group somewhere on the continent. After dodging a host of "Help the Refugees" committees, Mauksch struck out for upstate New York and worked successively as shipping clerk, salesman and finally department manager of a big shoe chain. One day the papers carried the news from Pearl Harbor, and Hans tried to enlist through a draft board in Utica, N.Y. They turned him down, he thinks perhaps on account of his Austrian army service. So he bombarded the draft board with letters, then tried General Hershey, selective service head, and finally, in desperation, the office of President Roosevelt.

Mauksch doesn't know whether that last letter did the trick, but three weeks later he was inducted into the Army at Camp Upton, N.Y. Hans said the interviewers there greeted him with open arms, predicting that he'd be in Fort Sill—artillery OCS—in no time at all, and on his way to a shoulder-glittering career. He stayed in Upton four weeks, but the army didn't try to capitalize on his previous military service. Then one day he was shipped off in a packet of recruits to Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., for basic training in the combat engineers.

He applied for artillery OCS at the new camp and also re-applied for citizenship. After twelve weeks of engineer basic, Mauksch was made a cadreman and sworn in as a citizen in April, 1943. Then Hans was called again for an interview, and this time the officers painted for him a picture of a glorious future in ASTP. It was a natural for him, they said, with

his European and military background and knowledge of the countries and languages which our troops would meet. There might be a commission soon, etc. So Mauksch formally renounced his OCS application, shipped out of Missouri to an ASTP staging outfit in the University of Nebraska, and wound up studying basic German and Italian at Stanford University in California.

Pulled out of basic and put into a postgraduate course doing Austrian research, Mauksch then spent some time on DS as "native informant" and instructor to some Allied Military Government student officers, giving lectures on Austria and Czechoslovakia and adjacent countries. He was able to help out a little on his own hook by obtaining documentary films on Europe from his cousin, a Hollywood producer. That put him in pretty solid, and he was interviewed for a "spot commission" with the AMG. But before anything came of that, the army lowered the boom again, and Hans and fifty other ASTP students were pulled out of Stanford and sent to a military intelligence school in Maryland.

After sweating out this school, Mauksch and the others were cheered by promises of "first three graders." But one day the group was alerted and shipped to England in a "surprise packet" as replacements. After six weeks of basic infantry training including KP, guard, ash and trash, etc., Mauksch noticed a lack of instruction on the enemy and his weapons, so he volunteered the services of himself and his companions and finally got the unit established as an independent training team. They set up courses and laboriously collected enemy equipment, one trip to London resulting in a 2½-ton truckload of the material. Then one-half of Mauksch's fifty-man unit was shipped out and the remainder transferred to another replacement depot. And the process of building new courses—and a museum to house the growing collection—began anew. The unit was now giving 70 hours of instruction a week.

Mauksch's instructors take enemy machineguns and rifles out to the ranges and show the GIs and officers how to load and fire them. They also demonstrate the difference in sound between the German projectiles and Allied ammunition. Mauksch recounts a story of an engineer combat captain on D-Day:

"My outfit landed in France on D-Day," the officer said, "and within half an hour we had lost all our automatic weapons in the face of heavy opposing fire. There were plenty of German weapons and ammunition lying around, but we just didn't know how to use them. We fooled around with the machineguns and machine pistols and finally we did manage to get some use out of them. But we'd lost men and time, in the meanwhile, because we didn't know that certain British and American ammunition could be used in German automatic weapons. If we'd had the instruction you fellows are giving now, it would have been a little different story."

Mauksch said men returned from combat are most interested in the 88, the 42mm. "burp" machinegun, and the Schmeisser machine pistol. A lieutenant came up one day while Hans was demonstrating the latter and said, "Lemme see that damn thing. I got shot at a lot in France by those, but I never did get a chance to handle one."

In common with every other GI, Mauksch and his men want to get back to the States just as soon as possible to resume—or begin—their family life. They have no desire to return to Europe after the war.

—By Sgt. FRANCIS BURKE
YANK Staff Correspondent

Definitions

"ACHTUNG! Dept. of Lexicography!" one Cpl. Frank Cady writes us, thereby proving that he knows how to toss five-syllable words around. From there on in, however, the good corporal, who is sweating it out at an Air Service Command Depot in England, shows that he knows his way around just as well among the two-bit words as among the two-dollar ones. He offers us this *Dictionary of Army Terms*, and makes sure that the WD doesn't get any credit for it by marking it in large letters "UNOFFICIAL." Here goes:

BARRAGE.....a place to keep a car.
BOMB.....a transient; hobo.
BREACH.....deliver a sermon.
B-24.....what you will be after being 23 for a year.
FLAK.....a banner.
JEEP.....sound made by young chickens.
MORTAR.....homicide.

Thoughts On This And That

AN EIGHTH AIR FORCE FIGHTER STATION IN ENGLAND—Politicians and brass hats reclining in easy chairs back in the States aren't the only ones thinking of what the average GI is going to do after the war. The Joes themselves have certain ideas for post-war days, according to a survey held at an Eighth Air Force fighter station.

The survey was conducted by selected personnel at the P-51 Mustang station commanded by Colonel George T. Crowell, of Chicago, Ill., and went under the title of "Civil Adjustment Survey." It was a questionnaire survey of the post-war plans and intentions of the men of the 55th Fighter Group and attached units.

Out of 1,300 interviewed, 52 percent were Protestant; 25 percent Catholic; three percent Jewish; five percent had no religion; 15 percent had no comment to make on religious affiliations. Sixty-six percent of the men were unmarried, but 50 percent of these planned to be married six months, or less, after getting out of the army.

THE average Joe at this fighter station has a high school education. Fifty-two percent have completed at least 12 years of schooling. Forty percent earned between $100 and $150 a month before donning ODs, and only four percent had earned over $300 a month.

Joe, who has been in the army approximately two years and three months, saves around $50 a month—a choice item for those people who think that he throws his money around. Of the 1,300 men, 1,275 carry the full $10,000 insurance.

Ninety-four percent of the men at this station answered a definite "No" when asked if they intended to stay in the army; four percent weren't sure, and only two percent indicated that they would like to stay in.

Joe likes the idea of the old homestead. Forty-four percent are going home to mother.

The men have concrete plans of what they are going to do when they get home. Only 41 percent intend to return to their old jobs. Sixty-five percent will not waste any time getting back to work. Only six percent plan to loaf longer than six months.

About 45 percent of the men have no interest in the famed "Bill of Rights" for discharged servicemen. Of those who are interested, 23 percent want loans to establish a business, 14 percent want financial help to pay mortgages on homes, and seven percent of the boys desire financial help on their farms.

According to the survey, Joe is quite an independent guy. Although 25 percent want to continue with their education, only eleven percent of the 25 will seek help from the benefits assured them by the "Bill of Rights."

The average GI is a little worried about how the jobs in his home town will stack up when he gets back. Thirty-four percent have no idea of what the set-up will be, but only 16 percent plan to move on to other communities to seek work. Only 27 percent visualize good prospects for jobs when they are demobilized.

Joe is a stable guy. He places financial security over the kind of work he would really like to do after the war. He may have ideas of being a mechanic for an airline but he would rather go back to the farm if it means more security.

Despite the fact they have already traveled a lot, many of the fellows will seek jobs which will bring them adventure and new experiences.

Many of the boys have weathered two winters in England, but few are placing much emphasis on the geographical position of their future position in life.

The army hasn't changed Joe or his ideas much. Those who went to church in civilian life still go; those who did not go do not go now. Most of the guys want to go "home" and want "home" to be just as it was when they left. The army to them is an interlude which must be sweated out before they can return to civilian life.

Joe is a thinker, regardless of what a lot of people say. One man declared, "The important matter in this little fracas is that GI Joes are really thinking. We don't talk like preachers or sound like advertising copy, but we do want, need, and hope for certain rights, privileges and responsibilities."

Another said, "We want the right to freedom and the America for which we fight." A third commented, "We demand the privilege of living as free men in a world of peace."

Joe is thinking and knows exactly what he wants.

By DAVID B. BITTAN
—YANK Field Correspondent

MP CPL. CHARLES H. JOHNSON, OF PARIS, TENN., GUIDES GI TRUCK CONVOYS TO THE FRONT IN FRANCE.

The COUNT

THE outfit to which that old flopperoo T/5 called the Count belongs moved recently and the corporal is convinced that it did so without the slightest regard for military security. Troop movements, he thinks, should be made quietly—a man or two at a time.

"Troop trains is the bunk," the Count told us disgustedly the other day when we caught up with him at his new post, not far from the Scottish border. "The way we came here, anybody could tell we was a military outfit on the move. First they marched us into the station, and then they jammed us into the cars so tight me back half was sticking right out the window for Hitler or anyone else to see."

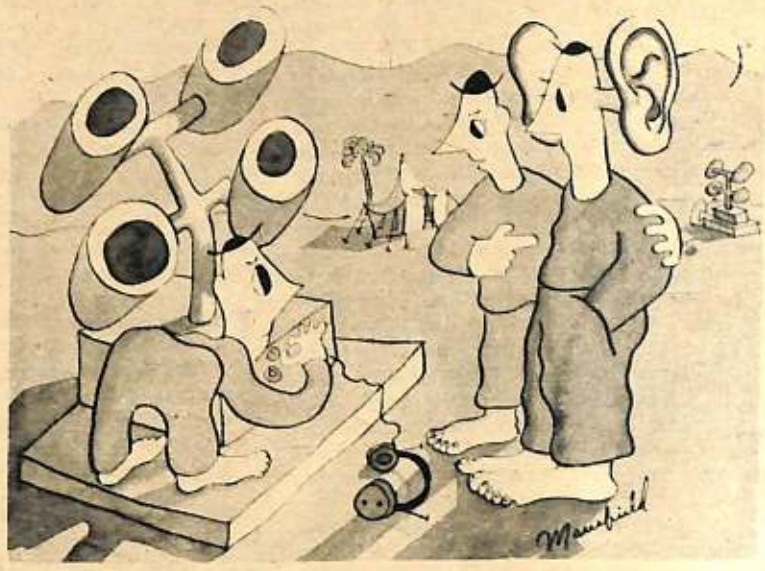
The Count has cooked up his own plan for the movement of troops and intends to include it in one of his frequent letters of constructive criticism to the War Department. "They shouldn't never of let us guys travel together like that," he said. "It was a dead giveaway to enemy agents, and besides there was always the chance we might of been strafed by a doodlebug. No sir, they should've sent just one of us out and then another and another, and we should've rode in regular civilian cars—preferably first class."

Someone suggested that the WD might want to know why troops should travel first class rather than third, since the Army isn't in business primarily for comfort. "Comfort!" exclaimed the Count, indignantly. "Who said anything about comfort? Security, that's what I'm talking about. It stands to reason that if you get a couple of the fellers travelling together in a crowded third-class compartment there's always a chance of them shooting their mouths off in front of a spy. But in first class, the boys could generally find an empty compartment and then lay down on the seats so no one else could get in."

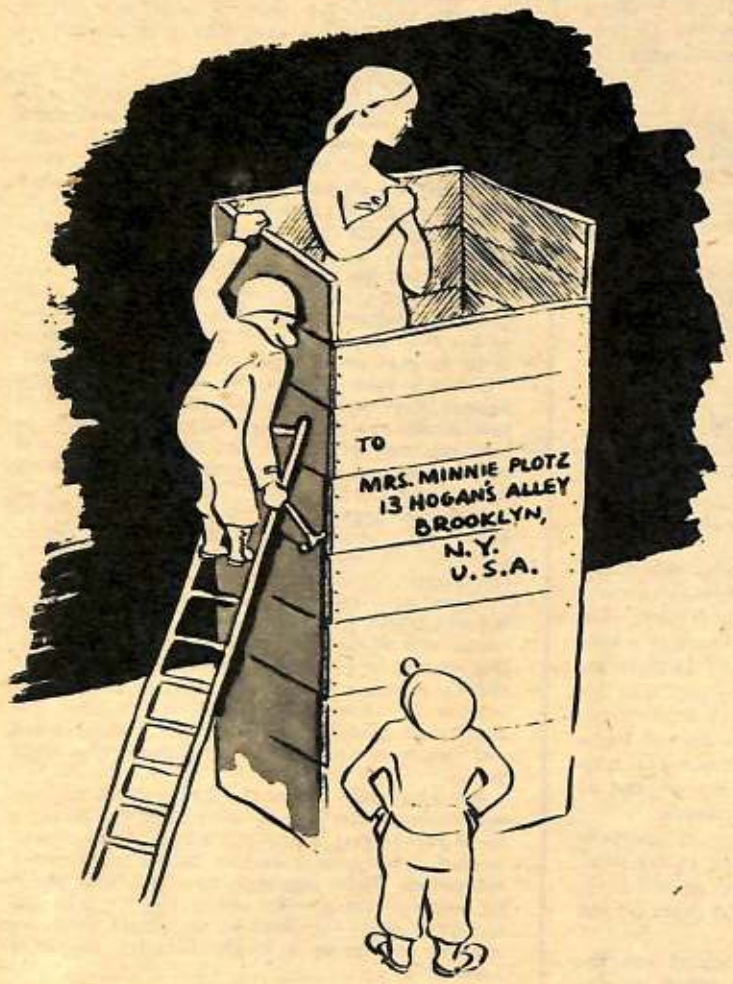
But what really griped the Count about his trip was having to carry his barracks bags. "You see a lot of guys lugging their A and B bags onto a train," he said, "and even a dummy knows it's a troop movement. Them bags should've been sent ahead by express, along with our helmets. And we should've worn our Class As, so people would've thought we was on furlough. Security, see what I mean?"

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

—Sgt. LaFayette Locke

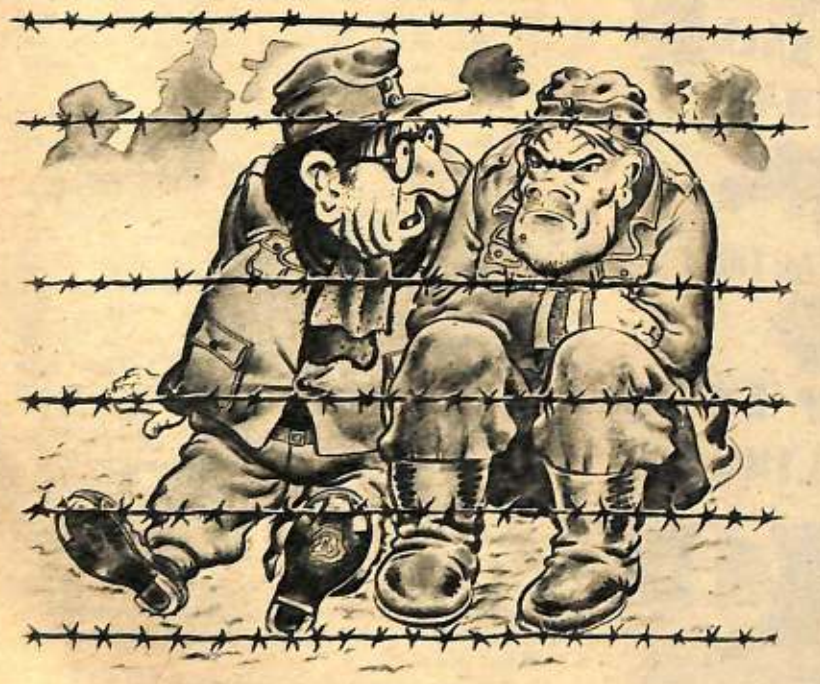


"THIS IS THE GUY I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT."
—Pvt. Walter Mansfield



"I DON'T THINK THE BOYS DOWN AT THE POST OFFICE ARE GOING TO LIKE THIS VERY MUCH."
—Cpl. Barney Spaulding

—M/Sgt. Ted Miller



"SAY, ERICH, I NEVER DID FINISH 'MEIN KAMPF'—DOES IT HAVE A HAPPY ENDING?"
—Pvt. Tom Flannery

"ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, SO IT WASN'T THE CAMOUFLAGED RUNWAY!"
—Cpl. Arnold Thurm