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GIs IN BERCHTESGADEN

How Russia's Zhukov Beat the Japs in 1939

—See Pages 2, 3, 4 and 5

ЖУКОВ (ZHUKOV)

He beat the Japs in 1939—Gave the Nazis their first defeat at Moscow in 1941—Captured Berlin in 1945.

By Sgt. JAMES DUGAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

ENGLAND—A stocky fifty-year-old Russian soldier who looks like a Kansas grocer, is generally considered to be one of the outstanding field commanders of the war in Europe. Marshal of the Soviet Union, Grigory Konstantinovich Zhukov (pronounced jhoo-kuf) was the first general to whip Hitler (at Moscow in 1941); he was the organizer of the decisive victory of Stalingrad, the saviour of blockaded Leningrad, the liberator of Warsaw, and he finished off his enemy in the classic manner by surrounding the Nazi capital and taking it by storm.

As the principal field commander of an army estimated at ten million men, which waged war for four years in a land theater larger than all the rest of Europe, Marshal Zhukov has a service record worth studying. One of the most revealing items in his 201 file is that he annihilated a Japanese army in a "secret war" in Outer Mongolia in 1939.

Zhukov is the second soldier of the U.S.S.R. next to Marshal Stalin. General officers in the Red Army are highly interchangeable parts of the military machine. They move from staff jobs to field CPs and back again, without regard for prestige. Zhukov is a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, which is equal to a civilian cabinet rank. As Vice-Commissar of Defense, he holds a job roughly comparable to Secretary Stimson's. He has held theater commands larger than Gen. Eisenhower's, and has then moved down in the chain of command to army group administrations on the scale of Field Marshal Montgomery's.

Zhukov has always held the most important job of the moment, whether it was in the Kremlin planning an offensive, in the field to save an adverse situation, or getting right down into the army group command spearheading an offensive.

One of Zhukov's incidental accomplishments was worth armies to the cause of freedom: he was responsible for Corporal Hitler becoming Commander-in-Chief of the German army. That was in 1941, when Zhukov's astounding defeat of the Germans at the gates of Moscow caused Hitler to fire his chief-of-staff, von Brauchitsch, and take over himself.

High commanders spend a great deal of their working day trying to determine the enemy commander's intentions. Montgomery calls it "getting inside the other fellow's head." Sun Tzu, a Chinese military scientist, who wrote *The Art of War* five centuries before Christ, said, *To secure ourselves against defeat lies in our own hands, but the opportunity of defeating the enemy is provided by the enemy himself.* Hitler was Zhukov's patsy. He knew the inside of the eerie dome of Berchtesgaden like he knew his own situation maps. He waited for Hitler's mistakes, set giant traps, and when he had bagged the enemy as he did at Stalingrad, Warsaw and Berlin, he had also anticipated the mistakes Hitler would make trying to get out of the trap.

The first time the "all-conquering" Hitler army was ever defeated in battle was near Moscow in 1941. After its early successes resulting from the treacherous attack of 22 June, the *Wehrmacht* took Smolensk—the military gate to Moscow. Marshal Timoshenko, in command of the defenders, made a hard-fighting withdrawal, killing thousands of the Nazi elite and slowing them down, while keeping his own armies in being. It cost the Russians much land and many men and severe losses of planes.

After four months two German armies under von Bock were drawn up in a 200-mile arc ready to roll into Moscow 60 miles away. Hitler howled: "In a few weeks the three great industrial districts of the Bolsheviks will be completely in our hands." He said he was going to make the "final tremendous blow, which before the onset of winter, will lead to the destruction of the enemy."

Stalin put Zhukov in for Timoshenko. An appeal went out in Moscow for men not employed in essential industry to volunteer to meet the enemy. Thousands of civilians volunteered, were armed and organized in six days into four "Moscow Communist" divisions, and went out to meet the panzers with rifles.

They died by the hundreds at the villages, bridges and crossroads as the German armor rolled on. When Hitler heard that the enemy was putting in untrained replacements in civilian clothes, many of them wearing Communist Party cards around their necks, he capered around and yelled that the end was near.

On December 6, 1941, most of us still had patterns in our neckties, or we were baffled GIs wondering what conscription was all about. On that day just before Pearl Harbor, Maj. Gen. Pavel Belov, the youthful commander of the First Cavalry Corps, was sitting in a dugout 70 miles southeast of Moscow facing the right arm of the German offensive. That right arm was the Second Tank Army of Gen. Heinz Guderian which was trying to get around in back of Moscow to link up with another force hammering through north of the capital. Belov's exhausted regulars and the Moscow civilians were fighting with fantastic bravery, following Zhukov's Order of the Day which said, "Not a step back! Halt the Fascists! Every man must fight like ten! Cowards and panic mongers must be destroyed ruthlessly as traitors to the Fatherland!"

Young Gen. Belov was in terrible trouble. The first snow of the Russian winter was falling on his C.P., when the field phone rang in his dugout: "Zhukov speaking. It is time to strike back. I am sending you reinforcements. As soon as they arrive put them into the attack. I suggest you repulse frontal attacks and strike at Guderian's flanks." Perhaps Belov had a melancholy picture as he hung up the phone—a scene of more civilians coming into the bloodbath. But he went out to look at the reinforcements. They came, unit after unit of tough, well-equipped regulars, quietly slipping into his lines.

All up and down the 200-mile front they came, a red-blooded transfusion of men and armor for the seven weakened armies. The new divisions came into the lines during the night of December 5-6.

Tall, blue-eyed Lt. Gen. Konstantin Rokossovsky, commanding an army in the center, also got a phone call: "Stalin speaking. What's your situation?" Rokossovsky explained in careful detail. "Hold even stronger," said the voice. "We'll help you. That's all."

The iron-nerved pair in the Kremlin had spent the time given them by the sacrifice of the army and the Moscow Bolsheviks to secretly bring up from the deep rear, in 16 days, trained troops from the Urals, the upper Volga, and Siberia. They sent in tanks and planes the Germans never dreamed the Russians had. When Stalin had removed Timoshenko the month before the old Marshal had gone to the rear to get these troops ready. Zhukov was acting on a military aphorism of Sun Tzu, which Hitler had not considered: *Simulated weakness postulates strength.*

THE *Wehrmacht* was dreaming of warm houses in Moscow with double windows. Hitler was sure he was going to conquer Soviet Russia without issuing winter clothes to the troops. The Nazi machine had slowed up. Long supply lines were being harassed by partisans. Panzers and Stukas, unequipped for winter, were freezing up.

Some hours before dawn of the day before Pearl Harbor the Red offensive began with seven reinforced armies and two horse cavalry corps. It hit first on the flanks while the center held. Then the blows fell alternately along the long front in each sector.

Gen. Belov attacked Guderian's flanks and encircled several panzer divisions. Guderian tried a Nazi trick the GIs were to see three years later in the Bulge. To wriggle out of the trap he painted red stars on his tanks and dressed his infantry in captured Russian uniforms. This was the same Guderian who surrendered to the GIs later on, saying, "Let there be no hard feelings. War is like a football match. The winner should shake hands with the loser."

Moscow was the first defeat for Hitler's armies which had rolled up one lightning victory after

A trench mortar crew shifts position in the Stalingrad counter-offensive, Zhukov's classic.

At Khalkin-Gol where Zhukov beat the Japs in 1939, geography handicapped the Russians.

another, since the eighteen-day Battle of Poland in 1939.

Zhukov at the time was 45 years old, an unknown officer to the outside world, but with a solid reputation in the Red Army. Like most high Russian generals he was a cavalryman. He entered the Czar's army in 1915 as a private in the 10th Novgorod Dragoon Regiment. During the Revolution he joined Simyeon Budyenny's First Red Cavalry Army, which drove to Warsaw in 1920. Zhukov is the son of a poor peasant of Strelkova near Moscow.

He was known to Marshal Stalin as a leading student of modern warfare. In fact, he was the first officer to properly employ tanks in blitzkrieg warfare in the secret Mongolian war of 1939. As early as 1937 he had advised the Spanish Loyalist Army on tank tactics in the Spanish Civil War. Hard study and hard practice wars had given Soviet Russia a new model commander in Zhukov. He reads German and French, and is a close student of the military theoreticians the Red Army most respects—Jeb Stuart, de Gaulle, Sun Tzu, Clausewitz, and the brilliant Russian revolutionary soldier, Mikhail Frunze, who died in 1925 at the age of forty and gave his name to the Frunze Academy —the West Point of Soviet Russia.

Frunze thought of war in the Russian sense and the modern sense. It would be fought in the vast land theater of Russia and it would be a war of maneuver with modern mobile weapons. It was the thinking of a cavalryman; it discarded trench warfare. It was the theory of the kind of war Patton fights. Frunze implanted in Red Army officers his theory of strategic reserves to be thrown in at decisive moments and to exploit success. Frunze's theories had been highly developed in the Red Army; they are a basic part of Zhukov's successes. Zhukov also believed in an idea Stalin had expounded to H. G. Wells in 1927. "There never was and never will be an offensive," said Stalin, "without the regrouping of forces during the progress of the offensive, without making sure of the positions that have been captured, and without using reserves to follow up successes and carrying the offensive to its conclusion."

Eighteen years before the fall of Berlin, Stalin had stated in a nutshell the secret of the Red Army's strategy. Zhukov observed the first part of Stalin's maxim in the battle of Moscow when, after the four northern armies had converged and solidly linked up, he regrouped by pulling Rokossovsky's army out and sent it hell-for-leather south, across the communications of two armies and two cavalry corps, to get in behind the southernmost flank and add to the offensive. The maneuver resembled Field Marshal Alexander's trick in Tunisia, in which he dispatched two armored divisions from the Eighth Army on the Mareth Line, on a northbound dash to Bizerta, where the heaviest allied attack fell on the Germans.

In command of the 1st Ukrainian AG in 1944, Zhukov visited his army CPs, checking up on battle details. In the midst of battle, divisional commanders received praise or criticism from the Marshal.

AFTER the defeat at Moscow Hitler took it into his head to enlarge on his original error. Von Bock had failed to encircle Moscow on a 200-mile front, so Hitler tried to encircle the capital on a 2,000-mile front by way of Leningrad and Stalingrad. With Leningrad blockaded, the Germans threw everything on the southern front in their 1942 summer offensive.

Again it was von Bock against Timoshenko, at the beginning. By the time the enemy had reached Stalingrad Zhukov had replaced Timoshenko again. The biggest battle in the history of warfare took place for 66 days in and around Stalingrad.

Von Paulus, commanding the German Sixth Army, broke into Stalingrad with four tank divisions, three motorized divisions, and twelve infantry divisions. At the height of the battle he had 22 divisions on an extremely narrow front. Zhukov defended the Volga city with the 62nd Army of Lt. Gen. Vasili Chuikov, which consisted of about fifteen infantry divisions.

They will talk about Stalingrad as long as men value courage. Here the immovable object stopped the irresistible force and supplanted it as the irresistible force. *Attack is the secret of defence; defence is the planning of an attack*, said Sun Tzu.

Gen. Chuikov moved his underground command post four times in the ruins of Stalingrad. On the day of the heaviest fighting in the history of the war, the 14th October, 1942, Chuikov had 61 staff officers and men killed in his command post.

Gen. Ludnikov's 70th Infantry Division held the Barricades Machine Construction Plant for 45 days, cut off from the rest of the garrison. The division started out with 10,000 men and ended with 800. It held the plant.

It was not courage alone. The brains and nerves of the commanders, from Zhukov to the junior sergeants, transformed what looked like a last ditch epic into the annihilation of the enemy. *In war the victorious strategist only seeks battle after the victory has been won, whereas he who is destined for defeat, first fights and afterward looks for victory*, said Sun Tzu.

Zhukov began his counter-activity with limited attacks against the long front north of Stalingrad. Military observers at the time, reading the unimpressive communiques from this front, concluded that Zhukov was trying to pin down the northern Germans to prevent them from getting into the Stalingrad battle. This idea was furthest from Zhukov's mind. He wanted more German divisions to get into Stalingrad. He had a trap and he wanted more rats.

Early in November he ordered Gen. Chuikov to go on the offensive inside Stalingrad. The Red tommygunners came up out of the ground and attacked the Nazi tanks. The Russians had no tanks; they believed them useless in street fighting. The Reds were inferior in the air. It was the infantryman, the pregnable man himself, armed with automatic rifle, machinegun, explosive charge, grenade and bayonet, who made the Stalingrad counter-offensive; it was the infantryman raised to his highest power.

Two more German divisions came into Stalingrad following Chuikov's November attacks. On Armistice Day, 1942, the Germans staged their last attack. It gained twenty yards.

In the meantime Zhukov had completed his army groupings for the banging of the trap. He had built up a bridgehead across the Don bend northwest of Stalingrad, where a fresh army of three tank corps and two Cossack cavalry corps under Gen. Rokossovsky were ready to jump off. The Nazis were protecting this flank with some vassal Rumanians. On the west bank of the Volga below Stalingrad there was another tank-cavalry army ready under Gen. Yeremenko.

On the 19th November, Zhukov let them loose. The next day the world read the Soviet communique with considerable bafflement. It stated that troops of Gen. Rokossovsky had captured Kalach, 40 miles directly in the rear of von Paulus. Rokossovsky's force had raced 62 miles through the Rumanians, twice crossing the broad river Don in one day, and captured the key base supplying the German Stalingrad army. In three days Yeremenko had chopped through north to join Rokossovsky, cutting off the Nazis in Stalingrad.

The Germans didn't try to get out in the first few days when it may have still been possible. Zhukov had doubly provided against this possibility by weaving another ring around the Germans, in the first week, until von Paulus was separated by 60 miles from the nearest troops in his rear.

Zhukov considered the possibility that Hitler would try to relieve the trapped army, and he sent another new Red Army under Gen. Malinovsky down the road to Kotelnikovo, 90 miles southwest of Stalingrad. Hitler's relief army under von Manstein started out from Kotelnikovo and crashed head-on into Malinovsky. This surprising affair ended promptly by Malinovsky's men capturing Kotelnikovo. In the north a similar event took place when still another fresh army under "Lightning" Vatutin drove west to meet possible German rescuers.

The commanding corporal in Berlin, confronted with this brutal use of strategic reserves against his unconquerables, did just what Zhukov figured he would do. Hitler ordered von Paulus to fight on. He would supply him by air. One difficulty with this plan was that Malinovsky and Vatutin, rampaging in the German Com-Z, had knocked off a lot of German airdromes and the *Luftwaffe* pilots were required to fly clumsy transports for long distances over Russian flak. Then Zhukov produced a hidden fighter force to add to the problems of the German pilots.

Malinovsky referred to the von Paulus army as "an armed camp of PWs." The Russians offered von Paulus a surrender ultimatum on January 8. Indomitable Hitler, off in the *Reichskanzellerie* in Berlin, ordered them to fight on. From a 360-degree circle the Red Armies attacked, led by Rokossovsky from due west, the exact route the *Wehrmacht* had taken to get into Stalingrad. On the first day of February von Paulus, his face twitching, came out of the cellar of a department store in Stalingrad and gave up his army.

From his historic victory at Stalingrad, Zhukov had already been removed so fast that the surrender ultimatum was signed by someone else. He went to Leningrad and broke the German blockade of Russia's second city. After that the Red Army was often stopped and sometimes it lost places already liberated, but the Germans were licked after Stalingrad. El Alamein was won at the time of Stalingrad; the victory in Tunisia was in the making. An American army had been born in Africa. Mighty allies of the Soviet were in the field of the land war.

The next time Zhukov's name was listed in Orders of the Day was in the Ukraine, where suddenly Zhukov, the theater commander, became Zhukov, the army group commander. After the death in action of "Lightning" Vatutin, Stalin put Zhukov in as CG of the First Ukrainian Army Group. Th[illegible]

Zhukov's war ended in Berlin. He and Allied chiefs finished off Germany with fountain pens

had been promoted to Marshal of the Soviet Union, the first new Marshal to be made in wartime. Hopped up by the presence of the miracle man, the Red Army attacked in knee-deep mud. After two days' fighting, the First Ukrainian AG had smashed 12 Nazi divisions, and kept going all the way across the Polish border.

The value of a whole army—a mighty host of a million men—is dependent on one man alone: such is the influence of spirit, said Sun Tzu.

Zhukov continued to hold field commands. He led the armies which liberated Warsaw from the rear, after a characteristic Zhukov encirclement. His last great battle in command of the First White Russian AG, was the flawless assault of Berlin, in which Soviet troops spun a heavy ring around the city and attacked from all sides.

Do not repeat the tactics which have gained you one victory, but let your methods be regulated by the infinite variety of circumstances, said Sun Tzu.

THE offensive that cracked open Berlin had its greatest strength in the center, unlike the powerful flank attacks of Moscow and Stalingrad. It was prepared by one of the greatest artillery salvoes of the war, in which 40,000 tons of HE were thrown into the center of Berlin in eight days.

Zhukov described his battle plan for Berlin: "In order to make a large-scale surprise for the Germans, I chose the method of a sudden night attack along the whole front. In the first place we effected a mighty artillery preparation which, as prisoners testified, the Germans did not expect. They thought it likely that we would act at night, but did not think it would be the main attack.

"Following the artillery preparation, we launched a night tank attack. We flung into this attack over 4,000 tanks supported by 22,000 guns and mortars. This thrust was supported from the air by between four and five thousand planes, which began their operations at night. The aircraft flew over the battlefield in waves. About 1,000 bombers were over during the night, and the rest in the morning and afternoon. During 24 hours over 15,000 sorties were flown.

"In order to help the tanks find their bearings, we resorted to night lighting by searchlights. Our purpose was not only to light the way for our tanks and infantry, but also to blind the enemy, preventing him from conducting precision fire. Over 200 searchlights were used at intervals of about 200 yards in the directions of the main thrusts, which came from different directions.

"As we had planned, our attack proved unexpected and stunning for the enemy. The Germans had not expected such a powerful blow, and their resistance was quickly broken. Seeing that his defenses had given way, the enemy flung all his reserves from the Berlin area into the battle, and even withdrew some garrison units from Berlin itself. This was a grave error on his part.

"His reserves, as they approached the fighting zone, were smashed in frontal battles by our air force and tanks. When the Soviet troops broke through to Berlin, they found the enemy's AA defense was denuded of personnel. This enabled our air force to operate at low altitudes.

"Having weakened his previously prepared defense by removing troops from the Berlin area, the enemy could not withstand our thrust. The Germans had over a half million men fighting in the Berlin operation. Of these we captured 300,000. Not less than 150,000 were killed. The rest dispersed. We believe that the Berlin operation was quite successful both for speed, and for its instructiveness. Our troops learned many lessons from this battle, and acquired rich experience in night actions."

Zhukov signed the final grand surrender and he remains in Berlin, as chief of the Russian Control Commission.

If Marshal Zhukov were scored on the GI point system he would have something like a total of 250. The points are based on his two children, his six campaigns, four years battle service and 18 decorations. As a cavalry NCO in the last war he won two St. George Crosses for night reconnaissance work.

Among his decorations are two Orders of Victory, the highest Soviet award to a victorious commander, which were given for the Ukraine offensive of the spring of 1944, and the Battle of Berlin. These bejewelled medals are worth $15,000 each. Eisenhower and Montgomery also have the award.

On his right breast he wears three medals which are worth about a ruble apiece as scrap, but they are as meaningful as the Orders of Victory. They are two Orders of the Mongolian People's Republic and the Khalkin-Gol Battle Star. These obscure decorations are worn by a few of the toughest officers and men in the Red Army, who fought in the fateful battle of Khalkin-Gol in Outer Mongolia in 1939. Near the Khalkin river Zhukov cut up and routed the Japanese Sixth Army in a 100-day secret war, and probably saved his country from a two-front war later on.

The war was never declared although both sides have not attempted to conceal what happened. Khalkin-Gol and an earlier Japanese attack at Lake Khassan, near Vladivostock, were part of the pattern of Japanese aggression—miniature Pearl Harbors. Japan had just made her deals with Hitler and Mussolini and was testing Soviet strength. Apparently the Germans never studied what happened at Khalkin-Gol or they might have seen the design of battle which crushed them six years later.

On May 11, 1939, the Japanese made a surprise attack on frontier posts of the Mongolian Republic, a semi-socialist state allied to the Soviet Union. The Japanese had carefully selected the spot to give them every advantage of terrain. They attacked in a narrow bulge of Mongol territory thrust out between a hundred miles of the Manchukuan puppet state on the north and Chinese Mongolia on the south. The Japanese knew from their experience at Lake Khassan the year before, that Stalin would forbid his commanders to violate foreign borders, thus severely limiting Red maneuvers to the confines of the Mongolian bulge. The theater was 3,500 air miles from Moscow, and 400 miles from Chita, the headquarters and railhead of the nearest Soviet forces, the Trans-Baikal Front Army Group. (See map, page 3.)

The thin line of border guards fell back until Mongolian regulars could be brought up. The Mongolian army threw the Japs back in a ten-day battle. The Japs reinforced their assault with all arms, including tanks, artillery and aircraft, while Maj. Gen. Zhukov was on his way from Chita with a Soviet task force.

On July 3 the Japanese aggressors mounted their heaviest offensive with six cavalry regiments, two infantry divisions, a mechanized brigade, artillery units, and the largest fighter-bomber force seen in warfare up to that date. It was two months before the *Luftwaffe* went into action in Poland.

The Japs tried to outflank Zhukov from their inviolable Manchukuan territory. Gen. Yakovlev, commanding the Red tanks, broke up the attempted encirclement in the same manner that Belov stopped Guderian before Moscow.

Zhukov had been building up his offensive power while these holding attacks were taking place. On August 19 he let the Japs see what he had. Heavy artillery and attack aircraft prepared the offensive. His battle plan was the classic he used later at Stalingrad, Warsaw and Berlin—double encirclement, followed by annihilation. In ten days the Japanese Sixth Army was out of business, losing 20,000 men, 162 guns, 36 mortars, eight tanks, 42,000 shells, and 660 aircraft.

The Tokio newspaper *Asahi* reflected on this disquieting event:

"We express our condolence with the bereaved, the number of whom turns out to be unexpectedly large. The steppe was strewn with the bodies of our brave men. Our military authorities have drawn the salutary lesson from these events that in the future our military preparations must be carried out to the point of perfection. The army must be reinforced with motorized units to the utmost. Until now the people have not been aware of the high level of technical efficiency of the motorized units of the Soviet Army, and there are now quite a number of people who are astonished at this unexpected fact."

Walter Kerr, U.S. correspondent in Russia, says in his book, *The Russian Army*, that Zhukov was "the first officer to command large tank forces and use them the way they should be used. He was the first man to wage lightning war or *blitzkrieg*." Khalkin-Gol occurred two months before the German panzers campaigned in Poland and put the word *blitzkrieg* into common use.

Marshal Zhukov gave his own modest estimate of the Khalkin-Gol affair in Berlin six years later. "It was a local operation, and so it can hardly be of any special interest. It is interesing only from an operational point of view, as a battle in which a large number of tanks and aircraft were employed. It lasted only ten days, in the course of which a sixth of the Japanese Army was surrounded and routed." A U.S. correspondent asked him, "Whom do you regard as the stronger adversary, the Germans or the Japanese?" Zhukov answered, "The Germans were stronger, from the technical viewpoint, than the Japanese at that time. What the Japanese soldier is now, I find it difficult to say, as the situation has changed since."

NOT much is known about Zhukov's private life. Russian security precautions embrace personal details about the top man, which they consider to be possible clues to his battlefield behavior. The policy is to let the enemy find out about him by feeling his punch. Security has distinctly helped Zhukov in his secret preparations for battle. Strategic surprise was often attained and helped win the war for all of us.

He lives on the second floor of a two-storey house in Arbat Square, Moscow, with his tall wife and two daughters. His neighbour downstairs is an M.P. colonel, which goes to show that in wartime capitals, be they Washington, Moscow or London, you keep running into M.P.s. The Marshal is fond of playing the accordian, and going to the theater and ballet. He works a twelve-hour day, exercising in the morning by riding "Ledok," an Anglo-Turkman stallion from a famous Ural stud farm.

Zhukov believes that a commander must look after his men. Officers serving under him are constantly reminded that the welfare of the soldier comes before the officer's personal comfort. He is largely responsible for restoring regular military rank and severe standards of military courtesy in the army. In 1940 he attacked the system of political commissars, and had them deprived of all power to make purely military decisions. The political commissar is now a sort of cross between the chaplain and the Special Services officer.

Not many chiefs-of-staff have had the chance to direct the ponderous machine of war, design battle strategy, and then get transferred to the front to run the battle itself. Few Allied commanders have scored decisive victories over both Japan and Germany. Grigory K. Zhukov is securely placed among the great captains of the age.

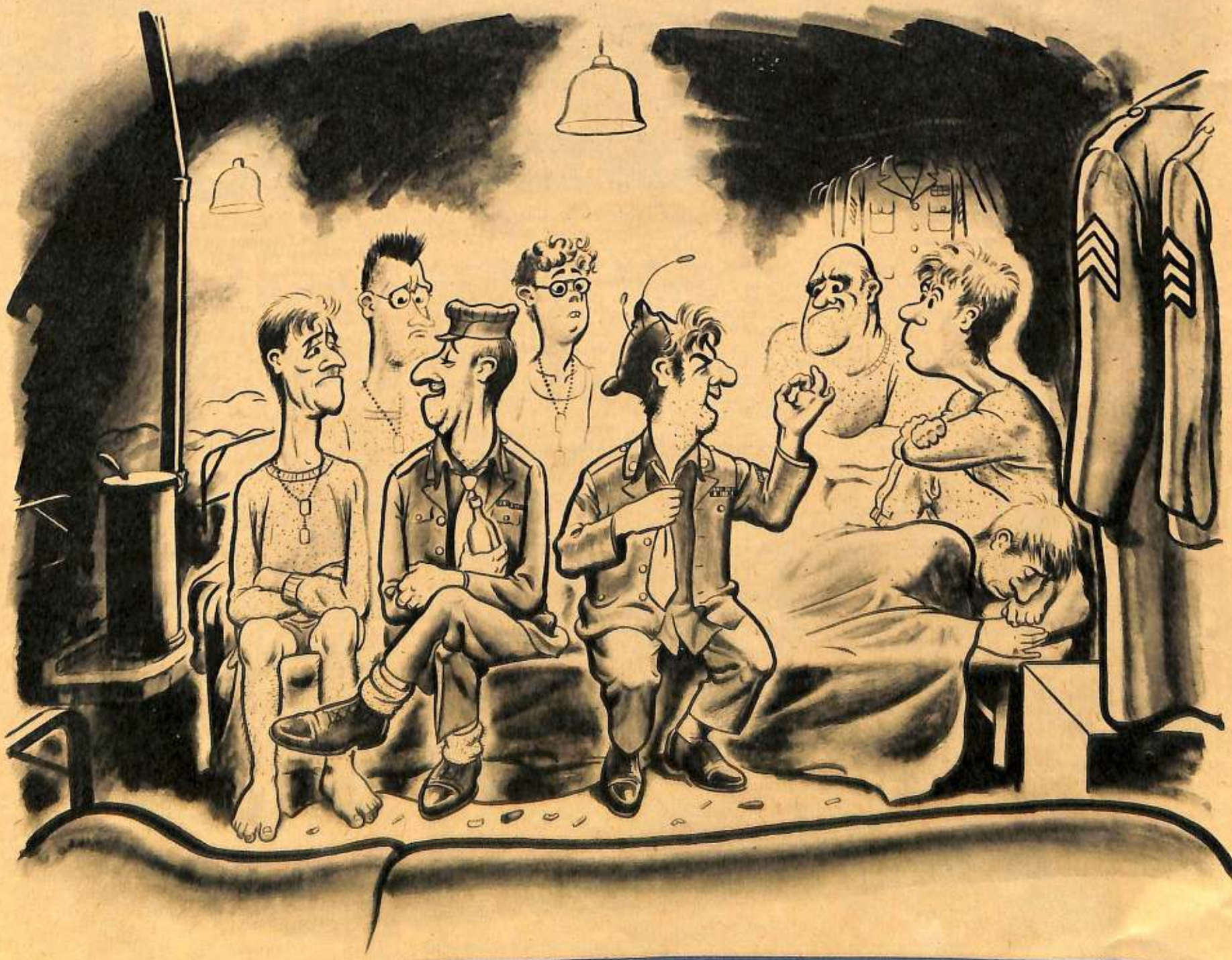
When Marshal Zhukov flew to the Frankfurt HQ of Gen. Eisenhower to present the Order of Victory to the Supreme Commander and Field Marshal Montgomery, he toasted Eisenhower with these words:

"Here is a man with the heart of a soldier and the mind of a diplomat—the man who has been able to organize the many different nationalities under his command and lead them to victory."

Eisenhower replied, "In Europe the war has been won and to no man do the United Nations owe a greater debt than to Marshal Zhukov, who, being an honest man, no doubt underrates the standing he holds in our hearts. One day when all of us are gathered to our fathers, there is certain to be another Order of the Soviet Union—that will be the *Order of Zhukov*, which will be prized by every man who admires courage, vision, foresight and determination in a soldier."

4. 10:50 P.M.

5. THE ROAD BACK



6. "ALL YOU NEED IS A STICKA GUM!"

A YANK correspondent jumps with the British and Ghurka paratroops who cleared way for the sea-borne invasion of Jap-held Rangoon.

Rangoon Jump

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

RANGOON, BURMA—The jumpmaster groped through the darkened C-47 to rouse you an hour before dawn. You opened your eyes as he offered you a cigarette and said, "One hour to go." He did it as matter-of-factly as though he were an ATC steward on the Calcutta-New Delhi run. Yet in a little while he would slap you out the door and you would take part in the paratroop operation that paved the way for the capture of Rangoon.

You were going to jump with the Pathfinders —17 British Signals men and 20 Ghurkas who were to land 45 minutes ahead of the main body of paratroopers. They would prepare the way. Some would direct the other planes in by radio, others would mark out the drop zone with colored panels and smoke bombs. Still others would reconnoiter the vicinity of the drop to learn where the nearest Japs were.

There was little talking; you just eyed the other jumpers occasionally, exchanging wry grins. One of the tough little Ghurkas drew his *kukri* knife. He had trained with it since boyhood and back in his native Nepal he had used it to lop off the head of a cow with one deft stroke. Last year at Imphal he had done the same thing to some Japs in a night attack. He ran his finger along its gleaming edge, then replaced it in its sheath with a smile of satisfaction.

Beside you, a red-faced Scotsman took a final drag on his cigarette and murmured: "I've done 12 of the bloody jumps, laddy, and that makes this number 13. I'm always scared before every jump—we all are—but this time I'm skittish as a bloomin' bride. Number 13, mon!"

"Twenty minutes to go," you heard the jumpmaster yell as he switched on the overhead lights. "Put on your gear."

The plane was heaped with packs, rifles, radios and signal equipment, so the 20 of you bumped each other awkwardly as you stood up to fasten on your stuff. Then you lined up, holding the static-line fastener in your left hand. The assistant jumpmaster came up the line and locked each fastener to a cable stretched near the floor on the starboard side.

Standing there, as the minutes dragged by in the cramped cabin, you became bathed in sweat. Your shoulders began to ache under the tightly strapped 50 pounds of equipment and 30 pounds of chute. The plane was descending and slowing up to jumping speed. Stooping down to get one last look out the window, you saw that the sky had brightened to gray dawn. Green paddyfields and thatched-roof villages had replaced the swampland below.

Then the jump bell rang. The jumpmaster shoved out three large parapacks, which were snapped away by the howling wind. The Number One man stepped to the door. He was a sandy-haired old sergeant who had told you he had made 49 jumps and was returning to Blighty in a few weeks.

The bell rang again. The jumpmaster yelled "Go!" and slammed the sergeant's back. The sergeant kicked out his right leg, hollering "Number One" and spun down and off into space. You shuffled forward in line, grasping the static line in your left hand, as man after man stepped to the door, yelled his number and kicked off.

". . . Number Five, Number Six, Number Seven. . . ."

Your number was Ten in the 20-man stick. Your heart was pounding hard and your lips quivered. You felt weak and unsteady as you kept your eyes fixed to the parachuted back of the Number Nine man.

". . . . Number Eight, Number Nine. . . ."

IN an instant you were facing the open door, sliding your static line down the cable. The Scotsman had caught his left leg just as he went out, forcing you to hesitate. But only for a fleeting moment. You got to the door, hollered "Number Ten" and kicked your right leg out into the howling wind as the jumpmaster slammed your back.

You closed your eyes just as you left the plane. But now that the wind had spun you around and you were hurtling feet first through space, you opened them. Everything was a blur. You wondered whether you would ever stop falling as the static line yanked the silk and then the shroud lines and then the risers off your back.

Then the little hunk of cord attaching the static line to the top of the chute snapped. The silk bellowed out. You were yanked up and, in a flash, sitting still. The chute was open. You lifted your eyes as you reached up for the risers. The big expanse of silk was a beautiful sight.

IN contrast to the roar of the engines and the wind in the plane's cabin, now everything was quiet. You even heard a dog bark in the distance. There was no giddy sensation of height during this 700-foot ride earthward. You felt as though you were sitting on a hill looking down on the green rice paddies and patches of trees. You seemed to drift as slowly as a balloon. That is, until you got about 100 feet from the ground. Then you realized you had not been going slowly at all; the earth was rushing up to meet you. One moment you were watching it come up and the next—cu-rump—you were lying in the grass.

You lay there briefly after landing and even harbored the crazy thought that you could lie in that glorious grass for hours. But the sergeant was yelling at you: "Collapse that chute, quick!" You did and stood up.

No sprained ankles or broken bones, but you were wet and covered with mud. More mud was clogging the bore of your carbine. You reminded yourself that you'd better clear it as soon as you got into position on the perimeter.

At a half crouch you started walking toward the assembly area, which was located near a haystack a quarter-mile away. You glanced up and back to see the planes disappear in the distance and the other jumpers float down. Suddenly there was shouting in a village behind you. Spinning around and hitting the ground, you looked in that direction. But you got to your feet sheepishly, for it was only some Burmese people welcoming the

farmer. "They're back! They're back!" All the other yelling was in Burmese, including the high-pitched voices of women and children. You remembered that it had been three long years since the Japs stormed into Rangoon.

In front of you one of the paratroopers was hobbling slowly and painfully. You caught up to him. He was the Scotsman who had had premonitions about his thirteenth jump. "I've bloody well had it, all right," he grinned. "Sprained me ankle."

Arriving at the CP, you were assigned a spot in the perimeter. You lay down, took off your equipment and ran a patch through your mud-clogged carbine. Nearby the RAF signals team erected an antenna and soon were in contact with the other planes. Three men unrolled colored panels in the drop zone.

One of the British officers had taken the Ghurkas on a reconnaissance patrol of nearby villages. Soon one of his men appeared across the open paddyfields, trotting toward you. He handed you a message to deliver to the CP. As you carried it over, you read it.

"Tawkai Village unoccupied by Jap," it said. "Villagers say no enemy between here and Elephant Point, but enemy dug in at point."

Getting back to your position, you unfolded your map and went over the parachute battalion's mission, as outlined in the previous day's briefing. The outfit was to land on D-minus-one about 25 miles south of Rangoon and then clear all Japs from Elephant Point, at the entrance to the Rangoon River. This would allow the seaborne invasion of Rangoon to pass up the river on D-Day.

You were now six miles from the point and there was estimated to be between a company and a battalion of Japs manning shore defenses there. That meant the paratroopers would have to work fast in getting to and taking their objective. If it wasn't taken by sundown, the Japs could hold it all night and give a pasting to the landing craft at dawn.

Nearby, one of the Pathfinders let out a shout. "Here they come!" he said. "Look at 'em—what a bloomin' armada!" In the distance the sky was dotted with little specks that came nearer with an increasing drone. Now you could make out the C-47s of the Combat Cargo Task Force—40 of them, flying in threes, one group behind another like a parade. British and American fighters scooted back and forth on all sides of the C-47s. Light bombers buzzed the thatched-roof villages and clumps of brush, looking hungrily for targets. On the ground the Pathfinders lit smoke bombs to give wind direction.

Now the C-47s were overhead. Craning your neck, you saw little black objects spill out of their doors, plummet down and then blossom chutes. You looked closely to see which were men and which equipment. The way you spotted the men was by their dangling limbs. One or two of the black objects never sprouted chutes—they just angled earthward. You watched these closely and breathlessly until you discovered that none of them had limbs. Apparently every personnel chute had opened.

Within an hour the paratroops were fanned out in skirmish lines, plodding through ankle-deep mud across the broad paddyfields toward Elephant Point. The point and flank platoons carried orange umbrellas to mark the advance for the supporting fighter-bombers.

About mid-morning the sun broke through and an elaborate bombing schedule got under way. Lumbering B-24s of Eastern Air Command, some American and some RAF, thundered over to lay sticks of bombs on the point. Several fires were started. For three hours the Liberators bombed, with B-25s and Mosquitoes streaking in between flights to bomb and strafe.

By mid-afternoon, one and one-half miles from the point, you passed through villages that had taken some of the heaviest bombing. Incendiary bombs had sparked the bamboo and grass huts as though they were cellophane. Now they were nothing but smoking embers. The inhabitants, some terrified and shaken, streamed back. They said some Japs were headed your way. Although there were Jap ack-ack emplacements all over the place, none of them showed signs of having been occupied for some time.

And then the forward platoon bumped the Japs.

The lieutenant colonel in charge of the battalion heard about it over his handie-talkie. He casually twirled his eight-inch red mustache and then gave brief orders. "Set the three-inch mortars up," he said, "and put smoke shells on those bunkers up there. We'll call for fighter support." He pointed to some high mounds that looked like pyramids about three-quarters of a mile away. The RAF air-ground radio team contacted the planes and as soon as the bunkers had been marked by smoke shells, fighters roared in to bomb and strafe. This went on for half an hour. Then the forward platoon radioed that the remaining Japs had beat it, so the battalion pushed on—a bit more cautiously now, for this was the last mile to the point.

The bunkers, you discovered upon reaching them, had been constructed so long ago that they were overgrown with grass and looked like hills. But there was no other high ground in the vicinity, so they stood out like sore thumbs. Each bunker had an interior of heavy wooden planking and slits for machine guns. Near them were freshly dug foxholes. Beside you a stolid-faced Ghurka straightened the ends of the cotter pins in his grenades, readying them for quick pulling.

The forward company, which you were travelling with now, got to a series of bunkers only 600 yards from the point when a sniper's bullet whined overhead. More shots followed. Everyone ducked for cover. A Ghurka grabbed your arm and pointed. There, in plain view 200 yards away, were some figures walking among beached landing barges and bunkers. A Ghurka Bren gunner opened up. The figures started running. The whole company began shooting. Once more the three-inch mortar was brought up and the fighters dove in. For some reason the Japs refused to take cover; they kept running from barge to bunker across open ground.

"Must be bomb-happy," said a captain. "In three months at Imphal and Kohima last year I only saw two Japs who exposed themselves."

Under covering fire the Ghurkas began to run and squirm up on the Japs. But before they could get to within 100 yards of them, the Japs disappeared. The place we had seen them was north of Elephant Point. The company commander put his glasses on the point for a few moments, then decided to slip his company south of the Japs to get to the point while another company occupied them with plenty of firing.

You moved the last 600 yards with ready rifle as the company skirted bomb craters, peered into bunkers and frisked bushes. Before you knew it, you were walking up to a Jap radar tower and realizing that the water 30 yards on the other side of it was the Rangoon River. You had reached the objective—but the fighting was not over.

The point, like the previous villages, was a maze of bomb craters. It contained little besides the radar tower, two shrapnel-shattered bungalows, a few gun emplacements and a half-dozen bunkers. "I reckon," said a Britisher, "that the Jap threw all his radar equipment and shore-defense guns in the drink."

Then the Japs started firing again. There was *Nambu* fire this time, crackling in short bursts. And again the Japs started coming out into the open. Other paratroop companies moved up and filtered into positions between the point and the Japs. The firing increased on both sides. A flame thrower was brought up to silence the machine gun in one of the bunkers, but the ground was too open to get it near enough. A British officer and two Ghurkas crawled up with grenades. When within 10 yards of the *Nambu* they popped to their feet to attack the slit it was firing from. The officer was killed and one of the Ghurkas wounded. They had succeeded, however, in forcing the Japs out, and a heavy Vickers machine gun caught them as they ran out the back.

Snipers' bullets were pinging all over the place. A big steel landing barge on the beach 200 yards inshore seemed to be the Jap CP, so mortar fire was put on it. Just then a flight of C-47s with fighter escort started circling to drop supplies to the rear company. The air-ground radio team borrowed the fighters to thoroughly strafe the Jap barge until it was aflame from stem to stern. It burned brightly all night.

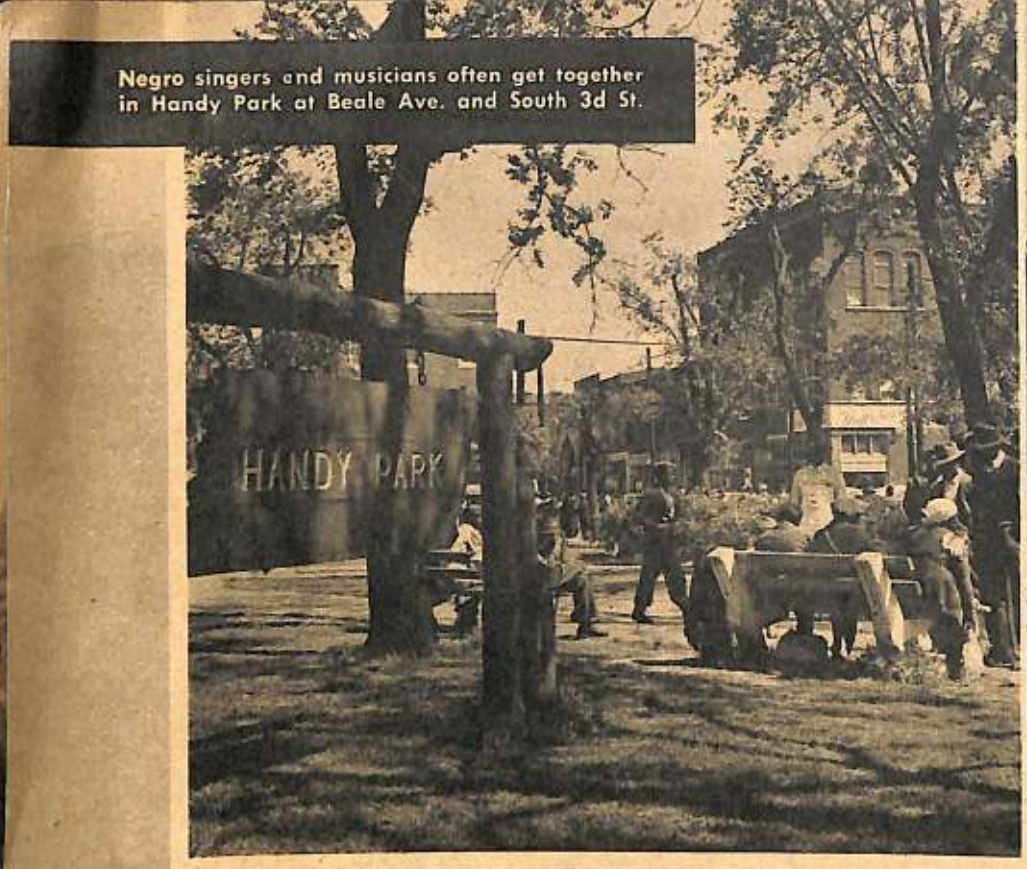
"Looks like it's going to be a nice quiet evening," grinned a sergeant. There were Japs on three sides of the perimeter, with the river on the other side. You had wondered why there had been no Japs on the point, but now you began to feel uneasily that it had been a trap. The firing finally tapered off to scattered shots now and then, but everyone expected a counter-attack during the night.

Too tired to dig in, you curled up in your ground sheet in a bomb crater. The attack never came that night, but the rain did. Torrents of it came down from midnight until dawn. You took cover in a bunker with nine other men, trying to sleep sitting up but instead managing only to sweat it out and ache.

Some villagers came in the morning and said the Japs had pulled out during the night. They said there had only been about 50 of them near the point, that the rest had left in barges the night before we arrived, after hearing the British were driving into Rangoon down the road from Mandalay.

Suddenly a shout went up. Everyone ran to the crest of a sand dune and looked. It was the D-Day convoy. The landing craft chugged up the channel and swung past a buoy 300 yards offshore. The paratroopers hollered "Good luck," and some of the men on the boats waved back. When some of the LCAs stopped at the point on the way out to pick up paratroop casualties, you went with them. Rangoon, the last big Jap base in Burma, fell to the British the following day.

Ghurkas, with battle dress and rubber jump helmets, line up before take-off.



Negro singers and musicians often get together in Handy Park at Beale Ave. and South 3d St.

The bales of cotton on the edge of this Memphis sidewalk, called "snakes," are made up of surplus cotton which has fallen on cotton-room floors or on the streets.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

By Cpl. HYMAN GOLDBERG
YANK Staff Writer

MEMPHIS, TENN. — Everybody in town is awful proud of Shifty Logan, the One-Eyed Connally of Dixie. Shifty has heeded his nation's call in a time of stress and need. Right after Pearl Harbor, Shifty went on the wagon. He's working in the ordnance plant across the river in Camden, Ark.

Not all the Memphis characters have changed since the war, however. Tommy Doran, the armless newsboy with the complexion of well-aged bourbon, is still doing business at his old stand at Main and Monroe Streets, and the locals are as proud as ever of his skill in lighting a cigarette all by himself and of his artistry in picking up a pint—or a fifth, if need be—with his teeth and taking a good, healthy slug.

Another Memphian you'll remember is Elvis Anderton, the super-salesman. He's still driving the merchants crazy with his unorthodox sales tactics. He has about 60 kids working for him nowadays, and he seems to be concentrating on flowers. The kids have their stands set up all over town, and the canny tots have found—the merchants have a strong suspicion that Anderton is the master mind—that the best spots to sell cut flowers at cut rates are near florist shops.

The city of Memphis has taken its tone from Big Ed Crump since somewhere near the beginning of time. Mr. Crump is now past 70 and his flaming red hair has turned to gray. His mood, according to both his friends and enemies, has mellowed with the years.

Mr. Crump announced recently that he was resigning both as state and national Democratic committeeman. No one seems to be jumping to the conclusion, however, that he has let loose the reins or that he has retired. His "boys," among them Police Commissioner Joe Boyle and Will Gerber, the attorney general of Shelby County, are still in the saddle.

There's a story going around town that Mr. Crump has got religion and has got it hard. According to the gossip, which may or may not be true, he carries a Bible wherever he goes. And when he stops to talk to someone in the street (which happens every few feet) he is supposed to end his conversation with a brief reading from the Good Book.

All this talk about Mr. Crump might seem somewhat excessive to parties not from Memphis. But the newspapers in Nashville, the Tennessee city to the northeast, still refer to the sister city as "Crumpville."

The settlers who named Memphis for the original Memphis in Egypt, which means "Place of Good Abode," knew what they were talking about. People here live well, especially now that the town is jumping with the prosperity brought on by the new war industries.

The city is still the cotton capital of the state and of a good part of the cotton-growing South, but it is no longer a one-industry town. The Fisher Body Company, for instance, which used to have from 350 to 500 employes, is now the Fisher-Memphis Aircraft Division, with around 66,000 workers. The Pidgeon-Thomas Iron Company is launching LCTs, Ford is rolling out airplane engines, and Firestone is stacking up tires and raincoats for GIs.

At the beginning of this year the population was 326,500, an increase of well over 30,000 since 1940, the year of the last federal census. According to the Chamber of Commerce and other authorities, the town's war industries are going to do their utmost to keep going just as strong in the production of peacetime goods.

Women workers make up about one-third of the labor force in Memphis, but to the casual observer it would seem that the women greatly outnumber the men. That may be because a remarkable percentage of the women in town are young women. And a remarkable percentage of the young women are pretty and exceedingly well stacked. The attractiveness of the town, which has won the annual state competition for the "Clean-up, Paint-up, Fix-up" award every year since 1940, is considerably enhanced by the throngs of girls.

On week ends, says Joe Boyle, the boss-cop, the population of the town increases by about 100,000. A lot of the week-end visitors are men in uniform from the three immense naval installations at Millington, the Fourth Ferry Command Base at the old city airport, the Air Forces supply depot on Jackson Avenue, the Army Service Forces depot on Airways and Kennedy General

A skyline view of Memphis from the Mississippi. Warehouses line the river's edge and in the background is the business district with tall office buildings.

Tommy Doran, the armless newsboy, well-known in Memphis, still sells papers at Main and Union.

Jim's Place No. 1—Jim also has a Place No. 2—is the best place to eat. His steaks are famous, when available.

Men have been replaced by girls in the big Memphis Cotton Exchange.

Most of the local characters—Shifty Logan, Tommy Doran and the indestructible Big Ed Crump—are still around, but war has made some changes. There are more pretty women workers and hotel help is scarce.

Hospital, which is constantly expanding.

The hotels can't handle the crowds, and GIs and sailors, who greatly outnumber the soldiers, can be seen sleeping in hotel lobbies and lounges and the railroad and bus stations. Hundreds make their sacks on the grass and benches of Court Square Park when the weather permits. The city cops, by the way, are much gentler with servicemen than they used to be.

Memphis still has the no-mixed-drinks rule, and the bars serve only beers and set-ups. The package stores still sell liquor, however, so those week-enders who don't mind if they do have a drink carry their bottles with them. This lends to the gaiety of the town, if not the sobriety.

The Creel Room in the Hotel Peabody is jammed from noon on with GIs, sailors and marines and their girls and Waves, Wacs, Spars and lady marines and their guys. The Skyway in the Peabody is still the place to take the big date for dinner and dancing, and the fountain with the famous ducks is still the place to meet. The Plantation Roof of the Peabody opened this summer with Chuck Foster's band. The Balinese Room of the Hotel Claridge is going strong, and the Club Forrest in the Hotel Gayoso opens whenever the management can get enough help to run it.

The Pig'n Whistle and Fortune's are still the favorite hangouts for the younger set, whose members meet at the Walgreen drugstore at Main and Union. But the 19th Century Club, once the scene of every big dance, is now a sort of officers' club. It was exclusively an officers' club for a while, but then it was changed into a mixed officer-civilian club.

Most places that aren't exclusively eating places now bar "unescorted ladies," and they have signs proclaiming their rule. For a while, Memphis cops paid nightly calls on all drinking places in town and gave the heave-ho to the charming little things who were "unescorted." The price the girls had to pay was a night in the cooler.

They tell all sorts of stories in Memphis about the embarrassing things that happened as a result. One story goes that an officer's wife came to town to meet him, registered at a hotel and phoned her husband. He was on duty, according to the tale, so she went downstairs to have a beer while waiting for him. The gendarmes came and pulled her out because she didn't have a guy. When they investigated her story in the morning, they found, to their great confusion, that it was true. Something like that is supposed to have happened too often; anyhow, the police stopped making their rounds.

improvements proposed for after the war by Mr. Crump and the City Planning Commission is a new bridge over the Mississippi to Arkansas. It will be a four-lane highway, toll-free bridge right next to the old Harahan and Frisco bridges, which are not quite able to handle the heavy traffic that has developed in the last couple of years.

Another project first proposed by Mr. Crump is the transformation of Mud Island, which lies between the Wolf River and the Mississippi. The story goes that Mr. Crump was standing on the bluff one day watching an LST crawl down the river and that the willows blocked his view. The next day bulldozers were out tearing the guts out of Mud Island so there could be a clearer view of the Father of Waters.

Mr. Crump talks glowingly of a beautiful park for this hunk of river land that was just a sandbar 30 years ago, but the town is wondering what will happen to the roses and ball fields the City Father mentions as part of the deal when the river rises—as it always does.

Mr. Crump made another proposal not long ago which he thought would make the city more beautiful. It was one of the very few times, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, that Mr. Crump retired defeated and confused.

The good citizens awoke one morning to read in the *Commercial-Appeal* that Mr. Crump had said: "Aside from the children and visitors feeding the pigeons in Court Square, what good are they? They soil the roofs and awnings, sidewalks and different parts of the buildings."

A howl of rage went up from the people, letters poured into the newspaper offices and indignation meetings were held to denounce the efforts to get rid of the city's pigeons, who were declared to be man's feathered friends. An ugly rumor went around that Mr. Crump was trying to settle a personal feud with a pigeon-bombardier, probably equipped with a Norden bombsight, who had scored a direct hit. The town seethed for several days, so much so that Mayor Chandler issued a public proclamation.

There was no plan, he announced, to do away with the pigeons in Court Square by entrapment, poison or firearms, as had been rumored. In fact, he implied, any dastard who lifted a finger to harm one little feather on one little pigeon would have to answer to him personally and it would go hard, indeed, with such a scoundrel.

Memphis, as has been said before, is cotton, and cotton is Memphis. Cotton Row, the historic street where the product of much of the Deep South changes hands, is as active as ever. "Snake" hunts—a snake is a long, round bale of cotton made up of waste salvaged from floors and the street—go on all the time, and money from the sale of "snakes" goes for free milk for children.

Beale Street, the home of the blues, is jumping along with the rest of Memphis. Handy Park, named after W. C. Handy, the famous Negro composer, is still the focal point for residents of that part of town. Part of the old Robert Church estate behind the Auditorium has been turned into a park, called Beale Avenue Park, and the Tivoli Exposition recently held a carnival there.

Jesse Hatcher and his orchestra have been playing at the Elks Rest Lodge No. 96, with Jesse as the alto guitar, Hank O'Day as the first saxophonist, Skinny Robinson as the pianist and Timothy Overton as the second tenor sax. Bob Henry, the shoeshine king of Beale Street and the impresario responsible for the booking of most of the famous Negro artists into town, says that the most popular tune these days, and one that will last a long time, is "I Wonder" by Cecil Gant. A talented young Negro, Gant is now a sergeant in the Army.

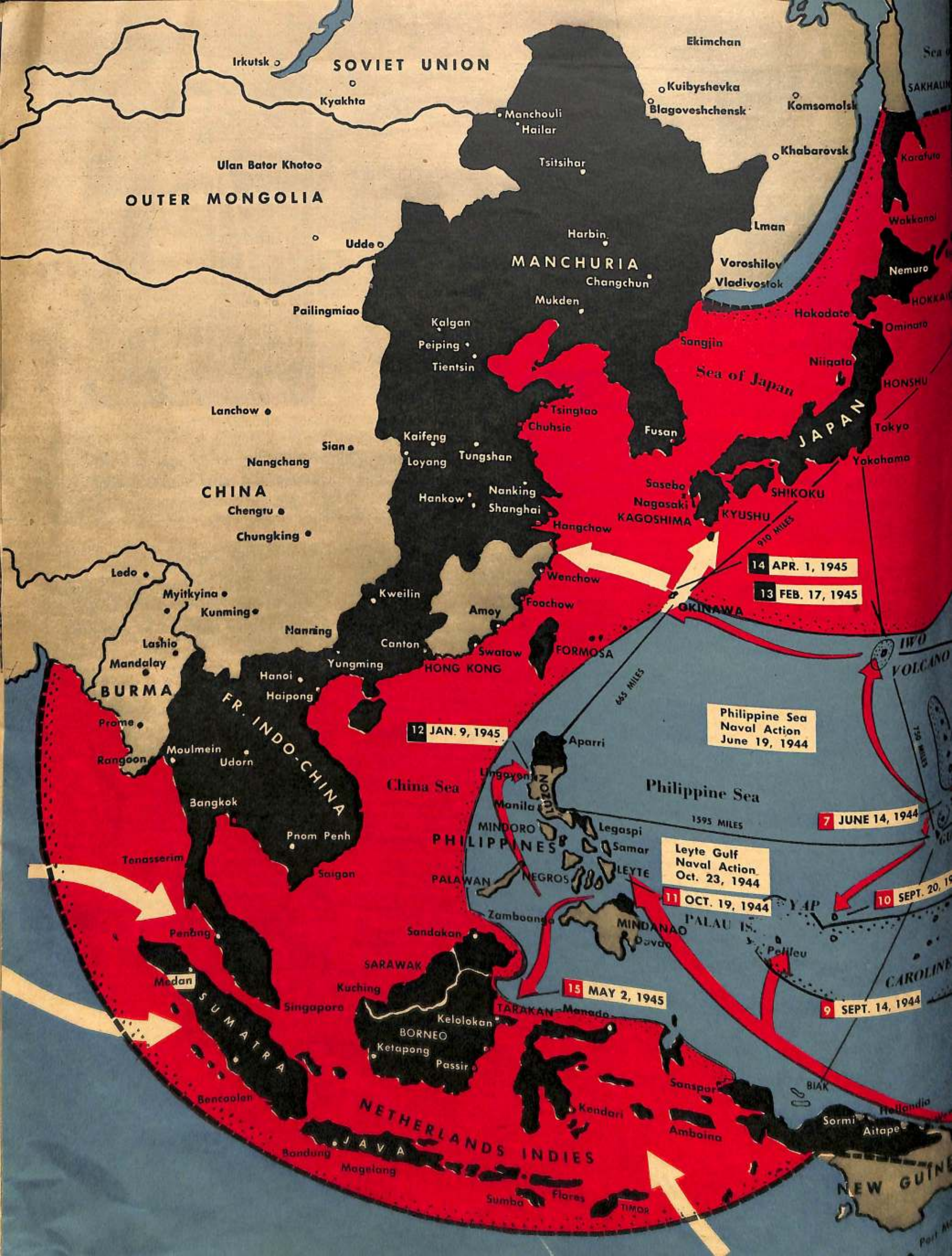
Lewis O. Swingler is back in town, with an honorable discharge from the Army, and he has taken up his old duties as managing editor of the Memphis *World*, the city's Negro newspaper. LeMoyne College for the first time has a Negro president, Hollis Price.

"Brewster's Millions," a movie with Rochester in the cast, was banned in Memphis by Lloyd T. Binford, the city censor. Said Mr. Binford: "The movie has Rochester (Eddie Anderson), Negro comedian, in an important role. He has too familiar a way about him and the picture presents too much racial mixture."

The sports scene has been quite dull since the war began. There has been only one prize fight in Memphis in the past three years, and that wasn't much of a fight. Arturo Godoy, the South American heavy, came to town and took Herb Jones, a local, in two rounds.

The Chicks are going to have a new ball park because of some trouble with the owners of Russwood Park over a new lease. They're going to build their new ball field out on Park Avenue and call it Chickasaw Stadium Park. Last year the Chicks won the first half of the Southern Association pennant race, finished second in the last half and lost the play-off to Nashville.

One of the postwar changes everybody in town looks forward to—over and above the return of local servicemen—is improvement in the quality of the Mrs. Bullock brand of fried pork skins. These sell for a nickel a bag in Memphis barrooms (like potato chips elsewhere) and Memphians hope that after the duration they will come to the consumer not quite as burned as they come nowadays.


Irkutsk
SOVIET UNION
Kyakhta
Ekimchan
Kuibyshevka
Blagoveshchensk
Komsomolsk
SAKHALIN
Manchouli
Hailar
Khabarovsk
Karafuto
Ulan Bator Khotoo
Tsitsihar
OUTER MONGOLIA
Lman
Wakkanai
Harbin
Udde
MANCHURIA
Voroshilov
Vladivostok
Nemuro
Changchun
Mukden
Pailingmiao
Hakodate
HOKKAIDO
Ominato
Kalgan
Peiping
Tientsin
Sangjin
Niigata
Sea of Japan
HONSHU
Lanchow
Tsingtao
Chuhsie
Fusan
JAPAN
Tokyo
Kaifeng
Sian
Loyang
Tungshan
Nangchang
Yokohama
Sasebo
SHIKOKU
CHINA
Nanking
Hankow
Shanghai
Nagasaki
KAGOSHIMA
KYUSHU
Chengtu
Hangchow
910 MILES
Chungking
14 APR. 1, 1945
Ledo
Wenchow
13 FEB. 17, 1945
Myitkyina
Kweilin
Foochow
Kunming
Amoy
OKINAWA
Nanning
Lashio
Canton
Swatow
FORMOSA
IWO
VOLCANO
Mandalay
Yungming
HONG KONG
Hanoi
BURMA
Haipong
FR. INDO-CHINA
665 MILES
Prome
12 JAN. 9, 1945
Aparri
Philippine Sea
Naval Action
June 19, 1944
Moulmein
Udorn
Rangoon
Lingayen
LUZON
China Sea
Philippine Sea
Bangkok
Manila
1595 MILES
7 JUNE 14, 1944
MINDORO
Legaspi
Pnom Penh
PHILIPPINES
Samar
Leyte Gulf
Naval Action
Oct. 23, 1944
Tenasserim
Saigon
PALAWAN
NEGROS
LEYTE
11 OCT. 19, 1944
10 SEPT. 20, 19
YAP
Zamboanga
MINDANAO
PALAU IS.
Davao
Penang
Sandakan
Peleliu
SARAWAK
Medan
Kuching
15 MAY 2, 1945
CAROLINE
9 SEPT. 14, 1944
Singapore
TARAKAN
Manado
Kelolokan
BORNEO
SUMATRA
Ketapong
Passir
Sanspor
BIAK
Bencoolen
Kendari
Hollandia
Sormi
Amboina
Aitape
NETHERLANDS INDIES
JAVA
Bandung
Magelang
NEW GUINEA
Sumba
Flores
TIMOR

THE WAR

This map, based on an original design by the *New York Times*, shows our campaigns against the Japs and the job ahead.

Course of campaigns
Possible future allied offensives

The dates for land operations indicate beginnings of landing operations.

Jap-held sea area. Jap-held land area.
Jap pockets

2 MAY 11, 1943

3 AUG. 15, 1943

8 JULY 21, 1944

6 JAN. 31, 1944

5 NOV. 20, 1943

4 SEPT. 4, 1943

1 AUG. 7, 1942

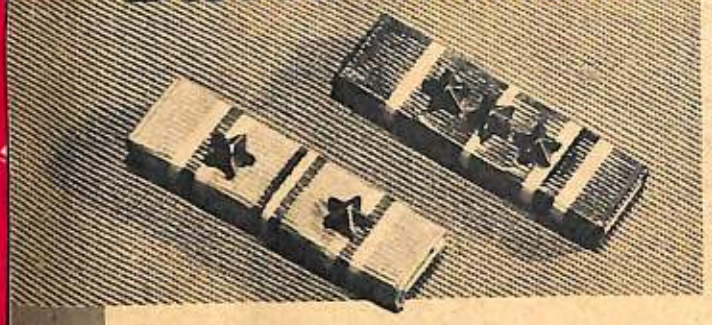
PRESENT LIMIT OF JAPANESE DOMINATION

GREATEST EXTENT OF JAPANESE DOMINATION

Battle of Midway Naval Action June 6, 1942

Bering Sea
UNALASKA
Dutch Harbor
UMNAK
ATKA
ATTU
AGATTU
KISKA
AMCHITKA
ALEUTIAN ISLANDS
Okhotsk
Shimushiru
Paramushiru
Onekotan
KURILE ISLANDS
Ketoi
Uruppu
2005 MILES
MIDWAY
HAWAIIAN ISLANDS
KAUAI
Honolulu
OAHU
PEARL HARBOR
HAWAII
3820 MILES
MARCUS
WAKE
JOHSTON
MARIANAS ISLANDS
3800 MILES
POKAAKKU
ENIWETOK
KWAJALEIN
WOTJE
MALOELAP
MILI
JALUIT
EBON
MAKIN
TARAWA
TRUK
KUSAIE
NAURU
OCEAN
ARORAE
KINGMAN REEF
PALMYRA
FANNING
CHRISTMAS
HOWLAND
BAKER
JARVIS
CANTON
ENDERBURY
PHOENIX ISLANDS
NUKUFETAU
FUNAFUTI
UNION
SAMOA
NEW IRELAND
RABAUL
BOUGAINVILLE
CHOISEUL
SOLOMON ISLANDS
TULAGI
GUADALCANAL
S. CRUZ
Buna
MARCUS ISLANDS

Battle Stars



Here is the official list of battles and campaigns of the U. S. Army that rate a bronze star, as of 12 May 1945, the current deadline for Adjusted Service Rating Card point credits. It is taken from *War Department General Orders* Number 33 and 40, 1945:

Asiatic-Pacific Theatre

1. PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
a. Combat zone—Philippine Islands and adjacent waters.
b. Time limitation—7 Dec. 1941 to 10 May 1942.

2. BURMA, 1942—This pertains to operations on the Burmese mainland during the period indicated, and to such local air operations as were directly concerned therewith.
a. Combat zone—Geographical limits of Burma.
b. Time limitation—7 Dec. 1941 to 26 May 1942.

3. CENTRAL PACIFIC
a. Combat zone—That portion of the Central Pacific Area lying west of the 180th meridian less the main islands of Japan, the Bonin-Vulcan and the Ryukyu Island chains, and the immediately adjacent waters; the Gilbert Islands and Nauru; the Hawaiian Islands on 7 Dec. 1941 only; Midday Island from 3 to 6 June 1942 only.
b. Time limitation—7 Dec. 1941 to 6 Dec. 1943 (except as indicated in **a** above).

4. EAST INDIES
a. Combat zone—Southwest Pacific Area less the Philippine Islands and less that portion of Australia south of latitude 21 degrees south.
b. Time limitation—1 Jan. 1942 to 22 July 1942.

5. INDIA-BURMA
a. Combat zone—Those parts of India, Burma, and enemy-held territory lying beyond the following line: The Assam-Thibet border at east longitude 95 degrees 45 minutes, thence due south to latitude 27 degrees 32 minutes north; thence due west to Sadiya branch of Sadiya-Dibrugarh railway (exclusive); thence southwest along railway to Tinsukia (exclusive); thence south along Bengal and Assam railway to Namrup (exclusive); thence southwestward through Mokeuchung, Kohima, Imphal, and Aijal to Chittagong (all inclusive); also adjacent waters.
b. Time limitation—2 April 1942 to 28 Jan. 1945.

6. AIR OFFENSIVE, JAPAN
a. Combat zone—The Islands of Hokkaido, Honshu, Shikoku and Kyushu, the enemy owned portion of Karufuto, the Kurile, Bonin, and Ryukyu Islands, including immediately adjacent waters.
Effective 26 March 1945, the Ryukyu Islands and adjacent waters are excluded from combat zone.
b. Time limitation—17 April 1942. Final date to be announced later.

7. ALEUTIAN ISLANDS
a. Combat zone—The area bounded by longitude 165 degrees west and 170 degrees east, and by latitudes 50 degrees and 55 degrees north.
b. Time limitation—3 June 1942 to 24 Aug. 1943.

8. CHINA
a. Combat zone—Enemy-held portions of China and contiguous countries, plus a zone 50 miles in width extending into Allied-held territory.
b. Time limitation—4 July 1942. Final date to be announced later.

9. PAPUA
a. Combat zone—Southwest Pacific Area less that portion of Australia south of latitude 21 degrees south and east of longitude 140 east.
b. Time limitation—23 July 1942 to 23 Jan. 1943.

10. GUADALCANAL
a. Combat zone—Solomon Islands, Bismarck Archipelago, and adjacent waters.
b. Time limitation—7 Aug. 1942 to 21 Feb. 1943.

11. NEW GUINEA
a. Combat zone—Southwest Pacific Area, less the Philippine Islands after 16 Oct. 1944, and less that portion of Australia south of latitude 21 degrees south and east of longitude 140 degrees east, except that the Bismarck Archipelago and adjacent waters will be included from 24 Jan. to 14 Dec. 1943 only. Effective 1 Oct. 1944 Australia and those portions of New Guinea both south and east of Madang are excluded from the combat zone.
b. Time limitation—24 Jan. 1943 to 31 Dec. 1944.*

12. NORTHERN SOLOMONS
a. Combat zone—Solomon Islands north and west of Russell Island, Bismarck Archipelago, and adjacent waters, except that the Bismarck Archipelago and adjacent waters will be included from 22 Feb. to 14 Dec. 1943 only. Effective 1 Oct. 1944 the combat zone is limited to Bougainville Island and adjacent waters.
b. Time limitation—22 Feb. 1943 to 21 Nov. 1944.*

13. EASTERN MANDATES
a. Combat zone—That portion of the Central Pacific Area lying between longitude 180 degrees and longitude 150 degrees east excluding the Gilbert Islands.
b. Time limitation—7 Dec. 1943 (air). Final date for air to be announced later. 31 Jan. 1944 (ground) to 14 June 1944.

14. BISMARCK ARCHIPELAGO
a. Combat zone—Bismarck Archipelago and adjacent waters.
b. Time limitation—15 Dec. 1943 to 27 Nov. 1944.*

15. WESTERN PACIFIC
a. Combat zone—That portion of the Central Pacific Area lying west of longitude 150 degrees east, less the main islands of Japan, the Bonin-Vulcan and the Ryukyu Island chains, and the immediately adjacent waters.
b. Time limitation—17 April 1944 (air); 15 June 1944 (ground). Final date to be announced later; may be different for various islands within the combat zone.

16. SOUTHERN PHILIPPINES
a. Combat zone—The Philippine Islands, exclusive of Luzon, lying south of latitude 13 degrees 35 minutes north, and the adjacent waters.
b. Time limitation—17 Oct. 1944. Final date to be announced later; may be different for various islands within the combat zone.

17. LUZON
a. Combat zone—The Island of Luzon, other Philippine Islands lying north of latitude 13 degrees 35 minutes north, and the adjacent waters.
b. Time limitation—9 Jan. 1945. Final date to be announced later; may be different for various islands within the combat zone.

18. CENTRAL BURMA
a. Combat zone—That portion of the India-Burma Theater and enemy-held territory lying south and east of the following line: Latitude 25 degrees 24 minutes from the Burma-China boundary to Chindwin River, excluding Myitkyina thence along east bank of Chindwin River to Kalewa (exclusive), thence straight to Chittagong (exclusive), thence southward along the coast to the 92d meridian, thence due south.
b. Time limitation—29 Jan. 1945. Final date to be announced later.

19. RYUKYUS
a. Combat zone—Islands between Formosa (exclusive) and Kyushu (exclusive); adjacent waters.
b. Time limitation—26 March 1945. Final date to be announced later; may be different for various islands within combat zone.

Europe-Africa-Middle East

1. EGYPT-LIBYA
a. Combat zone—Those parts of Egypt and Libya lying west of 30 degrees east longitude to 6 Nov. 1942, and west of 25 degrees east longitude thereafter, and adjacent waters.
b. Time limitation—11 June 1942 to 12 Feb. 1943.

2. AIR OFFENSIVE, EUROPE
a. Combat zone—European Theater of Operations exclusive of the land areas of the United Kingdom and Iceland.
b. Time limitation—4 July 1942 to 5 June 1944.

3. ALGERIA-FRENCH MOROCCO
a. Combat zone—Algeria, French Morocco and adjacent waters.
b. Time limitation—8 to 11 Nov. 1942.

4. TUNISIA
a. Combat zone—Tunisia and Algeria east of a north-south line through Constantine, and adjacent waters.
b. Time limitation—8 Nov. 1942 (air), 17 Nov. 1942 (ground), to 13 May 1943.

5. SICILY
a. Combat zone—Sicily and adjacent waters.
b. Time limitation—14 May 1943 (air), 9 July 1943 (ground), to 17 Aug. 1942.

6. NAPLES-FOGGIA
a. Combat zone—Italy (exclusive of Sicily and Sardinia), Corsica, and adjacent waters.
b. Time limitation—18 Aug. 1943 (air), 9 Sept. 1943 (ground), to 21 Jan. 1944.

7. ROME-ARNO
a. Combat zone—Italy (exclusive of Sicily and Sardinia), Corsica, and adjacent waters to include 15 Aug. 1944; thereafter that portion of the Italian mainland and its adjacent waters north of 42 degrees north latitude.
b. Time limitation—22 Jan. 1944 to 9 Sept. 1944.

8. NORMANDY
a. Combat zone—European Theater of Operations exclusive of the land areas of the United Kingdom and Iceland.
b. Time limitation—6 June 1944 to 24 July 1944.

9. NORTHERN FRANCE
a. Combat zone—European Theater of Operations exclusive of the land areas of the United Kingdom and Iceland.
b. Time limitation—25 July to 14 Sept. 1944.*

10. SOUTHERN FRANCE
a. Combat zone—Those portions of France (exclusive of Corsica) occupied by forces assigned to the North African Theater of Operations, and adjacent waters.
b. Time limitation—15 Aug. to 14 Sept. 1944.

11. RHINELAND
a. Combat zone—Those portions of France, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, and Germany east of the line: Franco-Belgian frontier to 4 degrees east longitude, thence south along that meridian to 47 degrees latitude, thence east along that parallel to 5 degrees east longitude, thence south along that meridian to the Mediterranean coast.
b. Time limitation—15 Sept. 1944 to 21 March 1945.

12. ARDENNES
a. Combat zone—The area forward of the line: Euskirchen-Eupen (inclusive) — Liege (exclusive), east bank of Meuse River to its intersection with the Franco-Belgian border, thence south and east along this border and the southern border of Luxembourg.
b. Time limitation—16 Dec. 1944 to 25 Jan. 1945.

NOTE.—Battle participation credit for campaign "Rhineland" will not be accorded during this period for operations in area defined above.

13. NORTH APENNINES.
a. Combat zone—Italy and adjacent waters north of the line: Cecina-Sienna-Monte S. Savino-Fabriano-Ancona (all inclusive) to 27 Oct. 1944 (inclusive) and north of the line: Arno River-Pontassieve-Sansepolcro-Urbania-Urbino - Pesaro (all inclusive) thereafter.
b. Time limitation—10 Sept. 1944 to 4 April 1945.

14. CENTRAL EUROPE
a. Combat zone—Part of European Theater beyond a line 10 miles west of Rhine River between Switzerland and Waal River until 28 March 1945 (inclusive) and thereafter beyond the east bank of the Rhine.
b. Time limitation—22 March 1945. Final date to be announced later.

15. PO VALLEY
a. Combat zone—Italy and adjacent waters north of the line: Pietrasanta-San Marcello-Riola-Castiglione-Brisighella-Ravenna (all inclusive).
b. Time limitation—5 April 1945 to 8 May 1945.

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*Battle participation credit for this campaign may be awarded by theater commander to units or individuals who actually engaged the enemy after the final date.

NEWS FROM HOME

NEW LIZZIE. THANKS TO THE WAR PRODUCTION BOARD AND THE COLLAPSE OF A. HITLER, MR. FORD IS BACK AT WORK PUTTING OUT GADGETS LIKE THIS ONCE MORE ON A RESTRICTED BASIS. HERE'S A VIEW OF THE INSTRUMENT PANEL AND STEERING WHEEL OF HENRY'S 1946 GAS BUGGY.

COMING OUT. HERE'S THE BRAND-NEW 1946 NASH, THE FIRST CAR BUILT BY THE COMPANY SINCE JANUARY, 1942. THE ADVERTISEMENTS SAY IT'S ROOMIER, LIGHTER IN WEIGHT, AND CAN GIVE BETWEEN 25 AND 30 MILES A GALLON.

A five-star general was welcomed in New York, Abilene and all other points, some men in 'Frisco were all set with plans for peace, the auto industry got a partial go-ahead and a New York shopkeeper decided that crime wasn't paying him.

THE wartime story of one of the biggest liners ever built—the Cunard White Star's *Queen Mary*—emerged from its blanket of military secrecy in New York last week. Commodore Sir James G. P. Bisset, the ship's master, told the story, and it was far different from the collection of rumors which had circulated after each successive load of GIs had gone to the wars in the *Mary*.

Sir James revealed that the *Queen Mary* had never sighted a German submarine nor fired any of its more than 50 guns during 60 Atlantic crossings, only one of which was made in convoy. That statement disposed of popular legends that the huge British vessel had once dashed through a pack of 25 U-boats; had been torpedoed by an Italian submarine, and had been almost capsized by an enormous wave.

On the statistical side, Commodore Bisset said that the *Queen Mary* had traveled 600,000 miles during the European war and had carried a total of half a million American soldiers across the seven seas. The GIs were, on the whole, thoughtful and well-behaved guests, the ship's captain said; not one doughfoot drew even a mustache on the murals or paintings in the *Mary's* lounge.

But the ship's 750-foot-long railing on the promenade deck bears millions of American initials, nicknames and dates, Sir James said. As a memento of "many arduous days spent together, those carvings will stay there until the ship goes to the wreckers' beach some decades hence," he declared. The Commodore had been a little fearful that the 14,000 GIs who returned on the *Mary* last week would be "a little rambunctious." But they were fine, he said.

THE nation did its super-colossal best to show Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower that it was grateful for the job he did in guiding the Allied Expeditionary Forces to victory over Germany. President Truman said nothing was too good for the smiling Kansan, and before the week was out, people all over America were predicting big things for the visiting General.

Eisenhower was officially presented with the keys to Washington, New York and his hometown of Abilene, Kansas, and he had the rare distinction of addressing a joint session of Congress. There were numerous other honors, and Ike took them all in stride, acknowledging them in simple speeches that reached deep into the hearts of Americans everywhere.

In his speech to a cheering Congress, Eisenhower talked about the Japanese war and the need for a continued all-out war effort, and he devoted a great deal of the talk to praise of the American GI. "Never," said the General, "have soldiers been called upon to endure longer sustained periods of contact with a vicious enemy nor greater punishment from weather and terrain. None of these battlefields has seen a more worthy soldier than the American."

New York City turned out 6,000,000 strong to shout greetings at the Supreme Commander when he made a 35-mile automobile tour of the metropolis. "There is another kind of courage in war," Eisenhower told the crowd gathered around City Hall. "It is the courage to continue your jobs for an ideal. Weakness cannot cooperate with anything. Only strength can cooperate."

The General later made a short impromptu speech at an official dinner in the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. In it, Eisenhower described himself and those who accompanied him as "simple soldiers coming home from the wars, merely seeking the warmth of America after what we had been through in Europe."

The Supreme Commander got all the warmth he was looking for—and then some—especially when he got to Abilene. Ike was red-faced, sweating and obviously a little choked-up when the time came for him to address his neighbors at newly-named General Dwight D. Eisenhower Park. This homecoming, he said, was the realization of a dream, but he insisted that Abilene was really celebrating the fact that the war in Europe was over.

Eisenhower praised the Kansas town for its vast war food production, spoke of his mother and father as "the two really great individuals in the Eisenhower family," and said he himself was but a symbol of "all the heroic men you sent to war." And once more he reiterated the message that was paramount in all his speeches. "We are not isolationists. Intelligent people cannot be isolationists," the General told his neighbors. "We are part of the world, and the world is part of us. Through national organization we cooperate with each other, and it is through that cooperation, and cooperation with the nations of the world, that we hope to preserve peace and make sure there are no more wars."

Gen. Eisenhower took pains at a press conference following his Abilene speech to deny "once and for all" the wildfire rumors that he would go into politics. Ike said that when he takes off his uniform it would be to return to private life. He also emphatically denied reports that he was going to the Pacific, pointing out that he had a two-way job of administering control of American forces in Europe and sitting on the Control Commission that will govern Germany.

AFTER eight weeks of intensive work and discussion that were watched by the whole world with both hope and fear, delegates to the United Nations Conference in San Francisco agreed upon a draft of a Charter designed to prevent war. The 10,000-word document established a World Security Organization in which all but the Axis nations and their followers may participate in a global effort "to maintain international peace and security."

The new organization—known officially as "The United Nations" as suggested by the late President Roosevelt—consists of a General Assembly, a Security Council, an Economic and Social Council, an International Court, and a Secretariat. The preamble of its Charter sets forth broad principles, including the determination "to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and value of the human person, in the equal rights of men and women and of nations small and large. . . ."

Next step for the organization would be the ratification of the Charter by the 50 nations who were represented at San Francisco, after the formal closing of the Conference at which President Truman would address the delegates. After this, it was up to the Senate to say whether or not America would subscribe to the new world organization. The feeling was general that the Senate would okay the Charter, although perhaps not without some hot debate.

The people who watched the Eisenhower parade in New York City didn't forget the government's edict to save paper. The Department of Sanitation announced that only 77 tons of paper were gathered up from the streets after the celebration. Other public demonstrations have resulted in as much as 2,500 tons of ticker-tape and stuff.

So far Congress hasn't handed President Truman a single major defeat. Last week, the New York *Times* said that the President won his "greatest" victory when the Senate followed the House in approving his request for extension of the Roosevelt-originated Trade Agreements Law. It was noted that Congress didn't change so much as a comma in the proposal as it came from the Executive branch.

The Trade Agreements Law has been in effect

for eleven years. In its details, it is a pretty complicated affair, but essentially the law gives the President the right to cut our tariffs against foreign goods as much as 50 per cent, provided other countries will agree to reduce their levies against our goods.

President Truman, in asking for a three-year extension, called the program one of the most important means available to the country to further the peace-keeping proposals of the San Francisco Conference. Because Truman took this view of the matter, the question of the law's extension was generally regarded as a test of the popularity of Administration's foreign policy. And it turned out to be popular.

The President also was vindicated on two other points. Over his protest, the House had drastically cut funds for the Office of War Information, and voted against giving any money at all to the Fair Employment Practices Committee. Later, however, the Senate Appropriations Committee supported Truman on both issues. It voted to restore the OWI funds, and granted an appropriation to the FEPC, which was set up in 1943 to check discrimination in employment on grounds of "race, color or national origin."

Truman made what was described as his strongest gesture of friendship to Congress last week—a proposal that the Speaker of the House rather than the Secretary of State be made the man next in line for the Presidency at the present time. Now, when the President dies he is succeeded by the Vice President. If the Vice President dies, the Secretary of State steps into the White House and other cabinet members follow in line of succession.

Since, at the present time, there is no Vice President, Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius would be next on tap. The post he holds is an appointive one, and Stettinius, like any other

proposal, but nearly all agreed that it was a gesture which showed his respect for the Congress of the United States.

The war against Japan was very much in the Congressional picture, too. The House Appropriations Committee approved a $38,500,285,951 War Department supply bill following three weeks of testimony by high Army officials who predicted devastation for the Japs more complete than that which whipped the Nazis.

Testimony of Generals George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, and H. H. Arnold, head of the Air Forces, disclosed plans to use 1,000 B-29s daily in the Pacific War and to drop 2,700,000 tons of bombs in the Far East in the year starting July 1. That figure compared, Marshall said, with 1,555,000 tons dumped on Europe from 1942 to 1945.

Herman Offenbacher of Medford, Ore., had to restrain the maternal instincts of his Leghorn hen in order to keep peace in his farmyard. The hen adopted three orphaned kittens and tried to feed them worms, which she thought any baby ought to like. Both sides got mad when the foster mother tried to force the wiggling victuals on the protesting felines.

The House Committee also released this quotation from Gen. Marshall: "It would be a costly mistake, a hideous injustice to our men in the Pacific to relax now in optimistic estimates of the situation. The final victory on the battlefields will be ours, but it must not be delayed by optimistic errors of judgment or impatient demands for a return at home to the conditions of peace."

Gen. Marshall continued: "A swift, radical

The Rev. Don Householder, a Los Angeles Methodist pastor, devoted a whole sermon to Gen. Patton's use of profanity in a homecoming address. Dr. Householder said the cuss words which leaked out over a national radio chain were "a shocking exhibition to a degree most of us never thought possible before a public audience."

Gen. Patton ran into some further criticism when he told children of a Sunday school class that they would be the soldiers and nurses of the next war. But the General had an answer for that one. He said: "Having been through two World Wars and having experienced the anguish of commanding men who were wounded or killed due to lack of training, I think that it is stupid to run the risk of not being adequately prepared for another war. You do not stop fires by abolishing the fire department."

After weeks of guessing, the public learned definitely what the government has in store for the automobile industry and motorists. The War Production Board formally authorized ten leading automobile manufacturers to turn out 691,018 new passenger cars during the nine-month period beginning July 1. Which was 100,000 more than most prophets had expected.

The people were warned, though, that the new production wouldn't mean that the average person would be able to buy a car just off the Detroit assembly lines in the near future. Most of the new output for a long time will be earmarked for war and essential civilian purposes, so the home folks, by and large, will have to "make do" with their run-down jalopies.

Production figures, as released by the WPB, indicated that nearly all large auto manufacturers expected to be producing about four times as many cars in 1946 as in 1945. Quotas for the big concerns

in a standard freight car. The new model, he said, would be powered by a four-cylinder engine now being made for the Navy, and would develop 28 horsepower as against 12.5 HP in the earlier one, with no increase in weight.

WPB chairman J. A. Krug predicted a few weeks ago that new car production should reach a rate of two million a year by July, 1946. The pre-war rate was four million, and the automobile industry is aiming at a yearly figure of six million brand new automobiles after the Jap war.

THE Surplus Property Board suggested that aluminum salvaged from scrapped combat planes should be converted into low-cost household goods. It reported that more than 100 Army and Navy planes were being declared surplus each week and that 4,000 bombers and fighters no longer needed for war already had been stored at government airfields. The Board said there was evidence that aluminum taken from such planes could be used with almost unlimited application—in prefabricated housing, kitchenware, roofing, fencing and many household articles requiring lightweight metal.

Thousands of soldiers were poured into Chicago to haul food and other vitally needed goods as the strike of truck drivers ended its first week. Soldiers, some of them just back from the Pacific, were on duty driving or guarding trucks all over the city. The strike, second in a month in Chicago, started over a WLB award which didn't meet union demands. Drivers getting from $42 to $51.50 for a 51-hour week asked for a $5 raise and a 48-hour week. The WLB offered a $4.08 raise and a 51-hour week. Then the trouble started.

Rep. Margaret Chase Smith, Republican of Maine, reported that letters have been pouring in from home and abroad favoring her suggestion that wives be allowed to join their soldier husbands in Europe. But the Army stuck to its statement that the time wasn't ripe yet for such a move. Somebody asked Gen. Eisenhower at a press conference if *his* wife would return to Europe with him. Here's what Ike said: "I think that for the people that are going to stay indefinitely, sooner or later we should, if possible, take their families over. But Germany today is destroyed as a country. It is a hostile country, and we are short of quarters, of food, of everything else. Until it is possible to establish policies which any GI, as well as myself, can take advantage of, it would seem to be out of character, at least, for me to seek a favored position."

M/Sgt. Robert E. Scott of New Orleans revealed that he lost three legs in combat as a B-17 top-gunner, but only one of them was his own. One leg was amputated following an action over the Pacific, and two successive limbs were subsequently shot away. Scott went back to the States for a third fitting.

The largest single contingent of Australian war brides and their children—543 in all—landed in San Francisco. Only one GI was at the dock to greet his wife and that was a six-striper—M/Sgt. Carroll Craig, who's stationed at 'Frisco. A helpful figure at the disembarkation was Marine Cpl. Albert Castano, who passed among the arrivals expertly rocking over-excited babies. Some one asked him how many children he had and Castano replied: "None. I'm not even married, thank God."

Congressmen got another report on the demobilization business, this time from Maj. Gen. Stephen G. Henry, Assistant Chief of Staff. He didn't brighten the picture much, from the GI viewpoint. Gen. Henry said the Army was not willing to lower the automatic discharge age below 40; that the magic release figure wouldn't drop as low as 70 points and that the new point program to be announced soon would give no credit for service performed after May 12.

"We don't think that's a fair way in a democracy to pass the war around," said the General, when asked why older men couldn't be let out without having the required number of points. To do that, he explained, might require the retention of younger battle veterans with the necessary points.

Medical officers who were wondering just when or how they were going to get out of this man's army got a partial answer from Sen. Hugh B. Mitchell of Washington. Mitchell, who said he got the dope from Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson, announced that the War Department has established a special board to pass on the release of medical officers unessential to the Army. Stimson said discharges would be based on military necessity and adjusted service scores. He added that the shift of military hospital cases from Europe to the U.S. had resulted in a necessary shift of Army doctors to the U.S.

The Pullman Company is also giving the Army a break. Hereafter wounded veterans traveling in hospital cars may smoke in their berths. Not only that, they'll be furnished with ashtrays. F. R. Callahan, Pullman general manager, said that the privilege would not extend to civilians.

CANADIAN soldiers are going to get a touch of life in ole' Kentucky. Maj. Gen. B. M. Hoffmeister announced that a Canadian volunteer force destined for the Pacific would arrive in Camp Breckinridge, Ky., early in September for training. Hoffmeister, commander of the Fifth Canadian Armored Division, said his force will wear Canadian uniforms but will use American equipment and get their food supplies from U.S. sources. All equipment and food will be paid for by Canada, the General said, adding that the unit would be under command of the U.S. Army Ground Forces. "I believe this is the first time in history that two countries have ever cooperated so closely in a case of this kind," Hoffmeister asserted.

For GI farmers who want to get out of the Army for a while to help with the crops, it's no dice. Assistant Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson turned down a request from a Kansas Congressman that men in the armed forces be furloughed to work in grain fields. He said that the practice of furloughing soldiers for harvest work had been discontinued because of cutbacks in the war program; and that, furthermore, releases from the Army should provide whatever necessary civilian help was needed. Besides, Patterson said, the practice is "contrary to the plan recently made effective for the release of soldiers from the service."

Despite all the enthusiastic talk about the peacetime possibilities of the jeep, a survey showed there were fewer than a dozen of the vehicles in civilian hands in the U.S. Furthermore, it was reported, there weren't any for sale and there was a question whether there ever would be. The reason was that most jeeps declared surplus were smashed and those that *are* in running order are snapped up for overseas use by various government agencies. By the end of this year, production of the tiny cars will be down 76 per cent, so back-seat driving will be easier.

The Supreme Court wound up its work for the summer by handing down a highly important decision—one that ended a seven-year battle on the part of the government to deport Harry Bridges, West Coast labor leader. Bridges emerged the victor from the battle. Attorney General Francis Biddle had ordered him to be sent back to Australia, his native country, on the grounds that he had been a member of the Communist Party, which according to Biddle, advocated the violent overthrow of the U.S. government.

By a vote of five to three, though, the Supreme Court overruled the findings of lower Federal courts and ruled the deportation order invalid. The majority of the tribunal found that Bridges had been given "an unfair hearing on the question of his membership in the Communist Party." The labor leader, who was in San Francisco getting sued by his wife for divorce, was happy about the decision. He said he planned to become a citizen of the U.S. now that the heat was off.

WAVE Bertha T. Hawker was granted a divorce in Boston. She testified in court that her husband, an ensign in the Navy, had thrown a bird-cage at her. He missed, but her two pet birds were killed.

Humphrey Bogart, the screen tough guy, issued an edict about his new wife, Lauren (The Look) Bacall. He told the studio that Charles Boyer must not kiss his sultry spouse in the picture she's making with the French actor, Humphrey did say, according to the report, that Boyer could cup Mrs. Bogart's face in his hands in one scene. That's all though, brother.

Sam Meyerson, a New York City curio dealer, knows when he's had enough. In 1923 he was shot in the left arm in a hold-up; in 1933 he got his skull fractured in another robbery, and in 1938 Sam was robbed again. A month ago, a burglar entered the Meyerson shop and walked out with $160. Last week the same thug reappeared, expressing dissatisfaction with his paltry loot. He took $40 from the cash register, $30 from the safe, and as an afterthought demanded—and got—ten of the dealer's best watches. Then the thief and an accomplice fled. Meyerson went to the hospital. "I'm going out of business," he announced.

The COVER

Where Adolf Hitler and his gang once sat at Berchtesgaden, these soldiers of the 3rd Infantry Division managed to get a little time off to enjoy a well deserved break with just enough wine for company.

Pictures: Cover, Sgt. Eugene Kammerman. 2, Pictorial Press. 3, Signal Corps. 4, Pictorial Press. 5, Signal Corps. 8 and 9, Sgt. Dave Richardson. 10 and 11, Sgt. John Frano. 15, left, AP; right, Acme. 16, left, INP; center, W.W.; right, Acme. 17, left, PA; center, Acme; right, Keystone. 20, center, AP; others, Acme. 21, PA. 22, M.G.M.

YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

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BURMA-INDIA AND CHINA: Sgt. George J. Corbellini, Cpl. Jud Cook, Sgt. Paul Johnston, Sgt. Walter Peters, Sgt. Dave Richardson.

ALASKA: Sgt. Ray Duncan.
IRAN: Cpl. Alfred Kynch, Pvt. Ray McGovern.
PANAMA: Cpl. Richard Douglas.
PUERTO RICO: Sgt. Don Cooke.
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MAIL CALL

GI Bill of Rights

DEAR YANK,

A few nights ago I was reading up on a few facts and regulations of the Bill of Rights. It stated that if a man was a farmer or a successful business-man before the war, he could borrow money to enlarge his business or farm, but if he had never been in business or on a farm he was just out of luck for doing either of these two things.

Now what I want to know is what about the poor GI who is supposed to get a lending hand from the Government to get him started into some sort of business or on a little farm to make some sort of living? Where does the Bill of Rights come in when it comes to helping this fellow? He hasn't been a successful businessman because 99 out of 100 weren't old enough before the war to be in any kind of business. The only person that I can see that is going to benefit from this bill is the fellow that already has the money.

I think that if a fellow has risked his life for his country, he should at least be trusted to pay back a small amount to get him started in life anew. If bills are going to be passed for the GI, let it be something that he can benefit from and not to make the rich man richer.

Tyndall Field, Fla. Pfc. HARVEY A. SCOTT*

*Also signed by two others.

Navy on the Rhine

DEAR YANK,

Anyone familiar with the history of the American Civil War will challenge a couple of statements which Sgt. Ed Cunningham included in his article "Navy on the Rhine."

Says the sergeant; "Never before have U.S. naval units gone into action with the Army 200 miles from an ocean." Very wrong, sir! During the Civil War, units of the U.S. Navy were operating on rivers over 1,000 miles from the ocean—not only on the Mississippi River, but on the many tributaries thereof, such as the Ohio, the Missouri, the Red, the Tennessee and the Cumberland. Two very definite instances of "joint operations" of Army and Navy on inland waterways occurred during the campaign of Grant against Forts Henry and Donelson in February, 1862 and the Red River campaign of Banks in 1864.

Says the sergeant further: "This was the first time in history that the Army had called on the Navy to support an inland-river crossing." Very wrong, indeed! Let him read in his history books the story of Grant's long campaign against Vicksburg. It would actually be no surprise to me if, when the full story of the recent Rhine crossings becomes available, it will prove to have been of considerably less magnitude, as a joint Army-Navy operation, than was the Mississippi River crossing effected by the USN and the AUS in the early summer of 1863.

Astoria, Ore. Lt. Comdr. A. W. SQUIRES

Regular Army

DEAR YANK,

Please repeat motion put forward to Congress by Rep. Bennett of Missouri, as follows:

"H.R. 1644, Rep. Bennett, Mo., To grant all commissioned officers and enlisted men of the Regular Establishment who remain in active service after the present war a permanent appointment in the highest rank held during the war and to advance them one grade just prior to retirement from active service. Double time for present war service shall be credited for determining right to retirement." . . .

The need for more rank than we had prior to this war to cope with proposed post-war strength would be proportionately satisfied should this motion be acted upon and become statute. . . .

India. M/Sgt. RUDY C. SCAGLIONE

DEAR YANK,

. . . I'm very much in favor of the motion and hope it will pass. I enlisted in the Regular Army in November of 1940 and would like to remain in service after the present war and make it my career, but I won't. My permanent rank is private and I have no desire to drop back to the grade and start all over again. I was promoted to the grade of sergeant in August 1941, and have been a noncom since, without a single bust. In view of my record and service as a noncom, I feel that my rank should be permanent if the Army desires my service in peacetime. . . .

Hawaii. T/Sgt. F. J. HOOVER

DEAR YANK,

Regular Army officers are pretty well taken care of in the promotion line, because they get them regularly up to the grade of major anyway, and according to the papers the higher brass is doing OK. However, the Reserve officers who would like to stay in after this show is over are not getting a square deal unless their time in grade is counted when figuring seniority.

The RA dogface is to all appearances the forgotten man of this war. He has no promotion scheme to give him a break as the RA officers do. I have talked this over with many people over here, and all agree that he should have something for faithful service in a higher grade. So more power to Rep. Bennett, and may his bill receive the backing it deserves. . . .

Italy. M/Sgt. R. A. MABRY

DEAR YANK,

. . . I'd like to say that I'm glad that they've at last done something about giving the Regular Army personnel a bit of a break. I certainly hope that it gets beyond the "motion" stage though. As was mentioned many times in your columns, they seem to be doing *beaucoup* for the GI who intends to go back to civvy street when the war is over, but very little if anything has been done in favor of the joes who have chosen the Army as their career. It makes us feel a little better to know that some people are at least thinking about the matter.

Italy. Sgt. JOHN G. LERCH

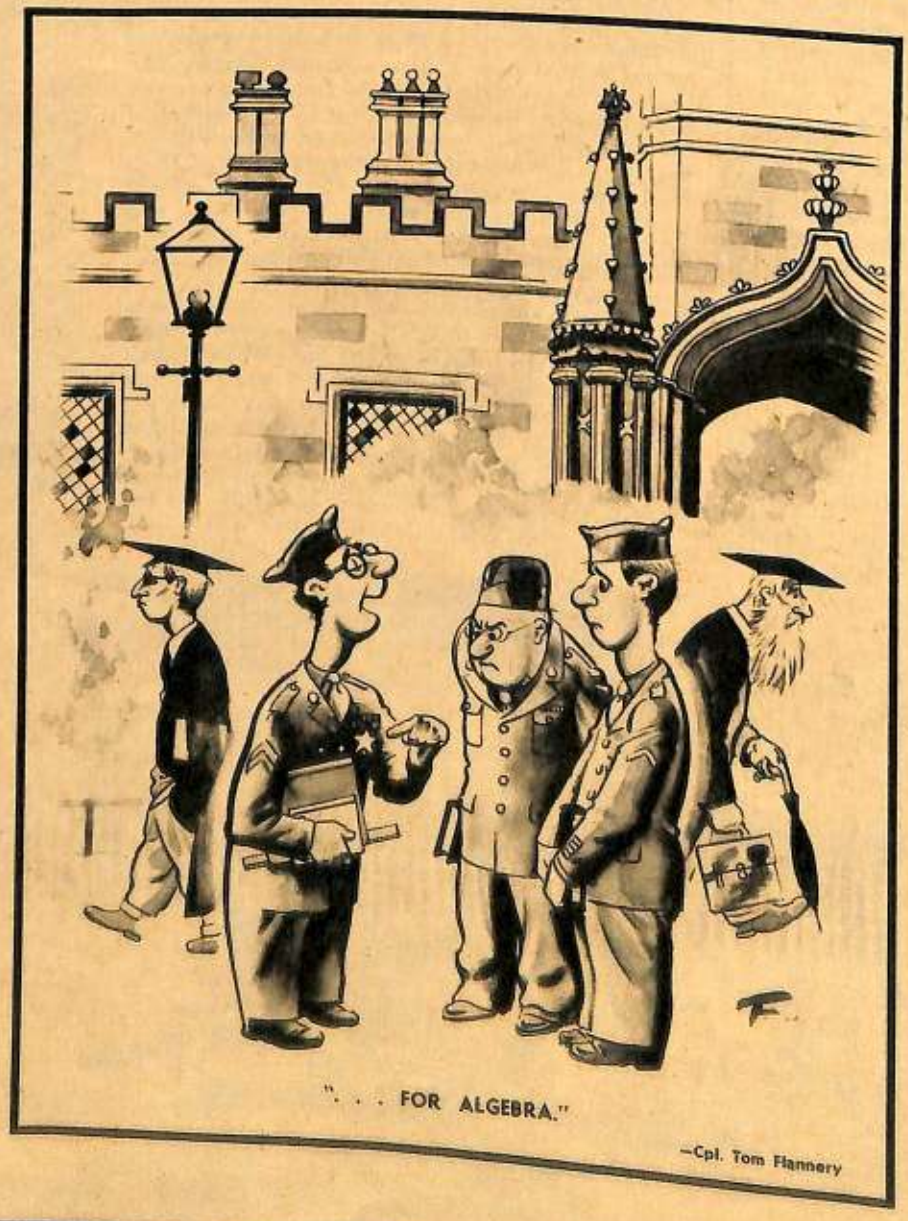
DEAR YANK,

. . . But what about the warrant officer—especially the WOJG AUS?

Take myself, for example. I hold a permanent buck-sergeant rating in the RA and made WOJG in January 1943. I am still a WOJG today, though I have a straight excellent performance record since the third month after my appointment. I have relieved captains, and have been relieved by captains, in jobs ranging from S-4 to base squadron adjutant, and I have orders to prove it. In November 1943, I was recommended for CWO, but the 60/40 ratio of JGs to chiefs stopped me. Today, the grapevine has it that the ratio is more like 40/60 in this theater—so what chance has the JG? Six months' foreign service is required before you can even submit application for commission, and the number approved is microscopic. Yet AUS officers leap blithely up the ladder from second lieutenant to first, to captain and even to major, sometimes before the down on their cheeks is ready for the razor.

The warrant officer seems stuck for the duration and apparently does not have much of a post-war hope in Rep. Bennett's bill. I'm a Regular and want to stay a Regular—but it seems no future avenues of opportunity are to be opened to the warrant officer as a reward for years of faithful and efficient service.

Italy. (Name Withheld)



". . . FOR ALGEBRA."

—Cpl. Tom Flannery

DEAR YANK,
As a Regular, and a recruit of some 16 years, I'm not looking for anything out of this war, but I believe as long as the fellows going back to civvies have the GI Bill of Rights, it would be a square deal to give us men of the Regular Army something.

We of the Regular Army are still waiting for the 25-year retirement bill that was drafted when Gen. Pershing was a corporal. . . .

Guadalcanal. **(Name Withheld)**

German Jews

Dear YANK,
As a U.S. soldier who has watched at close range the rise of Hitler to power and the Nazification of Germany, I fully understand and appreciate the laws of non-fraternization which we are now applying to the German people. But as a member of that minority which has suffered most under the Nazi regime, I cannot see the reason why the same laws should be applied to the remnants of the Jewish community in Germany.

These people, who until the day of our occupation had been forced to wear the Yellow Badge as a sign of inferiority, are one of the few allies we now encounter within the Reich's border. Hardly one of them would not have preferred a life of hard toil in an allied country to life in Nazi Germany. These Jewish people who survived the Hitler regime have for many years been the slave laborers, scapegoats, and guinea pigs for party and Wehrmacht, the objects of the worst Nazi sadism. And yet we refuse to give them special status, but instead treat them as we treat the Germans, our enemies.

It may be claimed that distinction between Germans and Jews would give some Nazis an opportunity to pose as the latter. This fear, however, is unfounded, as the few Jewish survivors in their respective communities know each other through personal contact, and can easily prevent infiltrations.

Hitler and his henchmen were able to maintain a clear distinction for the evil purpose. Why can't we do the same for the righteous cause? In the Reich, freed laborers of many non-axis nations now proudly display their national colors that they may not have to share the guilt of their exploiter. Why not give the Jews in Germany a chance to distinguish themselves from their worst foe, and thereby enjoy the status of allies which is due to them?

Germany. **Cpl. L. G.**

Land Values

Dear YANK,
Looking forward a bit toward the post-war period, I recently looked at a goodly number of pieces of property. I am looking for a 5- to 10-acre plot within five or six miles of town, so that I can work in town and use my spare time in subsistence farming. . . .

Now as to the properties I looked at. By mail, they were praised to the high heavens as being fine pieces of land, with lovely views. Well, sir, what I saw were mostly terribly run-down places, very poor land, badly washed gullies and other features which are not conducive to selling one on the idea of buying these places. However, what burned me up were the prices asked: $200 to $275 an acre for land not worth $10 an acre. . . .

Apparently word has gotten around to the land sharks and speculators that the Government was going to stake servicemen to the extent of securing a homestead after the war. This has made the land sharks and speculators stark raving mad with greed. As a matter of fact, they have gone boom- and land-crazy!

Believe me, brother, I'll sit it out before I'll ever pay such outrageous, hold-up prices for land.

Henry George had the right idea when he advocated the collection of ground rents. The collection of ground rents would remove speculation and land booms, and would permit all of those who so desired to secure a piece of land for their own use. The way it is now, many returning GIs and I will just have to sit it out.

AAF ORD, Greensboro, N.C. **Sgt. ALEX J. DURIS**

Priority for Teachers

DEAR YANK,
I would like to say a few words about a problem which I think is quite vital. It concerns the education of the rising generation of Americans. We hear much talk about how we are to re-educate the Nazi youth—is it too much also to ask for some plain education for the American youth?

In 1942 there was an average of 28.6 pupils per each public school teacher in the U.S. (grade and high school). But with the induction of so many teachers in the army since then, the load per teacher is doubtless about 35 pupils. Anyone knows this can only result in a poor standard of education, not to say a complete lack of education in the many very small rural areas.

Though Britain has not the general public school standard of universal education we have in America, she is now taking the lead in one respect. The British army is releasing a considerable number of teachers from the services to boost their total of teachers from 200,000 to 327,000 to meet their needs.

How many eminently qualified educators, with several degrees, do we see going around as privates and pfc's? Plenty. This is not a quarrel with the points system, but here's what a London paper points out (Editorial in the *Daily Sketch* of March 20th):

"We suggest that the teaching profession comes in a very special category, and that all teachers now serving . . . should be given a high priority . . . for demobilization, for the education of the future citizens of this great country is a matter of the first urgency." Is this not also true for the youth of America?

Cpl. G. DAWSON

Marriage Refresher

DEAR YANK,
After men have been overseas from their wives so long, it will seem as though they are not married. On returning home would it be legal and possible to marry the same wife again if you wanted to?

New Guinea. **T/5 JOHN D. PRESSLEY**

[If your state law OKs such procedure and it makes you happy, you may.—Ed.]

From A to F

Dear YANK,
A recent letter by Cpl. Robert Adams, advocating an alphabetical system of discharge meets with the unanimous approval of the undersigned members of YANK's staff:

Sgt. Earl Anderson, Cpl. Edmund Antrobus, Sgt. George M. Bailey, Sgt. George T. Bailey, Sgt. Frank Burke, Sgt. Frank Brandt, Cpl. Jack Coggins, Sgt. James Dugan, Cpl. Tom Flannery.

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

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

Undesirable Discharge

Dear YANK:
Prior to my Army induction over three years ago I was an enlisted man in our Navy. My service amounted to two years and seven months after which I was given an undesirable discharge for some minor peacetime infractions of the rules.

This discharge is a medium between an honorable and a dishonorable. Therefore, I would like to know if this service which I put in with good faith could be counted towards longevity pay, hash marks, overseas service and pre-Pearl Harbor ribbon, etc.

—Former Sailor
Germany

■ The type of discharge you got does not affect your right to the benefits of your previous service. So long as your service was not fraudulent, you may count it towards longevity pay, the wearing of hash marks, overseas bars and the pre-Pearl Harbor (American Defense) Ribbon.

Pet Dog

Dear YANK:
During these past months I've been stationed in an isolated outpost in beautiful Burma. Since I got out here I have raised a little puppy of which all the fellows have grown fond. I've had the dog from the time that his eyes were still unopened and you know how fond a fellow can get of a pet, especially a soldier in Burma.

Well, (pardon the optimism) this war can't last forever, and some day I'll be heading back for the States. I want to take the dog with me but I suppose the Army has something to say about that. I guess I could try smuggling him on board

the boat but I'd rather not have to do it that way. Is there any approved way I could work the deal?

—Pvt. MILES MEYERSON
Burma

■ Sorry, but there isn't much hope of getting your dog home via an Army transport. Regulations prohibit the carrying of "pets or mascots" on Army transports or vessels. In addition, members of the parrot family, including love-birds, are also excluded from such vessels. (Change 2, 7 January 1944 of *AR 55-485*.)

Bad Time Pay

Dear YANK:
Recently I was court-martialed and I am now serving a 60-day sentence. With plenty of time on our hands my "roommates" and I have found ourselves getting into constant arguments. One of our chief points of disagreement is the right of men in our spot to overseas pay. Do we or do we not rate overseas pay for time we have spent in confinement?

—Puzzled Prisoner
Italy

■ You do not. A GI who is removed from duty, under arrest, in confinement, or awaiting action of a court martial for an offense of which he is later convicted does not rate overseas pay for such periods of service. (Change 2, 21 April 1945 of *AR 35-1490*.)

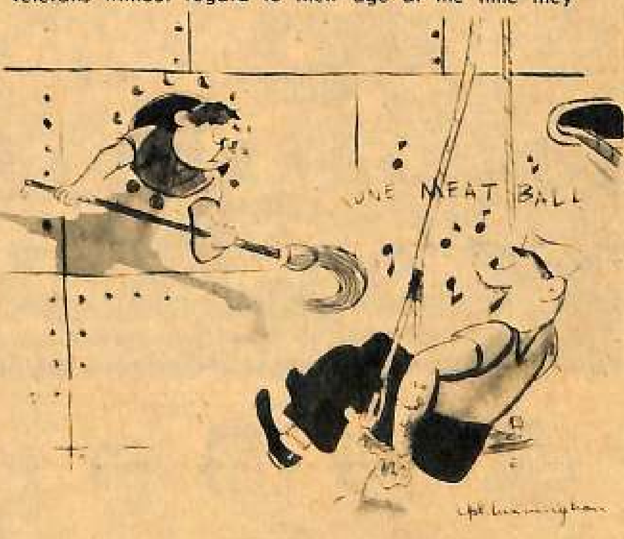
The Voice

Dear YANK:
I have heard a lot about the GI Bill of Rights and about servicemen being able to finish school if they were under 26. But what I want to know is what about those of us who were over 26 and were studying voice. What happens to the hundreds of dollars we have put into it?

Does the Government help us get back to that training again? Does it help us pay for our lessons? What is to become of our voice which has lost some of the tone for not having a chance to use it during the three years we have been in service?

—H. H. HAIG S1c
FPO.

■ Cheer up, the fact that you were over 25 when you entered the service does not mean that you cannot get in on the free schooling under the GI Bill of Rights. All veterans without regard to their age at the time they



entered the service are entitled to at least one full year of free schooling (providing of course they are not dishonorably discharged and have at least 90 days of service). Further, if you can show that your education was interrupted by your entry into service you will become entitled to additional periods of schooling up to a maximum of four full years of training. There are no restrictions in the law against the veteran studying any subject he wishes to select. If it's voice you want it is yours for the asking.

Discharge Button

Dear YANK:
I have had a couple of tough breaks and I expect to get a blue discharge (without honor) in a few months. If I do will I be permitted to wear the lapel discharge emblem all guys get when they get out?

—(Name Withheld)
Alaska

■ No, you will not. Only veterans who receive honorable discharges are entitled to wear the lapel emblem.

Sports Parade

CO-COACHES. Chief Specialist Harold (Pee Wee) Reese, ex-Brooklyn Dodger (left) is on loan from the Navy to help Marine Lt. Angelo Bertelli (right), former All American gridster from Notre Dame. Together they are building up some high-scoring Marine baseball teams out in the Pacific.

OUT IN FORCE. The lifting of the racing ban and warm spring weather brought out to the tracks some of the biggest crowds on record. Here are some of the 42,000 people who showed up when the New York racing season started at Jamaica. Bettors sent $2,471,056 into the machines.

SPORTS

GI Rookie

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Sports Editor

BOSTON—Dave "Boo" Ferriss, the Red Sox ex-GI rookie pitcher, has started his big league career so impressively that Manager Joe Cronin is comparing him to Walter Johnson and the few other great twirlers who made good in the major leagues as freshmen.

"He's like Johnson in a great many ways," says Cronin, who played shortstop for Washington when the Big Train was managing the Senators. "He's got a disposition like Walter. He tends strictly to business when he's out on the field. He observes training rules as religiously. He's a manager's pitcher."

Actually, Ferriss has a better freshman record than either Johnson or Bob Feller, winners of five games each in their first year on the big time. Dave won his first six straight games before the end of May and the season is still young.

When Ferriss shut out the Athletics and the Yankees in his first two starting assignments, he joined Jim Hughes of the 1898 Baltimore Orioles, Slow Joe Doyle of the 1906 Yankees, Bucky O'Brien of the 1911 Red Sox and Johnny Marcum of the 1933 Athletics as the only hurlers to pitch two nine-inning shutouts in their first two big-league games. Ferriss established a new American League record of 22 scoreless innings by pitching shutout ball against the Athletics, the Yankees and into the fifth inning of his third assignment against Detroit.

Happy Campbell, University of Alabama baseball coach and Red Sox scout, recommended Ferriss to Herb Pennock, then in charge of the Boston club's farms, after he saw him pitch for Mississippi State. After the Red Sox became interested in him, he came north one summer to pitch for Brattleboro, Vt., in the Northern League, a semi-pro loop, under Bill Barrett, former White Sox outfielder who is now a Boston scout. On off days Barrett drove him down to Boston and Dave pitched to the Red Sox in batting practice.

After his junior year in college in 1942, Ferriss signed a Red Sox contract and was sent to Greensboro, N. C. in the Piedmont League, a Sox farm club managed by Heinie Manush. Dave's record of seven wins and seven losses during the regular campaign wasn't sensational but his three victories in the playoffs helped the team to win the pennant. He went into the Army after the playoffs.

Pitching for Randolph Field in the San Antonio Servicemen's League, which included such men as Enos Slaughter and Howie Pollett of the Cardinals and Frank Croucher of the Detroit Tigers, Ferriss won 28 and lost 10 during the 1943 and 1944 season. Dave had always been a good hitter, but in the Army he became a real slugger and led the league with a .417 batting average during 1944.

Ferriss credits his success in the majors to the coaching he received at Randolph Field from Bib Falk, the old White Sox outfielder. "I didn't know much more than how to stand on the rubber when Falk took hold of me," says Dave. "But that was my fault. I had one of the best college coaches in the country, Dewey Noble, at Mississippi State, but it didn't take.

"Maybe the bit of pitching I did at Greensboro helped and when Falk put me through the paces I went to town. It was he who taught me the two kinds of fast balls and how to slow up naturally on my pitches. He also taught me a lot about fielding my position. And things about big-league batting I'll never forget."

Ferriss received a medical discharge as a corporal in February after the wind storms and dust of Texas had aggravated his asthmatic condition. He immediately contacted Cronin and was told to report to Nemo Leibold at Louisville, a Red Sox farm club in the American Association.

Shortly afterwards the Louisville manager wired Cronin, "Better take Ferris." Joe replied, "Take another look at him." The next day Nemo sent Dave against Bucky Walters and the Cincinnati Reds. The Reds were in front at the end of six innings, but Leibold was even more convinced that the boy belonged in the big leagues and he wired Boston, "You can use this guy Ferriss."

Whatever doubts Cronin had were dissipated when he called Bill McKechnie, the Cincinnati manager, on the long distance phone and asked for an opinion. "I'll take him if you don't want him," McKechnie said.

Ferriss couldn't have landed with the Red Sox at a more opportune time. The Boston club had opened the season by dropping four straight games. After Cronin broke his leg sliding into second base in Yankee Stadium, the losing streak had been extended to eight straight. Things couldn't have been worse so they decided to give the young pitchers a chance.

Rex Cecil, another rookie, broke the ice by turning back the Athletics on a Saturday. The following day, Ferriss started against the A's, toeing the mound against Buck Newsom. With only one out, the bases filled and the count 2 and 0, Dave was within one wide pitch of being yanked in the first inning. But Dick Siebert, the A's first baseman, hit into a double play.

Since his victory over Newsom, Dave has beaten Dizzy Trout of the Tigers, Ernie Bonham of the Yankees, Joe Haynes and Ed Lopat of the White Sox and Sig Jakucki of the Browns. He held the Athletics to five hits, the Yankees to seven, the Tigers to nine, the White Sox to four hits and one hit and the Browns to five.

His 4 to 1 victory over the Browns is a good example of the minimum of effort with which he accomplishes his pitching chores. Jakucki, who was losing to the Red Sox for the first time, is noted as an economical pitcher, but Dave made him appear like a spendthrift. He retired the Browns with 97 pitches in nine innings as Sig was tossing up 107 in the eight chapters he worked.

Dave's fast ball is his main stock in trade, but he has two kinds of fast balls. The first he lets go off the outside of the ends of his first two fingers. This pitch breaks sharply into a right-handed batter like an old-fashioned inshoot. The second Ferriss fast ball is delivered over the inside of the ends of his fingers and it shoots the other way, inside to left-handed hitters. Coupled with these two distinct types of fast balls is the fact that Ferriss throws each of his other pitches, his curve and his slow one, at a different speed.

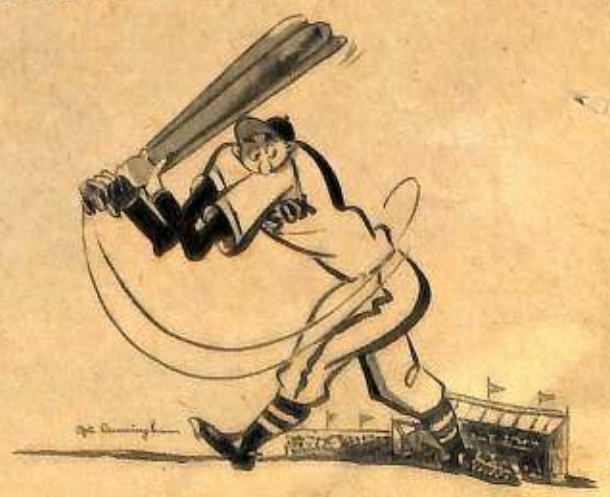
Before pitching batting practice one day in Chicago, Cronin had him warming up left handed and from that side of the rubber he showed a good fast ball and curve. He has never pitched both hands since he has been in organized baseball, but in a semi-pro game in Minter City, Miss., he once pitched the first five innings right handed and the last four left handed. He whipped the opposition, allowing four hits, two off each arm.

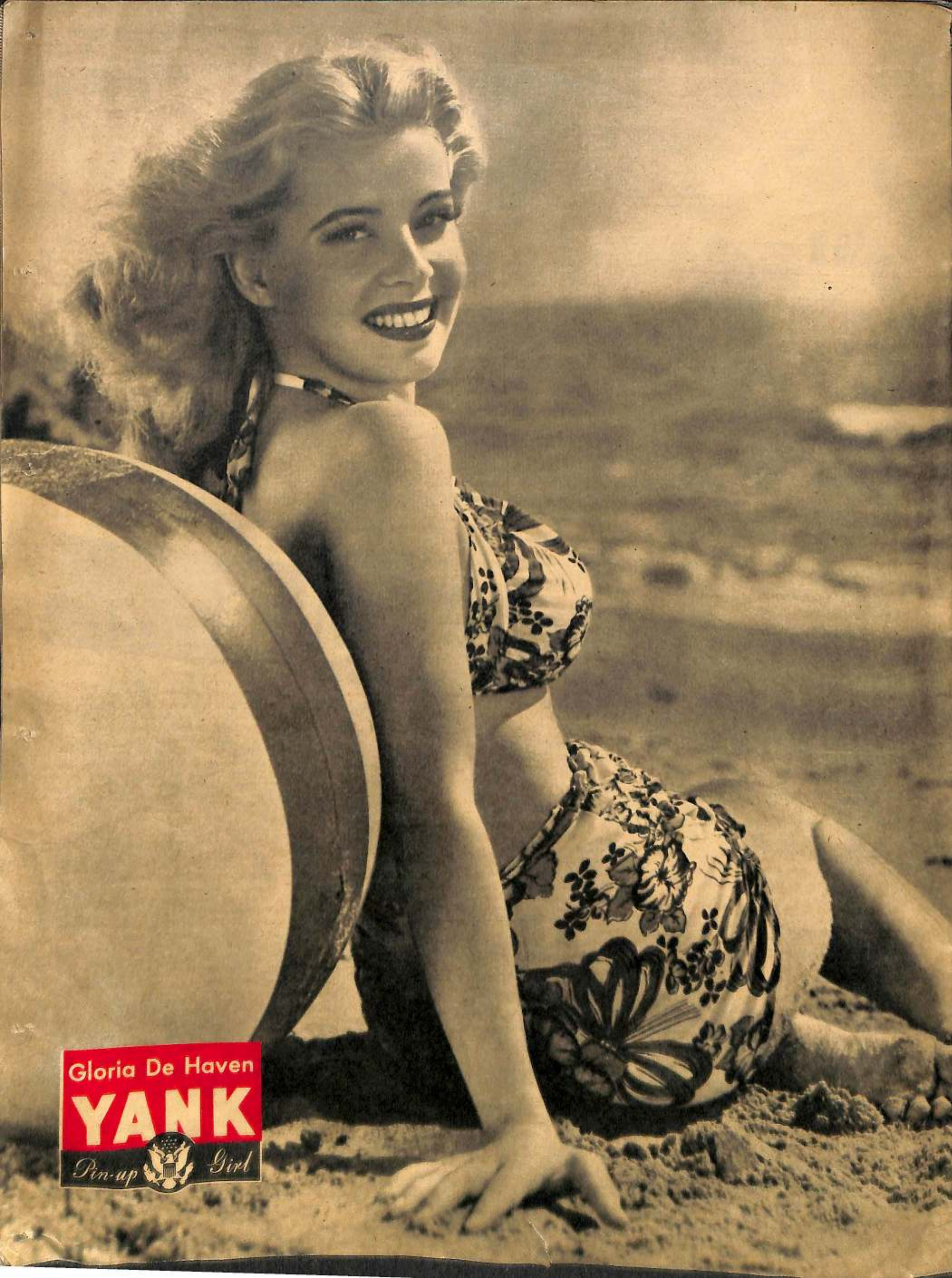
Bob Garbark, who has caught him in all of his starts, says that Ferriss has a heavy ball, but that his control makes him easy to catch. Dave is particularly adept at keeping the ball knee-high and is not upset facing a dangerous batter in a desperate situation, as he showed in the ninth inning of his victory over the Browns.

With one man on and no outs, Ferriss got down to a 3-and-2 count on Junior Stephens, the Brown's hard-hitting shortstop. The ordinary rookie pitcher finding himself in such a situation might choke up and pass the batter or make the next pitch too good and watch it ride over the fence. But Ferriss fed six low pitches to Stephens and all six of them were so close to strike territory that Junior had to swing and hit six fouls. Finally, Dave struck him out with a sharp-breaking curve, knee-high.

His sudden success hasn't gone to his head. When he reported to the club from Louisville, Trainer Win Green, who has a "Lockers for the regulars" rule, assigned Ferriss a rusty nail in a dark corner of the Red Sox dressing room at Fenway Park to hang his civvies on. Green thought nothing about it until he went looking for Dave after his fifth victory and found him peeling off his sweat-soaked clothes in the same corner where his civvies were hanging on a nail. The embarrassed Green asked Cronin:

"Do you think I could make amends by cleaning out five of the lockers in our pitchers' row and giving them to him?"




Gloria De Haven
YANK
Pin-up Girl

Elf of EDINBURGH

EVERY weekday morning GIs at the Red Cross in Edinburgh turn over on their pillows and groan, as an ear-splitting voice yelling, "Good morning, America!" echoes through the dormitory like the explosion of an 88 mm. gun.

This set of vocal chords is owned and operated by a 70-year-old human foghorn by the name of George Robertson. He is a native of Edinburgh and acts as a guide for GIs who want to see the city. His "Good morning, America" is not a morning salutation but an awful clap of thunder warning the slumbering gents that it's time to get up. He starts bellowing when he is about a quarter of a mile away from the club, and as he comes nearer, he sounds like a fast express train.

Generally, a few GIs who are up by the time he arrives, are waiting outside. "Well, well, all got hangovers this morning, eh?" he shouts. "Too many drinks of likker on Rose Street, last night, eh?" And, building up to a deafening pitch, he yells, "Where's the rest of you? Still lying abed with bursting heads?"

He runs furiously into the Red Cross club, and storms through the dormitory routing everyone out.

Mr. Robertson is not an ex-drill sergeant, as you might suppose, but a retired civil servant. He is a round-shouldered, thin little man with a brick red face and icy blue eyes. He wears a felt hat and dresses in a sort of seaweed tweed suit.

This is the Mr. Robertson the GIs have come to know. However, there are others in Scotland who recall that once upon a time there was a peculiar kind of Scots faerie known as *Daoine Shi*, who were described by Sir Walter Scott as little, green men with "peevish, discontented and mischievous" dispositions. It is said that the last of the *Daoine Shi* is Mr. George Robertson.

He serves as a guide without pay, out of his pride in Edinburgh and a feeling that Americans must not be left in abysmal ignorance of Scottish life.

With a couple of dozen men tossed out of bed I joined his tour one morning. To start things off Mr. Robertson toned his voice down to a conspiratorial intensity, telling us, "Ye are now going to see the splendors of Edinburra, Queen o' the north." His eyes roved around over the heads of the crowd looking for any other victims to enlist in the cause.

There were none, but a handsome, gray-haired woman came along and Mr. Robertson yelled, "Hello, Frenchie! Ooh la la! Come in here and meet the Americans." Grinning, the French woman accepted the invitation and submitted to about five minutes of repartee.

Suddenly, Mr. Robertson tired of this and without warning darted across Prince's Street, beckoning to the GIs to follow. "On the double!" he barked. The ranks of Lt. Colonels and Pfcs closed up as they loped along behind.

The first stop was the Sir Walter Scott Memorial, a bumpy brownstone canopy sheltering a marble statue of the novelist. "The only monument uglier than this is the Albert Memorial in London," was Mr. Robertson's appraisal. Then, suddenly, he caught sight of a beautiful red-headed girl, and he yelled, "Come here, lass, and tell the Americans why we have no watches in Edinburra."

The GIs gaped at the girl as she walked over and gave the Americans a look that said, "Mr. Robertson is a card, but we always do what he says." Mr. Robertson said, "Note the coloring of the lass—red hair, white skin, blue eyes. That's the look of the ancient Picts, the ancestors of the Scot. But now, lass, tell the Americans why there are no watches carried in Edinburra." But she didn't know.

"It's because we have clocks on every corner in Edinburra," he roared. "Why carry a watch if ye can see a clock anywhere you go?"

Then he was off again, the GIs racing behind. As he ran past three British merchant seamen, he shouted back to the soldiers, "There's the Limeys! They're the ones that taught the Scots to steal!" Strangely enough he wasn't blackjacked.

Next he approached an old woman with white hair. She was dressed in black with a paisley shawl. On her back she carried a large wicker basket. "This is a Newhaven fishwife, America. She has brought her catch up from the Forth. Give your song for the Americans, lass."

The old lady sang in a strong contralto:

"Wha'll buy my herrin'
Ma bonny caller herrin'
Wha'll buy my herrin'
New drawn frae the Forth?"

While she sang Robertson, his eyes closed, rocked back and forth on his heels. When she finished he began a recitation of his own. It was a melodious verse in an unknown tongue. "D'ye ken that, lass?" he asked her. "Nay, Mr. Rober-r-rtson," she said, deftly catching a passing trolley. "Perhaps it's because I'm ta young."

"That was a verse in Gaelic," he explained to the crowd, "by Duncan ban Macintyre. Ye are ta ignorant in America to understand Gaelic."

"Ye Americans are so ignorant" said Mr. Robertson, "that ye call everything a plaid. A 'plaid' is the name of a shawl and nothing else."

Crossing the Waverly bridge he stopped them in a choking cloud of smoke coming up from the railroad below. "Down there is the Waverly station," he said. "The ugliest station in the United Kingdom, bar none."

Next stop was a dark, dripping series of stone stairs in The Advocate's Close, between some ten-storey granite buildings which leaned against each other with the helplessness of great age. "These buildings are called 'lands,'" he explained. "They are the first skyscrapers in the world, built in the seventeenth century. Ye think ye had the first skyscrapers in America, but that is just one of your brags. We had skyscrapers in Edinburra when ye were still livin' in wigwams."

The GIs followed him into St. Giles' Cathedral. He seated them in a quiet chapel of the dark church and told them about the Scottish struggle for freedom from the Church of England in 1637. His ancestors, he said, had protested against the alien

prayer book of Archbishop Laud by throwing footstools at the minister in this very church. After that the English made the wise decision to let the Scots have Pastor Knox's prayer book instead.

Without batting an eyelid, Mr. Robertson suddenly swung from religion to a discussion on the price of whiskey in the 18th Century. He told how the Scots could buy a gallon of whiskey for two-and-six in those days. The GIs pricked up their ears at this. Then subtly and subversively Mr. Robertson delivered a short temperance lecture. For the next fifteen minutes, 60 American soldiers on leave, sat in a Cathedral, drinking in a temperance lecture. It was almost too much to believe.

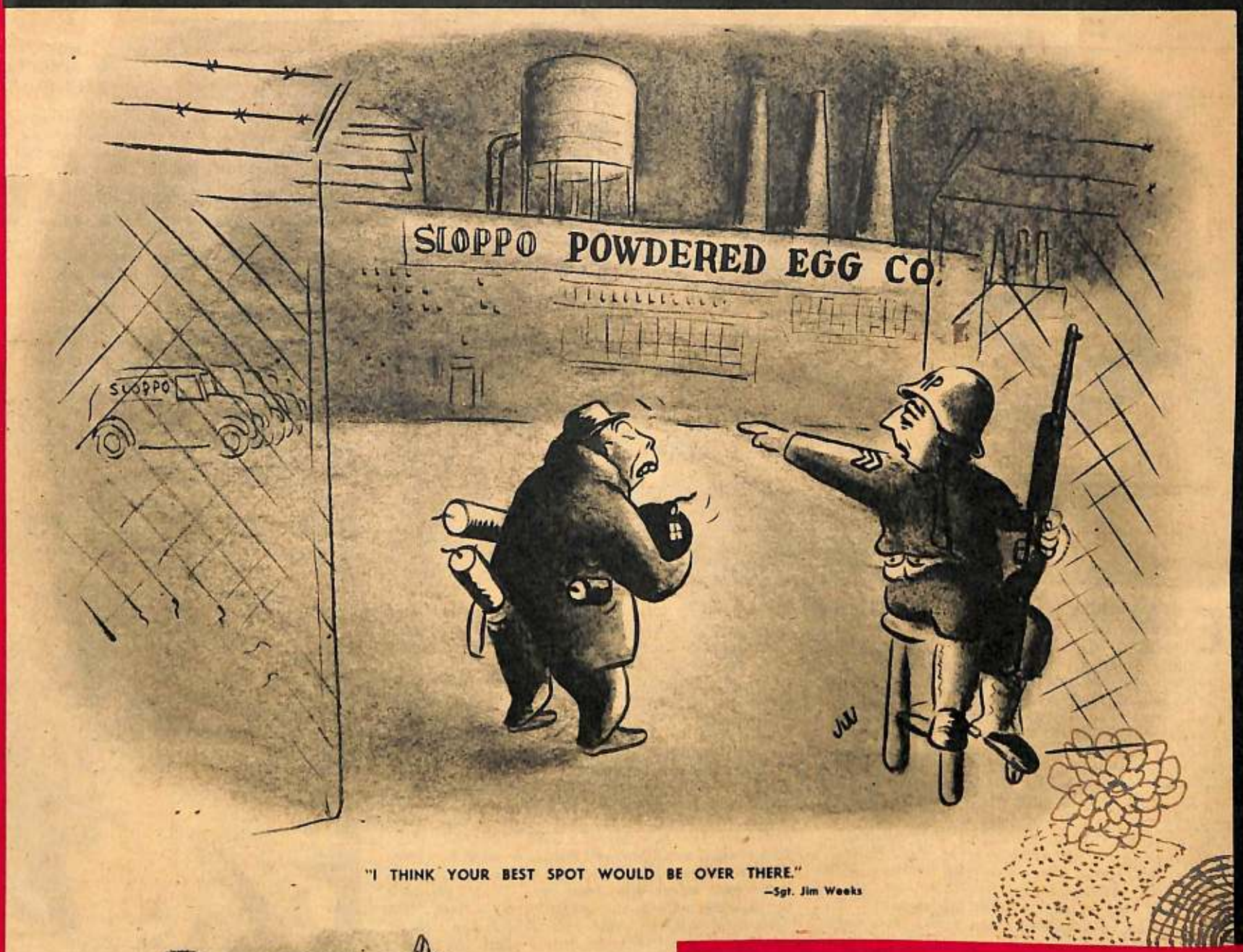
From the Cathedral the crowd double-timed down the street after the quick-moving pixie to Greyfriar's churchyard. He led them through the fog to a sooty tomb. "Here lies the notorious Judge Mackenzie—'Bluidy Mackenzie' he is called. A great persecutor of religious martyrs in the seventeenth century he was.

"In the evenings after the churchyard is locked for the night the bairns climb over the fence," he said. "They come to this grave and dance upon it, chanting: 'Come oot if ye daur, Bluidy Mackenzie!'"

Mr. Robertson jigged up and down on Judge Mackenzie's grave, singing, "Come oot if ye daur, Bluidy Mackenzie!" As he wailed, the Americans looked uneasily at each other. It wasn't too much to believe that Bluidy Mackenzie might accept the challenge.

By A YANK Staff Correspondent

AS was to be expected of the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven, the famous screen couple of long ago, Gloria De Haven scored a hit in her first crack at Hollywood. In "Best Foot Forward" she showed she had looks and could act and sing. She's been busy ever since. Her latest is MGM's "Between Two Women." Gloria is 19, 5' 2", weighs 112, has blonde hair, blue eyes.



"I THINK YOUR BEST SPOT WOULD BE OVER THERE."
—Sgt. Jim Weeks

"'I WAS PUTTY IN YOUR HANDS.' NOW SHE TELLS ME!"
—Pvt. G. Smith

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