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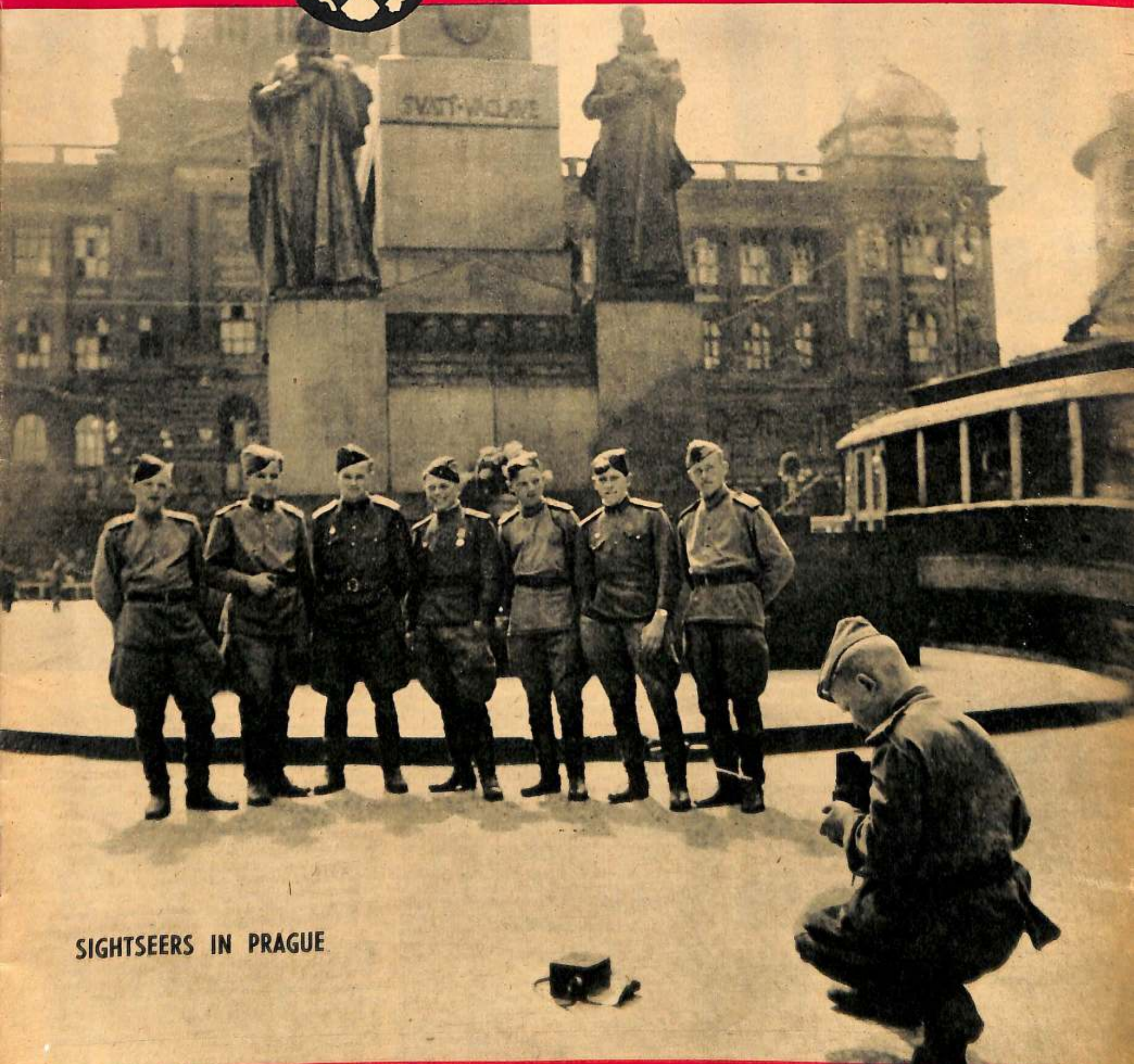
THE ARMY



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By the men . . . for the
men in the service



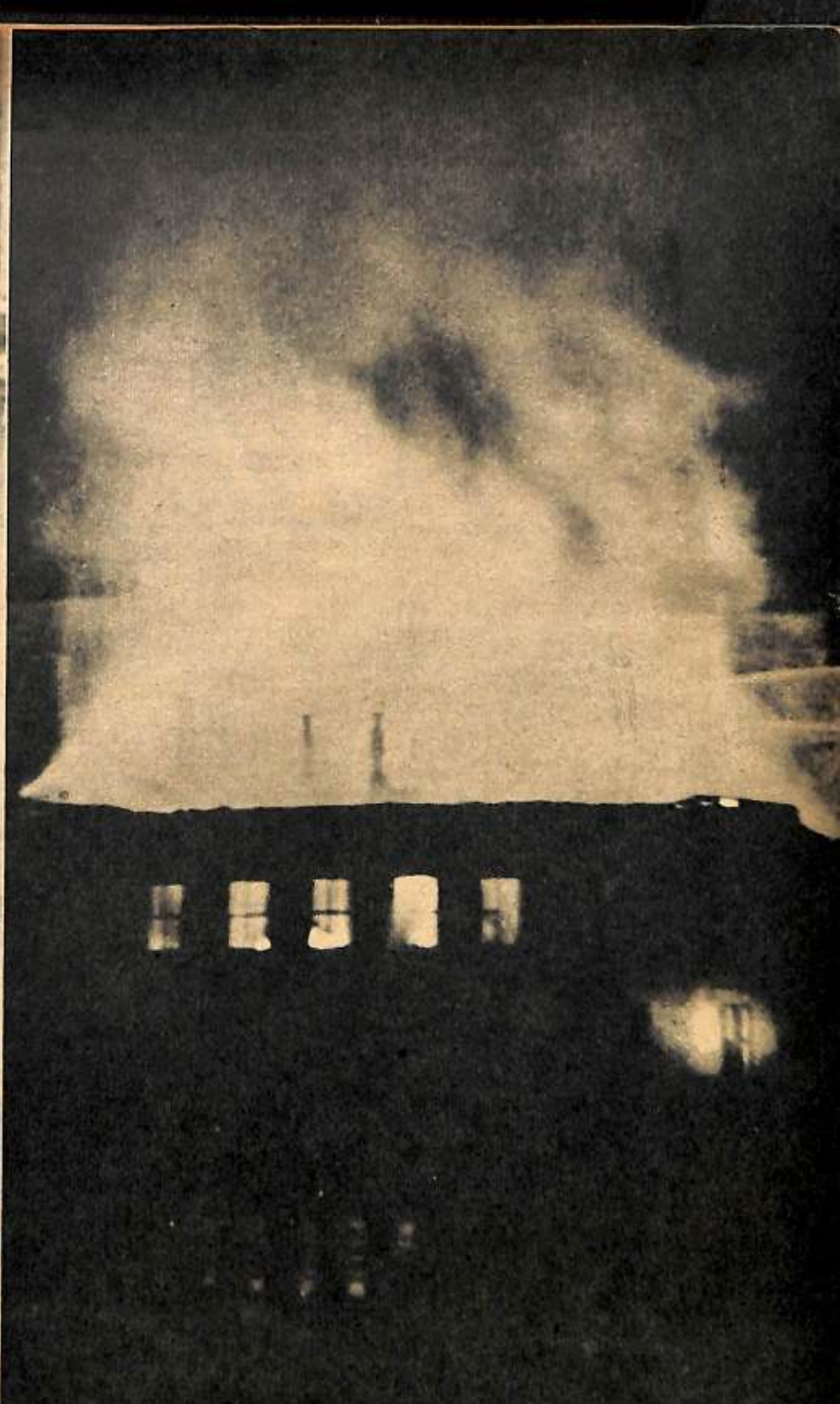
SIGHTSEERS IN PRAGUE

How Jap Suicide Planes Attacked The USS Newcombe

—See Pages 10 and 11



QUISLING "CHRISTIANITY" IN OCCUPIED NORWAY. THE PIOUS FLOCK IS NAZI OLE SKYLSTAD. THE PREACHER IS NAZI HANS MORTENSEN. EMPTY SEATS REPRESENT PATRIOTS.



BANG! GOES A NAZI HEADQUARTERS IN OSLO. TWO DAYS AFTER CHRISTMAS, 1944. NORWEGIAN SABOTEURS CARRIED OUT SHAEF ORDERS, SAVING WORK FOR THE 8TH AIR FORCE.

By Cpl. HOWARD KATZANDER
YANK Staff Correspondent

NORWAY—One evening last spring a platoon of SS men marched through the streets of Oslo toward the city's main railway station. They cleared the square of all onlookers including some German soldiers, and took up posts at the entrances of the square. Then some of the SS men entered a building in which all of Norway's railroad transportation was administered by the Nazis. They emerged a few minutes later with two German guards and two Norwegian watchmen. At the stroke of six o'clock—only a few minutes after they had re-assembled and marched away—a terrific explosion demolished the building, destroying all German records of proposed troop movements, just at the time when Hitler was desperately trying to reinforce his armies on the western front.

These men were not actually of the SS, although their uniforms, arms and manner were those of the enemy. They were members of *Milorg*, military arm of Norway's Home Front, one of the most daring and successful underground organizations in Europe. It was this organization that forced Hitler to maintain an army of a half million men in Norway even after it had become apparent that Allied strategy was aimed at a clash with the *Wehrmacht* on German soil, rather than by an invasion of Norway.

The resistance in Norway numbered some 100,000 men and women in its civilian and military

branches. It was a national organization, controlled by a central committee, members of which successfully kept their identity secret from even the most loyal of their followers. It drew its strength from the great mass of Norwegian people whose solidarity in the struggle against Hitler and Quisling sympathizers, drew practically every one into the resistance movement. There was hardly a class or segment of the population that remained aloof from the fight. The least that anyone did was to help to circulate Norway's free press—tiny papers, most of them about the size of toilet tissue—carrying news of the world taken from Allied broadcasts.

Norway's population is less than three million; and war touched every family in some intimate way. Almost every household was sheltering a member of some other family who was in hiding because his own home was being watched. Others had sons and husbands abroad, mostly in England or in Norway's merchant marine, where they were continuing to fight.

Many families were split. Some of the most loyal people on the home front had quislings among their close relatives. One woman's father was a prominent Nazi (he is now in prison), and her husband, a well-to-do young ship owner, was operating a secret ferry from Norway to Sweden carrying mail and messages destined for England, and removing Allied fliers and parachute commandos from the country.

Even Norway's criminals did their share. One notorious safe cracksman, called "Yellow Cheese"

because of the color of his round face, joined the resistance early. He was forced to flee to England where he joined the Norwegian forces. He was mentioned in dispatches for his bravery at the gun of a corvette during a battle in the English Channel. Now he is home and his citizenship and civil rights, forfeited because of his criminal career, have been restored to him.

Another man, who made a fortune as a rum runner during Norway's four years of prohibition (from 1917 to 1921) put his experience to good use. He knew every little fiord and channel along the Norwegian coast, and operated a fleet of fast boats along the illegal communication lines to Sweden and England. He had only one casualty in these operations; he was burned by the explosion of a can of alcohol on one of his boats.

THE solidarity of the Norwegian patriots was no accident. It had nothing to do with the Norwegian temperament. It came about largely as a result of German pressure. Everything the Germans did increased Norwegian resistance against them, and it wasn't long before almost the whole country was quietly engaged in one or another activity designed to sabotage the Germans.

The Norwegians are honest, open-faced people with a great respect for law and order and established authority. In the beginning this was a great handicap to the resistance movement. The Norwegians expected honesty and fair play from the

Norwegian maquis hit hard at the Nazis. In the long northern nights the Home Front Fighters swooped down with dynamite and Sten guns. The story of one of the best secret organizations in Europe, which prevented Hitler from reinforcing the Rhine.



UNDERGROUND ON SKIS

the Gestapo disappeared. Some of the present leaders of *Milorg* started their patriotic activities in protest against the nazification of Norwegian sports. Among these was Olaf Helseth, ski champion and president of the Norwegian Athletic Union. He is now Commander-in-Chief of the Norwegian Home Forces. He was arrested by the Nazis early in 1941 and held for several months in the Gestapo prison in Oslo.

Resignations poured into club headquarters, and eventually many clubs were reduced to one member—the quisling leader who constituted the entire roster of officers. Organizations with large treasuries bought blocks of real estate to keep their funds out of Nazi hands.

Norwegians did not give up sports altogether. Most Norwegian families have some kind of a cottage or hut either on one of the fjords or in a forest, where they spend summer and winter holidays. These huts became centers of small resistance cells. Norwegian athletes met at night in these hideaways to practise skiing in groups of eight to ten. In those early days they had only a handful of Norwegian army rifles which had been hidden from the Germans after the Norwegian army ceased resistance in June, 1940. Later, the Norse maquis got U.S. carbines, British Sten guns, Bren guns and British rifles. But the first uncoordinated acts of sabotage were committed by these small bands.

After the drive against the athletic clubs, the Germans tried to take over the school teachers. In September, 1940, they tried to force the teachers to sign a document swearing their loyalty to the Quisling regime. The teachers refused to comply, and thereafter the Nazis got tough. *Reichskommissar* Terboven, *gauleiter* of Norway, dissolved all political parties and announced the appointment of a completely quisling government, in which Quisling himself held no office but which he controlled through his subordinates in the *National Samling*, his fascist political party.

Quislings took over all important governmental posts. Town councils, judges, administrative heads of all government departments, down to the smallest communities, were replaced. Civil servants were ordered to join the *Samling*, under penalty of immediate discharge. About three per cent joined; the others were replaced by quislings.

The Norwegian church, led by Bishop Berggrav, took a stand against the nazification of the schools. Terboven, the *gauleiter*, ordered the church to stay out of politics, and started to replace patriotic churchmen with collaborators. His first attempt was a miserable failure. He removed Arne Fjellbu, Dean of the Church at Trondheim, and replaced him with Blessing Dahle, a quisling pastor. Fjellbu went ahead with services at the cathedral until quisling police stopped him and ordered the congregation to leave. Thereafter, Blessing Dahle preached at Trondheim but his blessings fell on empty pews. No one attended his services.

Quisling ordered all Norwegian youth to join a Nazi organization called the National Youth Service. The Bishops again protested. This dispute resulted in the arrest of Norway's seven bishops and numerous clergymen, all of whom were confined in a concentration camp.

The civil organization of the home front, *Civorg*, developed out of this battle to keep education free. Preachers, lawyers, clergymen and students joined its ranks.

In the Autumn of 1941, the Nazis further strengthened the Home Front by attacking labor unions. Martial law was proclaimed in Oslo. The city was put under Gestapo and SS control. Viggo Hanstten, counsel for Oslo's trade unions, and Ralph Wickstrom, prominent labor leader, were arrested and executed. Others were sentenced to life imprisonment.

ONE by one the Germans picked out the most vigorous public figures in Norway and sent them to concentration camps. They arrested Olaf Gjerlow, editor of *Morgenbladet*, one of Oslo's greatest papers. They arrested Dietrich A. Seip, head of Oslo University, and later they closed the institution. The students were given plenty of time for sabotage.

After the arrest of the Norwegian labor leaders, quislings were installed at the head of the trade unions. Failure to pay dues was made a crime. Nevertheless thousands of resignations poured into union headquarters.

Then on February 1, 1942, Quisling moved into King Haakon's palace and proclaimed himself and his cabinet as the government of Norway. He favored Mussolini's brand of fascism and immediately began trying to organize the country along the lines of the corporate state, swallowing everything from grave-diggers to steamship lines. Home Front leaders have documents which prove that Quisling's purpose was to set up some kind of government which would be strong enough to conclude a formal peace with Hitler. The next step was to be a declaration of war against the Allies, particularly Russia. Quisling planned to mobilize Norway's resources to fight on the side of Germany, and the legality of these moves was to be provided by a collaborationist *Riksting*—a new parliament to consist of representatives of each organization in the Nazi *Samling* party.

The first such organization Quisling tried to convert was that of the school teachers, most of whom are men. Ninety-five per cent of the school teachers wouldn't play, and so about a thousand of them were thrown into Grini concentration camp outside Oslo. They were given the alternative of signing up or of being sent to the Eastern Front.

When the teachers continued their stubborn fight, 700 of them were shipped north to the border between Norway and Finland to work on the fortifications of the U-boat pens along the convoy route to the Soviet Union. From time to time the

THE NORWEGIAN ON THE RIGHT BUILT THIS RADIO SET INSIDE THE GRINI CONCENTRATION CAMP. HE LIKED BBC SO MUCH HE BUILT FIVE MORE SETS FOR THE REST OF THE FELLOWS. JERRY DIDN'T CATCH ON.



Germans, and were resigned to the occupation. They expected it to be brief. They did not foresee that Nazi rule would disturb their dignity or their moral sense of right and wrong.

A respectable Norwegian businessman told me that the hardest job was with the children. It was very difficult to make them understand that they must steal from the Germans and lie to the Germans—but that they must not steal from or lie to anyone else. Once the Norwegians realized the Germans did not intend to treat them decently, they were quick themselves to adopt tactics of deceit and dishonesty. They sacrificed their moral ideas as they sacrificed everything else in their struggle against Nazism.

The resistance began, strangely enough, in the field of sports. Norwegians spend most of their free time out of doors, boating and swimming in the summer; skiing, tobogganing and snow-shoeing in the winter. They are great lovers of pole-vaulting, hammer-throwing, discus hurling, and racing. They had a large organization for each sport.

In December, 1940, the Nazis set up a branch of Hitler's *Strength Through Joy* outfit to take over the athletic clubs. These were to be organized according to the *Feuhrer* principle, with a Nazi at the head of each organization. Their activities were to be streamlined, centralized and coordinated by a *sportsfeuhrer*. The nation's athletes, the bulk of the young male population, called a strike. They refused to participate in athletic contests. Their leaders were arrested. Many who were sought by



shanghaied men were given the chance to sign with Quisling and go home—but none signed.

Quisling had made the mistake of announcing that his stooge parliament would hold its first meeting on September 28, 1942. The revolt of the teachers upset the plan. He tried to carry it off by proclaiming that all existing organizations were now under control of the *Samling* party, and each would have its "loyal" leader in the *Riksting*. There was a bigger wave of resignations and once more the traitor had to postpone the meeting of his mock parliament, which was to have coincided with the second anniversary of the day he took power. The Nazis, seeing that Quisling's gambits did not work, never again permitted Quisling to organize a government.

This resistance offensive against Quisling was conducted by *Civorg*. In the meantime *Milorg* was organizing, training and growing in strength.

In the Winter of 1943, the two branches of the Home Front merged under a central committee headed by Paal Berg, presiding judge of Norway's highest court. Justice Berg's connection with the Home Front remained a secret until a month after liberation. Even in the upper brackets of the leadership no one individual knew more than six or eight people with whom he worked. Everything was done through chains of association. Orders and instructions were passed down from above, usually by word of mouth, but sometimes by means of invisible ink messages on the back of ordinary social letters. Private homes served as post offices. It was seldom that the person who wrote the letter knew the identity of the person to whom it was addressed. Members had one or more aliases for use when it was necessary to hold a meeting. At meetings the patriots wore masks.

All this may seem theatrical, but under the circumstances it was the only way the organization and individuals could be protected if one member was caught. When the *Gestapo* picked up a man in the patriot ring the others in his group whose identity he knew went underground. Security was so successful that the *Gestapo* caught very few important members of the Home Front, and often, when they did arrest an important operative, they had no clue to his connections and subsequently released him.

Home Front leaders lived a normal life with their families, bread-winning by day and working for

the movement at night.

The patriot who was in charge of psychological warfare for *Milorg* lived in an apartment house where he was permitted to remain after all other Norwegians had been evicted by the Nazis. The rest of the building was occupied by *Gestapo* and German naval officers. He was one of the very few who knew the entire roster of the central committee of the underground, from Paal Berg down. The *Gestapo* never molested him, and his identity is a secret to this day.

The home front established radio and courier communications with SHAEF in London. The *Milorg* units were built up

and armed under SHAEF guidance toward the day when Norway was expected to be invaded from England. Norwegians traveled back and forth to Britain for special training, with almost as much freedom as in peace time. One boat established a regular schedule, leaving Bergen every Saturday. Passengers for Britain met in the market place under the very noses of the enemy.

Radios were very scarce in occupied Norway, due to Nazi confiscation. Ingenuous methods were used to obtain vital materials to keep secret radios going. When German soldiers brought radios in to Norwegian shops for repair, the repair men stripped the sets down and cannibalized them for parts needed in the clandestine sets. When Fritz came in to get his machine he was handed back a reasonable facsimile of a radio, with the mournful news that it was beyond fixing. The same routine kept patriot automobiles in shape.

Early in the game the Allies began to drop weapons and explosives for sabotage. The parachute missions were arranged by code sentences broadcast from the BBC and Absie, the American Broadcasting Station in Europe. Before and after newscasts a voice in Britain would speak a sentence like, "The sergeant mends his socks," or "Dovregubben (a character from *Peer Gynt*) gets a driver's license," or "No Haakonkreuz on the grave." These messages indicated the time and place for a *parachutage*.

Norwegian underground fighters were well supplied with "sweethearts"—which had nothing to do with their love lives. "Sweetheart" was the name given to tiny radio receivers which were parachuted in by the hundreds. They consisted of a small metal box about four inches square and an inch thick. The "Sweetheart" contained a receiver. A smaller box contained batteries. There were wire coils for ground and aerial, and a plastic headset. The midget receivers were made in England, the headsets in the U.S.A. They were the most prized of all possessions of the patriot fighters, and despite their size were most efficient.

A famous Norwegian engineer created a Home Front munitions industry to supplement weapons dropped by the Allies. First, he made hand grenades, by which he became known as "Grenade" Larsen. Few knew his real identity. When the first Sten guns were dropped by Col. Bernt Balchen's USSTAF planes, "Grenade" Larsen took one apart, examined it carefully, and announced, "We can make these."

Sten gun parts were turned out in quisling-owned Oslo machine shops and plants which were making weapons for the Germans. Surreptitiously, Norwegian machinists tooled out little pieces of metal for the Stens, without knowing what they were making. They were content to know that the secret parts were to be used for patriotic purposes. Each shop made a single item. Then the parts were skilfully and secretly colated and assembled.

The Norwegians supplied SHAEF with detailed

and statistics of Norwegian production for Nazi use. SHAEF would then order *Milorg* to destroy key plants and military dumps. *Milorg* also struck other blows under the orders of *Civorg* to strengthen national resistance against the enemy.

After the historic defeat of the Nazis at Stalingrad, Hitler proclaimed total war and put the screws on his shills in the occupied countries to contribute more manpower to the Nazis. Quisling had a quota of over 50,000 young men to be delivered. Both employers and employees worked together to stop the labor draft. The mobilization dragged on unsuccessfully for months for the Nazis. In May, 1944, the traitor ordered military mobilization of three age classes—22 to 24 inclusive. This was announced as a draft for German Labor battalions, but actually the victims were intended for the Eastern Front.

The Home Front struck. All over Norway buildings housing the manpower registers were destroyed by fire. The Oslo labor registry employed many Norwegians. *Milorg* parties went through the building, calmly advising all Norwegians to get out—"There's going to be an explosion here in a few minutes." The men from 22 to 24 took to the hills and joined the guerillas. The Home Front thus added thousands to its own army, and the Germans got only 350 men in the draft.

AFTER the invasion of Normandy the main sabotage offensive opened. It was directed at military objectives so as to prevent Hitler from moving any Norwegian-based troops into France. From the far northern border of Finland and Norway 100,000 Germans were moving southward, eventually intended to reinforce the *Wehrmacht* fighting Eisenhower. They were to arrive in Oslo by rail to be embarked for Germany.

Every night rail lines were cut, locomotives blown up, tracks and bridges destroyed. The movement of Nazi troops was slowed down to a trickle.

A shipload of locomotives from Germany, to replace the blown machines, arrived in Oslo but could not be unloaded. *Milorg* had destroyed the only cranes capable of lifting them. The Germans sent home for a big floating crane, which the Norwegians promptly dubbed *Passopp*—meaning "Beware."

The Germans towed big *Passopp* into Oslo fjord, some distance from the city. They put a large guard detail on *Passopp* and swept the shore with searchlights at night to guard against saboteurs.

Milorg sentenced *Passopp* to destruction, regardless of the defenses. "Grenade" Larsen's pupils built a torpedo. They carried it by truck to a point on the shore. Volunteers carried the torpedo in two parts down to the water, timing their movements between the roving searchlight beams. A searchlight almost caught two of them in the water a few yards offshore, but they ducked under until it had passed. When the searchlight came over them again they had aimed and launched the torpedo. *Passopp* was destroyed.

There was nothing the Germans could do but take the locomotives back to Germany, reload them on rail ferries and push them back to Norway. But the engines arrived only a few days before the end, too late to salvage the German manpower.

Early in March our armies were driving from the Roer to the Rhine. Hitler ordered withdrawal from Norway to bolster up the Rhine defenses. SHAEF ordered *Milorg* to stop the movement.

In a single night, March 15th, at 1830 hours, explosions rang out all over Norway. Fifty-two rail bridges were dumped, cutting all rail lines into Norwegian ports. That was the night *Milorg* men, disguised as SS, destroyed the Oslo railway administration building, effectively holding up the enemy for weeks. Less than a division of Nazis actually got out of Norway. Less than a thousand Norwegian patriots did the job.

The Swedish ball bearing plant, SKF, which contributed a critical item of German plane and tank schedules, was ordered blown up by SHAEF. The plant and stock shop were destroyed by dynamite. Fire bombs melted the stores of German marbles.

Another neat sabotage job was the obliteration of the big Norwegian government munitions plant near Oslo, a heavily guarded prize. *Milorg* sabotage officers warned the volunteers that they had one chance in ten of getting away alive. Two men did the job. They got through a series of guard posts, penetrated to the target buildings, and with plans of the structure memorized, they laid their charges and escaped alive.

The Germans never really wised up. They did not appreciate the true nature of the Norwegian resistance. They thought if they caught the chief of one branch of the Home Front the branch would die. But the resistance in Norway

Wreckage of a German troop train—a *Milorg* sabotage strike.



PLANE RIDE HOME

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

ON May 20, Capt. Joseph G. Stone, a big, red-headed doctor from Cicero, Ill., walked into the anteroom of the 6th Field Hospital at Prestwick, Scotland, carrying a little list of names. Another one of the smooth North Atlantic air passages that ATC had been providing for the wounded since June 1944 was getting under way.

Stone checked off the names, and T-4 John H. McKim of Elwood City, Pa. chalked up another departure on his blackboard.

Minutes later the big ramp was pulled up to the open bays of the C-54, and 20 men were carried aboard. Half an hour after Stone had read the names off his list, a wide-winged plane was climbing north out of Scotland.

Aboard as flight nurse for the first leg of the trip to Iceland was Lt. Sylvia Roth of Philadelphia, Pa. She had made five trips across the Atlantic and had earned lots of flight time flying over the Continent when we were moving wounded men from advanced fields behind the front lines to hospitals in the rear.

The 20 patients, comfortably set up in tiers of four litters, included a Ranger; a TD battalion lieutenant who had been shot three times at close range by a German soldier, and a 20-year-old platoon sergeant. Of the 20 patients aboard 16 had been prisoners of the Germans. All of them represented the tail-end of the war in Europe and they proved that the last bullets were as dangerous as the other ones. And on VE-Day they were in hospitals celebrating with thermometers and bedpans.

They had been hit with plenty of trouble in their service overseas. Most of them lay in their litters very quietly now as if not to break the spell of this magic that was taking them home. This day there was lots of sunlight over the broken clouds and bits of bleak water showing below. Lt. Roth spread a comforter on the floor and some of the men clambered down from the litters. The nurse and the soldiers played cards.

Lt. James Pollitt, who had commanded a platoon of tank destroyers in the 821st TD Battalion, wanted only to smoke, which was exactly the one thing he couldn't do aboard the plane. Outside of that he didn't mind talking. He was a tall, level-headed guy who didn't look like he'd ever feel sorry for himself. He had charged a Tiger tank in a jeep, not because he was looking for a posthumous Medal of Honor, "but what the hell could we do? You can't drive a jeep away from a Tiger tank so my driver and I just drove down to it, pulled up alongside and climbed on top. We had a carbine and a .45 between us. We banged on the turret until it opened and we had them prisoner."

"After that I yelled *Kommen raus* or some damn thing to every German who might be listening, and by God it seemed like hundreds of them came out of houses and woods. I told them there were lots of Americans around and to disarm. They kept looking at us but no other Americans came. Finally they had it figured out right, that there was just the two of us and they jumped us. This one guy grabbed my .45. He shot me three times from a distance of about 10 feet. The first time it was through the chest and

I remember going down on one knee and saying to myself 'I'm never going home.'

"I was shot three times but I guess none of the shots hit anything important. The one through the chest didn't touch my lungs and just grazed a rib. The second one through the neck didn't touch the jugular vein. The last one smashed up my right arm a bit and that's about all that's bothering me now.

"See this," said Pollitt, flexing his fingers. He couldn't make a tight fist because the nerves in his upper right arm hadn't thoroughly healed yet. And he would carry his Purple Heart around with him the rest of his life in the form of a little white scar in his neck.

Lt. Roth, who was sitting at a window with the sun suddenly blazing through into the plane, tapped Pollitt on the shoulder and said, "You sit down here, and feel that sun on your back."

"No, you keep sitting there, it's all right," said Pollitt.

"You sit there, just sit down and feel that sun, it'll be wonderful on your back."

Pollitt sat down, rubbed his stubble of black beard, and gazed out on unbroken, fluffy white clouds that moved to the horizon. The clouds made a bed the size of the world. He said he was going home to Pawtucket, R. I., where he had a wife. Pollitt left the States before the baby was born, he said. The kid wasn't well at birth. Now he was coming home after his 5-month-old son, whom he'd never seen, had died.

THE navigator came back for a minute to say that we had a good tail wind and the flight would only be four hours today. Somebody asked the nurse if high-ranking officer patients acted any differently than the enlisted men on these flights. Lt. Roth thought about that one for a moment and then said, "I wouldn't know, they all seem the same in pajamas."

"Generals are usually the meekest and mildest of the lot," said Pfc. Donald Ackroyd, the flight and traffic clerk aboard. Ackroyd, whose home town is Webster, Mass., has been making these trans-Atlantic flights for nearly a year. "Tell a general that he's gotta stop smoking, and he almost breaks a leg putting out that cigarette."

Meeks Field was clean and bare and full of sunlight when the plane landed. It wasn't too cold in Iceland that day. The Forts on the field looked nice and peaceful with their guns sheathed in canvas, and the searchlights which used to watch for the big Focke Wolfe 200s that bombed long ago as far north as Iceland looked as if they hadn't been used for some time. May two years ago in Iceland saw the Forts and the B26s lined up nose by nose as if sniffing the cold grey skies for the take-offs to England and combat. But this May was VE month and even Iceland looked good.

When the gangplank was pulled alongside the plane, the fuselage became as busy as Grand Central but the movements up and down the gangplank were purposeful and efficient. Doctors, a new nurse, Red Cross girls, orderlies and another crew came aboard. There were tureens of hot food, fresh milk and ice cream. Pollitt and the young Ranger officer, Lt. Douglas C. Campbell of

Vallejo, Calif., who had been wounded on the Saar while with the 5th Ranger Battalion, went off the plane for a quick cigarette.

Lt. Roth and the new nurse took their hair down just before take-off and had a shop-talk powder-room conversation. They talked about the last pass in New York before grabbing an eastward flight and Lt. Roth thought her flight uniform at Prestwick would probably be out of the cleaners when she got back there.

Then Lt. Roth made a neat little good-by speech and the men looked at each other as if they were losing a very old friend.

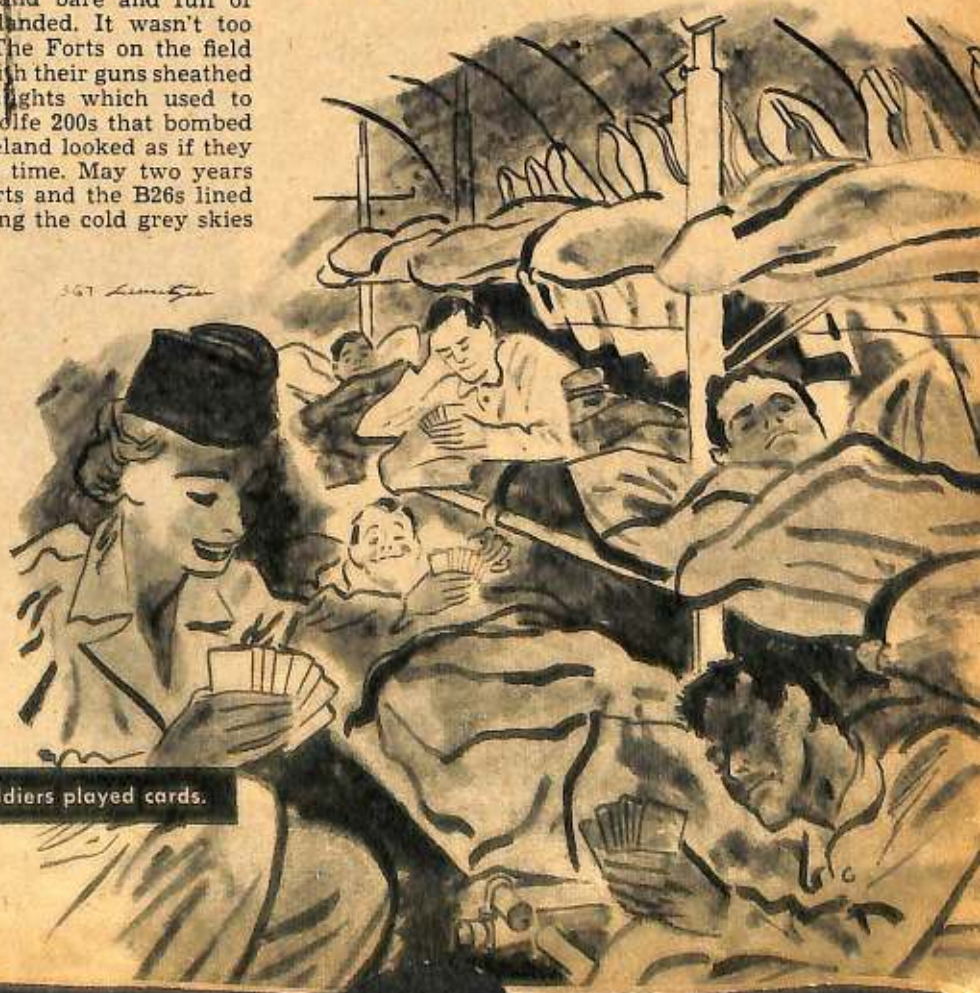
The second leg from Iceland to Newfoundland was the long one, eight and a half hours and going from sunlight into darkness. The navigator came back for a moment, very satisfied with the flight. He talked about the trade winds, the old winds of Columbus and the clipper ships across the Atlantic. Men fell asleep.

THEY stirred on their litters and rubbed their eyes in the night over Newfoundland. It was a clear night. The mountains below showed streaks of snow and jagged edges but it was all remote from this hospital ward in the air. Landing in Newfoundland was to feel already the American current of life. Pollitt and Campbell went over to the terminal building and tried out their new currency in the nickels and dimes that could buy tomato juice, coffee and hamburgers. It was very interesting. All you had to do was to drop some of these little pieces of metal on the counter and say hamburgers and coffee and there they were in front of you. A copy of today's New York Times lay on a bench and you could look over yesterday's box score at the Polo Grounds.

On the plane itself they had run up a big canvas pipe which fed warm air into the waist of the plane while the doors remained open, another piece of American engineering.

The last leg of the flight from Newfoundland to Mitchel Field saw nobody daring to get openly restless at the idea of home. It was a conspiracy of silence like watching a no-hit, no-run game in the making. Four hours later the U. S. showed below us in enormous patches of electric light.

The black magic of this flight was coming to an end. The flaps came down for the last time, the plane turned off the base leg, the electric lights came up big and the landing was easy—routine magic to the very end. They lowered the litters from the plane by means of a portable lift powered by a motor that chugged up to the plane. The guy that had charged a Tiger tank with a Jeep because he had to; the gay and lively young Ranger; and the baby-faced platoon sergeant who was going to try out school again, came down on the lift and were carried over to waiting ambulances. It was 0400 in the United States of America at Mitchel Field, Long Island. Twenty wounded soldiers were home for whatever was in it. And there was a fine cool wind blowing the way you remember it used to be in New York City years ago—a cool night wind after a long hot day.



The nurse and the soldiers played cards.

By Pfc. DEBS MYERS

YANK Staff Correspondent

GERMANY—The people of Germany, who once wanted to own the whole world, now send their children into the streets to scrounge for cigarette butts.

Across all Germany the wreckage of the great cities entombs many thousands of hidden dead. Wreaths brought by friends lie in the rubble as faded memorials to those who died there. Sometime, months or perhaps years hence, the dead may be reburied, although bones are hard to recognize.

In the hot sun the cities stink. The smell seeps everywhere, into cloisters and vaults, and it is an ugly reminder of old fears and old miseries.

GIs, with dirt-caked boots, trample as conquerors through the Nazi shrines at Munich, Nuremberg and Berchtesgaden where once Hitler, Goering and Himmler dreamed of conquest. The GIs ask one another why the Nazis, who had so much, did not stay at home instead of starting wars.

Germany, in the summer of 1945, is a land of dead men, dead cities, dead hopes. A notice scrawled by a GI in chalk on the walls of the bombed Gestapo building in Nuremberg sums it up: "They asked for it and they got it."

The soldiers of the *Wehrmacht*, whipped and hang-dog, come home. Many of them can find no home, only rubble, and they take to the road again, going from nowhere to nowhere.

The men of the *Wehrmacht* are dirty, and their green-gray uniforms are tattered. They walk bent forward, carrying their packs high on their backs, seldom looking at the wreckage that lines the streets.

They look with envy at the German civilians. Sometimes the civilians greet the German soldiers with cheers and waves. Usually the soldiers look the other way, and do not acknowledge the greeting. Some of the soldiers seem ashamed that they have been beaten. Others seem resentful of the contrast between their grime and the laundered freshness of the people at home.

Somehow, despite living in cellars and bombed buildings, the German civilians have kept clean. The girls, in particular, look out of place amid the debris. They wear bobby socks and pigtailed with gay colored ribbons. They wear thin dresses, and are fond of standing in the sun.

The pinch is just beginning to hit the German civilians. They have been living for a long time off the fat of their looted neighbors. From France, Norway and other captive countries, they stocked their cellars and their closets. They acquired fine knick-knacks. For a while, war was a lucrative business, like burglary.

Now the Germans can no longer obtain clothes, and food is scarce and hard to come by. There were few cigarettes and virtually no candy for a long time, but there had been adequate meat and plenty of vegetables and potatoes. Now, under the Allies, the food is more equitably, and more rigidly, rationed. People of suspect faiths, who did well to eat at all under the Nazis, now eat as much as other people in Germany. For thousands of families, once accustomed to favors, there is less food than before. Germans in most areas have a piece of meat as big as a nickel hamburger once a week, and they have a few ounces of butter maybe once a month. The lush pickings are over.

Allied rationing provides a maximum of 1,500 calories per day for the normal German consumer, compared with the 4,000 calories a day which the American soldier on strenuous duty is supposed to get.

As yet, the effect of this restriction is not evident on the Germans. They look healthy and well-fed. The real pinch will come next winter when the stolen stocks in the pantries are exhausted.

That is one reason why the Germans are eager to make friends with the American soldiers. The Germans have seen that the GIs are generous with their rations, and the Germans are old hands at eating other people's food.

Emotionally, the Germans are numbed. For twelve years they had been stimulated with the heady tonic that they were born to rule the world. They watched their armies spread like a dark plague from the English Channel to the gates of Moscow. Now their armies are reduced to stragglers, homeless on the countryside, and their convictions of superiority seem to have been blown away with the walls of their homes.

The Germans appear to live in an emotional vacuum, by their own wish. They show no signs of thinking beyond tomorrow and tomorrow's meal. There was the time when they boasted: "Tomorrow the world." Now they are eager to grub a handout.

Bernard Schaefer, a 52-year-old grocer of Cologne,

They Wanted the World



MAIN STREET, DUREN, GERMANY. THE ROAD RUNS THROUGH WASTELAND TO BERLIN, THE TOMB OF NAZISM.



HERE SITS 1ST SGT. THEODORE WROBEL AND CAPT. WADE H. LOGAN, JR., MAKING OUT PASSES. HERE ONCE SAT HITLER, MUSSOLINI, DALADIER AND CHAMBERLAIN, MAKING OUT THE MUNICH TREATY. IT IS HITLER'S HQ.

is typical of what Germans say.

"Once we wanted glory," he said. "Now we want only bread. The world has come down around our ears. We no longer know what to think about anything. We are too tired to think, our thoughts are not pleasant."

The Germans know what hunger is. After all, for more than four years the Germans watched while the slave-laborers went hungry. The quest for conquest now has become a quest for food and forgetfulness. The Germans apparently cultivate their short memories, as some people cultivate gardens. They do not want their meals disturbed by memories of Dachau and Buchenwald.

This quest for forgetfulness must come easy. For twelve years, they schooled themselves in self-deception. Now in this summer of 1945, the Germans you meet in the shops and the streets say again and again that they knew nothing of the tortures of Dachau and Buchenwald. Probably many of them did not. But all of them, since 1933, had seen the Jews beaten, the unions crushed, the Communists killed, their Social-Democrat neighbors disappear, editors assassinated, priests hounded from the pulpit. They had seen these things and judged it wise or convenient to look the other way. It paid to have business down the street, in the other direction.

The Germans learned early under Hitler that the penalty of protest was high. Some Germans of faith and courage did protest. They went to concentration camps. Many did not come back. Some of those who came back had been castrated. Some came back with their eyes gouged out. The Germans learned early to take a hint. Besides, times were good in those days. Every one was busy, making guns. The roar of the assembly lines, making guns and prosperity, muted the cries in the night.

So for twelve years, the Germans practiced self-deception, as some nations practice frugality. It was easier, and safer, to look the other way. Now each German says he was not to blame for what happened. A few are arrogant, most are abject, but none display a sense of guilt. Always they put the finger on someone else. The big Nazis blame the little Nazis. The little Nazis blame the big Nazis. The Germans who weren't party members say all they wanted was a little butter for their bread.

When the Americans first came, the Germans hid in their homes. They had heard Goebbels warn again and again that the Americans would murder the men and rape the women. Instead, the Americans played with the German kids, looked wistfully at the German girls, and helped old Germans when their carts broke down.

Now the Germans have come back from their homes, and the Americans can get a full look at them. It is a little disturbing to the GIs. Germans look like other people. Put them in Trenton, New Jersey, in overalls and you wouldn't know they were Germans.

Germans know how to work. They patch bomb-torn houses, tidy up cellars, shovel the wreckage from streets. In a matter of weeks, or sometimes days, they bring order, even neatness, to cities that had been twisted masses of rubble.

The GIs watch these Germans work, and they know the source of the relentless energy and vigor which propelled the Nazi war machine.

Already the Germans are picking up the threads of their old existence. Some work in factories. They swim at the beaches. On Sundays they walk in the parks, carefully skirting the bomb craters. People get married.

The women stand in long lines before the German-owned stores. They show their ration cards and make their purchases with German money. Usually, the stores have little to sell.

Most of the Germans had money in the banks, and many are now living off this money. Only a comparatively few have jobs. Those with neither money nor jobs appeal to the *burgermeister*, and the Military Government leaves it up to him as to how these people shall be helped. Most of the returning men of the *Wehrmacht* are forced to appeal to the *burgermeister* for money, and they do it sullenly.

The money and property of the Nazi leaders and the Nazi sub-leaders have been frozen. These Nazis can withdraw from the bank not more than 300 marks a month, with an additional fifty marks a month for each dependent up to four dependents.

In other words, a Nazi boss, or a sub-boss, with four or more children, could have 500 marks a month. One mark is now equal to 10 cents in American money. This would give such a Nazi an equivalent of \$50 a month. Most of the Nazis of this category are in Allied cages, and money is no longer a problem with them. They have bigger worries.

Most of the little Nazis are content to stay out of sight. Some have been returned to administrative jobs in municipal governments, with the permission of the Military Government. In some cities, leaders of the Military Government have given the Nazis important jobs on the police force. The Nazis, it seems, make efficient policemen. They have carried clubs before.

There was the traffic policeman in Leipzig who shook by the collar an old man who was crossing a street on a bicycle. The old man said he was deaf, and did not hear the policeman tell him to stop. The people on the sidewalks beamed and nodded approvingly as the policeman shook the old man. They said to each other that this policeman would tolerate no foolishness.

The Germans have yielded to authority for a long time, and there has been only isolated resistance to Allied administration. An American sentry was found stabbed to death near Halle. A few Allied soldiers have been fired upon at midnight. In Bremen, an explosion destroyed a section of the police station, which also housed the Counter-Intelligence Corps and the Military Government safety offices. Six Americans and a large number of Germans were killed. The explosion was attributed to a delayed demolition planted by Nazis. The police force, at the time of the blast, was undergoing a purge of Nazis.

In the Schleswig-Holstein area, thirty Germans were arrested for having arms in their possession. They face possible death sentences. Throughout Germany, twelve other Germans already have been executed for concealing weapons.

Authorities say there is no evidence of a systematized Nazis' underground. There are Nazi fanatics still loose who will sabotage and kill when they can. But the Nazi leaders are dead, in jail or missing; the people, for a while at least, are tired of war, and the Allies by execution and prison sentences have made it plain that they mean business.

Whether German resistance could become formidable in the future, the Allied authorities say, depends on many things: How well we govern; how well we supplant the Nazi ideologies with new ideals; how well we control the fanatics and how effectively we get tough when toughness is necessary. The German people were taught for twelve years that the democracies are weak, and they are watching for signs of weakness.

The German people watch the men of the *Wehrmacht* trudging back through the ruined cities, but the German children still play soldier. They build pillboxes and forts in the fields. When German boys go to the beach, they often march. They drill with broomsticks. They count boyish cadence. It seems incredible to the GIs, weary of discipline, but the Germans like to do things by the numbers.

Both the children and adults still talk of Hitler. The Hitler legends, adroitly nourished by Goebbels before the Nazis came to power, still flourish.

There are many Germans, particularly those in Bavaria, who, denying they are Nazis, will attest fervently to their affection for Hitler. He was a good man, they piously say, who was misled by bad advisers. Most of these people believe that Hitler went into the streets of Berlin with the comely *fraulein*, Eva Braun, at his side, voluntarily seeking death and that they died together of Russian artillery fire. These Germans sigh gustily when they tell the story. Such Germans are suckers for any story that's hammy enough.

The people on the west side of the Rhine, around Aachen and Duren, doubt that Hitler is dead. They suspect he is in hiding. These people say that Hitler is a criminal. They express a preference for Goering. They say that Goering is an earthy, jolly fellow. You get the idea: whimsical old Hermann, the Coventry kid.

One reason why the people west of the Rhine look with apparent jaundice on Hitler is that they have been under Allied rule longer than any area in Germany. They are convinced that Hitler is through for good. Germans never did have much

use for a loser.

In the last days of Hitler's regime, when the Nazi empire was collapsing under the great blows from the east and west, Hitler warned that he would leave the conquerors of Germany nothing but "rats, ruins and epidemic." For once, in a lifetime dedicated to lying, Hitler told a half-truth.

The ruins are there. The buildings lie, beaten to the ground, or stand like gutted skeletons, street after street of them. Factories which once poured out a gushing stream of the tools of war now sprawl in grotesque heaps of blasted walls, bent girders, shattered machinery. It seems at first that all Germany is a demolished jigsaw puzzle that never can be put together again.

Yet closer inspection shows there are hundreds, probably thousands, of plants, big ones and little ones, and many more thousands of homes which were scarcely damaged, or damaged not at all.

The main Krupp plant at Rhinehausen, for example, is barely touched. The same is true of the great steel factory at Wetzlar. Some factories already are producing in Leipzig.

There are tremendous stocks of many raw materials, particularly steel and aluminum. German industrialists are eager to get ahead with production. The production of almost anything. They say, and they wink knowingly, that they could forge fine weapons for the Allies to use against Japan.

It is a safe bet that the industrialists never will get the chance to make the guns. American memories are too long. The Germans have an unhappy habit of forgetting when to quit making guns.

So far, the resumption of work in factories has been slow, by necessity. It is a many-sided problem, complicated by inadequate and sometimes paralyzed transportation, shifting populations, equipment shortages, dozens of other handicaps. Something resembling pre-war living is a long way off in Germany. Some German economists say that it will not return for twenty-five years, maybe fifty years. In some cities it looks as though it would take twenty-five years to haul away the rubbish.

Hitler said that he would leave epidemics and rats. There are rats even in Frankfurt-am-Main where SHAEF Forward has been located, and where any but the most audacious, militarily courteous rats would have been frightened away long ago by the shimmering brass and the impeccable braid. So far the rats are not much of a problem.

There is also disease—typhus.

Since the occupation began there have been 11,234 cases in 254 communities in Allied-occupied areas. The disease has been most prevalent in the concentration camps and in the displaced persons assembly areas. There has been virtually no typhus among the Allied troops because of their immunity, received through arm injections, and their relative freedom from disease-bearing lice.

New cases of typhus have occurred in only a few instances after Allied authorities took over in an epidemic area. Effective control of the disease has been maintained by delousing, isolation and immunization.

The typhus was under way in Germany before the collapse of the German armies. Spread of the disease was accelerated by the movement of displaced persons and political prisoners behind the German lines with inadequate medical control.

Allied medical authorities moved fast, and are pleased with the results. They say that the prospects for little typhus next winter—the real typhus season—are encouraging.

The prospects for crops are good, too. The harvest of wheat, barley and rye has started in some areas. The fields are abundant and well tended, much like fields in Iowa and Kansas. Acreage is normal.

Women and children help with the harvest. Neighbors help each other. Occasionally a farmer or a horse will be blown up by a mine. The others become more careful, but the harvest goes on. The Germans are used to casualties.

Many of the Germans have gardens, which the



PROPHECY IN COLOGNE: "GIVE ME FIVE YEARS AND YOU WILL NOT RECOGNIZE GERMANY AGAIN."—HITLER.

GIs call "defeat gardens." There are plenty of fresh vegetables. The vegetables are a boon to the Germans, with their diet reduced by the Allies. The Germans worry, and grumble some, about what will happen when the vegetables give out.

A Military Government official explained: "There is a lot of coal to be dug in Germany. We want the coal. We want the Germans to dig it. A healthy German who isn't starving can dig a lot more coal than a sick German. Our purpose is to produce coal, not fat Germans."

The Germans on the farms feel sorry for the Germans in the cities. These rural Germans doubt that some of the cities ever will be rebuilt. They think Germany will be a nation of small towns.

The following summary indicates what the war has done to some representative German cities:

NUREMBERG—Jeeps and trucks being repaired by an American ordnance company fill the great arena where Hitler came, in former years, to harangue the meetings of the Nazi congress.

Flanking the arena entrance where the gaudy Nazi banners used to whip in the wind are two 14-foot high bronze eagles, mounted on stone pedestals. In the spacious quarters inside one of the eagles, two GIs on furlough leaned against the wall, quietly getting drunk on cognac.

The arena is scarred by bullets, but has escaped the destruction that overtook most of Nuremberg. In this spawning ground of Nazism before the war, there were 130,000 dwellings and 31,200 other buildings. Sixty-seven thousand dwellings have been destroyed, 16,000 dwellings have been heavily damaged and 30,000 dwellings have been at least 50 per cent damaged. Of the 31,200 other buildings, 16,000 have been destroyed, 3,800 have been heavily damaged and 7,200 have been at least 50 per cent damaged.

The pre-war population of Nuremberg was 450,000. The population now is estimated at 193,641. Thousands of persons still live in cellars. Railroad, streetcar and water facilities are operating. A bus service is being installed. Telephone service will be available when military conditions permit.

LEIPZIG—A few industrial plants are back in operation in Leipzig, manufacturing clothes and articles used for sanitation. None of the city's major plants has been restored to production. Leipzig is estimated to be from 25 to 35 per cent destroyed. The pre-war population of 703,000 has fallen to 535,000.

The streetcars have been running since April 24, four days after the city was cleared of German soldiers. Most homes have electricity and gas. Fifty trains run into Leipzig a day.

There is a rumor among the GIs that in the famous Leipzig zoo the animals are so hungry they are eating one another. This is not true. The animals are eating horse meat and look well-fed. Some citizens, afraid of going hungry this winter, favor killing the animals and saving the horse meat.

MUNICH—In the long room in the Fuehrer's house in Munich, where Hitler, Benito Mussolini, Neville Chamberlain and Edouard Daladier signed

the notorious pact of Munich, GIs hunch down in the upholstered chairs and talk about discharge points. At the table where Hitler, Mussolini, Chamberlain and Daladier ceremoniously affixed their signatures to a document that was to assure "peace in our time," Capt. Wade H. Logan, Jr., commander of Battery A, 571st AAA Bn., signs passes handed to him by 1st Sgt. Theodore Wrobel. The room is now battery headquarters, and the Americans there are more interested in going home than they are in rehearsing what may have happened in this same room long ago.

Paint is peeling off the ceiling. An M1 leans against the fireplace, which has a bronze grate with six-inch letters, "A.H." Helmet liners are scattered on the chairs. The room next door, where Nazi henchmen waited Hitler's call, is now a GI barber-shop.

Unofficial estimates place the damage in the center of Munich at 75 per cent. The outskirts escaped with far less damage. The population has dropped to 600,000 from the pre-war figure of 800,000.

KASSEL—Kassel smells of death. There are thousands of persons still buried in the wreckage, trapped there when the air raid sirens mysteriously failed to warn that the planes were coming. Kassel residents say that from 35,000 to 60,000 persons were killed that night.

The damage in Kassel is estimated at from 75 to 90 per cent. The city's pre-war population of 250,000 has shrunk to 80,000. The streetcars have been running since April 15, two weeks after the capture of the city. Most homes have electricity and water.

COLOGNE—A sign sticking from the rubble in the main street of Cologne states: "Give me five years and you will not recognize Germany." It is signed Adolf Hitler. It is estimated that Cologne is 75 per cent destroyed. The city's famous cathedral, only slightly damaged, towers high above the wreckage. The population of Cologne is 150,000, more than 600,000 under the pre-war mark.

BREMEN—The port is being repaired to supply Allied occupation troops. The city itself is about 50 per cent destroyed. The dock area and most of the business district are smashed. The population has fallen from 350,000 to 200,000. Deaths from bombing were estimated at 5,000.

BRUNSWICK—It is estimated unofficially that less than 400 buildings are undamaged in the main section of this manufacturing city. The great raids of October 1944 killed approximately 3,000 persons, with 1,200 casualties in one raid alone.

DUREN—In sections of Duren scarcely a stick stands. The "queen city of the Roer" is pulverized. The 25-foot statue of Bismarck, the old German Empire builder, stands intact. GIs in need of a telephone pole have strung a wire across his shoulder.

WHERE have the hundreds of thousands of persons missing from the cities gone? Many are dead; some are in the Allied cages as prisoners; many went to small towns in hope of escaping the bombing.

The refugees to the smaller towns are coming back now, some riding in wagons and some pushing wheelbarrows. Like the returning men of the Wehrmacht, they find often that their homes are gone and their neighbors' homes are gone, too. Many times the neighbors are gone. There are wreaths in the rubble serving notice that same of the neighbors will not be back.

Can anything be done about expediting democracy in Germany? No one knows all the answers, but among the people who deal with the Germans the closest—officers, enlisted men, civilians, psychologists, doctors, interrogators, administrators, men in dozens of jobs—there is a surprising agreement on some points.

These men do not pose as experts. They base their opinions on their own experience of recent months. They don't pretend to have all the answers, or even most of them. But they think it would be plain horse-sense to review our handling of some German problems, and to try to correct old mistakes.

These men, usually interviewed one at a time, urged:

1. That the young Nazis be separated from the older Nazis in the Allied cages. The young Nazis often show unmistakable coaching by their older companions. Many Americans felt, further, that the ardor and stamina of the young Nazis brew dangerously with the cunning of the veteran party members.

2. That all effort be made to prevent any one German political group from monopolizing the administrative jobs in the cities. Liberal and left-wing groups in Germany voice increasing resentment

against what they term the preference of some Allied officials for members of the Centrist, or right center, party.

3. That liaison be tightened between Counter-Intelligence and Military Government. A CIC officer told of being introduced to a man who had been chosen by the Military Government as *burgermeister* and finding the man was a former SS captain whom he had been hunting for two days.

4. That the Allied participation in the re-education of Germany be assigned to the highest type men and women available, even though they must be persuaded and pressured into taking these hard jobs at a sacrifice. The Americans who were interviewed emphasized that the Germans, through schools, newspapers, radios, all media of information, must not only be told the truth of what is happening in the world—they must be told, simply and effectively, of what has happened for twelve years. "If hacks handle this job," said a Military Government man, "then we're wetting away whatever chance there is to make decent human beings out of the Germans."

5. That amplification be made of the American economic policy in Germany. Many American officials seemed unclear on how far they should proceed in permitting factories to reopen, and what factories would receive priorities—particularly factories owned by proved Nazis. Until now the Allies have been occupied largely in getting the necessary utilities back in business.

6. That more stringent precautions be taken to keep Nazis out of administrative jobs, or any kind of jobs, in the municipal governments in Germany. And that no Nazi ever be appointed unless there is no other qualified man for the job. Many Americans close to the situation felt that the U.S. had lost stature in its advocacy of democracy by turning, in some cities, to the Nazis for help.

These were on-the-spot opinions by men trying to do a job. The final answers will be written much later, by historians.

The sun slanted down on the people gathered silently in the park, and etched the lettering on a gray tombstone, which seemed oddly out-of-place amid the pleasant trees. The inscription on the tombstone stated: "Here lie seven victims of the Gestapo." This memorial recalls Germany's most shameful time, 1933-1945.

A gaunt man with a lined face stood beside the heaped mounds of dirt, looking at the people before him. Beyond the people and all sides of them sprawled the bombed buildings of Cologne. The man was Hermann Ziller, an anti-Fascist. He had just come home to Cologne, back from Buchenwald.

"No man," said Hermann Ziller, "knows the identity of the seven persons buried here. They were found tortured to death at Gestapo headquarters. Now these people have been brought here for decent burial, as a living reminder of the depths to which our people have sunk."

Hermann Ziller was pale and grave, and he spoke slowly, as though he wanted every word to be simple and plain.

"Too many Germans watched the horror grow and did nothing," he said. "We were saved at the last by men of good will from other lands. It may be that our people will be hated wherever they walk for half a century to come."

"Yet before we Germans are doomed forever, as outcasts unfit for the company of good men, I hope that the people of other lands will remember that the risks of fighting Hitler were torture and death. This is a hard choice to make. Let men of all lands search their own souls—would they have risen in their own countries against their own leaders and risked beatings, castration and death?"

"As an old anti-Fascist, as a fighter for the people, I make no excuses for the shame of Germany. Too many of our people did not stand up when the time came to be counted. The people of Germany must admit this shame to themselves, and only then will they be ready to start the road back."

Germany in the summer of 1945 is a guilty land trying to hide from its own guilt. Freed Russian slave laborers ride through the broken cities, red flags rippling from their trucks. The Russians sing their hoarse marching songs, and raise their right arms, their fists clenched. When the Russians do this, the Germans look the other way.

Germany is a land where Hermann Ziller, a man of good will, walks side-by-side with German women who once came from their homes and threw scalding water on American soldiers wounded in the snow.



BY COVERED WAGON ACROSS THE GREAT WASTELAND, GERMAN FAMILIES RETURNING HOME, ENCOUNTER AN OCCASIONAL OASIS.



Irish Trains

By Cpl. EDMUND ANTROBUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

EIRE—Travelling by train in Ireland is the most valid reason for collecting "travel time" a GI could possibly have.

With a tail wind it takes a train five hours to go from Dublin to Limerick, a distance which is not more than a hundred miles. It takes even longer to reach other points west, such as Galway, Killarney and Cork where a lot of GIs are going these days to look up their relatives.

The main reason for the slow service is the scarcity of fuel. Eire has been without coal for five years. As a substitute, the trains use a mixture of coal dust and some kind of ersatz fuel pressed together into brick form. It gets the train moving, but every ten miles or so the engineer has to stop the train and rake out the clinkers.

This slows up progress to a snail's pace. But when I remarked about this to another passenger she

"Are you local?"



raised her eyebrows and said: "You should have been here a year ago!"

Apparently, the present train service compared to last year is as slick as that of the New York Central. Not even the ersatz fuel was available then, and a train had to proceed as best as it could by living off the country. At that time, when a train ran out of fuel on a cross-country run the engineer was forced to get out and break up a gate or a fence to put into the firebox. It wasn't too healthy being an engineer on a train during those lean years. It is said that farmers with shotguns were on the lookout for trains, all the way from Dublin to Limerick.

Travelling across Ireland you go through a green intensity that makes the lush English countryside look like a desert by comparison. There are very few stations, and the train stops for every possible excuse. The few stations you see are tiny. They generally consist of one low, squat, gray stone building. But strangest of all there is no town. The station stands alone, like an outpost. And that is exactly what it is. It was explained to me that when the railroad was first built, there was a fearful outcry by the draymen who protested that the railway would take away all their business. As a concession the stations were built at least two miles from the towns.

This doesn't apply, of course, to stations serving larger towns like Dublin and Cork. But even these are miniature compared to London stations. There also is not the rush and turmoil of the Grand Central in New York, but life is just as cosmopolitan. An old German in a Homburg hat and an overcoat that looked like a hearth rug, wandered into my carriage. He started to sit down in a vacant seat, saw a GI in the corner, changed his mind, about-faced and marched out.

Three GIs I met in the train were Pvt. Eugene E. Ertle of Jersey City, Cpl. Robert P. Hoar of Rockford, Ill., Pfc. Alvin Latala of Buffalo, N. Y. Pvt. Ertle was going to see his relatives in Cork. Hoar and Latala had none. Ertle, however, was taking care of that. "I've got uncles, aunts, cousins and what-have-you in Cork," he said. "You know these Irish families; they all have about thirteen daughters

and one son. That's why these guys are going with me," he explained magnanimously.

In the country, it seems that no one ever bothered to build station platforms. Getting out of a train is about as tricky as getting out of a liberty truck with three guys pushing you. It is at least a six-foot jump to the ground, which everyone in the compartment seems anxious to make at the same time.

Irish trains have the disposition of sulky domestic animals. They seem to have complete independence of time-tables. When you are waiting in a country station for a train that is late, you can't help feeling that it's lurking around the bend, just waiting for the station-master to coax it along with a nice lump of coal.

Here's one tip that might come in handy if you ever travel in Eire and get side-tracked at an out-of-the-way spot. The pubs have the same hard and fast rules about closing hours during the day as the British, but there is one slight improvement that is worth knowing.

Irish pubs which call themselves "bona fide" houses have a special license that allows them to serve travellers. If you have arrived in a village after having travelled three miles or more, you are entitled to a drink at any hour of the day. If the place is closed just beat on the door. The host will stick his head out of the window and enquire, "Are you local?"

Say "No" and get inside. After a couple of drinks you won't mind sweating out the train service.

In the country no one ever bothered to build station platforms.



By EVAN WYLIE SP1c (PR) USCGR
YANK Staff Correspondent

OKINAWA, RYUKYUS—The skipper of the destroyer stood on the bridge, his head thrown back, peering through glasses at the ack-ack fire high on the horizon. "They're at it again," he said. He lowered the glasses and pulled his baseball cap down over his eyes. "They're licked, but they keep coming back for more. Now it's suicide planes with suicide pilots—the Kamikaze Corps. Means 'divine wind' they tell me. Kids with a little flight training hopped up with the idea of joining their ancestors in the most honorable way possible."

He smiled and the lines of fatigue and strain made deep furrows in his weather-beaten face. "It's a weird business; something that only a Jap would dream up. Almost every day they claim they've sunk another hundred of our ships. Actually we shoot most of them down before they get to us. Some get through, of course. They're bound to. A few hit. If they only knew how few, maybe they'd quit."

The destroyer was the *USS Newcombe*. She had taken the worst the kamikaze boys could offer. Seven Jap suiciders had hurled their planes at her, determined to destroy the ship and themselves in one big moment of beautiful everlasting glory. Three had been shot down. Four had connected. The *Newcombe* still was afloat and most of her crew still were alive. Some of them were sitting cross-legged on the deck below playing cards. They didn't look as if they were very much awed by the attention of the Japanese Navy's special attack corps.

THE weather that day had been good. The *Newcombe*, patrolling off Okinawa, slid easily through the slight swell, her crew at battle stations. The air defense had passed word that an attack by Jap suicide planes was expected, but the afternoon wore on and there were no visitors. The crew, restless from their long stay at the guns, watched the sun drop down toward the horizon. It would soon be time for evening chow.

"Bogies coming in ahead."

In the turrets the men stretched out on the deck beside the guns leaped to their stations. On the 20s the gunners who had been dozing in their harnesses snapped erect. The electric motors whined. The gun muzzles arched around, sweeping the target area. The destroyer shivered as the throbbing engines picked up speed. The seas began to curl away from her bow. In a moment the *Newcombe* was knifing through the water at better than 25 knots.

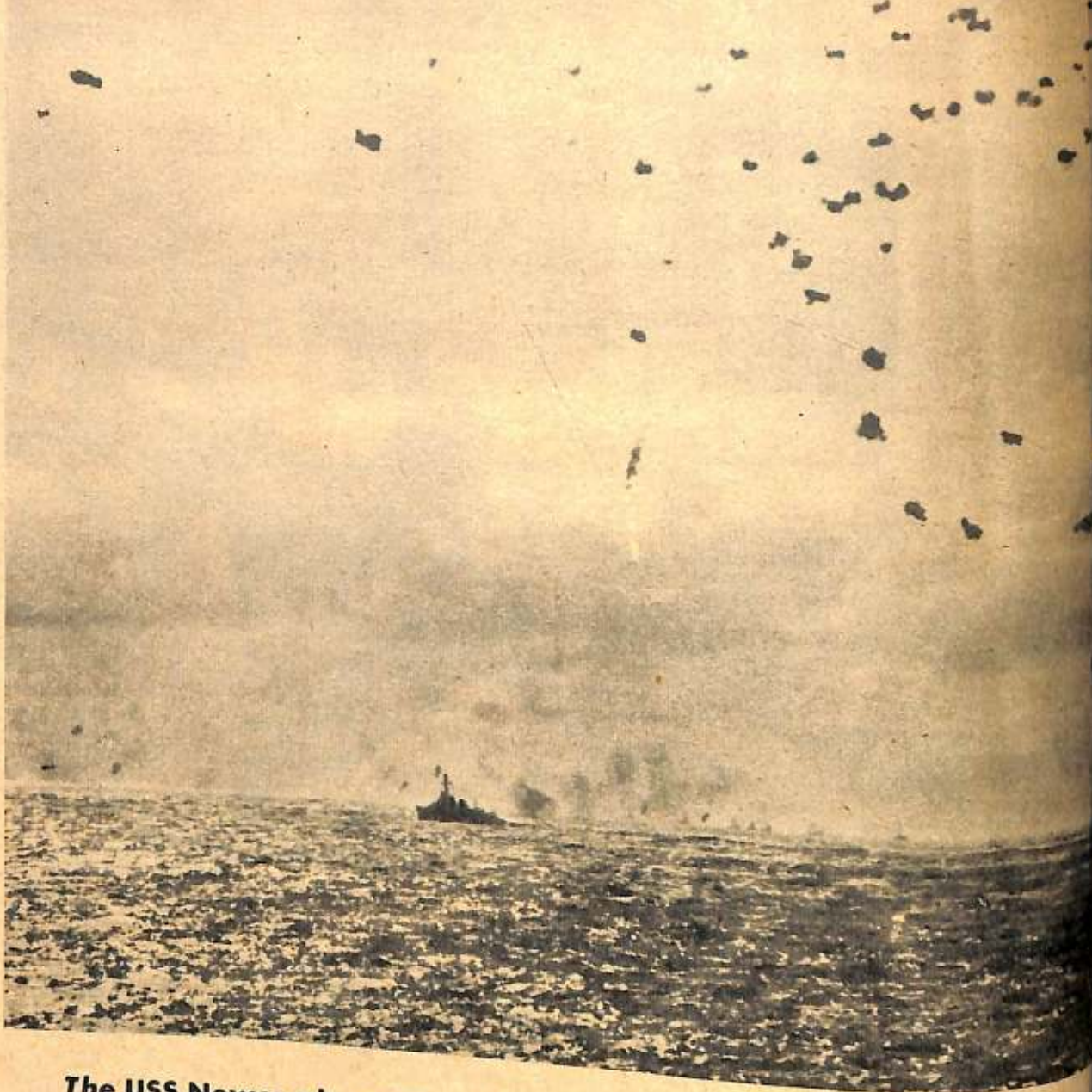
"Bogies in sight, bearing three zero zero."

What had been mere specks in the sky grew suddenly larger. They were Japs, all right. A whole swarm of them. One detached himself from the group and headed for the *Newcombe*. The can's heavy guns challenged him. Dirty brown bursts appeared in the sky. One Jap bore through them, jiggling from side to side as he tried to line up the ship in his sights. He was a suicider, deliberately trying to crash the ship. The *Newcombe* shook as her 40s and 20s joined in. Their bullets hammered into the Jap. He faltered, lost control and splashed into the sea 400 yards away.

Another plane tried it. The *Newcombe's* guns blazed savagely. The second plane disappeared in a wall of ack-ack. For a moment the gunners thought they had him, too. Then he burst into view, much closer. A yellow flame flickered along his left wing. He was starting to burn out but still he came on. Commander Ira McMillian of Coronado, Calif., stood on the wing of his bridge, eyes fastened on the approaching plane. At the last minute he shouted an order. In the wheel house the quartermaster spun the wheel. The speeding destroyer heeled over in a sharp, rivet-straining turn. It was too late for the Jap to change his course. There was a splash and a great ball of yellow flame as he plunged into the sea at the spot where the *Newcombe* had been a moment before.

The bogies buzzed warily about out of range, seeking an opening. One thought he saw it. Zooming up, he made a quick diving turn, levelled out and came in low, the belly of his fuselage a few feet above the waves. The *Newcombe's* 5-inch batteries pointed. A burst threw the Jap down against the water. He staggered, recovered and kept coming. Comdr. McMillian barked his order for a change in the course. But this time the onrushing plane swerved freakishly in the same direction.

or an instant the men of the *Newcombe* had a glimpse of the pilot hunched forward in the cock-



The USS Newcombe managed to bring down the first Jap suicider and to dodge the second. The third plane connected and left the crippled destroyer easy prey for two more hits. With all power and communications knocked out, the tin can still survived.

pit, his begoggled face an impassive mask. Then the plane shot past them, ripped through the gun mount and shattered itself against the afterstack. There was a blinding flash. The *Newcombe* shuddered and rolled heavily to starboard.

On the signal bridge Richard Hiltburn SM3c of Tacoma, Wash., was flung high into the air by the explosion. Before he landed unhurt on the deck he caught a glimpse of the bits of plane, guns and men flying in all directions. Wounded men struggled to gain their feet. Others lay motionless, already beyond help. Escaping steam roared from the broken pipes. But the *Newcombe* had been hit before. The rest of the crew remained on station. Up in the wheel house the quartermaster wrote carefully in the ship's log: "Plane hit our stack, causing damage not known at present." A mile behind the *Newcombe* another ship saw the flash of the exploding plane. Altering her course she started for the scene at full speed.

She wasn't the only one who saw the plane hit the *Newcombe*. One of the bogies noted it too. He banked around and came for a closer look. He probably wasn't expecting much opposition but a surprise was waiting for him. The *Newcombe's* guns still packed a punch. The startled Jap veered as the 5-inch batteries opened up. He wasn't quick enough. The burst hit him. He caught fire. His wing dropped off and he spun into the water.

From his post on the bridge wing Jesse Fitzgerald SM1c noticed the ship's photographer lying helpless on the platform half way up the undamaged forward stack. Running aft he climbed the ladder to the platform. As Fitzgerald bent over the photographer, the *Newcombe's* guns started again. Whirling around he saw not one

but two planes attacking, one from the port bow, the other from the port quarter. As they closed in, the guns in their wings started winking. The bullets ricocheted from the bridge and whined around Fitzgerald.

Aboard the *Newcombe* the gunfire rose to a crescendo. Again Comdr. McMillian tried to dodge at the last minute but the ship had lost too much speed. The planes were upon her. One buried itself in the base of Fitzgerald's stack; the other dove into the hole made by the first suicider. There was a tremendous explosion. A giant fist seemed to descend upon the *Newcombe* and drive her down into the water. Men and gun tubes alike disappeared skyward. The heavy steel hatches which had been tightly dogged down were blown off their hinges, twisted like sheet metal. Engulfed in flame and billowing black smoke, the *Newcombe* lost headway and slowly came to a dead stop in the water, all her power and communications knocked out.

Up forward the dazed men picked themselves up and stumbled out to see what had happened to their ship. The bridge and forward portion of the *Newcombe* were relatively undamaged but the flame and smoke amidships hid the stern from view altogether. Shielding their faces from the searing heat, the men tried to peer through it. Was the stern still there, they wondered. There was no way of knowing. "Stern is gone," someone cried and many men believed him.

Signalman Fitzgerald had ducked at the last minute. Miraculously he and the wounded photographer were untouched by the explosion. Looking down, Fitzgerald found the base of the stack surrounded by burning gasoline and wreckage from one of the planes. Above him the coils of wiring in the broken rigging whined and crackled.



KAMIKAZE

and spitting, showering the decks below in a cascade of blue sparks. Fitzgerald took his man down the ladder and found a path through the burning gasoline to the forward part of the ship. He applied a tourniquet to the photographer's bleeding leg and then rushed back to the bridge to help put out the fires in the signal flag bags.

Men on the other destroyer had seen the second and third planes hit the *Newcombe*, had seen her go dead in the water half-hidden in the clouds of smoke. As the distance between the two ships narrowed they could make out figures stumbling about in the dense smoke that covered the *Newcombe's* stern. Other figures lay along her starboard deck waving feebly, too badly hurt to move. Into the smoke went the other destroyer.

At almost collision speed she swept up alongside the *Newcombe*. There was a grinding crash as the two ships came together. The men jumped across and made the ships fast. Fire hoses were snaked across the rails. Powerful streams of water leaped from their nozzles and drove the flames back from the prostrate men. Rescue parties rushed in and dragged them to safety.

The suicide boys were not through. Another plane was roaring in, headed straight for the *Newcombe's* bridge. Looking up, Joseph Piolata WT2c, of Youngstown, Ohio, saw the other destroyer firing right across the *Newcombe's* deck. The gunners did their best but the *Newcombe's* superstructure hid the plane from their sights. On both ships the men watched helplessly. This was the kill. The *Newcombe* could never survive another hit.

But the battered, burning can still had fight in her. Incredulously the men of the *Newcombe* crouched on her stern, struggling in the water, lying wounded on the deck heard their ship's for-

ward batteries firing. There was no power but the gunners were firing anyway—by hand.

The gunnery officer stood at his station shouting the range data to the men in the forward 5-inch turrets. In the No. 2 turret Arthur McGuire GM1c, of St. Louis, Mo., rammed shells with broken, bleeding fingers. His hand had been caught by a hot shell while firing at the third plane but he was still on the job. The Jap had the *Newcombe's* bridge in his sights. It looked as if he couldn't miss. The burst from McGuire's gun caught him and blew him sideways. The hurtling plane missed the bridge by a scant eight feet, skidded across the *Newcombe's* ruptured deck and plowed into the other destroyer.

With a gaping hole in the afterdeck and the portside a tangled web of broken lines and wildly sprouting fire hoses, she drifted slowly away.

WITHOUT water to fight the fire still raging amidships the *Newcombe* was doomed. But the destroyer's crew contained some notoriously obstinate people. Donald Keeler MM2c, of Danbury, Conn., was one of them. Keeler had been at his station in the after steering compartment. He was knocked down by the explosions but got up and put the ship in manual control. When it became evident that all the power was gone he joined the crowd on the stern just in time to hear that the after ammo-handling rooms were burning and the magazines were expected to go any minute.

Keeler elected to fight the fire. His only hope lay in the "handy billy," a small, portable pump powered by a gasoline engine. The engine was started like an outboard motor—by winding a started like an outboard motor—by winding a rope around the flywheel and giving it a quick tug. Like all outboard motor engines sometimes

it started, and then again sometimes it didn't.

Groping around in the blistering heat, Keeler found the handy billy. Carefully he wound the rope around the flywheel, held his breath and yanked. The engine kicked over and kept going. Now Keeler had water. He and Donald Newcomer WT1c, of Portland, Oreg., took the hose in the No. 4 handling room and went to work on the fire. Malcom Giles MM3c, of San Jose, Calif., and Lt. David Owens, of Waukesha, Wis., joined them. The four men got the fire under control. Then they dragged the pump forward.

The No. 3 handling room was a roaring furnace. Steel dripped like solder from overhead. In the galley next door the heat had already transformed the copper kettles into pools of molten metal. Flames shot from the ammo hoists like the blast of a huge blowtorch. It looked hopeless but Newcomer shoved the hose in the doorway. No sooner had he done so than a wave came overside and doused the pump. The chattering handy billy spluttered and died. Keeler rushed back to the pump. Again he wound the rope around the flywheel, gritted his teeth and yanked. "I think I even prayed that second time," he says. "But the damn thing popped right off, something it wouldn't do again in a million years."

The men went back into the handling room. They kept the hose in there, taking turns. The magazines didn't blow up.

Up forward the sailors were trying to fight the fire with hand extinguishers. A withering blast of heat drove them back. Their life jackets smoking; their clothing was afire. The *Newcombe's* doctor, Lt. John McNeil of Boston, Mass., and Edward Redding QM3c, found one of the crew battling the flames with hair ablaze, half blind from the blood dripping from the shrapnel wounds in his face and forehead. With difficulty they dragged him off to the emergency dressing station in the wardroom. Many of the pharmacist's mates were out of action. Men with only first-aid training helped McNeil mix blood plasma for the burn cases.

Earl Sayre CPhM, of Roseville, Ohio, was trapped on the stern unable to get his casualties forward. He was working on a fracture when someone tugged on his sleeve. "Blue Eyes has been hit bad. Looks like he's bleeding to death."

Blue Eyes was the youngest member of the crew. He had come aboard claiming 18 years but the men had taken one look at him and decided he must have lied to get in. They teased him by calling him Blue Eyes and it became his name. Now he lay on the deck, blood spurting from a vein in his neck. Sayre had no instruments. He knelt down beside Blue Eyes and stopped the flow of blood with his fingers. He stayed there while a second plane came in and hit the other destroyer 20 feet away. He stayed there for almost an hour longer until they could come and take Blue Eyes away and operate on him and save his life. But Sayre had saved it already.

The rest of the Japs had been driven off. It was beginning to get dark when a ray of hope came to the exhausted men of the *Newcombe*. Keeler's volunteer fire department seemed to be holding the fires. Perhaps now they could save their ship. But the wave that had stopped the handy billy was followed by another and another.

The *Newcombe*, was sinking. The weight of the water that the hoses had poured into her after compartments was dragging her down. The rising water moved steadily forward. It reached the after bulkhead of the forward engine room. If it broke through, the *Newcombe* was done for. And the bulkhead already was leaking.

Back on the stern Lt. Charles Gedge of Detroit, Mich., and torpedomen Richard Mehan of Verona, N. J., Richard Spencer of Roddick, Pa., and Joseph Zablony of Boswell, Pa., had neutralized the depth charges and dumped them overside. After them went the wreckage, smashed equipment, anything that would lighten the stern.

In the forward engine room the damage control party shored up the bulging bulkhead. Water oozed from it but it held. With less than one foot of free board between sea and her decks, the *Newcombe* stopped sinking.

Now the blinkers flashed in the darkness. Other destroyers were coming alongside. Over their rails came men with fire hoses and pump lines, doctors and pharmacist's mates with plasma and bandages. Tugs were on the way. The fight was over.

The *Newcombe's* men had answered the question: just how much punishment can a destroyer take? The answer was: just as much as any gang of Japs can dish out, provided her crew never stops trying to save her.



MORTARMEN ON OKINAWA

One great blessing to GIs fighting in the front lines of Okinawa was the "goon gun" or mortar, also known as the "stove pipe." When infantrymen advance they get their first help from the mortar and artillery barrage that precedes them, pinning down the Japs. The mortar companies have a dangerous trade. Having shorter range than artillery outfits, they fire from well up in the front lines and are tempting targets for the enemy. But, as a mortar squad leader said: "For every one the Nip sends us we return twenty of ours." These pictures were taken by YANK photographer Mason Pawlak, CPhM.

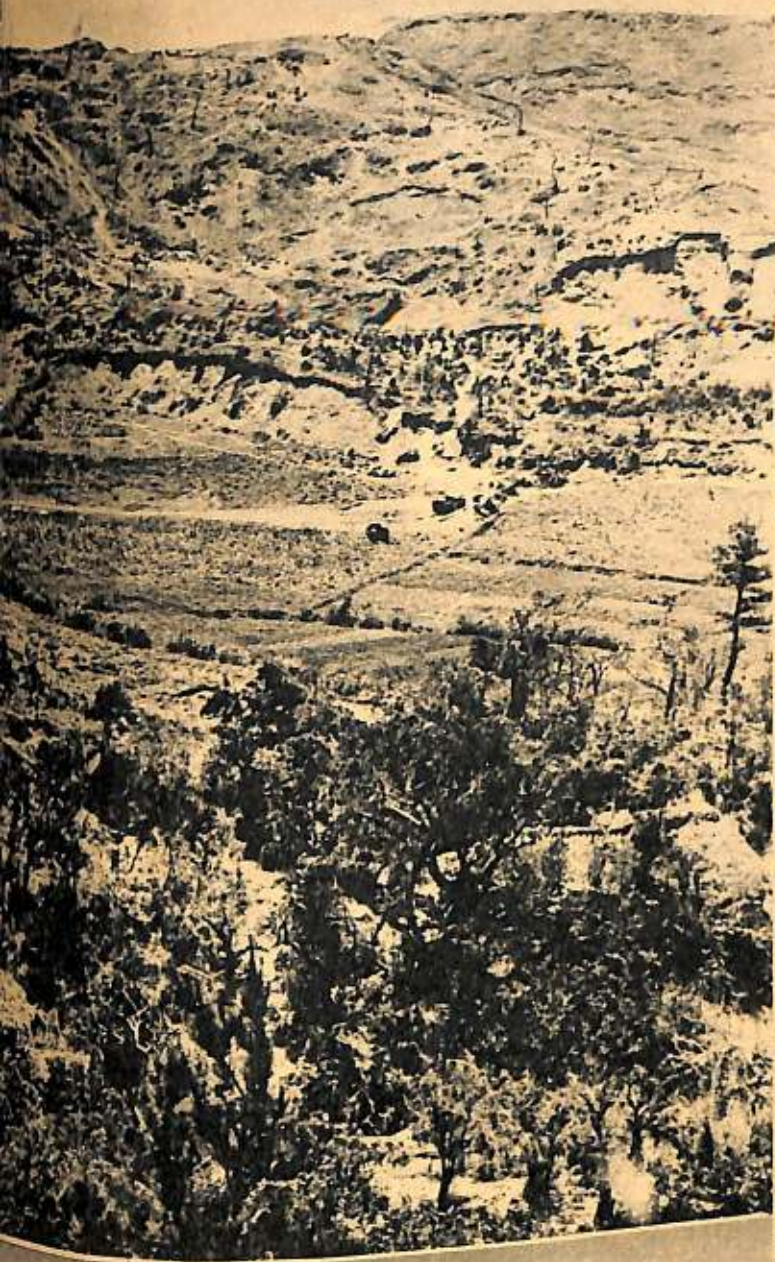


GI pulls pin from a mortar shell before sending it on its way.



A mortar crew places a shell in the mortar.

This panorama shows the kind of terrain over which infantrymen advanced toward Naha and Shuri. The two cities lie directly on the other side of the hills and ridges in the background, into which a Yank mortar company was firing.



The photographer aimed his camera at the mortar as it fired. The shell passed a few feet by him.



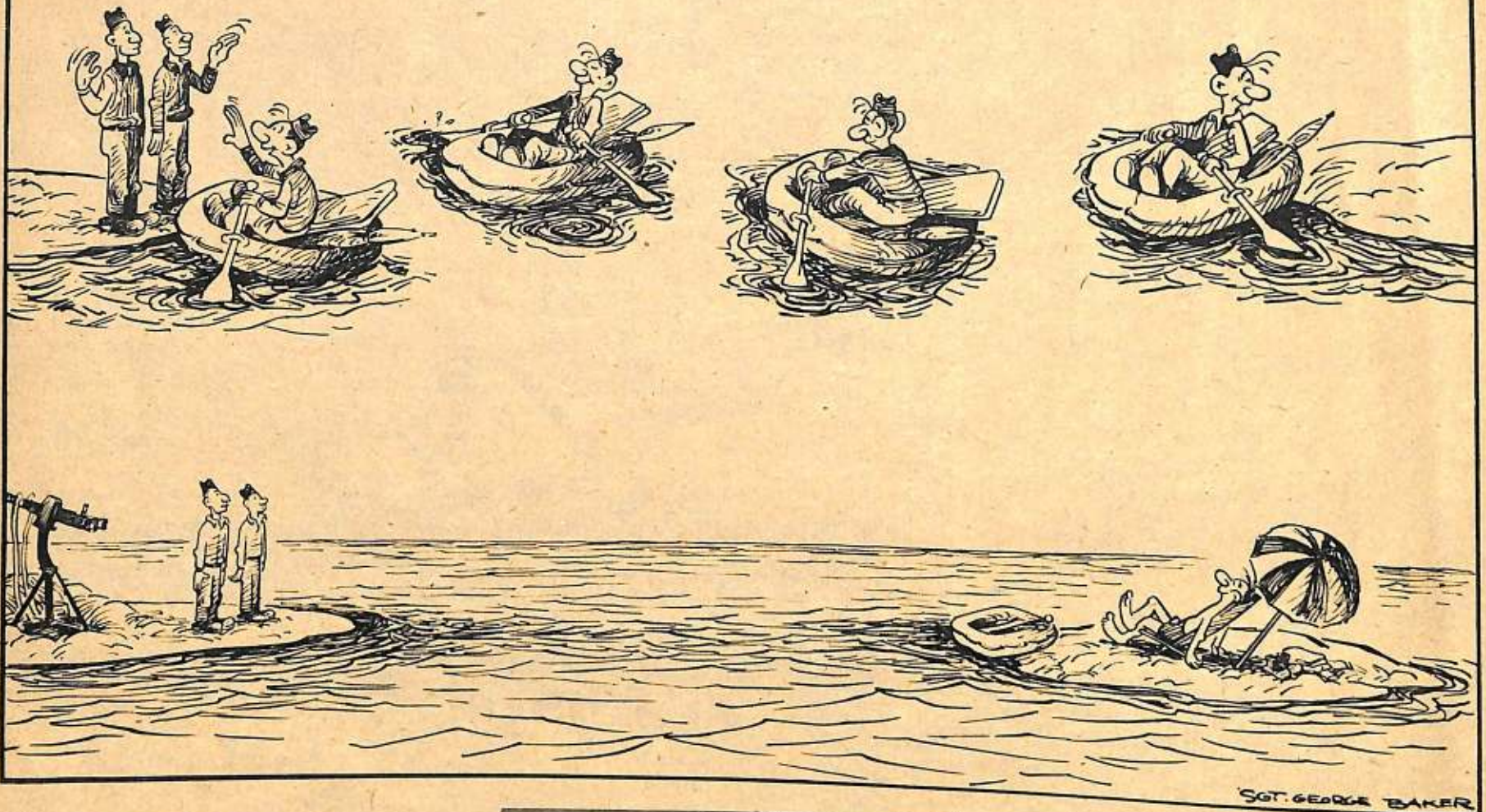
Looking down on a mortar company as it was firing. Empty shell cases are strewn around them.



As mortars and artillery pin down the Japanese, GIs of the 96th Div. begin to move forward.

THE SAD SACK

"3 DAY PASS"



Dependents and Points

Dear YANK:

I have read your article on demobilization but nowhere did I find an answer to my problem. I know that I will get a point a month for each month of service plus an extra point for each month overseas. However, since I never even got one battle star, I have very few points. What I would like to know is, where do my dependents rate so far as points are concerned? Will I be allowed points for my twin sisters aged nine, my mother, my wife and my two-year-old son? All of them get allotments so there is no question but that they are dependent upon me.

Britain

—Pfc. THOMAS B. CROWN

■ Only your son will get you any points. Children are the only dependents who may be counted toward the point score under the plan. Each child, up to a maximum of three, counts for 12 points.

Playwrights

Dear YANK:

Before entering the Army I was just beginning to get going as a writer. I had sold a couple of short stories and was working on a full-length



play. I even discussed the play with a well-known producer who indicated that he might be interested in buying it. As things stand I would need at least three months after I am discharged to complete the play. What I would like to know is whether a playwright would be considered a man in business for himself so as to rate unemployment compensation.

Italy

—S/Sgt. RICHARD KRAMER

■ As you probably know a self-employed veteran is entitled to unemployment compensation under the GI Bill of Rights if he earns less than \$100 a month from his business. In such a case he receives the difference between what he earns (which in your case would be zero) and \$100 a month for up to a maximum of 52 weeks. The Veterans' Administration says that if you are "fully engaged as a playwright" there is no reason that you could not be considered in business so as to receive the unem-

What's Your Problem?

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

ployment payments. However, to be sure of receiving the money a veteran must be fully engaged as a writer and could not be a writer one week and fill in as a clerk in a store the next week.

Insurance Beneficiaries

Dear YANK:

My father who is 87 years old and very ill is the beneficiary of my GI insurance policy. His doctor tells me that he cannot be expected to last very long. If he should pass away what happens to my insurance if I am killed in action? Assuming that he may die before anything happens to me, who would get the benefit of the insurance in such a case?

Marianas

—Pvt. JOSEPH W. BELL

■ If you do not name a secondary beneficiary your insurance will be paid to the following in the order named: 1) to your widow, if living; 2) if no widow, to your child or children (including adopted children) in equal shares; 3) if no widow or child, to your other parent; 4) if no widow, children or parents, to your brothers and sisters (including those of the half-blood), in equal shares.

Soldier's Debts

Dear YANK:

My wife and five children receive a total family allotment of \$160 a month from the Office of Dependency Benefits. You can guess how tough it is for the six of them to live on that amount. Now, to add to our troubles, our local furniture company has been heckling my wife for the money due on our living room furniture. We will not try to grab the furniture, but they have been high-pressuring my wife. Their latest move was to threaten to get a court order and attach the family allotment from the ODB. Can they get away with that?

France

—S/Sgt. LEN B. BROWNLIE

■ They cannot. Family allotments paid by the ODB may not be claimed or attached by any person or agency to

collect a debt. If the furniture company should try to get rough and grab the furniture your wife can ask the court to hold up its action until you get out of service. As a GI you are entitled to that protection under the Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act.

Former Bookie

Dear YANK:

In connection with a loan under the GI Bill of Rights what chance do I have with the following background:

Prior to my entry into the Army in 1939 I was employed as a bookie, a little deal which the public of those days considered a bit shady and illegitimate. Though I received a substantial income I came into the Army dead broke as a result of bad investments.

During my entire time in the Army I have lost no time under AW 107, though I have had a little



difficulty retaining grades. I have been all the way up the ladder twice, up to technical sergeant, and at the present time am optimistically looking forward to my third climb. Do you think I would be denied the privilege of a loan in view of my pre-war occupation?

I am married to a former member of the ANC and we would like to know if we can pool our rights to the loan for the purchase of a home or the financing of a legitimate business?

Hawaii

—(Name Withheld)

■ YANK cannot tell you whether or not your bank or financial institution will consider you a good risk. However we can tell you that the business-loan regulations state that a veteran must be able to satisfy his bank and the Veterans' Administration that he has a reasonable likelihood of success in the business he is planning. Since the government guarantees only 50 percent of a loan of up to \$4,000 for each vet, the bank still has to be convinced that the money is in good hands. There are no restrictions against two or more vets going into business or buying a home together and with the help of your wife's guarantee you may be able to swing the deal.

The War Department said the Japs were getting smarter, foreign brides were to get the low-down on American queues and things, stay-at-home soldiers got their sailing orders and some people in Chicago got bad news about a GI's rooster.

SOMEWHERE out on a small Pacific island there's a soldier named W. Taylor Stitt who used to sell insurance in Springfield, Ill. Stitt had been thinking that maybe he'd get to sell insurance again in the near future, because he sent a request for a driver's license to the Illinois Automobile Division. Appended to the letter was the censor's comment: "Wishful thinking."

Undersecretary of War Robert P. Patterson delivered the same message, in effect, as the censor last week to those who predict an early end to the Japanese war. He made it plain that the War Department thought the surrender demanded of Japan will have to be exacted by force and not "by an inference that it is beaten." Talking to a bankers' association in Glens Falls, N.Y., the Undersecretary warned:

"We must prepare ourselves to win our war with Japan the hard way by killing Japanese soldiers right through the ruins of Tokyo and throughout the home island. . . . The Japanese soldier is still just as willing to fight it out to the end as he was three years ago when he was winning his victories." "The Japanese are fighting a progressively smarter war," Patterson said. "On Okinawa they did not attempt defense of beaches where they would be under point-blank naval fire. They went back to prepared positions; in other words, picked their battlefield. And their artillery fire is far more effective than a year ago."

In spite of these grim prophecies of the fighting business at hand, though, the nation's attention was centered for the moment on a Conference in Europe being held to thrash out problems arising after the successful ending of the war against Germany.

The Conference was scheduled to be held at Potsdam, near Berlin, and the participants were the Big Three—President Truman, Prime Minister Churchill and Generalissimo Stalin.

Three days after President Truman put out to sea enroute to his first meeting with the leaders of Britain and Russia, the people learned officially that he had sailed. Something like twenty-four hours earlier, though, Drew Pearson, syndicated Washington columnist, had broadcast the fact that the Chief Executive had left the country.

Truman took his new Secretary of State, James F. Byrnes, along with him when he set out from the vicinity of Norfolk, Va., aboard the battle-tested cruiser *Augusta*. He was accompanied by correspondents for the *Associated Press*, *United Press*,

and *International News Service*, but they were to be dropped off at some unspecified point before the Presidential party reached Potsdam. The Big Three meeting was to be secret.

Close to one hundred diplomatic, economic and military experts were scheduled to follow their chief by plane within a few days. Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, who is to represent the U.S. on the Allied Control Commission for Germany, was to assist President Truman at the meeting.

Although speculation about the meeting was not particularly encouraged, it was generally believed that the Big Three at this first session of its kind since the Yalta conclave and the end of the war in Europe, would concern itself principally with reaching an all-round agreement on how to treat defeated Germany.

A lot of people in Washington, though, had the idea that the possibility of Russia's entering the Pacific War on our side might be discussed. They had two reasons for this speculation, one being the fact that the U.S. State Department's contingent to the meeting would include a small staff of experts on Far Eastern affairs. The other was the President's plan to have his joint Chiefs of Staff on hand, although they presumably have only a secondary interest in Europe now.

Plans about other steps to further international relations came to light, too. Anticipating that between 60,000 and 100,000 foreign-born wives who had married American servicemen overseas will eventually come to the States, the American Red Cross and the English-Speaking Union joined hands in setting up a nation-wide program of hospitality and help for the young ladies.

Already 3,000 such brides have arrived in the States, and the first club for them is about to be opened in New York City. In announcing the program, Mrs. W. Henry France, national director of the Union, said: "Homesickness is a trouble common to all overseas brides. They keep a stiff upper lip and few of them ever admit they are lonely with their new American in-laws, but we know they'll welcome the opportunity to meet young women of their own country or other overseas lands whose problems are similar to their own."

The program also called for the establishment of committees to help overseas brides find apartments and jobs and to help them with shopping, rationing and budget problems. One instruction it was decided the ladies shouldn't need, though, was how to stand in queues, a newly-intensified American institution.

Opposition witnesses had their inning before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearing on the World Security Charter, and provided testimony that at times had the committee room rocking. The witnesses attacked the Charter variously as a Communist plot, a military alliance, a fraud and a deceit, but mostly on the grounds that it was unconstitutional.

One witness had to be escorted back to her chair by police. Another was warned for making personal remarks. A third protested that his right of free

NEWS FROM HOME

speech was being infringed when he ran out of time. And the spectators laughed repeatedly, especially when a man named David Darren admitted that he was the only member of the "United Nations" association which he represented. Darren said the Charter "is full of deceit and has intentions so foul that they can't be characterized."

FORMER Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius opened the hearings with the statement that the Charter offered "a truly effective instrument for lasting peace." Sen. Arthur H. Vandenberg, Republican of Michigan, appeared next and stressed the fact that the U.S. could quit the new world organization at any time "at its own unrestricted option." The penalty, he said, would be "adverse public opinion" if our reasons for quitting didn't satisfy "the conscience of the world."

Although it was generally predicted that the Charter would get the Senate's okay, another matter of international relations got a definite thumbs down from the people at home. The question was whether or not the home front approved of American soldiers in Germany having dates with German girls, and the medium of expression was a George Gallup poll.

Gallup reported that the women were more strongly opposed to the idea than the men. But for the country as a whole, the vote was thirty per cent in favor; fifty-nine per cent opposed, and eleven per cent undecided. How the people might feel now about the new partial relaxation of non-fraternization will be something else for George to discover.

The Capital was enthusiastic about President Truman's announcement that he would appoint Director of War Mobilization Fred Moore Vinson, a big, shaggy Kentuckian, to the post of Secretary



PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN JUST TO SHOW YOU THAT IT'S GETTING ROUGHER ALL OVER. THE MEAT-HUNGRY WOMEN TO SHOW UP, AND SOME OF THEM STARTED PARKING AT 4 A.M.

ON THE BALL. THESE GIRLS IN VENICE, CAL., ARE KEEPING IN SHAPE FOR RETURNING GIs, THE CAPTION SAYS.



SCHOOL MOM. MRS. JUANITA ROBINSON, 32 YEARS OLD, OF WARSAW, N.Y., WENT BACK TO HIGH SCHOOL WHEN HER HUSBAND GOT DRAFTED. CHILDREN ARE HERS.



BLOWN OUT. THESE ARE TWO YACHTS WHICH WERE WASHED UP ON THE BEACH AT MARBLEHEAD, MASS., BY A GALE WHICH POUNDED THE NEW ENGLAND COAST RECENTLY. HIGH SEAS CAUSED AN ESTIMATED \$150,000 DAMAGE TO VESSELS IN THE HARBOR.



COLD CASH. DESPITE THE GOAT, YOUNG DICKIE QUICK IS IN GOOD ODOR WITH THE FOLKS OF BELTON.

of Treasury to succeed Henry Morgenthau, Jr. Vinson has seen a lot of the inner workings of government in its legislative, executive and judicial branches. He's an authority on taxes, having served for years as chairman of the tax subcommittee of the House Ways and Means Committee.

The newly-named Secretary of Treasury found out right off the bat that he's got to out-argue some lawmakers who don't think much of the international bank proposal of the Bretton Woods agreement, which has been called the keynote of U.S. future foreign policy. There's Sen. Robert Taft, Republican of Ohio, for example, who called the bank scheme "profligate lending." Taft was mad because Senate Majority Leader Alban Barkley insisted that the Bretton Woods proposal supersede all other Senate business—including the ratification of the San Francisco Charter. "I'm strongly in favor of international cooperation in the political field, and I intend to support the Charter," said the Senator from Ohio, "but the parallel between political and economic cooperation is utterly fallacious. It is not true that wars have been brought about by economic causes." He said he thought it would be all right if the government made direct loans of five or six billion dollars to war-torn countries during the next few years but that Bretton Woods should be tabled.

In the field of politics, the Republican Party opened a drive for a constitutional amendment to limit the tenure of the President to two terms. Rep. Joseph W. Martin, Jr., of Massachusetts, said this would be a safeguard against any President who might try to keep himself in office through "tricks of chance, patronage and manipulation." Martin said there must never again be a third or fourth-term President and that "the underlying philosophy of our American Republic has always been that no man is indispensable."

The House of Representatives just about cleaned up its slate for the summer and many of its members took off for vacations which, barring emergencies, will last until October. Last major business of the House was to pass the long-disputed War Agencies Appropriation Bill, which had been held up for two weeks by a fight over funds for the Fair Employment Practices Committee.

Southern Democrats who had tried to ease the FEPC out of the picture lost their battle when the House Appropriations Committee voted the agency an allotment of \$250,000 to carry on its work for the fiscal year. It was a complete reversal by the House Committee, which previously had voted to use the quarter-million dollars to liquidate the FEPC. The function of the agency is to investigate discrimination in employment because of race or creed.

The heat was on again about getting stay-at-home soldiers overseas. Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson ordered all qualified officers and EMS with less than six months' foreign duty under their belts to be transferred from the States as quickly

as possible and in no case later than next May. Their places at home were to be taken by overseas veterans. Men under thirty-five were to be the primary targets of the order.

There will be a few exemptions from Stimson's edict. The order does not apply to special groups specifically okayed by the War Department to remain in the States; to enlisted men over thirty-eight, to anyone who is physically disqualified, or to sole surviving sons of families in which two or more persons have been killed in service, are now prisoners, or who have been reported missing in action.

Speaking about overseas service, a candidate for "longest away from home" honors landed in New York. He was Sgt. Plato Ritchey, 27, of Asheville, N.C., and he went to Europe with a radar company four years and eight months ago. Ritchey later served with an anti-aircraft battery and had twenty-nine months of active combat duty without injury. The counter-claim department is hereby officially opened.

Cpl. Chester J. Barrett of Concord, N.H., has twelve children, which is more, according to the WD, than any other GI. Barrett, who is 39, is stationed at a POW camp at Spencer Lake, Me., and his 33-year-old wife draws \$300 a month in dependency benefits. Before the Army got him in April, 1944, the highly-paid corporal worked for a grain firm, a job which, with plenty of overtime, paid him between \$45 and \$50 a week. Mrs. Barrett, who married when she was sixteen years old, told reporters that she got along "reasonably well" on the dependency benefits. "But I sure do miss Chet," she added.

Secretary of Labor Lewis B. Schwellenbach led the news on the labor front in his maiden speech as

The chief of police in Seattle started to eat out Dog Catcher Monty Clinton for not catching enough dogs. But Clinton had an answer. "You know, chief, those dogs are getting awful smart. When I go after them, they run just beyond the city limits. And, chief, you know I haven't any authority there."

a cabinet member and he talked to both sides. The Secretary called on unions to respect the no-strike pledge and asked the management not to "seize upon the chance" to cut wages and destroy unions in the reconversion period.

"In the past, we have thought of producing goods and then of some means of forcing the goods into consumption," Schwellenbach said. "The time has come to be more concerned about the development of a strong consuming power. Only through this may we be provided with natural outlets for all the goods we can produce."

The new Secretary announced that he had finished a series of conferences with the three top labor leaders and had reached at least one major conclusion. The work of the Labor Department's Bureau of Statistics, he said, was "lousy," and would have to be reorganized because its findings are "too academic and not realistic enough." That was good news for labor, which has often complained about the Statistics bureau and especially about their cost-of-living index which, the unions charged, doesn't accurately reflect the present-day expenses.

New Yorkers were still lining up in queues as long as 17 blocks with people waiting four abreast for their copies of fourteen metropolitan newspapers. Still on strike was the unaffiliated Newspaper and

Mail Deliverers Union despite a War Labor Board ultimatum to return to work or lose closed shop rights and retroactive pay benefits. And the men also remained out in the face of an edict by the Newspaper Publishers' Association to come back to work or lose their jobs.

There were sporadic acts of violence connected with the delivery strike, mostly involving young boys who were stopped by strikers after buying papers for re-sale. Only two people were arrested, though. An attorney for the union said in a broadcast that it was reported the publishers were hiring discharged war veterans as "strike-breakers."

The War Department said that a corporal in New Guinea got so mad at some natives working for the Army that his false teeth popped out. From then on the corporal was regarded with awe and his orders were obeyed "with alacrity," the WD reported gravely.

Scalpers were doing pretty well—at ten cents per copy.

Meanwhile, pickets showed up outside the War Shipping Administration Headquarters in Washington as part of a demonstration by the National Maritime Union, CIO, against a scheduled reduction in seamen's war-time bonuses. The NMU headquarters in New York said union men were also posted in front of WSA offices in Philadelphia, Boston, Norfolk, Va., Mobile, Ala., Houston, Tex., and San Francisco. Union leaders asked that the bonuses be continued until wage schedules are rearranged to guarantee a pay of \$37.40 weekly for ordinary seamen working seven days a week.

There was some good news from Akron, Ohio, though, where some 16,000 United Rubber Workers, CIO, voted to call off their two-week strike at the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company. The War Labor Board had threatened that unless the union members ended the walkout, it would take away vacation and other benefits previously granted the workers.

Secretary of Agriculture Clinton P. Anderson was busy, too. He started out by telling an advertising group in New York that America cannot feed the world. "We have got to make that clear and positive from the outset or we are inviting a lot of misunderstanding, trouble and ill-will," said the Secretary, "but we must do what we can." He promised a report on whether current food shortages for domestic consumption resulted from the failure of nature or from "official negligence or stupidity."

Anderson started a program designed to increase meat for civilians, help equitable distribution and check black-marketing activities. He outlined the requirements which small slaughterers must meet to qualify for the removal of quota limitations and to ship non-Federally inspected meat across state lines.

The Secretary's announcement came after Rep. Stephen Pace, Democrat of Georgia, had succeeded Pace as chairman of the House Food Committee. Pace pledged that the Committee would continue to be a watch-dog over the nation's food supply. His next to the armed forces, the American people shall have first claim on American food, except where shipments must be sent overseas to "meet the calls of humanity."

The chairman of the local OPA board in New Britain, Conn., told about a lady who doesn't seem to understand the meat situation. He said she called up and wanted to be directed to a black



MO. BECAUSE HE TOOK OVER DELIVERY SERVICE WHEN THE TOWN'S ONLY ICEMAN QUIT WORK.



FUTURE DELIVERY. GENERAL ELECTRIC STAGED THIS LITTLE DEMONSTRATION IN NEW YORK CITY TO SHOW OFF THEIR NEW LARGE-SCREEN TELEVISION RECEIVER DESIGNED FOR THE POST-WAR HOME. BEATRICE KRAFT IS THE DANCER. CLEAR ENOUGH, EH?



PAGING RIPLEY. THIS IS HORACE T. PENTECOST OF SEATTLE, AND HE SAYS THIS RUDE GOLDBERG DEAL OF HIS WILL ACTUALLY FLY. IT'S GOT A 20-HORSEPOWER ENGINE.

market in New Britain where she could buy meat. "She said she knew the location of a black market in Meriden," said the chairman, "but she thought it would be more convenient to trade nearer home."

The Office of Defense Transportation warned that, as bad as it is, it's going to get tougher for civilians to get around in the States. Because of the increasing pressure of military redeployment, the ODT said, further travel restrictions are being considered in "all categories." Major league baseball managers were still scratching their heads over the problems caused by a ban on sleeping-car trips of more than 450 miles.

Meanwhile Rep. Hugh De Lacy, Democrat of Washington, asked Congress to clamp down on civilian use of private railroad cars as long as there are troops to be moved. He said he learned that members of the Weyerhaeuser lumber family, officials of the Great Northern Railroad, and others were taking vacation jaunts in their own railway cars.

A German PW, thinning sugar beets on a farm in Nampa, Idaho, said Hitler was half right in his prophecy. The PW told his employer: "Hitler told us we would march across North America, but he didn't say we would do it on our hands and knees."

The Treasury Department disclosed that a manufacturer making jewelry boxes for Purple Heart Medals had concealed sales amounting to at least \$80,000 in his income tax returns. The Treasury said that its inquiry into tax manipulation "is growing in size all the time." It added: "There seems to be no end to the amount of evasion. The further we get into it, the more shocking it becomes."

Another tax snafu, this one involving a GI stationed in Guam, turned up in Kansas City. It started when the local tax attorney sent Cpl. Alvin Clutz a delinquency notice ordering him to appear "in person" to make payment. Clutz wrote back "in person" for boosting the morale of the outfit at least fifty per cent. "We don't get much to laugh about out here," he said. The attorney told the corporal in another note to ignore the notice and said his next attempt at "morale-boosting" would be a box of candy or cigars.

Federal narcotic agents picked up twenty-four persons accused of supplying marijuana to the professional swing set which hangs out along Broadway, in Harlem, and along "Swing Lane"—52nd Street between Fifth and Seventh Avenues. Col. Garland H. Williams, supervisor of the Bureau of Narcotics in New York, announced that his agents had found "many persons prominent in music circles" who figured that they had to smoke reefers to get really hot, musically speaking.

One of those arrested, a trumpeter named James Washington, was said to have carried the joy weeds around in his trumpet case and to have peddled a good many of them at the Onyx Club, long-famous center of swing on 52nd Street. Another was Otis Merritt, 25-year-old comedian, who was held in \$1,000 bail. He said he was on the verge of going overseas as a USO entertainer.

For a quarter of a century, Mah Hung Don of San Francisco, thought he was a Chinese brought up in Hong Kong. But he found out last week that although he can't speak English, he is a Caucasian and a native of Sacramento, Calif. His identity became known when he was pinched on a burglary became known when he was pinched on a burglary charge. The courts went to work checking immigration papers and discovered that Mah Hung Don

had been born of white parents but adopted in infancy by a Chinese couple who took him to the Orient and raised him there.

Samuel Goldwyn, the movie man, announced through the War Department that he had been authorized to make a film based on the career of Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower. The scripts were to be written by playwright Robert Sherwood and all profits of the film were to go to non-profit foundations designated by the General and Goldwyn. Such foundations must be dedicated "to the principles for which Gen. Eisenhower and millions of others of the Allied forces have fought so magnificently in this war."

Gloria Swanson, No. 1 Glamor Girl of the silent screen, sued her fifth husband, William N. Davey, for divorce in New York City, charging that he abandoned her "without just cause" last April. She wanted \$1,000 a week alimony which she didn't think too much because "my husband is worth upward of \$10,000,000." Her previous hubbies had been Wallace Beery, Herbert Somborn, Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye, and Michael Farmer.

The War Department sounded taps for the WAC training center at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. All WAC activities will be moved to Fort Des Moines, Iowa. Into Oglethorpe will move the Army Ground and Services Forces Redistribution Center now at Camp Butner, N.C.; the Chief Chaplain School from Fort Devens, Mass., and the Adjutant General School from Camp Lee, Va. Other schools were scheduled to follow suit later.

A loadful of entertainment took off for France from New York in an Army transport transformed into an ocean-going showboat. Aboard were 212 USO personnel, the largest group ever sent abroad. They included sixteen Rockettes from Radio City Music Hall; Shep Fields and his orchestra and Dixie Dunbar, musical comedy star. Dixie brought her husband, who's manager-director of the Music Hall Revue. And what's more, the ship carried the casts and scenery of several stage plays including *Blithe Spirit*, *Kind Lady*, and *Arsenic and Old Lace*.

In New York City, the newspaper *Progresso Italo-Americano* unloosed an editorial blast against the U.S. Army's treatment of Italian POWs. Charging that the condition was "a blot on the nation's name," the article said that "30,000 Italian prisoners voluntarily working for special units for the U.S. Army were receiving a miserable \$24 a month, of which they are paid out only one-third directly."

War seems to be having a peculiar effect on some children in Fairbanks, Alaska. A man reported that he found this message chalked inside a heart drawn on the sidewalk: "Tommy loves Helen." Beneath it was another childish scrawl: "This is an unconfirmed report."

Many discharged soldiers aren't wearing their veterans' buttons because they don't want to be regarded by the public as "problem children," Kenneth S. Kline, Director of the Veterans Information Center said in Columbus, Ohio. He added that a lot of former servicemen are fed up by too much public pre-occupation with their readjustment problems.

Several ministers came to the aid of women-folk in Decatur, Ill., following a police ban on wearing abbreviated shorts in the city's business district. The order was issued by Police Chief Harry

Schepper on the grounds that such costumes subjected the wearer to "yoo-hoos, whistling and improper remarks." "But," said one clergyman: "If some folks would get their thoughts out of the gutter and mind their own business, there wouldn't be so much trouble." And said another: "We've arrived at a time when we should recognize the decency of the human form."

Otis Skinner, the actor who died in 1942, left a gross estate of \$812,964, most of it to his daughter, actress Cornelia Otis Skinner. The figures were released in a final accounting filed in New York City Surrogates Court.

Mrs. D. Leigh Colvin, president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, said that a survey conducted by her organization showed that during the first eleven years of Repeal, drinking in the States had doubled and the cost of drinking had tripled. Last year, she said, people were spending money for booze at the rate of \$54 for each man, woman and child in the U.S.

The Army Air Forces went dramatic in illustrating the massiveness of our air war against the Axis, climaxed with the dropping of the two millionth ton of bombs—on Tokyo—last week. The AAF said it would take a convoy of trucks, each carrying twelve bombs, standing bumper to bumper and stretching from Boston to San Francisco, to transport the weight of the explosives.

Some people will do anything for cigarettes these days. Two convicts in San Francisco were recaptured shortly after they had scaled the walls of the county prison farm. They said they took off because they were short of smokes—and produced packages to prove it.

American Engineers in Germany have resumed production of the Volkswagen. That's the low-priced car that Hitler promised to every family in the Reich, but delivered only to the Nazi armies. According to the Army Ordnance District in New York, German workers are turning out an average of ten cars daily under the supervision of Americans.

James L. Fly, former chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, advocated that reporters should be free to roam the world "without restriction and without even the normal visa or passport requirements." Peace will be possible, said Fly, only if "freedom of expression and the exchange of ideas is established and eventually written into the United Nations Charter."

Residents of a Chicago neighborhood found out last week that they'll just have to put up with the early-morning racket raised by Mrs. Casimir Pawlak's rooster. They complained to police that Mrs. Pawlak's bird sounded a full-throated reveille every morning at 4:30. The cops got after the rooster-owner and she explained: "I'm keeping this big fellow to make a dinner for my son, when he comes home from Europe." The police told her to keep on keeping it. So now the neighbors are bucking for Pawlak's return.

The COVER

Red Army soldiers—like soldiers anywhere—relaxing and getting their photograph taken in Prague. They're standing in front of the statue of "Good King" Wenceslas. The Russkis had just one burp gun, which they passed around for posing purposes.



Pictures: Cover, Cpl. Pat Coffey. 2, 3 and 4, Norwegian Official Photos. 6, 7 and 8, Sgt. Rudolph Sanford. 10, INP. 11, Acme. 12 and 13, Mason Pawlak CPhoM. 15, INP. 16 and 17, left to right, Acme; PA; PA; Acme. 20 and 21, Signal Corps. 22, Universal.

YANK

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Tech. Rep. Wants to be Enlightened

Dear YANK,

As a *Technical Representative* with the U.S. Army, I would like to know how I stand in regard to overseas service. I have been in the ETO for the past 26 months and I am now about to return to the United States, to be drafted into the regular army, as a private, by the looks of things, since I am just under the 30-year-old mark.

The many trained "technicians" that came overseas, have played a major role in the Air Force; engine men, engineers, experimental experts, machinists, etc. These men were the very backbone of many of the airfields, repair, assembly and modification depots. Many regular army men look down on them, I know,

U.S. Navy to come over as a Tech. Rep., because I believed I could serve my country better while doing a job I knew.

If it is true we are not entitled to overseas credit, I'll be slapped in the regular army when I get home and start all over again, as a rookie, and probably in the infantry. I don't mind going into the army, but I do think we should get some credit for having served overseas. I'll probably be sent to the South Pacific as a GI when I return, and I think it only fair that I be allowed to wear four Hershey bars on my sleeve and have overseas service on my record. Please enlighten me on this subject.

Britain.

G. H. B.

P.S.—If you print this please withhold my name. Thanks.

MAIL CALL

From Tommy

Dear YANK,

I feel the time has come for me, as a British soldier, to pay tribute and extend my sincerest appreciation to the American forces, but I would like to make it quite clear that I do not intend to offer you, in your terms, "Prop-wash."

I happened to be stationed in England when you first set foot on English soil in 1942, and I have had the grand pleasure of mixing with you chaps—not only on the street but in your camps as well, where the very first thing that struck me was, the "team-spirit" which existed between all ranks; a democratic symbol of a truly democratic country—America.

I have made numerous friends among you Americans, where hospitality is outstandingly practised in your lives. You may have found English people difficult to get on with, and on the other hand perhaps you've fared well, but the thing we share in common is the fact that we both realized the great relief which came with the defeat of Nazi Germany—thanks to your great leader Gen. "Ike"

and call them draft dodgers, etc.; yet, in the early days of the war, the Air Force would have been crippled without them. They have carried out an important job, but have received little thanks and no military rewards. They have lived, worked, and accomplished their assigned tasks right along with the armed forces, yet they are classified as civilians and, therefore, get no recognition. It is damned unfair!

I am a college graduate and an aeronautical engineer with eight years actual experience behind me in engineering. So you see, "technicians" have to have a bit of knowledge to be "technicians." Some army Joes don't seem to think so. I'll admit some "Tech. Reps." sort of slipped in, but so did a lot of so-called Army officers.

They tell us we are not entitled to wear overseas bars on our uniforms. Is this true? If so, what is fair about it? Didn't we serve overseas the same as anyone else? Wasn't our job necessary? Did we come over just for the trip? I, for one, did not! I came over to serve my country to the best of my ability. I even turned down a commission in the

Eisenhower, our own gallant leader, Field-Marshal "Monty" Montgomery and the thousands upon thousands of men and women in the Forces who made the VE-Day possible through a teamwork unequalled in the annals of history.

We have yet to deal with the Japs who are at present feeling the might of Allied bombings upon their own homeland and with the same "team-spirit" we will bring the "Nips" to know the meaning of retaliation.

I'm not a sentimentalist but I for one feel very sorry that you are leaving England, and I know I speak for the majority of Britons who have known you. I shall always cherish the memories of the years 1942-5, for you were part of them.

—May I end this inadequate tribute of appreciation in giving you my sincerest wishes, and to the boys who have yet to fight the Japs, my blessings and hopes that the time is not too far off when you can settle in your homes again. . . . Well done, Yanks.

Britain.

Pfc. LESLIE ENGLEMAN

On GI Perspective

Dear YANK,

I hate to think that for nearly a year, while I and thousands of other ex-PWs were hungry, cold, sick, dirty, and lonely, rear echelon boys were complaining because they weren't getting Combat Participation Stars for servicing planes, complaining because they'd have to spend mustering-out pay at retail prices to buy civilian clothes, or demanding a bonus, complaining of spam and powdered eggs, to mention just a few current gripes.

While these boys weren't getting points for "sweating out" V weapons in London, neither were PWs who were being killed by Germans, Allied bombs and machine-gun fire in the Stalags, and while enroute through Germany. Many ex-PWs are now itching for a crack at the Japs. While Capt. Anderman (Mail Call, June 8) was sweating out a bonus and making "special economic sacrifices" and enduring "special discomforts in rough climate," our teeth were rotting in our heads for lack of medical facilities and a proper diet. A bonus, to my way of thinking, is a gift, and the initiative should come from the donor, not the donee. If one asks for it, he is begging and it becomes charity.

While some of these bird-brains were complaining of spam, powdered eggs and bitters, we were giving heart-felt thanks for our black bread, potato peelings, and wormy soup.

Last night I heard a rookie nurse complain of the good job she had left at home to enter the ANC. I imagine the nurses at Anzio had good jobs, too. She also spoke of the black-market nylon stockings she had hoarded while our old bomb group was losing as many as 150 nylon chutes a day.

Some of these poor U.K. unfortunates seem to me to have lost their perspective. We enlisted, or were drafted, for the duration-plus-six. If the Army conceives a scheme whereby the burden may be lightened for some of us, it doesn't become the rest of us to drown ourselves in tears of self-pity because we aren't individually satisfied.

The Army and Government are giving us a swell deal in every respect. Compare your chow, equipment, training, uniform, medical facilities, pay and financial benefits with that of any other army.

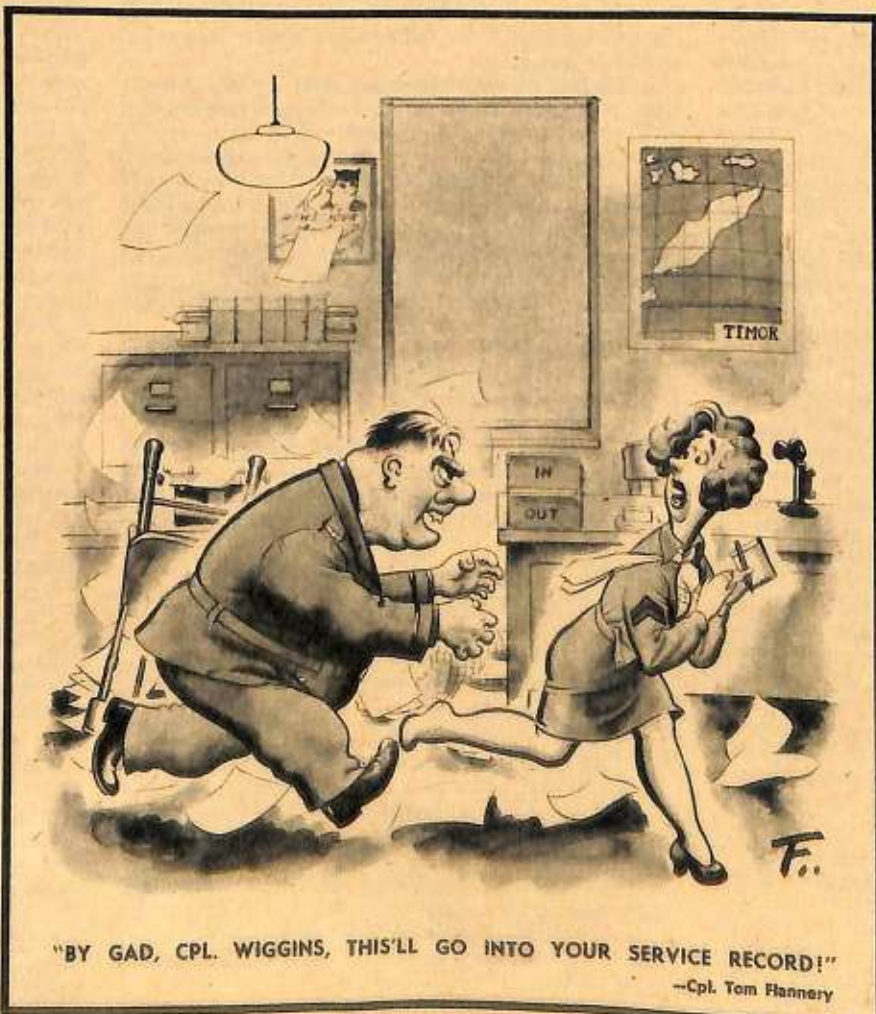
Let's not lose the dignity of our uniform and the respect of the Navy, Marines and our Allies, and the folks back home by weeping and wailing for more privileges. I want to get all the breaks out of life that I can, but I don't feel like asking for them while my buddies are eating fish heads and rice. Let's spend more time giving thanks for what we have.

Until you've talked with some ex-PWs, or crippled GIs, or front-line nurses, and doughboys, and have found out what life was like on the Continent, you'd better confine your weeping and begging to the chaplain's office because our shoulders are reserved for the boys on Okinawa and in Jap PW camps.

I complained in Germany because I had no soles on my shoes until I saw a man who had no feet.

Britain.

Lt. RICHARD WYNN



Discharge

Dear YANK,
As set up, with such a high premium for each child under 18, a father of three children who has served only three years will be eligible for discharge from the service before the single men and the childless married men who have five years' service. Apparently the reason for this is that the responsibility the father owes to his children is greater than the responsibility he owes to his country. Perhaps this is true, but, by making the single man and the childless married man stay in the Army, the fathers are indirectly making others shoulder all the responsibilities. In other words, some men are expected to contribute two or three more years of their life so that the children of the fathers can have all the advantages of their fathers being at home.

There are two classes of fathers, those whose children were born before Pearl Harbor was attacked and those whose children were born after war was declared. In the first case, those men were deferred because of their dependents. In the second, a man assumed responsibility of having children while the country was at war. Why should the single man who has waited for release to marry and the married man with no children be penalized by having to bear that responsibility? There is absolutely nothing wrong with a married couple having children, but, on the other hand, is it right to deny single men marriage and a family?

Length of service should be the prime factor determining discharge, with an additional point for overseas service and two additional points for combat service. Britain.

T/Sgt. DICK ALCALA

At night the cars had to be sprayed with mosquito bombs to protect us from the malarious *anopheles* mosquitoes. The bombs did more than rout the mosquitoes. They also "alerted" the roaches, which were at least a billion strong and of king size. They attacked us in waves and crawled all over us through the night.

We ate cold C and K rations the entire trip (rotating each day), and the only water available had to be drawn from wells when the train stopped and then chlorinated for drinking purposes. Water for bathing was obtained from the train's engine (engineer permitting) and often ran out, due to some 600 men scrambling to fill their helmets, leaving hardly enough water to make up steam for the engine. Those on the end of the train, that couldn't make it to the engine, had one alternative, which was to fill their helmets with cold water from the "latrines" (which were simply holes in the floor) by flushing them. They had a distinct odor which was not "Evening in Paris."

I could go on to tell Top Kick Evans more, but I'm putting it mildly for purposes of simplicity. Never will I refer to those glorious troop sleepers as monstrosities, with all their modern conveniences such as running water, mattresses, drinking fountains and decent latrines. The GIs here in India realize how bad conditions can be. I am sure that by writing this narrative report to YANK, that I am supported by all GIs in this theater.

T/Sgt. HAROLD F. ARNOLD*

India.
*Also signed by T/4 Earl D. Smith and T/Sgt. Wilbert C. Dicks.

GI Library Service

Dear YANK,
The U. S. Armed Forces Institute is OK, but it doesn't help fellows very much who are not interested in school credits but want to learn something of a technical or professional character—for example, relating to machine tool work, chemistry, building contracting, agronomy, medicine or law.

Men in this group are more interested in self-study in order to refresh their knowledge and keep abreast of new developments in their particular fields. They need: 1) advice as to the names of proper books and 2) information as to where they can get them and the price. In other words there should be a consultation service to provide information and, when necessary, advice as to special problems. Time could be saved in this by permitting the GI to send with his request for information a money order more than sufficient to cover the estimated cost.

Aside from the library service which in any case is necessary, there could be a better way of securing many of the books. A list could be prepared of the books recommended for various subjects with their prices. This list could be distributed to information and education officers. These recommended books could then be made available through a central lending library. Branches of the lending library could be set up in different theaters similar to or as part of the U. S. Armed Forces Institute. Provision could be made to cover the cost of any books loaned which might be lost or damaged, by the deposit of an adequate covering sum in the letter requesting the books. . . .

Philippines.
*Also signed by 18 others.

T/Sgt. IRA GOLLOBIN*

Suggestion

Dear YANK,
The non-fraternization policy will no doubt be strictly enforced in the future. To say it is going to be a difficult problem is only putting it mildly. Men with the slightest sexual weakness are going to find themselves put to a supreme test. This sexual problem, in my opinion, is going to be the one with which we are going to have the most trouble.

Do those men in authority believe that by establishing an educational and recreational program they are going to eliminate man's desire for companionship with the fairer sex?

The problem can be avoided in one way and that is by the erection of legalized houses of prostitution. By such a move you will have one evil, but you will also eliminate three, the breaking of your precious non-fraternization order,

the possibility of American GIs contacting any venereal disease and lastly, the most important one, the prevention of the crime of rape.

If the so-called brains of our military life have any answers in rebuttal to this suggestion I suggest they do so a year from now; by forwarding me the official figures on the number of American boys brought to trial for advances made on some German *fraulein*. Perhaps they will meet the problem as they have in the past—the simple formula of a courts martial and pronouncement of the death penalty.

Germany.

Pvt. TOM McIVER

Old Guys

Dear YANK,

Why do they refuse to let vets over 35 out when they don't draft over 30? After all I was over 30 when I was drafted and after three years of K rations and sleeping on the ground think that we should get a break. They only draft 4Fs up to 25 but why not make a universal age limit? If these men are going to help the return of vets, why not take all? We are all supposed to be equal. . . .

Germany.

Pvt. J. BOWEN

Dear YANK,

Now that large numbers of veterans will be available for jobs in the States, why not induct every man to 35 years who is physically fit? The men who may be considered too old for battle can do just as good a policing job as those over 30 who have seen action. I am writing my Congressman.

Germany.

Cpl. ABE L. PLOTKIN

Sack's Pal

Dear YANK,

I have no complaint as I am in the (so I think) best outfit in the Army. All I ask is that if Sgt. George Baker has 85 or more points, please continue to print his cartoon "Sad Sack." I look forward to it each week. The rest of the magazine is OK also. If necessary let us take up a collection to pay Sgt. George Baker to continue his work for YANK, that is, if he becomes a civilian. His cartoon really makes the YANK subscription worth while. Thank you.

France.

CWO C. H. BLUM

[Sgt. Baker and the Sack are now in Manila; for all we know they both may be 30-year men.—Ed.]

From Z to A

Dear YANK,

A recent letter by Cpl. Robert Adams, advocating an alphabetical system of discharge and indorsed by certain members of the YANK's staff, is hereby denounced as unfair.

We the undersigned are not in favour of it.

T/3 DONALD H. ZEEK

T/3 JOSEPH A. ZITO

Britain.

[Okay. Let's start at Z and work back.—Ed.]

Reluctant Hero

Dear YANK,

Having just returned from Germany, I was given a short furlough from the hospital.

I was surprised on my way home and while at home at the way civilians treat a man with overseas stripes on his arm and a few decorations on his blouse. Many stared as if I were a strange sort of a creature from another world, and those strangers that did talk to me wanted to carry my luggage (which I was able to do myself), buy my meals or at least buy my drinks. All this embarrassed me and I am sure I'm not the first one to have the experience.

I'm sure all vets like to be treated normally and don't want to hear somebody's story about being too young for the last war and too old for this one, nor the long stories of why someone was rejected and he wants to buy your beer because you killed his share of Krauts for him.

I, for one, wish the civilians would treat me just the same as they did before I went overseas.

O'Reilly Gen. Hosp., Mo. S/Sgt. W. H. DEHNING

Cooks in a Stew

Dear YANK,

In regards to a recent letter signed "Nine Disgusted Nurses," the cooks in this Army feel the same way towards inspectors and IGs as the Nine Disgusted Nurses.

Why do Army cooks eventually become glorified head KPs? Why does all Army food end up in a stew? Because the cooks must "spit and polish" 10 out of every 12 hours to gratify the whims of the inspectors.

What do the inspectors look for? Do



they inspect the food for quality or quantity? NO! They look for dust on top of the water pipes, dirt in the cracks of the floor, a piece of waste paper under the garbage rack, some canned goods upside down in the storeroom, a bread crumb that's out of place, a spot of grease on the stoves, or to see if the cooks have lustrous shoes. To be brief, they look for the sublime in immaculateness.

What do they do about the food? Quote a GI cook: "The hell with the food, the inspectors never look at it—just throw it on the stove and let her stew."

Camp Hood, Tex.

FIVE WEARY COOKS

Castle Cleaning

Dear YANK,

We are supposed to be conquerors not liberators; at least that's what our commanding officers say. What we have been doing for the Germans lately makes it look like we are slaves instead of conquerors. . . .

We are stationed in a German village. In this village there is a large castle which houses a countess and her family. A few of our soldiers live in the castle and most of us live in houses. We have been ordered to clean the rooms in the castle and the grounds which we don't use. The countess has men working for her to do that job but we are ordered instead. Sometimes I wonder if this Army is democratic or not. I also wonder if we were fighting for a lasting peace or for another war.

Our job is to maintain order in the village and not work for these people. . . . The civilians laugh at us when we clean up their village. The streets aren't very dirty but when we have to clean their rubbish piles, that's the last straw. Fraternizing isn't so bad after all according to what we are doing for them.



Also when an officer speaks to a civilian woman for favors I doubt if it could be called official business, but the officers can speak to these civilians. No matter if it's official or not, they call it that. I hope this will be brought to the attention of someone who can do something about it.

Germany.

Pic. DON MICHELA



Discharge Pin

Dear YANK,

YANK has never, to my knowledge, shown a fairly large image of the discharge pin. Don't you think it would be a good idea to have a replica printed of it and published in one of your issues? If the boys know a veteran, they will not look at us with that strange look we sometimes get.

FRANK M. LEFOR

New York.

India Troop Sleeper

Dear YANK,

In answer to 1st Sgt. H. W. Evans' gripe in *Mail Call* regarding troop sleepers, he evidently hasn't been any further than Hawaii from the States and doesn't know how good he's got it. Having ridden some 1,500 miles across India, in some real trains, I'd like to tell the sergeant off.

While en route to our present station here in India, we boarded a troop train about 0300 hours. It was dark and, thank goodness, we weren't able to see what we were about to experience. There were about 10 men (complete with duffel bags and full field equipment) placed in one compartment. The cars were of wood construction and must have been relics of the 16th Century, for they were real antiques! There were no passageways between cars, so if you wanted to visit a comrade in another car, you had to wait until the train stopped.

There were no Pullmans, just three benches (wooden without any padding) and two luggage racks for 10 men to sleep upon, thereby leaving five men to sleep on the floor (which I did) for the entire trip. The trip lasted seven days, and it is an experience that will live with me always.

Fighting through villages is part of the training at Camp Wheeler.



By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Writer

CAMP WHEELER, GA.—Basic infantry training has changed since the days when people still thought they were getting out in a year. It's smarter, better taught and more realistic. It has to be. When trainees finish their cycle now, they don't go out on maneuvers. They go right overseas and into the line.

This policy was started when the decision was made not to form any more new divisions. That was long before VE-Day. Everything is done now on the replacement system.

This system will continue during the war against Japan and, according to Army Ground Forces, the training cycle will also remain basically the same as it was before Germany was defeated.

Emphasis will be placed on new weapons, says AGF, and there will be some variation in the use of old weapons, "as their use conforms to lessons learned in the Pacific." But otherwise the same fundamental methods of killing an enemy will be retained and the main changes will be those normally made in keeping the cycle constantly up to date.

Back in 1941, when Camp Wheeler was set up as the first Infantry Replacement Training Center, its basic training cycle was 13 weeks. After basic training, the trainees were shipped to divisions, where they learned to work as a team. Today, Wheeler is still turning out infantrymen, but the cycle has been upped to 15 weeks (for quite a while it was 17) and the men go out as individual replacements.

This plan is based on simple necessity. A certain number of men are continually needed overseas and the WD figures a constant 15-week

training program of replacements will take care of the quota.

This whole business of replacements has caused a lot of bitching, particularly by combat men overseas. Most gripes, however, seem to be caused by the incurable fact that men can't be sent into combat knowing already what combat is like.

But there have been more specific complaints: Men trained only as riflemen being sent to heavy weapons companies or sent into the line without a chance to know the men they are fighting with, or left to grow mold in a repple depple until they forget everything they knew, or just sent up front without knowing what the hell is going on.

These complaints appear to have some justification, but the faults don't lie primarily with the IRTCs. The IRTCs have no control over replacements once they've finished training. The only job of a center like Camp Wheeler is to make infantrymen out of civilians in a very short period—on the basis of a curriculum handed down by Army Ground Forces through the Replacement and School Command.

They do this job well enough, according to most of the ex-combat men who are now cadremen and instructors here at Wheeler. Many of the cadremen with whom I talked think the course could be improved one way or another, but on the whole they feel this particular IRTC uses the

15 weeks about as well as could be expected.

This is actually saying a good deal, since 15 weeks is not all the time in the world. There have been many changes in the curriculum as the Army has grown up, and the course, nearly everybody agrees, is being improved all the time.

For instance, the tactical emphasis used to be entirely on company tactics; now it is on squad and platoon tactics. There used to be little live firing; now there are 14 more firing problems than there were a year ago. Trainees used to spend only three days in the field; now they spend two weeks in bivouac, with 16 hours of night work each week. There used to be six hours of military courtesy and much close-order drill; this has been cut down, although many cadremen think it could be cut even more.

UNDER the present system the first six weeks are given over to Branch Immateriel Training. This includes military courtesy, sex hygiene, mines and booby traps, malaria control, map reading, marksmanship and other fundamentals.

The next nine weeks are specialized. Wheeler is set up to train 18 battalions each cycle including one heavy weapons and one specialist battalion. The remaining 16 are all rifle battalions. The specialist battalion includes two companies of chauffeurs, one company of message center

Basic Training

personnel and one company of pioneer troops. During the specialized weeks, trainees in the rifle battalions get 79 hours in Tactical Training of the Individual Soldier, which takes in scouting and patrolling, cover and movement, hasty fortifications and not-so-hasty fortifications. The men get 16 hours on the bayonet, 103 hours on the M1, eight on the carbine, 48 on the BAR, 62 on the light machine gun, 60 on the 60-mm mortar, 74 on tactics and eight on close combat and infiltration courses. All the infantry weapons are field-fired and live ammunition is used in the infiltration course.

Most of the formal instruction is handled by officers and it is done strictly by the book. If it isn't in the FM it isn't taught, even if it worked for you from Bougainville to Luzon. But the important thing is that the FMs are constantly revised according to lessons learned in combat.

Reports from overseas are received and studied all the time. Their recommendations are incorporated into the manuals. The system may be rigid in the sense that no deviation from the FM is allowed, but the manual itself is definitely flexible, and the instruction is always up to date.

Because a program as big as this one must be standardized, enlisted cadremen do not instruct, although they implement lectures by advice in the field and coaching on the range. This has PO'd some of the former combat men, who claim that they are not allowed to pass on what they've learned by experience, but it seems pretty clear that you can't have men leaving 15 IRTCs full of specialized combat knowledge familiar only to a particular outfit. The WD says that a trainee would only become confused if he were taught in the same cycle by men who had come from different theaters bringing with them a conflicting variety of methods.

Some of the cadremen claim that this makes for a situation in which a young officer without any experience tries to tell trainees what to do, when men with combat experience are forbidden to do so. About 30 percent of the officers have been overseas; the rest may be over age, limited service or fresh out of OCS. These new second lieutenants are sent to IRTCs mainly for experience in leading troops, and they also learn while teaching.

The teaching here is done on the committee

system, similar to that of the Infantry School. Each battalion has a mortar committee, M1 committee and so on, made up of cadre officers and enlisted men who teach only that specialty. The only trouble with this system, according to the major in charge of battle courses, is that the personnel of the committees is not permanent. Officers are always being shipped out and the members of the committee changing.

Two nights a week cadre officers and men must attend Cadre School. Instruction is discussed at these sessions, so that all the instructors will know what is expected of them. Practically all the cadremen I saw disliked this school, claiming that combat men could not open their mouths without having the manual pulled on them.

Opinion is divided among the cadremen as to particulars of the course itself, although most of them think it quite adequate as a whole. A rifleman who had fought with the 36th Division through Italy said: "These trainees get a much better idea of combat than we did when we trained. But there's too much of this tent pitching and military-courtesy crap. I mean, they got it too formal. They should teach them military courtesy and discipline, but in the field where the men can see right there why it's bad not to have it."

A corporal who fought with the 88th Division in Italy said: "The trainees don't get enough night work and they don't get real enough combat conditions. I'd send them out there for a couple of days with just a belt and a rifle and make them eat K rations. They should also have more speed and forced marches. Another thing they teach these men is to stand up and shoot when they get fired on, instead of hitting the ground. They ain't going to live very long that way."

A platoon sergeant from the 32d Division in the Pacific said: "They get these second lieutenants instructing and teach them that the FM is God. That's why second lieutenants get killed so quick. The FM says they should be out in front like a big-assed bird and they always follow the FM."

A corporal who had been with Merrill's Marauders said: "They throw the stuff at the trainees too fast and they don't let the overseas



Field firing the M-1 in combat patrol classes. The area contains targets which pop up before the trainee.

men talk to them. They should have at least one hour a week for a bull session between the trainees and the combat men."

From a rifleman out of the 36th Division in France: "The weapons training is good, but they don't get enough time on the M1. The full field inspections are a waste of time. The only thing they should inspect are messkits."

From a 45th Division man: "There's too much chicken, but otherwise it's a damn good course. They teach these guys a hell of a lot, when you think they only have 15 weeks. The only place I think they're weak is scouting and patrolling. They don't get nearly enough of that. They should also get more map and compass work."

A platoon sergeant who had been with the 43d Division in the Pacific agreed: "They don't get half enough scouting and patrolling. Practically all we did in the Pacific was that kind of work. One good thing they're getting is more instruction in first aid. That'll come in handy."

A rifleman from the 4th Division said: "More map and patrol work. Also, most of the training films are out of date. They should use more and better movies. The firing they get on the battle courses is good, but they don't get enough of that. They should also get some amphibious training."

Practically all the cadremen agreed that there should be more scouting and patrolling and less chicken. An S-3 major who had fought in Africa and Italy agreed on the first score.

"I don't know what you can do about it, though," he said. "We only have 15 weeks. As it is, we get in more of that work than we ever did and we would squeeze in more if we could. The bivouac period is also not rough enough, but you have to remember that 13 weeks ago these men were all civilians."

That is what you hear all over Wheeler: Time, time, time. Everything in the course must be necessary, because there is no margin for error.

I found only two major differences of opinion between enlisted cadremen and officers on how the time is spent at this IRTC. The cadremen feel that there is too much formal discipline, and that this time could be better spent on weapons or tactical combat work. The officers feel strongly that this disciplinary training is necessary to make a soldier.

Then most of the officers to whom I spoke, particularly those removed from actual contact with the men, felt that the 22 hours given to Orientation could be cut, and the time allotted to other work.

Practically all the cadremen I met thought that the orientation hours were a good idea. Their reasons varied from "It's good because it makes the blood boil," to "It's good because a man should know what's going on." But they all thought that some kind of orientation period was valuable.

On the whole, this emphasis on orientation, slight as it is, gives a fair indication of how infantry training has changed. The cycle at Wheeler tries to bring out the individual initiative of each trainee. It tries to make him feel that while he is part of a group, he is also a man who must look out for himself and, if necessary, lead others.

I remember that during the first week of my training back in 1941, our platoon of trainees was taken out on the drill field and told by our lieutenant that a good soldier is supposed only to take orders and that we were not being paid to think.

In the first week at an IRTC a trainee is told: "The best soldier is the man who thinks. The American soldier is good because he knows what's going on."

Infantry training has changed, all right.

Today

**It's only a 15-week course,
but it's more complete and
better taught than it used
to be four years ago.**



Trainees go through the infiltration course at Camp Wheeler while machine guns fire over their heads.



Evelyn Ankers
YANK
Pin-up Girl

Frank Graham's complete history of the Bums from 1883 to Branch Rickey mixes plenty of anecdotes with its collection of important facts, figures and frolics.

By Sgt. JOE McCARTHY
YANK Staff Writer

AFTER Frank Graham wrote "The New York Yankees" and "McGraw of the Giants," two of the best baseball books ever published in this country, his friends naturally demanded a similar job of research on the growth and development of the national pastime in the Borough of Brooklyn. His command performance, "The Brooklyn Dodgers: An Informal History" (G. P. Putnam's Sons: \$2.75) is now disappearing from the book stores under people's arms.

Your reporter recommends this Dodger book because your reporter happens to be a sucker for the kind of baseball history Graham writes with plenty of dialogue and plenty of small detail about who was on second and who was on third during this or that important inning. But Graham's treatise on the Bums hasn't as much excitement or drama as his reports on the Yankees and John McGraw.

The Dodgers through the years have perhaps played more colorful and amusing baseball than the Yankees and the McGraw Giants but they have never produced really great teams like those at the Stadium and the Polo Grounds. A carefully exact and objective reporter like Graham can't very well be expected to write a great book unless he is writing about a great team. The peculiar qualities of the Dodgers would be better handled by somebody more concerned with comic effects rather than with scores, batting averages and league standings. It is a pity that Ring Lardner isn't here to take on the job.

Nevertheless, this informal history of the Dodgers—and how could a history of the Dodgers be anything but informal?—has a lot of comedy in it. It begins with the beginning of professional baseball in Brooklyn in 1883 and continues through that strange period in the 1890s when the Dodgers played their games in East New York, and the eras of Ned Hanlon, Willie Keeler, Hughie Jennings and Nap Rucker when the club was known as the Superbas and hung its hat at Washington Park.

Those were the days. The people who lived in Ginney Flats across the street from the park rented seats on their fire escapes at a dime a head. Growlers of beer from the nearby saloons were hauled up to the fire escapes on ropes. Terry McGovern, the fighter, worked out with the team every morning and Giant fans were afraid to follow their heroes from the Bronx to Brooklyn.

Then Graham takes you on through the administrations at Ebbets Field of Charley Ebbets, Ed and Steve McKeever and Larry MacPhail, ending the book with the coming of Branch Rickey.

THE pages devoted to the MacPhail years contain stuff that's pretty fresh in our memory—the constant firing and rehiring of Leo Durocher; Billy Herman's remark about Brooklyn baseball enthusiasm, "Every day it's like a World Series game around here"; Mickey Owen's famous miff of Tommy Henrich's third strike in the 1941 World Series; the denunciation of MacPhail by Bill Klem, "You are an applehead! I repeat, you are an applehead and a counterfeit!"; the beanball wars of 1942 and Durocher's statement after the Cards beat him by two games for the pennant that year: "We won 104 games, didn't we? What the hell do they want me to do? Win them all?"

And of course Dan Parker's memorable epic poem, "Leave Us Go Root for the Dodgers, Rodgers," which became Brooklyn's marching song:

So many of Evelyn Ankers' movie roles have been in thriller-dillers she's been dubbed "The Horror Queen." However, there is nothing horrible about the young lady herself, as you can see by glancing to the left. Evelyn is a blue-eyed blonde, 5 feet 6 inches tall. She weighs 125. Her new movie for Universal Pictures is "The Frozen Ghost."



Them pre-war Dodgers

*Murgatroyd Darcy, a broad from Carnarsie
Went 'round with a fellow named Rodge,
At dancing a rumba or jitterbug numbah
You couldn't beat Rodge—'twas his dodge.
The pair danced together throughout the
cold weather*

*But when the trees blossomed again
Miss Murgatroyd Darcy, the belle of Carnarsie,
To Rodgers would sing this refrain:*

*Leave us go root for the Dodgers, Rodgers,
They're playing ball under the lights.
Leave us cut out all the juke jernts, Rodgers,
Where we've been wastin' our nights.
Dancin' the shag or the rumba is silly
When we can be rooting for Adolf Camilli,
So leave us go root for the Dodgers, Rodgers,
Them Dodgers is my gallant knights.*

But the book also gives an equal share of attention to the Wilbert Robinson Dodgers, the Casey Stengel Dodgers and the Burleigh Grimes' Dodgers who, although they were never as nationally famous as the Leo Durocher Dodgers, were often more entertaining.

These Bums of the 1920s and 1930s included such characters as Jacques Fournier, the veteran first baseman, who with Dazzy Vance, Jess Petty and Grimes during the Robinson regime gave the club its first real flavor of daffiness. One day a young and nervous pitcher called Fournier over from first base and asked him how to pitch to Rogers Hornsby of the Cardinals, who at that moment was approaching the plate.

"On the inside," said Fournier.

The rookie nodded gratefully but Hornsby knocked his first inside pitch down the third base line for a double. The pitcher looked over at Fournier reproachfully.

"You said he couldn't hit a ball on the inside."

"I didn't say that," Fournier replied. "I just said to pitch to him on the inside. I've got a wife and family to support and I don't want you pitching to him on the outside so he'll be hitting those drives at me."

Then there was the notorious Babe Herman, who hit to right field in a game with the Braves in 1926 and ended up on third base which was already occupied by two other Dodgers. One of the reporters wrote about the incident, "Being

tagged out was much too good for Herman."

Herman, a great hitter, was almost as bad as an outfielder as he was a base runner. Tom Meany, then covering the Dodgers for the New York World-Telegram, frequently remarked in print that Herman was in constant danger of being hit on the head by a fly ball.

Graham tells how the Babe cornered Meany one day and made a bet that if a fly ever struck him on the head he would walk off the field and never come back.

"How about getting hit on the shoulder, Babe?" Meany asked.

"Oh, no," said Herman seriously. "On the shoulder don't count."

Another time Herman had a long conversation with Joe Gordon of the New York American, also one of his outstanding critics. The Babe pleaded with Gordon to stop treating him like a clown on the sports pages. Gordon, finally impressed by Herman's appeal, agreed that his chances of making a living would be hurt if he became too renowned as a joke ball player and promised to let him alone in the future.

"Thanks, Joe," said Herman. He reached in his pocket, pulled out a charred cigar butt which he stuck in to his mouth and fumbled for matches.

"Here's a match," said Gordon. Before he could strike it, the Babe inhaled deeply a few times and the cigar butt began to glow and smoke.

"Never mind," he said. "It's lit."

Gordon flew into a rage. "What I just said doesn't go," he cried. "It's all off. Nobody who carries lighted cigars around in his pocket can tell me he isn't a clown."

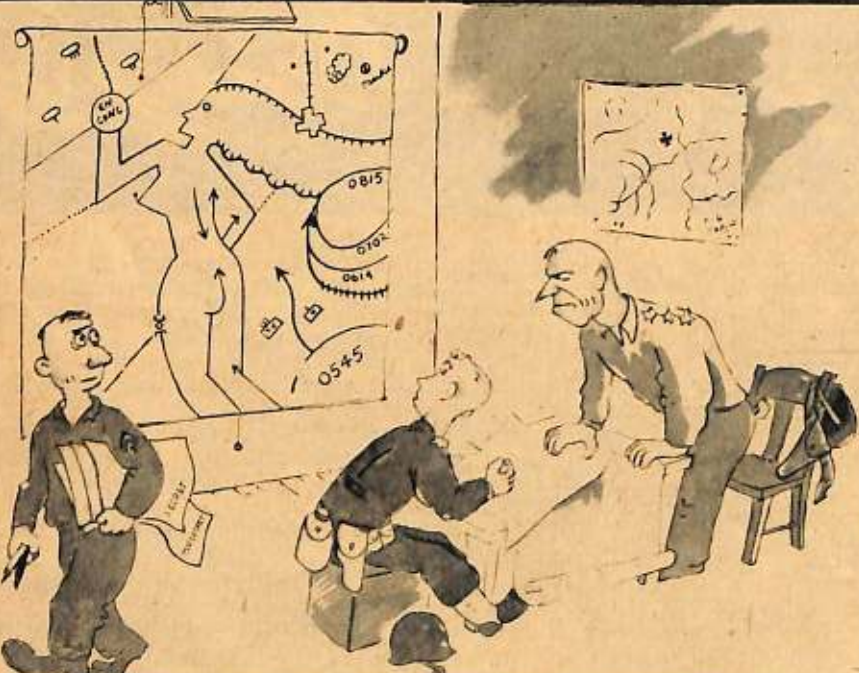
As Richard Maney remarked in his New York Times review of the book, Graham omitted one of the most typical Dodger stories. It concerned Van Lingle Mungo, now with the Giants, and the time that Manager Grimes decided to forbid wives from traveling with the club on the road. Mungo, ignoring the rule, took Mrs. Mungo to Boston with him. Grimes called him on the carpet to explain.

"Listen," Mungo said. "My wife can play right field better than Winsett. If he can make the trip, so should she."



"I JUST WANT TO TELL YOU MEN THAT THE FUTURE FREEDOM AND HAPPINESS OF COUNTLESS MILLIONS MAY DEPEND ON THE SUCCESS OF THIS MISSION -ALSO, MISS FROSTY CHALMERS HERE HAS PROMISED TO KISS THE FIRST CREW BACK."
 -Cpl. Joseph Kramer

Joe Kramer



"CORPORAL, ARE YOU SURE THAT'S THE SITUATION TODAY?"
 -Sgt. Robert MacMillan



"FINE! NOW READ THE SECOND LINE."
 -Pvt. Arv Miller

Arv Miller

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