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YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

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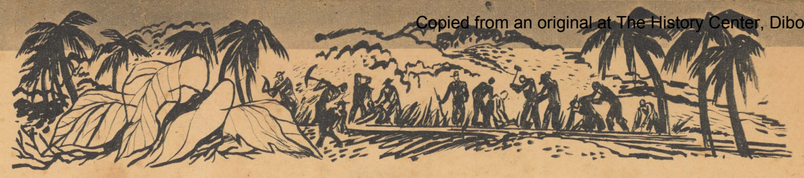
AUG. 31, 1945
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By and for men in the service



RUSSIAN PARTNER

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Prisoner of the Japs

An Aussie private, rescued with his fellow PWs by a U. S. sub, tells how life was in the hell of Jap jungle prison camps where Allied GIs had to help build a railroad for the Emperor.

By Sgt. BILL REED
YANK Staff Correspondent

A BASE IN THE MARIANAS—"I often sit and wonder what I'm doing here," reflected Pvt. James L. Boulton of Melbourne, Australia. "By the law of averages I should have been dead two years ago, and yet here I am—smoking Yank cigarettes, eating Yank food with Yank nurses taking care of me. When I was a PW in the jungles of Burma I never thought I'd survive the beatings and fevers and ulcers. But a free man with his back to the wall can stand a lot."

The man's pale blue eyes moistened a bit as he pushed his hat farther back on a comically bald head. His face suggested little of the hardships he had experienced. It was lined a bit too much for a 34-year-old face, perhaps, but it did not have the gaunt, haggard look so many novelists attribute to "one who has suffered." And you'd never know by looking at Pvt. Boulton's slight, wiry body that he had lived through two-and-a-half-years of punishment in Nipponese jungle prison camps.

Jim Boulton was born in South Australia and lived on his father's "Sunny Creek" farm until he was nearly 15 years old. Then he struck out for himself and got a job driving a dray horse for which he received the "same wages as a man." Later he apprenticed himself to a carpenter and then became co-owner of a florist shop in Victoria Market in Melbourne. Following this was a series of jobs as road builder, gold miner, gardener, and foreman of a water-line gang.

On July 2, 1940, he finished his last water-line job in the town of Leongatta, paid off his men and went to nearby Melbourne to join the Army.

Boulton went through rookie training and joined the 8th Infantry. When his battalion was broken up to form the 29th Infantry, he joined the 2/2 Motor Transport Company. And when it was divided—one half to go to the Middle East, one half to go to Malaya—Boulton went with the latter group to the defense of Singapore in 1942.

Just before the fall of Singapore, Boulton suffered a concussion when seven or eight bombs were dropped in the middle of the company's motor pool. He was taken to a field hospital and later removed to the Cathay Theater, one of the largest buildings in the city. When the Japs took Singapore, Boulton and other prisoners able to walk were marched 16 miles to the former British Chengi Barracks where they were quartered for the first three months of their captivity.

Here the prisoners were left pretty much to themselves. The Japs allowed the Aussie officers and non-coms to organize and direct the work of their men, which consisted of building roads and policing up the city. The prisoners were organized into large working forces of 3,000 men and, at the end of three months, were removed from Singapore and sent to other parts of the Japanese Empire. Some went to Borneo and Thailand to build railroads; others to Saigon in French Indo-China; some were sent to Java, and still others to Japan.

Boulton's organization (the A Force) was divided into three groups of 1,000 each and sent to Victoria Point, Mergui and Tavoy, cities on the southwestern coast of Burma. Boulton was among those who sailed for Victoria Point.

Life aboard the prison ship was miserable. The daily prison ration of three pannikins (messkits) of rice was reduced to one. Drinking and washing water was scarce and the holds were so crowded that the men had to sleep on top of each other. The ship anchored about 15 miles from Victoria Point (the southernmost tip of Burma) and 1,000 of the men were taken ashore in small barges. They were given a meal at midday and were not fed again for nearly three days. On the morning of the last day they were marched to an airdrome about eight miles from town, and at midnight they were given some rice, which they boiled in petrol drums and gagged down despite its taste of gasoline.

In the houses they pulled down to get material for their barracks, the prisoners found evidence of prewar, anti-British activities. There was a letter written by a man in Rangoon, who alluded to the discontent among the educated natives in Burma and asserted, "It's easy to see there's an inside power working here." Another letter written at Victoria Point mentioned similar discontent in that city, but finished with, "Why should I care after the raw deal the authorities here have given me?"

It was at Victoria Point that the prisoners became aware of the extent of Jap cruelty for the first time. Some of the men from the airdrome were taken to build radio stations. Here they learned that a native, a former employee of a local British radio station, was being tortured by the Japs for military information which he claimed he didn't have. The prisoners brought stories back of how the Japs had hung the native up by his toes, used the water treatment and other tortures which eventually killed him.

While the work at Victoria Point was light, the rice was so full of large, inch-long maggots that the prisoners ate in the dark, so they wouldn't have to look at their food. Complaints to the Jap officers were greeted with grunts and dismissal, but by stealing and bartering with the natives and sharing their loot with each other, the prisoners managed to get enough to eat. While their guards, three-star Japanese soldiers who had been relieved from front-line fighting for guard duty, did not treat the PWs well, they treated them decently.

It was the last decent treatment the prisoners had for a long while.

They left Victoria Point for Tavoy on August 7, 1942. Here they joined other prisoners who had been working at an airdrome, and for two months the prisoners labored over a new Jap airbase. The guards carried heavy bamboo sticks, flogging those who were slow to understand or unable to carry out orders, and forced the prisoners to stay at their tasks through the rains and freezing winds that swept across the fields.

By the middle of October, the PWs had completed their job at Tavoy and they were taken to Moulmein at the mouth of the Salween River. Contrary to the attitude of many of the natives in Burma, who were suspected of Fifth Column and anti-British activities, the natives of Moulmein were friendly toward the prisoners.

"We were taken inland about 40 miles," Boulton explained, "to a place called Tambazoi. This was to be the PW headquarters for jungle work gangs. Col. Nagatama, who was supposed to be in charge of building a railroad between Burma and Thailand, told us that we were the ones who would do it. He said that he planned to put the railroad through the heart of the jungle. We would work on the Burma side and another group of PWs would begin in Thailand and work toward us. He told us we were the remnants of a beaten nation and should weep with gratitude that the Imperial Japanese Army had spared our lives. 'But,' he finished, 'your lives are worth nothing if they can't serve us. I intend to build that railroad—if it is over your dead bodies.'"

Boulton's group was marched to the 4 Kilometer Camp and was detailed to do three and one-half kilometers of work on each side of it. The nearest camp forward was the 8 Kilo, which would meet them. Each man was supposed to move a square meter of dirt daily.

"We went from the 4 Kilometer Camp to the 14 Kilo and from there to the 75," Boulton recalled. "The food, the treatment we received from the guards and the work was getting worse all the time. When we got to the 105 Kilo, we thought we'd never leave the place alive."

It was at the 14 Kilo that the first signs of malnutrition appeared. The prisoners' eyes blurred and became bloodshot, their stomachs soured and large sores appeared on their skins. They buried one man at the 14 Kilo—the first of hundreds who were to die later.

But of all the hardships the prisoners suffered, the worst were those imposed by the Korean guards. "The Koreans hated the Japs, but they hated us worse," Boulton explained. "When a Jap officer was around the Koreans never lost an opportunity to humiliate us. They'd beat us with bamboo sticks and rifle butts. They'd talk in their own lingo, and when we misunderstood, they'd belt us over the head with a gun. Sometimes just for the hell of it, they'd line us up on the parade ground and make us count off in Japanese for hours. A Korean guard thinks he's king. I've seen some of these little dictators go through our quarters and pull men out to hit the line, when they were so sick with fever they couldn't stand. The Japs were so anxious to get the work done they gave the Koreans a free hand."

The work was done. It was done poorly, tardily, unwillingly; but the first roadbeds were built and the first ties laid. And soon the first shiny rails reached from Tambazoi to the 4 Kilo, and then, stretching harder, touched the 8. Col. Nagatama's railroad was crawling slowly through the jungles of Burma and Thailand.

Col. Nagatama's railroad crawled slowly—at times it seemed as if it had stopped. At the 75 Kilo the quota of dirt per man was doubled, but when the Japanese engineers pegged out each man's share at night, the prisoners would move in the pegs the following morning and reduce the quota. When the Japs increased the working day to 18 hours, the prisoners sabotaged. Pick handles were broken and loads of dirt were upset; men disappeared from their jobs when the guards' backs were turned and came back later with mumbled excuses. The railroad crawled slowly and all the floggings in the world wouldn't make it move faster. And then—at the 105 Kilo—it looked for awhile as if it would go no further.

The 105 was in the heart of the jungle where it was necessary to spend hours clearing the land before dirt could be moved for the roadbed. The wet season, which had set in at the 75, was at its worst here, and each day dozens of men died from cholera, malaria and tropical ulcers.

"The graveyard for our own outfit started with one or two," Boulton observed. "When I left there were 130 graves in the cemetery and there were more to put in it later. It was a common thing for the grave diggers to go to the doctors in the morning and ask how many they expected to die that day and night."

"We could fight against the cholera by keeping the place clean," Boulton continued, "but it was hard to do anything about tropical ulcers. They'd start when some chips from rocks we were cracking flew into our bare feet and legs. The flesh would start to rot, and if you couldn't stop it you'd lose your leg. Our own Aussie and English doctors did everything they could to help us, but they had nothing to work with—neither medicines nor equipment. About the only thing they could do with tropical ulcers was to scoop out the dead flesh with a spoon. Many men afflicted with ulcers have watched their legs being slowly scooped away. For awhile we thought there was nothing anyone could do to stop it."

But finally an Aussie doctor and a Dutch chemist found a way to combat the disease and invented the tools and medicine they needed to do it. The 55 Kilo Camp was converted into a PW hospital base, and Col. Coat, an Aussie surgeon, with the aid of a Dutch chemist, was placed in charge. Coat devised an amputating saw and other equipment from some barrel hoops and the chemist, who had lived all his life in the tropics, invented a serum from jungle herbs which partially deadened the nerves. Hundreds of men were saved from death by these amputations.

Imperceptibly, the work at the 105 advanced. Life became a miserable routine. There were the daily quota of dirt and the daily quota of deaths and the daily quota of beatings by the Korean guards. Each day larger gaps appeared in the line, and finally English, Dutch and American PWs were brought to take the place of those who filled the graveyards. But the addition of more men served only to increase the number of deaths, the number of sick, the number of madmen.



In Thailand, the PWs who were working toward the 105 fared no better. The force there, which had been brought directly from Singapore, was totally unprepared for Thailand's tropical climate and jungle diseases. The prisoners began work during the treacherous wet season, and their own officers assert that cholera and other illnesses claimed 90 percent of the men.

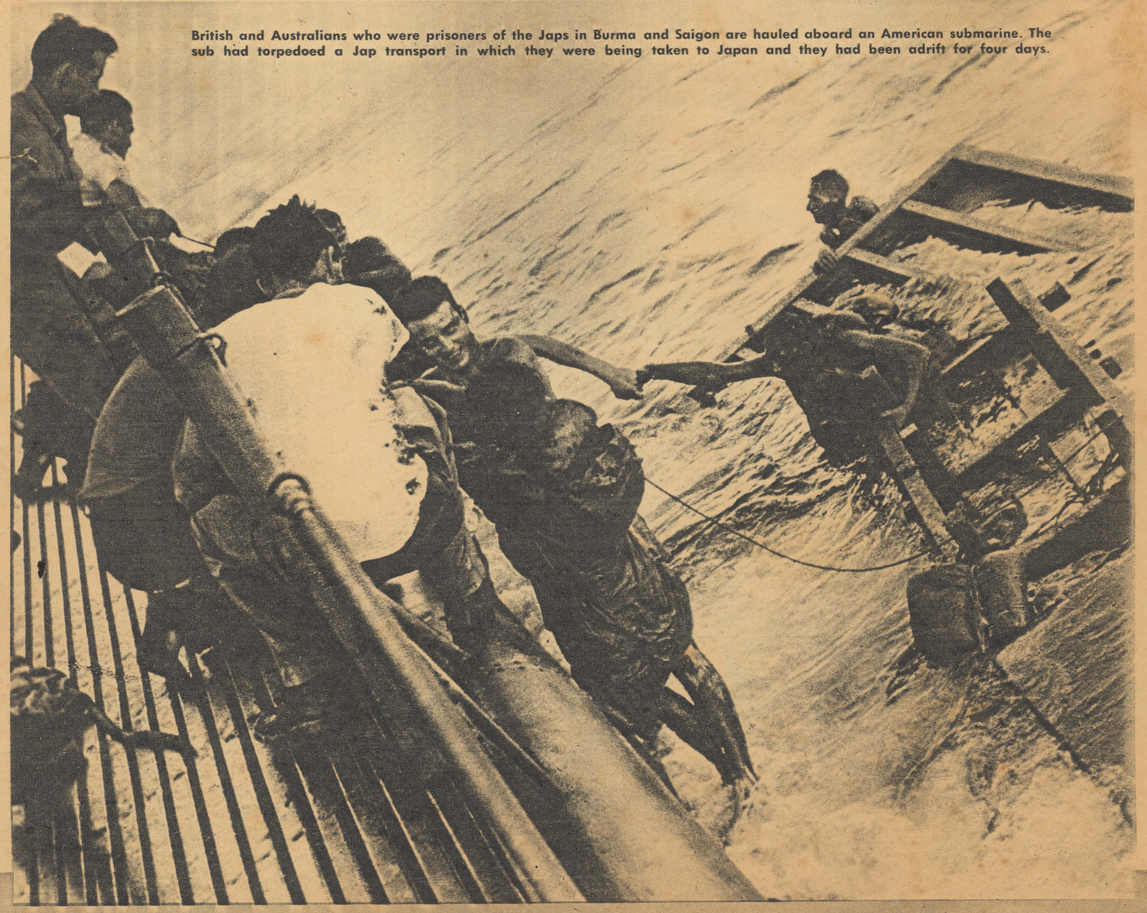
But life for the railroad gangs was not entirely without hope. In the beginning their only knowledge of the outside world came from the Japs themselves, who boasted that the Nipponese flag flew over the capitols of Australia and the United States. However, better news came on a home-made radio set. On this they heard of the defeat of the Germans in Africa and of the landings in Italy. The men destroyed the set later, so it wouldn't be discovered by the Japs who were conducting thorough and systematic searches of the prisoners' huts and belongings. In Thailand, three British officers were beaten to death when their radio was discovered hidden in a peanut can.

The 105 was an unhappy camp—but the prisoners tried hard to make it better. Boulton recalls this story of a Yank from Texas: "I was passing through the American PW camp one day, when I recognized this tall Yank, who had been taken from the cruiser *Houston*. He was sitting up to his knees in slush and mud, sick with fever and was the most dejected-looking creature I ever saw. I walked over, slapped him on the shoulder and said, 'Cheer up, Yank. Uncle Sam is coming.' He looked sadly up to me and said, 'Christ! Don't tell me they've got him too?'"

On those rare nights when their work was done early, the prisoners gathered on the parade ground for plays and concerts. Some of the members of the 29th Infantry Band had salvaged their instruments. They made up dramas with humorous lines that gently teased the various nationalities of the PWs or laughed bitterly at their captors. The Yanks told the Aussies that they'd never have to worry about the birth rate now that the Americans were in Australia; and the Aussies retaliated by telling how Noah spent a whole night shoveling the dung from his Ark and on the following day discovered America.

Eventually, even such diversions as these were





British and Australians who were prisoners of the Japs in Burma and Saigon are hauled aboard an American submarine. The sub had torpedoed a Jap transport in which they were being taken to Japan and they had been adrift for four days.

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no longer possible. Cholera took its toll of musicians and joke-makers, too, and the men no longer had the heart to laugh. The rice they cooked at night over the bamboo fires was poorer than ever, and they no longer could supplement their diet with food from the natives. The plague had left many brown, fly-covered bodies about the camp, and, finally even the Burmese, who had lived since birth in the jungle, left it to the Japs and Koreans and their unhappy prisoners.

Col. Nagatama's railroad crawled along—and then one day it was finished. The force from Thailand met the one from the 105, the last spike was driven without ceremony and the job was done. Aussie officers claim they can prove that 13,000 men died in the jungles during the construction, and they believe that there are at least 2,000 more dead of whom they have no record.

Almost immediately word came through that the sickest of those in the jungle would be removed to Thailand and then to Japan. The others would stay to cut fuel for the new railroad.

Boulton went to Tamakan in Thailand with the first group of prisoners. After two months there a Jap doctor examined them and selected 3,000 of the fittest to be among the first to start the trip to Japan. Those chosen were issued new clothes and boots and sent to Saigon in French Indo-China.

Saigon was a new experience for the prisoners. Here they saw their first white people in more than a year. For the first time since they had been captured in Singapore they came into contact with others who believed that eventually the Allies would come. The people of French Indo-China had been thrown into an uncomfortable position when their country surrendered to Germany. With their own borders overrun by troops of Germany's ally, Japan, there was little the inhabitants of French Indo-China could do but declare themselves legitimate subjects of the Vichy government.

It was apparent, however, to the PWs that the sympathies of the French in Saigon were with the Allies. When the prisoners were driven through the streets, the civilians never lost an opportunity to make "V for Victory" signs. Sometimes it was done by old men as they stroked their beards; sometimes by young girls who seemed to be adjusting their hats or waving to acquaintances. Even the children made a game of flipping V signs when they saw the prison trucks pass their houses.

While the Japs had been under the threat of Allied air raids, none had struck Saigon before the PWs arrived. Allied reconnaissance planes had approached the city and one Lockheed Lightning had been as far as the 105 Kilo Camp before the prisoners had left. Bangkok, an important city not far away in Thailand, had already suffered severe bombings, and they were expected in Saigon nightly.

THEY came three days after the prisoners. The latter had been camped in the middle of a large petrol dump on the wharf, as if the Japs had planned the destruction of the PWs by bombs from their own people. The Nips panicked when the planes came. They cursed and screamed and shouted and shot at everything. But not a plane was hit on the first raid, and, for weeks after, the Japs were busy dispersing their supplies to the rice fields around Saigon.

Prison food wasn't good at Saigon, but the PWs found many ways to augment their meager meals of rice, meat bits and leaf stew. Details of PWs were sent to work in the warehouses on the wharves where dozens of crates of beef and milk were "accidentally" smashed with their contents disappearing a few minutes later. Most of the time the Japs never discovered the "scroungers" but, infrequently, they were caught and beaten.

Saigon was a painless purgatory after the hell of Burma's jungles. There were still the contemptible Koreans and their bamboo beatings. There were still long hours of tedious work and there were still times when the prisoners went hungry. But there was no cholera or malaria, no tropical ulcers. The monotony of their work was broken when the prisoners were taken to jobs outside the city and could catch glimpses of the French in the streets. Now, here was a girl who carried herself like Ruby, and there was a man who chewed his wad like Clancy, the gold-miner from Ovens Valley.

The scroungers were more than normally successful, and, occasionally, modest feasts were held in the PW quarters. They had one the night Red Cross parcels were distributed to the Yank soldiers, who, against strict orders from the Nips, shared their bonanzas with the other prisoners. When things got too dull, they short-circuited the lights. Then the Japs had to call a French electrician who spent hours finding the trouble, all the while telling the PWs the latest news of the world.

The French sent musical instruments—violins, mandolins, guitars and a piano. Nightly concerts and plays were held, and one evening the highest Jap officials in the city attended. When song-fests were scheduled on the parade ground, the whole camp turned out to sing "Swanee River," "They'll Be Dropping Thousand Pounders" (to the tune of "Comin' 'Round the Mountain") and "Roll Out the Barrel."

Saigon was a strangely unreal interlude, which ended entirely too soon.

ABRUPTLY the purgatory of Saigon was concluded and the prisoners were taken in barges up the Mekong River to Nomping, and from there by rail to Bangkok in Thailand. At Bangkok they began the 12-day rail journey through Thailand and Malaya to Singapore. Times had changed since their last trip through the peninsula. The busy little cities of Ipoh, Kuling and Kuala Lumpur had become ghost towns. The natives, who had formerly worked in the shops and factories and who had been suspected of belonging to a Fifth Column during the early part of the war, came in ragged droves to beg for rice and make clandestine V signs to the prisoners.

While at Singapore awaiting shipment to Japan, the prisoners worked on the wharves. Here they saw two German submarines and a cargo boat which had evidently been damaged and were in for repairs. "We came into contact with a German officer one day," said Boulton, "and he surprised us by saying, 'It's a pleasure to see a white man again after being with these yellow bastards so long.' He couldn't believe it when we showed him the food the Japs gave us, and one afternoon he sent down some tinned cheese, meat and sugar. A Korean guard found the stuff that night when we were ready to go home and began beating our men for stealing. The German officer explained the situation to a Jap who paid off the guard with a good bash on the ear. The food that German gave us was the only good tucker we had all the time we were in Singapore."

After the men had been on the island for about a month they were suddenly rushed aboard a ship, which left the following day. About 1,000 Aussies and 300 Englishmen were put on Boulton's ship and 700 English were loaded aboard another, which some of the prisoners, who had worked around her, believed to be the American *President Harding*.

Besides the prison ships, there were tankers, cargo boats, destroyers, corvettes and a cruiser.

"We sailed one night," said Boulton. "The Japs seemed scared from the very first. They had many alerts and blackouts. They seemed to be afraid of Allied planes. They finally said that if we got through the next two days we'd be safe.

"We got through the next two days all right, but about 0200 one morning we heard a terrific explosion. I was in the hold at the time, but some of the boys on deck said that a cruiser—the biggest escort in the convoy—was burning like hell. I felt around for my skivvy and lifebelt. I didn't think I'd get much sleep that night, anyway."

At 0500 the men heard another blast and this one shook the whole ship. An instant later, the craft turned up and seemed to be sinking, tail first, with its nose in the air. Gallons of water poured in on the men jammed in the hold. It seemed that in seconds they would be drowned.

But a moment later the ship righted itself. The men in the hold grabbed their lifebelts and started to scramble out, pushing and stepping on each other in the dark. Another torpedo shook the vessel. It gulped more water and steadied again, while the men in its belly fought harder against the suffocation that gripped their throats.

From the deck came a commanding cry from Scotty Hayward, an Aussie sergeant-major. "Easy does it, laddies. The ship is steadied. We'll all be able to make it!"

"He probably saved most of us from going down with the ship," Boulton remarked. "After this we took our time and helped each other out of the hold, while the men topside began systematically to lower the life rafts."

In other parts of the vessel, the Japs panicked, struggling against each other to get overboard. They had screamed loudly from the moment they saw the wake of the first torpedo. Now their curses lent a frenzied overtone to the mad activity on deck, which contrasted strangely with the quiet behavior of the ship itself as it gently inched a first fathom on its way to the bottom.

Once in the water, the men tied as many rafts together as they could and tried to paddle away from two oil tankers, which burned brightly in the background. Most of the Japs got away in the small boats, but a few were bobbing about in lifebelts. These were rescued by the PWs, who were busy the greater part of the morning picking up survivors. In the afternoon, two Jap destroyers returned and sent small boats out to rescue the remaining Nipponese. But when they came to a raft with both prisoners and Nips, the prisoners were held at the point of machine guns and pistols to prevent them from coming aboard as the Japs rescued their own people.

"After they'd taken the Jap survivors away, we fully expected them to machine gun us in the water," Boulton remarked. "I think the only thing that kept them from it was that they were afraid the subs would return. I can honestly say that not a man among us begged for mercy. When they started back for the ship and left us there, we sang 'There'll Always Be an England' at the tops of our voices."

"As nearly as we could figure it, we were in the China Sea some hundreds of miles from Formosa," Boulton went on. "So when evening came, we started paddling toward the sun, hoping we could make the China Coast. We worked at it during most of the first night, but after that we didn't have the strength. We found out later we could never have made it in a thousand years because of the strong tide against us."

Men began to die the second day. The heat and thirst ate quickly at their thin bodies. The rafts were overloaded; there was room for only the weakest to sit on them; others hung on ropes at the sides. Those on the rafts held the heads of the others to keep them out of the water.

A man could stand the burning sun just so long and then he dropped quietly off the raft, hoping the others would not notice his surrender. Or he'd take a quick gulp or two of salt water before the others could stop him, and be gone within the hour. At first the stronger swimmers rescued those who drifted away, but soon there was no strength left for such errands. Then a man's life depended on how long his aching fingers clutched a rope or how long his tired back could resist the coolness of the sea.

On the second night, the little group drifted into floating oil, which covered their bodies and left many totally blind. The third day was a repetition of the second, and on the third night a storm claimed all but those who were tied to the rafts.

NONE of the men can give an accurate account of events on the fourth day. All were in a semi-stupor from which they were only occasionally aroused by a particularly rough wave. Then they would open their eyes and see the white-hot color of the sun through their blindness. For a minute or two they'd try again to wipe this blindness away with the soft kapok which lined their lifebelts. Failing in this, they relaxed on the ropes that bound them precariously to the floats and returned to their stupor. In a half-conscious way they knew the night would finish them. There was no use fighting it.

Late that afternoon the commander of an American submarine, returning from a successful chase after the last two destroyers in the Singapore-to-Tokyo convoy, noticed the men on the rafts. He mused to himself that it was strange that the Japs had not stopped to pick up their own men, and studied the survivors a bit more carefully through his periscope. Something unusual about one of them, he said to himself—a Jap with blond, curly hair. Could be a German, he thought, but still—it might be worth investigating. He shouted orders to surface the craft and prepared to go on deck himself. If there were Japs around with blond, curly hair, he wanted to be the first to tell about it!

A week later 150 men, the only living survivors of the 2,000 PWs in the convoy, were in a hospital in the Marianas—smoking Yank cigarettes, eating Yank food with Yank nurses taking care of them. They can't believe it themselves. By the law of averages they should have been dead two years ago. But then—a free man with his back to the wall can stand a lot.

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FRATERNIZATION

It means different things to different GIs, but whatever it means, the edict banning it didn't work in occupied Germany.

By YANK Staff Correspondents

THE recently deceased and little-mourned Non-Fraternization Act probably set off the loudest and most engaging international discussion of sex since Adam discovered that Eve had not been placed in the Garden purely for decorative purposes. The principle of the Non-Fraternization Act was that the Germans were our enemies and that it was dangerous to play around with them. The principle was good, but it overlooked a statistical joker—many of the Germans were girls and almost all the Allied soldiers were boys.

Boys like girls. Allied soldiers liked girls without particular reference to whether the girls were German or Tibetan. The Non-Fraternization Act didn't work.

It didn't work in so spectacular a fashion that its repercussions could be heard on both sides of the Atlantic. And so the act was modified. Born by decree, by decree it is dying. The American and British Armies are accepting human nature and documenting their acceptance.

The original ruling has now been modified so that GIs may now walk arm in arm along the streets of German towns with German girls. They may go to the beach with German girls. With lunch baskets under their arms, GIs and German girls may go into the fields together on picnics. Sometimes they go into the fields without lunch baskets.

The ruling had been meant to be a wartime security measure to keep soldiers from saying anything to Germans that the Germans might use for military purposes. It was designed to show the Germans that the Americans had come as conquerors, not as comrades, and it was stated in its official form with brass hat thoroughness. The order read, in part:

"Following must be prohibited: Visiting German homes; drinking with Germans; shaking hands with them; playing games or sports with them; giving or accepting gifts; attending German dances or other social events; accompanying Germans on streets, in theaters, taverns, hotels or elsewhere (except on official business); discussion and argument with Germans, especially on politics or the future of Germany."

The GIs and even many German people agreed that the objectives of the decree were commendable, but, after active combat had ended, serious difficulties arose over the best ways to attain these objectives. Almost as many people as agreed with the objectives disagreed with strict non-fraternization as a means to them.

Once the war was over, the GIs felt they had a right to talk to the Germans if they wanted to. The ban on political discussion riled them because they resented the implication that they were gullible bumpkins who could be tricked by the first smart Nazi who happened along. And they didn't see any harm in giving a kid—German or otherwise—a stick of gum. And they hadn't seen a girl in a long time and there were the German girls.

The airplane may be replaced by the rocket ship and the blockbuster by the atomic bomb, but traipsing around by boys after girls seems here to stay.

THE German girls wore thin, tight dresses and they had a pleasant technique of walking down the streets so the sun would hit them just right. Maybe a lot of German material during the war went into parachutes. Anyway, German girls didn't wear petticoats. At beaches they wore swim suits about the size of a musette bag, without straps. They looked healthy. They looked good.

The GIs looked good, too. Many Germen men had been away for a long time. The girls winked at the GIs and smiled at them. Sometimes, when they walked down the streets, they would tap their backsides and say, "*Verboten.*" All this did nothing to lower the average GI's temperature and it was a hot summer anyway.

Non-fraternization was violated so much that people compared it to prohibition. A staff sergeant in the 30th Infantry Division said there was one big difference between non-fraternization and prohibition—in the old days a guy could hide a bottle inside his coat for days at a time, but it was hard to keep a German girl quiet there for more than a couple of hours.

There was discussion and more discussion. Some GIs were opposed and are still opposed to fraternization. A corporal in the 2nd Armored said, "These sons of bitches shot at me in Africa, France and Germany and I don't want anything to do with them. Of course, I'm married and I'm 34 years old; that makes a difference. Some of the younger guys without so much mileage on them feel otherwise."

And while there was discussion and more discussion, the decree continued to be violated.

There was a major who got drunk, shot the lights out of his billet and stole a bicycle. Then he peddled the bicycle to the home of a *fraulein*.

The major was caught with his *fraulein* by the MPs. He was not tried for fraternization, but under the regulation defining the conduct of an officer and a gentleman. He was fined $2,400 and remained a major. A mathematical GI figured that his problematical fun had cost the major $800 a minute. It was very expensive, under the Non-Fraternization Act, to steal a bicycle.

The endless discussion and the endless violation added a new word to the vocabulary; frattin' will be popular among veterans for years to come. It also forced action and reconsideration higher up.

First, the Army modified the law to allow GIs to play with German children. But there was still the problem of the GI boy and the German (non-child) girl. The order underwent a further modification. Now GIs can shake hands and even hold them. And so on.

At the moment, visiting a German house is still barred. This, while it doesn't worry the soldier who is only interested in frattin' in its most publicized sense, works a hardship on the guy who is honestly interested in nothing more than a little family life.

Even before the ban was lifted, for example, one 10th Armored soldier was arrested in a Garmisch - Partenkirchen home where he had been living for two months. A German girl had invited him to meet her family. On his first visit everyone got along so famously that the family urged him to stay on in the spare room and he accepted. From then on he came to the house almost every evening on off-duty hours, played checkers with the old man, teased the kids and sat on the sofa with one or both of the two grown-up daughters. At bedtime he went to sleep in his own private room in the house, which had clean sheets and hot water and no other GIs to keep him awake. According to the testimony in his case, his relations with the family were just as platonic as that up to the day he was arrested.

SOME troop commanders hope the final change permitting visiting homes will be made soon to finish off the hangover of hypocrisy that still remains from the days when the ban was in full force. They point out that the original order, which did not stop mingling between Germans and Americans, but narrowed it down simply to hush-hush sexual relations, destroyed both German and American respect for Army authority. It was fraternization without any of the good propaganda benefits that genuine fraternization may have. It led to miracles of legal interpretation like the standing joke that "copulation without conversation is not fraternization."

And it had the dangerous result of increasing the venereal disease rate, which jumped in June in almost every outfit quartered in Germany. Both officers and men were reluctant to report to pro stations despite official promises that such visits would not be used as evidence in fraternization arrests.

Most men and officers accept the latest change as a big step in the right direction. But even among some of the U. S. military who enjoy their new privileges, there is sometimes a shadow of doubt.

An anonymous tank commander was close to it when he said, "Fraternization? Yeah, I suppose it's all right. Anyway, I've been doing it right along. But every now and then I wake up in a cold sweat.

"What do I dream about? I dream that we are at war again, and the German bastards I'm fighting this time are my own."

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The market place where Okinawans bring their produce.

Shimobaru

The Okinawa village where YANK artist Sgt. Jack Ruge made these drawings is a civilian center, run jointly by the Army and Navy military government. Refugees are housed here, as well as the natives of the village. In the market place, center of community life, the natives offer cabbages and yams. Every day they go into the fields to work their vegetable gardens. Local police wear helmet liners with the letters NP, for native police.



An NP and a kid who is fascinated by Sgt. Ruge.



Abandoned house in Shimobaru.

Yanks at Home Abroad



WACS AT PLAY. Many months ago GIs were tossing hand grenades on this piece of French soil where these Wacs are now pitching horseshoes. They are Cpl. Emma Newell (right) and Pvt. Helen Sellers.

Dream Cruise

AN ENGLISH CHANNEL PORT—The troop transport tied up at the dock after nine days at sea, and none of the soldiers wanted to get off. There was no reason why they should. This voyage across the Atlantic was a GI's dream cruise.

In the first place, there was shelf-space for several thousand troops in the ship's holds, but there were only 303 soldiers aboard. Nobody had to climb into a bunk and curl up with his duffel bag, which was in itself something new.

The chow was good. There were the customary troughs of tallow and beans, slumgullion of lamb and breakfast eggs boiled to the point of unconditional surrender. But some rookie ship's steward also sneaked in meals of turkey, chicken, roast beef and ice cream, and never once was the chow line so long that it had to form through the latrine.

Then there were the women.

They belonged to the casts of three USO troupes headed for European Army camps: a streamlined version of Billy Rose's *Diamond Horseshoe*, the comedy *Kiss and Tell* and the operetta *Rosalinda*. All of the women were nice numbers to look at. After land disappeared, they looked even better. Each carried a sweater as standard equipment.

Also aboard were 28 Russians — all male — singers in one of the world's most famous choral groups, the Don Cossacks Choir. They sang.

Almost every night there was a live show on deck. And every afternoon and every night the GIs and the girls got together for a jam and jitter session. The tallest girl was six or eight feet of blonde named Jo Ann Trebbe. Naturally her steady partner was T-4 Robert Diehl of Chambersburg, Pa. "Big Deal" towers five feet one in his combat boots.

There were a few dark moments in mid-passage. The troop commander got fretful and put the aft decks, where the girls lived, off limits. But the gals saved the day. They collared a lieutenant-colonel chaplain for a chaperone, to make it official, and marched up to the foredeck to join the GIs.

Looking back on the voyage, the doggies can't get over the feeling that it was all some kind of mistake.

—Sgt. GEORG MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Danish Jive

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK—If you get a hankering for some good old gutbucket jazz or some fine Chicago-style rhythms and 52d street is too far away, you might try Copenhagen, where the bands play the most authentic jazz this correspondent has heard in Europe, not excepting England. The music business is not too good right now, what with a 9 o'clock curfew and too little to drink, but they still make out pretty well.

Probably the best is Leo the Lion Mathisen's Orchestra, which plays at a crowded little beer parlor called Muchen. Muchen is so crowded that there is an iron rail around the dance floor to keep the dancers from spilling over across the tables.

Leo's band plays all the latest and best hit tunes; they used to get the music from the clandestine radio.

Mathisen and his trumpeter, Eric Parker, used to sit up listening to the British and American radio, copying the notes of the new songs. If they missed a bar, they sometimes had to wait a week or two before they heard the same song again. Parker speaks perfect English and had the job of copying the lyrics. Since English is a compulsory second language in Copenhagen's schools he never had to bother translating the words into Danish. If he missed some words, he wrote others to fill their place. The Germans were not very smart. Listening to the Allied radio was a crime in Denmark as well as other places, but night after night members of the *Wehrmacht* and *Gestapo* agents would sit in the Muchen sipping their beers and listening to the latest tunes from America. It never occurred to them to ask how Mathisen got the music. Often he would announce new numbers like this: "Here comes *The Trolley Song* as sung by Judy Garland, number one on this week's hit parade."

The Germans took over one of Copenhagen's finest night clubs for their military personnel and named it the *Deutscher Eke*, which means the German Corner. When the British arrived, they took it over and painted out the name but put nothing in its place until a Danish journalist, Brite Strandgor, called it the British Corner in a feature about the place. Now that's its name.

—Cpl. HOWARD KATZANDER
YANK Staff Correspondent

Almost Homecoming

RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL—A platoon of the 10th Mountain Division drew something a little different in overseas assignments when, at the invitation of the Brazilian government, it made the trip from Italy to Rio with Gen. Mark W. Clark to participate in a homecoming celebration for Brazilian troops who served with the Fifth Army in Italy.

The American GIs were feted and toasted and cheered during the week of festivity. Brazilian enthusiasm reached so high a pitch that, during a formal parade, the platoon from the 10th had to break formation to keep moving into the sea of Good Neighbor well-wishers which crowded in on them.

S/Sgt. John T. Denoma, one of the lucky ones, could only say, "God, I never saw anything like it in my life. The people clapped, yelled and hugged us, and the girls gave us their telephone numbers."

The only catch for the 10th Mountain men, caught up in the homecoming furor of the Brazilian GIs who fought alongside them, was that they had to go back to Italy after it was all over.

—Sgt. DON COOKE
YANK Staff Correspondent

Posterity Defied

MANILA, THE PHILIPPINES — When Manila traffic switched from the left to the right side of the road, changing centuries of custom, there was quite a to-do around the place. For one thing practically all of the city's detachment of movie cameramen were out recording the event for posterity.

One Signal Corps cameraman had the job of trying to find a *caratella* driver who could make his horse sit down, the idea being that horses used to travelling on the left hand side would rebel against moving to the right and drop in their tracks rather than do it.

The sergeant-cameraman went from one of Manila's many pony-powered taxis to the other, trying to explain what he wanted. The drivers all paused politely to hear the GI's question, but then just looked perplexed and drove away.

He finally went up to a Filipino policeman and asked him to help out as an interpreter. Speaking in Tagalog, the policeman asked one driver after another, but the drivers just looked annoyed and rolled on.

"What's the matter?" asked the cameraman.

"Sir," said the Filipino with a grin, "I think they understood first time. It's just that they are making too many *pesos* to take time for such things. Besides they think you are foolish in the head."

—Sgt. JOHN McLEOD
YANK Staff Correspondent

Really Ready Room

ABOARD A FAST CARRIER IN THE WESTERN PACIFIC —The telephone system on this carrier can be used only for calls to persons aboard the ship —but that doesn't keep many sailors from dreaming. Near the telephone in the aircrewmen's ready room is a list of numbers that starts off in routine fashion: Galley 478, CPO Quarters 760, and so on. But these additional names and numbers have been added at the bottom of the list:

Edgewater 0260 Marion.
HO 4879 Phylis.
Woonsocket 1267 Evelyn.

—Cpl. JAMES GOBLE
YANK Staff Correspondent

Montana on Guam

GUAM—"It was just like a good ol' meeting in the general store back home," said Sgt. Don Keith of Chinook, Mont., describing the first "Montana Day" held on Guam. The Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guardsmen got together to recapture a little bit of home—and virtually without props. There were no cowboy boots, no six-guns, no rodeos, but the boys did manage to stir up a pinto pony and a bull. Privates said "howdy" to colonels, and sailors embraced marines. Beer flowed freely and nobody felt any pain.

—Pvt. BOB BLOCK
YANK Field Correspondent

Dog Accomulation

LUZON, THE PHILIPPINES—None of the Form 20s in the files of the 90th Ordnance Heavy Maintenance Company (Tank) say anything about dogs, but probably Army classification never managed to get together a more thoroughgoing outfit of dog fanciers. Dogs owned or attached for rations and quarters at one time or another during the 90th's 28 months in New Caledonia, Bougainville, and Luzon total nearly 50. There would have been more except that the 90th does not like a dog very well unless he is a character.

Take Dud, a gum-chewing, beer-drinking, but nevertheless intellectual dog who is able to answer to remarks in Tagalog, Spanish, English, and probably Japanese. Dud joined up on Luzon with the 102d Bomb Disposal Squad, which is attached to the 90th.

There is some reason to believe that Dud is sorry for his choice. His obviously delicate and already frayed nerves are not benefited by going around with people who slip up behind untrustworthy bombs. Nowadays Dud's face carries a perpetual worried expression. Great wrinkles furrow his forehead and the space between his eyes is cut by steep gullies.

Biggest dog the 90th possesses is Chico, an enormous, deep-chested black character evidently part German police. Acquired back in New Caledonia, he is owned by T-5 John Matuszak of Philadelphia. Chico is a great fighter, but he is an even greater lover.

Sometimes after months of quiet brooding he disappears and for a week the air of the countryside is rent with the indignant roars of respectable dogs trying to defend their homes, of the rapacious bellows of Chico, and the delighted whimpering of females.

The 90th is rather proud of the virtue of a brown and white Australian shepherd, or shepherdess, named Queenie. One night in New Caledonia some one got drunk and next morning when he emptied his pockets it turned out he'd acquired a pup somewhere. It was Queenie.

When the 90th landed at Lingayen on D-plus-two, Queenie met a flashy character named Henry, a rat terrier, and the result was six pups.

"Queenie is all right," Sgt. Blood says, looking at her a little sadly, "except she's a pushover for rat terriers."

—Sgt. DALE KRAMER
YANK Staff Correspondent

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MANHATTAN

HOME TOWNS IN WARTIME



Broadway, from the Times Tower Building, in the summer of 1945. Photo is a time exposure, which accounts for many of the pedestrians turning into ghosts.

By Sgt. SANDERSON VANDERBILT
YANK Staff Writer

THE population of Manhattan—the number of people, that is, who live on the 14,211-acre island more or less permanently—was officially estimated last July 1 to be 1,902,000, which is a tidy little figure in itself. It's small potatoes, though, compared to the more than 2,500,000 people who were moving in and out of the community during any given weekday this summer.

The combined daily average of passengers arriving at and departing from Grand Central Terminal and Pennsylvania Station alone has been something like 544,000, the equivalent of about 36 Army divisions. Traffic on subways, trolleys, busses and elevateds has also become badly swollen. Hardly a day has gone by when at least one troop ship hasn't steamed up the Hudson, loaded to the Plimsoll mark with GIs, many of whom planned to hit the big town for at least a brief spell once they got their furloughs. On top of that, an average of 20 large transport planes have been sweeping down on LaGuardia Field each day, disgorging hundreds of veterans—privates and five-star generals alike—in from the ETO and other overseas theaters.

All these comings and goings to and from the island for which old Peter Minuit paid the Indians 60 guilders, or 24 bucks, may give you some idea of the tempo of the town these days. Always a nervous, high-strung, cluttered-up place, Manhattan in 1945 is more restless, jangling and garish than ever before.

You can tell it's busier than it used to be by the number of people who are up and around early in the morning. Generally speaking, in the old days the city slept late; 9 A.M. was considered a good early hour at which to get to work and 10 was okay in lots of firms. Now by 7:00 A.M. crowds of people are swarming up out of the subways and making for their jobs.

Early-bird taxi drivers clean up on these workers. Over on the far West Side in the vicinity of 57th Street and the Hudson River, for instance, there's a lot of war work going on and it's a tough neighborhood to reach early in the morning when the crosstown busses are few and far between. So dozens of taxi drivers have taken to lining up their cabs each morning at the exit of the Independent subway at Eighth Avenue and 57th Street, four long blocks from the river. The workers, many of them carrying their lunches in paper bags, cram into the taxis, six or eight to a vehicle, splitting the fare and tip, which come to maybe 30 or 35 cents for the whole lot. It's cheaper than the bus and, with good breaks in traffic, each driver can manage several round trips, so everybody's happy.

As a result of a Government order, there are 15 percent fewer busses in operation than there used to be, and because just about everybody is working more people are trying to get on what busses there are. Consequently, they are jammed most of the time, and so are the trolleys, subways and the Third Avenue El. It's a slow business trying to get anywhere unless you've got the dough for a taxi, and even that's not a sure answer because, after three years of wear and tear with practically no replacements, Manhattan's cab fleet is badly beat-up. It almost makes you feel sorry for the old wrecks when a light turns green and a batch of them struggle to get under way, their motors gasping, piston rods knocking and differentials clanking.

It's a small thing, to be sure, but to one just back on Manhattan after a couple of years overseas, a very noticeable change that has come over the town is a tendency of drivers of all kinds of vehicles—taxis, busses, private cars, anything that runs on gasoline—to sneak an extra block after the traffic lights turn red. Just because the light is with a pedestrian is no reason for him to assume he's safe in crossing a street since drivers think nothing of keeping going half a minute or so after the signals have turned against them. "War nerves" is the way one apparently placid taxi driver explained this phenomenon as he coolly jockeyed his hack through a red light.

The sight of an Army convoy streaking through Manhattan is really something. The military frequently rates a motorcycle escort of civilian cops who obviously regard their mission as strictly of the life-or-death variety and go barging through traffic as if the trucks behind them were loaded with reinforcements for the Ardennes instead of with nothing, as is frequently the case.

Another odd but pretty commonplace sight is that of some fairly high-ranking Army officer gone completely domestic. No matter how much of a chicken, spit-and-polish gent a major or colonel may be while on duty, once home on leave he is likely to become just as docile a husband as the GIs he is accustomed to browbeat. If the little woman, just back from the grocer's, moans that she forgot to get a loaf of bread or a bottle of soda, it's up to her brass-studded husband to drag-tail down to the corner and buy whatever is needed. And the same goes for airing the dog. It would do any paddlefoot's heart good to see his CO standing on a Madison Avenue curb, self-consciously looking the other way while hanging onto the leash of an undersized pedigreed pooch as it lingers at a hydrant.

As a rule, there's no saluting on Manhattan, although naturally you can always be called on it if some piece of brass happens to have a peeve on. The other day a young corporal, just back from the Pacific, was walking along First Avenue in the Fifties with his mother and dad when he saw a colonel approaching. The officer had his arms full of bundles, so the corporal thought that surely no salute would be expected. The colonel, however, thought otherwise, called the soldier back and bawled him out, right there with the kid's folks standing by.

The town is full of Army and Navy stores advertising combat jackets and making you pay through the nose for insignia and decorations. (A theater ribbon and a three-inch strip of Hershey bars will set you back $1.78 at one 42d Street shop.) The honorable discharge button seems to have made the public button-conscious and nearly all civilian males now wear something in their lapels, even if it only testifies that they were never late to Sunday School when they were kids.

You realize that there's a manpower shortage when you're eating in some place like the Automat and some kid of 12 or 14 peers up over the edge of your table and turns out to be the bus boy. A few gin mills, but not many, employ girls behind their bars, at least during the day. There is still an adequate supply of old gaffers on hand up at the Plaza to drive sightseers through Central Park in Victoria carriages, which is quite a popular pastime with servicemen in good weather.

There are shortages of almost everything but there is hardly any real lack of anything. It's a catch-as-catch-can existence you live in Manhattan today, whether it's a meal you want, or a butt, or a babe. If you happen to hit town on a Tuesday or Friday and figure you'll splurge on a restaurant meal with a good hunk of meat, you'll soon find that not even a topkick's overseas pay will get it for you became Mayor LaGuardia has declared Tuesdays and Fridays meatless.

On other days of the week your chances of getting a really good meal aren't too hot, either, because restaurants sell out quickly and unless you get there early you don't get much. Three or four overseas stripes and a couple of combat stars help a lot, by the way, when it comes to getting a table at the overcrowded eateries.

Just wearing a plain uniform, without hardware, is good for a package of Luckies or Chesterfields in plenty of cigar stores on days when civilians can't get the proprietors to part with a pack of even Lady Hamilton's or Lions. As for the date problem, it's every man for himself, just as it was in civilian days, although here, too, a chestful of decorations won't slow your progress any. When it comes to raw sex, there are plenty of towns in the States that are a lot more wide-open than Manhattan. The cops don't hesitate to give Times Square commandos the bums' rush and you can no longer get even a second-hand kick out of a burlycue because the mayor has run the hot-strip dames out of town and the theaters they used to peel in are now grinding out double-feature movie programs.

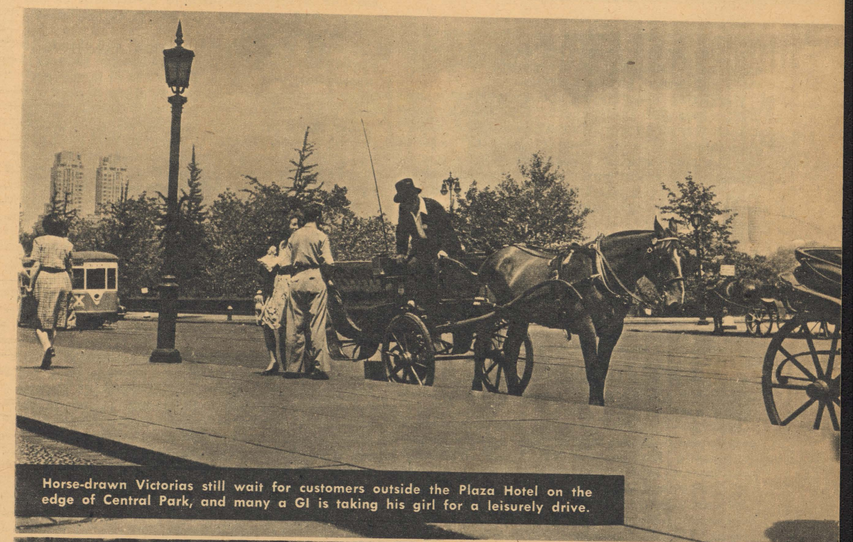
There's been considerable conversion to war industry on the island, though nothing very sensational has occurred. Scores of inconspicuous small factories, where parts for airplanes, tanks and so on are manufactured, have mushroomed all over the place, tucked away in lofts and in stores left vacant by owners who have either gone to war or have been knocked out of business by shortages of what they used to sell.

You have to look hard to spot these establishments, as they are operating on a strictly temporary basis and seldom bother to hang out a shingle. The other day in a Second Avenue bar a 4-F who had been sailing with the Merchant Marine for the past two or three years was being kidded by a friend about not having shipped out recently. The guy, although he had actually merely been on a binge, said he was trying to get work in a war factory but couldn't find a job.

"Nuts," replied his friend. "I'll bet I can walk out of this dump right now and land you a job in the first doorway I turn into."

The ex-sailor said it was a bet, whereupon the other led him out across the street, stopping at random in front of an unlikely looking shop whose front window was all blacked over. Pushing the door open, the two discovered 50 or 60 men, making filters for Army field kitchens. The foreman hired the 4-F on the spot, not even giving him time to shake off his hangover.

Then there's the garment industry, operating for the most part within some six or eight blocks just north of Penn Station between Sixth and Eighth Avenues. Ninety percent of the men's-garment workers on Manhattan, or roughly 30,000 of them, have turned to the production of uniforms. In the women's-garment field there has been only a 5 percent conversion to military production but so huge is the industry that even this small proportion means that about 15,000



Horse-drawn Victorias still wait for customers outside the Plaza Hotel on the edge of Central Park, and many a GI is taking his girl for a leisurely drive.



The lion of course is one of two outside the Public Library which have been watching the passing crowd go by at Fifth Avenue and 42d Street for many years.

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Getting a closeup of the Empire State Building after a B-25 crashed into it.

women's-garment workers on Manhattan are busy turning out parachutes, haversacks, mosquito nets, uniforms for Waves and Wacs and other equipment for the services.

Wandering around town, though, you naturally don't notice such things much. What does hit you is that, war or no war, Manhattan is still a pretty good place to be in when it comes to kicking the old gong around. Geographically, it is the smallest of the five boroughs that comprise New York City, yet it has traditionally provided 95 percent of the high-jinks for which the town is famous.

Far from going grim for the duration, Manhattan has, if anything, stepped up its production quotas in the field of professional fun-making. It would be a mistake, however, to conclude from this that the island has assumed a flippant or indifferent attitude toward the war. On the contrary, it is merely putting on the kind of performance that its visitors want and expect of it, and the point is that during the war the visitors have largely been in uniform—men and women shipping out, getting back, or sweating it out in dreary posts in the States.

Suppose you found yourself (and, points or no points, you probably will someday) at the corner of Seventh Avenue and 52d Street. It's early evening, say, and you've got a pocketful of folding money and plenty of time on your hands. Okay, so you head east along what has come to be known as Swing Lane. In the next two blocks, ending at Fifth Avenue, you'll encounter no fewer than 29 places itching to relieve you of a sizeable portion of your cash, 14 of them nightclubs, 13 restaurants (mostly with bars) and two just plain saloons. To begin with, there's the Hickory House, which is still going full blast with its bandstand in the middle of its oval bar. The Hickory operates on the theory that if music is loud enough it's sure to be good and the bands it hires dish the ditties out that way.

Then there's Kelly's Stable, another hot-music joint where you can absorb your liquor and your rhythm either at the bar or at a table. Next comes the Pick-a-Rib, a restaurant specializing in spare ribs and radio people from nearby Rockefeller Center. After that there's Barry's Bar & Grill, on the corner of Sixth Avenue, a good old-fashioned saloon where the swing comes from a juke box and a man can raise a thirst.

It's not until you get east of Sixth Avenue, though, that the places really start elbowing each other for breathing space. Before you've walked hardly halfway down the block to Fifth, you'll have passed, among many others, the 3 Deuces, the Club Downbeat, the Club Samoa, the West Side Tony's, the famous old Onyx (moved to the north side of the street now and currently featuring Stuff Smith and Hot Lips Page), Jimmy Ryan's, the Bayou Club, the Spotlight Club, the Swing Club, the 18 Club, and Leon & Eddie's, another of the more durable institutions of this region. And so we say farewell to not-so-beautiful Hangover Alley.

Turning down Fifth Avenue, you come to Rockefeller Center, which looks just the same as it always has, with its carefully-tended flower gardens, its crowds of sightseers taking pictures of each other, and its knockout roof-top view. Just across Fifth Avenue, St. Patrick's Cathedral proudly displays a large service flag with the figure 152,026 on it, representing the number of Roman Catholic men and women from the Archdiocese of New York who have put on uniforms.

As always, however, the Times Square district remains the big show when it comes to crowds. It's lit up again these nights and there are several electric signs going, but some of the biggest ones, like the block-long Wrigley job, are missing. On a traffic island, right where Broadway and Seventh Avenue cross, there's a recruiting station for the Merchant Marine. It's decorated with this newly-painted slogan: "Bring the Boys Home!"

The permanent statue of Father Duffy in his rugged battledress as a front-line chaplain of the last war stands in the middle of Longacre Square, facing south toward a temporary statue of the Marines on Suribachi in the equally rugged battledress of front-line fighters of this war. Four big signs dominate the north end of the square and are devoted to reminding you that you ought to drink Four Roses Whiskey, Kinsey Whiskey, Ruppert Beer and Pepsi-Cola.

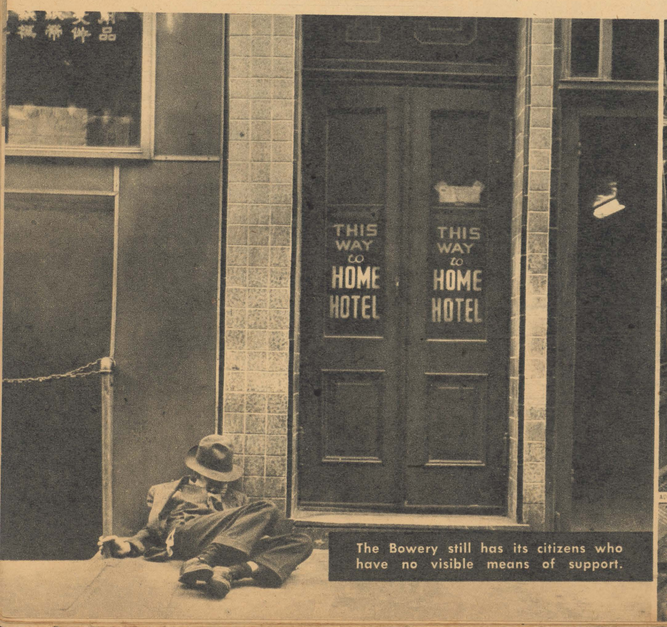
Two big bars that have a terrific GI following and are therefore frequent ports of call for the MPs during the evening are Diamond Jim's, on the northwest corner of Seventh Avenue and 42d Street, and the Crossroads, so named because it is situated right spang at the intersections of Broadway, Seventh Avenue and 42d Street. If all the campaign ribbons seen in those two hangouts during any given 24 hours were placed end to end they might not circle the globe but they'd make Hitler and Hirohito wonder why they ever got into this business in the first place. There's no shortage of liquor on Manhattan now, although sometimes bars run dry of this or that particular brand. Rye in Diamond Jim's costs from 32 to 37 cents and Scotch runs from 47 to 57 cents, which is just about what most bars and grills around town charge.

All of which amounts to just a look-see. It wouldn't be possible within the limits of a single piece to give any real picture of the complex activities, many connected with the war and others not, that keep Manhattan rocking along month after month. Take shipping, for instance. So far as civilians are concerned, only those who work on the docks or whose home or office windows look out on the harbor have more than a vague idea of the vast numbers of men and machines and supplies continually going through this port.

It is only when you get away from the midtown area—get away from the skyscraper office buildings and the tall apartments, the movie palaces and the theaters, the night clubs and the bars, the shooting galleries and the flea circuses—that you begin to realize that Manhattan has made its most significant contribution to the war in precisely the same way every other American community has. Service flags hang in the windows of homes in almost any part of the island where the natives live together in large numbers, and nowadays gold stars aren't the rarities they once were. You hardly ever come across a civilian who hasn't someone in his or her family overseas and to whom the theater in which that someone is stationed isn't the most important place on earth. On Manhattan in this late summer of 1945 it's not at all surprising to hear two plump housewives, their arms full of groceries, knowingly discussing on an Eighth Avenue bus the PW rules of the Geneva Convention or the details of the terrain on Okinawa.

Physically the place appears to be pretty much the same as it always was. The skyline is virtually unchanged; indeed, thanks to war shortages, about the only new objects on the scene are a giant replica of the Statue of Liberty and the one of the famous flag-raising episode on Mount Suribachi, which have been set up temporarily in Times Square as part of a War Bond drive.

Perhaps the war has made Manhattan look a bit more fly-specked and down-at-the-heel than it once did, but the war has also made everybody seem more casual, easygoing and, especially in their relations with GIs and men wearing discharge buttons, more friendly.



The Bowery still has its citizens who have no visible means of support.



The Third Avenue El is heavily loaded these days, but it's holding up well.



THE SOLDIER SPEAKS:

Do you expect any trouble getting a postwar job?

Things to Consider

I THINK there are a lot of things we will have to take into consideration that some GIs tend to disregard. Will the different nations work together to rebuild the world and to stabilize markets? Will tariff barriers be broken down? How long and how well will industry go through a reconversion period? Will the government be able to take in the slack if large unemployment threatens? Will labor and capital settle their differences peacefully?

Those are the issues that will directly affect every job and only if they are met and solved will our nation realize 60,000,000 jobs.

Ft. Hancock, N. J. —Pfc. DAVID STORCH

Full Employment

With millions released from the service, other millions from war plants, saturation of the labor market will enable the employer to bid for labor at his own price, with union lines down. There may be a wholesale application of the old law of supply and demand, with no hint of an attempt to assure labor a fair share of the proceeds of industry.

The head of one of America's greatest corporations states that it is not the aim of industry to provide complete employment. Admittedly industry alone cannot do this, but it can be achieved in cooperation with government. If something approaching full employment is not achieved, our system of free enterprise will not endure. Nor can we hold up our head as a nation and stand as an example to other nations. We will doubtless have to adopt some plan embodying many of the principles put forth by Henry Wallace. The war has taught us that we can never again afford a great unnatural depression, with relief-level wages.

The average man does want security. It is closely connected with the problem of early release from the service. The young man says: "Give me a chance to get started in life." The man of 30 and over says: "My time is short. I must have opportunity to provide for the future."

It will be difficult to convince the returning serviceman that a nation which can equip the greatest war machine in history, provide at home the highest standard of living of any nation at war, and furnish millions of tons of supplies to its fighting allies, cannot offer him the opportunity to achieve security.

The man who enters the armed services presents his nation with a blank check, which may be filled in with any amount, up to life itself. Is it too much if he asks that he be assured the opportunity to work and provide for the security of those he loves? He does not want this assurance at the expense of those workers who have served on the home front.

India —Sgt. BERNARD W. LOHBAUER

Government Projects

If you mean a decent, well-paying job, I'd say yes, I do expect trouble—unless the government undertakes to provide jobs for those people private industry cannot employ. When we talk about a postwar job we don't mean one that will last only a year or two, we are talking about economic security.

The government should undertake projects like the TVA, which has proven itself. They would not only provide jobs for those who work to build them but they would result in a higher standard of living for millions of others.

Unemployment breeds fascism and it is up to us to make jobs or suffer the consequences.

Germany —Pfc. A. S. TABACHNICK

Make Jobs Secure

The return to peace will bring about the demobilization of the largest potential labor force ever to look for jobs at the same time. That relocation must be controlled, but the government thus far has talked only of building super-highways and schools. Millions of men will have no desire to dig ditches or mix concrete but private industry will only be able to use them in a marginal capacity. But labor's gains must be maintained, and the government must formulate some course of action which will govern every phase of employment unless getting and holding a job is to be the workingman's bogey.

Fort Riley, Kansas —Pvt. ISIDORE GOODMAN

Simple Arithmetic

This is the way I've got it figured out. There won't be much difficulty getting jobs after the war. There will be four different groups of returning GIs. The first is the lackadaisical bunch, consisting of the guys who want to take it easy for a while. They'll spend their time sponging and leeching. They won't bother to look for jobs, and won't take them if they are offered. That group will make up a large percentage and I'll be in it as one of the chief members.

Then there will be the men who have been studying the GI Bill of Rights and have figured out every angle, so that they can get the most money for the least trouble. They will go into business for themselves and will be able to deal out some of the chicken they got in the Army.

The third group consists of those men who have been getting "your job is waiting for you" letters during their stay in the Army or Navy. So they shouldn't have much trouble.

Now there will be a small group of GIs in the fourth group who want jobs. But we can take care of them, too. We all know the suffering of the civilians, with automobile production stopped, washing machines and electric irons unheard of, good clothes out of the question, and other little sundries gone which were always an essential part of the American Way of Life. When all those materials are produced again in a gigantic reconversion program the resulting jobs should be able to take care of the remaining service men. Does that answer your question?

Okinawa —Cpl. NAT COOPERMAN

Job Seniority

I don't expect to have any trouble. I belong to a well-established union which has existed for almost a century in the shop where I worked. The fellows who came back from the last war had their jobs waiting for them and mine will be too.

Someday America will get around to a sensible system of job seniority, and unemployment benefits. The trouble has always been that the average American working man has not thought of himself as such. He expected to be on easy street at 65 and so wouldn't need a social security pension. Plumbers and factory workers can't all expect to be corporation presidents. If America had an extensive system of social security, socialized medicine, job seniority and so on, the average GI wouldn't have an anxious thought about his future.

A widespread system of job seniority such as exists on the railroads would be worth a hell of a lot more to the ordinary GI than the loan provisions of the GI Bill of Rights.

Fort Riley, Kansas —Pvt. ROBERT M. BREWER

Too Old for Peace?

Who's going to hire the older men after they get out of the Army? Are the employers going to give them jobs out of the kindness of their hearts? If so let us old timers know now. Most of us have tried to compete with younger men on marches, obstacle courses and training, but we just haven't the stamina to compete. We have no reason to suppose that finding a decent job will be any different.

I'm 39, married and have had three years and five months of service. I don't have enough points for a discharge, so unless the Japs quit pretty soon I may be 41 or 42 by the time I get out. I'm not kidding myself. The only thing I know to do is to save every cent I can and try some business of my own and hope for the best.

I hope someone with good common sense will see to it that the older men still in the service get the consideration they are entitled to. Otherwise men like me will just be out of luck.

Germany —T-4 EDWARD D. RUSSELL

THIS page of GI opinion on issues of the day is a regular feature of YANK. A question for future discussion is "Do You Like What You Hear on the Radio?" If you have any ideas on this subject send them to The Soldier Speaks Department, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We will allow you time to get answers here from overseas by mail. The best of the letters we receive will appear in a future issue.



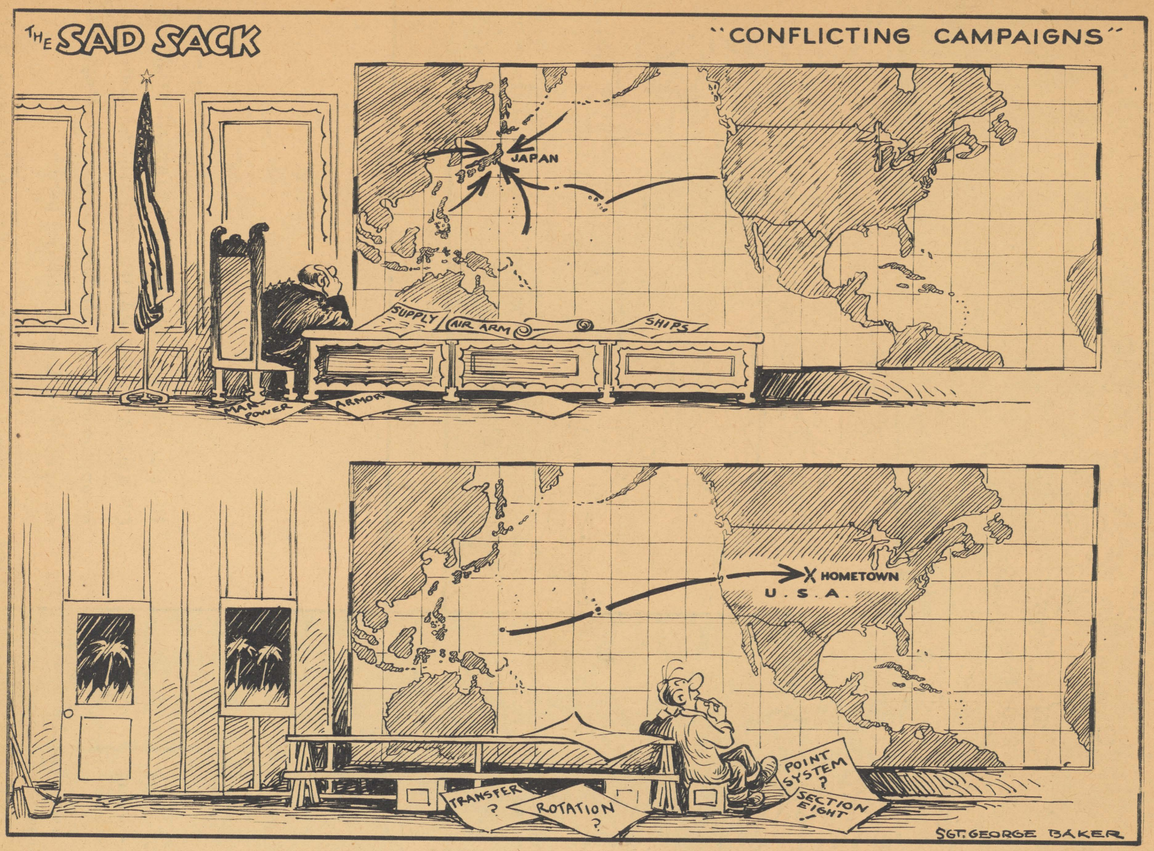
JAPAN

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Nobody Here but Us Sergeants

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

THE UNMASKING of Sgt. Hitzinger, by Allied G-2, was a smooth piece of military supersleuthing. London radio commentators reported the incident like this:

A German officer and sergeant were captured together when the *Reich* collapsed. The officer asked if his companion, Sgt. Hitzinger, could have something hot to drink. Intelligence officers were instantly suspicious. They seized Sgt. Hitzinger. He turned out to be Heinrich Himmler, chief of the German *Gestapo*.

Many other high-ranking Nazis undoubtedly are disguised as German GIs. Ways must be found to ferret them out, and it will have to be cleverly done. The secret of exposing phoney EM is to watch the behavior of the officers around them, as was done in the Himmler case.

"Okay, Nazis!" you yell at a formation of captured officers and enlisted men. "This prison camp is gonna have movies tonight. Clean that empty hut an' move benches in, see? Field Marshal Schmidt will be in charge."

During the show you surround the theater, throw on the lights and burst into the room, covering every exit. Then you examine the last six benches. They all should have signs saying, in German, "Reserved for Officers."

If the signs are there everything is all right. You apologize and withdraw. But if there are no signs, then something is fishy and you immediately grab all enlisted men. It's plain that they aren't real enlisted men. They're probably Nazi big shots.

Take another case. Let's say I'm G-2 at a camp for captured Germans. I call in Colonel General Hans von Huff.

"The jig is up, von Huff! I happen to know that the enlisted prisoners in this camp actually are notorious Nazi leaders!"

"Yah?" He turns pale, but maintains his composure. "I know nothink uff it."

"I placed you in charge of your fellow prisoners, von Huff, because you're the ranking officer. Why didn't you establish a separate table for officers at mess?"

He staggers back, visibly shaken. "Vell, I—I—"

"And why isn't there a separate slit trench for officers? I'm as democratic as the next man, von Huff, but this is really too much. It's bad for discipline. Men lose their respect for officers who fraternize. No self-respecting officer wants to rub—uh—shoulders with enlisted men at a slit trench!"

"Yah," he mumbles, head bowed in shame. "Yah, you are right."

"Then why weren't proper provisions made in this camp? I'll tell you why, von Huff. It's because those aren't *really* enlisted men. They're Nazi brass. We've arrested them all—von Huff, stop! Take that vial of potassium cyanide out of your mouth!"

Another way to weed out phoney EM is to assign a couple of German Red Cross girls to the camp, to pour coffee for the captured troops. If the camp is on the level, if the German EM are genuine, the two girls will be approached within 10 minutes by the ranking German officer.

"Young ladies," he'll say, "there's rather an unfortunate situation here. There's a large number of enlisted men, as you can see, and since there are only the two of you girls, don't you think that perhaps it would be wiser not to date *any* of them? It would create a problem, don't you see? Be nice to all of them, of course, and feel free to talk with them during the day, but if I were you I'd try to confine my social life exclusively to the commissioned personnel."

Unless the girls get that business immediately, it's a safe bet the camp's EM are phonies. Now, if all these maneuvers fail to prove anything, there's one final test. Call another formation.

"Awright, Nazis, at ease, at ease. We just got a shipment of lumber an' furniture. You prisoners been authorized to put up two new buildings, see? One will be an Officers' Club an' the other's gonna be a Service Club for EM. But right now there's only lumber enough for one of them buildings. Okay, get to work!

The test, of course, is which they build first. If they start with the Service Club yell for the guard and grab those EM, who are probably fugitive *Reichsmarshals*. Better double-check the corporals, one of them may be Hitler.





BLANK IS THE CANVAS

Blank as a canvas,
Black as night,
The unexpressed
In want of light.

I need my brush
To splash the hues,
Viridian, sienna,
Ultra blues.

Give me hues,
I cry in vain,
To lash the hills
Beneath the rain.

The vibrant greens;
The wind-brushed field;
A man, a hoe,
The earth, sun-peeled.

Crude water-wheels
Maintaining order
In a winding, tangling
World of water.

Geometric
Patch of earth;
God-made patterns
Seek rebirth.

O, what a fierce
Aesthetic call!
My brush! My palette!
My paints! My all!

Give me these
That I may borrow
Light—and seal it
For tomorrow.

Wait and cry
And howl and wail—
The paints and brushes
Are still in the mail!

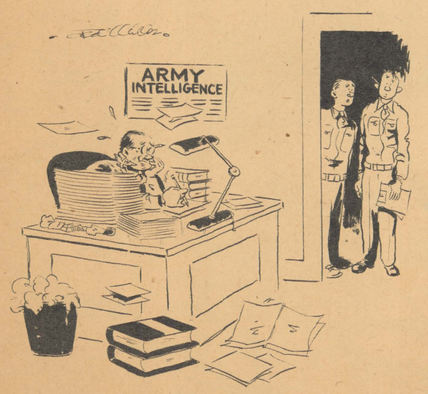
China —Pvt. DAVID ATTIE

BIRTH OF A JOURNEY

I'm daffy-down-dilly,
Outrageously silly,
My writings refuse to make sense.
I jot willy-nilly
And romp like a filly,
All aimlessly, hither and whence.

I make no excuses
To him who peruses
Inanities that I may jot.
I'm up for probation . . .
I'm down on rotation . . .
The Army's forgotten me not!
Farewell to all sorrow,
I'm leaving tomorrow,
The dying man's got a reprieve;
Hey, civilization,
It's time for elation;
My wife is about to conceive.

Philippines —Cpl. DAN H. LAURENCE



"The old man asked him to pick the winner of the fourth at Belmont." —M/Sgt. Ted Miller, Mitchel Field, N. Y.

A Day at the Beach

Two of the soldiers were spread-eagled on the beach, their naked bodies absorbing the hot Okinawa sun. One was very dark and had a beard; the other was blond. A third soldier, wearing only an old-style round fatigue hat and a pair of sun glasses, was reading a magazine.

"Well, well," he said, looking up. "Here's an interesting topic, men. Are you awake?"

The two sun bathers made noises.

"A very appropriate subject, too," said the hatted one. "I quote from the New Yorker magazine, issue of May 26. The article, which is signed by a lady whose initials are L.L., is titled 'Feminine Fashions.'"

"No," said the Beard, opening one eye. "Leave us be in peace."

"But this is all about beach fashions back in the States," said the Hat. "Don't you clowns want to know what all those cute tomatoes back home are wearing this year?"

"No," said the other two in unison.

"That's what I thought," said the Hat calmly. "Well, the author of this piece starts off by saying: 'A good many of the bathing suits that are being shown this year seem to have been designed with Betty Grable'"—here he lifted his hat reverently before resuming—"'or something even more sumptuous in mind.'"

The other two digested this in silence.

"What does sumptuous mean?" asked the Blond.

"No interruptions, men," said the Hat. "Can you hear me back there? Good. I resume reading and find that Saks Fifth Avenue is featuring a number described thus: 'The desperately brief wrap-around shorts tie on one hip; the strapless bra ties in a knot on the chest. And I don't believe the song and dance about how it will stay put in the water.'"

"But they do stay put," said the Beard sadly. "I believe it must be Newton's law which has disappointed me so often in the past."

"'Lord and Taylor are enthusiastic about their Pantie Dresses,'" read the Hat. "'Dresses with panties to match in case you hadn't caught on. A modern version is in vertically striped cotton and has shorts to match. All of the pantie dresses have gathers across the back of the skirt so a girdle is not necessary.'"

"For my money, a girdle is never necessary," commented the Beard. "I knew a girl back in Seattle, Washington—"

"Not now, old man," said the Hat. He continued to read: "'Best has a real find at $15—rayon satin Lastex bathing suits with scant bra tops and straight shorts buttoned down one hip. They come in black, white, cerise or lime.'"

"Cerise or lime," breathed the Blond. "It's cheap at the price."

The Hat settled himself more comfortably and read on: "'Because of the youth of her clientele, Mary Lewis shows the briefest of two piece suits such as striped rayon seersucker ones with a narrow ruffle at the bra top and at the hem of the skirt. Girls with a good tan might also like an ensemble in a beige and brown rayon and wool leopard coat print that has a halter bra, short shorts, and a thigh length sarong skirt. $11.95 for the entire nonsense.'"

"Nonsense, hell," cried the Beard. "I would like very much to meet a young babe what has just purchased a bathing suit at this Mary Lewis' place."

"What I would like to know," commented the Blond, "is how short are short shorts."

"Don't bother me with academic questions," said the Hat. He took up his reading, "It seems De Pinna has almost every kind of bathing suit there is. But the lady who wrote this doesn't like poor De Pinna's black or white rayon jersey numbers in ballerina style! She says, 'This type tires me.'"

"I will take a modest portion of that type of tiring," grunted the Beard.

"On the other hand," the Hat resumed, "Peck and Peck has a Little Lord Fauntleroy bathing suit and our writer says: 'It couldn't be sissier—white lace edges the collar in front of a halter-backed top and more of it appears on top of the scalloped shorts.'"

"More of what appears?" asked the Blond sharply.

"Now I know what I'm fighting for," said the Beard. "A gal in scalloped shorts."

The Hat, brushing these interruptions aside, waved the magazine.

"Now here's one, also a Peck and Peck job, which is described as a 'very naked affair in bright spun rayon.'"

The other two groaned, pounded their fists in the sand and whimpered, "Stop, stop."

"One final item," said the Hat, "Macy's By the Sea has a 'black rayon jersey one-piece bathing suit with that bare shoulder decolletage.'"

This was considered in silence.

"I have always liked one-piece bathing suits," said the Blond.

"I have always liked that old decolletage," added the Beard.

The Hat sighed and shut the magazine gently. The other two sat up and gazed down the beach. Beyond a barbed wire fence patrolled by a bored MP on a bony native horse dozens of tiny Okinawan women and girls, their shapeless garments rolled up above their knees, waded in the sea.

Okinawa —Sgt. WILLIAM MAY

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The Lonely Rooms

By Cpl. BILL FEINBERG

ITALY—You know what it's like overseas. Up at the front, you spend so much time being tired and cold and scared that you don't think too much about things. Oh, maybe you think about home and a woman or two a lot, but it seems like a waste of time to think about anything else. Anything serious, like what to do with Germany now, and how can we prevent another war, and stuff like that. The sort of stuff we get pamphlets about. They're pretty good toilet paper when they're not glossy.

And the same thing in the rear areas. You don't think much. It's not the cold or the fatigue that gets you, and you're not scared about anything. You may worry a little when the MPs approach in town and you've got no pass. But, brother, you're not scared. No one's scared till they feel like crying inside.

But just the same, you don't think much. Maybe it's because you've got too much time, 24 months of it for me so far. You're so tired of waiting and waiting and doing the same goddam thing day in and day out that you don't want to think any more. Because when you do think, you always get around to the same things.

So you go to town and get a drink, or spend a hot time in the Red Cross, eating buns and talking to a wholesome Red Cross girl. Exciting, isn't it?

Now don't get me wrong; I know you knew all this without being told. I'm really telling it to myself because I'm impressed about something and I wonder if I'm losing my perspective. Like the guy who told me he was going to shoot himself in the leg the next time he got on guard. He wasn't right; too many guys were fighting and dying that hated the Army, too. But like I say, perspective is sort of putting things in their proper places. So they look like they really are. I've been thinking a lot about something that seems bigger and bigger.

I've been seeing these atrocity pictures in all the newspapers and magazines and they made me pretty sick. They got me mad, probably did the same thing to you, but I didn't do any real thinking about it. Except to feel sorry for the poor devils that spent any time in those camps.

Then, the other day I bumped into Stone on the street. Stone's a pretty old guy, about 40. I guess he'll be getting out now. When I saw him, he was waiting in line for a Red Cross movie to start. He looked peculiarly right waiting in line. He has that beaten look.

"Hi, Stone," I said when I saw him.

"Hello, Steve," he said. "Where you going?"

"Over to the Palace movie. How ya doing?"

"So-so," he said. "We're all still together."

For a minute I didn't know what the devil he meant. "Well, I'm glad to hear that," I said, trying to be polite.

"Yeah," he said. "We're still together."

"Well—so long, Stone," I said.

"So long, Steve."

Not exactly an epic conversation, but while I was walking away, I realized what he was talking about and 18 months faded back in a flash. It's amazing what memory can do sometimes. Like it was last week, I saw us getting off that boat, fresh from the Italian invasion, and being assigned to this signal outfit in the hills back of Algiers. No one knew why we were there or what the four of us were supposed to do, so the first sergeant stuck us in with this special detachment that was on DS to the company. They monitored telephone conversations or something like that. There were some other guys living with us too. They all had some sort of job that took them out of the ordinary company routine, so they lumped us all together in one big room.

It was nice living there. I remember the first morning when I woke up. We had come in at night, and the first thing my eyes saw in daylight was a long line of little girls filing right past my bunk through the room. I did one of those double-takes you see in the movies and wondered if it was time to hit the wagon. It wasn't. The company was quartered in an old school and the little girls were on their way to morning class. After a while, I got used to seeing them pass through in the mornings. They were cute little kids.

There were 16 of us in that room. In no time at all we got to know each other pretty well. You know how it is in the Army. You've got to be friendly with the guys you live with. There's no one else to be friendly with.

Four of us had been together for a long time, and we were the newcomers. Then there was Briggs, a fuzzy-haired little kid who was drinking himself to death. I don't know why. Maybe it was just the Army, but the kid was losing his wavy blond hair already, and there was something about his eyes that didn't look right in a 23-year-old guy. They looked too old. I heard recently that they finally sent him to a repple depple.

There was Archer, a simple kid from the farm country. Easy to get along with and strong as a bull. And Blore, from somewhere in the Middle West, who used to complain all the time. He had a picture of his girl standing on a chair. I think they had been engaged for nine years.

Jack used to sleep right beneath me. A good kid, with fire in his face. He used to burn because the Wacs thought he was a little child. Hell, he was only 19.

Right across from me Lefty slept. Lefty was a peculiar guy. Hard to get along with. But inside he was basically all right, if you know what I mean.

Then, of course, there was Stone, the guy I met waiting for the movies, and five or six others.

The four of us only lived there two months, and then we moved on, but two months seemed like a long time. It was winter and cold and rainy outside and we used to spend most of our spare hours in the room, shooting the bull, or reading in the sack, or sleeping. I wouldn't say that everything was always peaches and cream in there, but by and large the bunch of us got along fairly well.

We had some good times together. I remember one night when for some reason six of us got rhythmical, and started singing and beating out every number we could think of. Lefty made believe he was the drummer, banging on a foot locker, and I did like a bass fiddle. When I look back now, it seems sort of foolish saying "doomp, doomp, doomp" in time and going through the motions of hitting a bass fiddle, but when I was doing it, it seemed all right. Lefty was good as a drummer. Once that was what he wanted to be.

We used to talk quite a bit and kid, too. One of the guys was running around with some French girl he met in town, and between no sleep and plenty of loving he was gradually getting thoroughly pooped. We used to kid him and say that he was going to wake up some morning dead. And he would ask us if we could think of a better way to die. In the morning when the rest of us would get up it took about five minutes to wake him up. We'd push him and call his name and shake him and then finally he would slowly come to. "Huh?" he'd say, looking at us all as though he were waking from the dead, which he practically was. Then comprehension would come, and he'd grin.

Naturally, living in close quarters the way we were, with not too much to do, and lonesome inside to begin with, we got on each other's nerves too. Blore had a high-pitched querulous voice and used to argue with Stone a lot about nothing. Briggs used to come in late drunk about three or four times a week, and he and the guy who slept beneath him would carry on conversation in whispers loud enough to wake us all up. Which it usually did.

"Hey."

"Yeah."

"You there?"

"Of course I'm here."



YANK FICTION

"Shut up, or I'll hit you," Lefty said, real nasty.

"What a time!"

"Yeah."

"You're drunk, you drunken bastard."

"The hell I am."

"Sure you are."

For hours, sometimes, this would go on. And other times they'd go to sleep right away.

No one used to shout much at Briggs, though. We liked him. I guess it's because everyone sensed that there wasn't an ounce in him that ever wanted to hurt anybody. I mean we all sort of felt sorry. You know how first sergeants are, even the good ones. Well, once the MPs called up about midnight to say that they had some kid down at the Hotel St. George, drunk as a lord, and if someone didn't come down to get him, they'd have to pull him in. Even the MPs like him, I guess. Anyway, the first sergeant got dressed, took out his jeep, drove down to the St. George, put Briggs in, and took him back to the company.

We got close in that room, too, which isn't odd. When 16 guys live in a room you can't help seeing when a guy is happy and when he's sad, and if there's any capacity inside of you for it all you get so that you understand each other pretty well. For one thing, you learn to leave each other alone.

Lefty surprised me one day. We were in the back taking in a little of the sun which somehow came out one of those January days. Everything was peaceful. I had the day off and was thinking of home. The kids were playing in the courtyard around the corner and the sun was warm. He came over.

"Mind if I sit down for a while?"

"Hell, no, Lefty. Take a load off your feet."

We sat for a few minutes without saying anything. The sun usually shuts me up. But then, for some stupid reason I started to talk about home. I guess I should have known better. I went on for about five minutes telling him that this sort of day reminded me of my back yard, where I used to climb trees when I was a kid.

After a while I shut up. Lefty didn't look very happy.

"I don't have so much to look back to," he finally said. I didn't say anything. I had said too much.

"When I was about 14, I was all alone. My old man died when I was a kid and my mother went when I was 14."

"What did you do, Lefty?"

"What did I do? I nearly went nuts. That's what I did. I lived in a room all by myself and sometimes I used to come back from work to that room and look at the walls and want to scream." He was getting a little worked up when he said it.

"You know what it's like to be all alone?" he asked me fiercely.

"I didn't before I came into the Army," I had to admit.

"Well, it ain't good," he said, "not to have no one."

For a couple of seconds neither of us talked. That sun was really warm. He started again, and this time he was really living in the past.

"I used to sit for hours in that goddam room all alone. No brother, no sister. Then, when I couldn't stand it any more, I'd go out and look for the girls on the block that played around. Hell, I had to have someone."

All I could do was listen.

"I don't know," he said. "Maybe that's why sometimes I do funny things now. I get nervous inside. Some of the guys don't like me."

"Oh, hell, Lefty, don't imagine things."

"Take that kid Jack. He don't like me. I like him. I think he's a swell kid. But he don't like me."

"He likes you all right, Lefty." It was a lie, though, when I said it, and I knew it. Lefty always irritated the kid.

Lefty didn't say any more. I guess he knew I was lying, too. We talked for a few more minutes and then it was time for chow, and I never mentioned the conversation to him.

About a week later, though, something happened that made it stick in my mind. One morning, when we all woke up, Lefty didn't get out of bed. We all kidded him about being lazy and then he said he couldn't move. At first I thought he was joking but when I went over to speak to him, I saw the look in his eyes, and I knew he was serious then. We called the dispensary and they sent down a captain. He made us all leave the room and talked to Lefty alone for a while. Then they took him away. A few days later Lefty was back, moving all right. He didn't mind talking about it. He said that this wasn't the first time it had happened. He would just wake up and couldn't move at all. He didn't feel any pain at all, just couldn't move. He said that it happened the first time while he was still a civilian, and that when he went into the Army and came overseas, he had been terrified all the way across that it would happen to him in one of the holds when the ship was hit by a torpedo and no one would know. That must have been a nice thought to have with you for 13 days.

From what he said, the doctors thought he was pulling a fast one, at first. But after a while, when he told them about the other times, they believed him. Apparently, their only treatment for him was to tell him that he was all right, and that he could move if he really wanted to.

It must have worked, because here he was back.

After a few more days the excitement wore off, and things were back to normal again.

Then about a week later, it happened.

It was night and cold. There were about 10 of us in the room, most of us stretched out in the sack. I was reading some stupid story in *Cosmopolitan* about how a GI in Algiers met romance. I knew it was silly, but I was reading it, anyway. There wasn't much else to do.

Jack was playing casino with one of the guys, the way they did almost every night, for 10 francs a game.

Lefty was the only one out of bed. He was getting dressed up to go out. He didn't have any girl that we knew of so I guess he was going into town to a movie, or for a couple of drinks, or just to walk the restlessness off. He was restless, all right, and looked more nervous than usual.

For some reason, Stone was kidding Lefty, and Lefty didn't seem to like it much, though Stone really wasn't saying anything.

"Where ya going?" Stone said. And Lefty didn't answer him.

"Got a French babe on the string?" Stone asked.

"What business is it of yours?" Lefty snapped.

I don't know why Stone didn't shut up. As a matter of fact, none of us were paying much attention to either of them. This sounded like routine kidding.

I guess Stone was jealous or something that night. Maybe he was getting sick of being beaten by life and wished he were going out like Lefty was. Lefty was only 24.

Stone got out of bed to get a cigarette. After he got it, he walked over to where Lefty was by the door, tying his tie in the mirror.

"Well, you're looking like a dude, all right," Stone said.

"Shut up or I'll hit you," Lefty said, real nasty.

That one cracked through the rest of the room. We all looked up and I guess everyone wondered why Lefty was so sore.

"Whatsa matter? Can't you take a little kidding?" Stone said. He knew Lefty meant what he said and he was scared. But he had a little pride too, and hoped to be able to get away with it and still save his face. He didn't want to shut right up, but he would have in a couple of minutes if Lefty had let him.

"Listen," Lefty said. "I'm warning you. Shut up."

"Aw, forget it, Lefty," one of the guys called out. "He doesn't mean anything."

Lefty kept fixing his tie without saying a word. I could tell from the way his face looked that he was all worked up inside. All of a sudden I thought of what he said that day in the sun about when he was a 14-year-old—"Sometimes I used to come back from work to that room and look at the walls and want to scream."

Stone was standing near Lefty, not knowing what to do. He looked small next to him. Lefty was a big guy. I guess Stone thought that if he could get in one more jab and then shut up that would show everybody he was no coward.

The rest of us sat by like fools. I knew what was going to happen but somehow couldn't believe it. Like when people talked about what the Nazis intended, and everyone would listen but it wouldn't sink in, not really.

Finally, Stone said something. For the life of me, I don't know what it was. All I know is that Lefty stopped tying his tie and socked him hard right in the mouth. Stone staggered back against the wall, holding his hand to his face. For a moment, no one moved. I was looking at Lefty and he was almost out of his head.

"Well, any of you guys got anything to say?" he said, fists ready. His mouth was sort of crooked.

I made my brilliant remark then and said, "Jeesus, Lefty, you shouldn't have done that."

He looked at me and said, "You looking for a fight too?"

This time I had sense enough to shut up.

Lefty looked at all of us for a minute and I guess the accumulated shock we all felt soaked into him. His expression changed and he put down his hands. Then he walked out of the room.

Stone walked over to his bed, tears in his eyes, his face down. He had been stripped of all his pride in front of all of us. That hurt more than the blow. He got up on his bed and lay face down for about an hour. No one spoke to him.

Everyone else tried to go on as we were before, but we couldn't. Lefty's hitting Stone was ugly and we knew it. But we all felt so goddam helpless. I guess we should have stopped it before it went that far, but most of us, I imagine, didn't think it would. I didn't have that excuse. When I first looked up, I knew Lefty was going to do what he did, but I just felt helpless, like I would be trying to stop something that began 10 years ago when Lefty was sitting in his room all alone and Stone was just beginning to realize he was beaten.

Well, I guess you can say it passed over, but it never really did. Lefty was sorry afterwards like I knew he would be. He even apologized to Stone, but for a long time Stone wouldn't speak to him. We left shortly thereafter, and I didn't think about it until I bumped into Stone the other day.

And that's when I got those crazy thoughts. That little room was like a world in a way, and we were getting along OK in it. Till suddenly something happened, and you had to go way back to find the reasons why. I mean the years in his lonely room had fixed Lefty up for life so that he was always going to be poking somebody somewhere. He was no good now, though. But that isn't all. A funny kind of question kept popping into my mind.

Don't countries, I mean, people, have lonely rooms, too? I guess that sounds funny. But are we ever going to stop killing each other until we do away with all the lonely rooms? No one hungry, no one frustrated.

No one all alone.

That's what I was trying to tell you before. That lonely room idea. It keeps running through my head. Maybe I'm losing my perspective. But whenever I read about German murder camps, I see Lefty.

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

Mail Call

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This Week's Cover

THE mystery of the American dance step is being solved for a hesitant Russian Wac by Pvt. Edmund Kosek of Buffalo, N. Y., during a shindig held for the 2d Armored Division in Berlin.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Acme. 2—U. S. Navy. 5—Cpl. Pat Coffey. 7—Signal Corps. 8—Sgt. John Frano. 9—Sgt. Ben Schnall. 10—Upper left, INP; others, Sgt. Frano. 11—Sgt. Frano. 20—20th Century-Fox. 22—Sgt. Georg Myers. 23—PA.

Fit for Combat, Unfit for Insurance (Cont.)

Dear YANK:

In regard to this National Service Life Insurance I certainly go out of my way to hand you an Oscar. You have certainly smoked gopher out of a hole. I had never realized that men possibly going forth to die were refused the right of this insurance. To me it is incomprehensible that any such situation is permitted.

Frank T. Hines' letter in reply is just that much more reason why something should be done about this situation, for any argument that was advanced in his rather lame letter is so much poppycock. If a man is accepted for military service, passed by a physical examination, certified for combat duty and then told that physically he is unacceptable for protective insurance, well something should be done about it but fast.

It surprises me that we have gone through three and one-half years of war and a situation such as this is just coming to the fore. There must be cases end on end of fellows who gave their lives for their country who were unable to leave their dependents in the secure financial condition that they would have preferred. It is certainly time that something was done and no reason such as a slight increase in the premiums should be the retarding factor.

Keep up the good work YANK—we're in back of you from here.

Guam —GEORGE H. BUBE Bn2c*

*Also signed by four others.

Dear YANK:

If it is necessary to increase the premiums of all National Service Life Insurance policyholders in order to guarantee that every last GI Joe engaged in life-risking service is insured to the maximum, then so be it. However, this added burden is not the responsibility of any soldier, it is the sole obligation of the government whose very existence is dependent upon these men.

Administrator Hines stated that the government takes no monetary part in NSLI; all the more reason why the government should incur the difference in cost between an ordinary policy and a "special risk" policy for those who would otherwise be denied insurance.

Every man's major concern is his wife, children and other members of his family. If he is to feel that without him there is no security for them, what the hell is he fighting for?

Aliceville, Ala. —S/Sgt. ROBERT DISBOROUGH

Dear YANK:

The letter from Hines in a recent YANK reaches a new low in bureaucratic cynicism. If he believes all of the stuff that he had in that letter, I feel sorry for him because someone has sold him a very dishonest explanation for a disgraceful mess. I am a policyholder, recently placed in the inactive reserve and a physician. I did hundreds of the exams in question and I feel qualified to discuss them.

The omission of the fact that for a long period it was not necessary to have an exam to get the insurance is not understandable to me. That fact alone knocks the props from under any risk calculating at this late date. During this period (I have forgotten the exact dates) the insurance offices went out and literally forced every man to get this insurance. At the time it was popular on the posts to have a good insurance record. Apparently somebody was behind the program and bucking for another star.

The next important fact concerns the provisions that an exam is not necessary if the insurance is taken out within 90 days of entry in the service. If a man is drafted and is then found to have heart disease, for instance, he can get his insurance if he takes it out fast enough. Before the exam was necessary, the insurance officers used to joke about the policies that they issued to men who had left the hospital with a chronic illness not sufficient for discharge.

Perhaps the most irritating fact is the lack of consistency. Suppose one of the men who was turned down under the old standards and then sent out to combat duty gets killed? What is his widow supposed to do—apply for insurance on a dead man? How many of the men who were turned down earlier know about the new rules?

I think that this whole thing has been badly bungled from the start. Why don't those responsible own up to their mistake and make some sort of an adjustment to those who have been unjustly treated. Some of the basic principles should include: *1)* Every serviceman should be allowed to buy at least the maximum amount at any time. *2)* Every man turned down under the "old deal" should be given the insurance he applied for—if he is dead, then pay off his widow. If records are not available then there should be another period of no exam as before to allow the left-outs to get in again.

The whole Veterans' Administration has for years been conducting itself like a second-rate accident insurance company—always trying to get out of paying claims by hook or crook. I hope Gen. Bradley is given the power to determine the facts and act on them without making any explanations like we have just read.

—Maj. (Inactive Res.) HARRY MANTZ

St. Louis, Mo.

Boost for the Nisei

Dear YANK:

Recently there has been much talk about Japanese-Americans. I am a former infantryman of the 133d Infantry, 34th Division. A year ago attached to us was the 100th Battalion (Jap-Americans), the highest-cited unit in ETO and MTO.

While we fought with them, they were indeed very courageous and skillful in every task they were assigned. During the periods when we were sent to the rear for a two- or three-day rest, we, the 133d Infantry, would go over to visit them and they did likewise. They treated us just like brothers, in fact, we felt like brothers because we were always together. All of us who fought alongside these boys know how brave they were and we held great respect for them—they more than deserved it. On one particular assignment, which was a suicide assignment, they all volunteered knowing that they might not return. Still, they went ahead. They lost twice as many men as the number they rescued from a death trap. For their gallantry, they were cited by the President. For other achievements, many have earned the Bronze Star, Silver Star and other medals of honor.

Now in return, what do they receive from the American people back home? A kick in the pants and many other rash treatments. What's come over the American people? Do they want Nazism in the States? They certainly are looking for it! If this situation were for the combat men to decide, they would see to it that these boys got a square deal for they know of their accomplishments here, in France, Italy and Germany. . . .

Italy —Pvt. RAY E. DINTINI



—Cpl. Tom Flannery

Color-Blind Colorist

Dear YANK:

Back in 1942 the Regular Navy refused my enlistment in aviation mechanics because I'm color-blind but I was physically fit for the Seabees. After two years I made painter third class and they put me to mixing colors. I've held the rate a year in July with never a complaint about colors not matching. What gripes me is that the Navy wouldn't let me work in a carrier because I was color-blind but my eyes are good enough to decorate officers' clubs, etc. What use would I have for color in the hold of a carrier?

Saipan —C. E. MILLER PTR3c

WAC Longevity

Dear YANK:

I wish to express my most emphatic agreement with the letter from T-5 Richard E. Johnson regarding Sec. I and II of *WD Circ. No. 64*, dated 28th Feb. 1945, providing that service in the Women's Auxiliary Corps may not be counted for the purpose of computing longevity.

This provision is nothing but an injustice to women who volunteered their services to their country and who, when given a chance to get out when the Army absorbed the Corps, threw their fate in with the armed forces and would not quit.

The Army pays longevity to men who joined the Enlisted Reserve Corps (ERC). They were paid up to $140 per month to go to school. Greatest majority of them were eligible for the draft but beat it by their enlistment. Now this is not an accusation against anyone, but if the War Department in its wisdom, deems it advisable to pay longevity to men of ERC, certainly those patriotic women deserve consideration.

Of course, I realize that there may be some technical quibbling but why not for once use just plain common sense. Is that asking too much?

Okinawa —Cpl. H. E. NOTELEVITY

'Officers Only'

Dear YANK:

. . . All the hotels in Agra and most of the decent hotels in Calcutta are "Off Limits" to enlisted men. Officers and enlisted men all fight the same battles on the same battlefields, and for the same things. Equality of opportunity in private enterprise is one of the things we are fighting for.

If officers and civilians are entitled to register in a hotel, then it is my contention that old GI Joe should be accorded the same privilege. If enlisted men are not entitled to equality of opportunity in private enterprise, then let's let the officers fight their war by themselves. When the Army directs or condones the practice of putting hotels that admit officers "Off Limits" to enlisted men, the Army is guilty of gross discrimination and violation of the basic concepts of democracy.

India —Cpl. LEWIS E. CHRISTMAN JR.*

*Also signed by 55 others

Bank Note Hoarding

Dear YANK:

From my professional experience as a Certified Public Accountant, I know that the hoarding of bank notes, resulting mostly from black market and other illegal and highly profitable ventures, is for the purpose of tax evasion. In Australia I have found the same problem to exist, only on a much smaller scale.

I hereby propose that the following action be taken: On a specified date it be made mandatory that all notes in the amount of $20.00 or more be turned in at a national bank. That a period not to exceed 30 days be granted for all notes to be turned in. The banks would be authorized to issue new notes for those redeemed. The bank would also issue a receipt for the amount of notes turned in, and make a record of the person and amount so redeemed. Every taxpayer would be required to make this receipt a part of his next tax return.

As a professional accountant I recommend that at the termination of the war, all the notes be called in and a new series be issued. The cost would be substantial but the income from taxation would make the plan financially successful.

Every effort should be made to reduce the national war debt in the interest of the returning veteran. I am of the opinion that the increase in taxation resulting from the proposed plan would reduce the indebtedness of the Government sufficiently and also get at war profiteers.

Australia —Sgt. EUGENE L. WINSTON

Discharge Lottery

Dear YANK:

As far as releasing men from the armed forces is concerned, I should like to proffer my plan which is not only very brilliant and very original but indubitably the plan to end all plans.

I suggest that we be released on the basis of a mammoth lottery drawing—the same way we came in.

Geiger Field, Wash. —Cpl. JAMES E. DEVINE

Service Group Points

Dear YANK:

A very unfair situation prevails in this Wing of the 20th Air Force. Some months ago all personnel, flying and non-flying, of the Bomb Groups were awarded four battle stars for the air offensive against Japan from bases of the 20th Bomber Command in India and China. We, as members of an Air Service Group stationed on the same bases since leaving the States 18 months ago were excluded.

Under this command the Bomb Group and Service Group work hand in hand doing the same job in the same shops and offices. Actually we are different in name only. Here is an example: a Bomb Group man has the same length of service and overseas time as a Service Group man. They are part of a team working together on the same equipment, yet, because of the unfairness in awarding battle stars, the Bomb Group man has a 20-point advantage in the point system and will in all probability be discharged months before the Service Group man.

Officers of this Command have tried to correct this situation but so far have not succeeded.

Marianas —M/Sgt. JAMES M. McKENNEY*

*Also signed by 296 others.

One Bath Towel

Dear YANK:

In over three and one-half years of service, including a most nomadic existence outside the continental limits of these United States, the best-equipped army in the world has issued me exactly one bath towel. Why should it be necessary for a man to buy so much of his equipment on his own, with an income comparable to one digit above the zero mark?

Ft. Monmouth, N. J. —Sgt. NAT H. TOLEN



Nuts!

Dear YANK:

On the troop-carrier I was on, the PX rationed chocolate. One day I purchased a Hershey bar with almonds, as did the soldier in front of me. It developed upon eating our chocolate bars, that his Hershey contained nine almonds while mine had only seven.

Is this fair?

Hawaii —T-5 F. O. NEBLING

■ No.

Mauldin

Dear YANK:

Bill Mauldin's analysis of officers and enlisted men as reported in a recent YANK is poignant and incontrovertible. The relationship of the over-privileged "ruling class" with the "working class," as Sgt. Mauldin refers to officers and enlisted personnel, will be ever thus until enough clear thinking people, like the talented sergeant, from both classes understand fully and eradicate the unnecessary inequalities.

Sgt. Mauldin's last paragraph—only three lines—disturbs me, however. He states in effect that the soldier's desire to return to his combat unit after a period of hospitalization is prompted by friendship and loyalty to his buddies, which is (and I quote) "more valuable than all the war aims and indoctrination in the world." Perhaps I do not understand but I hope this outlook is not Sgt. Mauldin's nor his subjects' keynote.

It is more easily said than done by we inactive-theater strategists, but it still holds true that the urge to cooperate for immediate and final battle victories should include the kind of personal stuff it will take to make us devote individual effort later as civilians toward insurance of a peace just as final.

Newfoundland —Capt. ROBERT GUNDLACH

Encourage EM

Dear YANK:

. . . I'm certain I speak for a lot of Regular Army personnel when I say something should be done to encourage enlisted men to stay in the Army. To this date, as far as I know, the only promise that has been is that the pay will stay as is. I don't even know whether that is official.

I'm not proposing that the pay should be increased but I do maintain that the Army is making a grave mistake by not giving a permanent grade to those who volunteer to stay in the service and give them a choice of station. The permanent grade of those who already have a permanent grade will have to be raised.

A large percent of the EM who have over 85 points and are receiving discharges are men who volunteered into the service as a career. They have been in the service five or more years and have experience that no one will be able to acquire in a lifetime. Enlisted men are being discharged who, under different circumstances, would have stayed in. Many of the men who are getting those discharges today will be back as privates as soon as the Army offers them something, as was done before the war.

It is high time someone started to wise up and start the ball rolling for a good peacetime Army. If the Government continues to draft boys of 18 they definitely need men with experience and men of quality to give those boys the Army training they need and should get.

Let's build up an Army that will have a better social standing than our Army of prewar times.

—M/Sgt. A. A. WIEBE

Grand Island AAF, Nebr.

Torn Rupees

Dear YANK:

We here are warned by our finance office and PX that torn and mutilated rupees are not acceptable by Indian banks, which represent the government. Our soldiers lose out many times as a result. It is all right for one to say that bills should be scrutinized with care prior to acceptance, but in many instances the defects in the bills are so minor that they escape notice or else acceptance of change is made in a hurry or these bills are accepted rather than start an argument.

What definition is applied to "torn and mutilated" rupees is not specifically set forth. Many of our men believe that if the bill's serial number is intact, the currency should be acceptable but apparently such is not the case. I have personally seen instances where a small hole in one side of the bill the diameter of a match has caused rejection of the bill.

The fault does not lie with our Finance Department but with our Government's attitude. At home if one has the parts of an American bill, banks and the Government will honor the obligation. We here are constantly reminded to maintain good will with our foreign neighbors and even in settlement of claims against the Government under *AR 25-90*, the philosophy of the relief granted (much broader in scope and more liberal than the redress granted our citizens) is based upon good will to our foreign allies. It is my contention that just as material reimbursement is presumably granted under the doctrine of reverse lend-lease, so also should there be a "reverse lend-lease" of good will on the part of the countries which, through the necessities of war, have us as their temporary occupants. In no way may this be better expressed than by the willingness of the Indian government to accept the same standards in respect to their currency as we do with our own.

Arguments about mutilation with our Indian friends (shopkeepers in the main) certainly do not lead to "good will."

India —Lt. MARTIN M. GOLDMAN

German Interpreters

Dear YANK:

The need of our forces of occupation in Germany for trustworthy men who have a knowledge of German has been stressed time and again by radio and newspaper correspondents, by columnists and in various private letters from our friends overseas. In many cases our officers and enlisted men have to depend on German translators and interpreters whose trustworthiness is highly questionable. . . .

Here we have a group of men who not only know German but are also trained in German geography, history, sociology, and economics. We were trained under the ASTP at a cost to the citizens of the U. S. at many thousands of dollars. Most of us have college degrees; some of us know, besides German, other European languages. For over a year now we have been waiting for assignments in the European Theater of Operations; we have asked for nothing more than a chance to serve where we could be of the greatest value. At present most of us are performing minor clerical jobs; a few of us are pulling post details.

Camp Pinedale, Calif. —Cpl. HAL HELLER

Mountain Music

Dear YANK:

We lovers of string and hillbilly music would like to know why there are so few recordings of this kind being included in the packages of records furnished by Special Service to units overseas. We have a field phonograph in our day room, and a large stack of records, none of which are exactly satisfying to the string-music-loving GI.

Burma —Sgt. EARL CRAWFORD JR.

Strictly GI

THE 86th. Acting Secretary of War Robert Patterson had the following to say about the 86th Division, first to return from Europe for redeployment to the Pacific, at a recent press conference: "Our 86th Division . . . began reassembling [July 24] at Camp Gruber, Okla., where it will receive additional training. . . . I should like to say a word about the 86th Division not only because it is the first of our divisions to complete its furloughs and begin preparation for the final phases of the war, but because of the remarkable spirit which these men are showing.

"I am told that the attitude most apparent among these officers and men is their mature appreciation of the job which lies ahead of them. They are quite aware of the grim reality of killing Japs, but they are confident of their ability to do the job. These men have already met the Germans in Europe. They know war. But they also know that they have a duty as Americans and they are prepared to perform it with determination."

B-32s in Action. The B-32, newest of the AAF's big bombers, has been in action against the Japs with Gen. George C. Kenney's Far East Air Forces, the WD announced. The plane, in production at Consolidated Vultee's Fort Worth plant, is smaller than the B-29 but is capable of carrying a heavier bomb load. Transitional training for B-32 crews, which began last February, is provided at the Fort Worth Army Air Field.

AAF Arc Tabs. The WD has authorized arc tabs, designating the following AAF commands, for wear immediately above the shoulder sleeve insignia of the Army Air Forces: I Troop Carrier Command; Training Command; Tactical Center; Proving Ground Command; Air Technical Service Command; Personnel Distribution Center; Air Transport Command.

The tabs will be available for distribution around November 15.

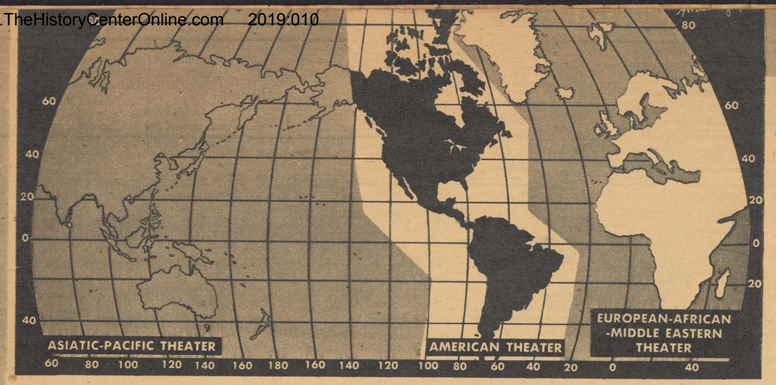
Medal of Freedom. President Truman has authorized a new medal to be known as the Medal of Freedom for award to any person who, on or after December 7, 1941, "has performed a meritorious act of service which has aided the United States in the prosecution of a war against an enemy or enemies and for which an award of another United States medal or decoration is considered inappropriate." The medal will not be awarded to citizens of the U. S. for any act or service performed within the continental limits of the U. S. or to members of the armed forces.

Fresh Food Shipments. Shipments of fresh foods to American troops in overseas theaters have more than doubled during the past 12 months, the WD announced. During the first five months of 1945, 759 million pounds of perishable foods were shipped to the Army overseas. Fresh beef accounted for one-third of this total, with fresh pork, eggs and potatoes accounting for 8 percent each. Refrigerator ships that have served the ETO will be shifted to the Pacific as rapidly as redeployment permits, the WD added.

Medic's Badge. A recent Act of Congress provides that men who are entitled to wear the Medic's Badge (awarded to individuals who have served with medical detachments of infantry units) shall receive additional pay of $10 a month. The pay is effective as of August 1, 1945 for those who have already been awarded the badge or from the date of the order announcing the award for those awarded the badge after August 1, 1945. [See *WD Circular 229* 28 July 1945).]

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NAVY NOTES

Here's a complete list of operations and engagements for which stars have been authorized to be worn on area ribbons by Navy personnel.

ASIATIC-PACIFIC AREA RIBBON

PEARL HARBOR-MIDWAY	7 Dec. 1941
WAKE ISLAND	8-23 Dec. 1941
PHILIPPINE OPERATIONS	8 Dec. 1941-6 May 1942
NETHERLANDS EAST INDIES ENGAGEMENTS*	
Makassar Strait	23-24 Jan. 1942
Bandoeng Strait	19-20 Feb. 1942
Java Sea	27 Feb. 1942
PACIFIC RAIDS—1942*	
Marshall-Gilbert Raids	1 Feb. 1942
Air Action off Bougainville	20 Feb. 1942
Wake Island Raid	24 Feb. 1942
Marcus Island Raid	4 Mar. 1942
Salamaua-Lae Raid	10 Mar. 1942
CORAL SEA	4-8 May 1942
MIDWAY	3-6 June 1942
GUADALCANAL-TULAGI LANDINGS (including First Savo)	7-9 Aug. 1942
CAPTURE AND DEFENSE OF GUADALCANAL	10 Aug. 1942-8 Feb. 1943
MAKIN RAID	17-18 Aug. 1942
EASTERN SOLOMONS (Stewart Island)	23-25 Aug. 1942
BUIN-FAISI-TONOLAI RAID	5 Oct. 1942
CAPE ESPERANCE (Second Savo)	11-12 Oct. 1942
SANTA CRUZ ISLANDS	26 Oct. 1942
GUADALCANAL (Third Savo)	12-15 Nov. 1942
TASSAFARONGA (Fourth Savo)	30 Nov.-1 Dec. 1942
EASTERN NEW GUINEA OPERATIONS*	
Designated duty in connection with PT Boat Operations	17 Dec. 1942-24 July 1944
Lae Occupation	4-22 Sept. 1943
Finschhafen Occupation	22 Sept. 1943-17 Feb. 1944
Saidor Occupation	2 Jan.-1 March 1944
Wewak-Aitape Operations	14-24 July 1944
Supporting and Consolidating Operations designated by Commander, 7th Fleet	17 Dec. 1942-24 July 1944
RENNELL ISLAND	29-30 Jan. 1943
CONSOLIDATION OF SOLOMON ISLANDS*	
Southern Solomons	8 Feb.-20 June 1943
Northern Solomons	27 Oct. 1943-15 Mar. 1945
ALEUTIANS OPERATIONS*	
Komandorski Island	26 Mar. 1943
Attu Occupation	11 May-2 June 1943
NEW GEORGIA GROUP OPERATION*	
New Georgia-Rendova-Vangunu Occupation	20 June-31 Aug. 1943
Kula Gulf Action	5-6 July 1943
Kolombangara Action	12-13 July 1943
Vella Gulf Action	6-7 Aug. 1943
Vella Lavella Occupation	15 Aug.-16 Oct. 1943
Action off Vella Lavella	6-7 Oct. 1943

IN the year 1942 when she was a mere 17, Jeanne Crain was named Camera Girl in the Long Beach (Calif.) bathing beauty contest. Now, at the ripe old age of 20, she and the camera still get along beautifully together. Jeanne is a hazel-eyed, auburn-haired package of 114 pounds, standing 5 feet 4½. Her latest picture for 20th Century-Fox is "State Fair."

PACIFIC RAIDS—1943*	
Marcus Island Raid	31 Aug. 1943
Tarawa Island Raid	18 Sept. 1943
Wake Island Raid	5-6 Oct. 1943
TREASURY-BOUGAINVILLE OPERATION*	
Supporting Air Actions	27 Oct.-15 Dec. 1943
Treasury Islands Landing	27 Oct.-6 Nov. 1943
Choiseul Island Diversion	28 Oct.-4 Nov. 1943
Occupation and Defense of Cape Torokina	1 Nov.-15 Dec. 1943
Bombardment of Buka-Bonis	31 Oct.-1 Nov. 1943
Buka-Bonis Strike	1-2 Nov. 1943
Bombardment of Shortland Area	1 Nov. 1943
Battle of Empress Augusta Bay	1-2 Nov. 1943
Rabaul Strike	5 Nov. 1943
Action off Empress Augusta Bay	8-9 Nov. 1943
Rabaul Strike	11 Nov. 1943
Battle off Cape St. George	24-25 Nov. 1943
GILBERT ISLANDS OPERATION	13 Nov.-8 Dec. 1943
MARSHALL ISLANDS OPERATION*	
Air attacks designated by CinCPac on defended Marshall Islands targets	26 Nov. 1943-2 Mar. 1944
Occupation of Kwajalein and Majuro Atolls	29 Jan.-8 Feb. 1944
Occupation of Eniwetok Atoll	17 Feb.-2 Mar. 1944
Attack on Jaluit Atoll	20 Feb. 1944
BISMARCK ARCHIPELAGO OPERATION*	
Designated duty in connection with PT Boat Operations	25 June 1943-1 May 1944
Supporting Air Actions	15 Dec. 1943-1 May 1944
Arawe, New Britain	15 Dec. 1943-1 March 1944
Kavieng Strike	25 Dec. 1943
Cape Gloucester	26 Dec. 1943-1 March 1944
Kavieng Strike	1 Jan. 1944
Kavieng Strike	4 Jan. 1944
Green Islands Landing	15-19 Feb. 1944
Bombardments of Kavieng and Rabaul	18 Feb. 1944
Anti-Shipping Sweeps and Bombardments of Kavieng	21-25 Feb. 1944
Anti-Shipping Sweeps and Bombardments of Rabaul and New Ireland	24 Feb.-1 March 1944
Admiralty Islands Landings	29 Feb.-17 April 1944
Supporting and Consolidating Operations designated by Commander 7th Fleet	25 June 1943-1 May 1944
ASIATIC-PACIFIC RAIDS—1944*	
Truk Attack	16-17 Feb. 1944
Marianas Attack	21-22 Feb. 1944
Palau, Yap, Ulithi, Woleai Raid	30 Mar.-1 Apr. 1944
Sabang Raid	19 Apr. 1944
Truk, Satawan, Ponape Raid	29 Apr.-1 May 1944
Soerabaja Raid	17 May 1944
WESTERN NEW GUINEA OPERATIONS*	
Designated Duty in connection with PT Boat Operations	21 April-15 Nov. 1944
Hollandia Operations (Aitape-Humboldt Bay-Tanahmerah Bay)	21 Apr.-1 June 1944
Toem-Wakde-Sarmi Area Operation	17 May-21 June 1944
Biak Island Operation	27 May-21 June 1944
Noemfoor Island Operation	2-23 July 1944
Cape Sansapor Operation	30 July-31 Aug. 1944
Morotai Landings	15 Sept. 1944
Supporting and Consolidating Operations designated by Commander 7th Fleet	21 Apr.-15 Nov. 1944
MARIANAS OPERATION*	
Neutralization of Japanese Bases in the Bonins, Marianas, and Western Pacific	10 June-27 Aug. 1944
Capture and Occupation of Saipan	11 June-10 Aug. 1944
First Bonins Raid	15-16 June 1944
Battle of Philippines Sea	19-20 June 1944
Second Bonins Raid	24 June 1944
Third Bonins Raid	3-4 July 1944
Capture and Occupation of Guam	12 July-15 Aug. 1944
Capture and Occupation of Tinian	20 July-10 Aug. 1944
Palau, Yap, Ulithi Raid	25-27 July 1944
Fourth Bonins Raid	4-5 Aug. 1944
WESTERN CAROLINE ISLANDS OPERATION*	
Raids on Volcano-Bonin Islands and Yap Islands	31 Aug.-8 Sept. 1944
Capture and Occupation of Southern Palau Islands	6 Sept.-14 Oct. 1944
Assaults on Philippines	9-24 Sept. 1944
LEYTE OPERATION*	
Leyte Landings	10 Oct.-29 Nov. 1944
Battle for Leyte Gulf (Including Battles of Surigao Strait, Samar, Cape Engano and Submarine participation)	24-26 Oct. 1944
Third Fleet Supporting Operation:	
Okinawa Attack	10 Oct. 1944
Northern Luzon and Formosa Attacks	11-14 Oct. 1944
Luzon Attacks	15, 17, 19 Oct., 5-6, 13-14, 19-25 Nov., 14-16 Dec. 1944
Visayas Attacks	20-21 Oct.-11 Nov. 1944
Ormoc Bay Landings	7-13 Dec. 1944
LUZON OPERATION* (Final date to be announced later)	
Mindoro Landings	12-18 Dec. 1944
Lingayen Gulf Landings	4-18 Jan. 1945
Third Fleet Supporting Operation:	
Luzon Attacks	6-7 Jan. 1945
Formosa Attacks	3-4, 9, 15, 21 Jan. 1945
China Coast Attacks	12, 16 Jan. 1945
Nansei Shoto Attack	22 Jan. 1945
Bataan-Corregidor Landings	13-18 Feb. 1945
IWO JIMA OPERATION*	
Assault and Occupation of Iwo Jima	15 Feb.-16 March 1945
Fifth Fleet Raids against Honshu and the Nansei Shoto	15 Feb.-16 March 1945
ESCORT, ANTI-SUBMARINE, ARMED GUARD AND SPECIAL OPERATIONS†	
USS Navajo—Salvage Operations	8 Aug. 1942-3 Feb. 1943
Naval Group China	19 Feb. 1943—final date to be announced.
Action off Vanikoro	17-21 July 1943
Units Defending	
PIVA YOKE:	
Air Installations designated by CinCPac	8 Mar.-12 Apr. 1944
Task Group 30.4	22 May-15 June 1944
Task Group 12.2	5 July-9 Aug. 1944

EUROPEAN-AFRICAN-MIDDLE EASTERN AREA RIBBON

NORTH AFRICAN OCCUPATION*	
Algeria-Morocco Landings	8-11 Nov. 1942
Action off Casablanca	8 Nov. 1942
Tunisian Operations	8 Nov. 1942-9 July 1943
SICILIAN OCCUPATION	9-15 July 1943; 28 July-17 Aug. 1943
SALERNO LANDING	9-21 Sept. 1943
WEST COAST OF ITALY OPERATIONS*	
Anzio-Nettuno Advanced Landings	22 Jan.-1 Mar. 1944
Bombardments Formia-Anzio Area	12 May-4 June 1944
Elba and Pianosa Landings	17 June 1944
INVASION OF NORMANDY (Including Bombardment of Cherbourg)	6-25 June 1944
NORTHEAST GREENLAND OPERATION	10 July-17 Nov. 1944
INVASION OF SOUTHERN FRANCE	15 Aug.-25 Sept. 1944
ESCORT, ANTI-SUBMARINE, ARMED GUARD AND SPECIAL OPERATIONS†	
Russian Convoy Operations	16 Dec. 1941-27 Feb. 1943
Convoy ON-166	20-25 Feb. 1943
Convoy UC-1	22-24 Feb. 1943
Convoy SC-121	3-10 March 1943
Convoy UGS-6	12-18 March 1943
Convoy HX-233	16-18 April 1943
Task Group 21.12	20 Apr.-20 June 1943
Task Group 21.11	13 June-6 Aug. 1943
Task Group 21.12	27 June-31 Aug. 1943
Convoy MKS-21	13 Aug. 1943
Task Group 21.14	25 Sept.-9 Nov. 1943
Norway Raid	2-6 Oct. 1943
Convoy KMF-25A	6 Nov. 1943
Task Group 21.13	11 Nov.- 29 Dec. 1943
Task Group 21.14	2 Dec. 1943-2 Jan. 1944
Task Group 21.12	7 Mar.-26 Apr. 1944
Task Group 21.16	11-31 Mar. 1944
Convoy UGS-36	1 Apr. 1944
Convoy UGS-37	11-12 Apr. 1944
Convoy UGS-38	20 Apr. 1944
Task Group 21.11	22 Apr.-29 May 1944
Convoy UGS-40	11 May 1944
Task Groups 22.3	13 May-19 June 1944
Task Group 22.5	3 June-22 July 1944

AMERICAN AREA RIBBON

ESCORT, ANTI-SUBMARINE, ARMED GUARD AND SPECIAL OPERATIONS†	
Convoy ON-67	21-26 Feb. 1942
Convoy TAG-18	1-6 Nov. 1942
Convoy SC-107	3-8 Nov. 1942
Task Group 21.13	12 July-23 Aug. 1943
Task Group 21.14	27 July-10 Sept. 1943
Task Group 21.15	24 Mar.-11 May 1944

*Only one star for participation in one or more of the following.

†One star for participation in each of the following.

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This GI had his own celebration with champagne and two girls.



French troops march on the Place de la Bastille.



Some of the younger Parisians celebrated American style, tres hep

BASTILLE DAY

This year the French celebrated their day of independence for the first time since 1939, and their fervor impressed GIs in Paris. These pictures were taken by YANK's Sgt. Georg Meyers.



This mob of spectators got a ringside view of the parade by climbing onto a bus.



The kid loves it but his grandma sticks to her knitting.

BASEBALL ROUND-UP



HANK BOROWY

By Sgt. BILL ESTOFF
YANK Sports Editor

THE flowers that bloomed in the spring have been trampled into the outfield, and now that the major pennant races enter their final phase, "the big picture," as they used to say back at Corps Headquarters, becomes a little clearer.

At this writing, Mel Ott's New York Giants are one of the teams that have faded, but good. Thanks largely to the hurling of Bill Voiselle, who won his first eight games, and the amazing comeback of Van (The New) Lingle Mungo, the Jints took off with the finest start made in the senior circuit since 1912—25 wins against seven losses. Then the club hit the skids. Voiselle couldn't buy a victory for better than a month. Mungo held up, but Harry Feldman and a couple of promising youngsters—Jack Brewer and Andy Hansen — couldn't maintain their early-season pace. The New Yorkers went into a nose dive that soon began to threaten their first-division berth.

In mid-June Frankie Frisch's Pirates showed enough of their traditional swashbuckling spirit to assume the top rung on sheer batting power, but, while runs still win ball games, pitchers who can preserve a lead are more important and the Corsair pitchers couldn't live up to their dreams. Consequently, after three days as conquering heroes, Frankie's hopefuls gave way to Lippy Leo Durocher's Dodgers.

The Dodgers fought hard and stayed on top until July 9, but spotty hurling let them down, and Charlie Grimm was able to drive his Cubs ahead in the wake of an eleven-game winning streak.

The Bruins remained on top for weeks on end, steadily lengthening their lead. After winning 24 of 27 games in July, the Cubs acquired an additional bit of insurance in their drive to cop their first flag since 1938. The deal that gave it to them—it caused more talk than Dizzy Dean's move that year to Chicago—was the purchase of Yankee ace Hank Borowy for one hundred grand. Hank, who had won 56 games for the Yankees in the past four years, proceeded to justify his purchase by winning his first two games as a Cub.

You can understand why the banjo-playing Grimm has been throwing his famous cartwheels in the third-base coaching box when you realize that in addition to Borowy he has enjoyed the services of "Oom" Paul Derringer, who by the first of August had won more games than he had all the previous season; of Claude Passeau, who made a great comeback after an early season injury shelved him, and of Hank Wyse, who at midseason had more wins to his credit than any other National League hurler. In addition to this starting foursome, Grimm has had a pair of passable lefthanders in Ray Prim and Bob Chipman, plus a spot pitcher in Hy Vandenberg. For relief he has had Ray Starr and Lonnie Warneke, the latter a returnee to the diamond wars after a two-year layoff.

As his team pushed ahead, Grimm kept his fingers crossed and carefully refrained from hexing his club with pennant talk. Talk or no talk, with two-thirds of the season gone, his present edition of the Cubs was in a better position than his pennant winners of '35.

The team set up to give the Cubs the sternest competition was the champion St. Louis Cardinals, but they too have been deficient in mound material. Although their infield and outfield are the best in the league, Billy Southworth has had a lot of bad breaks in the pitching department. Ted Wilks and Harry Brecheen, who had 34 victories between them last year, have been hampered by sore arms during most of the campaign, and Max Lanier and Mort Cooper have left the club. Max was inducted into the armed forces and Mort was traded to the Braves after a salary dispute.

DESPITE the fact that Cooper won 22 games last year, his loss was not the blow it seemed at first, for soon after being traded he developed a sore elbow, an ailment that seems to crop up in those erstwhile stars whom cagey Sam Breadon trades away. Cooper has been available to the Braves simply for relief chores, while Red Barrett, also acquired in the trade, and Elmer Burkhardt, up from Columbus, have been the Redbirds' only consistent winners. Although, as this page goes to press, St. Louis' best hope seems to be the runnerup spot, their habit of September pennant drives cannot be entirely ignored.

In the American League the issue has not been so clear, although the Detroit Tigers took over the lead from the Yankees on June 16 and held on tenaciously throughout July. The league went into August with a spread of only half a dozen games between the Tigers and the seventh-place club and at no time had the Bengals' lead been more than four games. On occasion it had been reduced to less than one full game.

Here again the heart of the issue lies in the hurling corps. Hard-luck Steve O'Neill, whose Bengals blew the pennant in the waning days of the campaign last year, has been better equipped than any of his rivals. Lefty Hal Newhouser, who led the league with 29 victories in 1944, has been setting the same pace this summer. The other half of the act—Dizzy Trout, who won 27 last year—wasn't immediately able to match Hal, but, as the season progressed, he seemed to shake the arm trouble that had been holding him back. With his arm in shape he was coming to be looked upon as an invaluable asset through the tag end of the season. Al Benton, who has returned after two years in the service, has been a pleasant surprise. If he hadn't fractured a leg in an early season game with the Athletics, he might have been the league's leading pitcher. As it was, he started out with an eight-game winning streak and has shown no ill effects from his broken gam since resuming his regular turn in the box. O'Neill's pint-sized lefthander, Stubby Overmire, has been a consistent .500 performer throughout the better part of the season, and rookies Zeb Eaton and Les Mueller have chipped in with timely wins.

Also Hank Greenberg has returned to the fold. While it would be too much to expect Hankus to revert to his '41 form immediately, Skipper O'Neill will be more than happy if the big fellow regains his timing and his batting eye for the final drive.

The once-omnipotent Yankees have been a sad sight to behold this summer as their total of men left on base has continued to mount. Even so, they haven't been too far off the pace. Their troubles started when their best slugging artist, Johnny Lindell, was inducted. Then, toward the end of July, Manager Joe McCarthy retired to his farm because of a recurring gall bladder ailment. That was the reason given out by the Yankees front office, but some of the better informed lads say that Marse Joe doesn't see eye to eye with bellicose Larry MacPhail, the club's new president.

However that may be, shortly after McCarthy's exodus, MacPhail traded Hank Borowy to the Cubs. At the time Hank, although he hadn't been able to finish a game in a month, still led the Yankee mound staff, in games won. Larry claimed that the Yanks would get some much-needed aid from the Cubs, but it seemed doubtful that the Cubs would be able to spirit anyone out of the National League in the same manner canny Larry was able to switch Borowy.

MCCARTHY'S doctor says he'll rejoin the team, but even if he shouldn't function in an active capacity, Art Fletcher can be counted on for sound generalship. At the time of McCarthy's temporary retirement, the smart money pointed out that if Fletcher could keep the Yanks within striking distance until early September he might be in a position to make something out of the fact that the last 25 games on his schedule are to be played in the Yankee Stadium; the Bombers have always been tough to beat in their own backyard. The biggest late-season load will fall on Floyd Bevens, a husky righthander up from Newark, and Walt Dubiel, one of last year's frosh. Big Ernie Bonham should be of some help, even though he had failed to win half a dozen games up to early August. He has pitched creditably enough, though, and some of his lost games have been heartbreakers. Red Ruffing has rejoined the club and, if aging Rufus gets in shape, he should be a big help, too.

Down Washington way, Ossie Bluege has a quartet of starting hurlers in Dutch Leonard, Roger Wolff, Mickey Haefner and Chick Pierretti. Together they may conceivably develop into a serious threat to the Tigers' pennant aspirations. On a recent trip through the hinterlands, these boys got hotter than a kitchen stove and drove the Nats to within one game of the lead; only to falter.

The important part pitching plays in the scheme of things is evidenced by the job Dave (Boo) Ferriss has been doing with the Red Sox.

This sensational rookie won better than a third of Boston's games during the first part of the season, keeping the team within striking distance of the leaders, but even he couldn't be expected to carry the load single-handed.

Entering the home stretch, the only team in the league without even a ray of hope is the hapless A's, but neither the league-champion Browns, the White Sox or the Indians seem to have the necessary balance to deserve the favorite's position.

The Office of Defense Transportation is probably rooting for a trolley or subway series again, but we don't think too many squawks will be forthcoming if the Cubs and Tigers cop their respective pennants. The transportation involved in such a series would be negligible.

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"I THINK HE SAID IF WE DON'T COME OUT IT'LL BE OUR ASHES."
—T-3 Gordon Brusstar

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY





"THIS IS A FINE TIME TO BE TELLING ME YOU ONLY GET POINTS FOR *THREE* OF THEM!"
—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt



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—Sgt. Michael Ponce de Leon

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