Copied from an original at The History Center, Diboll, Texas. www.TheHistoryCenterOnline.com 2019:010

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

VJ ISSUE

SEPT. 7, 1945

VOL. 4, NO. 12 • 5 CENTS



Copied from an original at The History Center, Diboll, Texas. www.TheHistoryCenterOnline.com 2019:010

"How soon OUT?"

The answer to the biggest question on any GI's mind is still iffy. YANK assembles here the best dope at the time of going to press on what the WD plans.

By Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON—The plan the War Department has announced for demobilizing some 5,000,000 men within a year may or may not be your idea of a good deal. But the big question to GIs who remember and were POd by the rotation deal is: Good or bad, will it work?

The WD answers that $64 job this way: The demobilization plan will work okay *if*:

1) We get the breaks on the occupation detail. (Widespread internal disorders in Japan or the threat of a renewal of hostilities would demand the retention of an army considerably larger than that now planned for.)

2) Congressional action doesn't snafu the basic principles of the demobilization pattern as it now stands. (Congress could, for example, abruptly abolish the draft; such action, the WD says, would shut off the monthly supply of thousands of inductees slated to be replacements.)

3) The transportation set-up functions with a minimum of hitches.

All this may sound as if the WD is getting ready to send out TS slips instead of discharge papers. Luckily, that's not quite the case. The WD says it is merely playing it safe by taking into account any snags that may occur in the future. Actually, the sentiment around the Pentagon is that the demobilization machinery ought easily to be able to spring 5,000,000 men out of the Army within 12 months.

The high brass doesn't appear to feel that either Separation Centers or shipping will prove to be bottlenecks. As far as Separation Centers are concerned, the WD points out that the post-VE-Day Readjustment and Redeployment plan gave them a four-month "trial run" and a chance to iron out a lot of wrinkles that emerged.

In addition, the Separation Centers have been expanded and plans are in the works for them to take over certain reception center facilities should the need arise.

A colonel who helped in the evolution of the separation procedure told YANK that further expansion of Separation Centers probably won't be necessary. At the peak, he added, Separation Centers should be able to handle at least 500,000 dischargees a month.

The other possible bottleneck, shipping, should also be a cinch to break. During May, June and July, despite the fact that the overwhelming emphasis was on winning the Far East war, 800,000 men were returned from Europe to the U. S. The Pacific run is twice as long as the Atlantic run. But distance won't matter so much because thousands of tons of shipping formerly used for the redeployment of troops and supplies from Europe to the Far East will now be available for demobilization uses.

The demobilization plan, like the old Readjustment plan put into effect last May, is based on the old point system, and the same point values go for the same four factors: Service credit, overseas credit, combat credit and parenthood credit. But there are at least two important differences between the two plans:

1) R-Day (Redeployment Day), May 12, 1945, the date at which all computations of point scores stopped under the old set-up, will be discarded just as soon as our occupation needs in the Far East are ascertained, and a new date will be substituted, allowing troops credit for service after May 12, 1945.

2) A lower critical score will be established for both EM and Wacs and "further reductions in this score will be made periodically to insure that discharges proceed at the highest rate permitted by transportation." As of the day of Japan's surrender, no definite score had been announced, but most authorities at that time were pretty generally agreed that it would be in the neighborhood of 75 for EM.

Under the demobilization plan, you will compute your score in exactly the same way as you did under the Readjustment plan. When a new critical score is announced, the only difference will be that instead of using May 12, 1945, as your deadline for points, you will include all points you have earned up to the new deadline date.

The demobilization plan does not provide credit for dependents other than three children under 18, and no point credit is given for age. The age limit for the Army, however, has been lowered from 40 to 38, and this limit, according to a Pentagon colonel, will be progressively lowered as demobilization takes full effect.

That worn-out bit of double-talk—the "military necessity" gag—should just about disappear under the demobilization plan. For all practical purposes, the WD insists, the words "essential" and "non-surplus" will be tossed out.

Actually, only men with four types of jobs can be stuck; they really fall in specialized categories: *1)* orthopedic attendants; *2)* acoustic technicians; *3)* electroencephalographic specialists; *4)* transmitter attendants, fixed station.

All this doesn't mean that you can't be retained temporarily even if you don't belong in one of the foregoing groups, but under a regulation being considered by the WD, you can't be held longer than six months after VJ-Day.

THE first job is to get the armies of occupation set. "That job," a Pentagon colonel explained, "takes priority over everything in this plan, just like beating Japan took priority over everything in the Readjustment plan. We've got to make damned sure, in a hurry, that the Japs don't hole up and get a chance to start an underground movement that could cause us plenty of grief later on.

"Therefore, our No. 1 task is to get enough men on the spot as soon as possible and in the right places to insure a real peace. After that has been accomplished and the system of supply for the occupation troops is clicking, the demobilization process can go forward in full swing."

How many men will be needed for occupation duty? The answer to that one depends on several things. First of all, we have no way of knowing as yet what problems we'll encounter in Japan. There is a terrific density of population to consider, and that fact added to the screwy twist in the Japanese mind will in all probability force us to keep plenty of manpower around to police the area constantly and thoroughly. At the same time, our occupation army in Europe—possibly 400,000 men—will continue on the job until Congress decides there's no further use for it.

In addition, we'll have to keep, according to the WD's estimate, around half a million men on duty in the U. S., Alaska, Panama and Hawaii. These will be used to man permanent garrisons and to see that transportation and supply for the occupation armies don't bog down. Finally, all or most of the islands we have captured in the Pacific will have to be garrisoned for an unspecified time. All these needs, the WD figures, will ultimately require a peacetime Army of at least 2½ million men. Presumably, the 2½ million would consist of guys with extremely low point scores, regulars and new inductees.

Many more men than that will be needed at first, principally because of our uncertainty over what the internal situation in Japan will develop into, but most of the big brass here believe that the normal discharge procedure, spreading demobilization over a 12-month period, will insure there being enough troops around to take care of any incidents that may occur in the early phases of the occupation.

Granting priorities to the occupation armies doesn't necessarily mean, however, that the process of getting eligibles out of the Army will be impeded much, if at all. The mechanism for demobilization, says the WD, is tuned so that it can go simultaneously with the machinery that builds and maintains our armies of occupation.

First to be released under the demobilization plan are the 550,000 men who had 85 or more points under the Readjustment plan. According to the colonel, these men are being discharged just as fast as they can be moved to separation centers, or in the case of high-pointers overseas, loaded in ships and planes and returned to the States. While he was reluctant to make any definite prediction as to the exact time it would take to spring *all* high-pointers, the colonel did say, "It is perfectly possible that most of them will be back in civvies within 60 days after VJ-Day."

Of the half-million high-pointers under the original Readjustment plan, those who were in the States when Japan surrendered were necessarily slated to get out first; indeed, the War Department announced that it would try to get all these out by August 31. Accordingly, some guys in the U. S. with a bare 85 points got out sooner than some men overseas with 100 plus.

That may appear unjust, but WD spokesmen justify it on the score of expediency. They describe the demobilization process as a giant funnel. The eligible men already in the States (or en route) would clog the funnel if they were kept sweating it out until overseas troops with higher scores reached the States.

There has been a lot of latrine talk lately about a so-called Army plan to regulate the flow of dischargees back into civilian life, not on the basis of high-point scores but on the basis of whether a guy has a job waiting for him when he gets out. There is no such regulation in the War Department's plan for demobilization and none is being considered, although Congress could conceivably make such a regulation if it decided that it would be in the best interests of the national economy. But not the WD. The WD says its sole job is to get 5½ million men out of the Army just as soon as possible.

Another latrine rumor has it that men eligible for point discharges will be given furloughs in the States before their release so that they can look around for jobs on the Army's time. That's a phony, too. When your number is called you can do only one of two things. You can walk up and get your discharge papers, or you can choose to stay in the Army.

The choice to remain in the Army may sound a little wacky to most of us, but some GIs are thinking seriously about it. High-pointers who elect to remain in the Army have three choices:

1) They can enlist in the regular Army.

2) If they are overseas they can volunteer to remain for the duration-plus-six-months with the occupation army in the theater to which they are presently assigned.

3) Whether they are overseas or in the U. S. they can volunteer for duty in the U. S. for the duration-plus-six.

If you decide to enlist in the regular Army, you'll be required to take a three-year hitch. You'll be able to keep the rank you had at time of discharge, but how much freedom you'll have in choosing your arm of service hasn't been decided. The WD is working on plans for an intensive stay-in-the-Army campaign which is expected to include inducements in the way of educational opportunities, easy promotions, retirement privileges, and so on.

The other two deals—volunteering for continued duty for the duration-plus-six—involve several *ifs*. First, if you are overseas you can elect to stay in the theater in which you are presently stationed provided your CO decides there's a legitimate need for your services and if he wants you around. If he accepts you, you're stuck only for the duration-plus-six. You won't be required to join the regulars.

You can volunteer for duty in the U. S., too, without joining the regulars. If there's room for you, you'll probably be accepted. On this deal you also sign for the duration-plus-six.

In case you're still baffled over the "duration-plus-six" business, here are the facts: You were inducted under the law for the duration and six months "after the date of the termination of hostilities." This termination-of-hostilities date has nothing to do with the cease-fire order. It will be a date, defined by law, as "the date proclaimed by the President . . . or the date specified in a concurrent resolution of Congress, whichever is earlier."

THE Marine Corps is using exactly the same plan as the Army used for its Readjustment plan. As of August 14, the day the Japs said they'd quit, it took 85 points to get out of the Marines. The Navy and Coast Guard have a different plan. The Navy gives half a point for each year of age, figured to the nearest birthday; half a point for each full month of active duty since September 1, 1939, and 10 points for a dependent. (It doesn't matter whether you have more than one dependent; you get just 10 points for your total of dependents.) The critical score for Navy EM is 44 points; for enlisted Waves, 29; for male officers, 49; for Wave officers, 35. The Navy, too, will lower its critical scores as "military commitments permit." From 1½ to 2½ million men and women will be released under the Navy's plan within a year to 18 months.



Copied from an original at The History Center, Diboll, Texas. www.TheHistoryCenterOnline.com 2019:010

VICTORY



THREE years, eight months and seven days after Pearl Harbor total victory came to the United States of America and all the Allies. On the 14th of August, 1945, the last Axis enemy went down to that total defeat which the democracies, some of whom had faced up to Rome-Berlin-Tokyo aggression long before the 7th of December, 1941, had solemnly pledged themselves to bring about.

In this nation, and throughout the Allied world, the contrast between those two days was the contrast between shock, dread and near-defeat and relief, thanksgiving and unqualified triumph. There was another difference, too.

To the citizens of the United States—and indeed of all the countries that later became the United Nations—Pearl Harbor had been a blow-without-warning. In its unexpectedness it had brought a mental shock almost as severe as the physical shock of the bombs that fell on Hickam Field and on the ships in harbor. VJ-Day came to a nation waiting for and well schooled in victory.

America's armed forces had had a major share in Allied triumphs all over the globe. The weapons forged in its factories and carried on its ships and planes to every part of the world had proved its industrial supremacy. VJ-Day had come sooner than most Americans had dared hope, but for months none had doubted that it would arrive.

When it did come, after a five-day wait while the Samurai fumed and quibbled over the details of defeat, there was such an outpouring of emotion as Americans had never known. Wherever Americans were gathered together—whether in Louisville, Ky., Berlin or Manila—the pattern of celebration was much the same. There were roars of rejoicing, high hopes for reunions, and prayers. The prayers were offered in gratitude and in remembrance of those who had died for a day they could not mark.

In America the celebration outdid anything within the memory of living men. It made VE-Day seem silent; it far overshadowed Armistice Day, 1918. On the Continent of Europe and on continents and islands where end-of-war had never found U. S. troops before, it was a day without precedent. A chapter, perhaps a whole book, of history had ended, and a word that had figured much in American thoughts for three years, eight months and seven days—a word often spoken, but always in terms of the past or of an unsure future—could be spoken now in terms of the living present. The word was peace.

DALLAS Peace came to Dallas like a mixture of Hallowe'en and Christmas. The day itself had been quiet, because, as everywhere else, there had been too many false alarms and people had grown cautious. But a White House announcement at 6 P.M. changed all that.

It took just 30 minutes for the celebration to get under way here. From all parts of the city thousands flocked into the downtown area. Bus and streetcar schedules were hopelessly disorganized. The howlingest mob in Dallas's recent history made short work of the anti-noise ordinance conceived by the city fathers to speed war production.

Sirens came on 30 minutes late, but made up for their tardiness by their volume. Paper cascaded out of downtown office windows, while street sweepers looked on helplessly, then laughed and joined in the fun.

Centering at Commerce and Akard Streets, the celebration fanned out to take in the entire downtown area, with parades of yelling and chanting pedestrians weaving through lines of cars with horns blaring full blast. Elsewhere shirt-tail parades and group singing swelled the volume of sound.

Pillows in the rooms of the Adolphus and Baker Hotels were ripped apart, and their feathery contents floated through the air. Socks came next, with other odds-and-ends following, while Abe Berger, publicity man for the Adolphus, looked worriedly up at the windows and wondered how long they'd stay put.

The long-awaited announcement left many pedestrians silent, however. For one woman the news had come too late. On her shoulder, between

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Branch Office, Information & Education Division, War Department, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Reproduction rights restricted as indicated in the masthead on the editorial page. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly. Printed in the U. S. A.

Copied from an original at The History Center, Diboll, Texas. www.TheHistoryCenterOnline.com 2019:010

the arms of a silver V, was a picture of her son in uniform. He had been killed in action several months ago.

Mrs. Mary Williams, a pretty redhead, said she had been waiting to eat, but her appetite had vanished. "I stepped outside just as the news came," she said. "Then a chill came over me and I had a feeling that was more like sadness than joy." She couldn't help crying, she was so thankful. Her husband, Boyd Williams, is somewhere in the Pacific with the Navy.

A solid mass packed Akard between Commerce and Elm, with cars lined up from signal light to signal light. An Army private walked up to an MP standing at Akard and Commerce. The soldier had made the rounds of the liquor stores just before a telephone conference of owners had resulted in their closing for the night in the midst of a tremendous run. Toting one bottle under an arm and drinking steadily from another, the soldier stared the MP in the face. "Mercy on you, MP," he murmured, "mercy on you," and walked off.

At the USO on Main Street a crowd of servicemen hung over a radio waiting for the President's announcement. When the news came they remained quiet, listening attentively to every word. Then they cut loose with a yell, most of them pouring out into the street to join other celebrators bent on organizing a demonstration.

Some stayed behind. There was Pfc. William E. Boynicki, 39, who sat down at once to write to his wife in Miami, Fla. "All I want to do is go home and tie myself to my wife's apron strings and never leave home again," he murmured. "I've been in this man's army five years. That's enough."

Pfc. Guy Rogers of Dallas, just back from two years and two days overseas, was ready to sit down for a discussion of chemical warfare, a field in which he had worked. The atomic bomb, he figured, had really done the job. Then he paused, struck by an idea. "Now if they would just say that all of us fellows were going to be discharged," he said, "we would really blow our tops."

NEW YORK CITY At 7:30 A.M. on Friday, August 10, 1945, the thermometer in New York City read 66 degrees, the sun was shining, the humidity wasn't bad, and all in all it was one of the town's better summer mornings. The atomic bomb and Russia were in the war now, and the 7:30 news broadcasts were much concerned with the accomplishments of these new allies.

A moment later it came. Japan, according to the Tokyo radio, wanted out. Word of the momentous broadcast spread quickly, but in New York there was no immediate sense of jubilation. Instead, a mood of trance-like suspense prevailed. Nothing was official, nothing was definite, no one could do anything but hope.

Thin lines of earnest people gathered almost at once in Times Square to await developments as they were flashed on the electric news sign running around the Times Tower Building. They didn't know it then, of course, but they were the advance guard of a host of New Yorkers who would be keeping vigil there for five days and nights to come.

"Whadya say, sarge?" said one GI to another in the ranks of an expectant throng listening to a sidewalk radio in the entrance to a newsreel theater on East 42d Street. "Kinda quiet, ain't it, for a big deal like this? People seem to be walking around in a dream. Yep, that's what the whole thing seems like—a dream."

Among the first in the city to act on the news were the proprietors of establishments in the Times Square area who feared for the safety of their plate-glass windows. By 8 A.M. Toffenetti's Restaurant, on the southeast corner of Broadway and 43d Street, had a crew of carpenters busy putting up barricades as a precaution against crowds, and the Astor Hotel and other vulnerable spots were quick to follow suit.

And so the long morning wore on. Civilians stopped GIs in the streets, offering to buy them drinks, but by and large the GIs didn't seem inclined to accept. Everything was still too uncertain to get party-minded. Down in Wall Street, where ticker tape can be counted on to fly at the first sign of exuberance in the big town, there wasn't so much as a shred of paper in the gutters. A recruiting station for Waves, situated in front of the Sub-Treasury Building at the corner of Wall and Nassau, remained open for business, but there were no customers.



Thousands shouted together when news of Jap surrender came to Times Square in New York.

A sailor and a Wac tore up the sidewalk on Broadway with a swinging, strutting victory jive.

Word went out that President Harry S. Truman was calling a Cabinet meeting at 2 P.M. Somehow or other this was distorted in Manhattan's garment center into a rumor that he had accepted the Jap peace offer, and a celebration, as cockeyed as it was short-lived, began. Seventh and Eighth Avenues from 34th to 40th Streets and the side streets in the area became a crazy quilt of bits and patches of brightly colored cloth thrown from the windows of buildings by excited dressmakers. Vendors popped up from nowhere to peddle VJ-Day buttons at two bits per button. The Department of Sanitation rushed sprinkler trucks around to wet down the mess, but not in time. In the midst of all the excitement, some of the pieces of cloth on Eighth Avenue caught fire from a cigarette butt, and traffic had to be stopped because of the danger to gasoline tanks. "In the garment center, we've always prematured our celebrations," said one disgusted elevator operator.

During the afternoon, 5,000 policemen were stationed in the midtown area to handle anticipated crowds, but at 3:30 P.M. came an announcement that the White House would have no further news until morning and the cops were called in. And so the restless, indecisive day petered out. In the theater district that night there were no more than the usual summer crowds and local radio stations hammered home this message at frequent intervals: "If you have a war job, keep plugging. The war is not yet over."

Nor was the war over during the long weekend that followed. Saturday it was hot—sunny again, and hot. Just after dawn the *Queen Elizabeth* came in with 14,800 GIs from the ETO, a lot of whom figured that now they wouldn't have to take another free ocean ride on Uncle Sam, as they'd been expecting to. By afternoon the streets were all but deserted and from one end of the city to the other girls sprawled on tenement roofs in skimpy bathing suits, picking up suntans for their legs in place of the silk stockings they couldn't buy. The Japs, the radio said, had been told that Hirohito could stay but that we'd be the boss, and everyone realized it would now be some time before we'd have an answer to this. That evening the West 54th Street police station reported fewer people in Times Square than there usually are on a summer Saturday night. There was nothing to do but wait.

The skies were clear again Sunday, as indeed they were throughout the five days of waiting that seemed like a century, and the thermometer was in the low 80s, making it a fine day to go to the beaches. Thousands turned up at Coney Island and Orchard Beach, toting portable radios along with them so that they could keep up with developments, of which there were none. Learned commentators went on the air to explain what was holding up Japan's surrender, although they obviously had no more idea than their listeners of what the deal was. A mass of thanksgiving for the peace that had not yet come was held at St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue. Mayor F. H. LaGuardia broadcast this plea: "Do not celebrate unless there is good reason to celebrate."

Then, as it apparently must at the end of any war, came the phony report of surrender. At 9:34 P.M. the United Press sent out this flash: WASHINGTON—JAPAN ACCEPTS SURRENDER TERMS OF THE ALLIES. Two minutes later came the countermanding order: EDITORS—HOLD UP THAT FLASH. But by then it was too late. Radio stations had already broadcast the false news and thousands upon thousands of people had dashed from their living rooms out into the streets.

The U. P. later explained that it hadn't sent out the report and it put up a $5,000 reward for information leading to the identification and conviction of the culprit who in some manner had managed to slip the hot but screwy dope out over its wires. By that time, however, crowds were whooping it up in Times Square, a bit synthetically, to be sure, since all they had to do was to look up at the electric news sign and read that the war was definitely not over. Most of the hullabaloo was kicked up by kids of bobby-sox age just raising the roof for the hell of it. By midnight it was way past their bedtimes and, utterly pooped out, they straggled home.

Monday was a stinker. The weather was hot and humid and a sweating city was fretfully sweating the surrender out. Whereas at first everyone had more or less taken it for granted that Japan would accept our terms, now as the hours passed people began to fear that it wasn't over yet by any means. The day dragged on, a day on which most New Yorkers had thought they would be celebrating and on which they instead had to return reluctantly to their routine chores. Then, that evening at 6:25, came a radio report that a broadcasting station in Brazzaville, Africa, had picked up an announcement from Tokyo that Japan would have an important announcement to make at 8 o'clock the following morning. That made it look as though the situation would remain on ice for the rest of the night and a large slice of New York City's sweltering populace nursed itself to bed early with cooling drinks.

That was the last sleep for a lot of people for a lot of hours. Tokyo jumped the gun and at 1:49 Tuesday morning broadcast a statement that Japan would accept the Allied surrender terms. Throughout the city late stay-uppers hopped on the phone to rouse their friends and tell them the good news. Some made immediately for Times Square, setting off a celebration that was to last well over 48 hours. It was still going strong at dawn and carried on right through the day and the next day as more and more yelling, laughing, horn-tooting thousands poured into the area.

By Tuesday noon there was still nothing official, but from the way the crowds carried on you would never have suspected that peace wasn't yet definitely in the bag. Frenzied babes rushed through the crowds kissing servicemen, and wolves, in uniform and out, prowled about mousing any and every likely-looking number while the cops looked on, grinning indulgently. At 3:17 in the afternoon a sailor and his honey were to be seen lying flat on the pavement necking furiously as the throngs shuffled about them. Traffic was barred from the Times Square area all day so that the mob, which ultimately numbered 2,000,000, could run loose.

All the way from Staten Island to Van Cortlandt Park, from the Hudson River to the remotest outposts of Queens, the streets were littered with tons of paper torn up and scattered about by New York City's seven and a half million elated citizens. In Chinatown, where the residents have relatives in the land the Japs first tried to overrun, they put on the sacred dragon dance ordinarily staged only on the Chinese New Year. Up in Harlem there was jive and jitterbugging in the streets. Flatbush Avenue and Fulton Streets, two of Brooklyn's main drags, were jammed.

Frantic and madcap as the shindy was by day, however, it was nothing compared to what it became at night after President Truman made his 7 o'clock announcement that the war was over. This, at last, was the official end, and at once the whole city, already a seething turmoil, seemed to explode. To the blasts of automobile horns and the shrilling of whistles the *Queen Elizabeth*, docked in the Hudson, added the deep, throaty boom of her horn. Some of the bars around Times Square closed down, unable to cope with the crush, but it was a cinch to get a drink since scores of people were wandering around carrying quart bottles of the stuff and all were in a generous mood.

On, on, on it went into the night and the next night as the biggest city in the world went its way toward picking up the biggest hangover in its history. It was a hangover few would ever regret.

—Sgt. SANDERSON VANDERBILT



In the White House President Truman, surrounded by members of his cabinet, reads the Jap surrender message. Seated by him are Admiral Leahy, Secretary of State Byrnes and ex-Secretary of State Hull.

WASHINGTON This capital city, over which the Japs boasted they would raise their flag within a year after the attack on Pearl Harbor, relaxed its worn nerves and celebrated the winning of the war with a screaming, drinking, paper-tearing, free-kissing demonstration which combined all the features of New Year's Eve and Mardi Gras.

Fraternization among officers and enlisted men was the order of the night in this usually dignified stronghold of brass, where seemingly every second person in uniform is adorned with bars, leaves, eagles or stars. Every girl was fair game, and rank was no obstacle. A buck sergeant and a corporal chased two WAC captains into the doorway of a shop on F Street and kissed their superiors soundly, despite giggled orders to the contrary

Two Navy officers who warmly invited a victory kiss from a redheaded Wave ensign in the hallway of the Willard Hotel did not make out as well, but their confusion was covered by a 40-year-old, rather liquefied, bald-headed gentleman who chose that moment to try to slide, no hands, down the Willard's banister. He made it halfway.

The number of bottles which were passed freely among strangers would have startled anyone who has ever paid $50 for a quart of the stuff in such far-off places as New Georgia. One officer, standing in the middle of Pennsylvania Avenue outside the White House, waved a fifth of rye at arm's length, repeatedly inviting passers-by to "have a drink on the European Theater of Operations."

A T/Sgt. rounded off his night's excitement by shinnying up a light pole in front of the White House and leading the crowd in song, beating time with a small American flag. He concentrated on corny numbers like "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and "Home on the Range," and between songs he led yells of "We Want Harry!" But the President did not repeat his early-evening appearance. There were many officials in Washington that night who were too busy with the new problems of peace to celebrate the end of the war.

Not everyone on the streets was demonstrative, either. "I can't get that jubilant," said a T-5 thoughtfully. "You'd be surprised how many didn't get drunk tonight. I didn't."

And a middle-aged white-haired man with a Scottish burr remarked sadly, "You know, soldier, it's a nice celebration, but I lost two sons—two sons. It might be a joke to some, but . . ."

And the middle-aged man shook his head and walked slowly away.

—Sgt. BARRETT McGURN

CAMP KILMER, N. J. Dusk had just about settled over the rolling Jersey countryside when the factory whistles of nearby New Brunswick began screaming that the second World War was over.

In War Department Theater No. 1 a captain in a clean, crisp tropical-worsted uniform adorned with an American Defense ribbon was standing on the stage. He was delivering the standard "welcoming lecture" to some GIs who had just got off a ship from Europe and were to be redeployed to the Pacific.

"Now in conclusion, men," he said, "I wish to warn you that any demonstration that results in damage to camp property will result in the postponement of your home furloughs. May your brief stay at Camp Kilmer be pleasant."

Someone hurried onto the stage from the wings and whispered to him: "Captain, President Truman has just announced that the war is over! Tell 'em that before they leave."

"No," replied the captain. "As far as Camp Kilmer is concerned there is to be no announcement of peace until the Colonel hears it from the War Department through channels and announces it officially."

"But President Truman announced it over the radio—it is official—"

"Sorry, I'm only following orders."

Over in the barracks area a BAR man was outside in the yard burning the fuzz off his brand-new combat boots in the flame of a can of shoe polish. He heard the factory whistles, looked up and then bent his head to his task again.

Inside barracks T-241 some of the newly-arrived GIs were reading or snoring in their sacks. Others were sitting in little groups, shooting the bull. Still others packed the shower room, luxuriating in the steam.

A little buck sergeant came into the barracks, went over to one group sitting among the double-tiered bunks and said, "The war's over. Just heard about it." They grunted and continued shooting the bull.

A permanent party soldier come in with a handful of overseas caps. "Who wants to buy a hat with blue Infantry braid on it?" he asked. "Only two-fifty. Ya can't buy a cap with braid on it in camp and you can't get outta camp and you gotta take off yer wools tomorrow, so ya better get one."

"Two-fifty!" muttered a big corn-haired guy. "What a racket! Probably cost ya no more'n a buck. You commandos got all the angles, ain't ya! About half an hour ago one of yer pals come in and got rid of two bottles of gin for 15 smackers. Probably cost him about five bucks. Just because we can't get outta camp . . ."

Several of the men bought caps, and the per-

Copied from an original at The History Center, Diboll, Texas. www.TheHistoryCenterOnline.com 2019:010



This was part of a hilarious two-night celebration in San Francisco. A crowd, a large part of them being sailors, took over some cable cars, stopping traffic.



In Louisville, Ky., soldiers and sailors reacted pretty much as they did in other parts of the country. They hoisted their girls into the air and yelled.

manent party soldier flashed a sardonic grin at the corn-haired guy.

"By the way," he said, as he headed for the door, "the war's over. Guess you guys won't have to go to the Pacific after all."

"Like hell we won't!" someone shouted from the other end of the room. "We'll get shipped an' you commandos will stay here an' get out."

"Army of occupation in Japan," mused a little Italian from the Bronx. "Geez, why didn't we go over the hill in Austria so's we could of stayed there, fraternizing every night with them gorgeous Heinie babes."

"Oh, Japan ain't so bad," someone chimed in from an upper bunk. "This here book by Roy Chapman Andrews, the explorer, says they got some classy dames in Japan. He says they's one whorehouse there has a huge sign in front of it which says, 'Short time, one yen. All night, including breakfast, three yen.' "

"How much is a yen?"

"You'll find out soon enough, Jack."

"Baloney," said the corn-haired guy. "They ain't gonna ship us to Japan. We at least been overseas 10 months. They'll grab some of these 18-year-olds with peach fuzz on their face."

"That's what you think. Ain't you been in the Army long enough to know it ain't never done a logical thing?"

"Brother," piped a soldier with a Storm Trooper's skull-and-crossbones ring on his finger, "you can say that again!"

"Well, look," said the little Italian from the Bronx, "The war's over. Let's go over to the GI beer hall and toss a few."

Four others went with him. There was a line of more than 200 men in front of the door of the "Gay Nineties," the Area 1 beer hall. They dropped into line. Three-quarters of an hour later they were sitting on the grass outside, drinking beer out of paper cups.

"Nice cool evening, ain't it?" said the corn-haired guy.

"Yeah, quiet, too."

"Shall we sweat out the line for another four cups?"

"Naw, let's hit the sack. We'll be ridin' a train fer purty near two days startin' tomorrow night."

The four ETO veterans got up off the grass and ambled leisurely through the cool, dark night toward barracks T-241. From the direction of New Brunswick came the blaring of horns and the banging of dishpans.

"Well, the war's over."

"Yup."

—Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON

PASADENA "A hospital is one hell of a place to be in when a war ends."

That was the majority opinion of the men ranging from private to two-star general who found themselves, on the day of Japan's surrender, patients in the Army hospital which was formerly the swank Vista del Arroyo Hotel. There was bedlam in the hospital, according to Lt. Helen Span, ANC, of Savannah, Ga., when the radio at 4 P. M. brought the official word from the White House.

"They went wild," Lt. Span said of her patients. "They slid down banisters, they chinned themselves on the hospital's chandeliers. The remark most of them made was, 'No Pacific trip now!' "

WAC Sgt. Rayetta Johnson, a former San Diego policewoman, was on MP duty at the hospital's door when the news broke. She held the door open for Maj. Gen. Thompson Lawrence, for the past two years commanding general of the Replacement Training Center, Camp Roberts, Calif., and Mrs. Lawrence. The general, carrying a barracks bag and a suitcase, was entering the hospital as a patient. Leaving off the "sir," Sgt. Johnson said to the general, "It's all over."

The general dropped his bags and grabbed Sgt. Johnson; he and his wife told her that they had two sons in the Pacific.

The hospital rang with shouts, and convalescing patients scurried through the corridors, their maroon robes trailing after them. "All I want," a nurse commented, "is a discharge and some nylons."

"Wotta place to be," moaned a staff sergeant who had been a prisoner in Germany for several months after his B-17 exploded in a raid on Munich. He had come home all in one piece, got his furlough and then banged himself up riding a motorcycle.

Passes were hard to get at the hospital, surrender or no surrender, but the WAC lieutenant who was officer of the day slyly said that as soon as the news came in she had resigned herself to a large number of AWOLs and to much smuggling-in of liquor by visitors. Typical of the passless patients was Pvt. Ted Chuinski of Chicago, back from 14 months in Europe. He sat dejectedly on the front steps, calling out to passing GIs to lend him some clothes. "I couldn't get far in this goddam bathrobe," he said glumly.

—Sgt. LARRY McMANUS

BOSTON Boston's peace celebration exploded suddenly after the official news of Japanese surrender poured out of countless radios. All morning and afternoon, while many other cities were already wildly celebrating, the Hub, with true New England caution, waited soberly for confirmation.

But this staid attitude was swept away in a surging tide of mass enthusiasm a few minutes after the news came. In a celebration that topped Boston's two-day madness following the collapse of Germany in 1918, over three-quarters of a million people crammed narrow, twisting downtown streets and the famous Common in the wildest riot of noise in the city's long history. It was like 50 New Year's Eves rolled into one.

The most general impulse seemed to be to shout, sing and hug passers-by. For men in uniform the celebration seemed to be more of a kissing fest than anything else. They were seized by girls and women of all ages, and their faces soon burst out in what the movie ads would have called "flaming Technicolor," because of the varied hues of lipstick prints.

Doors of hundreds of churches were opened, and many thousands entered them briefly, if only to pause in silence for a few moments in gratitude in the midst of an evening in which many ordinarily powerful Boston inhibitions were swept aside.

Though nearly 200 persons required treatment for minor hurts, as they were squeezed and pushed around in the throngs, there were no serious accidents.

The next day, happily, was a holiday, so Boston's celebrators enjoyed a late morning's sleep. They needed it.

SAN FRANCISCO Peace brought something akin to a state of chaos to the Pacific's largest port of embarkation. The good news was almost too much for San Francisco. Hundreds were injured and a number killed in a celebration that lasted two nights and that at no time had any element of the peaceful about it.

Some of the highlights: Firecrackers, hoarded in Chinatown for eight years, rattled like machine guns. . . . Servicemen and civilians played tug-of-war with fire hose. . . . Market Street, the wide, bar-lined thoroughfare that has long been the center of interest for visiting GIs and sailors, was littered with the wreckage of smashed War Bond booths and broken bottles. . . . A plump redhead danced naked on the base of the city's Native Sons monument after servicemen had torn her clothes off. A sailor lent the woman a coat, and the pair disappeared.

Marine Pfc. James Prim, 34, had as much to celebrate as anybody in San Francisco. He had come safely through bitter South Pacific campaigns. In the early hours of August 15, when the mass hilarity was at its height, Prim fell down a flight of stairs. He died of a fractured skull.

There were thousands of San Franciscans who marked the day soberly and with prayer, but the end of the second World War seems likely to be remembered here as a celebration that got way out of bounds.

NEW ORLEANS After celebrating the end of the war prematurely three times, New Orleans let loose with everything it had when the official word finally came through from the White House.

A snowstorm of paper had pelted down from office buildings all during the afternoon as optimistic citizens hoped for an immediate announcement of the war's end. The feel of victory in the air kept office workers downtown past their normal working hours, and the announcement caught mobs of shoppers and workers on Canal Street.

So wary of unconfirmed rumors were the people of New Orleans that it took a newsboy three minutes to sell the first copy of the extra proclaiming the real peace. But once they were convinced, no Mardi Gras was ever as gay or as wild as the celebration that followed. Although all bars closed immediately for 24 hours on orders from the police, civilians and servicemen alike were not slow to bring out bottles.

Mobs jammed the "widest street in the world" from sidewalk to sidewalk. Traffic moved with the greatest difficulty in spite of the efforts of the 150 extra policemen called out to handle the crowds. Sailors swarmed up to street cars as they stopped, kissing willing girls through the open windows. A loaded watermelon truck stalled in traffic on the big street, and sailors took over, handing out the melons to passing celebrants.

As every type of paper, except toilet tissue, which was notably absent, fell to the streets in ankle-deep piles, the Commissioner of Public Works announced that three extra street crews would be put to work cleaning up the mess.

In direct contrast to the shouting in the streets was the quiet of a Jesuit church in the business district crowded with parents, wives, and sweethearts of servicemen, offering prayers of thanksgiving for the end of hostilities and the safety of their loved ones. Men and women clutching newspapers with the banner-line PEACE mingled in front of the church, wiping their eyes unashamedly.

With all the bars closed, the French quarter was deserted as both civilians and servicemen hurried to Canal Street to join the festivities. A scattering of foreign soldiers and sailors were seen among the joyful crowd. A young French aviator, seeking refuge in a recruiting booth, spread a newspaper on the floor in an effort to translate the headlines. A passer-by, seeing his problem, shouted *"La guerre est finie!"* and the aviator jumped to his feet with a shout and disappeared into the mob.

Shipyards, aircraft plants and other war industries ceased operations shortly after the news was announced.

The *Times-Picayune's* weather forecast read: "Peaceful showers and clouds will be enjoyed by New Orleanians. . . ."



Victory didn't stop the draft. The day after Jap surrender these men were inducted in Cleveland.

HONOLULU In Honolulu, where the war began for the U. S., the first news of its ending reached a sleepy-eyed Chinese-American radio technician shortly after 1200 hours when he had just finished making his regular weekly check on KGU's station transmitter and was ready to leave for home.

When technician Harry Chu received the U. P. flash that the Japs had offered to accept the Allied peace terms, he put the transmitter back on the air, telephoned the assistant station manager and marked time until an announcer could arrive by playing records interspersed with the following announcement: "Stand by for important news about the Potsdam ultimatum."

The assistant station manager and two announcers arrived at the studio at about 0245 hours. Ten minutes later the first real broadcast of the news went on the air, and reaction from the late-listening radio audience was immediate.

One of the most spontaneous celebrations was at Hickam Field, where hangars, planes and barracks were strafed by the Japs December 7. Crewmen, technicians and passenger-terminal personnel, working on a 24-hour shift to keep bombers and supplies flowing to the battle lines, heard the first news flash and quickly spread the word. GIs in jeeps and command cars and trucks raced up and down the roads with their horns held down. A soldier woke up six members of the AAF band and their noise soon woke up others. When the first parade started down Fox Avenue there were 40 assorted musicians playing "Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here."

Flight nurses, Wacs and GIs all streamed from their barracks and joined the howling procession. Forty vehicles, lined up three abreast in back of the paraders, loaded with shouting men, women and children, must have looked pretty puny compared with a Times Square celebration, but nothing ever surpassed them in enthusiasm.

Waikiki Beach, where the Army has its rest camp, Fort DeRussy, and the Navy has the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, at first took the news quietly simply because nearly everyone was asleep. But soldiers and sailors who heard the flash went from door to door pounding and shouting, and within 15 minutes all lights were on and groups had gathered to talk over the historic news.

In the replacement training command depot where men are assigned to combat units in the forward areas, jubilation was high. Even though men realized that Jap capitulation would not necessarily cancel their trip west, they knew now it would be for occupation duty and not for actual combat.

By 0600 hours thousands of civilian workers, many of them of Japanese descent, began to arrive at the base. They talked excitedly as they went about their jobs, but now it was beginning to look like just another routine day, as busy as ever with nothing slowed down.

Downtown Honolulu didn't seem to be changed much by the news either. Soldiers and sailors filed along Hotel Street doing the same old things they'd always done on pass days—staring at traffic, shopping in curio stores, having their pictures taken with hula girls. But there was a broad grin on the face of Pfc. Nobuichi Masatsugo, a Japanese-American soldier, as he read the headlines.

"I always knew we had them licked, but I never thought the end would come this soon," he said. He wore a Purple Heart won in Italy, where he had fought with the 34th Division.

"I guess my 76 points will be good after all," commented T-4 Cyril D. Robinson of Klamath Falls, Ore., another soldier on pass in town.

Pvt. Mitchell Rosen, a New York City marine who saw action at Iwo Jima, was taking the news soberly.

"You can credit the Marines, the atomic bomb and the Russians for bringing the Japs to their knees," he said, and he emphasized the word "Marines."

—Cpl. TOM O'BRIEN



PARIS The GIs had managed to keep their VJ spirit bottled up through most of the phony rumors, but when the real thing was announced the cork popped with a vengeance. A spontaneous parade, including jeeps and trucks and Wacs and GIs and officers and nurses and enlisted men, snaked from the Red Cross Club at Rainbow Corner down to the *Place de l'Opera* and back.

Jeeps crawled along in the victory celebration so loaded down with cheering GIs that the shape of the vehicles could hardly be discerned. Some GIs showed up with flags to add both color and an official note to the procession. By the time the demonstration hit its full stride trucks and cars were moving five abreast with pedestrian celebrants marching before and behind and between.

The most unusual note of the day was the spontaneous contribution campaign for the Red Cross which started up out of nothing at all except good humor when a GI at the Rainbow Corner pinned a couple of franc notes to a tree, announcing: "This is for the Red Cross."

His idea caught on and soon other GIs were unloading their spare currency. The sport was enlivened considerably by kissing French girls at the tree, whether as a bonus for contributions or just for the hell of it. At any rate, a late afternoon check showed some $14,000 raised for the ARC by what had begun purely as a half-gag gesture of good will.

The whole show was a soldier—especially an American soldier—performance. French civilians were happy and pleased, and they showed it.

Copied from an original at The History Center, Diboll, Texas. www.TheHistoryCenterOnline.com 2019:010

but they still went about their work as much as usual as was possible. They had been drained of celebration first when their city had been freed and later when the European war had ended.

ATLANTIC OCEAN GIs aboard troopships at sea, heading back for the States from Europe, heard about the Japanese surrender over the ship's p. a. system barely three minutes after the Washington news flash was received in the radio room, and read details in "extras" of mimeographed and typed ship's newspapers as quickly as the folks back home.

On the *Cape Flattery*, carrying 600 returning officers and low-point EM who'd thought they were headed for the Pacific after a Stateside furlough, each premature announcement was greeted with cheers and then with groans when it turned out to be a false alarm. The *Flattery's* news sheet, the *Bilge*, appeared with a daily news roundup.

One false flash came through at 2 A.M., long after "lights out," so almost nobody heard the news until morning. A pfc was rudely informed by a sergeant who rolled him out of bed at 5:30: "Wake up. The war's over and you're on KP."

But—unlike the boy who cried wolf—the first mate never lost the confidence of his p. a. listeners, and when President Truman made it official, everybody cut loose.

A minute later the chaplain took command of the loudspeaker, leading troops and crew in a prayer for their fallen comrades.

—Sgt. ALLAN B. ECKER

MANILA The headline, in type so big that the words ran together across the top of the page, said: "NIPS QUIT." The Japanese prisoners of war crowded around the superior private who held the paper. They stood in the sun-baked courtyard of the new Bilibid Prison south of Manila, where some 8,000 former soldiers of the emperor are confined.



On the night when the papers hit the streets of Manila with headlines of Jap surrender, thousands of Filipinos celebrated.



In London, on Piccadilly Circus, bunch of GIs and a New Zealand sailor (left) hoisted an English bobby onto their shoulders when they heard the Japs had offered to quit.

An elderly Japanese civilian interpreter lifted his eyebrows, adjusted his spectacles and translated.

"*Nippon*," he said. "*Nippon kofuku*."

The superior private glanced sidelong at the older man and laughed at him. The civilian thumped the paper with his forefinger and repeated the translation.

The superior private frowned and stared at the page that said that the war was ending and that his country was offering to surrender. The Japs behind him chattered and stuck their heads over his shoulder to see for themselves. The superior private left the paper with them and walked into the long concrete building where he lived.

I followed with the interpreter.

The room, which was part of the processing center for incoming prisoners, was about the size of a Stateside Army barracks. The windows were barred, but the door was unlocked and open. About 30 Japs, most of them newly arrived at the prison, lay or sat on blankets spread on the concrete floor. On one side of the room were the day's crop of newcomers. Most of them were just skin and bones, and the GI shorts they wore hung loosely on their flanks as they lay with their thin arms clasped behind their heads, their dead eyes staring at nothing.

On the other side of the room were healthier specimens waiting to be assigned to work companies. It was easy to tell how long they had been prisoners by the amount of meat on their bones.

When the visitors were seated around the superior private's cot (he has a cot because he's a trusty and in charge of this part of the processing center), the interpreter asked him how he felt about the news of Japan's capitulation.

The soldier rubbed his eyes with the palm of his hand and figured out just what he wanted to say.

"I'm not sorry," he told the interpreter. "I'm in a happy mood." He smiled cheerfully to show how happy the mood was. There was a murmur in the room as the word passed from pallet to pallet, and some of those who had been lying down sat up and watched.

He was asked if he wanted to go home now. This was a ticklish one. He wanted to go home, and he didn't want to go home. His relatives and his friends at the aluminum plant where he worked in Tokyo might point at him, he said, and he didn't want to be pointed at. The Japs who had edged into the group all looked at the floor. Nobody said anything for a moment. The superior private looked up and smiled again—his happy mood smile. He was happy that the war had ended and that the world could know peace again, he said.

The others, watching him, all smiled, too. They put on their happy-mood smiles, and there was the sound of polite hissing.

A muscle-jawed Jap sergeant joined the group. He'd been a prisoner for about a month and was in pretty fair condition. He, too, had been aware of what what was going on.

"I'm much relieved," he told the interpreter. "All my friends [he indicated the Japs along the wall], all my friends have such a mood of mind." The Japs along the wall stared impassively. The sergeant gave his name and said he had no objection to having it published in an American magazine. He was a medical sergeant about 40 years old, and he had an abscess on one leg. He had given up after four months hiding in the hills.

After he told the interpreter about his surrender, he spoke rapidly for a moment and the interpreter laughed.

"He wants to go to America," the interpreter said.

"Houseboy!" yelled the sergeant in clear English, the first he had spoken.

—Sgt. ROBERT MacMILLAN

ROME The people of Rome—Italian civilians and U. S. GIs—took the news of the Japanese surrender in their strides. There weren't any parades, bells didn't ring and there were few drunken soldiers. People went about their business as usual, including the girls on the *Via del Tritone*.

In front of the *Ristorante San Carlo*, a GI restaurant on the *Corso Umberto*, there was the usual line of hungry soldiers waiting to eat. Aside from the fact that most of them were grinning as if they'd just heard a joke, they showed little reaction to the news. A big, beefy corporal wearing a Bronze Star ribbon and a blue combat Infantryman's badge, with the Red Bull patch of the 34th Division on his shoulder, said, "I don't know. Can't believe it. Only two bombs and they give up. Don't sound like all that stuff we heard about the Japs fighting to the end. Seems to me there's a catch somewhere. Hey, what the hell's holding up this line?"

Outside the PX Italian kids were begging for cigarettes with "Joe, war *finito*. You give me one cigarette?"

A Nisei staff sergeant from the 442d Regimental Combat Team came out carrying a paper bag full of rations. He grinned and said, "Wonderful news. Almost too good to be true. I'm anxious to get home. I hope people there'll realize the war's over. But it's sure fine news—best ever."

In front of the Red Cross a gray-haired tech said, "The best news I've ever heard on the radio. It's a funny thing. I came out of an Engineer outfit that's headed for the Pacific. They pulled me out because I got 95 points. I wonder if the boys have left Italy yet. They'll sure have the laugh if they beat me home."

At a sidewalk cafe on the *Via Nazionale* stood a bald-headed GI who was getting a buzz on. Laughing and sweating, he showed two Italians pictures of his wife and kids.

". . . and this garage here, you can just see part of it sticking out from the side of the house. I got the sweetest little Buick, what a car. You *capito* Buick?

Inside the Florida Club, a GI hot spot, things looked about the same—a band giving out with some strictly Roman version hot jazz, about 30 couples dancing and several soldiers singing at their tables. A private who said he was attached to the 34th Station Hospital was drinking with an over-bright thin blonde. The private said, "I don't know why, but the thing sort of sneaks up on you. I started out to raise hell tonight but somehow I can't get started. It seems hard to believe. No more worrying about points, stripes or anything. Bud, when I get home now, it's to stay. Maybe when I get home I'll celebrate, really pitch some hell."

"War *finito*," the blonde said. "*Buono*. Americans leave Rome, no?"

It was hard to tell from her voice whether she thought the GIs leaving Italy would be a good or a bad deal.

The private put his arm around her and said, "Yessir, baby, from now on it's home sweet home. "Play 'Home Sweet Home,'" he shouted at the orchestra leader.

A GI at the next table said, "That ain't dancing music."

The nine o'clock show at the Barberini Theater was out and the crowd of GIs and Tommies streamed into the streets fresh from seeing Lana Turner in "Slightly Dangerous." An English sergeant said, "Wonderful news. I went to the cinema because I didn't know what to do with myself. Five years of it for me, you know. Nearly four overseas. I was slated for Burma so I'm glad the show's over."

A couple of soldiers were walking down the *Via del Tritone* singing hillbilly songs. Three Brazilian soldiers were sitting in a parked jeep watching the girls as they passed under the street light, laughing and making cracks in Portuguese. On the corner an Italian was selling watermelon slices to a small crowd of civilians who stood around his cart eating and spitting the seeds out. You could hear them saying, "*Guerra finita . . . bomba atomica . . . molti morti . . .*" while a loud-mouthed buck sergeant from II Corps was happily stuffing himself with melon and explaining how the atomic bomb worked.

In the Borghese Gardens a Fifth Army T-5 was sitting with a slim, pretty Italian girl. "I figured something like this would come. It's been a long war and nobody's sorry it's over. Of course, I married here—this is my wife. Now I wonder how soon I'll go home and if she'll be able to go to the States at the same time. If she gets stuck here, I'm going to ask for a discharge here and sweat out Italy till we can both go to the States. But no more sweating out Japan!"

Near the Galleria Club a Negro sergeant from the 92d Division, wearing a silver star ribbon under his combat Infantryman's badge, said, "I'm glad we didn't have to invade Japan. That would've been a bitch. Got a brother in the Navy in the Pacific and I bet he's shouting now."

Inside the club somebody yelled over the music.



These GIs crowded on top of a jeep and drove through the streets of Paris celebrating victory.



Out in Guam, advance headquarters of the Navy, these servicemen gathered around to cheer the news.

"When you guys get papers from home now you better start reading the want ads columns." The crack brought a wave of laughter.

The Negro GI smiled. "That's a fact. Start thinking about jobs, but after the Army it'll be a pleasure."

An Air Force master sergeant and a Wac corporal were standing in front of the Rome Area Command building, opposite the famous balcony in *Piazza Venezia* where Mussolini used to harangue crowds. The six-striper said, "It's great news all right, although I guess we've been expecting it. Japan can't stand against the world. I'm in an occupation bomb group down at Foggia. You think they'll still keep us here now? I've got 18 months overseas. They ought to send some of these new guys for occupation work."

"They certainly ought to send over men who've never been out of the States," said the Wac. "I think they could even get a volunteer force. I wonder if we or the Chinese will occupy Japan."

"My God, don't even talk about that," said the sergeant, laughing. "Can you imagine Japan with a Chinese occupation force? Damn!"

It was a little after midnight and St. Peter's looked very solemn and impressive against the stars. The church was shut. GIs kept coming up and then standing and looking at the church as if they didn't know what to do. One soldier said, "I thought it would be open tonight."

An elderly Italian said that in Italy all churches close at dark.

"I know, but tonight . . ." the soldier said.

At the entrance to the Swiss Guard barracks a heavy-set guard in the ancient uniform of this small army was standing at the gate. His face was expressionless—his army life not dependent on the war's ending or beginning.

On the day when the greatest and most terrible war in world history came to an end, on the day when fascism was finally broken in the world, Rome—where fascism was born—was quiet and orderly. Rome has seen its share of this war. Maybe there should have been a lot of noise and great rejoicing. Here, where people know war, there wasn't shouting, ticker tape showers or hysterical parades, but the people were happy. In Rome most people were merely smiling quietly.

—Cpl. LEN ZINBERG

ALASKA GIs from Fort Richardson tried to take over the nearby town of Anchorage when the final surrender news came through, but the town's six blocks of bars and liquor stores folded under the impact. Anchorage's seemingly inexhaustible supply of liquor just wasn't enough to meet the demand.

The celebration got under way early Tuesday afternoon and continued till 8 P.M. when the bars closed. Civilian neckties keynoted the rejoicing here. GIs bought up all the available ties in Anchorage stores and when the tie supply was exhausted they exchanged OD ties with civilians. MPs removed OD ties from soldiers; the MPs wore civilian ties themselves.

The difficulty for the MPs was telling soldiers from civilians. Officers and EM exchanged insignia and stripes and one sergeant made full colonel during the evening.

Local girls did a strip tease for a couple of hundred GIs. They stripped in a hotel window and tossed their garments to soldiers gathered below. Telegrams to and from the States quadrupled over the previous day.

The reaction was summed up by Sgt. Bob Kirk of Chicago: "How long is the duration?"

—Sgt. AL WEISMAN

LONDON Two Canadian soldiers walked into a restaurant talking quietly about the Japanese surrender offer. A GI sitting in one of the American-style booths caught their words and let out a whoop. "We're going to tear this place apart!" he announced.

Then he lapsed into silence. Other Americans in the restaurant reacted pretty much the same way. As one soldier remarked, "We're still in Europe, bud."

There was a little more excitement as the evening wore on and there were crowds in Piccadilly Circus and Leicester and Trafalgar Squares. Quite a few people got rid of their waste paper by throwing it out of windows, a sign that the need for saving such things for the war effort was just about over.

Five hundred GIs who arrived that evening on furlough from the continent weren't exactly on fire about the news, either. Duffel bags and toilet kits on their shoulders, they queued up to register for rooms at the Red Cross Club as quietly as they have been queuing up for everything else during their army careers. A lot of the furloughing troops said they didn't believe the war was over and even if it was they'd still have to sweat out transportation home for a long time yet.

Quite a few GIs were more interested in talking about the atomic bomb than about Japan. They were afraid of the new weapon and its potential force for evil. Cpl. Paul Martin of Vauxhall, N. J., an anti-tank gunner with the 9th Division in France, Belgium and Germany and now with the army of occupation in Germany, was a little dazed.

"The news that Japan gave up seems impossible to me," he said. "Especially since the Russians have only been in the thing for one day. This atom bomb is sure a lotta hell; it had a lot to do with the surrender. I have to go back to Germany, but I'm glad for the guys who're sweating it out in the Pacific now. I'll get home eventually and it might be a little quicker than I thought this time last year. How long will we have to stay in Germany? Depends on how long we take to get those *buergermeisters* working right."

"Yeah, I know the atom bomb helped a lot, but it wasn't the only factor in the surrender. Right now I want to go home; I've got 134 points, and I've got a son two years old I never saw and a girl that I only saw once. Who doesn't want to go home, brother?"

Sgt. Bernard Katz of Pittsburgh, Pa., now with the 36th Bombardment Squadron, Eighth Air Force, has been in the Army for five years and had special reactions.

"I'm one guy who ought to be glad, because I saw my first action on Dec. 7, 1941. I was at Wheeler Field on Oahu, the first island the Japs attacked.

"We thought it was an earthquake until we found out that it was war, and war was worse. I jumped under a theater for shelter and found myself lying beside a two-star general. He didn't say anything about saluting, and neither did I.

"Now it's all over. For good, I hope. I think a combination of the Russians and the atom bomb did the trick in about equal proportions. I think the atom bomb is the best weapon to prevent future wars, and I also think it should be given to the whole world so it can be developed to its fullest extent. Even the Japs and Germans should be given it when they're domesticated enough."

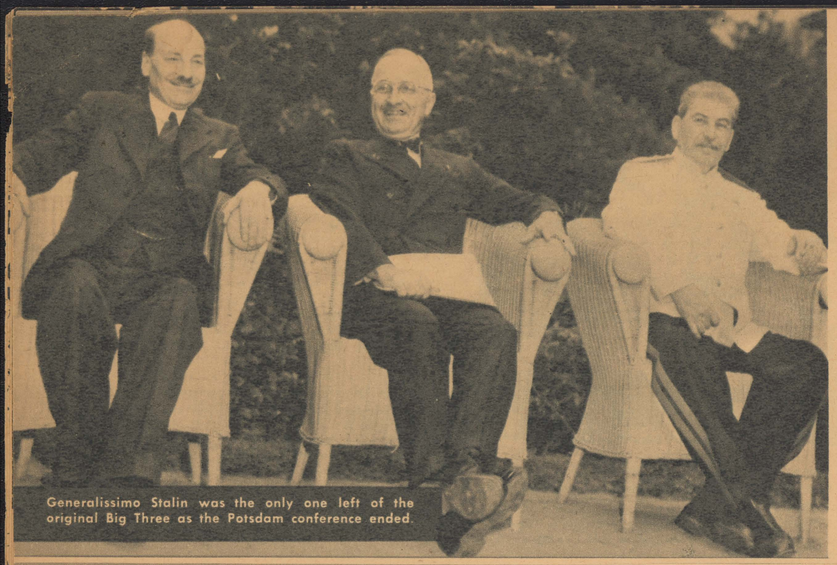
—Sgt. FRANCIS BURKE

BERLIN The city that had seen its own brand of fascism and international banditry tumble only a few months before had little energy left for reaction to the fall of Japan. The American Forces network broadcast the first authentic VJ news at 0210, and most of Berlin's polyglot occupation population, as well as most native Berliners, were asleep.

The U. S. Army newspaper *Allgemeine Zeitung* was the only Berlin paper which carried the news the next day. But the four days of false alarms made even the real thing seem unexciting.

Russian GIs interviewed had the same responses as their American counterparts. Said one of them, typically, "Now maybe I can get home to see my wife and children."

Copied from an original at The History Center, Diboll, Texas. www.TheHistoryCenterOnline.com 2019:010



Generalissimo Stalin was the only one left of the original Big Three as the Potsdam conference ended.

THE LAST 125 DAYS

ALL OVER THE WORLD THINGS SEEMED TO HAPPEN ALL AT ONCE IN THE FINAL FOUR MONTHS OF WAR



Men and women everywhere took the death of President Roosevelt, on April 12, as a deep personal loss.

By Pfc. ROBERT BENDINER
YANK Staff Writer

NEVER before — to take off on Winston Churchill's famous phrase—has so much history affecting so many people been made in so short a time. In the 125 days starting with April 12 of this year no fewer than 10 world-rocking headlines were splashed across the newspapers of the country, any one of them explosive enough to furnish the average human being with his excitement quota for a year. Raining down in breathless succession, these news bombshells found their target in a public nervous system which should logically be so frayed by this time that it will be fit to take nothing stronger than accounts of tiddly-winks tournaments for at least a year to come.

It is hard to believe that the first of these four-alarm stories broke on a stunned world only four months ago. On the 12th of April at 3:35 P.M. in the "Little White House" at Warm Springs, Ga., President Franklin Delano Roosevelt died. Papers from one end of the country to the other broke out with the 260- and 300-point woodblock heads reserved for moments of history. Commercials vanished from the air waves, which for 24 hours echoed almost exclusively to solemn tributes and words of mourning. Men and women everywhere took the death of the President as a deep personal loss but beneath this profound emotion ran another—and equally taxing sensation—a strong current of excitement over possible political changes, the feverish speculation that naturally accompanied the first presidential shift in more than 12 years.

Less than two weeks after this emotional outpouring came a story less personal, less dramatic, but equally historic. To San Francisco came delegates from 46 nations bent on creating a world security organization that was to enforce justice among nations and redeem the sacrifices of the war. The conference itself had been heralded weeks in advance, but the question of whether or not it would result in agreement was uppermost in millions of minds. Success would not necessarily guarantee the peace of the world for all time, but failure would almost certainly be the first step toward a third World War—and for a time it seemed touch and go. Would Russia's position on Poland upset the apple cart? Would the admission of Argentina open the way to a renewed lease of life for Fascism? Would the small states rebel at a concentration of power in the hands of the Big Three? Could a sound peace rest on a basis of power? All these doubts, and the rumors that accompanied them, contributed to the jitters of a nation.

While the earnest delegates successfully struggled through political mists thicker than the fogs that rolled in from San Francisco Bay, word came from Milan that the first of the dictators—Benito Mussolini, "modern Caesar," founder of Fascism, and chest-thumper extraordinary—had been shot, along with his mistress, Clara Petacci, dragged through the gutter and strung up by the heels from the girder of a gas station. Public figures had been assassinated before, but here was a melodrama of revenge more startling than the blood-and-thunder of the most far-fetched spy thriller.

THAT was April 28—and for the last time Mussolini was showing the way to his colleague in tyranny. Within three days came the startling announcement from Hamburg that Adolf Hitler, too, had ceased to dishonor the planet with his presence, that he had "died at his post" in the ruins of Berlin. It took a while for the news to sink in that the man who had plunged the world into the greatest misery it had known in centuries, who had made fanatic cruelty the law of a nation, who had conquered nearly the entire Continent of Europe and spread his poison to all parts of the world—was at last dead and done for. But here, too, melodrama crept in and made a big news story doubly intriguing; nobody could be quite sure that Hitler really *was* dead, and the groundwork was laid for the mystery of the century.

Hitler's reported end was the natural prelude to an even bigger story—the collapse of Germany, the Nazi state that was to endure for a thousand years and make slaves of all the lesser people of the earth. That story broke—unofficially—on May 7, when morning radio programs in the East (Californians were still asleep) were interrupted for a flash report that the Allies had officially announced the unconditional surrender of Germany (which, in fact, they didn't get around to doing until the next day). Even though victory could have been seen approaching at a gallop for weeks before it arrived, the news was a breathtaker. Celebrations were jubilant, but on all sides they were tempered by words of warning: there was still Japan to conquer, and that might be a long, costly and bloody business. Six months to a year, said the optimists. A year and a half to two years, countered the cautious. Gradually the excitement died down.

June was, for these feverish times, comparatively calm. There was, of course, the rounding up of the once-proud leaders of the "master race," the stepping up of the war in the Pacific, including the great victory at Okinawa, and the successful windup of the San Francisco conference. But the next really big story, No. 6 on our list, did not break until July 15. On that day the British were able to announce, in the unruffled way that characterizes their country, that they had just experienced the biggest electoral upset in their history.

By a two-to-one count they had voted Winston Churchill, one of the greatest war leaders of British history, out of office in order to install a government that had pledged itself to nationalize whole sections of the country's economy and push toward the goal of socialism. Not since that remote period before Hitler had embarked on his first aggression, even before Mussolini had pitted his legions against the Ethiopians, had Britain had a national election. The result was a revelation.

WHATEVER its long-range significance, the election's immediate consequence was the second substitution in the cast of the Big Three. At Potsdam, on the outskirts of Berlin, the seventh of our heady headlines was in the making. What Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin had started long ago was carried to completion by Marshal Stalin, President Truman and Britain's new Prime Minister, Clement Attlee. On August 2, after sessions of the strictest secrecy, the fate of Germany and much of Europe was announced—the decision to make Germany a third-rate industrial power, incapable of waging war, stripped of East Prussia and of large areas along the Oder, and denied a central government for an indefinite future. Equally sensational was the ultimatum issued from Potsdam to the Japanese. Terms were laid down, and for the first time the enemy had a concrete picture of what it could expect in the event of unconditional surrender. Failure to accept, it was pointed out by the American, British and Chinese governments, would mean the utter destruction of Japan.

That was only a starter for the month of August, which was to bring the wave of history to a towering crest. Before August was half over three of the biggest news stories of the war—and one of the biggest in the history of the world—had broken on a public almost immune to eight-column streamer heads and "flash" interruptions of the morning soap opera.

On August 7, a date that will probably be memorized by schoolboys for generations, the world of the future was ushered in. The power of the atom, the basic energy of the universe, had at last been harnessed to the uses of man. Its first employment was to blow 60 percent of the Japanese city of Hiroshima completely out of existence. The tiny atom promised a speedy end of the war. And, more important in the long run, it marked out alternative roads for men of the 20th century to follow: the suicide of our civilization through atomic warfare, or the salvation of that civilization through peaceful application of this monumental scientific advance.

People were still rubbing their eyes and trying to stretch their minds enough to take in the overwhelming significance of the atomic bomb when Story No. 9 crashed through. Three months from the date of the German surrender the Soviet Union entered the war in the Pacific. Long poised on the borders of Manchuria, the Red Army of the East plunged across the line from east and west, and Americans rejoiced that the Japs' crack Kwantung Army could be left to the Russians while our own forces concentrated on the enemy's jittery home islands.

IT seemed impossible for the war to go on for more than a matter of months, but the public was hardly prepared for the swiftness of the Japanese collapse. Early on the morning of August 10 the enemy threw in the sponge. By way of Domei, the Japanese news agency, came word that the Tokyo government was prepared to accept the Potsdam terms provided the "sovereignty" of the Emperor was left intact. Four days of uncertainty followed, days of feverish consultation in high places and tentative jubilation in places both high and low. One thing was certain: the end of the second World War was imminent. The day longed for by an entire world through six tortured years was about to dawn.

In four short months this planet had come a long way. Three figures who had dominated the news of a decade were gone—Roosevelt, Mussolini and Hitler—and a fourth, Winston Churchill, had passed from leadership of an empire to leadership of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition. Nazi Germany had been ground into the dust and its ruthless leaders either driven to suicide or brought to the prisoner's dock. The foundations for a durable world security organization had been laid, and the outlines drawn for a reconstructed Europe. A Labor government had swept into power in England, with possible repercussions in all the liberated countries of the Continent. And the most widespread and devastating war in history was brought to an end with the capitulation of those Japanese jingos who had threatened to fight if necessary for a hundred years. Finally, towering above even these massive events, a revolution had taken place in science, which promised in time either to make the mighty atom work for man or to destroy man and his world in another war.

After a streak like that it would not be surprising if a revulsion against "big news" should set in. It may well be that people long to pick up a paper in which nothing more cosmic is reported than the city's reception of a visiting channel-swimmer, and nothing more violent than a tie-up on the Magnolia Avenue trolley line.

On the other hand, "big news" is a potent drug. On the day between Russia's entry into the Pacific war and the Japs' bid for peace more than one American was heard to complain that things were slow, "nothing new." For such jaded addicts nothing will do now but an extra with the eight-column streamer: MOON COLLIDES WITH EARTH AS MARTIANS CHEER—unless it is that equally exciting head: ALL GIS DISCHARGED AS ARMY SCRAPS RED TAPE. But let's not be fantastic.



Whether or not Hitler died in Berlin made a big story but a bigger one was the German surrender on May 7.



Word came from Milan on April 28 that Mussolini and his mistress had been shot and strung up in the square.

Copied from an original at The History Center, Diboll, Texas. www.TheHistoryCenterOnline.com 2019:010

THE MIGHTY ATOM



This miles-high pillar of smoke represents all that was left of 65 percent of Hiroshima after it was hit by first U.S. atom bomb to be dropped upon Japan.

From it science forged the war's most fearful weapon, gave Japan the final blow and opened a new era of vast energy that can, man willing, be harnessed for peace. These six pages tell the story.

By Cpl. JONATHAN KILBOURN
YANK Staff Writer

THINK of the smallest thing you can conceive of, then divide it by two billion. That will give you an approximate idea of the size of the atom, which provides the energy for the most destructive weapon in the world, the atomic bomb.

The bombs that devastated Hiroshima and Nagasaki contained billions of atoms.

An atom consists of almost inconceivably tiny particles of electricity, negatively charged, positively charged and "neutral."

Any given amount of any "thing" consists of atoms—billions of them, like the small particles of sand on an ocean beach. Everything you see around you, everything you see or touch is made of atoms. You are, too.

Each atom is like our solar system in the smallest miniature. In the center is the sun, the nucleus. Around it revolve the planets, called electrons. But they whirl billions of times faster than our world.

Science has broken down into component parts the sun of the atom world. This nucleus is composed of a conglomeration of individual particles of two kinds, protons and neutrons. Protons are positively charged, neutrons are neutral.

The atom solar system would burst apart if there were not a force to bind it together. This force is supplied by the attraction between the one or more protons in the nucleus and the atom's electron planets, which are negatively charged.

HOLDING our little atom system together takes terrific energy. This energy, released, means not only the end of the atom world but, within its sphere, unimaginable pandemonium, like a minute Judgment Day. Temperatures of millions of degrees are developed. Pressures produced are far and away the most violent reactions known. Until this reaction was first discovered, human beings couldn't even conceive of such power.

The reaction depends on no chemical element for combustion; it is entirely self-sustaining. The crashing destruction continues until the entire atomic solar system breaks apart.

What happens to the exploded particles and how can this miniature cataclysm be created? Because the explosion is over so quickly—it takes place in only 1/1,000,000th of a second—the details of the reaction are hard to trace.

And bringing about this cataclysm is doubly difficult because atoms are not packed tightly together. Trying to smash just any old atom in a molecule or piece of matter would be, as Albert Einstein puts it, like trying to shoot ducks on a dark night in a section where ducks are rare. There would be millions of misses for every hit.

The component parts of the atom world are few and far between, too. Like our solar system, the atom is mostly space. The atom sun occupies only one millionth of a billionth of the atomic solar system's reaches.

If all the electronic planets and empty space were taken from the myriad of atomic solar systems that compose a 150-pound man, and only the nuclei remained, there would be left a lump no larger than a ball of buckshot.

Taking the electrons and space from this 150-pound man's miniature solar systems would not, however, leave a neat little lump without producing an explosion beyond imagining. For atomic disintegration is not the kind of explosion we are familiar with. Ordinary explosions and fires are started by the separation from one another, and the rearrangement, of molecules. The molecules themselves remain whole, but the energy that held them together is released in heat and light and explosive force.

We daily see atomic explosions, but from afar, so far that we are not familiar with their characteristics. The sun's heat and light and the many rays it sends forth are produced by such explosions—explosions that go much farther than the mere separation of molecular groups. Atoms separate from one another, and the disintegration goes farther still. The atoms themselves break down.

AN incredibly greater amount of heat and light results. Other forces are released, some so powerful that they have only been guessed at.

The disintegration of one atom in the laboratory causes havoc in the atom's solar system but none in the room itself. This is because a chain of atom worlds—great numbers of them—would have to go off to equal the detonation of a firecracker. Yet a combination of atoms little larger than a pea could cause terrible destruction because of the billions upon billions of atoms it contains.

To create such a combination, and favorable circumstances for bombarding that combination, are the primary problems of the atom-smasher and the makers of the atom bomb. Haphazard bombardment of the atom is like shooting peas at an electric fan. The speed of the electrons in their orbits makes the atom practically impenetrable. Moreover, the electrons successfully resist most positively charged particles.

A neutron, however, has no electrical charge. But neither can it move unaided. Because it has no charge, scientists who wish to break into the well-defended atom world cannot whirl the neutron by itself in their giant atom-disrupting cyclotrons or in the atom bombs.

To give the neutron motive power, scientists sometimes use the heavy hydrogen atom, which contains a nucleus in which a proton and a neutron are combined. The heavy hydrogen atom is whirled in the magnetic field of the cyclotron. When the heavy hydrogen atom hits the target—the uranium atom to be smashed—the hydrogen nucleus breaks apart. Into the uranium atom goes the neutron.

The atom target of the neutron can be uranium 235, one of the uranium atoms and the atom with the most powerful electric guards of all. U-235 has 92 positively charged particles in its nucleus which repel any protron stranger that tries to crash its world. Ninety-two electron planets revolve around it, and these satellites repel all negative strangers.

THE reason why scientists use unsociable uranium instead of some more companionable material is that U-235 (the number is its atomic weight), one of the atoms in uranium, becomes unstable when its weight is increased by one unit by shooting a neutron into it. The same is true of plutonium, the artificial chemical element created by science to provide a super-atomic energy source, which has an atomic weight of 239, heaviest in existence.

Whenever the balance of its system is broken by a neutron, either U-235 or plutonium smashes into two nearly equal parts.

The heavier the atom, the greater the binding energy necessary to hold it together. When the uranium atom is split in two parts and two lighter atoms are formed, these two together require less energy to hold together than the atom from which they were formed. What's left goes out in the form of excess energy—it explodes. And what's left is 200,000,000 electron volts.

That sounds like a lot, but it's just a flicker of a match in the atomic universe. Within its sphere the effect is utterly destructive. But unless the atomic system's disintegration spreads to other similar systems, it is not observable by the naked eye of man.

When the rapidly traveling neutrons hit a 235er, nothing happens in the ordinary nature of things. At high speeds the 235s are immune. Just slow the neutron down a bit, however, and the atom splits. When neutrons float through the air they penetrate the 235s with the greatest of ease.

These are some of the words which everybody uses, sometimes rightly and sometimes wrongly, in talking about the atom bomb:

ATOM—One of the billions of almost inconceivably small "solar systems" of which the 92 separate known *elements* (oxygen, hydrogen, uranium, etc.) of the universe are composed.

NUCLEUS—Center of the atom, containing one or more neutrons and one or more protons.

PROTON—Positively-charged particle found in the nucleus.

NEUTRON—Neutral particle found in the nucleus.

ELECTRON—Negatively-charged particle which speeds in an orbit around the nucleus of an atom.

MOLECULE—One or more atoms joined in chemical combination.

ATOMIC WEIGHT—Number expressing the ratio of the weight of an atom of one element, taking that of oxygen to be 16 (hydrogen's is 1.008).

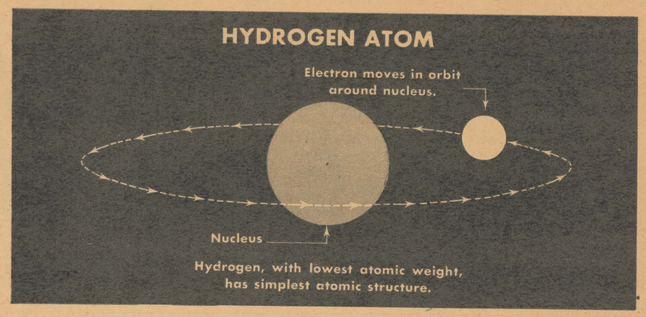
URANIUM—A luminous white metal which comes from pitchblende and is found principally in Canada and Rhodesia.

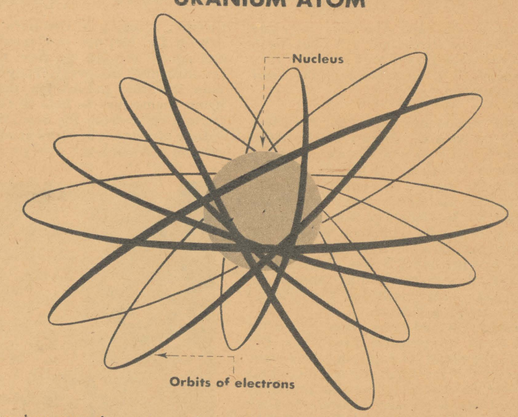
URANIUM-235—Uranium atom having an atomic weight of 235.

URANIUM-238—Uranium atom with an atomic weight of 238—heaviest natural atom.

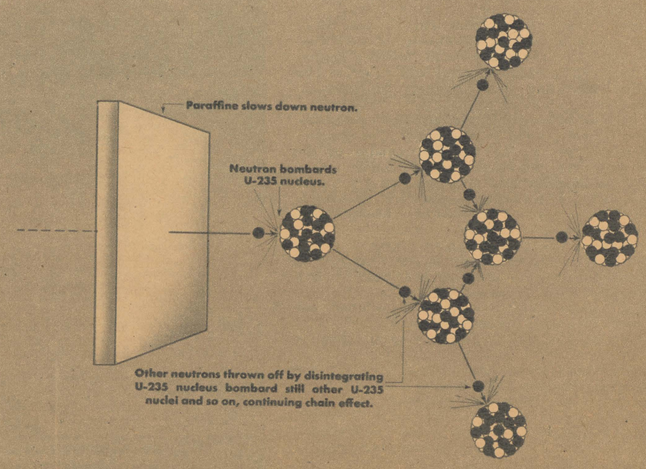
PLUTONIUM—Chemical element created by science as a super-atomic power source. It has an atomic weight of 239.

CYCLOTRON—Giant atom-smashing machine which scientists used for research preceding the development of the atom bomb.





Uranium atom is most complex and rarest of atoms. Its nucleus consists of 92 protons and 143 neutrons, around which whirl 93 electrons in seven orbits.



Slowed down by frozen paraffine, neutron penetrates atom, splits it, causes chain reaction.

Copied from an original at The History Center, Diboll, Texas. www.TheHistoryCenterOnline.com 2019:010

THE MIGHTY ATOM *(continued)*

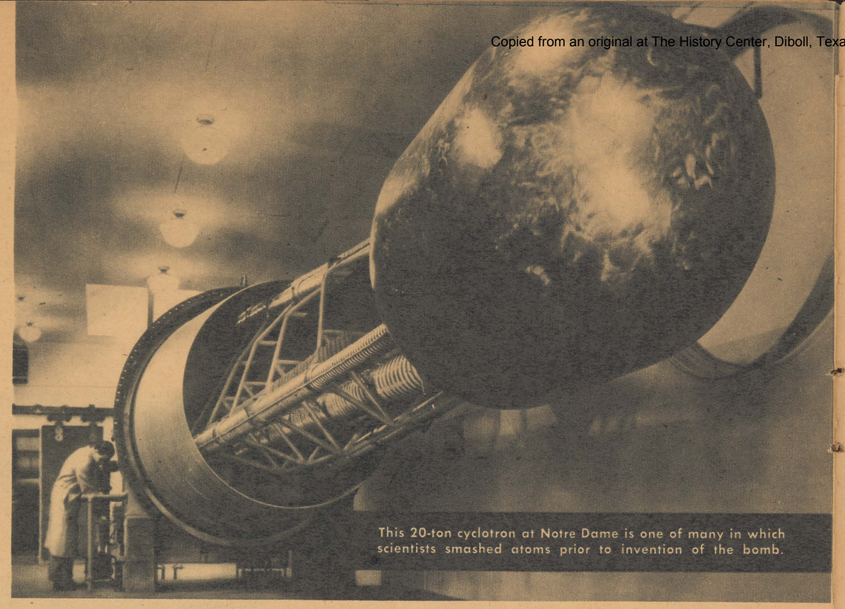
To cause a successful chain reaction, scientists must arrange things so that the free neutrons are slowed from their dizzying pace.

The neutrons can be caused to collide with frozen paraffine. Hydrogen atoms in the paraffine, about the same weight as the neutrons but active agents, practically stop the neutrons in their tracks—much as one billiard ball can be stopped dead by hitting another.

The neutrons are now shot at the 235s, and the chain reaction ensues. Out of the blast that tears the uranium atom in two come also gamma rays—powerful radiations that sometimes tear electrons off atoms and otherwise shatter them, creating further flying fragments and debris.

The chain reaction is on, carried forward by the swarms of neutrons released from each atom that is split. Rebounding back and forth, the neutrons are sufficiently slowed so that the process is continued, and vast energy is released.

It is this energy that created chaos in Japan. It is this same energy which poses the possibility of a new era, the era of atomic power, in which the vast energies of the atom, harnessed as the atom bomb shows they can be, may give mankind power greater than it has ever had.



This 20-ton cyclotron at Notre Dame is one of many in which scientists smashed atoms prior to invention of the bomb.

THE ATOMIC BOMB

"Sixteen hours ago an American airplane dropped one bomb on Hiroshima. . . . That bomb had more power than 20,000 tons of TNT. It is an atomic bomb . . . a harnessing of the basic power of the universe."

THAT simple statement, made by President Truman at 10:30 A.M., August 6, electrified the world. It came as the climax of one of the most dramatic stories in the history of man's long search for the secrets of matter.

The story behind the atomic bomb is a detective story with no Sherlock Holmes for a hero. The number of scientists who took part in the search was without parallel. And when the first of the bombs hit Hiroshima it was a victory for the whole force. No star-performing "special investigator" could claim credit for the breath-taking, earth-shattering climax.

Brilliant deductions had been made, clue after clue tracked down to climactic discoveries. But although the individual findings of many men share the credit for the final, almost incredible success, that success was made possible primarily by the kind of leg work and laboratory work in which a metropolitan police force would take part—leg work and lab work entailing years of drudgery as well as drama, ill-omened activity as well as inspiration, false scents as well as cosmic clues.

The dramatic story opens with Dr. Lise Meitner, a woman scientist and director of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute in Berlin. In 1938 Dr. Meitner is bombarding uranium atoms with neutrons and then submitting the uranium to chemical analysis.

To her amazement, she and her associates, Drs. Otto Hahn and F. Strassmann, find the element barium in the smashed remains of the uranium. They remember they had put in barium as a chemical "carrier" to precipitate a powerful new radioactive substance present in the debris, but when they try to separate the substance from the barium, it cannot be done.

There is one possible answer, and only one. The mysterious substance is itself barium—a radioactive barium that had been there before the other barium was put in.

But where did the radioactive barium come from? It was a scientific mystery of the first order. It was like finding champagne flowing from your faucet. It just couldn't be.

And then Hitler's racist theories came into the story. Dr. Meitner was a Jewess. Hitler had overruled his own Nuernberg anti-Semitic laws in order to try to compel her to stay in Germany, but Dr. Meitner, outraged by the "new order," escaped over the Dutch border and fled to Sweden, stopping in Denmark on the way.

With Dr. Meitner in Copenhagen, her former colleagues refused to face the facts of their revolutionary discovery. They reported in a German scientific publication that they could not bring themselves to believe that the radioactive barium came from the uranium.

Lise Meitner was more imaginative. Since the barium was not there to begin with, she reasoned, it must have come from the uranium. That meant it was the result of the uranium atom being split into two nearly equal parts.

She lost no time in getting in touch with her nephew, Dr. Otto Robert Frisch, who worked in the Copenhagen laboratory of the famous Danish physicist, Dr. Niels Bohr. Testing together for the radioactive barium, they saw for the first time the possibility of a geyser of atomic energy.

In the first weeks of 1939 Dr. Frisch succeeded at his task. He split the uranium atom.

Dr. Frisch cabled the news to Dr. Bohr, who was in the U. S. With Dr. John Dunning, Dr. Bohr and Prof. Enrico Fermi, both Nobel prize winners in physics, repeated the experiment at Columbia University and announced the news to an astounded scientific world.

Prof. Fermi then revealed that five years before he had been firing atomic bullets and had been prevented from making the discovery of uranium fission—the splitting of the uranium atom in two—only by a mischance in his technique.

Prof. Fermi, incidentally, is pretty happy today about his failure. When he came so close to making that fateful discovery he was in Mussolini's Italy. Had he succeeded before his exile the Axis might have had atomic bombs with which to begin its war.

The Axis was thwarted again and again by its own tyranny. Among the scientists who helped produce the atom bomb were two Jewish physicists who were forced by the Nazis to emigrate to England and a Danish professor who was smuggled out of German-occupied Copenhagen with atomic secrets which he carried with him to London and Washington. The Nazis raided his laboratory but found nothing.

Another near-miss for the Nazis came when the collapse of France was imminent. Premier Edouard Daladier had sent a secret French mission out of Norway past German spies with heavy water for French physicists, among them Frederick Joliot-Curie, son-in-law of the great Mme. Curie. Heavy water is invaluable in certain methods of atomic fission and is difficult to produce. The water arrived in France just before the capitulation and was carried to England on one of the last ships to leave Bordeaux.

Germany nevertheless continued work on the atom, and Allied leaders were worried. Reports had the Germans working feverishly to forge a weapon from the atom's power. In Britain, alarmed scientists speeded their efforts to solve the secret of atomic fission.

In the U. S., American-born nuclear physicists were so unaccustomed to the idea of using their science for military purposes that they hardly realized what needed to be done. The early efforts to restrict publication on atomic subjects and to obtain Government support for further research were stimulated largely by a small group of foreign physicists living in the U. S. Up to 1940 information on research which was to lead to America's greatest secret weapon was open to any one.

One of the European physicists-in-exile in the U. S., the great Albert Einstein, had written in 1905 a simple equation which was to be the background for all the research in atomic energy. The equation was part of his relativity theory and indicated that light, which is a form of energy, has mass just as much as a particle of what we usually think of as matter, and that any particle of matter therefore is energy.

The astonishing thing about his equation was that it showed that if only a tiny bit of matter should be destroyed, the result would be enormous energy.

Backed by Einstein and his theory, a little band of scientists—native Americans and exiles from Axis-dominated lands—went to President Roosevelt to interest him in the possibilities of atomic power. The President, convinced that much might come from atom research, appointed a committee to look into the problem. Up to the end of 1941 the total expenditures on atomic research were small, although the amount of work done on the problem by scientists all over the country was great.

Shortly before Pearl Harbor the President wrote Prime Minister Churchill suggesting that any efforts toward the development of an atomic bomb should be coordinated or even jointly conducted by the U. S. and Great Britain.

That December the U. S. National Academy of Sciences issued a report supporting the efforts already made in the atomic field and expressing optimism about the future. Information received from the British was even more optimistic, and the President, the Prime Minister and their advisors decided that the time had come really to push the program. The atom bomb began to take shape.

It was decided to build production plants on a vast scale in the U. S., since Great Britain was already up to her neck in war production and was in range of German bombers and open to sea attack. Britain would therefore furnish her scientists to the U. S. and Canada would furnish indispensable raw materials.

There were many questions for the scientists to decide. First, they had to select a material to give the bomb explosive force. They had several forms of uranium to select from—the uranium "isotopes." There were three of them—uranium 234, 235 and 238, plus plutonium, the artificial element that can be created from uranium. Of these, the scientists knew that only 235 and plutonium could be used.

In a ton of uranium ore there are only 14 pounds of 235, and these are intricately mixed with the other isotopes. It would have taken more than 191 years to obtain a single gram of 235 and more than 75,000 years to obtain a single pound, under methods then in use.

Worst of all—uranium was one of the rarest elements in the world. It was found in pitchblende, which exists only in Canada and Africa in any quantities.

The project and its problems were put under the direction of a group of top-ranking U. S. and foreign scientists working in the newly-formed Office of Scientific Research and Development; its director, Dr. Vannevar Bush, noted electrical engineer, was detailed to report directly to the President. Later, the military value of the experiments became obvious to everybody, and the major part of the work was transferred to the War Department. Practically the same scientific staff continued working, with Maj. Gen. Leslie R. Groves, former Deputy Chief of Construction in the War Department and a veteran Engineer Corps man, in charge.

From here on, work on the atomic bomb became "top secret." In wartime Washington, where practically every project was hush-hush, the atomic work became the best-protected secret of the war.

Information on atom research was so compartmentalized that each person connected with it knew only what he or she had to know to carry out a particular job. A special intelligence organization was set up independent of G-2 to control the security side of the project. Even the FBI was barred from the various installations throughout the country, except where its operatives had special permission to enter.

Congress had to content itself with no more than an assurance from the Army that the $1,950,000,000 appropriated for atom research was "absolutely essential to national security." Mere mention of atomic work on the floor of Congress might have been a tip-off to the Nazis and Japs.

Once the whole House Appropriations Committee became skeptical of the work, since progress was not so rapid as had been expected. One of the Congressmen called the project "too fantastic" and threatened to tell the House what he knew and demand more information. That threat brought Chief of Staff George Marshall before the committee in a hurried secret session; the committee heeded his plea to keep silent.

The Nazis and the Japs actually did have agents in the U. S. with specific instructions to get information on the bomb, if any, and on uranium. The Nazi spies were directed to make contact with key personnel at any atomic work plants and to determine the type of protective devices used. The FBI learned through a foreign power what the spies were up to and stopped them.

To make doubly sure that there would be no leak of information, about 20,000 news outlets—newspapers, radio broadcasters, magazines and book publishers—were asked by the Office of Censorship not to publish or broadcast anything about "new or secret military weapons or experiments." On the whole, they kept mum. But the Army really got in a tizzy when Superman gave a "preview" of the bomb.

One episode showed little Professor Duste challenging Superman to take a 3,000,000-volt charge from a cyclotron. Superman withstood the current, and the professor was so embarrassed by his failure to kill the big guy that he said, "The machine must be out of order."

What followed is still a military secret. At the request of the Office of Censorship, the artists who create the strip promptly discontinued reference to atomic power.

Strictest secrecy was maintained throughout the whole project, which was set up as a new district of the Corps of Engineers and officially designated the "Manhattan District." More than 179,000 workers were recruited throughout the country for work in the various laboratories and plants in which the atomic investigations were carried on. Prospective employees could be told only that the work for which they were being selected was "most secret." Many of the men who were finally chosen were unaware of the purpose of their jobs even after they had been employed for some months.

Although there was still some question as to which of the several theoretically possible methods of producing explosive atomic material was best, the Army decided to go ahead with the construction of large-scale plants—the biggest Army construction program of all time—because of the tremendous pressure of time. Two plants were started at the Clinton Engineer Works near Knoxville, Tenn., and a third at the Hanford Engineer Works, near Pasco, Wash. Here, too, secrecy was essential. Contracts were placed with no publicity. Parts were ordered in many cases without the manufacturers knowing what they were to be used for.

The Clinton site was selected for its large size—59,000 acres—and isolated location, and for safety against possible unknown hazards. The Hanford site, too, was isolated, on a 430,000-acre Government reservation.

At the Clinton reservation a Government-owned-and-operated city named Oak Ridge was built. The settlement contains houses and dormitories, churches, theaters and schools. Today it has a population of 78,000—fifth largest in Tennessee. At Hanford another city was constructed. Called Richmond, it has a population of 17,000.

Near Santa Fe, N. Mex., a special laboratory, most secret of all the secret plants, was built to deal with the hundreds of technical problems involved in putting together an effective bomb. In this largest and most complete physical laboratory in the world, Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, brains behind the bomb itself, headed a staff of technicians who worked day and night forging the weapon that gave the final blow to Japan.

All over the country thousands of large and small manufacturing plants and laboratories, universities and schools carried on research and worked to develop special equipment, materials and processes for the project. And all of them worked under a blanket of secrecy.

It was due to these hundreds of organizations and thousands of workers that a study which would ordinarily have taken 20 years was completed in just three.

The Atomic Age was ushered in on July 16,



Little was left of Hiroshima when a reconnaissance plane flew over the devastated city to take this photo day after the first atom bombing. Many buildings and whole city blocks were vaporized.



Copied from an original at The History Center, Diboll, Texas. www.TheHistoryCenterOnline.com 2019:010

THE ATOMIC BOMB *(continued)*

1945. A tense band of military men and scientists gathered in a remote section of the Alamogordo Air Base on the New Mexico desert 120 miles southeast of Albuquerque to witness the results of their years of effort—the first fateful test of the atomic bomb. It was 5:30 in the morning. A darkening sky, rain, lightning and peals of thunder heightened the drama.

Tension was tremendous. Failure was always possible, and too great success might have meant not only an uncontrollable, unusable weapon but the death of those who watched. The bomb might blast them and their entire efforts into eternity.

The nearest observation post was 10,000 yards south of the steel tower from which the bomb was to be detonated. Here in a timber-and-earth shelter the controls for the test were placed. At a point 17,000 yards from the tower which would give the best observation, the key figures in the cosmic project took their posts.

The time signals—"minus 20 minutes," "minus 15 minutes"—increased the tension. The watchers held their breaths.

Two minutes before the scheduled firing time most of them lay face down, with their feet pointing towards the tower. The moment came. There was a blinding flash brighter than the brighest daylight. A mountain range three miles away stood out in bold relief. And then there was a tremendous, sustained roar. A heavy wave of pressure bore down upon the observers. Two men who were standing outside the control center were knocked flat.

A huge, many-colored cloud surged majestically upward for more than 40,000 feet. The steel tower was completely vaporized.

The test was over. The bomb was a success.

What is this bomb like? What is its size? How is it constructed? Those are still top military secrets. Popular science writers say it is likely that the bomb contains plutonium, in great concentration, as well as some means to split it and make it release its energy in an explosion.

The detonating mechanism of the bomb must contain a slow-down device for the neutrons which are hurled at the uranium or plutonium atoms to produce an explosion. Only a neutron, which is, an uncharged particle found in the atom's nucleus, has much chance of getting through an atom's electrical ring of defenses.

Before the war scientists had succeeded, in their cumbersome cyclotrons, in bombarding uranium with neutrons and getting the neutrons through. It has been estimated that these neutrons had about one chance in 140 of hitting the nucleus. When that happened, the uranium atom split in two, and the result was no longer uranium but barium and krypton, a rare gas. That was transmutation, and together with it came the emission of energy, the mass of krypton and barium being less than that of the original uranium atom.

But major mechanical and laboratory advances have been made. It seems evident that scientists are now able for the first time to separate uranium in quantity and that a means has been devised to release neutrons to bombard plutonium and thus detonate the bomb at a desired period after the bomb leaves the aircraft. The War Department has released information showing that the weapon is fired before it hits the ground to increase its power to shatter buildings and to disseminate its radioactive products as a cloud. The mechanism that effects such a marvel must obviously be far simpler than a cyclotron, which weighs tons.

How quickly research on the bomb itself has proceeded is shown by the disclosure that the second atomic bomb dropped on Japan at Nagasaki, August 9, was a more powerful and a simpler one, which "made the bomb dropped on Hiroshima obsolete."

But the mechanical details of the bomb did not concern most Americans. When the news came that the greatest weapon in the world had been unleashed upon Japan, the nation's main reaction was one of awe. There was little rejoicing.

President Truman voiced the sentiments of the country when he said: "The atomic bomb is too dangerous to be loose in a lawless world. . . . We must constitute ourselves trustees of this new force—to prevent its misuse, and to turn it into channels of service to mankind. It is an awful responsibility that has come to us."

When the awe at the destructiveness of the new weapon began to wear off, the feeling that we were entering a new era—the Age of Atomic Energy—remained. The New York *Times*' three-word headline—the like of which had probably never appeared in a newspaper before—summed it up: "New Age Ushered."

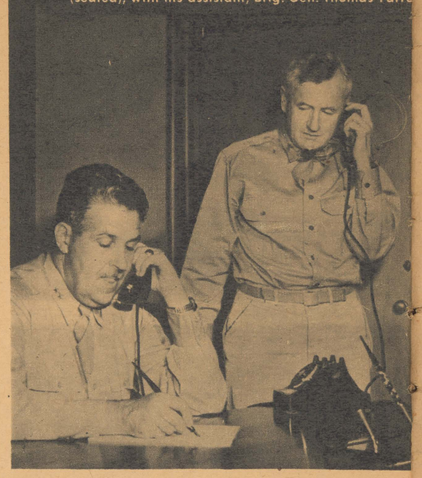
Never before had one discovery so caught the imagination of people everywhere. Never before had it been obvious so soon that a scientific discovery would change the world.

All over the U. S. people started using words they barely understood: "Atom," "electron," "proton," "neutron," "uranium." The nation's press did its best to simplify the scientific principles of atomic energy for its readers. The War Department felt that the subject was too highly complicated for its officers to explain and called in a civilian, the New York *Times*' science expert, William L. Laurence, to handle the press releases on the bomb and its background.

There was much disagreement as to when and to what extent atomic energy could be put to peaceful uses. The power, coal and oil industries protested vehemently that it would be years after the lifetime of any one now living before atom energy would take over.

One scientist close to the development of the atomic bomb compares it with the prehistoric discovery of fire and cautions that there was a lapse of centuries and centuries between the discovery of fire and the development of the steam engine. The atomic discovery does not seem as important as the discovery of electricity, this scientist says, although it may actually prove to be that important in time.

Others were more optimistic. In London, Sir John Anderson, who as Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Churchill Government supervised the British side of the atomic bomb research, said the discovery definitely is greater than that of electricity.



Maj. Gen. Groves, O-i-C of the Atomic Bomb Proj (seated), with his assistant, Brig. Gen. Thomas Farre

Prof. H. D. Smyth, chairman of the physics department at Princeton University and consultant on the atomic bomb, has written a detailed account of the history of the project and of its scientific background with War Department authorization. Smyth says: "There is good probability that nuclear power for special purposes could be developed within 10 years and that plentiful supplies of radioactive materials can have a profound effect on the treatment of certain diseases in a similar period."

The Rev. Alphonse Schwitalla, S. J., dean of the St. Louis University Medical School, sees in atomic energy a possible key to the mystery of life.

But to make sure that when the secrets of atomic energy become available for peacetime application they will be employed wisely in the interests of security and peace, the U. S., Britain and Canada have taken action to control patents in the field and to obtain control over the uranium ore which so far appears indispensable to the process. In each country, all scientific and industrial figures involved in the work have been required to assign their entire rights to any inventions to their respective governments, subject to financial settlement later.

To consider the long-term direction and control of U. S. atomic research, Secretary of War Stimson has appointed a committee to make recommendations. An advisory group of the scientists and industrialists most closely connected with the development of the bomb is already planning national and international control.

They hope, as the world hopes, that the new Age of Atomic Energy will be an age of peace as well. For if it is an age of war, that war might mean the annihilation of the human race.

—Cpl. JONATHAN KILBOURN



One of the giant production plants of the Clinton Engineering works at Oak Ridge, Tennessee.

ATOMIC BOMB AWAY

By ROBERT SCHWARTZ Y2c
YANK Staff Correspondent

GUAM, THE MARIANAS—It was 0245 when the colonel eased forward on the throttle. The B-29 with *Enola Gay* printed in big block letters on her nose vibrated and began to roll forward. She reached 100 mph in a hurry, then picked up additional speed more slowly. She used up half the runway, and she was still bearing down hard on her spinning tires.

The tail gunner, S/Sgt. George Caron, up near the waist for the take-off, began to sweat it out. Capt. Robert A. Lewis, who usually piloted the *Enola Gay*, would have had her off the ground by this time. But Cap Lewis was only co-pilot on this trip and Caron didn't know the colonel, Col. Paul W. (Old Bull) Tibbets Jr., who had the controls now.

The *Enola Gay* neared the end of the runway and was almost on the gravel when she lifted gently into the dark sky. Caron realized suddenly that the colonel had been fighting to hold the ship on the ground the whole length of the runway just to be absolutely safe. And Caron remembered the bomb.

The men knew about the bomb—that it was something special—but they didn't know it was the atomic bomb. It was important, they knew, too, for in addition to Col. Tibbets' taking over for the trip, there was a Capt. William S. Parsons of the Navy aboard. He was a bomb expert of some kind and had come along as an observer.

Sgt. Joe Steiborik, radar operator, a dark husky Texan who was almost uncannily adept at operating his precision instruments, called the pilot on the intercom and told him he would find a large cloud north of the next island. "Better stay away from it, Colonel," he said. "It's pretty turbulent."

Fifteen minutes later the colonel came to the rear to use the tube. Before the trip was over he was to make a dozen or more such trips. "Coffee," was all he would say. "Drink so damn much of it."

Pfc. Richard H. Nelson, a boyish redhead who looks like every kid in every breakfast cereal advertisement ever printed, settled down to read "Watch Out for Willie Carter," a boxing story. Nelson was teased pretty constantly about his reading, just as he was teased about almost everything. The youngest man on the crew ("I've been 20 for over two months"), he had been nicknamed "Junior" by the four other men of the plane crew. Before the flight was over Junior finished the Willie Carter novel.

The flight engineer, S/Sgt. Wyatt E. Duzenbury of Lansing, Mich., a quiet 32-year-old thin-faced fellow with big ears, sat at his control panel reading innumerable gauges. A pure, undiluted flight engineer, Deuce's only concern during the flight was to wonder how the big explosion would affect his gauges. "He's dial happy," say the others.

Up front sat Col. Tibbets, a young (33) man with an accumulation of war flying experience. He was the pilot of the first B-17 to fly over the English Channel on a bombing mission; he flew Gen. Mark Clark to Gibraltar, he flew Gen. Eisenhower to Gibraltar, and then he flew Gen. Doolittle to Gibraltar; he flew Gen. Clark and Canada's Gen. McNaughton to Algiers, landing on a field he knew would be bombed, and which was actually under attack, before he stopped taxi-ing; he led the first mission to bomb North Africa; returned to the U. S., he flew the first B-29 on test missions; he was made CO of the atomic bomb outfit forming at Wendover, Utah; and now, sitting at the controls of the *Enola Gay*, he was on his way to drop the first atomic bomb in history.

The co-pilot was Cap Lewis, the plane's usual pilot. He had flown four missions against Japan in the *Enola Gay* with this crew. The crewmen all call him Cap, and he is an easy man to know and an easy one to like.

The navigator was Capt. Red (Dutch) Van Kirk, a young Pennsylvanian with a crew haircut that gives him a collegiate look. Van Kirk is a good friend of Maj. Tom W. Ferebee, the bombardier, and they had flown together in North Africa and England, usually as navigator and bombardier for Col. Tibbets. They were in on most of the colonel's firsts, and he brought them into his atomic unit as soon as he got it.



Col. Tibbets — Maj. Ferebee

S/Sgt. Caron — Pfc. Nelson

The flight was well along now, and Caron, the tail gunner, remembering Cap Lewis' prodigious appetite, crawled forward through the tunnel to get to the food before the co-pilot ate it all. Caron found six apples among the food up forward and threw these the length of the tunnel to Shumard, hoping that they would roll out of the tunnel and fall on a sleeping lieutenant who was flying this mission as special observer. He was Lt. M. U. Jeppson, an electronics officer. Caron wanted to wake him and get him to sit erect, thus taking less space in the waist, but none of the apples went the length of the tunnel, and the lieutenant kept on sprawling.

The flight to the target was routine, and only the thought of what they were going to see kept them active. They read, ate and talked a little and said nothing more historic than "Move over, you bastard, and give me some room," which must have been said on every plane ride since Orville said it to Wilbur at Kitty Hawk.

Occasionally they consulted the various charms and talismans, of which the *Enola Gay* had an inordinate number. These included, in addition to Caron's baseball hat and Shumard's pictures, the following items: Three pairs of silk panties from Omaha, stowed in one corner with a booklet on VD. One picture of Wendover Mary, a group companion during training in Utah. Wendover Mary had on a pair of high heeled shoes. One good conduct ribbon, fastened on the radio set and owned by Junior. Six prophylactic kits, divided equally between Van Kirk and Ferebee and presented by the ground crew in case of forced landing in territory "where the natives are friendly." One ski cap purchased in Salt Lake City and worn by Steiborik. One picture of the lobby of the Hotel Utah at Salt Lake, where Ferebee formed many associations, all of limited length but definite purpose. One lipstick kissprint on the nose, signed "Dottie" and bearing a dateline, "Omaha, onetime," placed there by a civilian girl who worked at an Omaha air base; it had been shellacked over promptly for permanence—source of the crew's common prayer, "Omaha, one more time."

These things were all very important to the *Enola Gay* community and were a binding force. A series of good drunks together in the States had helped weld them into a unit, and they were all very close friends.

They were getting near the target now, and Caron went back to the tail, taking his K-20 along. The plane began to climb, and they pressurized the cabin. The bombardier and the navigator, veterans of 54 and 63 missions, weren't worried about their imminent work, though it dawned on the navigator, Van Kirk, that "I'd be the biggest ass in the Air Force if I missed the target." They passed over several secondary targets and found them visible, then continued into Hiroshima. They saw it, lined it up, opened the bomb-bay doors, made the bomb run, and let the bomb fall. The plane banked sharply to the right and every one craned to look out.

Back at the right waist window, Sgt. Bob Shumard, the assistant flight engineer, turned his polaroids to full intensity and prepared to take advantage of the fact that he had the best seat for the show. When the bomb went off it looked blue through his polaroids, but he noted that the interior of the plane lighted up as though flash bulbs had been set off inside the cabin. He adjusted his polaroids to mild intensity and looked down at Hiroshima. A large white cloud was spreading rapidly over the whole area, obscuring everything and rising very rapidly. Shumard shouted into the intercom: "There it goes, and it's coming right back at us."

Looking way down again, he noted that outside the smoke circle and racing ahead of it were three large concentric circles. These appeared to Shumard to be heat rings, since they looked like the transparent wavy vapors seen coming off hot objects. He craned to see what happened to them, but the lieutenant who had been asleep was now awake and was climbing all over Shumard's neck. He lost the rings during this interval and could not find them again.

The engineer noted that his instruments were still functioning normally, and then he looked out his little hatch. He said nothing.

When Steiborik got no instrument reaction to the blast, he looked too.

"Jesus Christ," said Lt. Jeppson, "if people knew what we were doing we could have sold tickets for $100,000."

Van Kirk said nothing, though newspaper reports later called him "a battle-hardened veteran who exclaimed 'My God!' " when he saw the blast. The crew still kid him about this.

Ferebee, the bombardier, felt only one reaction: he was damn glad to be rid of the bomb. Then he set to work filling out the strike report form which was to be radioed in.

Back in the tail Caron noted the turbulence and called to the pilot: "Colonel, it's coming towards us fast." He got no reply, but the plane changed its course and outdistanced the cloud.

They looked after it as long as they could see it, a great ringed cumulus-type shaft rising higher and higher through the clouds. Then they flew on and it was gone. The tail gunner called to the pilot: "Colonel, that was worth the 25c ride on the cyclone at Coney Island."

The colonel called back and said, "I'll collect the two bits when we land."

"You'll have to wait till pay day," said the tail gunner.

Maj. Ferebee filled out the strike report and gave it to Capt. Parsons who had been in charge of the bomb. Parsons took it to Junior.

"This report," said the captain, "is going directly to the President."

The Navy captain wondered aloud: "How can you destroy so much and sacrifice so little? We didn't even damage a plane."

Some of the men wondered how many it would take to make Japan surrender; everyone wondered if the one bomb would end the war. Finally they dozed off a little, talked a little and ate a little and engaged in brief flurries of speculation. But the *Enola Gay*, the plane that had been named by the crew for the colonel's mother as a gesture for the flight, flew on and on. "She sang," they say now, with the deep pride that airmen feel for a ground crew that can make a plane sing.

Deuce worried about fuel, but Cap kidded him out of it. Time dragged. Everyone got hungry. But then they saw the field, and they were alert again.

"I looked at the Old Bull," says Cap Lewis, "and his eyes were bloodshot and he looked awful tired. He looked like the past 10 months, at Wendover, and Washington, and New Mexico, and overseas, had come up and hit him all at once.

"I says to him, 'Bull, after such a beautiful job, you better make a beautiful landing.

"And he did."

Copied from an original at The History Center, Diboll, Texas. www.TheHistoryCenterOnline.com 2019:010

Separation

A separation center counselor gets a bird's-eye view of all the problems a discharged GI is likely to run into. Here one of them tells what he's learned.

By Cpl. MARTIN S. DAY

FORT MEADE, MD.—Even if you have fewer points than I have, you'll probably be seated across the desk from me one of these days while I try to hand you some separation counseling at the Fort Meade Separation Center here in Maryland. We separation counselors figure that for us it's still a long war.

I know how I'll feel when my chance for discharge comes. "Let's cut the chatter, bud," I'll probably say. "Just give me the white paper and let me take off." Equally impatient right now,



One fellow with 74 points squeezed through to 86, because he had an illegitimate child.

many men try to dash past us without taking full advantage of the separation counselor's advice and assistance. But since they've been away so long from the States and from civilian life, maybe they ought to listen to us.

Almost every man getting out on points has plenty of Spam bars for overseas time and has sweated out more than enough time for a hashmark. No one could deny that the great majority of dischargees on points deserve their release. Many times I've written about a dischargee, "Served as rifleman in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, France and Germany," or "Drove light tank in France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia."

Most of these men came into the Army in 1940 or 1941, and most of them have seen far more than their share of combat. They've earned *WD AGO 53-55* (honorable discharge) the hard way.

Every Army system, however, produces its oddities. I talked to a radio operator-mechanic-gunner on a Liberator who was overseas nine months and collected 60 combat points, while many infantrymen overseas three years got only half that number. A buck sergeant drove a refueling truck on Italian airfields and never even saw an air raid but he collected scads and scads of combat points because his entire squadron received those little bronze stars. On occasion rear-echelon units in AGF and ASF have also picked up some combat points the easy way. But it does seem a bit screwy for a man who never left England to get the Ardennes star and five more points simply because some planes of his squadron got in the scrap.

One fellow I interviewed had 74 time and combat points and squeezed through to 86 because of an illegitimate child. He had recognized and supported the child for several years, but some of the boys around here were sarcastic. "You do what the medics and the chaplain tell you," they complained, "and you only gyp yourself out of points."

A very few have sweated out the points pleasantly. Recently I had a topkick who was forced to endure the rigors of downtown Honolulu from 1940 until this summer in order to get his release. A fortunate T-4 spent more than three years in Hamilton, Bermuda, before returning to the States in 1944. Early this year he was shipped to India, but the point system tagged him and sent him back for discharge after only three weeks residence in India.

A Regular Army man beat a peacetime desertion rap and is getting a perfectly white discharge that lists more than 900 days bad time. Men with as many as 12 courts-martial are copping the lovely white paper. One youngster is getting a blue discharge because of four AWOLs and a total of 121 days bad time. I've stopped trying to figure this thing out.

If anybody has put this war on a paying basis, I think it's the guy whose feet completely collapsed in basic and sent him back to his wife and three kids after only one month and 12 days in service. In addition to his regular pay he hit Finance for $240 in dependency benefits, $100 in mustering-out pay and 5 cents a mile for the trip back to upstate New York. What are the odds that the joe would have been on flying pay if he'd stuck it out another week or so?

Point system separatees up till now have been about evenly distributed among Regular Army,



His feet collapsed in basic and he went home after one month and twelve days service.



This kid boosted his age to get in the AAF. In two years he got 90 points and is out.

National Guard and Selective Service. Most of them have ranged from 22 to 35 years of age. There's a good percentage of youngsters who lied about their age to get into the Army a few years back. We recently had a kid who boosted his age to join the AAF; in a trifle over two years he amassed more than 90 points and is now back in corduroy pants and polo shirts. He's just a few months past his 19th birthday.

A while back I used to try feebly to kid Regular Army dischargees by saying, "Why don't you RA men stay in and let us civilians out?" I've cut out that sickly gag, largely because most of my RA first-three-graders plan to re-enlist.

One grizzled first sergeant with five hashmarks put it up to me: "They won't let me take my family to Germany. I've got a baby boy I've never seen, and I want to get reacquainted with the missus. Taking a discharge means for me a trip home and $100 a month for a three-month furlough. But after that's over I'll be in for another hitch."

Talking about family reunions, I had one man going to meet his father for about the first time. He was the son of an English girl and an American soldier of the first World War. Born in 1921, he was taken to England by his mother in 1923 when she left her husband in a huff.

After more than one and a half years in the RAF, this man, who was an American citizen because he was born in the States, transferred to the AAF. Coming back to his native land was coming back to an unknown country and to a virtually unknown father. He had been in the States just four days when I talked with him in the interview booth. Very enthusiastic about his brave new world, he remarked in an Oxford accent, "D'you know, old chap, I was always quarreling with those English about how much better the States were."

The GI is more than usually talkative when he gets to us counselors, because he suddenly realizes that for him the Army is on the verge of becoming just a memory, so you ought to come around to this office if you want to hear about Dachau, Bilibid Prison, Anzio or Salamaua.

Older men appear more inclined to want to return to their pre-war jobs than younger men, but 80 to 90 percent of the dischargees I talk with seem to want new and different and, of course, better jobs. The guy who wrote, "How're you gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree?" wasn't just kidding.

From what they tell me, only a very small proportion of farmers plan to return to the farm for good. One pfc blurted out, "I never got much more than 15 miles from home. The Army's taken me through 15 countries from Brazil to Iceland and from Trinidad to Czechoslovakia. After where I've been and what I've seen, I couldn't settle down on any farm."

The number of dischargees expecting luscious jobs paying a la Hollywood is far smaller than I, at any rate, expected. Most men want steady, lifetime work, and they're willing to study and sweat and take average wages to clinch that permanent job. This generation seems to think pretty much in terms of security.



One ex-farmer said: "The Army's taken me to 15 countries. I couldn't settle down on a farm."

Army counselors can offer extensive referrals and perhaps give you the right steer. Some veterans claim the old run-around is given them by the multitudinous agencies, departments and what-have-you-to-perplex-the-veteran. Tempers and time may be saved, and something vital to you may be gained, if you talk over your job problem with your separation-center interviewer. The T/O lists him as a vocational counselor (262); that means that he should be able to give you advice on job placement.

Surprisingly few of the men I've talked with expect to use the GI Bill of Rights for a full-time education, but many want to take refresher courses at night or other part-time education in the hope of upping their future earning capacity. Many separatees don't realize that all the unemployment or educational benefits they claim will be deducted from any future bonus that may be given to veterans. This really shouldn't be regarded as a disadvantage, however. You have nothing more than a raffle ticket on a future bonus. Do you want the education or the bonus? The education is certain; the bonus at this moment is as unpredictable as a supply sergeant.

Also, it hasn't been universally understood that almost everyone, regardless of age, is entitled to a full year of refresher training. To be eligible for more than a year's education you must be able to prove that you were under 25 at the time of induction or that your education was interrupted by military service. Your discharge papers are about all you need to produce to be eligible for the one-year refresher course at any school or college of your choice.

Maybe you think I'm fooling you, but I recently had in my booth a staff sergeant who was president of an Alaskan gold mining company. Now 48, he plans a year of advanced metallurgical study before he follows spring up into the Yukon in 1946.

Full publicity has pretty well scotched the hashish dream that everybody could slap the discharge down on the Government counter and say, "Now lend me $2,000, chum." You'll get a loan only from a private lending agency (usually a bank) and only if the lender is willing to risk his own cash on you and your enterprise. Banks are pretty wary these days because most values are now highly inflated. Many loan agencies are backing only gilt-edged, beautifully solvent veterans because they don't want a black eye in the community for foreclosing on an ex-GI.

There are plenty of veterans who are planning to get ahead without borrowing. Take the case of a brawny, Slavic T-5 from Pittsburgh who owns a plot of ground near his postwar place of work.

"First, I'll build a garage with a second floor," he told me. "My wife and I can live in the garage while I build the house in my spare time. I have a little money and I don't want to owe any man a cent." This plan wouldn't work for everybody, and the steel puddler's family won't roll in luxury for a while but, brother, I'm willing to bet the blue chips on that fellow.

The knottiest problem for most men seems to be what to do about their National Service Life Insurance. I've talked with men who have been subject to separation orientation everywhere from Munich or Manila to my desk without getting a clear picture of life insurance conversion. The best advice here is to hold as much of the stuff as you can and thresh out the details with your counselor and with the Veterans' Administration representative nearest your home.

A very poor substitute for Mr. Anthony, I've sometimes found myself dropped into the middle of family squabbles. Not long ago I talked with a poor guy who had been pestering personnel officers all over the ETO. He divorced his wife in 1941 and thought he had done with her, but although she remarried, she didn't forget her first husband. Not this girl. Last summer she produced the license issued for her first marriage and claimed an F allotment from his pay. The GI complained to Regiment, but all he got in the way of satisfaction was, "Oh, yeah? Let's see your divorce papers."

Sent airmail-registered from the States, those papers crawled after the guy across four countries, through two hospitals and around a handful of reinforcement and casual depots. Meanwhile,



One staff sergeant, 48 years old, was president of an Alaskan gold mining company.



He's throwing over a girl in Iceland, a wife and baby in England, for a West Virginia girl.

under protest, he kept paying allotments to another man's wife. I did my legal bit in starting action for him to regain what she had mulcted from him, but I don't know how far he'll push the suit and that's strictly none of my business. "After all," he mused, "she's the mother of my child, isn't she?"

That was a simple case. Sometime ask me to tell you about the medical aidman who has a fiancee in Iceland and a wife and baby in England but wants to throw the three of them over for a gal in West Virginia.

Whatever your problem, we counselors will try to help somehow within the limits of our job. My desk is getting bowlegged from its piles of books and files of addresses and referrals. I'll give you all the time you want, and I've spent as much as 110 minutes with one man.

Usually, the interview here at Fort Meade averages 40 to 50 minutes, and each counselor can handle approximately 10 to 12 men daily. But unless somebody pulls counselors out of a hat, we'll have to speed things up a bit now, because our numbers aren't increasing and the hell-bent-for-civvies boys are really pouring in.

One thing more about your interview with the separation counselor. He'll fill out the Separation Qualification Record which constitutes the Army's job recommendation just as the discharge is the character recommendation. The form has been used extensively by the United States Employment Service and other agencies, and it might be useful to you when you present it to prospective employers.

The interviewer will give you all the breaks in writing up descriptions of your jobs in the Army and in your prewar civilian life. However, just because you've sharpened up a lot while you've been in ODs and suntans, you shouldn't try to sell the counselor a bill of goods unless it's on the level.

I haven't had a downright phony yet, but some of the boys who said they were store clerks when they came into the Army want the Separation Qualification Record to call them department store managers when they go out. Even if you fool the interviewer (and he's talked to hundreds of men and shouldn't be a complete sucker) you probably won't be able to fool a future employer when you're called upon to produce on the job. But I've talked to plenty of GIs and I'm convinced that since they've endured the enemy, foreign parts and the Army, they can be counted on to meet anything the American future may happen to toss at them.

Now I'll admit that I've skimmed over lots of subjects that might be of interest to men on the point of getting out. If you have any questions or just want to kick the subjects around a bit more, just drop in to see me for some separation counseling.

And when I finish shooting the breeze with you and wish you the best of luck in civilian life, please don't break my heart with, "Thanks, same to you. Hope you're out soon."

Copied from an original at The History Center, Diboll, Texas. www.TheHistoryCenterOnline.com 2019:010



VJ-DAY

THE announcement everybody had been waiting for—through day after day of rumor and counter rumor—was a long time coming, and relief was as audible as celebration when final word came through. It was what we had been fighting for, the reason we had been in uniform for a year or two or five. Now the war was over.

It is a little hard to analyze the immediate meaning of anything you've been thinking about for so long so intensely. The first feeling is bound to be a bit of a let-down. After you say "It's over" for the first few times and get used to the idea, after you celebrate, after the shouting dies down, there is bound to be a certain hollowness.

The war is over and you suddenly realize that you have been living with war for a good slice of your life. You certainly aren't going to miss the war, but it's hard for a moment for most of us to think of how things will be—are—without it. It's like an itch that you've got used to scratching and all of a sudden along comes a drug that cures it; you still feel a slight inclination to go on scratching and you have to remind yourself that there is nothing to scratch. You have to make an effort to apply yourself to all the things you dreamed of doing if you ever got time off enough from scratching to do them.

The end of the war means for most of us that we will be getting out of the Army—not tomorrow, certainly, and probably not next week or next month, but more or less soon. There is no doubt that this is the biggest immediate meaning of peace to the average man or woman in the service.

One reaction is impatience. All of us are going to be very damn impatient about the speed with which we will be discharged. No matter what system of discharges is put into action there will be kicks, and no matter how good the system is there will be confusion. Recognizing this may make it easier to bear some of the inevitable snafus that will raise their heads in the months to come. We will save a lot of steam if we resist the temptation to belly-ache about some of the minor injustices that are in the cards for us, and gripe only when our beefs are legitimate enough and large enough to warrant some attention and action.

Getting out of the Army also means a return to a way of life—a civilian way of life—that has become strange to some of us. It isn't easy to keep from overglamorizing civilian life when you're in uniform and so some of us are going to be disappointed when we get the chance to put on that blue serge or blue denim. Nothing could be so wonderful as the ideal you dream of when you are stuck on some Pacific island or abandoned in some obscure supply command or when you have been engaged in a succession of D-days, each one worse than the one before. It will save a lot of disappointment and bitterness if we can remember that civilian life is not perfect, that there are snafus there, too, and that the mere changing of a uniform for a department store ready-made is not going to solve problems automatically.

Some of the more excitable of civilian editorialists have been doing a heap of worrying about our reabsorption into normal civilian life. YANK thinks a lot of this worry is groundless and it also thinks that one of the biggest jobs we will have as veterans is to prove how groundless it is.

We are not coming back to the States as a bunch of problem children. We have certain rights as veterans and we have certain responsibilities as citizens. We cannot accept the rights without taking the responsibilities, too.

The responsibilities include more than pulling a blind down on our war past and living as useful citizens. We have been in a war and most of us know what war means in terms of death and hardship and hunger and dislocation. One responsibility should be to keep an eye always open for forces that might throw us into another war. We don't want one.

There are eventually going to be over ten million of us. We will have a hell of a lot of potential power. We are going to have to keep continually alert as to how we use that power. There are going to be people who will try to use us for their own ends. There are going to be other people who are going to try to confuse us so thoroughly that our power will be dispersed and useless. Let's not be suckers.

Let's remember that, among other things, this war taught us how costly war can be. And let's, as civilians, pay enough attention not only to our own government but to the affairs of the rest of the world so that another war may be averted.

It may seem silly to worry about far-away places when we will all be so glad to be home again. It may seem silly, but a lot of us spent a lot of time in far-away places and a lot of us died in them to end this war. Unless we pay attention to what goes on in the world today, we may be scattered all over its face, fighting again, tomorrow.

These are the things to remember now that we have the time to think about them. But the most immediate reaction is still the strongest one. The war is over.

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

YANK is published weekly by the enlisted men of the U. S. Army and is for sale only to those in the armed services. Stories, features, pictures and other material from YANK may be reproduced if they are not restricted by law or military regulations, provided proper credit is given. release dates are observed and specific prior permission has been granted for each item to be reproduced. Entire contents Vol. 4, No. 12, copyrighted, 1945, by Col. Franklin S. Forsberg and reviewed by U. S. military censors.

MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE
205 EAST 42d STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy. FA: Art Director, Sgt. Art Weithas. DEML: Assistant Managing Editor, Sgt. August Loeb, AAF: Assistant Art Director, Sgt. Ralph Stein, Med.: Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller, Armd.: Features, Sgt. Burtt Evans, Inf.; Sports, Sgt. Bill Estoff, Engr.: Overseas Editor, Sgt. Al Hine, Engr.: U. S. Editor, Sgt. Hilary H. Lyons, CA: Navy Editor, Donald Nugent Sp(X)3c: Associate Editors, Sgt. John Hay, Inf.; Cpl. Jonathan Kilbourn, Sig. Corps; Sgt. Merle Miller, AAF: Sgt. Max Novack, TC.

WASHINGTON, Sgt. Barrett McGurn, Med.; Sgt. H. N. Oliphant, Engr.; Cpl. John Haverstick, CA.

PHILIPPINES, Sgt. Chuck Rathe, DEML; Sgt. George Baker, Sig. Corps; Sgt. Frank Beck, AAF; Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt, DEML; Sgt. Roger Cowan, CA; Sgt. Jack Crowe, Med.; Sgt. Marvin Fasig, Engr.; Sgt. Marion Hargrove, FA; Sgt. Dale Kramer, MP; Sgt. Robert MacMillan, FA; Sgt. John McLeod, Med.; Sgt. Lionel Wathall, Engr.; Sgt. Roger Wrenn, Sig. Corps; Sgt. Bill Young, Inf.; Cpl. Hyman Goldberg, Inf.; Cpl. Tom Kane, Sig. Corps; Cpl. James Keeney, Sig. Corps; Cpl. Joe Stefanelli, Engr.; Pfc. Ralph Izard.

CENTRAL PACIFIC, Cpl. Tom O'Brien, DEML; Sgt. Larry McManus, CA; Sgt. Bill Reed, Inf.; Cpl. George Burns, Sig. Corps; Cpl. Ted Burrows, DEML.

MARIANAS, Sgt. James Goble, Armd.; Sgt. Dil Ferris, AAF; Sgt. Jack Ruge, DEML; Sgt. Paul Showers, AAF; Cpl. Justin Gray, Rangers; Robert Schwartz Y2c, USNR.; Mason Pawlak CPhoM, USNR; Vernon H. Roberts PhoM3c, USNR; Evan Wylie CSp(PR), USCGR.

FRANCE, Sgt. Georg Meyers, AAF; Sgt. Howard Brodie, Sig. Corps; Sgt. Ed Cunningham, Inf.; Sgt. Allan Ecker, AAF; Sgt. William Frazer, AAF; Sgt. Ralph Martin, Med.; Cpl. Pat Coffey, AAF; Cpl. Howard Katzander, CA; Cpl. Debs Myers, FA; Pfc. David Whitcomb, AAF; Pvt. David Berger, Engr.

BRITAIN, Sgt. Durbin L. Horner, CA; Sgt. Earl Anderson, AAF; Sgt. Edmund Antrobus, Inf.; Sgt. Frank Brandt, Med.; Sgt. Francis Burke, AAF; Sgt. Jack Coggins, CA; Sgt. Rudolph Sanford, AAF; Cpl. Tom Flannery, AAF.

ITALY, Sgt. Harry Sions, AAF; Sgt. George Barrett, AAF; Sgt. Donald Breimhurst, AAF; Sgt. Nelson Gruppo, Engr.; Sgt. Dan Polier, AAF; Cpl. Ira Freeman, Cav.; Cpl. Dave Shaw, Inf.; Pfc. Werner Wolff, Sig. Corps.

INDIA-BURMA and CHINA, Sgt. Paul Johnston, AAF; Sgt. Jud Cook, DEML; Sgt. George J. Corbellini, Sig. Corps; Sgt. Walter Peters, QM.

ALASKA, Sgt. Tom Shehan, FA.
PANAMA, Sgt. Richard Douglass, Med.
PUERTO-RICO, Sgt. Donald Cooke, FA.
AFRICA-MIDDLE EAST-PERSIAN GULF, Sgt. Richard Paul, DEML; Cpl. Ray McGovern, Inf.

ICELAND, Sgt. Gorden Farrel, AAF.
NEWFOUNDLAND, Sgt. Frank Bode, Sig. Corps.

Commanding Officer, Col. Franklin S. Forsberg.
Executive Officer, Lt. Col. Jack W. Weeks.
Business Manager, Maj. Gerald J. Rock.
OVERSEAS BUREAU OFFICERS, France, Lt. Col. Charles L. Holt, Capt. H. Stahley Thompson, assistant; Britain, Maj. Harry R. Roberts; Philippines, Lt. Col. Harold B. Hawley; Central South Pacific, Capt. Merle P. Milham; Marianas, Maj. Julius J. Cranmer; Italy, Capt. Howard Carswell, Lt. Jack Silverstein, assistant; Burma-India, Capt. Harold A. Burroughs; Alaska, Capt. Grady E. Clay, Jr.; Panama, Lt. Charles H. E. Stubblefield; Africa-Middle East-Persian Gulf, Capt. Frank Gladstone; Puerto Rico, Capt. Francis E. Sammons, Jr.



This Week's Cover

IT may be necessary to tell some of you who haven't seen one in a long time that this is a suit, American style, of man's civilian clothes. The picture was made by YANK's Sgt. Ben Schnall, a veteran cameraman who would much rather wear the suit than photograph it.

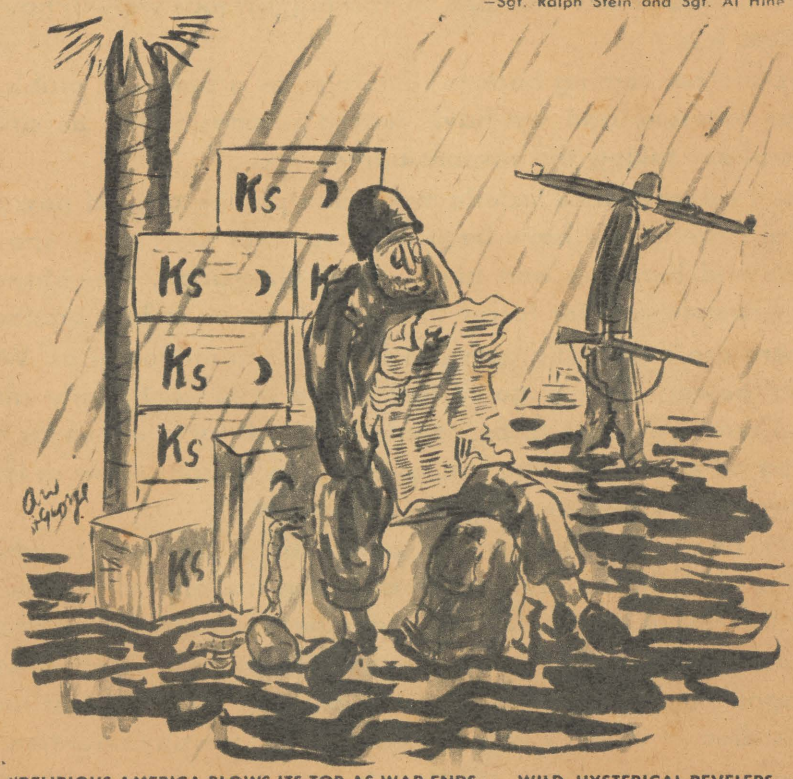
PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. Ben Schnall. 3—Sgt. Dil Ferris. 5—PA. 6—Upper, INP; center, PA. 7 & 8—PA. 9—Acme. 10—Left, INP; right, PA. 11—Acme. 12—Upper, PA; lower, Sgt. John Frano. 13—Sgt. Eugene Kammerman. 14—Acme. 16—Upper, Acme; lower, INP. 18—Manhattan Engineer District. 19—Left, INP; right, PA. 22—Sgt. Reg Kenny.

Copied from an original at The History Center, Diboll, Texas. www.TheHistoryCenterOnline.com 2019:010



"MEN! Now that the long-awaited word of peace which we have so long awaited has finally and incontrovertibly arrived at this vital outpost in the exterior zone of defense of our glorious nation, I feel it incumbent upon me as your commander to say a few words to the troops who have served with me so long and so faithfully in combatting the menace that menaced the civilization for which we stood and all that we hold dear. Let us not hold this peace we have won lightly, but rather redouble our efforts as personnel of the United States Army better to serve our native land in peace as in war. Through our rich association as officer and men we have come to know each other better, to respect our capabilities and make allowances for our human frailties. Let us remember that the way we act now in the fresh days of peace will be as important as our actions in the sterner tasks of war. The eyes of the world are still upon each and every man of you and there should be no letting up, no relaxation of effort on the part of all of us to bear ourselves fitly as soldiers of our nation. Let us then bend our wills to the manifold and many jobs ahead of us, constant in duty and devotion to all that we hold dear. Let us then remember the cause for which we still soldier and our loved ones at home. Let each man of you remember his obligations as an American soldier and the importance of the part he will play in peace in creating an admirable and accurate impression of the United States of America abroad. The uniform is the mark of the soldier and the clean, well-pressed uniform is the mark of the good soldier so let us concentrate on keeping ever before us as a shining ideal neatness of dress and proper bearing. It is by us that our beloved homeland and the dear ones at home we all hold dear will be judged in these foreign lands. We're all in this thing together men and I'm sure I don't have to emphasize to you the importance of military courtesy—the spirit of the regulations as well as the letter—in the happy years ahead. We'll all be able to pull together as a better team, as the winning team we have proved ourselves, if we keep the snap in our salutes. You can count on me, for one, to return all salutes promptly and with the respect that marks a salute which after all is just a real dandy way of saying a cheery hello between military men. I know that there is no thought among any of you of leaving the service while any part of our great job remains to be done. To you, my troops, I am not ashamed to confess that my eyes are more than a little moist at this hour. One great job lies behind us finished, another great job lies ahead of us unfinished and several other jobs are behind that sand bar in a condition I should not like to describe. Company, Dismissed!"

—Sgt. Ralph Stein and Sgt. Al Hine



"DELIRIOUS AMERICA BLOWS ITS TOP AS WAR ENDS . . . WILD, HYSTERICAL REVELERS OVERFLOW BARS . . . BLARING TRUMPETS . . . NAKED GIRLS . . ."

—Sgt. Ozzie St. George

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

PLAY IT DOUBLE

1. SEND *YANK* HERE

YANK will follow you wherever you go with strictly GI news.

2. SEND *YANK* HOME

Mail yourself a copy at home. Have the home folks save it.

YOUR name and rank

Military address

Care of parents, wife, etc.

Home-town street address

City, Zone and State 4-12

PLEASE INDICATE: RENEWAL ☐ ONE YEAR *(52 ISSUES)* ☐ $2.00
NEW ☐ 6 MONTHS *(26 ISSUES)* ☐ $1.00

Double above amounts for two subscriptions. . . . Enclose check or money order and mail to:

YANK, THE ARMY WEEKLY, 205 E. 42d STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Subscriptions are accepted only for members of the armed forces or discharged veterans of this war.