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



LONDON
SPRING, 1945



A TORCH PUT TO GAS-SOAKED STRAW KILLED AT LEAST 150 NEAR GARDELEGEN.

AMERICANS MADE GERMAN CIVILIANS DIG MASS GRAVES FOR VICTIMS AT NORDHAUSEN.



BODIES OF FRENCH, POLISH, BELGIANS AND RUSSIANS AT NORDHAUSEN.



LESS THAN HALF OF THE DEAD AT NORDHAUSEN.

GERMAN Murder Camps

SOME PICTURES THAT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES



THE THREE PICTURES DIRECTLY ABOVE SHOW AMERICAN PRISONERS LIBERATED FROM NAZI STALAG XXII-A. THE SPINE OF THE MAN IN THE PHOTO AT THE RIGHT IS PROTRUDING.

Buchenwald

By Cpl. HOWARD KATZANDER
YANK Staff Correspondent

(The following, with personal deletions, is a letter from Cpl. Howard Katzander, YANK Staff Correspondent, to Sgt. Merle Miller, editor of this magazine's Continental Edition, after a tour of the Buchenwald Concentration Camp. Although not written for publication, it seems easily one of the most revealing accounts of one man's reactions to this particular form of Nazi barbarism yet to come out of Germany.)

DEAR MERLE, Today I toured the Buchenwald Concentration Camp and, if Nuremberg holds off a couple of days, I think I'd better write a piece on it. I can't begin to describe it, not in any way that will make it seem real. All I'll be able to do will be to give statistics and layout and how the people look after four years of starvation, of cruelty.

Remember the bake-ovens I described in the Marseilles piece—the part about the German prison camp? Their counterpart is here, but instead of baking bread in them they were used to destroy people. It was most efficient, with a heavily barred gate opening directly on to a door equipped with a sliding board down which the victims could be slipped into the deep cellar.

There are various stories about how those victims were rendered unconscious.

I saw a club which, undoubtedly, was used for that purpose. And a table where gold fillings were removed from their teeth. And a shaft through which they were raised to the oven room. And long steel stretchers on which they were rolled, often still alive, into the stinking heat. I don't know yet how far German efficiency went, but I'm sure that the heat from so much good coke and from so many tons of sizzling flesh could not have been wasted. Doubtless electric blowers also served to circulate the heat by means of asbestos-insulated pipes to the quarters of the SS guards.

But they were not complete beasts about it. They have a finer side to their nature, as is attested by a four-line verse painted on a signboard that hangs above the ovens. The verse is to the effect that man does not want his body to be eaten by worms and insects. He prefers the purifying oblivion of flame.

And there is a practical touch, too—the name of the manufacturer of the ovens on a steel plate fixed in the face of each of the two banks of ovens—in case you, too, should want a crematorium for your basement.

Do you remember the brief description of the sleeping quarters for the German prisoners in the Marseilles submarine pen? Well, they have something similar here. Similar, that is, in that they were sleeping quarters. You take barracks about 200 feet long. Down each side of it you build four

layers of shelves about five or five-and-a-half feet deep. The lower shelves will be about three feet apart. The top shelves will be about two feet from the roof. Two-by-fours, spaced about five feet apart, cut these shelves up into compartments, each about five feet wide, five to five-and-a-half feet deep, two or three feet high. Then into each of these compartments you put six men, normally seven, when the camp is crowded. And remarkably enough there is room for them. After all, a man whose thighs are no bigger around than my forearm doesn't take up much room. The stench of such a place becomes something to dread on a hot spring afternoon—the nauseating stench of vomit and urine and feces and foul breath and rotting, scabrous bodies. Fifteen-hundred men in a single room perhaps half again or at the most twice as long as our model barracks back home—the ones where we are doubtless housing many German PWs today, lucky fellows.

The Japs are sissies, Merle. They lack the imagination of these people. This is a thing that is not to be fully believed but only accepted by the surface of the mind until it is seen. And even then the charred skulls and ribs and pelvic bones in the furnaces seem too enormous a monstrosity to be given full credence. It can't mean that they actually put human beings, dead and alive, into these furnaces and destroyed them in this manner.

But you know that it does mean just that. I'm cured now, Merle. I'm no longer plagued by contradictions. I have no further sympathy for the Germans as a nation or race. Some people talk about differentiating between Hitlerites and the people of Germany. There is no difference. Even a woman from Weimar, who was one of the crowd of sightseers going through the place today, who wept when I asked her how it was that she had known nothing of this when all the world outside she has the power of life in her belly and what comes out of that belly no one can predict.

Besides, although this place was well-guarded to keep the townspeople away, many of the prisoners worked in the Weimar factories. They collapsed of hunger at their benches and no one asked why. They died along the road on the long walk back to the camp and no one expressed surprise. The people of Weimar shut their eyes and their ears and their nostrils to the sights and sounds and smells that came from this.

The individual stories are the same ones you've been reading and hearing since 1935. But the impact is in the mass, in 50,000 people comprising a small city, living in such horror, in the four-year-old Polish Jewish boy who was brought to camp hidden under his father's coat and has lived most of his life behind barbed wire.

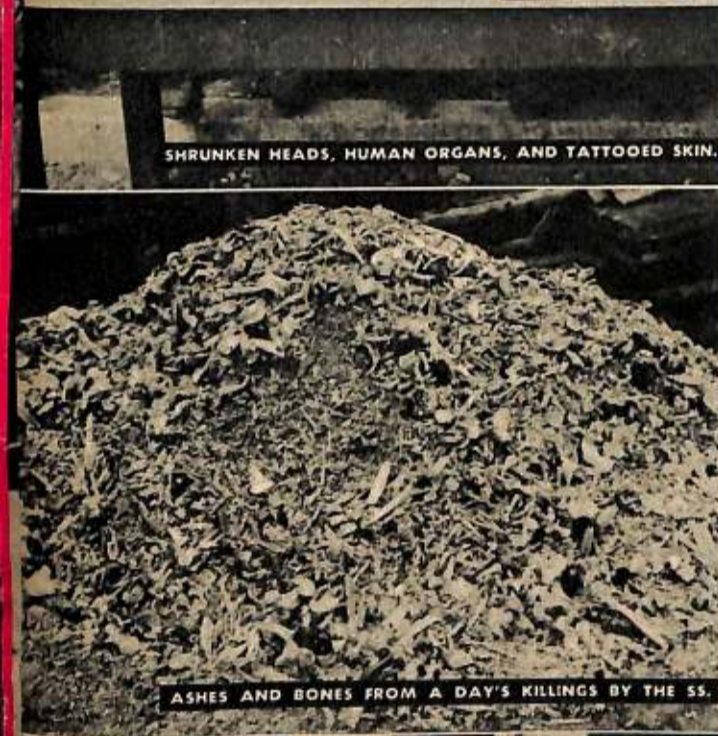
I'll save the description of the mad SS guard who looks like Hitler and stands at attention all day beside his bunk in his little cell. And the story of the other guard who committed suicide.



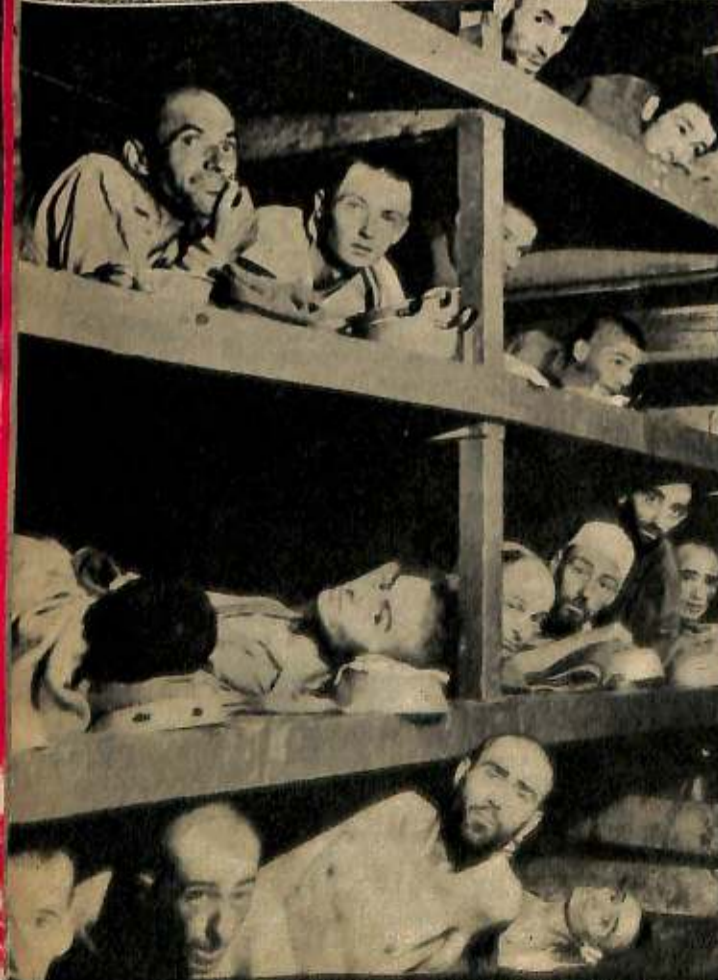
CREMATORIUM COULD BURN 1800 BODIES IN 48 HOURS.



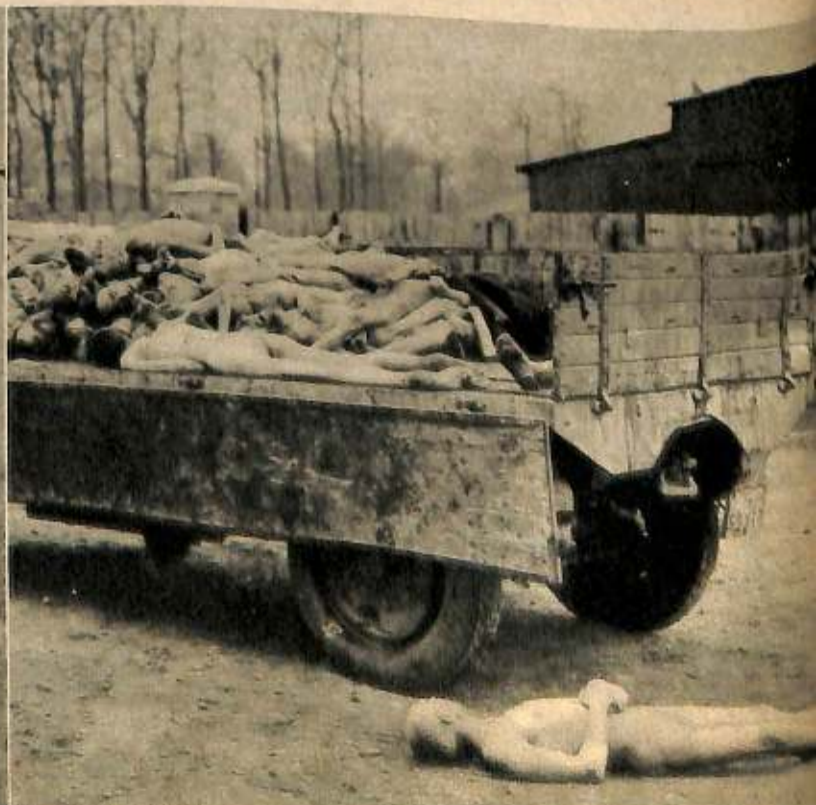
SHRUNKEN HEADS, HUMAN ORGANS, AND TATTOOED SKIN.



ASHES AND BONES FROM A DAY'S KILLINGS BY THE SS.



FREED SLAVE LABORERS PEER FROM THEIR BOX-LIKE WOODEN BUNKS. ABOUT 6,000 OF THEM DIED IN MARCH.



TRUCKLOAD OF BODIES ON WAY TO OVENS WHEN THE CAMP WAS SEIZED.

BODIES PILED IN A SHED ON THE GROUNDS OF THE OHRDRUF CAMP ARE COVERED WITH LIME.



HIGHER HEADQUARTERS ORDERED BODIES EXHUMED, BURNED TO DESTROY EVIDENCE.



POLISH JEW SHOT BY GERMANS AS U.S. TROOPS APPROACHED.

Ohrdruf

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

OHRDRUF, GERMANY—There is no death smell yet in Concentration Camp North, Stalag III, in Ohrdruf. It was cold when the tanks of Combat Command A of the Fourth Armored rolled into this town a few days ago and it is still cold and damp. The victims had been killed the day before the tanks arrived, but there had been no time to burn and bury the bodies because we had been advancing too rapidly.

Now, three days later, the bodies are still there, and it has stayed cold so you can walk around them at fairly close range. There are 31 bodies lying on the ground in one place and more than that number piled on top of one another in a shack. The bodies are all partly or completely naked. Around some of them blood has made pancakes of red mud on the ground. Some of the bodies are very thin with the incredible thinness of severe malnutrition.

The living survivors of the camp say that one of the dead is an American soldier and they point the body out. He lies on a stretcher, naked with a blanket half over him. He had been a tall, clean-cut man. There is a bullet hole through his throat.

The victims in the shack, piled six deep, were both beaten and shot to death. Quicklime was thrown over them and all the bodies are naked, thin and some with changed coloring, perhaps from the lime or from illness.

The story of the dead is told by the living who hid away when it came time to move the camp farther eastward by rail.

There were more than 2,000 men in the camp. Those who were killed were too sick or too tired to climb into the railroad cars. So they were clubbed until they fell and then were shot at close range.

The men in the camp included Belgians, French, Russians, Serbs and Poles. There is one 16-year-old Jewish lad among the survivors. There are also three Russian officers who made it. Two of them are doctors—a major and a captain—and the third is a young lieutenant who flew a Yak fighter plane for the Red Air Force. The doctors worked as laborers until a few days before the evacuation of the camp. Then, just before the end, they were put to work on some of the sick in an effort to get them ready for the movement.

The Americans going through this camp are very quiet. They have already seen much death, but they stare at this death, which is uglier and harder

to look at than the death of war, with impassive faces and big eyes.

Maj. John R. Scotti of Brooklyn, N. Y., Combat Command A's medical officer-in-charge, burst out in a loud voice, not speaking to any one in particular. He just stood in the middle of the camp and shouted out what he felt and no one acted surprised to hear his voice booming out big like that.

"I tell you," he said, and his angry voice was shaking, "all that German medical science is nil. This is how they have progressed in the last four years. They have now found the cure-all for typhus and malnutrition. It's a bullet through the head."

The commander of Combat Command A, Col. Hayden Sears of Boston, Mass., acted the next day. He must have been thinking of this all night and what he did was to assemble the leading citizens of Ohrdruf, including the richest man in the community. Ohrdruf is a neat, well-to-do suburban town with hedges around some of its brick houses and concrete walks leading to their main entrances.

The richest man in Ohrdruf is a painting contractor who made a lot of money in the last few years on war work for the German Army and now owns a castle on a hill near the town. You can see the castle on the way to the concentration camp.

Colonel Sears, a big, tough-looking man, ordered the leading citizens of Ohrdruf out from behind the snug privacy of their hedges and housefronts and had them driven in Army trucks to the concentration camp to let them see this killing that is sprawled on the bare ground and piled in a shack.

The crowd of the best people in Ohrdruf stood around the dead and looked at the bodies sullenly. One of them said at last: "This is the work of only one per cent of the German Army and you should not blame the rest."

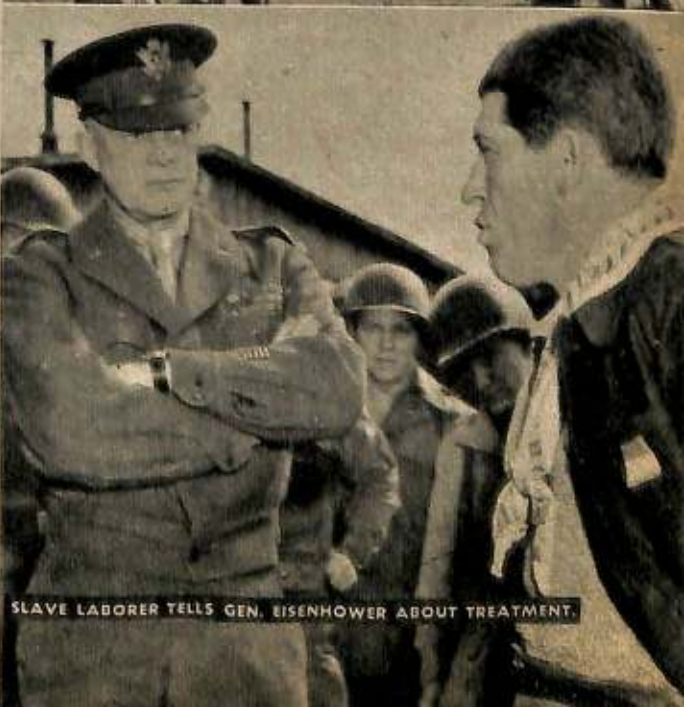
Then the colonel spoke briefly and impersonally through an interpreter. "Tell them," he said, "that they have been brought here to see with their own eyes what is reprehensible from any human standard and that we hold the entire German nation responsible by their support and toleration of the Nazi government."

The crowd stared at the dead and not at the colonel. Then the people of Ohrdruf went back to their houses.

The colonel and his soldiers went back to their tanks, and we went out of this place and through Ohrdruf and Gotha, where the names of Beethoven, Mozart and Brahms are set in shining, gold letters across the front of the opera house.



WIRE NOOSE AND KICK-OUT PLANK COMPLETED THIS GALLOWS.



SLAVE LABORER TELLS GEN. EISENHOWER ABOUT TREATMENT.



(L TO R) PVT. A. J. SALZO OF NEW YORK, SGT. LOUIS OLSON AND S/SGT. DONALD L. McCLURE, ALL OF THE 355TH FIGHTER GROUP. SALZO AND McCLURE ARE LEAVING FOR THE INFANTRY, AND OLSON IS A FORMER 80TH DIVISION SQUAD LEADER.

HALFWAY TO HEAVEN

The reactions of some ex-doughs with Purple Hearts to their first days after being transferred to the Eighth Air Force.

By Sgt. EARL ANDERSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

ENGLAND—"How do you like the Air Force?" I asked Pvt. Connor W. Knight, an ex-paratrooper, of Big Fork, Mont., who was driving our jeep through one of the little English lanes in the "bomber-base country" on a spring day so balmy that even the proudest Briton could hardly call it "typical."

"I never had it better," said Knight.

And with that he just about summed up the feelings of most of the infantrymen who have been transferred from the front lines to the Eighth Air Force.

They have come from weeks and sometimes months spent in foxholes with K-rations, mostly in the lousiest kind of weather, to Nissen huts, regular warm meals, freedom from the sniper and enemy artillery and mortar and mines. They have come the long route through company aid, battalion aid, evacuation, general hospitals, and then through ground-force replacement centers and AAF replacement centers.

They are just swinging into new assignments with the Eighth Air Force. They haven't had a chance to feel the effects of the daily grind of life on the bases, but at first glance the Air Force looks good to them, plenty good—about half-way to heaven, or, in other words, the next best thing to going home.

Knight had been a rifleman with the 501st Parachute Infantry. He was still wearing his paratrooper boots, with his fatigue trousers bloused into them, and on his cap he wore the 'troopers patch. He had been a logger and truck driver out in Montana before the war, he told me between remarks about English drivers and bicyclists who like to take their half of the road out of the middle. He was happy to be back behind the wheel again, this time as a driver with base transportation at the 466th Bombardment Group.

As a 'trooper, Knight made two combat jumps, one on D-Day into Normandy and the other into

Holland. He won the Silver Star in Holland for knocking out a German Tiger Tank at 25 yards with the one bazooka shell left after the bazookaman of his unit had been killed. He moved into the line again when the 501st helped throw back Rundstedt's December counterattack through Belgium and Luxembourg. A mortar shell sent him to the hospital for the third time, and eventually into the Air Force.

Knight's is not the only new face at the 466th's motor pool; six more ex-infantrymen are drivers or work at other assignments there. I found Pfc. Michael Ploskonka of Chicago Heights, Ill., for instance, helping to enclose the cab of a weapons-carrier with plywood and plexi-glass.

"I never dreamed that I would get in the Air Force during this war," he said. "I like everything about it. The front line is a helluva lot tougher."

He had been a BAR man with "K" Company of the 112th Infantry Regiment, 28th Division. He landed in France on D-plus-10 and fought with the 28th until Dec. 19, when shrapnel caught him in the thigh.

Ploskonka likes the Air Force because, for one thing, it's easy to get the whole picture of the work being done on the base and the part it plays in the war.

"You know what's going on," he said. "It's different in the front lines. There, it's tough enough to watch out for yourself."

OTHER ex-infantrymen I talked to later seemed to feel the same way. Though new on the bases, they watch the bombers or the fighters go out with proprietary pride, and those who have settled down to a steady job feel that, while "half-way to heaven," they are still pulling an important assignment in getting the planes into the air. Some have come to appreciate for the first time the technical skill required on many AAF jobs. Others, who had seen men die on the front lines, have now seen death in a new form as the shot-up bombers return with their loads of dead and injured crew members.

Naturally, the furloughs and passes they're getting delight the ex-infantrymen. For instance,

Ploskonka, who is married to a girl in Wales, recently wangled a furlough and a chance to see her again. During those seven days, he also met his nine-week-old son for the first time.

But you're wrong if you think Ploskonka has found a "home" in the Air Force, even though its newness still lends it glamor. "Give me a 30-day furlough in the States," he said as a parting shot, "and then I'd be willing to go fight the Japs in the Pacific—and with the Infantry, too."

At the 466th's garage, 1st Lt. Gale Hufford of Cumming, Iowa, the transportation officer, remarked that the new men were working out fine. He pointed toward a door where several cars were getting a repaint job. "There's one of our infantrymen now, with the spray gun," he said.

The man was Pfc. Joseph Zielinski of Toledo, Ohio. A spray gun was nothing new to him. He had once worked for the DeVilbiss plant in Toledo, manufacturers of spray guns. Then he had learned about another kind of gun—the BAR—and had fought with it from the time he joined the 9th Division in Normandy on June 15 until an 88 shell tagged him while his company was attacking through Gresnich, Germany.

Zielinski likes the BAR as a fighting weapon, but he is happy enough to find himself in the Air Force, using a spray gun again. "This is the life," he smiled. "I never expected to get a deal like this in the Army."

Like many others, Zielinski first started to appreciate the change in his Army life when he hit the 70th AAF Replacement Depot. "They're darn good to you," he said.

He had discovered that in many ways his present job in the motor pool was "like being home in the factory."

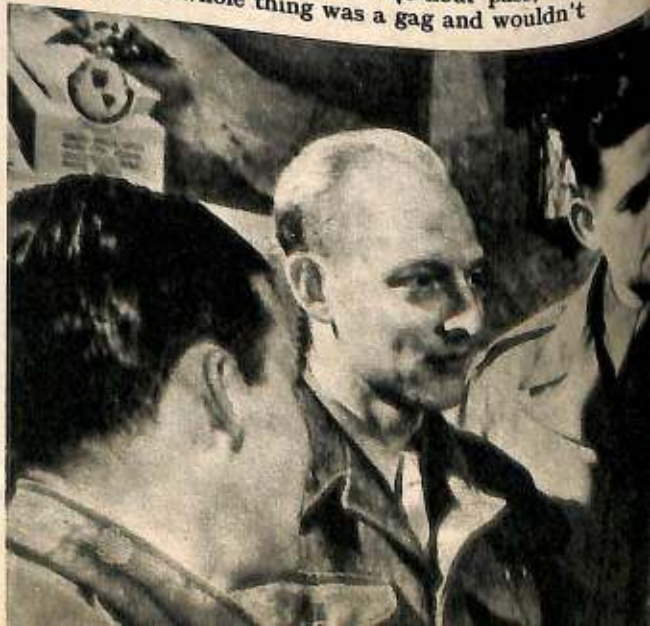
"They give you a job to do, and then let you go ahead and do it," he explained.

Many of the ex-infantrymen on this field had picked their own jobs. Col. E. S. Ligon of Kirkwood, Mo., commanding officer of the 466th, whom I found at an interrogation session of the combat crews which had bombed Germany that day, told about one such case. The man in question, he said, spent a couple of days on the field and then went out to help one of his new buddies load 100-pound bombs on a Liberator. "He liked the work and kept right at it," the colonel added.

Leaving the combat crews, I headed across the field to find this ex-infantryman. He was Pvt. Richard A. Lininger of Los Angeles, formerly a rifleman with the Parachute Infantry. Coming to France via the North African route after two combat jumps, he left his outfit when malaria caught up with him. He has been overseas for more than two years and is ready to go home anytime. In the meanwhile, he's working at his new-found job.

"There's a lot more to these Air Force jobs than I thought at first," Lininger admitted. "You got to know something about it. You can't just walk in and do it." Some of the men working with him reminded him that he had been stiff and sore after the first day of loading the 100-pounders. Lininger admitted this was true, but said that he still liked the better living conditions in the Air Force and the frequency of the passes.

The apparent ease with which passes can be obtained has come as somewhat of a surprise to more than one of the men. At the 96th Bombardment Group, for instance, Cpl. John Frank of Gloversville, N. Y., started working in the public-machinegun bullet while serving as assistant squad leader in the 100th Division. Shortly after he arrived at the base, his office got him a 48-hour pass, but he thought the whole thing was a gag and wouldn't



take off until the first sergeant looked him up and told him the pass was the real McCoy.

Down at "Dave's Dinghy Shop," on the field of the 389th Bombardment Group, I met another newcomer, Sgt. Joseph F. Karney of Shickshinny, Pa. A veteran with the 5th Armored Division since it was activated three years ago, Karney had been a tank commander on the outfit's drive through Belgium. Now, a victim of trenchfoot, he helps to repair, inflate and install dinghys in Liberators.

He had the same loyalty to his old outfit that many of the men feel, but he still likes the Air Force. He also likes the way the men are given a job and left alone to finish it. "You're not always falling out for some formation, because it would snafu work on the field too much," he said. "You feel sort of like a civilian in uniform when you first come out of the Armored into the Air Force."

Pvt. A. Frank Tancredi of Chester, Pa., also at the 389th, has even more of a right to feel like a civilian. He owns a barbershop in Media, Pa., that is still open. Tancredi joined the 175th Regiment of the 29th Division last August as a rifleman, and during his six weeks in the line kept his scissors-hand supple by giving a couple of haircuts in foxholes. Then his company went into reserve for a week and he trimmed more heads while the customers sat on a packing case in the open, often in the rain. After that came trenchfoot. And what does Tancredi do now? You guessed it. He gives haircuts, and in the officers' barbershop. Does he like the Air Force? Don't ask.

THE former ground-fighters I found at the 359th Fighter Group said they had been given a chance to look around the field before they were assigned to jobs. They were inclined to find work that fitted in with their previous experience in civilian life.

They like to watch the fighters, too. They remember seeing similar planes diving and strafing just over the front lines. Sgt. Louis Olson of Suttons Bay, Michigan, formerly a squad leader in a 60mm. mortar section with Company "E" of the 317th Infantry Regiment, 80th Division, had been up in a fighter since coming to the base, and got a big kick out of it. Now he is working in the sheet-metal section. "This is the break of my life," he said. "Nothing in the Army could be better. Maybe I'm prejudiced because it was snowing and cold the day I left the line, and we had been living in foxholes all the time."

Pvt. Harry B. Shych of Phoenixville, Pa., goes along with Olson in agreeing that it's "pretty good in the AAF." He was a light-tank gunner with the 66th Armored Regiment of the 2nd Armored Division for 28 months, and left his outfit near Aachen last October when a mortar fragment hit him in the ankle. He had been injured previously in Sicily. Now he works in the maintenance section.

The job of helping to refuel the fighters appealed to Pfc. Frankie M. Nice of Springfield, Ore. His last action with 104th (Timberwolf) Division consisted of cleaning out houses in Eschweiler, Germany, with a bazooka.

Before leaving the 359th Fighter Group, I had chow at the messhall with Olson and the mess sergeant, S/Sgt. Donald L. McClure of Newcastle, Pa., who seemed to be exceptionally interested in our ground-combat talk. McClure had joined the AAF in November, 1940, he said, and had been a mess sergeant since 1942. "Well," Olson asked, "how do you like it in the Air Force by this time?" "Oh, it's okay, I guess," McClure replied, "but it gets a little monotonous after a while. As a matter of fact, I have just volunteered for the Infantry."

And he was taking a break to buck sergeant to do it.



PVT. CONNOR KNIGHT, PARATROOPER TRANSFERRED TO THE AIR FORCE, RETAINED HIS BELOVED JUMPING BOOTS.



A VETERAN 359TH FIGHTER GROUP CREW CHIEF DISCUSSES A MUSTANG WITH EX-INFANTRYMEN.



PFC. JOSEPH ZIELINSKI USED TO USE A BAR ON THE NAZIS; NOW HE USES A SPRAY GUN WITH A BOMB GROUP.



CAPT. DUDLEY DILLEY OF CLEVELAND GETS A HAIRCUT FROM PVT. A. FRANK TANCREDI, EX-29TH DIVISION MAN.



PVT. RICHARD A. LININGER, WHO MADE TWO COMBAT JUMPS, NOW STUDIES BOMB FUSING ON THE RACK OF A LIB.

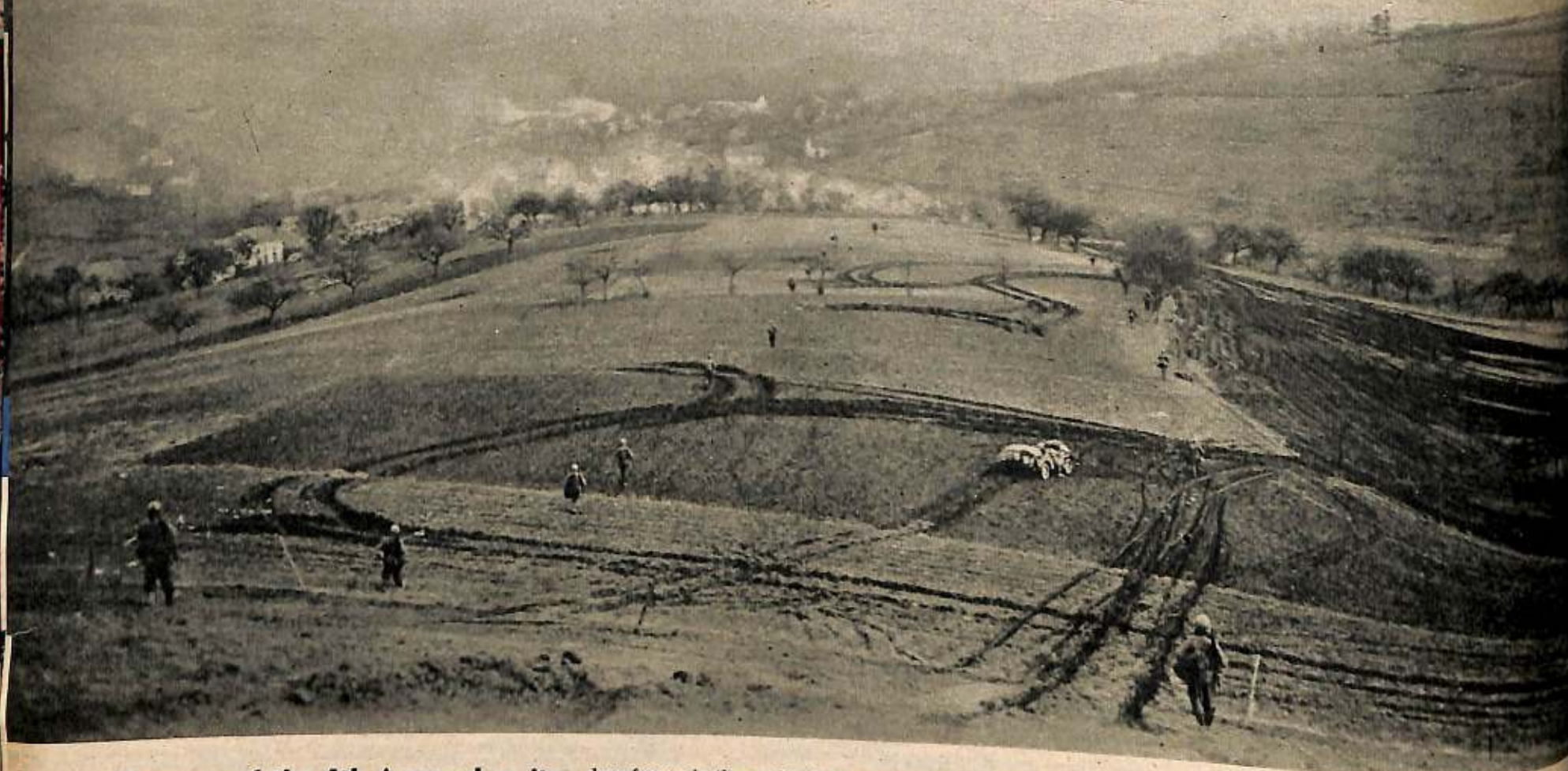


PFC. MICHAEL PLOSKONKA, ONCE OF THE 28TH DIVISION, WORKS ON A TRUCK AT THE 466TH BOMB GROUP.



SOME EX-INFANTRY MEMBERS OF THE 96TH BOMB GROUP WHO FOUGHT ON THE GROUND AROUND ST. LO GET AN EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNT OF HOW ST. LO LOOKED FROM THE AIR TO LT. COL. HERBERT C. SCHULZE (RIGHT) OF ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.

THE FURROW



The saga of the 4th Armored as its iron tread cut deep into Germany.

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 4TH ARMORED DIVISION IN GERMANY—The iron tread of the 4th Armored Division is moving across Germany and nothing can hold it. Everywhere along the way the earth-shaking power of its big tanks is visible. The crowds of people streaming along the roads—French, Russian and Czech—are freed peoples beginning to march home through the furrow plowed by the armor. That armor is still ahead of us; it doesn't stop. What is more, even the CPs behind it don't know exactly where it is.

"Get to the next town and keep going," they say. "You'll find it."

We are on its track all right, for we're moving through towns where the ruins still smolder and smoke. "The 4th Armored was here two days ago," someone says. Elsewhere, a great furrow in the fields shows where the tanks bedded down and rested for a few hours.

Our jeep follows the armor's tracks. There are fires on the horizon. Around us lie the hostile fields, the stretches of woods where no one moves. Someone is probably watching from there, though, for it is off the track of the armor. The following Infantry will have to clean this hostile country up.

We come to a town which Combat Command "B" of the 4th Armored plastered a day ago. It is still smoking. The effect of the roaring tanks and of the long, black gun-muzzles that stick out ahead of them still shows in the faces of the German civilians of this community.

"They're around here somewhere," says somebody. "Get on the autobahn, pick up a 4th Armored supply truck and keep following."

There is a low sky overhead. We find the armor's

deep furrow in the muddy hills, and climb and reach the autobahn, a great German highway, where traffic is meager and fast. A 4th Armored truck is ahead and we are catching up. Some planes make their turn and we get out of the jeep and, by God, they are Me-109s beating up the road toward us.

There is nothing faster than a plane and nothing slower than a man at a time like this. We scramble down an embankment and into a culvert and all hell is breaking out above us. The .50 calibers on the ground and the zomm. cannonfire of the planes are both going at once and the ground above is being rapped with the sound of giant hailstones. Then silence.

Again they come. The Germans don't want us on their favorite highway. Three times more we hear the thunder of their engines, the whistling of their wings, and the rapping of the zomm. hailstones. Then it's quiet again. We climb up the embankment and into the jeep and get going.

We wish we could find that armor somewhere and 25 miles farther on we finally overtake its tail-end. Down below the highway rest the tanks, the half-tracks, the jeeps and the big guns, spread out in a pasture like resting cattle, right in the middle of Germany as if to say: "What are you going to do about it?"

There are fires on many parts of the horizon. The biggest is to the south, where a whole train is burning as one car after another explodes. "We were trying to get at a couple of Panther tanks on the other side of the tracks," says someone. "So we got the train which was in our way."

The nose of the 4th Armored is still farther up, past Kreuzberg. We are some 25 miles west of Gotha and more than 75 miles from Frankfurt, which was yesterday's news. German women we pass in the village of Nesselroden move about with their faces averted. In the house we stop at there is a place marked for everything and everything is in its proper place. A place is marked for the table towel, another for the glass towel, a third for the

blessing of God on the house, a fourth for the picture of the son in the Nazi uniform. Signs and slogans are everywhere. All night long a clock in the house rings out the hours and half hours, adding another touch of order to this too-perfectly-ordered home and providing assurance that even in his sleep a good German will know what's what.

THE next day we move up the long train of armor toward Combat Command "B." It is a winding Eisenach, which has not yet been taken. On we go, over back-country roads, past civilians with beaten faces. The Werra River isn't wide here, but there was a tough fight for it yesterday. The 4th Armored's attached 24th Armored Engineer Battalion bridged it under enemy fire, saw their bridge knocked out, and put it in again. A small river and a small bridge, but a big operation.

We get past Kreuzberg, which resisted yesterday and paid for it, for there is no patience in the 4th Armored. The 4th wrecked Kreuzberg because Kreuzberg wouldn't surrender, and now people are shoveling through the still-smoking ashes, looking for things.

Farther on we move, through a woods, and get one of those shocks of a kid moving through a toy chamber of horrors at Coney Island. There are dead German tanks in the woods, facing the road and hidden until you come right up on them. Then it's as if the tanks were alive and had got you right there. But the tanks are dead. This was a German tank maintenance and repair area. Live American armor has already caught this crippled German armor, lighting charges under it and throwing white phosphorus stuff at it. Now the German tanks smoke and burn, and one is just a pink stove, silently burning in the woods.

This is evidence of how the Germans have been driven to cover. They have had to hide tank-repair areas in the woods because nothing that shows in Germany is safe from our air these days. We have

driven them to the woods and to the caves, and now we are pushing them east, out of their own country.

We get out of the woods in a hurry because it is eerie there and maybe Germans are watching us go by. More fires are burning on the horizon. The deep track of the tanks is still ahead of us. We reach a town which is only a few miles from the big city of Gotha. The German air comes up again and the sky is filled with smoke and the sounds of anti-aircraft and cannon. We climb a hill to another woods, where Me-109s and FW-190s are tucked in among the trees. The Germans had smashed these planes themselves as the armor ran them down. These deadly little planes have knocked out many Forts and Libs, and here they are broken and burnt by the Germans in a woods.

The 4th Armored is moving out of Metebach now, and we get in behind a half-track and follow down the road. The tanks wheel in their iron treads, the machineguns point at the sky, and Aspach shows up, five miles from Gotha. From within the houses, the civilians watch, but if you look at one of them steadily he turns away. The power of the armor is shadowed in these German faces. They stick their heads out of their windows and watch blankly, absolutely neutral.

And now the tanks and half-tracks move up to a crossroads outside of Aspach. They cover the roads out of town in long powerful lines as the evening comes down. More fires blaze on the horizon. The German air comes over again, the Me-109s moving across the sky as the .50-caliber fire goes after them. The planes twist, turn and plunge through the sky after a Cub plane, like a hawk after a sparrow. The Cub comes down low over the fields with an Me dropping after it and the guns of the armor drive the Me off just in time. The German air comes in again as the sun goes down—two, three, four times more—and one at last grabs a vehicle in the long line on the road and the vehicle begins to burn. Another Me comes across, no more than 10 feet above the column, turning on one wing, almost striking the ground, but keeping going. No planes are knocked down here tonight, but the report is that more than 34 were brought down yesterday and we have been able to count at least six wrecked ones during this movement toward Gotha.

THE 4th should be in Gotha by tomorrow morning, and now it rests outside the city. Rain begins to fall, but the fires sowed by the big guns still burn on the horizon and so does our column's vehicle

which the Me hit on the road. The 4th will move through fires into the city of Gotha tomorrow morning.

In the morning there is a brief moment of indecision. Gotha has been asked to surrender, and if it will not, then the big guns will go to work. The 4th isn't going to wait very long. Finally, it appears that Gotha will surrender. The surrender has been demanded by the Division and at last the answer comes through the armored infantry battalion, which is up front at the edge of the city. Minutes from now another German city will fall and within 10 days and 200 miles of movement we will have taken Darmstadt, Hanau, Aschaffenburg, Hersfeld and Gotha.

THE German air comes up over the road and we get into a patch of woods. Under the roar of the guns and the enemy engines overhead, the infantrymen have a word or two to say about this ebbing war. Pfc. Joseph Tegge of Anderson, Ind., a rifleman, wants to know what the hell the Germans are fighting for at this stage of the game.

"A stubborn bastard," he says. "He knows he's done for, but he keeps on fighting anyway."

The men are exasperated; it doesn't make sense anymore. Yesterday, 16 of our infantrymen had been killed while protecting a tank.

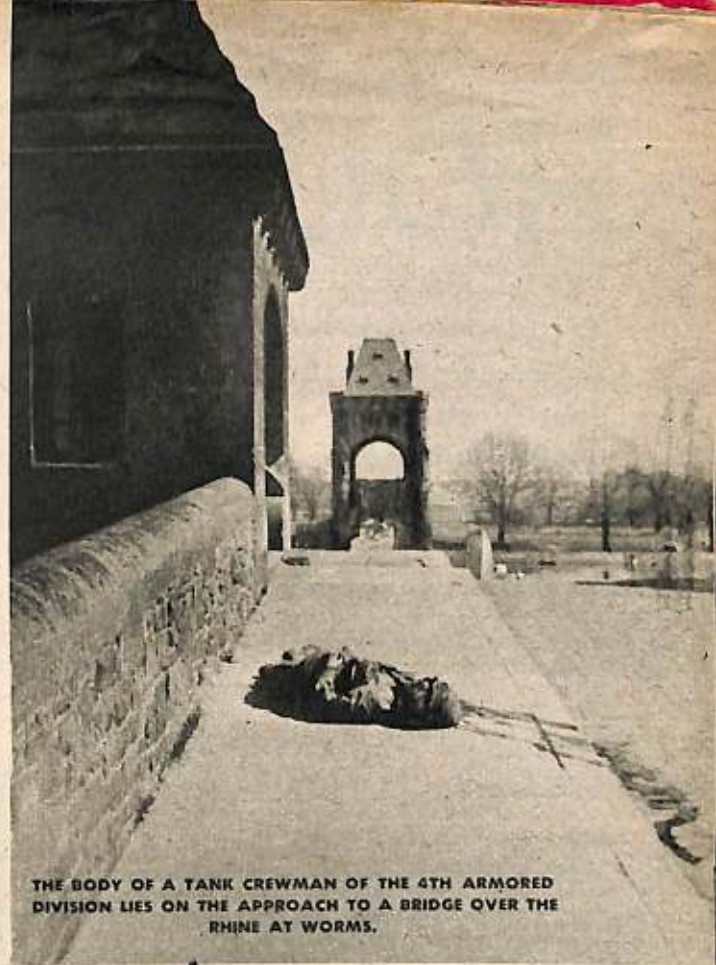
We leave the woods and move on, and then the enemy air goes to work again and we get into a barn where T/5 Wilson E. Kendall of Ogdensburg, N. Y., who has been with the 4th Armored since Pine Camp, comes up with that one about going home.

Then the air is clear once more, like after a rain squall, and we get into the jeep and move slowly down a hill into Gotha, past German dead in ditches, past a burnt-out American tank, past a hospital for German soldiers where a guy at a window thumbs his nose at us and then disappears. If he tries that on our tankers, they'll surely go up after him.

We get down into the square and are at the City Hall, where pieces of broken glass lie all over the streets.

We are again in the midst of one of those starting-from-scratch moments. In the City Hall are the temporary German officials of the city of Gotha together with Lt. Robert Townsend of San Antonio, Tex., aide to the 4th Armored commander, Brig. Gen. William T. Hoge.

"You will first of all bring in all arms, cameras and ammunition," says Townsend. He sits down in the old council chamber of the City Hall, surrounded by murals of the ancient city. A Hollander, a young



THE BODY OF A TANK CREWMAN OF THE 4TH ARMORED DIVISION LIES ON THE APPROACH TO A BRIDGE OVER THE RHINE AT WORMS.

fellow from Rotterdam who speaks both English and German, acts as interpreter. He has been in Germany for several years, another one of the millions of dragooned "auslanders," or foreign laborers, in the Reich.

The Germans around the table look shrewd and they talk with the tact of losers. Order begins to appear. The men of the 89th Infantry Division show in the town, moving from house to house, and you can see them in the square from the windows of the City Hall.

A Polish woman with a small child stands outside the door and the assistant Division commander, coming into the council chamber, pauses for a moment in the doorway and tells the woman that things will be better for them soon.

We leave Gotha that afternoon, grabbing the tail of the 4th Armored as it goes through, and now the columns curve south, driving 15 miles to Ohrdruf and Muhlberg, and coming to rest more than 200 miles from the Rhine.

On the very edge of Muhlberg the column comes across what must be the last German train going east. The Division's attached Artillery Battalion simply wheels a 155mm. howitzer around and knocks out the train. It is Sgt. Roy Mercurio's gun crew which does this. Mercurio is from Toledo, Ohio, and his gunners are Cpl. Cleo Smith of Los Gates, Calif., Pfc. Homer Garrison of Shelbyville, Mo., and Pfc. Joe Valenti of St. Louis, Mo.

When we reach Muhlberg, a soldier asks: "How far are we from Texas?" We draw a map on the ground, using a stick for a pencil, drawing the outline of the eastern coast of the United States, as we remember it, and the outline of the western coast of Europe, and then France and Germany as far as Gotha. We figure over that map for a while and finally somebody says: "Nearly 5,000 miles to Texas, maybe." And the soldier from Texas sighs and walks off.

HEADING back, we can follow the long furrow which the 4th Armored has plowed since it broke through at a point above Frankfurt. This country behind the 4th Armored, which was deadly three days ago, has been cleared. Now the liberated, thousands of them, are going home through the furrow. French and English soldiers of 1940, Czechs, Poles and Russians are on the road. We can go back now along one of the world's finest roads, which Hitler built for war and not for civilians, and which the Americans are now using for war. Our traffic, our supplies and infantry, is pouring through, pouring east, as thick as Fourth of July traffic on the Lincoln Highway. It is one of the great sights of our time and on the faces of the Germans along the way there is still the look of numb amazement that an enemy from thousands of miles away actually rides through Germany now.

And tomorrow morning the 4th Armored will cut its tread deeper into the German earth again, moving eastward.



(TOP) A TANK DESTROYER OF THE 4TH ARMORED DIVISION PASSES A GERMAN WAGON WHOSE DRIVER WAS FOUND DEAD ON THE ROADSIDE. (LOWER) LIBERATED BRITISH AND FRENCH PRISONERS GET CIGARETTES FROM A GI. THE MEN WILL BE REGISTERED BEFORE BEING RELEASED.

HOLLYWOOD, Calif.

War industries have invaded the movie colony; the girls are still lovely but they're just as likely to be welders now as film stars.

By Pvt. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Writer

HOLLYWOOD—Back in 1939 when a few brave souls forsook their movie jobs for riveting berths at Lockheed, it caused nearly as much commotion here as the Fatty Arbuckle scandal. Hollywood had always been a one-industry town, and the fact that script clerks lived next door to set electricians, studio grip-pers bowled against makeup men, and low-priced extras sometimes took a poke at high-priced actors gave the town its special place in the sun.

Five years of war can work wonders. Now, in 1945, approximately 40 percent of Hollywood's wage earners are working in the aircraft industry while another 22 per cent are employed by local war industries. Only 24 percent of the town's citizens are in motion pictures. The 1940 population figure of 210,000 has mounted to 235,000, and nearly all the newcomers work in war jobs.

Over 40,000 workers are employed in some 200 small-scale war industries that have sprung up in Hollywood since Pearl Harbor. Most of the plants are situated in temporary and makeshift buildings in the district lying between Santa Monica and Sunset Boulevards. These plants make plastics, precision instruments, gauges and airplane hydraulic valves. At least 18 firms, all making plastic appliances, plan to stay in the community. Hollywood apparently will never again be a one-industry town.

Despite this influx of new industries and new workers, Hollywood remains a district of Los Angeles, and the age-old fight to make it a separate municipality still goes on and on. Los Angeles postal authorities put up a terrible howl, but the mail around Hollywood and Vine still comes in addressed to Hollywood 29, California.

The lazy and warm *mañana* atmosphere—the feeling that there isn't a thing today which can't be put off till tomorrow—has gradually faded in the last three years. The best way to get the new atmosphere is to sit on the wooden bench at the Vine Street and Hollywood Boulevard bus stop and watch an early Saturday-night crowd hurrying along the main drag.

Though the Boulevard still boasts the most concentrated array of beautiful young women to be seen anywhere in America, the old zip isn't in the passing show any more, and you don't want to whistle and turn handsprings as much as you did in the old days. At least not quite. It's not as it used to be when the lovelies, dressed in their sloppy but revealing slacks, paraded slowly from shop window to shop window eying the new styles while the male population paraded even more slowly eying the girls who were eying the styles. Now the ladies rush down the street with a jerky, tense jauntiness, a lot of them wearing aircraft-employee identification discs on their blouses. Nowadays a beautiful doll often is seen walking along the Boulevard lugging a lunch pail.

But the girls look just as healthy, just as tanned and just as pretty. All they seem to need is a more tranquil world so that they can slow down a bit, and get into more comfortable, more revealing slacks again.

One thing that surprises you is that there are lots of cars on the streets. There seem to be more today than there were before the gas shortage. The large number of cars is explained by the fact that many townspeople work in the aircraft plants far out in the Encino Valley and hold high gas-ration cards.

It isn't unusual to see women driving cabs and busses. One of these, "The Growler," a squat, broad-beamed dame who drives the Western Avenue bus, embarrasses the hell out



Servicemen don't always have to wait for a bus on Cahuenga Boulevard. Civilians usually pick them up.

of civilians with her colorful language. And she works over her GI trade more thoroughly than a Fort Bragg first sergeant. One night she bawled out a marine for blocking the bus doorway.

"Listen, lady," said the indignant marine, "you're talking to a guy who's been in five major campaigns."

"So what?" retorted "The Growler." "You're talking to a dame who's been a bouncer at the Palladium on Saturday nights."

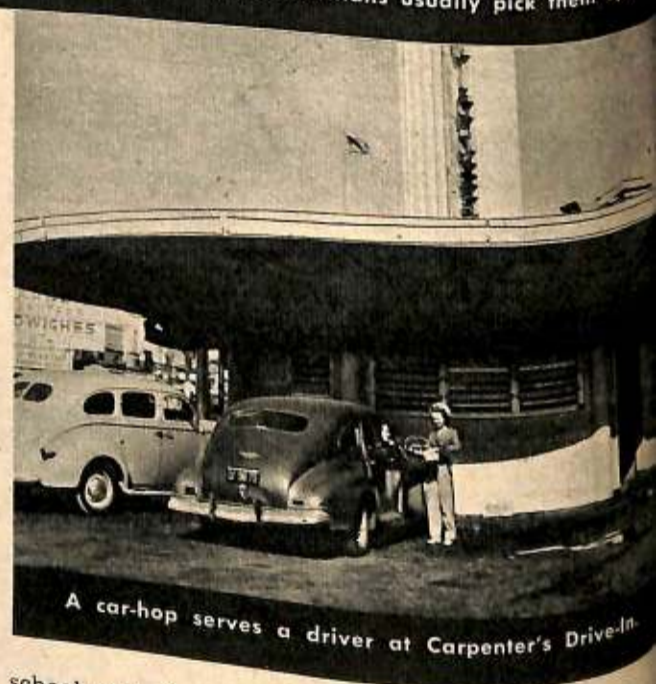
NIGHT life is much the same. Earl Carroll still draws the out-of-town butter-and-egg crowd with his old routine of "Through these portals pass the most beautiful girls in the world." Earl's girls have yet to make a liar out of him. The Florentine Gardens, which opened a little before Pearl Harbor, is now a Hollywood Boulevard institution, drawing the same kind of trade as the Carroll emporium. The Palladium is booming; Gene Krupa, just finishing a long engagement there, made the joint jump so high that two of his recent sessions were tabbed as the cause of minor L.A. earthquakes.

But the "zoot suit" crowd of newspaper fame has gone, and swing-happy jivers now go out of this world without people making a national issue of it. The draft law and war industries seem to have taken care of Hepdom's problem children.

The Sunset Bowling Alley, with its 52 lanes, is as busy as ever, though the alleys have lost a lot of out-of-town customers, who, because of gas rationing, can't make it into Hollywood. People are spending a lot more money; in 1940 \$100,790,000 was spent in stores of the community; in 1944 the amount jumped to \$150,000,000.

It used to be that the normal citizens would turn the town's bars, hot spots and theaters over to the tourists and autograph hounds on Saturday and Sunday nights while they slipped out to Pasadena or Glendale to see a movie in peace, or whisked over to a small joint in Burbank or Encino for a few pay-day drinks. Those days are gone. Now, as a result of that gas shortage, blasé Hollywoodites have to stick pretty close to town and buck the long lines in front of the Hollywood-Egyptian and Grauman's Chinese Theaters in order to see a show. To get a drink they have to jostle the crowds at the bars and the Seven Seas, Melody Lane, the Radio Room and the Brown Derby.

Except for a few minor alterations, the high-



A car-hop serves a driver at Carpenter's Drive-In.

school crowd seems much the same. The boys have discarded the traditional dirty corduroys for another pants craze, "Levis." The name comes from the concern that makes this special type of dungaree. The dungarees are purchased two lengths oversize and the extra material at the bottom has got to be folded twice into a huge but neat cuff. Unless the pants are folded twice and the cuff measures at least eight inches they aren't "Levis" but just plain dungarees. The girls still wear those tight pink sweaters and short skirts, and the favorite male noonday pastime at Hollywood High is to sit on the Administration Building steps and watch the girls go by.

The kids still hang out in the corner drug store at Sunset and Highland, and star-struck damsels still sit at the counter waiting for someone to discover them as Billy Wilkerson discovered Lana Turner some years ago. The famous thick milk shake and hot-fudge sundae you used to get at Brown's candy store on the Boulevard have dropped a long way in quality; Brown's has to use iced milk instead of the rich cream of former years. Rich cream nowadays is something to remember, not drink.

There is a teen-age night club on Sunset Boulevard now right up the street from the

Crossroads of the World. It's quite popular, even though the swing dished out is a little on the mellow side and nothing more potent than coke is served. Zarappi's, the rumba joint on lower Sunset Boulevard, still gets most of the hip-swinging fiends, and there are more of them these days than there used to be.

The political picture in the town is much the same. Lloyd G. Davies, a Republican, is city councilman, and John Kingsley, who operates the Kingsley Brothers stationery store, is still trying to resign as honorary mayor. John has held this unofficial position for five years. This year, as usual, he tried to quit, but the townspeople refused to accept his resignation.

The Presidential campaign caused quite a row, and oldsters say that seldom has so much interest been worked up in the old town. Jack L. Warner, Samuel Goldwyn and Katharine Hepburn headed the "For FDR" organization, while Lionel Barrymore, Ginger Rogers and Jeanette MacDonald worked at the Dewey headquarters.

In a town where hermits parade the streets in sackcloth and sandals—and don't draw a stare—and where a new grocery store has an opening with a battery of lights and a 10-piece band—and can't draw 10 customers—a man ringing doorbells and crooning to housewives oughtn't to be worth a yawn. But because the man was Frank Sinatra, the townfolk last summer were stunned. Some people say that Sinatra's door-to-door crooning in behalf of the Democrats did more to stir up last year's political excitement out this way than anything else that happened during the campaign.

Hollywood always has been a good sports town, and the Hollywood fan has rooted, bragged about and fought for his home-town teams with the fury usually attributed to the good citizens of Brooklyn. But he has been quiet of late. This past season Hollywood High's football team didn't win a single game and was beaten by the arch enemy, Fairfax High, 13-6. The Hollywood Stars, after a dull season, wound up sixth in the Coast League. There is talk that the Stars may become a farm of the New York Yankees, and most of the community hope that's so, because Yankee cast-offs are usually of high quality and might help the local team get out of the rut.

THERE are several large redistribution centers in the vicinity of Hollywood and the first request of GIs home from overseas is a pass to visit the movie mecca. On a Saturday night approximately 60,000 GIs arrive in town; in 1944 alone the community played host to 3,000,000 servicemen. Civic leaders have gone out of their way to make a serviceman's stay in town comfortable.

Moviedom's contribution, the Hollywood and Hollywood Guild Canteens, have received national publicity, but the unsung people of this town—the homeowners, the workers, the apartment dwellers—handle the major part of Hollywood's effort to make visiting GIs happy. A local "Beds For Buddies" Committee, in a town with one of the acutest housing shortages in America, has scraped up regular week-end sleeping accommodations for as many as 12,000 servicemen.

Each week end the Hollywood High Gym takes care of 1,000 GIs, and the school's principal, Lewis F. Foley, has opened the school cafeteria on Sunday mornings, with the high-school girls acting as waitresses and dishwashers. "We figured that after a busy Saturday night," Foley explains, "soldiers would be very hungry and slightly broke. We give them a breakfast of cereal, orange juice, bacon and eggs, toast, coffee and milk for 25 cents."

The B'nai B'rith on Crescent Heights Boulevard, the Blessed Sacrament Church on Sunset and practically every other church in town are operating service canteens. The town has more than 20 canteens in all.

Besides being the symbol of glamor, star dust and make-believe to untold millions of moviegoers the world over, Hollywood is also the cozy home town of approximately 16,000 GIs. The United States Employment Service has a veterans' section headed by a committee of 35 businessmen and civic leaders, most of whom are veterans of the first World War. These men already are helping discharged Joes get anything from a job to advice on where, and for how much, the wife can have that baby. Last year alone the veterans' section of the USES helped 2,426 of the town's vets obtain work.

Herman Joy, night principal at Hollywood High, is setting up free special courses for returning service men. Class work will be stripped down to the essentials. "I think," Mr. Joy explains, "that the boy who went away to war will not be content to dawdle through a normal high-school course. He will be much older, for one thing, and also impatient to get started toward a career in life. If a boy wants to complete his education, we plan to make it as easy and as fast as possible for him."

HOLLYWOOD has its own post-war plans, some of which are all set to start come the end of the duration. A \$20,000,000 Hollywood Freeway, to cut diagonally across the business district, is one proposal. The Freeway, which is to be state-financed, will begin at Highland Avenue and Cahuenga Boulevard (just across from the Hollywood Bowl) and end at the Santa Ana Freeway, just north of the Post Office at North Main and Aliso Streets. Hollywoodites say it will be the most modern engineering job of its kind, with eight wide lanes and bridges over the busy streets.

Another project is a huge modern recreation center with two swimming pools, handball, tennis and volleyball courts, two softball diamonds, a football field and a large main building that can be used both as a gym and a dance hall. The recreation center will be situated at Santa Monica and Cahuenga Boulevards where the old M-G-M Studios used to be and where the circus pitched its tents a few years ago.

But the town today looks much the same as it did four years ago. White one-story houses with lawns in front remain the most popular type of home. The lawns, however, are not so well kept; it's almost impossible these days to hire gardeners. While the streets are clean, nowadays you notice an occasional matchstick along the curb.

The weather this year has been unusually warm and for once the local Chamber of Commerce hasn't had to exaggerate about the absence of rain; there were only three days of rain all winter.

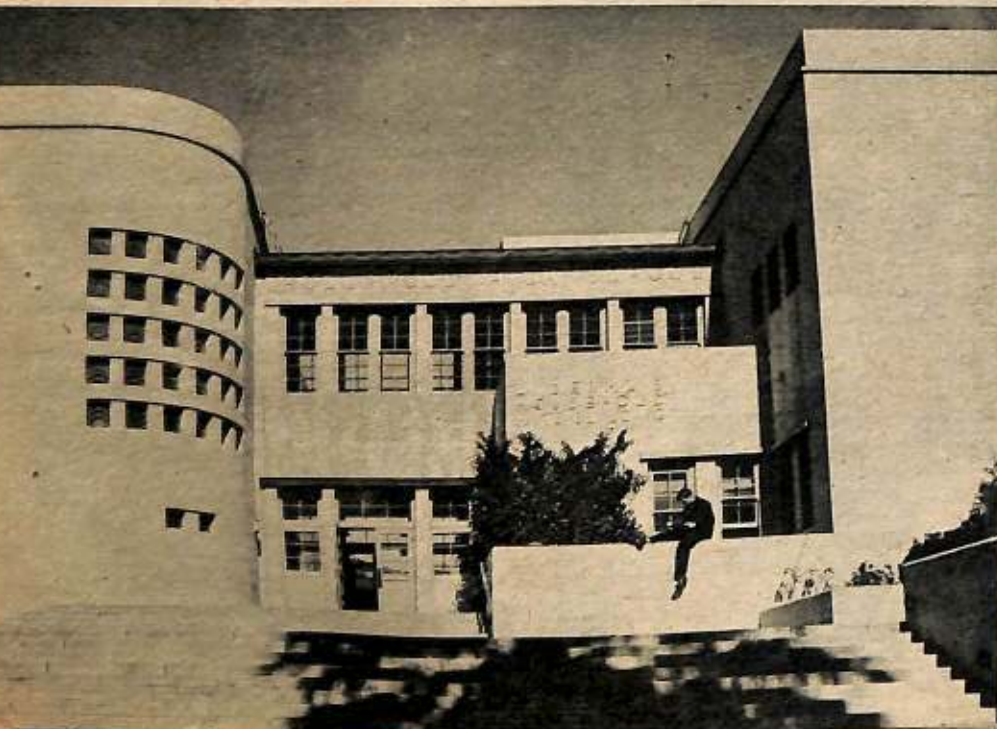
Those scary Oriental wax figures that used to frighten you as you walked into Grauman's Chinese Theater are gone. So many souvenir hunters stole the clothing off them that the management had to put the figures away. The usherettes at Grauman's are as cute and as sassy as ever and still wear those slinky dresses, but most of the pert car-hops at Carpenter's Drive-In have left for war plants. Everybody still goes around to the Warren pool parlor for a game of snooker, and Tom and Joe Griffin still operate the place. The Griffin boys have added another snooker table, but Joe hasn't yet found the hair restorer that works, and Tom is as grouchy as ever.

Angelo, the midget who has been selling papers on the northeast corner of Wilcox and Hollywood Boulevards for more years than old-timers remember, is still getting stepped on by the Saturday-night crowds. He lost 45 bucks last year betting on the horses at Hollywood Park. Little Angelo's horse system is still lousy.

All in all, the town hasn't changed too much, and you won't have a lot of trouble recognizing it. But if you get back any time soon, you will probably feel the same about Hollywood as old Sam Wong, the laundryman at 6430 Selma Avenue. When somebody asked him how things were going, Sam grunted, "Too glom dlam blusy."



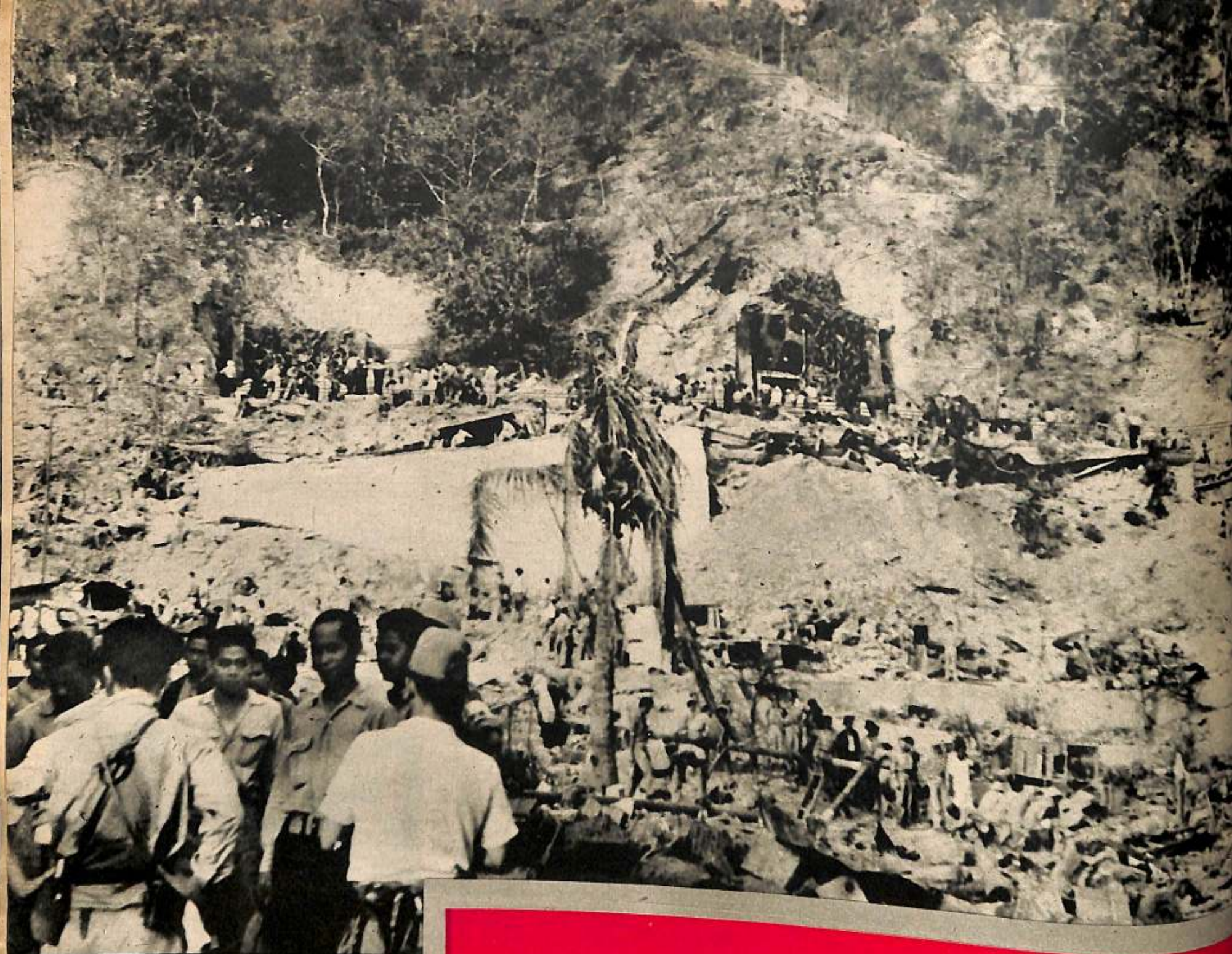
You can follow the war on maps in the CBS Building.



A schoolboy does some noonday reading outside Hollywood High School.



These high-school boys tear around in a stripped-down Ford as in pre-war days.



Here is a view of Corregidor on May 7, 1942, a day after U. S. troops surrendered. In the foreground Japs look over a group of Filipino PWs.



Gen. Masaharu Homma, conqueror of Singapore and supreme Japanese commander in the Philippines, takes his ease a week after the fall of Corregidor.

Behind the Japanese Lines on **LUZON**



The pictures on these pages were taken by Manuel Alcantara, a photographer for the Manila Tribune, during the Jap occupation. While taking pictures under the Jap Department of Information he was also a secret agent for United States forces in the Philippines. He kept these photos hidden until Yanks entered Manila.



Japs advance on Manila on January 3, 1942. Their light tanks are crossing a bypass on Highway 6 north of the city as our tanks did three years later.



A Jap soldier gets a grandstand view of the destruction of U. S. property in the Philippines. It's an oil fire at Iloilo City in the province of Panay.



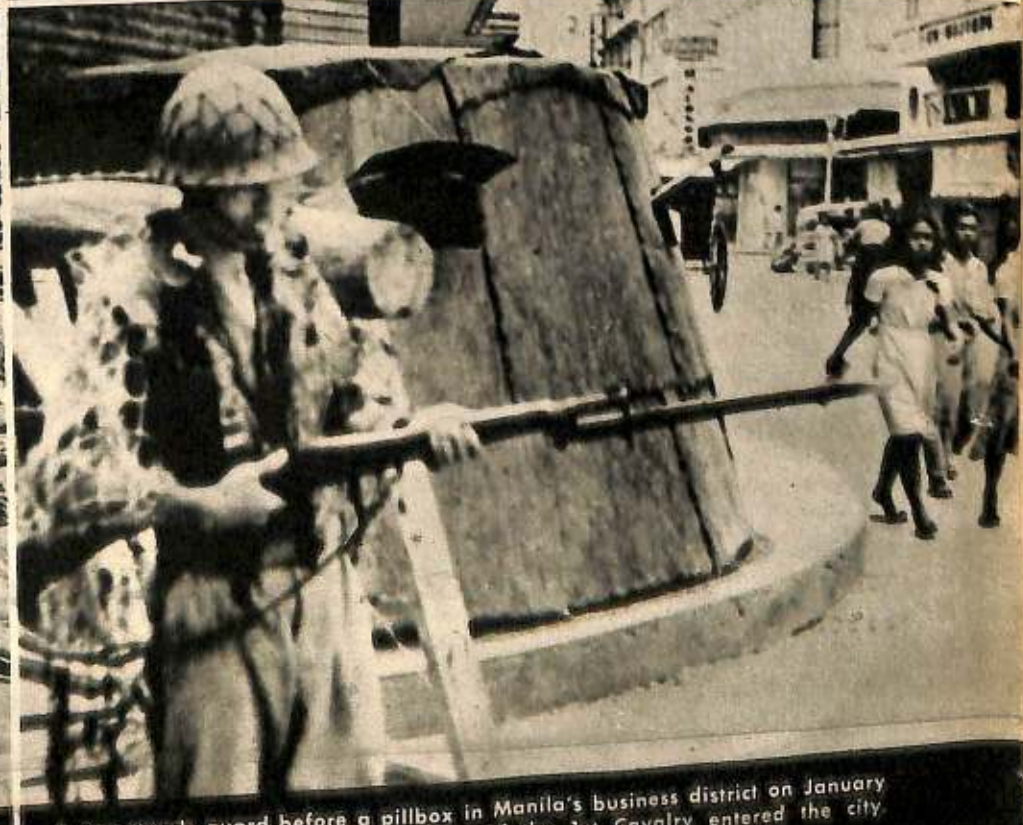
Japs of the "Bicycle Division" pedal southward toward Manila on the day they entered it. GIs of the 37th Division marched here 37 months later.



American and Filipino prisoners captured on Corregidor were hauled in trucks or marched, if strong enough, to Bilibid Prison in Manila, 40 miles away.



On April 11, 1942, American PWs on Bataan sort U. S. equipment to be taken over by the Japs. Then the death march to Camp O'Donnell began.



A Jap stands guard before a pillbox in Manila's business district on January 27, 1945, a week before Americans of the 1st Cavalry entered the city.

BANKERS' HOURS

All the Japs could draw was a sight draft on lead when GIs took over the Manila branch of New York's National City Bank.

By Sgt. OZZIE ST. GEORGE
YANK Staff Correspondent

MANILA—The National City Bank of New York, in downtown Manila, is a modern six-story building facing south across the Pasig River near Jones Bridge. Opposite it, in the northeast corner of Intramuros (the Walled City) was Lentranc College, a long, four-story, Spanish-style building. The college is a ruin now, pitted and scarred with rifle, machine-gun and three sizes of mortar fire. There are a dozen great gaping holes in its north side, the result of point-blank tank and artillery fire. One-five-five howitzers, too, at point-blank range, hammered the college, punching a two-story, rubble-filled gap where the entrance had been.

The Japs who holed up in the college are dead now, buried, stinking under smashed tons of masonry. They were killed in hand-to-hand fighting. But while they lived those Japs held the college, and from it occasionally they sniped at the bank building across the river.

Elements of the 37th Division had grabbed the bank, after short, bitter fighting, within a few days of entering the city. Overlooking the Walled City, the port district and the American district, the bank was a natural for an OP. And the artillery followed the infantry into the building and up the stairs, floor by floor, until they were sitting on the sixth, exactly 70 feet above what remained the front line in that sector for nearly three weeks.

The Japs across the Pasig commanded the street leading down to the bank's front door; they could plaster it with rifle, sniper, machine-gun and mortar fire. While they did, the infantry and artillerymen who were "working in the bank" went the last half block to their offices one at a time, hugging the buildings across the street, scrambling, crouched low, over the rubble that blocked the sidewalk, then racing the width of the street to the bank's entrance at top speed. BAR, .30- and .50-caliber machine-gun squads on the lower floors of the bank building banged back at any Japs who showed up south of the 15-foot-wide Pasig. Later tanks, half-tracks and armored cars clanked down to the water's edge and tossed a few rounds at the Walled City. And as the Jap positions south of the river were knocked out or overrun, their fire decreased until eventually only an occasional sniper's shot shattered the district's real-estate possibilities. By that time there was a beaten path through the rubble and craters and dangling high lines along that last half block. Runners had learned through constant practice to cover the twists of the path in seconds flat.

Inside the bank, on the ground floor, the rubble and plaster lay inches thick. Steel filing cabinets and typewriters burned black and twisted lay jumbled together. Broken glass, straw mats, torn sacks of rice, grenade boxes, scattered Jap small-arms ammo and papers littered the lobby and blocked the elevator entrance. On the peeling, fire-blackened door of the vault was a red and white sticker, "SEALED BY CIC." One-twenty wire hung in dangling loops between the pitted marble pillars or trailed across the mess on the floor. The wire went up the stair well and in the half light it resembled the snarled, dangling vines of the jungle. As on the street, a narrow path led through the rubble to the stairs. There were few footprints anywhere else—Jap mines and booby traps discouraged too much poking around.

On the third floor, in an office near the stairs, was a .30-caliber machine gun. The gun section had pushed a desk lengthwise against a window with a southern exposure overlooking Intramuros,



put a double line of sandbags on its sill and mounted their gun on the desk. The gunner sat hunched behind the desk, one hand on the tripod. From another chair nearer the window a second GI trained field glasses on Intramuros. Two more grubbed in a 10-in-1 box. A fifth, curled in a chair, tried to sleep.

On the sixth floor, in one-time brokers' offices, were the OPs. Sitting behind the same desks where, two weeks before, deals involving thousands of Jap pesos had been closed, GIs gave the fire directions that foreclosed the mortgages on a lot of Nipponese lives. They were dealing in real estate too, and on those desks were spread large maps of Manila, each block numbered and ranged like a Los Angeles subdivision. And they were doing a rushing business. One lieutenant said he thought he'd fired more rounds of 105 in the last two days than in the last two years. All was not business as usual in the National City Bank, of course—the bankers' hours, for instance, were 0001 to 2400, and lunches were always sent in. There was a switchboard in the hall, but no pert operator perched on a swivel stool cooing "Hell-oo." Instead, T-5 Robert Gagyi of Dayton, Ohio, sitting spraddle-legged on the floor, one thumb on the butterfly switch of his field phone, droned "Roger."

THERE were two battalion OPs on the sixth floor the first afternoon, spotting from adjoining offices. A runner, entering the wrong office, was told, "The — FA? Right down the hall—Room 608."

The glass in the door of 608 was broken and the outer office stripped bare. Somebody had stuck signs, one reading "LADIES" and the other "GENTLEMEN", on the two doors leading to the inner office. That office was relatively intact. It sported a desk, three or four straight-back chairs, a couple of overstuffed chairs, two swivel chairs and a couch. A lieutenant sat at the desk, tilted back in one of the swivel chairs, his feet on the desk blotter. He was lighting a pipe. On the hat rack near the door hung helmets, carbines and a pistol belt. Some 10-in-1 boxes lay scattered about; a couple of visiting firemen peered through field glasses at the Walled City. At two of the windows observers kept their eyes glued to range finders. They'd located some Japs.

On a third-floor balcony on the north side of the Manila Hotel, 1,500 yards south-southwest of the bank, about a dozen of those Japs were working feverishly at throwing what appeared to be furniture and fixtures into the court below. Two or three people muttered, "God, what a target." In the adjoining office the CO of a battalion of 155s was on the phone, talking to division or corps, explaining the situation and asking—pleading, it almost seemed—for permission to open fire on the hotel. He got it. Somebody said, "Boy, this is going to be a beautiful sight."

A phone rang. The lieutenant hooked a field-phone head set out of one of the desk drawers.

There was a French phone on his desk, plugged into the battalion switch, but too many people, too long accustomed to field phones, had made a point of using that French phone during the early days of the OP's operation and now its battery was finished. The lieutenant talked briefly and passed along the news that the 155s were going to open on the Manila Hotel. "See if you can get us in on it," he asked, and put the phone back in its drawer.

Everyone had hitched his chair near the window now. Pfc. James Planck of Hulbert, Mich., observing another sector through a range finder, swung around for a quick look at the hotel, then swung back to cover his own sector. S/Sgt. Leroy Erwin of York, Pa., slumped in a swivel chair behind a pair of field glasses, said, "This is like a \$2.20 box seat."

It was 1500. The lieutenant said, "It'll take 'em a few minutes to line the guns." We sat in our \$2.20 seats, waiting, as if for a curtain to rise. Below us the .30-caliber and then a .50 hammered briefly, like programs rattling. From the hallway T-5 Gagyi called, "On the way."

Seconds later a roar passed overhead. A gray-black sponge of HE appeared short and left of the hotel. There was a low mumble of conversation in the next office, and the CO, a lieutenant-colonel, called, "Five-zero left, five-zero short." Gagyi repeated the range. A captain at one of the windows, his glasses on the hotel balcony, said, "They have stopped throwing things. No, the little sons of bitches are still on the porch."

"On the way," Gagyi called again, and the roar passed overhead but there was no discernible puff of smoke. The colonel ordered, "Repeat range." Gagyi passed the order back to the guns. No. 3 exploded short of the hotel. The colonel said, "I saw that! Five-zero short." Two birds drifted lazily past the windows of the OP. Downstairs small-arms fire cracked and whistled. No. 4 was left, No. 5 short, No. 6 lost, No. 7 burst in the trees next the hotel. The Japs on the porch had tiny jagged black hole in the red tile of its roof. The colonel said, "Range and deflection correct."

FORTY-FIVE minutes later the Japs in the Manila Hotel should have checked out, bag and baggage. But they didn't, though the upper floors hammered by the 155s burned brightly all that night. Days later 1st Cavalry troops checked into the hotel, with hand grenades as baggage and no reservations, and cleaned the Japs out a roomful at a time.

Back in the bank that afternoon the magic words "Manila Hotel" had lost their appeal. The hotel now was just another target, a long-dreamed-of lush spot that had gone the way of the other lush spots—the Army-Navy Club, the Spanish Club, the University Club.

"Oh well," said one GI, "We got some Japs out of it. And, what the hell, it would have been off limits anyhow."

A GI'S VIEW OF THE SAN FRANCISCO CONFERENCE

By Sgt. HILARY H. LYONS
YANK Staff Correspondent

SAN FRANCISCO—The conference that the Big Three had planned at Yalta on the shores of the Black Sea opened two-and-a-half months later at San Francisco on the shores of the Pacific. Between Yalta and 'Frisco there had been great events. The Russians had broken their non-aggression pact with Japan, and the Allies had pressed on to Berlin. The cause of the United Nations had moved visibly nearer success and the need for a meeting to set up a postwar international organization to maintain world peace had grown.

Despite the peaceful intentions of the gathering as a whole, the meeting opened in an atmosphere of controversy. From the first, there was no delegation from Poland because the Soviet Union, on the one side, and the United States and Britain, on the other, couldn't agree on who should speak for the Poles.

The controversy became sharper when, at the first meeting of the Conference's steering committee, V. M. Molotov, Soviet Foreign Commissar, rejected a motion that Edward R. Stettinius, U.S. Secretary of State, be made permanent chairman of the meeting. Instead, Molotov proposed the election of four chairmen representing the Big Four—himself, Stettinius, Anthony Eden, who is Britain's Foreign Minister, and T. V. Soong, China's Minister of Foreign Affairs. The proposal subsequently was adopted and Stettinius was named chairman of the important steering and executive committees.

Later, at his first American-style press conference, Molotov tempered the controversy when he assured reporters that Russia had an earnest desire to settle the Polish question and that his government was willing to accept amendments to the Dumbarton Oaks proposals.

The other 42 governments that sent representatives to 'Frisco also had different ideas about the organization's make-up, but there seemed to be a general agreement among all concerned that an organization must be formed if the world were to have order and security in the future. It was mainly on details that they differed.

To iron out such details and draw up a charter that all United Nations could accept was the job for the San Francisco Conference. If the Gallup Poll was correct, a good many Americans didn't quite get the meeting's function. Only about a third of those polled by the Gallup staff knew that the meeting wasn't a peace conference in the sense that the Versailles Conference of 1919 had been and that it wouldn't undertake to draw new boundaries or settle the fate of Germany or Japan. The job of the delegates at San Francisco was more like that of the men who had drawn up the American Constitution at the time of our revolution.

Planning for peace during this war has been done one step at a time. There have been separate United Nations' conferences on postwar financial and food problems. At Dumbarton Oaks, in the nation's capital, there was a conference last fall—of Russia, the United States, Britain and China—to take the first steps toward framing a postwar security charter. Out of this conference, which lasted weeks, came the Dumbarton Oaks Proposals. At Yalta, the Big Three set the date on which all the United Nations should meet to discuss the work done at Dumbarton Oaks. The San Francisco Conference can make whatever changes it considers advisable. Observers predicted that a number of changes would be proposed and that some seemed likely to be adopted. No time limit was set on the discussions. A frequently heard guess was that they would last six weeks or more. It was estimated that the Conference would cost the United States Government about \$1,400,000.

The San Francisco Conference doesn't end the job of setting up a security organization. A charter to be drawn up on the West Coast must be passed on by the home governments of all the 46 nations. In our country, acceptance is up to the Senate.

The atmosphere at San Francisco as the Conference opened was solemn rather than festive. The death of President Roosevelt seemed to cast a shadow over the meeting and the city. The American flag at half mast was seen throughout the town. There were no street decorations and for the most part it was only on the big hotels housing the delegates that foreign flags flew. Out of respect for President's memory, there would be no social func-

tions in connection with the Conference till after the close of the period of official mourning on May 13.

The public sessions of the Conference in San Francisco's big blue-white-and-gold Opera House were opened in a businesslike manner. The initial proceedings in the building dedicated to the dead of the First World War lasted barely half an hour. On the stage were only four chairs, reserved for Mr. Stettinius, the Governor of California, the Mayor of San Francisco and the State Department official serving as Secretary General of the Conference. Behind these four, stood 17 enlisted men and women, representing all the American armed services.

There are a lot of uniforms to be seen on the streets of San Francisco, but most of them are being worn by Army and Navy personnel on the way to, or just back from, the war in the Pacific. The Navy, apparently, drew a tougher job at the Conference than the Army. Navy men helped to get the Opera House and adjoining Veterans' Building ready for the meeting, and wrestled the delegates' baggage. For the most part, GIs, nearly all overseas veterans, had a softer touch. They served as guards.

The uniforms which San Francisco seemed most interested in as the Conference opened were Russian. St. Francis Hotel, where the Soviet delegation was quartered, drew notably large crowds of sightseers day and night. The Saudi Arabian delegation also attracted attention. Veterans from North Africa, forgetting that San Francisco was a long way from the Middle East, couldn't quite figure the interest in this delegation's apparel. They were heard to say: "But that's just the way Arabs dress."

Somehow San Francisco, already overcrowded, found room for the hundreds of delegates, advisers, secretaries, correspondents and spokesmen for various causes who came to town. Except that it made things more crowded, the Conference didn't much change the life of the ordinary citizen. Unless he was very lucky, he couldn't get into the Conference's public sessions and he still had to stand in line for cigarettes as usual. But the crowds standing outside the leading hotels and the Opera House made it clear that San Francisco was deeply interested.

COMMENTATORS, who were only guessing, of course, predicted that safeguarding the rights of smaller nations would be one of the thornier Conference questions. The Polish problem and the question of trusteeship of areas wrested from the Axis—from

Japan particularly—were also expected to cause discussion. The United Nations' leaders stressed that the job of establishing a postwar organization to prevent future wars wouldn't be an easy or cut-and-dried job, but they said they were determined to succeed.

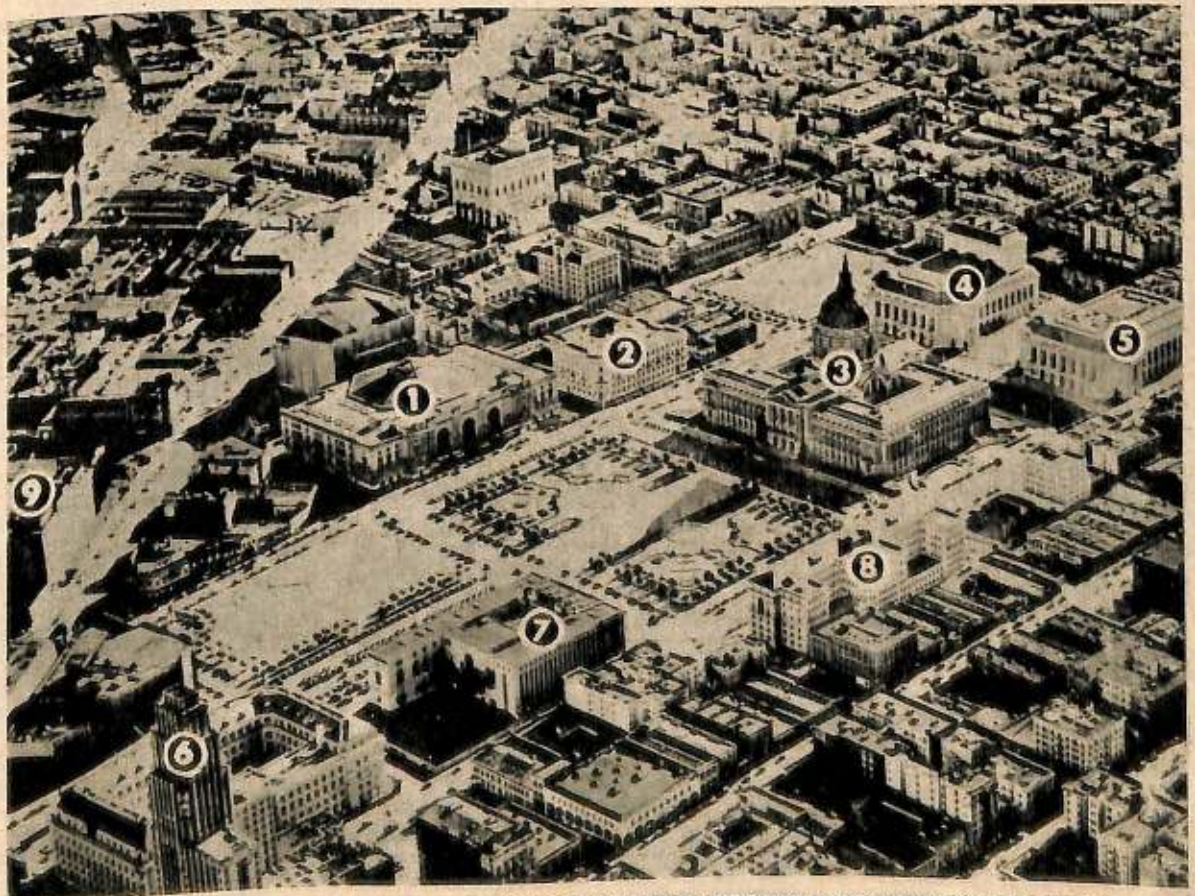
The day the Conference opened, a San Francisco newspaper ran on the front page a poem by Archibald MacLeish, Assistant Secretary of State. The poem began: "The young dead soldiers do not speak. Nevertheless, they are heard in all the still houses; who has not heard them?"

It closed: "They say: We leave you our deaths. Give them their meanings. Give them an end of war and a true peace: give them a victory that ends war and a peace afterwards. Give them their meaning."

"We were young, they say. We have died. Remember us."

The task of the San Francisco Conference was both to remember and to look forward.

CONFERENCE ITEMS—Right off the bat, the Conference settled a disputed issue by giving Russia three seats in the General Assembly of the proposed world organization. This means that Moscow and the White Russian and Ukrainian Republicans will each have an Assembly vote. . . . Three days after the Conference began, delegates were thrown into joyous delirium by a phony report of Germany's "unconditional surrender." Soviet Foreign Commissar V. M. Molotov was presiding over the session when the report spread and cheering broke out. The delegates streamed out of the building and their celebrations in hotel headquarters lasted until the official denial of the peace rumor came. . . . More than 1,000 press and radio representatives from all over the globe gathered in San Francisco to cover the meeting. Western Union shifted 250 telegraph operators and other personnel to the West Coast to handle wordage that is expected to exceed the record volume of the 1924 Democratic National Convention. . . . The press was encouraged by the pledge of the American delegation that it wouldn't stand for a "news blackout" like the one imposed at the international food conference at Hot Springs in 1943. The State Department told reporters that it would operate "in a goldfish bowl." . . . For months before the conclave opened, elaborate security preparations had been underway. The Navy and Coast Guard took extraordinary, although undisclosed, measures to protect the San Francisco area from sneak Jap submarine attacks. . . . Just before the first session, a military band swung out in the Opera House with "Lover Come Back To Me." Early arrivals among some of the foreign delegations promptly arose and stood to attention during the number, thinking it was somebody's national anthem.



CONFERENCE SITE. AN AERIAL VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO'S CIVIC CENTER. BUILDINGS, WHICH CORRESPOND TO THE NUMERALS SHOWN, ARE: (1) CIVIC AUDITORIUM; (2) HEALTH CENTER; (3) CITY HALL; (4) WAR MEMORIAL OPERA HOUSE; (5) VETERANS' AUDITORIUM; (6) FEDERAL BUILDING; (7) PUBLIC LIBRARY; (8) STATE BUILDING; AND (9) HOTEL. OPENING SESSIONS WERE HELD IN THE OPERA HOUSE, BUT DAILY ASSEMBLIES MEET IN THE VETERANS' AUDITORIUM.

NEWS FROM HOME

Thousands cheered too soon, PWs learned that things will be tougher in the States, a gun-toting mamma got a roast the hard way, and Minneapolis barbers were given some more food for chatter.

ASIDE from the San Francisco conference (see page 15), there were plenty of other topics of talk back home last week—not the least of which was a premature victory celebration. The cheering started after newspaper extras carried an *Associated Press* report based on a statement made to a reporter by Sen. Tom Connally, Democrat of Texas, vice chairman of the American delegation to UNCIO. Connally was quoted as saying that an announcement of Germany's surrender could be expected momentarily following a reported offer of capitulation by Himmler, the Gestapo chief.

Reporters who hotfooted it to the White House on the basis of the *AP* report were called into the office of President Harry S. Truman. Said the President: "I just got in touch with Adm. Leahy (Adm. William D. Leahy, his personal Chief of Staff) and had him call our Headquarters Commander-in-Chief (Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower) in Europe, and there is no foundation for the rumor." That put the kibosh on immediate peace celebrations, but it didn't stop the subsequent flood of speculation about whether Himmler had actually made any kind of offer.

Jonathan Daniels, White House Press Secretary, later told the press that he wished there were some way "to stop these rumors." He continued: "Full arrangements have been made for the press to be informed as soon as there is any announcement to make. We could save a hell of a lot of time if everybody will remember that. . . ." Daniels stressed that a surrender could be made only to *all* the Allies.

The nation received with calmness the news of

the long-expected juncture of U.S. and Russian troops, which came about at Torgau, Germany, on the Elbe River. President Truman said that while the union of the Armies didn't mean the end of the European war, Germany's doom was sealed and the hour of final victory near. Acting Secretary of State Joseph C. Grew thought the juncture "spells the early doom of the Nazis and is a most significant step on the road to peace." And these views were echoed throughout Congress and the whole country.

The people's thoughts and hopes for victory were tempered by increasing horror and rage at further

The Federal Communications Commission in San Francisco recorded a new line of Japanese home-front morale-building. According to the FCC, the Nips claim that U. S. B-29 raids are lifting a heavy burden from the minds of the Japs whose homes they are destroying. "Prior to their misfortune," the little brown propagandist was quoted as saying, "they had had to worry about their property and belongings."

revelations of German atrocities to Allied and racial prisoners. Their disgust at Nazi depravity was heightened by a bombardment of pictures and stories of German mass atrocities exceeding anything ever dreamed up by the imagination of the most lurid propagandist. They also read with particular alarm of the Nazis' bad treatment of American prisoners. Then came further shocking disclosures from Congressmen and newspapermen who had been invited by Gen. Eisenhower to look over the German hell-holes.

Public attention was also focussed on U.S. treatment of German prisoners, at which point things began to happen on the home front. Rep. Richard

Harless, Democrat of Arizona, said he had seen evidence in Arizona prison camps that Nazis were not only pampered, but that German customs prevailed. Later, Rep. Andrew J. May, Democrat of Kentucky, ordered a full-dress investigation of the prisoner-of-war situation by the House Military Affairs Committee.

Maj. Gen. Archer L. Lerch, Army Provost Marshal General, made a speech in New York at about the same time in which he denied that we were coddling our war prisoners. Setting forth the Army's side of the story, Lerch said the U.S. is adhering to the Geneva Convention, and couldn't do otherwise if it wanted to. Later, the Second Service Command announced that it would crack down on prisoners' food. Under the new menus, most fresh meats, canned fruits, canned vegetables and butter are out.

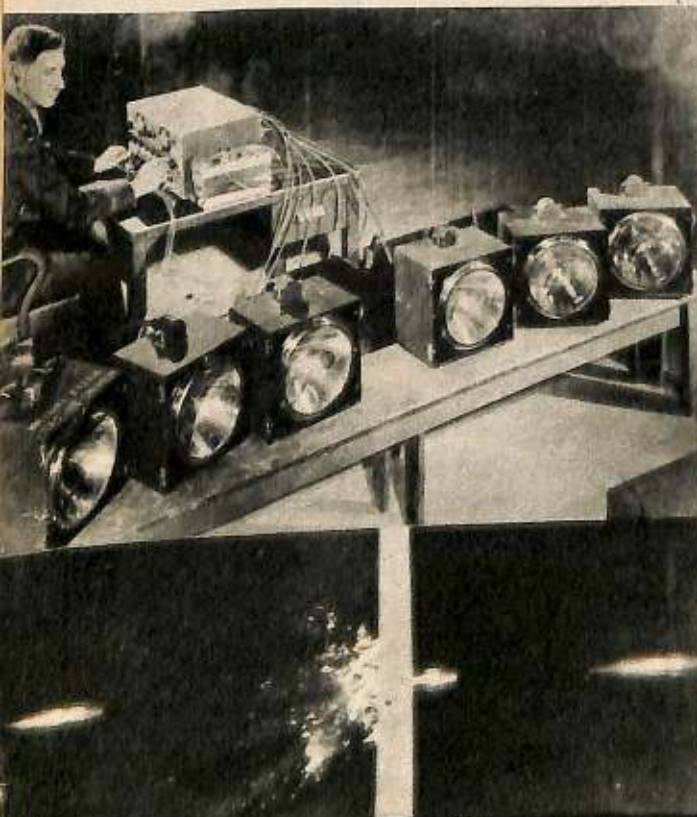
In Omaha, Neb., Maj. Gen. C. H. Danielson, CG of the Seventh Service Command, disclosed that prisoners of war in the U.S. have been forbidden to use the straight-arm Fascist salute. The general said a War Department order affecting both German and Italian PWs required that the U.S. Army salute be used from now on. He added that all German flags on which the swastika appears will be confiscated and that prisoners may not own or display Nazi emblems, insignia or pictures, including photographs of German leaders.

The House Foreign Affairs Committee called on the government to use arms and ignore treaties if necessary to arrest Nazi war criminals who escape into neutral countries. The Committee adopted a resolution, which will be sent to both Houses for approval, expressing the opinion of Congress that no perpetrator of atrocities be permitted to find sanctuary behind neutral borders, as the Kaiser did after the last war.

Meanwhile, Elmer Davis, chief of the Office of War Information, promised that the German people will be told "plenty" about what went on in their country's concentration camps. Returning from Europe, Davis told a press conference that German citizens, especially in badly battered cities west of the Rhine, already are in "a chastened mood."

AFTER more than three months of debate, the work-or-fight manpower legislation requested by the late President Roosevelt was returned to the House Military Affairs Committee, where it was expected to die. The attention of Congress was turned to the Act extending Selective Service another year, and ponderings on that legislation produced something of a bombshell.

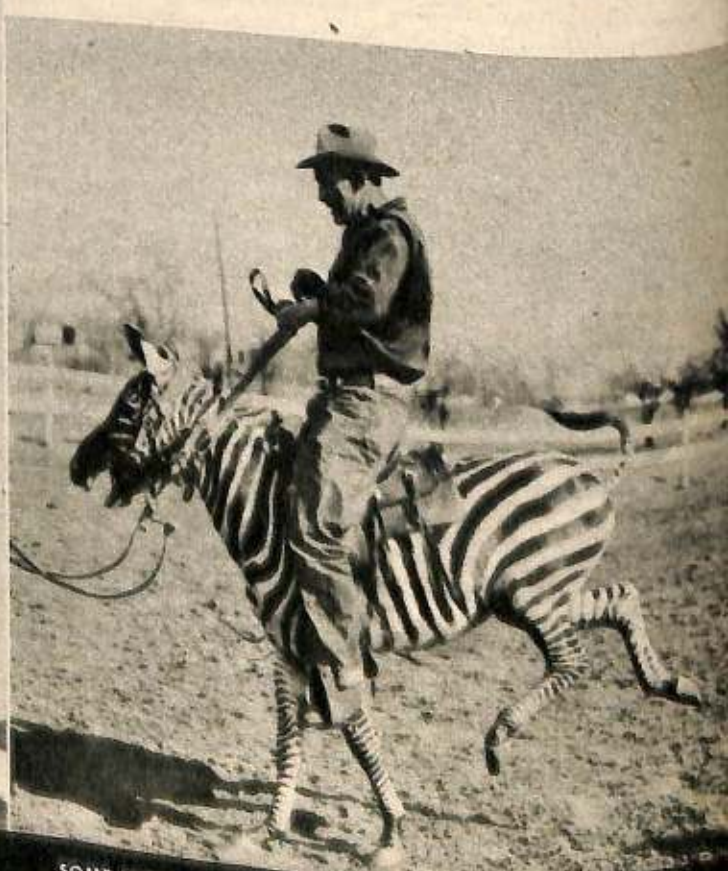
The House and the Senate voted to prohibit the use in combat of 18-year-old youths who have had less than six months of military training. The Senate tacked an amendment to that effect onto the draft-extension bill, and the House passed the measure by unanimous voice vote and sent it along to President Truman for signature. Gen. George C. Marshall, Army Chief of Staff, had warned that such a curb might lead to military disaster. Secre-



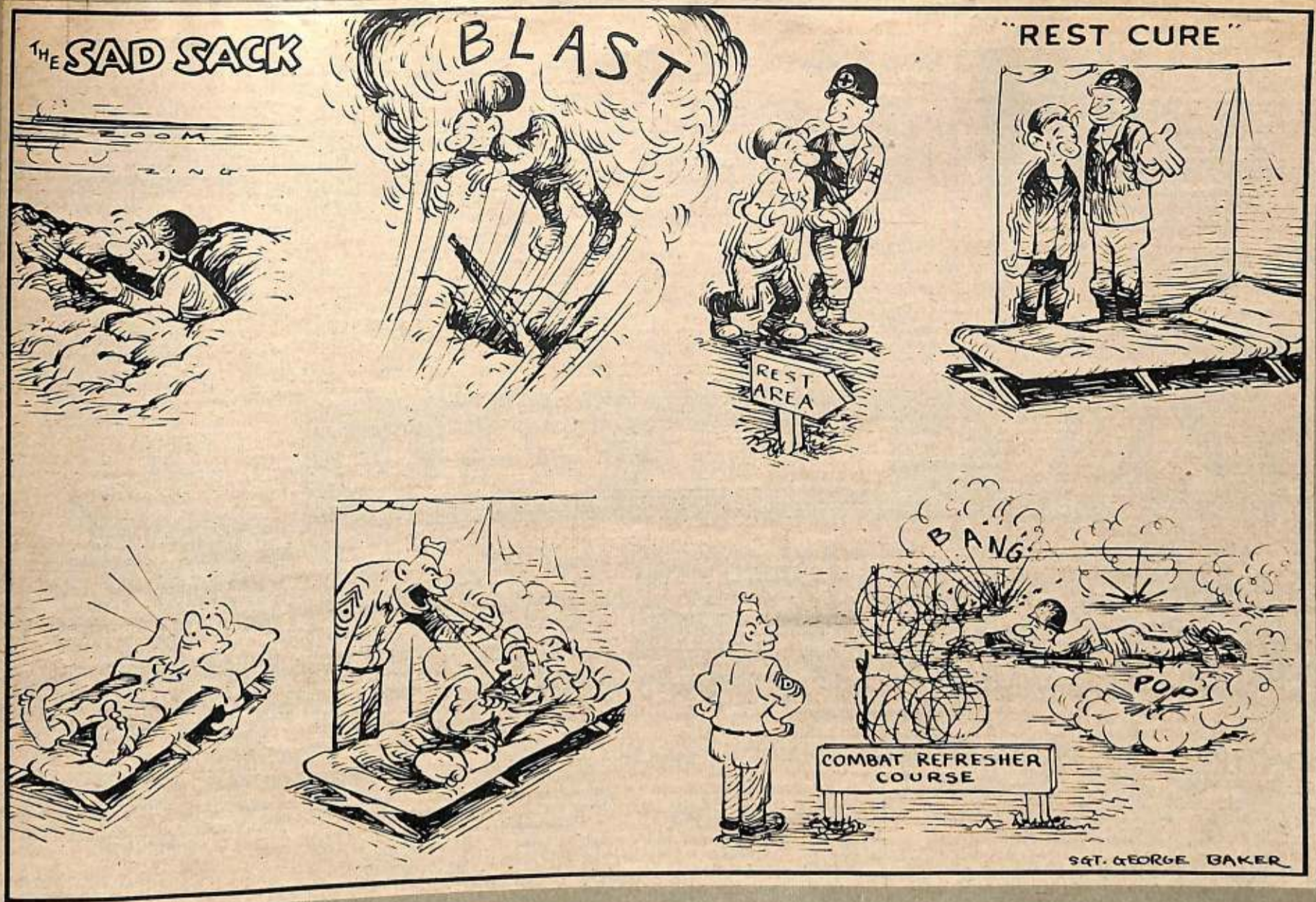
THE SIX MICRO-FLASH UNITS ABOVE MAKE IT POSSIBLE TO PHOTOGRAPH A BULLET GOING THROUGH ARMOR PLATE BY PRODUCING SHOTS THAT ARE ONLY TWO ONE-MILLIONTHS OF A SECOND IN DURATION.



SHIRLEY TEMPLE, JUST PASSED 17, POSES IN HER HOLLYWOOD HOME WITH SGT. JOHN GEORGE AGAR, AFTER THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THEIR ENGAGEMENT. THEY WON'T BE MARRIED FOR TWO OR THREE YEARS.



SOME PEOPLE SAY THAT ZEBRAS CAN'T BE SADDLE-BROKEN, BUT THIS CHICAGO RIDING ACADEMY OPERATOR PROVES THEM ALL WRONG BY GOING FOR A GALLOP ON ZOMBIE, HIS 23-MONTH-OLD STRIPED CHARGER.



tary of the Navy James V. Forrestal had said the restriction would impose such a burden on the Navy as "to materially interfere with the present efficient prosecution of the war." But these warnings didn't stop Congress from making its first reversal of the Administration's military policy since the war began. Rep. John J. Sparkman, Democrat of Alabama, said the Act would not affect those 18-year-olds without six months' training who are already in combat. The law permits the Navy to station 18-year-olds on ships for final

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, widow of the President, will not go back to the memory-filled "Big House" on the Hyde Park estate where Franklin Roosevelt was born. Instead, the former First Lady will live in a modest cottage on the estate, where she will be assured of privacy when persons come to pay their respects at her late husband's grave.

stages of the six-month period, even though the vessels might be scheduled for combat.

In another development relating to military manpower, the War Department announced that enlisted men 42 years of age or older will be discharged from the Army upon their request. Applications of such men would be rejected only if they were undergoing disciplinary action or required further medical or surgical treatment. Eligible men overseas who apply will be returned to the U.S. for discharge at the earliest practicable date. The WD estimated that about 50,000 men were immediately affected.

THE War Department emphatically denied an Associated Press story to the effect that men who had been in uniform between four and five years would be discharged this summer. The story, quoting "official but publicity-shy quarters" in Washington, had spread rapidly and claimed that the alleged new release policy would get underway by mid-summer, even if German resistance persisted. But the WD told the press that there was "absolutely nothing to it." Both the Army and Navy announced that when

two or more members of an immediate family become war casualties, the remaining members in service will, upon request, be assigned to non-hazardous duties. The policy applies when at least two members of a family in any branch of the services are killed in action, die as a result of wounds, disease or accident, are missing in action, or are taken prisoner. Non-hazardous duty is defined as duty in the rear of an active theater or assignment in an inactive theater or in the United States. The Departments estimated that 10,000 men and women now in service are eligible for this deal.

In Belleville, Ill., a middle-aged woman went into a butcher shop and spotted a large piece of roast beef in a refrigerated case. She asked for it and was told that it had been pledged to another customer. Whereupon, said the police, the woman whipped out a revolver, and forced the clerk to produce the meat. Witnesses reported that five men were waiting outside in an automobile, and that the woman, clutching the roast, drove away with them. Things like that didn't happen all over the country, but it gives you an idea that maybe meat is a little "in short supply," as they say in you-know-where.

The Senate confirmed President Truman's nomination of Lt. Gens. George S. Patton and Courtney H. Hodges to the rank of four-star general.

Louis Hayward, the film actor who recently got a medical discharge from the Marine Corps, said out loud that he was skeptical of the morale value of pin-ups. Hayward admitted that in the Pacific he had seen many pin-ups of his wife, Ida Lupino, Hollywood star, from whom he's now separated, but even that didn't make him change his mind. "Pin-up photos are bad enough," he said, "but the Petty and Varga girls are worse. Women simply aren't constructed like that. The men return and are frustrated when they fail to find women with such long legs." Somebody asked Hayward to suggest an alternative to pin-up girls. He answered with a straight face: "Why don't men pin up blueprints showing them how to construct motors? They could get much more profit from them because they'd be learning a post-war trade." He didn't say how

many men he thought would be enchanted by the vision of a motor with its bare chassis showing.

In Peabody, Mass., Mrs. John J. McDonnell shrieked out, "Why, that's my baby!" when informed that Cpl. James J. McDonnell, 22, was one of three American soldiers who made first formal contact with the Russians in Germany.

A MINORITY in the South Carolina House of Representatives killed an effort to revoke the state's 50-year-old constitutional ban against divorce. Supporters of a resolution to submit the question to the voters weren't able to scrape up the necessary two-thirds vote. "I consider it a great honor," shouted one representative, "that South Carolina is the only state where you can't get rid of your wife for a few dollars."

Connecticut and Lansing, Mich., were named grand-prize winners in a national contest to determine the state and city doing the best jobs in traffic safety control. State division winners were Virginia and Iowa. Cities awarded honors in population groups were Detroit; Portland, Ore.; Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Greenwich, Conn., and Stillwater, Okla.

Gents in Minneapolis, Minn., get a lecture on the manpower shortage with every haircut at no extra

A woman in Evanston, Ill., accused the War Department of being the "world's greatest bootlegger." She was Mrs. D. Leigh Colvin, president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and she based her charge on the sale of beer in Army Canteens and PXes. "The beer is not only an intoxicant in sufficient quantity," explained Mrs. Colvin, "but is an appetizer for something stronger."

charge. The War Manpower Commission there, figuring that talkative barbers were wasting their breath on topics like the weather and politics, now supplies tonsorial parlors with regular bulletins on labor shortages and job openings. The National WMC headquarters was so impressed with the idea that it suggested that all WMC offices should follow suit.

WHO WANTS TO GO BACK TO WORK, ANYHOW?

Dear YANK,

It is with sadness of disillusion that I read, in the pages of YANK and elsewhere, of the so-called "benefits" that are being suggested as fitting compensation for America's returning war veterans. I do not doubt that many of the proposals thus far advanced are well meant, and they are certainly pointed in the right direction; but they fall so far short of the ideal to be sought after as to be little more, if I may coin a phrase, than a hollow mockery.

With the exception of medical care for those who need it—and that, of course, should be so thoroughly taken for granted as to be entirely removed from the field of controversy—most of the plans and proposals seem to be centered about a lump sum bonus on discharge, government-guaranteed loans for those who want them, and educational opportunities for anyone who is interested. These things are all good as far as they go, but, as I will endeavor to point out, they do not go nearly far enough.

Let us consider first the matter of the cash bonus. Various sums have been suggested, ranging from a few hundred to a few thousand dollars. But the point that seems to be universally overlooked is that no matter what the amount is, small or large, it will sooner or later dwindle down to nothing. Thus far I have not seen anything to indicate that there will be in the post-war world a special, marked-down price on commodities for war veterans; and everyone knows how little even five thousand dollars can be for a man who is partial to automobiles and mixed drinks. The result will be that no matter how much this bonus finally amounts to, we will in a very short time have on the nation's hands, to say nothing of its esutcheon, some few millions of penniless war veterans.

The solution of this problem is really a rather simple one, and I am a little bit surprised that no member of Congress has thus far hit on it. Why must we be burdened with money at all? Why not just supply each of us with a credit card, usable for all purchases and expenditures, and have the merchant send his bill directly to the Treasurer of the United States? Trade would be stimulated, as we would be able to buy freely the things we wanted without giving any thought to the grim spectre of approaching poverty. And with as

formidable an institution as the United States Government guaranteeing payment, the merchants themselves would be adequately protected against default. For my own part, I am quite willing to forego all cash benefits if the government will only agree to underwrite my modest expenditures for the rest of my life.

This system would, incidentally, eliminate the necessity for loans—and a very good thing. There are people, I know, who are stimulated by debt, and it is quite possible that there are some of these in the armed forces. As a matter of fact, I am sure that I have met a few. But in all probability most veterans will be essentially like me. I am depressed when I owe money. I worry. I lose my appetite. Last month I borrowed five pounds, and the very thought of it weighed me down so heavily that I was forced to spend the entire amount on gin. Needless to say a debt of three or four thousand dollars would be likely to bring on a nervous breakdown. Is that the way the people of the United States intend to show their gratitude to their war veterans—by oppressing them with debt, forcing them into mental institutions, and possibly even goading them on to self-destruction? For shame! How much better in every way, how much more dignified, when I want to build a house, if I simply give a contractor my specifications and tell him to go ahead and build and send the bill to Henry Morgenthau. No fuss, no worry. A clean, satisfactory transaction for all concerned.

All we need is a little forethought, the courage to break with outworn financial dogmas, and the proper spirit of gratitude on the part of the American people, and we will be able to build a very comfortable post-war world for the veterans. And even the non-veterans will benefit. Faced with the necessity of producing both for themselves and for us, they need never worry about unemployment. There will be so much to do.

The sorest point of all with me, however, is the sterile educational program, bound as it is by so many heartless restrictions. Before the war I was learning to be a hog butcher, but I can't bear the thought of going back to it. Army life has given me a new dream. Lying on my narrow bunk at night and looking at the bare barracks walls, I have been appalled by their ugliness, and it has come to me most clearly that my

mission in life is to do something about the ugliness of walls in general. Designs and colors have suggested themselves to me, but I find that I do not have the necessary background to carry out my ideas. And so, after the war, I want to study wallpaper design. But under the present set-up a man of my age is only permitted one year of schooling at government expense, and I do not feel that a year would be adequate. I need three or four, with possibly a little post-graduate work on the Continent.

Is it justice to deprive me of these three or four years of study when if it were not for my Army service I would in all probability never have wanted them? Surely the parsimony of the American taxpayers will not extend so far! And what about my wife? If I go to school to study wallpaper design, and she stays at home and cooks and remains in ignorance of the fine points of that fascinating art, a spiritual rift may develop between us, with no telling what disastrous results to a once moderately happy marriage. Surely she can come along, too. I'll carry her books.

There is just one thing, while we're on this subject. We have a small daughter who will naturally need a governess while we are at college. Someone will certainly have to look after her, or she may roam the streets and become a delinquent. I am confident that the people of the United States would not want to have that on their collective conscience.

Can anyone honestly hold that I ask too much? During these past few years I have borne heavy burdens. I have had to ride to London for my 48s in crowded trains, sometimes standing all or part of the way. On two separate and distinct occasions my sleep has been disturbed by exploding V-bombs. More times than I care to remember I have trudged a weary half mile to a mess hall, hungering for a slice of prime beef, and have got nothing for my trouble but a couple of pork chops. And these same drab clothes day after day—some might deem it unbearable, but millions of us face it with fortitude.

Are we to have our just reward, or is it the intention of an ungrateful nation that we should have to work for a living, just as we used to?

Britain.

—T/Sgt. THOMAS B. LOGUE

Home Planning

Dear YANK,

Reference is made to the 11 March issue where Cpl. Frederick H. Weiss made known his desire for a simply designed house for his post-war home.

Cpl. Weiss has made known a desire that is at the center of thousands of GI dreams. Perhaps the writer can do something to help formulate those dreams; therefore the following offer is being made.

For the first 100 enlisted men, below the grade of master sergeant, who sound off, I will design them a low-cost post-war home, providing I stay in one place long enough.

The following information must be submitted:

1. Maximum cost desired (exclusive of lot).
2. Number of rooms.
3. Number in family.
4. Geographical location in U.S.
5. Type of exterior (modern, colonial, etc.).
6. Simple sketch, however crude, showing suggested arrangement desired.

The above is offered with no purpose other than to help a lot of GI dreams come true. The whole offer is for free, with no strings attached. The writer is a professional architect and engineer who has built over 400 houses in eight states.

LI. THOMAS F. HOLIFIELD
Britain.

[This is the second offer inspired by Cpl. Weiss's letter. Send your request to YANK for forwarding to Lt. Holifield.—Ed.]

Regular Army

Dear YANK,

On the subject of the Regular Army; sporting a few hash marks myself, I read with much amusement the few letters sent in by old timers. Have they just blowing off many boats or are they just blowing off steam? Remember when a soldier was not allowed in some places in the States? And now the men in the States are ashamed to wear civilian clothes. We never had it so good as we do now. U.S.O. shows, Red Cross clubs, invitations port, half price for soldiers, clubs, from strangers out to parties, clubs, homes, and many other forms of entertainment.

After the war, will the same respect be shown to the soldier?

I was told by my superior, an O.C.S. Air Force ground officer, that the civilian army was running things. They are doing a good job, but I like to feel as if I am helping. As has been said, it is time someone put something through for the Regular Army, if they expect them to keep alive after the war. As I see it now, you will go back to 21 bucks per day once a month, and hope they don't take that for canteen chits, and, when you have been a first-three-grader for the best part of your service, hope some 90-day wonder doesn't come along, wave his magic jewelry, and make you a Count.

Here's to a bigger and better Regular Army after the war than we had before. They can keep the guns clean and who knows when we may need 'em again?

Britain.

NAME WITHHELD

Handling of POWs

Dear YANK,

We, the undersigned combat veterans attending an Orientation Class at the 827th Convalescent Center wish to add our protest to the manner in which Nazi prisoners-of-war are handled in the States.

1. We believe that the practice of allowing fanatic Nazi N.C.O.s to assume positions of leadership and responsibility within the POW camp should be abolished.

2. We believe that a strict, enforced policy of non-fraternization should be introduced in the relationship between Nazi prisoners and U.S. soldiers and civilians in the Zone of the Interior.

3. We believe that an intelligent plan should be adopted to attempt the rehabilitation of the Nazis from their fanatic ideas so when they are finally released they will not be a danger to the Allies

in the form of a potential cadre for the enlargement of any underground Nazi resistance organization.

Britain.

T/5gt. PHILIP KASLOFF*

*Also signed by 48 others

Respect and Affection

Dear YANK,

I take exception to M/Sgt. Galloway's letter in April 27 YANK. I've commanded a company for some long time as present commands go, and when I refer to my men as "my boys," I do so with justifiable pride. Yes, some of the men are older than I, but to whom do they turn for counsel and advice? Who gets them out of jams if possible? Who do they call "The Old Man?" Do you wonder if we take a paternal interest in "our boys" when we act as more or less of a father to them? Believe me, some of the scrapes they get into are more puerile than you would think.

This "herd of cattle" business that the Sergeant mentioned is a lot of balderdash. He has not been around or he would find that most of the officers have great respect and affection for "their boys."

Britain.

Capt. B. W. JONES

Cover Slip

Dear YANK,

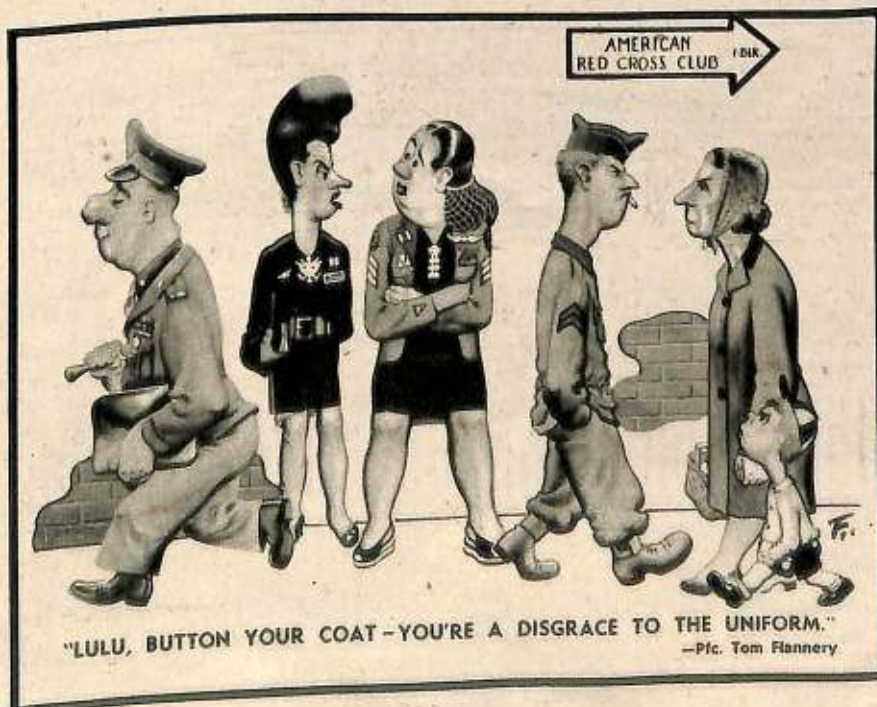
Obviously one of the editors of your very excellent publication has failed again. Referring to the cover picture of the April 30 issue, how could you possibly have allowed the statement that Ordnance Crews were loading that ship to pass? Or is it possible—Gad! we hope not—that everyone connected with YANK is so stupid as to assume that the "Ordnance Crews" load bombs on any A/C.

Armament—yes, Armament—loads all A/C, including B-17s. We of the armament sections do not intend to detract from any credit the Ordnance may receive, yet we do want it made quite clear that the "Pre-Flight" of the ship, the "setting-up" of the ship, and the actual hoisting of the bombs into the bomb bays is always performed by Armament personnel.

Britain.

M/5gt. HEINEY*

*Also signed by 21 others





Joe Baksi (right), an ex-sparring partner, drives Lou Nova, Coast heavyweight, against the ropes with a hard right at Madison Square Garden. Baksi won.

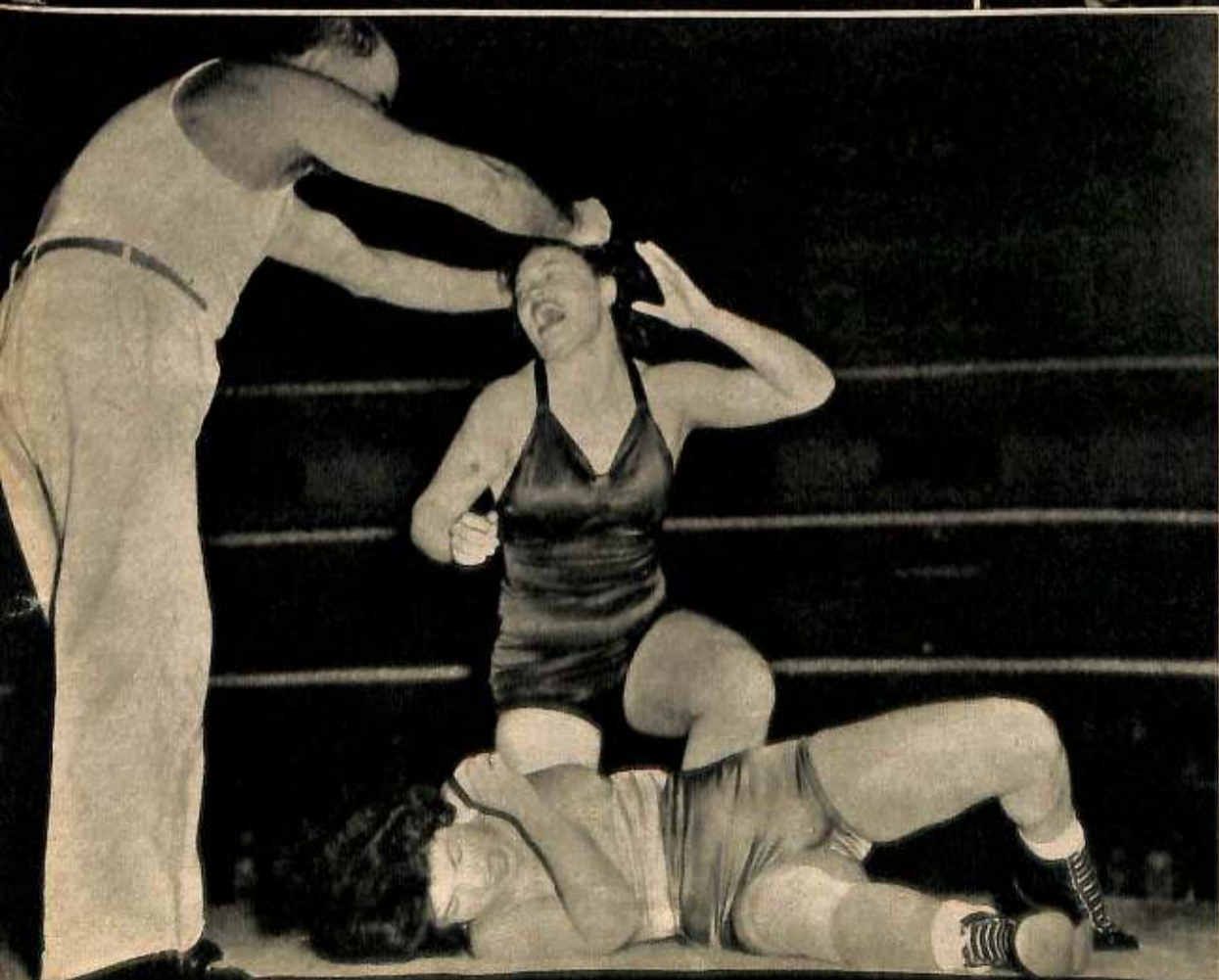


Luis Procuna, one of Mexico's leading matadors, sharpens his skill before going into the ring at Mexico City by working out with an artificial bull.



Joe Pereira, Philly Nationals goalie, dives in front of ball in a soccer match played in Philadelphia. New York's Brookhattan Club beat Nationals 4-2.

Sports Parade



Referee Cowboy Lutrell, a wrestler himself, steals a page out of the female book by pulling Nell Stewart's hair to make her release her hold on Ann Miller during a match in Memphis, Tenn.



Gunder Haegg, Swedish invader, wins only victory of indoor season in the mile at K of C Meet in Cleveland, Ohio.



Stanley Frank



NAVY SLUGGERS. Elbie Fletcher (left) and Johnny Mize, ex-big-leaguers, were rival first basemen in a game on Guam. Judging by the size of their chews, there is no tobacco shortage.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Lt. Bill Dickey, who recently returned to the States after a tour of the Pacific bases, named Ted Williams of the Red Sox, now a Navy aviation instructor, as the greatest hitter he ever saw. "In saying that," he said, "I know how good Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig and Joe DiMaggio were. Williams was something out of this world. If we hadn't run into this war I believe he would have finished as the leading hitter of all time." . . . John P. Carmichael, sports editor of the Chicago Daily News, reports that as soon as Lt. Gen. George Patton finishes his job on Hitler there's a little financial matter for him to straighten out in Chicago; a matter of 32 cents he owes Publicitor Joe Farrell of the Blackhawks hockey team. "It seems," writes Carmichael, "that some years ago Patton, who was a great friend of Maj. McLaughlin, late owner of the Hawks, was visiting at the McLaughlin home and decided to see one of the games. Publicitor Farrell left two tickets, on which he personally paid the tax of 32 cents, at the Madison Street reservation window of the Stadium. They were never picked up. "I don't know what happened," says Farrell, "but I'm out 32 cents. I haven't bothered Gen. Patton about it because he's been pretty busy, but the minute he sets foot in this country again, he'll hear from me."

Killed in Action: Lt. Jack Chevigny, former Notre Dame and U of Texas coach, at Iwo Jima. . . . **Wounded:** Lt. Bert Stiff, USMC, former U of Pennsylvania fullback, at Iwo Jima. . . . **Missing in Action:** Lt. Francis (Frank) Cusick, ex-Notre Dame end, over Germany. . . . **Inducted:** Stanley Spence, Washington outfielder, into the Navy at Bainbridge, Md.; Michael Francis (Pinky) Higgins, Detroit third baseman, into the Navy at Great Lakes, Ill.

news, Frank said: "The guys overseas and in the hospitals are so bored and fed up that they'll listen to anything. They'll listen to the Cherry Sisters singing grand opera, and they'll even listen to Ted Husing. But they resent the claims that sports make in their name. The good will of sports is being endangered by the silly claims made for them."

Frank concluded with oratory. "You are asked to believe," he said, "that the men overseas are fighting for the privilege of calling the umpire a blind bum. This is precisely the sort of romantic, unrealistic thinking that infuriates the soldier and convinces him that civilians have no concept of the enormous sacrifices he is making. The soldier is not fighting to see a ball game, to taste Mom's cooking or to hear the latest juke-box recording. He is fighting for his life. He is fighting to win the war and end the misery and the monotony and the loneliness he is suffering. Anyone who tells you differently speaks with no authority or knowledge."

Later Frank said privately, "The rasping sound you just heard was produced as I slit my own throat as a sportswriter."

Sports During the War?

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

BACK in the days when you used to hear something on the radio besides The Voice, The Build and other assorted characters, the "Town Hall Meeting of the Air" was known as a sedate, scholarly program. One week recently, this sedate, scholarly program sounded like a rifle squad mopping up the wine cellar of a German castle. Ex-Col. Larry MacPhail, new boss of the Yankees, spluttered and fumed at Stanley Frank, former New York Post sports columnist turned war correspondent. Ted Husing came close to throwing John Tunis through the glass partition of the engineer's control booth. A couple of times the program was nearly cut off the air because the gentlemen were using naughty words.

The subject: "Should organized sports be abolished for the duration?"

Now this subject is an ancient one which has been argued back and forth a million times since Pearl Harbor. The only thing that made it different was what Stanley Frank had to say. Brother Frank's pronouncements almost turned the thing into a national controversy.

Frank makes two principal points. He says: a) The sports world is acting in a rather disgusting manner by yelling loudly for its own self-perpetuation and continuation of its huge profits, on the platform that it is all for the morale of "the boys" overseas, who demand it. Frank says that most GIs overseas aren't anywhere near as interested in home sports as the athletic people say they are and, in fact, the actual combat troops are interested in nothing beyond the preservation of their own lives.

b) Events have proved that, despite all the claims made for it, previous athletic training

means absolutely nothing in combat. Only actual combat training matters. He quotes a high-ranking general as saying, "Athletes don't make better soldiers or pilots than wall-paperers or anyone else."

Ted Husing answered this latter argument on the radio program by pronouncing, "Just as the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, so were the present battles of Europe and the Pacific won on the college gridirons of America."

Stanley Frank and his colleague Tunis, another sportswriter, thereupon jumped on Husing with all four feet. "Army figures show that only 3.6 percent of its personnel ever completed college. Your statement is a terrible snub to 96.4 percent of the men who are fighting the war. The educational level of the Army is second year of high school, which means that most men never had any organized athletics at all."

Later Husing came up with another example—Tom Harmon surviving the jungle after the crash of his B-24. "Tom Harmon's life was saved in the jungle by his football training," Husing said. "A jungle problem is just like a football problem."

"If the truth were known," said Tunis, "I'll bet Tommy Harmon survived because he used to be a Boy Scout."

"Harmon," admitted Husing's partner MacPhail, "was an Eagle Scout."

But the major part of Frank's argument was devoted to the attitude of the troops overseas. He spent seven months with them as a war correspondent in France, Belgium, Luxembourg and Germany, and he says the only time he ever heard GIs discussing sports and athletes was when they pointed to their own punctured eardrums and flat feet and asked, "How come?"

Asked why the War Department gives GIs touring baseball shows and so much sports



Jinx Falkenburg
YANK
Pin-up Girl

Yanks in Britain

The Composite Bomber

ENGLAND—One minute after "bombs away" on Berlin, a burst of flak caught the 384th Group's Flying Fortress *Stardust* and punched her oil lines full of holes. One engine froze and another caught fire. By the time the smoke had cleared, the *Stardust* had disappeared from the formation. Three days later, her crew was listed as "missing in action under circumstances presuming death."

But 47 days later she returned. It sounds Irish, but she was not the same plane. "*Stardust*" was still painted on her fuselage, but, like a lady who has visited a plastic surgeon rather late in life, she was not quite her old self.

When the *Stardust* disappeared, she was flying straight for the German-Russian border, losing altitude every minute. Approaching the Vistula River, the navigator, 2nd Lt. John O. Beeby of Topeka, Kan., saw a landing field. It was dotted with enormous bomb craters, the ground was covered with snow and ice, and four German planes were parked in the middle of the field. However, the plane couldn't stay up much longer, so the pilot, 1st Lt. George F. Ruckman of Farmer City, Ill., decided to take a chance on being a PW for the duration and came on down, blowing a tire.

THE crew didn't have to wait long to learn their fate. A Russian colonel suddenly appeared, ran over to the plane, and gave each member of the crew a big, sloppy kiss. "It didn't matter," says Sgt. Frederick A. Sorenson of Malad, Ida., the tail-gunner. "We were all so happy to be on the ground."

Soon the field was swarming with Russians who, it developed, had taken the field from the Germans only a few hours earlier. Speaking in German to a Russian lieutenant named Balinchski, S/Sgt. Jack G. Garstak of the Bronx, N. Y., the radio operator, learned that there were still Germans in a forest about 200 yards from the field. Balinchski advised Garstak to destroy the plane's equipment, as there was no guarantee against the enemy retaking the field. Garstak did so with a gun.

Before long, the Americans were being treated like visiting firemen at a convention in Reno. "We told them we'd bombed Berlin," Garstak says, "and that really fixed us up. From then on, if we wanted anything, we just said, 'Bombed Berlin,' and it worked like a charm."

The Russians gave them quarters in a former club of the Luftwaffe and showed them to rooms which still bore the names of German officers. The Russians also gave them two orderlies. "They were Russian Mauldin characters," says S/Sgt. Johnnie E. Young of Ansley, La., the engineer. "They had fought at Stalingrad and were really battle-scarred. They looked about 60, but one was 30 and the other was 35. They were good old Joes. We called them Gus and Oscar, and after a while they began calling each other Gus and Oscar."

That night the Russians threw a party. They had a supply of vodka which they had just recaptured from the Germans and which, with adequate help from their guests, they made sure they wouldn't lose again.

"As a starter," says S/Sgt. Albert S. Horan of Tonawanda, N. Y., ball-turret gunner, "they placed a quart bottle of vodka in front of each man. They ain't chicken about the quantity they give you, like they are here about grape juice. Then, when they propose a toast, it's bad manners to take just a sip. You have to toss off the whole glass or pretend you've passed out. When you finished one bottle they put another one in its place. It was the toughest drinking I've ever done."

The colonel who had kissed the crew sat at one end of the table. He was the commanding officer and lower ranks referred to him as "The Great One."

DESPITE her All-American looks, Jinx Falkenburg is a Kid from Barcelona. She was born in the Spanish city January 21, 1919, later moved to Santiago, Chile, and then to Los Angeles. After Jinx became a famous model, the movies grabbed her. Jinx is a big girl: 5 feet 7 inches, 124 pounds. She has brown hair, hazel eyes. Her latest for Columbia is "The Gay Senorita."

Only captains and majors sat while he was eating; lieutenants stood at attention. "We felt as embarrassed as hell sitting there eating with all that brass hovering at the back of our chairs," says Sgt. Garstak.

The next day, with appalling hangovers, the crew asked about plans for their going back to England. The Russians said everything had been arranged for a transport to take them to Moscow, but after waiting almost a week, during which nothing happened, the Americans decided to try to mend the oil line and No. 4 engine, take the prop off No. 3, which was beyond repair, and fly back on three engines. It was impossible to fix the tire.

Lt. Ruckman, Sgt. Young, and Sgt. Alonzo R. Rice of Detroit, Mich., the waist-gunner, worked on the plane for three days in snowy, freezing weather. They had no tools of their own, but found some in the field's wrecked Luftwaffe hangars and got the plane in some sort of working order. At this point, the Russians decided that they wouldn't take the responsibility for letting the Americans fly back to England on three engines and a flat tire, so the trip was called off.

Then came word that another Flying Fortress had made a forced landing about 60 miles away and had run into some trees. The crew of *Stardust* decided to borrow a truck and go out and offer the crew a ride back to England in exchange for an engine and a tire.

It took two days to get the truck. "The Russian Army is just like ours," says F/O Jack Rivall of Hibbing, Minn., the bombardier. "Everything has to go through channels. It's a toss-up whether those guys are more balled up with red tape than we are."

When they reached the Fort they found it was badly damaged, but that two of its engines were in good condition and so were the tires. Removing one of the 1,350-pound engines without the help of a crane or sling was a back-breaking job. The crews of both Fortresses, 18 in all, lifted the engine on two telegraph poles laid across their shoulders like a huge stretcher.

The next big job was taking off a tire. It was embedded and frozen in the ground and had to be chopped out. Then the 28-ton Fort had to be propped up with telegraph poles while the tire was taken off it.

Finally, the work was done and the two crews piled into the truck and headed back to the *Stardust*, where putting the engine and tire on proved to be an even tougher job than removing them had been. Although they now had a 1,000-kilo hoist to work with, it took a day and a half to get the engine into position. They also had to build a platform into the *Stardust's* bomb bays to carry the guns and equipment salvaged from the plane they were leaving behind. When the job was completed, the two pilots—Ruckman and 1st Lt. Irving S. Spiegel of New York City—went for a test hop. The crews held their breath, but the new *Stardust* took off and rose, sweet as a bird.

BEFORE they could head for England, however, clearance had to be obtained from headquarters and this took a week. While the crews waited, they explored the town. The population seemed strongly anti-Nazi and very friendly toward the Americans. One day, for instance, the crews accidentally got into the tail-end of a parade of a newly-formed Polish brigade sponsored by the Lublin Government. "At first the crowd was quite cool," says Garstak, "but as soon as we got mixed up with the parade there was a hell of a lot of excitement. Old men and women began cheering and little kids broke away and marched beside us—although we weren't marching."

The town had been severely blitzed and practically everything was closed down while the men were stuck there. "Two cafes and a barber shop run by four women opened up—the day we left," Garstak said. "That's been my luck ever since I joined the Army."

Clearance came through the day after the long-awaited Russian transport arrived. The *Stardust* was bulging like a caterpillar when she took off. She carried two complete Fortress crews and a fighter pilot who had crash-landed nearby and was hitchhiking back to England.

Four men sat in the nose, four in the pilot's compartment, three in the bomb-bays and five in the radio room. The rest were stretched out along the

waist. "Sitting in the radio compartment," Garstak says, "you could hardly wriggle your toes."

They flew in weather all the time. "We never saw the ground from the day we left," Garstak says. The oxygen system, which had been hit by Berlin flak, petered out. As they had to fly high to clear the Carpathians, a lot of passengers got very hazy. The navigator had his troubles too. He couldn't read his Russian maps and was worried where the plane would come out. But the *Stardust* was only five miles off course when she arrived in Italy, their first stop on the way home.

Here they had an unpleasant shock. It appeared that the message that they were safe, sent by the Russians to the Eighth AAF in England had not been received. The crews couldn't notify their parents from Italy, as the Fifteenth AAF security regulations prevented them writing or cabling for seven days.

The men were told that, as they had been missing in action for over 40 days, under Fifteenth AAF rules they were eligible for a furlough in the States. They were tempted, but they knew that if they took this offer they would have to return for duty with the Fifteenth, flying B-24s instead of Forts, so they turned it down. Also, they wanted to get back to England and notify their parents as quickly as possible.

"None of us," says Garstak, "wanted to stay dead any longer than we had to."

—By Cpl. EDMUND ANTROBUS
YANK Staff Correspondent



The COUNT

AS an old scorcher with his T-model Ford back in the States, that demon-driving ex-T/5 known as the Count has felt for some time that the war would be won faster if the Army would issue staff cars to enlisted men. Being an impatient gent, he put his theory to the test last Saturday night by taking his honey, a Wac corporal named Abigail, for a ride in the colonel's limousine. The only trouble was, it seems, that he—and she—had to walk home.

"I am frank to admit," the Count informed us a few days later when we found him in his sack, nursing his bunions, "that the experiment was not a complete success. Me dignity was considerably shaken up, not to mention me standing with me Corporal Abigail."

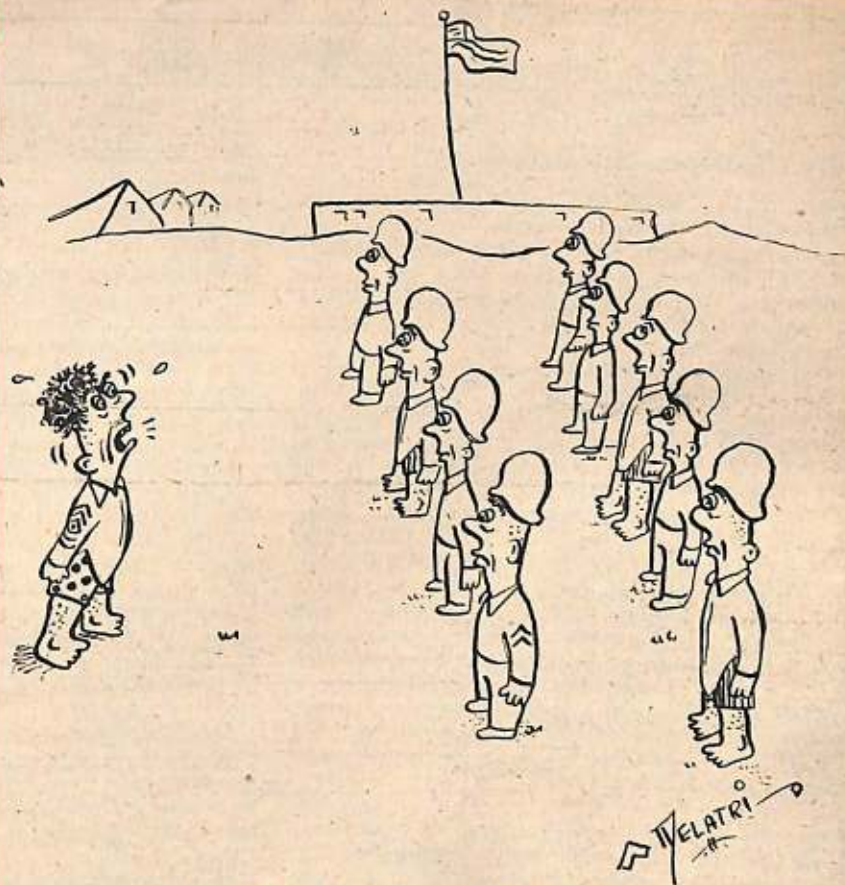
What, we asked the Count, had happened and was he going to be court-martialed? "Naw," he snorted, "nothing like that. It was just that me Corporal Abigail wanted a bitter, so I takes her down to the village pub. I tell her I'm broke, of course—like I almost am—so she pays for the bitter and also for a few double ginses which I order to keep her company. By and by, being a gentleman, I get to feeling that I should return her generosity so I moseys across the street to the railroad station where the colonel's car is waiting for him, only the pfc. mugg what drives it has gone to see a man about a mouse, or something."

The thought of that pfc. driver was plainly distasteful to the Count. "That two-bit jerk!" he went on. "Only about one gallon of gas he has left in the tank—as I discover when I get about 10 miles out on the road with me Corporal Abigail riding beside me, thinking I has the colonel's permission to use his lousy car. So I can't do nothing but stop in a motor pool and ask the sergeant there for a little gas, what I am even willing to pay for. And what does the stingy stinker do first but decide he wants to see me trip ticket. It is while he is gone to call and check up with me base that I grabs me Corporal Abigail and we high-tails it for the woods."

The Count sighed and wiggled his bony toes. "It was a long walk home," he said, "and tough on me bunions. It was also tough on me relations with Corporal Abigail. In fact, since then she has been what you might call cool toward me proposition that we go 50-50 in buying a tandem bike."



"GEN. MILLER—MY WIFE, SHE WAS THE BRAINS BEHIND SOME OF MY MOST SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGNS."
—Cpl. Joseph Kramer



"... AND FROM NOW ON THERE'LL BE NO MORE GAMBLING IN THE COMPANY!"
—Pfc. A. Delatri



—Sgt. Wayne Thiebaud

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—Sgt. F. Phillips