YANK

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By and for men in the service

BERLIN TOURIST

(See Pages 12, 13)

Lt. Jack Wilpers carefully picks up Tojo's pistol after the general had shot himself and slipped into a chair.

One of the two photographers who were present when ex-Premier Hideki Tojo tried to commit streamlined hara-kiri with a .32, YANK's Sgt. George Burns reports, in pictures and story, how the event appeared to American correspondents on the spot.

Tojo's chauffeur, Shiget Hatakayama, hugged him and cried as he lay wounded in his chair.

By Sgt. GEORGE BURNS
YANK Staff Correspondent

TOKYO—I was sitting in the dining room of the Dai-Iti Hotel in Tokyo, having a late lunch, when Clark Lee, an INS correspondent, came over to the table. He said, "Do you want to eat that or see Tojo get arrested?"

We left the hotel about 12:45 and arrived at Tojo's house in the outskirts of the city some 30 minutes later.

Although orders to pick up Tojo had been issued by Gen. MacArthur's headquarters only an hour before, correspondents had already been after Tojo for two days, trying to obtain personal interviews. We weren't surprised to find two AP men camped out in front. A few minutes later four more showed up. We learned that Tojo was inside but would see no one. On this information things settled down to old newspaper tactics. Each little group of correspondents tried to make deals through Tojo's special police and servants to get in to see the general by themselves.

The house was a modest Japanese home, no more than 25 by 30 feet. The front was of terra cotta, while the sides and rear were of the usual wood. In some portions, sliding screens provided a view of the garden from within. The garden ran all around the house. It had a small walk, a few benches and a table for afternoon tea. Part of it had been dug up and converted into an air-

TOJO NEAR MISS

raid shelter. In front of the house was parked Tojo's small Austin-like car.

For about two hours photographers (there were only two: Gorry of AP and myself) and correspondents milled around the place. A few minutes before 4 o'clock, CIC men appeared. We asked them, "Is this it?" and Maj. Paul Kruse, who was in charge of the group, said, "Yep, we're taking him to GHQ in Yokohama."

The group walked up the small path and ran into one of the police guards. There was palaver between Kruse and the guard through an interpreter whom one of the correspondents had brought along. Kruse told him that Gen. MacArthur's representatives had arrived to talk with Tojo.

The guard called someone from inside, and the messages went back and forth but nothing happened. This stall went on for about 10 minutes, with correspondents and Army officers beating around the place trying to find someone who would let them in. Finally a guard came out clad in undershirt and pants. He said that Tojo would see only one man, the officer in charge. While these negotiations were in progress a commotion was stirred up on the other side of the building by Tojo sticking his head out of a window and talking in Japanese to a few men over there. The rest of us ran around to see him.

As he stood there in the window his bald head looked as though it were in a picture frame. I raised my camera and snapped the picture. Tojo jumped back and closed the window.

Maj. Kruse shouted to the interpreter, telling him to tell Tojo to open up, because we were coming in. Again Tojo appeared at the small two-by-two sliding window and, speaking through the interpreter, he asked if the officers were actually from Gen. MacArthur's headquarters, and did they want to arrest him? Kruse produced his credentials, waving them at Tojo and saying he wanted to come in and ask him some questions. All during the side-window conference I shot pictures of Tojo and he made no further attempt to duck.

Finally he made motions for us to come around to the front door and slid the window closed with a frown. We started back around the house. Just as we reached the front door there was a shot.

Lt. Jack Wilpers of Saratoga, N. Y., quickly opened the front door and leaped up on the typically Japanese raised floor, trying to open the door to Tojo's room. It was locked, so he and Maj. Kruse bucked their shoulders against it. Finally Wilpers stepped back and kicked his big GI shoes through the door panel. I was directly behind him, and as the door panel fell away we saw Tojo slumped in a chair with a smoking pistol grasped in his hand and blood gushing from a wound in the left side of his chest.

A small divan had been placed against the door, and Lt. Wilpers pushed it aside and jumped into

Tojo at his window

The outside of the ex-Pre

the room with pistol in hand. Maj. Kruse shouted to Tojo, "Don't shoot!" Wilpers had his gun trained on Tojo's head and was motioning to him to drop the pistol. The general's eyes were already shut. His head fell over on his shoulder and the gun dropped from his hand.

THEN there was a helluva lot of confusion as correspondents, CIC men, police guards and household help piled through the battered door into the small, cube-shaped room. Sunlight, filtering weakly through the frosted-glass window, highlighted the blue hue of the gunpowder smoke, and the acrid smell of powder was still in the air. Tojo was wearing a white, short-sleeved shirt, military breeches and high, brown, riding boots. He had placed the chair in which he had chosen to die directly under a large oil painting about five by six feet. The painting showed him on horseback with a group of his staff officers, looking down on a valley in which Japanese soldiers and tanks were smashing triumphantly through Chinese defenses. In the foreground of the picture a tattered flag of China lay trampled in the dust. At the right of his chair, propped up against the wall, was Tojo's sword. At his right hand, within easy reach, was a small table on which were another pistol and a harakiri knife laid out on a white silk scarf. The pistol with which he had shot himself was a .32 colt automatic; the gun on the table was a .25.

By this time Tojo's chauffeur and relative, Shiget Hatakayama, was hugging Tojo's head and crying. The general regained consciousness and started to mumble.

Someone yelled above the room's din, "He's making a last statement!"

The interpreter was pushed to the head of the crowd, and somebody stuck pencil and paper in his hand. Whatever Tojo said didn't make much sense, so some of the correspondents went back to their notes and the rest just stood and stared at the blood gushing from the wound in his chest. Somebody went in search of a telephone, Maj. Kruse went for the medics and the rest of us stood around waiting for Tojo to die.

Everyone thought that with a bullet through his heart it would be only a matter of minutes before death. As the minutes dragged on, Tojo tossed and mumbled some more and the interpreter said, "He wants to lie down—he wants to die in bed." One of the Army men said, "No, we cannot touch him until the medics arrive." But the general still insisted he be placed in bed.

Finally the Jap police, some correspondents and an Army officer moved him gently over to a small couch in the corner of the room. His head was still toward the front of the building, away from the painting, and one of the Jap house attendants pushed it around so that he could see himself at the height of his career.

In about an hour a Jap doctor appeared. He went over to examine Tojo, but Tojo told him to leave him alone—he wanted to die. Lt. Wilpers said to the doctor, "I order you to do everything you can to save his life." After some hesitation, the doctor checked Tojo's pulse and then stood with a blank stare. Wilpers asked the interpreter why the doctor didn't do something, and he said that the doctor told him that Tojo could not possibly live much longer than an hour or two and his hospital had been bombed out, so he could do nothing for him. Wilpers still insisted he get busy. So the doctor wrote a note and gave it to a policeman. Before the policeman left, the note was checked by one of our interpreters. After about another hour the policeman returned with a Japanese nurse. She was carrying a little polished metal can in which were a few compresses. The doctor applied these and then retired to the hallway and sat there smoking a cigarette.

It seemed by now that Tojo must have missed hitting his heart. Apparently the bullet entered the body just left of the heart and passed out through his back, leaving a trail of feather stuffing from the chair behind it.

At 6:30 p.m., an Army doctor, Capt. James Johnson of Newark, Ohio, arrived from the 1st Cavalry Division medical squadron with his staff, Lt. Frank Aquino of Los Angeles, Calif., and T-5 Domino Snatarrou of Westfield, N. J., and started giving Tojo blood plasma. At 7 o'clock the doctor announced that he thought Tojo had a pretty good chance of living. He said that if the wound had occurred in combat, it would not have been considered too serious and that thousands of men had recovered from similar wounds during the war.

During the afternoon a note had been found in which Tojo had written that he had shot himself through the heart instead of the head because he wanted everyone to know that it was Gen. Hideki Tojo who was dead. About 7:15, four 1st Cavalry MPs picked up the general, still living, and carried him off to a waiting ambulance.

Japs carry Tojo from his chair to a couch, at his request.

Second-Hand ROSE

The GI nickname, Tokyo Rose, just meant a radio voice, but newsmen in Japan found a girl to fit it.

By Sgt. DALE KRAMER
YANK Staff Correspondent

TOKYO—Soon after the "occupation" of this city by American newsmen, the legendary character called Tokyo Rose became the most sought-after woman in Japan.

In the first few days after our entrance into Tokyo, practically every story was a rat-race of newspaper correspondents, photographers, magazine writers and assorted trained seals seeking "exclusives." But the search for Tokyo Rose had a different, novel twist. Tokyo Rose simply didn't exist. She had no more reality than Paul Bunyan.

That made finding a reasonable facsimile a pretty difficult matter. No Jap woman radio commentator had ever called herself Tokyo Rose. The origin of the name lies buried somewhere in the mists of the early days of the Pacific War, when it was used by homesick GIs as a label for any feminine Radio Tokyo voice.

The cumulative effect of all the ballyhoo Tokyo Rose received was such that one of the chief objectives of American correspondents landing in Japan was Radio Tokyo. There they hoped to find someone to pass off as the one-and-only Rose and scoop their colleagues.

When information had been sifted a little, a girl named Iva Toguri emerged as the only candidate who came close to filling the bill. For three years she had played records, interspersed with snappy comments, beamed to Allied soldiers on the Zero Hour (6 to 7 p.m., Japanese time). Her own name for herself was Orphan Ann, and recent publications in the U. S. had tagged Orphan Ann as the original Rose. The radio people claimed to know no more about her than that she had been bombed out of her home. They had no address. But the rat-race started.

YANK was in on the rat-race and stayed with it for a while—long enough to locate her residence in the labyrinthine pathways of a neighborhood of small Japanese houses. She wasn't home when we first called, and there was other work to be done. We couldn't afford to wait on her doorstep.

The bad news came before we got back to her. Representatives of Hearst's *Cosmopolitan*, with the help of a sockful of folding money, had pulled a scoop in the movie-newspaperman tradition. They had hired a reporter for Domei, the Jap news agency, to locate Iva and had signed her to a $2,000 exclusive contract.

The Hearst people believed that YANK, since it is a soldier publication and the Tokyo Rose myth had been created by soldiers, would be allowed to pick up some stuff from Iva's signed story in *Cosmopolitan* when it hit the news stands in a couple of months.

We decided to see if we could get something a little less second-hand.

WHEN we first saw Iva Toguri she was bending over a small open-hearth stove, placing green vegetables in a cooking pot. Her husband, a youthful, serious-faced Portuguese, wearing the brown-peaked cap customary even among civilians in Japan, was with us, and he kicked off his shoes, stepped up on the straw mat of the small room and introduced his wife.

The individual who comes closest to the GI's conception of the mythical Tokyo Rose is a slight Japanese girl about 5 feet 2 inches tall, with a wide face and lively black eyes. She wears her hair in short, thick pigtails to her shoulder. She had on dark slacks and a red suede jacket over a blouse.

We explained YANK's status as the soldiers' magazine. Since she had directed her program to the troops, we said, we thought it a good idea to interview her, but we had no money to pay for such things. Miss Toguri was silent for a moment. Her hands were folded on her lap and her eyes rested on her hands. Then she looked up and cleared her throat.

"If I'm Tokyo Rose, which it seems I am, let me tell about it from the beginning."

She said that in 1941 she had come to Japan from Los Angeles, her birthplace, as a sort of family delegate to visit a sick aunt. The war had caught her. When the police asked if she wanted to renounce her U.S. citizenship, she said no.

Last April she had married Philip Daquino, a Portuguese national and a linotype operator for Domei. At first she had worked for Radio Tokyo as a monitor, recording Allied broadcasts, then, after a voice test, had switched to the Zero Hour.

For her work Miss Toguri received, after deductions, about 100 yen a month. Later the figure was raised to 150, about the wage of a typist. Her reason for staying on, she declared, was her desire to become proficient in broadcasting. She doubted that her programs did Allied soldiers much harm, no more anyhow than if she had made bullets in a munitions factory.

When tales of Tokyo Rose began to appear in the foreign press and found their way to Japan, the people around the studio tried to figure out Tokyo Rose's identity. One possibility was that a girl who actually called herself Tokyo Rose was broadcasting from some secret Japanese station in a manner the Americans could pick up while the Japs could not.

But the possibility that the mythical Rose originated from Radio Tokyo was not ignored, and Miss Toguri seemed the likely candidate. Consequently, when the surrender came she went to the higher-ups in the station and asked what the score was. They told her, she said, that she would have to take any consequences there might be. The station washed its hands of her.

"I heard that newspapermen had been to Radio Tokyo and that my name had been given out as Tokyo Rose," Miss Toguri said. "The station people didn't get in touch with me, though they knew where I was, and I figured they were trying to fix it up for me to take the rap, clearing themselves. Then this fellow from Domei came around offering money. I knew I would have to give an interview some time, and I thought I'd get it over with. And I figured some one was going to get the money and I might as well be her."

The day after her YANK interview, the CIC picked up Miss Toguri. They released her in custody of her husband, but there was talk of a treason trial. No doubt existed that she had worked on a program designed to lower the morale of Allied troops.

At a press conference, an Australian correspondent charged that Tokyo Rose had once told Aussie soldiers they'd better go home because Americans were sleeping with their wives. Miss Toguri denied having made the statement or any like it. She denied having made cracks about the U. S., but admitted having described herself to troops as "your favorite enemy."

No one in Japan was in a position to give an answer. Radio Tokyo had burned its files. Miss Toguri and her husband scurried around their house trying to find a few old scripts.

But, ironically, Tokyo Rose was depending chiefly on the U. S. for any defense she might be required to make. She hoped recordings of her program made in San Francisco would, if not actually clear her of the charge of working for the enemy, at least keep her in a lower war-criminal category than that of, say, Hideki Tojo.

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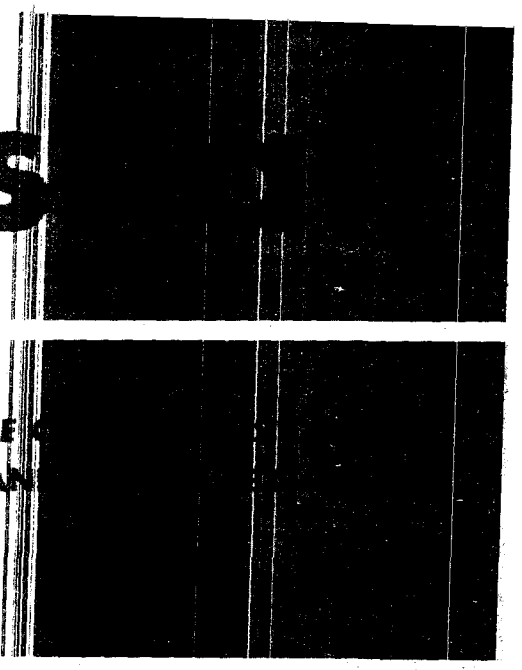
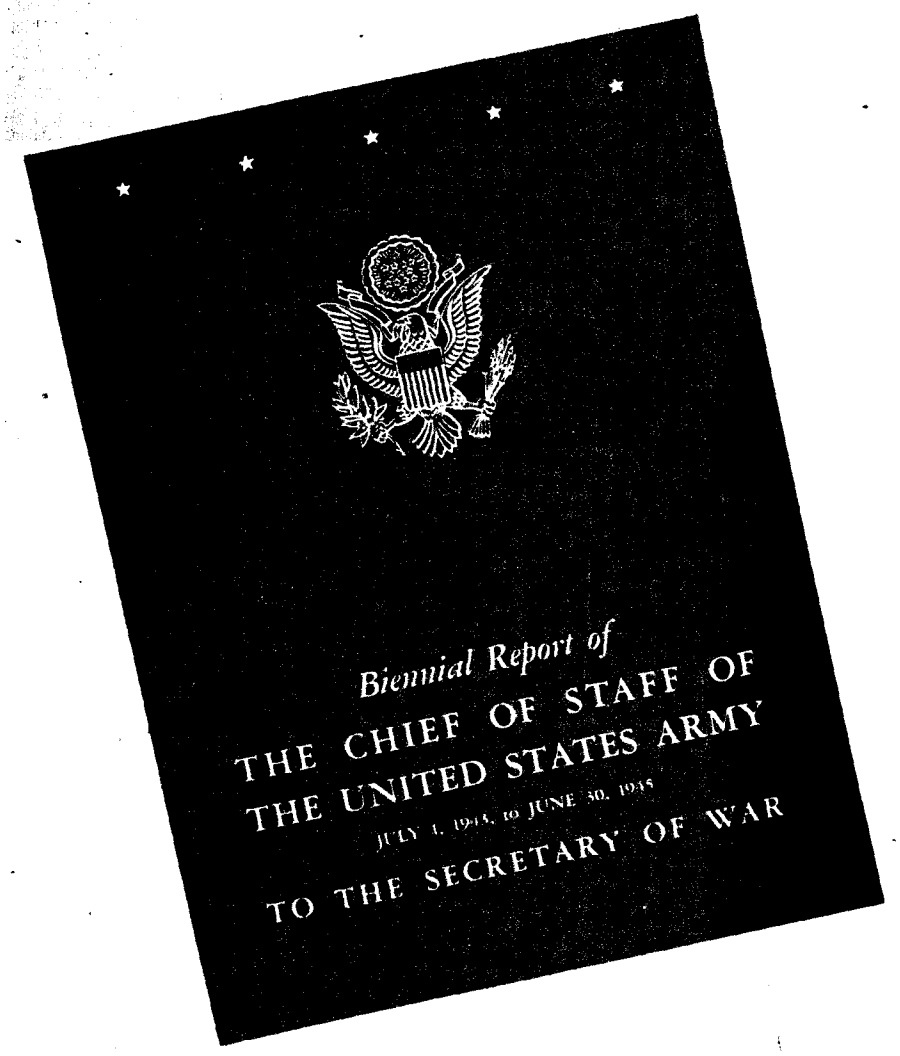
General Mars



**THE CHIEF OF STAFF, IN THE THIRD OF HIS BIENNIAL REPORTS, PRESENTS SOME
WAR JUST WON AND ON THE ROLE OF THE ARMY IN THE YEARS TO COME. YA**



EVERY other year, for the past six years, Gen. George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army, has compiled an over-all report on the Army's progress for the Secretary of War. The third of these biennial reports covers the European and Pacific campaigns from July 1, 1943, to June 30, 1945—the climactic period of the war. In addition, it contains the Chief of Staff's views on the postwar Army and much top-drawer information on weapons, Army management and demobilization.

YANK feels that the following extracts from this report—particularly the section labeled "The Troops"—will be of wide interest. Except for this and one other passage (printed in italics), all the material consists of direct quotations from the biennial report and is offered without editorial comment by YANK.

THE STRATEGIC CONCEPT

The period covered by my first two Biennial Reports was a time of great danger for the United States. The element on which the security of this nation most depended was time—time to organize our tremendous resources and time to deploy them overseas in a worldwide war. We were given this time through the heroic refusal of the Soviet and British peoples to collapse under smashing blows of the Axis forces. They bought this time for us with the currency of blood and courage. Two years ago our margin of safety was still precarious but the moment was rapidly approaching when we would be prepared to deal with our enemies on the only terms they understood—overwhelming power.

In no other period of American history have the colors of the United States been carried victoriously on so many battlefields. It is with pro-found satisfaction and great pride in the troops and their leaders that this report is submitted on the campaigns which crushed Italy, Germany and Japan.

It is necessary to an understanding of the Army's participation in these campaigns that reference be made to the decisions which launched them. The forces of the United States and Great Britain were deployed under a single strategic control exercised by the group known as the Combined Chiefs of Staff. As described in a previous report, this structure of Allied control was conceived at the conference of December 1941, when Prime Minister Churchill, accompanied by the chiefs of the British Navy, Army, and Air Forces, came to Washington and met with the President and the American Chiefs of Staff. It was the most complete unification of military effort ever achieved by two Allied nations. Strategic direction of all the forces of both nations, the allocation of manpower and munitions, the coordination of communications, the control of military intelligence, and the administration of captured areas all were accepted as joint responsibilities.

[Having outlined the work done at the Allied conferences following that of December 1941, the Chief of Staff launches into a rather detailed history of the Allied campaigns of 1943-45. The history of these campaigns, while making up the bulk of the report, is too long to reprint here and extracts would have little value. After the campaigns, Gen. Marshall outlines our occupation set-ups and then turns to weapons.]

OUR WEAPONS

The Nation's state of unpreparedness along with that of the British Empire gave the Axis nations an overwhelming initial advantage in materiel. The Japanese campaigns in China, the Italian campaign in Ethiopia, and the participation of German and Italian troops in the Spanish Civil War afforded these enemies an opportunity to test their new weapons on the battlefields. This is a matter of very great importance, preliminary to decisions for quantity production of any weapon. Since we had some time in which to mobilize our resources, the vastly superior industrial establishment of the United States eventually overcame the initial advantage of the enemy.

During the past two years the United States Army was well armed and well equipped. The fact is we dared to mount operations all over the world with a strategic inferiority in numbers of troops. Were it not for superiority in the air and on the sea, in mobility and in firepower we could not have achieved tactical superiority at the points chosen for attack nor have prevented the enemy from bringing greater forces to bear against us.

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Overshadowing all other technological advances of the war was the Allied development of the atomic explosive. The tremendous military advantage of this terrifying weapon fell to us through a combination of good luck, good management and prodigious effort. The harnessing of atomic power should give Americans confidence in their destiny but at the same time we must be extremely careful not to fall victim to overconfidence. This tremendous discovery will not be ours exclusively indefinitely. In the years of peace between the two world wars we permitted Germany to far outpace us in the development of instruments which might have military use. As a consequence German development of long-range rockets and pilotless aircraft, stemming from years of peacetime research, was far more advanced than our own, which began in earnest only after the war had already started. The fact that we overtook Germany's head start on the atomic explosive is comforting, but certainly should not lull us into a state of complacent inertia.

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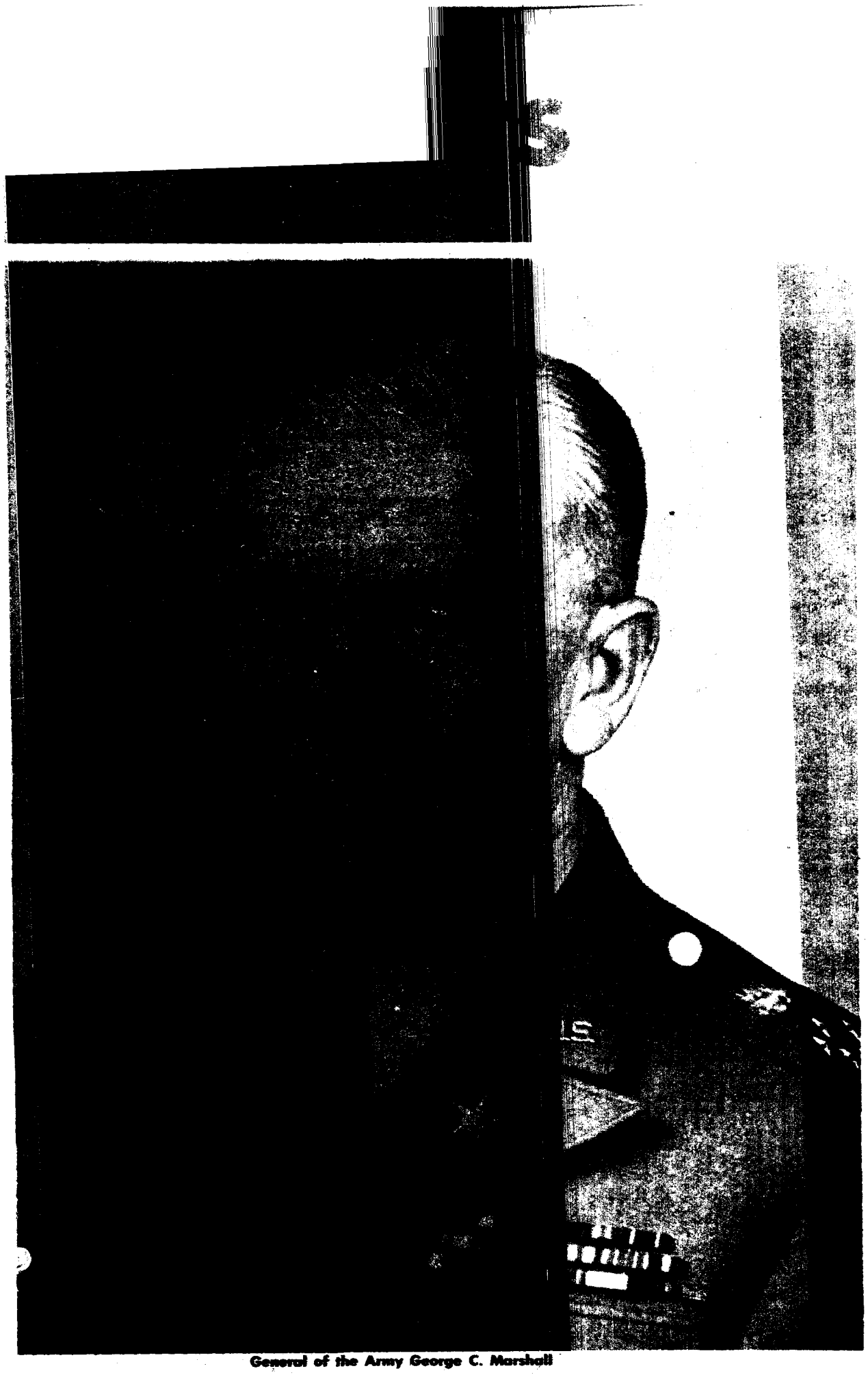
In major ground campaigns to destroy the enemy's forces and end his resistance, such as we fought in North Africa, Italy, France, and Germany, one of the basic factors in the final decision is the armament and equipment of the infantry divisions and the manner in which they are employed. A nation with the belligerent tradition of Germany, concentrating its resources on a powerful army and enjoying every initial advantage from years of preparation for war, should have the upper hand in many if not all the basic infantry weapons.

In two of these basic items the German Army held an advantage almost to the end of the war. The first was the triple-threat 88-mm. rifle which our troops first encountered in North Africa. Even at that time the U. S. Army had a similar weapon, the 90-mm. rifle, with greater penetrating power but the Germans had theirs on the battlefields and in quantity, with the "bugs" worked out in previous battle experience over a period of years. The United States forces did not have the 90-mm. in quantity at the time and were compelled to work out its shortcomings in opposition to a proven weapon.

As a result the 88 was a powerful German weapon, ahead of ours in quantity and technique almost to the end of the war. In the Spanish Civil War the Germans were careful to conceal the role of the 88 as an antitank and antipersonnel weapon, revealing it only as an antiaircraft piece. When we first encountered it, it was serving all three purposes with deadly effect. A single 88 could fire several rounds of armor-piercing shells at our tanks, then suddenly begin firing air-bursting fragmentation shells at our infantry following their tanks, and a few minutes later throw up an antiaircraft fire at planes supporting the ground operation. The 90-mm. had no such flexibility. It could not be depressed low enough for effective antitank fire. Our technique of handling the gun had not been sufficiently developed so that interchangeable ammunition was available to the gun when it was needed, and we did not have the numbers of the weapons the Germans had.



General of the Army George C. Marshall

A second marked German advantage during most of the European war was in powder. German ammunition was charged with smokeless, flashless powder which in both night and day fighting helped the enemy tremendously in concealing his fire positions. United States riflemen, machine gunners, and gunners of all types had to expose their positions with telltale muzzle flashes or puffs of powder smoke. German preparations had given them time to develop this high-grade powder and manufacture tremendous quantities of it. They had it there and they used it. These facts should be considered along with our policy regarding the manufacture of explosives after the last war and the scientific development that should or would have followed in the plants of the great commercial manufacturers had they not been subjected to bitter attack as "Merchants of death."

Careful planning and husbandry of the Army's meager peacetime resources and the nature of this Nation's machine economy gave the American armies in Europe two good advantages over the German enemy. One of ours was the Garand semi-automatic rifle, which the Germans were never able to duplicate. It is interesting to trace the planning and decisions that gave us the Garand rifle and the tremendous small arms firepower that went with it, noting especially that the War Department program for the Garand was strenuously opposed.

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The greatest advantage in equipment the United States has enjoyed on the ground in the fighting so far has been in our multiple-drive motor equipment, principally the jeep and the 2½-ton truck. These are the instruments which have moved and supplied United States troops in battle while the German Army, despite the fearful reputation of its "panzer armies" early in the war, still depended heavily on animal transport for its regular infantry divisions. The United States, profiting from the mass production achievements of its automotive industry, made all its forces truck-drawn and had enough trucks left over to supply the British armies with large numbers of motor vehicles and send tremendous quantities to the Red Army.

The advantage of motor vehicle transport did not become strikingly clear until we had reached the beaches of Normandy. The truck had difficulty in the mountains of Tunisia and Italy, but once ashore in France our divisions had mobility that completely outclassed the enemy.

The appearance of an unusually effective enemy weapon, or of a particularly attractive item of enemy equipment, usually provoked animated public discussion in this country, especially when stimulated by criticism of the Army's supposed failures to provide the best. Such incidents posed a very difficult problem for the War Department. In the first place, the morale of the fighting man is a matter of primary importance. To destroy his confidence in his weapons or in the high command is the constant and immense desire of the enemy. The American soldier has a very active imagination and usually, at least for the time being, covets anything new and is inclined to endow the death-dealing weapons of the enemy with extraordinary qualities since any weapon seems much more formidable to the man receiving its fire than to the man delivering it. If given slight encouragement, the reaction can be fatal to the success of our forces. Commanders must always make every effort to show their men how to make better, more effective use of what they have. The technique of handling a weapon can often be made more devastating than the power of the weapon itself.

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Radar equipment developed by the United States and Britain was superior to the electronics devices of either Germany or Japan. Our radar instruments, for example, which tracked aircraft in flight and directed the fire of antiaircraft guns were more accurate than any possessed by the enemy. American radar detection equipment, which picked up planes in the air and ships at sea, had greater range than the German. Japanese radar was greatly inferior.

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In the field of amphibious assault craft, the United States and Great Britain made great progress. This resulted from the fact that in every major campaign we waged in this war, we had to cross water and attack enemy-held positions. There was nothing anywhere which compared or even resembled our big landing ships with ramp prows and the dozens of other type craft which have put our armies ashore from North Africa to Okinawa. The initial development of these special types was stimulated by Lord Louis Mountbatten and the staff of the special British Commando forces under his direction.

THE TROOPS

Manpower Balance

It was estimated that the absolute ceiling on the number of American men physically fit for active war service lay between 15 and 16 million. The requirements of the naval and merchant shipping program had to be given a high order of priority. The Army decided to establish its ceiling strength at 7,700,000. Before we could bring the enemy to battle we had to secure our lines of communication and to build our training and service installations. Within this total strength of the Army the minimum requirements of the Service Forces were set at 1,751,000. It was decided at the outset that the first offensive blows we could deliver upon the enemy would be through the air, and anticipated that the heavier and more effective our air assault, the sooner the enemy's capacity to resist would be destroyed. So the Air Forces were authorized to bring their strength to 2,340,000 men and were given the highest priority for the best qualified both physically and by educational and technical ability of the military manpower pool.

Each theater of operations had requirements for men over and above those allocated for its armies, air forces, and service installations. The troop basis allowed 423,000 men for these troops which would be directly attached to theater headquarters and major command installations throughout the world.

This left the Ground Forces with a maximum of 3,186,000 men within the limitations of the

7,700,000 effective troop strength. Yet when we entered the war it was almost impossible to compute accurately how many ground troops we would need to win. The precise results to be attained by modern aerial warfare could only be an educated guess.

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On the face of it this appeared to be a critically small ground force for a nation as large as ours. Germany with a prewar population of 80,000,000 was mobilizing 313 divisions. Japan was putting 120 in the field; Italy 70; Hungary 23; Rumania 17; Bulgaria 18. Among the major Allies, the Soviets had a program for more than 550 divisions; the British for more than 50; the Chinese more than 300, though their divisional strength was often little more than regimental according to our method of computation. We were, however, second of the Allies in the mobilization of men and women for military service, third among all the belligerent nations. The Soviet war effort was putting 22,000,000 men and women into the fight. By the time of their defeat, the Germans had mobilized 17,000,000. Our peak mobilization for the military services was 14,000,000. The British Empire mobilized 12,000,000; China 6,000,000.

This war brought an estimated total of 93,000,000 men and women of the Axis and United Nations into the conflict. And fortunately for us the great weight of numbers was on the side of the United Nations. Total Allied mobilization exceeded 62,000,000; total enemy mobilization, 30,000,000. The figures show how heavily the United States was concentrating on aerial warfare, on the production and movement of arms for its own troops and those of its Allies, and the meaning in terms of manpower of waging war from 3,000 to 9,000 miles from our shores.

Our ground strength was, for the size of our population, proportionately much smaller than that of the other belligerents. On the other hand it was, in effect, greater than a simple comparison of figures would indicate, for we had set up a system of training individual replacements that would maintain 89 divisions of ground troops and 273 combat air groups at full effective strength, enabling these units to continue in combat for protracted periods. In past wars it had been the accepted practice to organize as many divisions as manpower resources would permit, fight those divisions until casualties had reduced them to bare skeletons, then withdraw them from the line and rebuild them in a rear area. In 1918 the AEF was forced to reduce the strength of divisions and finally to disband newly arrived divisions in France in order to maintain the already limited strength of those engaged in battle. The system we adopted for this war involved a flow of individual replacements from training centers to the divisions so they would be constantly at full strength. The Air Forces established a similar flow to replace combat casualties and provide relief crews.

This system enabled us to pursue tremendous naval and shipping programs, the air bombardment programs and unprecedented, almost unbelievable, production and supply programs, and at the same time to gather the strength necessary to deliver the knock-out blows on the ground. There were other advantages. The more divisions an Army commander has under his control, the more supporting troops he must maintain and the greater are his traffic and supply problems. If his divisions are fewer in number but maintained at full strength, the power for attack continues while the logistical problems are greatly simplified.

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It is remarkable how exactly the mobilization plan fitted the requirements for victory. When Admiral Doenitz surrendered the German Government, every American division was in the operational theaters. All but two had seen action; one had the mission of securing the vital installations in the Hawaiian Islands; the other was an airborne division in SHAEF Reserve. To give General Eisenhower the impetus for final destruction of the German armies of the west, two divisions, already earmarked for future operations in the Pacific, the 86th and 97th, were halted on the West Coast in February, rushed across the United States and onto fast ships for Europe. When these troops left the New York Port of Embarkation there were no combat divisions remaining in the United States. The formed military forces of the nation were completely committed overseas to bring about our victory in Europe and keep sufficient pressure on Japan so that she could not dig in and stave off final defeat.

The significance of these facts should be carefully considered. Even with two-thirds of the German Army engaged by Russia, it took every man the Nation saw fit to mobilize to do our part of the job in Europe and at the same time keep the Japanese enemy under control in the Pacific. What would have been the result had the Red Army been defeated and the British Islands invaded, we can only guess. The possibility is rather terrifying.

Price of Victory

Even with our overwhelming concentration of airpower and firepower, this war has been the most costly in which the Nation has been engaged. The victory in Europe alone cost us 772,626 battle casualties of which 160,045 are dead. The price of victory in the Pacific was 170,596, including 41,322 dead. Army battle deaths since 7 December 1941 were greater than the combined losses, Union and Confederate, of the Civil War.

Army casualties in all theaters from 7 December 1941 until the end of the period of this report total 943,222, including 201,367 killed, 570,783 wounded, 114,205 prisoners, 56,867 missing; of the total wounded, prisoners, or missing more than 633,200 have returned to duty, or been evacuated to the United States.

* * * * * * *

Despite the fact that United States troops lived and fought in some of the most disease-infested areas of the world, the death rate from nonbattle causes in the Army in the last two years was approximately that of the corresponding age group in civil life—about 3 per 1,000 per year. The greater exposure of troops was counterbalanced by the general immunization from such diseases as typhoid, typhus, cholera, tetanus, smallpox, and yellow fever, and, obviously, by the fact that men in the Army were selected for their physical fitness.

The comparison of the nonbattle death rate in this and other wars is impressive. During the Mexican War 10 percent of officers and enlisted men died each year of disease; the rate was reduced to 7.2 percent of Union troops in the Civil War; to 1.6 percent in the Spanish War and the Philippine Insurrection; to 1.3 percent in World War I; and to 0.6 percent of the troops in this war.

Beyond the Call of Duty

Exclusive of the Purple Heart, which a man receives when he is wounded, often right at the forward dressing station, the Army awarded 1,400,409 decorations for gallantry and meritorious service since we entered the war. The Nation's highest award, the Congressional Medal of Honor, was made to 239 men, more than 40 percent of whom died in their heroic service; 3,178 Distinguished Service Crosses have been awarded; 630 Distinguished Service Medals; 7,192 awards of the Legion of Merit; 52,831 Silver Stars; 103,762 Distinguished Flying Crosses; 8,592 Soldiers Medals; 189,309 Bronze Stars; and 1,034,676 Air Medals. Exclusive of the Air Medal and the Purple Heart, the Infantry received 34.5 percent of all decorations, the Air Corps 34.1 percent, the Field Artillery 10.7 percent, Medical Personnel 6.0 percent, and all other arms and services 14.7 percent.

Army Management

During the past two years the contributions to the war effort of three major commands and the War Department General Staff have been on a vast scale.

The Air Forces have developed in a remarkable manner. Young commanders and staff officers, catapulted into high rank by reason of the vast expansion, and then seasoned by wide experience, now give the Air arm the most effective form of military leadership—the vigorous direction of young men with the knowledge and judgment of veterans. Theoretical conceptions have been successfully demonstrated in action and modified or elaborated accordingly; new conceptions are welcomed and quickly tested; the young pilots and combat crews daily carry out the dangerous and difficult missions with a minimum of losses and a maximum of destruction for the enemy. In personnel, in planes, technique, and leadership, the Army Air Forces of more than two million men have made an immense contribution to our victories. Through aggressive tactics and the concept of strategical precision bombing they have made these victories possible with a minimum of casualties.

The Army Ground Force Command performed the extremely difficult mission of organizing our largest Army in an amazingly short time and at the same time training another 1,100,000 men to replace casualties. The Ground Forces headquarters has just completed a cycle in its operations. It began with the organization and training of the divisions, then deployment of the Ground Forces overseas and replacement of their casualties. Finally, in June of this year, the Ground Forces began receiving the first of these divisions back under its control after the victory in Europe.

The Service Forces have accomplished a prodigious task during the past two years in the supply of food, clothing, munitions, transportation, including the operation of a fleet of 1,537 ships; in the handling of pay and allowances amounting to 22.4 billion dollars; in the processing of approximately 75 billion dollars in contracts; in the management of 3,700 post or cantonment installations in the continental United States; in the operation of great base port organizations centered in Boston, New York, Hampton Roads, New Orleans, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Seattle; in handling 7,370,000 men and 101,750,000 measurement tons of cargo; in the administration of the medical service which has treated 9,083,000 hospital cases and operated 791,000 hospital beds; in the direction of post exchanges now doing a monthly business of 90 million dollars and the organization and management of entertainment and educational opportunities; in the conduct of the administration of the Army and finally in the enormous tasks of redeployment and demobilization.

Demobilization

The Army is now involved in the process of demobilizing the tremendous forces it gathered to win the victory. This requires the return of millions of troops to the United States and the processing of their discharge. It means the cessation of munitions production which has absorbed most of our energies and resources during the last five years.

The demobilization, like the mobilization, affects every phase of national life. Until such time as the authorized governmental agencies determine the policy which will regulate demobilization, the War Department must proceed under existing legislation and policy to carry on this process in an orderly manner.

* * * * * * *

The War Department recommends that the occupation forces and the U. S. complement in the International security force be composed as much as possible of volunteers. This can be accomplished by establishing now a new permanent basis for the regular military establishment.

FOR THE COMMON DEFENSE

The greatest energy in peacetime of any successful nation must be devoted to productive and gainful labor. But all Americans can, in the next generations, prepare themselves to serve their country in maintaining the peace or against the tragic hour when peace is broken, if such a misfortune again overtakes us. That is what is meant by Universal Military *Training*. It is not universal military *service*—the actual induction of men into the combatant forces. Such forces would be composed during peacetime of volunteers. The trainees would be in separate organizations maintained for training purposes only. Once trained, young men would be freed from further connection with the Army unless they chose, as they now may, to enroll in the National Guard or an organized reserve unit, or to volunteer for service in the small professional army. When the Nation is in jeopardy they could be called, just as men are now called, by a committee of local neighbors, in an order or priority and under such conditions as directed at that time by the Congress.

* * * * * * *

The training program would be according to the standards which have made the American soldier in this war the equal of the finest fighting men. It would keep abreast of technical developments and the resulting modifications of tactics.

Margaret Mitchell

By Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Writer

ATLANTA, GA.—Reporting for chapel on Guadalcanal one Sunday morning early in 1943, an Army chaplain was elated to find a full house, the biggest GI congregation he had faced in nearly two years' service. "I am deeply moved to note," he said, "that the heavenly light of true religion has at long last found this outfit."

Unhappily, as the disillusioned chaplain discovered in the near-stampede to the bamboo altar which took place immediately after his final prayer, "heavenly light" had nothing to do with it. It was chewin' tobacco. It seems some zealous civilian back in the States, worried over what was happening to quid-loving GIs who couldn't get anything stronger than Juicy Fruit in Red Cross packages, had dispatched a big box of scrap and assorted plug to the chaplain's assistant. This T-5, knowing which side his duty-bread was buttered on, had explained to the boys that all they had to do to get an honest chew was to sweat out a few hymns and prayers and then file piously to the altar.

The zealous civilian who authored the idea of sending GIs honest chewing tobacco is a half-pint-sized, blue-eyed female from Dixie named Margaret Mitchell. Miss Mitchell also authored, a few years back, that Civil War novel called "Gone With the Wind" and more familiarly known as GWTW, a long, rambling book about a dame named Scarlett O'Hara and a gent named Clark Gable—or maybe it was Rhett Butler.

According to Miss Mitchell, the novel's ending, which leaves the fate of the hero and heroine somewhat unsettled, may have been a happy inspiration in the literary sense, but its results in real life, especially her own, have been anything but happy. She has received millions of letters—many thousands from GIs, she says—and in almost every one of them there is either an earnest plea or a downright demand that she disclose what finally happened to Rhett and Scarlett. These demands haven't been confined to letters. One day not long ago when she was window-shopping on Atlanta's famous Peachtree Street, a somewhat wild-looking matron, recognizing her, rushed up and gave Miss Mitchell a kind of half-Nelson treatment, threatening her with bodily damage if she didn't reveal the ultimate fate of the star-crossed lovers. Regrettably, Miss Mitchell is unable to satisfy either her restrained correspondents or her would-be public assailants on this issue simply because she herself doesn't exactly know what finally happened to her on-again, off-again pair.

"For all I know," she says, her Irish eyes sparkling slyly as she mouths the words in an accent that combines the best features of cotton fields, magnolias in bloom and the last four bars of "Swanee River," "Rhett may have found someone else who was less—difficult. Why, honey, just think of it, out of this hypothetical union may have come a strapping fellow who grew up to be a dashing second lieutenant."

Another thing that GIs and other GWTW fans are always writing Miss Mitchell about is her next book. When is it coming out and what will the story be like? Miss Mitchell can't answer that one, either.

"I am writing every chance I get," she says, "but for the last four years or so I am afraid that hasn't been very often. We've been too busy with the Red Cross and Home Defense."

Margaret, who is known as Peggy to practically everybody in Atlanta's super-swank Piedmont Riding Club, has no illusions about the importance of her contribution to the late war effort.

"Actually, my efforts have consisted only of sewing thousands of hospital gowns, putting suitable patches on the behinds of GI trousers and, alas, playing dummy for the Home Defense fire-and-rescue department. In this last job I seemed invariably to be chosen for the practice sessions because of my four-foot-eleven height. I was tossed unceremoniously out of two-story windows, grabbed in the most monstrous places and thrown about as if I had been an acrobat's stooge. It was positively frightful."

Peggy is a little concerned over the accumulative effect of that striking phenomenon of the second World War, the pin-up. "Why, my goodness, honey," she says, "after looking at all those pictures of seraphic and perspirationless babes for so long in the privacy of a foxhole, what is a poor doughfoot going to do when he comes home and discovers that American women are, after all, biological and given, under stress, to shiny noses?"

The bulk of Peggy's GI mail in the past four years has been along the same lines as the mail she got in the late 1930s, except that soldiers, she finds, are, if anything, more curious than civilians about her personal life.

"Are you really like Scarlett?" one moon-struck Infantryman in Italy wrote, adding provocatively, "If you are, I think I know how you could be tamed. Please answer by return mail."

Peggy, as a matter of fact, is a lot like Scarlett in that she is extraordinarily energetic, intelligent, witty, attractive and—practical. But there the similarity ends. Peggy, unlike her mercurial and green-eyed heroine, is a home-loving, kind-hearted person and not by anybody's standards can she be tagged a fickle adventuress, or as "changeable," as one critic described Scarlett, "as a baby's underwear."

MISS MITCHELL, it turns out, is strictly an enlisted-man's girl, having married a sergeant from the last war. Her husband is the man, incidentally, who is most responsible for The Book, which, when last heard from, was well over the 3,500,000 mark in sales. Some years ago Miss Mitchell was laid up with an auto-crash injury that refused to heal. Day in and day out, her husband, ex-Sgt. John R. Marsh, had to traipse to the public library, gather up an armful of books ("I have always been an omnivorous reader," Miss Mitchell says) and carry them home. After a couple of years of this routine, John got sick of the whole thing and, in a moment of desperation, said, "For God's sake, Peggy, can't you write a book instead of reading thousands of them?" Something clicked, and the result was "Gone With the Wind."

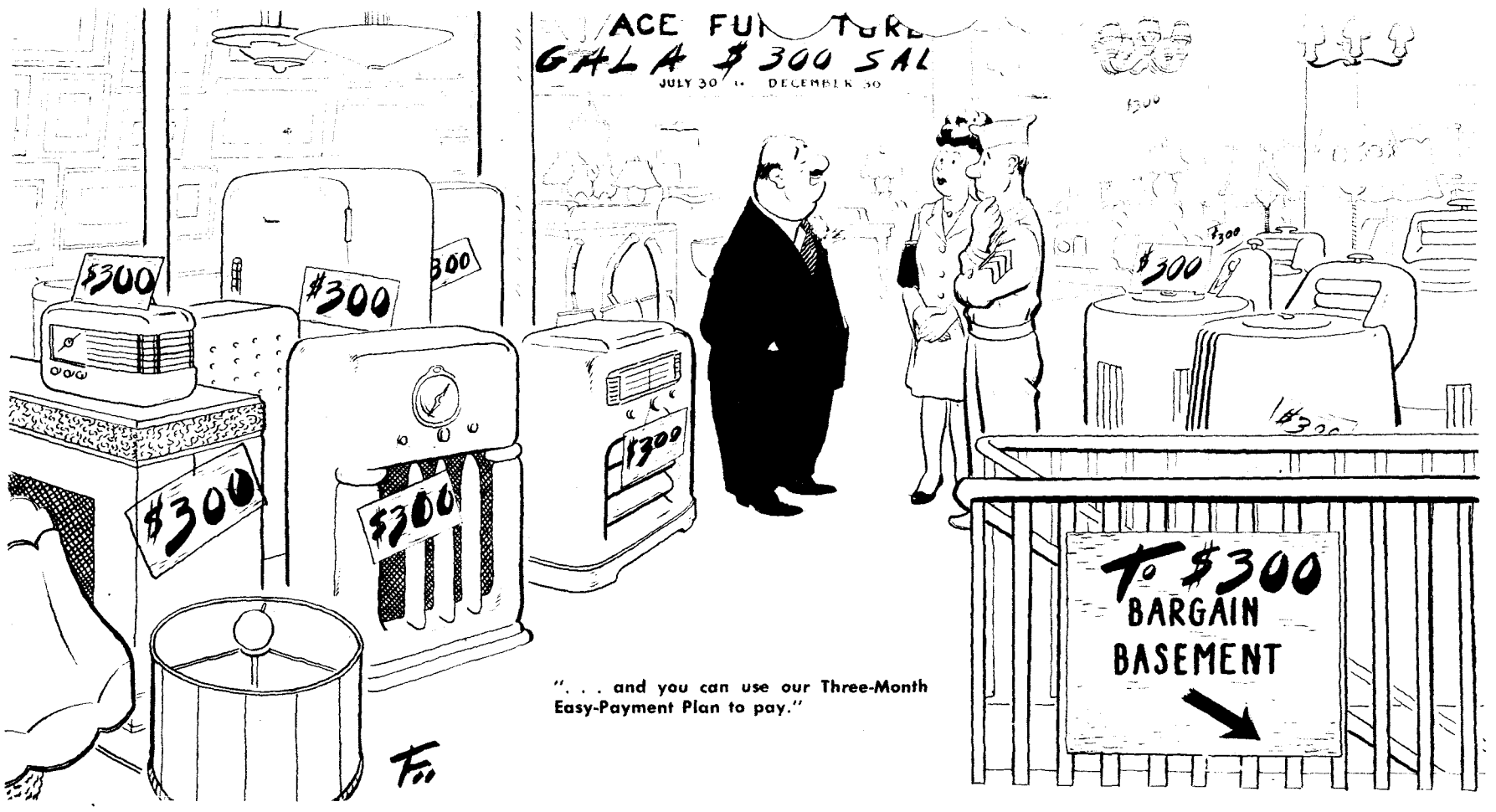
Peggy's present-day, GI fans, she says, are just as susceptible to the old rumors about her as were the readers of the first edition. One rumor has it that Peggy was married at the scarcely nubile age of 6. This, she says emphatically, is not true. "When I sidled to the altar," she continues, "I was in all respects a woman—and I sidled." Another persistent rumor that won't be laid is that she is going blind. Recently, she got a telegram from a solicitous GI who said, "Hear you're going blind stop wire me at once if there is anything I can do." Peggy answered, "Nothing you can do stop read your wire without a struggle." There is one fairly well-known story about her, however, that is true. She was 10 years old before she knew that Robert E. Lee had surrendered to Grant. Up to that time she had always believed that the Confederacy had won the war. "It was a crushing blow," she says.

On the question of sectional differences, Peggy is liberal, reasonably impartial and optimistic. She feels that the collection of so many men from so many parts of the country into the Army and Navy has rubbed out a lot of the old vexatious, Rebel-Yankee stuff. She also feels that, due in part to an unfortunate Northern press, the South of today is not properly understood by many Northerners. "The spirit of liberalism has taken deep root down here," she says. "One symptom is our newspapers. Where can you find two more fair and forward-looking newspapers than the Atlanta *Constitution* and *Journal*?"

The climax of Peggy's career probably occurred when GWTW copped the Pulitzer Prize for the best novel of 1936. But the climax of her popularity was certainly reached during the run of the motion picture, which, incidentally, is still playing, or was until recently, in London.

Despite nearly 10 years of almost suffocating publicity, enough to wreck most public figures, Peggy is still the modest, dynamic lady she was before The Book. In fact, she insists that she never really achieved fame until last summer when Bill Mauldin drew a cartoon in which a dirty soldier is shown holding a copy of GWTW with a neat shrapnel-hole through its center. The soldier is writing a letter addressed to "Dear Miss Mitchell."

"All the kids know me now," she says.



"... and you can use our Three-Month Easy-Payment Plan to pay."

Preview U.S.A.

No one knows exactly what life will be like in the States this time next year, but this article outlines the best bets of some reliable forecasters.

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON—What will life in America be like a year from now?

A lot of men who hope to be out of uniform in the next few months would give a good deal to know the answer. So would a lot of civilians whose business or employment prospects are tied up with general postwar conditions. Just about everybody would like to know at least whether 1946 will bring prosperity or depression or something in between.

Only those with an unshatterable faith in astrologers, crystal gazers or tea-leaf readers will expect to get an absolutely unclouded view of the future; others will have to fall back on the forecasts prepared by experts in Government and private industry. The experts, possibly because they recall the economic prophecies that went sour in 1929, are fairly cautious about predicting the shape of things to come in 1946. There are plenty of forecasters in responsible posts, however, who are willing to stick their necks out part way. Take the War Production Board official here who agreed to play the guessing game after first carefully stressing that there are a couple of thousand "ifs" involved in any estimate of the American future.

"Opinion in Washington," the Government man said, "runs all the way from extreme optimism to extreme pessimism; I happen to think the odds are very good that we're heading for a boom. For a time, though, there's going to be a lot of unemployment."

This is the way the WPB man and a number of other Government officials size things up:

By early winter, 1945, unemployment will probably rise to 5,000,000; by next spring, to 8,000,000. The guesses on the number of unemployed by autumn, 1946, range all the way from 4,000,000 to 10,000,000—which is quite a range. The average estimate, though, is that the figure will be between 6,000,000 and 8,000,000. In any case, the forecasters agree, the figure will be very high compared with the number of unemployed just prior to VE-Day. Back in May, there were only about 700,000 persons who couldn't find work.

By way of consolation, the forecasters point out that with a smaller total population the nation in 1932 had 12,000,000 unemployed and that there were no Federal unemployment or social-security laws then to ease the shock of sudden joblessness. They go even further in the direction of cheerfulness and say that despite the large-scale unemployment in prospect, no deep depression is due for 1946.

Getting down to cases, these prophets think that in areas like the Pacific Coast and the Southeast, where the greatest wartime expansion took place, jobs will be at a premium a year from now. There may even be a few ghost towns here and there—some communities, for instance, just won't be able to find substitutes for the munitions plants that boomed their populations in wartime—but not many.

The reason forecasters can predict large-scale unemployment and still be optimistic about 1946 is that they believe that joblessness will be temporary. Not long ago, in a radio interview, Lammot du Pont, chairman of the board of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., put it this way: "The economic danger I see is not interim unemployment. The danger lies in not recognizing this temporary frictional condition for what it is—the result of an abrupt change of direction."

Many Government officials agree completely that there is danger of Americans becoming frightened and freezing onto their savings when unemployment mounts in the months ahead. They say that people will just have to realize that a certain amount of short-term unemployment is inevitable while factories are changing over from manufacturing machineguns to manufacturing refrigerators.

"If people get scared into not spending," explained another WPB man, "manufacturers will cut back their production plans, and that will cause still more unemployment. Then we will have a real depression on our hands. I don't think that will happen, however."

This official remarks that Americans have more money in their pockets now than they ever had before—an estimated $230 billions in savings, or three times the savings they had in 1939. If people begin spending this surplus—and the WPB man is betting that they will—manufacturers, he says, will go through with their present plans for all-out peacetime production. Then, he predicts, there will be from two to 10 years of uninterrupted prosperity while Americans buy the houses, automobiles, refrigerators, washing machines, clothes, furniture and other things they have been wanting for so long.

"On the whole, the future looks unbelievably bright," a War Manpower Commission man declares. "Maybe, as Bernard Baruch says, we don't have the genius to bungle things for the next 10 years."

Some officials fear that there may be some bungling in the field of prices and, if there is, they think that the signals for prosperity will have to be called off. Specifically, these officials are afraid that there may be irresistible pressure to remove all controls established during the war—controls that kept the general level of prices fairly well down. They point out that after the last war prices shot up wildly. Speculators began bidding for commodities that had become

scarce after April 1917, and after a while prices got so high that the national economy was thrown out of gear. The result was the brief but bitter depression of 1922.

The Office of Price Administration is going to make a fight to keep at least some of the wartime controls, but its officials expect stiff opposition. According to Washington scuttlebutt, one famous automobile firm thinks that its prewar prices for cars should be hiked 55 percent. The current guess here is that 1946 auto prices will be from 10 to 30 percent above prewar prices. By next fall, the guesses go, prices of men's suits, furniture and food are likely to be lower than they are now, simply because there will be much larger supplies. The OPA is also trying to hold postwar washing machines, irons, aluminum kitchenware and similar items down to prewar prices, but at least one manufacturer of such items thinks that a 15 percent price rise is called for.

LABOR costs figure heavily in all estimates of future prices. Some manufacturers base their arguments for higher prices in large part on the higher wage scale which came in with the war and which they expect will stay. Unions are ready to put up a fight for the maintenance of the good pay their members obtained in wartime. Since wartime high wages were to a considerable extent the result of overtime pay rather than outright raises, labor can be counted on to follow through with its plans to battle for straight hourly increases in pay now that industry is heading back toward the prewar 40-hour week.

Some union leaders, with the support of certain Government officials and a number of economists, take the position that only by paying higher wages can industry find a big and steady market for the great volume of goods that mass-production methods turn out. They further say that industry can afford to establish higher hourly pay rates without drastically increasing prices. Many manufacturers don't agree; they reply that it will be impossible to grant sizable pay rises without hiking prices sharply.

One result of this argument, most forecasters agree, will be an outbreak of strikes. In fact, the number of strikes began mounting almost immediately after VJ-Day. Just how the wage-price issue will be settled is anybody's guess, but a common opinion around Washington seems to be that pay checks will generally be smaller in the autumn of 1946 than before VJ-Day. One estimate is that the national income, in which wages and profits are lumped together, will be down about 20 percent.

During the early part of this year, the annual earnings of the average American worker hit an all-time high of $2,250. Wages paid in war plants that won't be operating in 1946 were mainly responsible for the attainment of such a peak. As soon as the war ended, workers began shifting from airplane plants, where men could make $80 to $100 a week, to service-industry jobs paying an average of only $40 to $50. For that reason, some economists figure that no matter how the wage-price issue is settled, the national income is bound to drop.

But the drop isn't expected to reach depression lows. It's worth noting that there is a strong movement afoot to have Government step in to keep the wage-and-unemployment level from falling too far. Pending in Congress is a bill to boost the minimum wage under the Fair Labor Standards Act from 40 to 50 cents an hour. Another bill would make it Federal policy to achieve permanent full employment by starting Government work projects whenever unemployment mounts.

At the present time manufacturers are basing their plans on the belief that there will be a wave of prosperity a year from now. To quote from Lammot du Pont's radio talk again: "All the factors necessary to create unequaled prosperity in America are at hand. Never before in history have we had such a combination of skilled labor, productive capacity, managerial ability, scientific research facilities and such a backlog of demand for goods and services."

In the first part of 1946 automobile plants expect to be turning out more cars than they were at the start of the war—a good quarter of a million a month. By the end of next year their assembly lines may surpass the peak achieved in 1929. Manufacturers think it will take a full two years to catch up with present demand, so even a year from now you won't see dealers' windows full of cars ready for immediate delivery.

The first postwar cars, it's agreed, will look just about like the last prewar models. There may, however, be a couple of brand-new makes on the market—the Kaiser and the Frazer—which will be revolutionary in design for the simple reason that their manufacturers won't have to do any re-tooling. The Frazer, for instance, may have a rear-end engine.

Traffic experts anticipate twice as many trucks on the highways a year from now as there were in the mid-war year of 1943. Buses are expected to do 40 percent more business next year than they did in 1939. A tire shortage, however, may somewhat handicap auto travel throughout 1946. Because rubber plantations in the East Indies were in Jap hands for so long, it will probably be two to three years before tires of the prewar standard are really plentiful. Within another year, however, rationing of synthetic tires is expected to end.

The railroads will be working rapidly to improve U. S. travel. During the war the railroads built up their working capital 400 percent. Wads of this dough will now be thrown back into the business in the form of new cars, more air conditioning, better lighting, more comfortable seats and higher train speeds. And fares may be lowered. Most railroaders say they realize that they must get on the ball to hold their own against returning cars and buses and expanding airlines.

Aircraft manufacturers expect private-plane prices will be distinctly lowered. One company has built a three-seater amphibian which it hopes to put on the market for $4,000. Similar-type planes sold for $32,000 in the past.

The airline companies look forward to the best business they have ever known. The airlines think they'll have 20,000,000 passengers a year by 1947 or 1948—five times the number carried in 1941.

A YEAR from now the nation's stores should be a joy to housewives. According to a high WPB official, washing machines, refrigerators, fountain pens, alarm clocks and radios will be "running out of our ears." Record players, electric irons, waffle irons, percolators, electric fans, toasters, cigarette lighters and cocktail shakers will also be on the shelves in quantity.

Manufacturers say they expect to surpass 1939's output with 47 percent more furniture, 22 percent more butter, 27 percent more shoes, 18 percent more radios and phonographs and 71 percent more pianos. Liquor distillers say they will increase their output by 125 percent, and cigarette companies plan to roll 81 percent more smokes than in 1939.

Just now there are 2,000,000 Americans who want but can't get a telephone installed, but a year from now, the phone people predict, installation of a phone will be a matter of hours.

The clothes situation should also be much improved in another year. Nylons will be plentiful and so, say the wiseacres, will the $1.50 white shirt, which lately has been replaced by a $2.50 number, usually not white.

The housing industry's postwar goal is 1,250,000 new homes each year for 10 years. New suburbs will pop up, and a lot of slum clearance, possibly with Federal help, is looked for. The cost of a new house a year from now is a highly disputed subject, but some contractors say that prices will be 30 percent above prewar figures, while the Government is considering measures to assure a certain amount of low-cost housing.

It's not yet clear when gadgets based on wartime innovations and discoveries will hit the civilian market, but it's noteworthy that 100 new television stations have applied for permits and that the experts figure the cost of television sets at $200 in the near future.

In the magic world of chemicals, there should be numerous innovations. A treated soap will remove dirt, oil and grease in cold brine or any other kind of water. A hormone spray will help farmers cut down the pre-harvest fall of fruit. Cellophane is likely to wrap more and more grocery products, from compressed eggs and fruit juice crystals to coffee cubes. Frozen foods and frozen-food cabinets are deemed certain to reach new peaks of popularity.

THE food situation, a year from now, should be generally good. Sugar and cooking oils may still be short, and hot dogs and hamburgers will probably still contain cereal fillers in place of quantities of lean meat. Rice, more popular in the South than in any other part of the country, will be another scarce item, but according to the Department of Agriculture, fresh vegetables will be available "in adequate supply" and fresh fruits will be "in satisfactory shape."

As far as taxes enter the picture, life should be quite a bit brighter next year. Six months after President Truman or Congress declares that hostilities are formally ended, all Federal excise taxes will slide back to 1942 levels. This means that the Federal tax on liquor will go down from $1.55 a fifth to $1.03. Jewelry and fur taxes will drop from 20 to 10 percent, and the Federal tax on a barrel of beer will be $7 instead of $8. Long-distance telephone calls will be taxed 20 percent instead of the current 25.

Some soothsayers predict that income taxes will be down about 10 percent, and there may or may not be special exemptions for ex-servicemen. A score of bills in Congress call for special advantages to veterans, but most of them—including a bill that would give every veteran a lifetime $2,000 income-tax exemption—probably don't stand a ghost of a chance. Some quarters, however, think that Congress may forgive some part of whatever taxes piled up on GIs while they were in service.

This is a complex and troubled world just now, and full of imponderables, but with a little luck and a reasonable show of intelligence and good will on the part of its inhabitants, the United States a year from now ought to be a pretty good place to live in.

"Come to think of it, I believe we have *just* the car you're looking for!"

Seeing Berlin

A CAMERA TOUR OF GERMANY'S CAPITAL CITY WITH YANK PHOTOGRAPHER SGT. EUGENE KAMMERMAN.

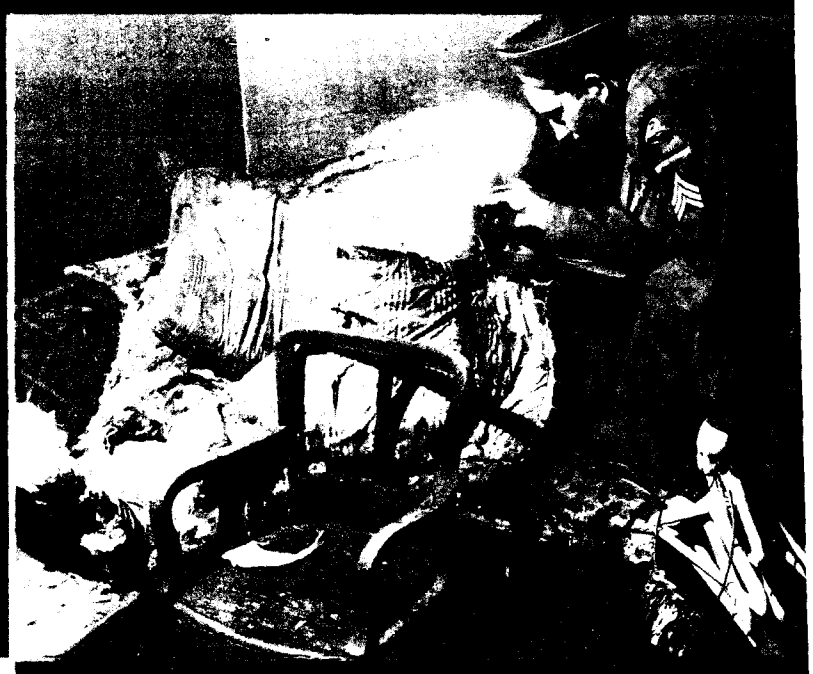
The avenues through the Potsdamer Platz, Berlin's Times Square, have bee cleaned up, but most of the buildings around it were damaged beyond repai

A bunch of roving GIs, with one of them standing up in the jeep like a guide in Chinatown, have a look at the Brandenburg Gate.

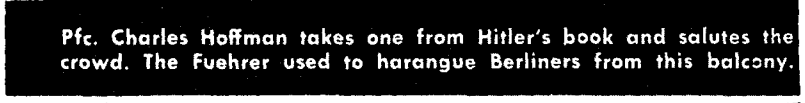
This has been a common sight in Berlin. Men and women up to 55 years of ag have had to work sometimes 10 hours a day, six days a week, cleaning up the cit

built as part of Hitler's Reichschancellery

The SS lived well. This was part of a latrine in barracks for men guarding the Chanceliery.



A GI examines a couch in a concrete shelter where, some people sa Hitler died. The shelter was deep underground next to the Chancelle

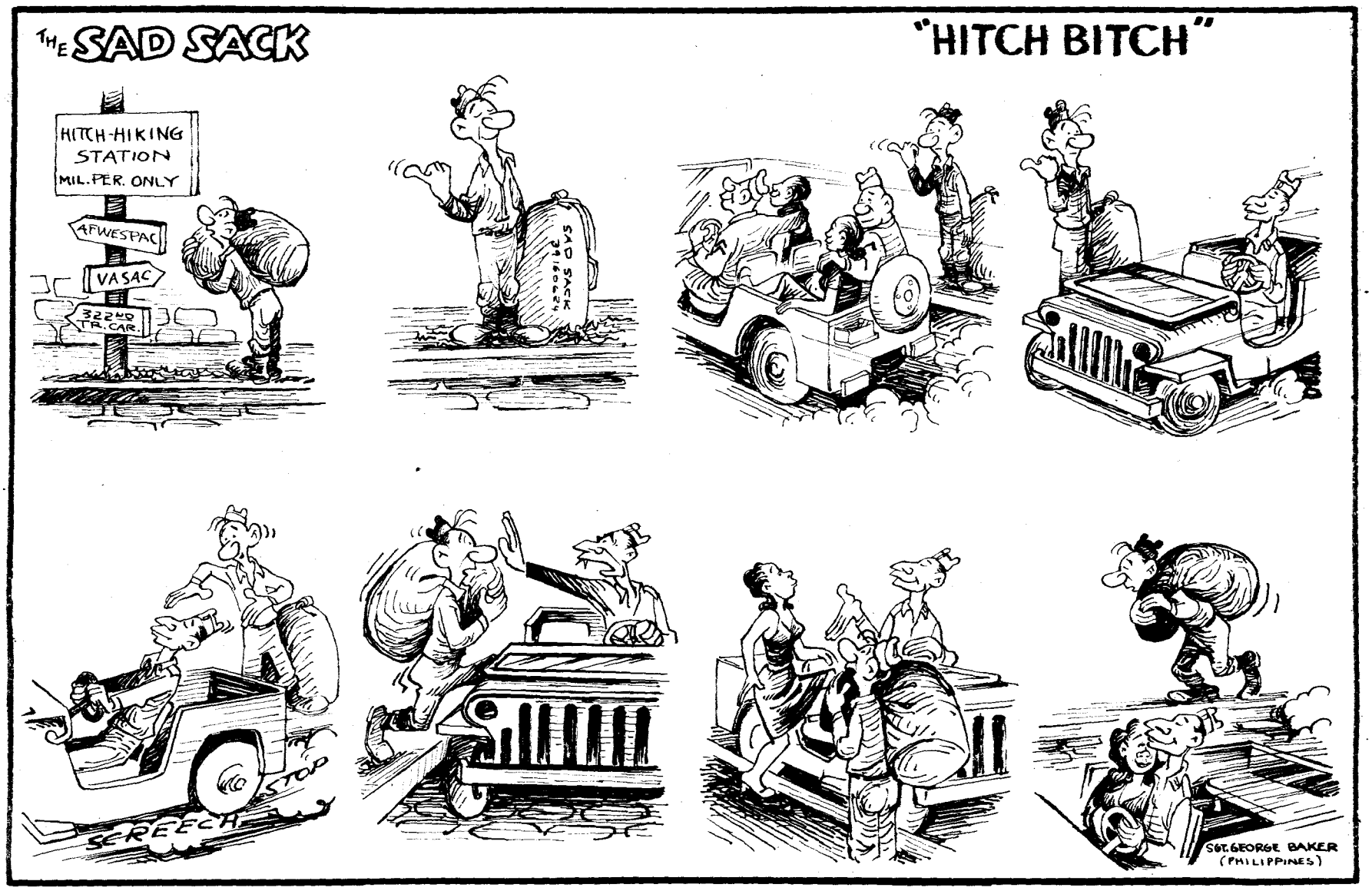


Pfc. Charles Hoffman takes one from Hitler's book and salutes the crowd. The Fuehrer used to harangue Berliners from this balcony.

A lot of Allied and German foot traffic uses the Charlottenburger Chaussee, leading into Unter den Linden. The reviewing stand was for Big Three ceremonies.

The war didn't entirely smash Berlin night life. The Femina is one of the most popular night clubs, even at black market prices. Many Allied officers go there.

One way to see Berlin is by courtesy of the Russians. These GIs are being taken in a Russian Army wagon. Ruins of the Hotel Adlon are at right.



KP at Officers' Mess

Dear YANK:

There have been so many arguments over a GI's right to refuse KP at officers' mess that I wish you would settle it for us once and for all. Some of the guys here say that no GI can be made to work at officers' mess unless he volunteers for the job, while others say that you have to take the KP if you are ordered to. I always thought that no officer can use an enlisted man as a servant and that KP would come under the heading of working as a servant at officers' mess. Am I right?

Hawaii —S/Sgt. JOSEPH L. KRAMER

■ You are not right. Although it is true that no officer may use an enlisted man as a servant, it does not follow that compulsory KP at officers' mess is at all times and under all circumstances a violation of the law of Congress. A recent bulletin of the Judge Advocate General of the Army (July 1945, page 278) states that the test is whether the services to be performed are in the capacity of a private servant for an officer or "to accomplish a necessary military purpose." The opinion points out that "it may be as much an essential military need that officers be fed, as that gasoline be placed in airplanes and tanks, or that enlisted men be fed at Government messes. In each of these instances the primary object to be accomplished is not the personal welfare of the soldier or the pilot of the airplane, but the furtherance of the military purpose . . ."

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

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

Business Loan

Dear YANK:

While I was inducted in the State of California, my real home is in Ohio. When I am discharged I expect to go back to Ohio and set up a business. I told one of my friends about my plan and my desire to take advantage of the GI Bill of Rights via a business loan, and he said I wouldn't get the dough. He contends that I will have to go into business in California in order to cash in on the GI Bill of Rights. Is he right?

Philippines —Pfc. BILL STEWART

■ He is not right. Your place of induction at the time of entering the service has nothing to do with your rights under the GI Bill of Rights. The GI Bill of Rights is Federal legislation, and it does not set up any State barriers on the use of its benefits. A business loan under the GI Bill of Rights may be used to set up a business anywhere in the United States, its territories or possessions.

Soldier's Debts

Dear YANK:

I signed a note for a pal just before I entered the service. Now I hear tell he is in the Navy and that he has stopped paying the loan. Since he owes over $600 I am afraid the loan company may try to make me meet the monthly payments while I am still in service. Is there any way I can protect myself in case they do get some kind of court order against me?

Okinawa —S/Sgt. STANLEY L. BUCKNER

■ There is. If you are not able to meet the payments because you have no other income than your military pay you may ask the court to postpone its action until you are discharged. Under the Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act the court has the power to suspend action until you are out of service if it finds that your ability to pay has been impaired by your military service.

Clothing Allowance

Dear YANK:

I am an honorably discharged soldier and I am presently in a veterans' hospital. Some of the men here have told me that I was supposed to have gotten a clothing allowance of $150 when I was discharged. I know that I have never received the money and yet several of the boys here tell me they got it. Will I receive it when I leave the veterans' hospital, or did I just get cheated out of my money?

U. S. Veteran Hospital
Oteen, N. C. —A FORMER SOLDIER

■ Someone most be kidding you. There is no such thing as a civilian-clothing allowance for a man who is discharged from service. The only money a dischargee receives is his mustering-out pay, which amounts to $200 for those who served only within the continental limits of the United States, and $300 for those who served overseas.

PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

The Magic Jeep

ONCE upon a time in a tiny village in Italy there lived a lone, forlorn, little 2d looey. He was a Chemical Warfare officer, but since there hadn't been any chemical warfare, he was put in charge of a photo lab. Now, this little looey had many big brother officers, but they looked upon him with disdain, for they all had magnificent prancing jeeps and went dashing off to all sorts of fashionable affairs with buxom *signorine*, while the poor little looey sat around the photo lab night after night and wondered what the hell he was doing there.

Then one day the secretary of the officers' club announced that a grand ball—a ball to end all balls—would take place the following night. All the officers clapped their hands and chortled with glee, each thinking of the lovely *signorina* or British or American nurse they would squire to the dance . . . but the poor little 2d looey merely sat in his shack, deeper than ever in gloom.

On the night of the ball his brother officers all laughed like mad as they chose their clothes for the shindig. All of them had had their greens and their pinks pressed and cleaned. Finally, with a great bangling and jangling of brass, they trooped gaily out, trailing peals of ringing laughter for the poor looey who had no vehicle of his own with which to go to the ball.

The looey sat and piddled with his gas mask, and a great big tear rolled slowly down his plump cheek.

At that moment the door burst open and a cigar-smoking T-5 stood there and said, "Lieutenant, don't you ever leave the photo lab?"

"I wish, oh, I wish," the looey said wistfully, "that I could leave here. Oh, I wish I had a magnificent prancing jeep to go to the ball with."

"I wish you had, too," the T-5 said. "I got uses for this shack tonight. Maybe I can fix it for you."

"You can?" the looey asked. Looking through his tear-filled eyes, he thought there was a slight halo around the fat head of the T-5. "Are you a good fairy?"

"Sir, let's watch that kind of talk," the T-5 said sternly.

"Well, you seem to have a glow about you."

"I may have a bit of a buzz on," the T-5 admitted. "Now, let's see, there isn't any jeep for the Chem. Warfare Section. Okay. I happen to know that the major has a jeep waiting each night. At midnight a certain nurse returns from her date with a general, and the major takes off to see her. Suppose I give you a trip ticket for that jeep . . ."

"Oh, I would like to go to the ball," the looey said, "but how can you give me a trip ticket?"

"There ain't nothing a T-5 can't do," the soldier said, flicking the ash from his cigar. Then, with a twist of his wrist, he pulled a piece of paper and pen from the air, made out a trip ticket, and skillfully signed the major's name.

"Oh, wonderful!" the looey cried, clapping his hands with glee. Then his face became wistful again. "Oh, what will I do for a babe?" he asked.

The T-5 said, "Well, I don't like to do this, but I want the shack real bad tonight. Stop at my girl's house—the third farmhouse down the road—and tell them I sent you. Take her sister, you'll think she's the most beautiful gal in all Italy—unless you see my gal."

So the looey, beaming with joy, his gold bars aflame, jumped into his pinks and was about to dash for the motor pool, when the T-5 suddenly warned him, "Remember, you must have the jeep back at the motor pool at the stroke of midnight, or we'll both be way up that creek. The CO is rough."

"Oh, I will, I will," the looey promised, anxious to get going.

That night, as the officers, resplendent in their brass, pushed their gals around the floor, the door opened and over the threshold glided the most luscious, the most well-stacked, the most *molto bella* doll that ever graced the 6,000-*lire* rug of the officers' club. At her side was the little looey, glowing with pride and joy.

All the officers stared and whispered as the looey and his dish cut a mean rug, and when some of the brass wanted to cut in, the little looey growled, "Lay off," and kept the doll to himself. At exactly 11:30, the looey and his beautiful doll disappeared.

So from that time on the little looey and the gorgeous gal were seen at all the balls and affairs, while the light bulbs in the photo lab were brightly lit as the T-5 had his own little happy evenings. And each night the looey would whisk the pretty *signorina* away in the golden jeep at exactly 11:30, leaving all the officers puzzled, as the party really got going about that time.

ALAS and alack, one moonlight night, when the looey was making time for the motor pool after having bade *buona sera* to his lady fair, he ran over a cruel piece of glass, which cut his tire all to hell. There was the poor looey, miles from the motor pool, his tire flat, and no T-5 to help him. There was only one thing to do, and the little looey did it. He mounted the golden jeep and drove bumpety-bump, bumpety-bump to the motor pool and promptly fled into the night.

Now, when the major came for his jeep to make his nocturnal run, he saw the flat and promptly blew his royal gasket, since he knew he would not see his fair nurse this night. His bellowing aroused the whole motor pool and the matter of the forged trip ticket came up, whereupon the major bellowed and roared and promised that he would do some royal chewing in the morning.

The next day he went from officer to officer, showing them the forged trip ticket, and each officer said, "Not I, I was reading up on the Articles of War last night, sir." Finally the major reached the little looey, who broke down and confessed that he wanted to be a big fish in the officers' pond, and that he was guilty.

The major's big face turned beet red, and as he took a deep breath to huff and puff and blow the looey down, the top kick came running in and said, "You're wanted on the 'phone, sir."

"You wait here!" the major stormed at the shaking looey, and strode out of the lab.

"Oh me, oh my, what am I to do?" wailed the stricken looey. "My goose is indeed well-cooked."

The T-5 appeared in the door and whispered, "Take it easy. I hears from the grapevine that things will yet be okay." So saying, the T-5 blew out a cloud of smoke from his big cigar and disappeared.

Minutes later the major returned, sweating and badly shaken. He put his arms around the surprised looey. "You have done me a great service. It seems the general was there till long after midnight last night, and if he had ever caught me there . . . brother!" Then the major shook the looey's hand and said, "Gold bar, I have these many nights noticed the lights burning in this photo lab. Such meritorious labor on your part, far and above the normal call of duty, must be rewarded. Tomorrow you get the Bronze Star, and every night up to midnight you can use my jeep . . . only watch that glass on the road."

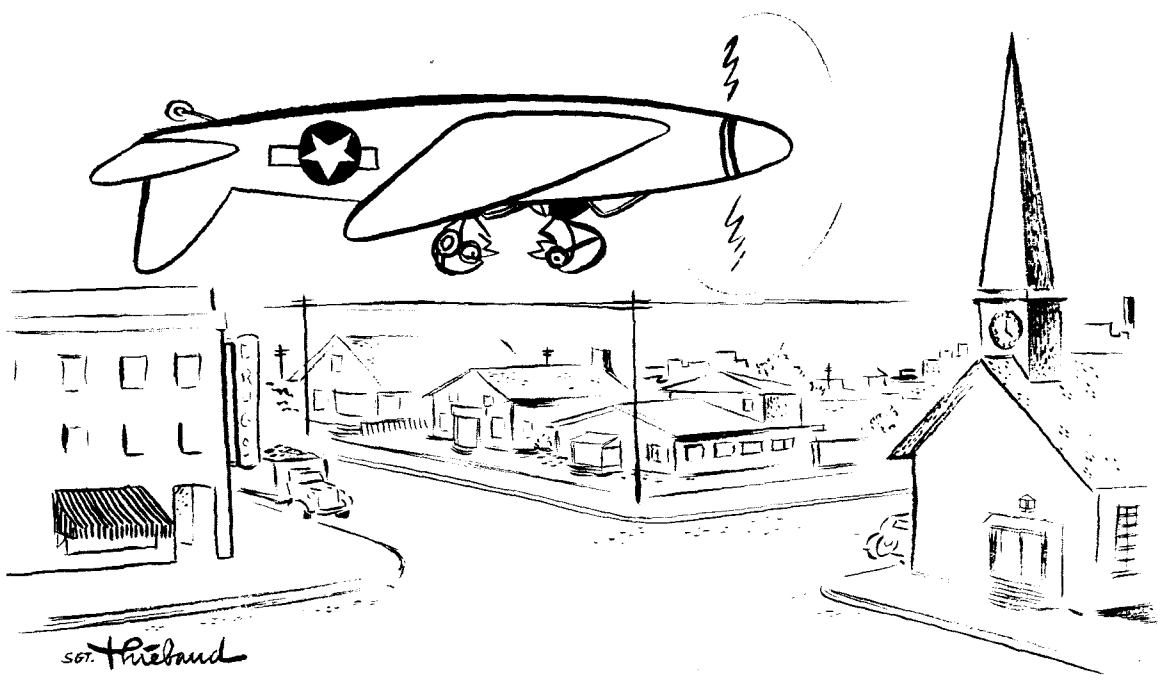
And so the major went out and the T-5 appeared in a blaze of smoke and the little looey said, "Oh, what can I do for you, mighty T-5?"

"I'd like a leave in Rome. Got some unfinished business there."

"You shall have a 10-day leave this very minute," said the little looey. From that time on the little looey, the T-5 and the major lived happily ever after, till they returned to the States, which wasn't as soon as they expected, incidentally.

Italy —Cpl. LEON H. DICKSTEIN

"There *must* be some mistake, Sergeant."
—Pfc. Frederick Wildfoerster, Camp Cooke, Calif.



"We must be pretty high—I can't even see the ground."
—Sgt. Wayne Thiebaud, Mather Field, Calif.

GOODBYE TO ALL THAT

It won't be long, the papers say,
'Til I can join the millions
Who go their merry, carefree way:
The poor, fouled-up civilians.
No more CS, no more GI—
It's almost past believing.
KP, CQ, OD—Goodbye;
That life I'll soon be leaving.
My ribbons I can throw away,
I'm through with stripes and medals;
No more I'll hear, as of today,
That crap the sergeant peddles.
The mess hall, with its powdered eggs,
I now can leave behind me,
The rules compiled in Army Regs
No longer rule and bind me.
The shining brass, commanding, stern,
From them VJ-Day spares me.
To normal life I can return—
But, Jeez—the idea scares me!

Seattle, Wash. —T-4 LESTER ASHEIM

HAPPY SOLDIERS

It's easy to pick California soldiers;
They are not in the least downhearted.
They're smiling because they're right at home
Now that the Autumn rains have started.

Italy —Cpl. HARRY P. VOLK

PW Baby Cage

Captured *Wehrmacht* GIs between the ages of 12 and 17 get special indoctrination in democracy at this PW school sparked by a Yank pfc.

By Cpl. HOWARD KATZANDER
YANK Staff Correspondent

COMPIEGNE, FRANCE—At 14, Julius Meyer was just two inches taller than a standard German rifle. His brown hair was cut short and combed straight down over his forehead and temples from the cowlick at the point of his skull. He had blue eyes with long, curling lashes and the smooth face of innocent boyhood. He wore an odd mixture of GI cast-offs and items of German Army clothing issue, including field shoes that turned up oddly at the toes because they were much too big for him. When he stepped out with his right foot along the dusty camp street, a white letter P painted on his trouser leg flashed in the sun. When he brought his left leg forward, you could see the W.

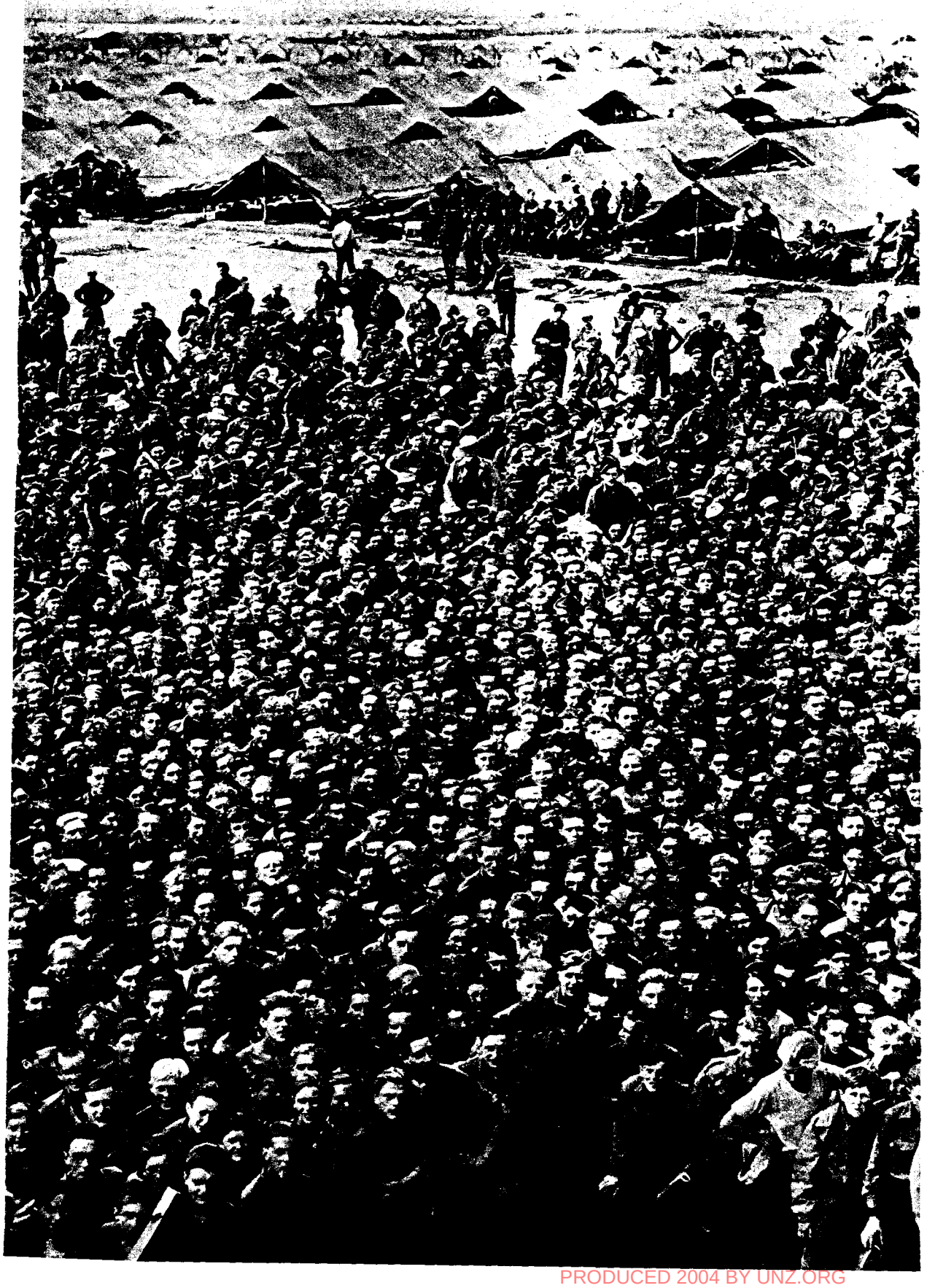
Julius lived at Kepten, in Bavaria. He was a member of the Hitler *Jugend* and had learned at school that might is right, that democracy is man's greatest weakness, that "Aryan" Germans are the finest expression of the human race and that to have Jewish blood in one's veins is a crime greater than either arson or murder. He learned that the noblest fate open to a German was to die on the field of battle in defense of the Nazi Fatherland.

In December of last year Julius was given his chance to achieve this nobility. He was drafted into the *Wehrmacht* along with almost every boy of his age in his home village.

Like most youngsters in the German Army, he was assigned to antiaircraft and trained for a place in a 20mm. gun crew. Near Wiesbaden, on March 28, he was captured with the rest of the crew before he ever had a chance to fire his weapon in combat.

Today, Julius is at CCPWE 15, near here, one of 7,000 inmates of what is known as the "Baby Cage" for prisoners of war between the ages of 12 and 17. His life there is as different from that of prisoners of war elsewhere as it can be.

Here are some of the 7000 young Germans who are getting a new education at their PW camp.



He is under no military discipline. When an American approaches him in the camp, he tips his hat and says "Good morning," instead of saluting. When he goes for his morning walk outside the confines of the camp, he strolls along as one of a casual mob that might be any group of civilians out to enjoy the country air. When he comes back from the walk he is likely as not to be carrying a stone, not a very big stone and not too small either, to be used to form a foundation for a camp walk that will be relatively free of mud when the rains come.

He goes to school every other day and learns principally tolerance of other peoples' ideas, tolerance of other races and religions. He is taught by German PWs, men who in civilian life were clergymen or teachers and who are relatively free of Nazi taint.

In his leisure time he amuses himself in any way he sees fit: Playing cards, which he made himself, or reading one of the 600 books in the "Baby Cage" library, or in some form of sport, or poking his head through the windows of the auditorium to listen to a music lesson or a concert or a talk on American history.

THE spark plug of this experiment in re-education is Pfc. Francis Tourtellot of Providence, R. I. Before he was drafted, Tourtellot taught German at Brown University and the University of Wisconsin, where he was preparing to take his Ph.D. Almost since the day he entered the Army two years ago, Tourtellot has been working with German prisoners, first as a member of a prisoner-processing unit back in the States, then over here. When his unit was dissolved and shipped out from CCPWE 15 several months ago, Tourtellot remained behind to help organize the camp for younger PWs.

The officers in charge of the camp listen with respect to this pfc's opinions and allow him almost complete freedom in carrying out the experiment. He exercises over his 7,000 charges an easy authority which leaves them no room for doubt as to his control, yet seldom gives them the feeling of regimentation.

Tourtellot's office is a building made out of old kitchen tents and walled inside with German army blankets, as are most of the structures in the camp. Upholstered benches, also covered with German blankets, are built against the walls. There is a big conference table where he meets with the heads of his PW faculty, and desks where his staff of young PWs keeps his files and handles his correspondence.

From this office Pfc. Tourtellot directs the teaching of such subjects as arithmetic, biology, English, American history, geography, German, music, religion and sports, all of which are required. There are also elective subjects such as algebra, geometry, chemistry, drawing, advanced English, French, Russian, Spanish and a stenography and shorthand course.

The most popular language course is Russian.

There are also practical courses in agriculture and farming, commercial subjects and trades,

Pfc. Francis Tourtellot, who directs education, talks with some pupils.

one of which must be taken by each youth for one hour each week.

These courses are for the Germans. But there are upwards of 100 Hungarians and 135 Latvians among the 7,000, most of whom do not speak German well enough to attend German classes. So special schools have been organized for them, more limited in scope but covering the essential subjects.

Textbooks were almost impossible to get, so most of the teaching is done from memory. Teachers spend two hours preparing the work for each one-hour class. Some English books were available, such as paper-bound volumes of "The Republic" by Beard, and "The Republic" by Plato, in addition to American histories and other GI educational publications, but because this is not a GI school, books of all kinds were scarce. Most of the volumes in the library were contributed by the YMCA in Paris.

Tourtellot holds regular meetings with the principal teachers in each subject, discussing general policy and impressing them constantly with the need for combatting nationalism, the deep-seated spirit of militarism, racial pride and the ideas instilled by German propaganda.

Most of the boys have never known any other teaching except that given them by Nazi schoolmasters, and they were as unconscious of the basic principles of democratic thought as they might be expected to be. They got their first practical lesson in democracy when the question came up of making the study of English compulsory. There was some division of opinion and finally it was put to the democratic process of a vote.

THE prisoners conducted the balloting themselves. They were thoroughly instructed on the question, then each wrote his desire on a piece of paper. The tellers were young PWs, and the vote was compiled by them. In announcing the results, Tourtellot posted on the camp bulletin board the following notice:

"Through your own free choice you have decided that English be made a compulsory course. Two-thirds of you have voted for it, one-third against it."

Thus Hitler's children were introduced to the principle of majority rule.

Attempts to twist this principle to their personal advantage are rare among the PWs, but they happen. Among the rations issued occasionally to the boys are the contents of K boxes. These, as every GI knows, contain cigarettes. But Tourtellot decided at the start that the boys were not to be given cigarettes. Some he regarded as too young to smoke, and the difficulty of separating those from the older boys was too great. Then, too, the buildings in the camp are highly inflammable and the boys sleep on tinder-dry straw mats, which make the danger even greater. So, no cigarettes for the boys.

Then one day it was decided that the cadre at the camp would get the cigarettes that came in their K boxes. The other boys learned this and immediately put up a howl. That evening some 300 of them stormed Tourtellot's office. They wanted to know whether this was a decision of the camp commandant or simply a device to permit the cadre to divide up all the cigarettes. They were ordered by the camp's chief of police, a PW, to disperse. They answered with such cries as "Beat him up!" and "Throw him in the ditch!" They were real mad.

Then Tourtellot came along and sent them packing. Next morning there was a notice on the bulletin board. Because of the disturbance the night before, it declared, there would be no breakfast that day. The failure of the inmates to control the handful of hotheads in their midst was the responsibility of all, and all would be punished.

"Thus," Tourtellot contended, "they learned that democracy holds the interests of the majority above the demands of an outspoken minority and that a whole people can be made to suffer for the excesses of its leaders."

The prisoners have their own police and court systems. Inmates who were preparing for careers as lawyers comprise the court's judges and jury, and all crimes are tried by them. The prisoners have their own defense attorneys and prosecutors. American personnel at the camp attend trials only as observers.

ONE case tried before the PW court involved the theft of a sweater from one youth and its sale to another. Three witnesses, in the course of their testimony, involved themselves in the crime by stating that the accused had given them the loot to hide overnight or by indicating in other ways knowledge of the offense. The court sentenced all of them—witnesses as well as accused—to heavy labor for several days.

The prisoners take a deep interest in these trials. They crowd into the auditorium until there is hardly room to breathe, and those who can't get in stand at the windows or lean with an ear against the canvas sides of the structure to hear what goes on inside.

Much of the instruction of the youths is devoted to the works of men whose writings and compositions were banned in Germany because they were Jews. Many of these Germans are hearing for the first time some of the music of Mendelssohn and the poems of Heinrich Heine.

The reaction of the prisoners to this kind of treatment is hard to weigh. They are docile, obedient, eager to help whenever they can, and display all the more charming sides of the German character which have made so many GIs like them better than the French, the Belgians or even the Dutch. They take their schooling seriously, and frequently in writing compositions they express appreciation of the opportunity of learning something during their months behind barbed wire.

Probably the best gauge of the effect the teaching is having on the students is the results of the examinations they have taken. In August, teachers and students alike were asked to answer "true" or "false" to some 200 statements.

One of these was: "Hitler was a great idealist." Only 2,254 thought this was right, and 4,009 labeled it wrong. The remaining 637 were undecided.

Another statement declared: "Adolf Hitler was an insane criminal." This was labeled right by 2,960 prisoners, while 2,981 called it wrong and 959 prisoners were undecided.

Eight hundred and eighteen out of 7,000 professed to think war an evil only when it is not won and 4,347 said they think that "as a race, the Chinese are of equal value to the Germans."

True-or-false statements that hit at basic principles of Nazi thought brought a surprising reaction. One of them was: "Such a thing as a master race is non-existent." Of the students, 4,394 said they thought this right and 1,393 marked it wrong. The other 1,113 were undecided. Ninety-one of the teachers called it right, and 41 called it wrong.

Another statement was: "The small, unimportant Nazis are also to blame for Germany's crimes." One hundred teachers called this right and 30 wrong, while only 2,575 students agreed with it and 3,380 called it wrong.

Faced with the assertion that "the Nazi leaders who are now in Allied captivity should all be hung by the neck without delay," 3,170 of the students said they agreed with this and 2,925 thought it wrong. Of the teachers, only 26 agreed and 95 called it wrong.

The most interesting set of statements concerned anti-Semitism. Here are some of them, and the students' answers:

"I must not marry a Jewish girl because my children will be inferior." Only 514 said they thought this right, and 6,058 labeled it wrong.

"It makes no difference at all if I marry a Jewess." Only 924 called this false, and 5,376 labeled it true. A third of the teachers called it false.

"It makes no difference at all if I have Jewish ancestors." Only 668 labeled this false, 5,814 calling it true.

There were two additional true-false statements of the "Have you stopped beating your wife yet?" variety. One ran this way: "If I have a pure Aryan father and a Jewish mother, then I am only half inferior." This was rejected as spurious reasoning by 6,333 youths. The second went as follows: "Converted Jews are not so bad as Orthodox Jews." The results indicated a certain lack of logical follow-through in the boys' thinking, 319 calling it correct, 2,647 calling it false, and the largest proportion, 2,734, being undecided.

TOURTELLOT believes that this group of questions poses some interesting possibilities for analysis. It would seem, at first glance, that although anti-Semitism was one of the primary principles of Nazism, the youth of Nazi Germany was not greatly impressed by it despite years of effort by the greatest propaganda machine in the world. However, there is also the likelihood that in this instance the prisoners were answering the questions the way they suspected the American Army would like to see them answered.

Tourtellot himself won't give a flat opinion as to the effectiveness of his work. "All I do is carry out the program and get the results on paper," he said. "You can draw your own conclusions."

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

Mail Call

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This Week's Cover

THIS GI, Pfc. Charles Hoffman of Elvenon, Pa., is using some off-duty time to do a little sightseeing in Berlin. Behind the broken tree on which he's taking it easy is the Grosser Stern, a monument commemorating Germany's victory over France in the Franco-Prussian War. See pages 12 and 13 for more pictures of soldier tourists in Berlin.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. Eugene Kammerman. 2, 3 & 4—Sgt. George Burns. 5—Cpl. Tom Kane. 7—PA. 12 & 13—Sgt. Kammerman. 16 & 17—Cpl. Howard Katzander. 20—Sgt. Ralph Stein. 21—Sgt. Ray Kenny. 23—Acme.

Fraternization

Dear YANK:

I have just finished reading your article on the life and death of the non-fraternization experiment and have several things to tell you. At the outset, let me state that I am entirely in favor of the non-fraternization policy and, at the same time, patently admit both its failure and unenforceability. My resentment at the GI and his officers for this failure, and at the vacuous note taken in your article, stems from the realization that certain things may follow from the death of the policy. . . .

Germans are our enemies and will be for some time to come. No soft soap can wash that fact away. Their political philosophy, the air they were brought up in, are inimical to everything we know. Their national anguish is not that they plunged a whole world into a bloody conflict, destroyed almost a generation of Europeans, degraded and maimed others, burned and pillaged and desecrated from one end of Europe to the other, but rather that they lost the war. . . . People, whosoever they are, need no special education to be taught basic right from basic wrong—killing innocent people is wrong. Buchenwald and Dachau are wrong, the razing of Lidice was wrong, forcing millions into slavery was wrong, the starving of every Dutch child under one year of age was wrong. The Germans knew this, despite their mewling protestations to the contrary. How, then, can any American be friends with these people?

Why hide this behind the hypocritical argument that only "normal" human relationships can educate the Germans? Ever try to educate a German that way? He'll take your cigarette, drink your beer, and will then tell you of the mistake you made fighting the Germans on the side of the Russians. She, also, will take whatever you have to give her and then will insist that if the *SS* had had the munitions, the machines and the gas, you'd never be in Germany.

Then there's the VD rate, most of it of German origin. Speaking with VD patients as individuals and in groups, I learned that practically every one of them considered the Army to blame for his gonorrhea or his syphilis. They demanded to know why we allowed women with VD to run around free. . . . Few of them recognized, or were even willing to admit, their own responsibility. It was proven to them that, among all the diseases known to medicine, VD is the easiest to prevent, that, as the uses of penicillin were being investigated and more diseases found to be vulnerable to it, it was almost a crime to divert supplies from hospitals and clinics back home to treat ETO VD of German origin. We can't estimate how many American women will become chronic invalids from German-imported gonorrhea, how many American infants will be born macerated from German-imported syphilis. Probably not many, because of the vigilance of American Army medicine; no thanks to their husbands and fathers.

What about the roar from ETO throats at the news from home that girls were dating Italian PWs? Smacks a little of hypocrisy, doesn't it? If Italian PWs are still our enemies, who the hell has pardoned German women?

The non-fraternization policy, unenforceable by edict, is enforceable only through the voluntary assumption of responsibility by every American officer and enlisted man. I submit that the American soldier has failed miserably; that this is one thing for which he can't blame the brass.

Germany —A MEDICAL OFFICER

International Veterans

Dear YANK:

Capt. Monroe's letter proposing an international veterans' association made one of the most logical and commendable suggestions I've heard in quite some time.

As Capt. Monroe stated, it seems that emphasis is being placed on "bonuses" and legal rights. This is all well and fine and I'm definitely in favor of it, but at the same time let's not make the mistake of accepting these bonuses and legal rights and assuming there is nothing else to do but immediately retire to civilian life again. Rather, let's feel we owe it to our children and to ourselves to take all possible measures to prevent another world conflict such as the one we have just experienced.

This is in the interest of international existence, national existence, better enterprise, our families, our children, our businesses and what we are going to be or hope to be.

Hawaii —Pvt. JAMES B. BOND

Demobilization

Dear YANK:

As a classic example of Army bungling, let us consider the present discharge set-up. The point system was introduced and criticized as being unfair to older men. So the Army cut the discharge age to 38. But now a third factor, length of service, has been introduced.

Of what use to the Army is a man of 37? If he has only a year's service, what can the Army gain by holding him another? His probably multiple dependents also make his allotments a heavy drain on the Treasury. Is the Army trying to convince the younger men with long service that its system is just? Do you younger men believe that men just 35 with just two years' service should be discharged? Or should age be considered with points in arriving at a fair system for discharges? Perhaps the Army is trying to impress the interested Congressman that this new method has merit. Yet under its provisions, unmarried men and non-fathers are given preference in the over-age group, as few pre-Pearl Harbor fathers were drafted before 1944, especially if they were over 35. Their classification as 3-A's kept them out of the Army, and now they must wait until they have served two years before they are granted a discharge.

Civilians over 26 are not being drafted, yet men 37 may be held another year. This does not make sense to me, unless the Army is just out to get its pound of flesh. As taxpayers, we should all be interested in such sheer waste of public money.

I am looking forward to 1948. I believe the present Congress has not properly supervised the activities of our Army during this conflict. There has been no attempt to evaluate the human problems of the men who were drafted.

Ft. Pepperell, Nfld. —Pfc. GEO. W. MARTIN

Dear YANK:

I would like to point out the injustice to servicemen in my category in the recent announcement permitting men over 35 with two years of service to be released. If it was intended to choose the most deserving men over 35, why wasn't the point system adhered to? I was under the impression that that was the purpose of it, to even out discrepancies. Here is my particular case, and I know of many more like it. I was over 35 years of age when I entered the service. I am a pre-Pearl Harbor father.

I am 37 years of age. I have been overseas for 15 months. I have 20 months in the service. I have 53 points.

The injustice is fairly obvious.

Guam —Cpl. R. ARCAMONE

Dear YANK:

I have served in this man's Army for four years, all good time, and have only 48 points towards discharge. I have no overseas credit (other than Texas), but that is due to no fault of my own. Any requests issued by me for overseas service were politely ignored. I have been more or less planted in these IARTCs.

My chief complaint is the method of discharge. Since hostilities have ceased, it is my firm belief that the point system for release should be discontinued and let the ones out with the longest service in the Army, regardless of whether or not they served overseas. It seems most unfair to ask someone to occupy overseas or even remain in the Army more than six months from VJ-Day. It definitely is not my fault that I have no overseas service to my credit. I asked to go.

There are ever so many men who were unfit for active duty, but there are ever so many jobs they could do in the Army of Occupation, if nothing else but cleaning latrines. It's about my turn

"They must have been a couple of MPs."
—Sgt. Tom Flannery

to return to freedom and live like a normal person.

When I entered this Army, I had a great deal of patriotism and really felt it my patriotic duty to be in the service of my country and do whatever there was to be done, trying to take it in my stride. Now, my patriotism has dwindled so far, and my morale is about 500 minus.

—Cpl. NESBITT McMICHAEL

Camp Maxey, Texas

Dear YANK:

Why wouldn't it be sensible to bring back to the States all the men who aren't going to be used for occupation, regardless of their points, and send them home on indefinite furloughs while their papers are sent to the closest separation center for processing?

Why should men have to sit around on foreign soil doing little or nothing, awaiting their turn to be discharged, when they could be home with their families making preparations and plans to re-enter civilian life? This is precious time being absolutely wasted.

When the separation center was ready to process the soldier for discharge, it could wire him when to report. I can assure you there would be no AWOLs.

Alaska —Cpl. W. M. FLEMING

Dear YANK:

I've just read your article in YANK, "How Soon Out?" and since I've read it I still wonder why you never mentioned the poor guy with a pre-Pearl Harbor family. I'm the father of four children, three of them pre-Pearl Harbor, and I haven't seen them for over six months. I wasn't like most dads. I was more of a brother or pal to my kids and miss them and they miss me.

You probably are thinking TS. Well, when the war was on I could understand my being here, but now it is over and I would like to get back to my wife and kids and that is why I say I wonder, "How Soon Out?" If we would even have a promise, even if it was only a latrine rumor, it would give us a little hope. But it so happened that we ain't even mentioned, or even thought about. Maybe the American home being kept together doesn't mean that much anymore, but I still think somebody should think about us. Even if it doesn't mean anything it would make us feel as though we aren't completely forgotten anyway.

Sheppard Field, Texas —Pvt. LEWIS C. GUIER

Officers Only

Dear YANK:

A boatload of gorgeous creatures, namely nurses, arrived from the States and stopped in Panama for a brief stay before resuming their journey to the Pacific.

Having been granted shore leave, the nurses preferred enlisted escorts to officers. We enlisted men, having had our first chance to date an American girl in many months, were overjoyed but, to top it off, the nurses were placed off limits to enlisted personnel and were not allowed shore leave unless escorted by an officer. The nurses had to be called for at the ship by an officer before they were allowed liberty. Now, what we would like to know is: why were they put off limits to enlisted men? Could it be that the officers were jealous? Or didn't the gentlemen like the competition?

In closing, we would like to thank the nurses for that good old American spirit.

Panama Canal Zone —(Name Withheld)

Physically Unqualified

Dear YANK:

Until recently men in service who did not meet induction physical requirements as set forth in MR1-9 were eligible to apply for discharge under provisions of Sec. II, WD Cir. 370 (1944). This was later rescinded, however, by WD Cir. 32 (1945), and such persons have no way of getting out.

Do you know whether there is at present any authority for discharge of men not qualified physically for induction? And if not, how about putting a bug in the Surgeon General's ear to the effect that they fix it up.

There are several of us with ETO combat time of six months and upwards who are quite likely to get pushed on to Japan soon unless we can get out in this manner. After all, those of us that are over 6'6" tall can't even get adequate clothing and equipment in the States, not to mention what we had to use in Germany—how are they going to supply us in the Pacific?

—T-4 KEITH E. ANDERSON

Camp Gruber, Okla.

Stateside Duty

Dear YANK:

This letter is written in protest against the attitude of some overseas veterans by one of them. There seems to be a growing dangerous tendency among us to set ourselves apart as a sort of special privileged class. Some of us actually look down on the serviceman who had Stateside duty only (secretly envying him). We seem to have forgotten two important things:

1) He takes orders, too, and goes (and serves) where he is *ordered* to, *not* where he wants to go.

2) And, most important, that the Stateside serviceman gets letters from home, too, and don't let us forget it. What difference does it make if a serviceman from Allentown, Pa., is stationed in 'Frisco, he is still 3,200 miles away from home—and is still dying to return. He, too, has to take guff from 90-day blunders. He, too, is *not* a free agent. It is only the fates—and not political pull—that have kept him Stateside.

Remember this, most of us (and stop denying it) fought like hell to stay out of the draft—and were drafted. We hoped against hope not to be sent over—and were sent.

Not only that, but we griped like the blazes all the time—and prayed and bucked for Stateside duty. Now that we finally are back, let us not make it miserable for the poor serviceman who sweated it out here worrying about being sent overseas. It was just as tough for him.

—IRVING E. GARFINKEL F1c

Shoemaker, Calif.

Post-Pearl Harbor Fathers

Dear YANK:

I have just finished reading a letter written by a Sgt. R. F. Pasierbowicz and it really made my blood boil. But this isn't the first time this has happened; somebody is always picking on us fellows who became fathers after Pearl Harbor. I can name many a man who is in the same position as I am, and we have been in the Army just as long as a lot of single men because the draft board did not even consider a child born after Pearl Harbor.

If we are such slackers and draft-dodgers, I wish that Sgt. Pasierbowicz would please tell me why in hell I am on my 32d month in India and Burma, the worst theater of this war, and still no sign of going home that I can see.

—Pfc. ARNOLD W. JACOBSEN*

Myitkyina, Burma

*Also signed by two others.

Relax Regulations

Dear YANK:

The Army talks about rehabilitating the soldier towards civilian life, like everything else, but all they do is talk about it. Now that the war is over and we are laying around with nothing to do but clean up the barracks and the field—now is the time to start this rehabilitation program instead of having you take recruit drill when having nothing to do. Listed are several things that should be put into practice immediately—things that the average civilian did prior to his entry into the service, and if the average future civilian is anything like this writer he'll go right back to doing the same things again about two seconds after he receives that white piece of paper:

1) Authorize the wearing of civilian clothes during off-duty hours.

2) Lift all pass restrictions, giving every man a Class "A" pass.

3) Ease up on military courtesy; in fact, do away with it entirely.

4) Make your working hours strictly a 40-hour, 5-day week.

This may sound ridiculous to the Regular Army brass hat who is running the show but this is what we fought for and this is the way a civilian is accustomed to living. Now, if any, is the time to execute the above, not the day a man hits the separation center.

Hunter Field, Ga. —(Name Withheld)

Sick Call PT

Dear YANK:

Read this recent order signed by our battalion CO and adjutant:

"Men on 'Sick Call' will report to dispensary at 0715, at which time they will undergo a period of reconditioning which will include drill and calisthenics for one hour under supervision of medical aid men."

Marianas —(Name Withheld)

Strictly GI

Separation Facilities. To speed the release of eligible GIs now Stateside, the WD has established new temporary separation facilities. In the Air Forces the temporary centers will be called Separation Bases, and in the Service Forces, Separation Points. Service Forces "Points" will handle both Service and Ground Forces personnel. By Sept. 24, 155 new facilities were in operation—43 of them Air Forces and 112 Service Forces.

In addition to these, four new regular Separation Centers will be opened Nov. 1, bringing the number of Separation Centers throughout the nation to 26. The new centers will be at Fort Monmouth, N. J.; Fort Knox, Ky.; Camp Grant, Ill., and Camp Fannin, Texas.

The temporary points and bases will handle men already in the States, while the regular Separation Centers will specialize in releasing men just returned from overseas.

Surplus Installations. Seventeen surplus Army installations will be turned over to the Surplus Property Board for assignment to disposal agencies, the WD announced. The Surplus Property Board will examine the installations, and then refer Army-owned property to one or more of the following agencies: The Department of Agriculture for agriculture or forest land; the Department of Interior for grazing or mineral land; the National Housing Agency for housing or real estate; and the Federal Works Agency for utilities not covered under housing. Leases on non-Army-owned land will be canceled.

The installations listed by the Army as surplus include: Fort Brady, Mich.; Camp Callan, Calif.; Fort DuPont, Del.; Camp Ellis, Ill.; Camp Fannin, Texas (except cantonment area); Horn Island, Miss.; Camp McCain, Miss.; Camp Millard, Ohio (leased); Mississippi Ordnance Plant, Miss. (leased); Fort Niagara, N. Y. (part owned, part leased); Philadelphia Port of Embarkation (part owned, part leased); Camp River Rouge, Mich. (leased); Camp Thomas A. Scott, Ind.; Camp Skokie, Ill. (leased); Camp Sutton, N. C. (part owned, part leased); Camp Van Dorn, Miss. (part owned, part leased); Camp Wheeler, Ga. (leased).

Censorship Ended. Censorship of mail and telecommunications of all members of the U. S. Armed Forces in the Pacific-Asiatic theaters and on the European continent was ended by order of the Joint Chiefs of Staff on Sept. 2, 1945. The Army and Navy immediately issued supplementary instructions ending censorship at stations, staging areas and ports of embarkation and bases and installations overseas not specifically covered by the Joint Chiefs' order.

Army unit censorship by company officers was discontinued on the European continent following VE-Day, but a spot check of all mail passing through base post offices had been continued. Both unit and base censorship had been maintained in the Pacific-Asiatic theaters until Sept. 2.

Return from Europe. Return of combat divisions from the ETO is far ahead of schedule, the WD announced. A tentative list of outfits scheduled to come home in the immediate future includes the 10th Armored and the 70th Infantry (October) and the 34th Infantry (December).

The following units have been selected to remain in the ETO as occupation forces: The 1st and 4th Armored Divisions and the 1st, 3rd, 9th, 42d, 78th and 84th Infantry Divisions and the 82d Airborne. It was stressed that these units were being screened of men eligible for discharge and that the list as a whole was subject to change at any time.

General Officers. Reduction in the number of general officers in the Army, to conform with the demobilization now in progress, has started, the WD revealed. Since VE-Day 70 general officers have left active duty or will soon do so and 100 more are in the process of being reduced in grade. Within the next three months only a few of the 136 general officers who were recalled from the retired list for war duty will remain in active service. These will be specialists, retained to train their own replacements.

Many units, the WD pointed out, have been inactivated, with a consequent reduction in general officer requirements. Some generals formerly assigned to these units have been placed in other duties.

Despite demobilization, the WD said, officers are still being promoted in exceptional cases, and the process of reducing the number and rank of general officers will not bar future promotion.

Return of PWs. All Italian Service Unit members will have been returned to their homeland by midwinter, and all enemy prisoners of war will have been cleared from the U.S. by early spring, according to WD expectations. Speedier return of the prisoners, many of whom have been used in essential work in industry and agriculture, has been made possible by the increased rate of discharge from the armed forces, and the release of workers from industry during the reconversion period.

At present, sick and wounded prisoners make up the majority of those being returned to Europe, with the exception of able-bodied members of the Italian Service Units. The Italian units are given priority in repatriation over other able-bodied prisoners because they were the most cooperative PWs held by the United States.

Cut in ATC. Operations of the Army Air Forces Air Transport Command will be drastically cut during the next 10 months, the WD announced. By July 1, 1946, ATC's fleet of nearly 3,000 transport planes will be reduced to about 650. Numbers of transport planes, including C-54s and C-47s, are already being released to be disposed of as surplus property. The Command's present strength of more than 210,000 officers and men will be reduced to about 80,000. By midsummer of 1946, the ATC expects to be flying 79,000 miles of aerial routes compared with the 180,000 miles it flies today. The opening of ports on the China coast, the WD notes, should eliminate the necessity of flying the Hump between India and China.

Undeveloped Film. The Provost Marshal General warned troops overseas to wrap all undeveloped film sent home to the States in separate packages and mark them as such distinctly. The rays of the Inspectroscope, the machine that examines all packages received in the States from overseas, ruin film, it was explained, and many rolls have been damaged because GIs have not followed previous instructions.

It was pointed out, however, that any effort to label packages which contain contraband items "undeveloped film" will be easily detected.

Demobilization of Medics. The WD announced a new plan, supplemental to the officer-demobilization system, to speed the return of medical officers to civilian life. Maj. Gen. Norman Kirk, the Surgeon General, stated that the plan will return 13,000 physicians, 25,000 nurses, 3,500 dentists and a large number of other Medical Department officers to civilian status by Jan. 1, 1946.

Drummer Man

By Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Writer

THE war caught up with Ray McKinley in January 1943, just nine months after he had launched his own band. The band was making a big hit, too. Ray, on the drums, paced it without hogging the limelight, and his renditions of "Beat Me, Daddy," "Scrub Me, Mama" and other sadistic ballads were making his name known beyond the handful of jazz connoisseurs who had followed his career from his first bandstand days with Jimmy Joy and his early recording dates with the great Ben Pollack band.

"We were going good, and I hated to break the band up," said T/Sgt. McKinley, newly returned from 16 months in the ETO. "In fact, I was hoping I wouldn't have to break it up. There was a deal cooking with the Marines to take the whole gang in as a unit. It was 'under consideration.'

"Well, my draft board didn't have to do any considering. They tapped me and I went off to camp and that was the end of the band."

It wasn't a completely bad break for Ray, though. He went into the AAF at a field near New Haven, Conn., and the late Maj. Glenn Miller, then a captain, got in touch with him right away.

"I knew what Glenn was trying to do," Ray said, "to bring guys the kind of music they'd listened to before they were in the Army and that was for me. I started on drums with the band he had in the U. S. and I've been with it ever since."

In those early days of the Miller Air Force band, the routine was mostly broadcasts. The band played the AAF program "I Sustain the Wings," did other radio shows, toured on bond drives, and played concerts. It was all a rehearsal for the Big Time, and the Big Time for an Army band was overseas.

The band took off for England in June 1944. McKinley was a tech then and he still is.

"I was hot for OCS for a while, but Glenn talked me out of it," he said. "I don't know whether it's like that still, but at that time, in the U. S. at least, you couldn't play *in* the band if you had a commission. If I went through OCS, all I could do, if I wanted to stay with music, was to front a band. And I'd feel pretty silly away from my drums."

In England, the band had much the same kind of assignments it had had in the U.S. The boys played for the Army radio network in England, recording a lot of stuff for transcribed broadcasts and playing a few concerts. A few dances, too, but very few.

"You know how it is with dances and officers," Ray recalled. "You play a few dances and then you have to play a few more and before you know it you're getting into a lot of arguments about officers' dances and GI dances. It was safer for us to keep out of the mess. And we could reach more GIs more fairly by radio."

IT was in December 1944 that Maj. Miller was lost on a flight to France just as the band was scheduled to go to Paris. The loss of Miller, the man who had put the band together and sparked it from the U.S. to England, was a tough blow. The Army put T/Sgt. McKinley in charge of the outfit and crossed its fingers.

"They did some talking then about giving me a commission, but I didn't want one," he remembered. "I thought I'd look like a jerk standing up there in Paris in my pretty little suit playing for a lot of guys who'd just come back from the front. They still did some talking, but then the Ardennes breakthrough came along and they had more to worry about than band leaders. I never heard any more about it."

The band played mostly in Paris. Again it wasn't a matter of the band's choice, but of how they could reach the most people.

"Radio and concerts were still the fairest way we had," Ray said. "I know of one case where a general asked Eisenhower direct for the band. He said his men wanted to have it play for them. Ike was supposed to have said, 'Hell, so does everybody else over here.' We stayed put.

"We finally got away in June '45. We recorded eight weeks' stuff in advance for the GI network and then took off for Germany. We were headed for Third Army territory, but most of the Third Army was gone. We still had good crowds, played a lot of Ninth Air Force shows. We played in Regensburg and Munich and Erlanger and in Nuremburg we did a concert with a house of 40,000. All in all, in concerts there and in England we must have played for over 800,000 guys in person."

Ray's and the band's biggest boot came later, however, when they played at an entertainment Gen. Omar Bradley put on for Russian Marshal Konev at Bad Wildungen.

I asked Ray how the Russians liked swing and his face lit up. "They really went for it," he said. "Our band was big, 50 guys and 20 fiddles, and we could put on a real show. We did. They liked the swing stuff best. We had some singers with us, guest artists who did straight ballads, and the Russians listened to them nicely enough, but they didn't break out like they did for the swing. They really showed they liked that.

"Then, too, we had some jitterbugs. Just kids, three Wacs and three GIs, not professionals, but they could throw themselves around. We introduced it as American folk dancing and the Russians really goggled their eyes at it. They sat there and watched and listened and cheered and they smiled just like an old tiger eating cinnamon.

"On top of all that, we had Mickey Rooney and Jascha Heifetz. It was some show. But I still say the swing was what got them."

I asked Ray what kind of concert the band put on for its other GI shows and he said it was pretty much the same.

"We had a good singer, Johnny Desmond, and you'll be hearing a lot more of him after the war," he said. "And a quintet. The reception we got was terrific. I wasn't surprised at the big hand we got in England, but I thought that when we got to Paris it might not mean so much to the guys from the front; they'd been through so much and anything might seem stale. It was just the opposite. We got an even bigger hand in France and Germany than we got in England.

"We had one production number that rang the bell. We dreamed it up just as a gag to the tune of 'Acc-Cent-Tchu-Ate the Positive.' It had one of those bass backgrounds like the Golden Gate boys use and I did the solo, a sermon thing we called 'The Parable of Normandy.' It was just a swing story of the landings and the offensive, but the guys liked it."

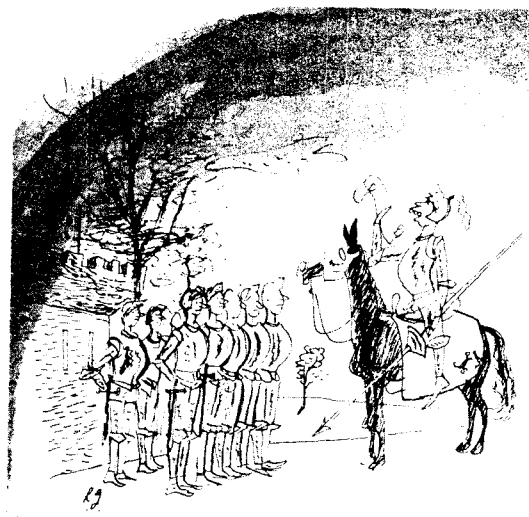
RAY stands to get out in a hurry now under the over-35 clause. He and the band came back together and the band will go on broadcasting some, but Ray is due for a quick trip to Civvie Street. He doesn't have immediate plans for a new band of his own, either.

"The music is still in the Army and you can quote me on that," he said. "Sure, I'm going to have my own band again, but I want to wait till I can get a good one. If I get out now and fill up with a lot of young kids, they'll be drafted and then where'll I be? Wait till the Army loosens up and lets out a few of the boys and all the bands will start showing an improvement.

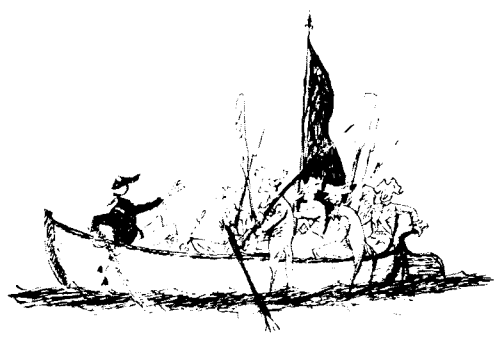
"Any way you look at it, the first thing I've got to do is change this suit."

T/Sgt. Ray McKinley is more at home at drums, but he can run a finger over the ivories to make a picture.

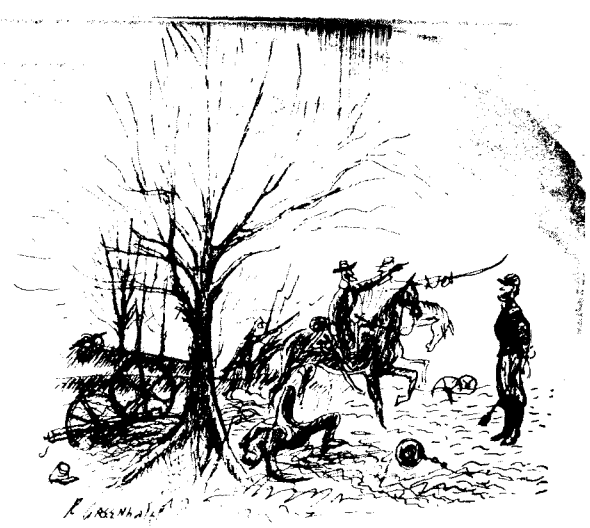
A GIRL of many accomplishments, Daun Kennedy was an usher, a welder, a singer and a messenger girl before she became a movie actress. Daun was born in Seattle, Wash., on Nov. 13, 1922, but she didn't stay there long. Her father is a Government surveyor and his work took him and Daun to every part of the country. Daun is a tall (5 feet 6) girl, with honey-blonde hair and brown eyes. She weighs 116 pounds. Her new picture for Universal is "That Night With You."



"Hear ye, hear ye! Starting today ye olde town of Camelot will be off-limits, see?"



"Remember this, men—when we have crossed the Delaware greatcoats *will* be buttoned."



"Get a detail to put a flagpole over there, and we'll have retreat formation tonight."

The Atom and the Army

Though our atomic bomb has startled the world, the Army probably will take it in stride. Nothing can ever quite disintegrate the Customs of the Service.

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN
YANK Staff Writer

THE art of warfare, experts say, has been completely changed by the atomic bomb. Armies and fighting men will never be the same.

That would be okay with me. But take it from a man who has worn out five Sta-Rite collar fasteners in the service of his country, it simply isn't true. The Army won't change. In the War of the Future, if we must talk about it, the atomic Army life will go something like this:

On a muddy field in a hastily built camp a platoon of recruits is lined up. It is the year 1960 or '70. The first sergeant speaks:

"Awright, the command 'at ease' don't mean for you guys to start shootin' off yer mouths. How we're gonna fight a war with dopes like you, I don't know. I was in this man's Army when things was really rough, back in '43. We done some real soldierin' in them days. Here's Capt. Blitter, who is one helluva swell CO, which you guys are lucky to have, to say a few words to you guys."

"Well, men," says Capt. Blitter, "welcome to Second Platoon, Company B, in the Anti-Atomic Corps, the best damn outfit in the whole damn Army!"

The troops exchange happy grins because Capt. Blitter is a swell guy, not above using a little profanity.

"Now men, these 13 weeks of basic training aren't going to be easy. They'll be tough. But I always say you get out of a thing about what you put into it. Ever stop to think of that? Our mission in the Anti-Atomic Corps is to neutralize and destroy the enemy's atomic weapons. We do this by means of the radio-active searchlight, the rapid-fire electric-eye atomic neutralizer, and the super-radar bomb deflector. There are other atomic stabilization devices too secret for me to mention. You'll have to read about them in back issues of the civilian magazines. But don't say anything about them in your letters home—"

The captain spots a man in the back of the formation whose necktie is drooping from his collar.

"You there! Pull that necktie up. How do you men expect to *be* soldiers when you don't even *look* like soldiers?

"Now the first thing, men, is to understand how the atom is made up. Here's a diagram of the atom. An actual atom is much smaller than this diagram. The electrons revolve around the proteins, or rather it's the other way around. Is that clear? Are there any questions?"

"Yessir. Sir, how soon will there be any ratings in this outfit, sir?"

"I'm working on that for you men. Our T/O is way down at present. The Atomic Corps gets all the ratings. They're the glamor boys. Us Anti-Atomics don't get the breaks. But you're doing a *very* important job, men, keeping the enemy from splitting our atoms!"

"Sir, why do we have to wear these big old heavy metal suits?"

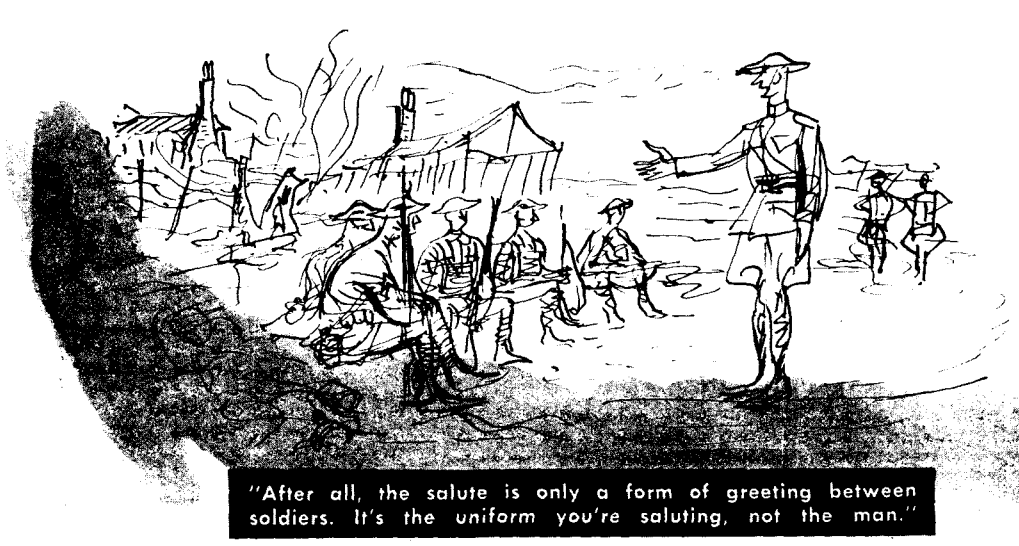
"Those are anti-disintegration suits M1. That metal is specially treated so its atoms won't split. They *will* be worn at all times, and they *will* be kept at a high polish. Don't worry about the fit. You can change the size when you get to your next station. Sergeant, hand out the atomic rifles!"

"Don't fool with them guns," says the sergeant, handing out rifles. The men start fooling with the guns. There's a sudden puffing sound—*phtt! phtt!* —from the rear.

"Quit splittin' them atoms!" yells the sergeant. "I told you guys not to fool with them guns! You guys get two weeks of dry fire first, see? Now here's Lt. Klee to give you men instructions in chemical warfare."

"Men," says Lt. Klee, advancing with a gas mask slung over his arm, "there may come a time when your gas mask will be your best friend. Personally, I hope it never comes. But we're up against a ruthless enemy who will stop at nothing, not even *poison gas!* First, we'll do gas-mask drill by the numbers, and then we'll try it a few times for speed."

AND so it will go, if another war should come. A few more gadgets to carry around, a few more lectures to listen to, but the Army won't change. Don't listen to those experts who paint a rosy picture of "a revolutionary new type of Army and tactics." It won't be that easy. There's only one way to escape the Army life, and that's to keep the world at peace.



"After all, the salute is only a form of greeting between soldiers. It's the *uniform* you're saluting, not the man."

"Men, you've qualified with atom guns. Now police up them split atoms layin' around."

SPORTS: HOT-STOVE LEAGUE

By Sgt. JOHN EBINGER

WITH the baseball season over and done it's time now to toss a little fuel on the conversational fires of the Hot-Stove League. And baseball trading, past and present, is as good a subject as any to set tongues wagging.

The biggest trading splash of the season just ended was, of course, the deal which sent pitcher Hank Borowy from the New York Yankees to the Chicago Cubs. So big was the splash, in fact, that some Major-League club owners were to be heard muttering threats to have the waiver rule rewritten. The muttering has died down, but interest in trades lives on.

Baseball trading usually works like this: When a club wants to sell some players, it asks for waivers from the other clubs in its league. This asking for waivers consists simply of sending a list of the players proposed to be traded to all the other clubs in the league, and to the league president and the baseball commissioner as well. If any of the other clubs want a player, they wire their offer to the selling club and to the commissioner. If members of the selling club's own league don't nibble, the club may sell outside the league.

In the Borowy case, the Yankees asked waivers on Borowy and several other players. Some clubs wanted to buy, and then the Yanks withdrew the players from sale. Then they offered them again. And withdrew them again. By the time they offered them for the third time, the rest of the clubs in the American League were fed up. None of them offered to buy. The way was clear for Borowy to slip out of the league—and for Larry MacPhail and the Yankees to slip Phil Wrigley's check for a hundred grand into their till.

The Borowy sale was a big surprise and a shock to many fans, but they shouldn't have been either shocked or surprised in the light of past big-league trading history.

The late Phil Ball, when he owned the St. Louis Browns, put through a couple of spectacular deals with the Washington Senators just to satisfy his personal feelings.

One such trade was inspired when Ball paid an unannounced visit to Heinie Manush, his hard-hitting outfielder, in 1930. Ball went to the hotel where Manush was staying, asked for the ballplayer, and was told to go right up to the room. Ball did so, knocked at the door, and drew a bawled summons, "Come in!"

When the owner opened the door he found his star tucking away a substantial breakfast in bed.

Ball took one look and then roared, "I'm a millionaire, and I can't afford to have *my* breakfast in bed! And you can't play on my ball club."

It was only a matter of minutes before Ball had put through a call to Washington and arranged to trade Manush to the Senators.

It was shortly after this that Ball enriched the Senators further with pitcher Alvin Crowder and Goose Goslin. Goslin was part of the parcel because of wily bargaining by the Senators' Clark Griffith, but it was Crowder who brought on the trade.

It seems that Ball brought some of his cronies to the ball park in St. Louis on an afternoon when Crowder was scheduled to pitch. Things didn't go well that day, either for Crowder or the Browns, and a relief pitcher was called from the bullpen.

Crowder was what a later generation would have called PO'd at being jerked out in the middle of an inning. Instead of handing the ball to the pitcher who was to replace him he gave the horsehide a heave into the grandstand. The sphere arched majestically into the tiers to the Ohs and Ahs of all the fans save one. That one was owner Ball's closest friend, and his silence was insured by the leaden clunk on his cranium of the spite-pitched ball.

As you may have guessed by now, Mr. Crowder of the North Carolina Crowders never pitched for the Browns again. Instead, he and

Hank Borowy

Goslin, who was tossed into the trade as a consolation prize, teamed up with Manush. The three of them played important roles in winning the pennant for the Senators in 1933.

It was all of 26 years ago that the Yankees copped headlines by purchasing Babe Ruth from Boston for a reported price of $125,000. The Boston Red Sox were in the second division and it was thought that Harry Frazee, their owner, was trying to cash in the best assets of the team before he sold out completely. It later turned out that Col. Jake Ruppert, the Yankee owner, held a $139,000 mortgage on Fenway Park, the Red Sox playing field, which may have had a little more to do with the transaction.

Frazee, as a theatrical producer, had backed many a drama in which the hero came through with the necessary moola to pay off the mortgage on the old homestead. In his baseball drama he gave the hero's role to the Babe, who brought in the necessary lettuce to save Fenway Park. The switch in this case was that the very villain who held the mortgage coughed up the cash that paid it off.

Frazee wasn't the only Boston club owner who peddled off his baseball chattels for the long green. Across town from Fenway Park, George Washington Grant of the Braves would sell star players to anyone with the ready, and a long list of his ex-Braves made baseball history with the Giants. Grant was a New Yorker himself and he never hesitated to trade with John McGraw, particularly when the latter was involved in a hot pennant race.

Down in Philadelphia, trading was a year-in, year-out proposition and it wasn't always purely to strengthen the Athletics. Connie Mack made a habit of selling his stars before they outlived their usefulness. Connie would win a couple of pennants and World Series and then sell his stars for fancy prices while they still were hot. He explained that Philadelphians grew tired of seeing too many pennant winners.

The management of the Phillies would sell their players *before* the club had won a pennant. Players like Dick Bartell (sold to the Giants), Chuck Klein and Curt Davis (sold to the Cubs) and Dolph Camilli (sold to the Dodgers) were a nice source of income to the Phillies' owner, Gerry Nugent. The latest owners of the club, the Carpenters of Wilmington, Del., seem to have put a stop to this practice.

In 1940 Bobo Newsom won 21 games for the Detroit Tigers. The 1941 season, however, was not so hot. The Tigers' farm system had suffered when Judge Landis had declared some 90 players free agents and the Bobo ran up 20 losing games. After the season closed, the pitcher visited the Tiger office to confer with General Manager Jack Zeller about his contract for 1942.

The contract Zeller offered Bobo was down $12,000 from the 1941 figure and Bobo beefed. He reminded Zeller of his accomplishments of 1940, when the Tigers won the pennant and almost won the series.

"But that was last year," protested Zeller. "This year you lost 20 games. That's a poor record."

"Sure I lost 20 games," countered Newsom, "but didn't you lose 90 players?"

The record books show that the talkative Bobo never pitched for the Tigers again: during the winter he was sold to Washington where his loose tongue would be a safe distance from Tiger GHQ.

The sudden trade which sent Rogers Hornsby from the Giants to the Braves after the 1927 season was born of harsh words in a Pittsburgh hotel lobby. John McGraw had been ailing and he deputized Hornsby to run the club in his absence. The Giant team had just come back to the hotel after dropping a crucial game to the Pittsburgh Pirates at Forbes Field. Charles A. Stoneham, owner of the Giants, stopped Hornsby in the lobby and questioned his use of a certain pinch-hitter.

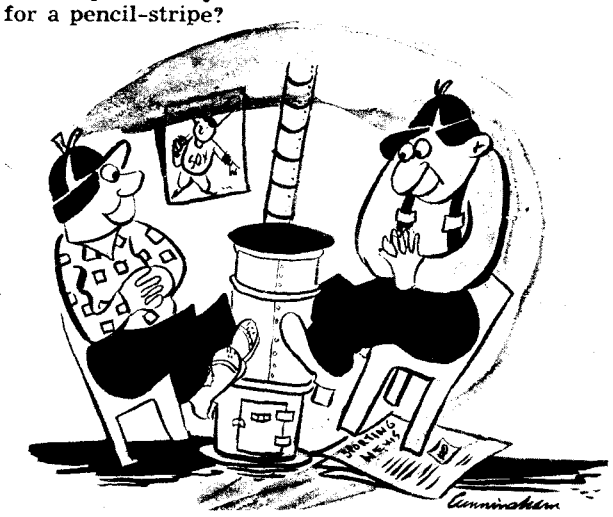
"It's none of your damn business," Hornsby snapped at him. "If you don't like the way I'm running this club, get someone else to run it."

Stoneham did, and Hornsby joined the Braves.

Getting closer to the present, on Memorial Day, 1944, Branch Rickey, the Dodger prexy, gathered Brooklyn sports writers together and announced that Fritz Ostermueller, the team's best pitcher, had been released to Syracuse, of the International League. Asked why such a star was being railroaded to the bushes, Rickey replied with aplomb, "He's not my type of pitcher and he never will be."

Further inquiry revealed that Rickey had objected to Ostermueller's guzzling half-a-dozen beers at a neighborhood Pilsner parlor after an afternoon's toil in the hot sun.

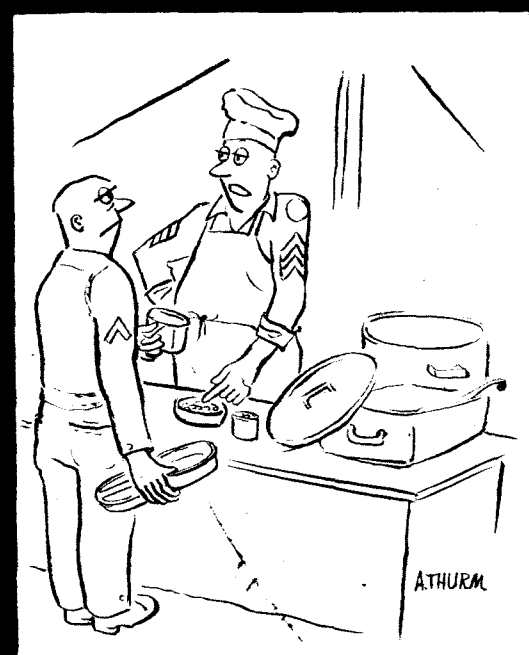
Speaking of trades, I wonder if someone could fix it up with my owners to switch these ODs for a pencil-stripe?



"PLEASE WATCH YOUR DAMN LANGUAGE." —Cpl. Frank E. Robinson

"WELL, BACK TO THE OLD RICE FIELDS, EH, COLONEL CHEWASSI?"
—Sgt. Gordon Brusstar

"GOR BLIMEY!"
—Sgt. Jim Weeks



"YOU'RE TOO LATE, BUT HERE ARE YOUR SALT TABLETS AND ATABRINE." —Sgt. Arnold Thurm

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