YANK

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By and for men in the service

PX OPENING IN TOKYO

JOBS

Now that war-boom days are past and it's tough to land the kind of job you'd like, more and more ex-GIs are going for help to the Government employment office.

By Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Writer

"THIS job probably won't make me rich," Jim Clay said, "but I like the people I'm working for, and I've got a fair chance for a good future. While I'm sweating out the future, I reckon I'd a helluva lot rather be out here lugging boxes around than down on Peachtree Street peddling apples."

Clay, a tall, square-jawed former T-5, who used to build roadblocks and drive vehicles for the 20th Engineers in the ETO, is now back home in Georgia. He's working in the shipping department of an Atlanta concern that manufactures electric units for refrigerators. Discharged after five years and one month in ODs, he is filling one of the estimated 1½ million jobs that veterans of World War II have landed with the help of the United States Employment Service (USES).

According to Clay, who is single, in his middle 20s and, as he puts it, "not overly ambitious," the USES didn't have any trouble finding him a job. "What's more," said Clay, "there wasn't any chicken. When I walked into the office, right away some friendly looking dame at the front desk called me over and asked for my honorable-discharge certificate. She copied down my name on a card and handed it to a man at another desk who said he was an interviewer.

"This interviewer, who was a former GI himself incidentally, gave me the score without any double-talk. He said that unless I had a civilian skill of some sort my chances for picking off a big-money job were pretty slim.

"Then he looked over my Form 100, which shows what you did in civilian life and what you did in the Army, and seeing that I drove trucks both before and during the war, he asked me if I'd like to drive a truck again. I said I wouldn't go for that—too damn much moving around. I said I wanted a job, something around machinery, that would let me stay put."

Clay says he balked a little when the interviewer asked him if he'd be willing to start at 70 cents an hour; but the man sold him on the idea that the job would be permanent, would eventually involve work with machinery and would put him in line for regular raises, so Clay said he'd take it.

"The interviewer filled out a slip with my name and the company's name and address on it," Clay said, "and then phoned the foreman at the plant and told him I'd be out at once to report. Ten minutes later I reported and went to work. The whole business took 30 minutes."

Clay, for at least two obvious reasons, didn't have a very tough employment problem. First, he knew in a general way the kind of work he wanted to do—something around machinery—and second, he was willing to start at relatively low wages provided he had a chance to work up to something better.

An ex-marine corporal from Cincinnati, who doesn't want his name used, had a lot tougher employment problem, for two equally obvious reasons: He didn't know, even in a general way, what he wanted to do, and he wasn't willing to work for peanuts, even as a starter. Also, unlike Clay, he said he ran into some chicken.

"I made my first trip to the USES," the former marine said, "a week or so after I was sprung. I sweated out an interview line for three hours. Finally I got to see some character who started out by giving me a routine about how only guys with civilian skills could rate high-paying jobs. He asked me what I did before I joined the Marines, and I told him I worked on my old man's farm. Then he asked me if I learned anything in the Marines, and I said sure, I learned how to fire an M1 and dig a hole. Then he asked me how much money I thought I ought to make, and I said I'd need at least $50 a week, to support my wife and kids.

"Right away he shakes his head sadly like I'm a cluck and gives me another routine about how us joes who were overseas a long time picked up a lot of phony ideas on the big dough everybody was making in the States. All that stopped on VJ-Day, and 'only skilled people are making the big dough today,' he says.

"He asked me if I'd be willing to take a training course under the GI Bill. I said sure, I'd take a training course if he could figure out how I could keep my family alive while I was taking it. He shrugged his shoulders and picked up a phone and called four or five employers and told them about me, but they all said they wanted experienced help, guys with high-school educations at least. I quit high school when I joined up. The interviewer told me to come around again the next day.

"The next day it was the same old crap—sweating out a line. When I saw the interviewer this time he said he didn't have anything for me. I kept seeing the guy every day for a couple of weeks with no luck, until finally one day he told me about a job with a plating and retinning works. I was tired waiting around. I took it. It turned out to be a lousy job polishing silverware, and only 28 bucks a week at that. After two days' work, I said the hell with that noise and went back to the USES for something else."

After that, according to the ex-marine, he was referred to 16 different jobs in less than a month. He didn't go for any of them. "They were all two-bit handouts," he says.

A lot of ex-GIs, like the Cincinnati marine, are browned off with the runaround they contend they're getting at various local USES offices and say bluntly that the setup stinks. On the other hand, a lot of others, like Jim Clay, will tell you that the setup really clicks.

This wide difference of opinion is understandable. The USES is a big, sprawling outfit—so big, in fact, as to contain practically every conceivable level of efficiency and inefficiency, competence and incompetence, just as the thousands of veterans who apply at its offices every day represent practically every level of skill, aptitude and general employability.

The USES is a Government employment agency, operated for the benefit of veterans and non-veterans alike. Right now it operates 1,725 local offices, one or more in nearly every county in the U. S. Besides these permanent offices there are 2,000 "itinerant" ones, visited by USES representatives several times a month. Each of the permanent offices has at least one veterans' employment representative around who is supposed to see that veterans get special counsel and preference on job referrals.

Some of the offices have well-organized veterans' sections, adequately manned by able job counselors who can tackle the special employment problems of veterans with sense and sympathetic understanding. Others, however, are understaffed and dish out a brand of counseling that is often, to put it mildly, inexpert.

All of them are swamped. During one month alone, after the Japs threw in the sponge, USES offices had 7,381,000 visits from civilians seeking work, job information or unemployment insurance. The traffic is steadily getting thicker. By next June, it's estimated, more than 6 million veterans of World War II will have applied at USES offices for jobs or information.

In addition to handling this terrific and mounting traffic, the USES has another big headache in keeping trained personnel. It's not authorized to pay counselors and interviewers as much

An ex-GI is interviewed by a USES job counselor to try and find what job best suits his qual

USES way

Veterans line up at a [illegible] for th

some other Government agencies pay their workers, with the result that once the USES gets an employee properly trained, he usually decamps in a hurry for greener pastures.

Naturally, these and other sore spots create trouble here and there. Some disaffected ex-GI job hunters, not knowing all the facts, blame the USES and let it go at that. Isolated cases of snafu apart, however, most disinterested observers say that, considering the stupendous problems it has been up against, the USES has done an extremely good over-all job for veterans.

Actually, the veterans' employment experts interviewed by YANK all agreed that the biggest question today is not *Will the USES be able to carry the load?* but, rather, *Can total reconversion be accomplished with a minimum of hitches, and, if so, will our economy then evolve into an economy of abundance so that good jobs will be available to anyone who wants and is able to work?*

That, of course, is a $64 question, and not even the long-hairs with the text-books can answer it yet. All that the veterans' employment experts will say now is, "If we avoid inflation and other economic pitfalls and if labor-management difficulties don't gum up the works, there is a fairly good chance that any veteran who wants and can handle a job will get one."

That's the long-term view. What about the job situation now and in the immediate future? The answer to that one, based on what's happened in labor markets and industry since VJ-Day, can be put into five words: Things are getting tighter fast.

Recent USES reports, taken in conjunction with first-hand reports that YANK has assembled from various parts of the country, show conclusively that employers—with a lush labor market of displaced war workers and returning veterans to choose from—are demanding higher qualifications from prospective employees.

THE reports show another trend. Wages are dropping. One recent USES survey of three typical U. S. cities indicated that job-hunters, if they accepted most available jobs, would face a cut in take-home pay averaging 34 to 49 percent for men and 49 to 57 percent for women.

In late October there were approximately 700,000 job openings throughout the country. At about the same time it was announced that a total of 1,500,000 persons were unemployed. The USES gives three reasons for this seeming paradox:

1) The labor market was inflated during the war by many workers who learned only one skill, and there are few, if any, peacetime jobs that call for these limited skills.

2) There's been a sharp reduction in the number of jobs available in the skilled categories.

3) Most available jobs are for men, while most of the job hunters are women.

That, very roughly, is the background. If it looks gloomy, don't blame the USES. Their job is finding, listing and filling whatever jobs are available, not manipulating the economic system in an effort to make jobs plentiful.

Up to now we've been talking mostly about jobs in the unskilled brackets. If you have a skill, one which you learned either as a civilian or in the Army, the picture is not so discouraging. But even here, employment experts point out, you ought to keep your hopes under control until you've had a chance to study at first hand the job situation in your own and other towns.

That's where the USES comes in. One of their big functions is to help you find out where your skill, or aptitude to learn one, can best be put to use. For that purpose, all local offices are provided by the Government with periodic labor and industry reports, compiled from all parts of the country. These reports indicate the nature and location of industries, the occupational setups, wages, hours, union affiliations, working and living conditions and the current employment prospects. In other words, any USES office ought to be able to give the score pronto on job opportunities, not only in your own community but elsewhere. Also, they're supposed to be able to give you the dope on what specific skills are called for, and the employment probabilities in practically any occupation you think you will want to follow.

The USES has another important function. In accordance with Order No. 1 of the Retraining and Reemployment Administration, all local USES offices became general information centers for veterans. Each office has a directory of the various agencies in its community which provide benefits and services to veterans, and in the larger offices there are representatives of certain of these agencies—such as Vocational Rehabilitation, Veterans Administration and the Civil Service Commission—on hand for direct service.

Joan Gambal, former Wac, fills out a job application.

Generally speaking, the USES information service consists of the following:

1) If you have an old job to come back to, but have trouble getting it, they'll tell you where to go to get things straightened out (usually that means a trip to the nearest U. S. Attorney's office).

2) If you are disabled they'll give you the pitch on the benefits that are available through the Veterans Administration and other organizations.

3) If you want a job with the Government in Civil Service (veterans are entitled to five or ten points on examinations and are given preference in a number of other particulars), they'll show you how and where to apply.

4) If you want a railroad job, they'll direct you to the nearest Railroad Retirement Board, which handles employment recruitments for railroad companies.

5) If you're interested in farming they'll help you get in touch with the county agent, who can tell you how to get started on a farm of your own or as a farm laborer.

6) If you want to take advantage of the GI Bill of Rights for education, job training, or its other provisions, they'll show you the ropes and help you get set either in school or on some on-the-job training deal.

Of the more than 100,000 veterans who are calling at USES offices every month, only a fraction ask for information. The overwhelming majority want jobs or, in lieu of them, unemployment insurance.

A USES official told YANK that most of its offices are pretty lenient in applying the rules on unemployment insurance where vets are concerned. The law, you will remember, says you are entitled to a maximum of 20 bucks a week (for not more than 52 weeks) if you are completely unemployed and if you don't refuse to accept a job the USES considers suitable for you.

Many offices, however, will probably give you a break and still let you collect if you want to loaf around a while. But it is in their power to stop the insurance at any time if you refuse suitable work or voluntarily leave suitable work without good cause.

Vets are aware of USES leniency on unemployment insurance claims, as is illustrated by this crack made by a discharged pfc recently at the Atlanta USES office on his first visit.

"Say, mister," he said to an interviewer, "where do you sign up for money when you don't want to work?"

THERE are several important things to keep in mind when you apply at a USES office for a job. One is, if you don't like what they dish out to you, tell them so and insist on seeing the works. USES is a public outfit, and a big section of the organization was set up by law especially to see that veterans get every conceivable break in their search for jobs. If, therefore, you happen to run up against an interviewer or job counselor who doesn't seem to be doing right by you, ask to see the veterans' employment representative. His job is to see that you're given top service.

Another thing. Don't feel shy about working USES representatives. If you don't like the job they suggest for you, keep at them until they either offer something you want or prove to your satisfaction that you are not capable of handling the type of job you'd like to have.

If conditions are such that you can't immediately get the type of job you'd like to have, pry the USES for complete information about job training and education so that you can prepare yourself for something better. A lot of guys who were too young when they joined the Army to have developed any civilian skills are going for the on-the-job-training angle and are making out all right. Take Charlie Reeves, for example.

Charlie left an Atlanta high school to join the Army in 1940. With an aircraft maintenance outfit for most of his hitch, he developed an affection for machinery. When he got his discharge last August he didn't waste any time getting back in harness. Two hours after he got the ruptured duck he was being interviewed by USES.

USES referred him to the War Surplus Property Board, which needed an inspector. Charlie went out to look the job over. He liked practically everything about it. The hours were okay, the working conditions were good and the salary was damned near irresistible — $3,200 a year. Charlie didn't, however, like one aspect of the job. It was temporary and would last only as long as surplus war property lasted. Being married, with two kids, Charlie wanted something permanent, something with a future. He went back to the USES and told his story, and they sent him out to a company that manufactures air-conditioning equipment.

Today, Reeves is stock-room manager for the company, a job which, with a fair break on overtime, nets him $35 a week. At night he goes to Georgia Tech, where he is taking a special course in air conditioning. When it's completed he's been promised a first-rate job with his company.

ANOTHER thing to remember when you apply at USES for a job: If you have any doubt about the accuracy of the information you get, check it. A phony lead can cost you trouble and dough.

In Savannah, Ga., not long ago a discharged sailor who was a sheet-metal worker before the war was referred by a USES interviewer to a job in Richmond, Va. When the ex-sailor got to Richmond, the job was open, all right, but he didn't get it. Here's what happened. Back in Savannah, when he had expressed interest in the job, the USES man had told the sailor that he would have to join a union if he took the job. The sailor said that was okay by him, joined the union, bought a ticket to Richmond and took off. When the sailor reported for work a union official stepped up and said the job was already spoken for.

"There are sheet-metal workers right here in our local," he said, "who are out of work. They naturally come first. I'm sorry."

There wasn't anything the sailor could do about it. The moral to that story is, if you accept an out-of-town job which requires your joining a union, check with the local involved and get the score before you pay initiation fees and buy your railroad ticket.

THAT just about winds up the USES picture except for one final thing—the hoary brass-vs.-EM question. Some time ago a newspaper story was published which said, inferentially at least, that the USES considered officers, because of their superior qualifications and all that crap, as being better qualified for many jobs than EM. The USES has repeatedly and vigorously denied this story. They say it is completely false and only got started because some inept reporter garbled the facts.

"The misunderstanding arose," a high USES official told YANK, "out of the compilation of two manuals, one issued as "Special Aids For Placing Military Personnel in Civilian Jobs (Enlisted *Army Personnel*), and another as special aids for officer personnel. The enlisted personnel book was produced first. When the second one 'for officers' was issued, a lot of people thought, erroneously, that we were adopting a policy of discrimination against the enlisted man and in favor of the officer. This is absolutely false. We already had the aids for enlisted personnel, and if we hadn't issued one for officers we would have been assailed for discrimination in favor of enlisted men. The plain fact is, there is not going to be any discrimination against either enlisted personnel or officer personnel. A veteran is a veteran. We don't care what a man's rank is or was. We give veterans first priority on all job referrals, regardless of rank."

Well, you can take it or leave it. But USES big-shots themselves admit that there are some people who still fall for the manifest nonsense that officers are necessarily better equipped to handle good jobs than EM. After all, to go back to the beginning again, USES is a big outfit. Some counselors may regard your EM status with some misgiving, but the vast majority of USES representatives figure that there is no distinction whatsoever between EM and officers.

A good many USES interviewers, as a matter of fact, are former EM themselves. One of these ex-GI interviewers told YANK:

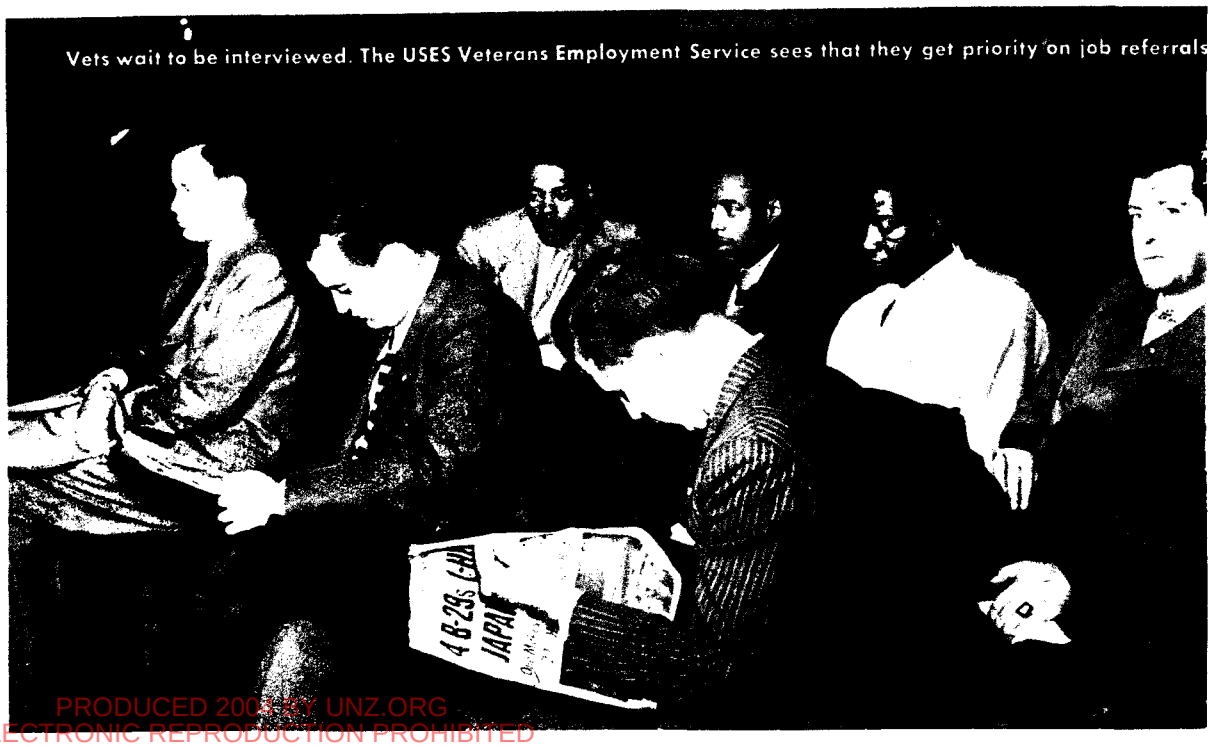
"I treat them all alike, and I try to be fair. But occasionally some smart-guy comes in and tries to pull his former rank. When that happens I set them straight in a hurry. For instance, a couple of days ago a smart-guy type came in who said very loftily that he had been a major in the Army. I asked him what he had done as a civilian, and he said, 'I was just getting started in college.' I asked him what he had done in the Army, and he said he'd been in administration.

"I called several places for jobs that might fit his Army classification, but it was no soap. The employers I called, like a lot of them I call every day, weren't too sold on the convertibility of military skills to civilian skills.

"After a number of false starts, I asked him if he'd be willing to take a job in a service station. He got very hoity-toity about it at first, but finally accepted the job.

"The payoff is, I sent him to a former pfc who now owns the service station. He took the job."

Maybe dreams come true after all.



Vets wait to be interviewed. The USES Veterans Employment Service sees that they get priority on job referrals

Edward C. Keith Jr. (right) is sworn into the Regular Army in Indianapolis. He was on the Bataan death march and fought in the Philippines as a guerilla for a year and a half. Given his discharge papers in July 1945, he's coming back for more.

"You Never Had It So Good"

More master sergeants than plain privates have joined the Regular Army. YANK tells the WD's story on recruiting.

By Sgt. ALLAN B. ECKER
YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The clamor of the thousands of GIs all over the world who want out has almost, but not quite, succeeded in drowning the voices of the somewhat surprising number who want to stay in. On Nov. 3, for example, as the veteran Americal Division packed its barracks bags to head for home from Tokyo after more than three years in the Pacific, 625 men of the outfit were sworn into the Regular Army during a mass ceremony.

Between Aug. 10, or roughly the day the war ended, and Oct. 31, some 55,122 men enlisted or reenlisted in the RA. Of these, according to the WD, 48.92 percent are former Regulars, 43.15 percent are selectees or ex-selectees, and 7.93 percent are men joining up for the first time.

It's all part of the Army's new recruiting program, which (rumors have it) will cost $3,000,000 and keep 1,800 officers, 6,000 noncoms and 2,400 secretaries busy. Its director is Maj. Gen. H. N. Gilbert, Chief of the Military Personnel Procurement Service (MPPS), who is an old hand at the job (he bossed peacetime recruiting before the war too). Plans call for the enlistment of 1,600,000 men by July 1, 1946, a striking increase over the average between-the-wars Regular Army strength of 175,000, when, however, we were not committed to maintaining occupation forces on two continents. What Congress, still debating the merits of a standing Army in an atomic age, will have to say about this remains to be seen.

In a little booklet prepared for the guidance of recruiting agencies, the Washington headquarters of MPPS suggested that the new drive for enlistments should emphasize "the value of the peacetime Regular Army soldier's job as compared with any job available to the average man in civilian life. . . ." The campaign, this booklet continued, should give only minor stress to what it called "the 'flag-waving' or patriotic appeal."

This "you never had it so good" line has had a peculiar kind of success—so peculiar, in fact, that Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson admitted to the House Military Affairs Committee on Nov. 13 that it was all rather embarrassing. Taking inventory on the first few weeks of the recruiting campaign, the WD discovered a disturbing fact: If the present trend continues, there will be more noncoms than privates in the new RA.

"We are, of course," said Mr. Patterson, "glad to have the men who attained top enlisted grades stay on, but it is hard to build an army in which there are more men in the higher ratings than there are privates and privates first class. Take the case of master sergeants. They constitute 20 percent of the men who have enlisted to date, whereas they make up only two percent of the normal distribution of the Army." Only 49 percent of the men are privates and pfcs; eight percent are corporals, the rest sergeants of all grades.

It reminds you of the old Mexican Army, where there were practically as many generals as there were privates. But it's no joking matter from the viewpoint of Regular Army men, to whom the chance for promotions is plenty important. As one veteran noncom pointed out, there won't be any room on the T/O for younger men enlisting now until a lot of first-three-graders retire.

Whatever the answer is, it's obvious that the new recruiting program encourages zebra-stripers to join up again. One of the main baits is the promise to make temporary (wartime) grades permanent, provided the soldier reenlists within 20 days of his discharge and before Feb. 1, 1946. Men who accept a discharge by Feb. 1, for the purpose of enlisting or reenlisting immediately in the RA, will also hang on to stripes, if any. Reserve and AUS commissioned officers may enlist, within 20 days of their relief from active duty, as master or first sergeants, retaining their reserve commissions.

Everybody else comes in as a private—or, if with six months' previous service, as a pfc.

Unlike the prewar days, when a hitch had to be for three years, enlistments are now open for three-year, two-year or 18-month periods, with a one-year hitch available for men now in the Army who have served not less than six months.

But so far, 97.37 percent of the new enlistments have been for three years. The reason is obvious. On this hitch you have your choice of staying with your old outfit or joining any arm or service you prefer, and can pick the theater (either European, Pacific, China, Caribbean or Alaskan) in which you'd like to serve. This freedom of choice is not available to men who enlist for a shorter period than three years; they will be assigned "in accordance with current Army requirements." Besides base and fogey pay, overseas GIs will receive the 20 percent wartime overseas bonus, "continued indefinitely."

THE enlistment age has been reduced from 18 to 17 (with parental consent). The maximum is 34, except for previous-service men or men now in the Army, who may reenlist at any age if they have certain previous minimum service.

Another change from the prewar RA setup is that a soldier, under the new (1945) Armed Forces Voluntary Recruitment Act, may now retire after 20 years of service on a pension. In the old days, you had to serve 30 years before you were eligible. (You can still put in a full 30, or retire at any time between the 20th and 30th.)

Retirement pay, in monthly instalments for life, is equal to half your basic pay after 20 years, and more in proportion to any additional service up to three-quarters pay for 30 years. A private first class (all privates will be promoted automatically to pfc after six months of satisfactory service) retires after 20 years on $35.10 a month, or $60.75 if he stays on another 10 years. The pension for a master or first sergeant is $89.70 after 20 years and $155.25 after 30.

Here are some of the other inducements which the WD has offered enlistees: reenlistment furloughs (with 5 cents a mile travel pay) ranging from 30 days, for 6 to 18 months service, up to 90 days, for completing 30 or more months; mustering-out pay right now in one lump, instead of three monthly installments, the way us ordinary mortals will get it when we're discharged; a "reenlistment allowance," or in other words a bonus for joining up, amounting to $50 a year for each year of your previous term of enlistment (in the case of selectees, for each year since their induction); no physical exam necessary to join up, providing you are on full military duty now; a promise to continue the wartime family allowance for dependents for the rest of any hitch you contract before July 1, 1946; and a right to the educational, loan and readjustment benefits (after you leave the Army) of the GI Bill of Rights, if you enlist before Oct. 6, 1946.

Here's how the advantages of the Army life are described in an Army Recruiting Service hearts-and-flowers appeal addressed to the families of servicemen and illustrated by a picture of a stalwart youth in ODs embracing his gray-haired old mother and his attractive wife:

"In the Army your soldier is provided with excellent food and clothing and comfortable living quarters at Government expense. He gets free medical and dental care. He receives the benefits of the best of life insurance. He is given a month of furlough each year with full pay and allowances. He receives a five-percent increase in pay for each three years of service. He is given a generous cash allowance for each reenlistment. He may deposit his savings at a good rate of interest. He is allowed income-tax exemptions. He is assured of retirement with good pay. So, if your serviceman comes to you for advice on whether or not he should join the Regular Army, talk to him about it. Be understanding . . . help him to make the decision that is the right one. . . . For his and your security, choosing a Regular Army career is sound business."

It says here.

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Off Duty

FROM ALGIERS TO BERLIN

In 2½ years, Sgt. Ed Vebell of Chicago, "Stars and Stripes" artist, spent spare time filling sketchbooks in Africa and Europe. On these pages are some of his sharpest memories.

In Algiers' Casbah, Vebell eavesdropped on a Moroccan soldier parleying with residents of the Rue Bolochine.

THE CASBAH

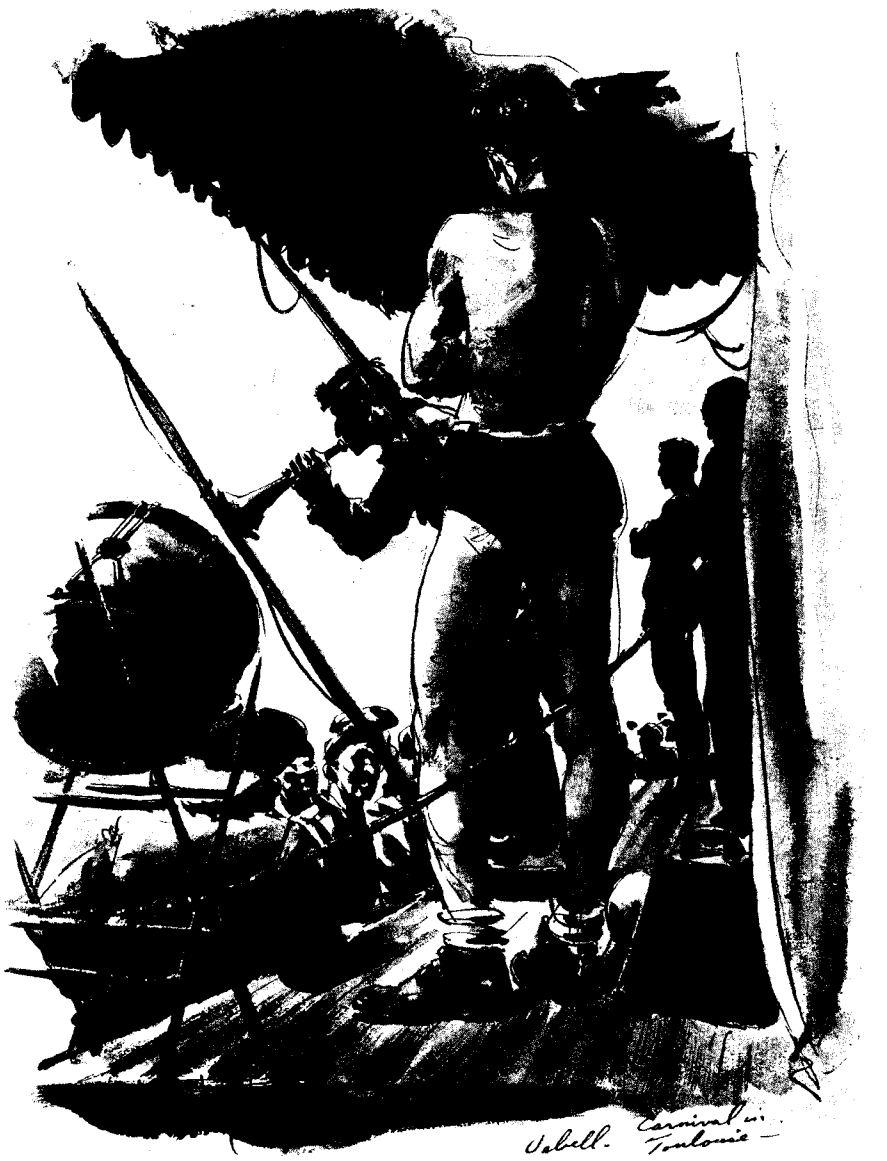
This kibitzer urged Vebell to let him pose for a sketch.

GIs hitchhiking into Naples watch the funeral procession for a victim of Italy's typhus epidemic.

A Marseille fisherman on his tug takes a reading on the weather.

In Toulouse, this lady wrestler offered to take on all comers. No GIs accepted the offer.

SOUTHERN FRANCE



The carnival strong man got a build-up with bugle and drum, but he was tossed by a farm boy.

ITALY

Getting the business from a Naples shine boy and scarf-hawker.

One of the first places in Paris that most soldiers on pass head for is the Folies Bergere. Vebell wandered around from audience to backstage to make the sketches on this page.

PARIS

Close-up of the dance "The Bird in the Cage."

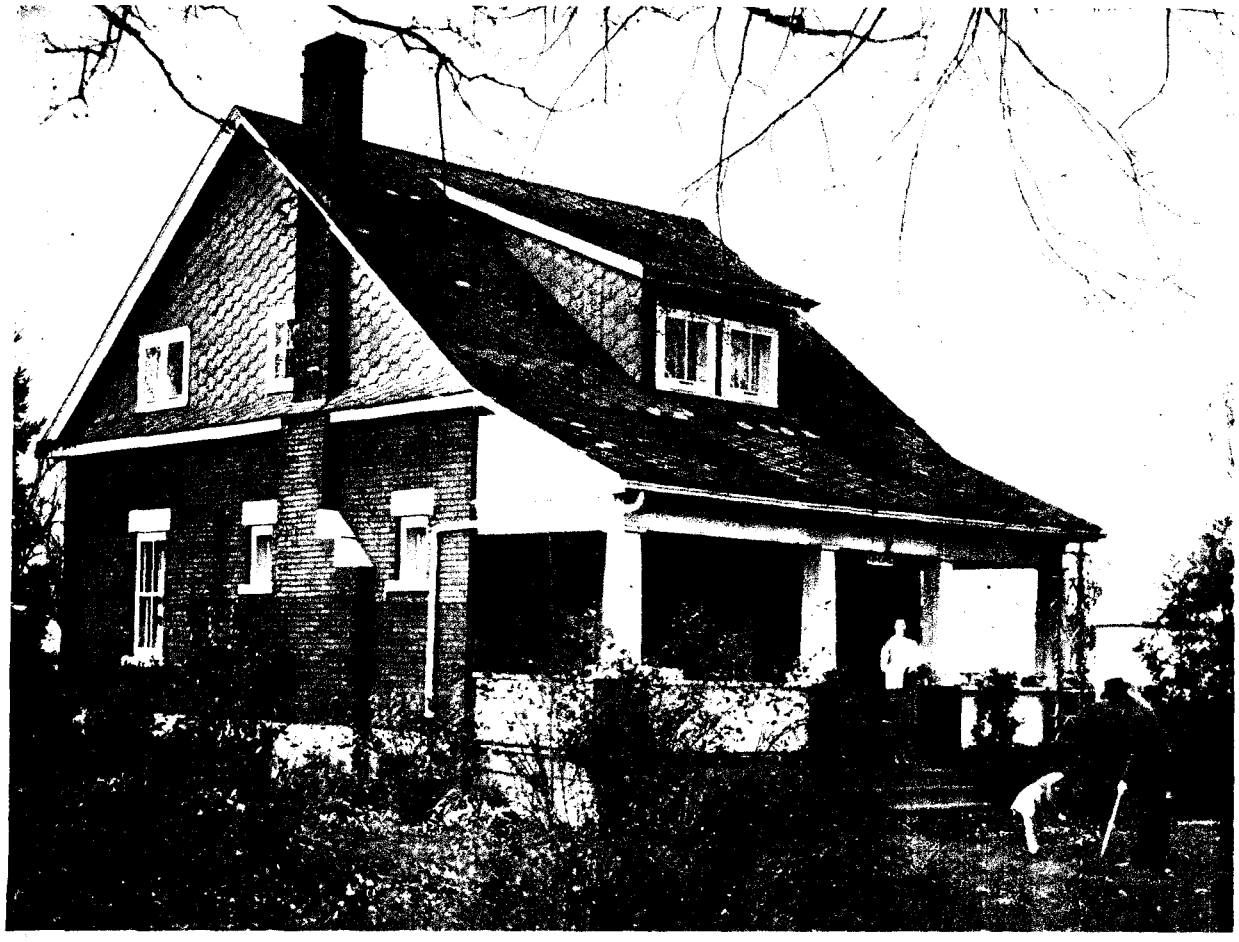
Backstage, a prop man hauls scenery, a danseuse awaits her entrance cue and a GI visitor peers from the wings.

A 2d Armored sergeant tries his German on a fraulein.

At the famous Femina night club, the Russians preferred to drink and watch, while Americans danced.

BERLIN

In his droshky parked on the outskirts of the Russian zone in Berlin, this sad-eyed Cossack sat gloomily but willingly in the rain for a half-hour, posing for "the American artist."



This is the $5,000 home ex-Sgt. Gordon Way obtained through the Canadian Department of Veteran's Affairs.

Canada's

Our neighbors to the north have worked out a much more thorough-going program of rights and benefits for veterans than we have enacted.

By Sgt. RICHARD DOUGLASS
YANK Staff Writer

OTTAWA, ONT.—There isn't much oratory in this particular parliamentary chamber in Canada's capitol. Sixty-four of the 80-odd committeemen present, all members of Parliament, are veterans of the first or second World War. A few are still in uniform. Two hold the Victoria Cross, equivalent to our Congressional Medal. As a Parliamentary Veterans' Committee, they are hearing proposed amendments to the Post-Discharge Re-establishment Order.

This is just a fancy name for the Canadian GI Bill of Rights. The Canadians plan to nickname theirs the Veterans' Charter. Right now, though, the committee isn't concerned with names. It is reviewing the Government's entire postwar program for veterans, most of which has been operative for three years, to make sure it's solid before it faces Parliament.

Few major amendments are anticipated. The program was liberalized as the war progressed, until today the benefits afforded Canadian veterans are among the most generous offered by any country. The plan is a much broader and more comprehensive program than our own.

But Canada's far-reaching veterans' program is not the result of a "nothing-is-too-good-for-the-boys" attitude. It is, in part, a reaction to the Dominion's unfortunate experience at the close of the first World War, when the veteran—and his Government—unwittingly spurred inflation.

In 1918 and the years that followed, the Government loaned veterans money for land settlement. Prices of farm land and equipment, already exorbitant, sky-rocketed. Two years later the bottom fell out. Only 3,883 of the 24,793 veterans who accepted Government loans have repaid them. All but 7,000 quit the scheme. Many veterans squandered their gratuities (bonuses) on nonessential consumer goods and luxuries. The whole program was something the Government would rather forget—except as a lesson in how not to do it.

This time Canada started planning its post-discharge program within three months after the Government, on Sept. 10, 1939, declared war.

"Lots of people thought we were crazy," says Walter S. Woods, deputy minister of the Department of Veterans' Affairs (DVA), a job corresponding to Gen. Bradley's in our own Veterans' Administration in Washington. "They said: 'Hadn't we better wait until the war is over?'"

Woods, a gunner (private) in World War I, didn't think so. He recalled the small clothing allowance which was just about enough to pay for a raincoat, and he remembered also the Government's land-settlement fiasco. So, before 1939 was out, 14 subcommittees of volunteer citizens were planning an over-all program for the Canadian veteran. Without waiting for Parliamentary action, the Privy Council made the veterans' benefits legal by emergency order-in-council. Result to date is something the Canadian GI, a first-class griper in his own right, thinks pretty good.

Upon discharge, the veteran receives (1) a cash clothing allowance of $100 and a priority suit certificate which gives him first crack at the available clothing stock (many clothiers have hard-to-get accessories laid away exclusively for veterans), and (2) a "rehabilitation grant" equal to 30 days' pay in his last rank plus dependents' allowances.

BEFORE he leaves the district depot or separation center, the veteran makes application for his "war-service gratuity."

The veteran receives a "basic gratuity" of $7.50 per month for service in the Western Hemisphere and $15 per month while overseas. For every six months overseas, he gets a "supplementary gratuity" of seven days' pay and allowances. This sum is paid in monthly installments, not exceeding the amount of the dischargee's monthly pay plus dependents' allowances. It is tax-free, and can't be attached.

The gratuity is payable to any veteran who served or volunteered to serve overseas. Under the National Resources Mobilization Act, soldiers were allowed to decide whether they would serve overseas or in Canada. Only 16 percent of the Army did not volunteer for overseas service. Several thousand of these non-volunteers, known as Zombies, were sent across toward the end, however, and thus became eligible for gratuities.

Every serviceman from general to private is eligible for a gratuity. The basic gratuity is the same for everybody, but the supplemental gratuity (seven days' pay for every 30 days' service overseas) is based on rank. Canadian servicemen did not receive extra pay for overseas service.

Just as important as the veteran's gratuity is his "re-establishment credit," equal in value to his basic gratuity.

Re-establishment credit may be used at any time within 10 years for the following purposes: (1) the acquisition of a home to an amount not exceeding two-thirds of the value of the property; (2) the repair and modernization of his home, if owned by him; (3) for furniture and household equipment not to exceed two-thirds of its cost; (4) as working capital for a business or profession; (5) for the purchase of tools, instruments or equipment for his trade, business or profession; (6) for the purchase of a business to an amount not exceeding two-thirds of the equity fund; (7) for the payment of premiums on Canadian Government life insurance, and (8) for the purchase of special equipment required for educational or vocational training.

The DVA estimates that the average veteran's gratuity plus re-establishment credit will total $900. So far, the average Navy gratuity plus credit is $1,122.

Thousands of dollars in gratuities (but not in re-establishment credits unless they settle in Canada) will be paid to the 13,611 Americans who served in the Canadian forces if they apply. Most Americans haven't applied yet because they don't know about the gratuity plan. The majority of those eligible served with the RCAF before transferring to the U. S. forces.

Lt. Col. J. H. Hogan, assistant director of re-establishment credits, says the veterans are in no hurry. Only 30,000 applications have been filed for a total of six-and-one-half million dollars of credit. But about 500,000 of Canada's one million servicemen and women are still in uniform.

Most veterans—including those in the women's branches—are using their credit to buy furniture. Thirty-eight percent of the credit applications have been for furniture, two and one-half million dollars' worth. Three Toronto girls—a supervisor, a cook and an office worker—pooled their total re-establishment credit of $1,200 for furniture for their rooming-house business.

One veteran operated a sideshow in a prewar circus but sold his animals when he went overseas. It was the only business he knew. His credit application for a family of monkeys was approved. Another vet who had managed a miniature golf course wanted to get started again. He used to move his business southward by trailer as the weather got colder. The DVA allowed him credit for a trailer, not as a home but as essential equipment. He got golf balls and clubs, too.

"Awaiting-returns" grants to tide over the veteran who has started farming or gone into business for himself is another feature of the Canadian plan. These grants—from $50 to $70 depending upon marital status, plus liberal allowances for dependents—are charged against the veteran's re-establishment credit.

A lieutenant commander in the Navy, a successful professional writer in civilian life, left a half-completed novel behind when he enlisted. He's getting an awaiting-returns grant for himself, his wife and child while completing his novel.

If the veteran decides to use his re-establishment credit for an education—either university or vocational—he is eligible for a living allowance of $60 if single and $80 if married, plus dependents' allowances as follows: first two children, $12 apiece; third, $10; next three, $8 apiece, or a maximum of $58 a month for six children. In addition, the Government pays tuition and incidental fees. The period of schooling is ordinarily limited to the number of months in service, although outstanding students, even if comparatively short-timers in uniform—may earn a degree and even do post-graduate work.

The back-to-school trend has already overtaxed the universities. Old war-plant facilities have been borrowed by Toronto and McGill Universities to provide housing and lecture space. DVA pays the universities $150 extra per student to help them meet the salaries of additional lecturers and the costs of classroom expansion. The University of Toronto has 3,200 vets; McGill, in Montreal, with three registration periods a year for veterans, has enrolled 1,400 in its college of arts, science and commerce. Of the 123 first-year students at the Ontario College of Optometry in Toronto, 101 are veterans. If the

GI Bill...

course he wants is available at a Canadian university, the veteran must study here in Canada.

Veterans' Minister Ian Mackenzie says veterans attending universities are making "splendid progress." Only 45 of the 10,000 who enrolled between October 1941 and October 1945 dropped out for failure to meet academic standards.

"The veteran wants an education, not necessarily a degree," explained Dr. W. H. Hatcher, assistant dean of McGill's arts college. "Our first class of veterans passed with an average of 70 percent, a magnificent performance in view of the slaughtering we do around here."

Under a training-on-the-job program, agreements ranging from one month to a year are signed between the employer and the Government. The employer pays the veteran at a rate that must meet with the approval of the Dominion Labor Department. In addition, the trainee receives the regular maintenance grants, but any earnings on the side exceeding $40 a month will be deducted from his living allowance. The veteran likes the training-on-the-job idea because it is an easy step from this to a permanent job; the employer likes it because he has a chance to watch the man work before hiring him permanently; and the Government likes it because the program helps to relieve the overcrowded vocational schools.

The Veterans' Land Act offers the veteran a chance to go into full-time farming or to finance a suburban home costing up to $6,000. If his farming application is approved and he keeps up his time payments for at least 10 years, the veteran will receive approximately 25 percent of the value of the land and buildings free, plus a maximum of $1,200 for stock and equipment.

Some 3,500 farm properties have been purchased by the Government for sale exclusively to service personnel. More than 600 veterans have gone into full-time farming under Government auspices, but the Dominion is going slow with its farm program to leave a good selection of farms for men still overseas or just returning.

The other half of the Veterans' Land Act, under which dischargees may purchase suburban homes (so-called "small holdings"), is intended to give the veteran with a steady income in town a chance for a home in a low-income-tax area, where he can do gardening or stock-raising.

Gordon Way, an ex-sergeant in a company Quartermaster outfit (the position is equivalent to a supply sergeant), is one of 800 veterans already established on a small holding. Way, who landed in England with the second contingent of the 1st Canadian Division in 1939, had $1,201 in gratuities coming to him when he returned in June 1944, leaving his English bride and baby.

"I started to look around for a job, not knowing exactly what I was looking for," Way said. "I intended to take a four-year commercial course at Queens College, until a DVA vocational counselor pointed out that I would be competing with men 10 years younger than myself by the time I graduated. I realized he was right but no one had offered me a decent job." Then a Civil Service preference, by virtue of Way's time overseas, helped him land a job as chief clerk in the DVA public relations office.

It was months before Way found satisfactory living quarters. Meanwhile, Mrs. Way and their daughter had arrived. For a time they were compelled to live in a bungalow and share meals with their landlady; later they lived in a one-room tourist cabin. Answering an ad in the Ottawa *Citizen*, the Ways finally located a small holding. It is a 20-year-old two-story brick house on a half-acre plot, 15 miles from the capital. The price was $5,000. Way applied to the Land Act people for a loan. They investigated the property, interviewed Mr. and Mrs. Way to be sure they realized the inconvenience of country life, then approved their application.

Way made the required 10-percent down payment ($500) and signed a contract to pay $3,333.34 over a period of 20 years, in monthly installments of $19.25. Way received a grant of $2,000 from the Government. This grant is as good as cash if Way keeps up his payments for 10 years. If he sells ahead of time, he must pay the total cost of the holding and equipment.

The Ways used up their household equipment credit of $250 by purchasing the owner's refrigerator and electric range. They spent $100 of their re-establishment credit for garden equipment and another $150 for nursery stock.

Way pays his commuting costs by using his 15-year-old Willys as a school bus, collecting a dollar a week from each student passenger.

FINANCIAL help to tide over the jobless veteran is available in the form of (1) out-of-work benefits or (2) unemployment compensation. The Government feels that the ex-serviceman shouldn't be obliged to take the first job offered. While he is looking around, he can apply for an out-of-work benefit. Payments are limited to 52 weeks or the veteran's maximum period of service and are the same as "awaiting-returns" benefits. Meanwhile, the veteran must be "capable of and available for work."

After 15 weeks on a job covered by unemployment insurance, the veteran becomes eligible for the same benefits as a civilian who has been at work since Canada's Unemployment Insurance Act became effective in July 1941.

Health and insurance benefits are liberal. The veteran can take out a $10,000 Government life insurance policy without examination any time up to three years after discharge. He has five plans to choose from—policies to be paid up in 10, 15 or 20 years, or at the ages of 60 or 65. Policies have cash values after two years but no loan value. A widow or widower of a veteran is eligible as a policy holder.

Health benefits are not restricted to veterans with service-connected disabilities. Everyone is allowed free medical and dental care for one year after discharge.

The law guarantees the veteran his old job back if he applies within three months and assures him seniority. Veterans' preference in Civil Service is limited to overseas veterans and men receiving pensions. There are, incidentally, 22,436 pensioners plus 14,796 dependents of these pensioners who also receive payments.

By and large, Canada's post-discharge program appears to be working well. Gratuity payments, based on pay-book records, were slow at first. Now the veteran can expect his first gratuity check six weeks after discharge. Applications for furniture credit are usually okayed within four days, but it may take several months before a veteran is settled on a farm or in business on Government credit. Volunteer citizens' advisory committees and district DVA supervisors investigate before these applications are approved. They must be satisfied these enterprises are worthwhile and the veteran is qualified to run them.

This caution is in the veteran's interest, because once he has used up his re-establishment credit to buy a farm, for example, he is not eligible for educational or other grants.

Benefits are now more generous than formerly. The clothing allowance started at $35, was increased to $65, is now $100. Out-of-work benefits have been upped $20 a month.

The Royal Commission on Veterans' Qualifications, after hearing representatives of education, trade unions and the military profession, recently made 82 recommendations to improve the program. Extensive changes also have been proposed to the Veterans' Committee by Canada's veterans' organizations. The Canadian Legion, for instance, has urged that the cost of university and vocational training should not be charged against re-establishment credit, that students should be granted increased living allowances and that surplus property from the War Assets Corporation should be available to veterans.

One of the veterans' big problems is shelter. Forty percent of married Army personnel, according to a late survey, have housing problems; between 10 and 12 percent definitely have no place for their families. The DVA is appealing to citizens by radio and newspapers to make available to vets any extra living space.

The Army, Navy and Air Force have established extensive counseling services in Canada and overseas to help the veteran make a sound decision about his future. Brightly illustrated pamphlets in non-technical language explain specific phases of the post-discharge program. Movies present the program to civilian and military audiences. "Good-bye, Mr. Gyps" is the title of one animated short showing how the vet may be swindled out of his gratuity. All three services have issued detailed vocational guides, to show employers what service-learned skills can be useful in civilian trades.

How the veterans' program will affect Canadian economy is anyone's guess. DVA officials hope there will be sufficient room for all the talent and know-how developed in university and vocational schools under Canada's GI Bill.

"Our job," says Deputy Minister Woods, "is not to develop a special economy for the veteran. We can only make available certain opportunities to compensate him for his losses. As a result of our program, he should be a super Canadian."

Primary objective of the Canadian program is to assist dischargees to earn a living.

"It can only succeed," the Government tells service personnel in its "Back to Civilian Life" pamphlet, "to the extent that ex-service personnel are prepared to help themselves and to the extent that employers will provide opportunity. It cannot help those who have no desire to help themselves."

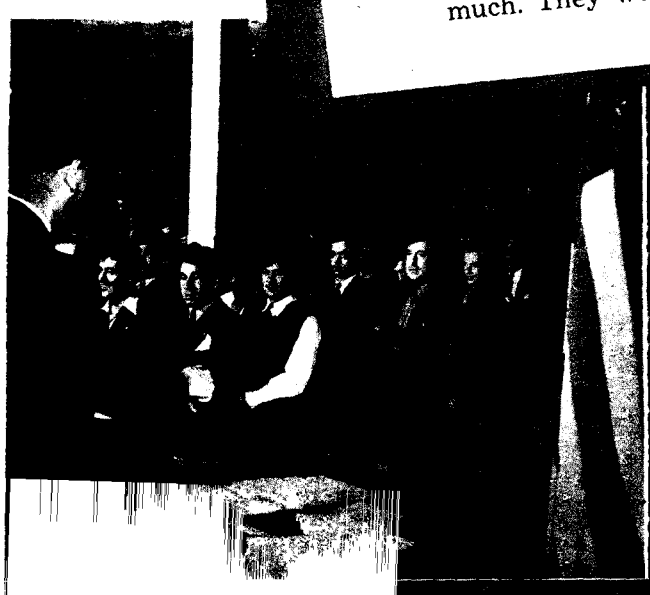
Some people may wonder if the vet is getting too much. Says Veteran Minister Mackenzie:

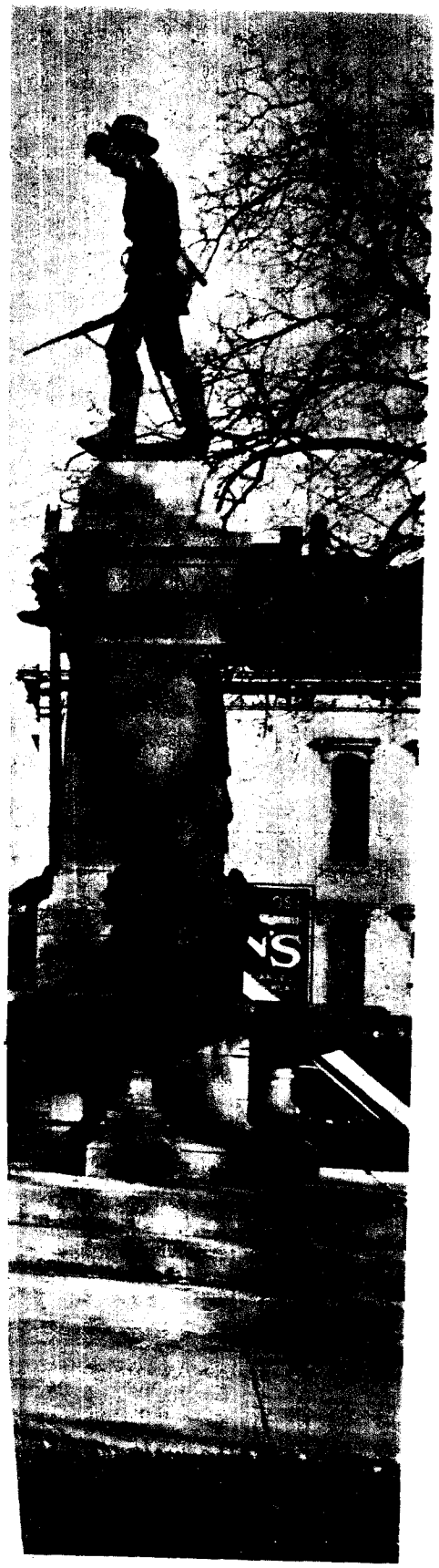
"We regard this expenditure as a constructive contribution to the future life of Canada . . . these are the men who will return ten-fold and a hundred-fold in public service the small expenditure we may make now on their education and professional training."

A young Canadian veteran goes shopping for some tools which he will buy with his rehabilitation money.

Back Home in Indiana

YANK photographer Sgt. Tom Kane took a trip to Franklin, Ind., to see how ex-GIs were making out in an average American town. The eleven men he photographed for this page were making out fine. Most of them tried loafing for a while after their discharge, but it got on their nerves, and they went back to work sooner than they had expected. The jobs haven't changed much. They work in Franklin's banks, shoe stores, gas stations and groceries. A few are married, but most are satisfied to wait. Franklin life isn't exciting by big-city standards, but there are two movie houses, Legion post activities, and sometimes a rabbit or pheasant shoot in the countryside. Beer, slot machines and poker are enough to satisfy most bachelors of a winter's night and the town has them, too. If Franklin is like most other towns in America, ex-GIs settle down easily



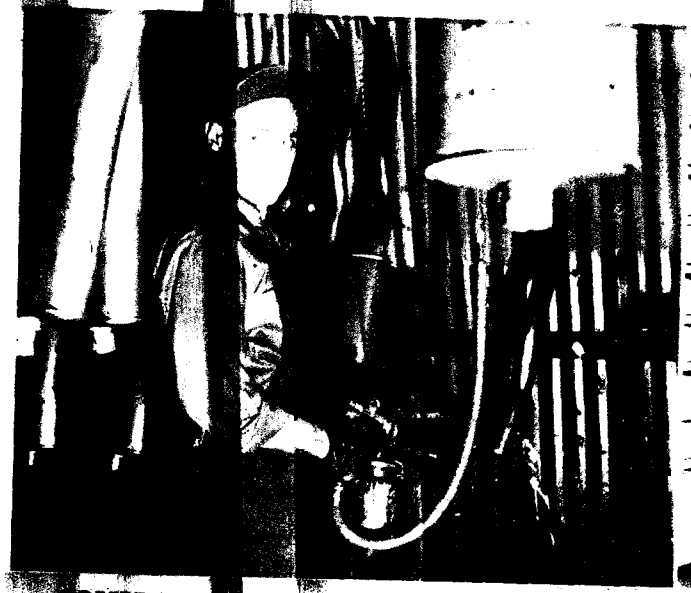


CARL KO NS, a former Air Corps man, is co-owner with his ner of a Franklin gas station. A lot of GIs from Car Atterbury come to fill up at his pump

BO PATTERSON'S mother ran his grocery store for hi while he was away as radio operator on a B-17. Sh s still there to help him out on his busier days.

BILL DEMA spe 27 months in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, ance and Germany. Now he has a steadier job a cashier in the Farmer's Trust Co..

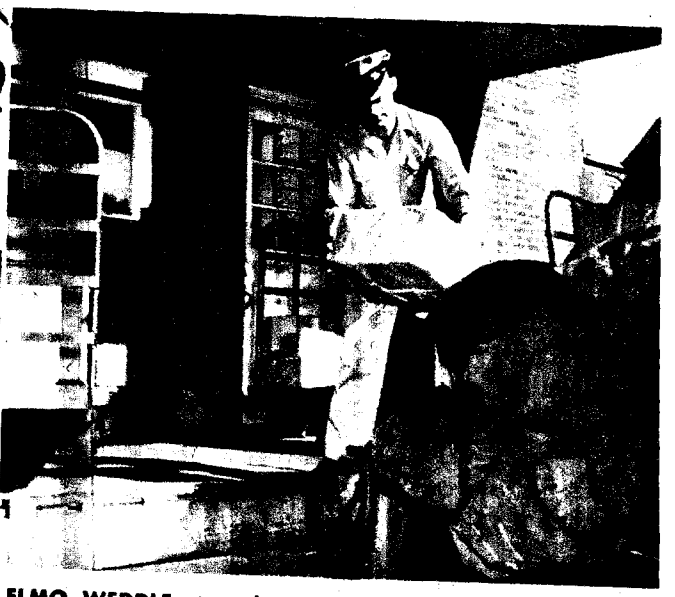
DON COSLETT, a Navy veteran, missed out on a year at Franklin College by getting inducted, but now he's making up for it under the GI Bill of Rights.



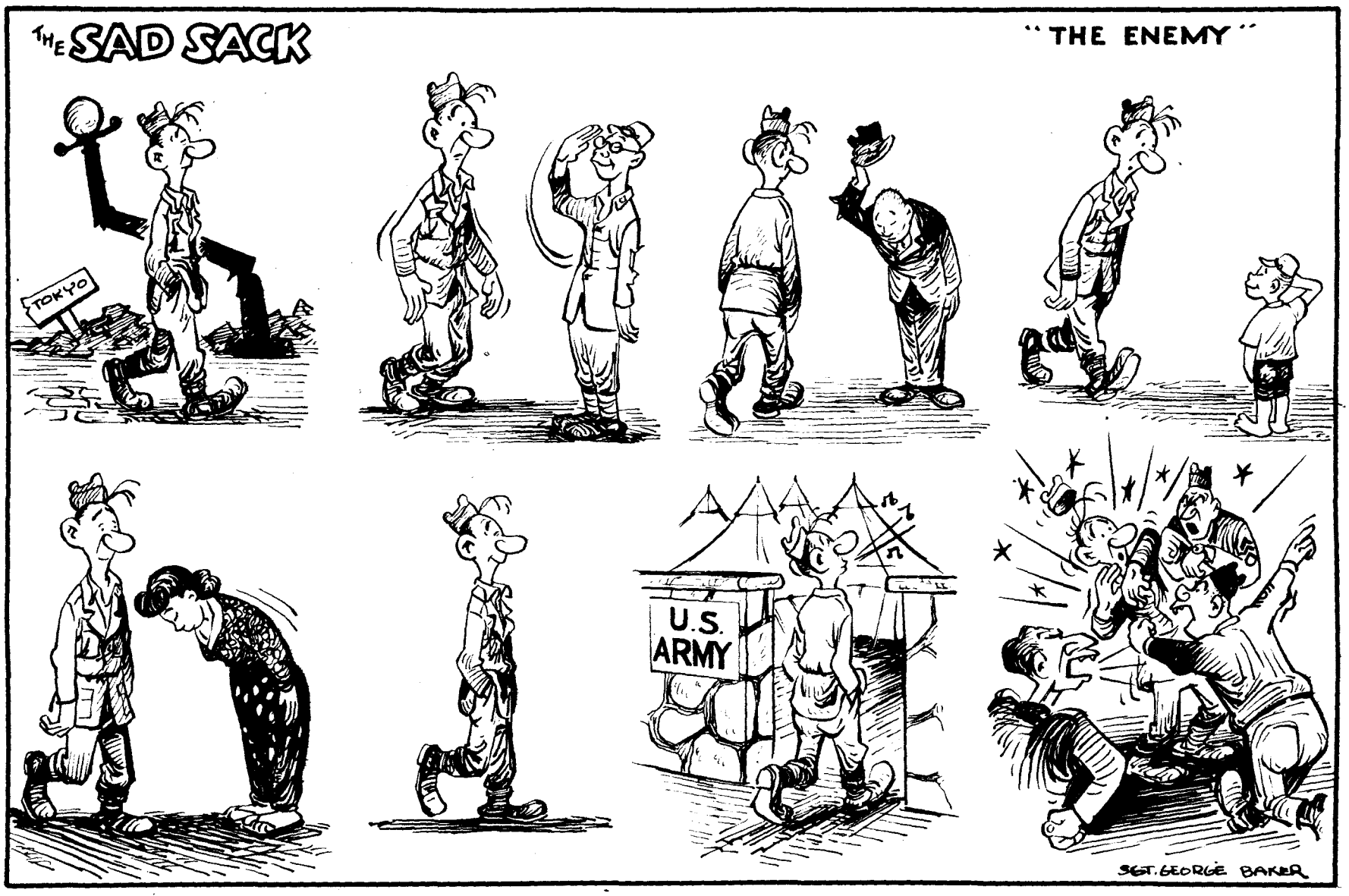
OBERT BURG T is an inspector in Noblett Spark's ctory, which mploys all the ex-servicemen it can t. He was i e Navy as a Seabee in the Pacific.

HAROLD BRIDWELL didn't get much advance training for this job in the Army, where he was a Combat Engineer. He is selling shoes at Lanam's Shoe Store.

RMAN DE M SS gives a fight talk to the wait- s and bus b s in Snyder's Restaurant, where manager. H was a Combat Medic in the ETO.



ELMO WEDDLE started on a new tack after two years in the Air Corps as a mechanic. He got a job at Franklin Post Office as mailman, but he likes it.



GI Insurance

Dear YANK:

I intend to keep my GI insurance after I am discharged. I have been told that while I can continue paying the premiums every month, it is possible to avoid the nuisance of remembering to meet the payments by paying my premiums semi-annually or annually. How does a man who is discharged arrange for such payments?

Panama —T/Sgt. RALPH BOCCIGALUPO

■ No machinery has as yet been set up at separation centers to assist men who want to pay their insurance premiums on a semi-annual or annual basis. However, a veteran may make such payments if he abides by the following instructions: He should mail a check to the Collections Subdivision, Veterans Administration, Washington 25, D. C. With the check he should inclose a letter stating his intention to pay the premiums semi-annually or annually. The veteran should keep a carbon copy of the letter as proof of his payment and to avoid having his insurance lapse. The canceled check will be proof that the veteran's check and letter have been received by the VA. The check should, of course, be mailed in advance of the date that the next premium payment is due and should cover the full premium for the period.

Educational Benefits

Dear YANK:

I am one of the lucky guys who had enough points to get back here and get out of uniform six months ago. I immediately went to work in order to earn enough money to get back on my feet again. Now I realize that I should have gone back to school instead. I went over to the local university to register under the GI Bill of Rights and was told that they couldn't take any new students this year. The registrar said that most of the schools in our vicinity were so crowded that no new students could be registered until next fall. That leaves me in a fine spot. Does that mean that I am just going to have to forget about taking advantage of the educational benefits of the GI Bill of Rights or can I wait until next fall and still get in on the free schooling?

Pennsylvania —Ex-T-5 LINDSAY WILLIAMS

■ You certainly may wait until next fall. The GI Bill of Rights gives a veteran plenty of time within which to begin his schooling under the law. The law states that a veteran may begin taking advantage of the educational provisions within two years after he is discharged or two years after the end of the war, whichever is later. Since neither Congress nor the President have as yet acted to declare the war officially terminated, the two-year period has not become effective.

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

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

Reporting to a Draft Board

Dear YANK:

I expect to ship out of here very shortly for discharge. I enlisted several months before the draft law came into existence and I never had a draft board. I understand that every man who is discharged from service must report back to his draft board. If that is true, how soon after I get out must I do that, and where do I report since I never had a draft board?

Germany —S/Sgt. HERMAN J. HELD

■ The Selective Service Law requires every man who is separated from service to report to a Selective Service Local Board within ten days from the date of his discharge. Any man who had not previously been registered with a local board is required to register at a local board within the ten-day period. You may register with any local board of your own choosing.

Debts and Discharge

Dear YANK:

I married a woman in Birmingham, Ala., in 1943. She had been married before but had separated from her first husband in 1939. At the time of our marriage, she and I thought her first husband had secured a divorce, as he had asked her for one and she had signed some divorce papers that he brought her.

From August 1943 until May of 1945 she received $1,546 in allowance checks from the Office of Dependency Benefits (she has a son seven years old, and she received checks for him too). In May the ODB stopped paying her when they found out that her first husband had not secured his divorce as we thought. The ODB said she was not entitled to an allotment. She immediately began divorce proceedings against her former husband, and, after receiving the divorce, she tried to get a common-law wife's allotment.

Although she went through the regular procedure of taking witnesses before a notary public to swear that we lived together while I was in the U. S., the ODB refused to grant her an allotment as a common-law wife. To top it all, they asked her to begin paying back the $1,546 at once.

She is not a skilled worker, and the best job she was able to get was in a store that paid her $15 a week. I believe you will agree that that amount was not quite enough to support her and the child. However, with the help I have sent her, she has been making out all right.

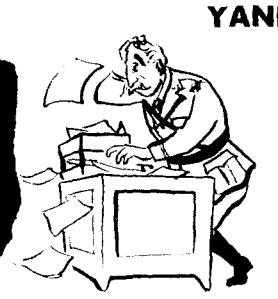
I love my wife and intend to return to her as soon as I am permitted to do so. But what is worrying me is this. I had my first sergeant write a letter to the Office of Dependency Benefits telling them that I would pay the debt myself by sending part of my pay each month.

Now, some of the fellows in my outfit tell me that my discharge from the Army will be held up until I finish paying off the debt. Some of them even say that they will grab my mustering-out pay. Can they hold me in service and take my mustering-out pay because of this debt?

Japan —(Name Withheld)

■ They cannot. Your discharge will not be held up because of your financial obligations to the ODB. Nor will your mustering-out pay be touched to pay off your indebtedness. When you become eligible for discharge, you will be separated without regard to your debts.

Fourth Indorsement



By Pfc. CHARLES PETERSON

THE calm routine of a Florida camp was shattered one morning by a tortured scream from the lips of Col. Frederick Lemming, commanding.

His scream was a shrill prelude to a mystery which, for sheer audacity, has not been equalled among military crimes since—oh, since way back. Personnel rushing to the colonel's office found him staring at a sheaf of papers, his eyes bulging, fingers clutching desperately at his doeskin tie, the eagles on his collar beating their wings in agitation.

"The indorsement!" gargled the stricken colonel. "The fourth indorsement is missing!"

Major Snodgrass fumbled through the papers and with difficulty restrained a gasp of horror. The correspondence dealt with the transfer of a battalion of basic trainees to a POE. The third indorsement, signed by Col. Lemming, had requested clarification of the second indorsement—which had directed the battalion to be shipped instead to the Radio City Music Hall. The fifth indorsement said merely, "For compliance."

But the vital fourth indorsement had been neatly scissored out!

Col. Lemming staggered to a chair and slumped down. A trio of junior officers were seeking to revive him by throwing water over him with rather more enthusiasm than seemed strictly necessary.

The colonel had just been restored to consciousness when a rock came crashing through the window and struck him squarely on the skull. A note was attached to the rock.

"If you want to see your fourth indorsement again," it said, "follow these instructions carefully." There followed detailed instructions for paying $10,000 ransom, with a warning that any attempt to involve the police would bring instant destruction of the paper.

"Look! Col. Lemming is dead!" somebody gasped.

"How can you tell?" mumbled a second lieutenant, in an ill-timed attempt at a jest.

"Nobody leaves this room!" cried Capt. Flinch, provost marshal for the post. "Or rather, I should say, 'all personnel *will* remain here until otherwise ordered.'"

"Just a minute, captain," put in Maj. Snodgrass stiffly. "Aren't you getting just a little out of line?"

"It's like you, Maj. Snodgrass, to pull your rank at a time like this," replied the captain coldly. "At any rate, no EM or lieutenants will leave this room—and that goes for warrant officers, too!" he snapped, as two WOJGs tried to sneak away, under pretence of policing up the area.

"First," continued the provost marshal, "let's dispose of the body of the colonel, whose untimely death will be an irreplaceable loss to this post, and incidentally should open up a few promotions down the line. I've been in grade for 18 months myself."

"What shall we do with the body, cap'n, sir?" sniveled a second lieutenant whose nose was easily a shade or two darker than his necktie.

The captain drummed on a desk with his fingertips, his lips judicially pursed. "Well, we'd better send the body through channels to the Medics for a final check, to make sure he's really dead. If he is, give him full military burial and award him a posthumous Legion of Merit. If he's alive, but unconscious, put him on TD as officer in charge of EM separation."

The colonel's body was dragged out with difficulty, since all the officers were of lesser grade and were forced to take positions to the left and a little behind him, as prescribed in the Soldier's Handbook.

"Now," said the captain, "we must get to the bottom of all this, the missing indorsement and the colonel's death. It's my opinion that Col. Lemming was murdered because he knew too much."

"Not Col. Lemming!" several men objected firmly.

"Where's T-4 Sergei Borovitch, the file clerk?" asked Capt. Flinch. "He must know something about all this."

"He stepped out a few moments ago," explained a lieutenant. "Said he was going out to hunt for a rock."

At that point Borovitch entered the room, dusting his hands, a satisfied grin covering his broad Slavic features. "I don't know nothing about no indorsement," he said. "Why don't you just pay the ransom, like it says?"

Capt. Flinch grabbed him by the shoulders. "How did *you* know about the ransom?" he snapped. "You weren't in the room when we read the note!"

"Take yer hands off me," growled Borovitch, "or I'll throw a courtmartial at you for physical violence to an enlisted man. I knew about the ransom note because I'm clairvoyant, see? I get it from my mother!"

"Oh," said the captain, subsiding.

THE next night Maj. Snodgrass set out with three briefcases containing $10,000 in nickels. The ransom instructions provided for the major to visit a swank roadhouse, near the camp, known as "The Brass Hat." There he must deposit the 200,000 nickels in the coke machine and juke box.

The major found the rendezvous easily, but his troubles were only beginning. It soon occurred to him that, working day and night, it would take him until the following Tuesday to dispose of all the nickels.

At the end of two hours he was nearly buried beneath bottles of coke, and his nerves were shattered from listening to "The Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe," a selection on which the juke box had got stuck. At that time he had disposed of only $18.75 in nickels.

It was then that T-4 Borovitch entered in the uniform of a lieutenant colonel.

"I really don't think you should dress like that, Borovitch," objected the weary major. "It tends to break down the distinction between officers and enlisted men."

"I had to dress this way," explained Borovitch, "because this place is Off-Limits to enlisted personnel. I've come to relieve you on this nickel detail. Why don't you go on back to the officers' club, and leave them nickels with me?"

"Say, thanks," said the major. "I can't understand, Borovitch, why you're only a T-4. I'll see what we can do on the first of the month."

The major shook off a few coke bottles that had clung to his clothes and staggered back to his car. At the office they were waiting for him in hushed expectancy.

"Did you get the fourth indorsement?" demanded Capt. Flinch. "Where is it—where's the indorsement?"

"Oh," gasped the major, "it completely slipped my mind." Nervously he thrust his hand into his pocket, where it touched several pieces of paper. It was the missing indorsement, original and three copies. The excited group clustered around to read it. It said:

"Under provisions of TM 12-253, the command line should be indented to begin under the first letter of the opening paragraph. Your command line is indented two spaces too far. Returned for correction."

The identity of the indorsement thief—and murderer—remains a mystery to this day. T-3 Borovitch, who later explained his sudden wealth by claiming he played the black market, hinted frequently at a solution to the crime.

"Between you and me," said Borovitch, "Maj. Snodgrass knew more, I think, than he ever cared to admit. And that's rather suspicious for an officer. Most of them admit they know more than they really do."

Honest Cop

By Sgt. KNOX BURGER
YANK Staff Correspondent

TOKYO—T/Sgt. Carl Byrd belongs to a species which is thought by some experts to be almost as extinct as that other rare bird, the dodo. Byrd is what's known as an honest cop. As a special investigator for the Provost Marshal's Criminal Investigation Division, he has devoted his overseas career to fighting GI criminal activities as practiced by experts and amateurs in Australia, Manila and Tokyo. He estimates he has recovered several million dollars' worth of Uncle Sam's property.

"The temptation was great," says Byrd, a large, clean-cut character. "I could have made a cool million in Manila alone."

Byrd got what he calls his boot training in a little North Carolina town called Randleman. The citizens ran through policemen the way Peggy Hopkins Joyce runs through husbands. If they couldn't induce a cop to leave town they'd attach a dynamite charge to his automobile engine. Life for the law was short and miserable.

Byrd, whose father was a policeman in a neighboring town, was called in to be Randleman's chief of police when he was 20 years old. He weighed 220 pounds, and the second Saturday night he was in town he strong-armed 56 drunks into jail singlehanded. A GI who used to be a newspaper reporter in North Carolina and who knew Byrd when they were both civilians tells of the time a 60-year-old restaurant waiter was slugged by the town's leading tough and Byrd went in after him. Four of the tough's pals left their booths and started to gang up on the young police chief. Pulling his gun, Byrd covered the four yeggs, while with his left hand he beat the tough unconscious.

In April '43 Byrd joined the club. He was immediately assigned to the MPs, joining his present outfit in Townsville, Australia, early in '44, moving up to Port Moresby that spring and to Finschaven in June. Finsch began blossoming into a huge staging base for the push north soon after Byrd arrived as special investigator.

"Finsch got hot in November," he recalls, adding matter-of-factly, "I broke up a million-dollar racket down there."

Byrd is not a modest man. He has lots of self-assurance but no more conceit than a normally rugged Street & Smith sheriff. He is a romantic. He would have been gloriously at home in the Wild West. When he talks you're aware of his frequent use of the pronoun "I." This stems from his whole outlook on his work. Byrd is a loner.

"I like to work alone, always alone—because I can never trust no man to take care of my back," he says. His boss, Capt. Michael Frisch, with whom Byrd has worked for over a year, says Byrd is at his best when given a free hand.

Byrd takes himself pretty seriously when he's on a case. Recently he had occasion to post some MPs in bushes near an Off-Limits sign in Tokyo to pick up anyone walking past the sign. It was at night. Byrd likes to work at night.

"All right, boys, you're with me now," said Byrd to the MPs as they stood in the dark behind the sign, "and there's not going to be any funny business. I don't care if your grandmother walks past that sign. Get her name and organization."

Byrd is just as impartial with the brass as with the EM, just a little more courteous.

The one-million-dollar racket in Finschaven was a pretty fancy deal, considering that there was no civilian black market and that very little was available in the way of consumer goods. It was run by a small circle of Navy officers and enlisted men who kept a stock pile of vehicles

The mail clerk was surprised to see a large MP complete with a .45 emerging from one of the mail sacks

and other equipment on hand to trade for money, liquor or more vehicles. It was a sort of clearing agency. Jeeps were swapped for whisky, bulldozers for tires. The medium of exchange was every sort of equipment that came into the harbor. Customers ranged from Aussie outfits to individual Air Force officers who were willing to trade, say, a slightly used cranemaster for a jeep.

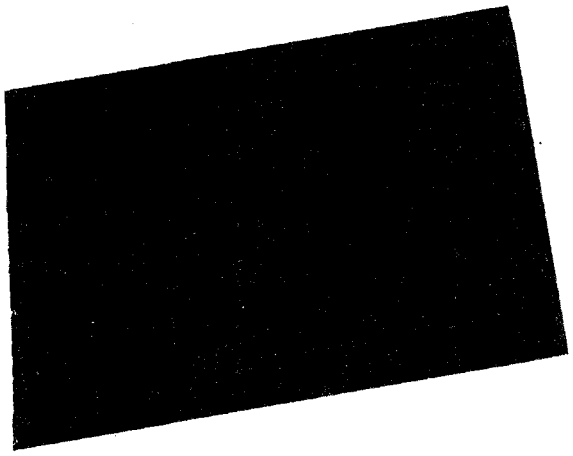
Byrd knew a lot of the stuff was missing, but the break didn't come until a GI got sore at his CO, one of the ringleaders of the deal, and spilled the works to the MPs. Capt. Frisch told Byrd to go ahead and handle it his way, so Byrd dressed up in the carefully sloppy Air Corps tradition, complete with crushed garrison cap and flying boots, and paid a call on the officer in question. He made a deal to swap a mythical truckload of jeep parts for a crane, which he said his fighter squadron needed to hoist engines into place. Byrd hung around until he thought it was time to show his cards. He says that picking the right moment to make your move is the most difficult part of criminal investigation.

"You got to wait until things get ripe," says Byrd, "and then"—he snaps his fingers like a cannon—"you move in. When we relieved the Navy of that stuff at Finsch it must have made a convoy two miles long. They had some stuff, including weapons carriers, hidden underground. The officers started to wiggle when I walked in on them, but wiggling couldn't help then."

On another occasion in Finschaven Byrd broke up a post-office racket. Package handlers were rifling packages going to and from the States, stealing money, watches, native jewelry, etc. One night one of the men was methodically opening packages and removing the contents. Sidling over to the rack of the mail bags, the clerk was considerably upset to see a large MP holding a pearl-handled .45 emerge from one of the sacks.

"He didn't give me any trouble at all," says Byrd.

"I've always been able to take men without killing them," Byrd admits, "but that .45—I call



her Betsy—got to be a pretty well-known gun in the islands." Capt. Frisch says Byrd is a very good shot.

"I wouldn't say I was good," says Byrd characteristically. "However, once I emptied Betsy into a moving truck. I shot out four tires and put three bullets into the cab. I missed the driver by a quarter of an inch. I didn't want to kill him, I just wanted him to know it was time to stop." Byrd smiles reminiscently, "He stopped."

As the war moved up into more civilized territory, illegal activity, while it remained basically the same, took on an air of sophistication. There was a ready civilian market for GI property. Refinements like liquor and women were available. The black-market boys put on long pants. Finschaven was good, clean fun compared with Manila.

"Five months of police work in Manila was equivalent to 10 years in the States," says Byrd. Byrd's first job was to check on pom-pom houses, lecturing the girls on VD. When the black market started to get into his gear, Byrd moved in like a man possessed. He lost 40 pounds in six weeks, working 18 and 20 hours daily on black-market cases.

"Truckloads of black-market stuff had been going to cafes on a schedule run like a milk route," says Byrd. In certain sections of Manila Byrd augmented Betsy with a submachine gun, in other sections he'd pose as a GI trying to make an easy *peso*. Hanging around Quartermaster outfits and docks he learned how to spot misappropriated equipment, how to follow trucks off the beaten track with lights off, when to change vehicles and uniforms and other useful tricks of the trade. Byrd spent a lot of time casing restaurants looking for black-market food. He had to learn the markings of every can the Army issues and to be able to distinguish them from the slightly different cans which were legally distributed to the Filipinos. Once a restaurant owner, on being informed that his place was going to be placed Off-Limits because he was serving black-market food, called Byrd over to the bar and laid out several thousand *pesos*.

"Don't put the place Off-Limits, sarge," he said, flapping the bills on the bar top.

Byrd didn't bother to count the money. Then the man's beautiful, young wife cooed up.

"I live in the back room," she said, and then—lowering her voice to a husky, single-entendre pitch—"My home is your home."

"No soap," said Byrd, who has been married six years.

The scorned woman picked up a chair and threw it at the sergeant, who ducked. Then the woman began to cry, but Byrd was too busy nailing up Off-Limits signs to pay much attention.

"Once I make up my mind it's made up," says Byrd.

One Filipino posed as an Army doctor and was working a new angle on the old protection racket. He would condemn a place as being unsanitary unless the restaurant owner flashed a roll of money as a bribe. Byrd arranged to catch the "doctor" in the act of accepting money. As the MPs walked in the Filipino started to rip off his phony captain's bars, but Byrd spoiled the act by undressing him on the spot. Holding the evidence—the uniform with the insignia—over one arm, Byrd marched the man down to the police station in his underwear.

BYRD hated to leave Manila. He hates to leave any place where he thinks somebody is making a dishonest dollar.

Byrd's MP outfit arrived in Tokyo on Sept. 12. Byrd was bushed after the Manila rat-race. Capt. Frisch wanted to give him a rest, so he put him in charge of operations, a desk job generally regarded by MPs as the utmost pinnacle of achievement. Byrd did a good job, but Capt. Frisch noticed he wasn't very happy; he fidgeted a lot.

"How would you like to get out in the field again?" Frisch asked Byrd one day. Byrd took off from his desk like a bookkeeper with the GIs. He has been a hard man to keep up with since.

Byrd spends a lot of time barreling around Tokyo's streets, which he knows better than a prewar taxi-driver, looking for trouble. Illegal GI activity is on a relatively small scale in Tokyo, a fact which is probably secretly disappointing to Byrd. One of the chief reasons for his comparative lack of business is that GIs are shuttling in and out of Japan like commuters, what with high-point men going home, replacements arriving and outfits shifting around the country.

This has made it difficult for GI advocates of the easy *yen* to establish civilian black-market contacts and swing into operation. Another factor is the Japanese police force, a huge and eager organization, which cracks down hard on civilian offenders. Byrd says Jap cops beat around the bush and their methods of investigation are old-fashioned, but there are so many of them they can't help but stumble on a lot of funny-business. Also, Tokyo hasn't started to become the supply base Manila was; there isn't much to steal.

Now that Tokyo's *geisha* houses are Off-Limits, Byrd spends a lot of his time checking that no GI clients walk in. In his role of Dutch uncle, which was firmly established in Manila, he also gives the girls fight talks through an interpreter on personal hygiene. In spite of the fact that he has wrecked their business, they all seem fond of the big MP. On the days when he visits the drafty "reception rooms," Byrd says it's not uncommon for him to drink 40 cups of tea.

One of his first cases in Tokyo posed an interesting juxtaposition of robbery and black-market activity. It's still only half-solved. Up to the point where Byrd came to what he admits is a "dead stop," the thing reads like four-fifths of a dime detective novel.

At 8 P.M. one night six GIs walked into a Jap house with drawn guns and went upstairs where they ripped open a strong-box and walked out with 40,000 *yen*. The robbery was reported to the local police, who turned the case over to Byrd together with the serial numbers of the money—which was in 200 *yen* notes.

A couple of hours later some of the 200 *yen* notes started appearing in Byrd's own outfit across a poker table. Nosing around, Byrd discovered that 60 pounds of sugar had been stolen from the MP mess that evening. It turned out that the sugar, which had been condemned as unsanitary by the medical officer, had been sold to a Tokyo black-marketeer whose daughter had become friendly with an MP motor sergeant. The motor sergeant had talked the mess sergeant into a deal, and the money they received was part of the money which had been stolen from the house earlier that evening.

The robbery has never been solved, but the sugar—and the sergeants—have been confiscated. Byrd is sure the Jap who bought the sugar acted as an inside man on the stick-up and then got enough of the take to pay off for the sugar, but that side of it is up to the civilian police.

Not long ago Byrd was called in by Tokyo's municipal police chief on a rape case. Three GIs were reported to have walked into a house and attacked a woman. The only clue the chief had was an overseas cap with officer's braid which one man had left. Byrd looked at the cap.

"I'll have at least one of the men in this office within four hours," he told the police chief.

The chief laughed politely and offered to make what Byrd calls a "sporting bet" that he couldn't keep his word. The last four digits of the serial number were stamped in the hatband, and Byrd started checking the rosters of every outfit in Tokyo. Within a couple of hours he had come up with the name of an officer whose serial number checked with that on the hat, and in another hour he had the confession from the enlisted man to whom the officer had given the hat to have new braid sewn on. The enlisted man promptly squealed on his two accomplices. The police chief was so impressed by Byrd's speed that he presented him with a sword and an elaborately lettered Japanese scroll, which, roughly translated, says Byrd is one hell of a good cop.

Byrd, who wants to work with the North Carolina State Bureau of Investigation after his discharge, is about due to go home. He's not completely happy about it, though.

"I hate to leave before the fight's over," he says.

Sometimes Byrd manages to sound a little like an I&E pamphlet.

"We've got plenty of fighting to do to take care of our equipment and supplies coming up here. Personally, I am about burnt out riding jeeps so goddam much, staying up day and night. I'm not working here one-fiftieth as much as I should." He heaves a worried sigh. "The Army has made criminals out of a lot of honest men, and a lot of them will try the same racket they have been pulling off out here when they get back to the States."

God help them if Byrd ever catches up with them.

The crook was marched off dressed in his underwear.

YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

Mail Call

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This Week's Cover

WHEN the Army opened up a new PX in Tokyo, selling souvenirs at reasonable prices, GIs, sailors and marines turned the place into something which was worse than Macy's during Christmas rush week. They lined up outside for hours before it and bought out the entire stock on the first day.

PHOTO CREDITS, Cover—Army News Service. 2 through 4—Pvt. Harry Wignall. 5—Acme. 10 & 11—Canadian National Film Board. 12 & 13—Sgt. Tom Kane. 20—Columbia Pictures.

Old-Time Diplomacy

Dear YANK:

We are very much disturbed by the apathy and complacency with which our public officials and the press have reacted to the news of the failure of the recent Five-Power conference of foreign ministers. Such statements as, "oh, this was only an interesting test of conflicting national interests," or "actually, this represents an advancement in international relations"—such attitudes are disturbing if not terrifying. One is a gross underestimation of the danger of vested national interests. The other is either a deliberate or naive misrepresentation of the facts.

The truth of the matter is that the London conference adjourned without having reached agreement on a single point on its agenda. So, let's call it a failure.

Why did it fail? Because of conflicting national interests? Or, did it fail because of the short-sightedness of those who direct the foreign affairs of the world who seem blind to the fact that the most fundamental national interest of any nation *today must be the preservation* of international peace and the establishment of cooperation among peoples?

Can it be that such cooperation is only possible in the cause of war and not in the cause of peace? Can it be that those who are responsible for international affairs have not learned the lessons and significance of six years of war? Why are they reverting to attitudes and formulas of world diplomacy which have failed time and again for the last 3,000 years, each failure resulting in increasing destructive warfare?

Never before have the peoples of the world been so internationally minded. The average guy from Kansas City, from Kiev, or from Coventry, who has borne the brunt of the battle and who is footing the bills for this war, has learned to put first things first, to value genuine international cooperation above petty national interests. If one should judge by the results of the London conference, however, the leaders of the world are not showing sound leadership.

In their preoccupation with intricate juggling of national interests and spheres of influence, world statesmen seem to have lost sight completely of the meaning of the atom bomb. The little guy would like to ask if it would be to our national interest to have our cities leveled by atom bombs in a war caused by conflicting spheres of influence. It's about time that leaders quit experimenting in diplomacy at the risk and expense of two billion people.

For our part, we wish to state that we deplore the short-sighted diplomacy of all participants which caused this failure. We deplore the complacent attitude of public officials towards this failure as expressed in their recent public remarks on the subject. We demand that our leaders in international relations go about their job as if they understood its urgency.

We demand statesmanship worthy of the sufferings of the last 30 years. Success will insure a grateful posterity; failure may mean no posterity at all.

Germany —Pfc. JAY G. BLUMLER*

*Also signed by Pfc. Stephen B. Labunski.

Short-Sighted

Dear YANK:

I'd like to take up another thought on compulsory military training for which our brass hats are plugging. If this proposed bill is defeated (and I think it will be) the blame can rest squarely upon the heads of General Marshall and the entire War Department, including 99 percent of the officers from generals down to second lieutenants.

These professional Army men and career officers with their tails behind a desk are so short-sighted that they never realize that once a man is out of the Army, he will open up to all civilians and tell them what a lousy deal he received. All you have to do is read the letters in newspapers and periodicals and almost without exception there is nothing good an enlisted man has to say for the Army. As a matter of fact, any decent officer hasn't either.

Those fools who make up the ARs and the AWs still believe in humiliating, persecuting and degrading enlisted men all over the world. Then they expect these same EM to come home and speak nicely about their treatment in the Army. No parents in their right mind would consent to their sons being drafted into the Army in peacetime knowing what they do now.

I don't mean that some officers weren't human, but the most of them seemed to think that EM were dirt to wipe their feet on. If the big shots in the WD had any compassion at all, they could have gotten off their seats and asked the EM directly how they felt about the Army. I had a CO in the Engineers who was a heel and the IG came down from Washington and asked him how he rated the morale of his men. This intrepid CO answered, "100 percent" when any guy in the outfit would have shot him for a nickel.

If that's the way the Army expects to get men, then I'm against compulsory military training. If they adopt a different attitude and decide to treat a soldier like a man, then I'll be in favor of the bill, but until the WD does some promising and changes the ARs and AWs, then I'm "agin' it."

Philadelphia, Pa. —Ex-Pvt. GENE LABERMAN

Officers' Club

Dear YANK:

I have just come from a meeting of a Regular Army post officers' club and am really teed off. Three colonels overrode the suggestion of a junior officer that the club should not be showing such a big profit every month. They did it with the usual concept of democracy of men who have been in the Army for 20 years.

These officers' clubs on permanent posts have been showing tremendous profits all through the war and the money will be only to the benefit of those who stay in, i. e., the Regular Army.

As an example—the officers' club at Hickam Field on Oahu has stated assets of over $1,000,000. This is an honest figure as far as I know but there are plenty of others which have covered up nearly equal profits. For instance, enough money for the Fort Shafter Club on Oahu to build a swimming pool has already been declared a liability, even though the pool has not even been started. Hickam must intend to invest their million, which should pretty well support the club from now on. At two-and-one-half percent they'll get $25,000 a year.

Those of us who have contributed to these funds by paying high prices for food bought from commissaries, dues, initiations and by feeding slot machines do not want it back personally. Fortunately that cannot be done under AR 210-50, or it would be a simple matter for, say, 200 officers left at Hickam in September 1946 to make themselves a profit of $5,000 apiece.

We do, however, hate to see it go to increasing the pleasures of Regular Army officers who put in only a tiny portion of it. Better to give it to UNRRA, the Veterans Administration, or something else which can use it for the benefit of a wider and more needy group.

Oahu —(Lieutenant's Name Withheld)

Tax Forgiveness

Dear YANK:

Once more the veteran of World War II is given aid—first the GI Bill of Rights and now the new tax law under which no enlisted veteran would have to pay an income tax on service pay earned during the war.

It is as magnificent and stupendous a gesture as was ever cooked up by Hitler's astrologers. In fact one could go further and say it was outright stupid, using the first part of stupendous anyway. The headlines in the papers should read, "GIs GET ANOTHER SHAFTING".

Exactly what tax benefit is given to us vets of World War II, that hadn't been given before? The savings in taxes under this plan are so negligible that the 'aid to veterans' story is downright false. Now, to show exactly how the law helps vets:

1. No enlisted man (and including officers up to the grade of 1st Lt whose base pay was $2,000.00) had to pay a tax return for 1944 or 1945 as the law reads now, since the first $1,500 of service pay was excluded from income. (The $1,500 figure takes care of 95% of all enlisted men.) Then an allowance of $500.00 for personal exemption and by a fact of simple addition, one can readily see that all

"There we were—only 71 red points left, and we had to hold out to the end of the month!" —Sgt. Tom Flannery

single men who made $2,000.00 or less did not have to file a return nor did they have to pay any tax.

2. As the tax aid (?) to veterans is only for enlisted men here are facts and figures on pay earned, using personnel of the Infantry and Air Corps as examples:

(a) *Infantry*

M/Sgt with over 3 years' service—$144.90 per month or an annual income of—$1738.80 Add: Combat Infantry badge for year $120.00

Gross income for year	$1858.80
Less: exclusion from income	1500.00
Income before exemption	$358.80
Less: Personal exemption	500.00
Amount subject to tax	NONE

The above shows that you would have to be a Regular Army M/Sgt with approximately nine years service plus the Expert Infantry Badge to pay a token tax under the present tax laws of *$4.00*.

(b) *Air Forces*

Naturally, since the Air Forces are blessed with an increase of 50% of all pay for flying (i.e. if they are on orders for flying and do so) we find that a T/Sgt on flying pay for the years 1944 and 1945 would still be below the minimum in computing taxable income.

Annual base pay of T/Sgt	$1368.00
Add: 50% for flying pay for full year	684.00
Gross income	$2052.00
Less: exclusion from income	1500.00
Income before deductions	$ 552.00
Less: Arbitrary 10% allowance for Deductions	55.20
Income before exemption	$496.80
Less: Personal exemption	500.00
Taxable Income	NONE

To be as magnificent as Congress I shall say roughly (very) that the tax aid they propose may help some 3% of our enlisted armed forces. My examples are correct—and I leave other figuring and other examples to the men in the service. I have not included overseas pay (20% increase on base pay only) but then how many master sergeants have we and how many men (enlisted) were on flying pay a complete full year.

I propose as a tax aid a complete forgiveness of all taxes due from all service men and women up to a maximum of $500 per year for the years 1941 through 1947 inclusive.

—**Sgt. ELMER GOODMAN**

Amarillo Air Field, Texas

No Transportation?

Dear YANK:

The Air Transport Command is one branch of the service that is vitally needed and should be going at full blast at all times in transporting discharged soldiers to the States but here's a gripe that is worthy of mention in your column.

On October 3d a 40-passenger plane, the giant world-girdling Globester, landed here with only 30 passengers aboard. That is not hard to figure out, but here is something that is.

Our office weighed in nine happy homeward-bound passengers to fill the plane. A brass hatter interfered and ordered these nine passengers removed from the plane for no reason except to provide sufficient space for a few officers to stretch their war-weary legs.

Three hours later when the plane left the field, nine seats adjacent to the 30 seats were vacant. And now we are attempting to figure out how a lack of transportation can be an excuse for being unable to get more men home from the Pacific. How can we get out of the Army when conditions like this exist?

Guam —**T/Sgt. R. G. RENSHAW**

Fruit Salad

Dear YANK:

The subject of medals and decorations has so seldom entered my thoughts that it is with some embarrassment that I suddenly find myself all heated up about it. But, along with a lot of other guys, I am bitterly resentful over the insult to intelligence and to a sense of fair play implicit in the manner in which some of the awards have been made lately.

I refer specifically to the recent award of the American Theater ribbon to personnel who have never left the *continental* U.S., and the award of the World War II Victory Medal to guys who never wore a uniform before VJ-Day.

One of the lowest forms of life in the Army or Navy is the guy who buys a brace of campaign ribbons, to which he isn't entitled, because he likes the way they set off his uniform. Even a fellow who doesn't give a damn about brag-rags can get sore over that. And yet, from Washington has just come the sort of thing which for practical purposes give official sanction to such an abomination.

If the object is to decorate every uniform with a fake glamour, then why not let every guy choose his own color combination right from the ten-cent store counter—it would save a lot of misplaced artistic zeal on the part of some of our officials.

I have always been a little sensitive at the thought of going home after a couple of years overseas with just my little red-white-and-blue ribbon and the Victory Medal to adorn my lapel. But I will no longer be sensitive about them—I'll be downright ashamed over what they *misrepresent*.

NPO, New York —**(Name Withheld)**

WHAT PRICE PEACE?

THE latest pleasure for correspondents, principally in Europe, is to send stories to their home papers about low morale among occupation troops. The GIs, they write, are bored with their jobs, and they don't like the French, the Belgians, the Russians or the English. On the other hand, some GIs do like the Germans. When they ship back to the States they carry their dislikes with them and leave a good measure behind. But these writers say that getting home is all the GIs are concerned with.

The war began for us on Dec. 7, 1941, and there doesn't seem to be anything very surprising about wanting to go home. A great many GIs wanted to go home a day after they got into the Army. But they fought through four years of war and won it. The American soldier has a record for courage, cheerfulness and decency which he probably never equaled before. If that record proves anything, it proves that he knew what he was fighting for. You don't always have to say democracy to make it understood.

But you can't easily brush off the resentment that some GIs are leaving behind them. Whether or not the pull of home was so great that it made us impatient and sore, it is not reason enough to take it out on any people, no matter what language they speak. Simply because you had to pay $1.50 for a glass of cognac doesn't mean that the French are a lousy race; and the Germans are not good people just because they wash their hands.

As to the charge of indifference, it may be that most of us realize the need to occupy Germany and Japan, but that we would just as soon let someone else do it. There can't be any compromise with the necessity of getting men home who have it coming to them, but there will be other Americans to succeed them, perhaps for a generation or more. If these men think only of getting home and are as sore and resentful as we were, the success of the occupation is going to be doubtful. The job is there, take it or leave it. If you think we ought to leave it, consider the consequences.

There is a meaning in the peace which is as strong and demanding as that of the war. We haven't rid the world of fear by beating the Nazis and the Japs. We haven't assured our children, or the world's children, of food and security from now on. We haven't made it certain that we will not destroy ourselves with the atomic bomb. You can't solve the peace by using the word, any more than by saying democracy.

This business of occupation isn't just a matter of watching the Germans and the Japanese as a cat watches a mouse. There is more to it than preventing the Germans from rebuilding the Krupp factories or the Japs from starting to train *kamikaze* pilots again. Those are the means and not the causes of war.

To invoke the higher brass for once, here is a quotation from Field Marshal Montgomery about the occupation of Germany: "It is one of the boldest experiments in the history of international cooperation."

Now no experiment is going to succeed unless the experimenters are interested in what they are doing. And don't think that we, as GIs or civilians, are not involved in this one. We can't just "let George do it," whether George is the general who makes the speeches or the pfc who is our future replacement. The importance of all this may be easier for us to understand as civilians, since we will have to pay our taxes, vote for our congressmen and our union leaders. The idea that we are each personally involved in what our Government does will be closer to us. Soldiers don't vote on who their officers are to be.

Any GI in Europe or Japan is part of this experiment of occupation; it doesn't matter a damn whether he cooks, or drives a jeep, or stands guard, or pounds a typewriter. No 10 generals or 12 representatives of the Government can do their job without him. An individual GI is just as much a part of the general plan today as he was yesterday in combat. In combat he couldn't afford to be unconcerned, and he can't afford to be unconcerned now. We can lose a careless peace just as we would have lost a careless war.

Whether the occupation is to be run by the Army or by civilians, there is still just as much at stake. If international cooperation can be solved anywhere, we certainly have an opportunity in Germany. America, England, Russia and France are trying to do the job together. The citizens of those countries and of the world have everything to lose if they fail. We must remember that we are citizens as well as soldiers.

After the Typhoon

Dear YANK:

"One hundred thousand men left homeless as a typhoon sweeps Okinawa. The food sutiation is so critical, B-29s are dropping food to feed the stranded men." This article appeared in our news sheet two days after the typhoon (our radio was disabled by the storm).

Tonight for supper we EM had hash, macaroni and cheese, peas, rice pudding and coffee. A damn good meal too, a lot better than we usually get. The EM supper is now over.

From the kitchen now floats the repulsive odor of sizzling steak. No, not hash, but big and juicy fresh steak. There are a couple of other minor articles also. Whisky, coke and beer. The officers are about to eat.

Evidently the officers weren't included in the food shortage. How could they have been if they are eating steak? This isn't the first time they have had parties like this. It has happened on several occasions before.

Many officers can't figure out why the EM are so prejudiced against them. What we EM can't figure out is what God-given reason or military order says officers shall eat steak and drink whisky while their subordinates eat hash. That is why we are prejudiced. We can't get used to the idea that we aren't good enough to eat and drink what they do.

We sure hope the steaks and whisky aren't all gone when we get home.

Okinawa —**Cpl. KEITH TROXEL***

***Also signed by 35 others.**

At Least One Stripe

Dear YANK:

Six officers and 27 enlisted men that I have consulted all agree unanimously with Cpl. Donald Peters who favors recognition of a private's position. This recognition should and could be shown through an automatic promotion for Army men after they have completed their basic training. The Navy promotes all its men immediately after boot training, which is, incidentally, five weeks shorter than the Army's period of basic training. The private deserves a reward for learning to do a difficult job correctly.

After my basic training, the platoon of which I was a member attended school for ten weeks and we were all privates. The Navy never sends an apprentice seaman to school, not even for five weeks.

It is true that the Navy's job requires a higher percentage of specialized men than the Army's and the fact that there are quite a number of technical positions to be had in the Army is readily accepted. By all means, a well trained soldier deserves the rating of private first class.

Tokyo —**T-5 ROBERT C. GNEGY**

Army Waste

Dear YANK:

In a recent issue you had an article about the great Army postal detector. So much for the great world of science and a toast to the inventors. Did the Army ever stop to think of how much waste there is, not only in this theater but in others?

I'm a supply sergeant and have been for the time I've spent in the Army and have had the so-called honor of closing up a couple of these Army bases, and I can vouch for the fact that while this Army is searching out soldiers sending home a field jacket or a pair of shoes, the Army itself is burning these items and wasting the material and work that was put into them.

I've seen crated office machinery and equipment floating down the river.

India —**S/Sgt. JOSEPH L. CZERWINSKI**

Regardless of Rank

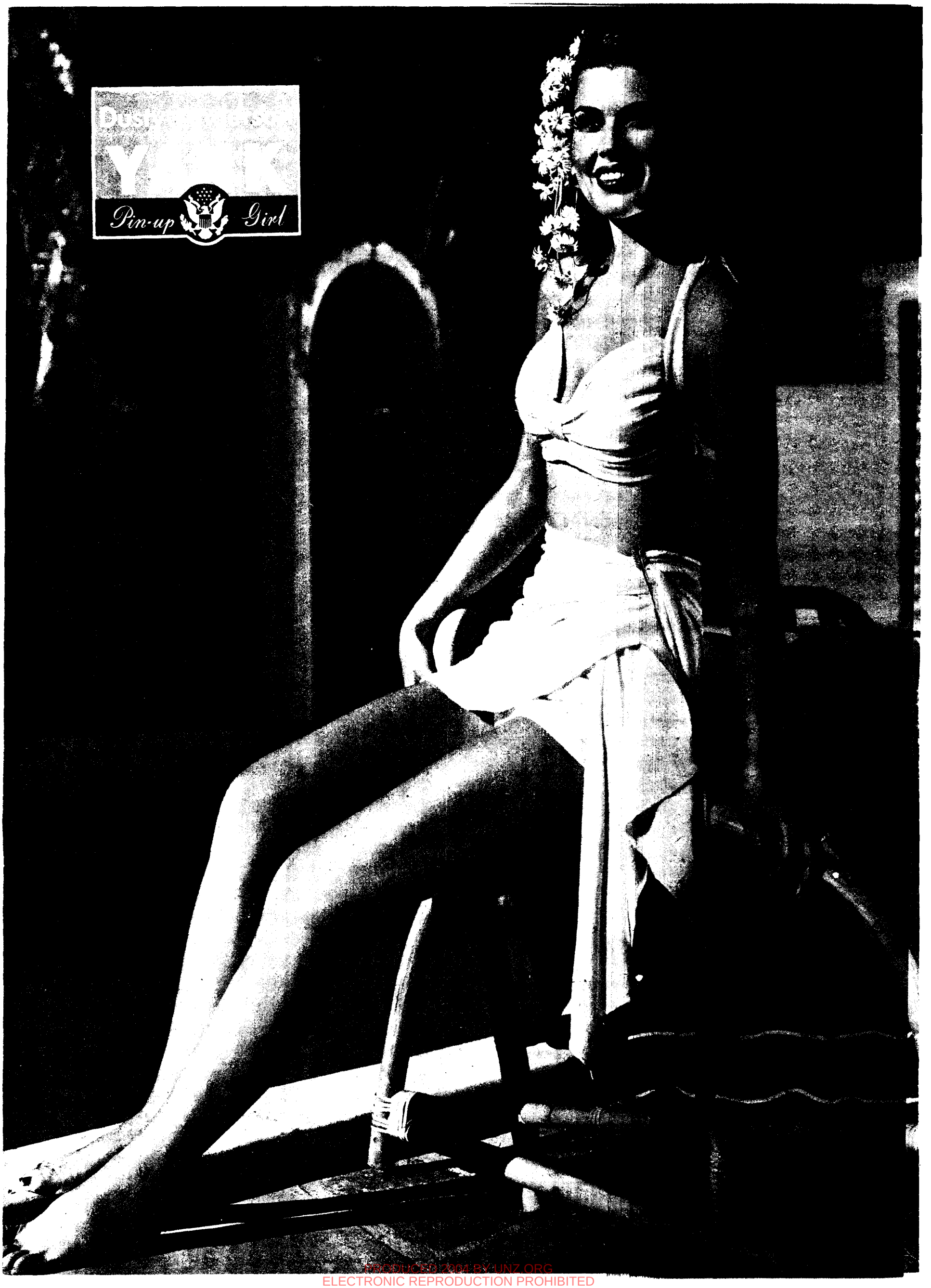
Dear YANK:

Not much has been written in your letters column about the bill before Congress giving the enlisted man compensation (such as the brass is now getting) for furloughs they haven't received.

I think the method of compensation planned is unfair to the lower grade enlisted men of the Army. A private longs for home when he's on an overseas outpost just as much as a sergeant.

I see no reason why the furlough pay should be based on a GI's rank. The fair way would be to fix a standard amount per day to be paid to all regardless of rank.

Palau Islands —**Pfc. BOB WEYER**



"It's all in your mind"

The man who asks you all "those foolish questions" explains the how and why of psychoneurosis.

By Sgt. A. J. AUERBACH

"YOU'VE got to be a little bit psycho to cure a psycho," they say. That may or may not be true. At one time or another in my 17 months in neuropsychiatric sections of Army hospitals, I've felt nervous, touchy and depressed, had headaches and no appetite, couldn't sleep and blew my top easily. I hate to think what would happen if these symptoms all came upon me at once.

I'm what the Army calls a psychiatric social worker—a fancy title that means a combination of psychologist, chaplain, clerk, instructor, big brother and punching bag.

If you've just returned from overseas with a big NP on your medical tag, I'm the guy in the hospital who asks you those fool questions about your Army and civilian life, the one you shake your fist at and yell: "What the hell are you asking me those questions for? I've answered them a hundred times already!"

A psychoneurotic GI (you may call him combat-fatigued—it's the same thing) coming back from overseas isn't in a happy frame of mind. He's been through a lot and is suffering from a sort of nervous breakdown. He sits in his chair in my office as I ask him about himself. Either he wants to talk my ear off or he won't say a word. I skip down my list of questions until I come to this one: "Is your sex life satisfactory?"

Now I can't ask him that. That's a helluva question for a guy just back from two years in the Pacific who hasn't been home yet. So I ask, "Do you go out with girls much?" My eyes are on the floor. I don't want to give him any wrong ideas. He gives me a fishy stare and replies: "Not lately. Why, you know any good addresses?"

I finish taking his social history and write it up. I now know something about his Army record (according to him), his civilian work and education, his family and friends, his emotional and physical difficulties—and what he thinks of the Army, GI doctors and me. As a rule, none of these latter opinions is particularly flattering. I get his overseas medical charts and see how much he's added and and how much he's omitted.

The stories "psychos" tell have many similarities, although differing in details. This GI, for example, spent too much time in combat, 80 consecutive days on the line. He kept telling himself over and over that he wasn't afraid. When his buddy was killed by a sniper's bullet one day, he cracked up—became hysterical, wanted to run out and fight the *Wehrmacht* singlehanded.

Here's another soldier in an OP up front who was sent back to report that a column of enemy tanks was moving up. Instead of crawling, he got up and ran, giving away the position of the OP and with it the lives of a lieutenant and a sergeant who were still there. Now guilt feelings trouble him all the time, especially in his dreams.

Or take the fellow who was sent overseas as a replacement and never did get to know the men in his outfit. He had no idea what the war was about and kept cursing his draft board all the way over. The first day on the line was too much for him. After an artillery barrage he had to be forcibly removed from his foxhole.

This other guy should never have been drafted in the first place. He was always tied to his mother's apron strings, got all kinds of sicknesses in civilian life, especially when the going got rough, was always taking medicines and pills.

THIS week's plunge into the pool is not going to be made by Dusty Anderson. She's sitting next to it for decorative purposes only, which suits us. Dusty is 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighs 118 pounds, has a smiling pair of blue eyes, and brown hair. Her next movie role will be in Columbia's picture "One Way to Love."

Practically all the "psychos" who return are psychoneurotic. GIs and civilians often incorrectly confuse that with psychotic, which is a psychiatric term for the mentally diseased.

Psychoneurosis is definitely not insanity. It's just a kind of nervous breakdown like Aunt Tilly had years ago after her husband died, or Uncle Bill had when he lost his money in Wall Street.

Some psychiatric treatment and advice, a decent job and regular civilian life — and the "psycho" GI becomes himself again. He makes just as good a worker, a husband or a student as anybody else. If he's taken the advice seriously and learned something about his personality, he's even better prepared to face life.

As a psychiatric social worker, I've heard stories that make me wonder about the patient's honesty or the judgment of somebody overseas. There's the tale of Pfc. X, a rear-echelon mail clerk in France. One day while lifting a heavy sack of mail he felt a sharp pain in the right side of his groin. He went on sick call. The doctor hooked his two fingers and said: "Cough . . . Aha, looks like a hernia." He was sent back to a general hospital in England for an operation. But they couldn't find a hernia on him there.

They kept him "under observation" for weeks until, thoroughly fed up, he complained to the doctor: "Sir, I wish you'd do something for me. Either operate, or send me back to my outfit. I'm sick of hanging around here."

"Ah!" the doc said. "So you want to go home?"

"Who the hell mentioned home?" replied the pfc, adding a few choice words for emphasis.

The next day he was before a ZI board. In a week he was bound for home with an NP tag.

Anyway, that's his story. Most "psychos," as this case illustrates, hate to admit responsibility for their difficulties even to themselves. They'll blame everything on the Army, or tell you confidentially that they "put one over" on the Medical Department. Case histories and clinical observation usually add up to a different story.

Telling a "psycho" patient that "it's all in your mind" probably won't change anything except his blood pressure. What's more, he doesn't want to believe it. Besides feeling nervous, tense, jumpy, restless, touchy and tired, a psychoneurotic often suffers physical pains similar to those in actual organic illnesses. It may be a rapid heartbeat, or stomach discomfort, backache, rheumatic pains in his legs. If he's an hysteria type, he may even have lost control of a limb and tell you that "the shell concussion paralyzed the nerves." If X-ray and physical examination show up negative and the man's background and experience indicate he may have had an emotional shock, the assumption is made, usually correctly, that the source of our man's difficulties is psychological rather than physical.

The trouble is that Army tradition from way back brands a man a goldbrick unless he's proved otherwise. When X-rays fail to show anything wrong, the "psycho" feels embarrassed and thinks it's a reflection on his honesty. Medical science, however, has known for many years that pains suffered by neurotics are genuine. While they may actually have originated from mental or emotional sources, to dismiss the pains by saying "it's all in your mind" may build a fence between patient and doctor. That's why Army medical men don't use that phrase any more. Instead they try to explain, in terms the patient will accept, just where his trouble comes from and how to overcome it.

The Army program for treating psychoneurosis is modeled after the latest and best in civilian psychiatric practice. A psychiatrist, an MD who specializes in mental diseases, is in charge of the treatment. Teamed up with him are a psychologist, who gives intelligence and personality tests, and a psychiatric social worker, who writes up the social history and gives whatever treatment the psychiatrist recommends. Sometimes, because of scarcity of personnel, the latter two jobs are combined.

An NP patient, accustomed to thinking of treatment in terms of pills and medicines, frequently complains that "they don't do a thing for me." In that respect, he's right. There aren't any pills for curing him. There are lectures on mental hygiene, personal interviews and talks.

Talking about his troubles and experiences overseas helps him get a load off his chest. Advice by the psychiatrist helps him gain insight into his condition and personality. In more severe cases of combat neurosis, psychiatrists resort to hypnotic states induced by sodium amytal or suggestion.

If you land up in a convalescent hospital, as almost all "psychos" do, you'll have to participate in two other types of treatment—physical training and educational reconditioning. The program is supposed to make convalescing pleasant and profitable. Whether it does depends on the attitude of the patient even more than on the officers and men in charge. Despite frequent gripes by the patients, they do improve during the four, six or more weeks of the program.

Don't waste any pity on the Army "psycho" case. He doesn't want it and doesn't need it. The danger today to a once-psycho veteran isn't in his neurosis. It's in the well-meaning but misinformed people who make him feel he's somehow "peculiar" or different. Being a little bit "psycho" is nothing to be ashamed about.

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.

"You mean she sent it back?"
—Cpl. Irwin Touster, Italy

Surplus Property

GENTLEMEN, your Government has ordered that these surplus properties be sold. But before I ask for bids, I want to tell you that these aren't ordinary surplus properties. They are choice items, issued only to the higher brass.

I refer to these fine swagger sticks, M1. Our brass picked up the custom of carrying swagger sticks from the British, and the custom became so general, particularly in the Air Corps, that Ordnance was compelled to put them on issue.

I venture to predict that it won't be long before every civilian man will be carrying one. Just let me read to you what *Picsquire* magazine had to say about swagger sticks in a recent issue. And I quote:

"These are the new gadgets you will find in the hands of the smart young man just out of the service. The first time you carry one you're going to like it. When your friends, sweethearts, wives, mothers and business associates begin wondering at that change that has come over you, when that feeling of comfort and luxury begins to overpower you, you'll realize that carrying a swagger stick has done a lot for you."

We have these sticks in two categories, new and used. Let me explain. Most of these used sticks were carried by brigadier generals and above, and you know that the average brigadier general doesn't walk any farther than he has to. Even the most short-legged b.g. in the Army wouldn't be able to hit himself on the calf of the leg with his stick very often. So these sticks aren't worn badly.

The next item we have to offer is spurs, M1. In prewar days any ambitious officer would as soon appear naked at a Washington cocktail party, as to turn up without boots and spurs.

Our government now has spurs on its hands because of an ill-timed War Department directive limiting their wear to cavalry officers on actual duty in the field. This was ordered because spurs were marking up all the Washington desks.

I hope there are some carnival men among you today, because I'm going to describe an item which should be particularly adaptable to carnival needs. I refer to the grommets from Air Corps garrison caps.

As you know, the so-called "Fifty Mission Crush" was SOP in the Air Corps. No self-respecting Zoomie would be caught dead in a hat that still had the band, or grommet, inside it. Now it seems to me that these grommets, being steel wire rings, are ideally suited for use in the hoop games that are part of any carnival.

We also have warehouses full of swivel chairs. Last week I sold 200 swivel chairs to a firm that had employed former ball-turret gunners in the Air Corps. They were discontented. They were having trouble making the readjustment from Army to civilian life, until the firm gave them all swivel chairs. The idea worked like a charm. They're swiveling now to their hearts' content, completely adjusted men.

We have many other items, gentlemen, which I'll describe more fully when we come to them. Thousands of signs, for instance, which say, "The Difficult We Do Immediately, The Impossible Will Take A Little Time." Also there are carloads of file baskets, labeled either "In" or "Out," and several gross of handy clip-boards of the type used to hold duty rosters.

This is surplus property, but it is also useful property. All these items proved extremely useful in helping us to win the war. Gentlemen, please, your bids!

Alaska —Sgt. TOM SHEHAN

The Armored Cow

"MIND if I sit down here, sarge? Gotta double up on tables if you wanna get served."

"Why, no, I don't mind."

"Thanks, sarge. This sure beats sweating out chow lines!"

"Yeah, it sure does."

"And no more spam or powdered eggs. Even if there isn't as much variety as there used to be, sarge, it's better than SOS and C-rations. Right?"

"Yeah, it sure is."

"And look, napkins, tablecloths, dishes! Better than balancing a mess kit on your knees. By the way, will you pass the armored cow?"

"The what?"

"The armored cow. Milk. Cream. For the battery acid."

"Here's the cream. I didn't get the last thing you said."

"Battery acid. Coffee, sarge. You know—battery acid, coffee. Boy, oh boy! Drinking hot battery acid from a porcelain cup, instead of a tin canteen cup that burns your lips. Really something, ain't it?"

"Yeah."

"This is probably the way the brass used to chow-up in the officers' mess. And get this, sarge. A slick chick dealing out the food. Better than listening to a belly-robber cuss you out, huh, sarge?"

"Sure is."

"I'll tell you what's really good about all this. After chowing-up, you don't have to sweat out a wash line."

"Right!"

"Know what else is swell? Being able to sit in a comfortable chair and relax. Better than muddy foxholes or slit trenches. Well, gotta beat it, sarge. Been a pleasure sitting here talking things over with you."

"Thanks. Say, what outfit were you in?"

"What?"

"In the Army. What outfit were you in?"

"Oh, I was never in the Army, sarge. I've got a bad knee. So long. See you around the area."

Germany —S/Sgt. DAVID STEINBERG

LINES FROM A FILIPINO GIRL

If every GI told the truth
When making love to our fair youth,
These tender words might make me vow
To live with thee and serve thy chow.

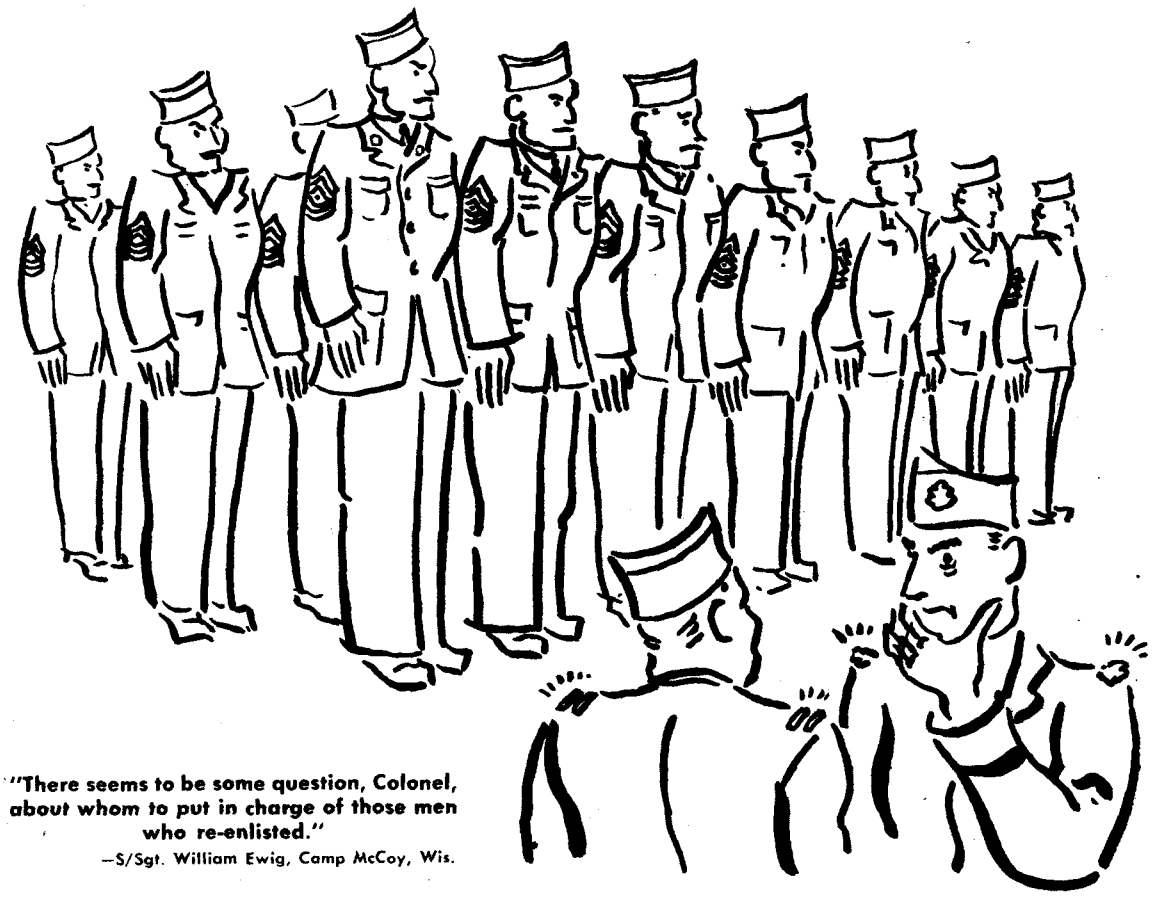
But every GI on our streets
Makes love to every girl he meets,
And love to you is just a word
That all of us have often heard.

You hold our hands, look in our eyes.
Before we fully realize
What's happening, you're gone, and then
We wonder if you'll come again.

Next thing we know we get a note.
Where from? You're not allowed to quote,
Or so you say—and what is more,
You're in the first wave on some shore.

But we stroll down to Santa Fe,
And there beneath a mango tree
We find you lying, full of charms,
Another girl held in your arms.

Leyte —T/Sgt. SIDNEY HARALSON



"There seems to be some question, Colonel, about whom to put in charge of those men who re-enlisted."
—S/Sgt. William Ewig, Camp McCoy, Wis.

The only big city in Japan that doesn't bear the scars of U.S. air raids still looks far from homey to the GIs who occupy it.

By Sgt. MIKE DETZER
YANK Staff Correspondent

KYOTO, JAPAN—This is the one big city in Japan which hasn't been bombed out. The Japanese say that Kyoto is "old Japan." To them, it is a city of temples and universities, the ancient capital, and center of Jap culture.

It isn't that way to GIs. They see huge, gray slums and masses of hungry people, and spacious, well-preserved shrines rising conspicuously in the midst of crowded poverty.

The city overflows through ravines and valleys. Its million and a quarter people live in two-story wood and paper houses; most of its streets would be called alleys in America.

No one has yet given an official statement as to why Kyoto was not bombed but among the many theories offered the most logical is that there are no heavy industries in the city. Most of the factories produce lacquerware, silk, wood-block prints, and other "objects of art." Some of the world's most beautiful lacquerwork is done in Kyoto, and kimonos and *hourii*, short housecoats of silk, made here are famous as the finest in Japan. But many of the city's shops and factories have been lying idle for several years, because they weren't allowed to produce luxury goods during the war.

The people of the city are hungry; that is the first thing that the visitor discovers. Even if there were food enough to go around, the city's economy has been so disrupted that the average citizen couldn't afford to buy in sufficient quantity to keep his stomach full. Kyoto was a tourist city before the war; not only did foreign visitors come here but people from all over Japan visited the shrines and temples.

There are a lot of GIs in the city now. The headquarters of the Sixth Army is here and a few units of the Sixth such as the 6th Rangers have their CPs on the outskirts of the town. The people appear to welcome the Americans, and go out of their way to be friendly and courteous. Small children swarm around the GI shoppers, shouting "Hello, hello" and Jap traffic cops salute all the Allied troops, officers and men alike, who pass them in vehicles.

GIs in the city spend much of their time sightseeing and buying souvenirs. Sightseeing tours, arranged by the Sixth Army, take several hundred American tourists, ranking from private to brigadier general, through the city each week. There are over a thousand Buddhist temples and *shinto* shrines in Kyoto, some brand new, others several hundred years old. Most of them are enormous gaudy affairs and Americans get the impression that the Japs through centuries have spent more dough on these religious buildings than they have on their own homes.

KYOTOANS indicate by their attitude toward Americans that the war, that regrettable incident, is over now and we should be friends again. For after all, the Japanese have always admired and respected the Americans; why forget that admiration just because of a silly war?

Many GIs seem to think that these really are simple, friendly people, misled by their leaders. Only occasionally does one hear an American argue that the Japs hide hatred under this mask of good-fellowship.

The average GI is sure that none of the Japs with whom he comes in contact was responsible for the atrocities which the Jap Army committed. The same GIs are sure that the Japs look on us as liberators. It's a dangerous situation, and a few Americans feel that we are losing the peace today, now that we have a chance to occupy this beaten country.

Prices in most of Kyoto's department stores and souvenir shops are today rising to 30 times as high as they were when American occupation forces first moved in. There are three major souvenir items—plain silk, bought by the yard at 30 *yen;* kimonos, the standard price 400 to 800 *yen;* and lacquerware. Prices on lacquer are the most irregular. Some tiny pieces may be bought for five *yen;* others cost many thousands.

Americans don't buy as much lacquer as they would like to, because they are afraid it will break before they can get it home. But the silk and silk products won't break and soldiers buy them like mad. The big department stores put only a few kimonos or bolts of silk on display daily, in order to make them last.

The most crowded street in Kyoto, and also the most popular with souvenir hunters, is known by the natives simply as "Theater Street." It's a wide alley a third of a mile long. No vehicles are allowed on it, and, if they were, they wouldn't be able to move. All day long the street is packed with people moving slowly up and down, and from shop to shop, from the movie-house to the slot-machine section.

There are eight movie theaters on the street, some with stage shows. Tickets cost from 80 *sen* (about five and one-third cents) to nine *yen* (about 60 cents). There are shooting galleries which offer air-rifles and bows and arrows to customers. Knock a doll off the shelf and it's yours. There's a row of 25 slot machines outdoors against the wall of souvenir shops. It costs one *sen* (one-fifteenth of a cent) to play these machines. There are fortune tellers, freaks, snake-charmers, toy stores and second-hand book stores.

The advertising signs, written in would-be English, are worth going out of your way to see. The shooting gallery sign tells you that you must pay "40 *sen* per three shoots." A souvenir shop announces that "your longing for exoticism is now satisfied here." And damned if it isn't if you have the longing.

Kyoto boasts nine separate red-light districts. Two of these districts are huge, the largest covering almost one square mile. The girls in the district call themselves "*geishas,*" but are not. The real *geishas* are entertainers who sing and dance, and are not prostitutes.

These districts are the most crowded areas in Kyoto. Many of the streets which zigzag through them are too narrow for a jeep. The houses, brightly-lighted, gaudy, neoned affairs, stand side by side for block after countless block. Employees and houses are strictly inspected every five days by Jap doctors, and licensed by the government. In the heart of each district is a U. S. Army PRO station.

In each house the madame and perhaps one or two of the girls stand in the open front door, beckoning passing joes. In the hallways of the houses are illuminated placards with photographs and signatures of the girls who work there.

One house greets GIs with a large white sign: "Welcome, American heroes—one touch 30 *yen*—no lower price for the second—no crowding—line forms to the left."

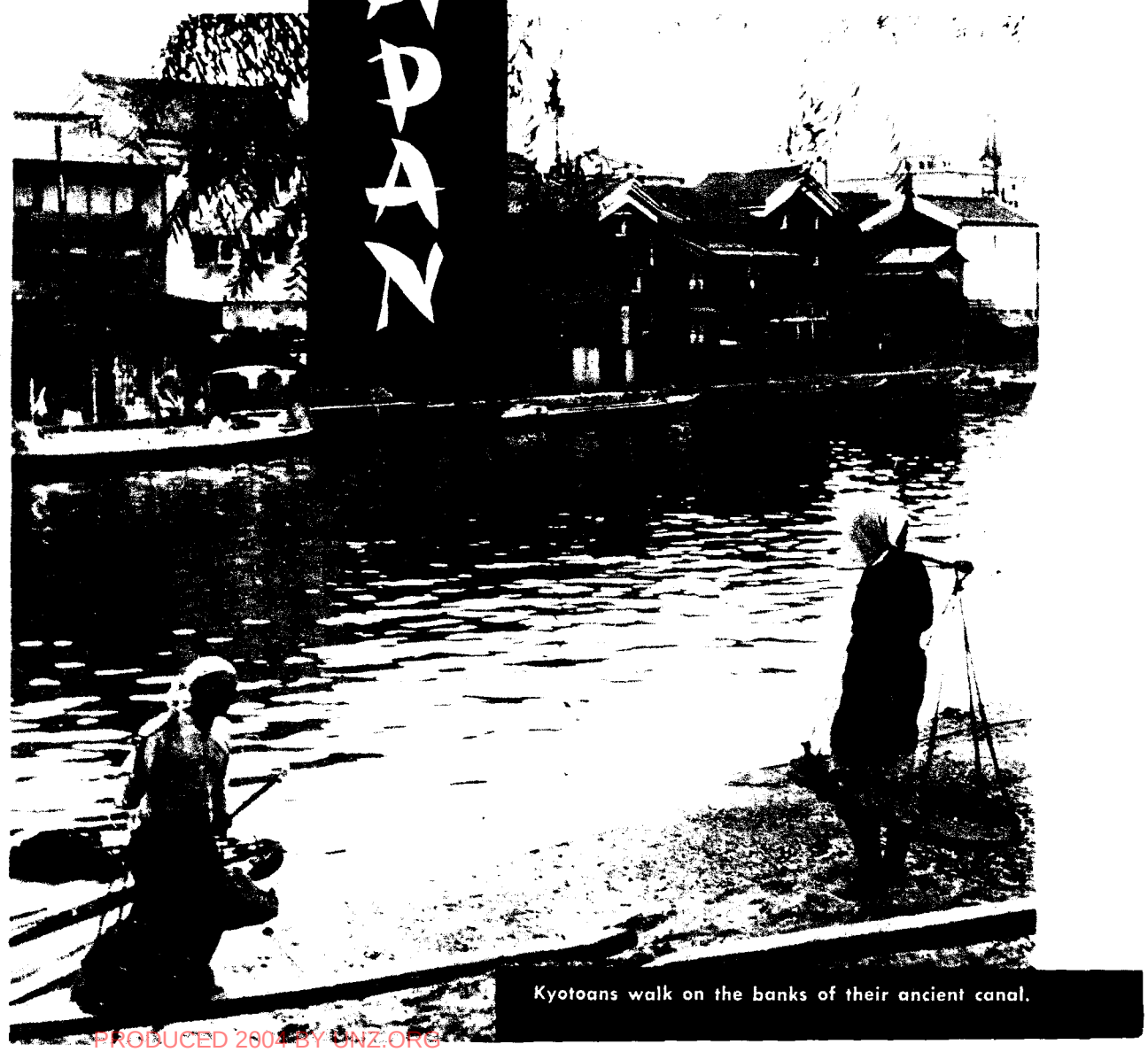
These prostitutes are the highest-paid workers in the city. Each house has its price list posted conspicuously. And all the prices are the same—two bucks for a short visit (one hour) or eight to 10 dollars for all night. Yet the barber gets five cents for a shave, ten cents for a haircut.

KYOTO is governed, nominally, by a mayor. Actually the mayor is a figurehead, and the city administration has little power. The mayor claims to have been elected by the people, but in reality was appointed by the governor of the state of Kyoto. He is a dapper, gray, well-fed businessman who does his damndest to look like an important executive. Most of the functions which come under the city in America are state functions here: the police and fire departments, schools, the garbage disposal system. The city may not even have its own laws; all regulations are handed down from the state, which interprets them for the national government.

The president of the chamber of commerce seems to be the most liberal and progressive man in Kyoto. He appears sincere in his desire for free enterprise. That is logical enough, because with free enterprise the merchants and manufacturers of this city would be much more prosperous, and in the long run, he, as head of the chamber, would be better off.

Both the mayor and the president of the chamber say that the first step in the rebuilding of Kyoto's lost commerce is to produce souvenirs for the GIs to take stateside with them. The city to date has done a damn good job of that.

The sacred city of Japan stands here today, with gaudy rich temples, wealthy prostitutes, and hungry laborers, the only spot on the island that hasn't been destroyed.



Kyotoans walk on the banks of their ancient canal.

—Sgt. Joseph Kramer

"HOW NICE—WHY, MARCIA VISITED SALERNO TOO, IN 1936!"
—Cpl. Irwin Touster

"WHY, MAJ. CHICKENDALE! HOW THE HELL ARE YOU?"
—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell

YANK

"BOY, AM I HUNGRY!"

"BOY, AM I HUNGRY!"
—Pvt. George Zahour

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