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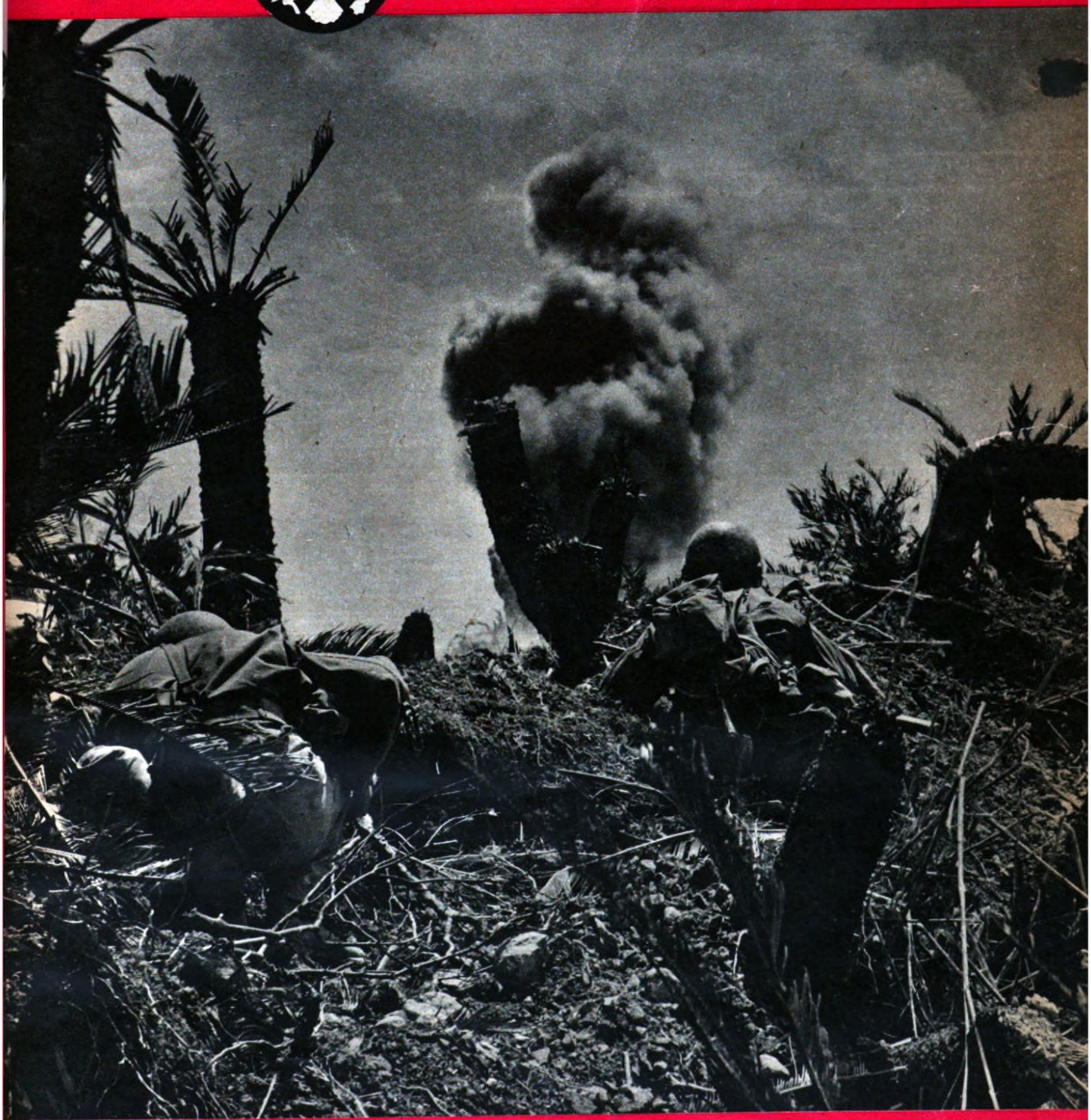
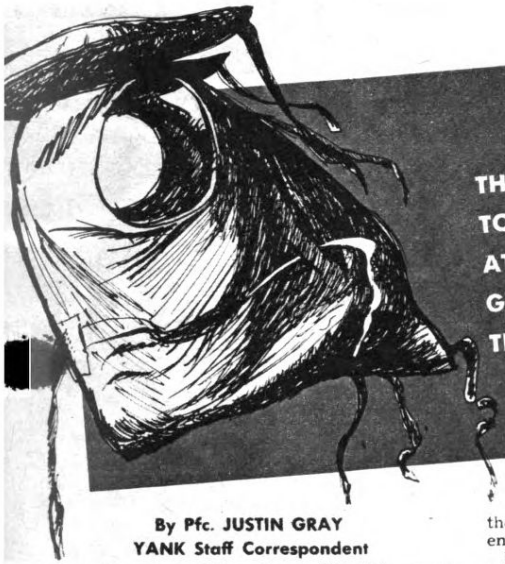


The Pacific War As It Looks To An ETO Veteran

PAGES 2, 3, 4 & 5



THE PACIFIC WAR WAS NEVER LIKE THE EUROPEAN. TODAY IT IS EVEN DIFFERENT FROM THE EARLY DAYS AT GUADALCANAL AND AT BUNA. YANK'S PFC. JUSTIN GRAY, WHO SERVED AS A COMBAT SOLDIER AGAINST THE GERMANS, TELLS WHAT MAKES IT DIFFERENT.

By Pfc. JUSTIN GRAY
YANK Staff Correspondent

THE MARIANAS—Most of us with little or no experience in the Pacific are apt to think of the war in this area solely in terms of fear-and-disease-ridden jungles or small barren coral atolls. While it is true that thousands of our men are still garrisoned or fighting under such miserable conditions, generally speaking the Pacific war is moving out of the jungles and small islands towards the larger land bases.

This is bringing about changes which occasionally surprise even the men who have been in this theater for many months. The marine coming up from the Solomons finds it hard to adjust himself to the open countryside of Okinawa. An infantryman who had just left the mud and wet of Leyte could hardly believe his eyes when he first dug a foxhole more than a foot and a half deep on Okinawa and didn't run into water. Remembering the days in the South Pacific, both marines and infantrymen landed on Okinawa with only a poncho. They found that a half-blanket would have come in handy.

There are differences in the rear areas, too. The GI stationed on hilly Saipan may not be too enthusiastic about the place, but it is a far cry from flat, two-by-four Kwajalein. The ATC man now working at the depot field on Guam has stopped taking atabrine, something he was always being reminded about on Guadalcanal. While a steam-shovel operator on Ulithi works in the stubborn white coral, on Okinawa he digs in honest-to-God dirt and clay.

The man from North Africa or Europe might well find the climate in the Pacific better in many respects. There is little out here to compare with the bitter cold of Italian and German winters. The men of an Air Force service group from North Africa might not mind the heat in the Pacific any more than the weather they've sweated out inland from the Mediterranean. The man who caught malaria in Sicily and again in Italy might not be bothered with recurring attacks on Okinawa. There are now many places one may be assigned in the Pacific where there are no jungle snakes, malaria, brackish water or coral. And there are places which can be accurately compared with areas in Europe. We are just beginning to reach them.

Probably the first thing an ETO combat veteran would notice in the Pacific is the relatively short time that divisions fighting the Japs have remained in action. The First Marine and the Army Seventh Divisions are typical. They landed side by side on Okinawa. Previously the First Marine had fought at Guadalcanal, Cape Gloucester and Pelelieu; the Seventh at Attu, Kwajalein and Leyte. Probably they have done as much fighting in this theater as any other combat outfits. They have had a rough time. But they have also had long noncombat periods between actions.

This was never possible in Europe. The war was always present and the demands on the troops increased constantly. Outfits were relieved periodically and were given short rests but as soon as their few days were up they returned to the fighting. Combat was continuous and didn't end until VE-Day.

Relief periods in the Pacific, though, have meant little more than being stuck on some God-forsaken island far from anything that resembles Western civilization, an island base serving as a "rest camp." The men were put in coconut groves, given tents and lumber and told to build their areas. Building might be still going on five months later when they left for their next campaign.

REST periods in the ETO may have been short but on occasion they gave a soldier a chance to get completely away from traditional Army life. No matter how wretched and dirty an Italian town happened to be at least it was a change. In the Pacific there are no civilian cities to visit or hot spots to gather in. Exciting entertainment may mean going to the nearest naval station for a good meal.

The "resting" combat soldier isn't the only one affected by this monotony. It characterizes the life of every man in the Pacific. In Europe noncombat units live in the comparative luxury of towns and cities behind the lines. There is little to arouse envy in Pacific behind-the-lines life.

Boredom, of course, is the curse of GIs the world over. The set routine can drive a man nuts wherever he is. In France and Italy they call it "ETO happy"; out here, the expression is "rock happy." There is little actual difference between the dullness of Army life in Italy or on Kwajalein or Canton Island except in the amount of it. In the Pacific there is no escape from places like Kwajalein. Europe has diversions.

Sealing the GI to his Pacific island "paradise" and making inevitable his boredom is a factor which was completely absent in Europe. It is almost 2,500 miles from San Francisco to Honolulu, which is only the start. It is about the same distance again to Kwajalein—a mere dot on the ocean. Another 1,700 miles and one reaches Saipan. From Saipan to Okinawa is a short hop of only 200 miles. There you can almost feel that you are in Tokyo's backyard—only 800 miles. There is another reason for this feeling of isolation. We unconsciously speak about the Pacific theater in the same way we do about the European. But actually they are two different things.

The European theater is a land mass, one huge base where a man could hitchhike from one part to another. The Pacific theater is really a thousand busy bases scattered over a huge ocean mass on which there are no roads. It is not easy to thumb a ride across water.

These distances and the lack of communications make it difficult to fully appreciate the work being accomplished by others in the same general area. The man on Tarawa has no feeling of contact with what is going on at Saipan. Even those on Saipan have little sense of relationship with the forward combat on Okinawa which they directly supply. Only the highest in command can actually visualize or understand the way in which the Pacific's isolated bases tie themselves into a fighting machine.

The veteran from Europe won't even have to go into action in the Pacific before he realizes another basic difference. When we were briefed the night before we made the assault landing on Okinawa, our officer said to us: "The town of Sobe, our first objective, must be taken before we can consider the beachhead won. I'm sorry we can't give you any real information about this Sobe. All I can say is that there are possibly 1,770 people living there. I might be wrong by 1,000 either way. We don't know very much about the damned town—or this island for that matter."

That told the story of the Pacific area. We just don't know very much about the land on which we must fight. We knew everything there was to know about Europe. In North Africa or Sicily or Italy or France they knew as much about the locality they were invading as did the natives themselves. One of the most strategic points taken in the initial landings on North Africa was the small Mediterranean port of Arzew. The First Ranger Battalion was assigned the task of capturing this port. Before landing, the Rangers had at their disposal every bit of information needed for the accomplishment of their mission. They knew accurately how many people lived in Arzew. They knew where they lived. They knew the name of the mayor. They knew the location of the town's whorehouse.

The Rangers were familiar in every detail with the terrain on which they were to fight. And they had this information before they fought.

THE information available to the troops fighting in the Pacific is unbelievably sketchy. We knew there were approximately half a million civilians on Okinawa but we had no idea how they would react to our invasion. We knew the geographical size of the island but we landed with incomplete maps. We knew there must be geisha houses on the island but we didn't know their location.

This lack of knowledge puts the combat soldier at a serious disadvantage. Information which was available in Europe helped save many lives. Information which is not available in the Pacific is costing us lives.

There is another point. These Pacific battlefields are of little interest to the average American. There seems to be a greater incentive to fight for Paris than to slug one's way toward Garapan, the capital of Saipan. Rome seemed a more interesting prize than Kwajalein, the administrative center of the Marshall Islands defenses. Even fighting for the dirty North Africa towns had more personal meaning to the GI. There is yet to be a case in the Pacific equal to the first hours at Salerno where in the midst of flying shells a man ran up to the beachmaster and cried, "Where's the pro station?"

Our final decisive thrust against the Japanese must be accomplished through a large-scale amphibious operation. Here again differences between the European war and its Pacific counterpart are evident.

In North Africa, Sicily, Italy and France our initial beachheads were established at night. The element of surprise was considered essential. The Pacific landings on the other hand have usually been made in broad daylight after days of pre-

In the early Pacific campaigns we either fought the Japs in jungles or on barren coral atolls. In both cases the use of large-scale artillery was limited.

liminary naval bombardment to soften defenses.

There are reasons for this difference. A surprise is impossible when slow, noisy amtracks must cross hundreds of yards of reefs surrounding such invasion objectives as Okinawa. Because of the reefs in the Pacific, landing craft must be employed differently than they were in Europe. Probably the most significant reason for daylight landing in the Pacific is that often we have been invading small islands. In such cases the Japanese have been able to fortify literally every point they desired. Power has been our only answer to such elaborate defenses. We have sometimes had to forfeit the element of surprise, hoping to neutralize the enemy's position with preliminary bombardment.

IN Europe the Nazis had to defend thousands of miles of coastline. It was impossible to fortify and man adequately every foot. Therefore beach defenses were light. Inland, however, the Germans massed mobile reserves which could be rushed to any point where an Allied strike was indicated. Consequently, surprise was vital to us. Preliminary bombardment would have tipped off our hand.

As we near the extended coastlines of China and Japan the familiar power tactics of the Pacific may give way to landings following the pattern of surprise developed in Europe. There is already some evidence that the Japs have decided to use the German method of beach defenses. On Okinawa we made the traditional Pacific daylight landing only to find no Japs. Once we landed it was obvious that the Japanese had decided a long time before not to defend the beaches. The Navy bombarded the western slopes of Okinawa for six solid days before L-Day but on landing we didn't find a single Japanese gun destroyed or a single dead body—civilian or military. We found none because the Japs had apparently evacuated the area days in advance.

In retiring from the beaches to the mountains on Okinawa the Japanese are following the strategy of the Germans in Sicily, Italy and the rest of Europe. The Japanese recognize that they are fighting primarily a defensive war. Like the Germans they are attempting to make our victory so costly that we will be willing to settle on easy peace terms—terms which will leave sufficient means to prepare for future wars.

To accomplish this they must as far as possible choose themselves where the decisive battles will be fought. Once we indicate where we intend to invade, the Japanese can choose the best defensive terrain and retire to it. In thus deciding on purely defensive tactics the Japs are admitting that the battle is lost, but as in Europe we will now have to pay a high price in lives and toil for whatever gains we make until victory is complete.

In the past two years our advances both in Europe and the Pacific have thrown the Axis back on its home territory. The Germans made our final drives into "fortress Europe" costly because they knew intimately the country over which we had to advance. Today the Japanese are likewise fighting on terrain they know in every detail.

Recently rumors spread through our hard-hit infantry on Okinawa that German experts were directing the Jap artillery. It seemed impossible to Pacific veterans that Japanese artillery could be so accurate without outside help. Probably the real reason was that the Japs knew every inch of terrain on which we are fighting and had prepared their artillery concentrations beforehand.

The Japanese Army in comparison with the German looks like hell. Uniforms don't fit, they still wear wrap-around leggings, much of the artillery is mounted on wooden wheels, their rifle is bolt action, their motorized equipment is inferior and generally speaking they look incredibly inefficient. But looks are deceiving.

In the early Pacific campaigns we either fought the Japs in jungles or on barren coral atolls. In both cases the use of large-scale artillery was limited. In certain areas our infantry even landed without their cannon companies. Generally speaking, mortars were the only supporting heavy weapons either side could use.

At the time this small-scale action was taking place our troops on North Africa were facing the efficient German 88s and other heavy pieces. As early as the Tunisian campaign heavy guns were a prerequisite for warfare in the ETO. The Pacific war had yet to see its first 155 Long Tom.

Out of the Pacific's early small-scale action grew the belief that the Japs were poor artillerymen. I remember thinking when over in Europe that I could take a bit of the jungle fighting if only it would mean my getting away from large-scale barrages. Unfortunately for those of us who would like to get away from artillery, this is no longer the case in the Pacific, and with Luzon and Okinawa we have had our first chance to evaluate the Jap artillerymen correctly. In many respects the Japanese artillery is inferior to ours. They have nothing to compare with our self-propelled guns and their other pieces are in most cases awkward and difficult to move.

PROBABLY the greatest weakness the Japanese have shown so far is their lack of concentrated battery fire. On Okinawa, it is true, we received plenty of two-gun and sometimes four-gun battery fire but in most instances the Japs fired their guns as separate units. There were cases on Okinawa where they had complete observation of our infantry positions. They shelled us and made our life more than just miserable. But they didn't annihilate us or make us withdraw as the Germans would have done in a similar situation.

As yet Jap artillery has not been as accurate or concentrated as the German but if the stuff thrown at us on Okinawa is any indication we must expect the artillery war in the Pacific from now on to duplicate in almost every sense the artillery war just finished in Europe.

In the matter of mortars the Japanese don't have to take a back seat for anybody. They use these weapons with plenty of savvy. Probably their most famous one, the "knee mortar," isn't a mortar at all but can be more accurately described as a grenade discharger. This weapon, so effective against us in the jungles, was equally efficient on the open terrain of Okinawa where it was used in direct support of the rifle platoons.

While the German "screaming meemies" were murderous weapons to fight against, the Japs may have gone the Jerries one better in developing their 320-spigot mortar. Its shell is a good five feet long and weighs at least 700 pounds. Called the "flying boxcar" by our troops, this mortar has a terrific concussion effect and showers rocks and dirt with penetrating force for a hundred yards. It has its limitations. It cannot be used accurately as the Germans used their heavy mortars, and its range probably doesn't exceed 1,200 yards. Its flight is so slow that anyone can observe its descent in time to take cover or possibly move out of its impact area.

SO far, armored units have been used only on a small scale in the Pacific. This is fortunate for Japan. Of all the known types of Japanese tanks none have the power, the speed or the all-around performance of German tanks we met in the ETO. As far back as the Tunisian campaign, when we were just experimenting with our mechanized equipment, the strength we put in the field could have competed easily with the Japanese armor.

Like the Germans, the Japs use hand grenades extensively. One of their most reliable models, the stick grenade, is a direct copy of the famous German potato masher. They have yet to develop a fragmentation grenade comparable with ours.

The Jap soldier's rifle is in every respect inferior to our small arms or those used by the Germans. At the beginning of the war the caliber of their basic rifle, the *Arisaka*, was .256. These rounds didn't always have sufficient power to put a man out of action and the Japs have now developed a new rifle (Type 99) which fires a round comparable to our .30. Still their rifle is a poor second to our M-1. It has no wind gauge and is bolt operated. The bolt handle is rather clumsy and makes rapid fire difficult.

The Japs may have a rifle that is inferior to ours but they have not made the mistake that the Germans did. At the beginning of the war the Germans were committed to the squirt-gun theory of small fire — throwing at the enemy all the metal you can as fast as you can. This proved wasteful and ineffective against an enemy trained to use small arms accurately. The Germans had to make hurried changes to develop a long-range weapon that would supplement their existing *Schmeisser* machine pistol. The Japs haven't had to make this radical change during wartime and they have made good use of the rifle as a sniper's weapon. Sniper tactics, rather than becoming outmoded, have become of greater significance on the modern battlefield than was at first expected.

Although they are fighting primarily a defensive war, the Japs have failed almost completely to make adequate use of the best defensive tactic of all—mines and demolitions. The Germans made no such mistake. They had their famous *Tellermines* and *S* mines to start with, and once they realized they had lost the initiative they de-

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Rest periods in the ETO may have been short but on occasion they were a chance to get away from Army life. Even a dirty, wretched Italian town was a change.

veloped new kinds of mines in great quantities.

The GI in Europe ran up against mines made almost entirely of glass, bakelite and compressed paper, which were quite impossible to discover with a standard detector. On Anzio the Jerries used extensively the little shoe mine. Anyone stepping on it could count on having one foot sheared off just above the ankle. The infantrymen of the rugged 36th Division failed to hold their first crossing of the Rapido River near Cassino in Italy as much because of German mines as for any other reason. The defenses on Okinawa were strong but the infantrymen of the 96th Division advancing on these positions had little to worry about in regard to mines.

The Japs do use mines and booby traps but in a quantity and with an efficiency which cannot compare with the German methods. From the methods in which the mines and traps were set on Okinawa it was evident that Japanese troops were using them more as a field expedient than as a previously planned tactic. It is the exception to the rule to find the Japs using standard mines, built originally for the job, as the Germans used them. In most cases the Japs obviously had to improvise, using dynamite and 75-mm shells in preparing and laying their explosives.

As for demolitions the Japs again can't compare with German techniques. Anyone who fought through the Sicilian campaign will never forget the clean, efficient destruction of every bridge or railroad trestle we reached. The Japs had plenty of time to prepare their defenses on Okinawa and they did destroy some of the bridges and create other obstacles to stop our progress.

Although we are modifying our methods against the Japanese to take advantage of lessons learned in the ETO, some practices of the early days of the war in the South Pacific still remain. Units in the Pacific have yet to make full use of the night attack. In jungle fighting it was impossible to move about except in daylight, so a defense was developed to afford maximum protection from both the Japs and the elements during the night. Foxholes were dug close together in a tight perimeter, movement was absolutely forbidden within our lines, patrols were called in, and then we shot anything that moved.

THIS technique, although it allowed the Jap complete freedom of movement during the night, was useful under such conditions. But this is a completely sterile type of defense. Now that we are fighting on large land masses we must seize the initiative at night as well as in the day. In Europe we kept the Jerries guessing plenty by hitting them after dark.

Our troops in the Pacific began to think of the Jap as a "born" jungle and night fighter. Neither is necessarily true. The Japanese are not a tropical people and are no more at home in the jungle than we are. At the beginning they were better jungle fighters merely because they had been better trained. But our victories in the Pacific have shown that we can learn too. Similarly, the myth that the Jap is the better night fighter can also be exploded once we begin wresting the initiative from him at night and keep moving forward as we do during the daylight hours.

For the ground forces the air war against the Japanese will seem to be a far cry from the air war against the Germans. In Europe the front lines—where the infantryman hangs out—were usually between the air objectives and the rear bases where our airfields were located. The men fighting the Germans could see almost daily the huge air armadas flying directly overhead on their way to Germany, Austria and Northern Italy. This sight gave the combat man a sense of strength and showed him personally the significance of his fight to take the Foggia airfields in Italy or the airdromes outside of Paris.

The fighting man in the Pacific rarely sees the B-29s on their way to Tokyo. The marine who helped take bloody Iwo can be told the meaning of his accomplishment but he will never see the base in action. The infantryman on Okinawa knows the B-29s and P-51s are hitting the main islands of Japan regularly, but he never actually sees them overhead. Strategic air power is here in the Pacific in strength but most of the combat troops are as far removed from this phase of the war as the civilian back at home.

ONE of the greatest handicaps to our advance in the Pacific war is our adherence to the concept that we must kill every single Jap we encounter. This fallacy, born in the early days of the Guadalcanal campaign and matured through the long, hard months of combat which led up to Okinawa, has done more harm to our war effort in the Pacific than can be calculated.

In the early days of the war the Japanese soldier displayed a will to resist which was hard for the American to understand. Because we didn't understand this tenacity of the enemy we dismissed his combat efficiency by calling him a "fanatic." And since we thought of the Japs merely as fanatics it wasn't long before we ourselves, without the help of the Japanese propaganda machine, developed the myth that the Jap soldier would never surrender.

There were definite reasons why this myth became accepted as Gospel truth. In the early campaigns, before he was made to realize the strength of the American war machine, the Jap soldier was undoubtedly a tough one to force into surrender. It is hard to convince a victorious soldier that he should give up and the Jap had many victories to his credit. Many of our men were either wounded or killed in attempting to capture Jap soldiers. On the other side of the world, however, the war in Europe was being shortened by months and maybe even years by the almost daily capture of large numbers of Axis troops. The German surrendered because we gave him plenty of opportunity to do so. And the German is pretty fanatical too. In fact everything points to the fact that the German is even more fanatical than his Japanese counterpart.

When we do capture a Jap soldier it takes almost no time at all to make him realize he did the wisest thing. This change of attitude is brought about with nothing more than a little good food and clean clothing. The German, on the other hand, surrenders much more readily but he remains sullen and arrogant. The German is a dangerous prisoner to leave unguarded. The Jap, once we prove we are not going to kill him, is willing and cooperative.

The German was a fanatical fighter with a will to resist equal to that of the Japanese soldier. But we undermined his power to continue fighting by constantly offering him the opportunity of surrendering. The same must be done with the Jap or we shall be fighting in the Pacific for years to come.

The GI fighting in the Pacific must come to realize what the GI in Europe never forgot. If it is militarily significant for a man to risk his life to neutralize a machine-gun nest, it is also militarily significant for him to risk his life to capture a Japanese soldier.

The capture of Japanese soldiers on a large scale would be a highly profitable military accomplishment and would seriously hurt the Japanese war potential.

Germany wasn't defeated because of the number of soldiers killed but rather because of the number of soldiers we isolated from her war machine in pockets behind the front. Most of these are under the heading of prisoners of war.

Taking Jap prisoners will not be easy. There is no doubt the Jap at this point intends to resist being captured even if it means he must kill himself. The GI fighting in the Pacific will make no bones of the fact he will never surrender to the Japs. His reason is that he fears torture and death. This is exactly why the Japanese don't surrender to us. The American who fought in Europe was just as good a fighter as the American who continues to fight against the Japs. But the Americans surrendered on many occasions to the Germans. They surrendered because they felt they had some chance of living out the status of being a prisoner of war. There were probably very few Allied soldiers who gave up after the experience at the bulge when the Germans openly slaughtered more than a hundred of our troops who had surrendered the day previous.

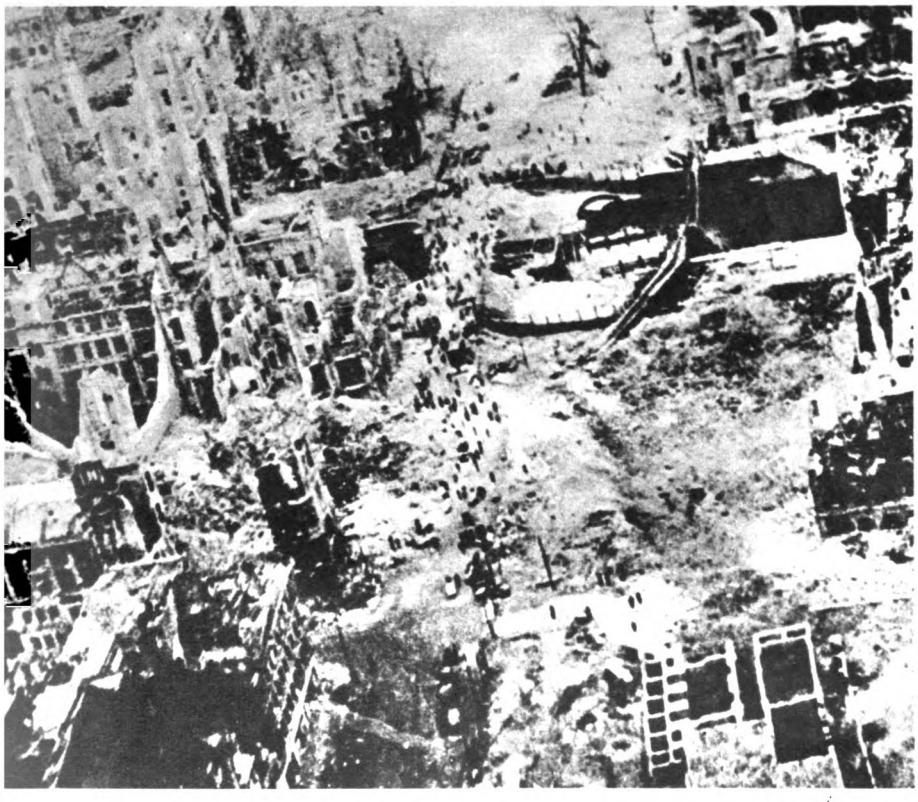
The Germans may have considered the Allies soft because we took such good care of our prisoners, but there can be no doubt that our "softness" led many of Hitler's legions to desert his ranks once the going got a bit rough. We should at least give the Japs as much of an opportunity. It might help bring this phase of the war to an end that much sooner.

IN spite of all the apparent variations in the techniques of fighting in Europe and the Pacific, there is actually no real difference between the war which just ended against Germany and the war still continuing against Japan. We can judge and condemn the Japanese on the very same set of standards and values we judged and condemned the Germans. We can fight and defeat the Japanese with the very same weapons and ideas with which we fought and defeated the Germans. Unconditional surrender will be Japan's just as it was Germany's.

German soldiers straggle by a Red Army tank before Brandenburg Gate, once a symbol of German victory.

Berlin Death Rattle

A YANK CORRESPONDENT JEEPS THROUGH FALLEN NAZI CAPITAL.



By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

PARIS—This is being written in Paris, and it is very difficult to write such a thing here because Paris is in the ecstasy of its victorious Spring, its girls once more in billowing skirts, its trees green again, its streets sunning beneath blue sky.

But Berlin was different.

Berlin was wet and sad and the smoke of its fires boiled up to join clouds that hung low over the city and allowed a shrouding rain to drift down first on this block, then on that. And the sun fought through an occasional thin spot in the clouds, but its light was intercepted by the haze and the smoke. The effect was of the interior of a cathedral at dusk. It was weird, this view of the corpse of a city at midday.

This was two days after Berlin fell. From a deserted street came the rattle of an automatic weapon and the staccato echo with a metallic ring, and then there was quiet. Down the block somewhere men faced each other in the ultimate moment of decision by gunfire, and the efforts of attack or defense consumed them wholly. There was no physical sign of the men who fought. They were hidden.

Berlin, the capital city of Nazi Germany, had come to a violent end. Other cities may have experienced more destruction but none had borne mutilation with less grace. Berlin looked dead, and not only dead but desecrated. Its people, fearful and bewildered, wandered without purpose in its streets and the streets were befouled by the remains of a city devastated.

Along one mound of debris a family group—men and women—had formed a line and were passing bricks, one at a time, from hand to hand to someone who placed them in his own way, perhaps to brace a sagging foundation or perhaps only to stow them for future use at some place unseen from the street. Brick by brick, hand to hand, yet there was no expression on the faces of the group to indicate that they knew that what they were doing was ridiculous, past all hope, in the midst of their ruin. There was only a look of unutterable weariness, and their hair was wet in the rain.

Physically there was a great deal more to be said of the wreckage of Berlin than might have been said of the wreckage of Aachen or Essen or Cologne. In Berlin buildings still stood as they did in Essen. Streets were blocked by falling walls as they were in Cologne and the damp smell of decomposition was the same. And in Berlin, as in the early days during and after the taking of Aachen, there seemed to be fewer citizens of the city than there should have been.

But in Berlin there was an atmosphere of finale beyond even the poignant sense of defeat that the other German cities have engendered in their dying. In Berlin there was a feeling that here had ended not only a city but a nation, that here a titanic force had come to catastrophe. And there was no sympathy.

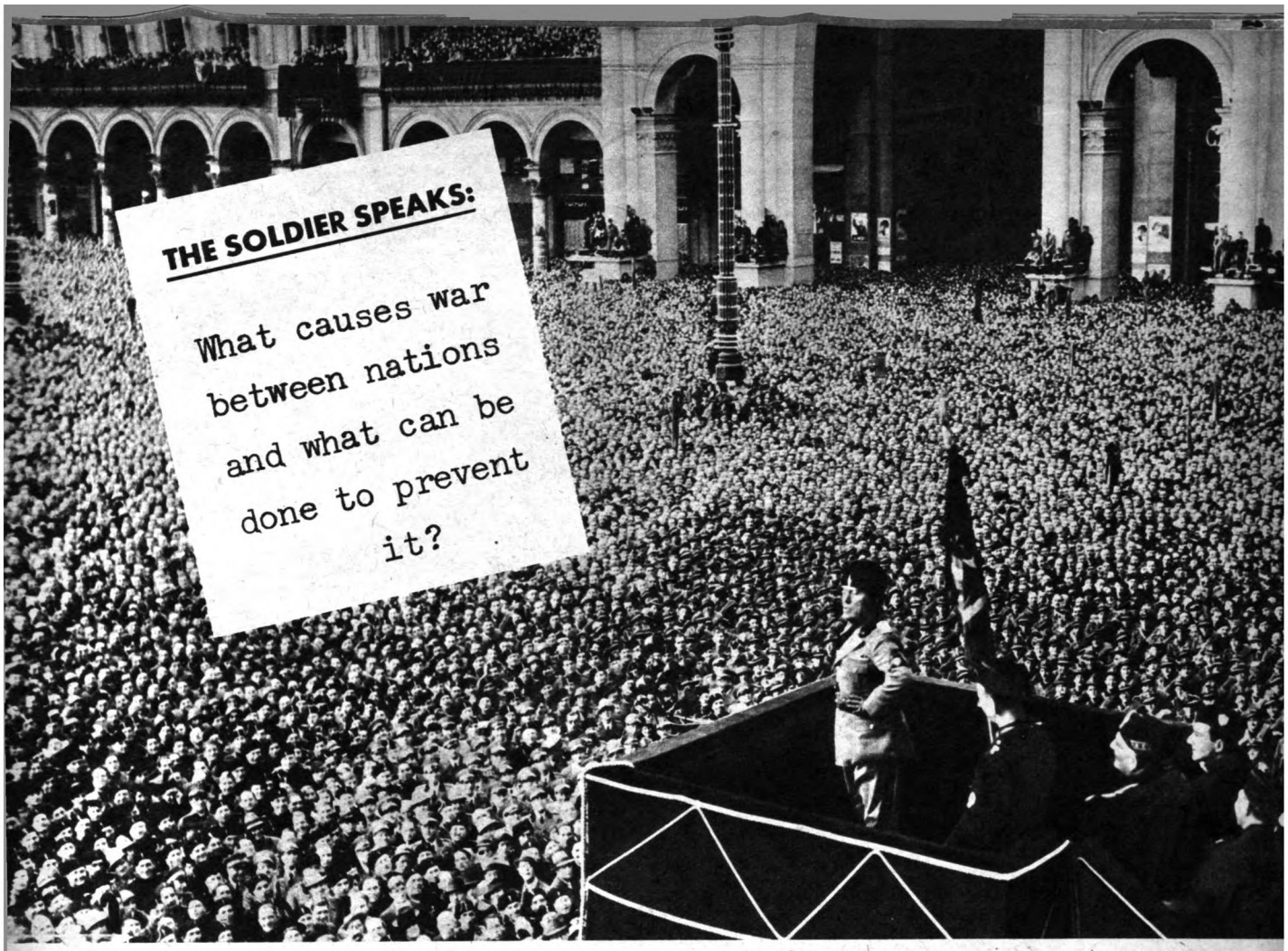
THE Russians were magnificent conquerors. They did the things a legion of Genghis Khan might have done if they had forced the surrender of this wonderful prize. They passed in informal review along *Unter Den Linden*, and an officer drove down the street and had his driver remove from each intersection the most famous street signs east of the Champs Elysees. Groups of officers posed before Berlin landmarks and photographers buried their heads in the black covers of portrait cameras to record them.

Russians swarmed along the *Tiergarten*—walking, riding bicycles, driving shrapnel-studded automobiles, riding the backs of tanks which roared their powerful insolence past the shell of the Adlon Hotel. In the *Tiergarten*, a park bisected by an avenue called *Charlottenburger Chaussee*, a German fighter had crashed and its bulk was a masterpiece of humiliation—the humiliation of a defending plane flung back upon the ground it was sworn to defend.

Berlin, as we saw it from a jeep, was a series of impressions . . . the strange twisted mouth of a horse that had died by shrapnel, the brilliant grin of a Russian girl directing traffic as she flipped a salute with the pert grace of a wren flipping its tail, the parked cars in front of the *Reichstag* and the obviously important Russians who stood on the steps as conquerors.

There was the unceasing sense of powerful movement as the Russians explored this city which they had just taken, driving around with a boundless enthusiasm. There were Russians eating beside a chow wagon, and a soldier washing down his food with vodka. There were Russians in the square, dancing, and a band played. In *Unter Den Linden* were the bodies of civilians, the dust of their famous street like grease paint on their faces. And by Brandenburg Gate, in a small building that had spilled its guts inward on the floor, was an old woman, alone. She lay on the debris, trying to support herself on an elbow. She had stockings, but no shoes, on her feet. Her hair was gray, and the grayness of it matched the gray dust on her dress. The woman slowly moved her head from side to side, dying.

Beyond the gate, a few yards away, sat a Russian artist with his easel. His canvas showed a nearly finished work in oil, a painting of the gate with the small building as only an insignificant note in the background. Behind him stood soldiers of the Red Army, intent on his work, oblivious to all else around them.



A Higher Interest

WAR is largely caused by an excessive spirit of nationalism, which makes nations promote their own-self interest without regard to others. When the self-interest of one nation demands a course of action which conflicts with the self-interest of another, war results.

Sooner or later the nations must learn a higher interest than their own, and that is "the interest of mankind."

It would do much to help prevent future wars if the peoples of the world could be brought together in these ways: *1*) Economically, by the removal of trade barriers; *2*) Culturally, by the establishment of an international language; *3*) Politically, by the surrender of enough national sovereignty so that an international organization would have power to settle disputes and enforce its decisions, and 4) Spiritually, by the recognition that "the people of the world are one."

England —S/Sgt. A. R. KINITZER

Moral Conduct and Peace

Until we realize that war is not the inevitable result of blind, irresistible forces but the product of our own stupidity and immorality, we shall not attain the peace we desire. There are two bases of peace—education and religion: education in the arts of peaceful living and religion for the moral conduct of individuals and nations. With the former we shall be able to provide a peaceful outlet for human energy, and with the latter we shall establish those rights and obligations between men and between men and God without which we know only the rule of force.

Arabia —Sgt. THOMAS F. TROY

Our Responsibility

The responsibility for war rests with us. We should admit it. Carelessly, we are going to elect a great many incompetent leaders who will spend their summers representing our weaknesses while we play at the beach glad we don't have to assume the responsibility.

Fearfully, we are going to do a half-way job of working with foreign nations. The responsibility is ours as much as theirs.

Let us wonder why we all behave like fools instead of men, simply because it is easy to blame our leaders for our own weaknesses.

Cushing General Hospital, Mass. —Sgt. JAMES RICE

Stop and Think

The major flaw in the last League of Nations, as I see it, was that its members were not held responsible for its success or failure. The members of a new league should know that their own safety will depend on the success or failure of the organization. This might incline them to be more careful in their decisions and encourage them to educate their own people toward a life of peace instead of raising nations of warriors.

Attu —Pvt. CHARLES KOLBER

The Rights of Man

Within nations society has solved conflicts by establishing institutions of law and authority by which conflicting aims can be reconciled or their validity decided. But internationally society is not sufficiently integrated to resolve anything as a unit, and it won't be until it can agree on certain basic human facts: the dignity inherent in the individual's right to liberty and the duties incumbent on the individual as a result of his freedom. The conditions that give rise to war cannot be prevented; they can only atrophy, and then only when the community of nations reaches an agreement regarding the value of a human life, the right of a man to his property and the duty of a man toward his brother as complete, at least, as that which characterizes the crowd in Times Square at high noon.

Iceland —Pfc. WILLIAM Q. KEENAN

National Sovereignty

Wendell Willkie was one of those who first said that we could not reconcile the principle of national sovereignty with international cooperation. When one breaks down the causes of war one must inevitably come to the conclusion that national sovereignty, with the resulting lack of world unity and the unavoidable desire of "have not" nations for possessions held by the "have" nations, creates situations which lead to war.

Even as citizens of Georgia and Rhode Island become citizens of the United States, so also should all peoples become citizens of the world.

Palau —Pfc. VERNE E. EDWARDS

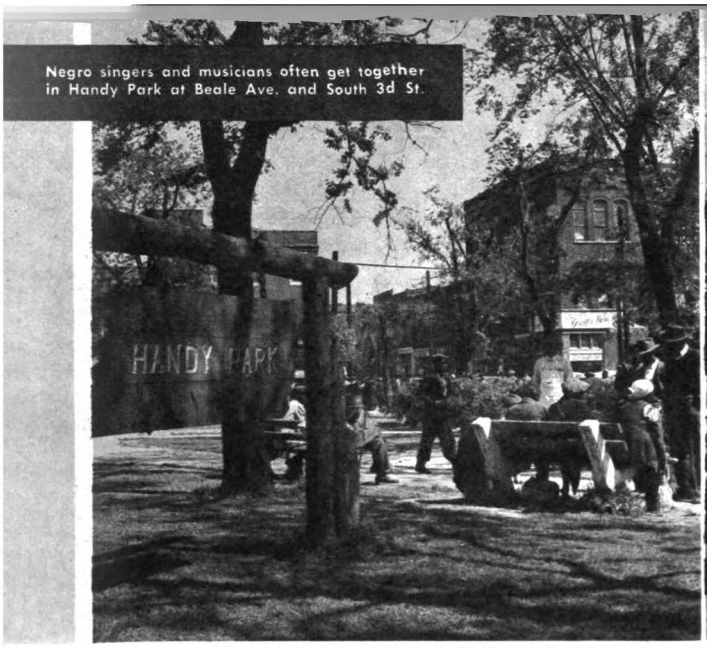
Voters Against War

War in the world is comparable to disease in an individual. Usually in disease an ever-present virus strikes when the individual's resistance is lowered. The war virus is that idea in our culture which sees organized murder as a not unnatural means of settling disputes. We don't like it but we accept it with resignation, like bad weather.

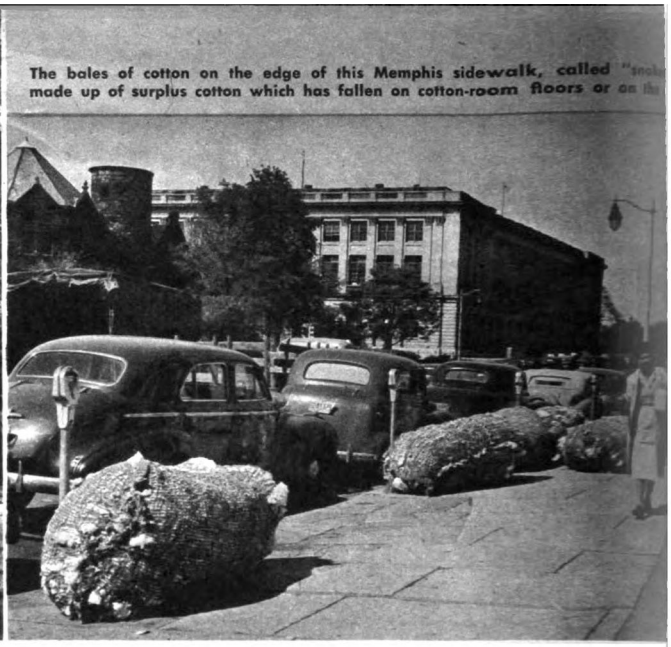
But it is entirely possible to replace our previous notions about war with new ones emphasizing its waste and immorality. Those who can lead in fighting this disease are the ordinary human beings who can make their wishes felt by political action. After this war it will be necessary for every voter to become part of a pressure group working to improve world conditions, so that his voice can compete with the selfish pressure groups which are undeterred by thoughts of war.

Hospital Ship, Atlantic Area —Pfc. MORRIS GOLDMAN

THIS page of GI opinion on important issues of the day is a regular feature of YANK. A question for future discussion is "Does the GI Bill of Rights Need Any Changes?" If you have any ideas on this subject send them to The Soldier Speaks Department, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We will allow you time to get answers here from overseas by mail. The best letters will be printed in a future issue.



Negro singers and musicians often get together in Handy Park at Beale Ave. and South 3d St.



The bales of cotton on the edge of this Memphis sidewalk, called "snow," are made up of surplus cotton which has fallen on cotton-room floors or on the

MEMPHIS, TENN.

By Cpl. HYMAN GOLDBERG
YANK Staff Writer

MEMPHIS, TENN. — Everybody in town is awful proud of Shifty Logan, the One-Eyed Connally of Dixie. Shifty has heeded his nation's call in a time of stress and need. Right after Pearl Harbor, Shifty went on the wagon. He's working in the ordnance plant across the river in Camden, Ark.

Not all the Memphis characters have changed since the war, however. Tommy Doran, the armless newsboy with the complexion of well-aged bourbon, is still doing business at his old stand at Main and Monroe Streets, and the locals are as proud as ever of his skill in lighting a cigarette all by himself and of his artistry in picking up a pint—or a fifth, if need be—with his teeth and taking a good, healthy slug.

Another Memphian you'll remember is Elvis Anderton, the super-salesman. He's still driving the merchants crazy with his unorthodox sales tactics. He has about 60 kids working for him nowadays, and he seems to be concentrating on flowers. The kids have their stands set up all over town, and the canny tots have found—the merchants have a strong suspicion that Anderton is the master mind—that the best spots to sell cut flowers at cut rates are near florist shops.

The city of Memphis has taken its tone from Big Ed Crump since somewhere near the beginning of time. Mr. Crump is now past 70 and his flaming red hair has turned to gray. His mood, according to both his friends and enemies, has mellowed with the years.

Mr. Crump announced recently that he was resigning both as state and national Democratic committeeman. No one seems to be jumping to the conclusion, however, that he has let loose the reins or that he has retired. His "boys," among them Police Commissioner Joe Boyle and Will Gerber, the attorney general of Shelby County, are still in the saddle.

There's a story going around town that Mr. Crump has got religion and has got it hard. According to the gossip, which may or may not be true, he carries a Bible wherever he goes. And when he stops to talk to someone in the street (which happens every few feet) he is supposed to end his conversation with a brief reading from the Good Book.

All this talk about Mr. Crump might seem somewhat excessive to parties not from Memphis. But the newspapers in Nashville, the Tennessee city to the northeast, still refer to the sister city as "Crumpville."

The settlers who named Memphis for the original Memphis in Egypt, which means "Place of Good Abode," knew what they were talking about. People here live well, especially now that the town is jumping with the prosperity brought on by the new war industries.

The city is still the cotton capital of the state and of a good part of the cotton-growing South, but it is no longer a one-industry town. The Fisher Body Company, for instance, which used to have from 350 to 500 employes, is now the Fisher-Memphis Aircraft Division, with around 66,000 workers. The Pidgeon-Thomas Iron Company is launching LCTs, Ford is rolling out airplane engines, and Firestone is stacking up tires and raincoats for GIs.

At the beginning of this year the population was 326,500, an increase of well over 30,000 since 1940, the year of the last federal census. According to the Chamber of Commerce and other authorities, the town's war industries are going to do their utmost to keep going just as strong in the production of peacetime goods.

Women workers make up about one-third of the labor force in Memphis, but to the casual observer it would seem that the women greatly outnumber the men. That may be because a remarkable percentage of the women in town are young women. And a remarkable percentage of the young women are pretty and exceedingly well stacked. The attractiveness of the town, which has won the annual state competition for the "Clean-up, Paint-up, Fix-up" award every year since 1940, is considerably enhanced by the throngs of girls.

On week ends, says Joe Boyle, the boss-cop, the population of the town increases by about 100,000. A lot of the week-end visitors are men in uniform from the three immense naval installations at Millington, the Fourth Ferry Command Base at the old city airport, the Air Forces supply depot on Jackson Avenue, the Army Service Forces depot on Airways and Kennedy General

A skyline view of Memphis from the Mississippi. Warehouses line the river's edge and in the background is the business district with tall office buildings.

Tommy Doran, the armless newsboy, well-known in Memphis, still sells papers at Main and Union.

Jim's Place No. 1—Jim also has a Place No. 2—is the best place to eat. His steaks are famous, when available.

Men have been replaced by girls in the big Memphis Cotton Exchange.

Most of the local characters—Shifty Logan, Tommy Doran and the indestructible Big Ed Crump—are still around, but war has made some changes. There are more pretty women workers and hotel help is scarce.

Hospital, which is constantly expanding.

The hotels can't handle the crowds, and GIs and sailors, who greatly outnumber the soldiers, can be seen sleeping in hotel lobbies and lounges and the railroad and bus stations. Hundreds make their sacks on the grass and benches of Court Square Park when the weather permits. The city cops, by the way, are much gentler with servicemen than they used to be.

Memphis still has the no-mixed-drinks rule, and the bars serve only beers and set-ups. The package stores still sell liquor, however, so those week-enders who don't mind if they do have a drink carry their bottles with them. This lends to the gaiety of the town, if not the sobriety.

The Creel Room in the Hotel Peabody is jammed from noon on with GIs, sailors and marines and their girls and Waves, Wacs, Spars and lady marines and their guys. The Skyway in the Peabody is still the place to take the big date for dinner and dancing, and the fountain with the famous ducks is still the place to meet. The Plantation Roof of the Peabody opened this summer with Chuck Foster's band. The Balinese Room of the Hotel Claridge is going strong, and the Club Forrest in the Hotel Gayoso opens whenever the management can get enough help to run it.

The Pig'n Whistle and Fortune's are still the favorite hangouts for the younger set, whose members meet at the Walgreen drugstore at Main and Union. But the 19th Century Club, once the scene of every big dance, is now a sort of officers' club. It was exclusively an officers' club for a while, but then it was changed into a mixed officer-civilian club.

Most places that aren't exclusively eating places now bar "unescorted ladies," and they have signs proclaiming their rule. For a while, Memphis cops paid nightly calls on all drinking places in town and gave the heave-ho to the charming little things who were "unescorted." The price the girls had to pay was a night in the cooler.

They tell all sorts of stories in Memphis about the embarrassing things that happened as a result. One story goes that an officer's wife came to town to meet him, registered at a hotel and phoned her husband. He was on duty, according to the tale, so she went downstairs to have a beer while waiting for him. The gendarmes came and pulled her out because she didn't have a guy. When they investigated her story in the morning, they found, to their great confusion, that it was true. Something like that is supposed to have happened too often; anyhow, the police stopped making their rounds.

Among the civic improvements proposed for after the war by Mr. Crump and the City Planning Commission is a new bridge over the Mississippi to Arkansas. It will be a four-lane highway, toll-free bridge right next to the old Harahan and Frisco bridges, which are not quite able to handle the heavy traffic that has developed in the last couple of years.

Another project first proposed by Mr. Crump is the transformation of Mud Island, which lies between the Wolf River and the Mississippi. The story goes that Mr. Crump was standing on the bluff one day watching an LST crawl down the river and that the willows blocked his view. The next day bulldozers were out tearing the guts out of Mud Island so there could be a clearer view of the Father of Waters.

Mr. Crump talks glowingly of a beautiful park for this hunk of river land that was just a sandbar 30 years ago, but the town is wondering what will happen to the roses and ball fields the City Father mentions as part of the deal when the river rises—as it always does.

Mr. Crump made another proposal not long ago which he thought would make the city more beautiful. It was one of the very few times, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, that Mr. Crump retired defeated and confused.

The good citizens awoke one morning to read in the *Commercial-Appeal* that Mr. Crump had said: "Aside from the children and visitors feeding the pigeons in Court Square, what good are they? They soil the roofs and awnings, sidewalks and different parts of the buildings."

A howl of rage went up from the people, letters poured into the newspaper offices and indignation meetings were held to denounce the efforts to get rid of the city's pigeons, who were declared to be man's feathered friends. An ugly rumor went around that Mr. Crump was trying to settle a personal feud with a pigeon-bombardier, probably equipped with a Norden bombsight, who had scored a direct hit. The town seethed for several days, so much so that Mayor Chandler issued a public proclamation.

There was no plan, he announced, to do away with the pigeons in Court Square by entrapment, poison or firearms, as had been rumored. In fact, he implied, any dastard who lifted a finger to harm one little feather on one little pigeon would have to answer to him personally and it would go hard, indeed, with such a scoundrel.

Memphis, as has been said before, is cotton, and cotton is Memphis. Cotton Row, the historic street where the product of much of the Deep South changes hands, is as active as ever. "Snake" hunts—a snake is a long, round bale of cotton made up of waste salvaged from floors and the street—go on all the time, and money from the sale of "snakes" goes for free milk for children.

Beale Street, the home of the blues, is jumping along with the rest of Memphis. Handy Park, named after W. C. Handy, the famous Negro composer, is still the focal point for residents of that part of town. Part of the old Robert Church estate behind the Auditorium has been turned into a park, called Beale Avenue Park, and the Tivoli Exposition recently held a carnival there.

Jesse Hatcher and his orchestra have been playing at the Elks Rest Lodge No. 96, with Jesse as the alto guitar, Hank O'Day as the first saxophonist, Skinny Robinson as the pianist and Timothy Overton as the second tenor sax. Bob Henry, the shoeshine king of Beale Street and the impresario responsible for the booking of most of the famous Negro artists into town, says that the most popular tune these days, and one that will last a long time, is "I Wonder" by Cecil Gant. A talented young Negro, Gant is now a sergeant in the Army.

Lewis O. Swingler is back in town, with an honorable discharge from the Army, and he has taken up his old duties as managing editor of the Memphis *World*, the city's Negro newspaper. LeMoyne College for the first time has a Negro president, Hollis Price.

"Brewster's Millions," a movie with Rochester in the cast, was banned in Memphis by Lloyd T. Binford, the city censor. Said Mr. Binford: "The movie has Rochester (Eddie Anderson), Negro comedian, in an important role. He has too familiar a way about him and the picture presents too much racial mixture."

The sports scene has been quite dull since the war began. There has been only one prize fight in Memphis in the past three years, and that wasn't much of a fight. Arturo Godoy, the South American heavy, came to town and took Herb Jones, a local, in two rounds.

The Chicks are going to have a new ball park because of some trouble with the owners of Russwood Park over a new lease. They're going to build their new ball field out on Park Avenue and call it Chickasaw Stadium Park. Last year the Chicks won the first half of the Southern Association pennant race, finished second in the last half and lost the play-off to Nashville.

One of the postwar changes everybody in town looks forward to—over and above the return of local servicemen—is improvement in the quality of the Mrs. Bullock brand of fried pork skins. These sell for a nickel a bag in Memphis barrooms (like potato chips elsewhere) and Memphians hope that after the duration they will come to the consumer not quite as burned as they come nowadays.

BIG BEN

Father Callaghan bends over a wounded crewman on the flight deck of the Big Ben to administer last rites.

When the cruiser *Santa Fe* moved away from the burning

By Sgt. LARRY McMANUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

The Essex-class carrier *USS Franklin* absorbed more punishment off Japan than any ship was meant to take, but she limped home toward Pearl with her cargo of dead and living heroes.

PEARL HARBOR—When the battered Big Ben, listed in official Navy records as the 27,000-ton Essex-class carrier *USS Franklin*, nosed her great bulk into this harbor with a bravado that tightened the throats of the few spectators, her band piped her into her berth with the gay strains of "The Old Gray Mare."

Three musicians in the band had been forced to leap from the ship when it was swept by flames, and the piano player had been killed. The band's instruments were gone, but it borrowed and improvised and came up with substitutes that would have shamed Spike Jones and his City Slickers. The musicians played and then sang:

"Oh, the Old Big Ben,
She ain't what she used to be . . ."

Their choice of tune was a musical understatement. The Big Ben's highest mast leaned drunkenly at a 45-degree angle and a jagged stump was all that remained of her foremast. Her metal plates were brown, torn and buckled and the wood of her broad flight deck was so much charcoal. She had suffered 1,102 casualties —832 men dead or missing and 270 wounded.

Twenty days earlier the Big Ben had been drifting, crippled, under the pall of her own smoke only 38 miles from Japan. The Tokyo radio had announced that she was sunk. As a matter of fact several survivors who had been blown from her decks—there were 484 picked up by destroyers alone—reported later that they had left the ship just before she went to the bottom.

The Big Ben was hit only seven minutes after the 0700 start of the March 19 strike against the Imperial Navy in the Inland Sea of Japan. Without warning, a single Jap plane, a new-type, radial-engined Jill, swooped down from a low-hanging cloud a few hundred yards in front of the *Franklin* and levelled out at flight-deck height. The Jill flew over her deck from bow to stern, so low that the men on the island found themselves looking down at the plane as it zoomed by. It dropped two 500-pound bombs.

The first one hit the center of the flight deck forward of the island, tore through the gallery and exploded in the hangar deck. The second one landed farther aft in the front row of the dozens of planes that were lined up waiting for the take-off. The planes were loaded with 12,000 gallons of volatile aviation gasoline, several score 500- and 250-pound bombs, plenty of large-caliber rockets and thousands of rounds of .50-caliber and 20-mm ammunition.

When the Jap bombs landed at 0707, Gilbert P. Abbott QM2c, owner of the Binghamton-Ithaca Express Inc., a New York trucking company, was sitting on his sack, reaching for his shoes. He was scheduled to go on watch at 0730.

Realizing that the explosions had been up forward, Miller headed in the opposite direction down a corridor, without his shoes. Soon he found himself trapped in the third-deck mess hall with 300 other men. All the companionways and ladders were blocked and the smoke was getting thicker by the minute. Explosions sent waves of concussions through the crowded room.

"It was terrible," said Abbott. "The men who weren't beating their gums were beating their heads against the bulkheads."

Up topside damage-control work was already underway. The skipper, Capt. L. E. Gehres of Coronado, Calif., a Navy enlisted man in the first World War, had been knocked to his knees by the blast. He recovered in time to see the forward elevator crash through to the hangar deck and flames shoot from the starboard side forward to back across gun positions lining the catwalk.

Instinctively he ordered the ship swung to starboard to put the wind abaft the port beam and keep the flames from spreading. But even before the maneuver was completed he glanced astern and saw that the fire spreading through the parked planes held more threat to the *Franklin* than the blaze forward. He turned the ship toward Japan again to bring the wind off the port bow.

At the fire spread, bombs from the Big Ben's planes were exploding, tearing gaping holes in the flight deck. The chatter of machine-gun and 20-mm ammunition often was drowned out by the terrifying whoosh of a rocket screaming the length of the 880-foot deck. In the unpredictable manner of high explosives, some bombs rolled back and forth through the flames without exploding, while pilots and plane-handlers scampered for the catwalks below deck level.

In the mess hall on the third deck the 300-odd men trapped in the pitch-black, smoke-filled room were near panic when the ship's assistant flight surgeon, Lt. Comdr. James L. Fuelling of Indianapolis, Ind., made his voice heard.

"Somehow everyone seemed to listen to him," Abbott said. "The screaming stopped and the room got quiet. He told us to relax, stop talking and rest until a way out could be found. The smoke was getting worse all the time. I mopped my sweater and T-shirt in the water on the deck and breathed through the wet cloth."

The rear admirals of the task force and their staffs were aboard the *Franklin* at the time of the attack. Their primary duty was to direct one of the carrier forces in the strike against the Inland Sea, and they had many other warships under their command which were dependent on them for orders. At 0745 a gutty little destroyer, braving the constant threat of exploding ammunition, pulled alongside and took the admirals and their staffs aboard by breeches buoy.

LT. CMDR. JOSEPH T. O'CALLAGHAN, a Jesuit chaplain from Cambridge, Mass., who used to teach at Boston College and Holy Cross, had been in the wardroom when the first bombs hit. The Padre, whom the skipper later described as "the bravest man I've ever seen," made his way to the flight deck and in the absence of doctors—one had been killed and Fuelling was trapped in the mess hall—set up an aid station.

"When doctors arrived to take over," Capt. Gehres said, "I saw Father O'Callaghan round up a half-dozen men, grab a fire hose and disappear with them into the smoke and flames covering the stern. Periodically he would reappear, check the casualties, give last rites where needed, round up more men and another hose and plunge again into the smoke aft.

"Once he came up on the bridge and asked if there was anything he could do. My bullhorn was out and I had shouted myself hoarse, so I pointed out where flames were licking around the sides of a ready ammunition locker at the base of the island. I asked him if he could possibly send some men down there with a hose. He got the men all right, but he went on down with them himself."

By this time there was no doubt about the seriousness of the situation. A message came over from the flag authorizing the skipper to prepare to abandon ship.

"We were too busy," said Capt. Gehres. "We were afloat and all right—and anyhow we were too close to Japan."

The smoke became worse. Explosions continued and at 0800 a tremendous blast indicated that the flames had reached the bomb-laden TBF's.

Down below in the engine room the blowers had failed. The officer in charge described the intolerable situation there to the bridge—relaying the message through steering aft—and asked permission to secure and abandon stations. The request was granted and the black gang groped its way topside, leaving the engines in operation unattended. They continued to run for more than an hour, pushing the Big Ben closer to Japan. She could not go in any other direction because the position of her fires made it necessary to keep the wind off the port side.

e was listing so badly she seemed about to capsize.

All radio communication was gone and the signal halyards were burned. The skipper, by semaphore, requested a cruiser be sent alongside to take off casualties and a destroyer to follow in the *Franklin's* wake and pick up men forced to jump from the burning after-decks.

The cruiser *Santa Fe* pulled up parallel and asked if the carrier's magazines were flooded. If the magazines were overrun by flames, the resulting explosion might well send the Big Ben and other nearby ships to the bottom. Capt. Gehres was forced to reply that he had ordered the flooding but had no way of knowing if it had been accomplished. That highly ambiguous information, however, seemed to satisfy the *Santa Fe's* skipper, Capt. H. C. Fitz. He throttled his ship down to the *Franklin's* eight knots and brought it alongside to starboard. A trolley was rigged between the ships to carry stretcher cases, while the walking wounded balanced their way across the carrier's horizontal antenna masts and dropped to the cruiser's deck.

The starboard list the *Franklin* was carrying began to increase as her engines finally stopped at about 1000 hours.

"Someone phoned me," Capt. Gehres remembers, "and said he had 13,000 gallons of oil and water that he could somehow transfer from starboard to port. I told him to go ahead and do it. I've searched the ship since then for that man but I've never found him and doubt if I ever will. He must have been killed later."

The transfer of ballast may have saved the ship, for the starboard list, although not yet serious, had been increasing rapidly just before the phone call from the unknown sailor. The shift of weight checked it at 14 degrees.

DOWN in the mess hall Doc Fuelling's kind but authoritative manner still held a lid on the hysteria. Lt. (jg) Don A. Gary of Oakland, Calif., who had been commissioned in 1943 after 24 years' service as an enlisted man, managed to find a breather—a mask which would filter out the worst of the smoke. Gary also had a light. He told the men he would search for a way out and return if he found one. He discovered a devious, roundabout series of passageways and ladders leading topside, made his way back to the mess hall and led a group of men out along that route.

"He came back at least three times," Abbott said, "and finally brought us all out.

"When I saw the skipper on the bridge I knew we weren't going to abandon ship," he added. "I was cold and wanted to warm up so I grabbed a hose with four other men and fought a fire in a 40-mm gun position until it exploded a half-hour later. The explosion put that fire out, but there were plenty others still burning. Then I reported to my station on the bridge. Most of the time up there I was on the phone to the five guys in steering aft. It seemed to help them to talk to one of us on the bridge."

Abbott decided to try to make his way down to steering aft. Someone gave him a pair of rubber boots and he climbed around the island and down the flight deck, accompanied by Lt. (jg) Robert Wassman of New Rochelle, N. Y. Dodging flames and making their way across fused metal and steaming wreckage they reached the after end of the deck. The port side of the fantail—a small, open deck which protrudes from the stern on a level with the hangar deck—was ablaze, but the pair clambered down the starboard ladder and entered a hatch leading to the hangar deck, which Abbott describes as "a pile of junk."

"We heard a howl," he said, "and traced it down to the after utility cabin over starboard. The hatch was sprung, but Mr. Wassman got a line on it and I put my back against it until it opened. There was a lad in there who was badly hurt. I carried him out to the fantail and inflated a life belt for a pillow. Mr. Wassman went on inside to try to find a way to steering aft."

A fresh explosion spread the flames and Abbott feared that their single access ladder to the flight deck might soon be burned out. He scrambled up to the flight deck and recruited two others to help him bring the wounded man up the ladder. He had considerable difficulty convincing them that it was even possible to reach the fantail, much less make a round trip.

By the time they arrived there they found Wassman, who had been driven from the hangar deck by the smoke. They put the injured man in a blanket and carried him topside. As they bore him across the holed, debris-covered flight deck, he smiled, and sang in a faint voice, "Happy Days Are Here Again."

IT was nearly noon, and the Big Ben had drifted 38 miles off Shikoku. Her navigator was preparing to take bearings on the mountain peaks of the Jap homeland. The cruiser *USS Pittsburgh* was ordered to take the carrier in tow. Before she could be towed, though, the carrier's rudder had to be moved to dead center from the hard turn it had been in when power failed. This was a job for the men in steering aft.

Manually, with two men on each of two cranks connected with the steering mechanism, they brought the rudder into line with the keel, their exertion using up much of the diminishing air supply in their sealed chamber. The *Pittsburgh's* screws churned, and in two hours the cruiser was pulling the *Franklin* away from Japan at what turned out to be the maximum towing speed—three knots. A single Jap plane attacked the slowly moving ships, but AA fire from the escorting warships and the pitifully few manually operated guns aboard the Big Ben forced the Jap to drop his bomb astern and flee. Later in the day two other planes were driven off.

The heavier explosions had stopped at noon when the after 5-inch magazine went off and spattered the *Santa Fe* with fragments. At 1500 there were still explosions and the fires still raged. The *Pittsburgh* and a destroyer had near misses from the carrier's rockets. Men fighting fires on deck dropped at each explosion. Some didn't rise again.

"Bullets were buzzing like bees," a gunner's mate said. "Got so nobody paid attention to anything less than a magazine explosion."

ABBOTT continued to alternate between attempts to reach the men in steering aft and talking to them by phone. Twice more he and Wassman were driven back by smoke, and once when Abbott tried it alone he was forced to retreat to the open air.

"You could go in as far as you could hold your breath," he said. "The smoke was getting thicker and by then there was a lot of water in every compartment. Sometimes it was waist deep."

The Big Ben flagged a destroyer to send over a pair of breather masks and Abbott settled down again to the telephone to wait for them to arrive. Doc Fuelling told him the men in steering aft could live for 24 hours on the amount of air in that room if they didn't get excited and move around too much.

Water still filled the compartment above theirs and it was several inches deep on the deck of steering aft. Abbott told them to lie down on the high side of their room, keep quiet and wait.

"We're not going to abandon ship," he told them. "And if we do have to abandon later, we'll get you out first. If we can't do that—we'll go down with you.

"That seemed to make them feel a little better," he explained later.

When a destroyer sent over the breathers it was nearly sunset—1813 in that latitude. Wassman, Abbott and another quartermaster climbed back down to the fantail. Probably feeling that Abbott already had made too many trips below, Wassman took the other man with him and disappeared into the wreckage of the hangar deck. Abbott was sitting on the fantail when they emerged, the canisters in their masks having been used up, but they reported they had found a way to their objective.

While they changed canisters, Abbott returned to the bridge and phoned the five men to stand by for rescue. He warned them to leave their life belts behind, for there was barely room for a man to crawl through the jammed passageways, and to stand aside when the hatch was opened.

The water level in the compartment above had fallen considerably, but there remained enough to flood steering aft two feet deep when the hatch was opened in response to Wassman's tapping. Three of the men were only semi-conscious when they arrived on the flight deck, but all went up to the bridge to report to the skipper. A medical officer had sent some brandy to Capt. Gehres. He gave each of the five men a stiff drink.

REALIZING that the Big Ben's three-knot speed wasn't taking them out of dangerous waters rapidly enough, Lt. Gary—the same officer who had led the 300 men from the mess hall—and two others, donned the breathers and went down to the engine room. Gary was the assistant engineering officer, and he was hoping that the water and oil, undoubtedly sloshing around the deck, hadn't reached the engines, which were mounted some four feet above deck level.

It hadn't. Despite heavy smoke, a 130-degree temperature, ruptured pipes, steam leaks and oil mixed with water, he managed to get a fire started under one boiler and then under another. By 2400 Big Ben's engines were giving enough help to the *Pittsburgh* to increase their towing speed to six knots.

Nobody had eaten for more than 24 hours when Father O'Callaghan found a locker containing tins of pork sausages. A destroyer sent over a sack of bread and the meager meal was distributed to all hands. Later in the day they found lockers containing spam and vienna sausages.

At 1000 hours the day after the attack the *Franklin* sent a dignified thanks to the *Pittsburgh* and cast off the towline. Four boilers were fired and the Big Ben was able to do 15 knots on her own. She was five feet down at the stern and still carrying a 14-degree list.

That day began the gruesome task of digging bodies from the wreckage. About 300 men had been killed by concussion on the hangar deck alone. Some men were found in their bunks.

Next morning the crew had its first hot food since the bombing—coffee and soup prepared in the officers' mess and served in the wardroom. In the afternoon Capt. Gehres left the bridge for the first time and went below to see the hangar deck. The captain told the men the worst was over, that there would be no more air raids and they were heading for home. He returned to the bridge, took a bath in a half-bucket of water and dressed in his one remaining set of clean khakis.

By the 23d—four days after the original attack—band leader Saxy Dowell, music composer of "The Three Little Fishes," led his men with their tubs, jugs and borrowed instruments to the bridge and held an audition for the skipper, playing and singing parodies—many of them unprintable—having to do with the experiences of the *Franklin*. The tryout was an unqualified success and the band began giving concerts.

Four days after the bombs shattered her flight deck, the Plan of the Day—a daily schedule published aboard all large ships—again was printed. It bore a new motto, "A ship that won't be sunk, can't be sunk."

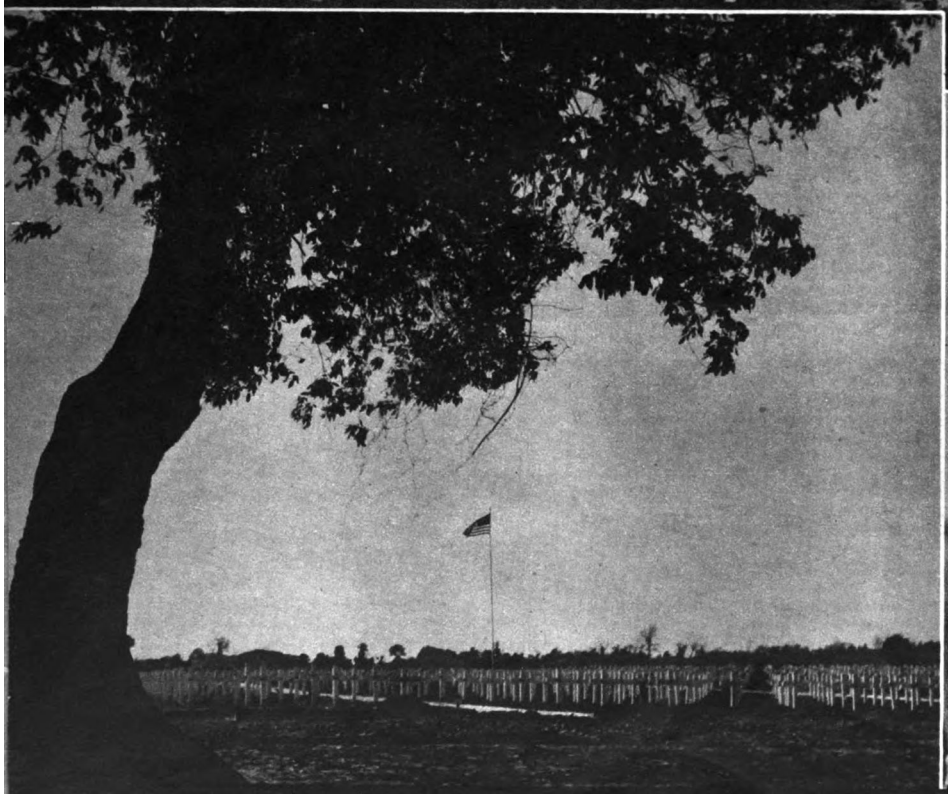
Bodies were still being found below decks 20 days after the attack.

After the ship arrived at Pearl Harbor, Abbott glanced down the length of the hangar deck. Hundreds of dripping garments salvaged from small stores hung from lines stretched across it.

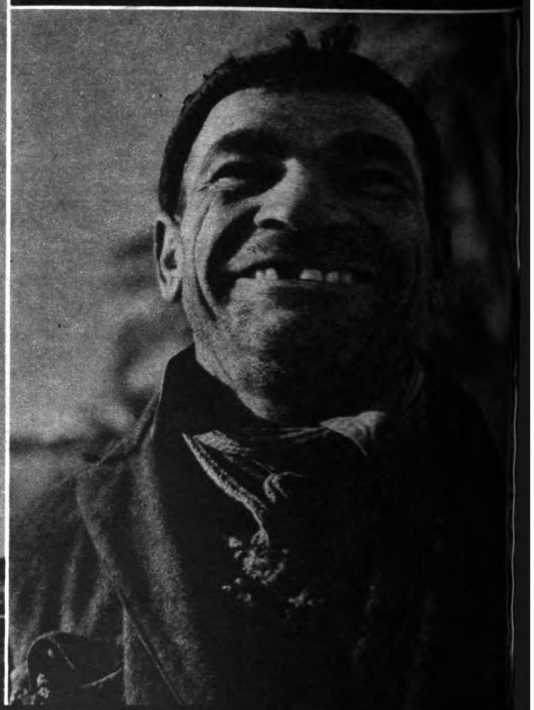
"Something bigger than we are got us out of this," he said.

A bandaged sailor standing nearby heard and nodded agreement.

A priest walks along the edge of a deserted beach road in Anzio where Allied supply trucks once moved in a steady stream. The doors of unused buildings like these are blocked with barbed wire.



In the Nettuno cemetery the flag flies over crosses which mark the graves of 8,000 American soldiers. Last GI unit left in the area was a grave registration company that looked after the cemetery.

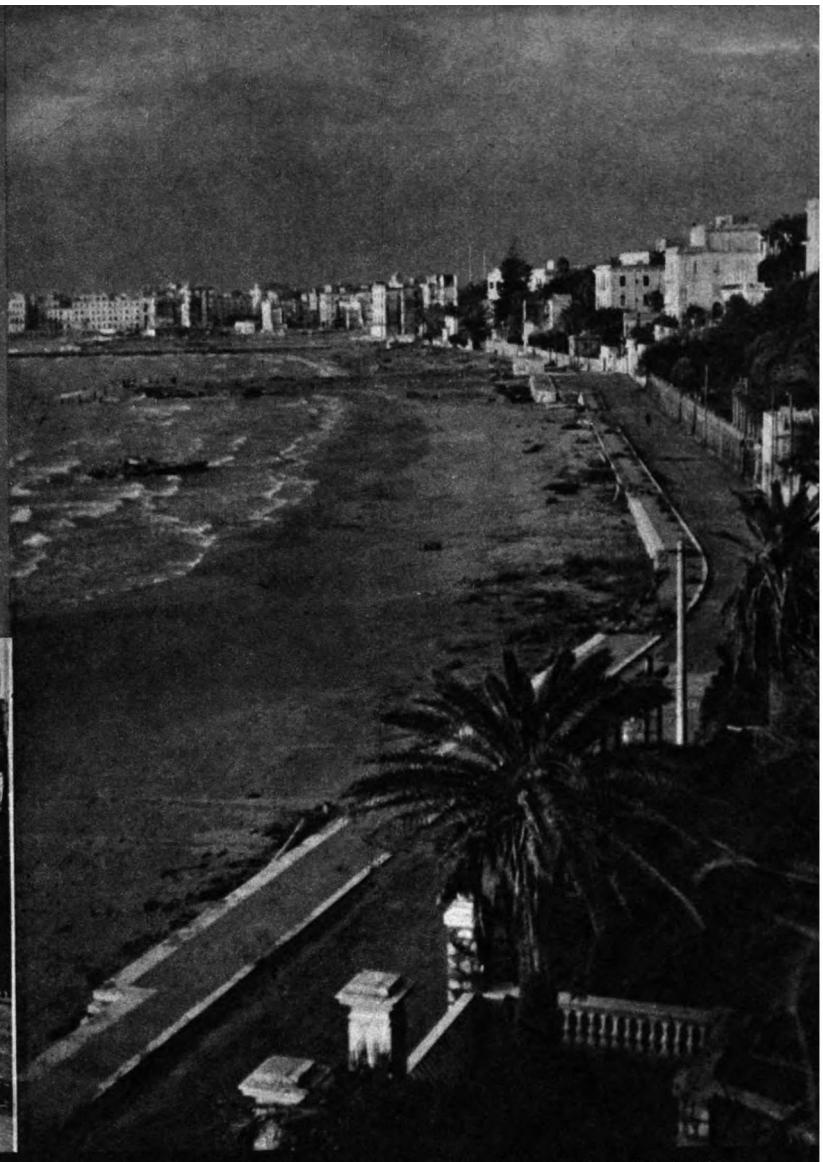


This fisherman got bigger hauls by using hand grenades for bait and camouflage nets picked up on the battlefields

THE OLD BEACHHEAD

Over a year ago Allied soldiers broke out of the Anzio-Nettuno beachhead to join forces advancing from the south to capture Rome. YANK's Sgt. Don Breimhurst took these pictures of the area as it looks now, with its deserted beaches, villas and hotels.

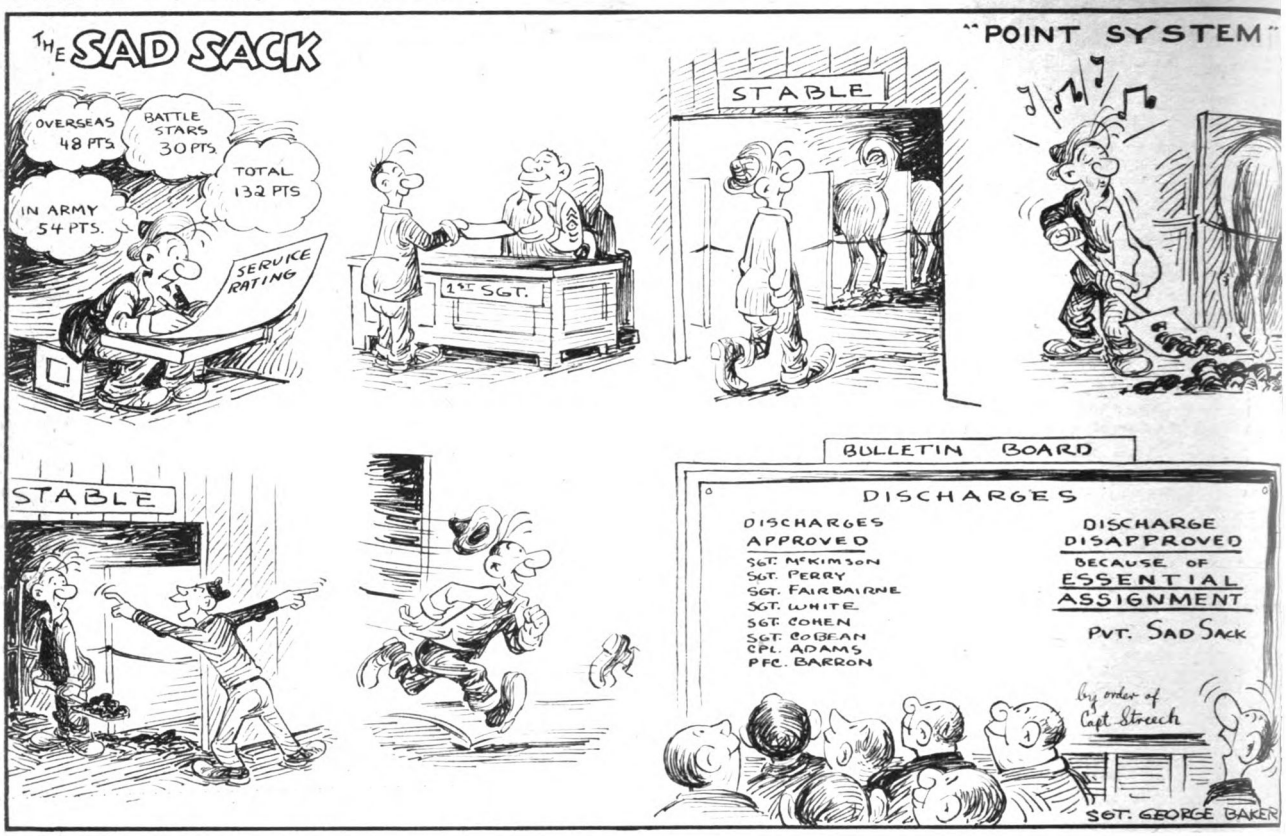
herds lead their flocks down a road where fierce tank battles raged. still have a hard time keeping their sheep from tripping over mines.



The water front at Anzio, once one of the world's busiest harbors. The buildings are not as sound as they look. Every now and then one of them caves in.

tive workmen haul away rocks and plaster from the ruins of what was a xurious resort hotel in Anzio. Some of it may be used for new construction.

A woman walks by one of the German pillboxes left on the beach at Anzio. The Germans were surprised on the day the Allies landed and never used them.



Without Permission

Dear YANK:

While serving in England I met a cute chick whom I decided to marry at any cost. I asked my CO for permission, but nothing happened. After four months of this I got on a terrific binge over my bad luck and woke up a day later to find a certified marriage license in my pocket.

So I again asked my CO for the required permission and received the usual delay. I then went to a church and found that the marriage license I had was good, so I went ahead and got married without the Army's permission.

Since that time we have had two children (not twins). Now I am wondering just how valid my marriage really is according to law, as I still have no idea how I first obtained my license.

If I turn the true facts of my marriage over to the Army, what will their action be in view of the fact that I am the father of two children and have been a good provider to them and my wife over a period of two and a half years? Also, are my wife and children entitled to a dependency allotment and my insurance?

France —(Name Withheld)

■ YANK cannot tell you whether your marriage is legal or not. That depends on the laws of the country where you were married. See your legal-assistance officer and he will tell you just where you stand. Nor can YANK guess what your CO will do when he finds out you married without an official OK. We suggest you see your chaplain and have him talk to your CO for you. However, your children are entitled to a dependency allotment whether your marriage is valid or not. All you have to do is acknowledge that they are your children and the Office of Dependency Benefits will see that they receive an allotment. Of course, if your marriage is valid, your wife is also entitled to an allotment. The fact that you married without permission does not change your wife's right to the family allotment. To make sure that your wife will benefit from your insurance you better have her entered as your first beneficiary. Your orderly room will tell you how to make the change.

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

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

Civil Service

Dear YANK:

My buddies and I have been arguing about veterans and their rights under the Federal Civil Service set-up. You will be doing us a big favor if you settle this argument once and for all. One of my pals says that we get extra credits on Civil Service exams because we have had overseas service. Is he right?

Philippines —S/Sgt. HOMER T. BUCKLEY

■ He is not right. The place where a veteran served, whether it was in the States or overseas, has no bearing on his benefits under the Federal Civil Service laws. All veterans get an extra five-point credit on such examinations. Disabled vets—those who have service-connected disabilities—get a 10-point credit. That is the maximum point credit that any veteran may get.

Former Home

Dear YANK:

I expect to be discharged in a few weeks. With that in mind, I wrote a letter to my old landlord telling him I was getting out and reminding him of his promise that I could have my old house back when I got out of service. He wrote back and said he was sorry, that he couldn't give it to me and that he had no other places available. What the hell kind of a deal is that? I thought that soldiers and sailors were protected by Congress so that they could get their homes back when they got out of service.

Italy —Cpl. MELVIN WOLF

■ There is nothing in the Soldiers and Sailors Civil Relief Act which would protect you or any other GI in such a situation. Once you give up a home which you were renting, you have no more right to it than anyone else who gives up a home.

Aviation Cadets

Dear YANK:

I entered the Army in December of 1943. In August of 1944 I started training as an aviation cadet and hope to be graduated this September. Will the time I spent in training as an aviation cadet count toward credit for the free schooling under the GI Bill of Rights? What bothers me is that I understand that cadet time does not count under that law. Is that so?

Tyndal Field, Fla. —A/C ROBERT DURLAND

■ All your time in service will count toward the free schooling. You are probably confused by the language in the GI Bill of Rights excluding cadets from the benefits. The cadets referred to are those at Annapolis, West Point and the Coast Guard Training School. It has nothing to do with aviation cadets, as they are actually on active service while serving their cadetships.

Hash Marks

Dear YANK:

I have just over three years of service and the other day I put a hash mark on my blouse and my first sergeant almost tore my head off. When he finally cooled off so that I could understand what he was saying, he told me that no blankety-blank selectee could wear the hash mark. He stated that only Regular Army guys could wear the hash mark. When I got back to the barracks and told my cell-mates about that, they insisted that he was only putting on an act and that I was taking him too seriously. Are they right, was he kidding?

Hawaii —Pvt. GEORGE SCHER

■ He sure was kidding you. It doesn't make any difference whether you came into the Army via Selective Service or you were a Regular. If you have completed three years of service you are entitled to wear a hash mark, and no first sergeant can stop you (*AR 600-40, par. 55e*).

CAMP NEWS

Full of Bull

Camp Maxey, Tex.—Ferdinand, a wild Brahma bull, escaped at the soldier rodeo held here recently. Soldier riders and ropers stole the spotlight from 75 civilian cowboys at the three-day rodeo, but the AWOL bull stole the show when he leaped the fence and took off.

For instance, at 11:30 one night, a sleeping GI was awakened by a snorting noise. He kicked his bunk buddy and told him to cease, but the snorting continued. The puzzled private looked out of his barracks window and saw 1,800 pounds of bull standing in the company street. The tired trainee jumped under the bed covers and swore off PX beer for the rest of his life.

Then there was the rookie doing guard duty who took to a telephone pole and hollered for the corporal of the guard. Another Joe was returning from a late pass when confronted with a mountain with horns. He ran into the nearest latrine and spread the word, but it was put down as just another rumor.

At the main gate the MPs heard a clatter of hoofs and looked out to see Ferdinand charging in their direction. They ducked back into the gatehouse and didn't even put their heads out when he scraped his huge horns on the glass window. Fortunately for them he galloped off down the highway towards Oklahoma.

The last roundup began at reveille when a frantic farmer called in, screaming that Ferdinand had made a harem out of his pasture. The bull was finally located near the POW camp, surrounded by contented cows.

Pfc. Don Kayne, a former Colorado cowboy who used to compete at Madison Square Garden and managed the rodeo here, directed the chase from a jeep. Round and round they went, but eventually Don got close enough to toss his loop over Ferdinand's horns. Four GI horsemen closed in and before he knew it the AWOL bull was being pushed into a truck and was on his way to a stockade.

—Pfc. BOB ENSWORTH

Pfc. Don Kayne, professional GI cowboy, twirls the lariat which stopped Ferdinand the AWOL bull.

HIGH CLASS ENTERTAINER. Marian Anderson shows some overseas veterans what real singing is like. She gave a recital for returnees at AG and SF Redistribution Station, Fort Sam Houston, Tex.

Wacs at the Conference

San Francisco, Calif.—Ten Wacs are among the military personnel at the United Nations Conference here, according to the War Department. One is an interpreter, eight are working at dispensaries and one is in communications.

Lt. Beatriz Hornandez, who speaks Spanish fluently, returned only recently from the Inter-American Conference at Mexico City. She had served as an interpreter and translator for members of the American staff and when she was assigned here she was given similar duties.

The eight enlisted Wacs doing dispensary duty are helping to operate the two main medical dispensaries in the Opera House, which are open during conference hours, and the two other units in the Mark Hopkins and Whitcomb hotels, which provide around-the-clock service. Cpl. Nancy I. McAfee, who is from Purchase, N. Y., has a knowledge of French and Mandarin Chinese, in case any language problems arise. Pfc. Anita Pineda of Fort Stockton, Tex., is also brushing up on her French, just in case. Cpl. McAfee is a first cousin of Capt. Mildred McAfee, commander of the WAVES. The daughter of Quaker missionaries, she was educated in France, Switzerland, England and China. Like Pfc. Pineda, she was stationed at Bushnell General Hospital, Brigham City, Utah, before her assignment here.

Medical and surgical Wacs assigned to the conference from the Ninth Service Command include Pvt. Jean L. Jamieson, Miami, Fla., now stationed at Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco, Calif., and T/4 Helen E. Richey, Texico, N. Mex., Pfc. Mary P. Villas, Minneapolis, Minn., and Pvt. Mary S. Shaffer, Endicott, N. Y., all at Camp Beale, Calif., station hospital. T/4 Gertrude O. Harlan, Los Angeles, was assigned from Madigan General Hospital, Fort Lewis, Wash., and Pvt. Caroline Hoag, Minneapolis, Minn., from Bushnell General Hospital.

T/4 Alice Van Valer, San Jose, Calif., is assigned to the Signal Section of the conference, typing telephone and telephonic-equipment orders. In civilian life she was a telephone supervisor and operator instructor for the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company at San Jose, Calif.

NAMES AGAIN

Fort Lewis, Wash.—On the Tacoma highway a cop stopped a car and handed the driver a ticket for crossing the center line. As he read the name on the driver's license, S/Sgt. I. Walk, Headquarters Detachment, 14th Engineer Group, he exclaimed, "Well, can you beat that! My name is U. Drivewell!"

P.S. The long arm of coincidence didn't help Sgt. Walk; he still kept the ticket.

Flying Classroom

Sioux Falls AAF, S. Dak.—Two extra receivers and a radio compass have been added to the regular radio equipment of C-47s used for training missions of the AAF Training Command Radio School, and now all eight students on a mission can rotate in the various jobs and get practical experience.

Pfc. Earl V. Garrett, one of the instructors on a mission, explained the new system. "Previously," he said, "two of the men simply listened in. Now, with the extra compass and the two receivers, every student on the crew has something to do all the time. They get valuable practice on the liaison receiver and another team can shoot bearings on the additional compass."

Each hour of a four-hour mission the students are given an opportunity to work at the sets vacated by their companions. While some are busy putting to airborne practice the "Q" signals they have learned in long weeks of tactical-procedure training, others are sending position messages to base or contacting Army Airways Communications stations. Meanwhile the two teams on the radio compasses are engaged in taking station and running fixes, aural null bearings and getting weather reports. The plane becomes a flying classroom.

Target Top Kick

Camp Fanning, Tex.—Sgt. Charles Nekola called together the trainees in C-58-12 during the Red Cross War Fund drive. "Here's a chance to hit your first sergeant," he said. Whereupon he drew a bead on 1st Sgt. Jeff Keebler and made a direct hit with a four-bit piece. "That," he said, "is for the Red Cross."

The men got the idea, and Keebler was bombarded with $60 in pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters and half-dollars. The pay-off was when one trainee (who mercifully remains unnamed) wrapped a sawbuck around a good-sized rock and raised a neat lump on Keebler's head.

—Cpl. PHIL GROGAN

She Was Always a Weak Speller

Grand Island AAF, Nebr.—The following item occupied a prominent spot on the front page of *Strictly GI*, field newspaper, recently:

"For the benefit of the 50 percent of the field who do not know what VE-Day means (honest, we took a poll this week), it stands for 'Victory in Europe,' not 'Victory Inevitable,' as one sweet young thing told our inquiring reporter."

"Americans seem to me all to wear spectacles and chew gum," said the Arab. "Maybe they strain their eyes looking up at the tall buildings."

You Americans

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Writer

SAN FRANCISCO—Some of the foreign visitors at the United Nations Conference on International Organization thought the U. S. was the craziest country they had ever seen. Some of them thought it was heaven. But all of them were impressed and surprised by it—as impressed and surprised as the native San Franciscans were by them.

The most popular delegates from the glamor and far-away-romance angle were the Arabs with their flowing robes and beards and generally exotic exteriors. American celebrity hounds jostled one another to look at the Aye-rabs from close up and said, to a man, "Sheeks, huh? How about that?"

The delegates from the Arabian nations went about their business undisturbed by all this attention. One of the Arabs, a Mr. Farid Zeineddine of Syria, paused long enough from his labors to describe his impressions:

"The Americans seem to me like a nation of people in spectacles, all chewing gum. Maybe they have to wear spectacles because the buildings are so high and they strain their eyes to see up and down them."

FROM the other side of the world, Creighton Burns, Canberra political correspondent of the Melbourne, Australia, *Argus*, was both impressed and distressed by American noises. "How loudly everybody talks," Mr. Burns whispered to another correspondent. The other correspondent was unable to hear Mr. Burns' whisper, but the Australian went on just the same.

"Everybody seems to be so assertive," he said. "The sirens at night keep me awake. They would seem to mean that there is an air raid, but, no, it is just some motorcycle policemen escorting a conference figure through town.

"Undue ostentation," said Mr. Burns, meaning that he preferred to sleep. "Prosperity. Noise. Money. Everybody is obsessed with money.

"Everybody talks about money. After I talk to an American five minutes he tells me his exact income, including withholding taxes. In Australia a man wouldn't tell his wife his income, if he could help it."

The standard question that ships' news reporters used to ask visiting celebrities in peace time —"What do you think of the American woman?" —brought ready answers from almost all the delegates. One thing you can say about the American woman, she attracts attention.

Our old friend Mr. Burns of Canberra and Melbourne had been a little surprised by a woman cable-car conductor he had seen in action. He wasn't so impressed by her being a cable-car conductor as he was by her quick command of loud profanity in getting her passengers to "kindly step to the back of the car, please."

"She had what was to me a very jarring accent and she was damning and cursing the passengers," Mr. Burns whispered excitedly. "Of course, I don't entirely blame her—the passengers were a noisy, pushing, discourteous lot. They don't seem to have learned the orderly practice of queueing up—taking one's turn. Otherwise decent people push and jostle each other to get on those cars. Nobody seems to stand aside for an elderly lady or a cripple. Noise."

A slightly brighter view of the feminine question came from a French newspaperman. "They are neat and most healthy," he said. "Maybe a little bit hard." He thought that plenty of milk and good food had given them an edge on French girls, but he felt that, what with peace and all, the mademoiselles would snap back soon and that what he called their "superior clothes sense" would help them to look "nice and beautiful" in spite of their "tired little look."

Mr. Burns sprang back again. "I think they are a lot like the women of my own country," he said. "Almost every woman under 40 both here and at home makes herself up to resemble some screen star. And," Mr. Burns' voice rose with pleased surprise, "they succeed very well. I have had the pleasure of meeting several Hollywood actresses in person in their homes in San Mateo and the comparison they present with the young women who imitate them is not unfavorable."

DR. MOHAMMED AWAD, a professor of geography at Fuad University in Cairo, Egypt, was surprised at the women he saw unescorted on the streets. "At home we have abandoned the veil and the girls wear short skirts, but we still feel their place is in the home. You don't see many of them in the streets.

"But our women are very modern," he added hastily. "I have orders from my wife and daughter to bring them back American stockings and lipsticks and fountain pens. I now have all the lipsticks I need, but it is difficult to get the stockings they are going to expect and I have had promised me only one fountain pen."

Azis Angelopoulous, correspondent for *Acropolis*, a Greek newspaper, liked it that he was unable to tell a rich girl from a poor girl. "They are dressed the same," he said happily.

"I saw yesterday at the Fairmont Hotel about 50 cars arriving and hundreds of handsome girls got out of them. I do not know whether they were rich or poor. I cannot tell here. When I saw a

"I do not care for the suits that you call zoot," said the Egyptian, "or for those very loud, flashy ties."

oup of working girls once, I thought it was a lection of aristocrats. It is because in America u have won the fight against poverty."

The wackiness of American salesmanship, which as pretty conspicuous in local advertising when e convention first opened, drew quite a lot of mment. An establishment selling automatic exercisers featured a window display with an Uncle am dummy jiggling all day long on a patent xerciser. A sign explained that exercise brings ealth, happiness, good will and the achievement the very peace for which the delegates were earching. A Mexican delegate mused: "This may e the peace that follows nervous exhaustion, but that a United Nations goal?"

A NEWSPAPER advertisement welcomed all delegates "to the Americas, to the United States, o California, to San Francisco and to the Moffatt O'Connor Department Store." It had to be explained to some of the puzzled delegates that the epartment store had no particular connection ith the State Department.

But most of the delegates insisted that the vackiness was all in good taste. "I don't see why he merchants shouldn't have a chance to benefit y the enthusiasm of local residents at conference ime," said Dr. Awad. "The only things that overwhelm me are the suits you call 'zoot' and some f the ties with great colorful markings. In Cairo woman could wear such a tie, but not a man. They would kill me on the streets if I came back wearing one." Dr. Awad's tie was a subdued chocolate brown with a small figured pattern.

Many of the visitors fully expected to be killed n the streets of San Francisco—in traffic jams. Dr. Lotfali Suratgar, an English literature professor at Teheran University and a secretary of the Iranian delegation, described jaywalkers this way: "People run to their business regardless of the red dangers on the crossroads."

Maude Morris, stenographer of the Liberian delegation, was similarly terrified of cafeterias after having had her tray knocked out of her hand on her first visit to one. Incidentally, most of the foreigners commented on the abundance of food in America, though some were less happy about its preparation.

"Americans mix up on one plate food coming from different countries," said Mr. Zeineddine, the Arab from Syria. "Arabs like to keep rice on one plate, the stewed meat on another, the potatoes on a third." Unfortunately, no one thought to try the interesting experiment of handing Mr. Zeineddine a GI mess kit.

Egypt's Dr. Awad disliked America's "straightforward way of cooking" and the custom of adding such sweets as preserved pears to salads and meat dishes. "The Egyptian," he said, "is careful not to put sweet things with salty, and never with a meat dish."

But Dr. Awad did have a kindly word for the quaint old American custom of autograph-collecting. He claimed to admire autograph hounds for their curiosity and enthusiasm, explaining: "You must be enthusiastic to stand three or four hours to see a foreign delegate come in and out of a hotel." He was not even disconcerted by the fact that the fans obtained signatures from delegates and stenographers impartially.

Col. Cipriano Olivera, director of the school for officers in Uruguay, was impressed by "the modesty with which the Americans who have been in action speak about their actions." Similarly, Capt. Hector Luisi, Uruguay's under secretary of national defense, told of talking with GIs in bars and elsewhere and he liked the way they refused to "talk or fight their battles over again."

If the visitors were unfamiliar with some American customs and devices, they found natives of the U. S. doubly ignorant of the visitors' own countries. One San Francisco citizen was disappointed in Mr. Zeineddine when the latter admitted he could not read

The Greek correspondent was happy that he couldn't tell rich girl from poor girl: "Both dress alike."

palms even though he did hail from the mysterious East.

Another American asked Mr. Burns, "Don't you think you Australians would be better off under us than under England?" Burns' retort was short and to the point; he explained that the Aussies don't want to be "under" anybody, and that Australia, New Zealand and other Dominions in the British Commonwealth consider themselves fully independent right now.

For all their criticisms, most of the visitors seemed to like the States and Americans.

"America," said a French writer earnestly, "is the only country which has a consciousness of world responsibility. That is very important and very new. When you are in Europe, you feel you are a Frenchman, or an Italian, or some other nationality. Here, you feel you are people of the world, of mankind."

Red-headed Noureddeen Kahili, director of irrigation for Syria, had less reason to be enthusiastic. It was 9:30 A.M. and he had an untidy stubble on his chin. The hotel's barber had not shown up that morning. Despite his whiskers, Mr. Kahili admired the barber's independent spirit.

"What I like about Americans is that they are lazy," said Mr. Kahili. Apparently this was no crack at the missing barber, for he added hastily —"lazy in the sense that they like to make things with the least amount of work. That was my first impression of America—they shot my baggage in through a chute. In Europe it is always a 'hamal,' a porter, who does that."

Husseyin Cahid Yalcin, editor of *Tanin* in Istanbul, Turkey, a bald, fatherly man of about 50, was most impressed by American courtesy. When he lost his way in the Georgetown section of Washington, D. C., an American soldier spent the whole evening helping him find his destination. The GI was shipping out the next day. "He gave up his last night to help a lost stranger," said the Turk. "It was the nicest thing that ever happened to me."

SHIVA RAO, New Delhi correspondent for *The Hindu* of Madras, India, had similar experiences. "During these three months I've been here," he observed, "I've had more evidence of—what shall I say—of human fellowship than I've experienced in many other parts of the world. I mean it has been much easier for me to make friends because, by instinct, the American seems to me to be more (again he seemed to grope for the right word) more accessible than many European peoples."

From one very accessible citizen Mr. Rao found that Americans take it for granted that foreigners know all about the U. S. "For instance," he said, "as I was passing through Kansas City the other day a stranger started talking to me in the diner and began discussing a local election. He was so amazed that I didn't know all the details about the candidates on both sides.

"To him Kansas was the center of the world. Well, with all due respect," concluded Mr. Rao, "it isn't to me."

Mr. Rao undoubtedly has a point, though somebody should have warned him about Kansans.

The GIs from the U. S. have never been shy when it came to giving out with their opinions about people and customs in the foreign lands they've seen. Well, here's what some of the delegates at the San Francisco conference had to say about things in the U. S.

"How loudly everybody talks," said the Australian in a whisper. "Prosperity. Noise. Money. Everybody is obsessed with money."

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

Mail Call

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CENTRAL PACIFIC, Sgt. Larry McManus, CA; Pfc. George Burns, Sig. Corps; Pfc. John O. Armstrong, Inf.; Sgt. Bill Reed, Inf.; Cpl. James Goble, Armd.; Cpl. Ted Burrows, DEML; Evan Wylie SPIc (PR), USCGR; Vernon H. Roberts S1c, USNR; Mason Pawlak CPhoM, USNR; Sgt. Lee Wilson, Sig. Corps.

MARIANAS, Cpl. Tom O'Brien, DEML; Sgt. Dil Ferris, AF; Sgt. Jack Ruge, DEML; Sgt. Paul Shewers, AAF; Pfc. Justin Gray, Rangers.

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

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

ALASKA, Sgt. Ray Duncan, AAF.

IRAN-IRAQ, Cpl. Alfred Kynch, DEML; Cpl. Ray McGovern, Inf.

PANAMA, Cpl. Richard Douglass, Med.

PUERTO RICO, Sgt. Don Cooke, FA.

AFRICA-MIDDLE EAST, Sgt. Richard Paul, DEML.

ICELAND, Sgt. John Moran, Inf.

NEWFOUNDLAND, Sgt. Frank Bode, Sig. Corps.

[illegible] Donald Nugent Sp(X)3c.

Commanding Officer, Col. Franklin S. Forsberg.
Executive Officer, Lt. Col. Jack W. Weeks.
Business Manager, Maj. North Bigbee.
Procurement Officer, Maj. Gerald J. Rock.

OVERSEAS BUREAU OFFICERS, France, Lt. Col. Charles L. Holt, Capt. H. Stahley Thompson, assistant; Britain, Maj. Harry R. Roberts; Australia-Philippines, Lt. Col. Harold B. Hawley; Central South Pacific, Lt. Col. Josua Eppinger; Marianas, Maj. Justus J. Craemer; Italy, Maj. Robert Strother, Lt. Jack Silverstein, assistant; Burma-India, Capt. Harold A. Burroughs; Alaska, Capt. Grady E. Clay Jr.; Iran, Capt. Frank Gladstone; Panama, Lt. Charles H. E. Stubblefield; Middle East, Capt. Knowlton Ames; Puerto Rico, Capt. Francis E. Sammons Jr.

This Week's Cover

TWO soldiers of the 7th Division take cover as a shell lands in front of them during the fierce fighting on Okinawa. See Pfc. Justin Gray's story, page 2, comparing Pacific and European wars.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover — Pfc. George Burns. 6—Acme. 8 & 9—Sgt. John Frano. 10—Official U. S. Navy. 12 & 13—Sgt. Don Breimhurst. 15—Upper, PRO, Camp Maxey, Tex.; lower, PRO, AG and SF Redistribution Station, Ft. Sam Houston, Tex. 20—Walter Thornton. 23—Upper, INP; lower, Sgt. Bob Ghio.

Regular Army

Dear YANK:

Please repeat motion put forward to Congress by Rep. Bennett of Missouri, as follows:

"H.R. 1644, Rep. Bennett, Mo., To grant all commissioned officers and enlisted men of the Regular Establishment who remain in active service after the present war a permanent appointment in the highest rank held during the war and to advance them one grade just prior to retirement from active service. Double time for present war service shall be credited for determining right to retirement." . . .

The need for more rank than we had prior to this war to cope with proposed post-war strength would be proportionately satisfied should this motion be acted upon and become statute. . . .

India —M/Sgt. RUDY C. SCAGLIONE

Dear YANK:

. . . I'm very much in favor of the motion and hope it will pass. I enlisted in the Regular Army in November of 1940 and would like to remain in service after the present war and make it my career, but I won't. My permanent rank is private and I have no desire to drop back to that grade and start all over again. I was promoted to the grade of sergeant in August, 1941, and have been a non-com since, without a single bust. In view of my record and service as a non-com, I feel that my rank should be permanent if the Army desires my service in peacetime. . . .

Hawaii —T/Sgt. F. J. HOOVER

Dear YANK:

. . . I'd like to say that I'm glad that they've at last done something about giving the Regular Army personnel a bit of a break. I certainly hope that it gets beyond the "motion" stage though. As was mentioned many times in your columns, they seem to be doing *beaucoup* for the GI who intends to go back to civvy street when the war is over, but very little if anything has been done in favor of the joes who have chosen the Army as their career. It makes us feel a little better to know that some people are at least thinking about the matter.

Italy —Sgt. JOHN G. LERCH

Dear YANK:

. . . But what about the warrant officer —especially the WOJG AUS?

Take myself, for example. I hold a permanent buck-sergeant rating in the RA and made WOJG in January 1943. I am still a WOJG today, though I have a straight excellent performance record since the third month after my appointment. I have relieved captains, and have been relieved by captains, in jobs ranging from S-4 to base squadron adjutant, and I have orders to prove it. In November 1943, I was recommended for CWO, but the 60/40 ratio of JGs to chiefs stopped me. Today, the grapevine has it that the ratio is more like 40/60 in this theater—so what chance has the JG? Six months' foreign service is required before you can even submit application for commission, and the number approved is microscopic. Yet AUS officers leap blithely up the ladder from second lieutenant to first, to captain and even to major, sometimes before the down on their cheeks is ready for the razor.

The warrant officer seems stuck for the duration and apparently does not have much of a post-war hope in Rep. Bennett's bill. I'm a Regular and want to stay a Regular—but it seems no future avenues of opportunity are to be opened to the warrant officer as a reward for years of faithful and efficient service.

Italy (Name Withheld)

Dear YANK:

Regular Army officers are pretty well taken care of in the promotion line, because they get them regularly up to the grade of major anyway, and according to the papers the higher brass is doing OK. However, the Reserve officers who would like to stay in after this show is over are not getting a square deal unless their time in grade now is counted when figuring seniority.

The RA dogface is to all appearances the forgotten man of this war. He has no promotion scheme to give him a break as the RA officers do. I have talked this over with many people over here, and all agree that he should have something for faithful service in a higher grade. So more power to Rep. Bennett, and may his bill receive the backing it deserves. . . .

Italy —M/Sgt. R. A. MABRY

Dear YANK:

. . . I think Rep. Bennett's proposal a very good one with this exception. The first sentence should be changed to read as follows: "To grant all commissioned officers and enlisted men of the Regular Establishment who remain in active service after the present war a permanent appointment of one grade higher than they hold at the close of the war and to make it so that they cannot be demoted below this grade except by permission of Congress and to be retired from active service in the highest grade or rank held during active service." This I think in a way would make up for bonuses, etc., that men not staying in would get. It would, I think, encourage Regular Army men to stay with the service.

Solomons —T-4 RICHARD D. EDDINS

Dear YANK:

As a Regular, and a recruit of some 16 years, I'm not looking for anything out of this war, but I believe as long as the fellows going back to civvies have the GI Bill of Rights, it would be a square deal to give us men of the Regular Army something.

We of the Regular Army are still waiting for the 25-year retirement bill that was drafted when Gen. Pershing was a corporal. . . .

Guadalcanal (Name Withheld)

Land Values

Dear YANK:

Looking forward a bit toward the post-war period, I recently looked at a goodly number of pieces of property. I am looking for a 5- to 10-acre plot within five or six miles of town, so that I can work in town and use my spare time in subsistence farming. . . .

Now as to the properties I looked at. By mail, they were praised to the high heavens as being fine pieces of land, with lovely views. Well, sir, what I saw were mostly terribly run-down places, very poor land, badly washed gullies and other features which are not conducive to selling one on the idea of buying these places. However, what burned me up were the prices asked: $200 to $275 an acre for land not worth $10 an acre. . . .

Apparently word has gotten around to the land sharks and speculators the Government was going to stake servicemen to the extent of securing homestead after the war. This has the land sharks and speculators raving mad with greed. As a matter fact, they have gone boom- and crazy!

Believe me, brother, I'll sit before I'll ever pay such outrageous hold-up prices for land.

Henry George had the right when he advocated the collection of ground rents. The collection of rents would remove speculation in land booms, and would permit those who so desired to secure a piece of land for their own use. The war is now, many returning GIs and I just have to sit it out.

—Sgt. ALEX J. [illegible]

AAF ORD, Greensboro, N. C.

Happy Lieutenant

Dear YANK:

Some few weeks ago I requested aid in finding a girl friend. I wrote sincerity and had no desire to have letter published. Now I'm glad you for since then I have received letters from correspondence clubs and invitations to private homes, and if you would like some good addresses just let know. I can furnish any type.

P.S.—I also received a good deal razzing from my buddies.

AAF, Muroc, Calif. —Lt. JAMES FULLER

GI Library Service

Dear YANK:

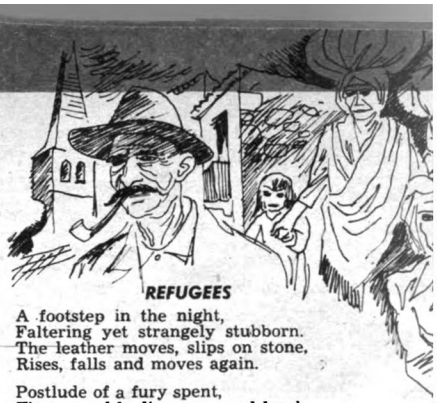
. . . The U. S. Armed Forces Institute is OK, but it doesn't help fellows very much who are not interested in school credits but want to learn *something* of a technical or professional character—for example, relating to machine tool work, chemistry, building contracting, agronomy, medicine or law.

Men in this group are more interested in self-study in order to refresh their knowledge and keep abreast of new developments in their particular fields. They need: *1)* advice as to the names of proper books and *2)* information as to where they can get them and the price. In other words there should be a consultation service to provide information and, when necessary, advice as to special problems. Time could be saved in this by permitting the GI to send with his request for information a money order more than sufficient to cover the estimated cost.

Aside from the library service which in any case is necessary, there could be a better way of securing many of the books. A list could be prepared of the books recommended for various subjects with their prices. This list could be distributed to Information and Education officers. These recommended books could then be made available through a central lending library. Branches of the lending library could

"We haven't seen his service record yet, but I imagine he'll get his discharge if he's got the points." —Cpl. Tom Flannery

Poets Cornered



REFUGEES

A footstep in the night,
Faltering yet strangely stubborn.
The leather moves, slips on stone,
Rises, falls and moves again.

Postlude of a fury spent,
The ragged bodies sway and lurch,
The hollow glazed eyes stare
With fixed intensity at the road ahead.

Slowly—God, how slowly—
They leave the floodlit stage of War,
While out beyond the lengthening shadow
Fades quietly into night.

Germany —Pfc. J. T. WATERHOUSE

ONE AMERICAN SPEAKS

I do not know you, England; I have never
Walked through your narrow streets at night until
I stood silently beside the river
Where the scholar gypsy wanders still.

I have not seen your white cliffs, chalk walls
Against the irreverent world, nor do I know
How on the Cornish coast the red sun falls
Into the sea you won so long ago.

It is a strange love, for an unseen lover,
Praying to gods I have not felt or known;
The sharp rocks of Dover where the white gulls hover,
Or Shakespeare, walking through the woods alone.

Newfoundland —Pfc. LAURIAT LANE Jr.

THE BUZZY-WUZZY FLY

When my brogans hit the lumber and I close my eyes in slumber
And my thoughts go back to Brooklyn and a quart of Seagram's rye,
Who comes crawling with his footsies on my undefended tootsies
With a beastly buzz of boredom and an arthropodic sigh?
Yes, an arthropodic sigh
In my quart of Seagram's rye—
It's the grisly ghoul of Guinea; it's the buzzy-wuzzy fly.

I can twist my foot or thump it, I can bang my foot or bump it,
I can wiggle it and jiggle it and shake it till I die;
But, to flies who have no feeling, human feet are most appealing
And I know I won't discourage him, no matter how I try.
I can try and try and try,
I can try until I die,
But there's nothing quite so stubborn as a skinny Guinea fly.

He'll be messy if I crush him, so I gently, lightly brush him,
Then I scratch my foot and back upon my bed of thorns I lie;
But the Guinea fly is chummy, so he crawls across my tummy
And he buzzes his defiance at the starry Southern sky.
And I look up at the sky,
As upon my bed I lie,
And I roundly curse the parents of this prickly, tickly fly.

Oh, my only life-ambition is to make an expedition.
To a college lab where fifty thousand Guinea flies I'll buy;
And my heart will fill with gladness as I tickle them to madness,
As I pull their wings to pieces and I buzz their brains awry.
Yes, I'll buzz their brains awry,
And a Mason jar I'll buy,
And in Ration C I'll pickle every lousy, frowsy fly.

New Guinea —T-5 NORMAN LIPMAN

AIR DEPOT

the regulated part of death,
ll-controlled, remote assembly line;
you not hear the final choking breath:
e artir's voice is broadcast as we dine.
provulated days drift by, the wings
ance A their terrible journeys, and return,
rance. or whole, or never: the cold brief springs
r entr the summers fade, and the autumns burn.
d heal
istrati the evenings with the ghosts of peace—
advic ead, or written; whisky at the bar;
es and ring images whose dream we lease;
ies, st ual arms of girls whose loves are far
sidered hinking a little now and then
n great unknown dying of the dying men.
nce to ,
ll case —T/Sgt. CHARLES E. BUTLER

ON PERMANENCE

ve been
s show hings shall not pass in the thunder—
mer ph grass,
the cor delion,
en take aze touching our ears.
t that
ssible. hnnot obliterate
n of the ck bird,
n the sky,
ket song one hears.

set up ill be the same after the smoke—
or as pa low hay,
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ilippines d's howl,
*Also signs of spring fountains.

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the Pijanas —T-4 STAN FLINK
as un

MOBILE

Fort B the wide-planked river-wharf
r sweats,
No nd the sea-pushed bay wind
Dea weeps in,
Kicking up a thousand wrinkles
rie on the back of the fat, copper snake
sea below
ser lapping his side carelessly
mi gainst the thick pilings
mo And making him back up,
of Flat and attentive
be To the gull's cry
b: And the riveting rattle and dull bang
ri Of the shipyard.
w
I
a The afternoon passes
h And the evening wears out.
g Night begins, and the moon creeps out of the sea,
a Casting a cool beacon
G On the hot sand,
Whose side, like a tilted old board,
In Lies awash
De Where mullet jump in the wave's worn-out
beach ends
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And people wade and talk
Concerning solemn things—
About poker, and love, and sailboats.

The silences grow more pronounced,
And the only things
Are the intermittent, wafted boom
Of a juke box,
A screen door snapping shut,
And racing clouds
Jostling the moon.

France —Cpl. J. MONROE JONES Jr.

SUPPLY

Back in Texas where I took my training,
I had no galoshes when it was raining.
Straight to supply and down on my knees,
"No soap," said the sergeant. "It's all overseas."

Then to England we finally sailed.
"No supply troubles now," I wailed.
Went to the sergeant with my song and dance,
"TS, my boy, it's all in France."

Someday soon I'll cross the Rhine,
Everything then should really be fine.
The supply angle will be terrific,
When I get there it's in the Pacific.

France —Pfc. BOB TIMRICK

WATER BUFFALO

Along the roadway, tortoise-slow he paces,
Nor cares his bland medieval eyes to turn
Upon the Army truck that past him races,
But pulls his ancient cart with unconcern.
Resentfully, he ambles past the hollow,
Now rife with soldiers, where in other years
He daily took his heaving hulk to wallow
In stinking mud up to his sacred ears.

But on a stormy night he comes cavorting,
Across the nullah, plunging through the deep
Dank grass capriciously, with joyous snorting.
Ecstatic grunts invade the aliens' sleep
As, once again carousing in the rain,
He tastes the sweets of his usurped domain.

India —Sgt. SMITH DAWLESS

REAR GUARD

Back from the swamp, he ran rear-guard,
This rookie fresh from the States. Proudly
He straightened up at the order, scraped muddy hands
On his sweaty jacket: his first dangerous job;
Dropped to the lonely rear, that last man
The sniper's long-bolted rifle soonest
Strikes into the mud: (red crackle, like a cap
Sparked on a stone, and hard-boiled American's
Long dying groan). Rifle ready to swing
To shoulder, he halted, scanning the dim trail
Through brush and water, the black mosquito
Hells of the sago swamp. On higher ground,
The long brown slot lay straight and bare
Up to the curve by the vine-wrestled trunks
Of giant trees. In the slumberous, insect-sleepy,
Long jungle afternoon, red face blazing,
He ran off the patrol, slipped on the roots,
Swung over the logs, fought free of the vines,
Fell prone in the mud, hour and hour,
Too proud to pray for relief:
A little guy with a lot of guts
Doubling knee-deep in mud, with hardly a glance
At the new-made corpse in the curve of the trail:
A little guy with a lot of guts
Waiting a long clean standing shot
Down the green tunnel of the sunlit trail.

Philippines —Cpl. HARGIS WESTERFIELD

THE sweet, wholesome young miss you see on the page at left is a popular Walter Thornton model. She is Virginia Kavanagh of Elmhurst, Long Island, New York. Virginia is 18 years old, 5 feet 8 inches tall, weighs 120, has black hair, blue eyes. Her big hobbies are horseback riding, skating and dancing.

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.

"Well, it sure as hell ain't my kitchen."
—S/Sgt. J. W. Blake, Camp Wheeler, Ga.

RAIN AND POKER

Rain cracking hard on barracks roofs made
New lakes stretch out on springtime jade.
Like children reciting, the bubbles spoke
For scarcely a moment before they broke.
Perhaps they forget their simple lines
When the monster in the Gulf wind whines.
Nervous veins of light shot down
To touch off San Antonio town.
Were these the flares to designate
Some target or seeds that hibernate?
This Gulf wind raiding overhead
With bellied bomb-bays and thunder tread
Couldn't chase the planes that lunge
Intently through this opaque sponge.
And while all springtime turned up its collar,
Card players said, "The limit's a dollar."

San Antonio AAF, Texas —A/C NORMAN GELBER

CASUAL

If hopelessness has found a place
Of permanence upon his face
And dark despair all joys erase,
He's just a casual.

No outfit his, to brag about;
No glow of pride, no welcome shout:
Only a spot to sweat it out;
Only a casual.

He's interviewed and classified;
Hope surges eagerly inside,
Alas, again the same old ride
And still a casual.

The skill that Army life has wrought,
The ribbons, records, all are nought;
A number now, unknown, unsought—
Unhappy casual.

He pays no heed to rumors rife
That dig in deep, then like a knife
Destroy all hope of movement, life—
Despondent casual.

Now if, in some far distant year,
A plaintive voice should reach your ear
And plead, "Please get me out of here,"
It's just some casual.

These lines, so full of pain, express
Great agony; you'll never guess
How deep the hurt, that is, unless
You, too, are casual.

Camp Shelby, Miss. —S/Sgt. IRVING CARESS

"Cheez, McSorley, I didn't recognize you with them new GI teeth." —Sgt. Jerry Chamberlain, Camp Blanding, Fla.

"I'm sort of what you'd call permanent party."
—Pfc. Bark Yeatts, Keesler Field, Miss.

"Pardon me, sir—I have to go now."
—Cpl. Bob Schoenke, Ellington Field, Tex.

DUTY

Our office is very quiet
In the heavy stuffiness
Of the late afternoon.
Here and there a typewriter
Slowly clicks
And, as if a million miles
Away, the telephone purrs—
But I sit dreaming
With a silly smile in my
Heart, though my fingers
Are pounding on the keys.

AAF, Lincoln, Nebr. —Pfc. SAMUEL NAPARSTEK

Let's Check the Record

"THEY want Joe up at headquarters to check his service record," Dooley told me. "You better go with him and act as interpreter."

As we walked down the street Joe asked: "Why Dooley send you with me?"

"He said I was to go along and be your interpreter, Joe," I answered.

"Ah, that Dooley," said Joe wrathfully, "he crazy. I don't need no interrupter."

"I was just kidding, Joe," I told him. "I'm coming along to see that everything goes all right."

"You my pol," said Joe. "You good fellow."

"I'm pretty, too, between the eyes."

"You always make the joke, sarge," he said laughing. "Always overflow with good sprouts."

"Old Victory Garden O'Brien, they used to call me back home."

"Now they call you Willie, eh?"

"Forget it," I said. "Here's headquarters. Let's get this over."

We walked into Personnel and took our place in a line that worked its way up to the lieutenant's desk. The name on the nameplate read "Lt. Englund." I knew that Joe was a stranger to him, so I took a seat not too far away. He looked up at Joe and said:

"Just sit down and be at ease. I have a few questions for you. First, what is your name?"

Joe sat stiffly on the end of his chair and asked: "Full name, sir?"

"Certainly, your full name," replied the lieutenant impatiently. "How do you think we keep these records? By using nicknames?"

Joe raised his head and sounded off like a train announcer: "Full name is: Jose Gonzalez y Cabrillo don Esteban Armando."

The lieutenant leaned back in his chair and slapped his forehead. "Jesus," he said.

"No sir," said Joe in an agreeable tone, "that my brother. Jesus Gonzalez y Cabrillo don Esteban Armando. I am Jose. Jose Gonzalez y Cabrillo———"

"Please, please!" said the lieutenant, waving his hands in despair.

"Now, what did you do before you came into the Army?"

Joe didn't have to stop to figure that one out. "I hunt and fish."

"I mean, what kind of work?"

"No work," said Joe firmly, "I hunt and fish."

"Haven't you ever worked at all?" pursued the lieutenant.

"Well," said Joe slowly, looking at the ceiling, "once long time ago I work for three months on railroad section gang."

"Ah," said the lieutenant, pleased, "that's more like it. Now what did you do? What kind of work was it?"

"I am foreman," Joe said proudly.

"A foreman?" asked the officer in disbelief.

"Yes, sir," Joe assured him, "the rest, they no speak the English so good like I am, so they make me a foreman."

The lieutenant turned to me and said in a wondering tone: "And yet the railroads run every day and make money."

Joe smiled modestly, secure in the knowledge that he had, in a small way, contributed to the success of the railroad business.

"Well, to continue," said the lieutenant wearily, "I see you have a hospital record and don't take calisthenics. Just why is it you can't take physical instruction?"

"I got sore chast," said Joe, looking at me appealingly.

"He has chronic bronchitis," I said.

Joe gave me a thankful look, but the lieutenant looked dubious.

"When did your trouble start?" he asked Joe.

"Long time ago, when I am little boy, I get caught in gizzard. I am not same ever since, so I don't take physical destruction."

"Well," said the lieutenant hopelessly, "let's pass that over. Just one more thing. Do you have a hobby?

Joe smiled as if he thought the officer was trying to fool him.

"Well?" asked that individual impatiently.

"How could I have a hobby?" asked Joe. "My mother has hobby, not me."

"Look," said the lieutenant losing control, "I don't give a damn about your mother's hobby."

"He's my fodder," said Joe meaningfully.

The officer digested that one finally and tried again. "What do you do when you are not working or eating? What do you do in the spare time that you have?"

"Sleep," said Joe brightly (and truthfully).

I thought I had better come to the aid of the party. "He reads to improve his mind," I told the lieutenant.

"Thank you," said that harassed soul. "Thank you very much."

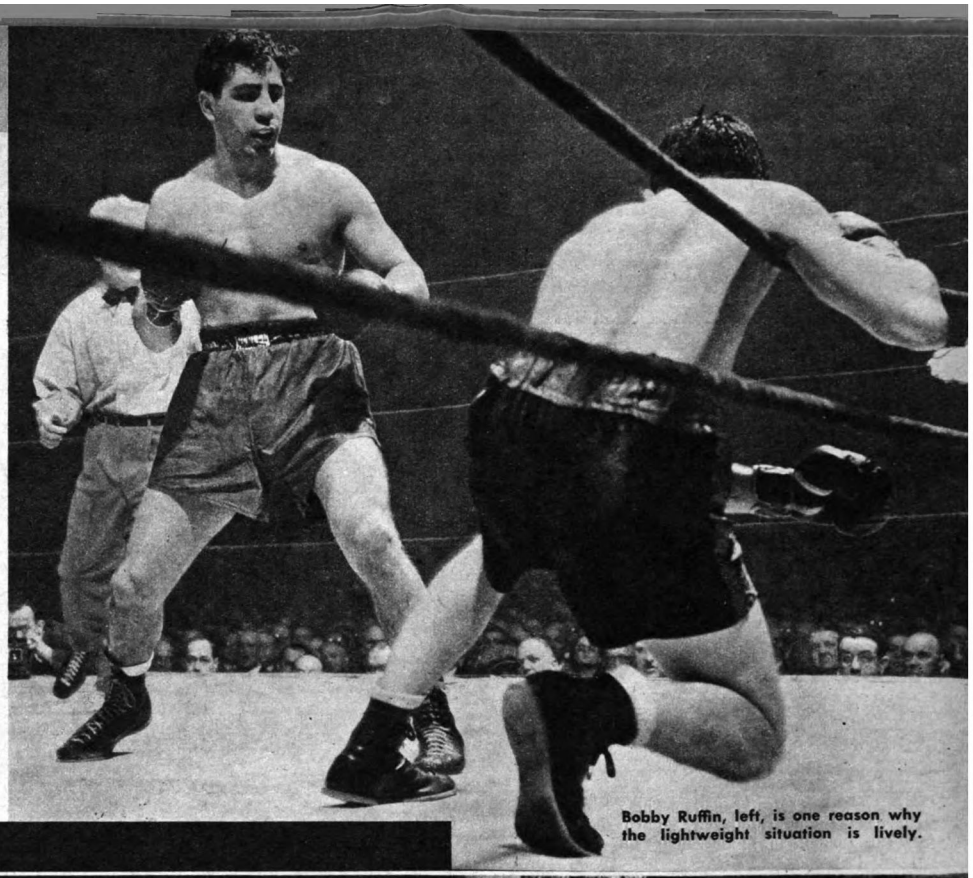
"Will that be all, sir?" I asked him. "May we go now?"

"Please do," he replied in a cracked voice.

Robins Field, Ga. —S/Sgt. WILLIAM J. O'BRIEN

PORTS

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Sports Editor



Bobby Ruffin, left, is one reason why the lightweight situation is lively.

The Fight Game's Future

JAT FLEISCHER, editor of *Ring Magazine* and author and publisher of 41 books on boxing, had just completed a 48-chapter manuscript entitled "The Literature of Boxing." Such a task would leave an ordinary writer on the verges mentally if not physically, but when we asked him to brief us on the post-war boxing outlook he went at the assignment like a one-man machine-records unit on the fight racket.

"Let's look at the heavyweights first," he said. "Of course, Joe Louis and Billy Conn are easily in a class. But the field is very small. Frankly, I don't see anybody, except possibly Jimmy Bivins of Cleveland, who can even be considered a contender. And Bivins is an in-and-outer who is only good when he fights in his home town. Joe Baksi is a very ordinary fighter. Lee Oma's clowny, unorthodox style has helped him, but he can't be considered a contender.

"Two fighters stand out in the light-heavyweight division—Gus Lesnevitch, the champ, and Lloyd Marshall. Gus is in the service and hasn't had a fight in three years. He'll probably be defeated his first time out.

"Marshall's done well since Jimmy Bivins knocked him out in 13 rounds in 1943, but he can't find any opposition. He's beaten Jake LaMotta, Holman Williams, Joe Maxey, Jack Chase and Joe Carter. Marshall is a legitimate middleweight, but he can't make as much money as a middleweight as he can as a light-heavyweight.

"Tony Zale, the middleweight champion, is another champ who is going to have trouble. He's an instructor in the Navy at Norfolk, but he hasn't been able to fight. The leading contenders for his title are Charley Burley, Joe Carter, Jake LaMotta and Archie Moore. Moore, who sometimes fights as a light-heavyweight, has made a come-back and has shown good form.

"The best of the foreign middleweights are Sgt. Freddie Mills of the RAF and Vince Hawkens. Eddie Borden and Meyer Ackerman, a couple of veteran boxing managers who used to write for my magazine, are in the service and they saw Hawkens fight in England. They wrote me that he is the best prospect they have seen in years.

"Freddie Cochrane is the welterweight champion, but Ray Robinson is the best in the division. Cochrane, who was discharged from the Navy last winter, hasn't fought in three years. Robinson has been reclassified 1-A by his draft board and if he has to go back into the Army there's no telling what will happen. The tipoff on Cochrane is that everybody wants to fight him. He's another champion who'll probably lose his title the first time he meets a good opponent."

What about Marcel Cerdan, the French sailor who won the welterweight title at the Allied Boxing Championships in Algiers in 1943 and defended it at Rome in 1944?

"I first saw and wrote about Cerdan in Paris in 1936," said Fleischer. "He was inactive for a couple of years before the invasion of North Africa, but judging by his performances against good American fighters he hasn't lost any of his ability. If he comes over here after the war I think Ray Robinson will beat him, but he stands an excellent chance against anybody else in the welterweight division.

"There's more all-round ability in the lightweight division than we've had in years. In fact, it reminds me of the days when we had Tony Canzoneri, Lew Ambers and Henry Armstrong fighting as lightweights. Bob Montgomery, the New York champion, is a corporal in the Army. Beau Jack and John Thomas are also in the Army. Ike Williams is the NBA (National Boxing Association) champ. Bobby Ruffin, Danny Bartfield and Tony Janiro are other boys who help to make this division the best. They're all sharp hitters and clever fighters.

"Willie Pep, the champion, stands out in the featherweight division. He's been discharged from both the Army and Navy. His cleverness and his speed make him far superior in his field.

"Connecticut newspapermen have compared him with George Dixon and other old-time fighters who were good. But he's just an ordinary fighter compared with Tony Canzoneri, Kid Chocolate, Jackie Kid Berg, Abe Attell and Terry McGovern. I could name at least 10 more who were his superiors. His peculiar style has baffled his opponents and made him the class of the division.

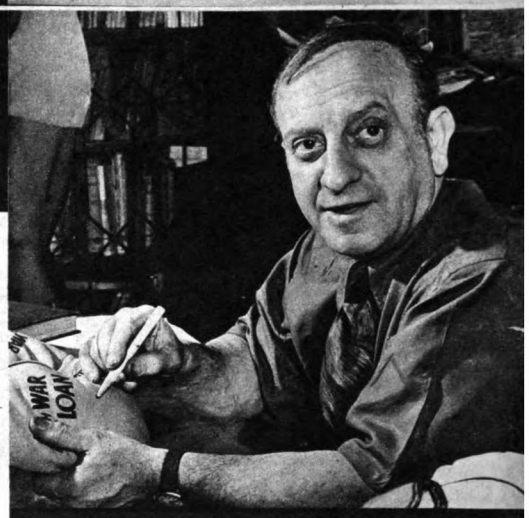
"The best talent among the bantamweights and flyweights is going to come out of the service. Manuel Ortiz, the bantamweight champion, has just joined the Army. His nearest rival is Tony Olivers, but Tony had his chance to take the title and failed. Jackie Patterson of the Royal Navy is the flyweight champion. The rest of the boys haven't shown much."

Since Pearl Harbor Fleischer has visited 108 camps and hospitals, showing fight films, telling stories and conducting boxing quizzes. Most of the boys want to know who he thinks would win if it were possible to match Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis.

"The only way you can judge a fight like that," Fleischer tells them, "is to take stock of the strength and weaknesses of the two fighters. As far as speed goes, Dempsey had it on Joe. In all his important fights, except the second one with Schmeling, Joe has started slowly.

"They're even in hitting power. In cleverness, Joe has the edge. They've both got plenty of courage. Louis showed how much he had in that first Schmeling fight. Jack could take it better, his reactions were faster and he was more immune to punishment. Joe's been in trouble in all his important fights. He's been dropped by Braddock, Galento and Buddy Baer. He was almost dropped by Natie Brown in their first fight. Conn almost dropped him.

"Whoever landed the first solid punch would probably have won if it had been possible to match them when they were at their best. But based on what we know about them, Dempsey probably would have been that man."

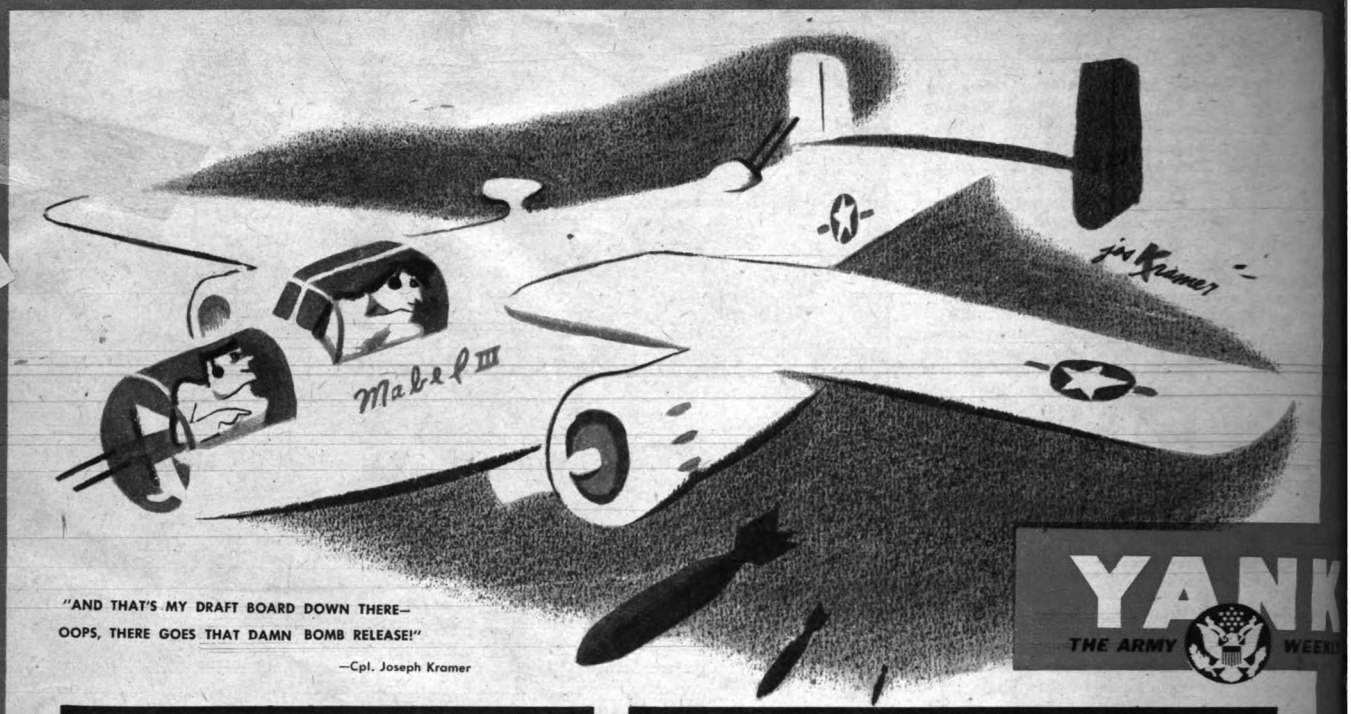


Nat Fleischer sees no good heavies on the horizon.

Another question Fleischer has to answer for almost every GI audience: "Who was ahead on points when Joe Louis knocked out Billy Conn in the 13th round?"

The answer is that Referee Eddie Joseph had scored 7 rounds for Conn and 5 for Louis. Judge Patsy Haley had scored it 6 and 6. Judge Marty Monroe had scored 7 rounds for Conn, 4 for Louis and 1 even.

"If the fight had continued the way it had been going," says Fleischer, "Conn would have won the title on a decision. But it was so close that it was also possible for Louis to have won the decision by taking the last two rounds. But he didn't have to."



"AND THAT'S MY DRAFT BOARD DOWN THERE—
OOPS, THERE GOES THAT DAMN BOMB RELEASE!"
—Cpl. Joseph Kramer

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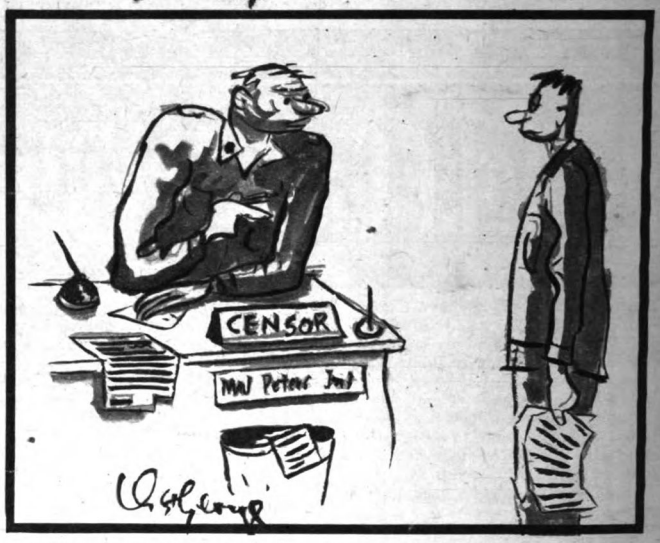
"LET'S GOOF OFF FOR THE REST OF THE AFTERNOON."
—S/Sgt. Al Rhoades



"BUT THE POINT IS THIS—DO THE JAPS KNOW THAT WE KNOW YESTERDAY WAS THE 28TH?"
—Sgt. Ozzie St. George

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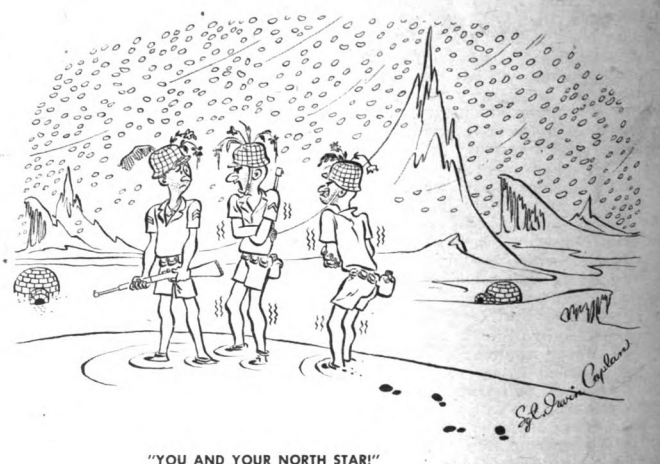

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