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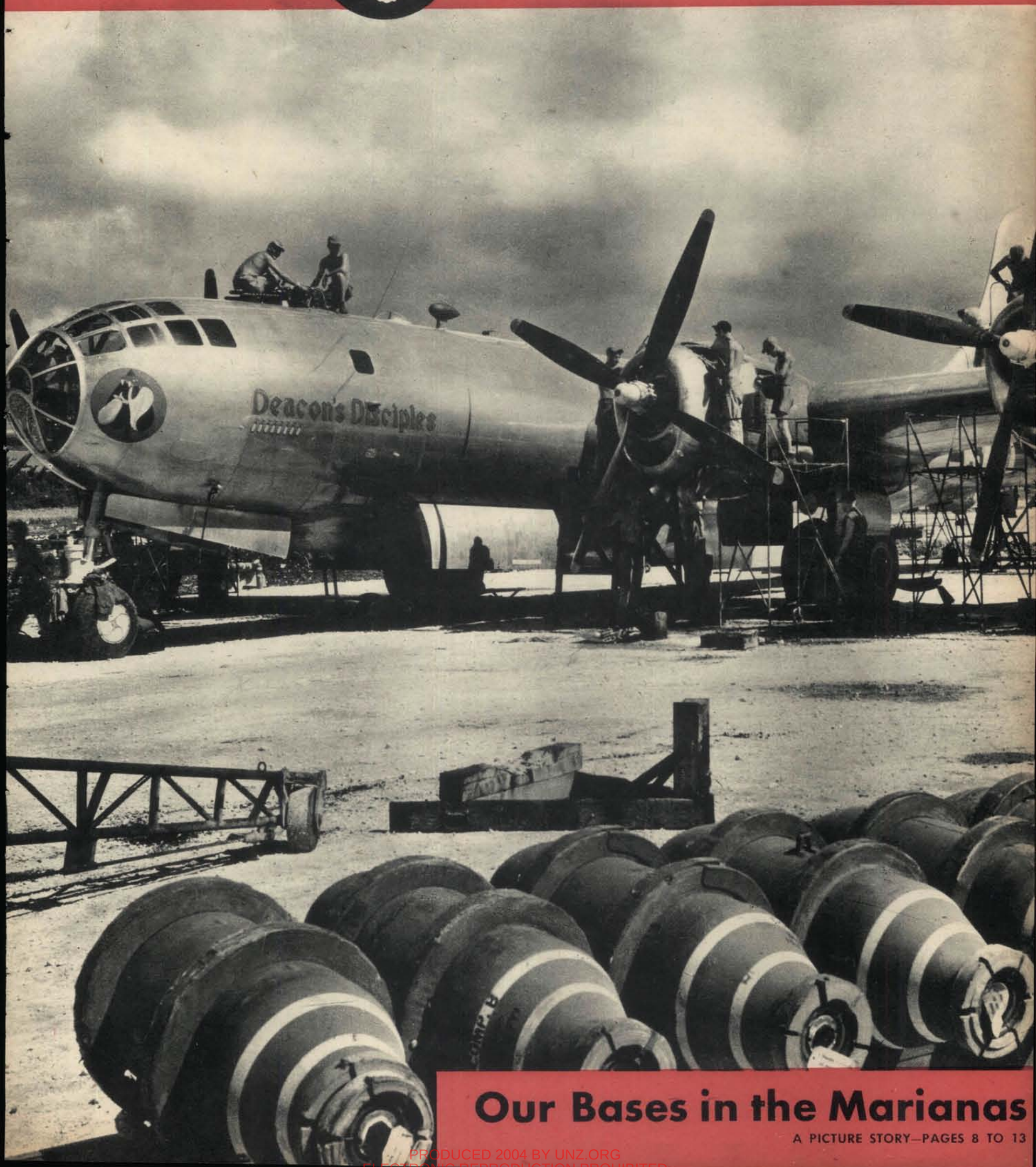

Our Bases in the Marianas

A PICTURE STORY—PAGES 8 TO 13

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THE BUSHMASTERS WERE JERKED OUT OF THE 45TH DIVISION IN 1942 AND SENT TO PANAMA TO PLAY WITH EXPERIMENTAL TROPICAL EQUIPMENT. LATER, THEY HIT THE PACIFIC AND GOT THE CHANCE TO TEST THEIR "JUNGLE" TRAINING IN COMBAT.

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By Sgt. DALE KRAMER
YANK Staff Correspondent

THE PHILIPPINES—Back in 1941, the 158th Regimental Combat Team was "streamlined" out of the 45th Division. Now, a little more than three years after that event, some of the original members—there aren't many of them left—were sitting under the coconut trees of Luzon, speculating on who'd had it tougher, they or the rest of the 45th, which had wound up in Europe.

"Of course," said S/Sgt. Oscar Sebogia of Douglas, Ariz., "when they hit it, they hit it tough. They saw Sicily and Salerno and Cassino and Anzio, and what was left of them smacked up through Southern France and kept going until I hear they ended up in Munich. Nothing easy about that. But on miles covered and camps built, I expect we've got 'em there."

In the course of covering those miles, the 158th spent five months of almost continuous fighting. That period had ended not too long ago, and the men of the 158th, well-known for their ruggedness, were not ashamed to admit they were tired.

They had a number of place names to match against Cassino and Anzio and Southern France; the memory of the bitter struggles for Blue Ridge, and the ridge called Red, and the one that was named Amber, was still sharp and clear. Their CG named that last ridge. "Coming up to this island," said Brig. Gen. Hanford MacNider to one of his aides, "I read a book called *Forever Amber*. It was the dirtiest book I ever read. This has been the dirtiest fight I've ever seen. We'll call that 'Amber Ridge,' and the pass through it we'll call 'Amber Pass'."

The old-timers in the outfit could recall the initial blooding at Arawe, on New Britain; they remembered Sarmi, on New Guinea. And they could still shut their eyes and picture the great piles of dead left after the *banzai* charges of Noemfoor Island. The newest men in the outfit had their memories too; they had the wild night ride through flaming Manila to remember, and the chase to strike the Japs in the hills of Batangas, and the heart-breaking attacks up the Draga-Camilig ridges after the landing at Legaspi.

Now, with the job of cleaning out Bicol Peninsula on the southern tip of Luzon almost completed, the 158th had cut thick coconut logs and bamboo poles and had built camps in the groves. Large-scale Jap resistance on Bicol Peninsula ended with the clearing of the Daraga-Camilig area a month after the suicide of the Jap commander, a naval officer named Sato. But there were other hills over which the 158th had to walk and crawl, and fight its way—some fairly small, some with the proper title of "mountain."

Consequently, the withdrawal into the camps was slow enough so that some companies of the 158th were out chasing Japs while others were being reminded, under duress, of the nomenclature of close-order drill.

There were compensations, however. The green, hilly country was restful. The towns and *barrios* in the area had not been badly beaten up. The girls in the neighborhood were not unfriendly, and *fiestas* were plentiful. Maybe the liquor wasn't so good, but it was invigorating. Chickens and eggs were abundant, and an ice truck made the rounds of the kitchens every day. There was a strong rumor that there would soon be regular servings of ice cream at every mess.

"I hope," said Pfc. Paul Rodriguez, "that the boys can stay here longer than we generally were allowed to hole up."

Rodriguez is one of the originals of the 158th, which started out as an Arizona National Guard Unit. He's got 110 points and he's hoping he'll soon follow home the rest of the surviving members of the original E Company, all of them Mexicans from Nogales.

"We've always been on the move," he continued. "We built an area at Fort Sill, Okla., and right away we're down in Texas building another one at Camp Barkley. We hit the '41 Louisiana maneuvers, and by the first of the year we were in Panama. The rest of the 45th didn't leave the States until a year-and-a-half later."

IT WAS in Panama that the 158th picked up its shoulder patch insignia and its nickname. The patch shows a bushmaster snake coiled around a machete. The bushmaster has several things to its credit, or discredit, depending on whether you are a snake. It's the biggest poisonous snake in America, and it carries around more venom than any other pit viper in the world. The 158th thinks the outfit has lived up to its name.

The Bushmasters spent all of 1942 in Panama as part of the Panama Mobile Force. They built defenses and manned them, shifting camps a dozen times. Part of the time the men served as guinea pigs for various experiments. Jungle boots and packs were tried out on them, and they tested flotation bladders, jungle hammocks, ponchos, sweaters, camouflage uniforms, and ink and paste for face blackening.

"We were the end-men characters people used to see in the newspapers back in the States," said Sgt. Sebogia. "If anyone ever smeared that stuff on his face for combat, I never heard of it.

"The only thing resembling action in Panama was a pitched beer-garden battle in Chorrera, a town near one of the camps. The engagement was fought with men of the Old Army on one side and selectees on the other. The Old Army men had come into the 158th from the 5th Infantry when that outfit had been streamlined out of the regular 9th Division."

"The Old Army guys and the draftees fought it out," said S/Sgt. Joe Terrasi, of Brooklyn. He's an old 5th Infantry man himself, but he's a selectee. "Most of the National Guards rooted for the new guys. That was the only real blow-up though. After we worked together and later on fought together that sort of stuff died out."

When the Bushmasters boarded ship early in January 1943 and pointed west, they figured they were headed for action either in New Guinea or Guadalcanal. Instead, they landed at Brisbane, Australia, which dismayed no one. They moved into reasonably comfortable quarters at Camp Cable.

THIS state of affairs couldn't be expected to last. After a few weeks, during which they had very little time in Brisbane, the Bushmasters packed themselves into ships again. This time the smart money was on Wau, a mountainous region above Buna where the Aussies were fighting.

"We didn't go to Wau," said Sgt. Robert Smith, an I Company platoon leader. "It looked like being called Bushmasters meant we were to go on cutting bush forever. It's no wonder we worked up a reputation for being handy with the machete. No outfit could cut out a New Guinea staging area for thousands of troops like we did at Milne Bay and escape it."

By late June 1943, though, the Bushmasters had definite information that their turn had come. Big words were in the air: "Amphibious operation assault landing." Everyone was talking about the strange boats whose bellies opened or ends flopped down to disgorge troops and vehicles. The Bushmasters got ready to hit the beaches.

"It was quite a landing when it came," Smith said. "We went into Kiriwina island on July 4. We had LSTs and LCTs and LCIs. It was the first or maybe second operation for the Navy guys and they herded those boats in like they were a bunch of hippopotamuses. We had our barracks bags and the officers had their bedrolls. Only good thing about that landing was the lack of Japs. Next time we hit a beach, those Navy guys took the boats in like crazy. What a change!"

The Kiriwina excitement, such as it was, had to satisfy the Bushmasters for a while. They kicked around Kiriwina and Goodenough Island and Woodlark Island and Finschhafen, cutting brush and building camps and engaging in that great trade of the combat soldier—longshoremanship. They unloaded ships and loaded trucks and then unloaded the trucks.

OLD Bushmasters are likely to speak of Sarmi as their first combat, for the reason that the show at Arawe Peninsula, New Britain, was short and, as combat goes, sweet.

On Jan. 5, 1944, two years after leaving the States, the 2d Battalion went ashore at Arawe in support of the 112th Regiment Combat Team. Nine days later, with support from Marine amtracks, the 2d advanced 1,200 yards, cracking the Jap line and ending organized resistance in its sector.

At Sarmi, on the other hand, the 158th came up against a Japanese army which was at first thought to be a battalion. Sarmi taught the Bushmasters to hit with every last ounce of strength. It was the kind of fighting where cooks and bakers and typists go into the line.

On May 17, elements of the 41st Division hopped up the New Guinea coast above recently secured Hollandia and put artillery ashore at Toen to shell Wakde Island. Two days later the Bushmasters went in at Toen. Their job was to hold the Japs on the mainland while the 41st took Wakde. Afterward they were to push up to Sarmi.

"Not only were there a hell of a lot more Japs at Sarmi than anyone figured," said Sgt. Bill Gifford, an I Company squad leader from Charles City, Iowa, "but they were bigger. Six feet tall and the nastiest I've run into. They figured they had us and they pretty near had."

A big hump covered with a thick stand of trees and thicker undergrowth rose along the shore. It was Bushmaster country, but the Japs knew their way around in the bush, too. A good part of the time the Japs and the Bushmasters were on top of each other without knowing it. This confused state of affairs was responsible for making Pfc. Dan French a hero, although it prevented him from taking anything but the dimmest view of the matter. French was a BAR man, in F Company, the entire membership of which had been drawn from the Phoenix Indian

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School. Thirty-two Salt River Valley tribes were represented in the school, and nearly as many in F Company.

"Frenchy was on Hill 225," explained T/Sgt. Tony Ortis, a veteran F Company Indian who served a hitch with the Alamo Scouts, "when an order came to pull back. Somehow Frenchy didn't get the word. He stayed there and killed 30 or maybe 40 Japs. I forget which. The brass and everybody else pounded French on the back, but he was sore. Whenever French got drunk he'd wail and moan and beat his chest, and feel bad because no one had the common courtesy to tell him to pull the hell back off the hill."

It was at Sarmi that the 147th Field Artillery Battalion gained the admiration of the Bushmaster infantrymen, and it has never waned. The 147th was a National Guard outfit from North Dakota which had joined the 158th RCT a few months earlier. The artillerymen kept hopping their guns around the jungle. They were never sure whether the Japs would attack from the front, rear, or the side, but they were sure there would be an attack. This was particularly embarrassing because, since the infantry couldn't spare men for perimeter guard, there was seldom any perimeter at all. But the artillery kept on shooting and that was enough for the infantry.

The Bushmasters held off the Jap pincer movement from the rapidly building base on Wakde island. When they were relieved, it was by a full division.

COMPARED with Sarmi, Noemfoor was a picnic. The 158th hopped there after a few days of rest, landing on July 2. The Japs were apparently service troops and they turned out to be plain damn fools. In the next couple of months about 2,000 of their dead were counted, against seven Bushmaster casualties. Cpl. Bill Hardy killed 75 Japs during one *banzai* charge on Slaughter Hill, even though there was an uncomfortable pause in his firing while his fellow-townsman from Pueblo, Colo., Sgt. Tony Pinto, adjusted the head space of his gun.

The Bushmasters had another reason for not disliking Noemfoor. The coral on the island produced very little brush. Consequently, they did not have much to cut in the six months they were there.

For several days after the landing at Lingayen Gulf early last January the men said: "Here comes the Luzon express," or "Lookout for the Flying Freight Train." They spent a good deal of their time with their faces in the dirt. Artillery experts figured out that the Japs were firing two 12-inch howitzers from the hills somewhere between Damortis and Rosario. The Bushmasters were sent after the guns. They got the guns, but they paid a high price.

The 158th made a dry landing on D-plus-2—it was Thursday—just above San Fabian. They had swung in to form the left flank in the push up the beach. By Saturday night a road block had been established at Damortis and the Bushmasters were ready to turn east after the big guns. The 1st Battalion began a sprint up the road at 0800 the next morning. They would have to average two-and-a-half-miles an hour to make their scheduled attack behind an air strike and artillery barrage. They stuck to the road and hoped for the best.

When the first platoon of A Company, acting as the point, had penetrated halfway through a pass between Red and Blue Ridges, about a mile-and-a-half east of Damortis, a nervous Jap set off a land mine. Their trap sprung prematurely, the rest of the Japs on the ridges cut loose with artillery and mortars and everything else they had.

The men already through the pass fought hopelessly for a tragically brief time with their rifles and carbines. The rest of A Company hit the ditch. After a while, C Company came up under the withering fire and the two companies tried to advance. They made several efforts, but they couldn't even get started.

The order to pull back finally came through. The chemical mortars laid a smoke screen over the ridges. But the Jap guns were zeroed in. To the men of the 1st Battalion, that day is known as Bloody Sunday.

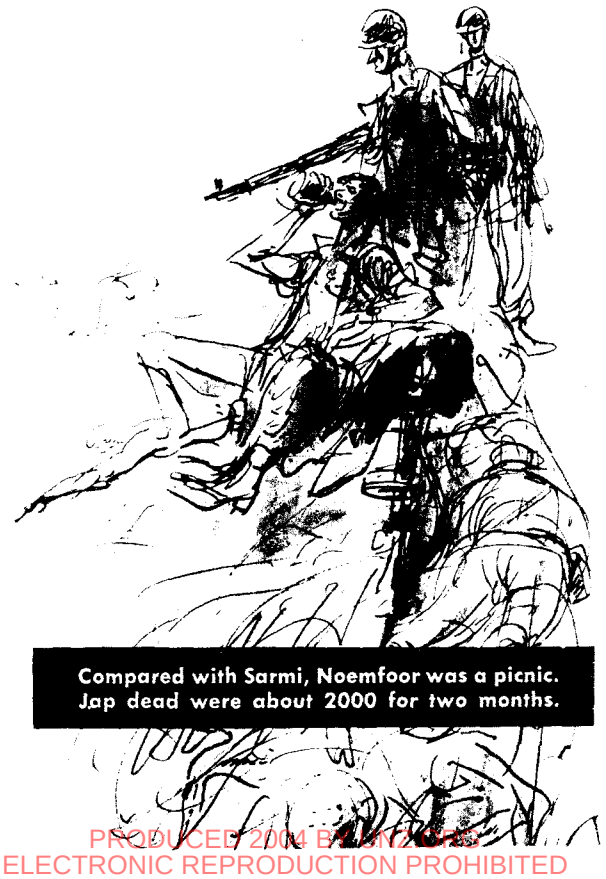
Out of Bloody Sunday came stories like that of Pfc. William Renner of Shattuck, Okla. He was one of the point men on the inner side of the gap. He was hit in the back of the head and knocked out early in the fight. When he came to, he heard someone calling for help. It was Lt. James Browning of Dallas, Tex., the platoon leader, calling. Renner found that he had lost his sight. He picked his way on hands and knees to Browning, who said he had a good deal of pain that might be lessened if his legs were straightened out. Renner groped around blindly and found Browning's legs and straightened them. He heard a step behind him just then and before he could turn, a bayonet had been thrust into his back. The point came out through his chest.

The only thing resembling action in Panama was a pitched beer-garden battle in Chorrera.

When he regained consciousness the second time, Renner could see again. It was night by then. He had dived off the road at the start of the fight, but it was night now, and he couldn't find the road again. He crawled in what he hoped was the direction of Damortis. At one point he blew up a flotation bladder and swam a pond. He found a telephone wire and followed it. When he thought he was close to the perimeter he began to shout and pretty soon somebody heard him and Renner made himself known.

Eventually, the Bushmasters took Red and Blue Ridges and ridges beyond these two. They had to fight for them yard by yard. It sometimes took a company of men more than a whole day to get one of the steep, conical hills.

Finally they captured one of the howitzer positions, which was pretty well bombed out. G Company threw a perimeter around the emplacement for the night. Nobody knew exactly where the other 12-incher was until suddenly it started shooting over G Company from a distance of about 300 yards, getting in a few last licks at the beach.



Compared with Sarmi, Noemfoor was a picnic. Jap dead were about 2000 for two months.

Every piece of American artillery and every mortar within range opened up. Next morning G Company found a hatful of mortar fins in the gun position. One shell had made a damaging hit and the others had killed part of the crew and driven off the rest.

The Bushmasters spent a couple of weeks at Tarlac. They cut bamboo for a camp all that time but before they could get it established they were in trucks. They tore past Manila, down past Lake Taal and the volcano in the lake, hurrying to strike the Japs in Batangas Province. After a little more than three weeks of hill fighting, they holed up in Lemery and right away there was talk about the 158th building another camp.

"Four days later," said S/Sgt. Leonard Ware, "we were on assault boats and we weren't going on a joy ride."

When the Japs set up 5-inch guns for defense of Legaspi harbor, at the tip of Bicol peninsula on southern Luzon, they placed them in a way that covered the exact spot where they themselves had landed in 1942. Fortunately, when the Bushmasters came in on April 1, they landed a little farther up the beach, a circumstance for which the Japs had made no provision. But the Bushmasters were far too experienced to be made optimistic by a dry beachhead.

Back from the narrow coastal plain are tall razorback ridges whose washboard slopes are covered thickly with banana plants. The section of hills immediately beyond the plain, around Daraga Barrio, was called Little Bataan by the Japs.

In 14 days on Little Battan the 2d Battalion lost 140 men. All of the battalion's line officers and 20 per cent of their replacements were lost. The Japs had little twin 25-mm ack-ack and 75-mm ack-ack guns, besides artillery and plenty of mortars and machine guns. Worst of all, to the men pushing through the banana plants, the Japs were invisible at 10 feet and sometimes less.

ONE evening a batch of replacements, mostly 18- and 19-year olds, came to the 2d Battalion. The battalion commander lined them up and gave them a little talk. He told them about the provisional battalion—a service unit that was already holding one side of a perimeter up the road and how cooks and bakers and typists were on patrol. The way things were, they'd have to get the best night's sleep they could and then go up the hill in the morning.

Next day F Company ran into trouble and was pinned down. The old men and the new kids dug in the best they could on one of the ridges, and they lay in their shallow holes while the Japs tossed grenades at them. It was too much for the kids. They tensed up and sweated and their clothes got as wet as if they had been dragged through a creek. When the company was relieved about 90 per cent of the kids were shock cases. Later, though, most of them returned to duty.

During most of that same period the 3d Battalion was having probably the roughest go of its career at Catuinan hill near Camilig. Catuinan had so many prongs, all steep, that eventually almost every company in the regiment was on one or another of them.

"Sometimes we held perimeters 15 feet from the Japs," says Pfc. Louis Jarricki. "And what perimeters! On some of those hog-back ridges our fox-holes were a foot apart. Companies, what was left of them, spent as much as two or three weeks on a perimeter you could come close to spitting across." Jarricki, from Cicero, Ill., is a member of L Company which was pinned down for 52 hours on one of the ridges.

All the records claimed by the Bushmasters don't have a direct connection with combat. They think their outfit's infantry noncoms get busted faster than those in any other outfit in the U. S. Army or maybe any other army.

The great exponent of the fast bust, and originator of the Bushmasters' favorite tagline, is Col. Erle O. Sandlin, the regiment commander. The colonel is a powerfully built Old Army Soldier, over six feet tall in his socks and his helmet rests on his head like a skull cap. He's pleased with the nickname, "Bulldog," that the men have hung on him.

Whenever he disapproves severely of something an enlisted man has done or is doing, the colonel walks up to him and says in his foghorn voice: "Soldier, *I know* your rank. What is your name and company?"

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Enlisted Pilot

By Cpl. TOM O'BRIEN
YANK Staff Correspondent

HAWAII—Chances are you've never heard of Johnny Andre until now. And if someone told you of his exploits, and then you met Johnny on the street, well, a lot of things wouldn't fit. Johnny is one of the leading night-fighter pilots in the Pacific. First you'd wonder how in hell he manages to curl up his 6-foot-4 in the tiny cockpit of a Hellcat; then you'd look for his bars and not find them; you'd expect him to show some signs of tension after a year in enemy skies, but he doesn't; you might expect him to brag a bit, but he won't. Johnny is a pilot in a class all by himself.

John W. Andre, 26, of Miami, Fla., is an enlisted pilot, the only one in the night-fighter business today. A master tech in the Marine Corps, he has been flying side by side with officer-pilots of the Bat Eye Squadron, first Marine outfit to fight over the Philippines. When the squadron packed up and returned to the States for a rest recently, Johnny Andre was its leading ace, with four Jap planes shot out of the sky, three destroyed on the ground, and two big barges, jammed with Japs, sunk off Leyte. For night-fighters, this is no small accomplishment.

If you're an EM you'll understand why Johnny Andre is a combination of Dick Tracy, Superman and Buck Rogers to the EMs of his squadron. Here was another EM whose courage and skill in the sky gave ground crewmen a vicarious thrill every time he roared from the strip. Andre carried the prestige and self-respect of the private, the corporal and the sergeant in his cockpit; he was doing everything an officer was doing, and more. Because of him the ground crew held their heads a bit higher and felt personally proud when Andre added another Jap to his total. He was their man; he was one of them. Every EM must know how they felt about Johnny Andre.

Andre was the ace of the Bat Eye Squadron in the sky, but on the ground he wasn't one of them.

And, quite naturally, there was a counterpart. The officers, with whom Johnny flew the night skies, were courteous enough to Andre, but they never invited him to their club; there was never any mixing and camaraderie, as you often find among bomber crews. In the sky together; on the ground they went one way, and Andre the other. They had their ration of whiskey, which does a fighting man good after a session in the clouds; Andre had none. But some of the more broad-minded made one concession: occasionally they'd permit Andre to purchase a quart of their stock, for $30 or $40.

And Johnny tells it without bitterness. He professes to understand the necessity for a dividing line between him and the others. Yes, he could have applied for a direct commission in the field and gotten it easily, but he never did.

His story goes back to August 4, 1940, when he saw the war coming on, quit the University of Alabama after two years of study and enlisted as a private in the Marine Corps. They were offering "good inducements" for fliers. Johnny wasn't a flier but he had studied aerial engineering and had his heart on wings. At Parris Island, S. C., and Quantico, Va., he specialized in mech work, and then got his first big break when the annual selection of 12 EMs was made for pilot training. Johnny was on the list. At Pensacola he put in his first dual flying and his first solo. Fighter tactics were learned at Opa Locka, Fla., where he went from SNJs to Brewsters and then to Corsairs, finally switching to night fighters.

Officials at Cherry Point thought so much of Andre's savvy that he was made an instructor in instrument flying, and kept at it until the squadron headed across the continent in July 1944 for shipment overseas. The planes went by carrier to Espiritu Santo, flew up through Bougainville, Hollandia, Biak and finally to the first operational base on Peleliu. The Marines were still battling for a foothold on the island when the squadron arrived.

"We had to circle for almost three hours before the Seabees had the field ready for us," Johnny recalls. The squadron patrolled the Palau skies, and then moved to its first permanent base at Tacloban, Leyte, early in December.

Andre's first score came as an anniversary present for the Japs on December 7th. He had been assigned to cover some PT boats on a night heckling mission around Samar.

"It was a peaceful night," Johnny said. "And everything went along smoothly until the ground warned me of a bogey in my vicinity. I circled around at eight or nine thousand feet, then hopped down from a cloud and found a fat Lily (Jap torpedo bomber) right in front of me. I was going so fast I thought I'd ram right into it, but I dropped my wheels to act as a brake and zoomed within sixty feet of the Jap. The pilot didn't suspect a thing . . . it was almost too easy. I pulled the master switch and the wing fifties sizzled. The Lily did a graceful spin down to the deck, a thin trail of smoke coming out of the tail. It exploded when it hit the water."

Back at the field the EMs, who heard the report from Andre's radio, were waiting to greet him. The only thing they could scare up for a celebration was tuba, a somewhat vile native drink made from distilled coconut sap. But everybody was happy.

Andre's greatest single triumph came around Christmas.

"I forget the exact date," he admits. "I had gone up around 4:30 P.M. to cover PTs harassing Cebu and Negros. About two hours later, just when it was getting dark, I spotted some bogeys. I called back to Leyte and asked if there were any of our own planes in my vicinity. They didn't know, and advised me to get closer and find out for myself. I went up to 24,000 and looked over these three planes, down around 20,000. Two were in formation, the other guy was out on a limb by himself.

"The Jap Jack looks a helluva lot like our own P-47s, and these babies looked like 47s to me. I came closer. They spotted me, and took off like bats outta hell. I knew they were Japs then, but couldn't give chase. My first job was to cover the PTs. I called back for permission to break off. They said they'd send another plane to take care of the PTs.

"I never flew so fast before or since—around 350 MPH, I guess. I chased them north. It was black now and I had only the instruments to guide me. I lost track of the lone Jack and never saw him again. I followed the others right up to Luzon, and then lost them.

"It was discouraging after such a long chase. I came down low enough to recognize a harbor near the end of Luzon, called Bulon. I remembered seeing it on our maps. I knew there was an airfield in the vicinity and decided to strafe it. Luckily some smudge pots started up and from them I was able to find the outline of the field.

"I started to wheel around for a plunge when smack dab in front of me a plane put on its wing lights! It was one of the Jacks. Where was the other? I didn't want to hop him and then be hopped by his pal. I held out as long as I could and then just when I decided to light into the guy the other fellow put on his lights too!

"It's hard to believe, even now. There they were, slowing up for a landing with lights on! To make it even more astounding, a searchlight from the field came on to guide the two planes in. It was like spotlighting a stage star. I gunned the Cat, came down in a wide arc and got both in one motion. They hit the deck and exploded.

"The Japs down below didn't know what had happened. I ran up and down the field. The blaze from the planes lighted up the place. I spotted three big transports and started them going; then I hit a gasoline tank and it made the best display of the night. I made six strafing runs and got only small AA in return. They were too amazed, and so was I."

Andre quit the one-man show when his engine started to sputter . . . one tank had emptied, and the reserve line was just catching. But he had had enough luck for the night, and started back to Leyte. He radioed a cryptic report and when he landed at Tacloban the entire ground crew surrounded his plane, and carried him on their shoulders to the control tower.

"I was interrogated by the skipper and others, and I know it must have been pretty hard for them to believe I had really had such luck on Luzon. They knew I had been up that way, yes, but you could hardly expect them to swallow a fantastic tale like that without batting an eye."

Two hours later, however, the EMs had it officially. They could celebrate their greatest vicarious triumph. The Army had sent over "congratulations to the Marine who had been up at Luzon." Guerrillas had radioed Army authorities that the airfield at Bulon was blazing, lighting up the whole countryside.

Andre's big night had an aftermath, he learned later. The CO, without notifying Johnny, called all the pilots of the squadron together in a mess hall. A cook, puttering around unseen in the back of the kitchen, brought back a report: the skipper ate them out unmercifully for not showing enough initiative, for letting an enlisted man do a better job.

Andre, the bastard pilot, was reluctantly named the squadron ace.

Johnny is now Stateside with his squadron, but he's really anxious to get back in the Pacific.

"There's a lot of work yet for night-fighters, and I'm in it until it's over," he said without a trace of bravado or hollow for-the-press patriotism. He means it. He's anxious for the jet plane. "I love speed and the jet is the fastest thing possible."

Postwar plans? A lot of things are running around in Johnny Andre's mind.

Sgt. John W. Andre

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The GIs who guarded the Big Three meeting had a close-up view of the men who were planning their futures.

By Sgt. DeWITT GILPIN
YANK Staff Correspondent

POTSDAM, GERMANY—Fred Canfil, U. S. Marshal from Missouri and a member of the presidential party at the Big Three meeting, was running around trying to check on the kitchens of the 2d Armored Division here. "The Boss doesn't like the kind of bread the soldiers have been getting," he said.

Canfil was a fellow officer of the President's in the 35th Division in the last war. "No man in the Boss's old outfit would ever have had to eat bread like the stuff they're getting," he said.

The Boss is a familiar figure to the GIs of the 713th MP Battalion who draw most of the guard duty for the Conference. They say they are already better acquainted with their CIC than they ever were with upstage stars of civilian shows they guarded back in the States.

Pvt. Floyd Jenkins of Caruthersville, Mo., one of the MPs who gets a guard's-eye view of some of the Truman-Churchill-Stalin banquets at the Little White House, hasn't gotten around to passing the time of the day with the President yet, but that, he figures, is inevitable and not in the nature of anything establishing a precedent.

"The Trumans make our country fair in my home town every year," said Jenkins, "and I suppose he will this year unless he gets tied up. When he comes around to talk to me I'm going to tell him that here is one cotton-picking GI that would like to be back to pick a crop this fall."

That is how GIs in general size up the conference. With the hard logic of men who are personally involved in the outcome of the conference, they reason that the more unity there is among the conferees, the quicker will come the decisions that will eventually get them home.

Beefing among soldiers is, of course, a universal privilege that transcends armies, and the GIs around the conference refuse to let the fact that history is being made around them still their natural instincts. As they see it, too many people around the conference are trying to look to their postwar future by doing unsolicited favors. There was a time, for example, when some of the local brass went to work on the night of July 18 and surprised the President by getting Mrs. Truman on the phone in Independence, Mo.

"Everything is strictly Big Deal around here," said a guard, expressing the attitude of a tired man who has been doing four on and eight off, "including apple-polishing."

Fortunately for the cause of the non-VIPs (Very Important Persons), at least one from their ranks was accorded privileges above his station because of an accident of birth. When Sgt. Harry Truman, the President's nephew from the 44th Division, got a chance to fly in and see his uncle, he alighted from a plane at night without orders and transportation. Suspicious guards finally let him contact M/Sgt. Albert Garfinkel of the 713th, who then bucked young Truman through channels until he got him in the conference area. Once there, things changed suddenly for the 44th Division sergeant, and, as he explained to fellow soldiers, he was overwhelmed by officers who wanted to carry his luggage.

"That was the first time that ever happened to me," said Sgt. Truman. "Boy, was that fun."

The President supplied the final touch to this version of a sergeant's dream by taking a PX wrist watch away from a VIP with the explanation that "you can get another one, and Harry can't."

BECAUSE of his free and easy manner of associating with soldiers, most of the GIs seem to regard Truman simply as one of them who fulfilled the old American formula of growing up to be President. Conversely, they feel no such familiarity with Marshal Stalin of the Soviet Union, who is easily the greatest drawing card for soldiers' interest that this galaxy of VIPs presents. And this was so before the rumor that Joe had Japan's surrender in his hip pocket.

Cpl. John Tuohy of Long Island, N. Y., who used to be a booker for Paramount Pictures and who now stands guard in front of the celebrity-packed Little White House, describes Stalin as "smaller than I expected him to be, but an immaculate man who wears beautiful uniforms."

"But," added Tuohy, "he's the kind of man that would attract attention in overalls. And that mustache of his is a whiz."

On one occasion, however, Mr. Winston Churchill made an entry from the Little White House that completely stole the show from Stalin. It was near dusk on the night of July 19 after a banquet that had included, according to those who tried to keep count, at least 25 toasts. Stalin left first, emerging from the door surrounded by his usual escort of fruit-salad-bedecked generals. With all the lusty flourishes for which the Russians are noted, Stalin was paraded down to his long, black Packard, which straightaway roared down the street. After him the then Prime Minister of the British Empire came out—minus any VIPs. He took a breath of fresh air, chewed at that cigar and strode off resolutely down *Kaiserlautern Strasse* while a couple of chaps who looked like British "*SS*" men—as the soldiers call FBI and Secret Service men—tagged belatedly after him. GIs and Wacs ogled him, then snapped to and saluted. His Majesty's Minister returned them all, and everyone noted that the line he walked down *Kaiserlautern* was as straight as a drill major's.

Most of the soldiers around the conference seemed more alert to the possibility of Churchill's passing out of the Big Three picture than were the correspondents writing about the same thing. At any rate, few of the Yanks expressed surprise when they learned the results of the British balloting, and they explained this by quoting their British buddies who were sharing details with them at Potsdam.

"Not one English soldier that I talked to thought that Mr. Churchill would be re-elected," said S/Sgt. Max Adams of Angola, Ind., who is in charge of the Presidential bodyguard detail.

From time to time soldiers make contacts with other notables beside the Big Three. Sgt. E. F. Radigan, of Albany, N. Y., spotted the Russians' Deputy Commissar for Foreign Affairs, Vishinsky, recalled his prosecution at the Moscow trials, and assumed there was a rough time coming up for war criminals.

Pvt. Dale Horner was told by a general who had just left the VIP mess hall that "I had a wonderful dinner" and replied: "Sir, you should have ate what we did."

Pfc. Clint Evans of Allison, Tex., had a little set-to with Henry L. Stimson about the gate Stimson was supposed to enter and, after thinking it over, the Secretary of War said with some resignation, "Well, I suppose you have to carry out orders."

DISPROVING those "reliable sources" from which emanated journalistic dope stories of American-Russian disagreements, guards like Cpl. Wallace Calvin of South Bend, Ind., and Cpl. Floyd Stewart of Springfield, O., work with their Russian guards outside the conferences in the Cecelienhof Building with no friction. The Russian guards range in rank from majors to first lieutenants. They rate it a great honor to guard people like Stalin, Truman and Churchill; hence no privates. As officers, the Russian guards rate a vodka ration which they sometimes share with the Yanks—off duty hours, naturally.

Wallace and Floyd get along well with the pert Russian girl interpreters at the conference building, but they think that this fraternizing is the only thing that sometimes makes the Russian guards take a dim view of them. Another thing that the Russians find hard to understand is the American soldiers' habit of making up funny stories that poke ribald fun at all the national leaders. Most-told joke here concerns watches (five minutes in Berlin convinces any one that the Russian soldier will buy any watch for 10 times its value), and the story has Stalin saying to Churchill on the occasion of their first meeting: "How much for your watch?"

The social life around the conference has not, incidentally, been restricted to the conference area, and on one occasion the *Femina*, Berlin's frowsy night club, was filled with cops from the American, British and Russian "*SS*" details.

American combat officers who are lucky enough to draw liaison assignments at the meeting come in for such unexpected pleasures as squiring American girl secretaries into Berlin for a look at the night life, and one first lieutenant from the 2d Armored—dated up with one of Jimmy Byrnes' secretaries—said: "I just hope an MP stops me with her in a jeep."

Potsdam Conference

...by Prime Minister Churchill before he was replaced by Attlee.

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British Election

The election which put Attlee in power resembled the U. S. system in strategy, but tactics were as different as bitters is from beer.

By Sgt. JAMES DUGAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

LONDON—Under British law, you can't run for Parliament if you're a peer, a judge of one of the higher courts, a civil servant, a clergyman in the Church of England, a Roman Catholic priest, a bankrupt or a lunatic, or if you have ever been convicted of treason, felony, or tampering with elections. Anyone else can be a candidate and, in the recent election that brought about the replacement of Winston Churchill by Clement R. Attlee, nearly everyone else was.

It was a far from routine election that brought about the overthrow of the Conservatives and put the Labor Party firmly in power. According to the British Constitution, a national election must be held once every five years. In the present instance, however, no election had been held in 10 years. Not since 1935 had the British electorate had a chance to make itself heard at the polls and this meant that there wasn't a person in the United Kingdom under the age of 30 who had ever had a chance to vote.

The reason the British did not go to the polls in 1940 was that they felt they could not run a general election and the Battle of Britain at the same time. The nation was then engaged in voting against Hitler with blood, sweat and tears. At the time of Dunkirk, the MPs of the currently triumphant Labor Party refused to serve any longer under Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain, and a few days later the Conservative MP for Epping Forest, the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, was asked to form a Coalition Government. By an agreement among the three principal parties—Conservative, Labor and Liberal—Churchill then proceeded to select a Cabinet made up of the best men available, regardless of their political leanings.

Coalition carried with it an electoral truce among the major parties and an agreement by them that when a seat in Parliament was made vacant by death or resignation it would be filled by someone who was a member of the same party as its previous incumbent. Thus major-party representation in Parliament was frozen at its 1935 level. The Conservatives were in the majority and they stayed that way until last July 26th.

Shortly after VE-Day Mr. Churchill went to Buckingham Palace and told the King he wanted to resign, a formality necessary to dissolve the Coalition Government. This meant that the wartime political armistice was called off and the various political parties immediately began hauling out their big guns for the general election, which was set for July 5, although announcement of the results was put off for three weeks because of the difficulties in getting in the ballots of the armed forces serving overseas. Once coalition was dead, Labor and Liberal ministers left the Cabinet and Mr. Churchill made up a "caretaker government" of Conservatives to carry on until the election.

THE British democratic system differs from ours in tactics but not in strategy. The Prime Minister's office has many of the same characteristics that our President's has. Unlike the President, though, the Prime Minister is not directly elected by the people of the entire nation; instead, in normal times he is the leader of whatever party happens to have a majority in Parliament and he appoints a Cabinet of men of his own party. Traditionally, the Prime Minister administers the nation on behalf of the King but in reality he is more the counterpart of a President who serves the sovereign people. The King has almost nothing to do with the governing of Great Britain. If he should express political opinions beyond his prescribed powers to "advise, encourage and warn," everybody would land on him and request him to lay off.

Clement Attlee, Great Britain's new prime minister.

In the House of Commons, the government corresponds roughly to the administration in the current Washington setup. If at any time during its five-year tenure it loses a vote of confidence it is obliged to resign, in which case, if some other leader seems likely to obtain a majority, the King asks him to become Prime Minister or, if no such man is available, another general election is held to choose the members of an entirely new House of Commons. A vote of confidence can be called for by any MP who distrusts some policy the government is endorsing at the moment, or such a vote may be invited by the Prime Minister himself to prove that the course he is pursuing has the support of the majority.

In a general way, Britain's party system corresponds to ours. The British Conservative Party has been likened to our Republican one and the Laborites are looked upon as similar to our Democrats. Britain and the United States provide the world's two outstanding examples of how a two-party system works. Britain has a third political group, known as the Liberal Party, which used to constitute the principal left-of-center set before the Laborites, who have risen to prominence during the last quarter century, elbowed their way into that position. The relative party strength in the Parliament just retired was: Conservative, 356; Labor, 165; Liberal National, 26; Liberal, 18; Commonwealth, 4; Communist, 1; plus a sprinkling of non-party and maverick members. In the new Parliament the disposition, with a few returns yet to be tabulated, stood as follows: Labor, 388; Conservative, 195; Liberal National, 14; Liberal, 12; Commonwealth, 1; Communist, 2; and, again, a sprinkling of independents.

Universal suffrage got started here considerably later than in the States, having been in effect in Britain only 17 years. Up until the Reform Bill of 1832, only one out of every 40 adult Britons was allowed to vote and the franchise was generally restricted to substantial property holders. The restrictions were gradually lifted, as when in 1867 the Second Reform Act gave the right to vote to workingmen owning houses in a town and in 1884 the County Franchise Act was passed, allowing all laborers with property to vote. Then, in 1918, all property restrictions were removed and women over 30 were permitted to vote, and finally in 1928 the minimum age for women voters was lowered to 21. The British, however, instituted the secret ballot in 1872, 12 years before it was universally adopted in the States. In this respect the Australians beat us both, having invented secret voting in 1856.

Becoming an MP in England is a fine but expensive distinction. The salary is $2,400 a year and there's no expense account to cover the travel, secretarial work and hotel bills involved. There's no postal franking system, either, by which MPs can correspond with their constituencies for free. Some MPs spend half their salaries on postage alone.

To get his name on the ballot, a candidate (or his party) must put up $600, which he loses if he fails to poll one-eighth of his district's total vote. He's allowed to spend a dime a voter on campaign expenses and from $200 to $300 in salary to a campaign manager. If he gets elected, his salary is subject to Britain's breath-taking income tax. No doubt about it, it doesn't hurt an MP to have a private income.

An MP must be a British subject but does not have to reside in the district he represents. In his 40-year Parliamentary career, Churchill has represented four widely separated districts — Oldham, Manchester, Dundee and Epping Forest. He lives in Kent. Attlee lives in Middlesex and has always represented Limehouse.

The British don't hold conventions for nominating candidates; instead, each person who runs — or stands, as they call it — for Parliament is selected by a local constituency board. The fact that a candidate doesn't have to live in the district he represents gives the party committees much strategical latitude in being able to run strong candidates against tough opposition and to put up weak candidates in "safe" constituencies — those in which the voters are expected to vote like their grandpappies. Americans have been known to criticize the British system on the ground that an MP who doesn't live in the district he represents isn't likely to be familiar with the needs of the people who do live there. It all seems to work out pretty well in practice, however. Experience has shown that a large proportion of the House of Commons' time is taken up by demands of MPs for such relatively minor boons as a pension for some widow or the elimination of a grade crossing at, say, Little Snoring. The British system also tends to produce MPs who think in terms of the national good rather than legislators with a provincial interest in benefiting only their own bailiwicks.

A PARLIAMENTARY constituency is a geographical area comprising an average population of 70,000. It can also be a university. A college graduate gets two votes—one in his alma mater's constituency and the other where he lives. Many businessmen also get two votes, as the law permits anyone operating a business establishment valued at more than $40 to vote in its district as well as his home one. However, if you are an Oxford man, run a pub in London and live in Surrey you don't get three votes. There's a law against more than two.

Britons take fuller advantage of the voting privilege than we do. In 1944, out of 80,000,000 eligible American voters, only 51,000,000, or 64 per cent, went to the polls. In Britain's recent election 33,000,000 were eligible to vote and more than 25,000,000, or 80 per cent, did so. In the Labor sweep of 1929 an incredible 89 per cent of the eligibles voted.

To the British, this July's election was a no-holds-barred fight. Compared with the elections at home, it may have seemed to some GIs on the scene as if the Marquis of Queensberry was doing a little polite refereeing. But it wasn't tame, even if it did sound that way to juke-boxed ears. And it turned out to be the most important British election in modern times.

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THE MARIANAS

A CAMERA TOUR OF THE ISLANDS WHERE IN ONE YEAR AMERICAN WAR MIGHT HAS TURNED UNDEVELOPED HARBORS, JUNGLES AND CORAL LAND INTO POWERFUL PACIFIC BASES

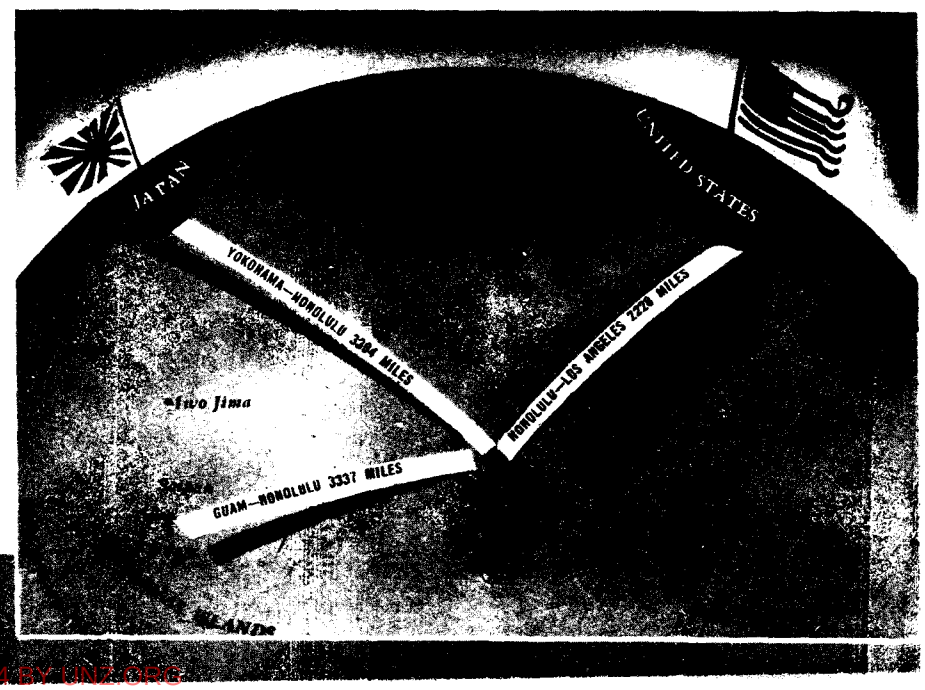
Ships lie in improved Apra Harbor, Guam. Only Antwerp, before Victory-in-Europe, handled more cargo than passes through this port.

AFTER we invaded the Marianas in the summer of 1944 we paid for them with thousands of lives. We could not be paid back for those dead soldiers, sailors and marines, but we have used what they fought to get. Every day B-29s roar out of fields on Guam, Saipan or Tinian to bomb the home islands of Japan and every day thousands of tons of cargo are unloaded in newly dredged harbors. Guam, largest of the Marianas, with an area of 225 square miles, has been turned into advance headquarters for the Navy. It is the nerve and supply center for the Pacific war.

The pictures on these pages, made by Cpl. George Burns, YANK photographer, will give you an idea of what the Marianas have turned into the past year. The change is a sample of American war energy. When we invaded Guam a year ago it was the monsoon season. The rains had made the few dirt roads almost impassable, the beaches were no better than swampland. Harbor facilities were negligible. But we started the job of construction as soon as we landed. From then on Seabees worked day and night to lay down roadbeds and to build pontoons in the harbor. Torrential rains washed out the new roads and a typhoon smashed the pontoons, but they kept at the job until it was finished. Today there is a four-lane highway running along Guam's west coast. Apra Harbor, which had six million cubic yards of coral dredged out of it, now handles more cargo than any other forward-area port in the world. In place of one Jap airfield in poor condition, the island now has five large air bases containing eight air strips for fighters, bombers, transports and cargo planes.

On Saipan and Tinian too, hundreds of miles of roads and great air strips have been built out of earth and coral rock. And the islands have changed in many other ways. Quonset huts have been set up everywhere; hospitals, power plants, radio stations, airport buildings, theaters and even cow barns have been constructed. Chickens, goats, pigs and cattle have been imported and hundreds of acres of farm land are being cultivated. In addition whole new villages have been built for dislocated natives. Our relations with the natives are good and promise to be better. This year Congress appropriated $15,000,000 to repair damages that U. S. forces did to civilian areas on Guam when they took it back from the Japs.

Our Mariana bases are well defended. Big shore batteries line the coasts and hundreds of anti-aircraft guns are set up. At night searchlights can be thrown up to cover the sky. But Jap planes are no longer a menace. We are taking off from the Marianas to knock them down over their own fields, or on their fields, if they decide not to come up.



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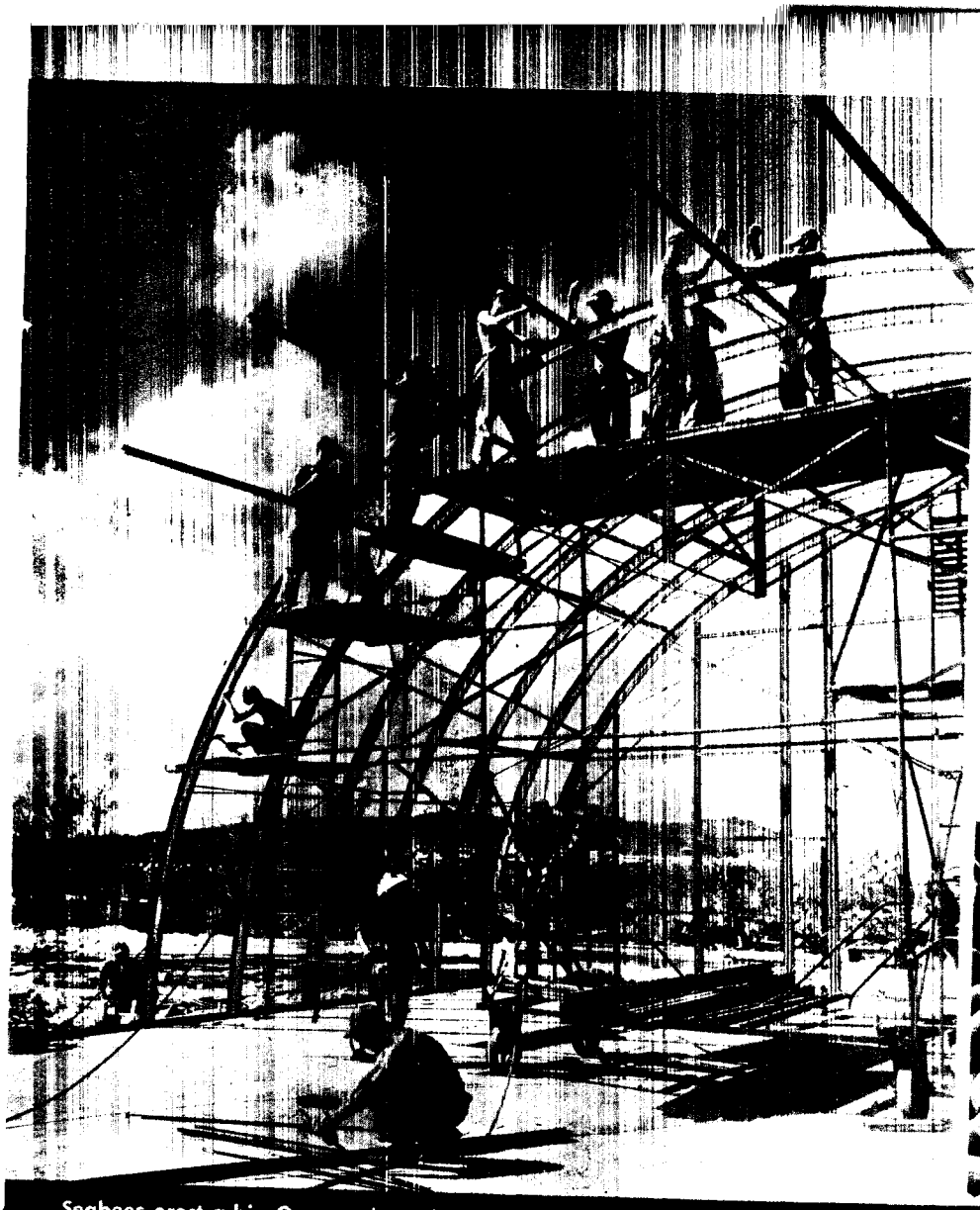
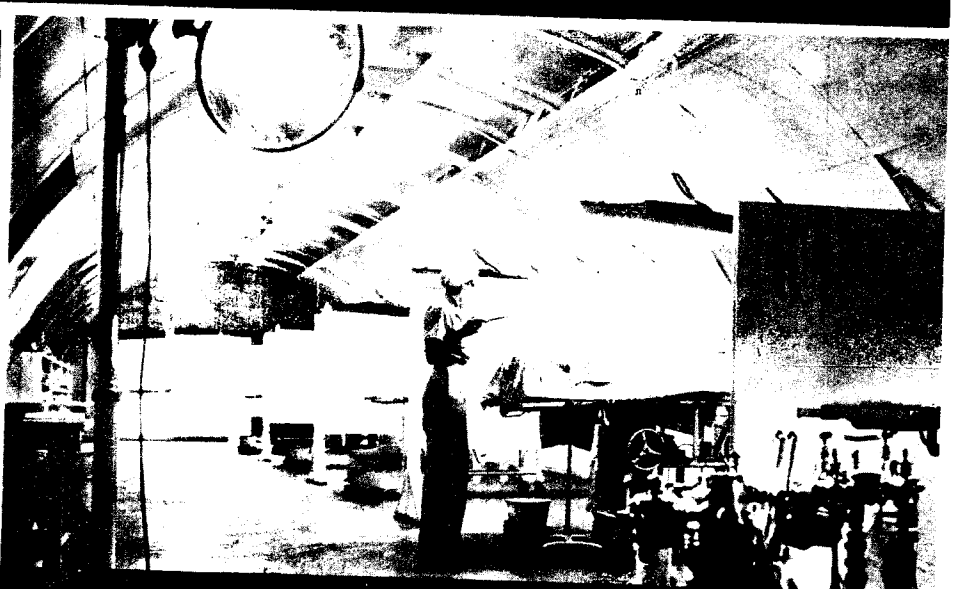


Seabees erect a big Quonset hut. Their prefabricated construction makes them quick and easy to put up. A 20-by-52 foot Quonset can be set up in a day.

Hundreds of feet of anchor chain, looking like huge pretzels, are piled up at a naval supply depot. The Navy has shipped in everything from chains to beer.

This is the Naval Air Station at Guam where men check in on the way from Hawaii or travelling back from our most forward bases in the Patific.



An operating room in a Saipan hospital, where seven operations can be performed at once. Seven hospitals have been built on Saipan, with 11,500 beds.

Long lines of reefers, or refrigerator vans, are lit up at night. They store fresh meat and vegetables to supply the fleet and the island of Guam.

The Marianas have changed in this way, too. Army speed cops have invaded the roads. You can't get away with saying your wife is going to have a baby.

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In this room strikes are planned against the Jap empire. It is the War Plans room of the XXI Bomber Command on Guam from which B-29s are directed.

Superforts are lined up for repair on Tinian's northwest field. The first B-29 mission flew from [illegible] in June.

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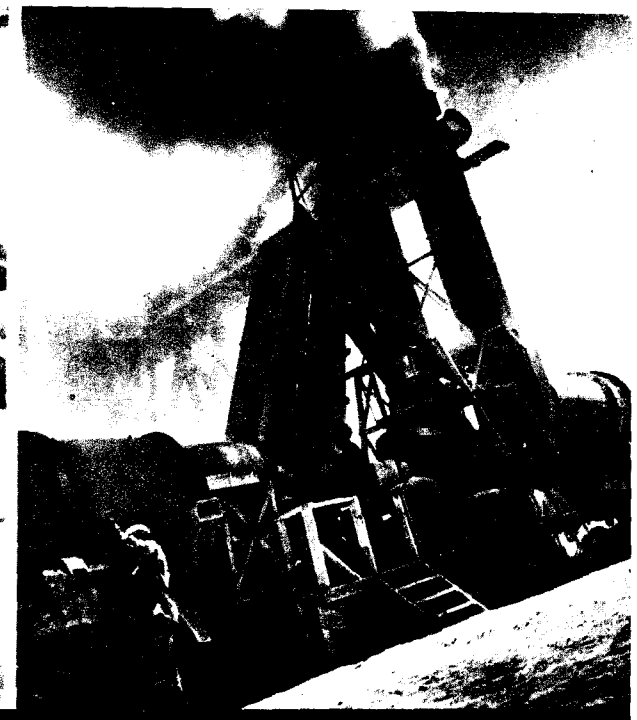
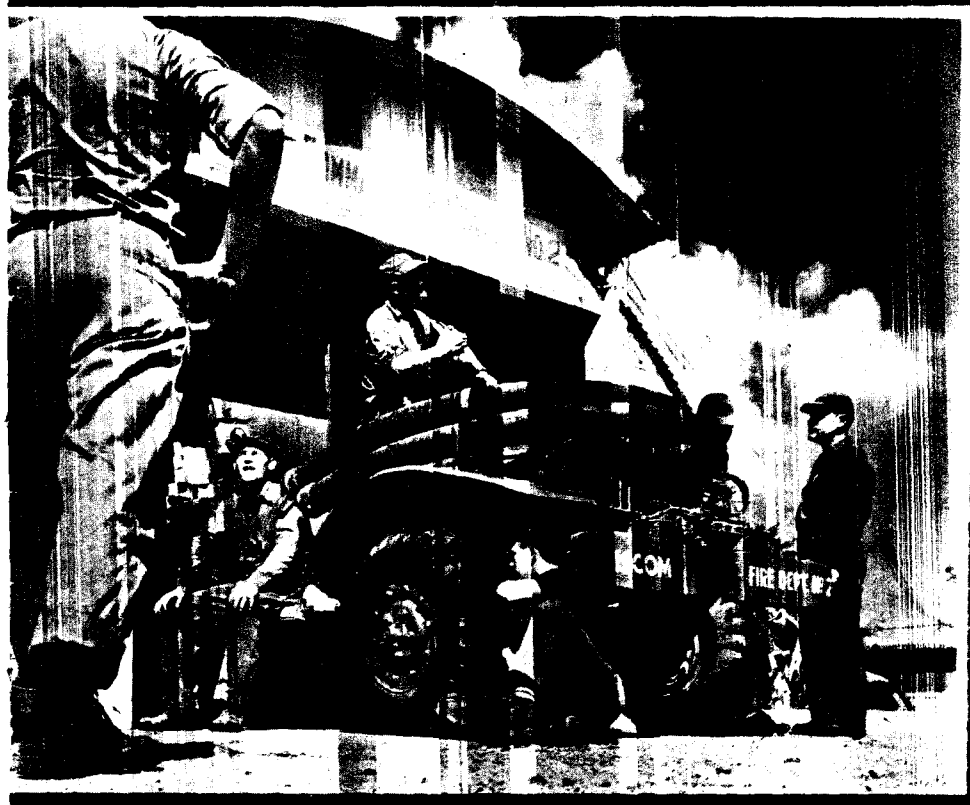
Saipan natives come into the dock with a big catch of striped tuna. Fishing industry on the island was revived by military government.

Thousands of porkers like these provide meat for the armed forces in the Marianas. Pigs were imported from the U. S. by the Foreign Economic Administration.

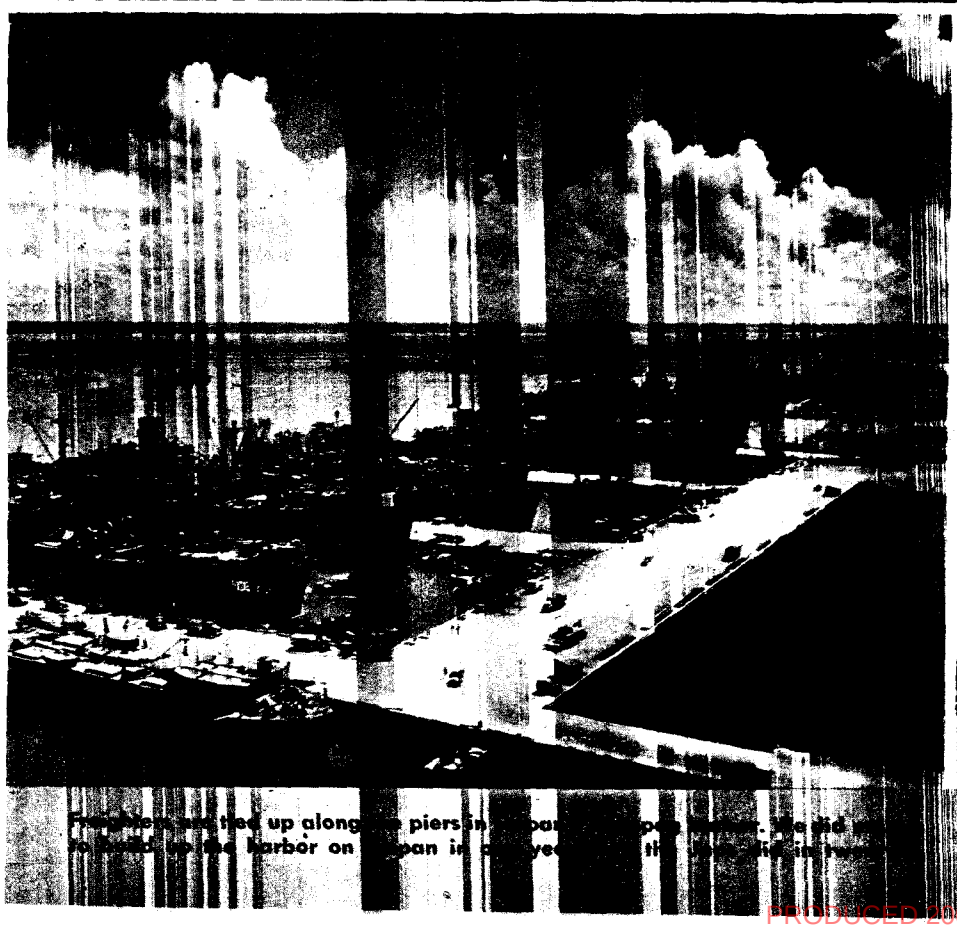


This plant turns out asphalt that has been used for airstrips and highways on Guam. Some 40 miles of the island's roads are paved.



Like other great bases, Guam has its own fire station. The job of manning it and driving the fire engines is divided up among soldiers, sailors and marines.

A Superfort takes off from the airfield on Tinian and heads out on a raid against the Japs. A mountain on the neighboring island of Saipan is in the background.



Fighters are lined up along the piers in Saipan [illegible] to build up the harbor on Saipan in order [illegible]

Carrier fighters are loaded at Apra Harbor on Guam. The harbor has already had some 6,000,000 cubic yards of coral removed from it to make room for ships.

CONTINUED

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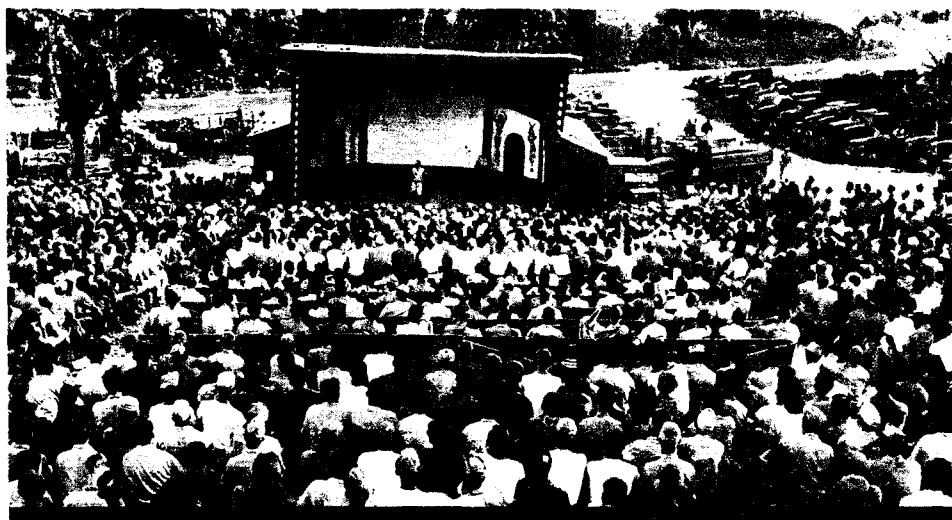
THE MARIANAS

Baseball has come to the Marianas too and it's the most popular sport, as it is at home. Many diamonds have been built and games are played day and night.

Civilian bus lines are run for the natives on Guam. This bus is a converted 2½-ton six-by-six and like most wartime vehicles it's usually filled to capacity.



In Saipan there are 161 movie theaters and 81 stage theaters. At this one, the Arvy Theater, Joe E. Brown was putting on a show for a capacity audience.

A GI announcer broadcasts over WXLI, the Armed Forces Radio Station on Guam. The station provides news, music and radio shows for thousands of servicemen.

A bunch of Navy men and a Red Cross girl get together for a harmony group around a piano in a rest camp for submariners.

Here is somebody it was nice to liberate. She's Gnacia Quintanilla who works as an accountant in the Bank of Guam, which was set up for civilians and military units.

In the Police Department, manned by Guamanians, each mark on the board means a stray Jap killed by them this year.

Though pre-war schools in the Marianas, and children are taught the same sub[illegible] as elementary schools in America. The Japs put them behind two years.

Though the Marianas are secure, some Jap[illegible] large in the hills. On Saipan, GIs of the 24[illegible] Infantry go on a h[illegible] is left [illegible] the enemy.

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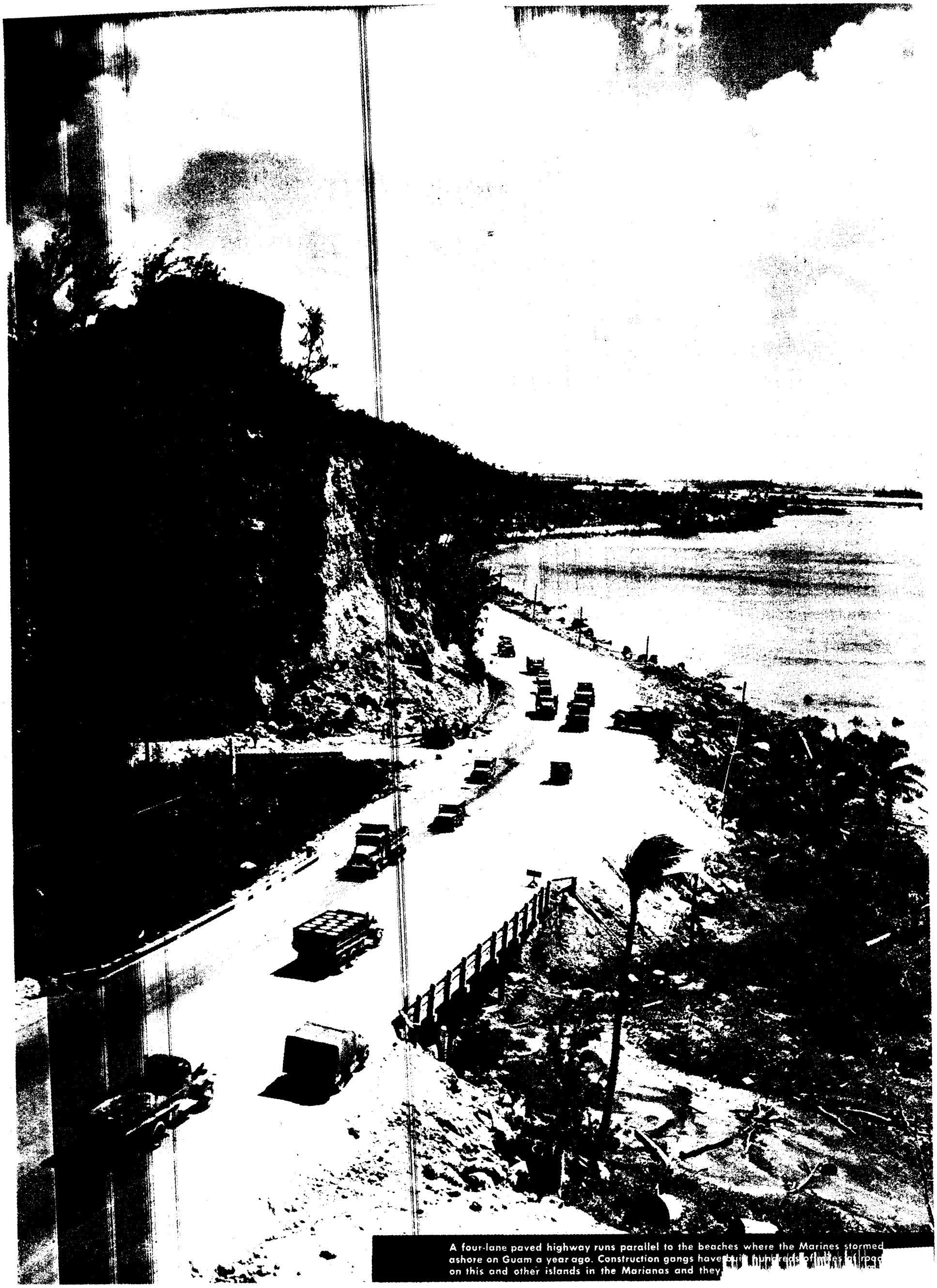

A four-lane paved highway runs parallel to the beaches where the Marines stormed ashore on Guam a year ago. Construction gangs have built hundreds of miles of roads on this and other islands in the Marianas and they

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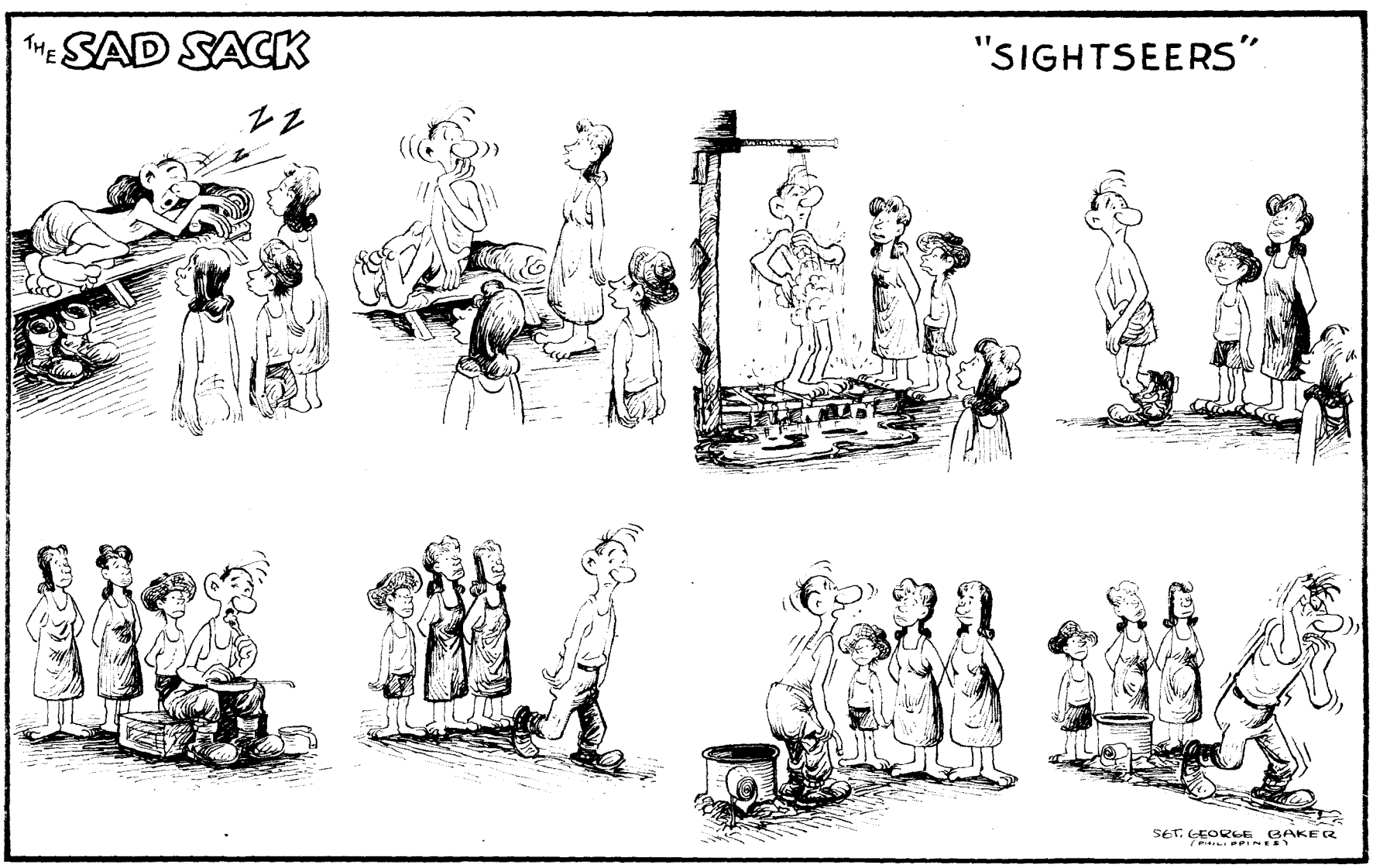


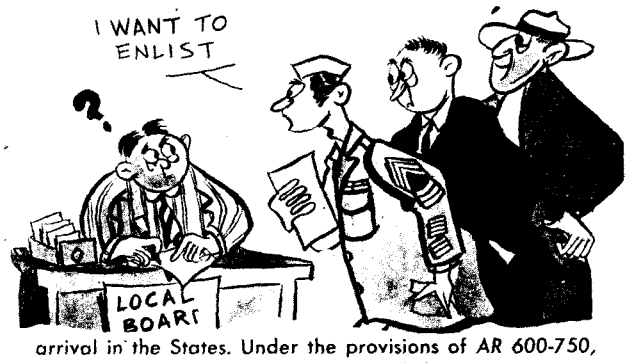
Reenlistment

Dear YANK:

I am a Regular Army man with over 10 years of service to my credit. I have 104 points as the result of a Purple Heart and a flock of battle stars. The way things shape up I can probably get back to the States and get a discharge in a few months. That's OK with me. But I have every intention of coming back into service after a short rest. Will I be permitted to reenlist if I accept a discharge under the point system? If I change my mind when I get back to the States and decide to stay in service will I be permitted to do so? If I should reenlist what grade will I get?

France —M/Sgt. JOHN B. TERRY

■ Regular Army men who are returned for release under the point system may elect to remain in the Army upon



arrival in the States. Under the provisions of AR 600-750, Change 9, men who are discharged from service may reenlist within 15 days from the date of discharge. After the 15-day period your enlistment would not be accepted but you could ask your draft board for a voluntary induction if you are under 38. In either case you may be reinstated to the grade you held at the time of your discharge under the provisions of WD Circular 320 (1944) Sec. II.

Presumption of Innocence

Dear YANK:

According to the practice of law in a court martial does a man have to prove he is innocent or does the court have to prove the man guilty? After questioning 25 men in our flight, 23 of them claim they were instructed by the Army that a man is guilty until he proves his innocence. Three of the men questioned had 20 years service and several had over five. One man who had been sentenced by a special court martial claimed that he had been told that he was presumed guilty until he could prove his innocence. Is that correct?

Hawaii —(Names Withheld)

■ They are not right. The presumption of innocence which protects all defendants under our civil law also applies to court martial proceedings. According to the Manual for Courts-Martial, page 110, para. 112 (A), "an accused person is presumed to be innocent until his guilt is proved beyond a reasonable doubt."

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

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

Officers' Leave

Dear YANK:

With due respect to *AR 605-115, Section II*, what is the Army's actual practice in respect to the granting of accumulated leave when an officer's active duty status is honorably terminated? Reason for asking—the lugs at home are, in general, receiving their 30 days off a year, while a vast majority of officers overseas have had no official leave since they left the States. If on demobilization the above AR is strictly adhered to, the overseas veteran may be in for a rooking. Which wouldn't surprise me.

Britain —Maj. FRANK SPEIR

■ The War Department says "that under the provisions of AR 605-115 officers may accumulate leave up to four months which is given to them when their services are honorably terminated. So far as is known this policy has not been departed from under existing regulations."

Schooling and Job Rights

Dear YANK:

Has any provision been made for those who wish to take advantage of the schooling opportunities offered under the GI Bill of Rights and who also wish to resume the work they were doing when they were drafted? Specifically, I was employed in the postoffice under Civil Service and understand that my job will be held until three months after my discharge from the

Army. Will I be able to take a year of schooling and still have my job waiting for me or must I take the job?

India —Pfc. STANLEY CLINGAN

■ The only way you can be sure of getting your job back and take advantage of the educational provisions of the GI Bill of Rights is by going to night school, or by taking a part-time course of study. To be sure of getting your old job back you *must* apply for it within 90 days after you are discharged. Otherwise, you lose your right to be re-hired under the Selective Service Law. The fact that the GI Bill of Rights provides free schooling for veterans does not change the picture. The two rights have nothing to do with each other and an employer is under no obligation to hold a veteran's job for more than 90 days.

Army of Occupation

Dear YANK:

I am sure that I read somewhere that draftees were still in the Army three years after the Armistice was signed for World War I. Could you give me any data on just how long draftees were kept in the Army after the war ended in 1918? This means five bucks to me.

Portland, Ore. S/Sgt. GEORGE D. CONRAD

■ For all practical purposes inductees in World War I were discharged by September 10, 1919. The only draftees remaining in the Army after that date were those who were confined to hospitals or under sentence imposed by court martials or similar military commissions. Those who remained with the Army of Occupation were enlisted in the Regular Army for a one-year period but they were not "draftees" during that time.

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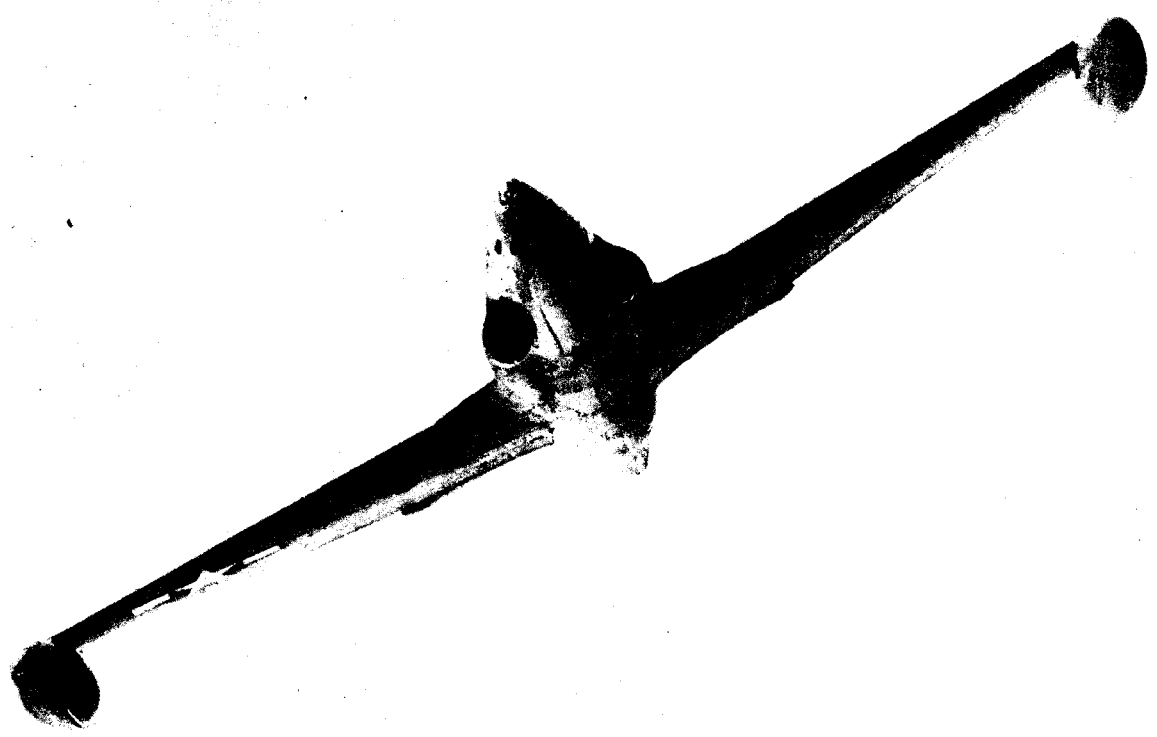
News From Home



"SHOOTING STAR." **This new P-80 jet-propelled fighter has a top speed of 550 miles an hour. Built by Lockheed and General Electric the plane has a ceiling of at least 45,000 feet. Its engine is fueled by kerosene and it carries droppable fuel tanks making it capable of flying on long range missions. The P-80 flew from Dayton, Ohio, to LaGuardia Field, N. Y., 544 miles, in one hour and two minutes.**

Americans talked about the plans made by the Big Three at Potsdam for the future of Germany and other areas of Europe. Commentators held that the U. S. was a little disappointed in the final Potsdam communique because it had failed to announce Russia's plans, if any, regarding the Far East war. The same commentators, however, pointed out that there had been no reason to expect such an announcement from Potsdam, and they held that the country as a whole was well satisfied with the job the Big Three—Truman, Stalin, Attlee—had accomplished. On the domestic front there were arguments over the size of the army needed to defeat Japan, and as for some weeks past there was speculation as to whether the Japs would insist on a fight to the suicidal end.

After Potsdam. The U. S. and the rest of the world got a look at the Big Three's blueprints for a new Europe. After 17 days of meetings the Big Three let it be known that they had reached agreements on these points:

1) All German land, naval and air forces and all Nazi militarist organizations will be "completely and finally abolished"; *2)* war criminal trials will begin soon; *3)* a council of Foreign Ministers of the Big Three, plus France and China, will be set up shortly to prepare final peace treaties with such countries as Italy, Rumania, Hungary and Finland; *4)* Russia will get Koenigsberg, ancient center of Prussianism on the Baltic Sea, and adjacent territory in East Prussia; *5)* Poland will get the rest of East Prussia and the former Free City of Danzig. Final boundaries will be determined in the peace settlement—leaving the way open for further changes in German territory in the west.

In addition, the Big Three reached agreement on reparations for Germany and on detailed plans for control of Germany under joint Allied occupation. The general idea, observers over here said, was to reduce Germany to a nation of farms and small peace industries. The Big Three also took a hard slap at the pro-Axis Spanish government of Francisco Franco by denying it membership in the United Nations.

In Moscow and London, Americans read, the press had applauded the decisions of Potsdam. Typical of approval expressed in this country was a statement by Sen. Elbert D. Thomas [D., Utah], who said: "I think they're . . . going slow, and if they go slow we'll have a better peace." A dissenting view came from Sen. Robert A. Taft [R., Ohio], who said: "Russia gets the lion's share of reparations. . . . The transfer to Poland of nearly one-fourth of Germany certainly sows the seeds of future war."

Home-bound after a brief stop in Britain to meet King George VI, President Truman assured the nation that no secret pacts had been made at Potsdam. His report on the meetings, the first gathering of the Big Three he had ever attended, was eagerly awaited on the home front. It was generally agreed that postwar issues would call for further Big Three meetings; some correspondents said that Marshal Stalin had indicated that if possible he would come to Washington for the next get-together of the Allied chiefs.

Points and Peace. Back in Washington President Truman was expected to turn his attention to domestic problems, chief among which seems to be the partial reconversion of industry from wartime to peacetime manufacture. Awaiting the return of Congress are several bills more or less linked to the reconversion period—including a proposal to raise unemployment compensation and a long-range plan for "full employment." To the President may be submitted a growing dispute between military and civilian Government agencies over material and manpower shortages and resources.

The dispute appeared to have come to a head when Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson announced that for the time being the critical scores under the point system of discharges would remain unchanged—85 for GIs, 44 for Wacs. The reason, the Secretary said, was that the Army had discovered that "about" 800,000 men had 85 or more points. Until these could be released, there'd be no change in the critical score. Later, there'd be a recount of points and another 700,000 men would be released. In all, he promised, the Army would let out 2,000,000 members by next June—leaving an army of about 7,000,000 to finish off Japan.

These GIs were furloughed to work on the railroad.

Led by Sen. Edwin C. Johnson [D., Colo.], some Congressmen challenged the Army to prove that so large an army was still needed. Others, led by Sen. Elbert Thomas, said the Army was the best judge of its own requirements. He declared: "It is high time for the nation to stop enjoying the peace in Europe and to get on with the grim war ahead. . . . There seems to be a general rush to collapse the armed services."

Other Congressmen, according to Washington correspondents, pressed for the speedier release of coal miners and railroad men whose special skills, they said, were critically needed on the home front right now. Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes declared that homes would be cold and some industries, including war industries, hard hit next winter unless the Army quickly furloughed 30,000 experienced miners.

Although the Army recently agreed to furlough 4,000 railroad men to help a tight transportation situation, it took a dim view of furloughing the miners. The War Department stand was that such special releases would undermine the point system.

A Washington reporter summed up the issue this way: "At the root of the current home-front strife are complaints that the Army has not cooperated with the agencies of the Government which seek to strike a proper balance between actual requirements of the fighting forces and those of the civilian economy, which, after all, supports them. The Army contends that it has cooperated, in its own way and acording to its own policies."

Whether the controversy would die down during the Congressional recess remained to be seen. But capital correspondents seemed agreed that the problem of reconversion as a whole—which involves many other questions beside the size of the Army—would likely be a topic of Stateside discussion for quite some time to come.

NAMES IN THE NEWS

Worried by rosy forecasts urging young men to "go North," **Territorial Gov. Ernest Gruening** warned that Alaska's postwar opportunities are limited. He said veterans might make good there if they could live up to these three "ifs": "If they have initiative; if they are willing to put up with the hardships of pioneering life; if they have a little capital." . . . Actress **Gertrude Lawrence,** back from a 25,000-mile USO tour of the Pacific, said she would campaign for "enclosed theaters" for troops there. . . . **Bing Crosby** accepted the 1945 chairmanship of the drive to raise funds for the Elizabeth Kenny Institute for the treatment of infantile paralysis. . . . Songstress **Ginny Simms** married Hyatt Robert Dehn, Government housing expert. . . . Night club pianist **Hazel Scott** married Rep. Adam Clayton Powell Jr., New York's first Negro Congressman. . . . By unanimous vote of its national convention, the U. S. Communist movement dropped its veteran leader, **Earl Browder,** and planned to reconstitute itself as an active political party headed by William Z. Foster.

IN BRIEF

In **Detroit** a new medium-priced car to be called the "Frazer" was announced by James W. Frazer, president of the Graham-Paige Motors Corp. The car was designed by Howard Parrin, now in San Francisco designing a low-priced car to be called the "Kaiser" after Henry J. Kaiser, the shipbuilder. . . . In **Washington** experts said shoe rationing would probably end early next year, if not before. . . . Cpl. James E. Newman, a prisoner of the Japs for three years, died in **Fort Worth** after a hopeless but game battle for life that attracted national sympathy. He suffered from tuberculosis of the lungs, throat and stomach. . . . In **Chicago** Mrs. Ruth Schultz awaited word from Germany, where her husband, Capt. Carl Schultz, was to face a court-martial after claiming his wife was dead and marrying a Wac. Mrs. Schultz said she and her two children were very much alive. . . . Also in **Chicago,** Cpl. Stanley Heck, 30, infantryman, who lost both legs in Germany, sued his wife Henrietta for a divorce and asked $50,000 damages from Alvin Schupp, 49, for the alleged theft of his wife's affection. . . . In **New York City** financial circles agreed that the sudden decrease of $100, $500 and $1,000 bills was connected with the Treasury's drive on tax evaders.

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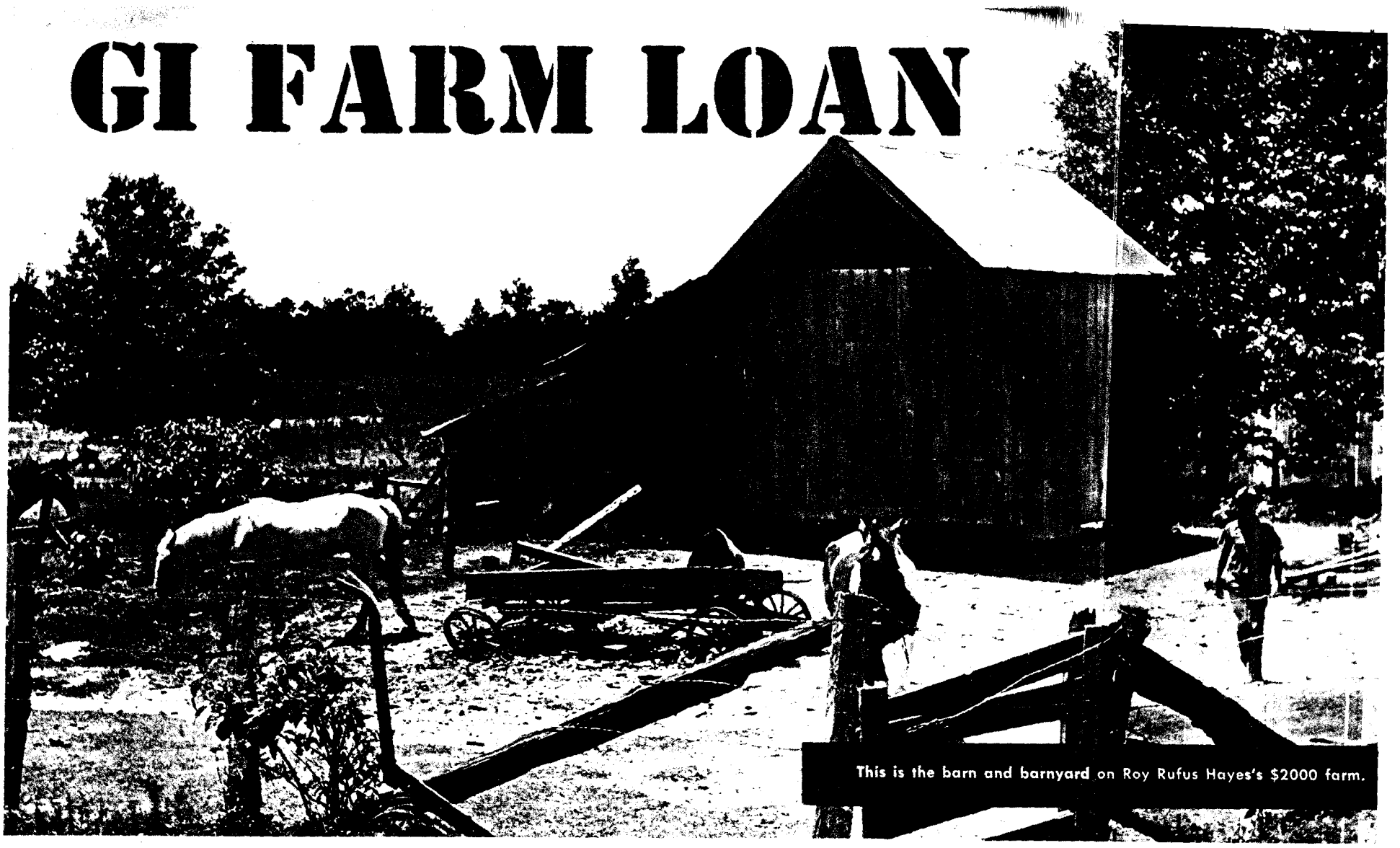
GI FARM LOAN



This is the barn and barnyard on Roy Rufus Hayes's $2000 farm.

Roy Hayes, ex-private, decided to use his privileges under the GI Bill of Rights to buy a farm. It wasn't easy, but now he has 100 acres, a bungalow, a barn and a chicken house.

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Writer

LINDEN, TEXAS — A Jersey heifer sauntered around the corner of the barn and ambled off into the patch of sweet potatoes. The heifer seemed very contented, but Roy Rufus Hayes, ex-private in the 504th MP Battalion, didn't.

"Somebody left that gate open again," he shouted. His voice had the same carrying quality it had back at Fort Sam Houston when he used to slow cars down to 25.

Eslie Ray, Roy's 17-year-old son, took out after the heifer at a trot, and Roy settled back to telling about his place. He was the first veteran to get a farm loan under the GI Bill of Rights. Now 35, he received a CDD for stomach ulcers after nine months' service, all of it Stateside.

Roy first learned through his local paper, the Cass County *Sun*, that the Government will guarantee 50 percent (up to $2,000) of a private loan to an ex-GI to buy a home or farm or start a business.

Three weeks after looking into the deal he owned a farm for the first time in his life. Four miles from the little town of Linden, it is 100 acres of just what he wanted. Bobwhites call all day from the 65-acre stand of pine, oak and sweet gum along Roy's spring branch, a brook that never runs dry. Redbirds weave streaks of crimson through the sun-soaked 35 acres under cultivation. Roy has known this kind of land all his life.

After reading the newspaper, Roy went to see Wilburn Satterwhite, the county representative of the Farm Security Administration. That's the Government agency that works on GI farm loans with the Veterans' Administration.

Satterwhite said that it would probably be tough to find someone willing to lend the money. The GI Act says that the veteran may have 20 years to pay off and that the lender mustn't charge more than 4 percent interest. Many banks are prohibited by law from making such long-term farm loans. Others are used to getting 6 or 8 percent interest.

Lots of veterans have been stymied right there, but Roy was lucky. Satterwhite's superior, Rogers Davis, the regional FSA man, knew of a storekeeper in the nearby sawmill town of Daingerfield over in Morris County who was famous for making loans.

The Morris County man was William Oscar Irvin. His cluttered general store boasts "everything from mousetraps to tractors." Irvin is known for miles around for his slogan: "I'll buy any man in Morris County two cows."

Irvin explains the cow business this way. A man who buys a cow isn't likely to move away tomorrow leaving a bad debt behind. As time goes on, there will be calves, milk and butter—all of them sources of cash to repay the loan.

The fact that the FSA people had okayed Roy was about all the information Irvin demanded. Of course, Roy wasn't a Morris County man, but he was a Texan, so the deal was on.

Roy hadn't obtained FSA approval just by a snap of his fingers. As Irvin knew, Roy got a good going over from the Federal agency before being approved. As the first step in the process, a committee of three successful Cass County farmers checked on Roy's reputation. One man on the committee knew Roy and Roy's farmer father before him. The other two walked around Linden the better part of an afternoon talking to shopkeepers and others who knew the former MP. They reached the decision that Roy was "a good, poor, dependable, honest farmer who meets his obligations but who, like many another farmer, has just never been able to get his feet solidly under him."

The main thing was that Roy had done farming before—as a tenant farmer and a sharecropper. Without that practical experience Roy would have been washed out by the FSA committee.

The committee called him in and asked what plans he had for the farm if he were able to get it. Roy said he would do "diversified" farming—put 10 acres in cotton, 10 in corn, five in peas, two in sorghum, five in vegetables.

Roy said he figured he could raise 250 bushels of corn for livestock feed, five bales of cotton that would bring in $100 at current high prices, three tons of peas that would sell for $150 and 2,500 pounds of peanuts. He figured he could use part of the peanut crop for hog feed and sell the rest for around $160.

The three tons of sorghum would also serve as feed, except for a little he would grind down into a thick molasses-like syrup to help fill the demand for sweetstuffs in the house. The anticipated six tons of vegetables would go half for the house and half for sale, bringing in about $60.

Besides the crops, Roy said he was planning a livestock program. He counted on his wife's white mare, Dolly, producing a colt for sale at $50. He intended to buy two cows (he already had that heifer) and expected them to produce two calves —one to be sold for $40. He was getting a sow that ought to bring him a dozen pigs a year—eight of which he would sell for a total of $32. All in all, he hoped the first year to get a cash income of $870 from crop and $112 from livestock.

All this sounded good to the committee. Roy wasn't like some veterans in Dallas who had always been city men but wanted to start a rabbit farm because they'd heard it was easy money. The Dallas guys got turned down.

As one Federal official put it: "Farming is a business. It's hard work. The chance of a man succeeding who is not a farmer by experience is so remote we can't take it."

IF he hadn't been a prewar farmer, the committee would have advised Roy to try tenant farming or sharecropping or hire out as a hand for a couple of years to learn the ropes. It might also have advised him to spend a year or two as a student at an agricultural college under the free education provisions of the GI Bill of Rights.

The committee members next checked on whether Roy's farm would produce what he thought it could. They found that most of the soil was sandy loam, a fairly good kind that would support a variety of crops, while the bottomland along the branch had good carpet grass for livestock.

Then came the higher mathematics. Was the farm worth the money? The owner wanted only $2,000, of which the Government would guarantee $1,000 under the GI Bill of Rights. A professional farm appraiser, Matthew Cartwright of the Federal Land Bank, was called in at $20 expense to Roy to size up the place for the Government.

Farm appraisers must consider the fact that present high farm prices may nose dive after the

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Mr. and Mrs. Hayes with their daughter Imogene and son Eslie.

war. One farm-appraisal rule is to take the prices farmers got from 1910 to 1914 as a yardstick of what they should be prepared to get as an average during the next generation. This rule would allow only 10 cents a pound for cotton instead of the current 20 cents; 4.6 cents a pound for beef cattle rather than 8; 23 cents a pound for butter instead of from 40 to 50 cents; 88 cents a bushel for sweet potatoes instead of today's $2.50.

The appraiser figured that even if the 1910-1914 prices should come back, Roy ought to be able to pay off his GI debt. The truth is he got his place at an unusually low figure. When he tried to get another 100 acres of the place to use up his other $1,000 of GI credit, the owner had got wise to inflated farm prices and asked Roy 50 percent more—$3,000 instead of the $2,000 Roy paid for the first 100 acres. So Roy has had to be contented with his original acreage.

The appraiser wanted to know all about Roy's farm equipment and other assets. Roy reported that he had two cars to carry him back and forth to Linden—a beat-up '34 Chevrolet and a '36 Ford, the two valued at $800. He had a horse trailer to transport his livestock and a variety of farm implements—two turning plows; two "Georgia stocks," which are a type of one-horse plow; a "middle buster" to flatten the rows of dirt thrown up by the plows; a planter to put in the seed, and a fertilizer distributor. His livestock consisted of a gelding and the mare Dolly. By and large, Roy had a pretty fair start toward what he needed.

When the appraiser got round to sizing up the general condition of the farm, he noted on one of his forms that the place didn't have a roadstand at which Roy could peddle his produce and that it also lacked a telephone, a milk truck and, worst of all, a power line. This meant that Roy would have to get along with coal oil lamps for illumination. However, the appraiser pointed out for the VA's benefit that with the wartime shortage of copper easing off, the Rural Electrification Administration would soon run a line past Roy's place and that in a short time he would be able to get his electricity at rates cheaper even than in Linden.

The appraiser valued the farmhouse at $400. It's a four-room bungalow with a good corrugated iron roof but with an uncertain foundation —wobbly piles of rock such as are often seen on tenant farmhouses in East Texas. The bare, gray, weather-beaten walls could do with a coat of paint. The not-so-good barn was valued at only $50, the poultry house at $10.

Before he was through, the appraiser had to tell the VA what other income Roy could count on to make things go. He wrote that Roy could always get work in the oil fields or in the sawmills of the East Texas "piney woods."

There is also the $1,200 which Roy may be able to collect from the Government between now and two years after the war. In any month in which his farm income falls below $100 he can apply to the Government to pay him the difference. Twelve such payments are the maximum. If he makes his claim for months in which his earnings add up to zero, he can get the full $1,200. Any farming vet can get the same thing, and even the harshest critics of the GI farm-loan plan say this feature is good.

SHUFFLING it all together, the appraiser calculated that Roy's income for his first year on the farm would be around $1,640 and his outgo $1,029. That would leave Roy plenty of margin to pay off his debt. The first year's payment will be $180, minus $40 which the Government will pay for him. On all GI loans the Government pays the first year's interest on that part of the loan which the VA has guaranteed. In Roy's case, that would be 4 percent of half the $2,000 loan, or $40. Next year Roy's payment will be $176, the following year $172 and so on down to $104 in the final year, 1965.

One thing the appraiser would not mention—because it is so highly uncertain—is Roy's only visible chance of becoming a rich man. For the past three or four years a large oil company has been paying a royalty of $1 an acre on Roy's farm in exchange for the right to drill for oil. This annual $100 may keep rolling in to Roy as pure gravy for years. On the other hand, the oil company may stop paying it on a moment's notice. Then there is always the off chance that the company may actually drill and hit oil. Roy will get one barrel in eight if that happens, and it has happened a lot of times in this part of Texas.

The 65 acres of woodland are another source of ready cash. A good $500 worth of "merchantable" pine stands on the farm now, and if Roy cuts it, another $500 worth will grow up in 15 years or so.

Everything considered, the Government men agreed that the farm was worth around $2,600. Since Roy was paying $600 less than that, the Veterans' Administration was willing to give its guarantee.

The farm his, Roy found he needed money not obtainable under the GI act—$150 for his first year's feed and fertilizer and $350 to fix up his water system. Right now the farm has two open rope-and-bucket wells which are very picturesque but breed mosquitoes. Roy wants to concrete both of them shut, fit them up with an automatic pump and pipe the water to the house, the poultry shed, the barn and the garden.

The GI farm loan is virtually limited to items on which the Government can take a mortgage—redeemable non-perishables like farm land, farm buildings and equipment. Satterwhite, the FSA man, came through at this point with the suggestion that Roy try the Farm Security Administration. Roy did and got the necessary loan without any trouble. Since the latter part of the depression, when the FSA was established, it has been noted for pretty generous treatment of farmers of all kinds, veteran and non-veteran alike. FSA gave Roy six years at 3 percent to pay off on the pump. War shortages on things like storage tanks are holding up the project for the moment. Mrs. Hayes can hardly wait.

"It sure would be nice if you could wait until we get our pump in to take the picture," she told YANK's photographer wistfully.

SATTERWHITE is ready to stake his reputation that Roy will succeed. But if he misses his guess and Roy is unable to meet the payments, this is what will probably happen: Irvin, the lender, will give the Veterans' Administration 30 days notice that he intends to foreclose and sell Roy's place at public auction. The VA may then *1*) take over the loan; *2*) get another private lender or Government agency to take it off Irvin's hands; *3*) tell Irvin to go ahead with the dispossession.

Because of the danger of foreclosure, some critics of the GI Bill's farm-loan plan down this way assert that Roy would have done better to deal with the FSA instead of the VA for the whole of the loan. These critics say that Carroll Olson, a medically discharged fighter-pilot captain of the 338th Fighter Group, found a much better deal when he skipped the GI farm loan entirely and bought a 157-acre farm in Cransfill Gap, Texas, with FSA funds alone. The FSA got $25,000,000 from Congress on July 1 to lend to farm-seeking veterans. Olson got the first loan.

Under the FSA plan, ex-Capt. Olson will pay an average of $301.74 a year for his farm, but there's a provision that the payments may be suspended in bad years and increased proportionately in good ones. Thus the fear of foreclosure as the result of crop failures is lifted from Olson's mind.

He got a $7,400 loan with 40 years to pay at 3 percent interest. Under the FSA plan the Government lends the money directly instead of through a private lender as under the GI bill. In Olson's opinion the FSA has the GI deal licked. A Texas agricultural authority agreed with him. "A veteran who knew about the FSA would be a damn fool to buy under the GI plan," he said.

Roy Hayes, this man added, was exceptionally lucky in being able to find a farm so cheap that the GI loan guarantee could cover a full half of the purchase price. In 1940, according to the Department of Agriculture, the average U. S. farm cost $7,000, and that was before the current boom. Indications so far are that most of those getting GI farm loans—and it's a small number compared to those who are making use of the GI Bill of Rights to buy homes and businesses—are borrowing the money from the VA for equipment after getting the actual farm through some other deal such as FSA.

In Washington the Veterans' Administration says that the 270 farm loans granted up to the middle of 1945 average only a little more than $1,000 —not nearly enough to buy a sizable farm these days and indicating that the money was used to buy equipment rather than land. So far, there have been about three business loans to every farm loan and over 41 home loans to each farm loan.

Be all that as it may, Roy and his wife, Joy Belle, say they have no kick. They are farming their own place and that is what they wanted.

"It's hard work," leather-faced Roy says. "There are lots of jobs easier than farming but no jobs pleasanter."

Joy Belle says amen to that. "About all we've ever known," she says, "about all we believe in —is farming."

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

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This Week's Cover

GROUND crew of the B-29 Deacon's Disciples makes routine repairs while 1,000-pound bombs wait to be loaded. See pages 8-13 for a camera tour of the Marianas Islands by YANK staff photographer Cpl. George Burns.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Cpl. George Burns. 5—Cpl. Ted Burrows. 6—INP. 7—Wide World. 8 through 13—Cpl. Burns. 15—Acme, INP, PA. 16 & 17—Sgt. John Frano. 20—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. 21—Left, Universal Pictures; right, Acme. 22—Sgt. George Aarons. 23—Acme.

Mail Call

Bonus Grab-bag

Dear YANK:

Sen. Joseph F. Guffey, Democrat from Pennsylvania, has introduced a bill to give all discharged enlisted men one year's back pay in monthly installments.

The venerable legislator doubtlessly means well but he is sadly misinformed as to every soldier's value, in reference, of course, to duties performed. There are plenty of high-ranking non-coms who are riding the gravy train in Air Corps ground units and non-combatant organizations. Their base pay amounts to much more than that of some privates and corporals who risk their lives daily. For example, a master sergeant receives about three times as much pay as a private does. Also, remember that privates may be crew members in bombers. Oh yes, how about those low-ranking boys in foxholes in the Pacific?

I have been overseas for the past 16 months and firmly believe that if anyone should receive the lion's share it should be the boys who are giving their all up there in the front lines.

Tunisia —Pfc. **ALFRED F. DUNN**

Dear YANK:

A bill such as Sen. Guffey's would cost the taxpayers (and we'll be members of the loyal order of taxpayers upon discharge) a negligible amount as compared to the present expenditures for a global war. You might compare it to a lend-lease to a foreign country; it would be a lend-lease to us to get on our feet. No doubt there will be many and diverse ways for corporations to finagle us out of guaranteed work and there obviously will be a difficult transition involved in getting wage-earning women out of our supposedly guaranteed jobs. A bill such as this, if passed, would aid tremendously in carrying us over three spans. Also, it would add materially to our ability to replace worn-out furniture, needed clothes for us and our families, and possibly a means whereby we could secure an automobile if this were necessary to carry on our civilian positions; all of this would be extremely beneficial. Therefore, this bill is for us and compensates in a small measure for the excess wages many men have been paid while we were in here aiding in the conclusion of this war.

—**GEORGE G. ROBINSON, S1c**

FPO, San Francisco

Dear YANK:

Why give the same amount to a general with five months service and years of defense "gold-rushing" as that given to a pfc who has endured TO, which includes TS blockades. I think it should be given in an inverse proportion to rank attained; with, possibly, even greater inflection by consideration of length of service and combat time. And I believe that commissioned personnel should be, a la Sam Goldwyn, included out. The bonus is not to be added booty and I feel reasonably safe in surmising that even down-trodden second lieutenants have received material benefits equal and possibly surpassing their comparative prerogatives. And lastly, to prevent a mass rush for the courts-martial "reduction board" at the close of the war the bonus should be based on highest rank attained.

Hawaii —Cpl. **ROBERT S. CORLEY**

Dear YANK:

The proposed $1,000 bonus to servicemen, if passed, will prove of great assistance and will put the veteran on somewhat more equal terms with those who have been drawing high wages during the past four years. But in itself the bonus now proposed is both unfair and illogical. To give a man a $1,000 bonus for coming into the Army and getting out by fair or foul means in three to four months and comparing him to another front-line man who has been on the fighting front from three to four years is not democratic or feasible.

In the opinion of many GIs I have talked with a more practical method would be to give each man a dollar a day for every day in the Army with an additional sum for overseas duty.

Marianas —S/Sgt. **A. J. SCHUYLER**

Dear YANK:

I wish some one would inform the Congressmen who sent the GI Bill of Rights [mustering out pay is not part of the GI Bill of Rights—Ed.] through that $200 or $300 (especially in monthly allotments) will not buy half of any civilian wardrobe. I'm sure most of the veterans will want more than one suit, one pair of shoes, one hat and probably one coat (if the pay lasts) to start on.

I think every discharged EM should be given at least one year's base pay.

Marianas —Sgt. **JAMES C. AUSTIN**

Chamber Work

Dear YANK:

All flying personnel in the Army Air Forces have at some time in their training been exposed to indoctrination in the low pressure chambers and given instruction in oxygen and the use of oxygen equipment. No one ever hears of the men who do this "chamber work"; they get no flight pay or recognition, despite the fact that they are constantly exposed to pain from "bends," chokes, shock and collapse. No medical man knows exactly what effects this work has on the human body except that it is cumulatively harmful and the Army requires a rigid "64" examination every six months, the same as for air crewmen.

Ratings are out again. Does that mean anything to men who hold MOS 617 (Skilled Altitude Technician)? Definitely not. The highest rating now called for by this MOS is buck sergeant (the writer has been a corporal for 30 months) thanks to the great consideration of the Army. And if men with this MOS attempt to better themselves by a new job they are told that the Army has spent thousands of dollars training them for this specific work. Why not give them flight pay? Some ratings, at least? Or even let them have a distinctive insignia?

Many officers and EM flying today owe their lives to the training received from these men. But the only recognition they get is sneers on the "easy jobs" they hold. I'll trade places with a 405, supply man or pencil pusher any day. Let those who call us "valve turners" sit for three hours or more at simulated altitude of 38,000 feet with a reduced pressure of one-fifth normal exerted on their bodies. The least the Army could do is to give ratings commensurate with the risk and responsibility of our work.

Colorado —Cpl. **R. B. FRAZER***

***Also signed by 5 others.**

Jump Boots

Dear YANK:

In a recent *Mail Call* I read about the paratroopers kicking and crying about not having jump boots.

I returned recently from overseas and when I was going over I went with about eight hundred paratroopers and I can explain the reason why they don't have jump boots. It's because they were trading them for liquor and souvenirs—one guy traded me two pair of boots for a Jap flag.

So, paratroopers, learn to save your jump money to buy liquor instead of trading off your boots.

—T/Sgt. **JOE PACKERS**

Fitzsimmons Gen. Hosp., Colo.

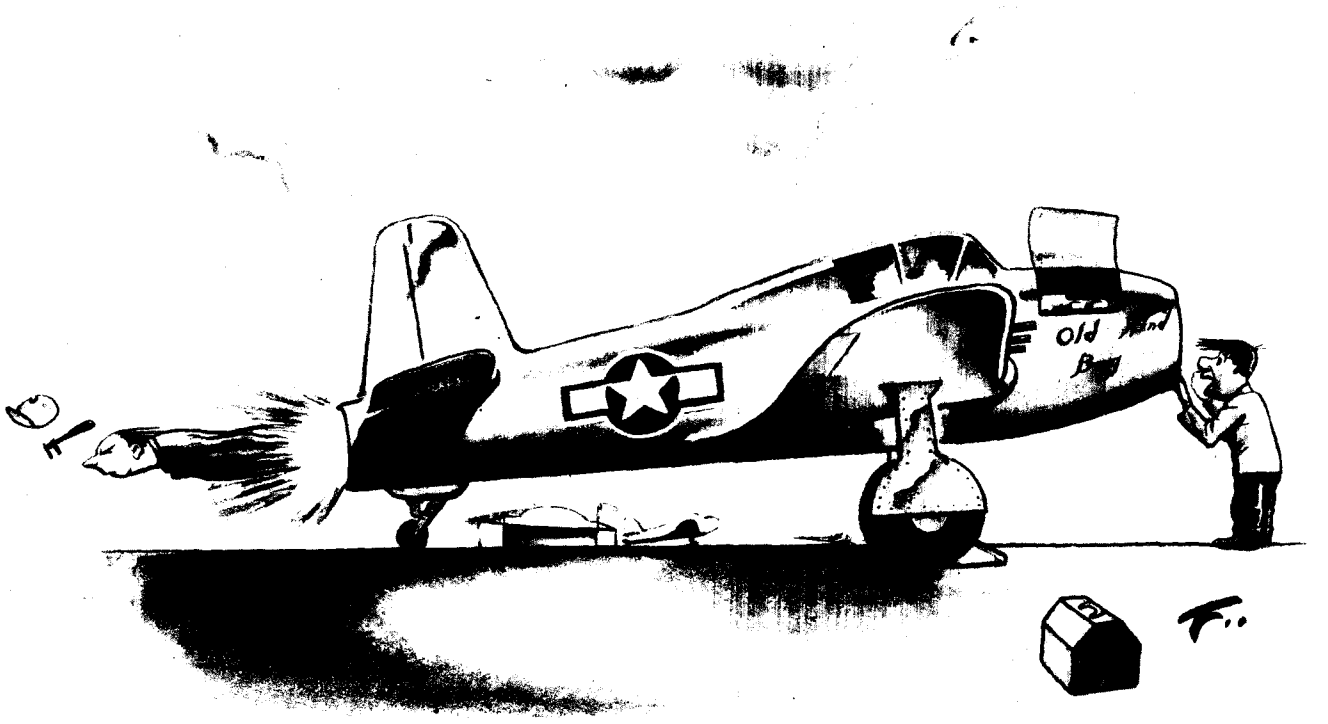
Half-Baked Solutions

Dear YANK:

The fellows in the squad agreed it was necessary but said it was brutal. I had suggested destruction of the German people in 25 years by various methods.

Up to the age of 15, German children would be taken from their parents and put in schools far away from home—some even in foreign countries—where they would be brought up to think democratically rather than imperialistically.

From 15 on, all those in the German Army, SS or no SS, would be used for reconstruction and construction of na-



"Hey, Joe! Figure out yet how it works?"

—Cpl. Tom Flannery

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tions they pillaged. We would make sure that it would be a lifetime job for them. Those civilians beyond the age of 15 would be allowed to remain under strict military control in Germany with the rule that any child they might bear would be immediately removed to one of the schools where they would see them no more.

As a further preventive measure it would be wise to sterilize the entire German populations and army beyond the age of 15.

As the children grow, they would be allowed to become citizens of the nations into which Germany would be divided to live among those who will have already settled there.

Once these new nations proved capable of independent government they would be given it and military supervision almost completely removed.

The squad couldn't face such hard actions against Germany. But they agreed it would be the most complete solution to what looks like an eternal problem. Then let's get the dirty work done, fellows. Let's not have any more Germans or Germany to worry about. No half-baked solutions, please.

Germany —**Pfc. M. L. BRANDT**

VD Lectures

Dear YANK

. . . Here at Berry Field, we have had trouble with venereal disease, I am told. Every effort is being made to eliminate said VD, but it is my opinion that the methods used are not in agreement with the policies and customs of a democratic nation such as the U.S.A.

All of the squadrons here at the field have been divided into flights of at least 90 men each. If there is an occurrence of VD in any flight, the entire flight must pay for it. The punishment consists of a two-hour VD lecture each night for a period of seven days after each case of VD.

In my opinion, that is nothing but the old Nazi system of "hostages." . . .

Berry Field, Tenn. —**(Name Withheld)**

Conscription (Cont.)

Dear YANK:

. . . Have the camps set up in favorable parts of the country. Make the time and place of putting in service voluntary. Men will have the privilege to decide which of their golden years between 18 and 30 they will give in service to their country and to themselves. I think an elaborate system of advertising and pamphlets should be available to help the trainee choose his training site and the course he wants to take in one branch of service or another. Sounds unusual? Well, that's the set-up the NYA worked under. I spent six months at Quoddy Village, Maine, an NYA War Training Center. They are six months I won't forget, as Quoddy men all over the world today will verify; if the Army were run on the same basis they would be 30-year men.

We trained and worked the same as in the Army, but what a difference! We were treated as men, individual initiative was encouraged as well as freedom of thought and personal ability. We had our own government, working under and in cooperation with the commanding officer and the senior personnel, elected by the thousand or so men voting in regular ballot booths. The nominees for the different committees and the senate had regular political rallies, made election speeches, etc. Quoddy gave every member active participation in and a chance to learn and use his democratic rights and way of life. We must change the idea that every man when coming into one of the services, must be broken down and then built up again in the narrow path of Army life, with its regimentation, the forcing of the rhythmic click of minds, dominated by small-time little Caesars.

I rather favor our free way of life. . . .

I believe this training to be important today because more and more the common man is coming into power, because it is becoming evident that on his shoulders will rest the task of making good the peace. It is for this he must be prepared and trained.

Muroc AAB, Calif. —**Pvt. LAWRENCE S. HELD**

Fathers Favor Fathers

Dear YANK:

The average father cannot muster anything near 85 points because he was drafted too late. When we were fighting two wars the drafting of fathers was delayed because public opinion was opposed to breaking up the home. But finally war requirements found most daddies in uniform. But now that we have only one war it is inconceivable that fathers should be needed more now than before.

Fathers have a double responsibility: their duty to their country and their duty to their homes and families. Fathers are mostly men over 30 years old with from one to eight children—children growing up without the love and care of daddy and with fast fading memories of daddy's identity. Their mothers, our wives, are leading unbalanced lives and trying to play the double role of mother and father.

We, the undersigned, all fathers, propose the automatic discharge of all fathers upon the day that marks 18 months' service completed.

Okinawa —**T-5 EDWARD W. BROWN***

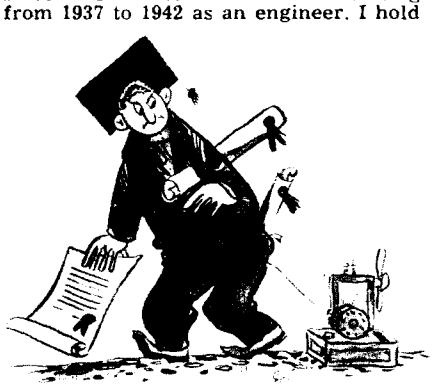
***Also signed by three others**

Engine Starter

Dear YANK:

At the present time my duties consist of starting a small gasoline engine used in conjunction with an instrument landing system for student pilots. That is all I am required to do—start and stop the engine.

My background includes amateur radio since 1931 and commercial broadcasting from 1937 to 1942 as an engineer. I hold



radio-telephone first license, radio-telegraph second license and a class A amateur license. My education includes two and a half years of college—pre-engineering. In civilian life my radio experience included design, construction, operation and maintenance of transmitting and associated equipment for 11 years prior to entering the Army. For approximately a year I was in charge of maintenance of a five-kilowatt broadcast transmitter in Denver, Colorado.

In view of all this experience, I don't believe my capabilities are even slightly utilized in the Army. It appears that the main requisite of a "good soldier" is to hang around—as I've done for 32 months—and say "yes sir" at the right time.

Homestead, Fla. —**(Name Withheld)**

Seabees Stung

Dear YANK:

Sergeant John Beasley made a broad statement in his letter on the "Seabees" and "Engineer Aviation Battalions" in a recent YANK.

For the first two years out here we felt a little like Billy Rose, the promoter. We didn't give a damn what they said about us as long as they talked about us. Most people thought the Seabees were just another species of insect that infected these islands. Now though, we feel that a little pat on the back shouldn't be begrudged any outfit or organization that has worked out here continuously for over two years without so much as a five-day leave.

I don't want to get involved in any petty argument about whose outfit is the best. We Seabees have a tremendous respect for all outfits who have made up the fighting team of the Allies who have proven themselves so well on all fronts. But when Sgt. Beasley gives his one-man opinion that he belongs to an outfit "that is better than any Seabee battalion could hope to be"—I must contest that statement. To me it is like comparing a high school football team, whipped up out of raw material just as it comes from the streets and farms of the U. S., to a "pro" team that is selected from the best of the country's college teams.

When our outfit came out the average age of the men was 33 years—seasoned, volunteer technicians with five to 20 years actual building experience behind them. The fact that we are a new outfit, a "baby" conceived in this war, does not lessen the experience nor capabilities of the men in coping with the many and varied problems of construction out here. These same men had helped to literally build the good old U. S. A.

Of course Sgt. Beasley is only a sergeant. That is equivalent to a third-class man in the Seabees—and as such he would be relegated to the "bull gangs" that just carry lumber, use pick and shovel and do such menial tasks until he has acquired enough "know how" to match tools and skills with the advanced ratings. I am not belittling the third-class man for I was one until quite recently and I had a carpenter union card in competitive Chicago in 1925 and 1926—20 years ago—plus a university degree later. So you see the requirements are quite high. Of course since they started drafting 18-year-olds we have acquired a number of younger men. We welcome them with their enthusiasm and youth, for brother some of us "old men" are tired away into the future. We will cooperate with these new boys, train them and gradually shift the responsibilities onto them so that they can carry on for us and for themselves in the days to come when we all go to the showers.

Marianas —**IVAN W. BROOKS CM2c***

***Also signed by two others**

No Diapers

Dear YANK:

We have a new colonel who's just come from playing nursemaid to a bunch of tin soldiers at a military academy. Today he put out an order forbidding us from "possession or use of intoxicating liquor," with the threat of court martial or other punishment. I can understand forbidding liquor in the barracks but off duty it seems to me he hasn't the right to limit our actions so long as we stay in line. We've had no trouble with MPs nor have there been any complaints by civilians. There have been other orders indicating that he thinks we're kids in a military academy. Hell, we're supposed to be soldiers with dog tags around our necks, not diapers around our waists.

Lexington, Ky. —**(Name Withheld)**

Jap Disposal

Dear YANK:

Problem: What to do with the Japs after the war?

Solution: Put all the male Japs on one island and all the females on a different one, three thousand miles apart.

San Diego, Cal. —**T. E. BUSSEY S1c**

Single Physical Standard

Dear YANK:

. . . Back in 1943, I graduated from college with a degree in electrical engineering. I applied twice for the direct commissions the Signal Corps was then offering EEs, but I was told I was not even up to the physical standards for induction. So I took an essential job as a radio research engineer. I was drafted when the deferment rules were tightened up.

I eventually got into the Signal Corps, and spent seven months studying a telephone specialty. During the time I twice applied for Signal Corps OCS, passing the boards easily enough, but I was rejected on the physical. . . .

This problem could be readily solved, with the simultaneous solution of parallel cases, by the adaptation of a single set of physical standards for each branch of the service, applicable to officers and men alike.

Indiantown Gap, Pa. —**Pvt. JULIAN GULACK**

VOTING IN STATE ELECTIONS THIS FALL

STATE	Date of Election	Soldier may use postcard application supplied by Army at his request.	Earliest date State will receive soldier's application for State absentee ballot.	Earliest date State will mail absentee ballot to soldier.	Date on or before which soldier's executed absentee ballot must be received by State.
ILLINOIS (a) Special	6 November	Yes	28 July	22 September	6 November
NEW JERSEY (b)	6 November	Yes	At any time	16 August	6 November
NEW YORK (c)	6 November	Yes	At any time	On or before 7 September	5 November
OHIO (d)	6 November	Yes	At any time	7 September	6 November
PENNSYLVANIA (e)	6 November	Yes	At any time	Before 29 September	16 November
VIRGINIA (f)	6 November	Yes	At any time	20 August	3 November

Officers to be voted for:

(a) ILLINOIS—Representative in Congress, 24th Congressional District (including counties of Clay, Edwards, Hardin, Gallatin, Hamilton, Johnson, Massac, Pope, Saline, Wayne and White).

(b) NEW JERSEY—Members of the General Assembly and various county and local officials, in all counties; State Senators, in certain counties.

(c) NEW YORK—Justices of the Supreme Court, Mayors of Cities, and County and Town officials throughout the State.

(d) OHIO—City, village, and township officials, including members of boards of education.

(e) PENNSYLVANIA—Two Judges of Superior Court; municipal and county officers.

(f) VIRGINIA—Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Attorney General, Members of the House of Delegates, and certain local officers.

Certain other elections:

(1) CONNECTICUT—On October 1 a general election for municipal officers will be held in most cities and towns, except that in the following municipalities such elections will be held on the date indicated: September 10—New London; October 2—Colchester; November 6—Bridgeport, Hartford, New Haven, Waterbury; December 4—Meriden.

(2) ILLINOIS—On November 6 a general election for one County Commissioner will be held in each of the following counties: Alexander, Calhoun, Edwards, Hardin, Johnson, Massac, Menard, Monroe, Morgan, Perry, Pope, Pulaski, Randolph, Scott, Union, Wabash and Williamson.

(3) MASSACHUSETTS—On the dates below indicated a general election for municipal officers will be held in the following municipalities: November 5—Boston, Cambridge, Chicopee, Everett, Fall River, Fitchburg, Gardner, Leominster, Lowell, Lynn, Marlboro, Medford, Newton, Pittsfield, Quincy, Somerville, Springfield, Waltham, Westfield, Worcester; November 13—Chelsea, Malden, Melrose, New Bedford, Peabody, Woburn; December 4—Brockton, Gloucester, Haverhill, Holyoke, Newburyport, Northampton, Salem, Taunton; December 11—Lawrence, North Adams, Revere.

(4) MICHIGAN—On November 6 a general election for municipal officers will be held in Detroit.

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DP DIETRICH


Marlene, Hollywood


Marlene, ETO

By Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Writer

WITH more than 18 months overseas time in at least four different theaters—more than any other big-name woman movie star—Marlene Dietrich has enough points to get out of the Army and more. She is back in the States now, but the only reason she is back is because the USO insisted she return to have a jaw infection treated. Marlene herself was all for staying in the ETO so she could play some of the staging areas near Marseille and then maybe be redeployed to the Pacific herself. She hasn't given up this last idea either.

With a sergeant friend I went up to interview Marlene in the New York hotel where she was parking her famous gams, and necessarily, the rest of her. "I'm getting fat," she said, poking the rest of her. She wasn't, but both the sergeant and I are too well-bred to contradict a lady.

Marlene and Lin Mayberry, the girl who was with her ETO troupe as a comic and was staying with her in New York, had been in the U. S. just a little over a day when we called. We were the first GIs they had seen to talk to since they got back and they were very glad to see us. They had both been so close to the Army for so damn long that they didn't feel normal talking to civilians.

"We feel like a couple of DPs," Marlene said.

"Displaced persons," said Lin, as if we didn't know. "We don't know how to act in a city like this anymore. Tell them about the dentist, Marlene."

"Well," said Marlene, "I go to my dentist for this jaw that was bothering me. I go into the office building and look for his name on the directory. It is there and he is in Room 3102. I get in the elevator and say, 'Three.' I get off at three and I can't find any 3102. I looked everywhere.

"Finally, I went back to the elevators and asked one of the operators. 'Where is Room 3102?' I asked. He says it's on the 31st floor.

"Thirty-first floor! 'My God,' I say, 'How long have they been making buildings that high?'"

"And then when we saw a swanky car," Lin said, "A big blue one, the first thing I thought was 'Where did they liberate that?'"

Marlene and Lin (Lin's overseas time is a little over a year—she joined the Dietrich unit after it had started) were both still a little bushed from their long trip. They had come home by plane and they still hadn't been able to catch up on their sleep.

Marlene had started her USO entertaining in North Africa. She had toured that theater and then Italy when she reached the point—some 10 months' service—when most entertainers begin to think of heading home. Marlene headed home, but she popped right out again for another (eight-month) tour of duty. She took in the North Atlantic installations and wound up in England, then France and then Germany. She got so she was almost as GI as a messkit and considerably more fun.

"We played almost everywhere," she said. "The only places we missed that made me really unhappy were those redeployment centers in Southern France. I think those guys who know they are just going to the Pacific or CBI need entertainment and I wanted to give it to them. But the medics looked at my jaw and said no."

"I went along with her in Paris when she saw the medics," Lin said. "I thought I would just hold her hand for her or something. Then the medics looked at me. They said, 'You go home, too. If you don't go home you'll blow your top.' So, here I am."

"But the medics were nice, really," Marlene said. "We saw them all up and down the front. Always there were two things, the wonderful cough syrup and the APC pills. Each medic you would see when you had a cold would tell you. 'I have just the thing. Something special.' Always it would be the wonderful cough syrup and the APC pills.

"We had colds so that sometimes I was so hoarse I couldn't talk, but I could always put on a show. And then we had the GIs."

"For over a month at a stretch once we had the GIs," said Lin, shuddering.

"We had to change the timing of the act," said Marlene, "so that it didn't look funny when we had to dash off stage in a hurry."

"And whenever we had the GIs," Lin said, "there was always sauerkraut and Vienna sausage for chow."

Marlene said she ate with the enlisted men mostly. "The officers don't mind, as long as you tell them about it in advance. When they get mad is when they have prepared a special treat at officers' mess and then you say you are eating with the GIs. But I don't think officers ever forced entertainers to eat with them when the entertainers really wanted to eat with the men."

I asked Marlene what kind of sleeping accommodations she had. Anything she could get, she said, usually a sleeping bag when she was in forward areas.

"One of those super jobs with the goose feathers and so on?" I said.

"A sleeping bag," said Marlene, "just a regular, beat-up sleeping bag. I didn't play any shows for the Air Force."

The sergeant asked Marlene whether she had any beefs "off the record" at her treatment by the Army.

"Why should I have gripes?" she said. "I don't expect the war to be like Hollywood or New York. Some actors thought the European Theater was the Paramount. Sometimes, if I didn't get transportation through channels, I had to go out and get it myself, but that was easy. Sometimes I would show up to do a show for an outfit and the outfit would have been moved out already. Should I gripe? Should I expect them to stop the war for me, the wonderful movie star?

"Anyway, in Italy, it was easy. When somebody had moved out, we would just follow them. All you had to do there was keep on Highway 6 or 7 and eventually you always came to the Army and you could do a show."

"In Italy, we promised a lot of guys we would see them in Germany," said Lin, "and they just laughed and thought it was a line. And then we did see some of them in Germany."

"They couldn't believe it, at first," said Marlene. "And then what a hand they gave us!"

By this time we figured we had enough dope for a story and made as if to go. Marlene and Lin weren't having any of that. We were the first GIs they had had a chance to talk to in over a day. We stayed put.

Lin brought out snapshots of the two of them overseas. Here was the house where they stayed in Aachen.

"No walls," Lin pointed out.

"Rats," said Marlene, "and bugs. We sprinkled the insect powder around to make a little wall, maybe a quarter-inch high, but those bugs came right over it."

Lin brought out more snaps. Of their jeep with "Million Dollar Legs" painted on it. Of Marlene getting kissed by a GI. "'Enough, enough,' I yelled and then he kissed me again."

And more talk.

"We got out of Bastogne, just before the Battle of the Bulge. . . ."

"Do you remember that cute soldier in Italy, the one who was so cute and drunk? . . ."

"And how our hands got so dirty and no place to wash them so we tried to hold them behind us in the show. . . ."

"And the one dress the GIs liked was the one I couldn't wear long underwear with so I always had a cold. . . ."

"And how they built showers for us or one boy would get up on top of the tent and pour water on us. They always looked the other way. . . ."

"That was at Eupen. . . ."

"That was at Maastricht. . . ."

"That was in Italy. . . ."

"That was in Holland. . . ."

We asked Marlene if she was going back to Hollywood to work.

"Not now," she said. "I'm not in the mood. I don't think I could concentrate now on keeping every eyelash right like you have to do there. I would like to go to the Pacific, if they will let me.

"I have dates with so many divisions there."

IT'S not only interesting to look at Audrey Totter—her biographical data is delightful, too. She is an expert in taxidermy, she plays the bass fiddle and she has a tendency toward claustrophobia. Other facts are that she was born in Joliet, Ill., that she is 5 feet 3, weighs 106, has red-blonde hair and blue eyes. Her new picture for MGM is "A Sailor Takes a Wife."

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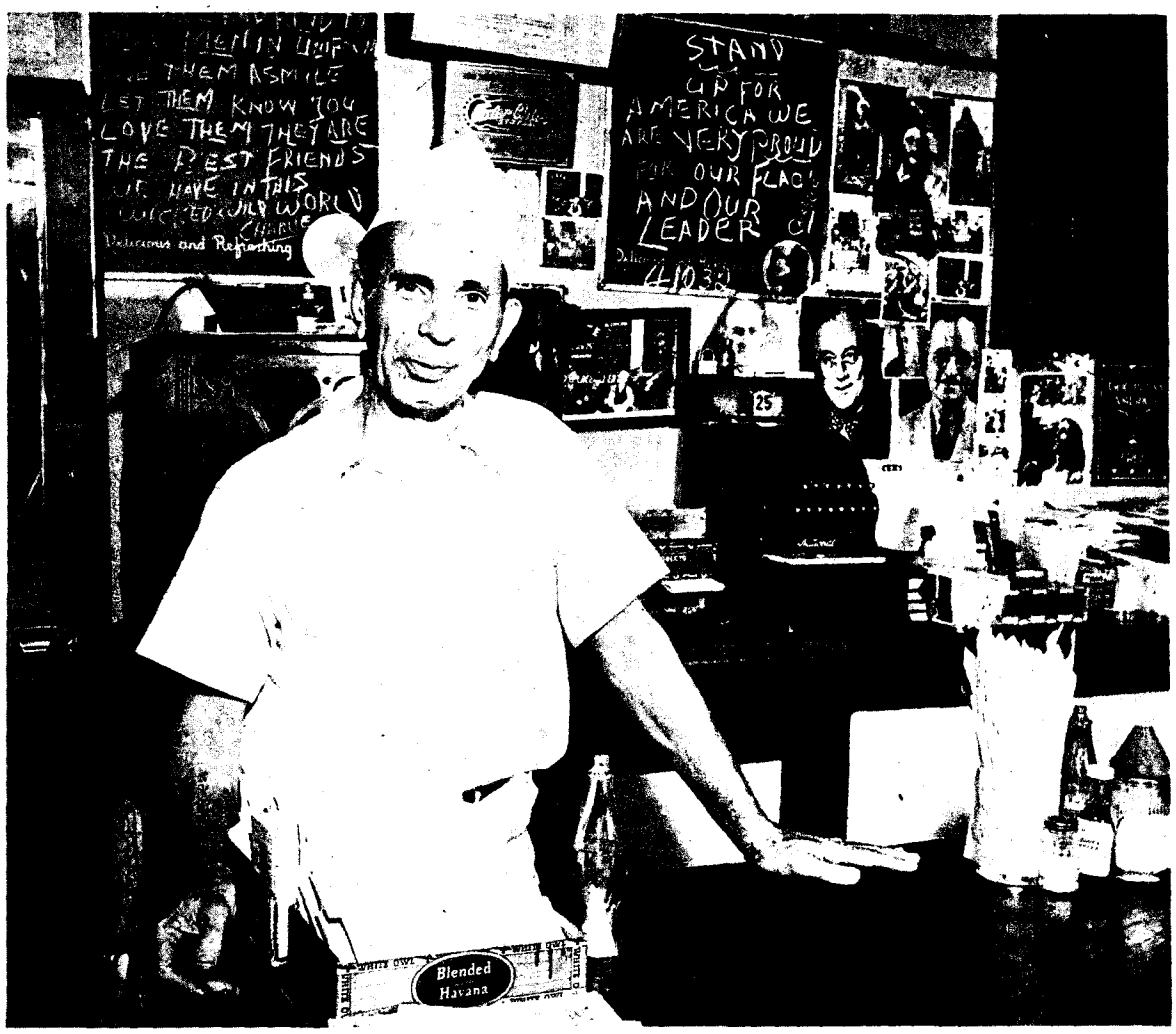

CHARLIE

PEOPLE ON THE HOME FRONT

By Cpl. MARGARET DAVIS
YANK Staff Writer

DALLAS, TEXAS — *Mr. Civilian—Please do not leave a uniform man on the highway. Pick him up. Be nice to the service man. If you can, buy him a soft drink and wish good luck. He is the best friend we have in this wicked world*

Soldier—If you are short of change, come in and eat. If you are short of fare in the city Charlie will give it to you. On duty 7 a.m. to 7 p.m. Memories shall never die.

So reads the sign outside Charlie Mitchell's Underpass Cafe at 502 Commerce Street in Dallas. And Charlie means every word of it. His thousands of GI friends all over the world will vouch for that.

Charlie is a little man with brown spaniel eyes, a close-cut grizzled mustache and deep lines in his cheeks. He wears short-sleeved white shirts, an apron tied around his waist and a soda-jerker's white cap that manages to look like a suntan cap that has been worn in the tropics for a couple of years.

Although he was born in Georgia (U.S.A.) and has lived in Dallas 27 years, he speaks with a Greek accent, and very fast. His father was a Greek Orthodox priest.

Charlie has very simple, black-and-white ideas about things. As his sign says, he thinks this is a wicked world, but he never seems to meet very many wicked people—except people who are ugly to GIs.

Charlie's ideas form the decorative motif for his shop. The cafe is just wide enough for a counter with stools and one row of little tables, but it is plastered all over with Bible pictures—Jesus the Good Shepherd carrying a lamb, Jesus the Light of the World knocking on a door and carrying a lantern, the Baby Jesus under a New England-looking apple tree with Mary and Joseph. There are texts that say things like: "Eat here and you will hunger again but eat of God's word and hunger not."

There are pictures of Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek mixed up with the Bible pictures and a new picture of Truman by the cash register. There are dozens and dozens of snapshots of GIs and sailors, under palm trees and in the snow, with B-24s and Jap flags, hugging girls and lugging BARs. One of the Coca-Cola blackboards furnished cafes to write menus on is covered with straggling capitals that read: STAND UP FOR AMERICA. WE ARE VERY PROUD FOR OUR FLAG AND OUR LEADER. CHARLIE.

The neatly lettered signs say:

"NO DRINKING ALLOWED," AND "NO PROFANE LANGUAGE."

"This," said a guy from Love Field, "is the sort of joint you would expect any GI to run from like hell. You would think it was all too damned good to be true, and you would think that it was such a goody-goody set-up that it would make you sick to your stomach if it was true. But that would be before you knew Charlie. And it does not take very long to know Charlie."

He didn't use the words "hell" and "damned" where Charlie could hear him, because that would have hurt Charlie's feelings, and Charlie is a fellow whose feelings you don't want to hurt.

Charlie has been serving free meals to GIs who are broke, and otherwise lending them a helping hand, ever since Pearl Harbor. The meals total tens of thousands. Last Christmas Charlie and his wife served free turkey dinners to 225 GIs, and gave them 24 cartons of cigarettes, hoarded out of the cafe's quota. They sent 400 Christmas packages to GIs overseas.

WHEN we got in the war Charlie didn't intend to go on running his cafe, which had stood for 18 years opposite the old courthouse. He took 11 days off after Pearl Harbor to get things fixed so his wife and daughters could manage, and then he went down to the Post Office to enlist. He was 45 then.

"They tell me," he relates, " 'Charlie, we know you are a good man, but we don't think we can use you.' I get back to the corner out there and a soldier says to me, 'Mister, could you buy me a cup of coffee?' So I bring him in and I give him a meal, and when he thanks me I know then what I am going to do in the war. Yes ma'am. It hurt me, that little boy. So I say, 'I'm gonna see they have meals, I'm gonna see they have money.' So I paint up the sign, that same day." It has the date at the top, "Dec. 18, 1941."

What Charlie has done in the war has cost him a lot of money—a couple of thousand dollars. One letter Charlie has received begins, "I have just now received the $100. I think that there isn't any one that would do for me what you have already done for me."

But Charlie knew that guy before in Dallas. "If he comes home I get the money. If he doesn't, he dies for me. Yes ma'am."

Charlie says things like that just as if he were telling you the price of ham and eggs, and you don't squirm at all, because that is the way Charlie thinks.

More often, Charlie's loans are $2 or $3 or $4 to men who wander in broke. "I say," Charlie explains, " 'I give it to you if you won't send it back. I send it back to you if you do.' A few try to pay me back anyhow, but I just mail the money right back to them."

CHARLIE has about 15,000 letters from his friends —four big corrugated cardboard boxes that canned goods come in and nine cigar boxes, all full of letters. They thank him for cigars in New Guinea, phonograph records in England, fishing hooks and films in the Marianas, sugar and coffee in France.

The letters say things like: "I haven't forgotten you and never will. I felt like I was back home when I came in your place.". . . "I had breakfast there and you didn't allow me to pay my bill. It made me feel good all over.". . . "Thanks for treating me so darn swell when I was in Dallas and give my regards to your family.". . . "Every time I meet another GI who's been in Dallas he asks me if I know Charlie and pulls out one of your cards."

The letters aren't all from GIs. One from Connecticut says: "I received a letter from my son overseas and he said you were very good to him, and I thank you for being so kind to him."

In a letter from England, the mother of a British soldier who had been over here asked, "Are there more Americans like you?" and requested Charlie's picture. The mother of five GIs sent a Christmas card "To the best man in the world."

GIs and their folks don't only write Charlie—they ask him to help them with their personal problems. "Yes ma'am," Charlie says, "I visit 27 women who write their husbands they want a divorce or who just don't write at all. The husbands write me and say please do something. About 20 I fix up all right, but I do no good with the others. No ma'am."

Writes one of the husbands who sent Charlie an SOS when he didn't hear from his family: "I hear from my little girls often and they are doing just fine. . . . You sure have been a nice friend to me and I appreciate it."

If you ask Charlie which of his soldier friends he remembers best he laughs impishly and says, "I never remember any of them. They walk in and say, 'Charlie, you remember me?' and I say, 'Sure, now lemme see . . .' and then they tell me all about it."

The men Charlie knew when they came in from camps in 1941 and 1942 are coming in from overseas to see him now. Seventy-three returnees came in to say hello during Christmas week.

One GI telegraphed Charlie that he was coming through by bus on his way to the Pacific and please to meet him at the station as he wouldn't have time to come to the cafe. "I didn't remember what he looked like, but I go and a soldier come up and say, 'Who you lookin' for?' and I say, 'A soldier,' and he pat me on the back and say, 'That's me.' "

While Charlie was talking, a weedy civilian kid in the cafe was showing a soldier his notice to report for induction. He said he had been in the Army before and had been discharged. Nobody was paying much attention to him, but Charlie must have had an eye on the fellow, for suddenly the kid was confronted with a plate stacked with country-fried steak. The kid wolfed down the steak and said, "Thank you, sir."

"Where you going now?" Charlie asked. The kid didn't seem to know, and Charlie reached into the cash register, pulled out some money and handed it to him. "That's all right, yessir," Charlie said to the kid. "You come and see me before you go."

Charlie came back to the table.

"Yes ma'am, whatever you do, I wish you would tell all my boys to drop me a line," he said. "That's what I like, to hear from those kids."

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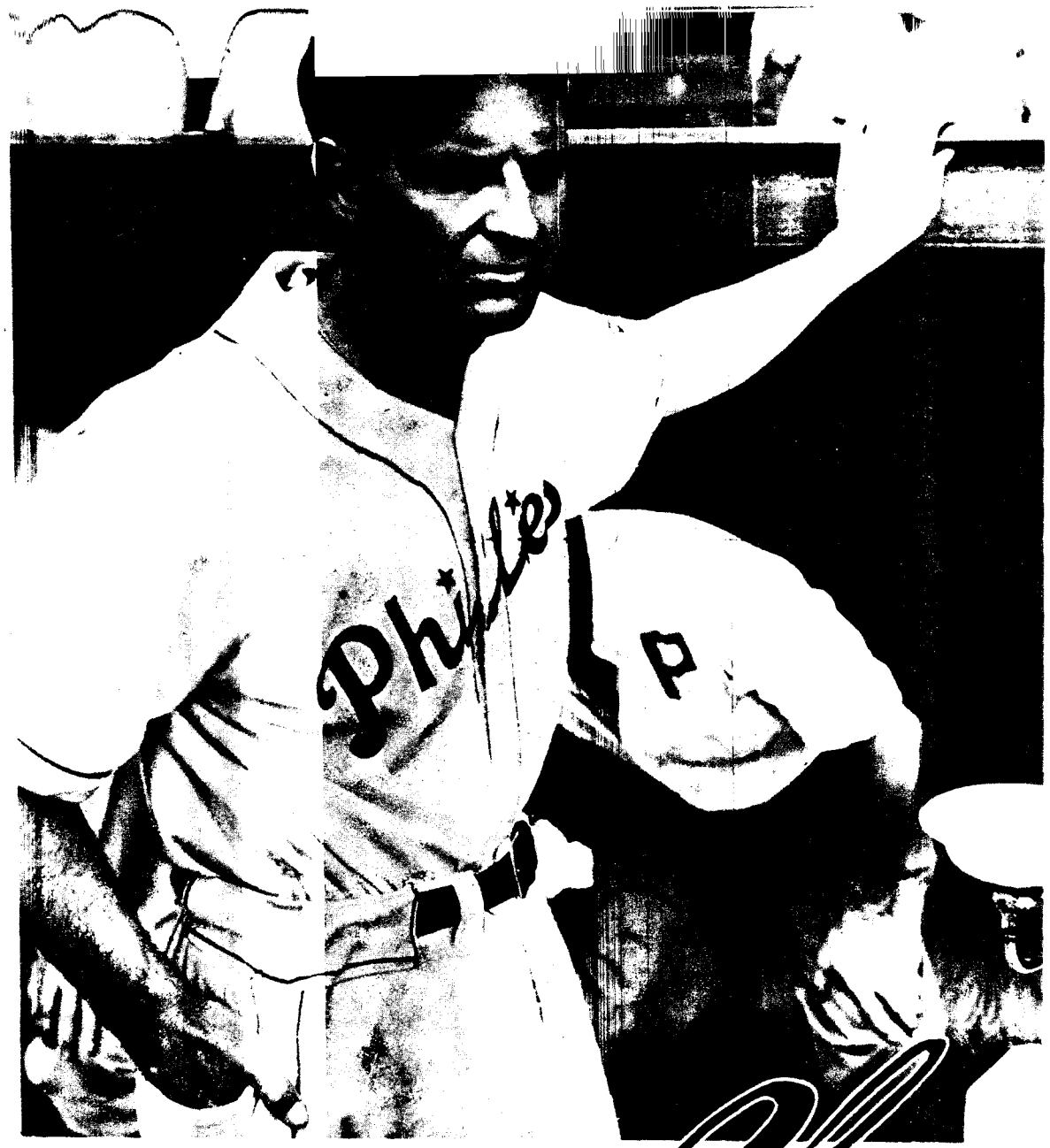

Chappie OF THE PHILS

By Sgt. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Staff Writer

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—"Of all the hundreds of players this writer has known, he would rank ahead of Ben Chapman as impossible managerial material only those characters obviously disqualified on account of constitutional stupidity."

That's the way Ed McAuley, veteran sports columnist of the Cleveland *News*, who knew Ben when he was with the Indians, summed up his feelings when General Manager Herb Pennock picked Chapman to succeed Fred Fitzsimmons as Philly manager early in July. And practically every other sports commentator agreed. At various times while he was playing with the Yankees, Senators, Red Sox, Indians and White Sox, Ben Chapman had been tabbed as a clubhouse lawyer, a faint-hearted guy in the clutch and a handy fellow with his spikes and his fists. But nobody—except maybe Chapman himself—had ever suggested that he might make the grade as manager of a big league ball club.

Chapman, however, has changed. Two years as player-manager of the Richmond, Va., team in the Class B Piedmont League have made a new man of him. But he doesn't try to alibi himself.

"I couldn't play baseball except by fighting for every inch," he says. "If I had to do it over again, I'd do and say the same things because the same circumstances would gang up on me again."

After two years in the minors, however, Chapman does have a different perspective. A certain humility has crept into his views. Baseball observers remember his rages and sullenness. When his club was losing he used to rant and roar, kick bat racks and water buckets, snarl and nag and quarrel with umpires. Now he says: "If every player who had two years in the majors had to go back to Class B for a few months, there would be less griping and more hustle in the majors."

Ben even thinks he might still be with the Yankees if they had farmed him out in such a manner. "I know now," he says ruefully, "that a few months of riding those busses and taking care of my own wet uniforms would have given me a greater appreciation of a major league job, and I would have done anything to keep it."

Of course, managing the Phillies is not the most permanent job in the world. Chapman got the job after returning to the big leagues as a pitcher with the Dodgers last year, three years after drawing his release as an outfielder from the White Sox at the end of the 1941 season. He was with the Philadelphia club only a couple of weeks when he was named manager, and General Manager Pennock indicated that it hadn't been decided whether Ben's tenure would continue through 1946 or not.

But Ben has a habit of coming through with an outstanding performance when least expected, and he may survive as the Phillies' manager just because nobody expects him to.

Managers used to be none too unhappy to let Chapman go because he always did what he wanted to, regardless of their instructions. Even in his 'teens, when he first came up to the Yankees, he showed temperament. He was always ready to swing his fists, and he got plenty of opportunities when other players accused him of using his spikes on them. His fights with Buddy Myers of the Senators and George (Birdie) Tebbets of the Tigers garnered the most publicity. Nor was he popular with the umpires after he threw a ball at Byron when that veteran made a ruling that didn't appeal to Ben.

But Ben also had the stuff. Fast on his feet, he had a habit of overrunning slow rollers and when he didn't overrun a ball he threw it into the stands—but he could hit and he could run the bases. He looked like a big league ball player. Joe McCarthy solved the problem by making him an outfielder.

Ben was only 21 when he clinched a regular job for himself in the Yankee outfield. That was in 1931, and Chapman was hailed as another Ty Cobb that year when he stole 61 bases. He never equalled that mark again, but neither has any one else.

When he left the Yanks, Chapman's troubles with managers really began. Once, while he was playing with the Red Sox, he came up to bat with the score tied 2 to 2 and the winning run on second. Ben was batting .340 at the time and had driven in the two Red Sox runs, but Herb Pennock, who was coaching on third, received orders from Manager Joe Cronin and flashed Chapman the "take" sign. The pitch was in there, and Ben swung and popped up.

When he got back to the bench Cronin asked him if he'd seen the sign. Most players probably would have pretended they hadn't, but that wasn't Ben's way of doing things. He admitted that he had seen the signal but had swung "because I'm sick and tired of taking cripples." Cronin was forced to punish him and Ben got a 10-day vacation without pay.

Ben's stubborn honest streak colors most of the tales about him. He has always spoken his mind. When Ben was still with the Yanks, a New York sports writer took a poll of Babe Ruth's teammates to see whether or not they thought the Babe, who was slowing up, should bench himself. Ruth heard about it, called a clubhouse meeting and demanded: "Now you boys who popped off to that writer about me, say it to my face!"

All was silence except for the irrepressible Ben. He spoke up: "I'll tell you what I said, Babe. I told him that if I was as old as you and had the money you've got, I wouldn't risk my health and future. I'd get out of the game. That's what I said."

Ruth patted Ben on the shoulder and said: "Okay, Chappie, but the rest of you so-and-so's haven't got the guts you were born with."

It is partly because of this characteristic that Chapman remains the only member of the famous Cleveland "Cry Babies," the group of players who went to Alva Bradley and protested the way Oscar Vitt was managing the club, who has retained Vitt's friendship. In fact, Vitt offered to recommend Chapman for a managerial berth in the Pacific Coast League when he was released by the White Sox.

Another story in which Ben's honesty figures concerns his appearance before Judge William H. Branham, head of the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues, to answer accusations of having slugged Umpire I. H. Case during the 1942 Piedmont League playoffs at Portsmouth. Chapman told Branham: "Sure I slugged him. He deserved it!" Branham thanked him for telling the truth but suspended him for the 1943 season.

That experience, plus hard work since, has further mellowed Ben. He has worked at being a manager. His original choice of the Richmond job, as against an offer of the Toronto ball club managership, resulted from the advice of his former teammate Tony Lazzeri.

"Tony said I'd learn to handle youngsters, and if I made any mistakes in handling them they wouldn't leave the mark against me they might in Double A ball," Ben explains with his usual honesty.

Ben found that it wasn't only a question of handling men—he had to get in there and pitch too. In one of his Richmond games his team was behind, 10-1, in the second inning. Five doubleheaders were coming up in six days, and rather than waste one of his pitchers on what he thought was a lost cause, Ben took the mound himself. He held Portsmouth to one hit—a homer—and Richmond tied it up. The game was called in the tenth inning. From then on Chapman pitched every fourth day and played third base when not pitching.

After he won 13 games against 6 lost in 1944, five big league clubs tried to buy him. The Dodgers won out. During the remainder of the 1944 season he won 5 and lost 3. Traded to the Phillies, he has won 3 and lost 3 this year.

Chapman's credo as a pitcher: "Put 'em where they don't like them and don't forget to pray the infield is alert."

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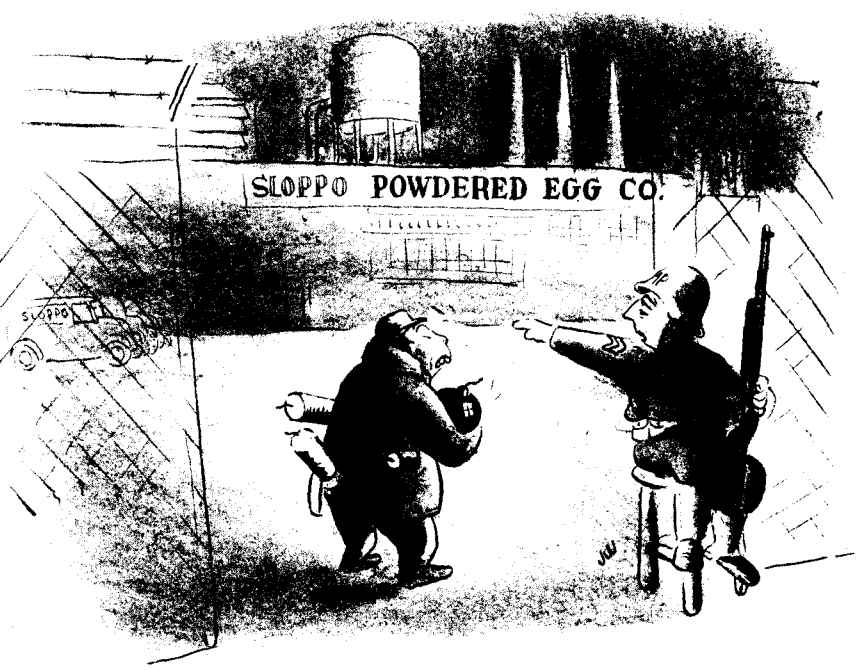
"MA'S TERRIBLY WORRIED ABOUT MY KID BROTHER. HE'S A MARINE."
—Sgt. Charles Pearson



"I THINK YOUR BEST SPOT WOULD BE OVER THERE."
—Sgt. Jim Weeks

"THEN I SAYS 'YEAH—AN' HOW MANY POINTS YOU GOT, COLONEL?' "
—Sgt. Ozzie St. George

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