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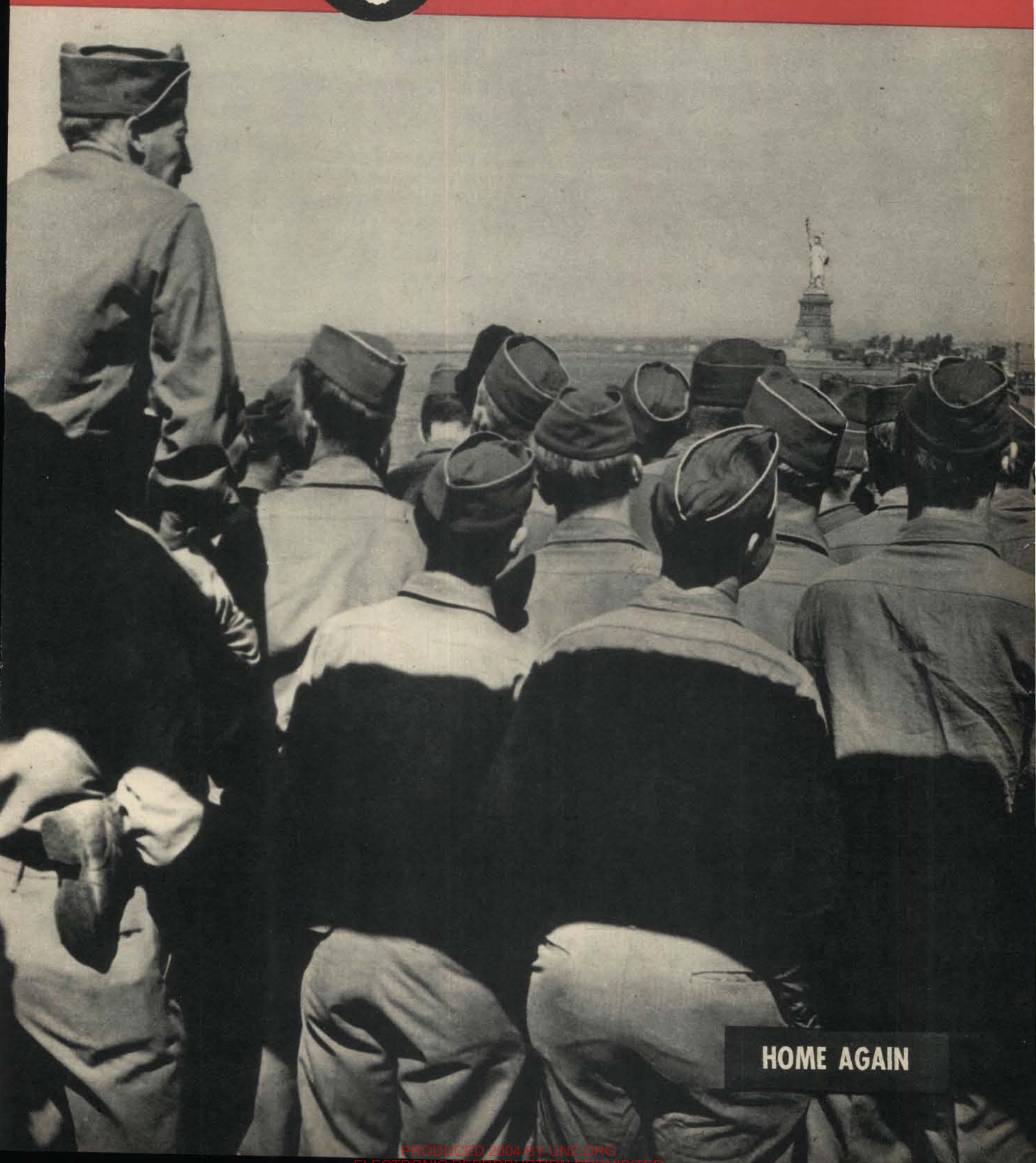
By and for men in the service



HOME AGAIN

This cow got to mooing, and the people decided its mooing could be heard by submarines.

An interview with a Jap suicide flier who missed his hero's end reveals that the dope on how the *Kamikaze* Corps lived seems to have been just official hokum.

By Sgt. ROBERT MacMILLAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

TOKYO—The *kamikaze* pilot sat with his mouth open and his eyes wide in bewilderment. He tossed off a shot of hot *sake* and rubbed his forehead.

"Where did you get all that stuff?" he asked. "*Geishas* and banquets and big funerals—maybe I've been missing out on something, but this is the first I ever heard of anything like that."

The boy's name is Norio Okamoto. He is 23 years old and much better looking than the average Japanese, with a Weissmuller haircut, white, even teeth and clean complexion. He lives with his parents at Fujisawa, within commuting distance of Tokyo, and it is difficult to picture him setting out on a suicide mission, determined to splatter himself and his plane on a transport packed with American troops. This is exactly what he tried to do, but—according to his story—with none of the preliminary fanfare that had been advertised by the Japanese propagandists.

These propagandists, for some obtuse, Oriental reason, about the time of the Leyte invasion began filling the airwaves with dazzling stories about a new Special Attack Corps called *Kamikaze*—the Divine Wind. According to the Japanese radio, the budding *kamikaze* pilot was given a super-furlough, provided with enough women to make up for the years he indubitably was going to miss, given a public funeral that would satisfy the most finicky of his ancestors and then dressed in magnificent ceremonial robes for the take-off—as thousands cheered. The rest was not so pretty, but the Japanese described it as one glorious bust, with the pilot sacrificing his life in a purifying plane that would sink an enemy ship and save the nation.

If Okamoto's story is true of all *kamikazes*, just what impelled the Japanese to put out the propaganda tales, which were given general credence in Japan and the rest of the world—especially among American troops who had to deal with this new and outlandish threat—should baffle even the experts in Oriental psychology. One possible explanation is that the stories would molify bereaved Jap families. Another is that somehow this build-up would scare the soft Americans. A third and also likely theory credits simple insanity.

Okamoto's story took all the wind—the Divine Wind—out of the *kamikaze's* sails. Even the interpreter, a Japanese civilian, was surprised. He had worked for Radio Tokyo and, while he knew a lot of the propaganda stories were ridiculous, he had believed the *kamikaze* legend.

The boy's parents and a Japanese professor listened raptly. It is likely they were hearing the story for the first time.

"Here is what really happened—at least to me and to all the *kamikazes* I knew or ever heard about," Okamoto began. "Early one morning, just before the Okinawa landing, we got our orders to crash-dive into some American transports that had just been sighted off the Ryukyus. Eight of us took off at the same time. They gave me an old seaplane with a top speed of 120 knots, strapped a 250-kilo bomb in the single pontoon, gave me just enough gas to get me there, and off we went.

"They did give us a little ceremony, but it was nothing unusual at all. Just before we took off the group commander gave us all a parting drink of whisky—just a drink—and wished us well. He stood at a little table with a white cloth on it and toasted us. I was the last man to get the bottle, and when it came my turn to shake hands with the commander I stuck the bottle in my pocket. I forgot all about having it. The ground crews were all lined up as we took off, but they always did that for any combat mission. We left late in the afternoon. When I got about halfway to Okinawa the propeller just stopped turning. It was a moonlight night, and I looked for a place to land and there wasn't any so I set the plane down in the water. I got out of the plane with the navigator—a seaman first class—before the waves swamped the plane. We paddled off in our life jackets.

"THE navigator had been shaken up by the crash and was pretty sick. I gave him a couple of the chocolate bars I happened to have, and he asked for water. I thought about the whisky and offered him a drink of it, but even the smell made him sick. We tried to stay together but a squall came up and he was washed away.

"I imagine the sharks got him. I found out about the sharks later—if I had known those waters were full of them I would have been too scared even to swim.

"I was in the water about 17 hours and two or three times I got very sleepy—I even heard voices talking to me. Finally I was washed up on a very small island—the name is Suwa Se, and it is too small to be on most maps. The popula-

Kamikaze Pilot

tion is only 60, and they were amazed to see me come up from the water. That is when I first heard about the sharks and that is why the people were so surprised.

"I had quite a time on this island. The people had some strange ideas. They had heard about radar, and somebody got the idea that any noise at all would be picked up so they went about talking in whispers. When the chicken crowed they believed airplanes could hear it from miles away and the place would surely be bombed. So they killed the chickens. I had plenty of chicken to eat.

"But the best one was the cow. This cow got to mooing and people decided mooing could be heard by the submarines—how I can't imagine. Anyhow we had steak—and it was the only cow on the island.

"American rations from sunken ships began to wash up onto the beach, but the natives were scared to death of them—booby traps. I had my pick of the stuff. I could read labels, and you fellows certainly had fine rations."

Okamoto was stranded on the island until after the war was over. His family, in due course and without any formality at all, had received a mimeographed form stating that their son was dead, having plunged his airplane into an enemy ship. So when he walked in his home there was considerable rejoicing. He got *sake* and banquets. His mother remarked, "We have a new baby at the house." And then a little later, "This child drinks and smokes at the very start."

When the *kamikaze* had finished the story, we went back over the details of the take-off to be sure he hadn't overlooked something that might bear out a little of the propaganda.

Not only were the propaganda stories themselves complete fabrications—"fabulous" was the word Okamoto used—but the force had no special insignia and suicide flyers had no markings at all to distinguish them from other pilots, he said. They got no preferential treatment at all, and Okamoto said some of the younger men griped about this because they said they thought they ought to be given better treatment. As a matter of fact, Okamoto said, a *kamikaze* was told by his superiors exactly what he should do. He had to listen to pep-talks about the harsh, Spartan existence of the legendary Japanese soldier—the *Samurai* way. *Kamikaze* barracks were just the same as any other, and so were the *kamikaze* crews. The fields they took off from were the same fields everybody else used. They felt a certain *esprit de corps*, but they also felt at times that their superiors were goofing off while they were dying.

I tried to get out of him just how he felt as an enemy, to get him to tell how hard he tried to kill us, and this caused him some embarrassment. But he tried earnestly to explain. In the first place, he said, he was a soldier of Japan (as a matter of fact he was a Navy pilot) and as such he was taught to abandon any thought of coming home alive. He was trained to erase all home ties and think only of selling his life as dearly as possible—for the Emperor.

OKAMOTO said he had actually felt a sort of relief when he joined the *kamikazes*. He had nothing else to worry about, and he had a job to do. He said there was some friction between pilots and their superiors because pilots thought their lives were being wasted on trivial objectives. They liked to think in terms of blasting carriers or battleships—no small-fry craft. Also, *kamikazes* felt within themselves intimations of disaster—not personal, that was a foregone conclusion—but for the nation. They realized that organization of the suicide corps was a measure of desperation, but they hoped that by some miracle the country would win the war.

Okamoto had the same urge for action that in America prompted our soldiers to clamor for overseas assignments or, once overseas, a dangerous mission. That was another reason for his wanting to be a *kamikaze*—so he could get in a plane and go do something. Planes were so scarce that only suicide pilots could get one. An inexperienced pilot didn't have a chance to fly any more unless he became a *kamikaze*. Thus most of these men were without combat experience.

There was another thing, too. Okamoto's younger and only brother—also a pilot but not a *kamikaze*—lost his life in the war. He flew out in a patrol mission over Formosa and he didn't come back. Okamoto resolved to avenge his brother when he asked to be relieved of his duties as an instructor and be given a *kamikaze* assignment. He did not write his family about this decision or try in any way to notify them. When his number came up he was allowed to write a farewell letter to be delivered post mortem. I asked him what he had written in the letter, and he tried to wave aside the question. Fnally he insisted that he had forgotten.

His mother—obviously bursting with pride for her surviving son—began to speak in Japanese. The interpreter followed her words, translating one sentence at a time. It was the letter, and it went like this: "My dear father and mother: Finally I have been honored with the opportunity of body-smashing [literal translation] my plane into the enemy for the good of my Emperor and my country and my family. I may not have been a very good son, but I hope I may redeem myself in this one and only mission. May good health be with you and with the family."

The mother had memorized it word for word. There was an awkward silence when she finished. Her husband, an elderly man whose face is paralyzed, looked at her soberly and then at his son. The boy leaned over the eight-inch high table about which we sat and took a cigarette. He lit it and stared into the garden outside, which was flooded with sunshine. The Japanese professor—a friend of the family—broke the spell by flourishing a bottle of scotch. Everyone seemed relieved. The mother got up and left the room. She came back a little later with some rice savories. There were already lots of rice savories on the table.

After a couple of scotches, the boy waved his hand and laughed. "I want to forget this *kamikaze* stuff. The war's over, and I am glad that if Japan had to lose, it was the Americans who came in. The first American I saw was an MP, and I was scared to death of him. I thought he'd be looking for me because I was expecting all *kamikaze* pilots to be shot. But later I saw soldiers laughing with children and giving out candy, and I felt better. And then I heard about American soldiers who made some Japanese men stand up in a train and give a mother and her baby a seat. That made a big impression on most of us here in Japan—more of an impression than you can imagine.

"I feel like I have been born again. I want to strike out for myself. I could go in with my father [an agent for Coty perfumes and other drugstore goods] but I think I'd like to import sporting goods stock.

"I'm a lot luckier than most *kamikazes*. I got out alive. Not one of us in the outfit went in for flag waving or that glory stuff, but I was perfectly willing to die—believe me. Now, of course, I'm glad to be alive. So I feel lucky."

Just why he was once so very willing to die, however, the former *kamikaze* pilot did not—or would not—explain. And the Japanese mind remains a mystery.

He stood at the table and toasted the pilots.

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TIGER'S TRIAL

The Jap general had a record of rapine and cruelty from Malaya to the Philippines. As he sat in the courtroom, evidence piled up higher and higher against him.

By Cpl. JIM GIANLADIS
YANK Staff Correspondent

MANILA—The girls came into the hushed courtroom, shame-faced and miserable. They told of being herded, along with 400 others, into four Manila hotels and raped by lines of Jap soldiers. At the defense table, impeccably dressed, wearing four rows of campaign ribbons, sat General Tomoyuki Yamashita, charged with the responsibility for these crimes. He was impassive, often a little bored. He heard himself described as a man who permitted torture and starvation, rape and murder. The general yawned.

Once the general was known as the "Tiger of Malaya." He was commander of the Imperial Japanese Army in the Philippines. Now, brought to justice, he was asking for the mercy in which he did not believe.

In the bullet-scarred High Commissioner's office, where he once ruled as a conqueror, General Yamashita stood before a tribunal of five U.S. generals as the first Jap leader to be tried as a war criminal. He was receiving a fair trial, according to law—something the general hadn't bothered to give his victims.

Understandably, Yamashita was the most hated man in the Philippines, and he came into the courtroom guarded by 75 MPs. He had been brought secretly from New Bilibid prison in an Army ambulance.

Yamashita wore a gray-green uniform, white sport shirt, military boots. His head was shaven. He fingered his campaign ribbons. Occasionally he rubbed his right hand over his potato-shaped face.

Sobbing girl witnesses told of repeated attacks by Jap soldiers. Many of the girls said they were forced to submit at bayonet point. These attacks took place in February in the hours preceding the re-entry of the American troops into Manila.

An extract of the testimony:

Q. "Were any of the women tortured?"

A. "I went into one room. There were three Filipino girls there. A 12-year-old was lying on a mat on the floor. She was covered with blood and the mat where she was lying was saturated with blood."

Q. "Was the girl conscious?"

A. "Yes, but she seemed dazed and stunned and I couldn't get her to talk or anything. She kept covering her face with her hands. I was unable to help her. She appeared semi-conscious and was moaning, and apparently was suffering greatly."

Another witness said:

"During the first night in the lobby of the hotel, two Russian girls were taken and raped. The girls were Mary, 18, and Lily, 16, and both were beautiful."

Q. "Did any of the girls say on their return what had happened?"

A. "Yes, one girl said, 'My God, my God, they raped me.'"

The witness said that two other girls, one 13 and the other 15, were forced repeatedly to leave the room with the Japanese.

Q. "How could you tell they had been abused?"

A. "The younger girl had to be carried into the room."

As the witnesses described these attacks, Yamashita listened aloofly, a little contemptuously. Sometimes the witnesses looked straight at him. When this happened, Yamashita looked the other way.

At the defense table, at Yamashita's right, sat his personal interpreter, Masakatsu Hammamoto, a graduate of Harvard Law School (class of '27). The court permitted the general to retain Hammamoto when the general complained that he was unable to understand the expert interpreters furnished by the five-general commission trying the case.

The court informed Yamashita, at the beginning of the trial, that it had selected his legal counsel, but added that the court was willing to accept any counsel whom Yamashita wanted.

When this translation was made, Yamashita made a quick little nod of understanding, faced the commission and answered in Japanese: "I am happy to accept the choice of the commission as to my counsel. I am highly honored to have been given such distinguished persons to represent me."

This statement came as a surprise. It had been predicted that Yamashita would press vigorously for the right to name his own counsel.

Barely allowing time for his statement to be interpreted, Yamashita continued:

"I would also like my chief of staff, Lt. Gen. Akira Muto, and my deputy chief of staff, Maj. Gen. Utsonamiya, as additional counsel. There are a number of records and facts with which they alone are conversant. I need their advice and assistance."

This brought an immediate protest from the prosecutor, Maj. Gen. Robert M. Kerr of Portland, Ore., on the ground that "it is entirely irregular that a witness for the defense should also represent the accused as counsel." The commission, overruling the protest, stated that the commission would accept the officers named as associate defense counsel.

This translation brought another quick nod from Yamashita. He said to the commission in carefully enunciated Japanese: "I thank the court for the admittance of the aforenamed generals."

At this point the commission asked Yamashita if he wanted to have the charge and specifications translated for him. He said that he did not want to hear a reading of the charge.

HERE the presiding officer, Maj. Gen. R. B. Reynolds, took a sterner attitude, stating: "The charge *will* be read to the accused."

The charge stated: "Tomoyuki YAMASHITA, General Imperial Japanese Army, between 9 October 1944 and 2 September 1945, at Manila and at other places in the Philippine Islands, while commander of armed forces of Japan at war with the United States of America and its allies, unlawfully disregarded and failed to discharge his duty as commander to control the operations of the members of his command, permitting them to commit brutal atrocities and other high crimes against the people of the United States and of its allies and dependencies, particularly the Philippines; and he, General Tomoyuki YAMASHITA, thereby violated the laws of war."

Colonel Harry E. Clarke, defense counsel, came to his feet with a motion that the charge be stricken "on the ground it fails to state a violation, insofar as General Yamashita is concerned." The objection was overruled.

Then the prosecution introduced a bill of particulars citing 64 separate instances supporting the main charge (a bill of particulars is a detailed statement of incidents making up a charge).

The instances alleged that 62,278 civilians were tortured and murdered; 144 American officers and enlisted personnel—unarmed prisoners of war—were starved, tortured and murdered; 488 women and children raped, and at least eight American civilian internees tortured, beaten and summarily excuted.

Yamashita, his baggy eyes taking on a pronounced oriental slant, walked slowly to the center of the raised dais before the commission and spoke a short sentence in Japanese. The interpreter repeated after Yamashita: "My plea is not guilty."

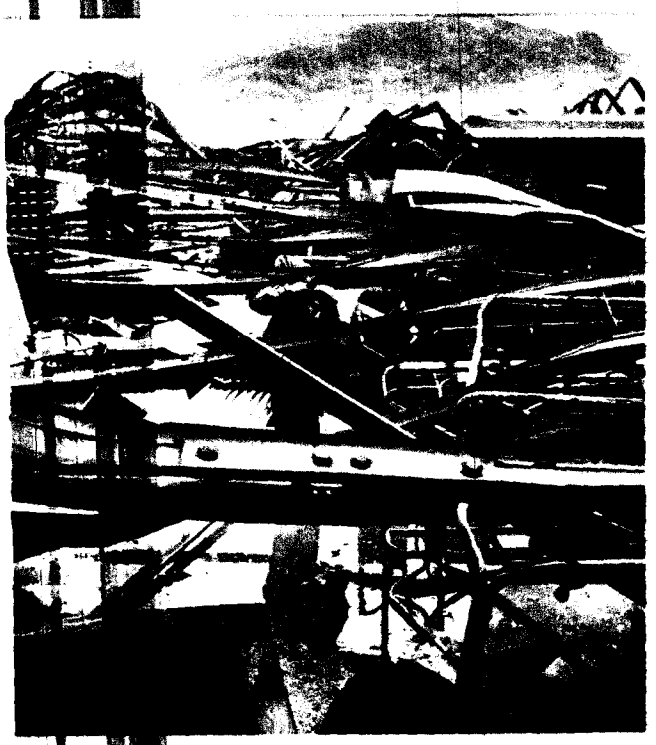
THE evidence continued to pile up. The trial of the first major Jap war criminal seemed to be an avalanche of overwhelming data—all damning the defendant. From the very beginning of the proceedings, you couldn't find a sucker to bet two *pesos* to 200 on Yamashita's acquittal.

The defense gets the bill of particulars in the courtroom. Left to right: Col. Harry E. Clarke, defense counsel; Gen. Yamashita; Lt. Col. Walter Hendrix, and Masakatsu Hammamoto, bending over.

Typhoon

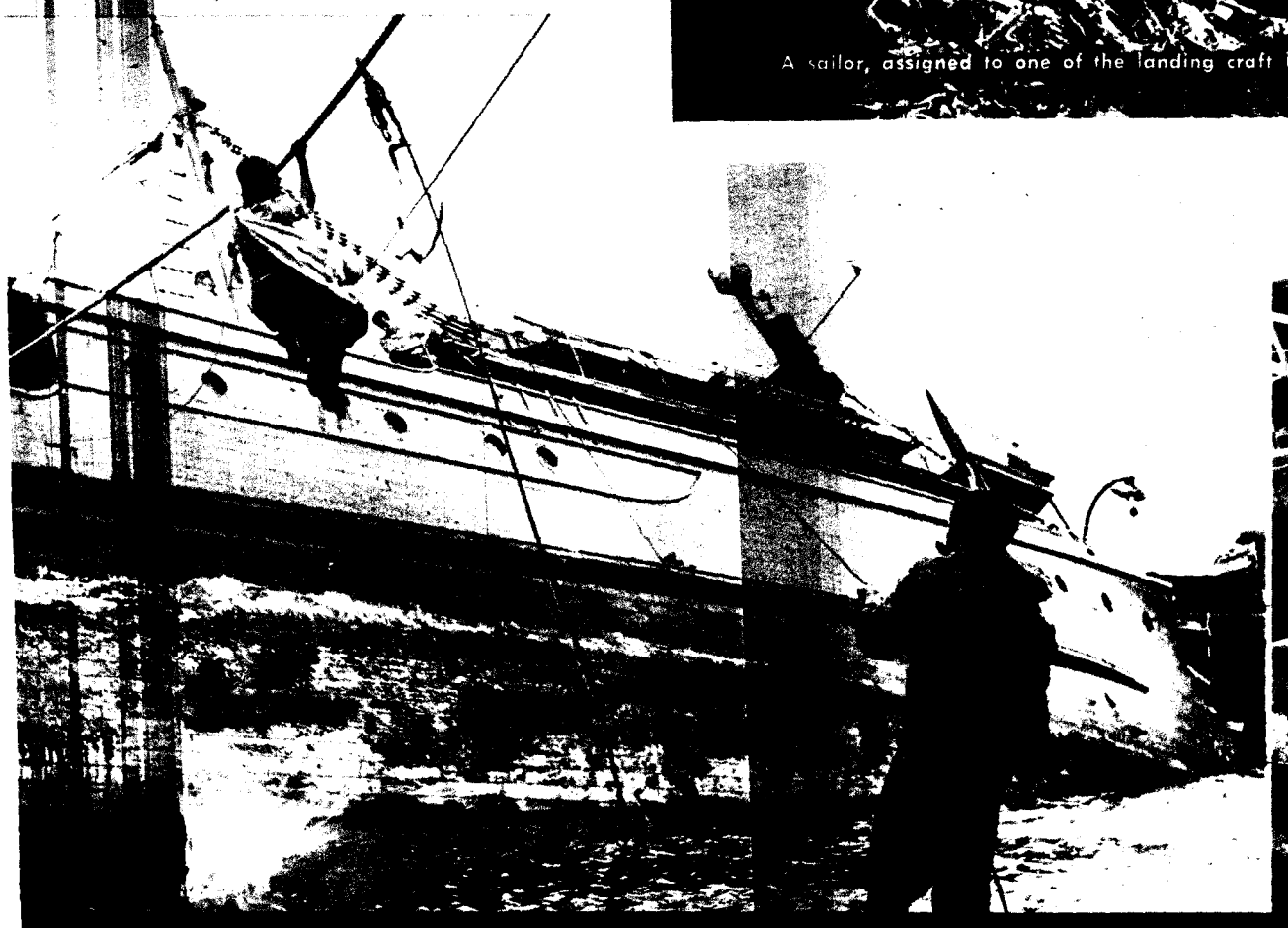
These pictures were taken after a typhoon hit Guam, with winds over 120 miles an hour. Army and Navy installations and beaches

An A[illegible]boat was washed ashore at the bottom of a cliff [illegible]ha and sat high and dry on coral rock.



The fu[illegible] the typhoon twisted girders on quonset huts a[illegible]gh they were made out of soft rubber.

A sailor, assigned to one of the landing craft beached in the background, looks over the damage.



A sailor tried to rescue some of his belongings from the wrecked ship in the background, but as he went hand over hand toward shore his things fell into the water. The typhoon winds had sheared the ship's bow off.

The APO building in the background was wrecked but the mail clerks didn't lose a letter.

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

BURLINGTON, N. J.—Until a few months ago, a GI's return from the wars was a signal for all-out jubilation in Burlington. At the drop of an overseas cap, someone would start a miniature parade, drinks at Bo Irwin's and Old Man Gorman's would be on the house, kids would start throwing confetti all over High Street, and the returning dough would be kissed by every girl he met from the station to his front porch. Now all this has changed, not because the town is any less enthusiastic about the current crop of returning GIs, but because so many are coming home these days that if the folks celebrated for everyone, they couldn't do anything else.

But even though there are no more community demonstrations for the droves of men piling off the trains at the Penn railroad station, each GI still has his own private welcoming committee. There are squeals of recognition, long, quiet kisses, warm words of greeting, and another soldier is home. The next day the ex-GI reappears in civvies — just one more joe the MPs won't have to worry about, and vice versa.

But the boys don't mind that lack of fanfare. Take Johnny Smith, ex-platoon leader in the 8th Division, who returned recently with a Silver Star, Bronze Star and Purple Heart with two clusters. "I'd rather be a civilian," he said, "than a confetti-drunk GI. It's easier on the nerves."

It isn't hard to realize the war is over and the boys are back in town. They're trooping into "The Greek's" on High Street again and the joint jumps to juke-box music until the wee hours of the morning. Down at the Old Men's Club along the Delaware, the old-timers sit and listen to the river slap up against the wharf, gossip about baseball, politics and the latest cure for rheumatism and hardly ever bring up the war any more.

On East Union Street the neighbors call from one porch to the other, trading comments, recipes and advice on the care and feeding of infants. And Mrs. Connors rocks in her wicker chair and looks across to the lot on Union and Tatham Streets, now silent and full of weeds but once the place where the boys played baseball and capture-the-flag. "I'll be glad when the kids start playing on the lot again," she says. "It's been lonely without them."

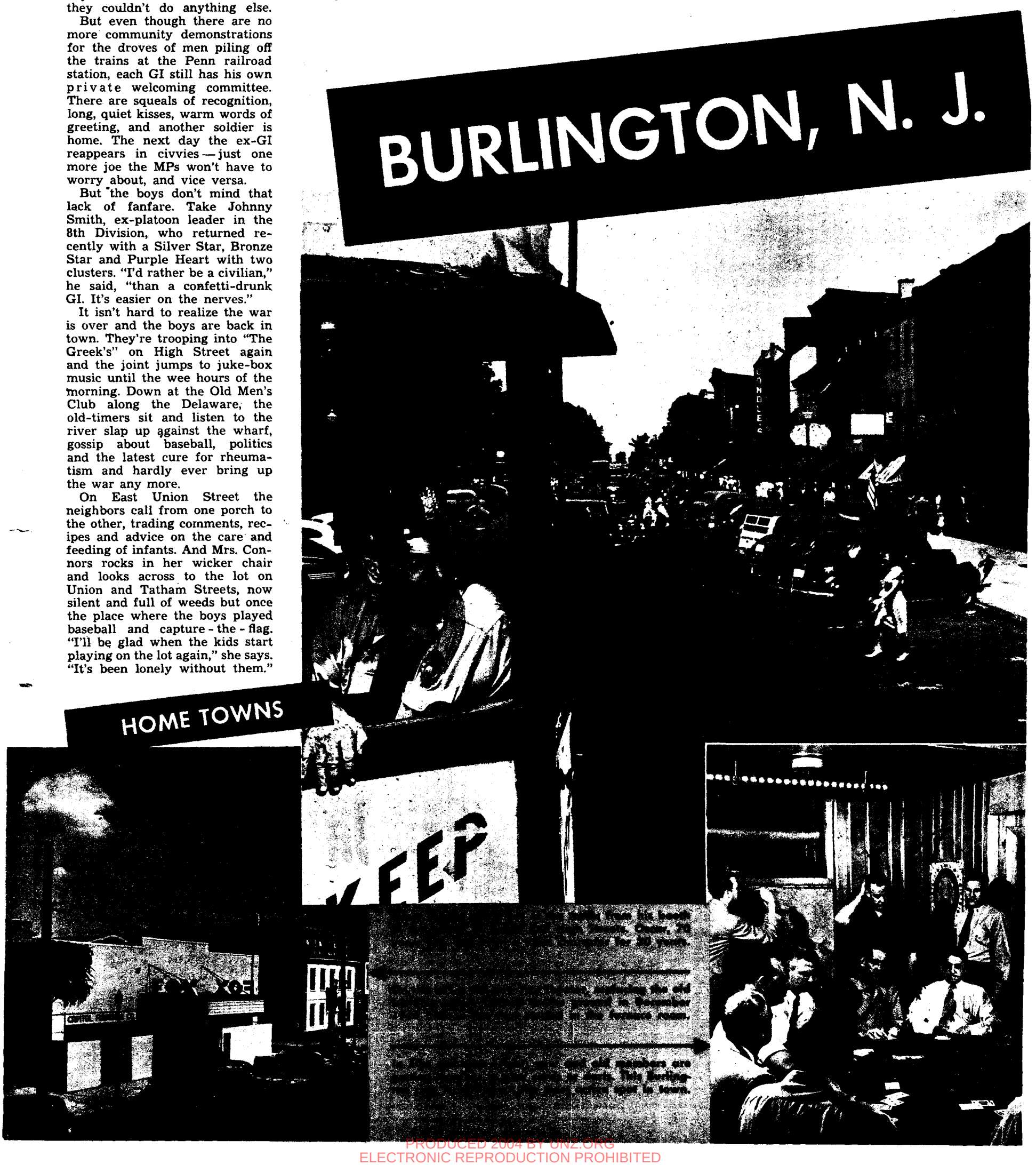
But there always will be some lonely people in Burlington now, and you can trace the history of World War II through their loneliness.

Joe Lukens was about the first to go. He was shot down over Germany in the Schweinfurt raid, back in the days when combat was something most of us still read about in war communiques. Then Gen. Eisenhower landed in North Africa, and there was the nasty business at Kasserine Pass; Russ Dougherty was reported missing, only to bob up two years later in a kraut prison camp. Doc Hogan, bound for India, went down on a torpedoed troop ship in the Mediterranean when he refused to leave his wounded patients.

Then casualties began to hit Burlington with such monotonous regularity that Ed Morrisey, the postman, like many another in America's small towns, hated to deliver mail. "Got so bad I wanted to quit this damn job," Morrisey said. Norm Lowden got it in France, Tom Farrell in Germany and Ezra Marter on Okinawa. By VJ-Day there were 54 dead and more than 450 other casualties, out of Burlington's population of 10,600.

Through the war years the town was pretty busy, but it has calmed down a lot lately. Before Pearl Harbor the main industry in Burlington was the United States Pipe Foundry, which supported a majority of the town's population. But with the war, the foundry took a back seat.

First came the Alcoa aluminum plant, located near the Public Service buildings in West Burlington, where more than 800 people were



employed; then the Fleetwing Corporation, a Henry Kaiser outfit manufacturing tail assemblies and wings, opened a plant across the Delaware River in Bristol, and 500 Burlington residents went to work there. Among old standbys that expanded was the Gregory Sportswear Company, which manufactured uncomfortable GI blouses. From 200 to 300 workers commuted to the Eastern Aircraft plant in Trenton; approximately 350 more townsfolk went down to Camden and worked in the New York Shipyard.

Burlington in wartime experienced a prosperity it had never known before, not even in the palmy days of '29. But now, with the Government canceling all war contracts, many companies are shutting down—permanently or for reconversion.

Though the unemployment situation is not very serious at the moment, since most workers have been absorbed by local concerns beginning full-scale production of civilian items, the future doesn't look too rosy. Townspeople hope they are not heading for another dreary era like the early '30s, when the foundry cut its personnel 75 percent and almost every other plant was idle.

But the Burlington Postwar Planning Committee is working to prevent the return of a depression era to the city. As a result of the committee's efforts, Burlington has been selected as the site for a new $1,500,000 plant of the Hercules Powder Company. Construction of the plant, which will employ several hundred persons in the manufacture of synthetics, was begun on Nov. 1 at Neck and River Roads.

In addition, the city has set aside its $500,000 surplus for postwar improvements. The first project on the docket will be a municipal hospital, something the town has needed for a long while. The old Decker property on High and Mott Streets has been purchased, and construction will probably start just as soon as building materials are available. Next on the list is a huge farmers' market, which will occupy the square block bounded by Broad, High, Union and Stacy Streets. The market will have wide, modern stalls, air-conditioning and a large parking lot. But the postwar plan that will probably interest absent Burlingtonites more than all the rest of them put together is the recreation center they intend to build along the Delaware River, extending from High Street to the Creek. There will be a large, sandy beach, a swimming pool and a main building with ping-pong and shuffleboards.

There also is talk of a local airport, provided the Civil Aeronautics Administration will donate the funds, but the town fathers are keeping mum about the site. "If we gave that out," one said, "the price of the property would go sky high."

Speaking of the town fathers, there will be some changes made after Jan. 1, when Mayor Thomas J. Johnson retires after 12 years as Burlington's chief executive. He will be succeeded by Harold V. Holmes, who beat Johnson in the Republican primary and then defeated Mrs. Kathryn Ayer, Democrat, in the November general election. Mrs. Ayer was the first woman candidate for mayor in Burlington since the city's incorporation in 1784. Holmes will be no rookie in City Hall; he served out an unexpired term and then was elected to a full term as mayor before being succeeded by Johnson in 1933.

With the exception of Burlington High, the sports picture in town has been gloomy throughout the war years, as it has been everywhere else. Hope Fire Company, which before the war had one of the hottest semi-pro football clubs in Jersey, had to fold up three years ago for lack of enough players to put on the ball field. But now, with the Johnny Smiths, Johnny Barratas and others coming back from the wars, Hope is planning to get a club going for the '45 season. Burlington still has a county-league baseball team, which finished fourth in the regular season standings, then lost out to Medford in the semi-final of the round-robin play-off for the title. They had a hot pitcher this year in 17-year-old Lefty Sarganese from out Farnerville way, who averaged 12 to 15 strikeouts per game. Big-league scouts from New York and Philly have been giving the southpaw kid the once-over.

Burlington High's football team was undefeated last year, the second time in four seasons they have pulled that stunt. This year they weren't so impressive, tying three and winning one in their first four starts. The mainstay of the team for the last two seasons has been Richie Costello, younger brother of Fats Costello, the great Burlington backfield man of other days.

Postwar sporting plans for Burlington are in the works, too. Luther (Tiny) Perkins, who used to play left end for Hope Fire Company, has formed a sports committee, which hopes to get 2,000 local enthusiasts to chip in two bucks apiece to back a city baseball and basketball team. The American Legion may also place a team in the National American Junior League Tournament.

Since Pearl Harbor, 800 new families have moved into Burlington, and for a long while there was quite a housing shortage. Alcoa helped to relieve the pressure somewhat by building 100 housing units on South High Street. Then FHA came into the picture. Stone Villa out on South High Street, accommodating 50 families, and the Dunbar Homes on Belmont Street, housing 40 more, were completed during the war.

Further relief for Burlington's still critical shortage was promised for early next spring by the sponsors of the Sunset Village project, a residential development opposite the Burlington Silk Mill on Salem Avenue and the State Highway. The project's backers have announced that construction of several houses, the first of an eventual 300, will begin around April.

Except for the housing projects, the town looks much the same. Burlington is still known by travelers as "that town that has a railroad running right through the center of town." There aren't any plans for moving the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks, either. As one town wag put it, "Those folks on Broad Street wouldn't be able to sleep if there were no trains howling past."

The high-school crowd continue to make "The Greek's" their social and goldbricking center. The original Greek, Steve, has sold out to another Greek who looks just like Steve. A lot of the kids don't even know that the place has changed ownership. There are more booths in the place, a bigger juke box and a sturdier wooden floor.

People still hang out at Anderson's Drug Store, too, although until the servicemen began to filter home, there were nights when you wouldn't see more than five people out in front.

Besides "The Greek's" and Anderson's, the Burlington bobby-sox set has another hangout these days. It's the Kiwanis Canteen, located on the second floor of the Birch Building on High Street, where kids from 12 to 18 can get together on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights to dance to juke-box music, play ping-pong, read or just hang around the snack bar coking up.

The Fox Theater burned down last December when a fire that started in the furnace room got out of hand. A movie called "Kansas City Kitty" was playing to a crowded house when the fire started, but the crowd behaved well and there were no casualties. For a while they were thinking about cleaning out the old Birch Opera House and showing movies there, but that idea was abandoned. "We were afraid the joint would come down on their heads if the audience laughed too loud at some comedy," explains Milton Marion, manager of the local theater. Movie addicts had to go down to Beverly or over to Mt. Holly until the rebuilt Fox Theater opened in October.

The northeast corner of Broad and High Streets, where Gus Centifonti used to have his cigar store, is vacant now, and the more fastidious members of the community complain that someone should cut down the weeds so the center of town wouldn't look like hell. But nobody's volunteered.

The Lakanoo Club and Latta's Wharf remain the two obvious spots for swimming, but though the Lakanoo Club hold its own, you would never recognize Latta's. Nothing remains of that old swimming hole except a few lonely pilings, and the Pearl Street gang that used to worry the cops and the parents is a thing of the past. Kids just don't seem to hang around there any more. A recent infantile-paralysis epidemic in Jersey has discouraged the kids from swimming at Latta's or any of the other river spots.

For a town with a population of 10,600, Burlington probably has more volunteer fire houses than any city its size in the country. The six groups—Neptune, Young America, Endeavour, Hope, Niagara and Mitchell—still try to beat each other to the fires, although they were badly hit by the manpower shortage during the war.

Oscar Morley at 70 still directs traffic from his throne-like booth in the center of Broad and High Streets. He still bellows as loud as ever, and, as always, people ease down on the brakes when they near Oscar's intersection. John the Snowball Man still peddles shaved ice in flavors to the kids, only one flavor in a three-cent snowball.

The Colonial Cottage and the Anchorage still get lots of the town's night-life business. But you would have a hard time recognizing the Colonial. Harry Shinn has remodeled the entire place into a Mexican cabana with colorful shawls, hats and antiques from south of the border. He has a swanky, oblong bar, loaded down with chromium fixtures and blue-leather booths.

But perhaps the brightest night spot in Burlington these days is the new Diamond Casino, a bar and cocktail lounge located on the State Highway near the high-school athletic field. Built at a reported cost of $60,000 by Roy Riker of Riker Motors, it is undoubtedly South Jersey's most beautiful night club, with its large rainbow bar where the lights change color every few minutes. There is continuous entertainment at the Casino every night from 8 P.M. to 2 A.M.

Several returned servicemen have enrolled at the new Burlington Veteran Adult School, which holds classes on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at the high school. Tuition for veterans is provided by the Federal Government. Non-veterans are also admitted to the school, but must pay.

The Elks have 325 members now. Old-timers like Dick Hughes, Dave Dugan, Bill Conroy and Ed Johnson have been holding down the fort since the younger crowd went away. Since Pearl Harbor it has been almost impossible for a man in uniform to buy a drink in the place. The Elks plan to take over a floor of one of the swankiest hotels in Atlantic City for two solid weeks and show their returned servicemen a good time.

But except for the fact that someone finally called Ed Dix's bluff in a poker game and Ed was so surprised that he spit his false teeth out and swore he'd never play poker again, nothing tremendous has happened in Burlington since you went away.

This billboard, which stands near the high school, has the names of all Burlington men in the service.

This is one of Burlington's seven fire houses where a lot of young people hung out before the war.

Indian Riverboat

While the fighting war was still going on in Burma and China, GIs kept military supplies moving by tugboat along India's waterways.

By Sgt. JUD COOK
YANK Staff Correspondent

The battle of India, even when there was active war against the Japs in Burma and in China, was a battle of boredom, a war of supply and of waiting with occasionally an air raid and always the strangeness of the country to remind you that you were overseas because there was a world conflict raging. The story that follows is a record of part of that war of supply, the slow, unlazy progress of a GI barge-towing tug.

THE two Diesel engines on River Tug 810 churned quietly, just fast enough to keep her in place as she waited for a freighter to come through the locks at the Calcutta Basin. On her starboard side she was towing a loaded barge which the deck hands had just lashed tight.

This was 810's first voyage in Indian waters, and this was to be her maiden trip on duty along the Ganges River gasoline run. She'd been used against the Japs in the Aleutians, and the GI sailors who manned her were battle veterans, too—men who had served on Guadalcanal, in Africa and Sicily, or with Merrill's Marauders in Burma.

There were eight of these GI rivermen. Men and ship were playing a new role in this war, serving behind the lines against the Japs, yet battling an enemy of their own. Their enemy was the Ganges River with its delta tributaries which rivermen claim have the fastest running tides in the world—tides and swirling currents which have probably swallowed the bodies of more rivermen than any other of the world's great waterways.

Three of the crew sat around the galley table. Up to that time their conversation was about the river, its currents, the tug they were shipping on, the load of high octane they were to carry. Deckhand T-5 Paul Sallee of Newport, Ky., changed the subject into the familiar GI channels—women. He made some remarks about the women of India and then drifted into a narrative about how he finally succeeded in wining a Wac wife.

The pre-shoving-off tension vanished as the men listened to him tell of his courtship and finally of his marriage. They laughed when he came to the part about his honeymoon.

"Then I get cheated out of that," he said. "She goes and gets herself restricted to the company area."

A sharp blast on the tug's horn ended the redheaded deck hand's discourse. The 810 was under way, and the men went out on deck to watch her pass through the locks. They watched the busy ship traffic in the Calcutta Basin slowly slip behind them as the 810 chugged through. Then they settled back to rest, to face three days of slow, grinding travel up to their first stop on the Hooghly River.

The 810 was a pretty good-sized ship and normally carried a crew twice the size of the one now traveling on her up the muddy, turgid Hooghly. The eight men aboard knew they were in for a grueling time, doing twice as much work as normally called for and pulling watches twice as frequently. It might not be so bad on the slow, lazy Hooghly, but after they passed Diamond Harbor, in the Bay of Bengal, then the job would get tougher. Still, the Hooghly could cut up a bit, too, when the monsoon hit.

On the third night 810 tied up, and early the next morning it was still dark when the oilers and deck hands rolled out of their sacks to hit the deck. Fuel for the long, tedious journey to the gasoline run had to be taken on. What should have been a half-day's detail had run into two. The loaded barge was left a few miles down river, and the 810 pulled up to a military jetty to get her oil supply.

By mid-morning about 1,000 gallons had been siphoned into the tug's after-tanks and the fueling appeared to be progressing according to schedule.

But the bottom fell out of the schedule a half-hour later when the crew found itself embroiled in a rank-pulling argument which, they said, was a common occurrence along India's steamship lanes.

The RT 810 tangled with a 15,000-ton freighter which wanted to fuel up first. The freighter had the harbormaster aboard and won the argument over the 90-ton tug easily. Oil was shut off temporarily from the RT 810 while the freighter fueled.

The RT 810 finished taking on fuel by the next morning through a makeshift oil hose tapped into the regular line and strung across the barges to which she was tied. There was little time for the crew to catch up on sack hours, and there was a long list of small but important things to be done on the 810. The engine's pumps had to be cleaned out, fender ropes needed repair, the spotlight for night runs was out of order.

After the fueling, the 810 went back to pick up the barge she had left down-river, and by that night she was running in the open waters of Diamond Harbor. Her nose was headed across India's sundarbans, long fingers of parallel rivers that wriggle their way into the Bay of Bengal.

These were new ways for the 810 but not for her crew, most of whom were old hands at pushing gasoline through these waters with sea mules.

Two GIs had died in these waters. On the Ganges itself no one could ever be sure that a sea mule would bring its tow load of gasoline to the planes that carried some of the gas over the Hump into China.

The men called it success just to keep their ships and barges pointed in the right direction when the tide was running high. Keeping a vessel and its tow under control even though there is no headway was considered a good job of work.

Pfc. Sam Minor of Chicago, an oiler on the 810, had been one of the crew members on a sea mule which was whipped ashore en route by wildly running waves, stirred to a frenzy by high winds. Minor and the rest of the crew were stranded for seven days, sealed off from rescue by huge, twisting whirlpools that would have spelled disaster for any craft under the size of a freighter.

The men lived on a half-case of C-rations because there was no craft on hand able to get in close enough to them. The bigger ships could approach only just so far before being caught by the treacherous waters, and smaller craft were bobbed around like matchsticks. Minor and his mates were picked up beaten and weak when the river finally calmed down.

The threat of being stranded like this was always present. Those who took seriously ill on the gas run faced heavy odds at reaching a Calcutta hospital. They had to be carried long distances along the river to a railhead before getting better transportation.

Long hours, poor meals, sleepless nights and the aching backs that come from long tussles with rampaging rivers crusted the men with a layer of toughness. Ratings were off and on with traffic-light frequency, but the job got done. Company records show that the monthly average of gasoline pushed to its final destination never fell below a perch up in the millions of gallons.

On the RT 810 the holder of the highest civilian maritime rating held the Army's lowest. He was Pvt. William McNallen of Portland, Ore., who had the papers of a chief engineer for inland waters and was licensed as a second assistant steam engineer. He was the 810's chief assistant in the engine room.

The crew of the 810 on this trip were about half divided in shipping experience. Minor, McNallen and Pvt. Kenneth Niemala of Duluth, Minn., a deck hand, were old hands. Sallee had once worked on a pleasure yacht, while Pvt. Simmons Fonzo of Beaufort, N. C., had had some experience on a river dredge. The first mate, Sgt. LeRoy Alford of Concordia, Kans., was strictly a landlubber before he joined his harbor-craft outfit.

Two civilians completed the crew. The skipper was Army Transport Service Capt. Seek S. Brandon of Detroit, Mich. The Indian river pilot was Ahmed Ali Ashref. There were several Indian pilots, who relieved each other along the course, each with his own special knowledge of the immediate waters.

WHEN Diamond Harbor was finally reached, it threw the first curve at the 810. The tide was running fast, and, with the barge she was towing instead of hugging to her side as before, the 810 couldn't muster enough strength to match the current's speed. Her engines ran at full speed for four solid hours, but the best the 810 could do was to keep the tide from pushing her back.

She didn't move 10 yards in all that time. She was stuck in a lane of ocean freighters that blew so many warning signals it sounded like New Year's Eve. By nightfall she was able to make some headway but only to emerge from one beating and head right into another.

A Ganges river pilot, in the bow of the Indian canoe, gets ready to come aboard the RT 810.

Indian men and women coolies haul tins of oil to a barge while a river tug waits to take on fuel.

T-5 Sallee straddles a line on an anchor buoy to attach more line, holding the tug against the tide.

A storm hit the 810. Waves picked her up and picked up her barge and tossed both around like so much cork. Oilers and deck hands worked frantically to sink an anchor where it would hold. The 810 drifted so fast that the light anchor hung out at the end of its line like a plug on a trolling line, almost horizontal, never touching bottom.

McNallen had the Diesels turning at full speed to keep the tug under some control, but only pure luck kept her from crashing into several other ships in the same predicament. Through the darkness of the storm First Mate Alford saw that the barge was listing heavily to port. She was filling up and sinking fast.

There was no way to anchor the barge, and allowing it to float and pitch freely in the stormy waters would have endangered other craft that might steam into her path. But it was this chance against the lives of the crew. Sallee cut the barge loose, and in a few moments it ran out of sight into the turbulent blackness.

The crew put in long hours before the storm subsided, but still there was not time to rest. They stayed at their stations while the 810 played a hide-and-seek game for the runaway barge which might possibly be still afloat.

After an hour's search, it popped up into the beam of 810's searchlight. The tug approached it easily and worked her way around to the stern. Deck hands lashed it to the tug's bow in a position for pushing. They stood by with fire axes ready to chop the barge loose again if it started to sink completely.

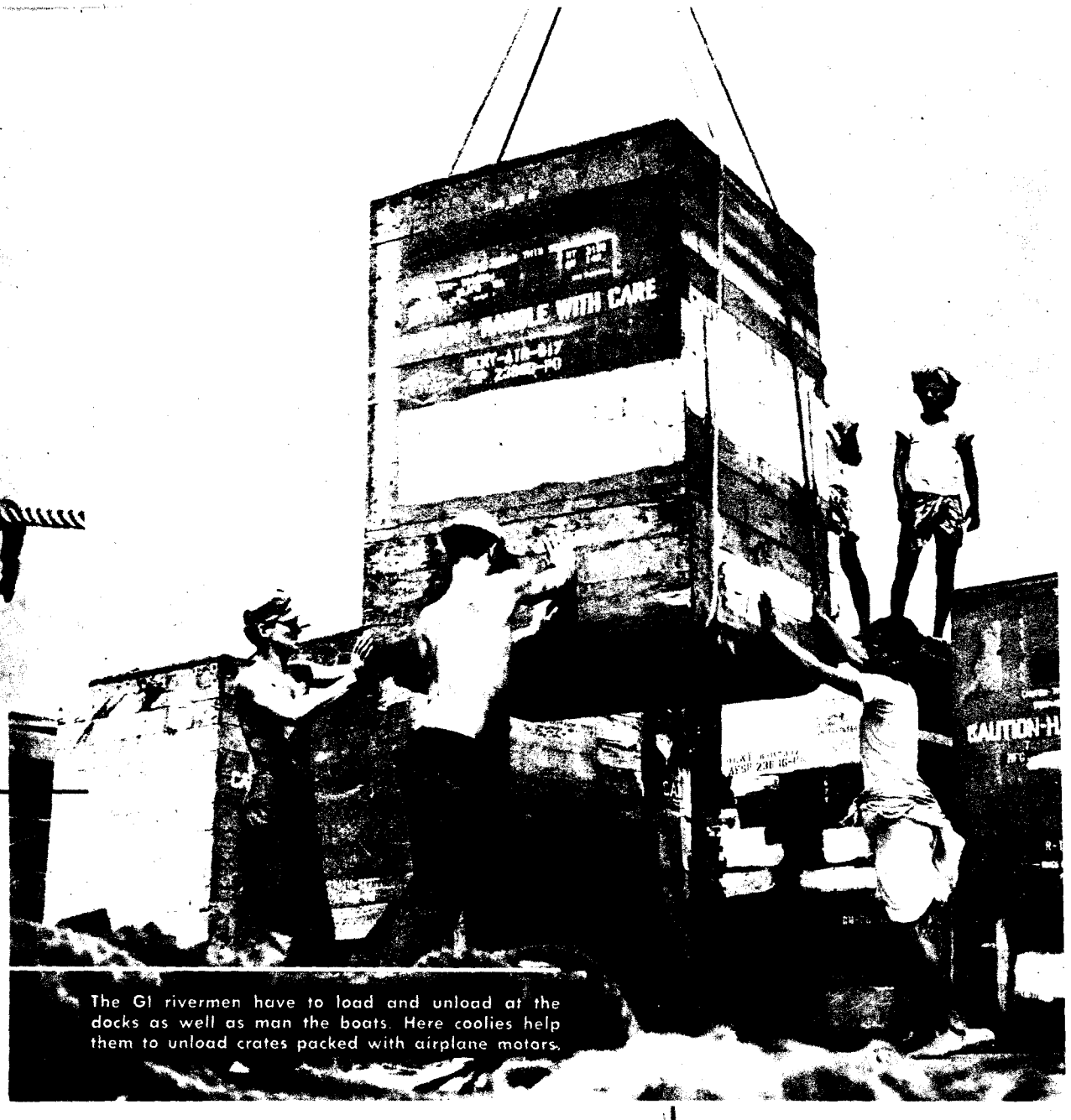
The searchlight probed the darkness, catching in its light millions of India's insects which blanketed the beam like heavy snow, while the crew and especially the Indian river pilot looked for a beaching spot. In sign language the pilot indicated an approachable sand bar, and Alford, at the helm, signaled the engine room for full speed ahead.

The engines turned up, and at the top of this burst of speed to the banks Sallee and Niemela let go with their axes, cutting the heavy lines and letting the barge coast to its resting place on the sand bar.

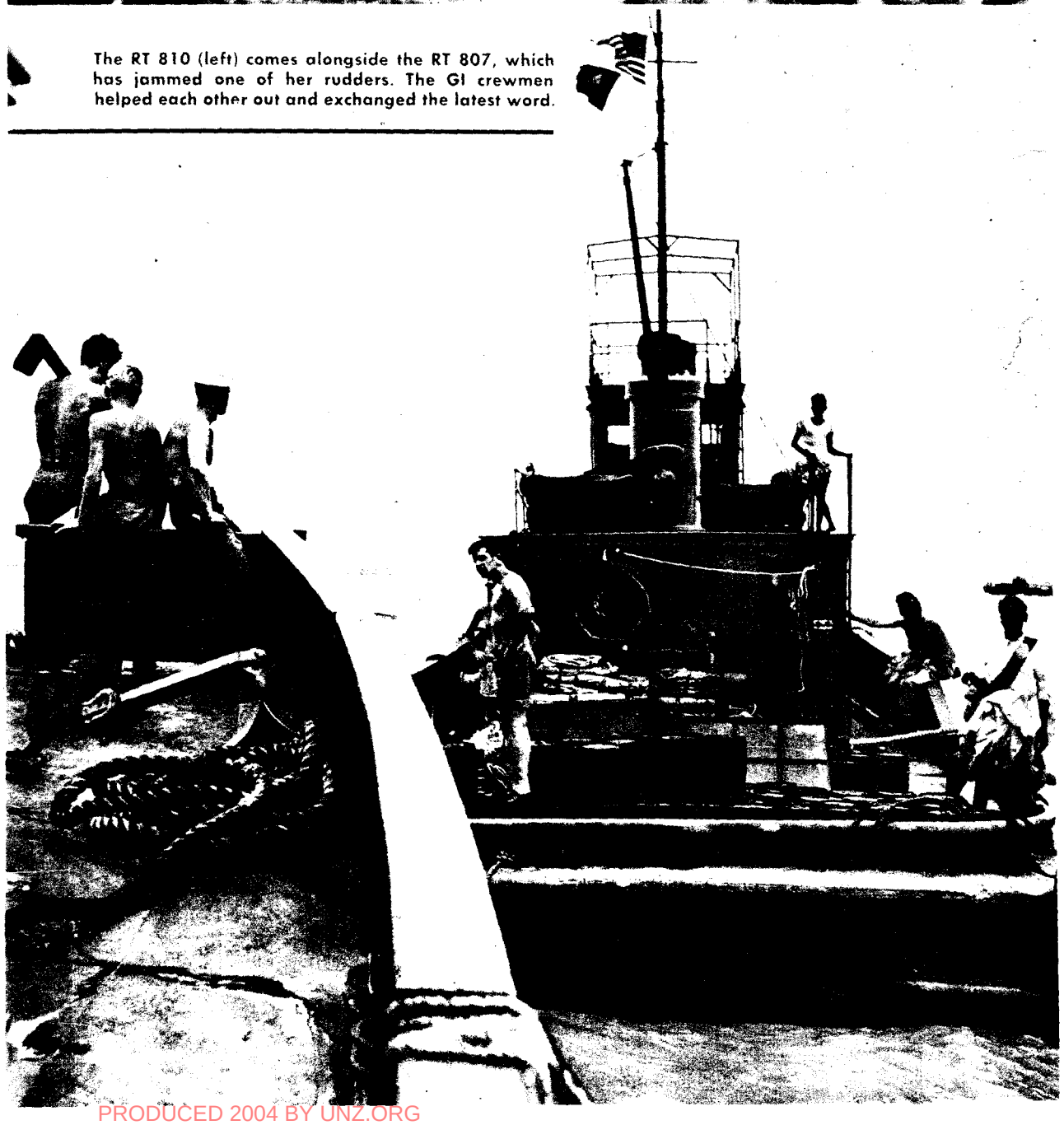
The barge was left behind for salvage, and the crew settled back with great relief at the prospect of completing their run without a barge to be nursed along. In three more trouble-free but dull days the 810 arrived at the Ganges port which was to be her home base on the gasoline run. There she was to go into drydock for major repairs and final fittings before starting the regular run. The delay meant at least a three- or four-day rest for the crew.

Down in their compartment they made cracks about joining the Infantry. The mate hit his sack, wearily, saying:

"When I get through with this, I'll never get on another damned ship as long as I live."



The GI rivermen have to load and unload at the docks as well as man the boats. Here coolies help them to unload crates packed with airplane motors.



The RT 810 (left) comes alongside the RT 807, which has jammed one of her rudders. The GI crewmen helped each other out and exchanged the latest word.

The Button Man

By Sgt. RICHARD DOUGLASS
YANK Staff Writer

NEW YORK—Anthony de Francisci was not particularly surprised when he opened his newspaper one morning to discover that a button he had designed almost 20 years before had just been chosen as the honorable discharge emblem for World War II veterans.

"The ways of Washington," says de Francisci, "like the ways of God, are pretty dark. I thought it was good Government economy for them to pick something out of the files and use it after all those years."

Back in 1925, Congress had authorized an insignia for ROTC students, National Guardsmen and veterans. The Federal Art Commission—which advises any Government agency that is in the market for a medal—commissioned de Francisci to do the job. He had already designed military insignia for warrant officers, the ROTC and the Militia Bureau, so the choice was an understandable one.

The design was not entirely dreamed up by the sculptor himself. What actually happened was that the War Department indicated the type of design it had in mind, as is customary whenever any Government agency has a similar order. The WD suggested that the colors of the flag and the eagle, symbol of our national freedom, would be appropriate ingredients. They left it to de Francisci to cook up the finished product.

He made several sketches and submitted them to the Federal Art Commission, which chose the now familiar "ruptured duck" design for final execution. De Francisci completed the job in two weeks, then forgot all about it until he read the announcement by Secretary Stimson in the New York *Times*.

At the time, we were knee-deep in the war, and de Francisci was knee-deep in letters, all of them written in Italian. For 16 months he had been acting as a censor for the Government, scissoring mail exchanged by Italian PW's in this country and their relatives in Europe. De Francisci was born in Italy himself, by the way, in 1887. He came to the States when he was 16 and has been a naturalized citizen since 1913.

One of the reasons the sculptor had taken the censorship job was that he wanted to help the war effort, and another was that there was a wartime shortage of art materials. But de Francisci, a well-known American sculptor who rates several paragraphs in "Who's Who" and is first vice-president of the National Sculpture Society, has not given up the chisel for good.

He probably won't take Government work now that he's resuming. The discharge button was the fifth and last Federal commission de Francisci accepted. He prefers assignments that "fire the imagination" more than most Government jobs are likely to do.

A thin and balding Eric von Stroheim type, de Francisci wears pince-nez glasses and affects a jacket that is a cross between a dentist's and a fencer's when he's at work. He speaks with a slight accent and with a liberal sprinkling of slang.

Official publicity given the button made no reference to the sculptor. That was all right with de Francisci, until credit was handed out promiscuously. One report said that the design was lifted from "Handbook of Ornament," by Franz Sales Meyer, a German. (De Francisci says he never heard of the man or the book). And a national newsmagazine traced it back to a bas-relief originally in Trajan's Forum in Rome. De Francisci finally wrote a letter to the *Times* giving the history of the design.

The sculptor can't see much point in criticizing the discharge button for lack of size or prominence, as some people have done. Anything larger, he says, would tend to make the wearer feel self-conscious. The present size is a "happy one" for the average male lapel, de Francisci points out, and after all, the button was intended as a masculine decoration, not as a showy piece of feminine jewelry.

"It isn't our call in this life to bedeck ourselves like well-kept graves," says the sculptor, defending the simplicity of the emblem. "Heroes don't flaunt their heroism by words or action. Anything larger would lose the dignity of restraint."

His own design called for the button to be made of bronze, so Mr. de Francisci doesn't feel responsible when dischargees complain that the plastic GI version slides around into cock-eyed positions in the lapel and breaks easily. But the sculptor was pleased when the WD responded to criticism recently by offering a free gold-plated metal button, in exchange for the plastic one, to any veteran who applies at the nearest Army installation with his discharge papers.

De Francisci is a little disappointed that the insignia was not issued in color. His original design provided for 13 alternate red and white stripes, symbolizing the 13 original colonies. The words "National Defense" appeared against an enamel background of blue along the upper rim.

The sculptor is a little miffed over this exclusion.

"If there was ever a war for national defense," he says, "this was it."

He is not upset, however, over the nickname that ex-GIs have pinned on his button. "One of the pleasant things about a democracy is that people can call things anything they please," he says. "It's a nice title, but I don't exactly understand what it means. Why is the duck ruptured?"

ROCOCO CUPIDS and glass butterfly cases, filled with medals designed by the sculptor, adorn the de Francisci studio off Broadway. Among the emblems displayed is a Ford Motor Company medal showing a Model A, a tractor and a truck, with an airplane (presumably one of Ford's early tri-motors) flying overhead against a background of smoking factories. Other designs celebrate notable achievements in the concrete industry, naval architecture and advancement in the electrical field. There is also a medal for service in the Texas cavalry for the three months preceding the end of World War I, but de Francisci concedes that this had a rather limited circulation.

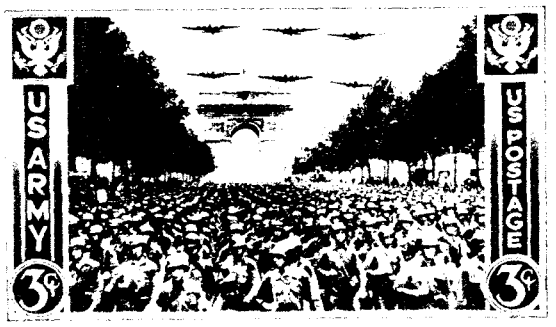
The sculptor also designed two large relief decorations, "The Day Air Mail" and "The Night Air Mail," now in the U. S. Federal Post Office in Washington, D. C.; the statue of St. George for the 1939 World's Fair; and the portrait of Henry F. Schricker, governor of Indiana, hung (the portrait, not the governor) in the State Capitol at Indianapolis.

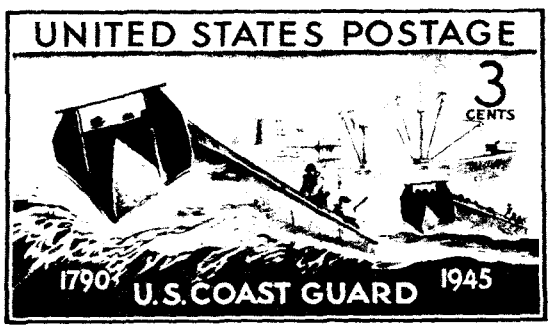
Probably de Francisci's most famous design, however, is that of the silver dollar commemorating the Washington Disarmament Conference of 1921. A rather romantic fellow, the sculptor chose, as the model for the profile on the face of the dollar, his bride of the previous year. On the reverse side is a reproduction of an eagle viewing the rising sun, which was intended to symbolize the supposedly peaceful days that were to come.

De Francisci has been an instructor in sculpture at New York's Columbia University since 1915. Before that he studied at several well-known art academies and under three or four famous teachers. One of the latter, Adolph A. Weinman, who incidentally was born in Germany, designed the discharge button for veterans of World War I, so it seems only appropriate that de Francisci should have created the World War II emblem. You may have seen the older design in the lapel of your father or uncle. It's a five-pointed star inside a wreath.

For designing the current button, de Francisci got $500. "If I were only getting a penny-a-button royalty..." he says with a smile and a far away look in his eye. "But that would be too good to be true. I was paid and thank you'd and that's all."

Below, from top to bottom, are the new Army, Navy, Coast Guard and Marine postage stamps.





GI STAMPS

By Sgt. ALLAN B. ECKER
YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON—Little smiles of satisfaction wreathed the faces of certain high-ranking brass in the Pentagon last Sept. 28, the day the new postage stamp honoring the Army of the United States was issued. But 24 hours later the smiles had changed to embarrassed frowns. The WD had pulled a boner.

The Army stamp—one of a new 1945 series celebrating the four armed services and the merchant marine—was a handsome job done in special-delivery size and in a color vaguely reminiscent of OD. Pictured were elements of the 28th (Pennsylvania) Division, marching through the Arc de Triomphe in newly liberated Paris. Overhead flew six Army bombers in formation.

There was the rub: the bombers were B-29s, a type of plane never used in the ETO. Furthermore, the formation was so low it was practically buzzing the Arc.

When this little error was noted by the philatelic editors of the nation's newspapers, most of them blamed the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, which makes the stamps. They remembered that an overenthusiastic Bureau artist had added a flowerpot to Whistler's "Portrait of My Mother" in the 1934 Mother's Day stamp, and figured that the same fellow was just up to his old tricks.

But according to Col. Harold F. Ambrose, who represented the WD in its dealings with the Post Office, the finished stamp is identical with the proof okayed by the office of the Chief of Staff.

The story going the rounds of the Pentagon's polished latrines explains the error this way: The Paris photograph had been chosen by Gen. Marshall himself, from the many great pictures taken during the war, as a proper tribute to the Infantryman's major contribution to victory in Europe. But at the last minute, AAF bigwigs insisted that the design be altered so the Air Force would receive credit for *its* share in VE. An "appropriate" photo was hastily selected and superimposed on the one showing the Arc de Triomphe and the doughfoots. Result: hash.

The error puts the stamp in the collector's-item category of the 1937 Army series value showing Robert E. Lee with only two stars on his collar, which almost caused another Civil War because he was entitled to three and the South properly resented the accidental demotion.

Apart from its one mistake, the 1945 Army stamp has drawn only favorable comments. One approving voice noted: "The scene is not Rome or Berlin or Tokyo. It is Paris. Not conquerors but liberators march beneath the triumphal arch. They are soldiers—but citizen soldiers. They are part of the magnificent people's army who fought a people's war. This stamp honors the lowliest GI."

Public approval was registered equally emphatically on the first day of sale, when the Post Office scooped in $76,322.76 by selling 2,544,092 stamps and cancelling 392,300 covers. (A cover is usually simply an envelope bearing the new stamp and a postmark indicating that it was mailed on the first day of issue.)

Army philatelists thought they'd set an all-time record with that first-day sale, but the official verdict reads: "Close, but no cigar." Post Office champion is the Marine Corps' Iwo Jima stamp, first to be issued in the armed services series. These were its July 11 first-day totals: 2,731,482 stamps sold, 400,729 covers cancelled, total revenue $81,944.46.

It was Sen. Joseph C. O'Mahoney of Wyoming who hit on the idea of an armed services series of stamps when he spotted the Mt. Suribachi flag-raising picture, taken by Joseph Rosenthal of the Associated Press, and realized that it was a natural for a postage design. The senator, a former First Assistant Postmaster General, introduced a resolution "authorizing and directing" the Post Office to issue a series of stamps, one for each service, honoring their "memorable victories in the cause of human freedom." This was unanimously approved on June 4.

Five weeks later, virtually the mechanical minimum for producing a stamp, the Iwo Jima job was rolling off Bureau of Engraving presses (which also print dollar bills and war bonds). That began the armed-services series, with Army, Navy and Coast Guard numbers following as fast as the PO could handle them. Slated for February is a merchant marine stamp.

All four of the armed-services stamps in the 1945 group pay tribute primarily to the enlisted men, in contrast to the 1936-37 Army and Navy stamps honoring generals and admirals.

The Army stamp shows two combat teams of the 28th Division, described by Gen. Marshall as on parade. "The order for the parade," he says, "was carried out through Paris—one combat team marching down one side of the Champs Elysee and the other team down the other side of the Avenue. Both were in full battle array and were being deployed to the front just northeast of Paris. I do not recall that a parade of this kind ever occurred before in the history of warfare." The front ranks are GIs of the 112th Infantry. According to Capt. Paschal A. Linguiti of Philadelphia, Pa., who spotted his own face on the stamp, "we started fighting soon after that day, and practically all the GIs in the front of the picture were killed."

Like the Army stamp, the Iwo Jima design pictured real people: five enlisted marines and a Navy corpsman (combat medic). Some of the men in the Iwo Jima group, like some of those pictured on the Army stamp, are dead.

Selection of the Navy design was the responsibility of Capt. Edward Steichen, director of Navy combat photography. After sifting through hundreds of action scenes and shots of the fleet, Capt. Steichen picked a photograph to honor "the just plain sailors who won the war." From a huge picture of boots in summer uniforms, training at the Corpus Christi, Tex., Naval Air Station, the captain cut out the Navy stamp group.

You'll have a tough time recognizing yourself or your kid brother, though. The Navy, which had heard about an 1886 Act of Congress that says you cannot picture any living person on a stamp, had the faces retouched. This action followed earlier precedents—like the 1932 Arbor Day stamp (showing a boy and girl, children of the Director of the Bureau of Engraving, planting a tree) and the three-cent Olympic stamp of the same year (showing Charlie Paddock crouched in a sprinter's starting position), both altered so the models could not be recognized.

The Army and Marine stamps, on the other hand, show unretouched living persons. They follow the alternative theory, of which the best-known example is the 1944 Special Delivery stamp, that a living individual may be used as part of a symbolic picture honoring some group or organization, but not to honor him alone.

Ducking the whole question, the Coast Guard has chosen a design showing two landing craft coming in from invasion ships. The bluish-green stamp was sketched by an enlisted combat artist, Ken Riley Sp1c of Parsons, Kans., who has since been discharged.

SERVICEMEN collectors are also showing great interest in the recent President Roosevelt memorial series, a group of four stamps honoring the late Commander-in-Chief.

The three values thus far issued carry the same portrait of the President in an oval, superimposed on an engraving of some place that played a significant role in his life. The one-cent stamp shows Hyde Park, the two-cent Warm Springs, and the three-cent Washington. No design has yet been selected for the five-cent stamp, due on Jan. 30, the President's birthday, but it will recall his role in international affairs.

The Roosevelt memorial series was handled with particular loving-kindness at the Post Office Department, which always regarded Mr. Roosevelt as the Post Office's President. The nation's best-known collector, he took an active interest in the work of the department, personally approving or disapproving every projected stamp and frequently altering designs.

Stamps in the armed-services and Roosevelt memorial series have initial printings of from 30 to 50 million, after which the plates are stored at the Bureau of Engraving. Each of the nation's 42,000 post offices keeps a running check on sales of an issue. When the available stock nears exhaustion, the Postmaster General decides whether popular demand warrants a second printing. An issue may be printed any number of times, but once taken off sale, it is never reprinted.

Among the post offices reporting on sales are MacArthur, W. Va., established in Raleigh County on April 15, 1942, and Nimitz, 18 miles to the southeast in Summers County, created as part of the big "welcome home" demonstrations for the admiral on Sept. 10. Although only about a dozen families live in this little truck-farming community, the Nimitz post office handled 25,620 letters on its first day of existence. Stamp collectors, eager to get covers, accounted for the flood.

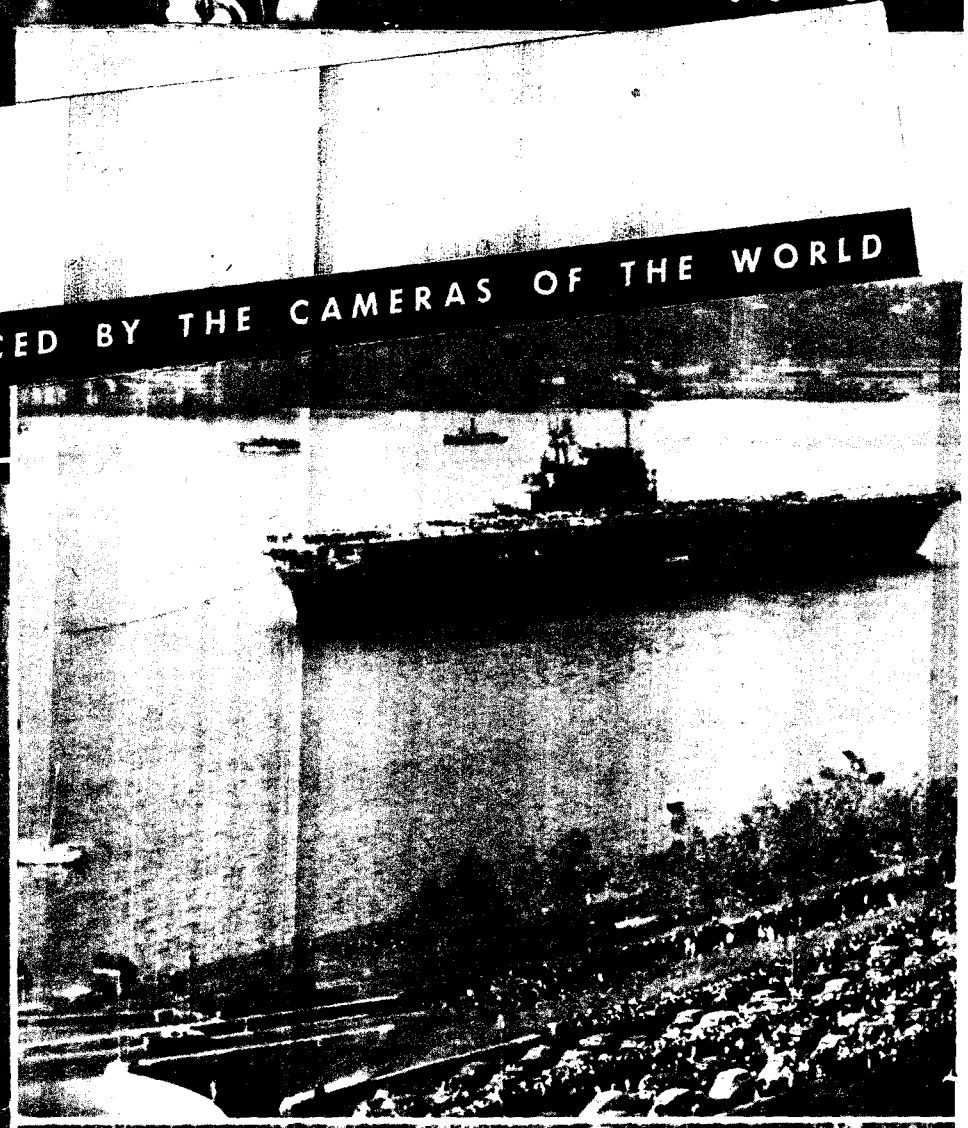
Similarly, post offices at towns named Roosevelt in nine different states did a rushing first-day business every time a different value in the FDR series went on sale.

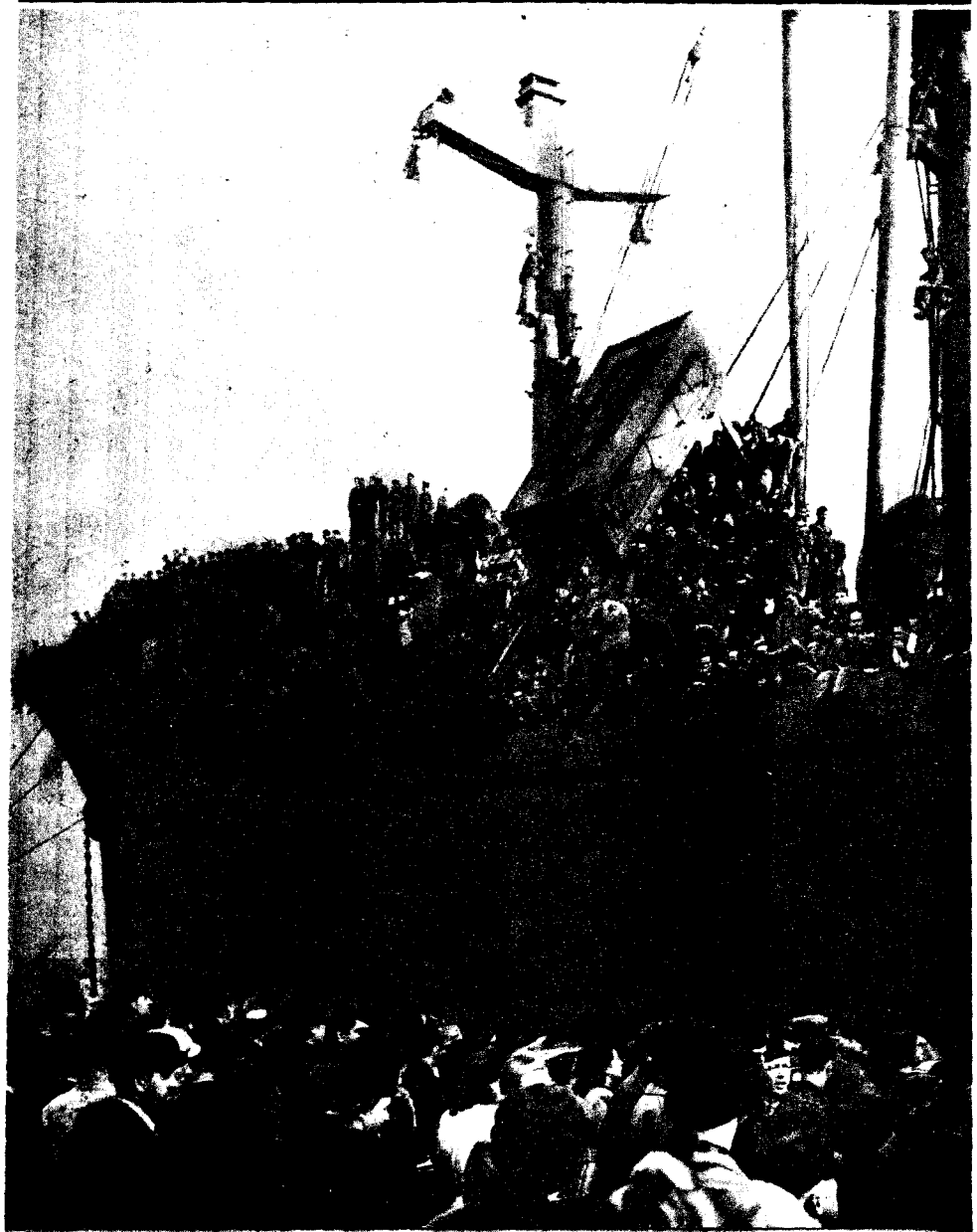
In the first days after the Navy item was issued, postmasters and stamp editors noted one curious development. A large percentage of letter-writers were pasting the stamp on upside down, with the heavy blue band (which belongs at the bottom) on the top. The design is off-balance, and many people instinctively paste the stamp on upside down so it won't capsize.

PRODUCED BY THE CAMERAS OF THE WORLD

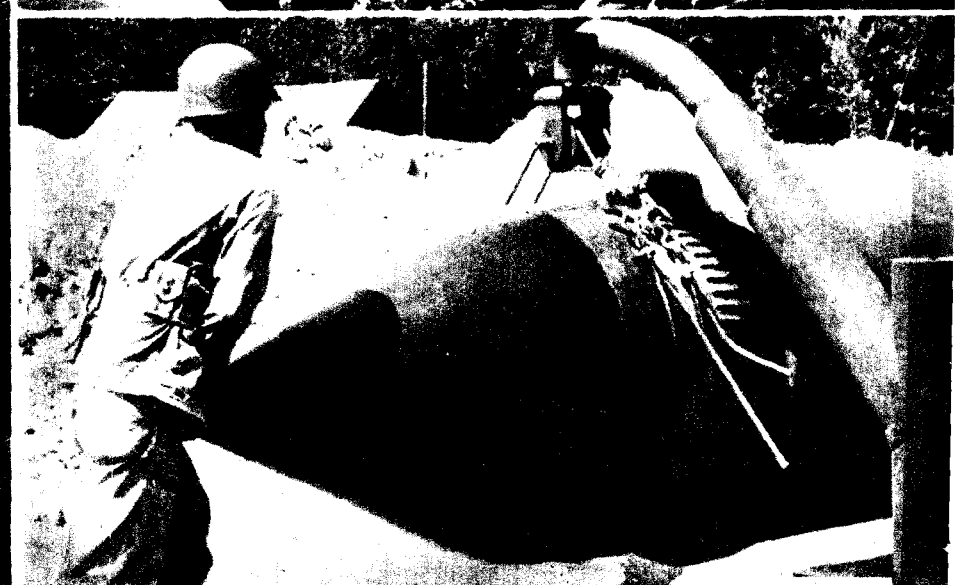
ALL ALONE? Meredith Styles, veteran, of Essex Fells, N J., starts on his postwar way by enrolling as the only male member of Smith College, Northampton, Mass., in its history.

LONG RIFLE. Two GIs try out a trophy they found in Tokyo. Japs had brought it from China. It's six feet nine inches, and takes a 5-gauge shotgun shell.





SHIPPING FROM NORWAY. A big contingent of GIs who have been stationed in Norway crowd the edge of their transport to yell good-bye to a bunch of friendly Norwegians before leaving Oslo Harbor to head for home.



"LITTLE DAVID." A two ton shell is guided by hand into a 36-inch mortar, given the nickname of "Little David" by ordnance men who built it in Aberdeen, Md.

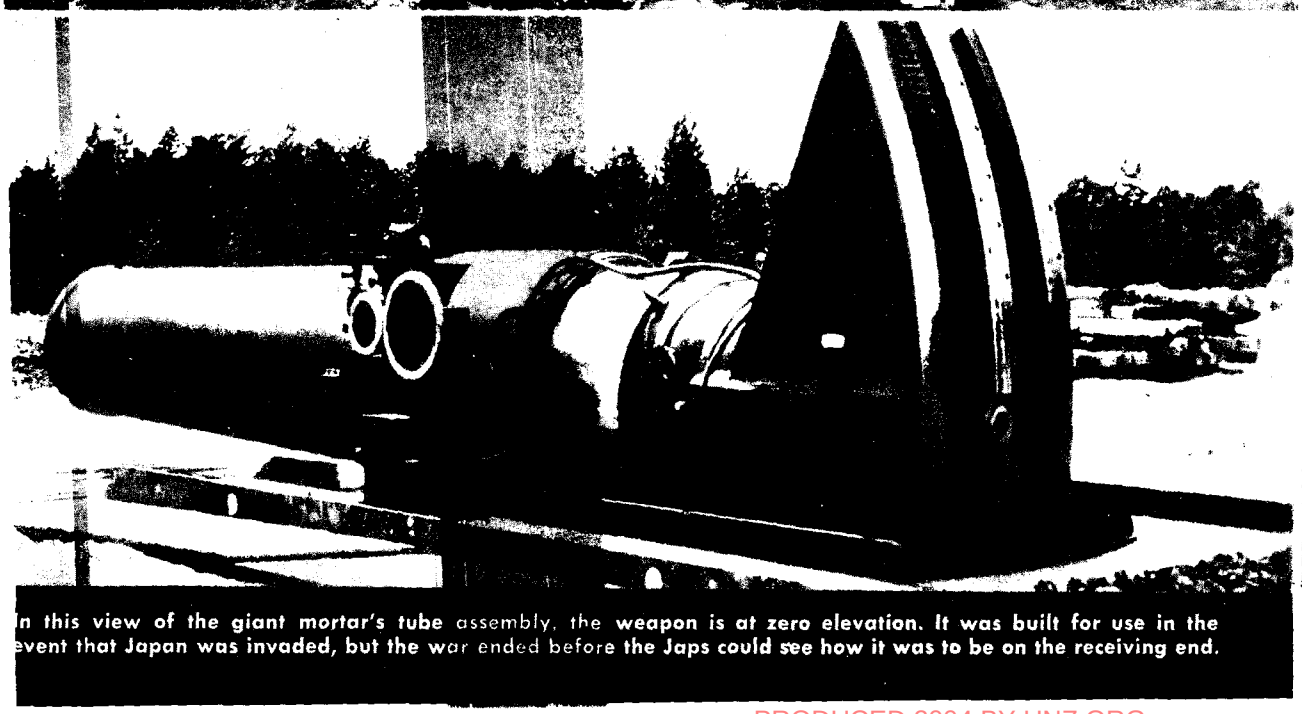
CURVACEOUS CAROL. It looks as though Carol Stewart, a radio singer, is going to take a dive into the Hollywood pool. The movies are interested in her.

CHINA HANDS. E. F. Snodgrass RdM2c of Kansas City started a minor riot by opening up a pack of gum after coming into a Chinese city on an LCM.

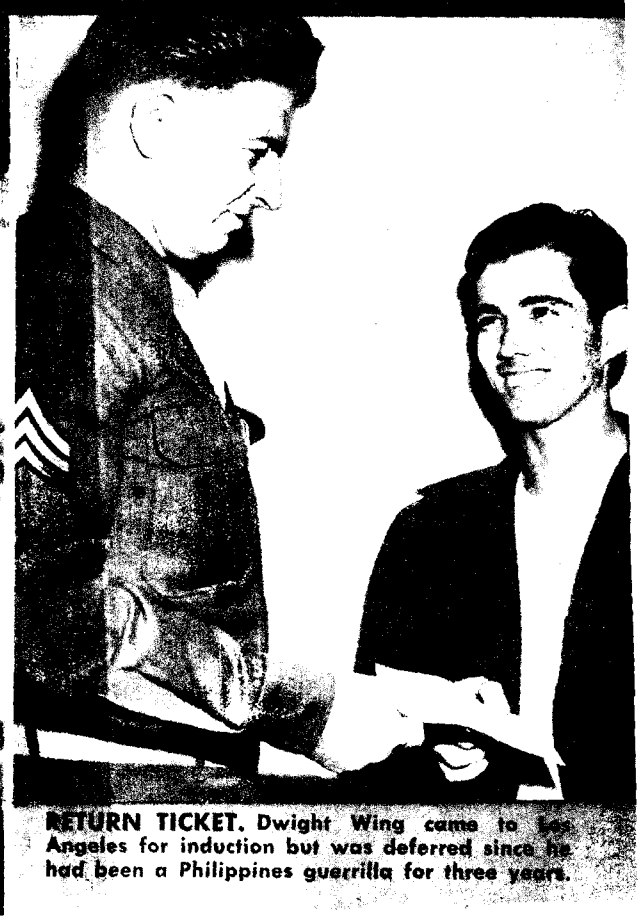
WEDDING KISS. Fifteen minutes before he shipped out for Japan, Pvt. Raymond Prentiss got hitched to Mary Arnold, tennis star, beside transport in Seattle.

BIG PARADE. Thousands of New Yorkers jammed Hudson River banks as the fleet lay at anchor on Navy Day. Ships in view are the *Enterprise*, *Midway*, *Augusta*, Boise, *Columbus*.

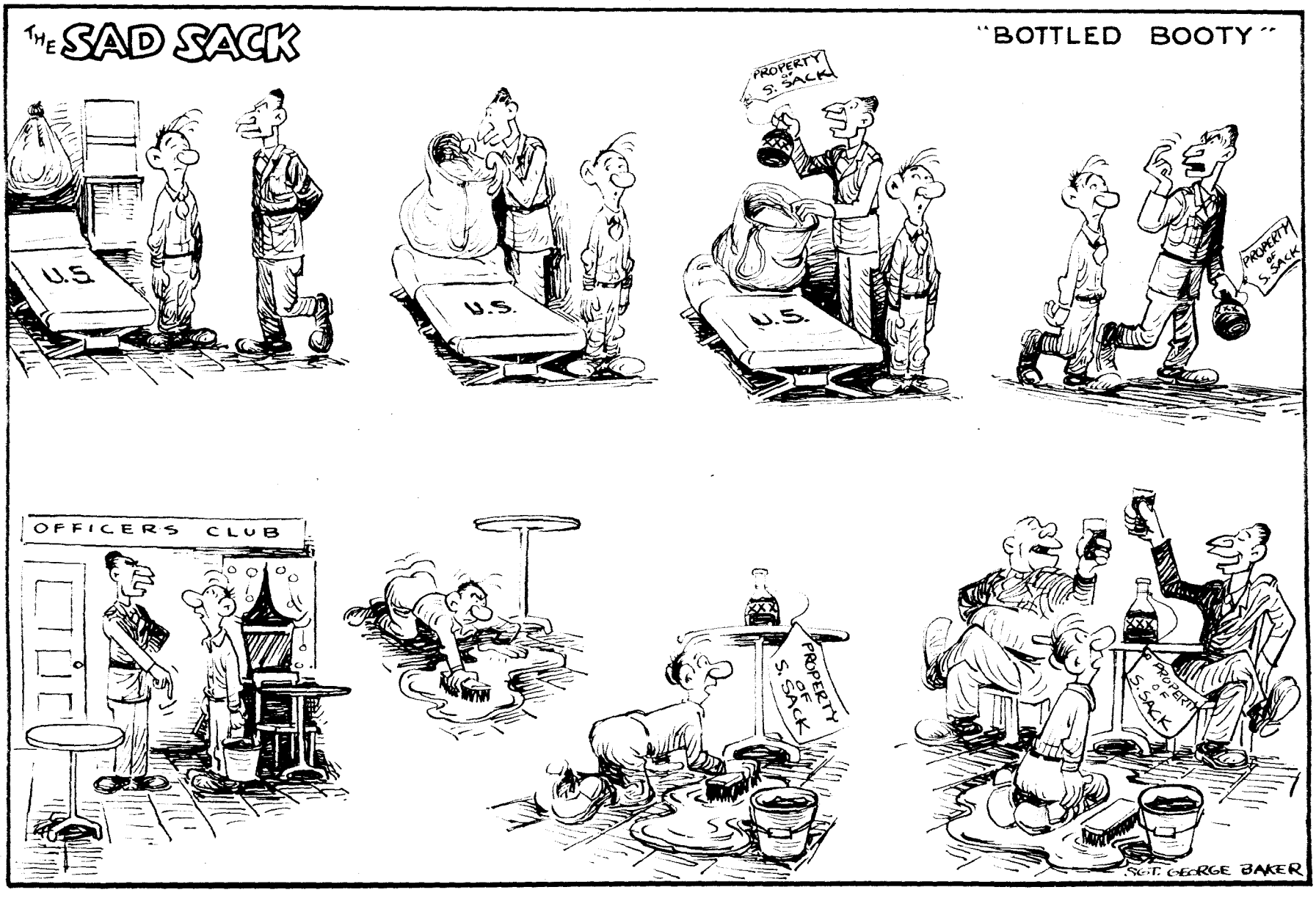
TIGHT SQUEEZE. This car plunged 200 feet down Scarboro Bluffs, Toronto, before being wedged in, but its four occupants escaped injury.



In this view of the giant mortar's tube assembly, the weapon is at zero elevation. It was built for use in the event that Japan was invaded, but the war ended before the Japs could see how it was to be on the receiving end.



RETURN TICKET. Dwight Wing came to Los Angeles for induction but was deferred since he had been a Philippines guerrilla for three years.



Farm Repairs

Dear YANK:

I owned a farm when I went into service and by sheer good luck my wife has been able to keep it going for us. However, from all that she writes me, I gather that the place is badly in need of modernization and improvement. When I get home I would like to buy some new machinery, add to my livestock and generally repair the buildings to make up for the neglect which they have suffered during the last five years. Does the GI Bill of Rights cover loans for this purpose?

Saipan —Pvt. JOSEPH R. RUDLEY

■ It does. Farm loans under the GI Bill of Rights will be guaranteed by the Veterans Administration if the funds are to be used to purchase land, buildings, livestock,

equipment, machinery or implements, or in altering and improving any building or equipment to be used in farming operations conducted by a veteran.

Wearing the Uniform

Dear YANK:

I was recently discharged and at the time of my discharge I was told that I could wear my uniform for three months from the date of my discharge. I was also told that this three-month rule applies to the wearing of the uniform from the separation center to my home and that regulations do not permit the wearing of the uniform after arriving home. Since then, I have heard some conflicting stories about the wearing of the uniform on ceremonial occasions. Some say that I have to wear the uniform with the grade in which I was discharged, while others say that I can wear the highest grade that I held while in service. Which of these is right?

San Diego, Calif. —Ex-Cpl. THOMAS WYLIE

■ An honorably discharged veteran may wear his uniform on ceremonial occasions. On such occasions the veteran may wear the uniform with the highest grade that he held during the war. Ceremonial occasions are interpreted to mean occasions essentially of a military character at which the uniform is more appropriate than civilian clothing—for example, memorial services, military weddings, military funerals, military balls, military parades and meetings and functions of associations formed for military purposes.

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

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

Unemployment Compensation

Dear YANK:

I was inducted in New Jersey, but my home state is Delaware. When I get out of service, I have no intention of living in either state—I have been stationed in California and I like it. What happens if I am out of work in California? Will I have to go home to Delaware to get in on the unemployment-compensation provisions of the GI Bill of Rights?

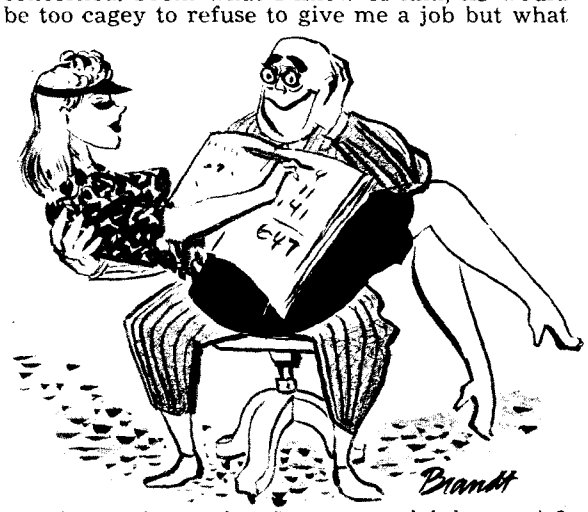
Philippines —T-4 FRED L. COCHRANE

■ You can collect in California. A veteran does not have to live or apply in any particular state in order to get this benefit. In fact, a veteran may even apply in one state and move right on to another state and still get the unemployment benefits.

Job Rights

Dear YANK:

Before getting my greetings, I had been employed as chief bookkeeper for a fairly large concern. In the ten years that I had been with the concern I had done fairly well and I thought that I was all set to get my old job back when I got out. Recently I received a letter from one of my co-workers which makes me doubt that I am going to get that job back. It seems that my boss found himself a very luscious blonde to fill my job. I hear she is not only good at the job but that the boss has fallen for her. That should give you some idea of where I must stand with my boss so far as getting my old job back is concerned. From what I know of him, he would be too cagey to refuse to give me a job but what



worries me is, can he give me any job he wants? In short, can he just toss me into the accounting department without giving me back my old job?

Hawaii —(Name Withheld)

■ So long as you remember to apply for your old job within 90 days after you are discharged, you must either get your old job back or one of equal status and seniority. Whether he likes it or not, your boss must give you your old job, and he cannot fire you without cause for at least one year after you are rehired.

PX

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

Coming Attractions

A STORM is gathering over Hollywood and Vine. When the boys come home there will be hell to pay in every movie house in the land.

"How about a movie tonight, darling?" asks Mrs. Snodgrass.

"What's playing?" returns ex-Cpl. Snodgrass, who is reclining on the sofa and idly tracing with one finger the pattern on his new checkered sports jacket.

"'Crowning Glory' is at the State."

"I saw that on the boat coming home."

"'Lust' is on at the Capital tonight."

"I didn't care for that when I saw it on Guam. The only one I haven't seen is 'The Laughing Corpse,' which I purposely avoided on Attu, and when you avoid a movie on Attu it must be a real stinker. However, honey, I'll go with you tonight."

As they approach the movie house, Snodgrass stops dead in his tracks. "No!" he yells, "I won't stand in line—never—let's get out of here—"

"But, dear, there are only four people there. Let's just stand here quietly until after they buy their tickets."

Snodgrass buries his face in his hands while she goes up and buys the tickets.

In the middle of the newsreel the sound goes dead. Snodgrass, who has been dozing, suddenly awakens. He stands up and faces the projection booth.

"Hey, Mac!" he yells. "Where'd you learn to run a projector? Cooks' and bakers' school?"

"Shh! Darling, please sit down," pleads his wife, tugging at the tail of his checkered jacket.

"Where they get these fumble-fingered Special Service jerks that run these machines is beyond me!" he declares loudly.

The audience mutters protests, and Mrs. Snodgrass succeeds in getting her husband back down beside her. He remains quiet for several minutes, except for a few whistles and wolf-calls when the heroine appears, and a rather vulgar comment on her bosom which is audible throughout the theater.

"Jeez," he remarks a little later, "this thing is really corny. Let's ask that jerk if he'll take it off and maybe show a Hopalong Cassidy film for the rest of the evening. I'll go ask him."

"Come back here!" yells his wife, making a dive across the laps of three customers to grab her husband's coat and pull him back.

"That lousy 4-F!" he yelps a little later, when the hero appears on the scene. "Why in hell wasn't *he* in the Army?"

"Shhh! Please, darling. The ushers are coming—"

"What's the matter? This the officers' section? What's everybody in the audience so quiet about tonight? Are they actually enjoying this movie? Hey, look! That guy playing the part of the detective—he was in the training film on military courtesy!"

"All right, darling—not so loud—"

"An' that dumb copper, he was the spy in the GI film on 'Safeguarding Military Information,' and I saw that butler before, too, in the training film on the Care and Maintenance of the Gas Mask!"

"Shhh!"

"That elderly, gray-haired man—the one playing the part of the girl's father—he—I've seen him—my God!"

Snodgrass begins to tremble in his seat. He stiffens. His breath comes hard. He gets to his feet and stumbles out of the theater and goes to the curb and vomits. Several men in checkered sports coats are doing the same thing.

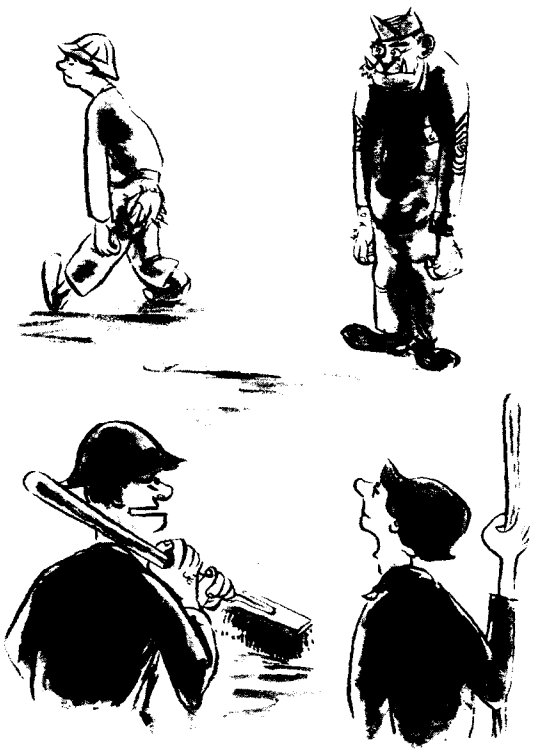
"You saw him too?" gasps Snodgrass, as soon as he can speak.

"Yeah, Mac. He was the doctor, remember? The guy who said something about, 'The only safe way to avoid disease is to refrain from sexual activity.'"

"I'll never forget that face," mutters Snodgrass. "I saw the sex film nine times, and this same thing happened every time." He vomits again. "I had a horrible feeling, just now, for a minute, that I was starting the Army all over again."

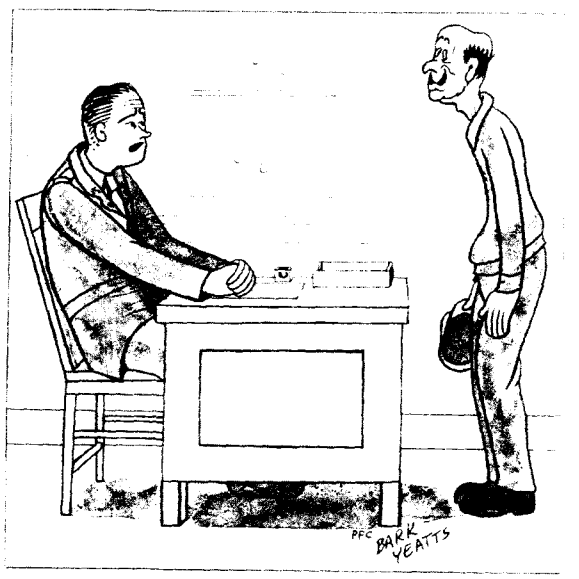
"Let's go get a drink," somebody suggests, "and to hell with that movie tonight."

Okinawa —Sgt. WILLIAM MAY



"They say his bite is worse than his bark."

—Cpl. Frank R. Robinson, Ft. Monmouth, N. J.



"Frankly, Pvt. McKeague, I wouldn't advise you to place too much hope in your application for appointment to West Point."

—Pfc. Bark Yeatts, Colorado Springs, Colo.

TO PFC. DANIEL WALDRON

who bemoaned spending his 21st birthday on CQ at the Brooklyn Army Base ("PX," YANK, October 5, 1945).

I sit here on this rugged rock.
Despair has filled my soul.
Closer comes the awful shock
Of Christmas in this hole.

No folks nor friends can hear me grieve.
So distant is this place.
CQ I'd love, on New Year's Eve,
At Brooklyn Army Base.

Iwo Jima —Pfc. ARTHUR ADLER

JAPANESE GARDEN

Come walk with me in gardens of the dead.

Ushiyama tended them well, and watered them with gunpowder,
made them fertile with rich mines and TNT and multiple cannon,
and had ten thousand rifles bloom as flowers.

Ushiyama was fond of details, exquisite sense of placement and effect,
and all was sweet for pleasure of the Emperor.

This, Ushiyama, is Imperial garden truly now:

What lily-beds the skulls, and yellow gentians the old unburied bones,
what sacred odor of disintegrated flesh,
what ample altars for glad offering to kind divinity
are tanks shattered midst the garden's carnage:

Naha's rubble, all so delicate:
and Itoman, sequestered, proudest bed of roses,
red with blood and piles of roof-slate.

Hill 89, its coral caverns wrought huge and fanciful,
to be visited only with a flame-thrower or satchel-charge.

How dear you made us pay for all your garden, Ushiyama—
us, proud and fair, and golden-haired,
with eyes to match the purest sky.

Starlight is the guardian of these graves.

And always the odor, always the savagery,
dust of morning and men fresh interred,
winding up from Nozato's tombs again.

And always sound and fury of ships' guns,
battle-planes deployed and swinging in from missions,
high bright pinpoints of green light in the infinite night;
Midnight holocausts of flak, and flash and fire of bombs.

And always the gentle fall and beat of rain.

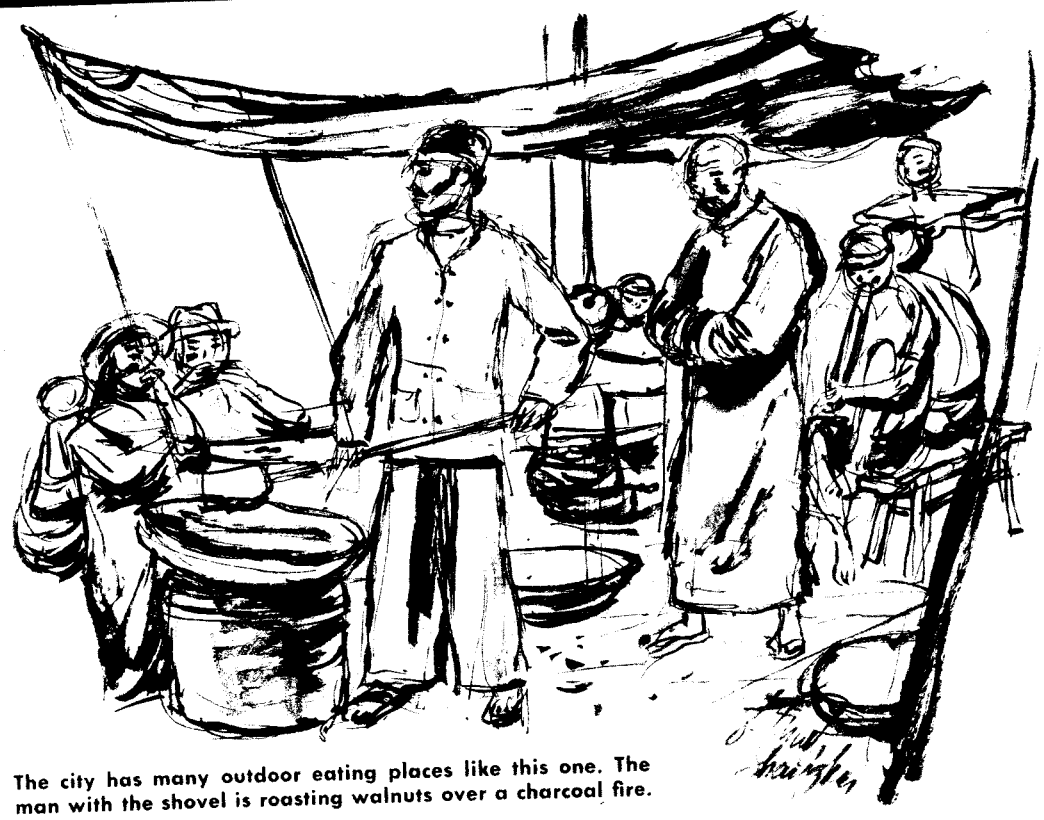
Tenderly we walk death's ways.
On our own graves no flowers but mud, no peace but furor of artillery.

Starlight is the guardian of these graves,
the tender of this garden, of this island of the dead.

Okinawa —S Sgt. A. G. KARPEN

Seeing Shanghai

This Chinese fortune teller objected very strenuously to having his portrait sketched.



The city has many outdoor eating places like this one. The man with the shovel is roasting walnuts over a charcoal fire.

Families live for many generations on these houseboats on the Yangtze River.

This typical peasant girl comes into the city to sell farm goods.

A Chinese soldier doing MP duty in the city, takes some time off to hold a pose.

A side street in the International Settlement. It's unhealthy for a stranger to walk these streets alone at night.

Parts of the International Settlement are as busy as any city scene back in the U. S. The big building on the right above is the Metropole Hotel.

Looking up the Nanking Road. The triumphal arch here was constructed for the liberation celebration.

YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

Mail Call

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This Week's Cover

GIs being sent back from the *ETO* crowd to the rail of their transport to get a look at the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. For hundreds of thousands of GIs the "Old Lady" means liberty in more ways than one. YANK's Sgt. Reg Kenny took the picture.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. Reg Kenny. 4—Cpl. Jim Gianladis. 5—Army News Service. 6 & 7—Sgt. Johna Timper. 8 & 9—Sgt. Jud Cook. 10—Pvt. Harry Wignall. 12—Upper left & lower right, PA; rest, Acme. 13—Lower left, PA; rest, Acme. 20—Paramount. 21—Cpl. Frank Friedrichsen 23—INP

Why Organize?

Dear YANK:

The question of what vet organization to join, discussed in a recent letter to YANK, seems to me to be secondary to "Why join a veterans' organization at all?"

Who wants to listen to a lot of guys reminiscing about the war in a sickening kind of way and talking about the exploits which, within a few years, they will have talked even themselves into believing they actually accomplished? After all, the heroes there are were bred in the war and not over a couple of beer mugs. What then, except a dreary sentimentality about the past, is going to hold any of these vet organizations together? A political party, a labor union, a business association, a church—each has a definite aim because each is made up of people of like mind. But GIs are in no fundamental agreement which will not end with their discharge.

The letter writers state that a vet organization is necessary in order to "fulfill the aspiration of the soldiers who *fought in the war, and the people who* backed them up on the home front." First of all, since a veterans' organization is especially designed to exclude "the people . . . on the home front," where do they get off to think that it should speak for the home front? That's the kind of goods Hitler and some other ex-soldiers sold to Germany in 1933. Secondly, though the aspirations "of the soldiers who fought in the war" may be generally the same, there is sharp disagreement as to just how these aspirations are to be fulfilled. That's the American tradition, and that's the way it should be. GIs come from all over the country, from all walks of life, and each of us has his own political, religious and occupational affiliations.

As a group, ex-GIs have only one vital thing in common—they are all Americans, for whom there is already a well-established organization through which to settle differences and run the country. It is called the Government of the United States of America.

In summary, the only things you can get from a vet organization you can get cheaper and better some place else—from political, labor, business, social and church groups; from cooperatives, insurance companies, from public welfare organizations; and from a democratic government.

I don't believe that many members of any vet organization will keep an active interest in its affairs for very long. The Federal Government is generous, especially through the GI Bill of Rights, in helping vets to get started on earning a living. Why, then, should we let high-pressure, high-paid organizers who get themselves elected to a system of exalted rank similar to the Army system shift our political weight around when 90 percent of us will probably be in disagreement with them?

Germany —Cpl. GERALD HOGERE

No Glasses

Dear YANK:

Just what in the name of heaven does a fellow have to do to get a new pair of eyeglasses? Since May we have been holding ours together with adhesive tape and a prayer, and when we inquired about getting new ones we got the same old story that applies to a lot of other things: "We are in combat now and can't possibly get them but when you get to a rest area you will surely get two new pairs."

Well, we fought and beat the Japs and are now in a rest area. The battalion surgeon tried to help us, but it just didn't work out. We were sent to an evacuation hospital where we were to be flown to Manila. But what happened? Sure, the same old story again: "We would like to help you but we can't. No transportation." We are just plain Infantrymen and don't expect air transportation; just turn us loose and we'll get to Manila the same way we got there from Lingayen, on foot and by truck.

They have doctors and technicians in Manila who have thousands of dollars' worth of equipment to work with but it is no help to us. We are both so nearsighted that we can't recognize a person five feet away without glasses. I guess they put us in the Infantry so we could get up real close and not miss a bloody trick.

Luzon —Pfc. JOSEPH R. BUTLER*

*Also signed by Pfc. William F. Anderson.

Profits from Surplus

Dear YANK:

We read an article recently which stated that the U. S. had six billion dollars' worth of surplus property in Europe alone. Out of this, 150 million dollars will be given to European relief through the UNRRA. Without a doubt the balance of this surplus property will be sold at a fraction of its cost. Lest we forget, the French Government realized a net profit of 97 million dollars on our surplus property of World War I.

We have no objections to helping the needy people of Europe through the UNRRA. But what we want to know is this—if the U. S. is able to practically give this stuff away to European nations, why can she only afford to give to her war-torn veterans a meager $300 mustering-out pay? Why can't the surplus property be so utilized that the veterans will reap most of the benefits derived from the sales and a larger mustering-out pay thus be given to them?

Everyone agrees that the $300 mustering-out pay will be just about enough to provide the veteran with a new civilian wardrobe. We think this is unfair to Uncle Sam's fighting men who deserve the best.

Cuba —JACK ZAVEN NOORIGIAN CY*

*Also signed by Oscar Fenerjian SK3c and James V. Clohessy RdM2c.

Team! Team! Team!

Dear YANK:

I have just read of the discharge of S/Sgt. Charlie Trippi in the newspapers. According to the article he was discharged with 41 points—and is a great football player.

The Army explained that Trippi was discharged because his CO had declared him "surplus."

Also, according to the articles, and I quote, "The Army's order, applying to air, ground and service forces, permits commanders to discharge soldiers who are:

"1) Not currently eligible for discharge by reason of points or age (Trippi has 41 points).

"2) Not qualified for foreign duty and completed two years of service Sept. 16, 1940.

"3) Surplus to the requirements of the force to which they were assigned and not economically retrainable to perform useful service.

"4) Not possessed of a scarce skill needed by the Army."

The article went on to state that Trippi could type more than 35 words per minute.

According to that about every man in the service could be discharged practically immediately if the CO said so.

What were we fighting for, football players or democracy?

Lowry Field, Colo. —S/Sgt. JACK A. BARNES

Dear YANK:

Here I've been in the Army three years this month. I have been on limited service up until the war's end, and boom—I'm qualified for overseas. I have no vision in one eye, but they say "no out for you." Still, big-name players have been getting out with less than that.

Now this Charlie Trippi deal beats them all. They say he's surplus. Are they kidding? Why not say politics and quit fooling the public? He's surplus, and still in this field and in others, I guess, they're pulling mechanics from the line to make clerks out of us. I'm sure we could have used a man of Trippi's education here and let some of these 60 and 70 pointers go home. They have wives and babies too, but alas, no Alma Mater to play for, or politicians that want a bowl team this year. So, adieu bigwigs, you're doing a job we'll never forget, believe us.

Maxwell Field, Ala. —(Name Withheld)

Wants No Favors

Dear YANK:

A hearty handclap for the "Mail Call" gripes about a rank and seniority system of determining who gets jobs when we get home. I wasn't too good-looking even before a Jap shot off a chunk of my nose, but I still don't figure I need the Government to do the talking for me to get a job.

Seems as though there's a bunch of jaspers that want the Government to take care of them from now on just because they lost a little time fighting a war. If a man's been badly hurt, so he can't do certain kinds of work, he's going to get a hand from the Government and that's fine. That's what the Government's for. But let's keep an eye on these guys that figure the world owes them a living because they picked up lead in their pants. And the same thing goes for these bonuses. Most of us have plenty of hide left from this war to earn a living with and we're going to have to pay those bonuses back anyway. (Ever hear of taxes?) I think what most of us want is just for the Government to keep the hell out of the way and we'll get on without a lot of pampering.

". . . Always room for a thousand more!"

—Sgt. Tom Flannery

How about the good old American way of competing for jobs on the basis of merit and experience? A man may have lost a lot of time in the Army, but if he had anything on the ball to start with I doubt if he's lost the guts to go after his job and get it. It doesn't make sense at this stage of the game to lose the freedom we've been fighting for by letting the Government run our lives for us with a bunch of crap about who worked for who and where. Give me elbow room, Uncle; there's work to do!

Luzon —**Lt. FRANK C. JACKSON Jr.**

Equality For Wives

Dear YANK:

This beef is pretty late, but under the heading of better late than never, here goes. It seems to me that in the Army of the future—and I hope we soon arrive at that Utopia when no nation will need an Army—it ought to be recognized that the wife of a private needs as much dough to get along on as the wife of an officer.

Overseas, I worked for several captains and I know that they were sending home about 200 bucks a month to their wife and kid. That's fine, only what makes the Army think a GI's wife can get along on $50 or $80 (if she has a child) per month? A man may have been making a good weekly salary, his wife was accustomed to a decent standard of living and bingo—Uncle grabs the guy as a private and says the said wife will only get $50 a month.

Now it may be that there's some reason for paying officers more than EM are paid. (I don't know what the reason can be, but there just may be some damn reason. I'm willing to let it go at that.) However, I fail to see how the Army can assume that an EM's wife should have a lower standard of living than an officer's wife.

I suggest that the same allotment be given all Army wives, no matter if the wife has a general for a husband, or is married to the Sad Sack.

Ft. Dix, N. J. —**Pfc. RAY McKINNLEY**

"Beloved Lid"

Dear YANK:

In the eventful year 1942, the Army Quartermaster Corps proudly announced the birth of the multi-purpose helmet, M-1 OD, 1 ea. Since, we've bathed in them, used them for cooking, bailed with them, brewed "McGoon's Booze"; they've taken the place of a certain old-fashioned item of bedroom equipment, and a few have employed the beloved lid as a lethal weapon. Everything and anything rather than wear it.

Peace has now come to men, bringing civilization to the unenlightened GI—also orders to consign the faithful pail to the head. "Under no conditions will the helmet be used to wash in."

We love being dirty—beards are to our liking—but it looks so sad, all painted, clean and undented, that tears of nostalgia come to our eyes.

Philippines —**Pfc. R. L. CONNOLLY**

Stateside GIs

Dear YANK:

I read with interest the letters of Cpl. Nesbitt McMichael and Irving E. Garfinkel Flc, re Stateside duty, in a recent "Mail Call." I'm glad to see that someone else shares my opinion that it is definitely not a serviceman's fault that his complete tour of duty has been confined to the continental limits of the U.S. I do not, however, agree with Garfinkel that everyone tried his damndest to stay in the States.

I know plenty of men that volunteered for overseas service. In fact, 95 percent of the outfit I am in at present consisted of men who wanted to go overseas and almost did except that the war ended just as we were about to embark. As far as I am concerned any overseas veteran who resents the fact that a fellow serviceman remained in the States is pretty small.

Hill Field, Utah —**Cpl. R. E. DAHLSTROM**

Abused?

Dear YANK:

I have been reading about the poor abused GIs. Their wives are not faithful, the divorce laws are in favor of the women, they are theoretically divorced by the Army, yet must pay for the keep of their wives.

My sympathy goes forth to the large numbers of American women that have been honest and faithful to their loved ones yet must still listen to these few men that gripe about a few instances and completely ignore the number of *men* that are not faithful, or is that different?

Who is bringing home the brides from every country they have passed through? Who is praised for the birth of children [illegible] other than their wive[s] [illegible] was the cause of broken mar[riages] in Australia. England, France and [every] other country the American soldier [was] tered? As a Wac, I have served on[ships] from Australia to Manila at the side [of] these soldiers and I say—hang your heads, and be very quiet, you very unfair soldiers. The percentages are against you.

Manila —**Pfc. FRANCES L. STAMP**

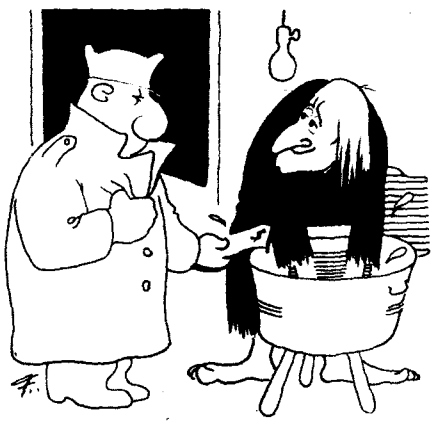
Benefits of Marriage

Dear YANK:

Attention unmarried men! Stop griping—you haven't got a chance. The only way you can get any benefits is to marry. If you're single, you're sunk.

Let's face it—take a look at the handwriting on the wall. Who gets drafted first? Single men. But, who gets to live off the post, who gets quarters and separate rations and if there's any night or holiday work, who gets out of it? Married men.

Who gets a dependency allotment with no questions asked? The married man, whether his wife is earning $5 or $5000 a month. A single man's dependent must be almost destitute before he can get a $37 allotment.



Who gets every consideration for an early discharge? Certainly not the bachelor.

In civilian life who gets first crack at the jobs, raises, promotions? Married men. Who's assigned the night shift and who gets the least consideration, and so on? You're right.

Understand, this is not a gripe. It's a statement of conditions for the information of single men who are suffering from frustration. The best advice I've heard is the suggestion that the single man overcome his dilemma by ceasing to waste time trying to make enough money to buy a home and prepare for marriage on a solid footing. He should get married first, then get his discharge and start out on life's rosy path. For security, he can convert his $10,000 insurance policy and if he dies from starvation, at least his wife will get $50 a month which will keep her until she and the kids starve to death trying to live on it.

Sacramento, Calif. —**Sgt. J. H. CAVANAUGH**

Change of Heart

Dear YANK:

"Who is convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

The AMG can run the administration of Germany. It can install and remove officeholders, it can jail, execute, deport and confiscate but there are limits to what an occupying power can accomplish by direct action in an occupied country. A new state of mind can never be imposed from without, it has to come about by a change of heart from within.

In the last consequence Germany cannot be de-nazified from without. She has to de-nazify herself. All that the occupying powers can do is encourage this de-nazification.

To this end, encouragement should be given to the anti-Nazi element. Germans who have suffered for their active opposition to the Hitler regime should be given due recognition. The memory of the German victims of Nazism should be glorified. Communities with a record of defiance to the Nazis should get preferential treatment and a wider scope of autonomy. German aspirations for freedom and justice, though they have always been doomed to fail, have found their expression in a rich treasure of poetry and folklore.

The Germans should be made more aware of this part of their literature. They will then find it easier to appreciate those aspirations for freedom and justice that have always been held in contempt by Germany's rulers but that have always been kept alive in Germany by the best of the nation.

Administrating Germany is a full-sized [illegible] country [illegible] its essential [illegible] directives are [illegible] for fast and [illegible] principles cannot take the place of common sense and judgment. The de-nazification of Germany cannot be the task of the AMG, but should be its final objective.

Germany —**T-5 WALTER B. SIMON**

Basic Reason

Dear YANK:

I should like to take issue with a medical officer in a recent Mail Call on some of the points he covered. I am in agreement with his endorsement of the non-fraternization policy, but I do not recognize his explanation of its non-enforceability.

Much occupied with German crimes and our inability to re-educate Germans with "normal human relationships," he manages to circumnavigate the real cause of fraternization. Wherein, doctor, lies the problem? As a man of science you should surely know.

I maintain that there existed no real problem of GIs making congenial visits to German homes to spend an evening at supper and in conversation. I further claim that the number of our men comfortably fraternizing with German men was negligible. It was that old animal urge which doomed our non-fraternization policy (did I hear you say something about VD, doctor?). It was, as always, sex rearing its ugly head.

Our men don't fraternize for the sake of democracy and brotherhood; that's for lofty idealists and hell-bent reformers. No—each man, in his own way, is after what he wants, and you know what he wants. It certainly seems ironic that with all the freedom afforded the American soldier nevertheless our high-falutin' concepts prevent us from taking legal steps to fill the basic lack. And how many GIs do you know who can control themselves at the stage short of making that trip to the "pro" station necessary? And even a few stages earlier?

In the face of this it hardly seems necessary to justify the GI's howl over Stateside girls dating Italian PWs. In the States there is always a GI at the bar or in the USO, beribboned or no, who will volunteer to take care of any lonely girls' need. Do you see any American girls wandering around Berlin looking for companionship? It appears that any girl in the U.S.A. who'd spend her time with a PW either has some peculiar ideas about what this war was fought for, or is merely seeking an alien thrill.

I venture to say that half a million *normal* American girls turned loose in Germany would lighten the fraternization problem immeasurably.

Ephrata, Wash. —**(Name Withheld)**

National Holiday

Dear YANK:

I don't think it's too soon to start clamoring for a Roosevelt's Birthday holiday. Just as Washington and Lincoln earned holidays for their remembrance so I feel does our late President deserve the same.

His genius, his foresight and planning are the real reasons why our flag flies over Tokyo, rather than the Rising Sun being unfurled over our Capitol. I don't believe there was or is anyone more loved, by soldiers as well as civilians.

Let's make our feelings known and pay homage to one of the greatest Americans this country could ever boast.

Manila —**Pvt. M. GROSSMAN**

After Combat

Dear YANK:

If anyone thinks we're glad the war is over, he is badly mistaken. We had 204 days of continuous combat and most of our outfit have seen plenty of hell, but it's nothing compared to the hell we're going through now.

One would think we were rookies. It's true that troops must be kept busy. But full field inspections, pup-tent pitching, hand-to-hand combat drill, practice parades twice a week, manual of arms and close-order drill is just too much.

If we were going to prepare for war, this might be essential, but the war is over and we helped to win it.

We need strong, healthy bodies to return to civilian life but we sure as hell don't need parades, close-order drill and all this basic training which is designed to make a civilian a soldier. Combat has proven we are soldiers. We're tired of this Boy Scout stuff and want to have more relaxation and recreation if there isn't going to be another war in a few months.

Philippines —**(37 Names Withheld)**

Women Officers

Dear YANK:

What's wrong with women officers—according to male officers? My neck is on the chopping block for asking, I suppose, but it's time a few thousand women with bars let out a small peep. Nobody hears much from us, do they? No, because we've learned, the hard way, to keep our tired faces shut.

My gripe is not that male officers don't give us a break officially. In every military installation there are a few men who are too sincere about their responsibilities, too honestly concerned with efficiency of the military machine to be anything but decent and helpful to us on our jobs as long as we're there. But I'll wager that were an order suddenly to come out relegating all female officers (with the exception of nurses) to the Black Hole of Calcutta, the men would put their collective feet on their desks, yawn and pick up the latest YANK for some really interesting reading.

I was an enlisted Wac for 24 months. I've been an officer for seven, and I don't like it. As an EW I found life swell, had many good friends among the GIs and some not so platonic. Now, I seem to be a different breed of pups. I still use a well-advertised deodorant, never jump out from behind bushes and holler 'BOO!' at people and yet, like many of my sisters-under-the-bars, I get the gentle freeze.

There are many Wac officers who agree with me that when we walk into an officers' club or wander into an office on anything but business, all hands turn to and suddenly develop a polite but very subtle restraint. They may kid a little but look closer and you'll see that it's all a bit strained.

It leaves one with the queer, almost inexplicable feeling of not being quite a human being. We are neither officers nor women. We're nothing. Is it that we're all assumed to be that sort of woman in the civilian business world who suddenly decides she's a big shot and thereupon loses all her softer, more feminine identity? Or is it that the boys are afraid we're getting too close to the secrets of their charmed circle of brass-glamour? Are we, by being mere women, sharing their status, taking away from their somewhat spurious personal (not official) superiority?

I have liked the Army, have no more than the usual amount of gripes, but I'd jolly well like to know why as a whole, enlisted men are good guys to know and are unselfconscious toward the female in uniform, while officers are just the opposite.

MacDill Field, Fla. —**2d Lieutenant, WAC**

Former Prisoners

Dear YANK:

Since our liberation, we Infantrymen who were prisoners of war in Germany have been brought back to the States, given furloughs, and then dumped in a camp to sweat out the duration and six, whenever that is.

Are we to be the black sheep of this Army? I and the other PWs who have signed this letter have less than 60 points, but enough to make us ineligible for overseas duty in the Pacific.

Up until now we have been holding our peace in anticipation of some sort of action that would aid us (if I'm not asking too much) in getting an honorable discharge from the Army.

Are we to presume that our only chance of getting out is to wait for the two-years-and-over system?

Ft. Sill, Okla. —**Pfc. WILLIAM FASNACHT***

**Also signed by nine others.*

Dental Care

Dear YANK:

The boys around our way would like to know how long the present dental conditions will last and if there is anything being accomplished so GI Joe can go home with the same 32 teeth he started with. On several occasions men in our outfit have gone on sick call to have a dental appointment made for a few simple repairs which probably wouldn't take over fifteen minutes at most. The answer we all received is—"only in case of emergency."

Does that mean our teeth must be allowed to decay before we can get treatment? If this policy continues, you can readily understand that we must lose teeth which could have been saved with a minimum amount of timely care. We haven't had a dental inspection in our outfit for over ten months. If we were in combat, we might overlook this point, but Luzon is now a base camp, and we cannot find an excuse for such a situation.

Luzon —**Pfc. GEORGE E. BECKER***

**Also signed by two others*

HAMMETT OF Alaska

The 51-year-old author joined the Army as an EM to fight fascism, but he had his battles with the brass.

By Sgt. AL WEISMAN
YANK Staff Writer

SHORTLY after Samuel Dashiell Hammett exchanged his ODs for tweeds, he told New York newspapermen that the Aleutian Islands, where he had served two years as a GI, were actually beautiful and not hell holes. "The trouble is that the men up there don't lift their heads up long enough to see how nice the islands look," he was quoted as saying.

Civilians who read this were surprised, to say the least. They had come to believe, from servicemen's letters and magazine and newspaper articles, that the chain of islands strung across the North Pacific was the most forbidding in the world—foggy, wind-swept, storm-bound lava piles that ought to be given back to the natives as quickly as possible.

But Aleutian GIs, when they heard of Hammett's remarks, only laughed. They realized that readjustment for the 51-year-old author of "The Thin Man" and other mysteries wasn't going to be any problem. He sounded as screwy as an ex-GI as he did when he was a noncom up in the Aleutians and Alaska.

They recalled that when everyone was bitching about the move to Adak and the fact that the island was to be their home for a while, Hammett said, "I have a feeling that I wish I had been born here and was returning home." Adak is one of the bleakest islands in the chain.

Hammett was on Adak for 18 months and distinguished himself on two counts: He was unlike other EM in that he was always in good humor and maintained a genial disposition, and he seriously liked the Aleutian weather. In fact, he insists that his health improved during his Aleutian service. Other men say they have lost weight, teeth, hair and sense of humor.

Hammett came to Adak as a member of the Signal Corps, and his MOS was message-center chief. But fame caught up with him shortly after he hit the island, and the CG summoned him one day and asked him to put out a daily newspaper on the island. Hammett agreed, if enough men were assigned to help him. "I got into the Army to get away from writing," he said.

"How many men will you need?" the general asked.

"At least 10," Hammett said.

The unprecedented number of men for an Army newspaper was granted and so began one of the Army's most extraordinary publishing ventures. The four-page mimeographed—now multilithed—paper published chiefly world news and cartoons by three artists. Hammett, as editor, wrote occasional editorials, but soon became principally the buffer between the brass and the EM on the staff. Once the paper happened to use "God damn" in an article. The chaplain telephoned to complain. Hammett talked to him and told him, "with the paper shortage the way it is, it's lucky God gets his name in the paper in any manner."

Hammett soon settled into a simple daily routine. The paper was published at night, and Hammett usually got out of the sack around 9 P.M. He went to bed around 5 or 6 A.M. Sometimes when the weather was fairly good, he would wake up early and take a walk, and his tall, spare frame, topped by a bushy white mane, could be seen plodding up and down the mountains that ring the island. Though he had been a crack screen writer during his civilian days he went to only one movie in the Army. That was to see "Watch on the Rhine," which he had adapted for the screen.

None of the GIs with whom he worked and lived regarded him as a man of prominence. To them he was known as "Sam," not "Dashiell" or "Dash," as he is referred to by civilian friends. While dining with friends in a New York restaurant shortly after his discharge Hammett was approached by a couple of men who knew him as an enlisted man. He asked them to join his party for a drink, and they kept referring to him as "Sam" during the drink. One of Hammett's civilian friends, tiring of the name, at last appealed to the visitors to "please call him 'Dash'; I can't get used to 'Sam' at all."

The fact that he preferred "Sam" to "Dash," the fact that he "played it straight"—to quote him—as an enlisted man and that he didn't seek or accept any special privileges because of his age or prominence, the fact that he used the GI belt and razor issued him at Camp Upton, N. Y., when he joined up three years ago, and the fact that he shared the GI suspicion of brass made him extremely popular with fellow GIs.

Hammett's scorn of brass was legendary in Alaska and the Aleutians. Friends used to take joy in recalling the encounter the author once had with a major at Dutch Harbor. The major approached Hammett and said, "I've been doing a little bit of mystery writing myself, and I wonder if you would come over to my quarters this evening and share a steak with me. I'd like to show you my stuff." Hammett replied, "Certainly, if you've got enough for all of us," pointing to the four EM accompanying him. "Well, I don't know," stuttered the major.

"Oh well, some other time, sir," said Hammett, as he saluted and walked off.

The matter of a commission for himself was always a source of amusement to Hammett.

"Every time I was interviewed by some visiting newspaperman I was always asked why I turned down a commission," he used to say. "I always had to explain that no one ever offered me one, and I was damned if I was going to stand on my head to get one."

Hammett, like every other GI, sweated out T/O problems, and while the dough never interested him—he once went seven months without hitting the pay line—he desired ratings as much as anyone else. He was a sergeant in the Medics in the last war and came up to the Aleutians as a corporal, and for a time it appeared he was doomed to remain a corporal throughout the war. "That would have left only pfc in Ordnance for me in the next war," he complained. However, he made T-4 after a year on Adak and subsequently, when he was transferred to Anchorage, in the I&E section of Headquarters, Alaskan Department, he made T-3.

"Now I can buck the line in case I ever want to go to a movie," he said when the stripes came through.

Hammett spent the last six months of his overseas duty editing a monthly publication for the Alaskan Department's I&E section, but his superiors made one error with regard to the author last August. They sent him to Edmonton, Alberta—one of Canada's leading western cities—on temporary duty.

The writer checked into a downtown hotel in Edmonton, glanced out of the window and saw his first streetcar in two years, telephoned room service for food and headed for the bathroom and his first bath in a tub since he left Alaska.

Newspapers frontpaged his visit. He signed more autographs in one day than he had in three years. He was Dashiell Hammett, noted mystery writer, again.

Ten days later he returned to Anchorage, Alaska, and surprised everyone by putting in for his discharge on the age ruling. He had given no previous hint that he desired to quit.

"That atomic bomb frightens me, even though it's on our side," he told one friend. Later he said he thought it was the streetcars he saw in Edmonton.

But, in a more serious mood, he confessed that he thought he had gone stale on his Army job and that he was of no more use to the Army. "And the Army was the steadiest job I ever had since the last war," he solemnly remarked.

THE one mystery Hammett never quite cleared up to the satisfaction of a great many of his friends was the reason he joined the Army and why he volunteered for overseas duty when he had a good deal at Ft. Monmouth, N. J.—where he was assigned as a Signal Corps instructor.

Of course, many GIs were convinced Hammett had joined up to get material for a book. But the nearest thing to a book he ever wrote while up in Alaska and the Aleutians was "The Battle of the Aleutians," an Army-sponsored pamphlet.

However, Leonard Lyons, New York columnist, said recently that Hammett is preparing a book and quoted the author as saying, "It will *not* be about Alaska or the Aleutians. It's about a guy who comes back home and doesn't like his family." Which is the kind of twist that Hammett loves.

Actually, the reason Hammett joined up was that he regarded enlistment in the Army as part of his general personal campaign to fight fascism, a fight that he has been engaged in since 1936 and to which he has been devoting most of his time and money. As for applying for overseas duty, Hammett explains he didn't want to suffer the same fate as he did in the last war, when he never got any farther than 20 miles from his home in Baltimore.

Maintaining his unpredictable manner to the last, Hammett left his barracks bags full of GI clothing on the air-freight dock at Anchorage when he took off for the States and showed up with just his toilet kit and his sense of humor.

YOU'D have a hard time thinking up a neater combination than this: dark brown eyes, dark brown hair, a well-shaped 5 feet 5, all poured into a black velvet bathing suit. Audrey Young, 21, fits as neatly in the movies as she does in this photograph. She started as a show girl in New York, where Hollywood found her. Her next Paramount movie: "The Stork Club."

'bella bambina'

By Sgt. LEN ZINBERG

WE were bulling about whether guys who act tough behind the lines were ever worth a damn in combat, and Shorty Cope said, "Look at Jack Brant, he was a tough bastard and a one-man army up front."

Eddie said, "Jack wasn't so tough."

"Not so tough? Why, that guy never said shut up or I'll break your nose—he hit first and said shut up later. What a wallop he had!"

"Sure, he was a rough character," Eddie said, "but only on the surface. Listen, we were in one of those rest areas south of Naples, and Jack was sleeping in my tent. This was before Cassino. Well, at mail call he gets a package, a hell of a big package. About the first one any of us had got since we'd been over. Had a bunch of forwarding addresses scribbled on it. As we walked back to the tent, he looked at the box, shook it, then said, 'I can make out Atlanta, Ga., on the label. Knew a blonde there. Kind of on the beast side, but she could cook.'

"'Cake,' I said, pushing him toward the tent. 'Open it quick, before the others get back. My God, seems like years since I've had a decent piece of cake.'

"So we sat down on his cot, and he opened the package, and there was a big doll! No kidding, a three-foot doll with a lot of doll clothes and junk around it. I looked at him and said, 'Well, well, I see we got some Section 8 material here.'

"He started to laugh. Finally he says, 'You know what this is?'

"'No, but I'm beginning to have my suspicions.'

"'I met up with a redhead in Louisiana. She had a little girl and the kid wanted this doll, so I ordered it by mail to give her. Special kind of doll, cost me 15 bucks. Here's the pay-off—it wets its pants!' He started to laugh again.

"I said, 'You got me hysterical. No cake, and a doll that wets its pants—which I don't believe.'

"'Watch,' he told me. He sat the doll on his knees and poured some water in her mouth. 'This doll was a sensation among kids back home. That's why the kid wanted it so bad. Look.' He raised the doll and sure enough there was a damp spot on his leg. I said, 'I'll be damned,' and he put the doll on my knee, poured some water down its mouth and in a few seconds I could feel my leg getting wet. 'Pretty realistic,' I said, looking at the beautiful doll face, the soft blue eyes.

"For a moment we both stared at the doll, then I said, 'What you going to do? Send it back to that kid?'

"'Hell no,' Jack said. 'Some job of explaining to the looey that censors the stuff how I got a doll. I'll throw the damn thing away.'

"'Give it to Gussie's kid,' I said.

"'That's an idea.' He stood up and wrapped the doll in some dirty laundry. 'Let's go there now, before somebody sees the doll and ribs hell out of me.'

"'Gussie' was the nickname we had given the sad-eyed, thin woman who did our laundry. She lived in a nearby village, and was really only about 25, but she had that work-worn look which made her seem like an old woman. She hadn't seen her husband in nearly three years. Last she heard he was a prisoner in Africa somewhere.

"The only unique thing about Gussie was that she was childless, which is very unique in Italy. The family above had a flock of kids, and one of them, a little dark-haired girl, hung around Gussie's house and helped her with the wash.

"When Jack and I came in, they were warming themselves around a pan of hot charcoal and eating some bread. The kid ran over to Jack and said, 'One *caramella*, Joe?'

"'Beat it before I break your back!' Jack growled. Then he grinned and gave the kid some hard candy. It was a little game they always played. We put our dirty clothes and soap down. Jack unwrapped the package and laid the doll on the big bed that filled up half of the room. For a moment Gussie and the kid were too surprised to do more than stare at it. Then they came over and timidly touched the small doll shoes, the linen dress, the soft doll hair. Jack showed them how the doll's eyes moved when she sat up and how she cried when you pressed her belly. Gussie and the kid just looked big-eyed and silent. Then Jack asked her, '*Aqua?* Water, you got any water?' He went through the motions of drinking.

"'*Vino?*' Gussie asked, pointing to a bottle.

"'No. Water. *Aqua?*'

"I told him, 'They haven't any plumbing. You got to get water from the pump on the corner.'

"So Jack went out and Gussie and the kid kept touching the doll's eyelashes, the lace underwear, the movable arms, muttering to themselves in soft Italian. Finally Jack came back with a tin can full of water and said, 'Watch this, Gussie. See . . .' and he poured some water down the doll's mouth.

"He waited a minute, then winked at me and took Gussie's hand and put it under the doll.

"Gussie said, '*Mamma mia!*' and drew her hand away. She looked at the water, then turned the doll over, and she and the kid examined the wet clothes, jabbering away in Italian to each other.

"Jack said, 'The doll is for the kid. *Io dare bambina* to *bambina*. Oh, hell—this,' he touched the doll, 'is for the kid. *Capish?*' He ran his fingers through the kid's hair.

"Gussie nodded, still fondling the doll. '*Si, bambina,*' she said. '*Grazie.*'

"I said, 'Let's hit the cognac trail.'

"Jack said, '*Returno* for clothes tomorrow. Okay?' Gussie nodded without even looking at us.

"THE next evening we came back for our clothes, and first off we saw the kid playing in the mud outside the house. She seemed kind of sullen, didn't put the bite on Jack for candy.

"Jack asked her, 'Where's the doll? *Dove bambina?*' The little girl just pointed to the house and didn't say a word. We went in and there was the doll lying on the bed, dressed very fancy in Italian clothes, and its other doll clothes on the table beside the bed. Gussie was all smiles when she handed us our clothes, Jack said, 'Hey, that doll is for the kid. What you keeping it for?'

"'*Non capisco,*' Gussie said happily. She pointed to the laundry. '*Cinquanta lire.*'

"'No *capisco*, my ashes,' Jack said. 'What the hell you holding the kid's doll for?' He started for the bed, but Gussie ran over and grabbed the doll.

"'*Mia figlia!*' she said fiercely, backing away. '*Mia bambina.*'

"Then she began sobbing and mumbling something in Italian, all the time holding the doll tightly. I looked at Jack, 'What the hell is all this?'

"'She thinks it's alive. She thinks it's her baby,' Jack said slowly. 'Guess she must want a kid awful bad.'

"We picked up our laundry, left the dough and walked out. The little girl was hanging around outside the door, and Jack gave her a handful of hard candy and a couple of chocolate bars. She yelled with joy and went inside to show Gussie. We walked along and after a moment Jack said, 'Must be pretty tough on Gussie, no husband, no kids, and all the other women knocking them out like rabbits. Got any candy?'

"'You're not going to give that kid any more?' I asked, slipping him a candy bar.

"He just turned around and walked back to Gussie's house. When he opened the door Gussie made another dive for the doll, but Jack just smiled at her and put the candy on the bed and said, 'For your *bella bambina,*' and he pointed to the doll.

"'*Grazie,*' Gussie said in a whisper."

SPORTS QUIZ

THE GIs who read this page faithfully every week, both of them, have been begging us to publish another one of our extra-special sports quizzes. Why anybody in his right mind would be bothered figuring out answers to a sports quiz we don't know, but nobody in the Army these days is in his right mind anyway, so here goes. You'll find the answers printed upside down somewhere at the bottom of the page.

1. Here's one that you always find in every sports quiz, so we are putting it in here at the beginning in order to get it out of the way fast! Name the former Yankee outfielder who is now an outstanding professional golfer.

2. What was the name of the back who did most of the blocking for Tom Harmon at Michigan?

3. Name the jockey riding in the U. S. who has won more races than any other jockey in this country.

4. The 1940 Olympic Games were canceled because of World War II. Where were they scheduled to be held?

5. Name the heavyweight champion who won the title from Gene Tunney.

6. What was the first football team to use the T-formation with great success?

7. What is the name of the character in major-league baseball who was mixed up in a plot to capture the Kaiser after the armistice of World War I?

8. What teams in the American League have not won the pennant since 1917?

9. What nation now holds the Davis Cup?

10. What football team did Jim Thorp play for when he was in college, and who was his coach?

11. What famous opera and concert singer used to be an All-American end at Rutgers?

12. Name the hockey players who play in the Boston Bruins' famous Kraut Line?

13. What sports event occurs each year at New London, Conn.?

14. What intercollegiate sport calls for a team of 12 men?

15. What is probably the most expensive sport for a college to maintain?

16. How long is a marathon?

17. With what sport is the Monty Waterbury Cup associated?

18. With what sport is the Stanley Cup associated?

19. With what sport is the Walker Cup associated?

20. And how about the Ryder Cup?

21. The Sullivan Memorial Trophy is awarded annually to the outstanding U. S. amateur athlete. Who is the only woman who ever won it?

22. Who is Dr. Forrest ("Phog") Allen?

23. Did Harvard ever play in the Rose Bowl?

24. Does the Municipal Stadium in Philadelphia hold more spectators than Soldier Field, Chicago?

25. Who, besides Bobby Jones, has won the U. S. and British amateur and the U. S. open golf titles?

26. Who holds the world record for the 100-yard dash?

27. What heavyweight fight drew the biggest gate receipts in history?

28. What is the name of the race track that stages the Kentucky Derby every April?

29. Did Ellsworth Vines or Don Budge win the U. S. national men's singles tennis championship more than twice?

30. Did Bill Tilden win it more than four times?

31. Did Paavo Nurmi ever run the mile in less than 4 minutes and 10 seconds?

32. Name ten of the 14 players who have been "immortalized" in the baseball Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, N. Y.

33. What world championships did Ted Allen of Alhambra, Calif., win in 1933, 1935 and 1940?

34. Freddie Steele, who recently became a movie actor, is a former pugilist. Did he ever hold a title?

35. Did Mel Ott ever play for any major-league club except the New York Giants?

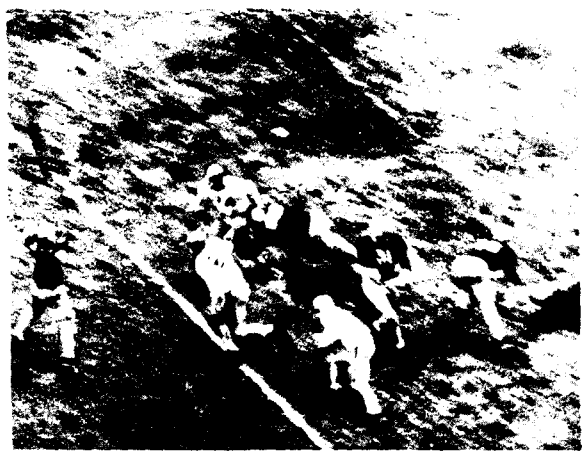
36. Who won the heavyweight title from Max Schmeling?

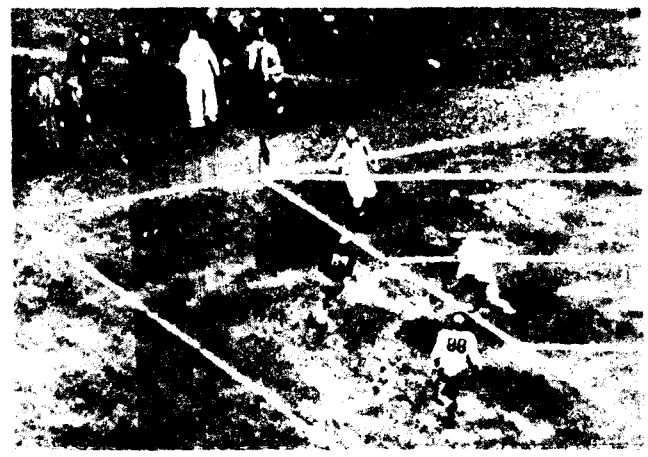
37. Who won the lightweight title from Benny Leonard?

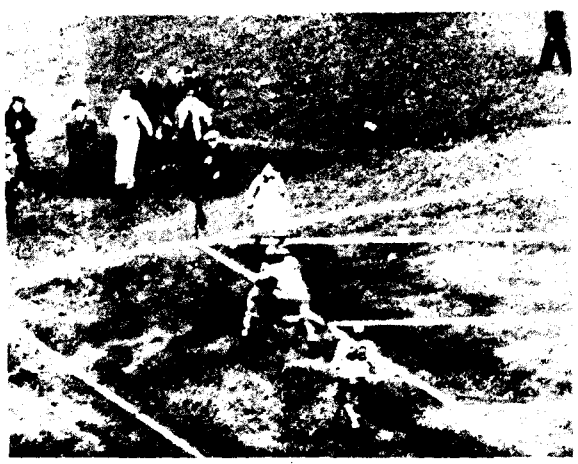
38. In what sport is a broom considered an important part of the players' equipment?

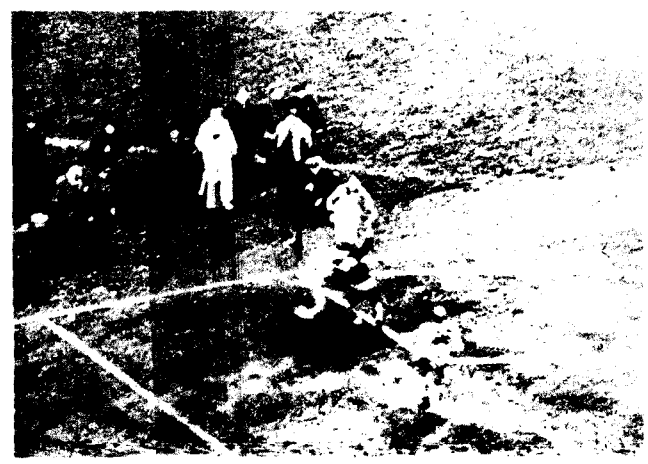
39. Before he became a manager, what major-league club did Joe McCarthy play for?

40. What National League baseball club was once nicknamed The Superbas?









This was probably the post season's most hotly disputed football decision. Can you identify it?

ANSWERS TO SPORTS QUIZ

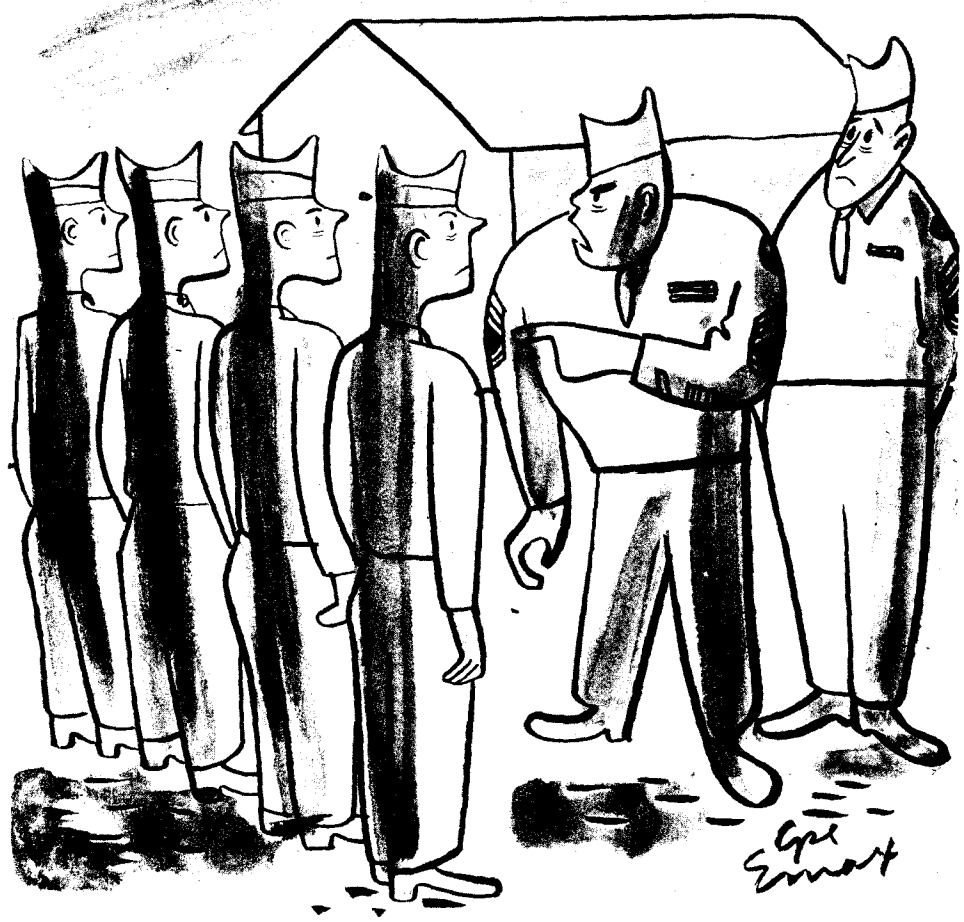
1. Sam Byrd. **2.** Forrest Evashevski. **3.** Johnny Longden. As of Nov. 1, 1945, he had won 2,417 races. **4.** Japan. **5.** Tunney retired undefeated. **6.** The Chicago Bears in 1940. **7.** Larry MacPhail. **8.** Every team in the American League has won the pennant at least once since 1917. **9.** Australia. **10.** Thorp played for the Carlisle Indians and his coach was Glenn (Pop) Warner. **11.** Paul Robeson. **12.** Bobby Bauer, Milt Schmidt and Woody Dumart. **13.** The Harvard-Yale crew regatta. **14.** Lacrosse. **15.** Rowing. **16.** 26 miles and 385 yards. **17.** Polo. **18.** Professional hockey. **19.** Amateur golf competition between selected British and American teams. **20.** Professional golf competition between British and American teams. **21.** Ann Curtis, the swimming star, in 1945. **22.** The well-known basketball coach at the University of Kansas. **23.** Harvard defeated Oregon, 7 to 6, in the Rose Bowl game of 1920. **24.** The Municipal Stadium in Philadelphia holds 102,211, and the Soldier Field stands in Chicago hold 102,112. **25.** Lawson Little won the U. S. and British amateur titles in 1934 and 1935. He won the U.S. open in 1940. **26.** It is held by Frank Wycoff and Jesse Owens. Time: 9.4 seconds. **27.** The second Tunney-Dempsey bout in Philadelphia, Sept. 22, 1927, which drew $2,650,000. **28.** Churchill Downs, Louisville, Ky. **29.** No. **30.** Tilden won the U.S. singles championship seven times. **31.** No. **32.** The 14 players in the baseball Hall of Fame are Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth, Honus Wagner, Christy Mathewson, Walter Johnson, Napoleon Lajoie, Tris Speaker, Cy Young, Grover C. Alexander, George Sisler, Eddie Collins, Willie Keeler, Lou Gehrig, Rogers Hornsby. **33.** Horseshoe-pitching championships. **34.** Steele was the middleweight champion from 1936 to 1938. **35.** No. **36.** Jack Sharkey. **37.** Leonard retired undefeated. **38.** Curling. **39.** McCarthy never played major-league baseball. **40.** Brooklyn.

Answer to the disputed football-play photo: In the closing seconds of the Notre Dame-Navy tie game, Phil Colella in the dark Notre Dame jersey caught a pass from Frank Dancewicz and was stopped on the Navy six-inch line by Minisi of Annapolis, wearing the white jersey. The referee's ruling of "no touchdown" was hotly disputed, but strongly supported by these movie shots.

"OF COURSE, HE WAS A LITTLE NEUROTIC BEFORE HE WENT OVERSEAS. . . ."
—Sgt. Tom Flannery

"CALL FOR PVT. GEORGE BLACKBUSH! . . . CALL FOR PVT. GEORGE BLACKBUSH!"
—Sgt. Ponce de Leon

"IT'S THIS UNCERTAINTY AND SWEATING OUT TRANSPORTATION THAT GETS MY MORALE DOWN."
—Cpl. Irwin Touster



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—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell

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