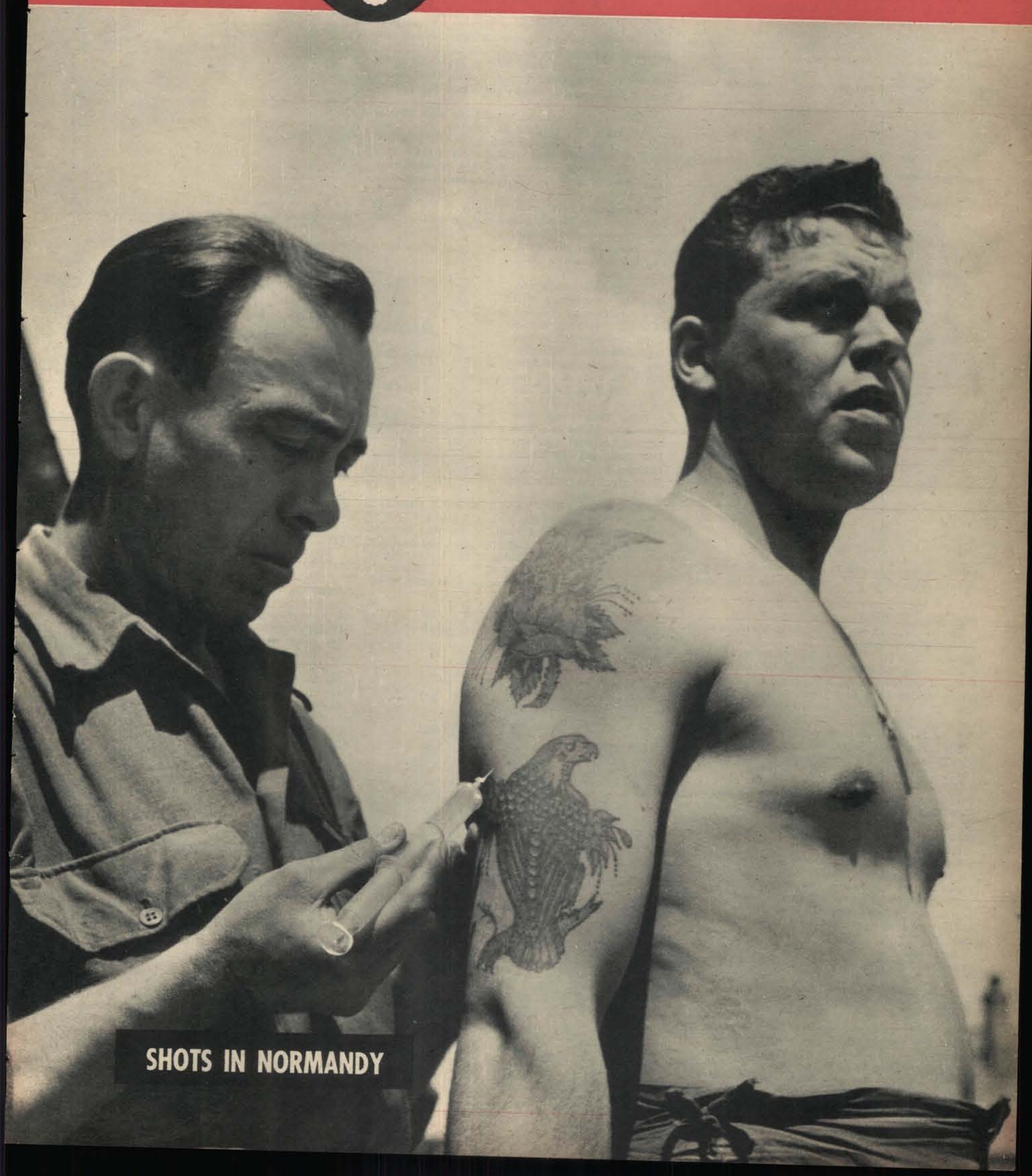
YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

5¢ DEC. 7, 1945
VOL. 4, NO. 25

By and for men in the service



SHOTS IN NORMANDY

By Sgt. BILL LINDAU
YANK Staff Correspondent

TACHIKAWA, JAPAN—Last October 13, the men of the 164th Infantry, Americal Division, filled the big auditorium of the Jap Army paymaster school here to observe the third anniversary of the outfit's landing on Guadalcanal.

In the audience there was only one enlisted man who had waded ashore with the 164th that day under Jap aerial bombs to reinforce the battered, half-starved First Marines.

He is T-3 Willard J. Shank of Spokane, Wash.

Shank is a big, chunky fellow, 22 years old, with black hair and eyes, a long nose, square jaw and 111 points.

He is distinguished in his outfit not only by the fact that he is the last of the Guadal veterans here, but as a man who wants to re-enlist.

He is otherwise regarded among his fellows as one who knows what the score is and one who stays on the ball.

The T-3 thought for a moment before he explained his decision to stay in the Army.

Shank, in the Southwest Pacific 34 months, had gone through Guadal as an aid man with C Company.

"Well," he said, "after being in for five years, I'd feel lost without it."

More than that, Shank has come to the conclusion that civilian life will be pretty well screwed up for the next few years and that the Army would be a nice place to be during that time. Shank doesn't like the Army any more than the next enlisted man. It is just the lesser of two evils as far as he is concerned.

His last taste of home did nothing to encourage him to ask for a discharge when he became eligible.

Shank was in the Southwest Pacific 34 months before he went home. In that time, he had gone through the four miserable months on Guadal as an aid man with Charley Company, and after that through the Second Battle of Bougainville.

He had a girl back home whom he wanted to marry, and he had the natural GI ache for home. He reached Spokane on Christmas Day 1944, and spent two and a half months in the States.

"One of the biggest reasons I wanted to go home was to get married," he said.

"But we broke up right after I got back, so that deal is off."

And for a man fresh from Pacific combat, there was too much civilian bitching. "About rationing, for one thing," he said.

"That browned me off, along with a few other things."

Then there was the matter of cigarettes. "It took me two days to find one pack of cigarettes. Then I discovered that it's who you know that counts.

"One of the guys in the outfit asked me to look up his father when I got back. I did, and while I was talking to the old man the subject of cigarettes came up. I told him how much trouble I had finding a pack.

"He went out and in five minutes he came back with a carton."

Shank found other things different back home, too.

"I found a lot of new people on the West Coast I'd never known before," he said, "and most of my old acquaintances were gone.

"And another thing: The GI returning to the States for a brief furlough before going out again didn't get much consideration from the Army. The guys permanently assigned or those who had returned for discharge were treated all right, but I didn't get any breaks at all.

"Take the matter of rationing again: For my 30-day furlough, I got an allowance of five gallons of gas. You can figure out how far you can get in 30 days on five gallons of gas.

"While I was on duty in the States, I got a three-day pass. I scrounged a couple of more gallons for the pass. Then I got a two-day extension.

"The ration board, all wound up with official paper and rules, refused to give me any more. They told me my papers had to show a five-day pass, or furlough. And with merely a three-day pass and two days extra, I might as well have been AWOL as far as the ration board was concerned."

What Shank has been reading in the papers over here has strengthened his conviction that the Army is the best place for him. He has been eligible for months for a discharge.

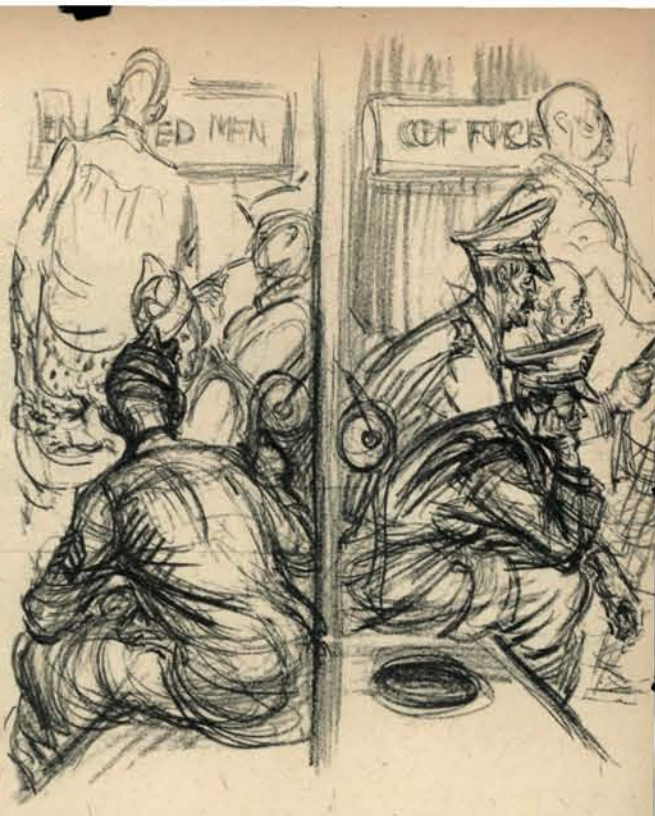
"Congress keeps saying that the serviceman will be taken care of. Yet the newspapers carry stories about unemployment and the difficulties veterans are having in both finding jobs and in getting their old jobs back," he said.

"And then there was the story about the firm offering combat veterans the same pay as stock-exchange runners that teen-agers got before and during the war.

"Things are a mess right now, and it looks like they will be a mess for quite a while yet."

Back in the fall of 1940, Shank had been in school in Minnesota and was planning to enter pre-med the following term at the University of Minnesota. Then a friend of his told him there would be no sense in starting an education which the draft would interrupt anyway, so why not enlist and get his year of training over with. That's how he got into the 164th, more than five years ago.

"I wanted to go home and marry the girl, but we broke up right after I got back, so that deal is off."



His biggest gripe, like that of most GIs interviewed, was against the Army "caste" system and privilege.

Although he agrees with the common soldier gripes, Sgt. Shank still thinks the Army has it all over the "screwed-up" civilian life of today.

The subject of his pre-Army plans for a medical education was broached.

"Oh, that . . . " he said, waving his hand in dismissal. Five years in the Army is a long time, even though you are only 22 at the end of it. And a university freshman is a pretty callow youth. Particularly to another who would be an average five years older, with 42 months of Pacific duty and three jungle operations under his belt.

Shank feels about the Army pretty much as the average GI feels about it now and has felt about it all along. He has his gripes, and he doesn't mind telling them.

His biggest, like that of most GIs interviewed, is against the "caste" system, the officer-enlisted man relationship and the matter of privilege.

"I'm up in the first three grades, and have been for some time," he says, "and I get a lot of privileges. I accept them as they come. But that doesn't mean I approve of the system."

HE sums up his gripe against the officer class like this:

"The officers always have to have someone picking up after them, and the GI gets too much crap from higher up. I wouldn't spend more than five minutes in the Army as a private."

Sgt. Shank thinks that the occupation is too soft for the Nips, both from the official standpoint and through the treatment the average soldier is giving the Nip population.

"If my old outfit were here," he said, "it would be a helluva lot different. We wouldn't be brutal, and there wouldn't be any rape, but the Nips wouldn't get away with anything either.

"Most of the troops around here are replacements, fresh from the States, and they have seen little or no combat. They are like a bunch of tourists, and I'm afraid that the Nips are taking them in. One of our Nisei interpreters told me that much the other day.

"Christ, right around the CP here, the Nips

are getting better treatment than we gave the Filipinos. They handle the food, and they eat in our mess hall.

"There are a helluva lot of them eating here who just wander in and sit down, and no one throws them out. They come in and they eat right at the same table with us. I don't ever want to sit down to chow and see those bastards right across the table from me."

Shank doesn't think much of the deal the men are getting who are heading for and already in the separation centers over here. Shank has no particular personal interest in it. He's turned down five opportunities to go back to the States since VE-Day, wants to stay another six months in Japan and is not pleased with plans for sending the Americal back to the States in November.

"They aren't moving the men back to the States very fast. Too many of them are sitting in the repple depple with their thumbs in their mouths. And on top of all this, the Navy has to celebrate Navy Day in the States," he said.

On the Army's credit side, he had several things to say about the advantages of the military life, both in reference to his own personal position, his plans and in general.

"The peacetime Army," he said, "offers security, good pay, a place to live. It's better being in, now, than being a civilian with all this insecurity.

"The Army is what you make it, and I haven't made it very bad."

In "making" the Army, his career has shown planning all the way through. Except for one main point, his plans so far have been completed.

During his five years with the 164th, he has held every Infantry job except that of company clerk. He started off as a machine-gunner in H Company, but wanted to be a medic.

He was a cook back at Geiger Field, Washington, and is one of the few Army cooks who liked his work, but he turned down a spot on a permanent post to go overseas with his outfit.

The only actual shooting he did during this war was on Guadal. He got five Japs with one 81mm mortar shell at 1,800 yards. He stopped off at a battery on his way to get some medical supplies, and a gunner let him get in his shot.

Shank's ultimate goal was a general hospital and a commission, via combat medical experience. He missed his commission by a hair last August.

He was put in for one while the outfit was in Cebu loading for Japan, but it wasn't on paper. Confusion of moving prevented normal contact with division headquarters.

"When we finally got settled down here, and the application went through, it was too late. Eighth Army's jurisdiction over direct commissions had been canceled shortly after September 2," he said.

SHANK's job is surgical technician, with an MOS of 861. However, he is understudying the regimental sergeant-major's job now, and is planning to take over, with an eventual rating of master sergeant, and a change of MOS to administration.

"Administrative work is easy and interesting," he said, "and I want to get a permanent rating in administration. However, the division is going home as a unit much sooner than I expected. I figured on another six months to settle down in the job here. The present sergeant-major would go home on points, normally. But now, it doesn't look so good."

Biggest incentive for reenlistment for Shank was in Truman's "red apple" and one-year-hitch plan. Shank figures on going back to the States eventually, collecting a total of $550 in mustering-out pay and $50 for each year he has been in the Army, and a 100-day furlough.

Then he'll re-enlist and apply for occupation duty in Germany.

"I can speak a little German," he said, "and a garrison job will give me plenty of time to look around the country. I have no home ties, no family to worry about, so I'm all set on that point."

Shank's adaptability to the Army and his environment make his choice an easy one. In fact, his experience in the Pacific shows an adaptability that is rare.

For instance, he has picked up a working knowledge of one Fiji dialect, Javanese, Malayan, Visayan (one of the Filipino dialects), and now Japanese. He describes his knowledge of Japanese as inadequate.

"I've been learning it through a phrase book and through contact with the Jap laborers around here," he said.

But one of his friends, M/Sgt. Jay Boyd, of Bessemer, Ala., gave a much higher estimate of Shank's mastery of Japanese.

"He can out-talk any Jap in Tachikawa," Boyd said.

Shank said one of his chief forms of amusement is an evening in a *geisha* house.

"I learn a lot of Japanese that way, too," he said.

Besides his desire to settle into the sergeant-major's job, Shank's reluctance to leave Japan right now lies in his interest in the country and the people.

Three years of fighting Nips and indoctrination against them has produced a strong antipathy toward the Jap military which makes him mark a clear line between the military and the civilian.

"I think the Nip civilians are actually glad to see us. I feel that we liberated them from the military. And the farmers should have the best winter they've had in years. They won't have the military confiscating most of their crops.

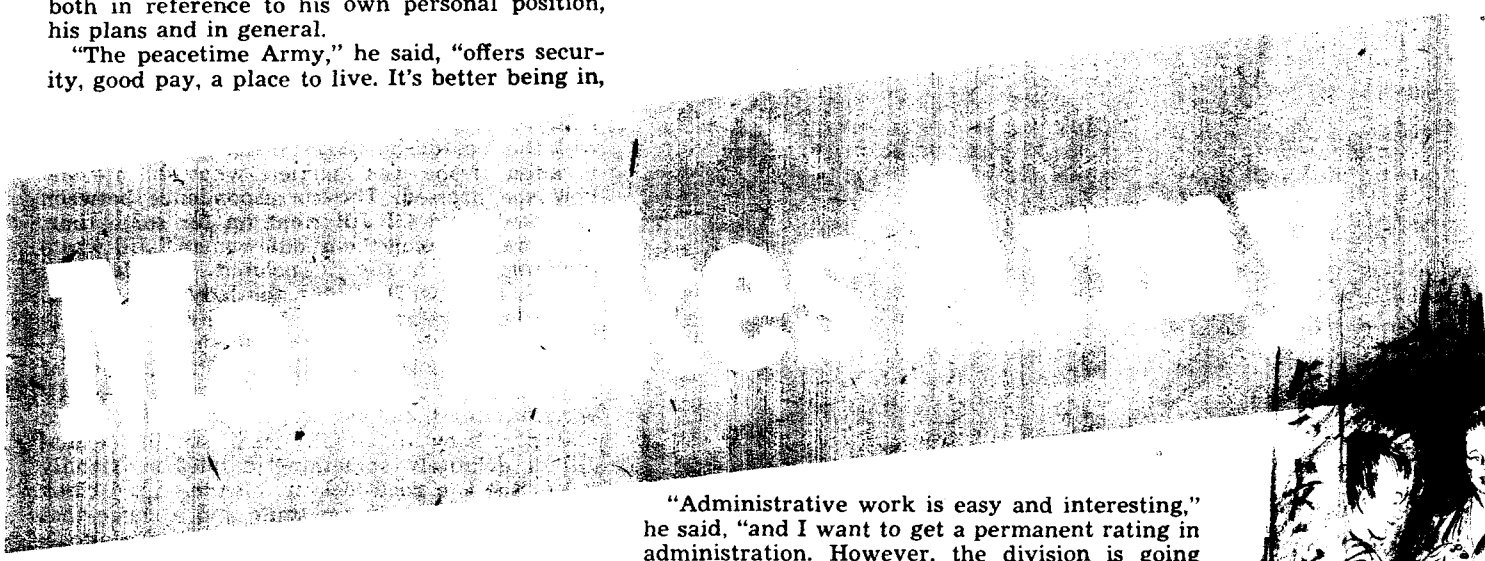
"But don't get me wrong," he added.

"I wouldn't think of wandering around this country without a weapon. I don't trust any Jap, and it will be a helluva long time before I will.

"But I want to stay over and see some more of the country. We're living pretty good now, except for the lack of heat. The climate is like the West Coast except that the cold goes right through you.

"The chow isn't bad at all, and the duty is light. Next to the Fijis and Australia, Japan is the best place we have hit."

Shank wanted to get it straight. He has gotten along in the Army fine. And he'll stay in until things settle down.

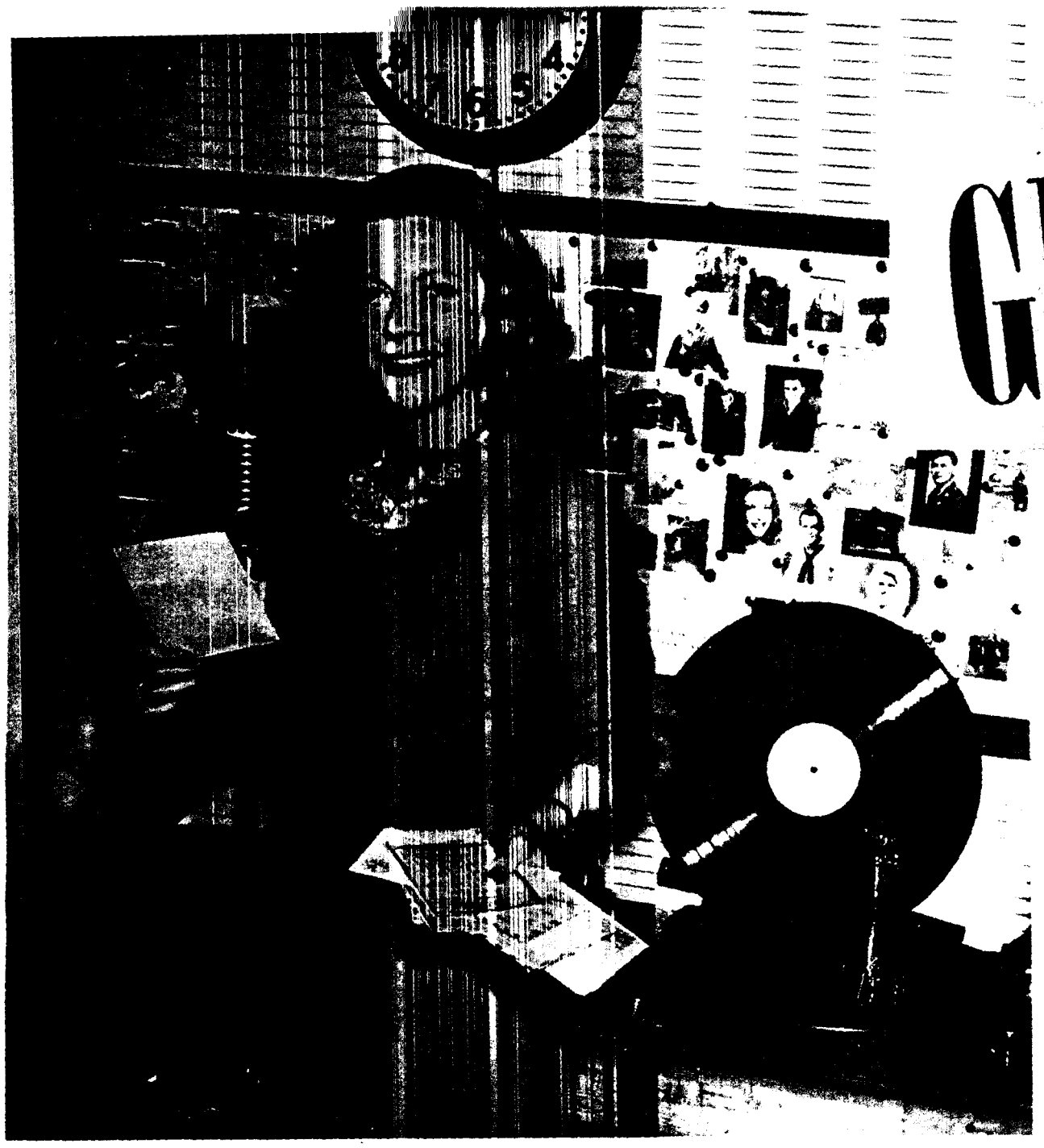


Shank said one of his chief amusements is an evening in a *geisha* house, where "I learn Japanese."

"Congress keeps saying that the serviceman will be taken care of. Yet the newspapers carry stories about unemployment and the difficulties veterans are having both in finding jobs and getting their old jobs back."

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Branch Office, Information & Education Division, War Department, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Reproduction rights restricted as indicated in the masthead on the editorial page. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly. Printed in the U. S. A.

GI JILL



Ever since Guadalcanal, a breezy little blonde broadcaster has kept Pacific doughs in touch with home.

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

LOS ANGELES—Most people don't give a damn about GI Jill; they never even heard of her. But to doughfoots from Tokyo to Cairo, and especially to the men in the Pacific, GI Jill for three years has meant a trifle more than apple pie, the Brooklyn Dodgers and those soul-stirring Kelvinator-Nash advertisements all put together.

GI Jill is a disc jockey, a breezy blonde who records a 15-minute jive session for the Army, which in the past three years has become the most popular program beamed overseas. Since her debut on the air Jill has received more than 70,000 letters from GI admirers, a fan-mail total that puts her right up there with the pin-up gals —even though comparatively few of her listeners have any idea what Jill looks like.

Jill actually is Martha Wilkerson, a Los Angeles girl who is married to a GI and is the mother of a three-year-old daughter. Martha was just another working girl when Pearl Harbor came along. Her brother, a Navy lieutenant, is indirectly responsible for the GI Jill program. "I used to write him a lot in the weeks just after Pearl Harbor," Martha says, "but apparently my letters didn't get through at first."

Figuring there were many more men overseas like her brother who weren't receiving any mail and might be lonely for a word from home, Jill thought up the idea of a 15-minute program devoted to records and friendly chatter. West Coast OWI officials gave it their okay. A week later Jill and her husband, at that time on the production staff of a radio network at San Francisco, went on the air. They billed their show as "Jack and Jill." Soon afterward, Jack went into the Army and Jill was on her own.

It was during the early days of the Guadalcanal campaign, when the Army was having a tough time getting food to the men, let alone letters, that Jill began to become popular. Her program, beamed shortwave out of San Francisco, hit Guadal around 7:15. Jill read letters over the air to GIs from their wives in the States. She also introduced a "baby department," announcing the birth of children to GI fathers in the Pacific. For a long time, Army authorities admit, Jill's program was the only link the men at Guadal had with the folks back home.

A letter she received from a rifleman in the heat of the campaign proves this. "Dear Jill," the GI wrote, "we really sweat it out here to listen to your program and a lot of the fellows get a kick out of hearing about their babies, the married guys I mean. But my company retreated yesterday and things were in a helluva mess and we had to leave our radio behind. Do you think maybe you could get us another one?" Jill was arranging to have another one sent when she received a V-mail from her Guadalcanal admirer: "Forget about the radio. We moved up today. We also got our radio back."

"That was one of the nicest letters I ever received," says Jill.

Toward the end of the Guadalcanal campaign, officials of the Armed Forces Radio Service heard about Jill's program and brought her to Los Angeles. Since then "Jill and Her GI Jive" has been beamed seven days a week via the Army's 400 radio stations.

Jill believes the success of her program is based on the un-sexy manner in which she broadcasts. "I don't and never have gone in for the mushy line. I think it's pretty rotten to keep throwing up sex at guys who haven't got very much time or wherewithal to enjoy it. When I write the scripts, I imagine I'm writing to my brother, and I'm certainly not trying to be glamorous with him."

Jill's fan-mail bears out this theory. Most of the writers consider her a friend and less than one percent of the 70,000 letters have contained any *mushy* passages. Jill spends about nine hours a day writing and broadcasting her program, and a considerable amount of her night life consists of answering the fan mail.

Though Jill dodges romance on her program, she has been instrumental in helping one along. One of her first admirers, a Sgt. Dean Dodd, who was with a radar outfit in the Aleutians in early '42, kept writing to Jill requesting records of the sultry Ella Mae Morse. Then, not satisfied even with the records, he asked for her picture, wanted to know if she was married, what she ate and how she dressed. The correspondence between Sgt. Dodd and GI Jill went on for some time. "I'm tired of being the middlewoman," Jill wrote the sergeant finally. "Enclosed is Ella Mae Morse's address. Deal with the lady direct." Sgt. Dodd did and now, out of the Army, he is squiring the blues singer around Los Angeles.

When they come back to the States, many of Jill's fans stop in at the studio to see her. She always invites them out for a coke and a bit of dialogue. They are usually surprised to see that Jill is definitely something besides a friendly voice. She is a good-looking, blonde-haired chick with blue eyes, a warm smile and a shape that wouldn't be embarrassed in a pin-up contest.

Besides the coke and the talk, Jill arranges that the doughs get passes to all the big-time radio shows emanating from Hollywood. Sometimes she brings them home for dinner and a look at her cute three-year-old daughter, Carole.

Jill's admirers have come to know each other by their APO numbers and initials, so when Jill and a visiting friend have a bull-session, it sounds like doubletalk to an outsider. Jill will say, "So you're JEK from APO 456. How is BLT? Remember IPE from APO 789? Well, he was in to see me the other day, and the first thing he did was ask to hear one of those Spike Jones records."

JILL, who has had everything from an island to a horse named after her, has received Jap flags, Samurai swords, coral shells, coconuts, bottles of *sake* and stuffed octopuses as gifts from GIs. Undoubtedly her pin-up collection of males is the largest in the world. Every time a GI asks for a picture, she asks for one of him in return. One character, a sailor working with a photographic unit on a carrier, sent her back a life size pin-up of himself. "Just so you'll get an idea how handsome I am," the sailor wrote. Jill belongs to practically every overseas club in existence, including "The Rock-Happy Residents of Kwajalein" and "The Marshall Island Sack Rats."

Jill's dearest ambition always has been to beam her show from a Tokyo station. "I've dreamed many nights of sitting in Tokyo and jamming the program down Tokyo Rose's throat," says Jill. The Army is said to think well of the idea. Plans are now in the making to send her over for a three-month tour of the Pacific theaters, winding up with a personal appearance on Radio Tokyo.

Commercial interests, particularly radio advertising firms, are much aware of Jill's success and have offered her fat contracts, but Jill has nixed them all.

Recently Jill received a letter from a GI who thanked her for her three years of chatter and records and ended the letter, "I thought I'd write to you quick before you went off the air for good." Jill did a lot of thinking about that letter and decided to add a line to the end of her program. The line reads like this: "I'll be beaming from here, guys, until there isn't anyone left on the beam over there."

Many low-point joes are glad that a breezy little blonde named Martha Wilkerson hasn't any ideas about reconversion.

Through a GI interpreter, far left, Lt. Hans Schultz testifies that he heard Gen. Dostler order the execution.

Trial in Rome

The first Nazi general to face a U. S. Military Commission gets death sentence. Photos by Sgt. Charles James.

ROME—Late at night, on 22 March 1944, the "Ginny Mission" stole out of Bastia, Corsica, on PT boats. Lieutenants Vincent Russo and Paul Traficante commanded 13 enlisted men on this OSS operation. Close to shore near La Spezia, the commandos set off in rubber rafts—their purpose, to blow a railroad tunnel on the main supply line to the German front 400 miles south at Cassino and Anzio.

The mission was not accomplished. The men did not return. Nothing was heard of them until after VE-Day, when OSS found all 15 bodies in a seaside grave. With their hands bound behind them, the Americans had been put to death by a German firing squad, in violation of the Geneva Convention forbidding execution of uniformed enemy soldiers taken prisoner.

Five months later, Anton Dostler, commanding general of the German LXXV Corps, was tried by an American Military Commission in the Palace of Justice at Rome as the officer chiefly responsible for the executions. Dostler pleaded not guilty, but was sentenced to die.

From Oct. 8 to 12, a parade of witnesses, mostly German officers, told the commission of the circumstances under which the OSS men were condemned. The execution, without trial, was ordered on the basis of a *Fuehrerbefehl* (command of Adolf Hitler) which demanded the "extermination . . . without mercy . . . on general principles" of all commandos found behind German lines.

Dostler spent a whole day on the witness stand testifying through a GI interpreter in an effort to save his life. Sweating and nervous, the chunky, florid defendant admitted he ordered the Americans shot, but said he had no choice.

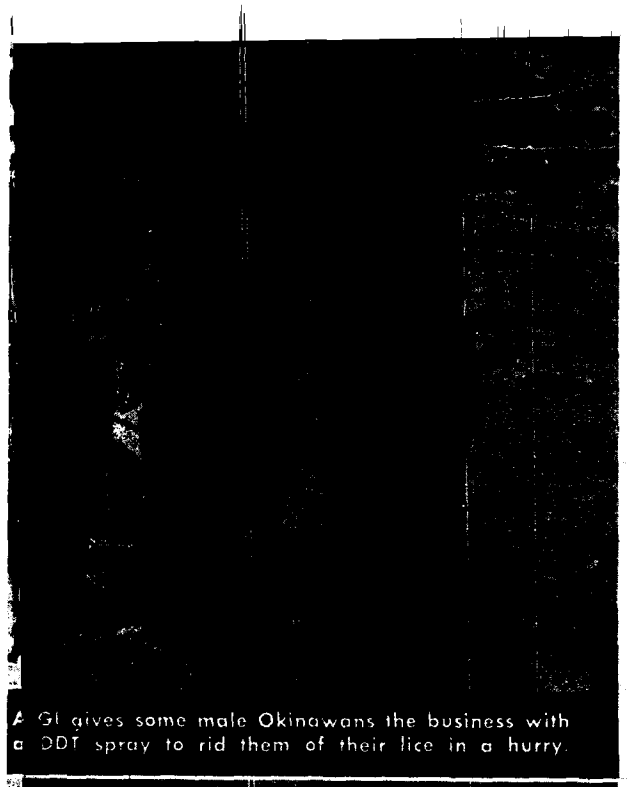
"An order was given by me that the men were to be shot," the accused conceded on the stand. "Then I meditated further and decided to talk with Col. Almers, commander of the 135th Fortress Brigade, where the prisoners were held."

Dostler said he ordered Almers to hold up the execution while he consulted next higher headquarters, that of the army group commanded by General Gustav von Zangen. When von Zangen's headquarters demanded the firing squad for the Americans, Dostler ordered the prisoners shot by 7 A.M. the following morning, he said. Von Zangen, however, testified for the prosecution that he did not give the order.

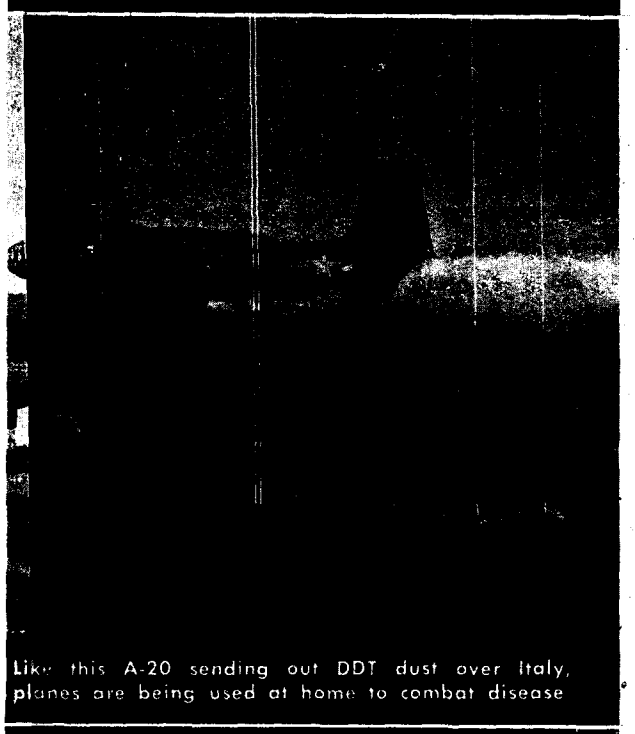
Col. Almers and three German naval officers, who were interrogating the prisoners, appealed by telephone and telegram to Dostler and Marshal Kesselring to spare the OSS party or, at least, postpone the execution. Kesselring never replied, the appeal to Dostler failed and the 15 Americans were shot on March 26. Later, all records of the case were destroyed.

The trial was carefully watched by virtually the entire world press, since the issue—whether all Nazi war crimes may be attributed to Hitler alone and whether "obeying orders from above" is a valid defense for illegal acts of war—was tested here for the first time.

On the stand Dostler tells the commission he was acting under orders from Hitler and Field Marshal Kesselring when he ordered execution of the OSS commandos.



A GI gives some male Okinawans the business with a DDT spray to rid them of their lice in a hurry.



Like this A-20 sending out DDT dust over Italy, planes are being used at home to combat disease

An old citizen of Naples tries to hold onto his pants and his dignity as a soldier sprays him with DDT

It was a great blessing to GIs overseas, but the "magic" bug-killer still has to prove itself in the battle of the home front.

By Sgt. ALLAN B. ECKER
YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON—One of the Army's most effective front-line fighters of World War II has recently been discharged, and, like some other ex-soldiers entering civilian life, DDT may discover that getting adjusted takes a little time.

DDT is, of course, the "magic" bug-killer whose mouth-filling scientific name is dichlorodiphenyltrichloroethane. A wartime product, monopolized by the armed forces, it received about 10 million dollars' worth of free advertising in news stories and letters sent back to the States by war correspondents and GIs overseas. The civilian market was eager to get its hands on the much-publicized insecticide. With VE-Day, manufacturers rushed to turn out DDT commercially, now that it was no longer needed by the services in anything like wartime quantities.

But today, only a few months since DDT went civilian, it is already obvious that many purchasers are disappointed with its performance, and other prospective buyers have been scared off by reports that DDT is unsatisfactory and even dangerous. The public letdown is about as big as the one produced by Lauren Bacall's second picture after her first sensational success. How come?

Back in the peaceful days before World War II came along, there were two main ways to kill a bug: swatting it, or using insecticides compounded principally of pyrethrum, rotenone or arsenic. Then, at the very time war had broken out and we needed vast quantities of bug-killers to supply our expeditionary forces, a shortage of all three products occurred. Pyrethrum, normally imported by the millions of pounds from Kenya Colony, East Africa, was unavailable, because of crop failures and labor troubles. Rotenone, which comes from the Netherlands East Indies, had fallen into Jap hands in their blitz. And a similar shortage threatened in the arsenical compounds.

There was much feverish gnashing of test-tubes as American scientists hunted for some satisfactory substitute. One of the many formulas tested was DDT. Discovered in 1874 by a German chemistry student, this had been forgotten for 65 years until a Swiss scientist rediscovered it and noted its insect-killing qualities. In 1942, his employers (the Geigy Company) passed along the information and a chemical sample to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, then busily testing a great many possibilities. DDT passed its exams with top marks.

The armed forces immediately took over the entire output, except for experimental quantities. None was available for civilian use—in homes, industries or farms—because several of the basic ingredients of DDT were also required for other essential war purposes. Benzine, for example, was needed in the manufacture of synthetic rubber and high-octane aviation gas; chlorine, used by 200 basic industries and in the manufacture of chemical-warfare devices, was short, too. And the Manhattan Project, as work on the development of the atomic bomb was called, needed some of the same chemical equipment as DDT.

IN North Africa and the Mediterranean and in the Pacific, the armed forces put DDT to speedy use—protecting GIs from insect-borne diseases and disinfecting civilians with whom our troops came in daily contact.

Probably the most dramatic success achieved by the insecticide was the winning of the "Second Battle of Naples." In late 1943, the vital port city was teeming with more than a million people, living in unclean, unheated homes by day and crowded into lice-infested air-raid shelters each night. In October, typhus struck. Military men who knew the record of this scourge in other wars predicted that a quarter of a million might perish. From an October monthly total of 25 deaths, the epidemic grew until by January there were 60 cases a day. People were dying in the streets.

The U S. Typhus Commission cast about desperately for some quickly applicable, long-lasting, mass-protection weapon against the disease. Vaccines were out—there weren't enough to go around. Old-fashioned delousing took too long and was ineffective; by the time a man had put his clothes back on, he was crawling again.

The Commission decided to give DDT its big chance. At 43 delousing stations, GIs worked overtime, dusting 1,300,000 people with the powder in January alone. It was easy to apply: just shoot a little from a "gun" down the neck, up the sleeves and under the waist. And it worked. By mid-February, the epidemic was under control.

In the Pacific, the chief pests were not lice but mosquitoes and flies. Early in the war, malaria had exacted a heavier toll than Jap bullets. And because of the nature of the island-to-island campaign, every time we advanced we were moving into a new insect-held territory. At first, GIs relied on individual sprayers and aerosol bombs (metal shells containing DDT in an oil and refrigerating gas mixture) to kill the pests around them. But it soon became apparent that proper insect-control could clear an area *before* the troops moved in.

The airplane, so much a part of war in the Pacific, was used for this battle too. In the first experiment, a Marine Corps torpedo bomber—by coincidence, a Mosquito—sprayed the mosquito-breeding mangrove swamps of a small island chosen as a DDT laboratory. From pipes set under each wing of the plane, a pinhole nozzle loosed an oily DDT mist that settled quickly

DDT

and went to work on the bugs with deadly effect.

Soon the experiment was being regularly repeated. Saipan, for example, was doused from one end to the other by B-25s and Piper Cubs that buzzed in at tree-top levels just before D-Day. Jap antiaircraft gunners, apparently terrified by the "gas attack," were so erratic they did no damage.

By late 1944, an inspection mission from the Surgeon General's Office was able to report that a huge triangle in the Central and South Pacific (from Hawaii to New Caledonia to Guam) had been largely cleared of disease-bearing insects.

Later, when our troops moved into Japan, they took along DDT and gave the notorious Omori prison camp a delousing job before jugging such high-class Jap war criminals as Gen. Tojo.

DDT's record on the battlefronts—reported to the home front with adjectives like "magic" and "wonder-working"—made the public expect a kill-all, cure-all. DDT isn't.

There's a science to exterminating pests. You can't use the same kind or strength of insecticide for all bugs, any more than a golfer would play 18 holes with just a mashie, or an Infantry outfit would fight with only M1s. For some jobs DDT simply isn't suited at all, or is outclassed by other, older bug-killers. And for many other jobs, DDT will be effective only if used in a certain strength and prepared in a certain way.

DDT itself is a chemical solid. As an insecticide, it is highly diluted and never applied in full strength. It may be marketed in any one of a variety of forms—oil and water solutions, powder, dust and bombs. Products already on sale range all the way from one-hundredth of one percent DDT content on up. At the start, before the Government cracked down, many labels failed to state accurate percentages and made flagrantly untrue claims as to performance. The results backfired.

But large-scale experiments conducted in many states have already indicated some of the ways in which DDT may be, as the ads call it, a "boon to mankind" in peacetime as well as war.

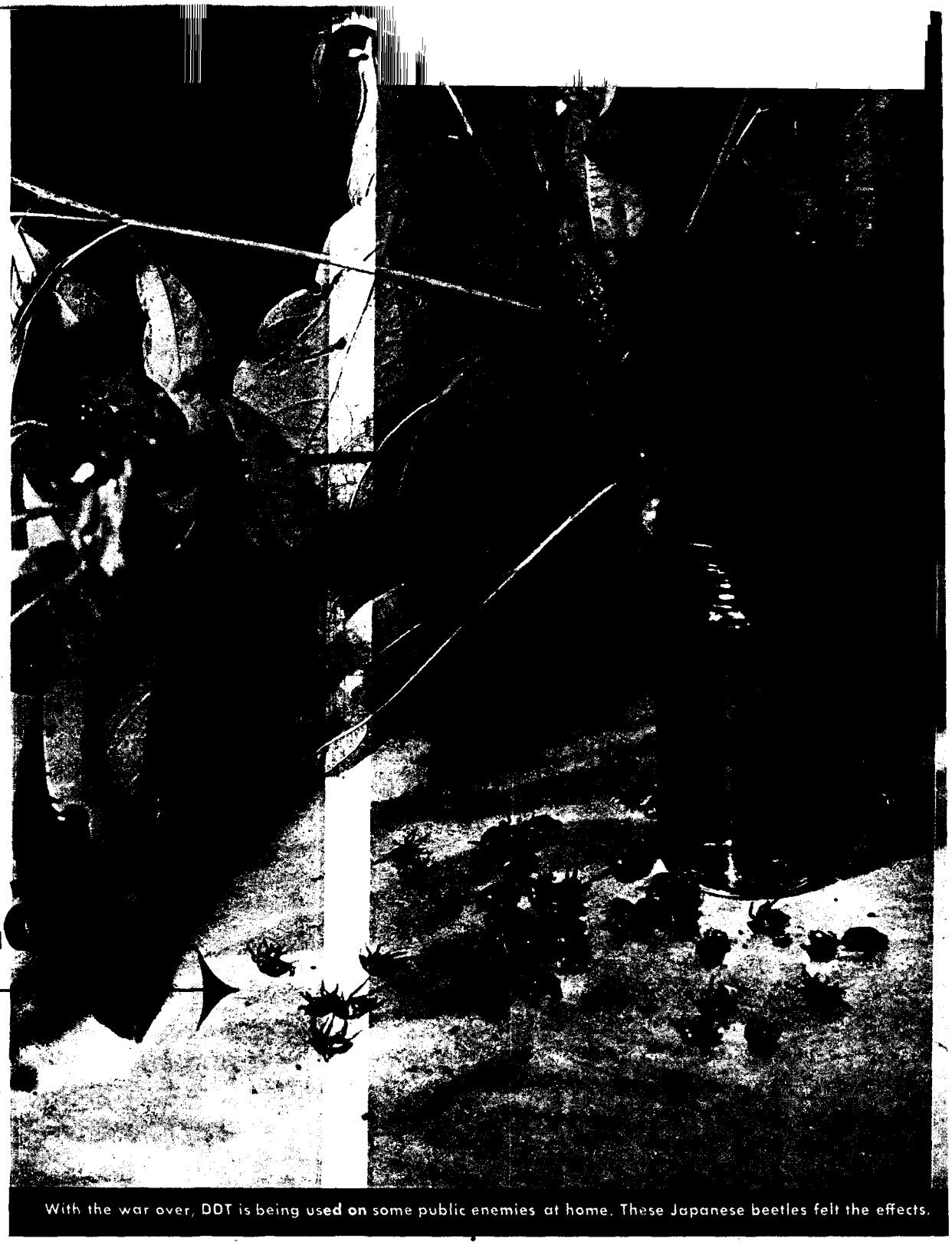
Swimmers and sun-bathers bothered by seashore insects took hope after a test last July at New York's Jones's Beach, where a fog-generator truck DDT'd a four-mile section. The mist of insecticide, blanketing the area to a height of 15 feet, blocked the vision of observers. Next morning, however, the beach was "absolutely clear"—of fog and of mosquitoes, too.

In the insect-ridden waterfront town of Crisfield, Md., last September, a three-day experiment netted a 90 percent fly mortality in fishery houses and a 45 percent reduction in flies over the entire 300-acre area treated. Mice died by the hundreds after eating DDT'd flies, and even rats grew groggy. Witnesses said you could step right on them and they just didn't give a damn. Some 26 days later, flies were still dying like flies. A similar dance of death took place at New York's famous Fulton Fish Market.

NOBODY knows for certain what carries the polio virus; some think it may be the common housefly. When infantile paralysis struck Rockford, Ill., public health officials decided to give DDT a chance last August. The city was divided into two areas, one sprayed by air with the insecticide, the other untreated. As 100,000 people watched, a B-25 crisscrossed at 150 feet loosing DDT in a fine mist from two tanks in its bomb bay. Pittsburgh and Boston have also DDT'd garbage cans and yards in an anti-infantile drive.

The U. S. Public Health Service, which decades ago eradicated yellow fever in our country, has sprayed 300,000 homes in 11 southern states and in Illinois in an effort to wipe out malaria. Virtu-

goes civili



With the war over, DDT is being used on some public enemies at home. These Japanese beetles felt the effects.

ally all household insect pests were destroyed in the process.

A Newport (R. I.) debutante DDT'd the grounds of her estate just before the guests arrived for her $40,000 coming-out party; music-lovers got a break at a pop concert when a helicopter treated the Yale Bowl with a DDT bath; monkeys at New York's Central Park Zoo were bewildered to find themselves flealess after a September spraying, but scratched absent-mindedly anyway; bearded and venerable scholars went down on their knees to fire DDT into the corners of the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum, when insects rudely attended a meeting of the National Academy of Science ("admission by invitation only").

Livestock farmers also have benefited by the new preparation. Kansas was the scene of extensive cattle spraying and dipping demonstrations, involving about 5,000 head, this past summer. Cattle, treated three times each at a total cost of a nickel a head, grazed at ease, freed at last from their ancient tormentors. Noting that hornflies have taken as much as 1½ gallons of blood from a single steer in one season, *Cappers Weekly* predicted "greater beef gains, more milk and higher profits for the entire livestock industry."

DDT-impregnated clothing, laundered once a week for two months, remains free of lice, suggesting a method of protection for lousy civilians.

Paints, plaster, wallpaper, furniture finishes and other construction materials in which DDT is an active ingredient are now being manufactured experimentally. Producers predict insect-proof and termite-free homes in the future.

BUT this very strength and long life of DDT, which distinguishes it from all other insecticides so far developed, is both an advantage and a curse.

For DDT kills not only harmful insects but also beneficial ones, upsetting what scientists call the "balance of nature." Other secondary effects of the new insecticide will take a lot of planning to eliminate.

According to the Bureau of Entomology, Department of Agriculture, which has done much experimental work, uncontrolled use of the insecticide may harm honeybees, interfere with the pollination of important food or seed-crop plants, destroy beneficial insects that ordinarily keep pests under control, poison fish and insect-feeding birds, and have unpleasant effects on animals or humans eating DDT'd plants, fruits, grains, or other crops

Walnut trees in California, for example, were sprayed with DDT to kill coddling moths. The moths died all right, but so did lady-bird beetles on the trees. These beetles are nature's way of controlling another type of pest known as the walnut aphid. The aphids on the trees were killed by the DDT spray, but more of them showed up later, while no more of the beetles did. Only emergency dusting with nicotine saved the trees.

When airplanes sprayed the Patuxent (Md.) Fish and Wildlife Service refuge with heavy doses of DDT, dead and dying birds were found on the grounds of the experimental station two days later, poisoned by eating DDT'd insects.

Hothouse tomatoes treated with DDT showed less loss from spotted wilt than other tomatoes fumigated with nicotine, but the lower leaves of the DDT'd plants began to dry up.

Sheep grazing on a DDT'd field developed twitches in their hind legs, insisted on rubbing up against fenceposts and farmers, kept their heads down as if paralyzed, and were unable to eat. (They recovered in a few days.)

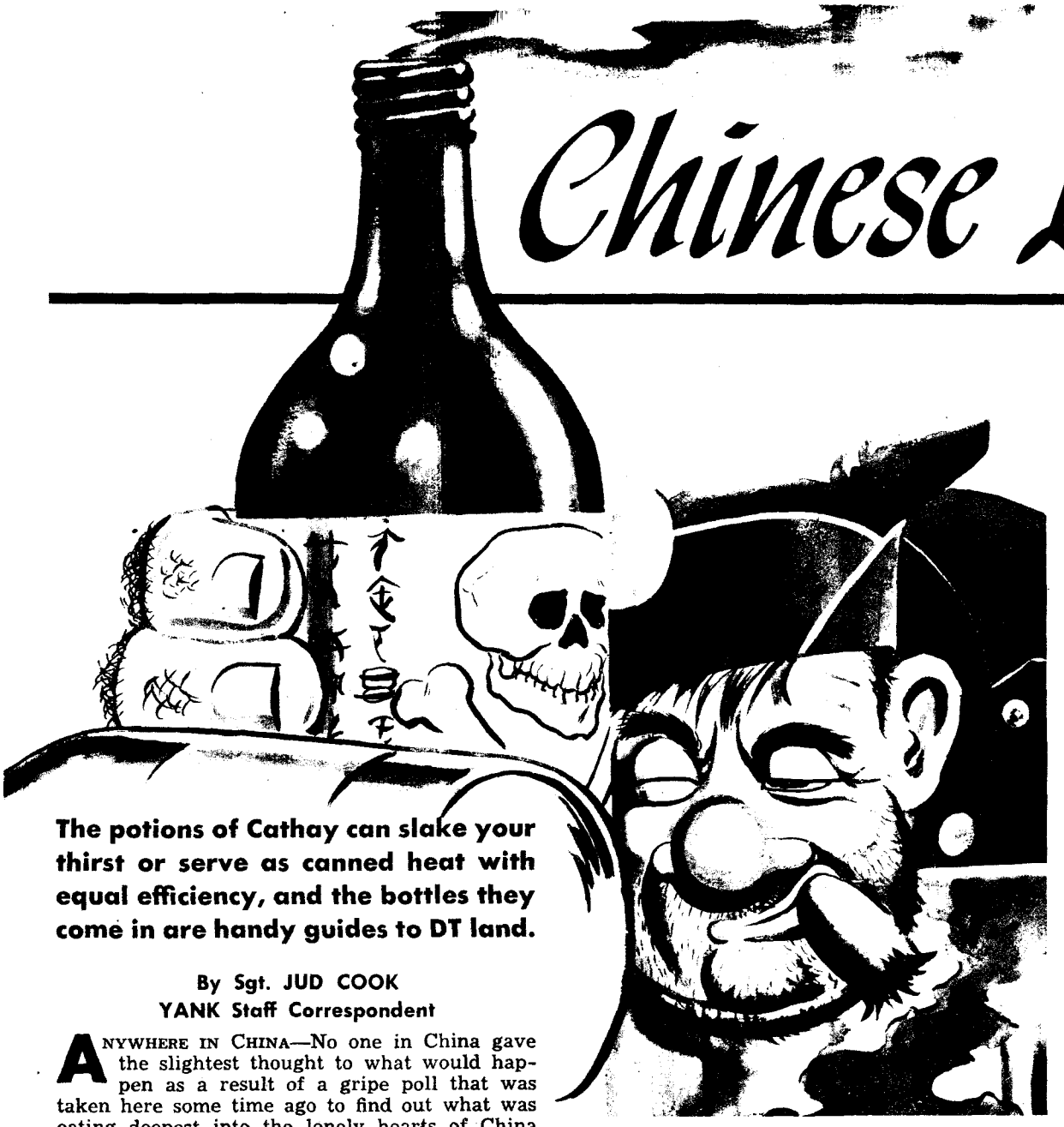
Guinea pigs, rabbits and other small animals suffered nervousness, convulsions, and death, depending on the size of the dose, when fed relatively large amounts of DDT in one test. But it required one pound, taken internally, to kill a 1,000-pound steer. If brought into repeated or prolonged contact with the human skin, DDT solution has caused irritations; one foolish experimenter, who stuck his arm into a barrel of a liquid DDT preparation for five minutes, suffered paralysis of the limb for four months. But if proper precautions are taken, such as wearing gloves when applying the stuff and avoiding contamination of foodstuffs, DDT is not dangerous.

Actually DDT, used in proper strength for the particular need and handled intelligently, can be as valuable to civilians as it was to the Army. But it will take the same kind of care and preliminary study and planning by civilians that was exercised by the military.

Listen to S. A. Rohwer, assistant chief of the Bureau of Entomology: "The first big tryout of the insecticide was a controlled experiment. The armed forces used certain specific materials in specific ways for specific purposes, and under supervision by men who knew how.

"The public doesn't yet have that know-how, and its bug-killing isn't supervised. It gets its instructions from labels, which may or may not be accurate, and may or may not be correctly followed. The product sold may or may not be of the same character as the material furnished by industry to the armed forces during the war. That's why it is much too early to underwrite DDT with the same enthusiasm as we display toward older insecticides whose properties we know from experience. We must not forget that we have been testing DDT for only a limited number of seasons. More must be known about the product before it can take its proper place among the insecticides."

Chinese Likker



The potions of Cathay can slake your thirst or serve as canned heat with equal efficiency, and the bottles they come in are handy guides to DT land.

By Sgt. JUD COOK
YANK Staff Correspondent

ANYWHERE IN CHINA—No one in China gave the slightest thought to what would happen as a result of a gripe poll that was taken here some time ago to find out what was eating deepest into the lonely hearts of China GIs.

The results were a surprise to every poll-taker in the business. It wasn't the food that was bothering the joes; it wasn't the slowness of mail, and it wasn't the bare shelves in the PX.

Number One on the gripe parade was the fact that officers were getting a jungle ration (a monthly stipend of Stateside booze) while the mistreated dogfaces got none. On paper the gripes seemed so loud and resounding it made military authorities feel that thousands of underprivileged Americans couldn't be wrong. The EM had spoken and the officers' jungle ration vanished.

Now, no longer do you see the enticing labels of VO, Old Grand Dad, Black & White or the other U. S. favorites. Instead there is an influx of Chinaside whiskies, rums and wines that have been dreamed up by the wildest imaginations of Cathay distillers. Labels and even bottles look fighting mad—which brings us to the favorite story to come out of the ration ban.

It's about a pfc. His right hand was shy a thumb, first and second fingers.

Nobody knew whether he was getting section-eighted out of the Army or getting out on a CDD. It was Chinese rice wine—one of the newer and stronger brands that appeared after the ration ban—that claimed the pfc's fingers.

The wine was a type called *Mao Tai*. It has an after-taste of Camembert cheese, but that's the most civil thing about it. Like most Chinese beverages, its ingredients and process of distillation are secret. All the buyer remembers about *Mao Tai* (if he remembers anything at all after a few slugs) is the price, the color and the after-taste.

Late one Sunday afternoon the pfc (name withheld by request) came wobbling into his barracks off a two-day pass. Bunk-mates said they had never seen him in quite such unsteady condition, and they watched him curiously.

HE sat on the edge of a lower bunk and from a musette bag in which he carried his Chinese currency, pulled out a bottle and set it down on the cover of a footlocker.

The pfc drank from the bottle. Witnesses said they saw the tips of his ears turning bright red and they thought the pfc was getting a new kind of Chinese malaria, because they never had seen a reaction like it.

He dug into his shirt pocket and produced a battered pack of cigarettes and a Zippo lighter. He managed to hit his lips with an S-shaped cigarette, but got only sparks out of the lighter. Muttering, "Needs fuel, needs fuel," he pulled the lighter apart, picked up the bottle of *Mao Tai* and poured it into the Zippo and all over the top of the footlocker.

The pfc spun the Zippo's wheel. It burst into a ball of flame with a loud poof. The pfc snapped his hand back and the lighter fell between the footlocker and the barracks wall, still flaming. Devoted to the Zippo, he jammed his hand down between the box and the wall to rescue it. His hand stuck and before he could pull it loose from its fiery trap the flaming Zippo thoroughly fried his thumb, first and second fingers.

HOWLING with pain, he kicked open the top of the footlocker, hoping to find something for the burn. When he kicked the locker open, the wine-saturated top was put in direct line with the flames from the lighter and fire raced up just high enough to ignite the mosquito netting on the lower bunk.

Before the other GIs in the barracks realized the seriousness of the fire, flames from the mosquito netting bit into the mattress of the top bunk, and from there the fire rose to the top mosquito net and, within seconds, the grass roof of the barracks was aflame.

Inside of 20 minutes, there was a two-alarm fire raging in the compound, and half-clad GIs watching moaned about the loss of personal belongings, souvenirs and pin-up pictures.

Nobody heard of the pfc again until about a month later, when he turned up without his thumb, first and second fingers but with orders to return to the States.

This was the first case of its kind against *Mao Tai* or any other Chinese vintage, but more are sure to come along as the market becomes flooded with newer and more volatile beverages. Even when the Stateside brands were available, Chinese champagne was getting a large share of publicity through re-told tales of how it reacted on some GIs. There was the T-5 who favored the Chinese champagne over everything. He said that every time he got looped on it, he had visions of being a sergeant charged with instructing a squad of Wacs in close-order drill, dressed only in web belts and side arms.

Having such an attractive aftermath, the champagne's demand soon exceeded its supply and the inevitable happened. "Fake" champagnes—those which produced no visions of any kind except for an occasional dragon—soon began to fill shelves in liquor stores. Two of these are Lucky Champagne and Lafayette Champagne. The former gets its name from the fact that you can consider yourself lucky if it pops and bubbles like the real McCoy. The latter comes from the quotation: "Lafayette, we are here," the whereabouts of the drinker being a moot point after a few rounds.

PEOPLE with absolutely no basic training in the distillery business have invested interest and money (mostly interest) in the drink industry, and not all of them are Chinese. In Chungking there is a man named Morrisoff, "the last of the White Russians," who has introduced a modified Molotov cocktail. He was formerly in the pig-bristle business but now is the manufacturer of Cowboy Gin and Hunter's Gin, the latter bearing a label of indescribable animals going at each others' throats in the middle of a thick jungle. Vicious labels like this one seem to be the choice of distillers, on the theory that the wilder the label the more saleable the product.

Morrisoff also sells two types of Death rum—White Death and Green Death. White Death has a purplish hue and Green Death is naturally green. Both are dual-purpose products. As canned heat they are better than Sterno (users say the Death rums burn hotter and longer).

From Army stills of isolated or jungle-bound moonshiners come some rip-snortin' products, too. The Army does not, of course, condone this type of sport on the part of the GIs, but soldier-distillers are rarely apprehended. They manufacture nothing in commercial quantities, and only very small stills are needed to produce enough for table use. There was a time in the Hukawng Valley when you could not escape the odorous trails of GI stills, but Army "revenuers" from the Criminal Investigation Division reduced the number, especially among those whose yield was unusually high.

One of the handiest things in a K-ration box, according to these moonshiners, is that little fruit bar. It makes a very tasty item when transformed into a bottled product. A drink called Cherry Squeezins was another savory snort that came out of GI stills. It was made from the cherries and juice put up for the Army in large-sized cans.

The most mobile and famed of recent GI stills was that of Deakum Death, whose rums, whiskies and gins bore the same name. According to reports Army "law" smashed Deakum Death.

Just a quick glance at the back-bar of the New York Saloon in Chungking will disclose these brands: Extra Special Lion Old Scotch Whiskey, Hennessey Three Star (the proprietor tells you it's made in Shanghai), Coffee Liqueur, Chocolate Liqueur, Lake Farm Mulberry Wine, Lucky Wine, Yuna Wine, White Port, Miss Kweilin, Vin Rose, Aroma, Double Ace, Ginette Special, Red Star, Red Plume, Tiger, Black Cat, Gold Star, Raven, Victory, Mono, Walnut Liqueur, Nellie's Belly and Joe's Vodka.

Simultaneous with the atomic bomb should have been an announcement of a GI concoction which originated in India. It is the Rum Cup, a drink with a rum base and all other alcoholic liquids that will fit into a ten-ounce glass, plus sliced cucumbers, bananas, mangoes and parsley.

Official surveys in the past have concluded that the GI of World War II is a more sober fellow than his father was, but failed to bestow on him the added honor of having the world's toughest stomach.

STOLEN STRIPPER

The mysterious history of Sherry Britton, whose sultry contours enslaved admirals and enlisted men alike.

By Cpl. PAUL FREYE

KWAJALEIN, MARSHALL ISLANDS—The mysterious case of the kidnaped strip-teaser held the grim attention of the sweat-soaked, rock-happy residents of this Pacific atoll for 10 tense weeks. A sensational story, you say. You can bet your last native necklace it was! Because, in the first place, what was a strip-teaser doing on Kwajalein?

Well, it was this way. She was Miss Sherry Britton, a girl who used to take 'em off every night in a place called Leon & Eddie's in New York City. Miss Britton was brought to Kwajalein in a special service capacity, a sort of morale-builder first class. She made her home in the studios of WXLG, an Armed Forces Radio station.

Sherry is the kind of girl who fits exactly into the hour-glass hand pattern traced in the air by any wordless wolf who needs to describe his finest mental image. Her face, with its insolent, inviting eyes and bee-stung lower lip, is the only part of her which bears description on this page.

Sherry's job was easy for her. All she had to do was let the members of the military forces look at her. That's all—just look. And that's what they did—with varying results. There were those who came, and saw, and walked away with a dreamy look in their eyes. Some broke out in a cold sweat despite the 120 degrees of temperature. Some had to be led away. Or carried.

The far-flung fame of Sherry Britton reached even to the ears of admirals and generals in the Pacific Ocean areas. It was only natural then to expect the big brass to make inspection tours of this little rock. The Air Transport Command and the Naval Air Transport Service later said they never had seen so many star-studded planes. For a while they considered the necessity of several new pages in the book of military protocol. What else could determine whose plane would land first—that of a lieutenant general in the Army or that of a vice admiral in the Navy?

All those brains-behind-the-battles descended in droves on the WXLG studios where Sherry was living. For a few days the broadcasting boys who were the guardians of Sherry were fearful that the sight of scrambled eggs and glittering stars would sway her, just as many another lass has succumbed to metal insignia in preference to arm stripes. But Sherry remained true and appeared to be more alluring than ever to the enlisted men.

(This case of a girl turning to enlisted men instead of officers has been written carefully for preservation in War Department archives, and the Medical Corps already has prepared a physio-neuro report on the phenomenon, a report which strives to show that a beautiful body often harbors a twisted mentality.)

And then it happened. Sherry Britton was kidnaped! This curvesome young creature, who had given her all for the morale of the garrison forces, was snatched from the WXLG studios one drizzly night. It was past the regular viewing hours for Sherry, but the kidnapers gained entrance by asking to come in out of the rain. One of the boys at the studio later admitted that he should have suspected a plot from the first moment. Because very few of these coral-crazy guys, after spending from 10 to 20 months on Kwajalein, know enough to come in out of the rain. But that's the way they got in. Shortly thereafter the rain stopped, the boys left, and so did Sherry Britton!

Well, those platter-spinners at WXLG almost went nuts. On top of the fact that all of them were crazy about Sherry themselves was the added realization that they were responsible for the safety of this Number-One morale uplifter. In allowing Sherry Britton to be kidnaped they had violated the trust of thousands of men.

For eighteen hours the horrible crime was kept secret. But then, after some replacements from the States had been escorted to the studios for their inaugural three-second glimpse of Sherry and had been denied entrance, the thing couldn't be held back any longer.

The news broke on the air the next afternoon and immediately threw the entire Marshall and Gilbert Island area into an uproar. It hit everybody right between the eyes with a terrific shock.

Men reacted in strange ways. Three big Seabees, who had all day been driving fence posts into the rock with sledge-hammers, wept openly and unashamedly in the mess hall. A clerk in the Army personnel office jumped through a window and began to pull up the fence posts with his bare hands. Pilots climbed into their planes and gunned them into the wild blue yonder in an effort to forget the earthly catastrophe.

The law-enforcement agencies of Kwajalein were called into the case instantly. Clues were scarce, however. No ransom note was received and so it was deduced that the motive for the kidnaping of the strip-teaser was not one of financial gain.

It was thought for a few hours that Sherry would be smart enough to leave a trail of bits of clothing so that her abductors could be followed. Being accustomed to taking off her clothes, she would have no inhibitions on that score. But then it was remembered that Sherry had been very lightly clad. As a matter of fact, unclad would be a better word.

A few days later a clue developed. A Navy man drew an issue of greens and asked for a shirt with a size thirty-six chest and a size twenty-four waist. The storekeeper was alert, however, and promptly turned in an alarm because he suspected that the specification for a size thirty-six chest was a direct clue to the whereabouts of Sherry Britton. When questioned, though, this Navy man stated that he was going back to the States and wanted to look sharp on board ship in a suit of tailor-made greens. He denied all knowledge of Sherry Britton, especially as to her measurements.

ALL those false clues served only to increase the feeling of hopelessness which crept over the island in those dark days. It is difficult to describe the maddening surge of nausea which occurred when WXLG reported every hour, on the hour, that "there is no news at this moment in the mysterious case of the kidnaped strip-teaser."

Sure, the war was over. It had ended about three days after Sherry disappeared. Nobody seemed to know the exact date. All right, so the war was over. So what? So there were no nude blondes to cavort in a lily pool during the VJ-Day celebration, no girls to kiss, no bartenders to set 'em up. The morale of the men was low.

It was that way for weeks. Even the glorious news that 200 men would be sent home for discharges after 600 replacements had arrived failed to stir the gloom.

And then, as suddenly as it had happened, the thing was all over. Sherry Britton was found. Oh, it was nothing sensational. As a matter of fact, it was very simple. And when all the facts were known, the men took it bravely and went on with their daily occupation duties, painting, building new barracks, remodeling the island open-air theaters and so forth.

The tip-off came from a Medic who was leaving and who had seen Sherry. He left an anonymous note with the Red Cross.

What happened was this: The deed was done by one of those men who had been placed under observation in the hospital because he had gazed too long and too well at Sherry Britton, one of those Section 8s. Sherry had become an obsession with him. He had sneaked from the hospital on that fatal, rainy night and had immediately gone to the radio station for another glimpse of his heroine. When he saw his chance, he spirited her out of the place and took her back to the hospital disguised in his hospital robe. The next day he was taken to another island, an island which actually had trees, and of course he took Sherry with him in the group.

A high-ranking officer was flown to this island to bring Sherry back. But he didn't return with her. It seems that this rock-happy lad was so enamored of Sherry Britton that to deprive him of his great love would have meant his complete physical collapse, as well as mental. Death would have followed.

An official bulletin explaining this was published, broadcast and read at Kwajalein.

The bulletin said, at the end:

"Never in the history of any military installation has a pin-up picture meant so much to so many. The picture of Sherry Britton was part of the life of this island. Its value as a morale builder cannot be measured by any standards. It is a tribute to you men that you withstood the awfulness of the past weeks after being deprived of our beloved picture. Let us take comfort in the knowledge that our picture has saved the life of the deluded soul who now has it in his possession. And now that you know all the facts—carry on!"

Housing For Veterans

How a discharged serviceman can buy or build a home and what the Government will do to help him.

By Sgt. MAX NOVACK
YANK Staff Writer

YANK *herewith presents the sixth and last of a series of questions and answers on the GI Bill of Rights. Earlier pages have covered general problems pertaining to the law; the educational provisions; business loans; farm loans, and unemployment compensation. These pages contain the questions most frequently asked about housing loans—plus the answers.*

I know that the maximum amount of money that the Veterans Administration will guarantee for a housing loan is $2,000 if I borrow $4,000. From all that I can see, it is impossible to get a house in my community for that amount of money. Is there any limit on the total amount of money that I may borrow from my bank? I figure I need at least $6,000 in order to buy a house. May I borrow that much?

■ You may borrow as much as your credit will entitle you to. However, the maximum amount that will be guaranteed for you by the VA is $2,000, no matter how large your loan or how good a credit standing you may have.

Both my wife and I are in the service. As soon as I get shipped back to the States, we will both be discharged. Would it be possible for each of us to get a loan under the GI Bill of Rights toward buying a home?

■ It would. You and your wife will each be treated as an individual veteran. The Veterans Administration will guarantee a loan for each of you to the extent of $2,000 apiece (or 50 percent of a $4,000 loan). You can pool your loans in order to buy a home.

I have heard so many conflicting things about the interest angle of housing loans under the GI Bill that I wish you would set me straight. Is it true that the Veterans Administration will pay the interest on the part of the loan they guarantee for me, and does that mean the VA will pay the interest for duration of life of the loan?

■ It does not. The Veterans Administration pays the interest for the first year *only* on the part of the loan it guarantees. Thus, if you get a $4,000 loan and the Government guarantees 50 percent for you, the Veterans Administration will pay $80 of the $160 interest at 4 percent for the first year. Thereafter, you will have to meet all the interest payments yourself.

While I was home on an emergency furlough, my wife and I located a house we would like to buy. My wife has a good job and can easily meet the monthly payments if I could swing a GI Bill loan with which to buy the place. Is there any way I can get such a loan okayed before I am out of the service?

■ No. The benefits of the GI Bill of Rights are available only to men who have been separated or discharged from the service.

I have been out of the service for more than a year, and I borrowed $4,000 via the GI Bill of Rights and bought myself a home. Recently my business has been going so well that I have plenty of extra cash. I feel that I would like to reduce my outstanding debts, and have been wondering if I could pay off the part of the loan which was approved by my local bank and remain in debt only to the Veterans Administration?

■ You cannot do that. Any part of the principal of the debt which you pay off immediately reduces the Government's guarantee on a pro-rata basis. Thus, if you were to pay back $1,000 of your debt, the Government's guarantee would be reduced by $500.

How soon after I am discharged do I have to apply for a housing loan in order to make sure that I will not lose out on my right to this benefit of the GI Bill of Rights?

■ A veteran must apply for this benefit within two years after he is discharged or two years after the officially declared termination of the war, whichever is later. Since the official date for the end of the war has not as yet been set by Congress or the President, a veteran should have plenty of time within which to apply for such a loan. Legislation is at present pending in Congress to give veterans additional time within which to apply.

Something tells me that my real-estate broker is trying to pull a fast one. He insists that I have to pay him an additional brokerage fee of $50 for helping me get the loan guarantee put through by the Veterans Administration. Is he entitled to the extra fee?

■ He is not. Regulations issued by the Veterans Adminis-

tration expressly state that a veteran may not be charged a brokerage fee for getting his loan guarantee okayed.

I already own a home, but its present state of repair is far from good. I know that I cannot hope to afford all the repairs I need, but from what my wife says, we simply must have a new oil burner. Can I get a loan guarantee with which to buy a new oil burner?

■ Yes, you can. This is one of the many types of alterations which are permitted under the GI Bill of Rights. Any alteration of a home which a veteran owns and which becomes part of the house itself may be approved for a loan guarantee under the GI Bill.

My township has just put through a special assessment for a new highway which will go right by my front door. I know that the highway will increase the value of my home, but it is pretty steep and I do not have the money with which to pay it. If the assessment is levied against my home, will I be permitted to pay it off with the help of a housing loan after my discharge?

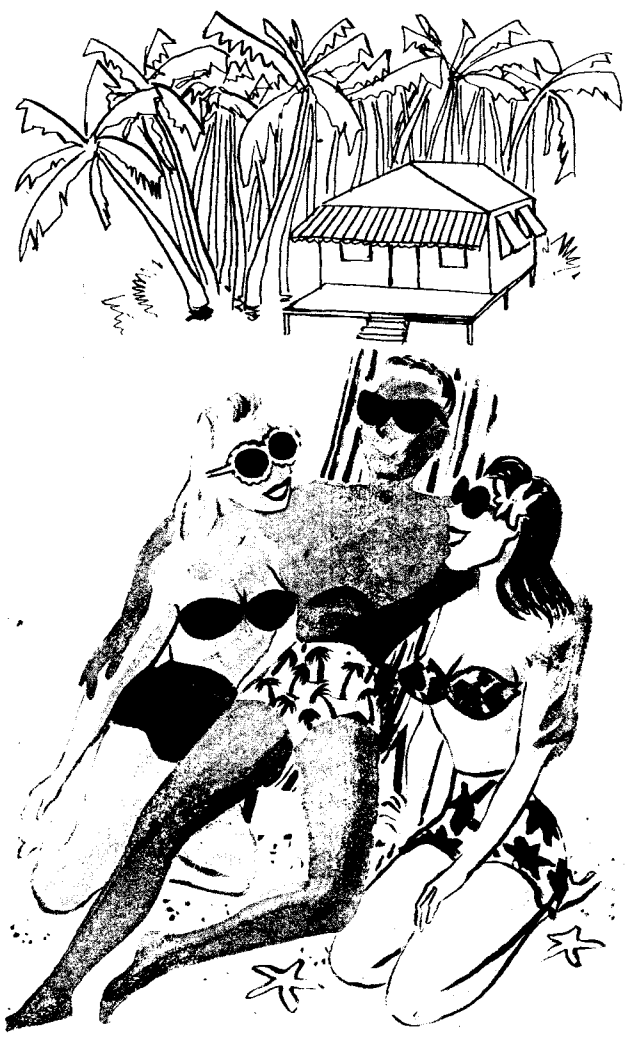
■ You will. This is one of the many purposes for which housing loans will be guaranteed under the GI Bill of Rights.

When I got out of the service I borrowed $1,000 to pay off debts and taxes on my home. The Veterans Administration okayed the loan and guaranteed 50 percent for me. Now I have a business deal that I would like to go into, and I would like to apply for an additional loan to set up my business. How much more money can I get under the GI Bill of Rights?

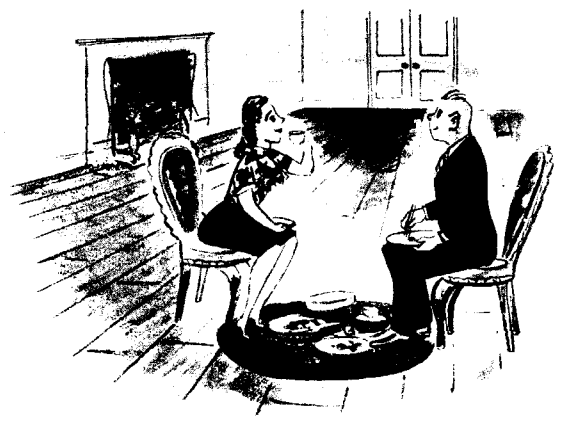
■ You can get the Veterans Administration to guarantee up to $1,500 more for you, which should mean that you can borrow at least $3,000 from your bank or money-lending institution. The fact that a veteran obtains a loan for one purpose under the GI Bill does not mean that he cannot get another loan for another purpose under the law. The only limit in the law is the total amount that may be guaranteed on behalf of an individual veteran. That amount is fixed at no more than $2,000.

I am one of the lucky guys who was stationed in Bermuda for 18 months. Brother, I like that island. When I get my discharge, I would like to buy a piece of land in Bermuda and build my own home. Will I be able to get a loan okayed under the housing provisions of the GI Bill of Rights, if my home is to be located on the island?

■ You will not. No housing loan will receive the approval of the Veterans Administration if the house is to be located in a foreign country. No loan under the GI Bill of Rights may be approved if it is for a business, home or farm outside the U. S., its territories or possessions.



My wife recently inherited an old 12-room house. The house is not in bad repair, but we do need a great deal of furniture. Will the Veterans Administration okay a loan which I can use to buy the furniture for the house?



■ It will not. Household furniture does not become part of the real estate and is not classified as a necessary alteration or repair of a house owned by a veteran.

Will the Veterans Administration lend me the cash with which to buy a home or do I have to swing a deal with a bank for the money I need?

■ The Veterans Administration does not lend any money. The money must be borrowed from an outside source. You may borrow the money from a bank, money-lending agency or an individual capable of servicing your loan.

I enlisted in the Navy when I was 15. I served for more than a year before they discovered my correct age and discharged me. I received an honorable discharge, and I thought I would be treated like any other veteran. Now I find that my age is a barrier when I try to get a bank to lend me some money in order to buy a home. I know that the Veterans Administration says I am a veteran and entitled to the other benefits of the GI Bill of Rights, but why can't I get a housing loan okayed?

■ The chances are that the state where you want to locate your home does not permit a minor (a person under 21) to enter into a real-estate contract. That is probably why you are not able to get the loan approved by your bank. The GI Bill of Rights does not change your legal rights in your home state.

I was all set to close a deal with my local bank to borrow the money to buy a home when I decided the bank was trying to rook me. They wanted me to pay for the appraisal, a survey of the property and a credit report. Is the bank entitled to be paid for such things?

■ It is. Such fees are customarily paid by the buyer, and the Veterans Administration regulations on housing loans specifically provide that a veteran may be charged for such things as an appraisal, a survey and a credit report.

I am beginning to think that the GI Bill of Rights is just a lot of promises. I always thought that every veteran who didn't get a dishonorable discharge could be sure of getting a loan guarantee from the Veterans Administration. But I found out that that wasn't so when the Veterans Administration turned down my application for a housing loan, with the statement that the property was not worth the money I wanted to pay. Haven't they heard about the increased cost of housing? Where am I going to get a house which will be worth exactly what is being asked? Does the Veterans Administration have the right to refuse to okay a loan for that reason?

■ It does. The Veterans Administration may not guarantee a loan on property for which the veteran is paying more than the "reasonable normal value" of the property. A veteran cannot get a guarantee approved if he is considered to be overpaying for the property.

I understand that there are two plans by which a veteran can use the GI Bill of Rights in buying a home. Under one of these plans the veteran borrows all of the money he needs under the GI Bill of Rights. Under the other plan he gets some kind of added help from the Federal Housing Agency. If I get it straight, the FHA deal requires you only to swing a loan via the GI Bill of Rights to cover the down payment on the house. Is that true?

■ It is. However, you must remember that in such a case a veteran really gets two loans. One loan is insured by the FHA. The other (for the down payment) is guaranteed by the Veterans Administration under the GI Bill. Like the VA, the Federal Housing Agency does not lend any money. The FHA only insures loans made by approved home-financing institutions, provided the loans are made to people with steady jobs or incomes and are on soundly built homes in good neighborhoods.

I have been planning to use the GI Bill of Rights for my down payment on a house, and an FHA-insured loan for the rest of the price. The house I want to buy costs $5,000. Will you please explain how I do this?

■ Before it will play ball on a combined loan, the FHA usually requires that the down payment on the house equal 20 percent of the total cost, which in this case means $1,000. It is this part of the loan that the GI Bill of Rights helps you get; the Veterans Administration will guarantee this sum, for only 4 percent interest. (During the first year, moreover, under this combined FHA-VA plan, the Government will pay the full amount of the interest on the down payment.) That leaves $4,000 of the house's cost to be met. If the house you have selected comes up to FHA standards and the VA has insured the down payment, you may borrow the remaining $4,000 from your bank, with the FHA insuring the loan (known as a "first mortgage"). You pay interest of not more than 4½ percent to the bank, plus one-half of one percent to the FHA for its mortgage insurance.

After I get out, I expect to use a combination of FHA and VA loans to buy a house. I wonder if you could give me some idea of the size of each loan and my total monthly payments?

■ The following table will give you some idea of how you would go about repaying the GI Bill of Rights loan for the down payment and your FHA-insured mortgage loan. The table is based on the purchase of an existing home; the terms may be somewhat different on a newly built home. In this case, both loans are repaid in monthly installments and run for 20 years. FHA-insured loans on newly built homes may run for as long as 25 years.

Total Amount	FHA-Insured Loan	VA-Guaranteed Down Payment Loan	Monthly Payment
$ 3,000	$2,400	$ 600	$19.41
4,000	3,200	800	25.87
5,000	4,000	1,000	32.34
6,000	4,800	1,200	38.81
7,000	5,600	1,400	45.27
8,000	6,400	1,600	51.75
9,000	7,200	1,800	58.21
10,000	8,000	2,000	64.68

(This table prepared by the National Housing Agency)

I am one of the GIs who would like to own a home but has to admit that he does not know anything about buying one. I don't know what to look for or what to avoid. I know the FHA won't insure my loan if the house is not sound, but could you give me some idea what I should watch for in buying a house?

■ The table below, prepared by the National Housing Agency, will provide you with a handy check list.

Condition of Property	Unsatisfactory	Satisfactory
Foundations	.....	.....
Walls	.....	.....
Roof	.....	.....
Floors	.....	.....
Insulation	.....	.....
Storm windows and screens	.....	.....
Heating equipment	.....	.....
Wiring and outlets	.....	.....
Kitchen equipment	.....	.....
Plumbing	.....	.....
Landscaping and drainage	.....	.....
Utilities: Water, gas, sewers, electrical, etc.	.....	.....
The Neighborhood		
Nearby homes	.....	.....
Zoning laws	.....	.....
Schools and stores	.....	.....
Transportation	.....	.....
Fire and police protection	.....	.....

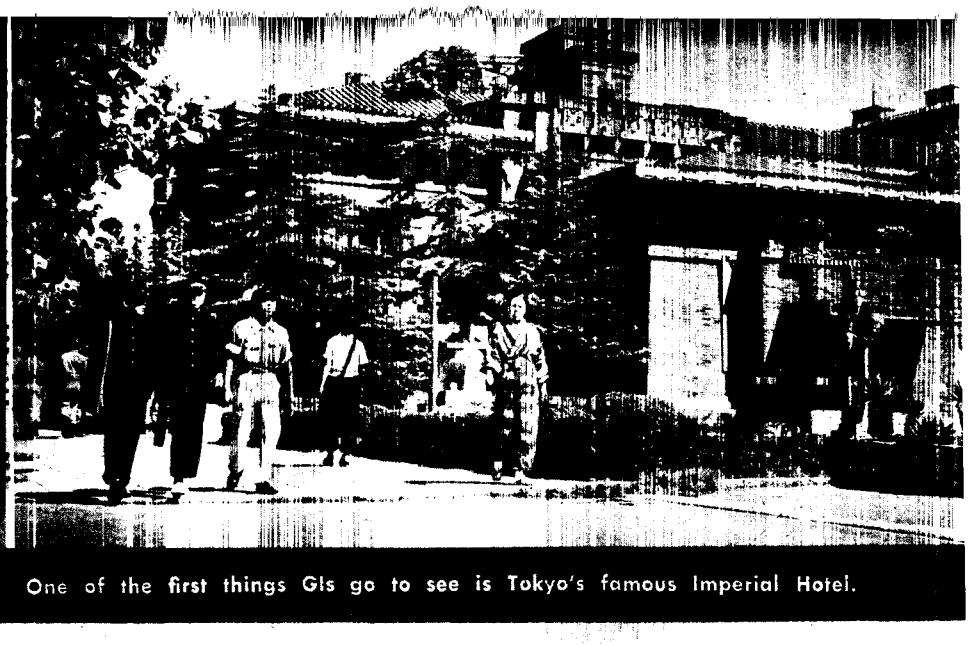
Financing	
Price	.....
Estimated value	.....
Mortgage amount	.....
Interest rate	.....
Number of years	.....
Prepayment privilege	.....
Down payment	.....
Closing charges: Title search and clearance, various legal fees	.....
Size of monthly payments on mortgage	.....
Monthly payments on taxes and assessments	.....
Monthly payments on insurance	.....
Total monthly payment	Add these up to get your total monthly cost
Upkeep and repairs	.....
Probable fuel cost	.....
Probable utility cost	.....
Total monthly cost	.....

Seeing Tokyo

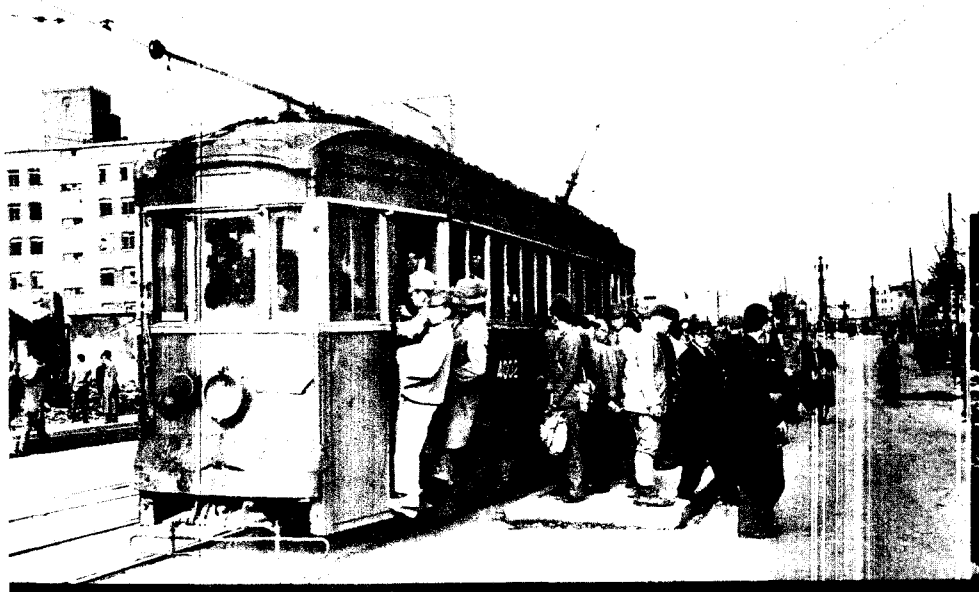
GIs can get so far and no farther. These are the Imperial Palace grounds.

GIs, sailors and Japs watch the Emperor's fish being fed in the palace moat.

T-3 Bill [illegible] and Pfc. Philip Morganman missed out on some Jap beer.



One of the first things GIs go to see is Tokyo's famous Imperial Hotel.



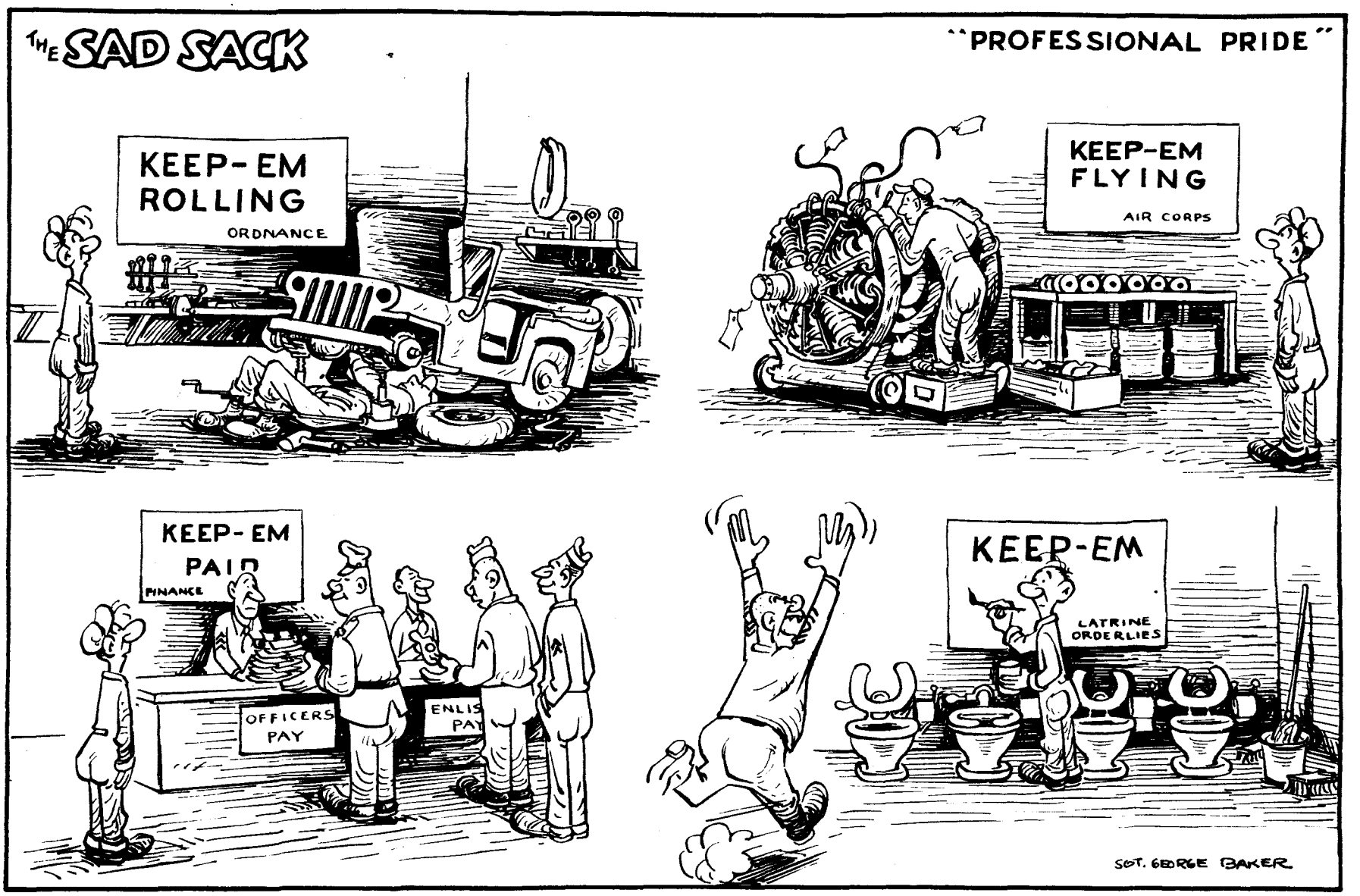
Transportation shortages are acute, so street cars are jammed to the limit.

A bucket brigade of Tokyo school girls haul away fire and bomb debris.

A Japanese "pitch"-man tries to sell two GIs on a pair of getas, or clog shoes.

Crowds of Tokyo Japs get away from it all by going to the movies.

With food stocks low, these Japs are raising vegetables in the middle of Tokyo.



BITCH

By Sgt. SCOTT CORBETT

LEWIS WRONGFONT, the wealthy magazine publisher, motioned me to a chair and offered me a cigar.

"It's terrific!" he snapped. "Thought you'd like to know about it. Thousands of letters. More than we ever got before. All from discharged veterans."

"What are they about?"

"Everything. All gripes, of course. More veterans discharged, the more letters we get. Whole thing goes back to soldier publications. Has its roots there."

I sucked in a dime's worth of smoke and nodded.

"'Mail Call' in YANK and 'B Bag' in *Stars and Stripes* gave 10,000,000 men the habit of writing indignant letters, and they're not going to get out of the habit easily.

He rapped his desk sharply. "We're giving them a special magazine. Named BITCH. Just for ex-servicemen to write letters to. Believe in giving the public what it wants. Here, take a look at a few of the letters. Give you an idea of the sort of thing we're getting every day from ex-servicemen."

He tossed proofs of the following batch of "Letters to the Editor" across the desk to me:

Is This Democracy?

Dear BITCH:

The "executives" of the department store in which I am employed have a special room in which to eat lunch, where they sit down and are served, whereas the rest of us have to eat cafeteria style.

Is this democracy? Is this the American Way we're supposed to have? Although my sales record in Boy's Clothing is excellent, I am forced to suffer the humiliation of being looked down on at lunch-time by that so-called "executive," our floor manager, who seems to delight in rubbing it in.

Just because he was a pfc and I was a major is no reason. . . .

—(Ex-Major's Name Withheld)

Philadelphia, Pa.

Lousy Chow

Dear BITCH:

We all eat in six or more different restaurants and the chow is terrible in all of them. We've tried other restaurants, and they're just as bad. We would like to complain about the lousy chow, but the trouble is there is no one place to complain to since so many restaurants are involved. How can we complain about the chow?

Kansas City, Mo. **—SAMUEL SNIVELRUD***

***Also signed by 185 others.**

Chicken for the Guest

Dear BITCH:

We stayed overnight at the house of some friends in Schenectady last week,

and today I got a letter from my friend there complaining because some things are missing from the guest room. What kind of chicken is this, anyway? There were some nice things in the drawers in the room, so naturally I liberated them. I just wanted some souvenirs. What's wrong with that?

Chicago **—JAMES B. (HONEST JIM) BROWN**

Form of Recognition

Dear BITCH:

Three years in the Army, where he was a T-5, seem to have affected my boss' mind. He's full of idiotic whims that make it hard to get along with him.

His latest is to tell me that from now on when we pass on the street I am to

raise my hat, and he will raise his in return. When I protested that this was undemocratic and would make me feel funny, he said that it wasn't meant to make me feel inferior, but was merely an act of courtesy, a form of recognition between two members of the same firm.

But I still don't like it, and cannot see that it leads to the true form of democracy toward which we should all be striving, now that the war is over.

—(Ex-Lieutenant's Name Withheld)

Sioux Falls, Iowa

Brass Brass

Dear BITCH:

My company "brass" insist that all employees wear a coat and tie to the office despite the fact that the weather has become unbearable. I think they've got a lot of nerve. How long will we have to put up with this kind of stupidity from armchair executives who sit in air-cooled offices and don't have to worry about the heat?

—(Ex-Colonel's Name Withheld)

Memphis, Tenn.

Simple Question

Dear BITCH:

Yesterday I saw a snappy-looking blonde walking along so I went up to her and asked her a question, and she slapped my face. I guess I just don't understand American women. What was eating her?

New Orleans, La. **—Puzzled Ex-ETOer**

An Ex-Officer's Prerogatives

Dear BITCH:

In my job as busboy in one of Los Angeles' finest hotels, I see a lot of disgusting things. A lot of our dining-room's clientele is made up of men who, to be frank about it, have a good deal of money simply because they happen to have achieved a certain shallow success in civilian life.

I can remember when, as a mess officer, it was one of my prerogatives to make plenty of men just like them eat C-rations day after day and like it, or at least lump it. Now, however, they raise hell if the lobster Newburg isn't just so, or if the coffee isn't two degrees under the boiling point when its poured.

Why should some men have all the privileges, just because they happen to

have nice fat jobs? The trouble with them is, they never had it so good.

(Ex-Captain's Name Withheld)

Los Angeles, Calif.

■ Watch for BITCH on all newsstands soon!

Lend-Lease Cupid

He could hear her chatting easily with the sailors and see her leaning toward them.

By S/Sgt. ROBERT S. MAURER

THE two young British sailors had a freshly scrubbed look. Sgt. Mason watched them sipping their drinks.

He heard the juke box crackle, and when the music started he thought of Chris. It was nine o'clock, still 45 minutes before Chris would be here. He was thinking how much of his furlough he had already spent waiting for her, when he heard the tall British sailor speak to him.

"This is a nice place."

Both sailors watched Mason, eager for him to agree.

"Not bad."

"I guess any place would look good to us. We've been out such a long time."

Mason took a long pull on his drink and then said, "The drinks are reasonable, and people don't get loud."

The tall sailor, spokesman for the two, leaned closer to Mason as though to whisper.

"You don't happen to know where we might have a bit of fun, do you?"

The dark one took courage from his friend's boldness. "We don't know how long our ship will be in. We'd like to make the most of it."

Mason smiled. "I know what you mean."

"We don't mind the money," the tall one said.

"I don't know," Mason said. "I've been out of touch for a long time." He saw the disappointment on their faces.

Mason sat silent and tried to remember. New York had become strange to him in four years.

"You might try hanging around here. Once in a while a woman comes in alone."

The tall one turned to Mason and then looked around the room. There was only one unescorted girl, and she was at the end of the bar talking to the bartender. Mason recognized her and knew that a Navy flyer would be coming in to meet her soon.

"It's still early," Mason said.

"We have to be aboard by one o'clock," the dark one said.

"Oh." Now Mason was sorry he had got involved. He wished he had been polite and let it go at that. He gulped his drink, and his mellowness was taking on a sharp edge. He considered leaving and coming back in time to meet Chris.

The door opened, and two girls came in with a middle-aged civilian. One of the girls was an attractive blonde. Mason had seen her in Dan's before, and he nodded to her as she passed. The other girl was a drab brunette. She and the man followed the blonde to stools on the other side of the British sailors. The man sat between the girls, with the blonde next to the dark sailor.

Mason watched Dan greet the newcomers and noticed they were in high spirits.

"How about having a drink with us?" said the blonde, turning to the two sailors and Mason. "We hit it lucky at the track today."

The sailors smiled uneasily. Mason nodded. The blonde turned back to Dan. "Make it six, Dan."

The dark sailor held his drink up to thank her. The tall one smiled in acknowledgment, and turned his gaze from the blonde to Mason, and back to the girl again. She asked the sailors where their homes were. Both of them answered eagerly, and then Mason heard them talking about London.

MASON looked up at the clock again and sat half-listening to the conversation and thinking about the blonde. He could hear her chatting easily with the sailors and see her leaning toward them, the folds of her blouse falling on the dark sailor's sleeve. Mason, three stools away, could catch a faint scent of her perfume.

When the tall sailor offered a round, everyone but the blonde declined. She insisted on matching for the drinks. The sailor lost and called to Dan for three highballs. While Dan was preparing them the blonde excused herself and started for the powder room at the back of the bar. As soon as the door closed behind her, the tall sailor turned to Mason.

"She's rather nice."

"Yeah."

The dark boy again was watching Mason eagerly, hanging on to every word he said.

"Do you know her?"

"Only to say hello to. I've seen her in here before."

"Do you think—" the dark one began.

Mason felt caught again. He couldn't leave. Chris would be coming in at any moment.

"We'd hate to waste an evening," the tall one said quickly.

"It's hard to say," Mason said lamely. "You never know about those things."

"She seems friendly enough," the dark one said hopefully.

Mason was relieved to see the blonde coming back. She stopped by her friends, and Mason heard the civilian mention food. The blonde said she wasn't hungry. She returned to her stool by the sailors. The man and the brunette got up and left.

"How about another drink, sergeant?" the girl called to Mason.

"No thanks, not right now," he said.

There was a moment of silence and then the sailors excused themselves and Mason saw them go back toward the men's room. He knew they were going to talk over the situation, and suddenly he felt friendly towards them. Maybe it was the way they looked, lost, walking back through the bar room that he knew so well.

He glanced over at the blonde and got up from his stool slowly and walked to where she was sitting. She turned and smiled up at him.

"They're nice boys," Mason said.

"Yeah," said the blonde.

"They've been at sea a long time."

"One of them said it was a year and a half."

"That's a long time to be away from things."

"Yeah," said the blonde, looking straight at him.

"Look," said Mason, and he rested his left hand heavily on the edge of the bar. "Maybe this is none of my business, but I don't think it would be exactly fair to kid them."

The blonde looked straight at him.

"I mean," he said, "well—if you see things their way, swell. But if you don't, why not leave them alone?"

He waited for the blonde to say something, or throw her drink in his face. She remained silent and Mason turned quickly and went back to his stool.

Just then Chris came in the door. Mason attempted to become engrossed in what Chris was saying, but he couldn't help being aware of the blonde. Then he heard the sailors come back, and then the three of them laughing together again.

"Have you been here long?" he heard Chris ask.

Mason saw the sailors and the blonde get up from the bar. The tall one helped the blonde on with her coat and she started toward the door between them, holding each by the arm. When they came to where Mason and Chris were, they stopped. The sailors shook Mason's hand and said good-bye. The blonde stood there and smiled directly at Mason.

"Good night, Cupid," she said.

Yellowknife Gold

There's a gold rush in the making up near Great Slave Lake, and ex-GIs are turning sourdoughs.

By Sgt. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

YELLOWKNIFE, NORTHWEST TERRITORY, CANADA —Now that the war is over this mushrooming boom town on the north shore of the Great Slave Lake expects a gold rush next spring that will make the ones in Alaska and the Yukon that Robert Service and Jack London wrote about seem insignificant by comparison. What's more, Yellowknife expects its gold rush to attract almost as many servicemen, Canadian and Yanks, as sourdoughs.

"Although this field was opened in 1937 and has been prejudiced by wartime restrictions," said Leonard E. Drummond, secretary-manager of the Alberta and Northwest Chamber of Mines, "it had produced $13,210,563 in gold by the end of 1943. Considering the difficulties encountered by the mining companies in a new and remote field, this represents the most spectacular development which has occurred in Canada. Since the original discovery, which was made along the eastern shore line of Yellowknife Bay, many new companies have entered the field, and the Geological Survey has extended investigations proving a much larger field than was at first anticipated."

Like most Canadian mining developments, Yellowknife has been hampered somewhat by the shortage of geologists and engineers. Geologists and mining engineers are of extreme importance to the industry now, but it appears that the geologist is destined to become of even greater importance in the future than he has been in the past.

While the pay is good in all jobs in the Yellowknife area, living costs are high, with meals averaging $1 each and rooms renting from $3 per day. Transportation to Yellowknife from Edmonton, Alberta, is also expensive, but it is usually advanced by the company and deducted from the employee's pay check. After the employee has been on the job for a stipulated time it is refunded. And if a man stays on the job for a year the company will usually pay his fare out if he wants to quit at the end of that time.

Most of the Yellowknife companies are discouraging married men from bringing their wives with them, because of the housing shortage. After they have located a home however, the men can send for them, but finding living quarters is so difficult that many people live in tents.

Although a new $140,000 hotel, equipped with 47 rooms, a beauty parlor and cocktail lounge, is under construction, Del Curry, manager of the Yellowknife Hotel, the only real hostelry the town now boasts, is often confronted with the problem of how to put up 75 to 100 men in fourteen rooms. When that happens he usually opens the beer hall and sets up 25 cots. The men have the pleasure of going to sleep in a beer hall with no danger of being thrown out.

As many as four and five men frequently share one room. On one occasion two rival business-house representatives, in town to see the same customer, had to bunk together. On another a sheriff searching for a man found him among the group with whom he was sharing a room.

WITH such a large transient population one of the most profitable local professions of a non-mining nature is waiting on table. "A good waitress gets from $75 to $100 a month and her room and board," Jim McDonald, owner of the Yellowknife Coffee Shop, said. "If she is reasonably attractive, has a good personality, knows how to kid and at the same time do her work, she has no trouble at all in picking up from $5 to $15 a day in tips. Before these girls even put on an apron they represent an investment of $200 for us. We have to send them their railroad and plane fare, find them a place to live and give them some money to live on while they're waiting for their first pay day.

"The big problem is how to keep them in line. They know they have you over a barrel and that you can't fire them until they've earned the money you've advanced.

"Down in the States the wolves might be still using that old one in trying to promote a girl—'I'll put you in pictures'—but up here just about every prospector on the make for a girl tells her that he'll set her up in business. They get so much attention that it takes a level-headed girl to retain her sense of values."

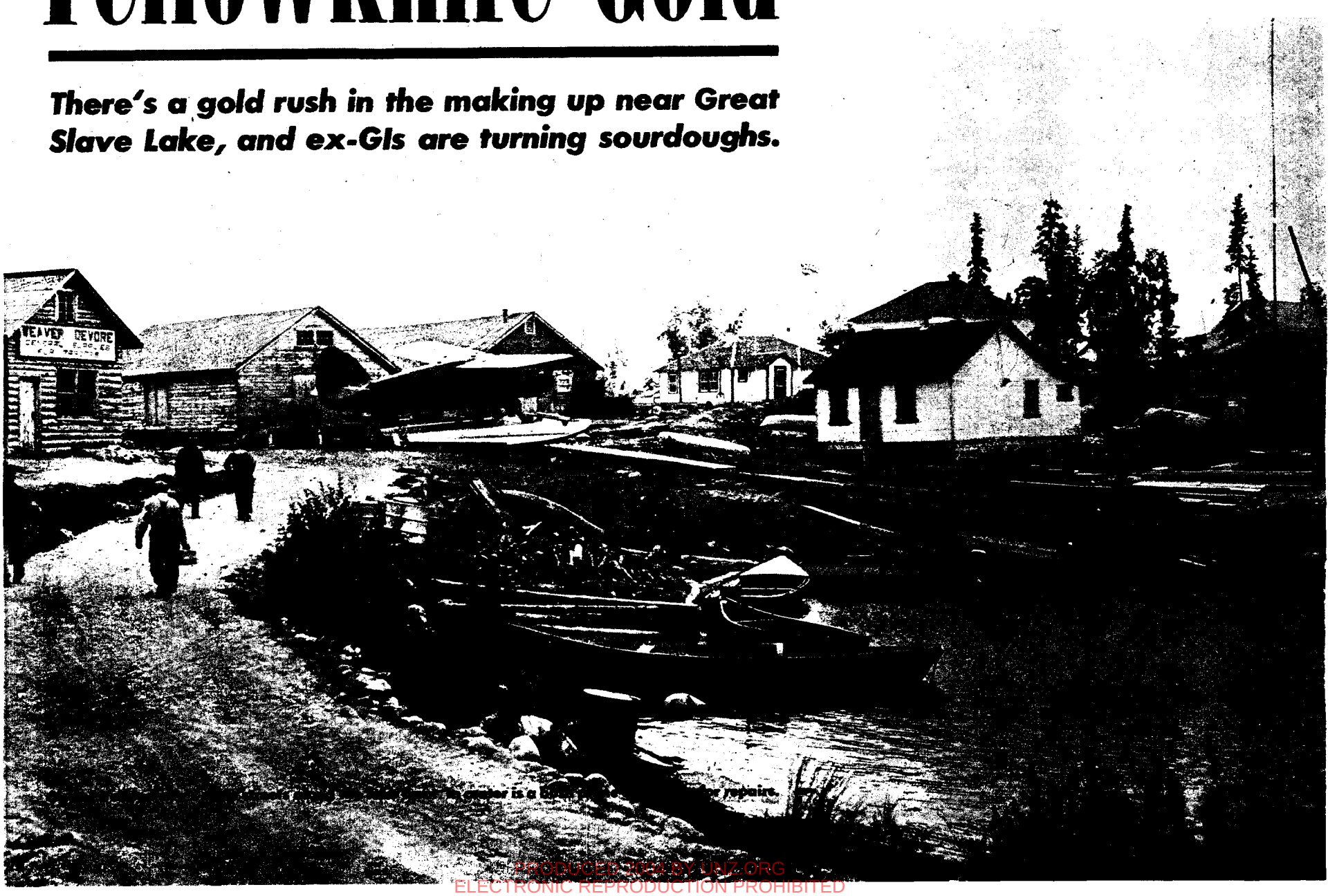
SOME servicemen have already found a spot for themselves in Yellowknife—Fred Fraser, for instance. Until a couple of months ago Fraser was a squadron leader in the Royal Canadian Air Force. Now, because of the many official jobs he holds in the town, he is called the unofficial mayor of Yellowknife. By appointment from the territorial government he is a stipendiary magistrate with the full powers of a supreme court judge (he can hang you, if you need hanging), mining recorder, agent for Dominion lands, marriage commissioner, crown timber agent, registrar of titles under the Navigable Waters Protection Act and chairman of the local Board of Trustees.

Like most boom towns Yellowknife has its problems. "Real estate is our biggest headache," said Fraser in discussing them. "The lumber and building-materials shortage is second. Then comes the shortage of experienced help.

"Nobody can own land in Yellowknife. Lots are leased for five-year periods for both residential and business purposes. There are renewal clauses in the leases.

"In order to give everybody a fair chance, island properties rent for $12 a year, mainland lots for $25 a year and business lots for $100 a year. There is no more land left on the old town site. All newcomers must take lots on the new town site a mile south of the town on the road to the unfinished airport.

"Quite a few have been making good money by selling their leases for $800 to $1,000. We have a rule to prevent accumulation—one lot to a person. In all, more than 20,000 claims have been staked out in this area. From the number of claims filed with me I'd estimate that the popu-



Donald Guise, local CIO organizer for the Yellowknife District Miners Union.

A bunch of sourdoughs take it easy, looking out across the Yellowknife lake front.

lation of Yellowknife is approximately 3,100."

The selection of the new town site split the citizenry of Yellowknife right down the middle. The original settlers maintained that the old town site, which is built right on Yellowknife Bay handy to the docks, was good enough, but the progressive element won the fight by pointing out that since the town was built on rock it would be impossible to install an all-year-round water and sewerage system because of the prohibitive cost of drilling the rock. However, it is probable that both sites, because they're not too far apart, will expand toward each other.

"Our biggest local problems now are handling the garbage and water delivery," says Fraser. "The Dominion is sending two trucks to Yellowknife, one to haul the garbage and the other to haul water in winter when our exposed water system has to be turned off because of the cold."

According to Fraser, production costs at Yellowknife are higher than in any other part of the Dominion. "We've got to lower production costs if the area is to expand. For instance, the cost of heating is tremendous. For a private family it comes to $600 a year.

"And that condition is getting worse because, although there is plenty of timber around, it cannot be cut since there is a law that prohibits the cutting of timber on mining lands. And most of the land here is staked out. Fuel wood costs $21 a cord because of the timber law. I've suggested that oil might be imported from the Abasand area at Fort McMurray. It would solve our fuel problem in production.

"The cost of aerial transportation is higher to Yellowknife than to any other part of the Dominion. It's 16 cents a mile as compared to 10 cents a mile to the Yukon and 8 cents a mile elsewhere in Canada. But it is safe to say that the present Yellowknife development wouldn't even be in existence if it hadn't been for the bush pilots of the Canadian Pacific Airlines and the other companies that fly in and out of here. They've done a great job, but their cost of operation is too high."

The bush pilots who fly the mining people in and out of Yellowknife to Edmonton and to their claims out in the bush are a courageous lot. With no fancy landing strips or radio-control towers they fly "by the seat of their pants," putting their planes down on ice and snow on skis in the winter, and on the surface of lakes and rivers with pontoons during the open season. Invariably, each new trip offers a new problem of transporting equipment for them to solve, and it is not unusual to see a canoe or a rowboat suspended outside the fuselage.

STRICTLY speaking, Yellowknife is not a new gold field. The first discovery of gold in that area was reported in 1899 when E. A. Blakeney of Ottawa reported an assay of ore taken from a point 10 miles from the Yellowknife River as yielding 2.58 ounces of gold in the ton.

But it wasn't until Major G. Burwash, an old northern man, found gold on the east side of Great Slave Lake in 1934, followed by discoveries by Dr. A. W. Joliffe in 1935, that it attracted enough attention to warrant investment by companies such as Consolidated, Negus, etc. While the $13,210,563 in gold that had been produced here as of the end of 1943 is regarded as small for a gold field as large as Yellowknife, it is quite promising for its future because of the wartime restrictions the field was operated under.

For instance, ore has been assayed there that has been tested up to 65 percent to the ton, according to Leo Alexander, an employee at Leo Evans' Yellowknife Assaying Office. This establishment handles 60 samples a day and would be receiving more if it could handle them. This is a remarkable figure, according to Alexander, when it is realized that samples which show one percent to the ton are regarded as being from high-grade ore and that gold is worth $35 an ounce.

Other minerals found in this area include beryl, tantalum, silver, uranium, radium, columbium, tungsten, molybdenum and gas and crude oil. Of course, the commercial possibilities of all these various ore deposits, as well as the gas and oil, haven't been investigated to the extent that the gold deposits have, but the finding of beryl in however small quantities was particularly important because it is the sole commercial source of beryllium, an important alloy for military purposes.

While most of the prospectors working in the Yellowknife area work for themselves, they prefer to let one of the larger companies develop their claims for them. They usually work their claims enough to prove their value and then sell them. Tom Payne, a veteran prospector, is reputed to have obtained the highest price for a claim in the Yellowknife area when he sold the Consolidated his claim for $500,000, but that was probably paid to him partially in cash and partially in percentages on the claim's earnings.

IT costs the average prospector $2,500 for grub, a camp outfit, a canoe and at least one trip by air, to start out each season. Once he locates the kind of claim he is looking for he will work it eight out of the 12 months in the year. About four months each year is spent in idleness during the spring thaw or in the fall, waiting for the freeze. It used to be that the old sourdoughs had to sit out in the bush during these periods, but now with air transportation most of them spend this time at settlements like Yellowknife.

Prospectors working for somebody else usually receive $200 a month and a percentage of the claim earnings if pay dirt is reached. Miners working for the big companies receive comparable wages, depending upon their job.

Donald Guise of Trail, B.C., an organizer for the Yellowknife District Miners Union, an affiliate of the CIO International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, has been on the scene several months. "I would estimate that about 50 percent of the workers belong to the union," he said when he was asked how his campaign to unionize the town was going. "That's a conservative figure, but I prefer to underestimate our strength rather than overestimate it."

Asked if he anticipated any trouble from the big companies, Guise replied, "No. I've talked to an official of only one company, but his attitude was very friendly. I haven't contacted the Consolidated people as yet, but they have signed contracts with my organization at other mines and we don't anticipate any trouble in getting together with them when it is time."

Of course, not all the business ventures in Yellowknife have to do with mining. The McGuinness Fishing Company, for instance, has built a refrigeration plant on the bay and plans to fly fish daily back to Chicago to sell on the market at premium prices. It is estimated that when the plant is ready to operate it will turn out 4,500 pounds of fish a day.

THEN there is Eddie Arsenault, who has been roaming the north country since the early '30s, when he gave up a steady job in an Edmonton jewelry store to sell wrist watches to the Eskimos in the Yukon. Eddie, who converted an old caboose abandoned by the Yellowknife Transportation Company into a shop, sells, repairs and trades watches and makes rings from the nuggets and semiprecious stones that the sourdoughs bring to him. When we visited him he showed us a tray of garnet, sapphire, iolite, tourmaline and ruby rings from stones found in this area.

Eddie's prices are necessarily higher than a Stateside jeweler's because of the high cost of living. Although his shop was only an abandoned caboose he estimated that it had cost him $2,400 to move here from Dawson in the Yukon and set up business.

"That includes only one trip by air out of Edmonton to replenish my stock," he said. "But I not only had to rent this lot, but also had to rent one on the new town site. I had to have a good spot in the business section and consequently I had to pay a good price for it. The high cost of living keeps me from getting rich, but I like the life better than being cooped up in a job in a city."

Despite the fact that it has been the goal of every adventurous character in the northwest since word got around about the gold strike, Yellowknife is virtually without crime, according to Cpl. Bing Rivett, CO of the three detachments of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who patrol the town.

"Occasionally we have a little petty larceny," he said, "and once a girl came up here and tried to operate, but we ran her out of town. Most men here are law-abiding citizens. The worst they do is get drunk, but one of our men is at the beer hall every night and sends the noisy ones home before trouble develops."

While the territorial liquor laws allow each person 26 ounces of hard liquor and 24 pints of beer a month, whisky is so scarce that it will bring $30 a quart in Yellowknife. There was a time when the beer hall opened one night a week, Saturday night, and stayed open all night, but the Mounties changed that.

The big social event of the week is an all-night dance, also held on Saturday night, and between the two the Mounties had more than they cared to handle in one night. Now the beer hall is open three hours a night, 7 to 10, and there is some fancy beer drinking done as the boys try to knock themselves out in the allotted time.

Two years ago there was about one woman to every 15 men. In those days the Yellowknife women took quite a beating at the Saturday-night dance, sometimes falling to the floor exhausted before the night was over, but now the ratio of women to men is much more equitable and the representatives of the weaker sex are holding their own.

YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

Mail Call

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This Week's Cover

IT looks as though getting "shot" isn't bothering Sgt. Cline Farris very much, but it might ruffle the feathers of that eagle. Sgt. Charles Whyms is plying the needle. It's just another step in the process of getting home, in this case from France. The picture was taken by YANK's Sgt. Pat Coffey.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. Pat Coffey. 4—Armed Forces Radio. 5—Sgt. Charles James. 6—Bottom, PA; others, Sig. Corps. 7—INP. 9—Armed Forces Radio. 12—Top, Sgt. George Burns; others, Mason Pawlak CPhoM, USNR. 13—Top left & center right, Sgt. Burns; top right, Mason Pawlak CPhoM; others, Army News Service. 16 & 17—1452d AAF Base Unit, ATC. 20—Walter Thornton Agency. 23—Pvt. Harry Wignall.

All High-Pointers

Dear YANK:

Recently, Brig. Gen. E. F. Koenig stated, "We are very careful to redeploy every one according to their points and, as of this date, we are now working in the 70s (VJ) score among the enlisted personnel."

In July 1945 we arrived in Belgium from Germany and were put under the command of Chanor Base Section. Every man had 80 points or more (VE) score. Also 483 days of combat at such places as Cassino, the hell of Anzio, Rome and North Italy, invasion of Southern France, the Vosges, across the Rhine, Germany and Austria.

With the arrival of VJ-Day, our score leaped to 90 and over. Ever since July we have been under the command of Chanor Base Section. Why are we still here? We are not in the guard house—the only reason the general gives for a man with over 85 points being in the ETO—nor have we ever been in the guard house. Now the general states that *his staff is working on the 70s (VJ)* score. How does the CBS staff explain our being here? Yes! Something slipped! It not only slipped—*it fell!*

Excuses given for the delay in shipment were "no ships," "storms on the Atlantic." These were just a couple of the excuses for inefficiency of the redeployment system. To date these excuses have been blown sky high. All we get is lies, feeble excuses and more lies. How about some truth and action for a change?

As to further proof: Before coming to Belgium, all men under 80 points were transferred out of our battalion. Today letters arrive from the U. S. from these men. How come? Don't tell us men under 80 points are not going home. How do these low-pointers get by such high efficiency?

An officer from our battalion called at Chanor Base Section to inquire as to the reason for our delay. He was given this answer from a colonel in charge of the Readjustment Office: "You can't depend on a thing. We don't know from one minute to the next what's going to happen."

For additional proof, if the above is not sufficient, contact us at 69th AFA Bn., c/o 172d FA Bn., Le Mans, France. We are now in this unit with other high pointers.

France —98 EM with 88 Points or More

Dear YANK:

... This unit, the 845th QM Gasoline Supply Company, at present is up to T/O strength in officer and enlisted personnel assigned. In the case of EM, the lowest ASR score is 80, the highest 99. Three EM assigned have VE scores of 87. The personnel of this unit are not in the guard house. The delay therefore in moving this unit to a staging area cannot be attributed to that fact. To quote from Gen. Koenig, "I always take the attitude that these complaints are justified and that the complainer has a legitimate gripe. My staff is not beyond making mistakes or committing errors in judgment and I am very anxious that any injustice be corrected immediately."

That this gripe is justified, there can be no doubt. That an error has been made must be conceded. If the general is sincere in his statement that he is *very anxious that any injustice be corrected* immediately, give this unit the priority that it should be accorded. We want to go home.

Belgium —(87 Names Withheld)

Dear YANK:

Somebody must be pulling the wool over the eyes of Gen. Koenig of Chanor Base Section, or perhaps he just has not bothered to check his own records.

Over 130 EM with scores of 85 or over were sweating it out with the 445th AAA AW Bn. All, or nearly all, of them were credited with five battle stars. It seemed like good news when the 445th was moved to Camp Twenty Grand on 15 October. But such was not the case because some days later the 130 high-point men were sent back to Belgium to join the 670th FA Bn. And, of course, we are still here—in unheated tents.

A check of the Headquarters Battery roster of the 670th FA Bn. will show that 103 men have scores of 85 or higher (some are as high as 97). The balance of the men are either over-age or above 80 points. Nobody will venture to say when we can expect to be home. The general says that they are processing 70-pointers. Need we comment?

Belgium —(80 Names Withheld)

More Democracy

Dear YANK:

A hearty amen to "Unknown Officer" and his blueprint for a "Dream Army," from this sailor. But don't think it's so impractical. The Australian Army in basic training is free after each day's duty until next morning's muster. No gates, no barbed-wire fences, no guns keeping you in. When the Australian War Minister was asked about this, he replied in surprise, "... Why, our men wouldn't have it any other way . . . " And they tell me the "Diggers" are great soldiers for their weight.

We really need soldiers and sailors who are still citizens, rather than having the continual threat of loss of citizenship to keep them in line. We've fought two wars for freedom and democracy abroad. What about a little more of it among ourselves?

Camp Elliott, Calif. —LEO DAVIS RT3c

Wasted Shipping

Dear YANK:

After reading numerous newspaper clippings regarding the shortage of seamen for our Merchant Marine, we feel that newspapers at home are not completely representing the picture of today's shipping problems.

The implication in all these articles has been that the seamen who are returning to their homes are leaving our fighting men stranded without transportation home. We feel that this is an unjust accusation. Certainly many seamen are returning to their homes and families just as are the men and women of our armed forces. But there is another side to the story.

Every week there are many cargo ships returning to the U. S.—without a single soldier aboard. True, these ships do not offer comfortable quarters, but they were good enough to bring thousands of our boys out here and any one of those boys would jump at the chance to go home in one. Is it the fault of seamen that these ships go home empty?

Meanwhile, though they can't take American soldiers home, American merchant ships are carrying Japanese prisoners of war back to Japan.

One article directed to seamen implores us to "picture our soldiers in an overseas port with a full pack and eyes peering longingly and hopefully out to sea for sign of a ship which was to arrive to take them home." Perhaps this particular article did *some* good because even the soldiers thought it a good joke, grim as it was. These soldiers would find it hard even to glimpse the sea through the forest of masts before their eyes.

Every major port in the west and southwest Pacific is choked with ships, many of them idle as long as four months. Since July 1, 1945, this particular ship has spent 87 days idle at anchor, with no prospect of action in the immediate future, and we can assure you that this is not an isolated case. In this one small harbor alone, there are 12 other ships, which like this one are idle and waiting for orders. Is that the fault of seamen?

We are ready to do our share in the tremendous task of repatriating our armies, yet day after day we are idle and waiting for our orders to come from Washington. All we ask is to be set free from this wasteful and criminal idleness.

We feel that the shortage of transportation for our armed forces could be appreciably lessened, if not completely abolished, by turning critical attention to the mismanagement and lack of coordination between officials overseas and authorities in Washington in regard to ships already overseas. This lack of coordination is not only causing thousands of boys eligible for discharge to spend needless months overseas but is costing the Government millions of dollars to maintain ships which, being idle, make no return.

In line with various other investigations of demobilization policies, would it not be pertinent to examine this particular phase? We, as members of the United States Merchant Marine, would certainly appreciate any action taken in regard to this matter.

Batangas, P. I. —Officers and Men of the S.S. Elisha Mitchell

Jeeps and Farm Needs

Dear YANK:

Your recent article on the civilian jeep has met with considerable criticism from men at this base. It seems YANK has become an advertising medium for the War Department in its efforts to dispose of surplus jeeps. The article and photographs would lead prospective buyers to believe that the jeep would function properly in the operation of practically every type of farming implement.

Having lived on a farm all my life and operated every type of farm machine illustrated in your article, besides many others, I feel qualified to state that the story is definitely misleading. One of your photographs shows a jeep pulling what appears to be a seven- or eight-foot tandem disc harrow. Under the most ideal conditions this may be possible, but

"Thjs civilian life everyone's talking about—what's it like?"
—Sgt. Tom Flannery

under adverse or even ordinary circumstances, the jeep does not have sufficient weight and traction to pull this type of load. A disc harrow of this type, if the discs are set at a sharp enough angle and deep enough to do any good, requires a regular wheel type farm tractor weighing from 4500 to 5000 pounds, with approximately 70 percent of its weight concentrated on the rear wheels. Such tractors have nine- to 11-inch tires which are usually filled with water or some other liquid to increase traction.

You also state that the jeep can be toned down to a farming speed of 7.5 miles per hour. In case you are interested, the best plowing speed is considered to be not in excess of four miles per hour, and certainly no grain binder should be drawn at seven or eight miles per hour. In fact, there are very few farm machines that can be operated at such a high rate of speed without unnecessary wear and breakage, as well as damage to the crops.

You also show a seven- or eight-foot grain binder being drawn by the jeep. This type of grain binder is almost as heavy a load as the disc harrow, especially on soft ground or on an upgrade. It is just not possible for a vehicle with the weight and tire-size of the jeep to pull such loads. It would have been more fitting to illustrate what the jeep would do under the most difficult rather than the most ideal conditions.

I have my doubts that any experienced farmer will purchase a jeep for farming purposes, but this letter is for the benefit of ex-servicemen who are contemplating the use of a jeep to replace tractors and caterpillars that are especially designed for farm work.

India —Sgt. **MONROE BLACKWELL**

Time for Action

Dear YANK:

After reading the letter from the men on Okinawa, I feel that it's time for action. Their case is typical of what is happening throughout all branches of the service today. It is not a recent development, it has been that way for the entire history of our armed services.

Our fathers made a mistake. They *forgot* the deal given them in the last war. They didn't unite. As a result, we serve today under a class system comparable to the days of lords and serfs.

Individual gripes and exposes accomplish little. Powerful officer-lobby groups prevent any permanent action being taken. We must overpower that lobby group. We are over seven million strong. Let's get the ball rolling on that enlisted men's club.

Here's an appeal for one man with a little organization experience to step forward and initiate the movement. You can count on Navy enlisted men's support. We have had enough.

If we don't form an organization to put legislation through Congress regulating the service, our sons will be kicked into the dust by the same fascist-minded egotistical officers' cliques that dominated our forces during the entire war.

—**ARNOLD G. ANDERSON AMM2c***

FPO, New York

***Also signed by 250 others.**

Know Our Enemies

Dear YANK:

I'm an ex-Infantry soldier, age 20. I've served my country for over two years. I fought and sweated through five campaigns and six countries. I was wounded twice. Through it all, I felt in my heart something good would come of it, a new world embodied with a sense of fair play, built on a foundation of democracy and imbedded in tolerance and friendship.

When the European war ended, I was in Germany, the same country I had fought in the past 10 months. I was then serving in an Army Military Police battalion. I was able to observe the German people closely during the course of my duties. I saw our nonfraternization policy drift away like a straw in the wind four months after we had been told that it would be lifted, when the German people had shown that they could be trusted and had earned the respect of the civilized world.

I listened to the German speak his piece of how Germany had been betrayed by false promises, by misleading statements and how they, the little people of Germany, were not to blame for the war, for the atrocities, for the disruption of the world and for the war's aftermath. I heard my own friends tell of the cleanliness of German homes and of the cleanliness of the German girls and of how ambitious and intelligent the German people seemed to be.

I met men returning from furloughs who spoke of the hostile attitude of the French and the haughtiness of the English. "Things aren't what they used to be in those countries," they would say, and I wondered whether they were right.

This month I arrived in an assembly-area command camp to await shipment to the U.S. and I was able to see the true side of the story. In the French towns I saw American soldiers act as though they were the conquerors of France and not its liberators. Liquor and the idea that they can have any woman in Europe seems to have gone to many a soldier's head. I'm not saying that all soldiers were party to this type of acting, but a good percentage of them were.

The German people are taking advantage of every break we give them. They are using every opportunity to spread their seeds of hatred and intolerance even today. They'll do anything to break the unity of our armies. They'll play black against white, Catholic against Jew, British against French, French against Dutch and Russian against American. If you give them the chance they're hoping for, they'll snow you under.

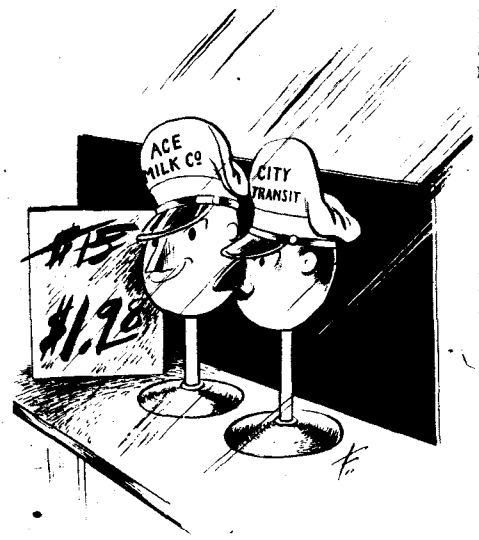
Let us trust our allies and know our enemies. And let us remember at all times that we are the representatives of the American people and that we are the symbols of our country and Government. Only in this way shall we gain the respect and confidence of a world direly in need of democratic leadership, and we shall be assured of a future world of peaceful living. Then, only then, shall we have realized what we fought for.

France —Pfc. **MARTIN LIFSCHUTZ**

Normalcy

Dear YANK:

Sign observed in store window in Victoria, Texas: "Officer's garrison hats suitable for civilian use. Can be used by chauffeurs, taxi drivers and bus drivers."



The hats were marked down from $15 to $1.98. Perhaps the reason for this frantic action is that both of the air fields in Victoria are scheduled to close in the near future.

Victoria, Tex. —A/C **EUGENE C. STEWART**

Discharge Clothes for Wacs

Dear YANK:

I read with interest Cpl. William Vanderclock's letter about discharge clothes in your recent issue. I have met many soldiers who feel the same as he does.

Many of us Wacs at this camp and elsewhere feel that we too are entitled to keep our issued clothing when discharged. In basic training we were told by our officers that after six months' service Wac clothing was earned and belonged to us. Also, as an inducement to join the Women's Army Corps, recruiters publicly informed prospective members that Wac clothing, totaling the amount of $250, would be given them and not loaned.

Recently I met some servicewomen of the Canadian Air Corps. They informed me that they are allowed to keep all their clothing upon discharge, including five uniforms and seven shirts. Compare this to the one uniform and two shirts allowed a Wac. Wacs who travel across the continent to go through separation centers do not feel very presentable by the time they arrive home. At some of these centers, essential coats have been taken away from several of our Wacs. They were told that they were not allowed to keep them.

Canadian servicewomen of the Air Corps assured me that they consider their uniforms a great saving to them as they intend to change the style of some, dye others and make full use of them. They realize what we were told in orientation recently, that clothing is expensive on the outside.

We would like to know why the same privilege of being thrifty is not allowed the American Wac? Many of us have been in the Corps for two years and more and have given away our civilian clothes. Many of us have never received the full quota of Wac clothing that was supposed to be allotted to us.

Some of our clothes, we hear, are turned into salvage, others are being shipped overseas to the needy. But we have heard that civilians, workers in the UNRRA, have also been outfitted with Wac uniforms. And a letter from one of our Wacs in Australia related that Wac clothing had been issued to Australian civilian girls who were quite definitely not in the needy class. The Wacs there, she wrote, were pretty much burnt up about the deal.

Why doesn't the WD allow Wacs the privilege of saying whether they wish to keep clothing they can use? Or, allow them to give it away to some worthwhile cause if they wish?

Why can't American Wacs have the same consideration accorded them as their Canadian sisters in service across the border?

Camp Roberts, Calif. —T-4 **MARION O'BRIEN***

***Also signed by 58 others**

Strictly GI

Overseas Service. No EM with 21 months' service will be sent overseas for permanent assignment, the WD has announced. Exceptions: Regular Army enlistees; volunteers to remain in the Army; graduates of the Military Intelligence Service Language School at Fort Snelling, Minn., who are not eligible for separation and have less than 27 months' service.

Men not eligible for permanent duty may be shipped for temporary duty of short duration, provided their scheduled date of return to the States is earlier than the date on which they become eligible for separation. According to the current schedule for screening out enlisted men slated for permanent overseas duty, the following EM will not ship out: those over 37 years old; those from 34 to 36 inclusive, with one year of service; those under 34, with a minimum of 21 months service. Wacs will not be shipped.

Points. The WD announced that EM with 50 or more discharge points, on furlough from overseas or on temporary duty in the States, would be classified as surplus and discharged upon their return to reception centers.

The principal group affected by this policy consists of men in units that were returned to the States from Europe, following the defeat of Germany, for redeployment to the Pacific and that are now scheduled for deactivation. The ruling will eliminate the wasteful movement of soldiers who would become eligible for separation within a few weeks after rejoining their units.

The AAF has authorized the discharge of EM in the States who are surplus to AAF requirements, have two years' service and 50 to 59 points, and of enlisted Air-Wacs in the U. S. who are surplus, have one year of service and 25 to 33 points.

PWs. Officers and GIs who were PWs, or were evading capture in enemy territory for 60 days and more, are now eligible for separation, regardless of points or age. Some 25,000 men will be affected. Under the terms of another AR, theater commanders (who may delegate the power to subordinate officers) are authorized to promote one grade all EM internees, PWs and men who were evading capture in enemy territory or were missing in action, regardless of the existence of T/O vacancies. This does not apply to men who are already master or first sergeants.

World War II Medal. All members of the armed forces who served honorably at any time between Pearl Harbor Day and the official end of the war (still unannounced) are eligible to wear the World War II Victory Medal. For the moment, of course, it's the ribbon and not the medal that will be worn: a red center with narrow, vertical white borders, flanked by double rainbows. It is worn at the tail end of the parade of American ribbons, but is followed by foreign decorations and the Philippine Liberation ribbon.

American Theater Ribbon. Formerly worn only by GIs who served outside the continental limits of the U. S. for 30 days or more, the American Theater ribbon may now be displayed by any member of the services (including the WAC) who have served for an accumulative period of one year on active duty in the continental U. S.

Apprenticeships for Vets. Returning veterans who would like to work as civilian employees of the WD may apply to the Veterans Administration or WD installations for apprentice training in certain skilled trades and technical occupations. There is no age limit for veterans under the program, now being resumed.

Scientific War. A special Ground Forces outfit has been organized by AGF to keep military use of new long-range weapons abreast of scientific development. The "guided missiles" battalion will test experimental models of new weapons as they come from the laboratories and work out tactical plans for their employment. Creation of the unit was described as a logical outgrowth of such World War II inventions as radar and the proximity fuse.

Negro GIs. On VJ-Day, there were 695,264 Negro officers and GIs in the Army, or 8.67 percent of total strength. Of these, 475,950 were serving overseas.

Job Guidance. The first 68 of 110 booklets on job guidance for servicemen have come off the press. Requests for copies should be sent to the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

At the WD's request, various authorities from the War Manpower Commission, the Department of Agriculture and the Department of Labor turned out the booklets, officially called "occupational briefs," with the advice of professional societies, universities and management and labor groups. GIs had indicated they wanted this kind of job guidance in a survey conducted by the I&E Division.

The booklets are titled "The Job of . . ." and the following businesses and professions have been surveyed thus far: Accountant; Advertising Man; Agricultural Scientist and Biological Scientist; General Survey; Animal Husbandman, Dairy Husbandman, and Poultry Husbandman; Architect; Bacteriologist; Botanist, Plant Pathologist, and Plant Physiologist; Chemist; Catholic Clergyman; Dentist; Dietician; Economist; Aeronautical Engineer; Automotive Engineer; Chemical Engineer; Civil Engineer; Electrical Engineer (Electronics and Radio); Engineer: General Survey; Industrial Engineer; Mechanical Engineer; Metallurgical Engineer; Mining Engineer; Foreign Language Specialist; Forester; Geologist; Geophysicist; Horticulturist, Agronomist, and Soil Scientist; Lawyer; Librarian; Medical Technologist; Meteorologist; Musician; Registered Nurse; Optometrist; Personnel Worker; Pharmacist; Physical Education Teacher; Physician; Physicist; Protestant Clergyman; Psychiatrist; Psychologist; Rabbi; Reporter and Editor; Social Worker; Sociologist; Statistician; High School Teacher; Vocational Teacher; Veterinarian; Vocational Counselor; Writer; Zoologist, Entomologist, and Parasitologist; Berry Farmer; Corn-Hog-Cattle Farmer; Cotton Farmer; Dairy Farmer; Farmer: General Survey; General Farmer; Fruit Farmer; Livestock Farmer; Pecan, Tung-Nut, Walnut, and Similar Farmers; Part-Time Farmer; Poultry Farmer; Tobacco Farmer; Truck Farmer; Wheat Farmer; Specialty Farmer.

Pin-up Girl

INVADING JAPAN

By DONALD NUGENT Sp(X)3c
YANK Navy Editor

WHEN the Japs quit on Aug. 14, they had two million troops and 8,000 planes poised in a last desperate readiness to stem the impending invasion of their homeland. The Japs knew something big was coming. They did not know precisely what that big something was: two gigantic operations cooked up by Supreme Headquarters in the Pacific to end the war.

The code names for the operations were Olympic and Coronet. Olympic was already under way when Hirohito tossed in the towel. It had started early in July when the Third Fleet began its sweep along the eastern coast of Japan. Olympic's climax was scheduled for Nov. 1, when three amphibious landings would smash into Kyushu, southernmost of the three Japanese home islands. Olympic was intended to isolate and wipe out enemy forces on the island.

After a preliminary assault by the 40th Marine Division at Koshiki Retto, accompanied by a feint off Shikoku by the IX Army Corps (composed of the 98th, 81st and 77th Divisions), the three main assaults were to be made by the U. S. Sixth Army. The V Marine Corps (composed of the 2d, 23d and 5th Divisions) would hit the beaches west of Kagoshima, not far from Koshiki Retto. The Army's XI Corps (the 43d, 1st Cavalry and Americal Divisions) would land at Ariaka Wan. The Army's I Corps (the 25th, 33d and 41st Divisions) would attack at Miyazaki, and its IX Corps was scheduled to act as "floating reserve" after its feinting action.

Coronet was to come next. In early spring of 1946, after a four-month lapse, landings were to start on the Tokyo plain of Honshu, the main home island and very heart of the Jap empire. The Eighth and Tenth Armies (made up of nine Infantry divisions, two armored outfits and three Marine divisions) would be the main force. Ten Infantry divisions and one airborne division would be held as floating reserve.

The three armies had the mission of destroying the Japanese Army on the main home island and occupying the Tokyo-Yokohama area. Kyushu would have been held down by a one-corps reserve of three Infantry and one airborne divisions. A clean-up of the remaining islands to the north would come afterward, supported by an air garrison equivalent to 50 groups.

Olympic and Coronet would have utilized every ship and landing craft that could turn a propeller. In addition to numberless personnel-landing craft, 3,033 Navy ships were to be involved. They included 23 battleships, 90 carriers, 52 cruisers, 323 destroyers, 298 escort vessels, 181 submarines, 1,060 auxiliary vessels, 160 mine craft and 16,133 Navy planes.

The Fifth Fleet would handle amphibious landings, while the Third Fleet was to provide strategic cover and support. On July 10 the Third Fleet opened up along the entire eastern Jap coast. On July 16, a British task group joined in. Fleet big guns pummeled shore objectives. Fourteen carrier strikes were made, each with more than 1,500 planes. Between July 24 and 28, all ships remaining in the Jap Navy were either sunk or damaged. B-29s from the Marianas averaged 1,200 sorties a week. Whole cities were being levelled by Superfort raids. Railroad rolling stock, factories and power houses crumbled.

Then came the atomic bombs, Russia's declaration of war and Japan's surrender. Olympic and Coronet were washed out. Their success would have been assured by their size alone—but what they would have cost will occupy military and naval theorists for a long time to come.

MAYBE you are looking at a shape of the future, in which case the future stacks up pretty well. Anyway, Betty Anne Cregan, now a model with the Walter Thornton Agency, has ambitions. She has a fine singing voice to add to her other natural advantages, and perhaps they'll take her places. Peggy is 5 feet 7 inches, has light brown hair, greenish-blue eyes.

Navy Notes

Hedgehog. When, after the sinking of hundreds of thousands of tons of Allied shipping, the newspapers began to report a new high rate of success by our Navy in aborting attacks by U-boat wolf packs, the public was pleased but took it as a matter of course. Recently the Navy revealed that this success was due not only to the increased efficiency of antisubmarine operations in general, but particularly to a secret weapon, known as the Mark 10 and 11 antisubmarine projector, that stopped the U-boat attacks. The device was nicknamed the "hedgehog" and replaced "ash-can" depth charges in antisubmarine warfare.

The formerly secret weapon is an arrangement of 24 rocket projectiles mounted in a bank. Like most new Navy guns, it is designed to remain level while the ship is rolling in a rough sea. The projectiles are hurled in an elliptical pattern above the calculated position of the submarine under attack. The Mark 10 throws the 24 charges in two-and-one-half seconds. The Mark 11, an improved model, does it in 1.8 seconds. The big change over the old ash-cans, which were set to go off at a set depth, is that the Mark projectiles explode only upon contact with the target. The explosion thus gives sure evidence of a hit.

The hedgehog also eliminates the danger of running the ship over the submarine in order to drop depth charges from the stern.

Originally designed in Great Britain in early 1942, the hedgehog went into production in June at the Syracuse, N. Y., plant of the Carrier Corporation, peacetime makers of air-conditioners and refrigerators. Four months later, the company was delivering 80 per month. In all, Carrier produced 1,501 hedgehogs.

The New Navy. When projected changes in sailors' gear are completed, it will almost be a pleasure to belong to the Navy—well, anyway . . . The bloused and bell-bottomed gob, staggering under a huge sea bag and hammock, will soon be no more than an uncomfortable memory.

First to go was the hammock. Although almost never used by World War II sailors, the hammock stuck it out to the bitter end. From station to station, the sailor rolled and unrolled the blamed thing until he finally reached his ship—where the hammock was usually discarded.

Finally BuShips designed and began issuing a "clothes-bedding bag," and the hammock was officially discontinued. The new gear consists of two sea bags, one the regular size and the other smaller. These two sections can be lashed together to carry the complete standard outfit, or each section can be used separately, and without bedding the smaller one can be stowed in the larger.

The next weight to be removed from the enlisted man's shoulders was the mattress. Customarily this was rolled with the blankets inside the hammock and accounted for most of the bulk and much of the weight of the roll. From here on in, every ship and station will furnish mattresses as well as bunks. Those now owned by the men are being turned over to the Navy and will stay on the bunks.

And so the postwar swabbie's seabag will contain blankets, mattress covers, pillow slips, towels and clothing. Apparently he will still retain his pillow, to keep the rest of the bag's contents well sprinkled with feathers.

It is the sailor's uniform itself that will show the greatest change. A new outfit for enlisted men, not yet officially announced by the Navy, will make its appearance soon.

Chiefs are already authorized to wear a dress blue coat and an overcoat identical with those of commissioned officers.

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.

Come Now, Sergeant

"MIND if I move in here, sergeant?"

"Not at all, major—er, sir. Not at all."

"Bourbon high. Well, sergeant, you sure have been around! That's quite an array of ribbons you have there."

"Well, yes, sir."

"Hmm. Purple Heart, Silver Star, European and Asiatic theaters. Here, bartender, a drink for this man. I certainly would like to hear all about it, sergeant."

"Well, it wasn't much."

"I've got some boys in my outfit who have seen some action, but nothing like you. We're training a special battalion for occupation duties in the Pacific. I'm having a devil of a time because the boys have so little patience with details. Can't seem to appreciate all the thinking, planning and strategy that went into those manuals we recently received from Washington."

"Well, I don't know, sir, when you're up to your backside in mud, you don't remember much of that stuff."

"Come now, sergeant, you of all people should appreciate the value of training. I've got a fine group of boys, all right, and I'm sure they'll come through with flying colors in our new program. Bartender, another bourbon. I wish you'd tell me which battles those stars are for."

"Oh, we hiked through a lot of towns ducking snipers here and there."

"Speaking of hiking, we've come to see the increasing importance of the foot soldier and his ability to weather long marches across rough terrain. As a matter of fact, we are stressing the twenty-five mile hike."

"Well, major, I think it often helps to give a man a little sack time."

"Come now, sergeant, you mustn't underestimate the preparatory measures that we, who do the training, take. We got a bulletin just yesterday pointing up some new methods. Little things, but they could be mighty important. I am rather eager to see the results of our new indoctrination."

"It's my turn to buy, major."

"I wouldn't think of it. Bartender, another round. I hope you won't mind telling me about that Silver Star."

"Well, a big kraut had just bashed in the head of my pal with his rifle butt."

"I'm glad you mentioned that. We're paying special attention to hand-to-hand fighting because, to judge from circulars received, it *could* become necessary in occupation duties."

"Our captain had been blown to bits by a mortar shell, and we were waiting for orders from the second looey."

"You know, then, that emphasis must be placed on leadership. I stress the importance of the hand salute, which, after all, is the symbol of obedience and willingness to follow the leader. Bartender! No, sergeant, I won't have it. Not with your pay. You just tell me about your experiences. I've always wanted to go overseas, but you don't pick your job in the Army. Besides, training you boys is no trifling matter."

"Major, I hope you'll excuse me. I've got to meet a girl. Thanks for the drinks, sir."

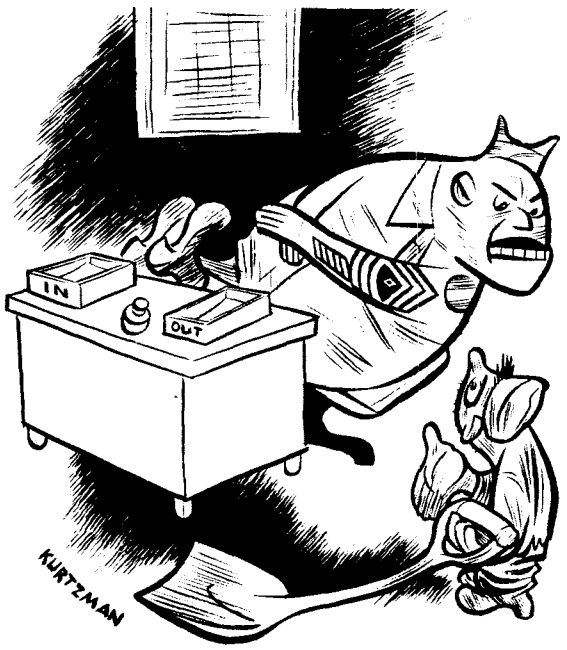
"Not at all, sergeant. Nice to meet you, and I was very glad to get your point of view."

Fort Bliss, Tex. —Sgt. **SYD LANDI**

SOUVENIR

I walked beside a silent stream
Flowing green between the trees,
By ferns and broad-leafed tropic plants,
And festooned vines, stirred by a breeze,

And looked into its cooling depth,
Saw sands as white as crystal salt,
Drank of its peace and heavy scent—
Yet stumbled on a glaring fault



"Aaaah—quit yer bitchin'! You never had it better in yer life!" —T-5 Harvey Kurtzman, Fort Bragg, S. C.

That shouted ugliness from out the growth
Along the bank. A twisted, half-burned wing
Of crusted metal with a scarred red sun
Drawn on it. A misplaced, worthless, foreign thing,
A fallen bird, that died here. In its craw
An apish, slant-eyed face, stained with old blood,
And crazily askew on stiffened shoulders.

Obliterating vines and saw-toothed grass
Sent tendrils out to hide the open tomb,
And cleansing mould and fungus were at work.

And then I watched a sweating soldier come
And rip the metal with a keen-edged blade.
He sliced the red sun painted on the wing,
To make a bracelet for a far-off maid.

Dutch New Guinea —Cpl. **GEORGE HARRIS**

Eager Beaver

CARL was cleaning out his foot locker, preparing for Saturday's inspection.

"What's all that stuff you've got there?" I asked.

"Some stuff I bought."

"All those silk socks? Why'd you buy those? You can't wear them. You're getting out soon."

"I know. I bought them anyway. You can get stuff cheap at the PX. I paid 30 cents for these socks, the kind you pay 50, 60 cents for outside."

"But you can't wear them," I repeated.

"I know it. I save them up. I'm going to take them home, for after the war. I won't have to buy socks for a year or two."

"How many pairs of shorts you got there?"

"Thirty, and 23 undershirts and four belts."

"Are those all razor blades in that box?"

"Yeah. They'll keep."

He sat down and began polishing his shoes. Instead of using a piece of cloth to rub the polish on with, as most men did, he used his fingers. I asked him why.

"Cause you can rub it in better this way and you get a better shine. You don't waste polish."

Carl was known as the Eager Beaver of our squadron. He was the first one up in the morning, he shaved, made his bed, and mopped the floor before anyone else. By the time roll call came around, he had written one or more letters. The men paid him to sew stripes on their shirts and sometimes he finished a shirt before breakfast. He got a quarter for each shirt.

He picked up extra dough by pulling guard or CQ for somebody who wanted to go on pass. Carl never went on pass himself.

In the evenings he spent a lot of his time repairing cigarette lighters, watches, radios, cameras. Before he agreed to fix anything he tried to buy it cheap. If that worked he would fix it up, and he always sold it later at a profit.

They opened up a handicraft shop at the post service club. He went there on his day off, and in the evenings. He made picture frames out of plexi-glass, billfolds out of scrap leather, and even stainless steel watch bands. I bought one of the watch bands, the kind that has a piece of metal under the watch to protect it from perspiration. It cost me three dollars.

Gradually he gave up pulling extra duty for pay and spent all his time at the post hobby shop. He could make more money there. He turned down jobs at the PX and the beer garden. He was making more money on his own.

The last week before he went on furlough he was so rushed that he had to turn down all new work. The day before he left he said to me, "Well, I'm leaving tomorrow. Fifteen days, plus four. I need a suitcase though. I wondered if I could borrow yours."

"What for? You got one," I said, pointing to the one he had under his bunk.

"I need another one."

"Why two? You're only going for 15 days."

"But I want to take all that stuff home. You know. The socks and stuff."

"No!" I yelled, "goddammit, you can't borrow it!" He looked hurt. He couldn't understand why I got so worked up about it. I guess he borrowed a suitcase from someone else.

Eglin Field, Fla. —Cpl. **FRANCIS IRVIN**

THEY ALSO SERVE

We drink foul beer in joints.
The brew fills up with tears.
We can't get out on points,
We served but three short years.

Never saw St. Lo,
Wake or Guam or Rome.
Battle Star? Hell, no!
Our time was spent at home.

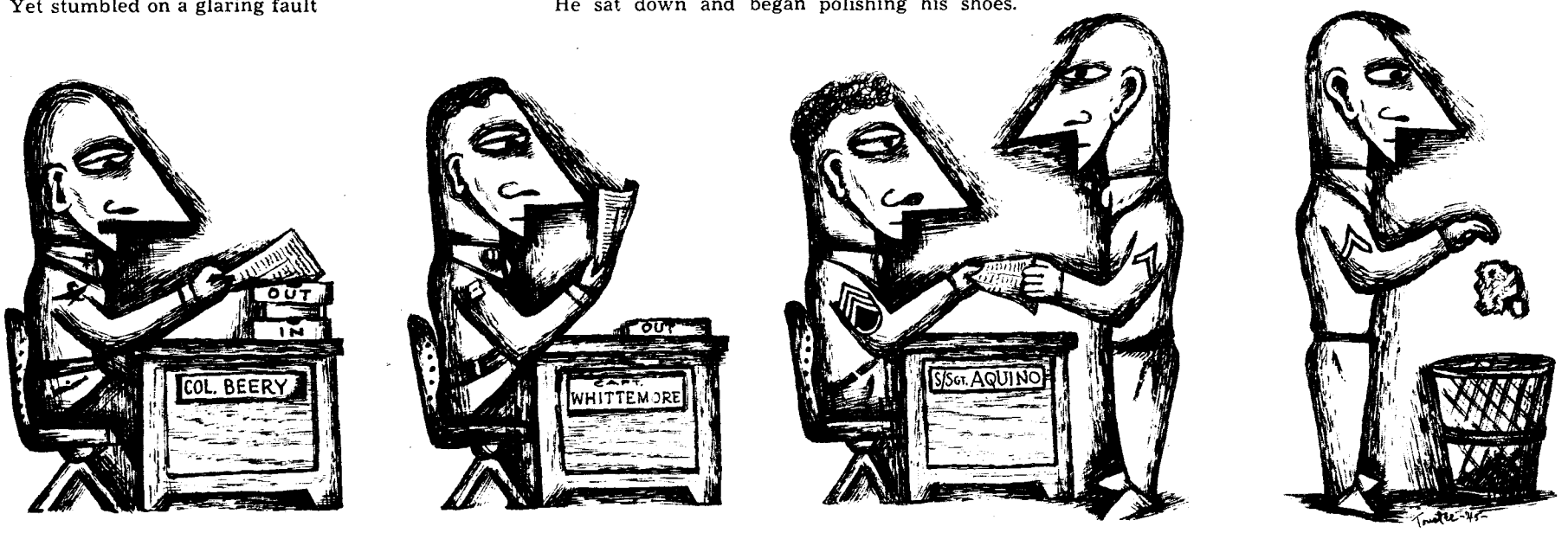
At home, in posts and forts,
In garrison and camp,
We typed and filed reports
And caught the writer's cramp.

The chicken waxed so fat
On our domestic scene,
We used a shovel-hat,
To clean it off the green.

KP and guard, and more,
We did them day and night.
Yet we've a damned low score
Because we didn't fight.

We drink foul beer in joints.
The brew fills up with tears.
We won't get out on points
For years and years and years.

Ft. Jackson, S. C. —Pfc. **BEN HOROWITZ**



MP on ICE

By Sgt. BOB STONE
YANK Staff Writer

IN 1925 the Victoria, British Columbia, Cougars won the World's Championship hockey title. The Stanley Cup, precious prize that goes with the title, was carted home by Les Patrick, their manager, and stored away in his cellar.

One day during the summer months of 1925 Patrick's two kids—Lynn and Muzz, both about 10 years old—came across the mammoth hunk of dust catcher. While the Old Man was sleeping upstairs, the kids scratched their names on the inside of the Cup.

They didn't realize then that 15 years later their names would be on the outside of the cup as members of the 1940-41 New York Rangers, world champions of professional hockey.

Muzz recalled that incident for the benefit of sports writers recently during a workout as the Rangers prepared to open the New York season, and he was polishing up for a comeback in a career choked off by four-and-one-half years of life in the Army.

"I didn't realize it then," he told writers gathered in Madison Square Garden. "After Lynn and I became Rangers and played with a Stanley Cup team, we both laughed about it."

He didn't tell what happened when his Old Man found out about the original cup-scratching, but if there was any punishment connected with it, the boys have more than made up for their crime. There wasn't any question that pappy Les Patrick, himself quite a hockey player and present Ranger vice-president and manager was happy to have his son back again.

"It would be perfect now if Lynn were here too," the elder Patrick said. "He's still on active duty with the Army, but we expect him shortly. He's eligible for discharge right now."

Frederick Murray (Muzz) Patrick, from hockey to MP to TC and back to hockey again, and his father, Les, pose in the Garden.

It was only natural for Muzz and Lynn Patrick to play hockey. Father Les owned a rink in Victoria. Skating came natural.

"There was ice, and like every Canadian kid I had a stick," was the way Frederick Murray Patrick described his entrance into the game. He doesn't remember where the "Muzz" came from, but he knows he had it "as early as I can remember."

Muzz attributes the success of Canadian hockey players to their early start. "Something like your baseball players," he explained. "In Canada hockey is the same to kids as baseball is to kids in the United States. Everyone skates in Canada. The kids get a pair of skates, have a stick, find a puck and they're playing hockey. Here you give your kids a ball and glove and a bat."

Muzz will be facing a pretty stiff test this season. He'll be hitting the comeback trail after a long layoff.

He doesn't believe he'll be able to put his 215-pound, 6-foot-2-inch frame into prewar shape for some time yet. And he knows he isn't in as good condition as he was when he left. Then, too, he's 30 years old now. Not being in condition already has cost him one injury this season. In an early game in Chicago he tripped and fell, bruising his left knee.

"That never would have happened if I had been in shape for fast company," he said. "I've lost my timing and naturalness for the stick. In the four-and-one-half years I've been in uniform, I didn't get a chance even to try on a pair of skates for size.

"It's going to be tough getting back into shape again. Under normal playing conditions I would have 'bounced' right up from that fall in the third period of the Chicago game. That's where a lot of the guys are going to have it over me. The fellows who went into the Canadian Army and Navy were allowed to play hockey. About the only thing they lost was playing to an American audience."

He was speaking then of the other members of the New York club and other National Hockey League clubs as well. Fourteen of the 20-man Ranger roster were in service with Canadian units. All played hockey. The same is true with other players in the six-team circuit.

Muzz doesn't think his being a defense man in hockey had anything to do with his being selected by the Army for a military policeman. Anyway, in August of 1941 he was drafted and hurried off to Infantry basic training at Camp Wheeler, Ga. After that he served at Fort Jay, N. Y., and later Newport News, Va., before giving up life as an EM for OCS at Fort Custer, Mich.

Upon being commissioned in April of 1943 Muzz moved to Virginia again, where he aided in forming an MP company for an overseas assignment.

He describes his overseas duty as "a little trip." The records show he served in Africa and Italy and took part in the invasion of Southern France in August of 1944. He was a first lieutenant then.

He returned to the States in November, 1944, but his home stay was cut short when orders sent him to England to take part in convoying German prisoners of war across the Atlantic.

He was detailed to the Transportation Corps after that. He rode a lot of ships as an assistant troop commander.

"They needed an athletic officer at the Hampton Roads POE at Newport News early this year, and I was it," he said, describing his transfer from troop ships. After that it was captain's bars in August, separation in October.

Muzz's record since leaving Westmount High School in Montreal in 1934 until he left the Rangers shortly after the 1941 season got under way has been impressive. It took him two seasons in the Eastern Amateur Hockey League to break into the big time. After one year with the Brooklyn Crescents (1934-35) and New York Rovers (1935-36) as an amateur, Muzz moved upstairs to the money boys. He was with the Philadelphia Ramblers for the 1936-37 and 1937-38 seasons. Then came the Ranger contract he had dreamed of.

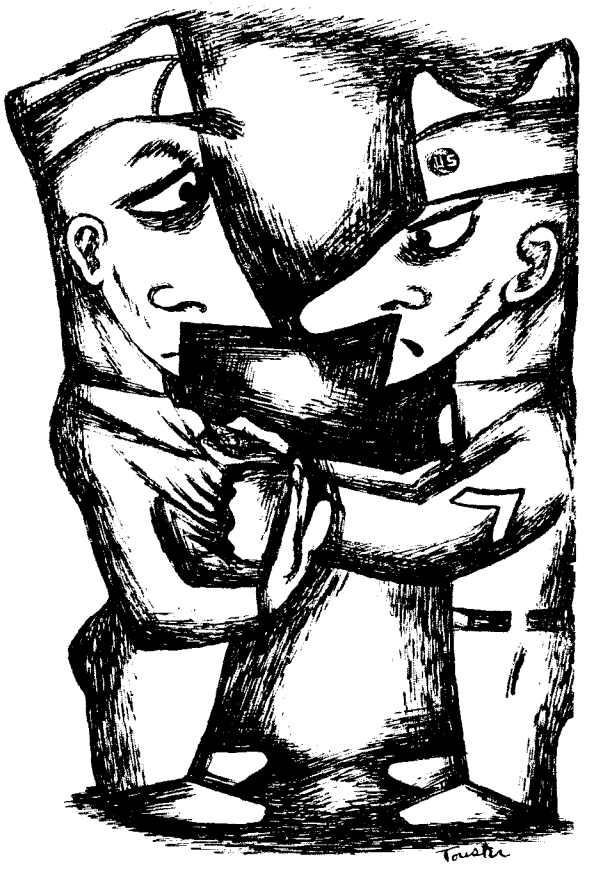
For four years he shared sports headlines with the Rangers, always playing a hard, fast game of hockey. Now he's back for more.

The way he sees it, he's going to have plenty of fast company. "Those other boys are going to make it tough this year with the fastest and best brand of hockey since war put the pinch on the game," he predicted.

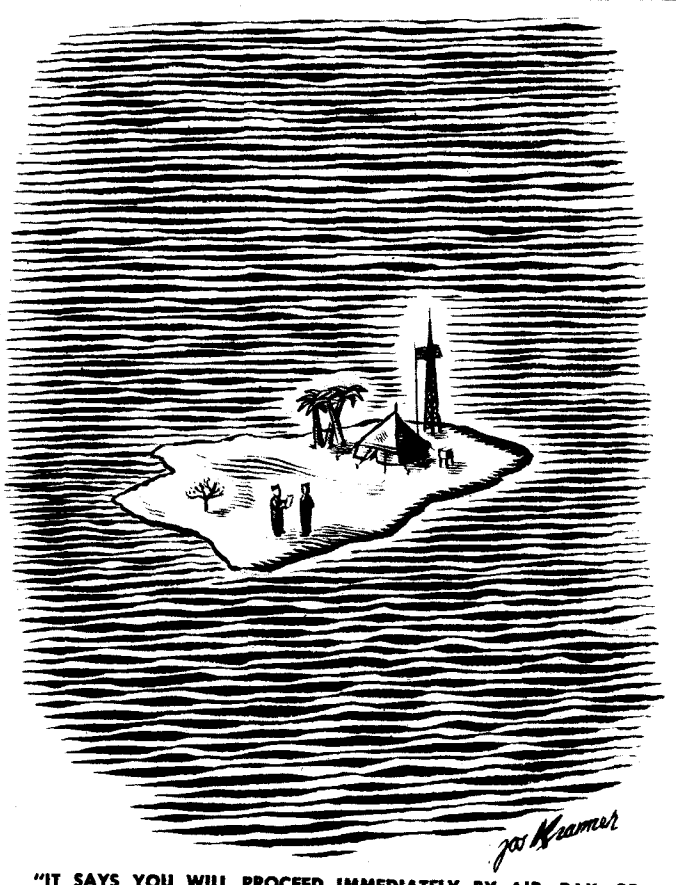
"The National loop will be tough and just as unpredictable. Toronto, last year's champs, will be in there. Detroit lost only two or three men and is getting them back. Montreal has one veteran back, while Toronto boasts the return of Syl Apps, Olympic star, and others. Don't forget Boston's famous 'Kraut Line.' Chicago is in the picture, too.

"The team to watch? Why, the Rangers, of course. Everyone figures Toronto and Detroit to be on top. Maybe so. But watch those cellar clubs climb when star players return."

"YES, IT IS A LOVELY NIGHT, GWENDOLYN, BUT I MUST GO BACK. I'M LATRINE ORDERLY TOMORROW."
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan



" . . . AND DON'T KEEP CALLING ME 'SARGE,' SEE?"
—Cpl. Irwin Toust



"IT SAYS YOU WILL PROCEED IMMEDIATELY BY AIR, RAIL OR MOTOR TRANSPORT TO APO 128 FOR RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES."
—Sgt. Joseph Kramer

"AND WHAT SHALL I DO WITH YOUR COMIC BOOKS, SIR?"
—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell

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