THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

JUNE 1945

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THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1945
VOLUME 38 • NO. 6

IMPORTANT: *A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to a new address will be found on page 51.*

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES • *One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*
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The Editor's Corner

HISTORY WILL REMEMBER Franklin D. Roosevelt as the Chief Executive of the United States in the greatest war of its history, a war whose successful outcome he helped mightily to bring about, though he died before the final gasp of enemy power. The American people gave him their whole-hearted support in the prosecution of that war, forgetting partisanship to forge the tools which their sons and the men of the other United Nations used so effectually to crush the Axis. Years

(*Continued on page 4*)

A service man or woman would like to read this copy of your Legion Magazine. For overseas, seal the envelope and put on fifteen cents in stamps, as first class postage is required. If you put the *National Legionnaire* in the envelope carrying the magazine overseas, make the postage eighteen cents instead of fifteen. For the home front the mailing charge for the magazine and the *National Legionnaire* is four cents—unsealed envelope. For the magazine alone, three cents.

In sending the magazine to a Fleet Post Office, **Parcel Post rates apply—three cents in an unsealed envelope—but mark envelope "Magazine — Second Class Matter."**

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Director of Publications, James F. Barton, Indianapolis, Ind.; Editor, Alexander Gardiner; Director of Advertising, Thomas O. Woolf; Managing Editor, Boyd B. Stutler; Art Director, Frank Lisiecki; Associate Editor, John J. Noll. Overseas Correspondents, Boyd B. Stutler and Frank Miles.

The Editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage is enclosed. Names of characters in our fiction and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of the name of any person living or dead is pure coincidence.

"What are we going to do now, Daddy?"

If fire should destroy *your* home with all its precious contents, could you answer that heartbroken question with confidence?

You could—if you have *adequate insurance* to protect you, not only against the loss of your house, but everything in it.

Most people don't know from year to year how complete their fire insurance coverage is. Possessions accumulate. Household goods cost *half again as much more* today as 12 years ago. Will your present insurance pay for the *replacement* of everything you now own? Ask your local insurance man. Only *adequate* insurance can give you that peace-of-mind which insurance should provide.

Before a fire loss like this hits you (and a home burns in this country every two minutes) make a date with your local insurance man. He'll be glad to show you how little it costs for North America's complete protection.

By the way, how does the rest of your insurance program look? Are you really getting the fullest protection for your money? It might be wise—and worthwhile—to let your local Agent go over your other insurance policies at the same time.

* * *

Insurance Company of North America, founded 1792, oldest American stock fire and marine insurance company, heads the North America Companies which write practically all types of Fire, Marine, Automobile, Casualty and Accident insurance through your own Agent or Broker. North America Agents are listed in local Classified Telephone Directories.

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QUESTIONS you'd hate your wife to ask about Insurance

- **YOUR HOME:** "Would our insurance pay the rent for temporary living quarters while our home was being repaired after a fire? And is our home protected by enough fire insurance to cover today's replacement value?"
- **YOUR FURNISHINGS:** "How many new things have we bought since the last time we took out insurance? Have we enough insurance?"
- **YOUR SILVERWARE:** "If our silverware was destroyed or stolen—or just disappeared—do we have insurance which would cover that?"
- **YOUR JEWELRY:** "Do we have insurance that will pay full replacement value if my jewelry is damaged or lost, stolen or just disappears—at home or anywhere?"

Your insurance Agent or Broker will help you answer these questions. His advice costs you nothing and may save you thousands of dollars.

AND NOW JAPAN!
With the European war completely wound up, let all of us on the home front stay on the job until the Japs surrender. Only by so doing shall we keep faith with our fighting men, living and dead.

THE EDITOR'S CORNER

(*Continued from page 2*)

will probably elapse before an exact valuation of Mr. Roosevelt's domestic record can be made, but no American of this day can forget his gallant courage in overcoming a crippling disease, to lead the nation longer than any of his predecessors, and through its most difficult crises. He was one of the first to see and to cry out against the threat to world peace in the actions of the Germans, Italians and Japanese—and he did something about it. The best way in which his country can honor the memory of Mr. Roosevelt will be to help make the association of nations in which he believed so profoundly, the instrument for a just and lasting peace.

To President Truman, the first World War One veteran to become President of the United States, the American people will offer their whole-hearted support in the difficult and dangerous days that lie ahead. His fellow Legionnaires have the utmost confidence that Mr. Truman will meet every test successfully.

HEREWITH a recent picture of Boyd B. Stutler, Managing Editor of this magazine and American Legion War Correspondent in the Philippines. His *Action at Zamboanga* you may read on page 52. Boyd, a 33d degree book collector, sends us the following anything-can-happen bit:

BOYD B. STUTLER

"Old copies of *The American Legion Magazine* are beginning to make their appearance on the counters of the second-hand magazine dealers in Manila. The latest one found was that for November, 1944, bearing the address label of Joseph E. Murphy, 3130 25th St., San Francisco, Calif. It was probably given to his Post

for transmittal to servicemen in the overseas theaters.

"The magazine's Pacific correspondent, now in the Philippines, buys all the copies found on the Manila stands at the prevailing price of one peso (fifty cents, American) each. The magazines are then put back into GI circulation with men on the front lines who have little opportunity to obtain reading material."

To send the magazine overseas, see instructions in the box on Page 2.

THE SAILOR on this month's cover is William J. McShane, Water Tender 1cl, of Northboro, Mass. You see him making the routine hourly reading of the turbine meters in the engine room of a provision store ship, which carries perishable food, such as meats, vegetables and dairy products, to our advanced bases and task groups in the war theaters. Provision store ships are part of the Navy Supply Train, and are they popular with the men out there! Sometimes they move with convoy, but sometimes under escort. The vessel on which Water Tender McShane serves was in service prior to Pearl Harbor and has a combat designation earned in the invasion of Southern France. She carries a complement of 250 officers and men. Most ships in the Navy have a nickname, and this one is affectionately known to its crew as "The Terrible T."

PAST NATIONAL COMMANDER FRANKLIN D'OLIER'S able presentation of the need for adoption of Universal Military Training as a permanent policy of the United States (*Bulwark Against Aggression*), on page 24, merits the attention of every Legionnaire. How the men facing the enemy overseas feel on this vital question may be gathered from this paragraph from a dispatch sent back to the United States in mid-April by Congresswoman Clare Boothe Luce of Connecticut, during a visit to the Fifth Army in Italy.

"The consensus over here, both in the ranks and among officers, is that the passage of a national universal military training act by Congress would do more than anything that can be done in or out of overseas theaters to dissipate the deep discontent and feeling of frustration that is bound to overtake men who are kept long months overseas after V-E day."

In other words, *now* is the time to start making certain that the sons of the men now fighting for us won't have to do the job all over again a quarter of a century hence. ALEXANDER GARDINER

A service man or woman would be glad to read this copy of your magazine after you have finished with it. How to do it? See instructions in the second column on page 2.

Victory in the 7th

BY EDWARD N. SCHEIBERLING

National Commander, The American Legion

THIS PAGE IS WRITTEN in the face of unpredictable events that will be world-shaking. Complete collapse of the Axis powers on all fronts may come before it appears. The world is moving that fast.

The people of the United States must be prepared to meet any eventuality. We must back wholeheartedly all moves for an international peace organization—the only untried experiment to prevent war. We must be prepared through universal military training to maintain always a sufficient armed force to back agreements made at the peace table.

In facing the events ahead, we must realize that peace will not end the obligation of Legionnaires and all our people to support war loans, to continue to buy bonds.

It is significant that the Seventh War Loan campaign now under way is built around a poster of Americans raising the Stars and Stripes on Iwo Jima. That should serve as a reminder to all of the fact that our nation still stands as the only country untouched by the physical scars of World War II. Our productive system, our farms, our mines, our transportation, our stores and shops and our homes have undergone the strain of war.

But they have not been touched by bullets and bombs.

The Treasury in its Seventh War Loan is seeking to raise 14 billion dollars. Half of this amount will be sought from individuals. This loan campaign is every whit as important to final Victory as any of those preceding this drive. Hold the bonds you have and buy more.

Legion Departments, Legion Posts and Legionnaires have contributed in no small measure to the war loan campaigns in the past. I earnestly urge them to continue the good work—to support the Seventh War Loan to the limit.

The fact that our people are coming through this war with the greatest reserve purchasing power in all history is evidence of the soundness of our national structure. Treasury bonds are the surest and safest investment in all the world. They will continue to be exactly that.

War bonds on hand for peacetime needs will provide a reservoir of financial strength that will assure production and employment in the period ahead. In fact, the success of the Seventh War Loan may have a bearing on easing the nation's tax burden. In these and many other respects the current war bond campaign is of urgent and vital importance.

At the half-way mark in my term as National Commander of The American Legion I bespeak the full support of every Legionnaire for this drive. All citizens should help the Treasury hoist the success sign with the same pride that our men hoisted the Stars and Stripes on Iwo Jima—the symbol of the mighty will to win, back of all our bond campaigns. Let's make it Victory in the 7th.

Tod* WAS A BORN MERCHANT

Reading Time: 1 minute, 35 seconds

1 Idaho was Tod's home through boyhood and youth. He was voted "All Pacific Coast End" while a member of the State University's football squad, graduating as a civil engineer.

2 Tod followed engineering for 10 years. Then, in a brief lull between jobs during 1918, he was astonished to learn how prosperous a neighbor had become selling automobiles for a local dealer.

3 That was enough for Tod. He took a job as cub salesman for the same dealer. Two years later his energy and natural talent for the work earned him the title of sales manager.

4 Then the urge struck him to go into business for himself. So Tod traveled east and established an automobile dealership. It flourished. He established another and it also flourished.

5 In 1926, Tod returned to the Pacific Coast. He bought out a dealer who was about to retire, and developed the business successfully. Six years later, he became a Dodge-Plymouth dealer.

6 Always an enterprising merchant, Tod's normal peacetime organization includes more than 200 people. Now, his automotive maintenance and other wartime operations are on a large scale.

*Thousands of young men just like Tod have plenty of ambition. They love business life and want to better themselves . . . be successful in their own right.

Most of all, they want to choose for themselves the career for which they are best fitted; and, at the same time be free to progress as far as their beliefs, desires and industriousness can take them.

When automobiles are made again, the automobile business should continue to offer men of initiative, energy and integrity just such opportunities as Tod found for himself.

●

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CHRYSLER ★ DODGE *Job-Rated* TRUCKS

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KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS

"Going our Way?"

You can give them a lift in more ways than one if you will go easy on Long Distance between 7 and 10 each night.

That's the time many service men in the camps are calling home and they'll appreciate your help in leaving the lines for them.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Jim stooped over her quickly, conscious that Phil was gazing at him, too dazed to give any sign of recognition

Key To Tomorrow

By FREDERICK C. DAVIS

GAZING OUT THE WINDOW of the taxi as it rattled away from the Union Depot, Jim Lyle saw Millvale for the first time in two years. He was bringing back to it a smile of contentment and a brand new medical discharge. The old home town, peaceful under a full moon, looked prettier than a picture and he was happy as a kid to see it again. He hadn't told anyone he was coming home; he was just going to show up at the door, grinning, and hand them a big surprise.

His smile grew when the taxi left him at a white cottage on Orchard Street, near the center of town. This was his brother Phil's home, and it seemed just the same. There were lights inside, too. Jim went quietly to the front door and rang the bell, tingling with anticipation. He was really back now, right here at the door, and he felt wonderful. He hadn't a worry in the world—except one.

It was a queer kind of worry that had been sneaking around in his mind for a long time, and seeing this familiar street had brought it forward in his thoughts. Orchard Street. As a cop, before enlisting as a Marine, he'd patrolled it countless times. He'd be going back on the force soon, and he wanted to tour Orchard Street again, to see the same houses, the same cars coming and going, the same school kids smiling shy greetings at him. But here that funny rankling worry of his came in. Maybe it wouldn't be the same after all; maybe it would be different because *he* had changed.

As he rang the doorbell again, wondering why Phil was taking so long to answer, his smile wilted a little. He'd been good at his job. He'd been proud of being good at it. He wanted with all his heart to be as good at it again. But that was the one thing he couldn't be sure about. He'd been away from it for a long time. Maybe he'd lost his knack of figuring the angles. That was what he felt anxious about—the possibility that he might not be able to get back into the groove, that having been changed so deeply by two years of absence and war, he might fail at the job he'd once done so well.

Illustrated by RALPH CRAWLEY

He shook the worry out of his mind and this time he opened the door with eager impatience. About to call out a hearty hello, he stopped short. He saw Phil at once. Phil hadn't even heard the bell. He was sitting in the living room—sitting on the edge of a chair, an empty highball glass gripped in one hand, staring fixedly down at something in the center of the floor, something that Jim couldn't see until he moved forward.

Joyce was lying there—Phil's wife.

Jim stooped over her quickly, conscious that Phil was gazing at him now, too dazed to give any sign of recognition. Her throat was blackened with bruises, her wrist limp and chill in Jim's fingers. He rose, gazing at Phil, too shocked to speak.

Phil had dropped the glass and had pushed himself to a standing position. He blurted thickly, "Jim!" and stumbled forward. He hugged Jim, his whole body shaking. Jim grasped his shoulders, forcibly straightened him and tried to find words for the question he dreaded to ask.

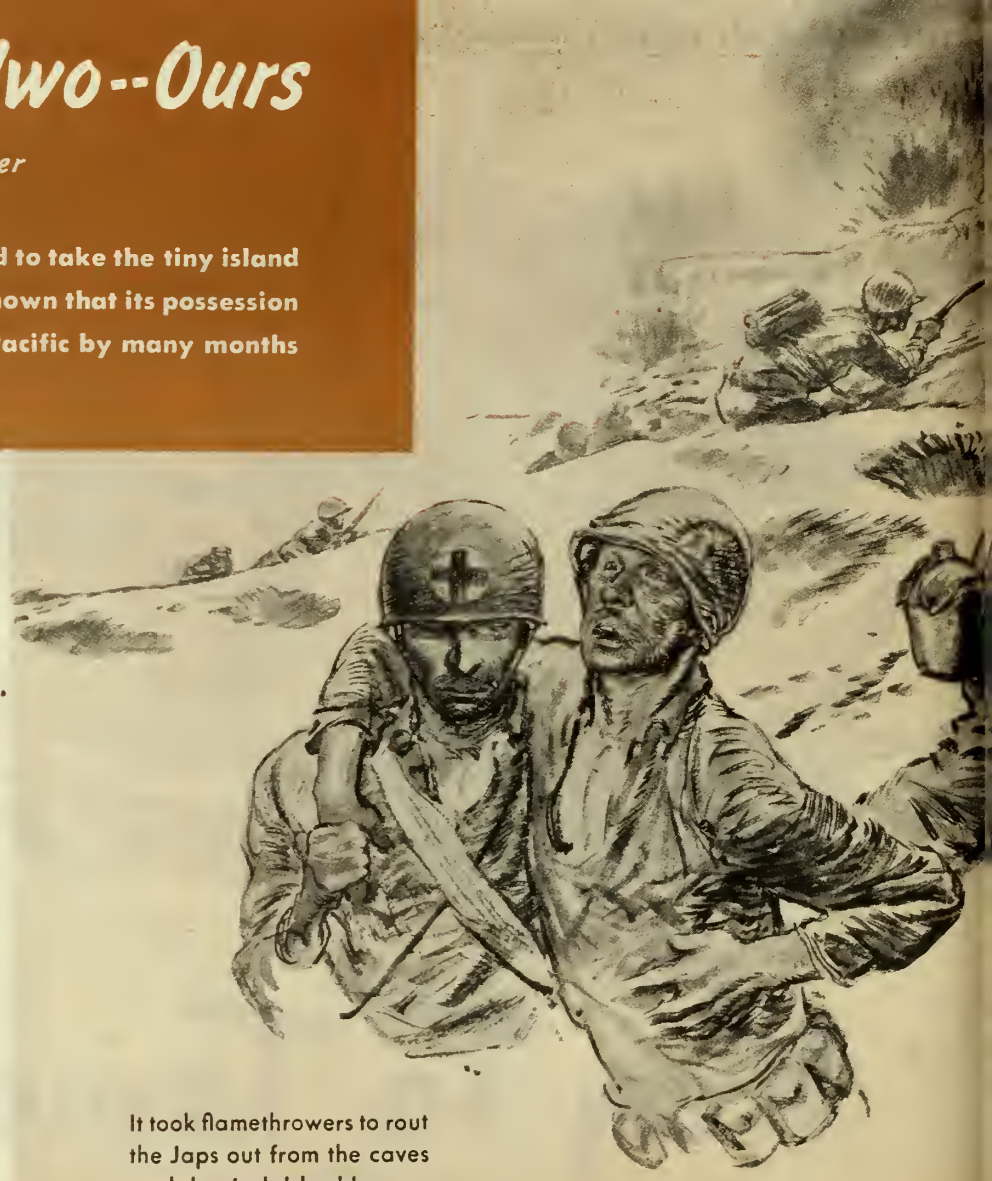
Phil saw it in his eyes and mumbled an

(*Continued on page 37*)

Bloody, Bitter Iwo--Ours

By Emmett Crozier

We paid heavily in dead and wounded to take the tiny island fortress, but recent operations have shown that its possession will mean shortening the war in the Pacific by many months



It took flamethrowers to rout the Japs out from the caves and buried blockhouses

Guam

IWO JIMA was a sort of dwarf Gibraltar. A small, misshapen island, it stood squarely in our path blocking the road to Tokyo. We had to have it. The Japs couldn't afford to lose it. It was not only a piece of Japan; it was the key to their front door.

So we put it up to the Marines and they smashed in and took it. It was the damnedest, toughest job of the Pacific War.

Judging from past amphibious operations, the conquest of Iwo should have taken a week or ten days with a cost of a thousand or maybe twelve hundred lives. After all, it was only five miles long from Mt. Suribachi to Kitano Point and the total area was only 7.79 square miles. We could cover every inch of that surface—and we did—with naval gunfire. We had firm command of the sea and complete control of the air.

Moreover, the Marines brought to this small, sulphurous island lessons learned at Tarawa, Roi, Namur, Saipan, Tinian, Peleliu, Angaur. In their long island-to-island march across the Pacific the Marines had accumulated a lot of experience. They knew their weapons and they knew something of their enemy.

But when they came to the beach at Iwo on the morning of February 19th they faced a new dimension in warfare. The Japs had literally gone underground.

During the three-day bombardment by Admiral Blaney's sturdy battleships and cruisers it seemed impossible there could be 20,000 Japs on the little island, because there was almost no life or movement anywhere on the bleak surface. Occasionally an antiaircraft battery broke out in angry staccato at our airplanes diving overhead; streaks of flame would flash from the mouth of cave or rock crevice as they fired infrequently at our ships. But most of the time Iwo was just sullen, dead landscape under drifting smoke.

On D-Day the dead island came venomously alive.

Two Marine divisions stormed the beach; a third was held off shore in reserve. The Fifth went in on the left. While two battalions turned south and formed a line facing Suribachi, the third pushed over behind them crossing the narrow neck to the western shore.

The Fourth Division on the right landed on the so-called Yellow and Blue beaches, pushed up the sandy slope to the edge of Motoyama Airfield No. 1 and swung around toward the rising plateau to the north.

Watching from the flagship offshore it appeared that the Fifth had the toughest job, for they were directly under Suribachi slopes, honeycombed with guns and pillboxes and apparently at the mercy of the Japs' deadly mortar fire. Later it turned out that the Suribachi emplacements had been the most vulnerable of all Iwo's defenses to heavy naval bombardment. Direct hits and earthslides had demolished most of the crater's lofty gun perches.

As the first assault waves hit the beach the ghost island began to spit flame, mortar shells and shrapnel at the crawling lines of Marines. Most of it came not from towering Suribachi but from the broken plateau on the north. The Fourth Division had a desperate time as the hillside above the Yellow and Blue beaches was raked by continuous crossfire. Hidden enemy guns knocked out many tanks and landing vehicles as they attempted to climb the slope of loose volcanic sand. Jap spotters waited until an ammunition dump had been built up behind Blue Beach, then pumped shells in and blew it up. They watched for any concentration of men or vehicles and tore them apart with accurately-placed mortar fire. They hit groups of four carrying stretchers; they knocked out single jeeps as they scuttled off LSMs across the beach.

The captain of an LSM coming in to Yellow Beach at three P. M. that first day told me he found the shoreline so crowded with wounded Marines on stretchers that he couldn't unload his ship. Casualties were particularly heavy among Seabees' beach-working parties and hospital corpsmen.

Accurate enemy fire was coming from numerous hidden batteries, but the most deadly shelling came from a broken escarpment just north of the beach where the island bulged out in rocky cliffs to the northeast. Here at the top of a rock quarry

Drawing by HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

the Japs had a series of buried blockhouses and observation posts overlooking the beach.

Along the broken face of cliffs to the seaward the Japs had burrowed into caves and built concrete chambers, tunnels and gun platforms. All the guns overlooked the beach and for weeks enemy gunners had scored them accurately on the target area.

We finally dug into those caves and buried blockhouses and burned them out with flamethrowers. We finally put out the eyes of the enemy artillery by capturing observation posts at Minimi weather station and other high points, but it was a long, costly job and meanwhile the beach was continuously under fire.

The Japs had about six months in which to strengthen the Iwo defenses after the fall of the Marianas. Lieut. Gen. Tadamichi Kurobayashi, Admiral Ichimura and their engineers worked out the defense scheme with certain knowledge where the U. S. troops must land and the direction of their advance.

All through the fall and winter months they had poured cement and reinforcing bars and sent guns and supplies down from the homeland. Labor battalions represented probably one-half of the total forces estimated at 20 to 25 thousand. Like beavers they dug and burrowed and tunneled through loose volcanic rock; most of the excavation was hand labor. They took full advantage of the broken terrain, crags and fissures around extinct Motoyama crater.

They built large folding doors over some hillside hideouts. The doors opened momentarily to permit rocket launchers or mortars to be wheeled out on rails and fired, then closed quickly after the bulky weapons had been returned to their lairs.

The extent and toughness of the underground defense network may be gauged by the fact that after Suribachi had been captured and the operation reduced to a single front it required 22 days of the bloodiest, bitterest fighting by three Marine Divisions to secure the island.

Iwo's great usefulness to us was demonstrated even while the battle still raged. B-29s returning from strikes over Japan found safe haven on the Iwo airfield when operational difficulties developed or fuel supplies gave out. The first plane was salvaged there March 4; to date 44 of the big four-motored bombers have come down there for refueling or repairs and flown on safely to their Marianas bases. Most of them otherwise would have been lost.

Already Iwo's airfield has been extended and improved. Shops and hangars are going up. Long range P-51 Mustangs and P-61 Black Widow night fighters are already based there in full swing operation.

THE WHITE CROSSES in the cemeteries of the Third, Fourth and Fifth Marines were the only touch of color in the wilderness of brown rock as the Stars and Stripes went up officially on March 14th marking the complete conquest of the island. The famous raising of Old Glory on Suribachi really ushered in more than three weeks of desperate fighting. Col. David A. Strafford, personnel officer of the Fifth Amphibious Corps, read the proclamation of Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, commander-in-chief of the United States Pacific Fleet, announcing a military government for the Volcano Islands, of which Iwo is a part.

Lieutenant General Holland M. Smith, U.S.M.C., commanding the Marines amphibious forces, told those present: "This victory was not accomplished by one service, but as a brotherhood of all services—a brotherhood forged in the holocaust of battle."

PFC Thomas J. Casale of the Marines waded through black volcanic ash to the top of what had been a Jap pillbox to raise the flag at this formal ceremony. The color detail was headed by Sergeant Anthony C. Yusy, who last year raised the American flag over Saipan and Tinian.

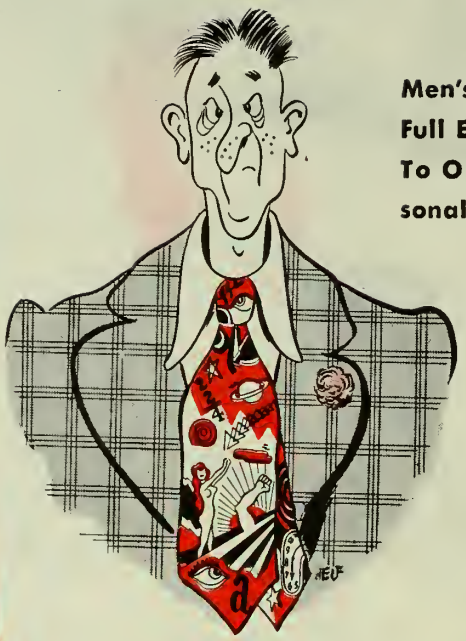
Bulldozers of the Seabees had flattened Japanese pillboxes and gun emplacements to make a few acres of level ground north of the place where the proclamation was read, and there the cemeteries containing the gallant dead are laid out. As one of Admiral Nimitz's communiques put it. "Among the Americans who served on Iwo Island, uncommon valor was a common virtue."

Truly, they died for the rest of us Americans and for free men everywhere, and the sacrifice they made will not be forgotten.

Iwo Jima cost us 4200 officers and men killed, 400 missing, 15,000 wounded.

By way of comparison, our Peleliu casualties were 6,172, and those at Tarawa totaled 3,175. As war values go Iwo may prove to be worth ten times what it cost, for it will undoubtedly save many other lives and probably shorten the war. The naval engagement in which the Japs lost their last 45,000-ton battleship, the *Yamato*, and the Okinawa invasion would hardly have been possible without Iwo.

So you Want to be a Civilian



Men's Ties Give Full Expression To One's Personality!

By HAROLD L. ELFENBEIN

A Veteran Who Became One

THE OCCUPANT of a padded cell when asked why he continually banged his head against the wall, is reputed to have replied:

"Because it feels so good when I stop!"

Ask any veteran what he likes best about civilian life and he will answer: "Being out of the service!"

Why? Because civilian life to the veteran is like a sweetheart. You can't live with her—or without her.

Consider Veteran McClacky. After three years of strife in a foxhole he comes home full of medals and high hopes. All through war's hell he yearned for his family. He had dreamed of the day he would casually stroll into Tony's poolroom to shoot the fat with the old crowd. All over Africa and Europe he had praised his mother's home cooking. And how he had raved about his girl friend. Boy! What a thrill it would be to go for a moonlight ride with her in the old jallopy again.

But what happens? All of McClacky's friends are either still in the service or in war work, including Tony. Mom has become so involved in volunteer work she hasn't time for housekeeping. So she hired a cook. The jallopy is on ice for the duration because it isn't patriotic to drive for pleasure. And the girl friend . . . she's on the swing-shift!

Like poor McClacky, most veterans think they're civilians the moment they get their discharge papers. That's their first mistake. Veterans are tadpoles—neither soldiers nor civilians. If you are a new veteran you must admit you're just a *yard-bird* all over again. This civilian life you're courting isn't the same gal you left behind. She's changed—and so have you.

To be a civilian you first must *look* like one. If you are lucky you'll have at least

Veteran McClackey Returns Home Full Of Medals and High Hopes!

Cartoons by the Author

one pre-war suit at home the moths (or kid brother) didn't get around to. Perhaps it will even fit you. But wear it, nevertheless. Don't go shopping for civvies in uniform. This permits a wiseacre salesman to gag: "Ha! Ha! Would you care to see something in *brown*."

He will also inform you that vests are sold only with single breasted suits. In case you've forgotten, the vest is a sleeveless undercoat designed to catch gravy. Forget it. You won't know what to do with a vest anyhow.

And don't look for pleats in your pants. Pleats went out with the isolationists at Pearl Harbor. You will find trouser cuffs, however. These come in handy as emergency ash trays. Otherwise civilian pants haven't suffered much from their war effort except a loss of dignity. For today more women than men wear 'em.

Compared with O. D., civilian clothes are so lightweight you'll think you're naked most of the time. But, in addition to a cool temper, you can keep your pants on with a belt or suspenders. The latter, a strictly civilian innovation, is worn over one's shoulders in defiance of gravity and embarrassment. If you ever lugged a pack overseas, stay away from suspenders. They'll bring back aching memories you'd rather forget.

The coat is a two- or three-button affair equipped with an extra pair of shoulders. These built-in pads come in handy for all the back-slapping a veteran must take. When the pads and the enthusiasm begin to shrink you are a civilian.

Coats are single- or double-breasted and consist primarily of lapels. Unlike those on your military blouse, these lapels have buttonholes—but no buttons. Only the port hole is ever used. Here is where your discharge button is worn. Chevrons, campaign ribbons or organizational insignia are positively not worn upon the civilian coat.

Some advertising genius once wrote that if men's garters were worn around the neck we'd change them more often. The garter, incidentally, is another civilian idea that's always on the loose. Wear is optional. Just don't fall for the slogan: "Garters keep your legs sock-cessfull" because there's a pull to it.

Recently a fashion expert admitted that ties at last were being designed to permit full expression of the wearer's personality. Judging from the fantastic samples decorating the male frontispiece these days, I'd say these are not expressions but exclamations. Aunt Minnie, who had such a knack for discovering hideous ties for Christmas, is now busy designing them. Ties run the whole gamut of color and design. Many are pre-soup stained to save you the extra trouble.

If you've been color-starved, among other things, while in the service, today's ties offer a four-in-hand opportunity not only to whet this appetite, but to drown the desire entirely.

Men's hats, on the other hand, do not give full expression to one's personality. They hide it! In fact they hide your face as well. (Is that bad?) To the veteran, unaccustomed to such wide hat brims so popular now, a word of caution! In wearing the hat remember to point your chin up and your eyes down. This permits reconnaissance. Eventually you'll lose the feeling of observing the world from a manhole. Compared to a helmet, hats are so light you'll forget you're wearing one, especially the first time you plop yourself in a barber chair.

Accessories depend upon preference and purse. It is customary to wear a shirt, socks and shoes. Underwear, too, covers a multitude of men. In making your clothing selections keep in mind this motto: "CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN . . . wish he were Walter Pidgeon."

Now that you are dressed up you can go out and meet civilians face-to-face. (If you care or dare to.) But remember, you are still a veteran. While you may now look like a civilian, you'll soon discover there is more than a pair of breeches between you.

Just what is a *civilian?* The dictionary defines him as: "One engaged in the pursuits of civil life." Civil life is described as "Not military or criminal; complacent, well bred."

"I'm a civilian," boasts Joe Doakes, "and you are either a military person or a criminal." That doesn't leave you much choice, but it does make Mr. Doakes complacent and well bred. Wait until you meet him personally on a crowded bus or trolley. Then draw your own conclusions.

"Would You Like To See Something In Brown?"

But don't let Mr. Doakes annoy you. This is *not* the Army. You don't have to take it and salute, unless it's that age-old, five-finger-and-nose gesture. Nor is there any rank among civilians. They all answer to the title of Mister, Missus or Miss. Of course some also respond to "Madame," "Babe," "Snookums" or "WOO-WOO"!

In comparison to your recent GI life you'll find that civilians eat differently, sleep differently, dress differently, talk

(Continued on page 45)

Medals, Ribbons and Chevrons Are Not Worn On Civilian Clothes!

Follow the Leader

BY HAMILTON GREENE

THEY'D LOST the two squad leaders and about fifteen men trying to take the bunker by Standard Operational Procedure. The job was a real stinkola, but the captain thought they could pull it off by firing a rifle grenade into the embrasure from just the right angle. It was the kind of thing that would have to be done right the first time. So the captain said, "Move over, chums, I'll take a crack at it, myself." He managed to get to the firing point, and managed to get off his grenade, and in fact he managed to knock in the bunker just enough to give his boys the chance they needed. Only the Germans filled him with a great quantity of .88 fragments while he was doing it. That was the captain, and he was a good man.

Another time, a bunch of boys had to jump through a hedge to storm a tough objective. The bullets were like bees through that hedge, and the number-one scout hesitated for just a second, glancing uncertainly at the platoon leader. "Oh, hell, Bud! What have they got that we haven't got?" grinned the lieutenant. "Come a-runnin'," and the lieutenant dived through the hedge and spurted across the buzzing beet field. The sergeant and the squad came piling after him, and they reached their objective. All except the lieutenant. He was dead, but he too had been quite a good man.

Take the time our battalion was stuck outside a German mining village because a knot of Jerries were well holed up in a house commanding the main street intersection. The tankers would have to nose in and throw some stuff into that house, but it was a ticklish job, and the tankers were sweating more than a little. So the major climbed into the lead tank and said, "Well, we can't win the war from here, boys. Let's go!" And sure enough, they busted that house into the middle of next week, but the lead tank caught a direct hit and it went up in smoke. By the time they got the major out, he was pretty well cooked and it was obvious that he would sit out the war in a hospital, hurting considerable. That major also was a good man.

In other words, don't ever let anyone tell you that our field officers are anything less than wonderful. I mean the men who actually lead the troops. I mean the tough little squad leaders, and the platoon leaders who sometimes like to talk tough but until this war came along were anything but. I mean the company commanders who don't bother to talk tough because they aren't, but who nevertheless are very strong-minded men indeed.

Of course, no one group of men is winning this war. We are winning it by the use of smart brains and courage in thousands of departments. But all our diverse energies and abilities inevitably boil down to the support of foot-slogging Joe who takes the ground. After all of the strategy, the manufacture and delivery of the tools, the tactical planning, the air and artillery preparation, the moment comes when Joe has to go in and clinch the deal. But he can't go in unless his leaders lead him in. I know well enough that the individual soldier can be, and usually is, a very well trained, resourceful, brave, tough and confident fighting man. But I also know that without the personal human leadership of his squad leader, his platoon leader, and his company commander, he just gets nowhere.

The field officers go into the attack with a tactical procedure that has been worked out in advance. They have all the pertinent G-2 on the situation. The G-3 battle order is complete down to the last mortar shell. And theoretically, all the unit leaders have to do is to post themselves in a place where they can watch the scuffle and make appropriate noises at the appropriate moment. Did I say that was all? Yes, that's all, but Holy Gee! You should see them at it.

When the unexpected happens, as it always does, they are the men who have to make the split-second decisions, which permit their men to be or not to be. They have to figure out how to get around the tough ones using whatever means they've got, even when they know the means are just not good enough. And through all the confusion and uncertainty which surrounds the taking of any objective, they are the guys who have to keep their eye on the ball, while at the same time their own necks are stuck out a mile. They make a superb job of it, but the hell of it is, they don't last long.

Casualties among field officers in this

. . . their own necks are stuck out a mile

A tribute to officers of combat outfits, who stop many a snipers' bullet

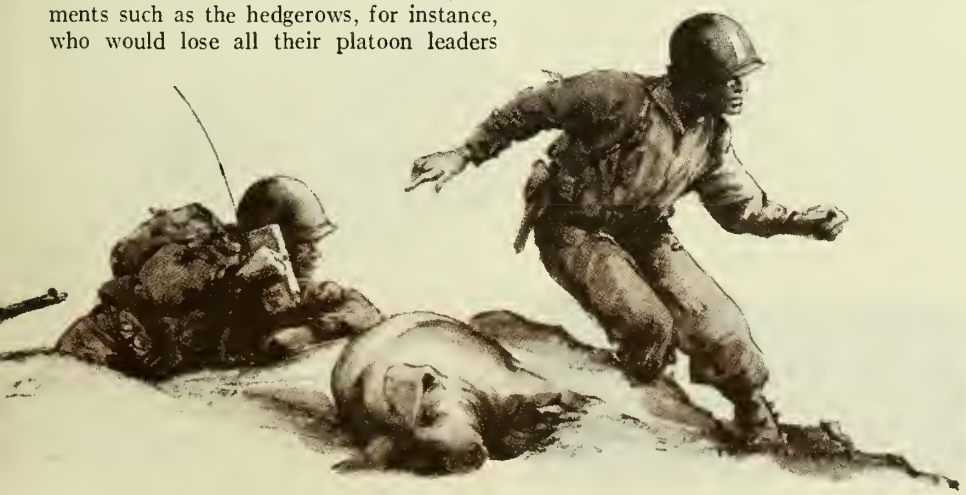
Illustrated by the AUTHOR

Forward OP

war are very, very high. One reason for it is the unavoidable necessity for frequent exposure. Too often, the ordinary mechanics of the attack require it. Then again, in order to command they have to know, and in order to know they have to look, and in going to look they get shot. The commissioned officers have their rank insignia on the front of their helmets, and that big white mark on the back which has to be there for recognition from their own men. But the enemy can see it too, and brother, that insignia makes the best aiming stake there is. Some officers manage to let their helmet drop in the mud often enough to dirty up the marks, but during an attack on a broad or fluid front, they usually just trust to a very uncertain luck.

We heard of battalions in tough engagements such as the hedgerows, for instance, who would lose all their platoon leaders in a matter of hours. They were in luck if they could keep a company commander for as much as a week. We heard of outfits who whittled into Germany during the early days of the Siegfried Line who figured the duration of an officer with the assault troops averaged four to six days. The day we attacked Geilenkirchen I happened to be wearing an officer's trench coat (dope that I was), and I lasted just five hours. I know that all the lieutenants and captains whom I knew at the front had quit speculating on whether or not they would get hit. They knew damn well they would. It only remained a matter of how soon and how bad.

The fact that these field officers are the kind who don't quit, who have a sense of duty to expose themselves without hesitation, is not just fortuitous. It is because they have demonstrated those qualities of character necessary to the exercise of leadership under fire. Some of them are professionals, of course—old campaigners or West Pointers. But for the most part these officers were the nice young fellows whom your town was glad to have around, not so long ago. They were the captains of the high school basketball team—the class officers—the boys who spoke with conviction for the debating society. They were band leaders, Boy Scout patrol leaders, cheer leaders—the up-and-coming shop foremen, store managers, campus notables. They were the boys who knew life could be rough, but they weren't afraid of it. Now they are men who certainly don't want to die, but they aren't afraid of that either.



America, for reasons well known to most of us, is a country that breeds a great many of that type of guy. Which is fortunate, because we need plenty of them. Those of us who are privileged to see them at the work of war, get a tremendous bang out of the way these men go in and do their job.

We see them clustered around their maps in the dim lamplight of the command post the night before the attack, taking orders that sometimes seem pretty screwball—orders that they know will probably mean curtains. Yet they grin grimly at one another and say, "Well, here we go again. Don't worry, we'll make it."

We see them moving forward into a heaving field of blasting mortar shells with their heads swiveling like an owl's, yelling to their men, "Keep moving forward, for gossakes—if you pin down you'll get it sure as hell." We see them lead attacks on pill-

(*Continued on page 29*)

Drawing by PERCY LEASON

"If I Don't Get Back"

BY DAVID BROWN

A FIGHTER SHIP CRASHES to earth in the blackness of the night. The pilot, a 22-year-old Kansas lad, is never found. All the searching party turns up is a photo, worn with kissing, of a smiling, pretty girl. Nothing much, you might say, for the Army to bother with. Yet months later, through the deliberate action of a War Department agency, the photo is returned to the pilot's parents and through them to the girl. She had met the airman a long while back at a college prom, had fallen deeply in love with him, but was agonizingly unsure whether he cared for her. Now, grieving and heartbroken, she knew. That helped.

It wasn't an isolated happening. "Helping a little" is the everyday business of the Quartermaster Corps' Army Effects Bureau, charged with returning personal effects of killed, captured or missing soldiers to loved ones. The tact, common sense and understanding with which it does its job makes the ordeal of grieving families a little more bearable. It takes the same care with a lock of hair as with a thousand-dollar bill.

It is the one army agency where sentiment will sometimes be allowed to transcend army regulations. Recently the Bureau was preparing to send the personal effects of a soldier to his widow. A member of the family wrote enclosing a photo of the widow and child and asked that it be included in the package. The widow, it seems, had many times expressed the hope that her husband had seen the picture before he died. So far as she knows, he did. The Bureau sympathetically sent the picture along. In the same grief-sparing spirit, no personal effects are delivered during the Christmas season. The Bureau meets possible objection to this with the excuse that it does not want to risk property loss in the holiday mail jam. Valuable articles are sent by insured mail or express anyway.

Most of the personal effects are sent in carload lots from the ports to the Kansas City Quartermaster Depot, headquarters of the Quartermaster Corps' Army Effects Bureau. There the effects are sorted (government property is extracted and returned to circulation), inventoried, censored and carefully packed for distribution to appropriate recipients. There is nothing cold or detached about the way it is done; it is a kindly task by sympathetic citizens for bereaved fellow-Americans.

The Army's careful, understanding efforts to cushion the blow to sorrowing families receiving personal effects of their men who have been killed, captured, or reported missing

Eighty percent of the 500 civilian employes are wives, mothers, fathers or sweethearts of men in the service. Through their hands flow beetlelike gems from North Africa; opals and moonstones from Australia; figures of ivory, teakwood chests and tables, unique tapestries and rugs from the Far East; walrus tusks and minature totem poles from Alaska; accordions and guitars from Italy; grass skirts and stuffed crocodiles from the Pacific; and, in the case of one soldier, a Japanese life raft which the War Department borrowed for study before releasing it to the soldier's family.

There are a lot of diaries but many will not be sent home until the war is over. They are impounded because they may contain vital military information. Letters fall into three categories: religious, devil-may-care and don't-give-a-damn. All exhort families to carry on and not grieve if anything happens. Yet each man seems confident that *he* will live. In true movie fashion, many soldiers write a farewell letter before going into battle. Now and again that letter actually becomes the farewell letter. Like this one, found in France:

"This is a letter without a number, which if you ever receive it will mean that I had some bad luck and won't be coming back. Tomorrow we move up to the front, and one has got to recognize that there is a law of averages and therefore there will be a certain number of fatal casualties. If I am to be one of these, that can't be helped—that's part of the price one has to pay to

(*Continued on page 29*)

Reprints of this oil painting, suitable for framing without advertising, will be sent upon request. Write United States Brewers Foundation, 21 E. 40th St., N. Y. C.

Sailing in California Waters... painted by Julien Binford

One of a series of typical American scenes and customs painted by America's foremost artists

A camping trip in the piney woods of Maine, a Victory garden bursting through rich Alabama soil, snowy sails slipping over bright California waters . . . all these are Ameriea, the land we love, the land that today we fight for.

In this Ameriea of toleranee and good humor, of neighborliness and pleasant living, perhaps no beverage more fittingly belongs than wholesome beer. And the right to enjoy this beverage of moderation . . . this, too, is part of our own Ameriean heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS
V-MAIL
MAIL THAT LETTER TODAY

Beer belongs... enjoy it

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION

ANYONE WHO KNOWS CAN TELL THE REAL THING!

...THAT'S WHY CLEAR HEADS CHOOSE Calvert

Ask any judge of fine whiskey, and he'll tell you Calvert is "the real thing." It has a pre-war quality and excellence that simply can't be imitated... There's just no substitute for Calvert.

That's why, year in and year out, people who sell and serve Calvert tell us: "It's the whiskey most often asked for by name."

Once you taste this gloriously smooth and mellow blend, *you'll* keep on asking for Calvert too. It's America's finest whiskey from the House of Blends!

CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. Calvert "Reserve": 65% Grain Neutral Spirits...Calvert "Special": 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

Mexico's New Capitalism

Private Enterprise on the Up-Beat South of the Rio Grande

By Howard Stephenson

WALK ALONG THE main street of Puebla, third largest of Mexico's thriving wartime cities, about the size of Fort Wayne or Waterbury, Conn. You'll be greeted with smiles, nods, gestures and an occasional "Good morning," spoken either in English or Spanish.

Kids with schoolbooks slung over their shoulders, the baker's boy with an immense basket of hot rolls balanced on his head, an Indian walking beside a brick-laden burro look at you not so much with curiosity as with expectancy. If you try out your Spanish vocabulary on them, they're delighted.

A marimba is being played in a small building further along. This is a textile factory, where women sit at hand looms weaving blankets. Music for war workers has been a seven-day wonder in American industry. Mexicans were away ahead of us in this.

The tune is catchy. Some of the younger girls begin to sing. You make out the words "Viva Mexico, Viva America." It's a wartime street song, expressive of Mexico's good will toward us.

Take the song as a symbol of the new attitude of Mexico, the beautiful señorita to our south. She loves us once more and takes every appropriate means to tell us so—with typical Mexican good taste and good sense.

You find other symbols readily. One of the most impressive is the fact that in addition to the great war contribution the nation is making, no less than 11,000 Mexican citizens are now members of the armed forces of the United States—volunteers who take the ideals of liberty and democracy most seriously.

It wasn't quite like that six years ago when I visited Mexico, in the period of the expropriation of foreign-owned oil properties. Mexican business men then were suspicious, they were looking for Yankee tricks and hidden motives. Though they answered questions politely, they made it plain that the inquisitiveness of visitors from Los Estados Unidos was slightly objectionable.

It took the war to bring us together, the two North American republics that are so much alike in world outlook, universal passion for democracy—and, believe it or not, devotion to the development of free enterprise.

Perhaps you think of Mexico today as Red, fellow-travelish or at best slightly pink around the fringes. A visit there would change that notion. In 1945 I've held many earnest conferences with Americans who know Mexico thoroughly, interviews with Mexican industrial leaders, publishers, engineers and shrewd news commentators, and have had a close-up glimpse of many industries at work.

All this convinced me that there is a new capitalism in Mexico, a new willingness to encourage the business "go-getter" with legitimate ambitions, a brand-new appreciation of the virtues of good business management on the American plan.

The withdrawal of European and Japanese business influences during the war has had an excellent effect on the relationship and understanding between American and Mexican industrialists, for example. For the first time the business communities of the

(*Continued on page 30*)


"GRASSHOPPER"
STINSON L-5
LIAISON PLANE
"SHERMAN"
MEDIUM TANK M4
LIGHT TANK
M5
75-MM HOWITZER
M8
LIGHT TANK
M24
105-MM GUN
M7
INFANTRY HALF-TRACK
M3
LIGHT Armored CAR
M8

ARMORED DIVISION

U.S. ARMORED DIVISION

The Armored Division is the Army's Sunday punch.

When conditions permit its use, and when a decisive blow is needed, that's the time to send in an Armored Division. To quote Field Service Regulations:

"The Armored Division is organized primarily to perform missions that require great mobility and firepower. It is given decisive missions. It is capable of engaging in all forms of combat, but its *primary role is in offensive operations* against *hostile rear areas*...

"Tactical operations of the Armored Divisions are characterized by bold maneuvers executed at high speed to create a preponderance of power in the decisive area.... All Armored Force attacks contemplate the rapid transfer of shock power and protected firepower into the vital part of the hostile rear area from an unexpected direction. The attack is launched in mass in a decisive direction with such speed and violence that the enemy is afforded no time or opportunity to organize and co-ordinate his reaction before the armored attack mission is accomplished. Such attacks produce early hostile demoralization and decisive results..."

Just how decisive these results can be when American Armored Divisions have a chance to engage in their favorite type of warfare was shown in the liberation of France, when these Divisions led the attacks that destroyed German resistance in nine short weeks. And it was troops of the 9th Armored Division who seized Remagen bridge and were the first across the Rhine.

The main striking power of the Armored Division is in its three battalions of tanks, each armed with three machine guns and a cannon. Each tank battalion consists of three companies of medium tanks (currently the 30-ton M4, or Sherman, carrying a 75mm. or 76mm. cannon) and one company of speedy light tanks (either the M5, armed with 37mm. cannon, or the new M24, which carries a 75.). In addition each tank battalion has six M4 tanks armed with the 105mm. howitzer.

The triangular organization, which provides *(Continued on page 37)*

ARMORED UNITS

Nazi Prison Camp

By Frank Miles

The Nazis mixed their common criminals with the prisoners they had taken in various parts of the Continent, and tortured the foreigners with lighted cigarettes and rubber hose

Drawing by BETTINA STEINKE

Arrogance and hatred showed in his face, even though he knew the jig was up for him

Somewhere in Germany

THERE HAD BEEN only one American among the 800 prisoners confined in the Zuchthaus—a house of correction or prison, in our language—when our party of correspondents, consisting of George Hicks of the Blue Network, W. C. Heinz of the New York *Sun,* and myself came upon the huge, grim, four-storied structure just outside of Rheinbach, ten miles short of the Rhine. The American, we discovered, had taken command of the prison when our First Army drove out the Nazis, had locked up his former jailors, and had the situation well in hand. This we learned from three GI sergeants—Master Sergeants Martin Dannenberg, Jr., of Baltimore and Frank Perls of New York City, and Staff Sergeant Robert Baggs of New York City—who had been assigned to duty there.

That American was Chicago-born Edward Coster, 24-year-old son of Dutch parents who had brought him back to Europe when he was a lad of four. He had been imprisoned for helping in the escape of American, British and Canadian airmen downed in enemy territory. Now he had the satisfaction of having behind bars the corpulent, Satanic ex-director, Hans Dreschke, the disciplinarian, Josef Koslowsky, and all but one of the twenty prison guards.

The Zuchthaus was only partly a prisoner-of-war camp, housed in a prison for civilian criminals. It had among its inmates more than a hundred Germans convicted of serious crimes, fifteen of them murderers, and forty-nine German women criminals. There were some political prisoners from European countries the Nazis had overrun, three French women and one Luxembourg woman held for anti-Nazi activities, and a large group of Russian, French, Polish, Belgian and Dutch prisoners of war. Conditions in the prison were beyond description—in fact, some of the report cannot be made public until the Nazis are whipped.

The sergeants took our group on a tour of the gloomy old prison and we saw some of the ex-jailors about whom Coster had spoken. With the prison in complete blackout—the enemy lines were then still just across the Rhine, ten miles distant—the trip through the building was made by flashlight. First we saw the fiendish deposed Director, Dreschke, who despite the fact that he himself was behind the bars was still full of arrogance.

It was Koslowsky, the disciplinarian, though, for whom the prisoners had held the deepest detestation, and to whom they had given the name "Mr. Rubber Hose," aptly based upon his free use of a three-foot lash of hard rubber which he always carried with him. About fifty years old, of average height, with thin, gray hair, his gross features displayed lustful bestiality. Hatred for the intruding Americans was evident in the insolent gleam of his eyes. He had been a well-schooled Nazi and stood at rigid attention during the several minutes we studied him. His brutal habit of burning the flesh of prisoners with lighted cigarettes, of kicking and mauling them, as reported to us, convinced us that execution would be too good a fate for him.

The only guard who had escaped Coster and his aides had fled to the nearby town of Rheinbach upon the arrival of the American troops, but was caught soon afterward. He was one of the worst offenders among the guard group in his handling of prisoners. I was told that during air raids he drove French and Dutch prisoners into the courtyard, where they might be struck by bombs. His explanation was that he was merely carrying out the orders of der fuehrer.

We met Coster in the office which our military forces had established in the prison. Despite the ordeals that he had undergone, he was alert and clean-cut. Speaking English well, he was himself able to tell us about his experiences. After the Nazis had taken Holland and Belgium, Coster joined an underground organization. It was during his work with this group that he helped seventeen United Nations airmen and two French prisoners of war to freedom.

(*Continued on page 32*)

Andy, a Doberman Pinscher whose Bougainville exploits won him a commendation from the Marine Corps Commandant

Dogs Against the Jap

By MAURICE E. MORAN

Our men in the Pacific swear by their K-9 pals, who have built up a grand fighting record, particularly in countering the Nips' infiltration tactics. Can you guess which group of dogs has had the most crack-ups in combat?

WHEN DOGS WENT to war against the Axis many hardbitten men in the U. S. services looked on the idea as a freakish brainstorm and the K-9 Corps as some sort of a glorified mascost organization.

But dog lovers who gave their animals to the cause can now take fierce pride in the pooches' battle record, especially in the Pacific, where the dogs' talents for smelling a rat have proved singularly useful.

Use of dogs against the Japanese has been so successful in the Marine Corps alone that the pioneering dog platoon has expanded into seven, and virtually every combat Division not only wants its quota of war dogs but actually demands them.

The Army also has use for its war dogs in the Pacific and currently is employing them against the Japanese in the Philippines.

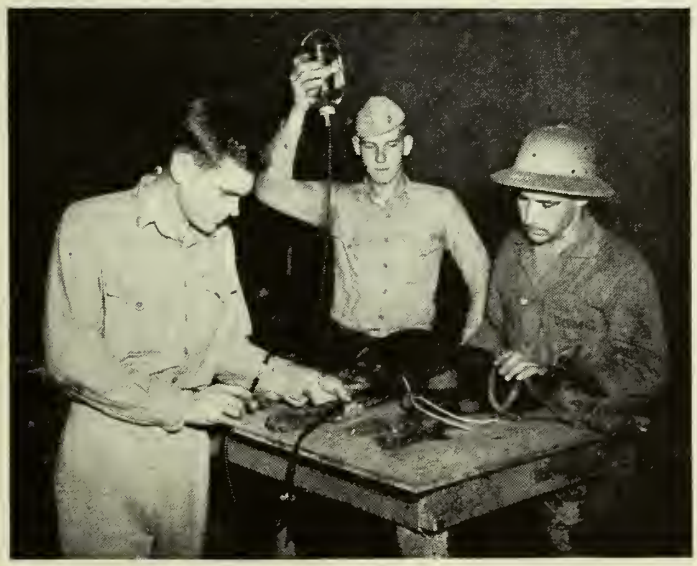
The "show me" attitude toward the dogs has disappeared entirely because of repeated incidents where these highly trained animals have saved lives by pointing out ambushes their keen smell could detect when their human fighting partners were insensible to the danger.

They are taught to and will attack on command but no self-respecting handler will order a dog to attack a well-armed enemy and expect his animal to come out of it alive.

By evaluating the dogs intelligently, the officers and men of the dog platoons have received service in return which makes for one of the most fascinating stories of the war for a nation which traditionally loves its dog stories.

Generally speaking, the dogs in war undergo experiences astonishingly similar to those of a unit of men. In the Marines' war dog complement, the animals have their own application blanks in which the original owner fills out such data as the name, birth, sex, height, weight and details of any previous training. Other questions asked in the name of the pooch include: "Are you nervous? Gun shy? Storm shy? Do you run away? Have you lived in house or kennel; city or country? What is your attitude toward strangers?"

(*Continued on page 47*)



An injection of dextrose that helped Scout whip a pneumonia attack, on Guadalcanal

PFC Butch at the grave on Guam of a comrade who was killed during a Banzai charge

Bulwark Against Aggression

By Franklin D'Olier

Adoption of Universal Military Training As a Peacetime Policy Will Mean That the Young Men Who Serve with the Colors Have a Good Chance of Never Experiencing the Horrors of War

IT IS OBVIOUS that upon the conclusion of the present war some instrumentality must be created that will assure the future peace of the world. This is the hope and desire of the nations now allied in this greatest of all wars, to wipe out the ideologies that would destroy the democratic way of life that this nation has enjoyed since its founding.

It will require far more than the mere wishing of it to effectuate this world organization. There must be an accord among all the nations joining in the effort. While there undoubtedly exists a general understanding between the Allies as to the proposals that will be considered, the fact remains that much time will elapse before the final plans are agreed to.

In the meantime, it should be asked, can this nation afford to ignore the experiences of 1917 and 1941? Our will for peace and our determination to avoid war in those years availed us nothing. Equally ineffectual have been our disarmament program, embargoes and neutrality acts. What, therefore, can we do to preserve our way of life and to make reasonably certain that our nation shall remain at peace with the world? We will all agree that we do not want a standing army large enough to challenge the world. This would defeat the very purpose for which this war is being fought.

My own belief is that it is possible to adopt a form of preparedness that will not interfere to any considerable extent with our normal processes but will serve at all times as an instrument for the protection of our country and the maintaining of world peace.

I REFER to the bills which are sponsored by The American Legion, now in the House and the Senate of the 79th Congress. These bills provide for one year's training of young men, attaining the age of 18 years, in either the Army or the Navy. The young man may elect, however, to defer his training for not more than four years, thereby affording him the opportunity of completing college, should he so desire. There is a reserve period of six years provided in these bills, but it is further stipulated that the young man shall not be subject to compulsory military training during that period except in an emergency declared by the Congress, and then only under such conditions as the Congress may prescribe.

It is not the purpose of these bills to influence or interfere in any way with the academic training of the young man. The objective is a trained group who will stand as a bulwark against those aggressor nations who found us so woefully unprepared in 1917 and again, despite that experience, when this present war began. Or any other nation so minded.

May I say to those who oppose Universal Training of our young men that I am not advocating the passage of this legislation because of a desire to create a mighty military machine. My hope is that the adoption of this training program will mean that the future young men of this country need never experience the horrors of war.

But let us be realistic in our thinking. World peace by an accord between the nations of the world is a future possibility, but in the meantime it is our duty to do all in our power to make certain that our democratic way of living shall not be destroyed.

Col. D'Olier, the first elected National Commander of the Legion, is President of the Prudential Insurance Company of America. By appointment of the Secretary of War he is currently serving as Chairman of the United States Strategic Bombing Survey

"Consider yourself under arrest!" the ensign barked at him

No Soap, Seaman Fain

By David F. Votaw

Drawing by CARL PFEUFER

AFTER THIRTY DAYS at the new shore installation in this forlorn dot on the Lingayen Gulf, the first batch of mail had been brought up from the quay. Seaman Fain with his assistants was preparing to sort the letters and packages for delivery. In his exuberance Fain was mumbling an old-time song:

Did you ever see the devil
Comin' scratchin' down the level
With his iron fork an' "shevel"
And his long toenails?

In World War One, Jefferson C. Fain, now seaman first class, had been a first lieutenant in the artillery, but the eyes that had caused the army doctors to hesitate only momentarily in 1917, this time debarred him from a renewal of the commission. Therefore, Jeff asked his selective service board to induct him. This method with the less strict examination let him into the service as an enlisted man where he was assigned to the Navy.

Jeff possessed two solid anchors back in the States—his lovely wife, Susan, and a well-kept green mound where lay his son, Robert, who had died in 1932 at the age of twelve. In Fain's mind Bobby had continued to grow up—grade school, high school, college, and finally a young officer in the service. The father's affection for his son was often transferred unconsciously to other boys.

"Will the mail be ready for delivery soon?" came a crisp inquiry from the entrance.

"Aye, aye, sir," replied Fain as he rose to face young Ensign Joel Bowman. "We'll have it up to hand out right after eight bells."

As the happy ensign departed, Jeff's heart sank for he could not recall having seen a package for Bowman. Jeff had written Susan that he saw in the young officer, with the pugnacious chin and the crooked flicker of a smile, the traits of Bobby. Of course the seaman was too wise to hint to the ensign that the youth bore a resemblance to a small, lovable boy who was wont to strike the pose of a boxer and mischievously challenge his dad. Yet, Jeff found pleasure in every opportunity to smooth the path of the ensign.

There was the night of the strong wind after which Jeff was inspecting the screens of the officers' sleeping quarters and stopped for a moment to tuck the blanket over the exposed shoulder of the sleeping boy. Again, there was the occasion of the derogatory remark of a fellow seaman, "The little squirt don't know the difference between flotsam and jetsam," which ended with the malcontent holding an improved respect for the young officer.

The sorting of the few remaining packages and a personal recheck by Jeff confirmed his frantic suspicion that no package had come for the young officer. Even a package from Jeff's mother lost some of its attraction at the thought.

Seaman Fain surveyed the neatly arranged packages of a size uniformity that reminded him of small building blocks.

(*Continued on page 42*)

Back to the Wild Blue Yonder

After a given number of missions, varying with the individual, flyers develop combat fatigue. Here's how the AAF gets them back into topnotch fighting trim

By Robert M. Hyatt

Relaxation and doing the things you want to do are important parts of the reprocessing job

LIEUTENANT JONES NOSED the big Liberator through the night that was a screaming hell of flak and shells.

It was old stuff to Lieutenant Jones, who had many missions under his belt, yet each night the thing became more ghastly and appalling. Tongues of flame leaped from a bomber on his right. He saw it explode, and knew a dozen of his buddies were taking their last ride earthward. Any moment now his ship might be next . . .

Night after night of this, the flaming din of aerial warfare . . . comrades that didn't return . . . blood, hell, death. Sleepless nights, shot nerves.

Then at last he was on his way home, and a strange kind of peace enveloped him. A million times up there in the cold skies he had prayed for this journey—the folks waiting—and she would be waiting, too!

Home. Twenty-one days of heaven before he had to report at the Redistribution Station. And somehow, strangely, the days passed. Wonderful days, but there was something wrong. Lieutenant Jones was jumpy, irritable. People rubbed him the wrong way. She was different. Things were unreal. He found no relaxation, no letdown. The war thundered on through his fitful slumbers—even his days.

And after he had left to report at the base, the folks could only shake their heads mournfully and murmur that "Jimmy seemed changed somehow." The smiling, carefree boy who had kissed her goodbye so many months before was—different.

Lieutenant Jones was "different." Like thousands of other returning servicemen, he was suffering from combat fatigue, which doesn't sound particularly serious yet is one of the gravest problems faced by war medicos. Of course, all returning fighting men are not affected, but the percentage is high.

What is combat fatigue? In order to find out, I recently visited the Army Air Forces Convalescent wards located at Santa Ana (California) Army Air Base, which is now Redistribution Station No. 4.

(Continued on page 48)

Marching Along Together

By

Leverett Saltonstall, United States Senator from Massachusetts

Our World War II veterans, having helped smash to rubble Hitler's divide-and-conquer schemes, will not tolerate prejudices among the various groups which in total make up our America, says this noted Legionnaire

I HAVE HEARD MANY people say that the men in the armed services don't know what they are fighting for. As a veteran of the last war this foolish sort of talk makes me angry. A man who has been on the battlefields of Europe and the Pacific and who has met the enemy in combat, a man who has seen the death and destruction of modern warfare and who has lived days and weeks and months in a foxhole without ever knowing whether he would live to see his home and his loved ones again, knows what he is fighting for. Of course, he may not know how to put that knowledge into fancy language, and he may never sit down and think it out into any language at all, but he knows, because that is one subject in which war is an excellent teacher.

Unfortunately, it is not enough to know what we are fighting for, as we who came back from the last war have discovered. We also knew what we were fighting for back in 1917. We knew why we had gone to war and what we wanted from the peace. But we did not know how to get it for ourselves and for our children. And because we failed in that, all the rest of our knowledge was useless.

The GIs, or doughboys as they were called then, came back from that war certain that their jobs had ended when the Armistice was signed. They had fought for democracy, and had won, and the future, they were sure, was rosy and bright. And so we disarmed ourselves, not only in the military sense, but in the field of ideas as well. We had been the guardians of democracy on the battlefields. All of us had been prepared to give our lives if necessary to protect that democracy. But when we came home we forgot to continue that protection in the peace and we failed to see that democracy's enemies were regrouping for another kill. We won the war and we lost the peace.

We have paid very dearly for those mistakes. But we have also learned from them. The men who come back from war this time will not make them again. Our fighting men today know that the defeat of the enemy on the battlefield is only half the victory, and they are going to finish the whole job. They know that this has been a war of ideas as well as of men, and they know that it is far easier to kill men than to kill ideas.

Our enemies are not giving up their hopes with the end of this war. They have made it clear, time and again, that they intend to dig in for another battle, working underground to lay the foundation for World War III. Their greatest weapon—propaganda—they will take with them into hiding. With it they are hoping to defeat us in spite of our victories.

Unfortunately, there are some Americans who, knowingly or otherwise, will help the enemy in his propaganda work. They are the native rabble-rousers who will try to use Hitler's "divide and conquer" tactics to gain power for themselves. They are also ignorant who fall for their line and serve as unwitting tools for the enemy. These rabble-rousers will play up group antagonisms, set veteran against non-veteran, worker against employer, Christian against Jew, Catholic against Protestant, black against white.

The veterans of this war will be among the most important groups capable of defeating such propaganda, because the war will have taught them how. The co-operation so vital to any military action, the closer understanding gained during battle among men of all nations, creeds and colors have taught our soldiers how important unity is. They will be among the first to recognize propaganda that divides us, for the enemy tool that it is. They know that the world that they want for themselves and for their children can be achieved only through the co-operative efforts of every group in our land. And they will see to it that harmony is maintained. As the popular song puts it, they'll be "marching along together."

Our veterans are also going to have something to say about America's relations with other countries, and about the peace terms we set down for Germany. There have been some Americans who have advocated a negotiated peace for the enemy, but these were not the boys who have been fighting against that enemy on the battlefield. Our fighting men are doing their part of the job as thoroughly as they know how. After digging the enemy out of one strong point after another and paying for every mile of rewon territory with

Drawing by BETTINA STEINKE

(*Continued on page 34*)

Capt. Hennick, flanked by former Sergeant Kaasberg and M. Tonneler of the Senaide Anciens Combattants, as the captain prepared to lay a wreath on the memorial to Senaide's World War One dead

Reunion in Senaide

By Capt. Harold W. Wellinger

With the Seventh U. S. Army

They fell on each other's neck, did Captain Hennick of the Americans and Andre Kaasberg of the little Vosges village the Yanks had just liberated. For Hennick and Kaasberg had been AEF buddies 26 years before, so this was Old Home Week, and how!

IT HAD BEEN a long time since André Kaasberg wore his uniform—26 years, in fact. But it was as immaculate and neatly pressed as when he was discharged from the AEF at the end of World War I. André had intended to return to his native Pennsylvania when the war was over. But Marie Somonen, a pretty French girl in Senaide, a village in the Vosges Mountains, had changed all that. André had married Marie and together they had spent most of their lives tilling the French soil.

Marie was proud of André's smart American uniform. So was André. When the Germans came in 1940, friends urged him to burn it. They told him it might cost him his life if the Nazis found it. But André refused. Instead, he wrapped the uniform in a bundle of old clothes and hid it in the basement. The Germans took his horses, his hay, straw and oats. But the American uniform escaped their search.

André vowed that he would wear that uniform again when the Germans had been driven out of Senaide, out of the Vosges Mountain, out of France. The French people listened because André was one of the Yanks who had kicked out the Germans in 1918. When André said the Yanks were coming over again—and that this time they would finish the job for good, they figured he ought to know what he was talking about.

Now they had come. The Germans had left. And Andy had put on his American uniform with the sergeant's stripes for the Armistice celebration, just as he had said he would.

André figured that as usual he would be the only American on hand to represent the U. S. in Senaide, on Nov. 11th. He was quite accustomed to that. He had been doing it for 26 years.

Then something happened which was a surprise to everyone. Captain William P. Hennick of Baltimore, Md., one of André's old buddies in the AEF, paid him an unexpected visit. Captain Hennick had also spent several months during 1918 in the village of Senaide. He had been in the same outfit as André—and had even danced at his wedding. Now André was 58 years old, and had two children with children of their own, and the captain's hair was slightly graying. The two old soldiers embraced, swore that 26 years had changed neither a bit, and spent many happy hours reminiscing.

When André learned that Captain Hennick would be with them for the Armistice celebration, he spoke to his comrades in the French veterans' organization, the Anciens Combattants, and they agreed to make the

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FOLLOW THE LEADER

(*Continued from page 15*)

boxes, constantly on the watch. That white-marked helmet will be up out of cover, ducking down and moving—then popping up again to bellow, "Get that cover fire laid down, you so-and-so's. Don't pull in or they've got you! Make those Jerry bastards get down and stay down!" And when they close in for the kill, it is usually the guy in the white-marked helmet we see go in first.

If the troops really get stymied by a deadly barrage or a raking crossfire, we see them up and moving in order to keep control of the units, calling to the guy with the radio, "Tell Peroni to pull his men out first. Tell him to watch his terrain and keep those guys under cover!" And if, finally, they have to leave the field, it is the white-marked helmet that either goes last, or stays behind—forever.

They worry, swear, encourage, and lead. They exhort the men to remember what they've been taught. They sweat out their Joes and feel all gone when they lose some of them.

We see them brought into the hospitals —too damn many of them—cussing at their inactivity and squawking like a hen who wants to get back of her brood of chicks. But the fine thing to see is the way the Joes will follow those men into trouble. Because the fact is, Joe has confidence in them.

To illustrate what I mean, let me tell you about Major Bill White of the 330th Infantry. He was a battalion executive officer who should normally remain in the battalion CP during an attack. But Bill was an old Marine who had smelled smoke in Nicaragua and China and he understood far better than most that we fight with a civilian Army. He felt an obligation toward his youngsters—his "amateurs" who had need of his experience. He used to say, "The American soldier will go anywhere you lead him, but you've got to lead him." Whenever his battalion was slowed down he would go galloping up to the sticking point to lend a hand. He would size up the deal, and it usually resulted in his grabbing the handiest BAR and taking off for the trouble, with the boys all tearing after him. Those guys would have followed Bill into hell itself.

And just as Bill exemplified the power of personal leadership, he also points up the penalty of leadership. When the battalion attacked in Normandy, Bill lasted exactly four days. He was badly hurt, but was back in the line when his Division went into Germany last December. I've just heard that he was shot by machine-gun fire during the first week of their offensive. You don't meet machine-gun fire when you're back in the command post. You see what I mean.

Oh, yes, we should be damned thankful we have that type of guy to officer our troops. And, what's more, those are the fellows we need to help us when this thing is over. They're the fellows we need to run our mills, become business leaders and legislators—the kind who know the score and can keep their heads in the infighting of postwar argument. They're the kind who can help constructively in making sure this goddam mess doesn't happen again. As I say, they're the guys we want and need. The only thing is, they get killed.

"IF I DON'T GET BACK"

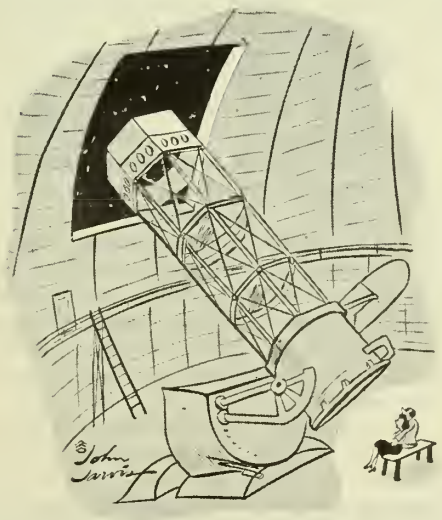
(*Continued from page 16*)

insure a future period of democratic peace —and, my darling, I am not afraid. But what about you? I am sufficiently sensitive to know how much of a shock this will be to you, and that if I merely tell you not to grieve it probably won't do much good. But, dearest, remember how often I would slow down your impetuous actions with a 'Take it slow, darling.' Well, if I can't be there in person to tell you, maybe this will. Darling, forget about me not returning, and remember only that you have my love —my living love, my love eternal. You can't lose it; it's always a part of you just the way your love is with me now; this very minute, and will be with me wherever I am."

Money—sometimes in large sums—is not uncommon. In the wallet of one private found dead in Paris, money-order receipts for more than $16,000 were found. A corporal in Belgium had $12,000 in cash in his money belt. Most large sums are simply the accumulation of pay with little opportunity for spending—or the result of a lucky streak with the dice. If foreign money exceeding $20 in value is found on a soldier, it is converted to American money; if less, it is sent to the soldier's family as souvenir money.

The Bureau is confronted with the delicate task of sending home items which are bloodstained or damaged. Stains are carefully removed, but there are some articles which are beyond repair. A Bible with a bullet hole, for example. The Bureau will advise a member of the family of the condition of the effects and ask whether they are still wanted. Another problem involves the scattered effects found in plane crashes. In the case of a plane which crashed in Iceland, the articles were sent from family to family for identification. The Bureau will go to considerable trouble to trace ownership. A movie camera lost in the southwest Pacific was sent to the manufacturer for the name of the dealer who, in turn, was able to supply the name of the purchaser—a casualty.

Deciding who gets what is ofttimes a complicated business. Regulations list appropriate recipients in this order of preference: executor or administrator of the soldier's will, widow, child or children, father, mother, oldest brother, oldest sister and so forth. The recipient is responsible for further distribution of the soldier's effects in accordance with probate law. The law is clear enough but strange circumstances pop up in war.



"What a gorgeous moon!"

A Mexican boy, registered under Selective Service in California, talked his cousin into answering the draft call in his name. The cousin was killed. The casualty report and the Bureau's efforts to determine the beneficiary of his effects brought out the true picture. In another case, a father, grief-stricken over the loss of a son, attempted to get information from his son's "widow." The "widow" is now in a federal penitentiary for having been the "wife" or "widow" of four different soldiers.

The "missing" soldier sometimes appears in person at the Bureau and demands his effects. One major, reported missing, demanded that the Bureau repair the foot locker in which his effects had been shipped home. A gadget-fancying colonel, safe after having been missing in action, wrote the Bureau to demand what had happened to his Nigerian can opener and miniature welding set. Investigation disclosed that they had been declared worthless and sold overseas by a Summary Court Officer, who took this action despite repeated War Department orders that no property of a casualty may be sold overseas. Since the Summary Court Officer happened to be a lieutenant in the colonel's own regiment, we can only assume that he is a very unhappy young man.

The Bureau must deal with indignant relatives as well as repatriated soldiers. A wife of a captain wrote: "You state that my husband is missing. I wish to advise you that he is in a prison camp in Germany. I have a recent letter in which he listed his effects. I have checked his list against the effects you returned to me, and I find that six bottles of French cognac are missing. I demand that you trace this cognac and return it to me forthwith. My husband will want it when he comes home."

Sometimes a relative will not accept the effects. A young widow, mother of an infant son, returned a shipment to the Bureau, with a heartbroken letter declaring that she could not bear to open the parcel. The Bureau is holding it and will wisely try again after a while. In the parcel are several decorations for valor which that soldier's son will cherish when he is somewhat older.

In the stress of battle, articles of sentimental value are sometimes not recovered —and indignant relatives write for them. Replies are tactful and sympathetic. The public, with little conception of the horrors of war, does not realize that when a soldier is killed in a burst of shellfire or perishes in a tank or landing craft, it is sometimes impossible to recover all his effects.

When a soldier disappears or is known to have been captured, his chaplain or other designated officer takes charge of his belongings and forwards them through transport channels to the Bureau. If the soldier is killed, the Graves Registration Service removes personal effects from the body and places them in a small canvas bag; the bags are collected in large mail pouches and sent to a central clearing house for shipment to Kansas City. The soldier's other personal effects at his camp or bivouac area are inventoried, packed and shipped by a designated officer. In most instances the small effects bag reaches the Bureau well ahead of the bulk of the property. As many as five separate shipments for one man have been received by the Bureau—he may have had property in England, North Africa, Italy and Sicily.

The Army Effects Bureau was established in February, 1942, by The Quartermaster General, Major General Edmund B. Gregory. The Quartermaster General has the ultimate responsibility for the handling and disposal of effects after they have arrived from overseas theaters of operation. For relatives of deceased, missing or captured soldiers, General Gregory offers the following advice:

"Because of transportation difficulties and the high priority on returning ships and planes which must be accorded our wounded, it is impossible to foretell accurately when we will receive personal effects. Usually, it takes about six months for effects to reach us from Europe and about ten months from the Pacific and Asia.

"We are making every effort to reduce the time required for handling and processing. But if speed is sometimes sacrificed, it is in the interest of careful and sympathetic handling. The belongings of America's heroes are being treated with the utmost care—from the battlefront to the Effects Bureau in Kansas City."

Because of the acute shortage of clerical help, the War Department asks relatives not to write for information unless absolutely necessary. If, however, you have reason to believe a soldier has not informed the Army fully regarding his family status, include in your letter the following information: (1) name and address of wife, if soldier was married; (2) names and addresses of closest relatives; (3) name, address and relationship of person to whom it is felt soldier would have wanted his belongings forwarded; (4) if available, letter or written instrument by soldier designating a recipient.

The Bureau is the *only* agency maintained by the Army to take care of the effects of overseas casualties, and soldiers captured or missing in action. The Navy and Marine Corps maintain similar agencies (one at Clearfield, Utah, and the other at Scotia, New York). So far as is known the Bureau is unique among the world's armies. Its yearly budget barely reaches a million dollars, and that includes shipping charges. But its value to mothers and wives of soldiers lost in battle could not be measured in billions. A letter of a Georgia mother sums it up.

"Receiving our boy's effects," she writes, "has meant everything to us. It is indeed wonderful work you are doing. It gives new strength to all who have lost dear ones."

MEXICO'S NEW CAPITALISM

(*Continued from page 19*)

two countries have been able to deal without outside distractions, and the underlying respect which always did exist has developed into genuine friendship. With good judgment and restraint on both sides, there is every chance of developing the golden opportunities which Mexico will offer, postwar.

With credentials from The American Legion Magazine, I was fortunate enough to see several leaders of Mexican industry and commerce. All stressed three important points for Americans looking for new opportunities there.

First, American machinery and men to install and supervise it—technicians of every sort—will be welcomed after the war.

Second, business men who plan to operate Mexican industries must do so within the framework of Mexican law, which provides strict financial and personnel control. There will be no room for exploiters or get-rich-quick Johnnies.

Third, there will be no jobs for ordinary American labor.

Wage standards are far below ours. For example, carpenters receive $1.40 a day; bricklayers, $1.53; sheet metal workers, $1.47; painters, $1.78; common laborers, 79 cents. Even in Mexico a man from the United States would find it hard to support a family on such wages.

Nor is Mexico pleading for American capital. There is plenty of money in the country and Mexico faces the same danger of inflation that we do. Credit is needed, faith in Mexico's new capitalism is needed, on the part of Americans who can supply the machinery Mexico must have.

Above all, technical brains are needed now, but Mexico isn't going to depend forever on the United States even for those. At Monterey, the industrial hub of the country, the local manufacturers have agreed to finance the new Institut Tecnologico y de Estudias Superiores, which enthusiasts say may one day be the Mexican Carnegie Institute. The government is not being called on for help. Most significantly, the faculty will be largely from the U. S. A.

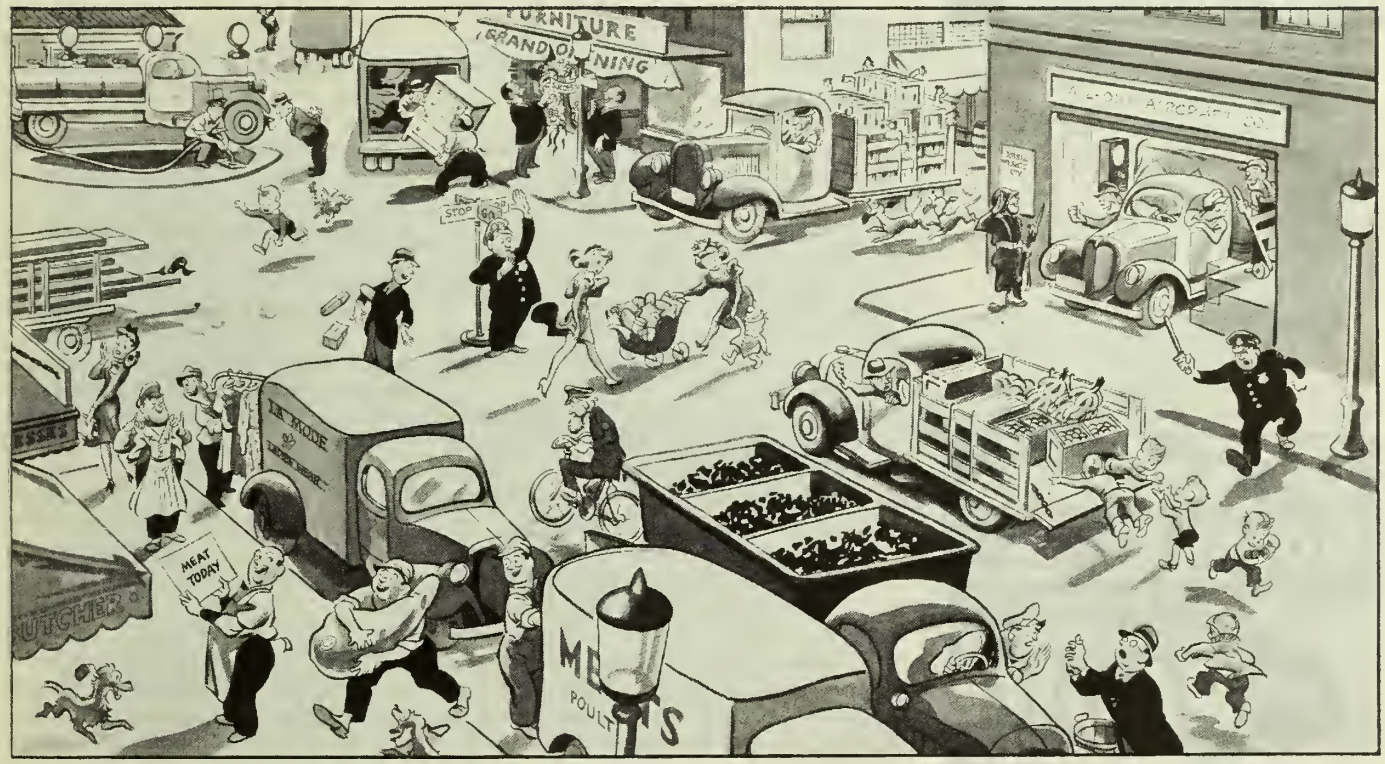
Mexico today is in the war with both feet. Its obligations as one of the United Nations are being met completely. It is exerting the greatest stabilizing influence in the rest of Latin America. True, the war has not had the tremendous impact on the average family that it has in the United States, but I saw evidence that it does affect civilians and they take the war restrictions cheerfully.

Mexico is moving a million tons of food a month into the United States for war purposes and, as a result, is beginning to feel food restrictions. There is no popular complaint. Vast tonnage of copper, iron and less common but essential metals has been supplied by Mexico. There are now over 200,000 Mexicans engaged in war industry in the United States.

On the strictly military side, two completely equipped and trained armored divisions have been placed at the disposal of the United Nations High Command. Two fighter squadrons, each with a strength of approximately 300 men, are now in the Pacific, billeted with our Air Forces and fighting under the Mexican flag. Mexican planes have been patrolling both Atlantic and Pacific coasts for more than two years, and were a real factor in breaking the back of the submarine menace.

In a mountain town, for example, a blackboard had been put up on the bandstand in the public square. The price ceiling on sugar was announced the day I saw it. The

WHAT A BREAK FOR SMALL BUSINESS
—AND BIG BUSINESS, TOO!



Meet the Business Man's Biggest Friend—America's Motor Trucks! Trucks Help Merchants Maintain Full Stocks—Speed Turnover—Boost Profits—as no other Transportation can!

TRUCKS are the lifeline of business, sending goods flowing to local counters and homes faster, fresher, cheaper! *Often with deliveries overnight!* So business gets a break—*4 important ways!*

First: Merchants may "set up shop" with less capital tied up in costly stocks.

Second: Businessmen can enjoy faster turnover—greater profits . . . at prices that save everyone money.

Third: Goods arrive *fresher*—sell better.

Fourth: Even shops "off the main line" can carry "big city merchandise".

Who benefits? *Everybody in town!* You enjoy a wider selection of food, clothes, furniture—everything else you buy. There are more jobs—better wages—greater opportunities!

Yet many states unwittingly stifle trucks . . . through conflicting highway trade barriers that boost prices on everything you use!

Some of these barriers have been partially lifted for the "duration"—to speed war production and save gas, tires, manpower. *But, after Victory, they'll return!* And *other* barriers remain *even now* to block prosperity! For the sake of your business, your living-standards, your pocketbook—these laws should be revised *for keeps!* The American Trucking Industry, AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Conflicting state laws unnecessarily limit size and weight of truckloads—thus block highways, cramp deliveries of everything you wear, eat, use.

TRUCKS CREATE NEW INDUSTRIES—NEW JOBS—NEW WEALTH!

whole picturesquely-dressed populace was out to read the chalked-up message. That is, several in the crowd could read and they were telling the others. Excited approval greeted the news.

Though gasoline is not yet rationed, private cars may be operated only six days a week and the public does much less growling than we did in the early gas-restriction days.

How will Mexico come out of the war and what will she be looking for from the United States? I put that double-barreled question to Señor Don Antonio Ruiz Galindo, one of the most progressive and successful of the new capitalists of Mexico, in his very up-to-date Americanized headquarters office in Mexico City.

"The standing of Mexico as a power in the Western Hemisphere has been strengthened during the war," Señor Galindo told me, "because Mexico is making a large and enlightened contribution to winning the war. This can be counted in military and security terms and also in the tendency of other American republics to our south to follow Mexico's lead and adopt her general attitude.

"Mexico will of course need machinery for every variety of industry. The United States is the logical place to buy it. Mexico also will need the know-how of American business and technical men, who are much admired. But the greatest need Mexico has from the United States is understanding. It is truly to the interest of the United States that there should be more than one power in this hemisphere capable of demonstrating its practical determination to keep the peace. The United States cannot look to Europe, for Europe will come out of the war exhausted, with hope gone, the standard of living reduced and insufficient energy and enterprise to restore it.

"The people of this continent, on the other hand, still have faith in themselves and the future, for they have not been subjected to actual war destruction of their own homes and industries.

"Mexico has shown her loyalty to the United States in her war performance. As a result, mutual trust is called for, as Mexico grows and develops its new economy."

I asked Señor Galindo to expand his reference to the "new economy."

"The present trend of Mexican industry is against radicalism," he said, "and toward Conservatism. The new Mexican industrialists also have a more comprehensive point of view on social problems and are more sympathetic toward the needs of their workers than was the case before the revolution. The worker is no longer looked on here as a mere means of providing profit, but as a human being."

To illustrate his point, Señor Galindo showed me his new group of factories, due to begin operation in May, in the shadow of the national shrine of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe. The layout includes apartment homes for the 1200 workers and their families, a medical department, a free library, stores and a bank to be operated by the workers, using their own funds, a school, a maternity hospital, a gymnasium, a sport and recreation center. The model village will have its own fire and police departments. The Galindo industries manufacture steel furniture for offices and homes, household appliances and venetian blinds and include a large printing establishment. They occupy 17,000 square meters of floor space.

Señor Galindo also has developed a Mexican Palm Springs or Sun Valley at Fortin de Las Flores, on an abandoned coffee plantation in the heart of a subtropical jungle. His son, a graduate of Northwestern University, spent a year hard at work training local inhabitants in their new jobs, teaching them to read and write, building an entire community into an appreciation of a higher standard of living than they ever had dreamed existed. The Galindos, father and son, are typical of the new generation of free enterprises under the new swing to capitalism.

"Our new industries are being built from the bottom up," Señor Galindo said. "The impetus must come from the enterprising business man. It is not a job for the government and everybody in Mexico is beginning to realize it."

NAZI PRISON CAMP

(*Continued from page 22*)

On November 15, 1943, while waiting in a Brussels railway station for an American airman he expected to arrive by train and whom he was to help, Coster was arrested by a Gestapo agent. Standing trial in a Nazi court, he was sentenced to death, but through the intervention of the International Red Cross his sentence was commuted to ten years at hard labor.

Notwithstanding the revolting conditions at the Zuchthaus, Coster told us, "I have actually been treated better here than in either of the two prisons in which I previously was confined. During the extremely cold weather, when we had only one blanket to a man, we took it as a great favor when the director would permit fourteen of us to sleep in one cell. Thus packed together, we had some slight chance of keeping a bit warm." The food, however, he said was scanty—mostly potatoes and cabbage—there was little or no recreation permitted, baths were practically non-existent, and what water could be obtained was impure and dipped from pools in the courtyard.

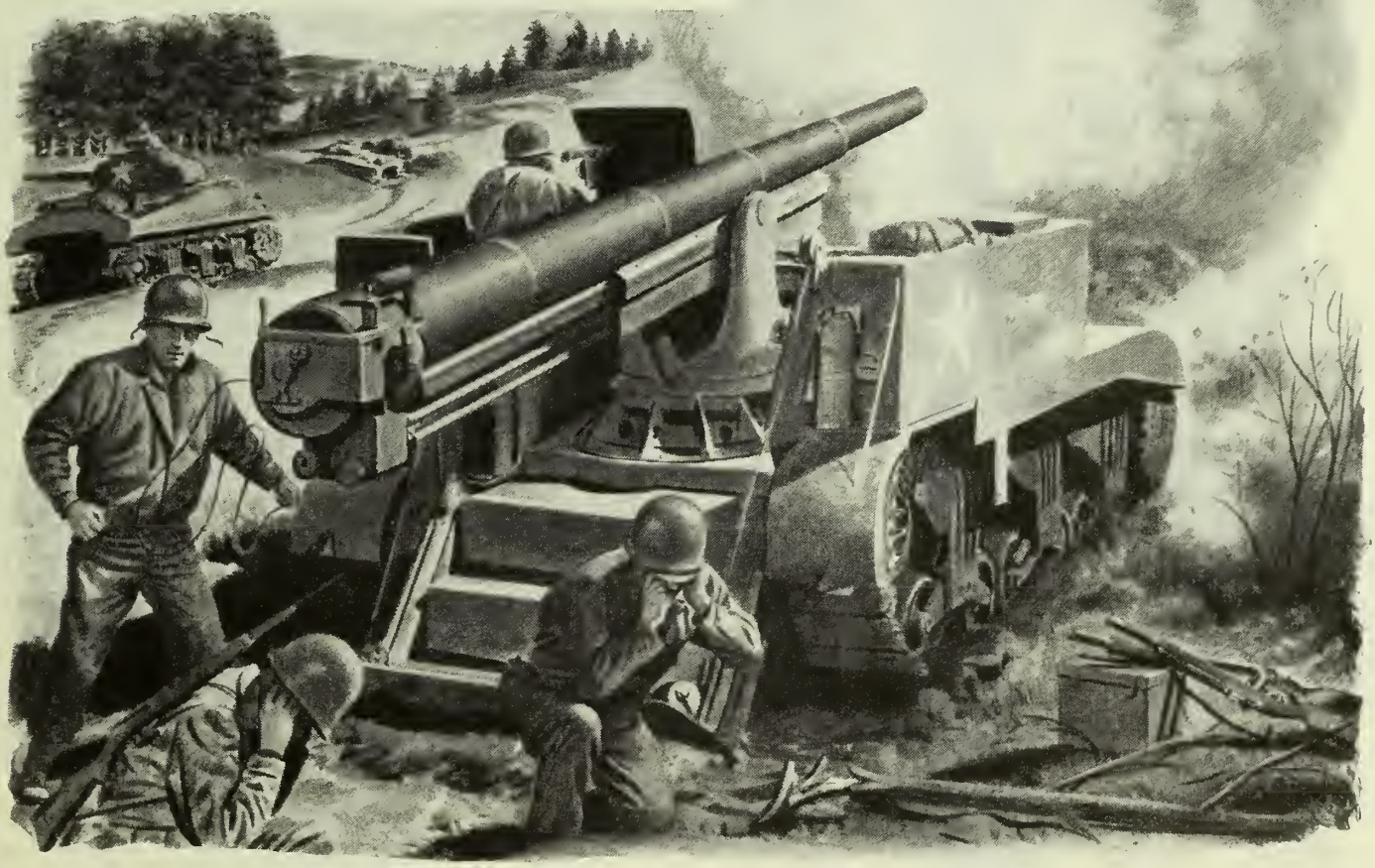
"When the Americans came," Coster continued, "the question uppermost in everyone's mind was, 'Do we go home at once?' Knowing that would likely be im-

BLOWING A BLOCKHOUSE TO BITS—

—WITH A SINGLE WELL-AIMED SHELL!

THROUGH A HAIL OF FIRE, our heavy "Long Tom" cannon rolls up to attack an "impregnable" blockhouse . . .

ONE VULNERABLE SPOT is found: a solid steel "back door." We line up this door at point blank range . . .



BUY WAR BONDS . . . TO KEEP 'EM FIRING!

This scene is based on an actual battle technique developed by American forces at the Siegfried Line. The success of such an operation depends entirely on careful planning, split-second timing . . . *and perfectly functioning equipment.* That's where American industry comes in. It's up to us to supply our fighters with weapons which will never let them down. At Oldsmobile, for example, we realize that a great many lives may depend on any one of the heavy caliber shell we produce for "Long Toms" . . . or on the aircraft rockets, tank cannon, aircraft cannon, or any other of our products. Fire-Power is our business at Oldsmobile. *And we mean business!*

"FIRE!"—and the whole hilltop erupts. Driving straight through the heavy door, our shell explodes *inside* the pillbox, building up terrific pressure . . .

CONCUSSION ALONE does the rest, shredding a reinforced concrete structure into fragments so small that a soldier can hold them in his hands!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

FIRE-POWER IS OUR BUSINESS

possible, we organized a council among ourselves through which we could speak to our liberators. The co-operation given us by the Americans was excellent."

Coster expressed the hope that he might get home for a visit with his father but added, "Then I want to join the American Army in any capacity in which I may be able to serve." When one of us suggested that the European war might soon be over, he reminded us, "Well, there's still Japan."

In reply to my question as to whether he intended going back to the States after the war, Coster said he fully hoped to. In the meantime he was rendering good service to the American officers and enlisted men who were facing the difficult problem of feeding and eventually distributing the prisoners, both military and civilian, in the Zuchthaus.

MARCHING ALONG TOGETHER

(*Continued from page 27*)

blood and life and limb, they are not going to be content to see the Nazis get off with a slap on the wrist.

They want to be sure that the surrender of the enemy is unconditional, and that the peace terms will be severe enough to make the coming generations of Germans hesitate long and prayerfully before they try again. They want to know, also, that some sort of organization for peace and security will come out of this war, so that any disputes that arise among the nations of the world can be ironed out peacefully. These are the requisites for keeping the peace, and the fighting man of this war is determined that the peace shall be kept.

In rebuilding a strong peace-time economy, our first thought concerns our returning veterans. GI Joe represents 10,000,000 men. These are the people who will build our future and be the dominating force in the affairs of our country. We are determined that they shall assume full status as members of their communities, able to stand on their own feet, able to own their own homes, raise families and give their children opportunity to get on a little better than they did themselves. Naturally those who are injured in the present war must be adequately provided for.

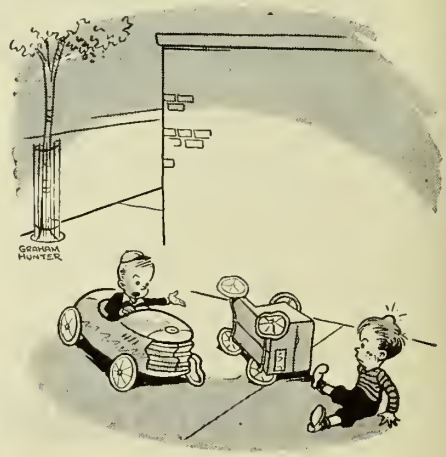
Jobs in private enterprise for all who are able to work will be the key to our future. Veterans and our people as a whole do not want another WPA. They want opportunity and encouragement to stand on their own feet. Veterans who have such jobs, independent and confident, will just naturally get along well with people and we shall have prosperous and contented communities.

These jobs will be more than the means of earning a living. The veterans who hold them will be vitally needed to produce the goods and services upon which we all depend. Unless the veteran of this war is successfully reintegrated into the society from which he was pulled, we will have a nation in which the land and the resources are rich and in which the people are impoverished.

The veteran wants to take his place in industry, on the farms and in the factories. He wants to build new homes and grow more food and create better living conditions for this nation and for the world. He must be permitted to do so. And because the economic picture is so important a part of the horizon for us all, the veteran's approach to that horizon becomes doubly important. A progressive, forward-looking attitude towards business and industry, towards labor-industrial relations, and towards international trade co-operation on the part of the 10,000,000 young people who will gradually take over the economic reins of the land can spell prosperity for America and for the world.

And a failure to face these problems realistically—a shortsighted, reactionary outlook toward the future on the part of those same young men can easily result in economic ruin for ourselves and for our neighbors. They have become experts in war. We must help them to become experts in peace.

I have been talking of the veteran as a member of a single, united group, because that is the way most of us tend to think of him. But fortunately, he is not only that. He is a veteran, and he is also a member of social, political, economic, religious, and racial groups. And because he brings his experiences as a member of all of these groups to his outlook as a veteran; because as a veteran he has come in contact with other veterans from every one of these groups, he will be better suited than before he entered the services to build the world of the future. He has learned, sweated and sacrificed. He does know what he is fighting for!



"All right—sue me!"

It's a Kuppenheimer

Till the job is finished over there, Kuppenheimer Clothes won't be as plentiful as they used to be. But there's a bright side to the picture. In spite of the times, Kuppenheimer Clothes are the finest in our 68 years. They are more worth having—more worth waiting for—than ever.

AN INVESTMENT IN GOOD APPEARANCE

Tastefully Yours!

BROILED, baked or fried to a crusty golden brown, chicken is an American flavor favorite. And so is Seagram's 5 Crown—a superb whiskey that's number one on America's taste parade.

Such superiority is the natural result of skill and long experience. Today, as always, Seagram's craftsmen choose only the finest base whiskies and blend them with pedigreed grain neutral spirits, *for true pre-war quality* in every drop.

Keep this in mind when you buy. Good taste always says, "Seagram's 5 Crown, please!"...for Seagram's 5 Crown always pleases good taste!

Seagram's 5 Crown

Say **Seagram's** *and be Sure of Pre-War Quality*

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 72½% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Bldg., New York

U. S. ARMORED DIVISION

(*Continued from page 21*)

for two units in assault and one in reserve, is followed throughout the Armored Division. The light tank company of the battalion is usually used on the flanks or as a screening force out in front of the advance.

Closely supporting the Division's tanks are three battalions of Armored Infantry, specially-trained foot soldiers who ride into battle in armored half-tracks, then dismount to fight. Additional weapons, including self-propelled assault cannon, give them greater firepower than the standard infantry battalion.

These armored infantrymen follow or precede the tanks in combat, depending on the situation, and through their great mobility are able to stay with the tanks closely and hold the ground the tanks have taken. If the advance is against an enemy strong in automatic weapons the tanks go first, knocking out the machine guns; if the enemy has antitank guns the Armored Infantry, relatively immune to these weapons, takes the lead and cleans out the big guns.

Supporting both the tanks and infantry is the Armored Field Artillery, three battalions of self-propelled 105 mm. howitzers which combine speed and armor protection with great firepower.

Feeling out the enemy in front of the Armored Division is its Cavalry Reconnaissance Squadron Mechanized, which locates hostile installations on the ground. This squadron has four troops, each equivalent to the reconnaissance element of an Infantry Division, plus the added power of an assault gun troop and a light tank company.

In organization, the Armored Division differs from other types of Divisions in that it has no regimental organization. This echelon of command has been eliminated to expedite transmission of orders in a fast-moving situation, the kind of situation the Armored Division usually encounters. On the battlefield, control is maintained by the Division's combat commands, which are organized with the utmost flexibility to suit the situation.

A weakness of the Armored Division, and of all tank units, is that while the tank excels in attack it is not a good defensive weapon. On the defensive, tanks are best used to counterattack. An excellent example of this use was the relief of Bastogne by the 4th Armored Division.

Engineering problems of the Armored Division are great, due to weight of vehicles and the extensive use of mines and other explosives. The Division has an Armored Engineer Battalion that does everything from getting the tanks across streams to neutralizing booby traps.

The Armored Division has approximately 3000 vehicles, ranging from tank to airplane, and to keep them rolling requires the services of an Ordnance Maintenance Battalion, which recovers damaged tanks and other vehicles from the battlefield and undertakes to make them fit to fight again.

The Armored Medical Battalion works closely with the Ordnance Battalion, for a vehicle casualty is likely to contain personnel casualties. These medics have devised special techniques for evacuating wounded soldiers through the narrow hatches of tanks.

The Armored Signal Company assures the continuance of vital communications within the Division and with adjoining units.

While Armored Divisions make no effort to paint themselves as a corps d'élite, as do their German counterparts, except for their combat suits, they wear the same uniform as any other soldier. They have no special badge, and armored foot soldiers wear the same combat infantry badge as the other doughboys. The only visible difference in uniform is that the tanker is likely to wear a higher crown in his garrison (overseas) cap, and he wears it on the left side of his head instead of on the right. He has, too, one difference in speech. Whereas, Hollywood and part of the Army calls the quarter-ton truck a "jeep," the tanker calls it a "peep," and is pretty emphatic about it.

KEY TO TOMORROW

(*Continued from page 9*)

answer. "No, no, I didn't . . ." He tried to take hold of himself. "Jim, I found her like that—when I came in a few minutes ago."

Jim kept him on his feet, seeing the emptied bottle on the coffee table. His knees buckled as Jim led him into the bedroom. He fell onto the bed, made one groping effort to get up, then dropped back. Jim left him lying there in a stupor and went slowly back to the living room, to stand over Phil's dead wife.

This was his homecoming—a homecoming to murder. He was thinking back, thinking rapidly about the letters Phil had written him. He remembered phrases that seemed now to take on a damning note. "This marriage is no good any more, Jim. I'm not what Joyce wants. God knows how many other men she's playing for suckers, getting plenty out of them. Marty Garvin is one I've heard about, Nick Emmett is another, and Alec Reece. I can't take much more of this. If she doesn't straighten out, if I can't find some decent way of stopping her. . . ."

Those letters, destroyed long ago, would

never be entered as evidence against Phil, but the rest would be enough—the testimony of their friends, admissions to be wrung from Phil himself on the witness stand, the circumstances here indicating that he'd killed Joyce in a drunken fit of jealousy. It was more than enough to convict him.

Numbly Jim took up the telephone. He dialed the number of police headquarters—but not to give Chief Harley the comradely surprise he'd so long planned. . . .

THE HOUSE was utterly still when Jim replaced the phone. Not moving, he searched the room with his eyes alone. He moved suddenly and picked up the thing he'd seen lying near the door. It was a man's glove—pigskin, worn slightly, unmarked. Just a man's glove, but on it there were two dark wet spots. Blood? Blood that had dribbled from Joyce's mouth while the man who had worn it strangled her?

He took it quickly into the bedroom and slipped it onto Phil's hand. It was loose—too big, not Phil's. For the first time Jim felt an upsurge of hope. Phil had told the truth. "I found her like that when I came in." Then he'd sat there staring at her body, drinking to fortify himself against fear of the police, well knowing how hopelessly bad it looked.

Back in the living room, searching about again, Jim paused. He lifted his head alertly, sensing that same subtle warning of danger on which he'd learned to rely when huddling in foxholes under black Pacific nights. It signaled a stealthy approach.

To Jim it indicated that a murderer had discovered the loss of a glove, a glove that might be used as evidence of murder, and had come back.

He looked around the room rapidly, remembering that his right arm, still stiff and weak, wouldn't be much good in a struggle. That warning sense was stronger in him as he turned to the cabinet standing against one wall. It was carved teak, heavy and strong. The key was in the lock. He dropped the glove inside, closed the cabinet, turned the key.

Then the lights went out. Someone had come silently through the front door. A hand had reached into the room to the switch. Someone was standing in the doorway now, behind Jim. He withdrew the key, held it hard in one fist, turned and saw nothing in the darkness. But the man was there, a threatening presence. His voice came, low and muffled.

"I'll take that key."

Jim heard steps crossing the room. Having no weapon within reach, he could only brace himself. A groping hand brushed against him. Instantly a fist followed, hard against the side of his face. He struck back once, pushing himself forward to grapple. The struggle was short. His right arm couldn't hold on. He was thrust back powerfully and the fists drove at him again, fast and merciless, until he went down. . . .

When he regained consciousness the living room lights were a glare in his eyes and he heard a loud pounding sound—the police knocking at the front door.

HE FELT all right now, sitting there facing his old chief. Milo Harley, florid-faced and kindly, was trying to get it straight.

"We must've scared him out the back door, Jim, when we came to the front. Look, the way he used a letter opener, trying to force that lock on the cabinet, because he couldn't find the key. What did you do with that key, Jim?"

Jim listened hopefully to footfalls coming to the entrance, and said, "It's gone, Chief."

"Well, the glove's still in there, anyway," Chief Harley said, wagging his confused head. "But Jim, we can't prove anything by such evidence. It's just a glove, something we can't trace, one that might fit the hand of a thousand different men. If only we had something to *add* to it—"

Jim rose eagerly as the door opened. The two patrolmen who came in, Curtis and Shanks, were old friends of his. They had brought in three men. The three frowned down at the shape beneath the sheet on the floor while Curtis reported to the chief.

"Here they are, the ones Jim asked us to round up. Alec Reece, Nick Emmett and Marty Garvin. Slick customers, all of 'em. But Chief, every one of 'em claims he's got an alibi."

The chief looked dubiously at Jim, and Jim said, "Naturally. Two of those alibis may be true, but the third is probably faked. If the man who killed Joyce isn't one of these three, then we'll keep on looking all night until we find him. But as a starter—"

"Look at Reece here, Jim. His face is marked up, but he says it's from a fight in a bar."

Jim faced Reece, a sly, sallow-faced, shifty-eyed little man. He reached out,

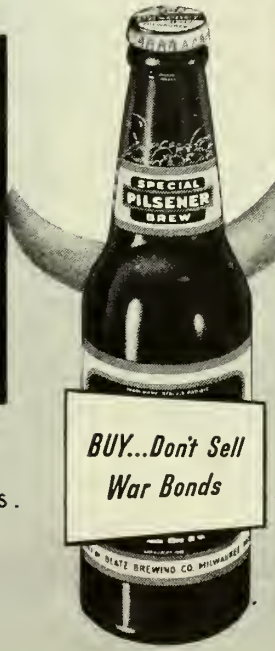
"The manager got them from our Jersey farm."

Good Taste

THAT JUSTIFIES YOUR CHOICE!

Blatz

MILWAUKEE



BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

In Our 94th Year

Fast Becoming America's Favorite

tapped the front of Reece's coat with the back of his hand, and shook his head.

"He can go, Chief. He's not the man we want."

Jim turned next to Marty Garvin, who had a sneer on his too-handsome face. Again he touched the suspect's coat and shook his head.

"Garvin's out also," he said decisively. "Now Nick Emmett."

Emmett kept his cold gray eyes on Jim. As before, Jim tapped Emmett's coat, and this time he nodded.

"There's your man, Chief."

Quickly Curtis and Shanks moved to Emmett's side. Emmett's protestations went unspoken. With the chief still looking dubious, Jim quickly slipped his fingers inside the breast pocket of Emmett's coat. He drew out the key to the teak-wood cabinet.

"That's where I hid it," Jim said, smiling again. "In your own pocket while I wrestled with you. You had it with you all the time."

Emmett stood deathly pale and still under the grip of the hard hands on his arms. Feeling a bit dizzy with elation, Jim turned toward the room where Phil was still sleeping. He heard a chuckle from Chief Harley.

"Jim, boy, in case you've been wondering how well you'll fit back into your old job," the chief was saying, "why, you can quit worrying about it entirely, as of half an hour ago."

ONLY IN AMERICA?

Major General F. W. Miller and his charming wife, of Fort Sam Houston, were dining with friends at a wayside inn.

The group noticed that a young rookie was watching their table with unusual interest.

Soon the youth hesitatingly crossed the room to their table. He clicked his heels and saluted the two-star general.

"Sir. If I could write home to Mom and tell her that I had shaken hands with a major general she would be in her seventh heaven."

The general was happy to oblige the young soldier and gave him a handshake that he would always remember.

Just then the orchestra started to play and Mrs. Miller smiled at the boy and said:

"How would you like to write home and tell your mother that you danced with a major general's wife?"

What a letter for Mom!—*Col. Irving Speed Wallace.*

First things First

TODAY—our first job is turning out army clothes for Uncle Sam . . . thousands each week. Into these garments goes every ounce of care, skill and craftsmanship that we possess.

TOMORROW—when war needs allow, our first job will be converting all this care, skill and craftsmanship into the manufacture of Style-Mart suits—the suits with famous "neck zone" tailoring.

SO—right now you returning service men have to look around a bit before you find a Style-Mart suit . . . but remember it's well worth the effort.

STYLE-MART Clothes

They Do Something for You

MERIT CLOTHING COMPANY, INC. • MAYFIELD, KY.

NO SOAP

(*Continued from page 25*)

Length Plus Girth—36 Inches Maximum

the postal regulations said and all the home folks had tried to reach the maximum. He piled upon his arms, stove-wood fashion, the packages for officers' quarters where he was met at the door by happy faces and outstretched hands.

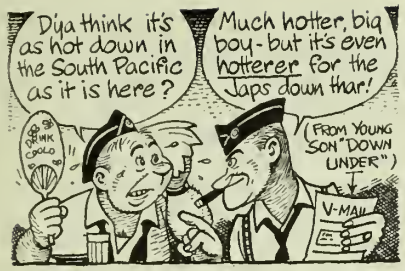
When the scramble was ended, he saw what had escaped the eyes of the other men. In the face of the one empty-handed officer Jeff saw the features of his own little son when the boy was required to leave at Grandma's farm the puppy she had given him. Bobby had understood and accepted the conditions which made this necessary, and had controlled his emotions perfectly except for a slight quiver of his chin. He neither begged for the puppy nor referred to the incident again.

With a sad heart Seaman Fain sat on his cot and opened the package from his mother. No package from Susan had arrived in this delivery, but Jeff was hoping for another mail ship soon.

The daily routine of duties took the mind of everyone from packages except Seaman Fain who could not forget the failure of a package to arrive for young Bowman. A month later, however, on a Friday afternoon, Jeff's anxiety was relieved somewhat when a message arrived from Mindoro with definite information that a mail-bearing ship was on the way.

The buoyant mood in which Fain attacked his job of sorting the new batch of mail which arrived Saturday afternoon on schedule, gradually diminished toward the end of the task when he was faced a second time with the tragic fact that no package had come for Bowman. Here was

"How's business?"



one from always faithful Susan, however.

The parental instincts of Old Jeff began to function. These are the inner urges that make the family unit the pillar of American democracy.

"I must find a way at any cost to save this boy the impending blow," thought Jeff.

"Say, pop," asked one of the young seamen, "can we take our own packages now and open them before we crawl in the shucks?"

"No, fellows, let's wait till tomorrow morning and get our deliveries with the rest of the men," replied Fain. "You fellows turn in now. I want to stay and make a few rechecks," he continued.

Alone at last, Jeff looked helplessly about the enclosure when his eye strayed to a typewriter perched on top of a small wooden crate. Suddenly, like a bolt out of a blue sky, he had the solution. For the next fifteen minutes Jeff's mind and hands were as busy as the proverbial one-armed paper hanger. Why, it was as simple as ABC's! Susan would not only understand; she would heartily approve.

First he looked for a scrap of paper on which to type Ensign Bowman's address. But who should the sender be? Why not tear off the upper part of the paper in a jagged edge to give the appearance of having been mutilated in transit! His mind was working like an arm-chair analyst of naval strategy. The instant an obstacle arose he had it solved. From Susan's package he tore off the loosely attached address to himself, remoistened the glue on the wrapper, and pasted on the new address to Ensign Joel Bowman after swiping it a time or two on the dirt floor to destroy its newness. But Susan had been in the habit of placing a loose address card inside the package! The post office people recommended it. He could not take the chance; he must open the package.

Jeff untied and opened the package carefully and then removed and destroyed the inside address slip. He was absorbed in the process of replacing the wrapping paper when he was suddenly startled by the sound of a footstep two points on his starboard quarter.

"Hey, what's coming off here?" came the query of Ensign Bowman.

"Oh, ah," stammered the unfortunate Jeff, "uh, I was just tying it better."

"Give me the package," demanded the ensign.

Seaman Fain handed it over.

"Looks to me as if you were just going

into it. Why, this is my package," came the rapid words of Bowman as Lieutenant Wyatt who was accompanying the ensign on his inspection stepped within earshot.

"What are you doing here alone after the other men have gone? Where are your own packages?" asked the lieutenant.

Jeff suddenly realized that he had done a complete job of burning his bridges behind him, but finally found voice to stammer, "I, I don't believe I got one."

"Well, consider yourself under arrest!" barked the ensign. "Go to your barracks, and prepare to go to the brig until a summary court-martial can be arranged!"

In this outpost of the Pacific the pilfering of packages from home was about the lowest crime on the calendar. A man might take a pair of socks, shorts, or even pants without too serious consequences, perhaps, but not a package from home. Such conduct was not socially approved by the personnel of the United States Navy.

The next morning Jeff felt, and to a remarkable degree looked, like the bottom man on a totem pole. It was some relief, however, to be in the brig. At least he was protected from the glowering eyes of the men. What a bulkhead to be up against! Two sentences from the *Bluejackets' Manual* persisted in arising in Jeff's mind. On several occasions he had quoted them to hot-blooded young seamen who were preparing to go AWOL—and usually with good results:

Few men can survive dishonor. Remember you can never disgrace or dishonor yourself without bringing dishonor on your name, your people, and the uniform you wear.

When Jeff reached the verge of unraveling like the string baseball in the seventh inning, he thought of Bobby and of Ensign Bowman. These thoughts calmed his turbulent emotions and decided him to take it on the chin.

At the present moment the men were too busy opening their packages to give much thought to Jeff's predicament.

The excitement of packages had begun to subside. Lieutenant Wyatt was preparing to write to his wife from whom he had received a package and three letters when in walked Ensign Bowman with a solemn face and a slip of paper which he laid on the lieutenant's table.

"Sir, may I have your permission to take six men dressed in blues to act as an honor guard to escort Seaman Fain to these quarters to receive my public apologies?" asked Bowman in a studied, official tone of voice. Then with a gesture in the direction of the slip of paper he continued, "*That* message was inside the individual wrapper of a small fruit cake in *my* package." Lieutenant Wyatt hesitated a moment to scan the one-sentence message before replying, "Yes, Mister Bowman, you have my permission and I shall stand with you to offer him my apologies too."

A moist film over the eyes of Lieutenant Wyatt almost blurred out the writing on the slip of paper as he read the words a second time:

Jeff Dear, This tiny fruit cake is for the nice young ensign who reminds you so much of our darling Bobby.

Love,

Susan

CIVILIAN

(Continued from page 13)

differently and live. Some *think* too. (And the printer made no typographical error here, either.) So let's seriously consider their behavior, customs and speech.

For example, suppose you find yourself in this typical situation: You are in the midst of a group of civilians. They are talking, as usual. What do you do? Can you talk about withholding taxes, red points, 1A, 4F, deferment, essential industry, bobby socks or Meatless Tuesday? Can you vent your spleen on "that lousy foreman," "the damned curfew," or the cigarette shortage? No! Of course not. What do you know about the civilian equivalent of "snafu"? Nothing. And that's exactly what you do. Don't try to break in by telling them about Bastogne, Leyte or Iwo Jima. "The battle at the office" or "how soandso put one over on that bloody butcher" are more important engagements to them.

To become a good civilian it pays to follow the principles that made you a good soldier. Just keep your eyes open, mouth shut—and don't stick your neck out. Remember, it's the little things in life that count. But, all in all, civilian life is not so bad. When some days are darker than others, cheer up! You might still be in the service!

VACATION AT HOME

Stay home for your holiday this year.

You know the reason. Railroads and bus lines are handling the biggest load in history—three times that of World War I, and with two-thirds the equipment. There are only so many locomotives and freight cars, only so much passenger space. There just isn't enough to go around.

Who's going to get that space?—You, pleasure bound? or the thousands of service men and women traveling of necessity; soldiers and sailors on rotation furloughs; ill or convalescent men going from hospitals to homes? That extra berth, that last seat in the car—you don't actually *have* to have it!

SENAIDE

(Continued from page 28)

day the greatest celebration in the history of the village.

Captain Hennick arrived on November 11th accompanied by Major R. J. Herman, a Seventh Army Provost Marshal officer, Lt. Reginald D. Cassady, also of the Seventh Army, and a color guard consisting of 1st Sgt. Victor King, Staff Sgt. Michael Gormley, and PFC Ralph Stites. The enlisted men were all MP's from Captain Hennick's own unit, the 372d M. P. Company.

André was waiting for them with Monsieur Jules Tonneler, head of the local unit of the Anciens Combattants, and a color guard supplied by the French veterans. André and Captain Hennick led the column first to the village church for a special Armistice Day service, later to lay a wreath on the village monument to the veterans of World War I, and finally to the cemetery to honor their dead comrades.

Then with André doing the honors as toastmaster, the American and French soldiers sat down to a fourteen-course dinner at the home of an elderly French woman with whom Captain Hennick had been billeted during 1918.

Toasts and speeches went on all day and into the late afternoon, but the highlight of the banquest was the plaque which was presented to the Anciens Combattants by Captain Hennick. It had been hand painted for the occasion by one of the American soldiers. The words were simple, but tears came to the eyes of André Kassberg as he translated them for the French veterans. The inscription said, "May the passing of the years never weaken the bonds of firm friendship between the great democracies of France and America."

The soldiers of both countries rose to their feet as a toast was proposed. The Frenchmen said 'Vive l'Amérique.' The Americans said 'Vive la France.'

A RECORD?

Frank A. Johnson Post of The American Legion, Johnson City, New York, had 475 World War Two members out of a Post roster of approximately 1500 at the end of March of this year. According to Frank J. Becker, Vice Chairman of the National World War Two Liaison Committee, they are doing the best job in their State of getting the younger veterans into the Legion. Can any of the other 1,000-m e m b e r-or-over Posts show such a high percentage of WW2 membership?

DOGS AGAINST THE JAP

(*Continued from page 23*)

The dog then is given a service record book and a serial number which is tattooed in his ear. He is shipped off to "boot camp" where he must undergo a rigorous course of at least 14 weeks.

Force is rarely used in training the dog; persuasion is the keynote of the trainers. The dogs are taught to heel on and off the leash, to sit and stay at command, and they are taken to the rifle and artillery ranges for gun-sureness practice. They are also given specialized training to properly qualify them for assigned tasks. If they are destined to be scouts, they become the property of one handler with whom they stay in combat. If they are to be messengers they learn to obey two men, one of whom writes the messages from a forward area, the other to receive the chits from the dog at a rear command post.

The dogs necessarily must be taught to be aloof and suspicious of everybody except their handlers. They learn to refuse even tempting food from strangers; to seek out and "alert" enemy positions and a variety of other combat tricks.

Infractions of discipline, school marks in training and other markings given a man are entered in the dog's record book. He is even eligible to certain honorary non-commissioned grades but thus far no war dog has had enough "time" in the Marine Corps to be promoted beyond corporal.

A "dog's life" in camp parallels that of a human soldier. There have been bullies and camp bad actors among the dogs. These usually get their lumps from the other dogs, sometimes through near-human intelligence as in the case of a pack at Guadalcanal who ganged up on a "tough guy" just a little too nasty to tackle alone. After the pack had given this fellow a working over, he became one of the best dogs in the platoon.

The nature of the war against the Japanese, the type of coral-studded, jungle infested terrain over which it is fought and the battle practices of the Nip make the Pacific war a swell spot for the dogs to prove their worth. The Nips have a distinctive scent which some men even claim they can note but which dogs certainly can. By use of their keen, cold noses they point out an ambush in time to turn it into a death trap for the ambushers.

Individually trained dogs were used at Guadalcanal and war dogs have been used before in this war and in the First World War. But for the Marines the first use of an entire platoon came at Bougainville.

From this campaign the dogs won a reputation which is growing rapidly. There were dog heroes at Bougainville and a certain number of war neuroses cases developing from that and the campaigns in the Marianas and the Palaus. The crack-ups all were female dogs, however, so now the Marines, at least, want only male dogs. They also prefer two particular breeds, the Doberman Pinscher and the German Shepherd, because these dogs seem best suited for the hazardous work for which they are used.

One of the best known dog heroes of Bougainville was Caesar, a German Shepherd. During a 48-hour period this three-year-old dog was the only means of communications between the front and the command post.

He made nine official "runs" between his company and the command post, at least two of them under fire, and was evacuated after he had been wounded twice.

The Government frowns on awarding medals to animals but Caesar's owner has a letter of commendation from the Commandant of the Marine Corps.

Another hero of Bougainville was Andy, a handsome Doberman, who pointed out two Jap machine gun ambushes in time for the Marines to destroy the nests without serious loss to themselves.

In a detailed account of the dogs' activities on Guam, First Lieutenant William T. Taylor, commanding officer of the Third Marine Division's Provisional War Dog Company, noted incident after incident where lives were saved and the campaign probably speeded through the dogs' invaluable aid.

Four dogs were killed in action there, the first to die in combat.

The Division's three detachments of combat dogs were loaded on different ships, where they remained for nearly two months without ill effect. Dogs, incidentally, have proved far less susceptible to sea and air sickness than humans.

When the dogs went into action on H plus 180 hours they met mortar fire and sniper fire on the beaches, but landed without loss. From then until the end of the campaign they were busy day and night and survived their ordeals well except for considerable loss of weight, which also is a combat characteristic among humans.

For the first few days, the fighting was so close and intense, Lieutenant Taylor reported, patrolling was impossible. The dogs, both messenger and scout, were used only for security. At first the dogs were secured to trees ranging from 10 to 20 yards in front of their handlers' foxholes but while the animals did not allow any Nips to infiltrate, the method proved unsatisfactory because the dogs' barking drew retaliatory fire from the Japs.

A method then was devised whereby the dogs were distributed among the different companies in strategic positions on the perimeter. But each man placed his dog on the edge of his foxhole, usually tying the dog's lead to his own belt. The handler had two or three of the company's men in the foxhole with him and these men took turns standing watch, using prearranged signals to awaken each other if the dog alerted. These dogs on security compiled an enviable record. At no time did the Nips, who are masters of such tactics, infiltrate through sectors covered by the war dogs and on numerous occasions the alert from the dog resulted in death for the enemy.

It is estimated these dogs alerted to more than 100 Nip soldiers who were killed in the subsequent action. Everywhere troops offered to share their foxholes with the handlers. Some even offered money to the handlers, Lieutenant Taylor said, if they would remain in the area.

Far from being superhuman, the dogs sometimes make mistakes which cause laughs in the re-telling but drew only snorts of disgust from their handlers at the time. On some occasions, the dogs bilked their handlers by alerting to cattle and pigs and once in awhile in the true spirit of dogdom everywhere forgot their training to chase the beasts.

But despite these infrequent aberrations, the dogs' record was a glowing one. In no case was an American patrol ambushed while using dogs and on Guam while on patrol the dogs alerted to over 30 enemy ambushes, strong points or scattered Nip units.

The dogs have rendered invaluable service on Guam, Saipan, Tinian and Peleliu since organized enemy resistance has ceased. Peculiar to their nature, the Nips even when thoroughly licked will not surrender, preferring to hide out in caves and well-concealed foxholes until they starve, are ferreted out or finally choose hari-kari.

In helping to rout out these isolated enemies, the dogs have been magnificent. A report from Saipan dated as recently as last November 19th said that U. S. Marines in a three-day hunt on the island killed 248 Jap stragglers and captured 47, aided by about 900 war dogs.

Marines train their K-9 Corps at Camp LeJeune in North Carolina, while the Army puts its war dogs through their paces at Fort Belvoir, Virginia. Lessons learned are freely exchanged between the services and among the most recent inventions for the dogs is a special type of gas mask which will protect the animals from chlorine, phosgene and other choking gases.

BACK TO THE WILD BLUE YONDER

(*Continued from page 26*)

I was immediately struck by several unique features of this now-famous group of olive-drab buildings. A superficial glance at these buildings discloses nothing to identify them as hospitals. No warning signs or ambulances, no wheel chairs or bandaged humanity in evidence.

The anomaly persists even inside the structures. There is no "hospital smell," no white-uniformed nurses gliding silently along insulated halls, no internes bustling to and from surgery; in fact, there is no surgery. Nor is there a single hospital bed—or bedpan. Nothing to attest to the miracles being performed there with a science so new it has not yet acquired a name.

Most paradoxical of all, there are no patients in this strangest of wards. At least none in the accepted sense of the word. There you find a bunch of the most rugged and healthful-looking boys and young men you'll ever hope to see—the "patients."

In this particular institution, the Air Forces are not dealing with men who are

"Might I suggest that in this latitude we get the best results with 1-150th exposure at F.22?"

recuperating from wounds, diseases or other physical disabilities. Instead, the highly specialized staff is dealing with something insidious and unseen, something that has been dubbed simply "combat fatigue," which in World War One, as "shell shock," posed a major threat to America's young men.

Combat fatigue is a disease. It can become, unless treated in time, a dangerous and deadly disease, totally wrecking a man's life. Doctors will tell you that it is a condition of taut nerves, of tightly-wound mental springs, of long-restrained emotions, all brought on by the hazardous experiences and abnormal life of battle duty.

These men have comparatively few periods of normal relaxation while in combat zones. Most of them were taken out of simple, humdrum lives, as salesmen, clerks, or what have you, and shoved into a nightmare of wild activity entirely foreign to them. Thus they are easy victims of combat fatigue, which one pilot has described as "a tightness and tenseness you don't realize you've had, until you are over it—plus a tired feeling that can't be overcome by sleep."

The treatment—a technique miraculous but simple—was first developed by the office of the Air Surgeon, and is now being carried out at Santa Ana by Colonel Paul C. Gilliland, Base Surgeon, and Major L. H. Dorcey, commanding officer of the hospital. These men predict that if this new technique can be applied generally to all returning servicemen thus affected, it is hoped there will be little likelihood of combat fatigue becoming a major menace.

When a man arrives at Santa Ana, he is often sore at everything, fed up. He doesn't give a damn. Conditions on the home front irk him. He may have certain fixations, real or imagined.

Quietly the treatment gets under way. The examining physician talks to him—a calm friendly chat which elicits subtly much

of the necessary psychiatric picture. The doctors hold back nothing; they tell him exactly what is wrong, and that the cure is actually up to him, not alone to treatment. He is provided with every want.

He is assigned a personal physician, a man carefully selected for his understanding and warm human qualities. He is more than a doctor. He is a pal and confidant. He may be a major or colonel in rank, but to his boys he is simply "Bill" or "Joe." Rank is not stressed.

This physician lives with the boys, takes part in their sports, goes fishing and hunting with them. Doctors have referred to this supertechnique as the "most unobtrusive practice of medicine ever devised."

The psychological branch is headed by Major Lee E. Travis. A strict watch is kept on each man. Evidences of war are removed as much as possible. There are no military formations.

"Our job," explains Major Dorcey, "is to relieve combat fatigue, to restore the patient to duty first and eventually to a useful civilian life."

To this end, each man is offered the chance to learn something he always wanted to know—trade, profession or art. Often, suppressed desires crop up, sometimes taking unusual forms. A man may express a desire to care for babies, milk cows, knit, or some other equally ludicrous (to the layman) wish. At Santa Ana they are not treated as ludicrous; every man gets his wish.

The conditioning program consists of three points: plenty of good food, plenty of rest and plenty of activity. The academic branch provides any course a man may choose, as does the industrial branch, with full staffs of competent instructors. But no strict hours prevail; a man may study or play at any course he elects and he can change any time he wants to.

Nearly every patient takes one or more courses. Recently the Santa Ana base graduated ninety people in its high school, with full credits.

Many boys choose farming and stock raising, and part of this training includes

"Did Nurse O'Brien return from her leave?"

tours of nearby ranches under the supervision of expert agricultural scientists.

Numerous returning flyers prefer to carry on in aviation, and in co-operation with the Civil Aeronautics Association, Santa Ana provides ground training in the civilian flying field. You probably didn't know it, but a bomber pilot, thoroughly capable of putting a B-17 through its paces, is not legally entitled to fly a commercial ship without special training. So he is given a CAA course. Thus far, twenty-six pilots have graduated in "cub" flying.

During his convalescence, the combat fatigue patient is issued numerous three-day passes to visit his home and friends.

Many boys, remembering their initial hectic twenty-one days with folks, sweetheart or wife, request another furlough—to patch things up.

Training a pilot or bombardier costs the Government about $35,000. Naturally, Uncle Sam is primarily concerned with salvaging him for further duty. Failing that, he is interested in returning him to normal civil life, preferably better prepared physically and mentally than he was before entering the service. Men who take the combat fatigue treatment at Santa Ana—and some 1200 have (treatment requires on the average 45 days)—are better prepared for peacetime tasks because they have gone through the stuff that makes for a deeper sense of responsibility.

When the board, which includes members of the medical, psychological and physical education branches, decides that a man has completely recovered it recommends that he be returned to duty. Major Dorcey personally interviews him.

"I ask him if he is ready to return to duty," the major explained. "If he should say 'no,' then he doesn't have to go; but we have not had a single one say that.

"So far, we have been able to return to duty almost all men going through here."

God grant that they come winging back home soon!

THE AMERICAN LEGION NATL. HDQTS.
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA
FINANCIAL STATEMENT, FEBRUARY 28, 1945

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit		$1,187,253.09
Accounts receivable		174,586.09
Inventories		131,841.55
Invested funds		3,216,156.78
Permanent investment:		
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund		247,819.85
Employees' Retirement Trust Fund		309,538.59
Office Building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation		124,517.69
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation		58,009.73
Deferred charges		53,009.46
		$5,502,732.83

Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current liabilities		$ 110,805.84
Funds restricted as to use		65,297.59
Deferred revenue		828,515.55
Permanent Trusts:		
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	$ 247,819.85	
Employees' Retirement Trust Fund	309,538.59	557,358.44
Net Worth:		
Restricted Capital	$3,176,844.75	
Unrestricted Capital	763,910.66	3,940,755.41
		$5,502,732.83

DONALD G. GLASCOFF, *National Adjutant*

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If your address has been changed since paying your 1945 dues, notice of such change should be sent at once to the Circulation Department. The American Legion Magazine, P. O. Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana. Also tell your Post Adjutant what you are doing.

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Action at Zamboanga

By Boyd B. Stutler
American Legion War Correspondent

The fabulous town on Mindanao fell to Yank forces, but the Japs had almost destroyed it

Aboard a U.S. Cruiser, Philippine Waters

AWAY BACK in the dim red dawn of my early youth, which would be soon after the turn of the century, young men who had served in the Philippine war came trickling back into our community in the West Virginia hills. They came back mouthing strange words with a singularly foreign sound and singing strange, but very catchy songs.

One of the songs that made a deep impression on my young mind had to do with the monkeys of Zamboanga. "The monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga," sang the young veterans.

I am just returning from Zamboanga where I spent a week watching Maj. Gen. Jens A. Doe's Oregon and Montana 41st Division do a very thorough job on the forces of the Japanese Imperial Army left to hold the area. But after trekking through miles and miles of jungle, cogon grass and rice paddies on this scientific research expedition I can not yet give positive proof to a waiting world whether the monkeys are equipped with tails. I did not even see a moth-eaten pet monkey. However, I am assured by competent authority, none other than Lieut. Gen. Robert L. Eichelberger, commanding the 8th Army, that the Zamboanga monkeys have been grossly libeled, and that they do have tails.

In the early dawn of March 10 the 200-ship convoy of transports, freighters, smaller vessels and escort drew up behind the screen of warships that had been pounding the Zamboanga coast for two days. The preparatory bombardment was intense, blasting a way for the foot soldiers to make a quick and successful landing. Beachhead landings were old stuff to the naval group and the men of the 41st Division and they went about their work expertly, efficiently and without fuss and feathers.

I stood on the ship's bridge with the high command and watched the hail of fire and shell thrown on the beach and on the installations back toward the line of hills.

The 41st, rated as one of the best combat outfits in the Pacific area, has been singularly unsung—probably for security reasons—during most of their fighting. To Legionnaires it has an especial interest—it was commanded by Maj. Gen. George A. White, Portland, Ore., at the time of his death. The general was one of the original members of the committee formed in Paris to organize the Legion, and was the first editor of *The American Legion Weekly*.

While the warships kept up a constant bombardment and the air force made a spectacular strike on shore installations, the assaulting force scrambled down the landing nets to fill the small boats. Precisely at 10 A. M. they struck the beach, facing a light opposition of mortar and small field gun fire. The shore defenses had been knocked to smithereens and there were but few lurking Nips to snipe at the charging, battle-hardened lads from the Northwest.

At eight o'clock I boarded a free boat set aside for the use of Comdr. Endre K. Brunner, USNR, the Task Force Surgeon, and hit the beach directly after the first wave had landed. Commander Brunner, who teaches gynecology in New York University when not at war, spearheaded the medical and surgical forces—it was his job to set up adequate stations to care for casualties on shore. Fortunately they were but few on Jig-Day in this operation.

PUSHING AHEAD to Wolfe Airstrip, directly in front of the beachhead, the opposition became heavier when the Japs sprayed the whole area with mortars from their pieces in concealed emplacements high in the hills in the immediate rear. General Doe going up with his infantry, was looking for a likely place to establish his command post. Members of the staff trailed along, but all were forced to hit the dirt and hit it quickly when the Nips began to lay down their pattern of fire.

On my right Oklahoma's Lt. Col. John L. Smith, Marine Air Force ace with 19 Jap planes to his credit, hugged the ground as closely as any other, proving that a Congressional Medal of Honor Man does not spurn to hit the dirt when shells begin to fall—and he did it as neatly and expertly as could any infantry buck private.

"I'd like to be up above just now," he commented. He was attached to Gen. Doe's staff as an observer and to take over and prepare the two Zamboanga airstrips for immediate use.

Zamboanga town, home of General Leonard Wood Post, The American Legion, was occupied on the second day, but there was nothing left of the town of 15,000 population but broken ruins. Blackened walls stood in the business district, the Plaza Pershing is a pile of rubble, and of the few houses left standing not one escaped serious damage. What the Japs had left after the shelling in 1942, the naval bombardment and the retreating Nips had completely finished.

The broken and ruined town was completely deserted—it was a city of the dead. After hours of poking about in the ruins the only bit of native life I saw was an old red hen that flew out of a second-story window of one of the least damaged houses.

Intensely loyal to the American cause, the Zamboanga Legionnaires wired the Manila headquarters for arms and ammunition after the Japs had made their landing on Luzon. But there was none to send them.

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