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Niblets Brand Mexicorn



If you're looking for a canful of color—and flavor—in food—Viva Niblets Brand Mexicorn. It's as cheerful looking as a Mexican painting and as honest-eating as American fried potatoes.

It's that famous farm-fresh Niblets Brand whole kernel corn with sweet red and green peppers added.

We grow the corn, from our exclusive D-138 seed, and pick it at the *fleeting moment of perfect flavor*. We grow the peppers and pick them at the *fleeting moment of perfect color*.

Then we blend the corn and peppers and seal the cans under vacuum—all ready to brighten your meals.

Packed only by Minnesota Valley Canning Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota, and Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ont. Also packers of the following brands: Green Giant Peas, Niblets Whole Kernel Corn, Del Maiz Cream Style Corn and Niblets Asparagus.

"NIBLETS BRAND MEXICORN" REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©MVCOC.

THE MAN WHO ASTONISHED HATTIESBURG

(Continued from Page 37)

are legendary among the Nisei. They are generally held in a large hotel ballroom. Since many of the Nisei are Hawaiian Islanders, familiarly known as "buddheads," there is always a good Hawaiian orchestra on hand to play "bla-la" music, as well as an exotic hula-hula dancer. Watermelon is always on hand. His Nisei friends never can get enough watermelon. Once, when Finch was throwing a big party at his farm near Hattiesburg, he couldn't secure watermelons in the neighborhood, as the local crop wasn't ripe enough yet; so he sent a truck to Florida for watermelons.

During his peregrinations around the country—and Finch travels six or seven months out of the year—he always carries a gallon of soy sauce in the luggage space of his car. The Japanese-Americans like everything—whether it's chicken or fish or pork or beef—broiled in soy sauce, and if

Finch is giving a dinner at some hotel he wants to make certain the food tastes right. Last spring he gave a sashimi dinner for fifty Nisei at the Albert Pike Hotel in Little Rock, Arkansas. The main course of a dinner is a large fish, served raw.

In the afternoon, Finch stepped into the kitchen for a conference with the chef. He said he required a very fish. The chef made several suggestions, and Finch finally settled thirty-pound tuna.

"How do you want this fish asked the chef.

"I don't want it cooked any. Serve it raw!"

That night, when the guests for their sashimi dinner, every chef, cook and bus boy in Rock was on hand, peering into the dining room credulous eyes, watching the gobbling down chunks of raw

A small-town boy, born in Mississippi, twenty-nine years Earl M.—for Melvin—Finch traveled more than 100 miles until he became involved in the Nisei problem

(Continued on Page 96)



The Stubborn Songster

A POST WAR ANECDOTE

COMMANDER HOTFOOT— or so we'll call him—is in charge of "Jackpot," the radio call for a naval-air-control center along the United States coast. Among the tricks the center can perform is to supply any flier out over the ocean with an exact steer to any point on the coast.

There is a strict procedure for obtaining a steer. Before the controllers can tell the pilot where to go, they have to know where he is, and in order for them to determine his position, or fix, he must talk for a few seconds into his radio-telephone. Usually he is asked to give a "long count." But sometimes, especially during the monotonous hours after midnight, procedure is dismissed, and the controllers at Jackpot often answer the request for a steer with "Sing for your fix." This brings forth impromptu renditions of Three Blind Mice, Sweet Sue, or something more unusual, depending on the wit and quick thinking of the pilot.

One night, when the frequency was superbly quiet, a clear voice called, "Hello, Crackpot! This is Rocket six-two. Guess where I am."

The controller failed to notice Commander Hotfoot, who was

paying an unexpected visit, and answered routinely, "Hello, Rocket six-two. This is Jackpot. Sing for your fix."

From far out over the whitecaps came the familiar ditty:

"Super Suds! Super Suds!
Lots of suds from Super Suds,
Lah-de-o, lah-de-o!
Richer, longer lasting, too;
They're the suds with
super-do —"

Commander Hotfoot picked up the microphone and spoke sternly. "Rocket six-two, are you singing?"

"Roger dodger! Lah-de-o, lah-de-oooo!"

"Rocket six-two, counting will be sufficient."

"Roger dodger."

Commander Hotfoot was annoyed. "Rocket six-two, 'Roger' will also be sufficient!"

"Roger dodger!"

Commander Hotfoot drew himself up and yelled into the microphone, "Rocket six-two, this is Commander Hotfoot speaking! I said 'Roger' would be sufficient!"

"Roger dodger, you old codger!" boomed the gay voice. "I'm a commander too!"

—LT. (jg) GLENN M. WHITE.

FORT ORD
PANORAMA



"God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen"

Christmas 1944

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"

Kipling Didn't Know American Soldiers



FORT ORD PANORAMA

APN 9-45-M

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PANORAMA: 1. A series of large pictures representing a continuous scene, or a series of scenes, arranged to unroll and pass before the spectator. 2. A complete view in every direction, hence a comprehensive presentation of a subject. 3. A constantly passing scene. —Webster's Dictionary.

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FOREIGN LETTER

By Capt. Merrill Panitt

PARIS (Special to Ft. Ord Panorama)—Once upon a time, in an institution for the criminally insane, two of the inmates broke out of their solitary confinement cells. One was a man, the other a woman.

Together they took care of 17 guards, some 30 of their fellow inmates, and a citizen named Homer Flump who just happened to be around.

Finally the local police, aided by a few combat teams from a Corps stationed nearby, subdued the two. Psychiatrists re-examined their records and found that this man and woman had been in love at one time. And, in fact, they had been married. And not only that, they had a son!

Hurriedly the son, then a mere stripling of ten summers, was located and placed under surveillance. The psychiatrists' fears were confirmed. The little fellow was mean. He didn't like people. In fact he hated mankind. Some kids want to be a soldier. (Perfectly normal ones, so help me.) Some want to be a fireman. Others want to be a railroad engineer. This charming tyke just wanted to kill people.

So every precaution was taken to see that he didn't get loose. Efforts were made to educate him but not only did they fail, the number of teachers in the locality dropped tremendously.

When this likeable young chap was 23-years-old he escaped. A search ensued. He was never found. In fact nothing more was heard of him after what became of his ambition to wipe out mankind. Until I arrived in Paris. I know exactly what that guy did. He taught the French how to drive automobiles.

The best way to tell how they manage their cars would be to suggest a new design for all French autos.

The ideal car for a driver here would have no windows in it—just a windshield. French drivers don't need side windows. They never look out of them to see what's coming anyway.

There should be no brakes in this car. A Frenchman never uses his brakes—he trusts yours too much. It's nice for him to have such faith in his American allies, but it's damned disconcerting.

There should be a governor on this car, but not the usual kind. The miles an hour in heavy traffic. Every so often, you see, one of them forgets and slows down to 59. Then, to make up for this unbecoming conduct, he clamps the accelerator to the floor and hits 80. This causes some confusion—especially when you're in front of him. So the governor would keep him at the normal French heavy traffic speed of 60.

The bumpers on this car should be of 12-foot thick sponge rubber and should cover it completely. This would result in the saving of many lives.

Leave us also attach a turntable and loud speaker to each car and have a record of the noise in a boiler factory playing at all times. This would save them the trouble of getting motors that sound like boiler factories anyway.

I've seen men back from the front, men who have won medals for bravery under the worst possible kind of fire go completely to pieces trying to cross the Champs Elysees at noon.

I've seen Sherman tanks run like scared rabbits before an onslaught of two undernourished Austins.

And I've seen French traffic gendarmes stand right in the middle of the road, their only protection a little white stick with which they try to make some order out of the chaos. Those gendarmes are the bravest, the most foolhardy, the most frustrated men in the world.

Adjectives to describe the French drivers, however, are not printable in this, or any other publication.

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Capt. Panitt

Around the Towns

New York (CNS)—Mary Wilson, 19, was arrested for violation of an ordinance prohibiting smoking in stores. But that's not the story. She was smoking a huge Turkish wine cooler pipe. "It was just a gag," she explained to the judge.

Philadelphia (CNS)—Thieves broke into a grocery store, stole 5 cartons of cigarettes, a 23-pound turkey, a 5-pound ham and 60 pounds of butter. They didn't bother with the contents of the cash register.

San Francisco (CNS)—Arrested on a charge of running a bookie establishment in her home, a local lady had but one request to make of the judge. "Please don't take my phone away," she pleaded.

St. Petersburg, Fla (CNS)—Three days after someone had swiped Charley Granderson's extra suit, Granderson moved to a new apartment. Hanging in the closet he found his suit, left there by the vacating tenant.

St. Louis (CNS)—Seeking a divorce, a local man testified that his wife left home eight years ago to take his pants to the cleaners. He hasn't seen wife or pants since.

Topeka, Kan. (CNS)—Judge Walter Huxman is an enthusiastic hunter. Recently he broke his leg. But as soon as the hunting season opened, he hobbled into the woods armed with a shotgun and a cane, returning at nightfall with six birds.

Tulsa, Okla. (CNS)—Red hot jive warmed up to such a pitch in a local juke joint that the Fire Department was called. The juke box had burst into flames, cracking all the platters.

Balboa, Cal. (CNS)—John Vogel charges no rent to guests in his hotel. A sign hanging in the lobby reads: "If your room was worth anything, donate said sum to the USO."

Buffalo, N.Y. (CNS)—George Hazzard, 92-year-old inmate of an old-folks' home, walked 18 miles to visit his "girl friend," a 70-year-old Buffalo waitress, and discovered here that she had ditched him. "I'm off women for life," he said sadly, "I'm getting too old."

Brooklyn (CNS)—When Mrs. Gladys Doherty returned to her home here from a weekend in Philadelphia, she found to her dismay that the house was missing. The building had been condemned and razed during her absence.

Chester, Va. (CNS)—A. C. Oates, a farmer, stood by astounded and watched a 180-pound deer charge and kill a 1000-pound horse which was grazing on his farm. "I never saw anything like it," said Oates.

Chicago (CNS)—When a burglar entered George Haering's drug store, 82-year-old Haering flattened him with a bottle. Then he tied the intruder, called the police. "I guess I'm just too old to be afraid of anyone anymore," he said.

Los Angeles (CNS)—Because all his passengers were crowded to the front of the street car, the motorist yelled "All right, folks, there's a cigaret machine in the rear." Three persons got smashed toes in the stamped to the rear.

WE SEE BY THE PAPERS

A NEW WATCHTOWER

While specific information is still being withheld on this country's new and powerful military installations at Guam, the vital work under way there to indicate that the island is rapidly being transformed into a giant fortress, designed to stand guard over the far reaches of the Western Pacific.

Guam already has been made so formidable that the Japanese could never hope to retake it during this war, according to its commandant, Major General Henry L. Larsen, despite the fact that our troops are still mopping up isolated remnants of the beaten Jap garrison. To the limit of its capacity, Guam declares the Marine general, and will not only serve as a strong defensive outpost, but will have great offensive power as well.

Tens of thousands of American parents, whose sons are locked in death battle with the Japs throughout the Pacific area today, may well wonder if their boys would not have been spared this grim ordeal if the United States had fortified Guam and other strategic outposts before the war, instead of waiting for disaster to prove the necessity. And while it may serve little purpose now to dream of "what might have been," certainly we should all highly resolve that the United States will properly maintain its island outposts in the future—to safeguard not only our land, but the youth of our Nation—California Legionnaire.

Distances in the Pacific war are almost fantastic. A bomb made in California must travel, via Guam, almost 6400 miles, before landing in Tokyo. The last lap, from Guam to Tokyo, is farther than from New York City to Omaha.

The Allies have seized a Pacific battlefield that is 6000 miles long: Across the Pacific from San Francisco to Manila is farther than from Denver, Colo., to London.

Attacking the Japanese islands from Saipan, Tinian, Guam, Leyte, Utithi and Palau, which face Japan across the Philippine Sea, involves jumps, the shortest of which is 1300 miles.

Our forces occupy a position like that of a foe mounting an offensive against New England from bases in Cuba and Puerto Rico.

Yet in the face of such natural defense lines armchair generals on the home-front still continue to make their stupid predictions on the length of the war.—Army Times.

WE'LL TAKE ONE

Things have come to a pretty pass with this cigarette shortage when publicly, this week, before a busload of onlookers, a husky, well-built sergeant whipped out a cigarette of the red-tipped variety made to conceal telltale lipstick, and smoked it with genuine zest.—Camp Roberts Dispatch.

By radio from Tokyo: "People of Japan. The reason you do not see all of our fleet is that we have converted most of the ships into submarines."

America is the only place where every man is allowed to have his own opinion and every other man is allowed to try his best to change it for him.

'This is The Army' Earns \$7,000,000

Washington (CNS)—Gen. George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, U.S. Army, was presented with the 7,000,000th dollar bill raised through showing of the film "This Is The Army," by Harry M. Warner, president of Warner Brothers Pictures. Paid admissions total nearly 65,000,000.

Paris Passes Passed Out

Germany (CNS)—Doughboys on the western front—a few of them—are being picked from each company for 48-hour passes in Paris. Over a period of time, Army commanders hope every man will get a chance at the passes.

COMBAT SCENE

France (CNS)—A major and a captain stood on the battlefield with their backs to the enemy, talking about something. T/Sgt. Horace H. Drew, Millins, S.C., saw a German drawing a bead on them. Drew killed the German. The officers went on talking.

New Discharge Emblem

Washington (CNS)—The Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard have authorized a new honorable discharge emblem which may be sewed on a serviceman's uniform as long as he is allowed to wear it. The new emblem is of the same design as the honorable discharge button.

MERRY CHRISTMAS



VOLUME V

FORT ORD, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1944

NUMBER 15

Monterey Cabs Adjust Rates; Return to Post

Taxicab companies affiliated with the Monterey Peninsula Taxicab Association have readjusted their rates for transporting persons to and from Fort Ord, and the restriction against the cabs entering the reservation has been lifted, effective last Saturday evening, it was announced here this week.

Lt. Col. William D. Mann, Post Staff Judge Advocate, made the announcement, after a series of conferences with the taxi association officials and civic leaders of Monterey. The order banning the cabs from the post was issued early in October, following claims by Post Headquarters officers that the rates being charged for transportation from Monterey to the various sections of Fort Ord were out of line. At that time, servicemen were being charged \$3.00 for the use of a cab from the bus station in Monterey

HERE ARE THE NEW RATES

Monterey to Ft. Ord (MG).....	\$2.00
Monterey to Ft. Ord (EG).....	1.50
Monterey to Ord Village.....	1.00

Above rates are from bus terminal in Monterey to Main Garrison, to East Garrison gate, or to Ord Village gate.

to the bus terminal here. The lift of the ban was made after the taxicab association had agreed to lower its rate to \$2.00 for the same trip, \$1.50 for transportation from the Monterey bus station to Ord Village, and \$3.00 to East Garrison.

It was also explained that the above rate applies at all times, except that in cabs designed and built to carry more than five passengers, and extra pro rata charge can be made for those extra persons carried. It was pointed out, however, that this does not mean that seven or eight persons can be crowded into a regular five-passenger sedan, and an extra charge can be made for two or three persons. Henceforth, a placard or poster will be displayed in all taxicabs, showing the exact rates for all points in this vicinity. An extra charge of 25 cents can be made, however, for each stop off the prescribed route.

Lt. Col. Mann pointed out that the new rates are "in line" with those charged at similar military installations throughout the country. At the present rates, the cost per mile averages approximately 27.7 cents per mile to Main Garrison, and 25.2 cents per mile to East Garrison. These rates, Col. Mann stated, are on an average with rates charged at most other camps and stations.

In making the announcement, Col. Mann emphasized the fact that any person who is charged more than the amount listed should report the alleged violation to Post Headquarters or to the Post Staff Judge Advocate's Office.

NO BUTTS ABOUT IT

That the cigaret shortage is felt even in Army camps was evidenced recently by a rumor that hereafter only non-coms of the first three grades here at Ft. Ord would be detailed to police up for cigaret butts around Post Headquarters. The shortage was further made evident this week when a sign was discovered in the Officers lounge of their club which read:

"Please do not toss cigaret butts in the latrine as they are difficult to light when wet."

Col. Oliver Named Temporary Post CO

Colonel Millard F. W. Oliver, Finance Department, has been designated Commanding Officer of Fort Ord, during the temporary absence of Col. Dallas R. Alfante, it was announced at Post Headquarters this week.

Colonel Alfante is on official leave and will be away from the post until "after the first of the year," according to Headquarters officers.

AGF Soldiers to Be Paid Early For New Year's

Let there be singing and dancing in the streets. Despite the fact that payday falls on a Sunday, men stationed in AGF Replacement Depot No. 2 are going to have lettuce in their jeans New Year's Eve.

Maj. Buster Cornett, depot finance officer, announced last week that his department would reverse usual procedures and pay on a Sunday so that this can come about.

Turning over the calendar at the beginning of December, the finance staff started to worry. Army Regulations forbid them to pay soldiers before the end of the month and finance department custom has always been to pay on Monday when the last day of the month falls on a Sunday.

On this occasion this practice would work a hardship. Probably no group would be unhappier than a flock of soldiers without dough on New Year's Eve which will be Sunday evening.

The finance department compromised: it decided to work on a day off and get the job done so that records would be complete early for 1944 and so that 1945 could be properly started.

The major said that at least 80 per cent of all men in the depot would be paid by noon.

USOs Plan Full Christmas Calendar for Ord Soldiers

A jam-packed schedule of Christmas activities is being planned by the four USO clubs in this immediate area for tonight, Saturday, Sunday and Christmas Day, Monday, and for the Fort Ord soldier who plans to spend a part of the holiday weekend in the nearby communities of Monterey, Carmel and Salinas, there will be a hearty yuletide welcome awaiting him wherever he visits.

Dances, carol singing, tree decorating parties, buffet suppers, gifts—the list could go on and on—are being planned, which should make for about as complete a Christmas as is possible to provide servicemen and women.

Elsewhere in this issue is a complete calendar of USO holiday events; some of the highlights of festivities, however, will be the Salinas Community Ball to be held in the Salinas Armory, Monday night from 9 'til midnight; the Music Hall program on Sunday, December 24, in the Webster Street Monterey USO, beginning at 7:30 p.m.; presentation of the oldtime melodrama, "The Bartender's Daughter," tomorrow night, Saturday, at 8:30 p.m., in the Carmel USO; and the buffet supper and party at the Del Monte USO, beginning at 3:30 p.m., Monday.

LEAVES



Colonel Edward C. Snow, above, Executive Officer of First Headquarters, Special Troops, AGF, and former Commanding Officer of that organization, has left Fort Ord for an overseas assignment.

Col. Snow was called to active duty as a Lt. Col. with the Oregon National Guard, 162d Infantry Regiment in 1940 as Commanding Officer of the 2d Battalion. During the latter part of 1943, he established 7th Headquarters, Special Troops at Camp Adair, Oregon, and soon afterward was promoted to the rank of full Colonel. Col. Snow was Commander of 7th Headquarters, Special Troops until its inactivation in the spring of 1944. In April of this year, the Colonel assumed command of 1st Headquarters, Special Troops, III Corps, at Ord. He held this position until Brigadier General David P. Hardy took Command of First Headquarters the latter part of July.

Col. Snow took a very active part in Post activities, served on the Officers' Club Board and made many valuable suggestions that have been carried out. The efficiency and friendly personality of Col. Snow will be greatly missed by all those with whom he came in contact. Our best wishes go with him on his future assignment.

Other entertainment features include the turkey supper and show, starting at 6:30 p.m., Monday, at the Carmel USO—the Salinas USO party Sunday evening, featuring the "Hollywood GI Girls" as guests—a dance on Monday night at the Monterey USO — Del Monte's USO Christmas tree decorating party tonight, Friday.

So that's how it goes for you guys who visit Monterey, Carmel and Salinas during this holiday weekend. It will be a "Merry Christmas" for you if the citizens of these communities have anything to say and do about it.

Play Progresses In Pacific Grove Service Golf Meet

The All Service Men's Golf Tournament is now underway at the Pacific Grove links, and already the first round has been completed, with indications that the second round will be finished by Sunday.

First round competition was finished last Sunday, and this week has been devoted to second round competition. The finals will be played either Christmas day or the weekend following, it was indicated by Fred X. Fry, PG Pro.

Fort Ord Is Ready for Gala Christmas Events

Midnight Mass, Religious Services Will Highlight Program; "GI Kiddies" to Share in Celebration Here

Christmas—an American Christmas—will be celebrated at Fort Ord on Sunday and Monday, and from all indications it should be the kind of holiday that GI's will want to remember . . . a Christmas observed in the spirit of an America at war.

Foremost in the schedule of events will be the observation of religious services on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. On Sunday night, Christmas Eve, the Sports Arena will be the scene of the celebration of midnight mass, conducted by Father Joseph

◊ E. Toomy, and assisted by Father Bart Murtough. Through the morning hours on Monday, Christmas Day, special services will be held in all chapels throughout Fort Ord. At the Fourth Regiment Chapel, outdoor services will be held about scenes of the Nativity, with the singing of Christmas Carols forming an important part of the program.

Elsewhere on the Post, there will be added celebration. Messhalls, gaily decorated for the occasion, will offer a wide variety of Christmas delicacies. There will be roast turkey—to be sure—with "side orders" of everything appropriate for "good eating." Just for good measure, there'll be musical entertainment in many of the messhalls to add to the general enjoyment.

But—don't hurry—that's not all. Fort Ord's Service Clubs are ready also for the occasion. Those brightly-decorated places will be ready in waiting to spread Yuletide greetings by way of Christmas music and special programs. And in the cities of Monterey, Salinas and Carmel, there will be other and ample opportunities to celebrate the holidays.

"GI kiddies" aren't going to be forgotten, either. In the AGF Replacement Depot, each of the four Regiments is planning big parties for children. Santa Claus will be an important guest at these affairs, and there'll be toys, cakes and candy galore for the youngsters.

It may be a Christmas away from home—and, for many Fort Ord GI's, the first Christmas away from home in uniform—but it will be a holiday, celebrated in the best American tradition.

Regional Hospital Patients to Have Yuletide Parties

The American Red Cross and officials of Fort Ord's Regional Hospital are completing plans for Christmas celebrations throughout the hospital on Sunday and Monday, and according to arrangements announced yesterday, hospitalized soldiers will be feted and entertained in a big way.

On Sunday afternoon, the Red Cross Recreation Hall will offer a lively holiday variety bill, featuring the "Jockey Club" show from San Francisco. As a part of the entertainment, 18 Spars will be guests on the program. Topping off Christmas Eve festivities, a gala party will be held in the Rec Hall.

Throughout the hospital wards, each patient will have a small individual tree, and favors and gifts will be presented. For music, the Carmel Choir will offer Christmas Carols during Christmas Day.

New York (CNS)—Willie Sheppard, 7, and his three-year-old brother Ronald killed a bottle of wine between them, then passed out cold behind a stove. At a local hospital they were treated for alcohol poisoning, sent home to bed and a milk toast diet.

COVER

This Christmas, the fourth of World War II, the Panorama has chosen for its cover a subject which, however sobering at Yuletide, cannot help but carry a message . . . a message to remind us that there will never be another really "merry" Christmas until the freedom for which brave men die is won.

The Christmas we at home enjoy today belongs not to us, but to them. They won this Christmas for us . . . at Guadalcanal, at Attu, at Buna and Tarawa and a hundred other places in the Pacific; in Italy, at Salerno and in Sicily and Anzio . . . and more lately in Normandy and Germany and the Philippines. When these men fell, they weren't especially thinking of their great gift for seldom except in movies do soldiers die with any great thought of noble sacrifice for others. Mostly, they die in terrible loneliness, suddenly and with little time to think much about anything, except maybe to wonder if any great number of us at home give a damn.

We who have not yet felt the awful physical touch of war must not fail to recognize the selfless valour of those who cannot ever again enjoy the Christmases they have given us.

Yes, this Christmas, and all other Christmases to follow, belong to the brave men who lie quiet on some foreign soil. The crosses which mark their resting place must be burned into our hearts, so that we will not forget, ever, their contribution to the cause of freedom and its ultimate state of peace on earth, good will toward men.

"God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen, Let Nothing You Dismay," Cover design by T/Sgt. Raymond Bates and Cpl. Howard Neslen. Idea submitted by Lt. Guido Deangelis.

Bulldogs Beat Maple Polishers

The Bulldogs became the undisputed leaders in Fort Ord's red hot basketball race this week by downing the Maple Polishers in a 33 to 30 thriller, last Friday night.

Previously, the two fives were tied for the league lead, neither team having lost a game. The win for the fast-breaking Bulldogs gave the team a clear lead, and dropped the Maple Polishers to second spot.

As has been the case all season, it was those same two point-makers, Noren and Sowjewa, who stole the show and walked off with the game for the Bulldogs. Noren dropped in 13 points to lead all scorers for the night. The losers, led by James and Payne, kept within range of the Bulldogs until the final moments of the game.

These Men Had Combat for Christmas, 1943



These five men of the AGF Replacement Depot No. 2 were swapping stories of last Christmas in the front lines when Panorama staff photographer Pfc. Hurl Swartz took the above photograph one day this week in the Fort Ord Soldiers' Club. From left to right: T/Sgt. Ora Sitter, S/Sgt. Robert L. Gilliland, Cpl. Richard L. Dual, Cpl. Lloyd Ennis, and Sgt. Raymond Deeds.

All of them but Ennis were on the Italian front near Cassino, and their common recollection of Christmas 1943 is one of mud, German artillery fire, and C-rations. Corporal Ennis tells his own story about spending a very busy Christmas last year on a New Britain beach.

By T/4 WIN BEST
And T/5 BUD SPRUNGER
AGF Correspondents

For five soldiers of the AGF Replacement Depot No. 2, this Christmas will be in marked contrast to the last one. Christmas, 1943, found all of them in action against the enemy, four of them outside muddy Cassino in Italy and the other storming ashore on New Britain.

Outside Cassino it was raining, there was no transport, foxholes were full of water, Germans shelled Yank positions intermittently, most of the men were suffering from trench foot and the only spirits available was some beer donated by the British Eighth Army.



T/Sgt. Sitter

T/Sgt. Ora Sitter, now of Company M, 2nd Regt., was within rifle range of German lines, but on the rear slope of a hill. Because foxholes were flooded, he and his buddies squatted on the ground except when they heard a shell approach. As soon as the swoosh came close, they dived for cover.

That day in addition to their C-rations, each man got two doughnuts from the Red Cross. Canned turkey didn't reach the front lines until December 28. For drink the men had coffee, bouillon or lemonade—and they hated the lemonade. None of the men in Sitter's outfit had overcoats.

Except for remarking that this was a lousy way to spend the holiday, nobody paid much attention. It was the same kind of day as the one before and the one after. They were no more homesick than any other

day. They had reached the peak of homesickness long ago.

Late that night the sergeant took a pack load of C-rations to an even more forward position. Sort of a tin-cat Santa—he says.

S/Sgt. Robert L. Gilliland, now of Company C, 2nd Regt., was with a Field Artillery unit also on the Cassino front. He had opened his Christmas packages three months previously, but was still able to celebrate slightly. Overshoes for his organization arrived Christmas day from the rear lines.

The sergeant had another reason for celebration. Members of an English organization stationed with his unit had English beer and they passed it around. Each man got a quart and that was a pretty good deal—a welcome change from GI lemonade.

During the day the sergeant and other Redlegs maintained intermittent fire on enemy positions and munched C-rations—hash, it was. Mainly, the men groused about the cold and wet and their lack of overcoats.

Sergeant Gilliland's foxhole was a little drier than Sergeant Sitter's, according to comparisons made by the two soldiers before the glowing fireplace in the Soldiers' Club bar. Sitter had matted the bottom of his foxhole with straw and the water level was lower. It was cold and wet enough, though, so nobody got any sleep.

Cpl. Richard L. Dual, Company C, 2nd Regiment, was with an infantry outfit in the same sector. He also spent the day in the fashionable

place—a foxhole. Most of the time he kept his head down despite the cold and high water level because German shells were coming over constantly.

For dinner he had a 10-in-one ration—canned goods with Spam for the meat course. He got a few packages from home that day and thought some about his family in the States and other Christmases with them. He had been in action 140 days by then and was just about as calloused to combat as he was going to get. His outfit had started out at Africa, then on to Sicily and Italy.

Sgt. Ray Deeds, Company K, 2nd Regiment, was another infantry soldier who spent last Christmas on the Cassino front. Though Deeds is a native of Havre, Montana, where the temperature gets so low in the winter that it is seldom seen in the better places, he recalls no state weather as miserable as winter in Italy. His Christmas spirits last year were further dampened by Nazi artillery fire and aerial reconnaissance.

His C-ration dinner, however, was warmly augmented by some old Italian wine and some equally old Italian cheese. Furthermore, he even had dessert



Cpl. Dual



Sgt. Deeds

—a slice of genuine white bread. Sergeant Deeds' Christmas packages were slightly late in arriving—some of them trickling in as late as May. His best Christmas present was just four days late—on 29 December his outfit was pulled off the front line.

For Cpl. Lloyd Ennis, Company D, Casual Battalion, Christmas 1943 was hell-on-earth. At 0600 Christmas morning, Corporal Ennis was one of a swarm of Yanks that stormed through the Pacific surf to effect the first Allied beachhead on New Britain.

After a nine-hour ride in L.C.-Ps across open water from Finschhafen, New Guinea Ennis' force was met on the beach by intense fire from Jap machine guns, mortars, howitzers, and aircraft.

At nightfall a slender strip of New Britain beach two miles long and 1,000 yards wide was held by the Americans. Darkness did not halt the battle. Without sleep, rifleman Ennis and his unit fought on through the next day. After more than 36 hours of the grimmest kind of fighting this war has to offer, Jap counterjabs began to weaken and Ennis dared think that the beachhead was secure. He was still alive, and for that he was more grateful than any Christmas gift had ever made him back in his native Chicago.

Only other veterans of first-wave seaborne assaults can truly imagine what rifleman Ennis felt that Christmas morning, and during the long thoughtful ride across starlit waters on Christmas Eve. In his



Cpl. Ennis

Higgins-boat, Ennis relates, the men did not talk much aside from such sarcasms as "This is a helluva way to spend Christmas." They felt pretty good, though, Ennis continues—naturally nervous but confident of success. Its being Christmas helped that. There was some quiet laughter in the boat, and consideration of what they would like to find in their stockings that morning instead of wet feet. The majority voted that the best of all possible Christmas presents would be "a nice, willowy blonde—sensitive, but not too smart."

For Ennis there was no turkey dinner—only C-rations which most of the men had no time to eat. The corporal didn't think much about turkey and presents after the shooting started, and the feeling of Christmas came only in occasional glimpses toward the stars as he fought on through the night.

These five, like thousands of others, are glad to be back home this Christmas. But they have not forgotten. They remember last year, and they know what 25 December 1944 means for millions of Americans who are "Over There" now.

Americans 'Softies,' Japs Told Filipinos

Leyte Island (CNS) — Inhabitants of Philippine territory liberated from the Japs by General MacArthur's forces reveal some interesting sidelights on the enemy's attitude toward us.

Japanese soldiers and officers, the freed residents say, told them that the Americans were "softies" and, because we were so gullible, either Japan or her individual soldiers could surrender and be assured of generous terms at any time.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

THE CIVILIAN SLANT

BY ALVIN H. LOWE

Wes Gill is responsible for designing and painting the bond signs you see on the sides of the free buses on the Post. Very favorable comments have been heard regarding this well done job.

J. W. Millington, one of the Post trainers, recently held a job-methods conference with eight people being certified. Those finishing the conference were Lilly M. Thomas, Walter Heaps, Marie Weeks, Gladys Harrell, Ruth Scheck, Irma Phillips, Gloria Diaz, and Paul Hurlbut.

Paul A. Peery has one of the interesting and much worthwhile tasks at Fort Ord, in the preparation of equipment for the trip across to the theatres of operation. It is revealing to see the science of cleaning, preserving, wrapping and boxing of equipment in action.

Captain James C. Reilly, job instructor trainer of the Pt. motor pool, finished a meeting last week with Irene M. Hennings, Sue Rooker, Irene Tobias, Mary Murray, Frederick Kramer, Leslie Meeker, Charles Sherwood and John M. Nodilo completing the work necessary for being certified.

Marie B. Weeks, of the Post quartermaster laundry, with a tenure of three and one-half years, to her credit at Fort Ord, resigned last week. Good wishes to Marie and thanks for her long stay on worthwhile work for the war effort.

Some of Mr. Winchell's orchids to the ladies of the Finance and Post Utility Offices for assisting with the wrapping of packages for the service men, at the main post exchange. Those helping the GI lads in sending packages home, do their regular work in the day and contribute the evenings to this considerate and helpful work.

George J. Wilson, civilian safety engineer at the Presidio of Monterey, was in the office last week on other business, and we found that the Presidio has gone more than 17 months, or 548,000 continuous hours, without a lost-time accident. At the 300,000 hour mark the Service Command presented a plaque for the accomplishment and there have been only two such awards made. Major Mathews, Post Engineer at the Presidio, is Mr. Wilson's supervisor, and in direct charge of the safety program. Congratulations to our neighbors.

Merry Christmas to all you GIs and may that 60 millions of pounds of turkey, for the three holidays, be very tender and cooked nice and brown.

Happy Yuletide to the civilians at Fort Ord and let's stay on this job until the job is finished.

From the Editor
1st Lt. Stone
FREE REE
To the Editor
Panorama
31. 2nd, Calif.

Philippines

The Panorama has been coming in regularly and the one copy sure takes a lot of punishment before the pin-up finds a quiet resting place. Ft. Ord was the best camp the old -th was in, and the Panorama the best newspaper by far. Since you last heard from us we've moved from the jungles of New Guinea to the Philippines, and we're really roughing it out here.

Thanking you for the many moments of pleasure the Panorama has given us, I remain,
Sincerely,
T/S Sidney Levine

M'Alester, Okla. (CNS) — Mail service was gummed up here when postal authorities opened a mailbag and molasses came pouring out. Someone in Missouri had mailed a package of the gooey stuff to a local resident, but the lid came off.

Buy war bonds and stamps now!

HE'S A BAD-D-D MAN, NELLIE!



BUT JUST YOU WAIT 'til the sun shines, a-Nellie, that nasty villain (hiss-s-s!) will be comin' round the mountain in a pine box! Mebbe those aren't the exact lines that accompany the above scene from "The Bartender's Daughter"—but you Fort Ord GIs can learn what it's all about tomorrow night, Saturday, when the "melodrama" laugh-riot by that title is presented on the stage of the Carmel USO, beginning at 8:30 p.m. In addition to the play, 14 olio acts will be presented. (See story.)

Selectees Get Tough New Basic; Combat Influences Their Training

Although the Army reached its designated strength a short time ago, men still are being inducted at the rate of about 950,000 a year. Selective Service officials estimate a large percentage—how large is an official secret—is going into the Army, where a training program of considerable proportions still is in effect, for training replacements. Of those who go into the Army, a big majority wind up in Infantry Replacement Training Centers.

Military life is just beginning for these men, many of them youngsters of 18, although we've come a long way on the road to victory, both in Europe and the Pacific.

What kind of training are they getting? How does their "basic" differ from that endured by GIs now in overseas theaters back in '41, '42 and '43? And to what extent have the lessons learned in combat influenced training methods?

In an effort to obtain an authoritative answer to these questions, CNS sent a staff man to interview L/Col. H. W. Dammer, Assistant G-3, Army Ground Forces. Col. Dammer has some special qualifications. He served as Executive Officer with the famed Rangers in Italy and North Africa.

Viewing the subject from the vantage point of experience in both combat and training, Col. Dammer arrived at two main conclusions:

- 1. Basic is a lot more rugged, physically, than it was in the days before he went overseas in '42.
- 2. It is also more "realistic," better geared to the practical necessities of the job at hand.

"I get a feeling of high power from the present program that was absent in the early days," is the way Col. Dammer puts it.

Of the physical training phase, he says, "the trend over a period of time toward conditioning through use of obstacle courses continues. Such conditioning is designed to improve a man in agility and the handling of his body rather than merely his feet and legs. At the same time, marches and hikes also are stressed."

The lessons learned in combat find their way into the training program in two ways—by being incorporated into official training doctrine after evaluation by G-3 and through personal contact between new men and veterans with combat experience.

"Over a period of time," Col. Dammer says, "personnel in this headquarters, in IRTCs and even in units has gradually included people who have had overseas service."

Some of the changes incorporated into training doctrine are still not

for publication but here are a few cited by Col. Dammer:

Use of overhead artillery in small unit problems: Field artillery pieces operate as they would in battle in support of the units during tactical problems. All IRTCs have a battery or more of field artillery for this purpose.

Revision of Extended Order Drill: As revised, the squad is broken down, under the "Able-Baker-Cracker" system, into 3 groups. The "Able" group includes the scouts; the "Baker" group the BAR men and the "Cracker" group the riflemen. The squad or platoon leader can move the groups independently to meet specific problems.

There are six ages in a woman's life—baby, infant, girl, young woman, young woman, and young woman.

This Week's Report From Tokyo

New York (CNS) — Excerpts from a report on the American home front by Goro Nakano, one-time New York correspondent of the Tokyo newspaper Asahi, as reported by OWL.

In the war bond selling drives, Hollywood and Broadway actresses give one kiss for each bond. Also in nude dances, each time the actress strips off some of her clothes, spectators are made to buy bonds. Thus by barbaric methods they are bolstering the dime-store patriotism of the ignorant Yankee masses.

What! No Room Service?

Washington (CNS)—The Navy's new A.L.P. barracks ship is the slickest job afloat. A "floating hotel" built to barrack 700 men, it includes a barber shop, a soda fountain, a hospital and a post office.

Battle Facts No. 2 . . . Jap at His Best In Night Tactics, Pacific Vets Say

This is the 3rd in a series of 3 articles on combat experiences of American soldiers who fought in Kwajalein and the Palau Islands. They are based on stories first printed in the Army paper "Midpacifican." By Camp Newspaper Service

Everyone knows by now that the Jap is a master of infiltration, particularly at night. Here's some more corroborative evidence, gleaned from the battle experiences of U.S. fighting men in the Kwajalein and Palau invasions:

Sgt. R. W. Kerber, 60 mm mortar squad leader: "It was about 1900 the second evening of the battle. My mortar squad and I had just finished digging in for the night. Before we knew what was happening, American hand grenades were falling all around us. We soon discovered they were not being thrown by mistake but were coming from a Jap hidden in a fallen palm tree close by."

"After a few minutes a water-cooled machine gun squad saw him and realized what was happening. They opened up and did away with the Jap. This would never have occurred if some of the boys hadn't gotten careless and lazy. By that, I mean they had thrown away live ammunition. The Japs are good at infiltration at night and will gather all of the live ammunition lying around and send it back to you the next day."

More on Jap night tactics from Col. Mark J. Logie, regimental commander:

"One night the enemy attempted to overrun the positions of the front line battalion in the following manner. First, he made a special effort to locate and destroy the automatic weapons by use of patrol. The approach of the enemy patrol was precluded by a diversionary noise caused by rolling heavy oil drums on the enemy airport and by the enemy exposing himself in that area. Then, as soon as the guns disclosed their position by firing on the target, the enemy charged the position from another direction, attempting to destroy the guns by use of hand grenades and bayonets."

"All men must be constantly alert for such diversionary tactics; security groups must not let their interest be drawn by flareups of action in other sections and automatic weapons must always have all-around protection."

S/Sgt. Edward L. Harper, battalion operations sergeant, broadcasting:

"I saw one strand of wire, placed under cover of darkness, one foot above the ground and around our perimeter defense, actually stop the Japs from infiltrating. When the Japs contacted the wire, they turned and ran, assuming the wire was covered by automatic fire."

Of the danger of spreading rumors, Lt. Richard H. Anderson, platoon leader, says: "Rumors spread like wildfire even on the battlefield and while under fire. All rumors are dangerous under battle conditions, so check those rumors. Keep watch on those men you regard as gullible."

To which Sgt. H. B. Swegle, 60 mm mortar squad leader, adds: "Troops should be made to realize how effectively a careless phrase, such as 'The Japs have broken through and are all around us' or even something much less serious can demoralize the buddies."

Lack of aggressiveness is what worries Sgt. George Kanold, assistant squad leader: "You can't stress the importance of constantly moving forward too much when your outfit is the attacking element. Let terrain, opposition confronted and the number of enemy placements present regulate your rate of advance. Take advantage of all cover and concealment, but don't remain in one spot too long. Most of our casualties were hit while motionless on the ground."

Let T/Sgt. Thomas H. Bentley, rifle platoon sergeant, have the final say: "The day went fine, the night was hell. I'll never forget again that it's their back yard. They know it like a book they have read a hundred times."

The daughters and sons of the 1st Regt., AGF Replacement Depot No. 2, will gather Christmas Day for their second annual party in the regimental Recreation Hall.

Children of officers and cadremen will be treated to presents, refreshments, entertainment and a Santa Claus, Lt. F. X. Fallon, regimental A&R officer, announced.



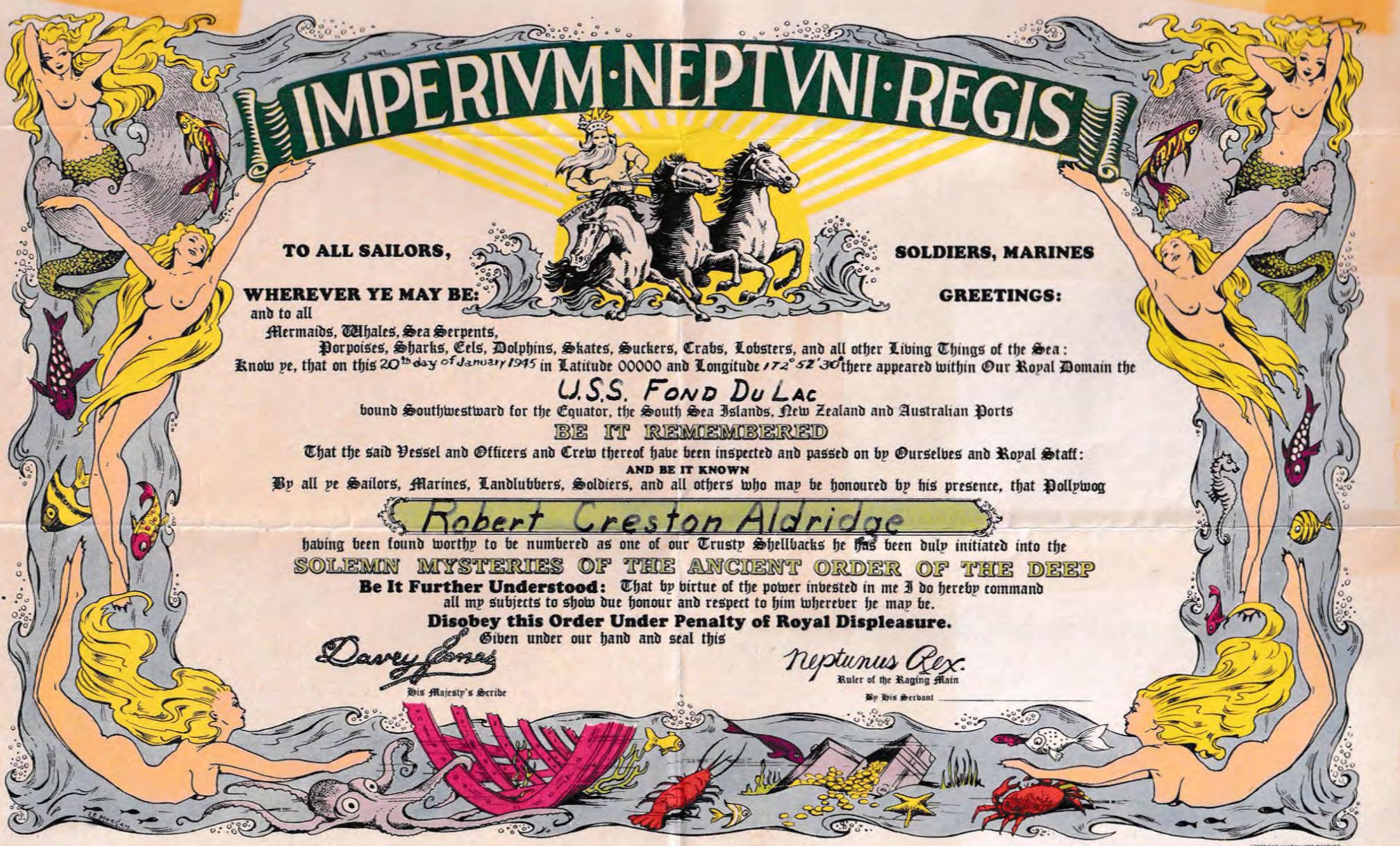
"Awright! Awright! —So it's a beautiful dog!"

Morale Boosters: No. 152

Warner Brothers Star Pat Clark

POSED ESPECIALLY FOR PANORAMA'S CHRISTMAS ISSUE BY PAT FOR THE MEN OF ORD





IMPERIVM · NEPTVNI · REGIS

TO ALL SAILORS,

SOLDIERS, MARINES

WHEREVER YE MAY BE:

GREETINGS:

and to all

Mermaids, Whales, Sea Serpents,
Porpoises, Sharks, Cels, Dolphins, Skates, Suckers, Crabs, Lobsters, and all other Living Things of the Sea:
Know ye, that on this 20th day of January 1945 in Latitude 00000 and Longitude 172° 52' 30" there appeared within Our Royal Domain the

U.S.S. FOND DU LAC

bound Southwestward for the Equator, the South Sea Islands, New Zealand and Australian Ports

BE IT REMEMBERED

That the said Vessel and Officers and Crew thereof have been inspected and passed on by Ourselves and Royal Staff:

AND BE IT KNOWN

By all ye Sailors, Marines, Landlubbers, Soldiers, and all others who may be honoured by his presence, that Pollywog

Robert Creston Aldridge

having been found worthy to be numbered as one of our Trusty Shellbacks he has been duly initiated into the
SOLEMN MYSTERIES OF THE ANCIENT ORDER OF THE DEEP

Be It Further Understood: That by virtue of the power invested in me I do hereby command
all my subjects to show due honour and respect to him wherever he may be.

Disobey this Order Under Penalty of Royal Displeasure.

Given under our hand and seal this

Davey Jones

His Majesty's Scribe

Neptunus Rex.

Ruler of the Raging Main

By His Servant



1945

JANUARY							FEBRUARY							
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
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29	30	31												

MARCH							APRIL							
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
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29	30	31					29	30						

MAY							JUNE							
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29	30	31					29	30						

JULY							AUGUST							
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
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29	30	31					29	30	31					

SEPTEMBER							OCTOBER							
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22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
29	30						29	30	31					

NOVEMBER							DECEMBER							
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
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15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
29	30						29	30						





"That's war. We bomb Washington, they bomb Tokio."

--The New Yorker



Here's one reason the Kay Kyser show wowed the Wildcats in its appearance here Saturday. Deannie Best posed prettily for a Wildcat cameraman. After recovering from the shock of her smile he was heard to mutter something that sounded like, "I like Deannie Best best..."

Rename Balete Pass In Honor of General

WITH 25TH DIV., LUZON — Sergio Osmena, president of the Philippine Commonwealth, has signed a bill passed by the Philippine Congress, changing the name of Balete Pass in the Caraballo Mountains to Daiton Pass, in memory of Brig. Gen. James L. Dalton II. He was killed by a Japanese sniper the day after troops of the 25th Division, of which he was assistant commander, had captured this strategic point from the enemy.

Among those witnessing the signing of the bill was Maj. Gen. Charles L. Mullins, Jr., commanding general of the Tropic Lightning Division.

Daily Pacifican

Army Newspaper In the Western Pacific

Vol. 1 No. 347

Manila, P.I. Thursday 30 May 1946

FREE

are long, long thoughts"



Memorial Day—1946

How can we do reverence to these dead? . . . flowers on a grave? . . . a big parade . . . a few words glibly said and soon forgotten?

These are nice gestures, and in a way they serve to symbolize for us the importance of this sacred holiday. In a finer sense, however, these gestures — little in themselves — act as a powerful drug upon our senses. We are deluded into thinking that with these brief rites our reverence is done.

But this is no reverence — this casting of flowers, this fine rhetoric spoken over our comrades' graves. There can be no reverence to the dead without an equal feeling for the living for whom they died.

Our best service to these dead is to draw from their sacrifice some lesson which will protect the living from the same sacrifice.

We have had this lesson taught us many times—each lesson more costly than the one before. Yet on this Memorial Day—1946—we will be commemorating more war dead than ever in history.

Even today—only months since the conclusion of the greatest war of all—the unity which carried us through to victory in that war is threatened with disruption.

There can be no compromise for these dead. Their lesson is as final as their sacrifice. The unity of nations—which is the only guarantee against war, must be strengthened and maintained. Judgment must replace prejudice. Friendship must replace short-sighted self-interest.

More than any other group in society, GIs and ex-GIs appreciate this lesson. Let us then, not forget it as readily as it has been forgotten before. Unity among ourselves and unity with all nations must be our first concern in the struggle to maintain a lasting peace.

Only by fighting for this lasting peace can we do true reverence to these dead.

HEADQUARTERS
BATTERY

97th

requests your
attendance for dancing
from 8:00 p.m. to 12:00 m on
November 12, 1945

at 97th E.M. Club

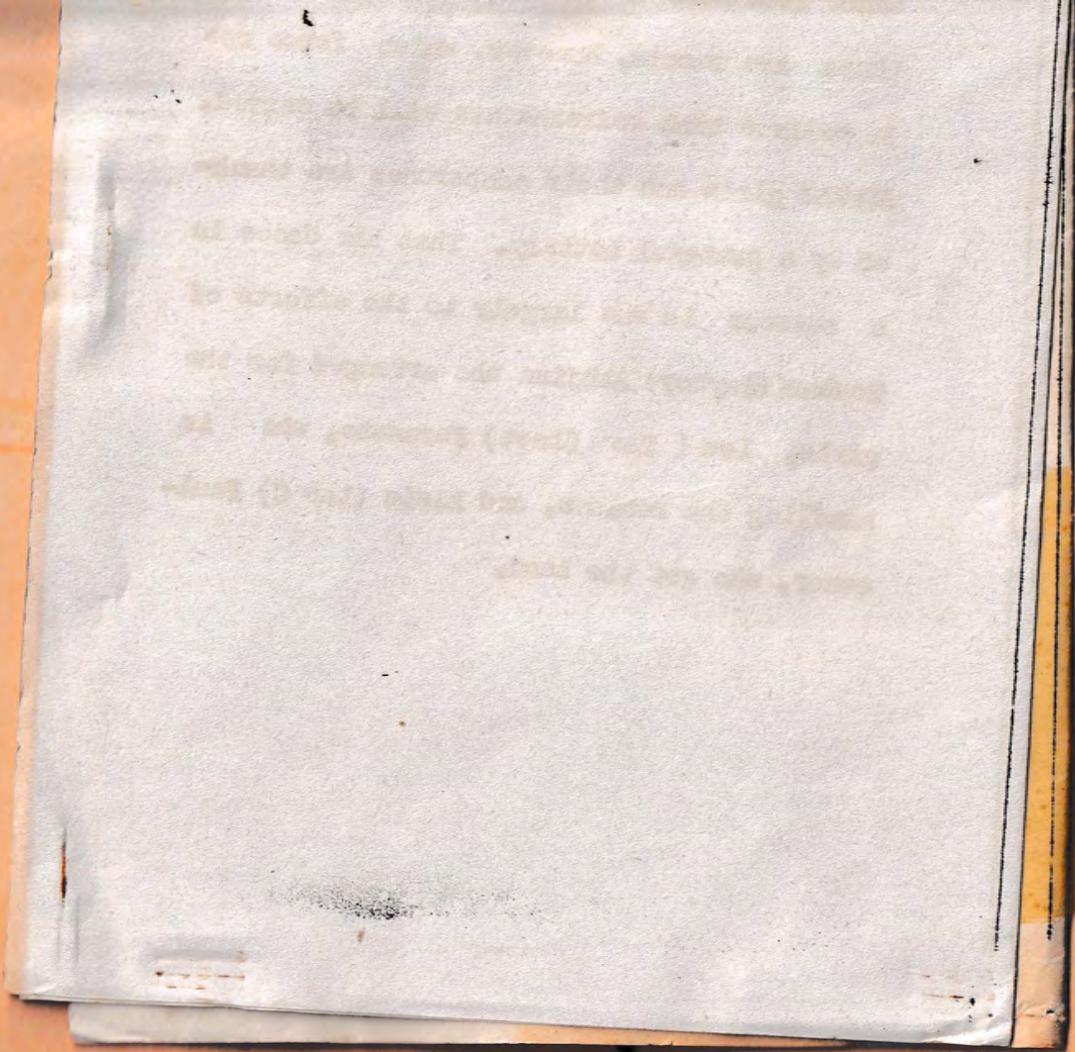
453 yrs.
& 1 month
AGO
COLUMBUS

discovered America.

In grateful acknowledgement to the sturdy draftees in Columbo's Navy this dance is dedicated. Don't envy them too much just because they had transportation. Through unknown perils they made their way unflinching to Shangri-La. No, don't scorn them either- They made it to the Western Hemisphere, and that's more than you've done. To our certain knowledge they were the last draftees who ever made it home, so to them this dance is commemorated.

PROGRAM

All we know for sure is that there will be a dance from 2000 to 2400 on Monday 12 Nov 45. There are rumors, however, which force one to believe that refreshments will be served. All the girls and their chaperones are thanked by a grateful battery. That the dance is a success is due largely to the efforts of Noubar (Playboy) Ashjian who arranged for the girls, Lou (The Chest) Feronato, who is handling the rations, and Elsie (the C) Faulconer, who got the band.



Nov. 19, 1945
Thompson Beach
Hydr

PROGRAM

No. 38
To Aldridge
N.Y. State Party

婦女紀念婦女節

洪育蘭婦女節消息：前日（廿四日）...

雁塔鄉備愛護桑梓

旅菲雁塔同鄉會訊：該會中籌備一萬元計...

僑信回文紛紛繼來

本埠山下街依仁二一號...

論中國紡織業

紡織業的利源廣大，以中紡商會...

荷印和古巴僑胞的呼籲

重慶通訊：荷印和古巴僑胞最近...

現復員僅九十一家

港消息：本港光復後，各公營學校...

大沽新港堪與大連比美

大沽新港北方不凍之吞吐港，全屬重要之所...

華店遭劫

警消息：華店二名，各持四十五號短槍...

僑信回文紛紛繼來

本埠山下街依仁二一號...

論中國紡織業

紡織業的利源廣大，以中紡商會...

荷印和古巴僑胞的呼籲

重慶通訊：荷印和古巴僑胞最近...

現復員僅九十一家

港消息：本港光復後，各公營學校...

天津，全華北甚至國家等，惟一聽完我的報告...

名醫介紹：林惠齡、李惠齡、張雅儒、官桂貞、陳民華、盧銀治、陳彩鸞、蘇維麗、楊子暉、顏金釗、葉金英、陳淵儒、楊博愛、劉佛手、林為瑤、蔡佛西、陳裕成、林君華、黃家長、林君仲、唐少奇、黃雲飛

家專書術美業商：錦洪堂、商標廣告、裝璜設計、電版印刷、銅模鐵印、電影幻燈

舖全安吉大：精造各種新式金銀首飾

業商群利：425-427 Juan Luna, 市應貨現, 歡迎推銷

廠匣紙華益：530 Alvarado St., 本號專造各種機器

汕頭廈門間航線已清除完竣

汕頭廈門間航線，以安全航行，以安航政。...

閩省天然資源極為豐富

閩省天然資源極為豐富，據最近調查，閩省有極豐富之天然資源。...

全郵局九百八十八處復開

郵政總局宣佈，又下列七處郵局已開辦。...

總毛突工潮尚有二爭點待決

聯合車路鐵路廿三日電，關於總毛突工潮，雙方與CIO...

岷江畢交易所復業後情形活躍

岷江畢交易所復業後情形活躍，顯示本島金礦又將有一度繁榮。...

加拿大股市報告

聯合社紐約二十三日電，因星期五日屬慶祝...

表期船海外 Commercial Vessels Due Manila

Table with columns: 船名, 由, 到日日期, 訂今日入港, 訂明日入港. Lists various ships like MANOERAN, CELESTIAL, etc.

美國公司得利減低

聯合社紐約廿三日電，揚格頓鐵板管公司...

Advertisement for Philippine Air Lines, Inc. featuring a logo and flight schedules for the 3rd and 4th routes.

上海貨物市情一瞥

上海通訊。本市貨物。米山(米旁)米旁比前。...

擬定今年日本出口計劃

東京廿四日電。日本經濟計劃委員會。...

美國電話總罷工恐難避免

華盛頓廿三日電。美國電話工人聯合會。...

限制對波多里哥白米出口

聯合社專電。廿二日電。海地政府。...

工商局貨價市情

Table with market prices for various goods like rice, oil, and other commodities.

即可送交衆院討論

聯邦政府。廿三日電。...

美政府稅收增加

聯邦預算委員會。...

美酒到峴

本埠香酒。...

REYNOLDS CORRUGATED ALUMINUM ROOFING advertisement with company details.

Advertisement for Dr. T. Astudillo, D.D.S., a dental specialist.

Advertisement for '大地重光' (Great Earth Brightens) restaurant.

Advertisement for '集源入口商' (Chip Guan & Co., Inc.).

Advertisement for an auction (拍賣) of various goods.

Advertisement for Dr. M. H. Sandico, an eye, ear, and nose specialist.

Advertisement for '小貨大車' (Small Goods, Big Car) shop.

Advertisement for '壹年之計' (One Year Plan) book.

Advertisement for '由海蛇船運到' (Imported from Sea Snake Ship) wine.

Advertisement for '三益號雜貨' (San Yi Hao Groceries).

Advertisement for '大濟互' (Da Ji Hu) bookstore.

Advertisement for 'DOMINGO S. SIAZON' attorney.

Advertisement for 'Dr. Feliciano S. Dy' medical services.

Advertisement for '建隆匯兌信局' (Jianlong Exchange Bureau).

Advertisement for '釀德酒廠' (Liang De Wine Factory).

Advertisement for '律師謝順' (Lawyer Xie Shun).

不邏輯之邏輯

「不邏輯之邏輯」這四個字，在邏輯學上，是絕對不可能存在的。但在此，我們卻要談談這四個字。這四個字，在邏輯學上，是絕對不可能存在的。但在此，我們卻要談談這四個字。

不邏輯，邏輯，似可併行不悖，可見吾人，思辨之，已極，實因此時代進步之趨向，變化極多，故吾人非事事思之不可。吾人若不，用頭腦而用感情，則必致於滅亡。此非危言聳聽，則將來尤如過去，必有戰事爆發之一日。

美國怪飛機多種

完全用無線電控制
海軍舉行公開展覽

飛行速度：一千磅，他能夠載足飛機，行四百五十哩的汽油，機身長十二英尺，機翼長四英尺，機翼面積一百一十平方英尺，機翼面積一百一十平方英尺，機翼面積一百一十平方英尺。

飛機的構造：飛機的構造，飛機的構造，飛機的構造，飛機的構造，飛機的構造，飛機的構造，飛機的構造，飛機的構造，飛機的構造，飛機的構造。

靈修歷程 一日一課

靈修歷程 一日一課

靈修歷程 一日一課

靈修歷程 一日一課

靈修歷程 一日一課

靈修歷程 一日一課

在柏林列車裏

從柏林開出來的列車，這使車中一個老人，一個女人，一個小孩，一個女人，一個小孩，一個女人，一個小孩。

在柏林開出來的列車，這使車中一個老人，一個女人，一個小孩，一個女人，一個小孩，一個女人，一個小孩。

野渡

野渡是渡方的領引者，野渡是渡方的領引者，野渡是渡方的領引者，野渡是渡方的領引者。

野渡是渡方的領引者，野渡是渡方的領引者，野渡是渡方的領引者，野渡是渡方的領引者。

生之哀

生之哀 永解

生之哀 永解

生之哀 永解

生之哀 永解

蟹樓夢

蟹樓夢 寄飲室主

蟹樓夢 寄飲室主

蟹樓夢 寄飲室主

蟹樓夢 寄飲室主

野渡

野渡是渡方的領引者，野渡是渡方的領引者，野渡是渡方的領引者，野渡是渡方的領引者。

野渡是渡方的領引者，野渡是渡方的領引者，野渡是渡方的領引者，野渡是渡方的領引者。

清明感作

清明感作 覺我

清明感作 覺我

清明感作 覺我

清明感作 覺我

野渡

野渡是渡方的領引者，野渡是渡方的領引者，野渡是渡方的領引者，野渡是渡方的領引者。

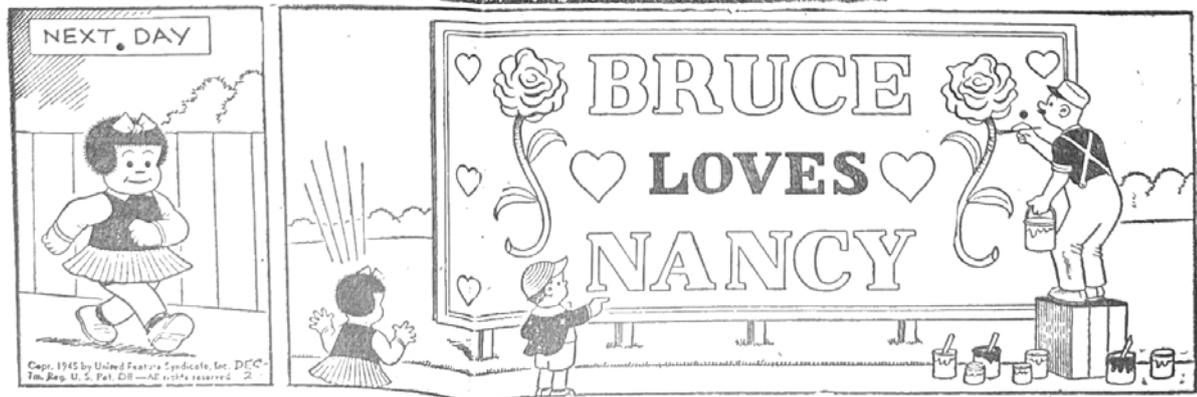
野渡是渡方的領引者，野渡是渡方的領引者，野渡是渡方的領引者，野渡是渡方的領引者。

野渡

野渡是渡方的領引者，野渡是渡方的領引者，野渡是渡方的領引者，野渡是渡方的領引者。

野渡是渡方的領引者，野渡是渡方的領引者，野渡是渡方的領引者，野渡是渡方的領引者。

看圖識字 獻給各學校小朋友



女性只懂不笑臉。女性只懂不笑臉。女性只懂不笑臉。女性只懂不笑臉。

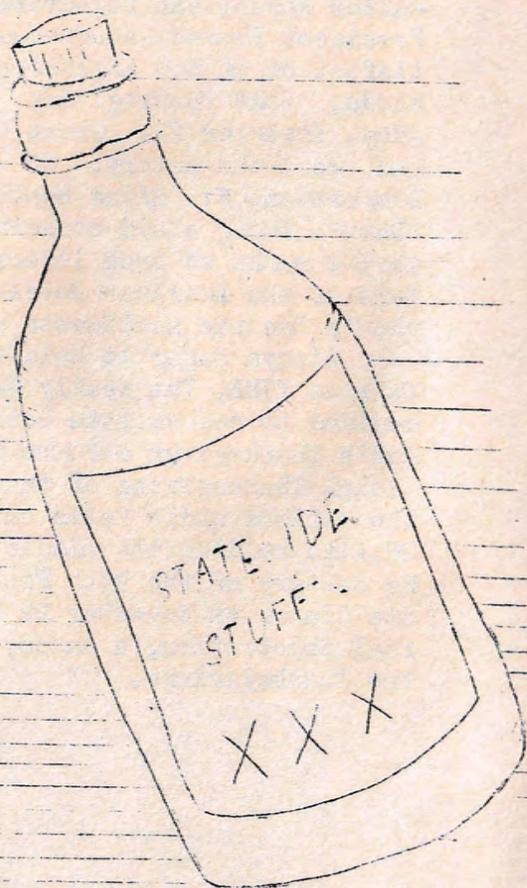
女性只懂不笑臉。女性只懂不笑臉。女性只懂不笑臉。女性只懂不笑臉。

97

HARRY

requests the pleasure
of your attendance at
a dance:

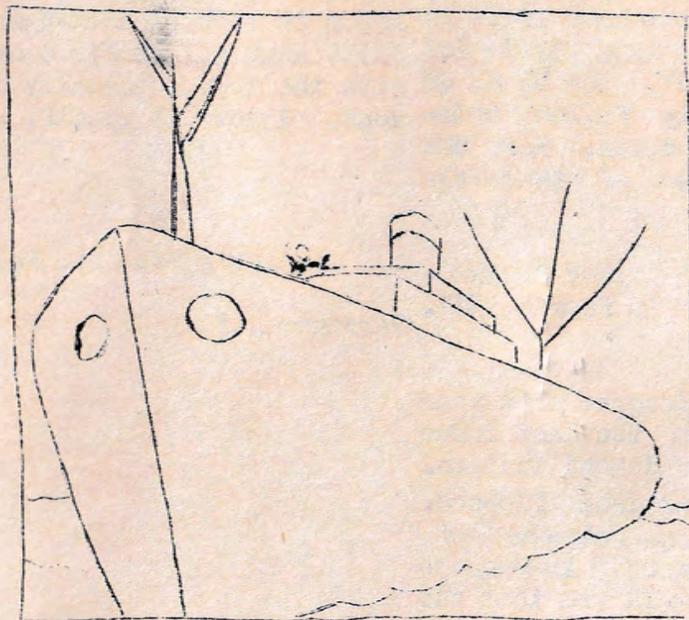
Sat. day 27 Nov.
8:00 PM to 12:00 AM
97th E M Club



advertisement

TIME

A WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
Thanksgiving Issue



RETURNING GI
Home Alone; One of 7 Million

Dear Ed:

In last week's magazine we find on page 76 the words "Many more, desiring to be home for Thanksgiving saw hope fade. The tangled shipping situation was at fault." I must take exception to this statement. The true blame can be laid upon the shoulders of the U.S. QM Department. Though many GI's have expressed the desire to "swim home if it is necessary as long as I get there by Xmas", The U. S. QM has repeatedly failed to issue bathing suits. Here lies the real cause of the bottle neck.

4-F Frank
Peoria, Ill.

Dear Ed:

I must disagree with your statement in the last issue concerning demobilization. Where your article flopped, was in accusing shipping of being tangled up. Anyone who knows will tell you that the shipping situation is far from snafued. It is, indeed, working like a well oiled machine.

T.T. Twitchell
Secretary

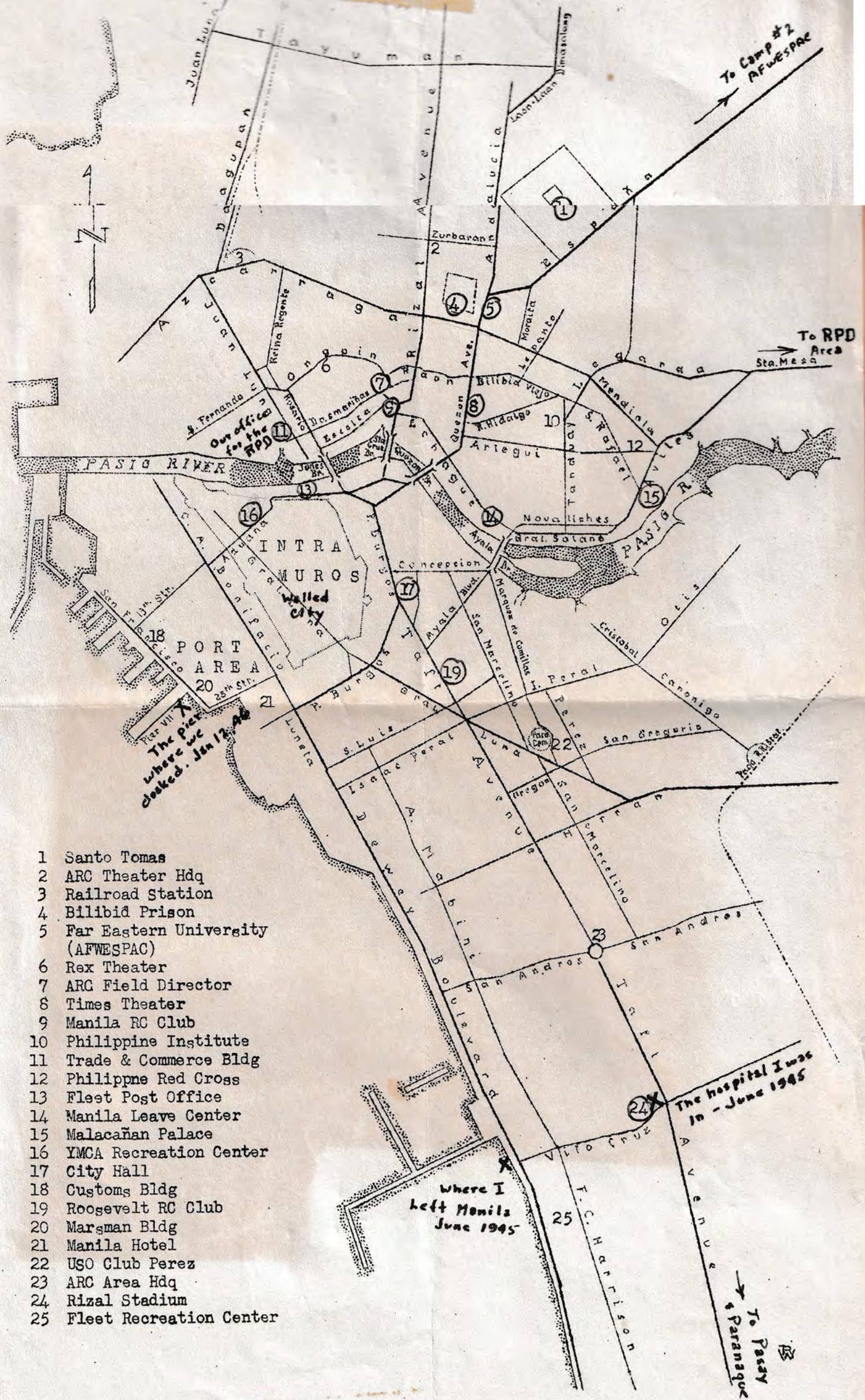
Dear Ed:

No life could be more fun or healthier than the one we lead over here. You will always receive foolish complaints from people who don't know what they are talking about. Some rookies even want to go back to the States. They complain about the Army, and want to be civilians. To me this attitude is incomprehensible. After 29 years I cannot understand what anyone finds wrong with the Army, especially overseas. I love it myself.

Act'g 1st Sgt. Polton
Tarragona, P.I

After long discussions in the halls of Congress-after many debates on Capitol Hill-after heated arguments on Maya Spit-after Republican Democratic verbal battles President Truman announced, to the dissatisfaction of New Englanders and other die hards, that Thanksgiving would be Thursday, November 22. Great was the bitter and loud the outcry. On his farm in West Dummerston, Vt. Silas Bentham, farmer, said "Damn". Among staid conservatives and even in the ranks of such liberals as the Daughters of the American Revolution, Silas Bentham's laconic sentiments were echoed.

Always eager to hold to the middle of the road TIME, The weakly New magazine, has decided to commemorate both President Truman's Thanksgiving and also the old traditional Thanksgiving of the forefathers of the nations which falls on Thursday Nov 29. Also holding the middle of the road was Hq Battery of the 97th Field Artillery who ate dinner on November 22 but who held the real celebration, a dance, in between the two Thanksgivings.



- 1 Santo Tomas
- 2 ARC Theater Hdq
- 3 Railroad Station
- 4 Bilibid Prison
- 5 Far Eastern University (AFWESPAC)
- 6 Rex Theater
- 7 ARC Field Director
- 8 Times Theater
- 9 Manila RC Club
- 10 Philippine Institute
- 11 Trade & Commerce Bldg
- 12 Philippine Red Cross
- 13 Fleet Post Office
- 14 Manila Leave Center
- 15 Malacañan Palace
- 16 YMCA Recreation Center
- 17 City Hall
- 18 Customs Bldg
- 19 Roosevelt RC Club
- 20 Marsman Bldg
- 21 Manila Hotel
- 22 USO Club Perez
- 23 ARC Area Hdq
- 24 Rizal Stadium
- 25 Fleet Recreation Center

Our office for the RPD

The Picnic where we clocked Jan 12, 46

Where I left Manila June 1945

The hospital I was in - June 1945

To Pasay & Paranaque



REAR GUARD

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

WATER BUFFALO

Along the roadway, tortoise-slow he paces,
 Nor cares his bland medieval eyes to turn
 Upon the Army truck that past him races,
 But pulls his ancient cart with unconcern.
 Resentfully, he ambles past the hollow,
 Now rife with soldiers, where in other years
 He daily took his heaving bulk to wallow
 In stinking mud up to his sacred ears.
 But on a stormy night he comes cavorting,
 Across the nullah, plunging through the deep
 Dank grass capriciously, with joyous snorting.
 Ecstatic grunts invade the aliens' sleep
 As, once again carousing in the rain,
 He tastes the sweets of his usurped domain.
 India
 —Sgt. SMITH DAWLESS

BATTALION OF THE DEAD

The bugle never more will blow
 Across this camping ground,
 And men for welcome mail from home
 Will never crowd around.
 It's silent now; no guns are heard:
 The war for them has fled,
 And now they are immortal;
 The battalion of the dead.
 And each of these mute crosses
 Is a symbol, stark and white,
 Of hopes, of plans and treasured dreams,
 Which now have taken flight;
 Out to the blue horizon stretch
 The rows in solemn state
 And join the shafts of sunlight
 Stretching up to heaven's gate.
 They died because they knew that man
 Was destined to be free,
 And freedom's price is often death,
 Met far beyond the sea.
 So there they lie: as heaven paints,
 With cosmic bars of red,
 That silent final camp of
 The battalion of the dead.
 France
 —Cpl. O. ARTHUR HERTELL

AIR DEPOT

THIS is the regulated part of death,
 The well-controlled, remote assembly line;
 We do not hear the final choking breath:
 A singer's voice is broadcast as we dine.
 The regulated days drift by, the wings
 Lift for their terrible journeys, and return,
 Broken, or whole, or never; the cold, brief springs
 Flower, the summers fade, and the autumns burn.
 We fill the evenings with the ghosts of peace—
 Words read, or written; whisky at the bar;
 The moving images whose dream we lease;
 The casual arms of girls whose loves are far
 Away—thinking a little now and then
 Of the unknown dying of the dying men.
 Britain
 —T/Sgt. CHARLES E. BUTLER



NOCTURNE

When soldiers sleep,
 There is not the quiet suburban street,
 And quick footsteps,
 Brisk,
 Echoing,
 Then the key in the latch,
 And distant wheels on tracks,
 As if in the clouds,
 Rhythmic,
 Lulling,
 Then the cool white slumber,
 There is not the blind on the window,
 Molded by imagination,
 Darkening,
 Fading,
 Then forgotten.

When soldiers sleep,
 There is the awakening of naked nerves,
 That pluck at the tendons of twitching muscles,
 Restless,
 Worn,
 There is the mumbling of hidden day words,
 Articulate in the night,
 Plaintive,
 Incoherent,
 There is the match struck for a late cigarette,
 Giving the mosquito net a fantastic solidity,
 As though cloth were imprisoning.
 When a soldier sleeps,
 There is the lurking of death
 And the need for rest,
 That is more than time,
 As all the world spins
 Into one bright spark,
 Both ember and flame,
 In the freeful wind
 When a soldier sleeps.
 Morienos

—I-5 STAN FLINK



SECOND MASS
RALLY?

Thur. Night, 6 o'clock,
City Hall

"THE LAWMAKERS HOPE THE INFORMAL MEETING IN THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY WILL
PACIFY THE COMPLAINING GIs"

(Thus a stateside correspondent described the general attitude of our legislators)
(toward General Eisenhower's speech today.)

Well, whatta ya say fellows? Are you men satisfied with the latest bunch of
promises that merely serve to be-lie their predecessors, made a few weeks ago?
(All 2-year men out by March 20th, etc".)

No? Then remember, "silence means consent". DON'T retreat to your barracks
in bitter dejection, for any reason. That is exactly what some anti-demobili-
zation politicoes want you to do.

Hitler couldn't make Nazis out of us with his propaganda....and we won't be
made "suckers" of by our own public relations "experts".

You can help us prove that by attending a mass meeting of Manila's veterans
at the City Hall, Thursday night (17 Jan-46) at six o'clock p.m. Bring all
your buddies. Bring your company, battery or battalion. Bring 'em all!

THIS SECOND MASS MEETING IS ALSO THE SECOND STEP TOWARD HOME.
ARE YOU GOING WITH US?

Fr: Dec Clms. M/C

June 12, 46

To: Exec Officer, Dec Clms. Sec.

Morning.

Start work at 9:00 o'clock.
Beer at approximately 9:30. — coffee
at 10:00. 10:30; mail call.
(This takes approximately $\frac{1}{2}$ hour
if the catch is good.) 11:00 o'clock;
clean up desk for noon hour.

Afternoon (see wire here)

Check in at 1:00 PM. Coke at
1:30. Rush to PX at 1:45 before
it closes. So to library at 2:30.
At 2:45 we write letters home.
3:30: read mail again. About
4:00 PM we usually sneak off
before we get hooked for sweeping
floors.

Sgd: S/Sgt. RCA

+/5 SRP

MESSAGE CENTER SOP

I CORRESPONDENCE

1. All incoming correspondence, including mail claims, is received by message center. Everything except claim papers, daily bulletins and staff memorandums are entered in the journal. Proper distribution or re-routing is then made.
2. All outgoing correspondence passes through message center where file copies are pulled and filed.
3. The number of claims from Field Teams and Red Cross are entered in the journal and safehanded to Control Clerk #1.
4. The number of mail claims sent out each day are entered in the journal.
5. Suspense correspondence is entered in the journal with reference to the following data. Type of correspondence (letter, cable or radio), correspondence number, suspense date, brief description of message and to whom it was given for reply. A careful check is then made to be certain it is answered on or before the prescribed date. The reply is then entered in the journal giving the date it was answered and to what office it was sent. It is then safehanded to the Chief Clerk.

II TRANSMITTALS

1. A form for each case transmitted to adjudication is forwarded to Insurance Division - HPA for any data on NSLI policy. These forms are sent by safehand courier and returned the same way. The case is filed in the 201 files while awaiting the return of this form. Upon return of this form the case automatically goes to adjudication. The number of cases transmitted and returned each day is recorded in the journal.

III ADMINISTRATIVE FILES

1. Administrative Files are kept on Personnel, Supply, Organization and Administration, Memorandums, Daily Bulletins, Transmittals, Field Teams, Correspondence, and Policy and Procedure.
 - a. Personnel: This file consists of vehicle requests, 3 day pass and TDY requests, CQ rosters, table of Organization, personnel rosters, and any other papers or correspondence that pertains to any of the personnel in this section.
 - b. Supply: Requisitions for supplies, utilities, mimeograph forms, work orders, etc.

(Cont'd)

His girl friends name was Mimi
She was quite a gal to know,
Her face was pretty, her figure fine,
As monkey figures go.

One day he went out on a spree you see,
Which ended just like that.
He came in bawling loud and strong,
And his tail was in a trap.

The result was very sad indeed
For his tail was badly bent
Now Orker was a naughty boy,
Now Orker will repent.

The doctor came in the nick of time
And bandaged it nice and tight,
He put it in a sling you see
And left it there all night.

The doc prescribed some medicine,
Some stuff that was hard to take,
But Orker took it anyway,
And got a tummy ache.

Now let this be a lesson to you,
Monkey business is very bad,
And if you do like Orker did,
The result will be just as sad.

Paul Aldridge

(Written on Luzon. Just for the
hell of it.) April 1945

-6-

MONKEY BUSINESS

His name was Orker, He is a monkey.
And quite a jolly little fellow.
He loved to chatter and play all day
And was really full of the devil.

He'd eat bananas and coconuts
And was quite fond of Pork Chops too,
But one thing he just couldn't stand
Was pickled monkey stew.

He had a brother named Cheapy,
Now don't ask me why they call him that,
But that's his name and it won't be changed
So it's settled, that is that.

His mater and pater loved him too,
They were full of satisfaction
But with all their love, there were the times
That required disciplinary action.

Then he'd ramp and roge with incessant ^{noise}
Because his bottom was quite sore,
And to his big brother Cheapy he'd go,
And to him, his troubles he'd pour.

Now Cheapy was understanding and kind
And hated to see him mistreated,
But he'd admit in his own mind
There were times when Orker needed
beated.

(Cont'd)

(Cont'd)

I have so many things
To be looking forward to.
There'll be millions of places to go.
And so very much to do

I think of all these things
The whole evening long.
Then I hum a little tune
And whistle a little song.

Until for the night I must retire
And pay my nightly call
To a lovely place called dreamland.
So goodnight my friends to all.

(Written on Luzon, Philippines
islands. May 1945)

Bob Alshutz

-7-

Evening

In the morning we arise
To meet the coming day.
Wondering what's in store
We're feeling pretty gay

All through the morning hours
When the sun is shining bright.
All through the afternoon
We carry on the fight.

But along towards evening time
When the sun sinks very low.
There's not a single thing to do.
There's no place at all to go.

The moon is rising slowly
Above the tree crowned hill.
The stars are twinkling brightly.
And the night is very still.

My thoughts drift towards home
A place so ~~so~~ far away
I dream and plan for the future.
When I'm back there to stay

(Cont'd)

RESTRICTED

HEADQUARTERS
SPECIAL TROOPS
UNITED STATES ARMY FORCES WESTERN PACIFIC

APO 707
16 July 1946

SPECIAL ORDERS)
:
NO.....134)

E X T R A C T

1. Fol EM, reld asgmt orgn indicated and further dy in this theater, atchd unasgd to Hq Repl and Disposition Disposition Command, APO 900-2, for the purpose of rot to US for reasgmt in accordance with current WD directives. EDCMR 20 July 1946. EM will report to the depot not later than 1800 hrs 20 July 1946, and will have in their possession 2blks, messgear, and other personal effects.

HEADQUARTERS SPECIAL TROOPS

	<u>MOS</u>	<u>ASR</u>
S/Sgt Walter D Clough, 39475815	405	30
Tec 5 Clarence D Coffelt, 39475879	590	13
Cpl Horace J Day, 34838839	601	30
Tec 4 Anthony J De Chiara, 42176571	055	13
Tec 5 Arthur P Dunn, 38631913	590	25
Tec 5 William L Frambach, 39475872	271	26
Sgt Gene L Hogan, 36219528	405	23
Tec 5 James F Moyer, 36904977	590	32
Cpl Walter R Mullins, 34928960	601	29
M/Sgt Wendell D Wilson, 37748413	502	12

HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT

Sgt Leo E Flanders, 36906355	055	22
S/Sgt Virgil S Buck, 39594148	745	26
Cpl Adolph M Bundrick, 34912766	844	17
Tec 4 Harold L Clemson, 35930394	060	22
S/Sgt Charles E Conroy, 31401175	405	33
Tec 3 Richard T Cooke, 34839468	405	31
T/Sgt Joseph F Foster, Jr, 39865804	844	32
M/Sgt J C French, 38631845	502	31
Tec 3 Alexander Friedinberger, 37748358	055	25
Tec 5 Mark B Fries, 33769061	1736	32
Tec 5 Gomer Grim, 35781168	590	26
Tec 4 Clayton C Fultz, 37599099	055	32
Tec 5 Rodney D Haker, 36907079	590	15
Tec 5 Virgil D Hilborn, 37499917	055	16
S/Sgt Edward D Houser, 33837960	405	36
S/Sgt John F Harrington, 38632120	405	27
Cpl Ray A Johnson, 37599775	060	24
M/Sgt Robert G Chamberlin, 17053363	502	70

RESTRICTED

Par 1 SO 134, 1946, contd

HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT contd

	<u>MOS</u>	<u>ASR</u>
Tec 4 Theodore E Kahn, 37599702	055	25
S/Sgt Theodore O Krebsbach, 37600337	502	30
S/Sgt David G Knowlton, 19202606	502	30
Sgt Gordon A Lenz, 38584763	055	31
S/Sgt Raymond M Marconi, 36906967	864	31
Sgt Maurice L Means, 38570788	405	34
Tec 4 William Monberg, 36843479	055	22
Sgt Leonard H Peters, 34869596	590	17
S/Sgt Robert L Powitzky, 38680200	405	23
S/Sgt Melvin N Rossway, 37600279	405	30
T/Sgt Kenneth J Schermitzler, 36844634	502	36
Tec 4 Herman R Shope, 38584779	359	34
Tec 4 James L Smallwood, 31432961	055	32
S/Sgt Robert L Smith, Jr, 37644268	405	22
S/Sgt Bernard J Wicohman, 35238675	405	31
S/Sgt Ernest J Zajekowsik, 35929729	405	33
S/Sgt Richard E Zwirock, 42096629	405	33

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Cpl Whitney J Hymel, 38652132	345	22
Tec 5 John D Jarvi, 39475792	345	22
Cpl Marvin L Sherry, 19204697	1531	21

266TH AGF BAND

T/Sgt Alan L Bramson, 33748146	590	25
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I & E DETACHMENT

Cpl Harold C Conklin, 1921185	405	31
Sgt Jack B Cullen, 35238472	659	14
Tec 4 Ralph L Hucaby, 35814673	659	28
Tec 4 Milton Kletzkin, 42176903	659	15

12TH BASE POST OFFICE

Pfc William E Hont, 35815584	056	19
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DET 1 4025TH SIG SV GP

Pvt Dayton E Andrews, 37642956	345	22
Tec 5 Victor D Binder, 33813833	650	26
Tec 5 Ferrell L Cornutt, 34999420	776	16
Tec 5 William A Fellner, 35781357	345	16
Tec 5 Eldon R Frock, Jr, 35237026	648	15
Pfc William G Hintz, 36843643	641	16
Tec 5 William E Isenmann, 37643134	766	16

RESTRICTED

Part SO 134 1946, contd.

DET 1 4025TH SIG SV GP contd

	<u>MOS</u>	<u>ASR</u>
Tec 5 Robert W Johnson, 36843729	581	28
Tec 5 Gerald R Mooks, 35804821	384	15
Pfc Gerald F Neary, 42175196	645	27
Tec 4 Jacques I Pantchochnikoff, 39422082	798	15
Tec 5 Morton Sabbath, 36905624	641	11
Tec 4 Lewis Stuard, 35905537	238	14

ADMINISTRATIVE CLERICAL SCHOOL

Tec 5 Russell K Carlson, 36842981	055	33
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172d FMN DISB SEC

Tec 5 J V Poston, 38632024	056	24
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2ND BASE POST OFFICE

Pfc Clemmie W Woodard, 38632247	056	24
Pfc Robert E Powell, 38525468	345	24
Pfc Harold Beartram, 35782470	056	25
Cpl John C Bissler, 35240453	056	26
Tec 5 Fred O Klealok, 34275579	056	13

SIG C TNG SCH

Tec 5 Clyde E Titus, 38637805	931	29
Pfc Walter A Buckler, 35470514	601	31
Pfc William C Doerman, 34928789	864	25

REC PERS DET

T/Sgt Jack Devereaux, 37771075	502
S/Sgt Robert C Aldridg, 39149347	502
S/Sgt Carl E King, 37748028	502
S/Sgt Edward G Mikodon, 36471882	301
S/Sgt Ken L Phillips, 359781188	502
Tec 3 Archibald D Gray, 42083725	055
Tec 3 John R Peterson, 31433616	055
Sgt Elliott Bianchi, 33922896	502
Sgt Marvin D Booth, 37747777	345
Sgt Harold M Kollock, 39622604	345
Sgt Roy G Lord, Jr, 36470124	055
Sgt Karl A Piez, 31448681	502
Sgt Norman C Mc George, 39470771	502
Sgt Wallace R Straight, 36922600	055
Tec 4 Roland J Barrinault, 31401389	566
Tec 4 Roy L Decker, 36907107	060
Tec 4 Albert J Dubiel, 31411985	055
Tec 4 Albert F Kotras, 33906868	502

Par 1 SO 132, 1946, contd

REC PERS DET

	<u>MOS</u>	<u>ASR</u>
Tec 4 Ralph H Kroll, 33923057	502	
Tec 4 John Lubimir, 39149334	213	
S/Sgt Benjamin Post, 36471554	055	
Tec 4 Robert T Soehlke, 36907132 ✓	213	
Tec 5 John Choppa, Jr, 33616029	345	
Tec 5 Lloyd Fritts, 34868302	345	
Tec 5 Robert A Mac Garva, Jr, 42073720	055	
Tec 5 Everett W Rich, 33857359	345	
Tec 5 Frank Spitalotta, 42106855	345	
Pfc Paul K Arsenian, 11137037	502	
Pfc Marvin J Coldren, 33837899	745	
Pfc Raymond L Plum, 42106236	055	
Pfc Malcolm G Mac Kennon, 36470880	055	
Pfc George E Van Tassel, 36844273	345	
Pvt Charles R Miller, 35873404	055	

609TH QM GRAVES REGISTRATION CO

S/Sgt Oscar Weil Jr, 36907535	356	25
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BY ORDER OF COLONEL THIRLKELD:

MURRAY M OTSTOTT, JR
Captain, CMS
Adjutant

OFFICIAL:

Murray M Otstott Jr

MURRAY M OTSTOTT, JR
Captain, CMS
Adjutant

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SUCCESS

The Last Big Sweat—and Out!

Save for
Scrap Book.

By MILTON LEHMAN

①
THE staff sergeant with the 3rd Division patch came into the barracks and lay down heavily on his bunk. He listened to the men talking a few bunks away. "Just give me that white paper," one of the men was saying, "and I'm taking off. There's a rocker on the front porch and beer in the icebox, and I'm going to drink beer and sit in that rocker —"

"You're not out yet," a corporal reminded him. "There's one guy who got here two weeks ago and he's still not out."

"Well," said a third soldier, "it's going to be tough getting a job. Already they're laying them off."

The staff sergeant propped himself on his arm and looked over at me. I was lying on my bunk, smoking and trying to make up my mind whether to go to the post theater, or line up at the telephone exchange and try getting a call through to my wife, or just lie here. I was thinking that all I could tell my wife, if I called her, was that I was out at the Fort Dix Separation Center and that I might be discharged. I could tell her that it looked pretty good, but then you couldn't be sure—you could never be sure. I was thinking what this message might mean to my wife when the sergeant spoke up:

"Buzz, buzz, buzz," he said.

I looked over.

"Listen," the sergeant said scornfully, "listen to them talk. They been in the Army for two, three, four years; they should know better. Maybe they'll get out, maybe they won't, and who knows but the Army? You figure they'd sit back and wait for what happens. Instead, they're blowing their tops!"

The sergeant kicked off his shoes, peeled down to his underwear, crawled into his blankets and went to sleep. But few could follow his example.

There were about 100 men in the barracks, most of us overseas veterans. With barracks bags and orders, we had reported into the separation center that afternoon, were assigned our bunks and given the rest of the day off. We could stay around the

Millions of young Americans are certain to vote this the sweetest story ever told, for reasons the author makes obvious in the telling.

barracks, if we wanted, or go to the recreation hall or the post exchange, or take a walk along the macadam road. But we couldn't leave camp.

"You wouldn't want to miss your discharge," our charge of quarters said, and then added, a little unpleasantly, "in case you get one."

The long white barracks was familiar. A veteran could find his way about a barracks blindfolded. Against the wall before the stairway to the second floor was the drinking fountain, beside it the bulletin board.

Two steps down from the front door was the latrine, with its eight washbowls under the long, steel-plated mirror, and six toilets aligned in the corner. On both floors of the barracks were the steel bunks, lined up, with the empty grapefruit-juice cans, used as ashtrays, lined up between them.

The grounds leading up to the barracks were hard-packed now by tens of thousands of men who had marched over them in drill and policed them of cigarette butts at seven o'clock in the morning. On the quadrangle facing the barracks, companies of recruits had formed for a thousand roll calls at reveille, standing at cold attention, and again at retreat, tired from the day's drill, watching the sun set and the first sergeant march stiffly to the head of the company and report, "All present or accounted for," and the flag go down while the regimental band played a loud Star-Spangled Banner.

But now the regimental bands were gone and the sun had set quietly, without official recognition. The

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HARRY SALTZMAN

lights went on in the barracks and most of us stayed near our bunks, just in case something turned up. We stayed there waiting, not wanting to challenge luck, not wanting to talk about it. We smoked. We got up and walked around. We sat down. We looked at our watches. By eight o'clock the barracks was about as relaxed as a ready room before a mission over Ploesti, or a platoon command post before a Rhine crossing, or a Higgins boat on its way to Okinawa.

Across the way, a few men were playing poker over a blanket-covered bunk, quietly, as if they were listening for someone to call their names. In the bunk on my right was a buck sergeant who had served with the 8th Air Force in England and was hoping to get back to his law practice in New York. Figuring he would be out of uniform in a few days, he came to camp with a small paper bag containing a toothbrush, bar of soap, comb and towel, but no razor. Either he would be out of the Army and could get himself a neat civilian shave, he figured, or he wouldn't be out and would then buy himself a new razor. It was a kind of bet, he said, which he was making with himself.

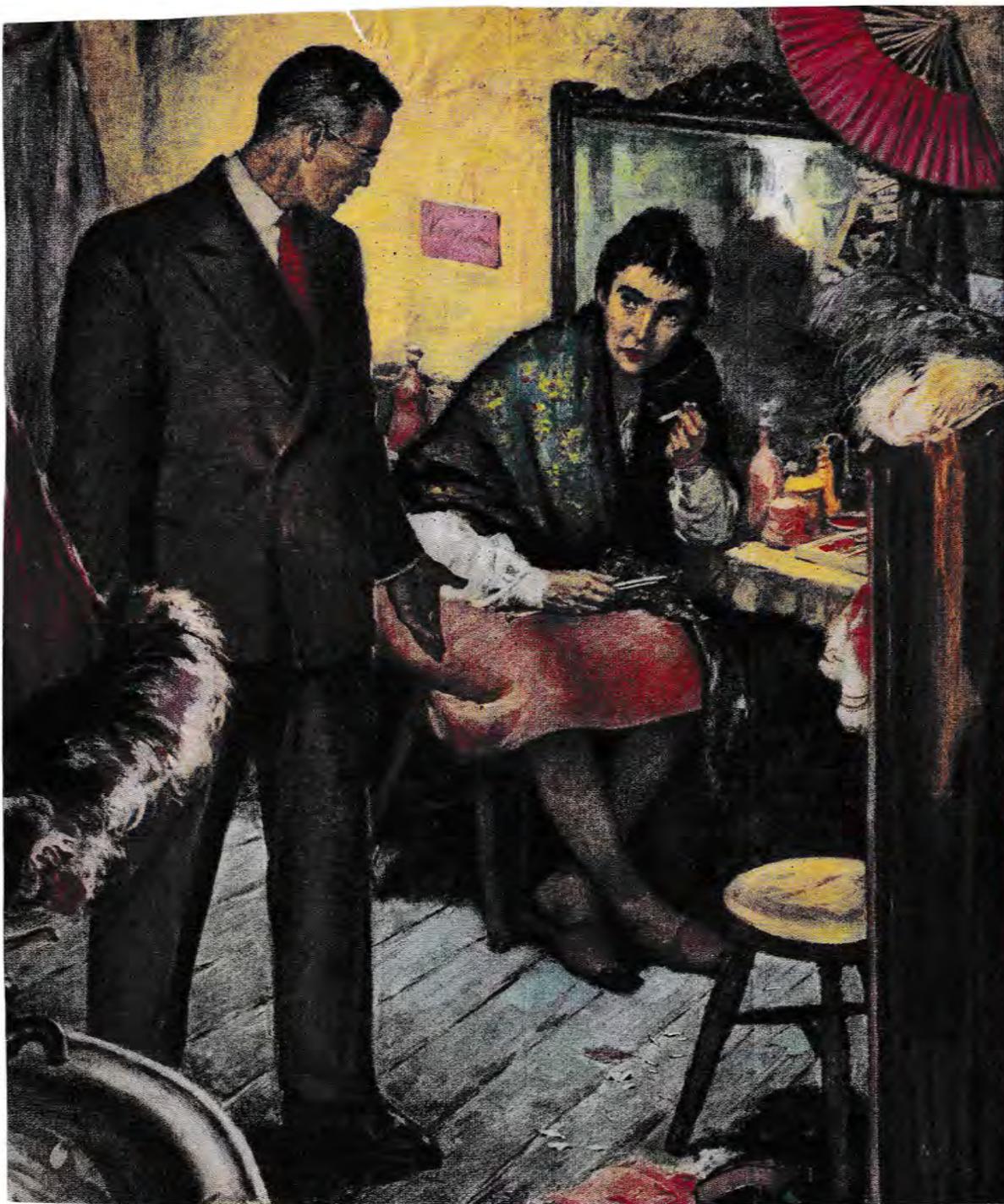
Next to the sergeant from New York was a corporal who had been overseas for three years, serving with the C-47's in Burma. The corporal talked at length of what the C-47's had done in Burma, and became rather loud when the sergeant looked at him and chided, "Burma? Never heard of it." Only the intervention of a forty-year-old technical sergeant, trying to sleep in the next bunk, calmed down the corporal. The technical sergeant then lay back, sighed and covered his face with a copy of Superman comics to keep out the light.

By nine-thirty the poker game broke up, after a redheaded master sergeant had taken over most of the available funds. In the latrine, two of the poker players were consoling themselves on their losses.

"Well," one said, "it's a way of passing the time."

"All I hope," said his friend, "is that's the last time I'll pass the time that way."

Lights went out at ten. A little after ten, a corporal who had been with the 34th Division at Cassino, and looked it, came back from the post theater



...lessly, and Chester thought he could see her grow pale under the heavy make-up. "Whoever you are," she said, "they didn't treat you very nicely, did they?"

"I told you who I am," he repeated quietly, patiently. "If you don't believe me, I can —"

"I am not interested," interrupted the Vachon. "I told you, you are mixing me up with someone else."

Suddenly Chester understood, and he smiled to himself grimly as he realized how badly he was out of training. She did not refuse to recognize him because of his changed appearance, but for reasons of her own.

"I am sorry," he said very clearly. "I am sorry, madame." And then, in a low whisper, "Is it as bad as that?"

"Worse," answered the Vachon between her teeth. "Meet me at the old place tomorrow. No, at six o'clock this morning."

As he came out of the door the night watchman gave him a big broad smile. "No luck, monsieur?"

Chester shrugged his shoulders.

"Too bad," and the night watchman slapped him familiarly on the back, "but when they are as old as Josephine, they are out for the young ones."

It's my white hair, thought Chester.

And just then the door behind him opened a second time and Josephine called, "Come back, monsieur. I've changed my mind." She smiled coquettishly. "It's the privilege of women to change their minds, isn't it, monsieur?"

Chester stepped back into the tawdry dressing room. "What made you change your mind?"

The Vachon lifted her shoulders. "Hard to tell. Who knows what tomorrow brings? Who can tell what can happen during a night?" Suddenly she threw both arms around him and kissed him violently and quickly. "Tell me, tell me," she whispered, "when did you come back from the grave?"

She saw the shadow of hesitation in his glance.

"Don't worry, now that Émile is outside. It is all right. Got a cigarette?"

There was voracity in the way she inhaled the first drag, and suddenly, over a period of four years, he could hear someone say, "And Chet, don't forget cigarettes for Josephine." (Continued on Page 76)

"I was betrayed. The hour of my flight—the place of my landing was betrayed. They caught me the moment I hit the ground."

and climbed into the bunk on my left. "It was a good movie," he said. "I almost forgot where I was."

Down the hall, someone was saying, "We beat the Japs, then we keep their emperor. I say we're nuts."

"Plattsburg," another voice said, "the damnedest town you ever saw. If you're broke in Plattsburg, the girls'll buy you a drink!"

One of the men, who had taken a tin-can ash tray to bed with him and was nursing his last cigarette before going to sleep, turned to say something to the soldier from Plattsburg. The can slipped out of his hand and clattered on the floor.

In the next bunk, the corporal, who was lying back with his eyes closed, sat suddenly upright with a startled exclamation. When he lay down again, his hand was shaking.

In our seventy-two hours at the separation center, we never met our company commander. All orders came from a voice on a public-address system, through a loud-speaker mounted in our barracks.

At six-thirty next morning, the voice, disembodied and deep, coughed and then commanded, "Off your backs and on your feet! Make your bunks, sweep under them and mop! The company will then form in the quadrangle!"

In the quadrangle at seven o'clock, several thousand men were sweating out the breakfast chow line. It was a polite and orderly line—I never saw one like it in this war. Although most of us were still restless and tense, no one bucked for position and no one pulled rank. Beribboned and battle-starred veterans took their places quietly, and even the master sergeants marched along, getting no special privilege.

"We're all gentlemen here," said the sergeant from New York. "What's happened to the dog-faces?"

In the mess hall as in the mess line, the day of the dogface had passed. Those of us who began our Army lives as kitchen police were comforted by the signs on the garbage and refuse cans at the mess-hall door. With victory in Europe, black German script had replaced familiar English labels, changing one garbage can from "Nonedible" to "*Nicht Essbar*," another from "Trap Grease" to "*Un-nützlichtes Fett*."

Inside the mess hall, performing the duties of KP, were German prisoners, captured from Tunisia to the Reich. Armed now with ladles and spatulas instead of burp guns and Lugers, the Germans were dishing out breakfast with a flourish.

"Look at them," said a sergeant from the 1st Rangers, who had escaped from the Germans at Anzio. "You make them KP's and they still think they're running the show."

On our way out of the mess hall, the Ranger absent-mindedly passed up a blond German non-com, who was motioning him to scrape his garbage into a galvanized can. All the Ranger heard was "*Achtung!*" He spun on the kraut, swore, dropped his tray and stomped out of the mess hall.

Back in the barracks, the voice was sounding off again, solemnly advising us that rosters were being posted in the quadrangle. Rosters, our charge of quarters told us, were very important. "Before you get processed," he explained, "your name's got to be on a roster. If you get processed, you might get out. But if your name's not on a roster, you won't get processed."

All Set—if You're Not Essential

SO we rushed into the quadrangle, where several hundred men were already scanning the rosters for their names. "That's it!" a young corporal shouted, and then stood there admiring his name until he was pushed aside. Next to him a gray-haired staff sergeant discovered his name, muffled a broad smile and walked away.

With our names posted, we felt better. The Army now officially recognized we were here and, several of us reasoned, the Army would now be obliged to discharge us. "It's like a machine," said the corporal from Burma. "Once it starts, you can't stop it." But the 3rd Division sergeant promptly produced a report he said he'd heard at breakfast. There was a private first class, said the sergeant, who was ordered to Fort Dix from Washington, D. C., whose name got on the roster and who figured he was set. Instead, the sergeant warned bleakly, the private was reassigned to the Fort Dix motor pool as an "essential mechanic" and his name was dropped from the roster.

The voice occasionally raised itself over our barracks-room discussion with orders for other barracks. Once it faded and squawked, as if clearing its throat, and then took on a personal tone. "Will Sergeant Joseph P. Kaptera report to Operations?" the voice inquired. "It's good, Kaptera. In to Operations, J. P. Kaptera; you won't be sorry, kid!"

"Good old Kaptera," said the sergeant from New York, aping the voice. "Good old J. P. Kaptera."

Again the voice spoke, "Let's go, rosters twenty to thirty-five! Out to your posts on the double!"

In the sun-swept quadrangle, our guide, a lanky, soft-spoken corporal, called off our names and then led us to the post theater for orientation—orientation for civilian life. On the auditorium stage, facing a drinking glass and pitcher of water, stood an Army chaplain, a ruddy-faced major, who waited until we sat down, and then began his lecture. Few chaplains ever faced a more intense congregation. We listened to him with complete attention, as if any failure to listen might somehow cause delay.

The chaplain read from a handful of notes. He said that the country had changed while we were away and that we had also changed, but that common sense would see us through. He reminded us that Army vocabularies were not altogether suited for the family dinner table.

"If you want the salt," said the chaplain, "just ask for the salt. Simply say, 'Please pass the salt.'" It was an old Army joke, but it went over big.

Then the chaplain made three points which, he said, were designed to guide us through the first perils of civilian life. "Take it easy," the chaplain said, spreading his arms. "Have confidence in God. And work for a better America."

The chaplain introduced a Negro lieutenant, whose lecture turned to the more immediate, practical aspects of becoming a civilian. The first requirement of a discharged soldier, said the lieutenant, was to take off his Army clothes and put on civvies; his second, to report to the draft board. "Some of you haven't developed the right idea about your draft board," the lieutenant said, and waited for the laugh. "Well," he went on, "Uncle Sam told these gentlemen to go out and find the very best Army they could get. And here you are! Well, now the draft board is waiting to help you back into civilian life."

The lieutenant pointed out that veterans who served overseas would get \$300 in discharge pay, in three monthly payments. "The reason you don't get it all at once," he told us, "is that the Army wants you, for sixty days, at least, to be important members of your community." Finishing up, the lieutenant seemed to drift away from his prepared notes.

"You're going into a new life ahead," he said dreamily. "You'll be on your way. You'll be riding that express train clickety-click to Mobile, and you'll be zooming along that open road in your new convertible coupé, and you'll be free as the birds." The corporal

(Continued on Page 61)

climb into them. And I smiled so much my face cracked."

"You mean your head. I'm taking your blue shirt, Mac; d'you mind?"

"Fat lot of good it would do me to mind. Just don't wrench the buttons off; it's one of my best."

"I wish you'd order some new shirts."

"Now about this party. Maybe I ought to get back into circulation. I like Dinah Steele; I wish I'd seen her before Tim did."

"I believe you still hanker to get married," said French, tying a neat cravat. "Why don't you? The women all go for you. I can't understand why you didn't marry Triffy List. There was a slick chick. Perfection!"

"But who am I to rate perfection?" said Mr. Parron. He had pushed back the work on his desk. "I need a good stenographer to take off a lot of stuff before I can get any further."

"Good stenogs are extinct," said French bitterly. "All you get now are these long-legged, starry-eyed

stenographer to help him."

"No one ever had to be dragged to one of your parties, Dinah," said Mr. Parron. "Especially me."

Mrs. Steele was thirtyish, gentle and serene. "I'm glad to see you on any terms, Mac," she said. "You do look as if you'd been working too hard."

"How nice!" said Mr. Parron. "How I love being appreciated!"

"And see here. Is Louis just gabbing or do you really need a stenographer? Because I know a girl who wants extra work; she's a refugee trying to get her father and mother out of Lisbon. Don't raise your eyebrows. Perli speaks better English than you do—with a slight Scotch accent acquired from a Glasgow governess. She has a day job, secretary to a fashion school, and she's hunting for evening work."

"I do need somebody and I know you for a unique character who never recommends lame ducks."

"Well, I think it's all wrong to recommend people because they need the money instead of because

Before he could stop her she said, "Oh, Mac! Then you do—you do care——"



thinness came from a starvation diet.

Pity decided him. He said that he needed a stenographer with some understanding of figures for two hours' work several evenings a week, a temporary job, five dollars an evening. "Dinah said you might want to try it," he finished.

Hope flared in her, but she held back as she had held her hand from the food. "I haven't a typewriter," she said.

"I have one," he told her; adding involuntarily, "Why don't you come back with me and have dinner and make a start? I'm in a bad jam. That chap over there is Louis French; he lives with me, and I'll find out if he's coming along and we can be on our way. My cook hates to have a meal wait. Oh, it's not pride in his art; he's a terrific gambler and wants to get into the game early."

"It's kind of you to ask me to dinner," said Perli with perfect simplicity, "because I can only spend fifty cents a day for my food, and cheap food is such dull food—I mean unless you can cook it yourself. That's why I almost snatched at those canapés. They're piquant; they're different."

Mr. Parron corralled a passing tray. "Finish your drink and eat another," he said, "while I speak to Louis."

Louis French said he was going on to dinner with some friends, and he took a gander at Perli and muttered that she was a rag and a bone and a hank of hair if ever he saw one. So Mr. Parron and Perli departed together. On the way, she asked about the work and listened intently to Mr. Parron's explanations. He found it hard to make them, the outline of her bones was so painful. He wondered how old she was—about twenty four or five he imagined—and probably didn't weigh more than ninety pounds. His own well-fed existence suddenly seemed shameful. He hoped Acoy had a good sustaining dinner tonight.

He need not have worried about that. Acoy produced a thick soup of black-eyed peas with a snip of salt pork; fried fillets of flounder wrapped about giant shrimp and enlivened with a Spanish *salsa verde*; potatoes boiled in their jackets; scalloped tomatoes, and, for dessert, grapefruit dashed with dark rum. It was all done in Acoy's best manner, which indicated that his luck was running high, for when cards and dice were against him, his cooking was apt to turn abominable.

Perli ate with moderation. "It's all so good, but I mustn't eat too much. It makes you very sick, you know, if you eat a lot when you're not accustomed

THE LAST BIG SWEAT— AND OUT

(Continued from Page 13)

next to me broke the mood. "On three hundred dollars discharge pay," he commented wryly.

After chow, we came back to the barracks and waited for the voice. The redheaded master sergeant, who had copped the poker winnings the night before, talked about "the old days." The old days, he said, were back in Africa, at the beginning of the Tunisian campaign, when anything was possible.

"You don't see everything in the newspapers," the sergeant began. "You may have heard about Admiral Darlan, how he was the big boss of all the French after we landed, but you never heard about his car. It was a fine car, the best in Algiers, and the colonel wanted a good car. Well, the colonel had his operators and we did a job for him. That was three days before Christmas. And on Christmas Eve the admiral was murdered, and the colonel calls us in and says, 'Men, you got me a fine car, but I hope you didn't have anything to do with the admiral.'"

The sergeant was starting to tell how he had used General Eisenhower's signature on a requisition blank to get a gross of stoves for infantrymen in Tunisia, when he was interrupted by the voice, ordering us back to the quadrangle and custody of our guide.

The guide this time led us off to a long low building, once used as a regimental headquarters when armies were being formed, now taken over by the Army counselors. The counselors—enlisted men selected for their experience in personnel problems—were closeted in booths along both walls. They were assigned to advise us on the problems of civilian life, ranging from the conversion of Army life insurance to the payment of taxes, from getting jobs to arranging for Government loans.

Between interviews, the counselors emerged from their cubbyholes, glanced over the soldiers waiting on the long benches and called out the next names. The counselors seemed a little worried. One of them, a sergeant who once worked in a department-store personnel office, took a break for a smoke.

"We've got most of the answers in our book," he told me before he went back to his booth. "That is, we've got most of the answers we could be expected to give. With the older men, it works out—they seem to know what they want. But with the younger guys—they always seem younger when they come in here—it's tough finding a place to start. Some freeze up and some look scared. Some just say, 'Long as I get out, it's okay. There's time later to figure out things.' God knows, I hope they're right."

While we sat waiting, a civilian in gray tweeds came out of a booth and went over to the drinking fountain. On his way back, he announced that he was from the United States Employment Service and was here to give information on jobs.

"How's business?" a corporal asked. "Must be great," said the USES man. "Either nobody wants advice or they're in too big a hurry to get out of here. Why don't you drop in and see me?"

On the bench in front of me, a buck sergeant wearing an 8th Air Force patch was talking to a corporal from the 45th Division. The sergeant had a twitch in his face. When he was talking, the twitch wasn't very noticeable, but when he fell silent, his eye would screw up in a wink and his mouth twist a little. Neither the sergeant nor the corporal, who was giving his reasons why he didn't want to go back to school, looked more than twenty years old.

"We're not kids any more," the corporal was saying. "If we get stuck behind books now, we'll never get started. Besides, I want to get married, and you can't support a wife and go to school on the fifty dollars that the

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EVENING POST

November 3, 1945

(Continued from Page 61)

Government'll give you. So I'm heading for Chicago. I could drive a six-by-six in France, and I guess I can handle a truck back here."

The sergeant's mouth twitched and he was beginning to answer the corporal when I heard my name called. I followed a short, brooding soldier wearing G. I. glasses into his booth. He studied my records carefully and asked me several times what I was planning to do when I got out, apparently unsatisfied with my vague answers.

I inquired about taxes and about converting Government insurance into a civilian policy. He asked me several times if there weren't any other questions he could answer. Before I left the cubbyhole, he volunteered the information that he had worked in a dean of men's office at a small Midwestern college, had enough points for discharge himself, but was being kept at Fort Dix as "essential." He said he wasn't too sure what he would do if he ever got out. "I guess I'll try looking around awhile myself," he told me.

After our meeting with the counselors we were free for the afternoon. When I got back to the barracks, several men were in bull session. A soldier from the 27th Division talked of geisha girls on Okinawa; the forty-year-old tech sergeant lashed out against civilians who think of returned soldiers as "cases," to be analyzed and "understood"; a sergeant and a corporal were wondering how to buy a civilian wardrobe and still have enough capital left to go hunting a job, and whether it was better to get married immediately or wait until later.

The sergeant from the 1st Rangers talked about luck. He was lucky, he said, very lucky. At Cisterna on the Anzio beachhead, the Rangers were caught in a German trap and mowed down. Not only was he the only member of his company who might now

get out of the Army—he was the only one still alive.

The corporal who had been with the 34th Division at Cassino also believed in luck. "It was tough up to Cassino," he said, "but I was lucky and nothing hit me. After Cassino, I couldn't stop shaking. But that was the break. They took me back to a hospital in Naples and I stayed a month. While I was gone, the rest of the platoon was hit.

"I still get jumpy now," he went on, "like last night when that can hit the floor. Even on trains it gets me. My first train ride back in the States, I sat near the window, and suddenly there's this terrific swish and I duck between the seats. The conductor looks down at me and he says, 'Easy, boy, that was only the Chicago express!'"

The second night we were more restless than the first, figuring that if all went well, it would be our last night in the Army. We decided not to sit around. The USO was putting on a girl show at the outdoor amphitheater, and several of us went over. A short brunette with a loud voice was getting a big hand. After staying through two encores, we went to the recreation hall, stopped at the post exchange for ice cream, and spent a half hour hunting for an open mess hall, where we persuaded the mess sergeant to make us bologna-and-onion sandwiches.

"Eat hearty," he advised us. "From here on in, it's rationed."

The voice had us up again next morning, sweeping and mopping and lining up for chow. After chow, once again the voice called our roster number, ordering us back to the quadrangle with a lighthearted warning. "You don't want to miss formations," it said. "Men who wish to be discharged should never miss formations."

"Listen to how it gives orders," said a combat infantryman. "The whole damn Army has gone to hell!"

(Continued on Page 68)

(Continued from Page 64)

After checking off our names, our guide led us off to another barracks, where Army doctors were waiting to give us our final physical examination. As stark naked as we were in the beginning when we lined up for our first physicals on our way into the Army, we gave our names, ranks and serial numbers to several clerks, who marked them down and ordered us on. We opened our mouths, had our lungs checked by the X-ray specialist, our blood drawn and examined by a corporal who had trouble finding the right vein. We were weighed, measured, prodded and ordered to jump up and down on one foot.

"This time," said a gray-haired soldier with a slight paunch, "you don't want to flunk. If there's anything wrong, they can hold you at the hospital. This time you want to be One-A."

"Even if my leg was missing, I'd tell them everything was okay," a rifleman remarked. "I just want out of here."

A medical lieutenant, trying to record malaria cases developed overseas, had apparently run across this feeling before. "Remember," he advised each man before asking the question about malaria, "your answer will not delay your discharge."

After the physical, we were released for lunch. Our guide informed us that the final formation was scheduled for two-thirty in the afternoon, and that, until then, we could do whatever we liked. Most of us decided, conservatively, to go back to our barracks and sit on our bunks, just in case.

We could hear the voice talking to new arrivals over an amplifier in the next barracks. "All men who reported in last night will consult the rosters now posted in the quadrangle," it was saying. "If your names are up, stand by." Already, we were veterans even of the separation center.

Then the voice ordered us to fall in on our posts, take along our baggage and wait for our guide. "This time,

men," said the voice, "it's the real thing!"

Our guide set a slow cadence to the supply room, and we crowded up behind him, almost walking on his heels. Facing the supply clerks, we dumped out our last Army possessions. A clerk took my musette bag, which a 7th Army supply sergeant gave me in Sicily, and a comfortable, wine-stained combat jacket I'd worn since Tunisia. All of us handed back our old clothes without comment, even the Ranger sergeant, who had sworn he would give his back the way he got them—by throwing them at the supply clerk. Instead he passed through mildly, like the rest of us.

Apparently satisfied that we had turned in everything we'd been given, except for two uniforms to be taken home and put in moth balls for future veterans' conclaves, the Army now seemed anxious to rush us into civilian life. At the supply-room annex, when we had all gathered around our guide, he checked us over like a scoutmaster and looked at his watch. "We're a little behind schedule, men," he said. "Let's go!"

He led us into a small room where a dozen soldiers sat at sewing machines. We halted in front of the sewing machines and took off our shirts. We handed our shirts to the soldiers, who sewed on discharge patches over our right pockets and handed the shirts back.

"Look," said the sergeant from New York, as he put on his shirt, "I'm a civilian!"

"Not yet," said the guide, leading us into another building.

A corporal came in, carrying bundles of brown folders, which he spread out end to end over a long, blotter-covered counter. He told us to line up at our folders.

"These," the corporal announced, "are discharge papers! All right now," he said; "let's calm down. Let's listen while I tell how to sign these papers."

The room was as quiet as if he were briefing us for D day in Normandy. On the blotter in front of me, men who had gone through before had written their sentiments: "So-o-o-o long!", "Here I go!", "FREEDOM!" and other expressions of joy. One veteran had set down in bold black pencil, "Back in circulation, July 5, 1945."

We scrawled our names quickly and filed out of the room, stopping at the door to get our thumbprints stamped on the discharge papers. Our guide led us off to the finance office, where we waited until our names were called. At the cashier's window we received Government checks for our back pay, plus \$100 as the first installment of our mustering out pay, plus enough funds to buy railroad tickets home. The cashier gave us each a small envelope containing the gold lapel button with the spread-eagle wings, the honorable-discharge insignie from the Army of the United States. Then we stopped at a second window to buy our railroad tickets home.

Again our guide glanced at his watch. "For three months I've been doing this," he said, a little sadly. "Always up to the chapel door, then I stop. Okay, men," he went on philosophically, "it's your turn."

Lining up in columns of twos, we marched down the black macadam road to the Fort Dix chapel, checking our neckties to be sure they were properly tucked in between our second and third shirt buttons. When we reached the chapel door, an organ was playing softly. Quietly we filed into the pews. The chaplain who had spoken to us two days before from the auditorium stage now stood at the altar, waiting for us to be seated. The organ stopped and he asked us to rise while he said a prayer. Then he sat down, and next to him an infantry major, with a large jaw and a bald head, got up and began speaking. Beside the major, a corporal was waiting with an armful of Manila envelopes.

The major spoke and the chapel organ began playing again, cushioning

his words. He spoke of past battles and of victory, of the citizen army and how it was formed, of the part the individual had taken, so that the majority might succeed. What he was saying blended with the organ music and the heavy breathing of the men. The Ranger sergeant was sitting with his head cupped in his hand, his eyes closed. The sergeant from New York was rubbing the stubble of his beard.

The major's words seemed to fade and we began thinking our own valedictories, calling up old names and places. There was a stretch of road between Gafsa and Feriana in the early days of Tunisia, where a convoy of Negro truck drivers wound past the olive groves in the warm sun and was suddenly surprised by Messerschmitts slipping out of the clouds, their guns blazing. There was a tall, pockmarked sergeant named Duncan who drew gentle sketches of soldiers and was killed by shellfire in the final drive on Rome. There was a staff sergeant named Kohn who went farther ahead of his troops than duty required and was cut down by a German machine gun in Southern France. There were many others who were not here today.

But we were here, and through the open chapel windows were the green grass and the cropped trees and the macadam road and the busses waiting for passengers to Trenton, New Jersey. And in Trenton the trains were coming into the station and we had our tickets home.

"All of you have one thing in common," the major was saying, putting away his notes. "You served your country in her hour of need. Be as proud of her as she is of you."

The corporal began reading off the names on the Manila envelopes and handing them to the major. We went slowly up the aisle, stopping before the major, coming to attention and saluting for the last time. The major saluted in turn, gave us our envelopes and then shook our hands and said, "Good luck." We figured we'd had it.

THE END

HEADQUARTERS
UNITED STATES ARMY FORCES WESTERN PACIFIC
Recovered Personnel Division

APO 707

INSTRUCTIONS TO HEIRS OF DECEASED PHILIPPINE ARMY MEMBERS FILING CLAIMS FOR
ARREARS IN PAY AND ALLOWANCES

- Section I - List of papers required
Section II - Description of papers listed in Section I.

SECTION I

1. The following papers are required in all cases.
 - a. Death records of soldier.
 - b. Special Orders ordering the soldier to active duty and covering any subsequent promotions.
 - c. Claimants Affidavit, Form GSXRP (PA) No. 9.
 2. The marriage record of the deceased is required:
 - a. If, at the time of death, the marriage has not been terminated legally or by death. If either the deceased or widow was previously married proof of death or legal dissolution of the former marriage is required.
 - b. If there were at the time of his death living children or their descendants resulting from any marriage of the deceased. (Thus, it may be necessary to secure more than one marriage certificate, if the condition in a. exists together with the condition in b. resulting from a previous marriage).
 3. The death record of the deceased's wife(s) is required if she is not, now living, provided the marriage(s) was never terminated legally. If the marriage was legally dissolved, whether the widow be now living or not, legal papers attesting this fact are required.
 4. If the deceased had children (legitimate and/or adopted) and they or any of their descendants were living at the time of his death, the birth and/or adoption records are required. If any child was deceased, but his child was alive, his death records and the birth record of his child are required. This same chain of procedure follows down to any descendant now living or the last descendant if none are now living.
 5. If there was no legitimate and/or adopted child or his descendant alive at the time of death of the soldier, the remaining succession of heirs in order of priority is as follows:
 - a. Legitimate parents and their ascendants.
 - b. Acknowledged natural children.
 - c. Brothers and sisters, and their descendants.
 - d. The surviving spouse.
 - e. Collaterals within the sixth degree. (cousins, etc.)
 - f. The State.
- The rules embodied in the succeeding paragraphs are based on the principle that the relation of a principal heir must be proven by the succession of birth records up to the deceased soldier. Also, that the death of all possible heirs higher in the line of succession must be proven. It must be born in mind that the rightful heir was established at the moment of death of the soldier and that if that heir is not now living his heirs are the ones who inherit and not the heirs of the soldier lower in the line of succession.
6. If there was no surviving child or his descendant at the time of death of the soldier, the following papers must always be furnished to prove relationship of parents, who were alive at the time of death of the soldier, or, if both parents were then dead, their ascendants who were then alive, if any.
 - a. Marriage record of parents, and of grandparents (alive at death of soldier) when both parents were deceased at that time.
 - b. Birth record of deceased, and of parents if they were deceased at time of death of soldier but had living ascendants.
 - c. Death record of parent(s).

7. If no legitimate parent or ascendant was alive at the time of death of the deceased, in addition to papers set out for parents (not required for grandparents) in 6 above the following must be furnished:

a. Death records of all persons higher in the list of succession of heirs.

b. Birth records of any descendants when they are the principal heirs. Birth records for any surviving spouse and ascendants (parents, grandparents, etc.) are never required.

8. The widow will always be the one to file the claim if she is alive, because she receives half the estate as community property. Otherwise one of the principal heirs must file.

SECTION II

1. DEATH RECORD OF SOLDIER: The original death record of the deceased issued by the Philippine Executive Commission at Malacanan, if one was received. The Casualty Section of Headquarters Philippine Army may be able to furnish one if death occurred in the army or a POW Camp and no certificate was obtained from Malacanan. If neither of the above are available, secure affidavits of two or more members of the Philippine Army, preferably commissioned officers, stating the time, place, and cause of death, and whether they personally saw the occurrence of death or the dead man. Where death cannot be proved by either one of the two means mentioned above, present affidavits of two or more persons, preferably commissioned officers of the Philippine Army, stating therein the date the serviceman was last seen and the circumstances surrounding.

2. SPECIAL ORDERS CALLING SOLDIER TO ACTIVE DUTY AND COVERING SUBSEQUENT PROMOTIONS: Special Orders calling soldier to active duty during the later part of 1941 or early part of 1942, and/or Special Orders of promotion issued in the later part of 1941 and thereafter, or Death Certificate issued by HPA or other authoritative USAFFE Officers or governmental entities; or POW records issued by the HPA and/or AFPAC, if soldier had been a prisoner of war; or Certification by the City or Municipal Mayor or the Chief of Police of the town where soldier resided in 1941 or 1942, aent the fact known to the former of call to active duty at any specified time, during said period, from reliable records presently existing and available for inspection; or affidavits of two members of the PA or USAFFE, preferably Officers, and Officially recognized as such i. e., having already been processed as bonafide returnees; or other military records preserved by the claimant, if any, which include necessary information.

3. FORM GSXRP(PA) No. 9: This must be submitted in duplicate by claimant, and duly and completely executed and sworn to.

4. MARRIAGE RECORD: Two certified true copies of the public or church record. If impossible to secure due to loss or destruction of records, present affidavits in duplicate of two or more reliable persons certifying to the fact of marriage, preferably one being the priest performing the ceremony.

5. BIRTH OR ADOPTION RECORD: Two certified true copies of the original birth or adoption record. If impossible to secure due to loss or destruction of records, present affidavits in duplicate of two or more reliable persons certifying to the fact of birth or adoption, preferably the doctor attending the birth or official handling the adoption, and/or the Priest performing the baptism.

6. DEATH RECORD OF AN HEIR: Two certified true copies of original death records. If impossible to secure due to loss or destruction of records, an affidavit in duplicate from any of the following, giving the name, cause and place of death and/or burial and other material facts.

1. The Municipal Secretary of the place of death or burial.
2. The Local Civil Registrar.
3. The last attending physician.
4. The priest or minister who solemnized the funeral services.
5. Affidavits in duplicate of two or more reliable persons who have personal knowledge of the fact of death.

MEMORANDUM:

The picnic planned for all AUS,EM and Officers will be held 10 March 48.

The trucks will leave from the C & B area at 1100 that day and present plans will return in time for the evening chow. Every one wishing to swim should bring along swimming trunks.

For the small sum of one peso, you may have fresh lake trout and fresh ear corn. For one peso twenty centavos, the fish, corn and a can of toddy can be had. For one peso fifty centavos, the fish, corn toddy, fresh American bread, such as is served in the Snack Bar and Cafes in Manila, and incidentals as peanuts, candy bars or such. The fish and fresh roasting ears will be prepared. Pickles, mustard, oranges or fruit will be obtained from the mess hall. It is understood that beer will be rationed to all personnel within the next week, so if you care for beer, take it along, ice maybe available. It is desired that you pick the price meal you care to pay for, and pay the Chief Clerk of your section with the understanding that everyone will later either be refunded or will be ask for the additional money in accordance with which meal the majority of men prefer. If the majority doesn't care to have bread, bread will be secure from the mess hall.

I N V I T A T I O N

The officers and members of the ARPA

cordially invites you at a

"FIESTA"

to be held at the DA on

Sunday, 24 February 1946

1400-1830

M _____

P R O G R A M

1400

1. Formal Opening Col. M. H. Marcus
Director, RPD

1400-1500

2. Games;
- a. Sack race
 - b. potato, race
 - c. Three legged race
 - d. Egg & Teaspoon race
 - e. Polo set contest
 - f. Pie eating contest
 - g. Apple eating contest
 - h. Hit the pot contest

1500-1730

3. Softball Civilian team
vs. Army team
- Volleyball Civilian girls
team
- Basketball Civilian male
team

1500-1600

4. Dancing Filipino Style

1600-1730

5. Dancing American Style

1730-1830

6. CHOW DRINKS PICNIC STYLE

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Chairmen Col. M. H. Marcus
Director,
Pedro R. J. President,

Members

Lt. Andrews Games & Co
Lt. Calise Food Commi
Lt. Quisenberry Refreshmen
Lt. Hill Transporta

REFRESHMENT COMMITTEE

Chairman Lt. Quisen

GAMES & CONTESTS COMMITTEE

Chairman Lt. Andrew

FOOD COMMITTEE

Chairman Lt. Calise

Members

Agapito Ieas Florencio
Pacifico de Jesus Jose Ricar
Artemio Carlit Jose Sunga

TRANSPORTATION COMMITTEE

Chairman Lt. Hill

DANCE COMMITTEE

Chairman Gilda Abaya

Members

Lucila Natividad
Mary Saquitan
Anita Feria

Patricia Feria
Aurea Leocadio
Aida

Honorary Adviser Col. M.H. Marcus

Permanent Advisers Capt. A.D. Gruber
Capt. S.J. Sawicki

---oo---

WAR DEPARTMENT
THE CHIEF OF STAFF
WASHINGTON

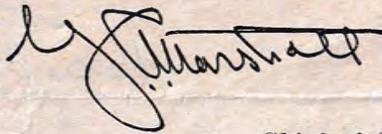
23 AUGUST 1945.

All Members of the Army:

to better guarantee the permanence of this peace, I am convinced it is necessary to build up a strong citizen army. The world recognizes that we are at all times prepared to defend the peace. Furthermore, we owe it to our country, and to the comrades who have made the great sacrifice, to insure that never again will Americans be drawn into a war unprepared.

Therefore, I earnestly hope that you will give careful consideration to the importance of enrolling in one of the civilian components of the Army when you are relieved from active duty, that there may be a solid foundation of veterans for the necessary regeneration of the armed forces.

Faithfully yours,



Chief of Staff.

are still needed

With the defeat of the Axis powers, the United States has emerged with a great military force, which enables it to play a powerful part in establishing the foundations for a permanent world order to insure peace. But, as was found out after the last war, no provisions to insure peace are long effective unless there exists the means for enforcing them quickly and decisively. These means are to be found in the combat and other invaluable military skills of discharged veterans. This is why your services, as a trained and experienced soldier, are needed so urgently in the postwar Enlisted Reserve Corps. The existence of a strong Organized Reserve Corps will of itself tend to prevent the necessity for its use.

Regular Army cannot do it alone

The American people are traditionally opposed to a large standing army in peacetime, as not in keeping with its political institutions. If this were not so, the United States could not afford the financial cost of maintaining several million professional soldiers for duties which could be performed effectively, and in time, by Reserve officers and Reservists.

(2)

Organized Reserve Corps

The Organized Reserve Corps is one of the three components of the Army of the United States. It consists of the Officers' Reserve Corps, and the Enlisted Reserve Corps, and is composed of qualified citizen officers and enlisted personnel who voluntarily elect to serve their country in a military status during peacetime as well as war. It is contemplated that Reserve units will be effectively organized and trained in time of peace for prompt employment in time of war.

Advantages of joining the Enlisted Reserve Corps

You will have a military status and a definite place in the post-war Army of the United States. In the event of a future emergency your position will be assured.

Qualified enlisted men will be given an opportunity to become a commissioned officer.

As an enlisted man (not a member of the National Guard) you will be offered a 3-year enlistment in the Enlisted Reserve Corps in the rating or grade held at the time of discharge.

You will have full opportunity, with your consent, to acquire additional practical experience through temporary active service and to receive promotion, by successive steps, to any rank for which you can definitely qualify.

Specific facilities will be provided to afford the means by which you can qualify for advancement.

Not only will you have opportunities to accept tours of active duty with full pay and allowances, but you will be able to maintain and enjoy the comradeship of your fellow soldiers of this war.

In the event of future active duty or of another emergency, you will insure your continuity of service for longevity pay, as well as for any authorized retirement benefits.

Most important: You will have the satisfaction of continuous service to your country—in peace as well as in war.

Why you should enroll now

The Enlisted Reserve Corps needs the skill and military "know-how" that you possess. Without your support, and that of thousands of veterans who will originally constitute the Enlisted Reserve, it would take years to build a dependable Reserve. The United States cannot afford to risk its security again by improvising armies after an emergency; neither can it continue to speak with authority in world affairs unless it maintains the means for backing up that authority.

What are the obligations?

In an enlisted status, you will undergo active-duty training only with your consent. It is assumed that Congress will provide the means for active-duty training on a broader basis than in prewar days, thus affording you a wider selection in the type of duty you may elect and in the length of time you may wish to serve. Your patriotic obligation to serve in time of a national emergency will find you adequately prepared.

Who are eligible?

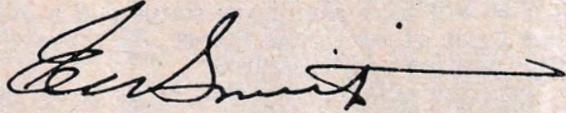
Any male enlisted veteran, not a member of the National Guard, who is physically qualified for general service or limited assignment,

and who has been separated from active duty under honorable circumstances, is eligible.

When and where to join

At the time of your discharge at a separation center or other installation, you will have the opportunity to volunteer for further service to your country by joining the Organized Reserve Corps.

The importance of your decision and the effect it will have on the national security cannot be too strongly emphasized.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Edwin Smith", with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

*Brigadier General, G. S. C.,
Executive for Reserve and ROTC Affairs,
War Department Special Staff.*

Nonna Mother, Tony, Rip, me
and Rip -

5:40 Leave Ranch

5:47 am. corner store get 200 etc

6:05 Leave grocery for Grandma A to
leave Nonna -

6:14 Arr. Grandma A - leave Nonna

6:17 Leave . . . for A. Seco

6:55 Arr. Latinos

7:35 am greenfield. for big
waterhuler

8:30 am. Green camp on top -
took further camp by
road up to Dynamite Plot -
uppacked and made camp

9:30 Camp complete - drive down
to see the yates -

10:20 Back at camp - had a
cold drink, I took Rip for
a short constitution walk -

10:30 All back hit the hay -
more in the morning

7: A - awake but not up & get
all boxes lined in bed for
water cleaning the fast.

7:10 Mr. Yates come by after
a man who had driven up
the road. with one person

7:20 Ship + Tommy got up and
took ~~the~~ Rip for a walk.

7:30 Mother got up and got
breakfast while I laid in
bed. when mother got up
she jumped across the
foot of the bed and broke
it down - then I was trying
to sleep with the bed at
about a 30° list to port
The Boys come back to my
rescue and finally got
the bed back on an even
keel. Then I wasn't sleepy

9:30 First call to breakfast
in 15 mins, Boy & Sue
come along then —

8:45 Breakfast of sponge &
Eggs and toast. Trip
made the toast on the USFS
stove.

9:15 Breakfast finished —

9:30. I had to take the car down
to the CCC Pit and change
the position of one of the
battery cables. The brake pedal
was rubbing against it and
causing a short. Skip
went with me to my cave
down below with Rip.

10:15 Back to Camp, and Mother
prepared a lunch for us
which I fixed a punch
with me to take a long

10:30

Ship went ahead to fish

10:45

Arrive at "our" swimming hole
and everyone had a
swell swim - water cool

1:01

Lunch and time out
on the beach -

1:30

Ship caught a sucker
on his fly rod and Boy
was he proud. Sucker
was fat and measured
15 1/4" long. Sonny caught
a 7 1/2" Rainbow - I
guess we eat fish tonight
or for breakfast

2:30

Another big swim in
progress I wanted to get
a picture of Mocha and al.
bays on diving rocks but
lost the camera in the
river - and probably
ruined all the film -

5:30

Home for Comps to charge and
call Chos at Yolo. Wont
him to bring a watermelon
and some matches w/ him
he may be over taining if
not to move with

4:15

Home to station with
skin & matches to call Chos -
cut was out. we waited
till nearly 5 before they come
back

4:55

Called Chos, then talked to
Yolo till

6:00

Went back to Comps, laid
around sleeping and eating
till dinner time -

After dishes were over,
Yates came up and
spent the evening with
us.

(over)

10:00. To bed and to sleep. Pip
slept under our bed.

Sun.

8:00. Awoke with the sun in
our eyes. Layed in bed till

9:00. Mama got up - stepped
on the bed and it broke down.
She tried to fix it and it
buckled up in the middle
with me in it.

9:30. Chuck and Geo. Mattox
came. Had breakfast with
us at 10:30 A.M.

11:30. Went to "Our Pool" and had
a great swim. Chuck
actually went in for 5 minutes.
Stayed until 4 P.M.

5 P.M. Back to camp and had
Skippy's birthday dinner.
Mother made him a birthday
cake. Mrs. Yates sent him

up an apple pie - We took
them a lot of apples.

6:00 Rode up to King's Hole.

7:00 Broke camp. Visited with
Yates at their house from
8 to 8:30.

8:30 Left for home - Chuck
and Geo left there also.

10:30 Arrived in Watsonville -
Picked up Maud at Grandma
Aldridges.

11 Home - Sweet - Home
and "Hit the Hay"

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

T'was the night before Christmas and all through the yard
Not a creature was stirring, not even a guard.
My socks were stuffed in my shoes to save space
And alas - in my tent there was no fireplace.

My friends in their shorts and me in my shoes
Had just settled down for a tropical snooze,
When out in the area there arose such a clatter
That I sprang from my cot to see what was the matter.

I became so entangled in my mosquito net
That if no one had helped me, I would be there yet.
And then very cautiously I pulled back the flaps
Expecting to see a Battalion of Japs.

But to my amazement I saw there instead
The famous St. Nicholas in his suit of bright red
He sat in his sled, which was pulled by six jeeps
As they bounced along gaily in short bounds and leaps.

They came to a halt and away Santa went
And very suddenly there he was in my tent
He was chuckling merrily and his fat little belly
Just like the poem, was shaking like jelly.

And as I wondered, I was sure t'was a gag
When I noticed his pack was a blue barracks bag.
Then he reached in his bag, and without hesitation
Turned to my tent mate with a pack of K Ration.

He dug in again and came up with some Spam,
C Rations, cookies and Bully Beef Ham
He followed this quickly with dehydrated potatoes
And then reached in for a can of tomatoes.

And then he remarked there was work he must do
So he raised a plump finger and away he flew
I dashed to the tent flap and was able to see
Him get in his sled as he waved back at me.

"Away Willys" - "On Ford" was his cry in the night
And in no time at all he was clear out of sight
I'll still have to laugh when I'm ancient and old
At the thought of St. Nick sliding down the tent pole.

That's all there is to it - the story is through,
But before I sign off here is my wish to you--
"MAY YOUR CHRISTMAS BE HAPPY AND FILLED WITH GOOD CHEER:
MAY YOU BE WELL AND MERRY THROUGHOUT THE NEW YEAR!"

(Leyte, Philippine Islands in the year 1945)

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM
IS SHINING BRIGHT

AND ALL WHO LOOK UPON IT SEE

A SIGN THAT SOMEONE
UP IN HEAVEN

GUIDES THEIR STEPS TO VICTORY

- * -

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE
A STAR OF BETHLEHEM

TO KEEP WATCH OVER THOSE WE LOVE

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM
KEEPS SHINING

IN THE SILENT NIGHT ABOVE

- * -

FOR MEN ON THE DISTANT SHORES
OF SOME FOREIGN LAND

THIS STAR WILL STAND
AS YOUR SHIELD

TAKE HEART FROM ITS MESSAGE
HEAVEN SENT

THAT HAS MEANT
MEN OF FAITH
IN THE RIGHT
NEVER YIELD

- * -

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM
SHINES BRIGHT TONIGHT

AND HE LOOKS DOWN AS HE DID THEN

HE ASKS THE WORLD TO SAY A PRAYER

FOR

PEACE ON EARTH
GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN *

Lyrics to a song by Cpl. Norman Hirschl

THE RIVER OF DREAMS

A LONLY YOUNG MAN
IN A FAR OFF LAND
CHANCED ON A WONDEROUS STREAM

THE STORY UNFOLDED UPON THE SAND
THAT THIS WAS THE RIVER OF DREAMS

- * -

MY PRAYER IS A DREAM
THAT I MADE BY THE RIVER
A DREAM OF MY LOVED ONES
SO PRECIOUS TO ME
AND I KNOW DEAR THE DREAMS
THAT ARE MADE BY THE RIVER
KEEP FLOWING ON
OUT TO THE SEA

- * -

THE STORY IS OLD
THAT IS TOLD OF THE RIVER
THAT LONG LONG AGO
THERE WERE DREAMS DEAR LIKE YOU
AND THE MOON FROM ABOVE
HAS LOOKED DOWN ON ITS LOVERS
WATCHED ALL THEIR DREAMS
COME TRUE

- * -

AND THO' WE ARE FAR APART
HERE IN MY LONLY HEART
MY PRAYER IS CALLING
TO YOU

- * -

OH CARRY MY DREAMS
TO THE GIRL BY A RIVER
WHOSE DREAMS JUST LIKE MINE
HAVE GONE OUT TO THE SEA
AND SOMEDAY THEY WILL MEET
IN THE VEIL OF TOMORROW
I PRAY

Lyrics to a song
written by:
Lt. Robert A. Wisefield
and
Cpl. Norman Hirschl

HEADQUARTERS 32d AAA BRIGADE
Office of the Commanding General
APO 932

25 December 1945

Christmas Greetings to all Officers and Men of the 32d AAA Brigade

Some of you are spending your first Christmas away from home today; but, for many of you, this is your second or third, or even fourth Christmas observed in the service of your country. However, it is natural that all of you, since active hostilities have ceased, yearn to be home with your loved ones at this Yuletide season.

Your Government is making every effort to return you to your homes as rapidly as possible. Thousands of your brothers-in-arms have already departed from this command, homeward bound. Of those remaining, you will be released as soon as your services can be spared from the clean-up and security task to be done. Many of you are already scheduled for early return.

On behalf of our country, I wish to convey the heartfelt thanks of its citizens to you whose valiant service led to the final victory so gloriously achieved a few months ago over our ignominious enemies.

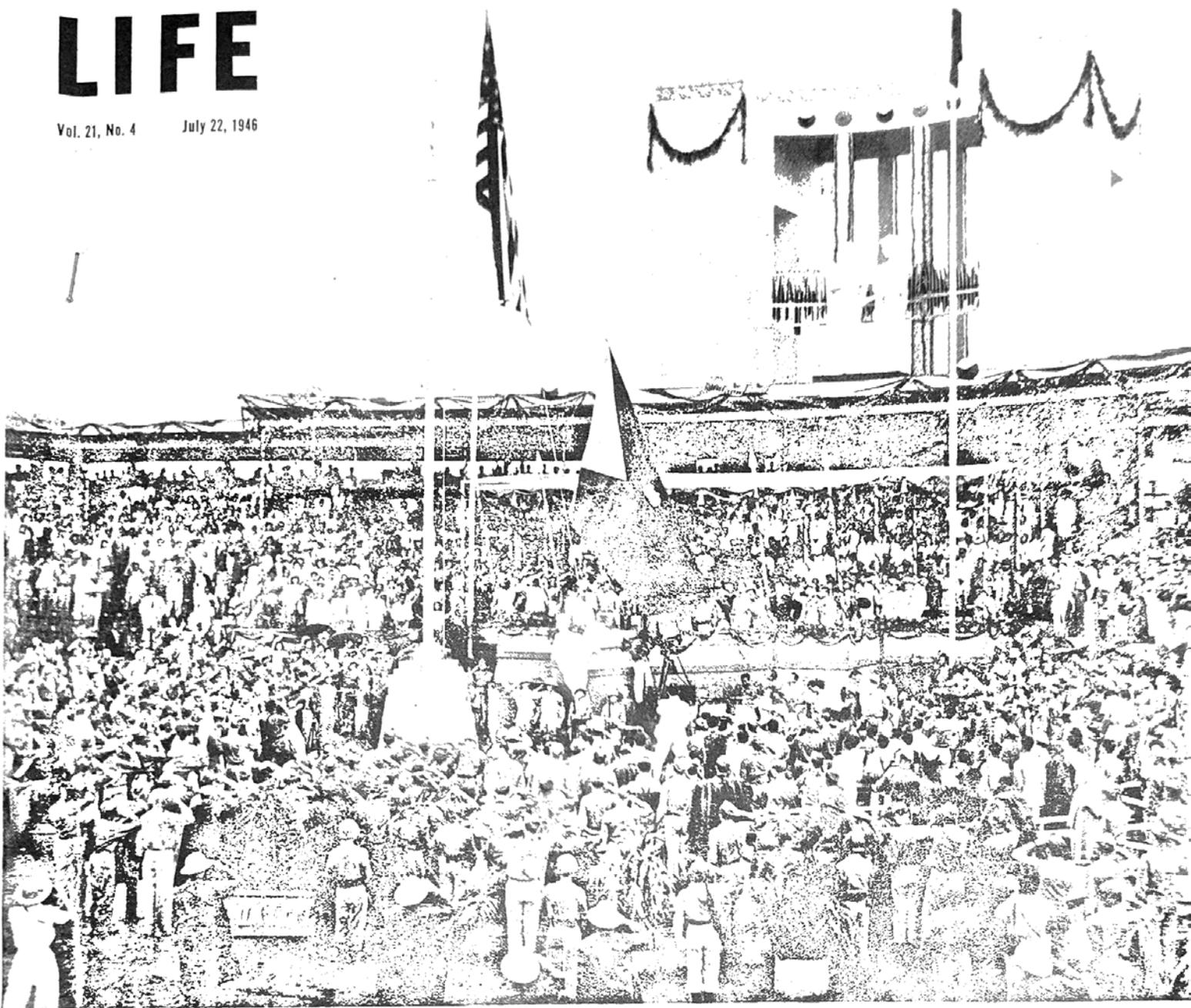
In the time-honored custom, I wish you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, and express the fervent hope that all your remaining Christmases will be spent in a world at peace.

Frank C. McConnell
FRANK C. MCCONNELL
Brigadier General, USA
Commanding

LIFE

Vol. 21, No. 4

July 22, 1946



FROM A SHIP-SHAPED ROSTRUM IN MANILA'S LUNETTA PARK, PAUL V. McNUTT LOWERS THE AMERICAN FLAG AS PRESIDENT ROXAS RAISES THE FILIPINO FLAG

NEW REPUBLIC IS BORN IN PHILIPPINES

July 4 became Independence Day for another nation, the new Republic of the Philippines. On a rostrum shaped to represent the new ship of state, U. S. Ambassador Paul McNutt gently lowered the Stars and Stripes. Then Philippine President Manuel Roxas raised the flag of the new republic (red, white and blue with a golden sun and three golden stars).

This was an event without real precedent in the history of nations. It was no less than the U.S. had intended since it won the islands from Spain in

1898, no less than it had promised in the Tydings-McDuffie Act of 1934. In that easy isolationist era, however, no man had foreseen that by 1946 the Philippines would be weak from the devastation of war, the U.S. the transcendent power of the whole Pacific. Yet America, true to her word, and the Filipinos, true to their long hope of freedom, faithfully and solemnly carried out their joint plans to launch the new republic. Said President Roxas, "The American flag flies more triumphantly today than ever before in history."

LIFE INTERNATIONAL

This week for the first time LIFE International—the new, fortnightly edition of LIFE designed for worldwide distribution—starts on its way to some 70 nations around the globe outside the U.S. and Canada. During the war as many as 535,-

000 weekly copies of an adless, thin-paper LIFE were distributed to the U.S. Armed Forces overseas and were seen by citizens of almost every nation on earth. The result was a flood of requests—and LIFE International (see the advertisement on page 95).

Please keep this issue, Chuck, as I know that Bob will like to have these pictures for his scrap-book. We sent us picture of Palace



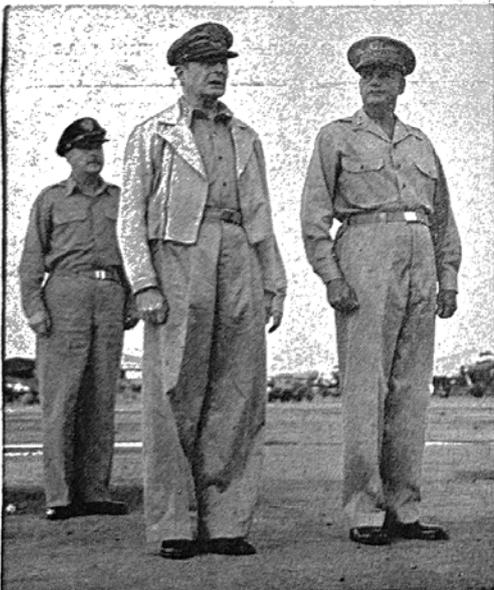
AS FLAGS OF THE TWO NATIONS PARADE BY, U.S. ARMY EQUIPMENT, WORTH ABOUT \$50,000,000, IS FORMALLY PRESENTED TO THE NEWLY SEPARATED PHILIPPINES.

U.S. STILL EXERTS MUCH INFLUENCE AND HAS GREAT INTEREST IN PHILIPPINES

It took four days of parades, speeches and ceremonies to transfer sovereignty of the Philippine archipelago from the U.S. to the new republic. The Philippine army was honorably discharged as part of the U.S. Army and took on an independent status of its own. A brand-new foreign office was set up, foreign guests were wined and dined, and an Independence Tree was planted in front of the City Hall.

The U.S. still keeps some silken strings of influ-

ence threaded to the infant republic. The Bell Act, pushed through the Philippine Congress by the Roxas government, American industry has an inside track in the islands. The U.S. will maintain military establishments and the State Department will lend a helping hand in foreign policy at least until Filipino diplomats are trained. In spite of these strings most Filipinos were content with the freedom they had sought for more than



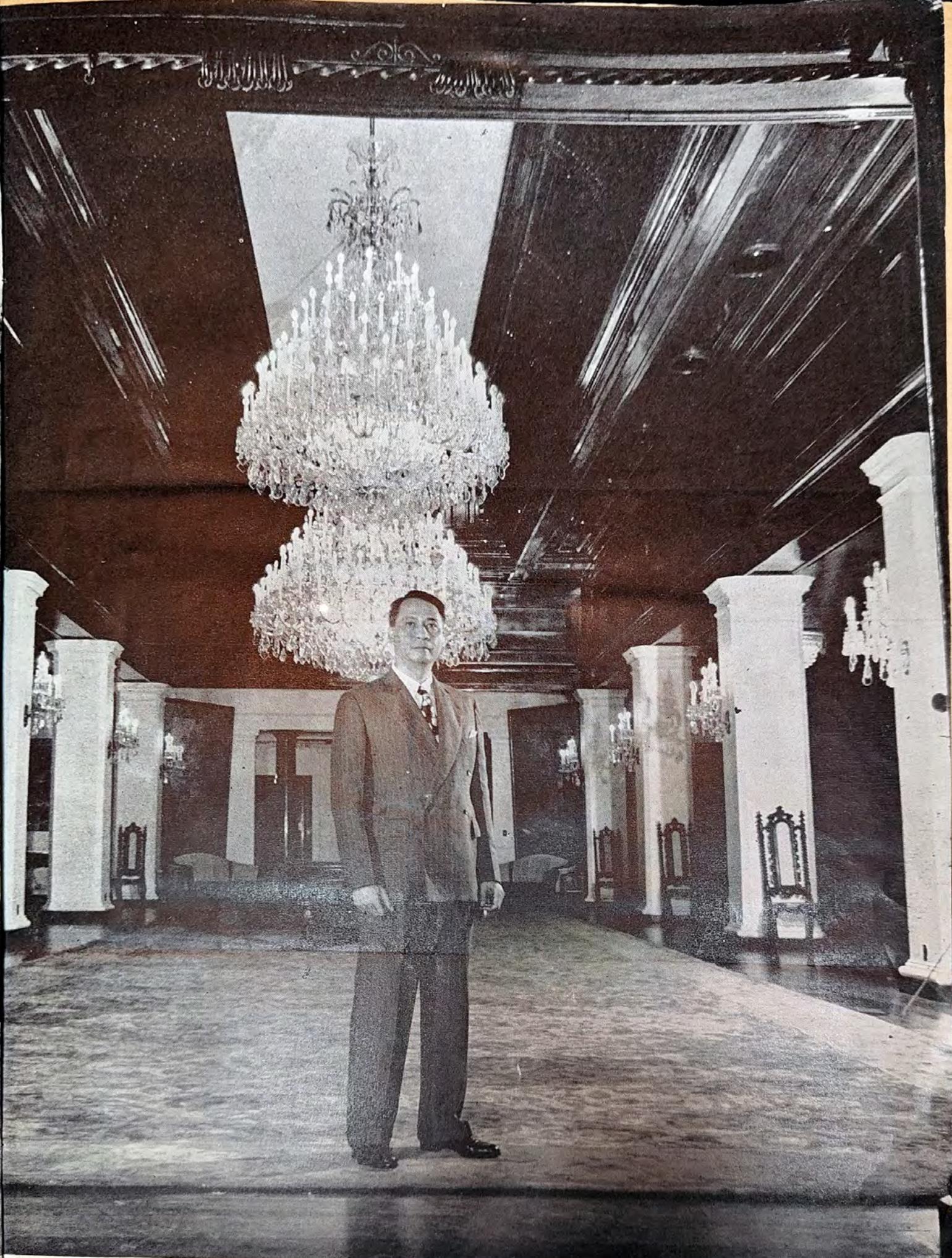
MACARTHUR arrives at Nichols Field to be met by Lieut. General Styer as guest at independence ceremonies.



MRS. MACARTHUR and Roxas smilingly watch air-sick young son Arthur being carried from plane by aides.



MACARTHUR SPEAKS on July 4, calling it a "turning point in the age-long struggle of man for freedom."



MANUEL A. ROXAS of the new Philippine Republic in main reception room of Malacañan Pal-

ace against famous chandeliers. He was born in town of Capiz on Panay Island 54 years ago, several months after

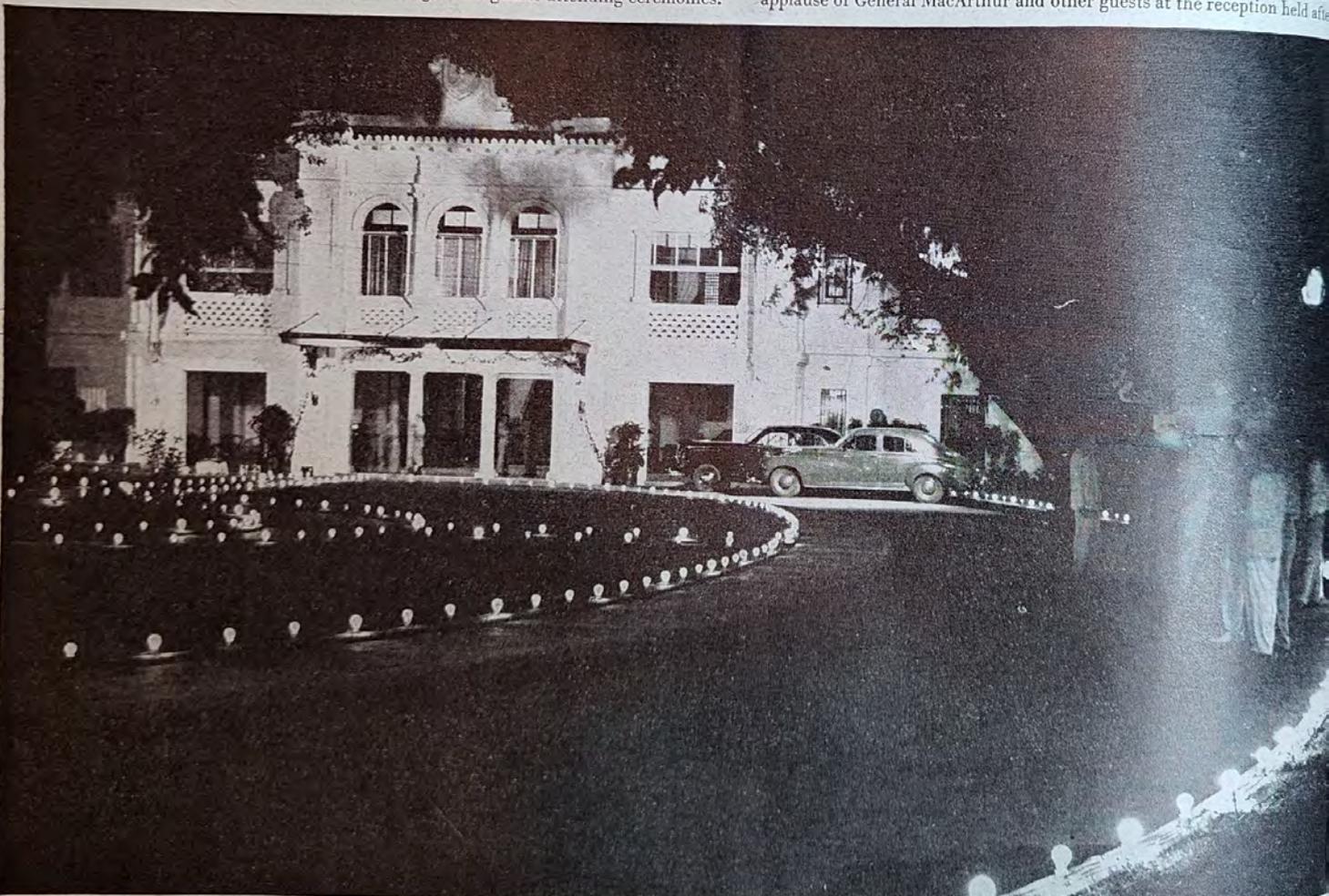
his father had been shot by Spaniards for preaching revolt. Late President Quezon trained him for presidency.



STATE DINNER at Malacañan Palace, residence of president, was held in honor of official delegates from 24 nations and other distinguished guests attending ceremonies.



FASHION SHOW MODEL, who is one of group of aristocratic debutantes, receives the applause of General MacArthur and other guests at the reception held after the fashion show.



Part of the night of the reception of the President's Palace

PRESIDENT'S PALACE, which was once residence of Spanish governors, is all lighted up and decorated in expectation of Manila's Filipino and American society leaders arriving for official reception. This reception, the most glittering ever held in the Philippines, consisting of an official ball and fashion show, topped the Independence Day

ers arriving for official reception. This reception, the most glittering ever held in the Philippines, consisting of an official ball and fashion show, topped the Independence Day



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after

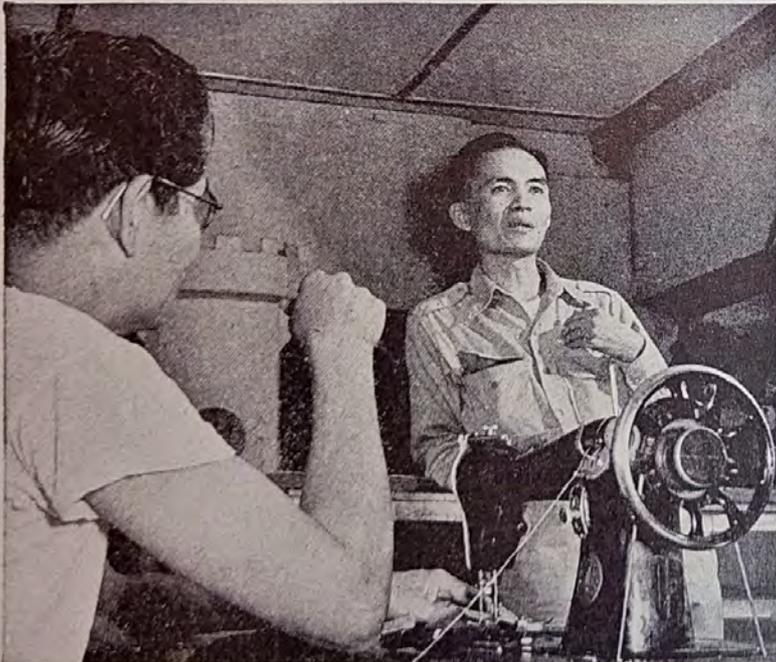
held
Day

OF JULY fireworks, very much like those in the U.S., are shot into the air
unken gardens of the palace grounds that evening, at the time when the offi-

cial dinner for the delegates began. Two hours later a searchlight and fireworks display
was held by all ships of U.S. Navy anchored in Manila Harbor, within sight of Bataan.



SECRET ARMS, MOSTLY JAPANESE, GIVEN UP BY SOME MEMBERS OF GUERRILLA BANDS, ARE INSPECTED BY INTERIOR SECRETARY ZULUETA AND BRIG. GENERAL



HUK LEADER Luis Taruc talks politics in his brother's tailor shop. Able, self-made son of a poor peasant, he says that he is leading a peasant revolt to get them more land.

UNDERGROUND ARMIES, RUINED INDUSTRIES ARE PART OF NEW REPUBLIC'S BIRTH

Behind the façade of glory, the beating of drums, the changing of the rich speechmaking, the young Philippine Republic has come into full-grown troubles. Most urgent problem is that of the Hukbalahaps—peasants led by Communists who have set up an independent government in central Luzon around Mt. Arayat. Armed with guns they captured from Japanese occupiers during the war, they raid the countryside at night, seize peasants by force to fill their own ranks. So great is the terror that the peasant families stream into the towns at night to escape the marauding Huks, who supported Osmeña against Roxas for president. Presently the Philippine army's military police in central Luzon are mostly collaborationists, refuse to lay down their arms until the Roxas government yields to them on the seating of seven leftist delegates in the recent legislature.

Beyond this immediate political crisis lie enormous problems of reconstruction. The Japanese defense of the Philippines left most of Manila with industries stopped and crops unplanted. The Japs killed off manure animals for food. This meant that the hungry peasants had to eat the water buffalo. Now there are not enough draft animals left to work the fields. Two fifths of the rice, the staff of every Filipino's life, must now be imported. Even with peace and plenty of capital from the U. S., it will take years to make the islands as well off as they were under American rule before

PEACEMAKING

THE FOREIGN MINISTERS HAVE AGREED ON A PEACE CONFERENCE; BUT WHAT ABOUT GERMAN

It is a startling commentary on our times that the fact that a peace conference is to be held in Paris on July 29, ending war between the 21 Allies and the five German satellites, almost prompts the use of the word miraculous. Only a short time ago Georges Bidault of France confided to friends that the second conference of the foreign ministers in Paris was close to disaster. He feared that the U.S. delegation, weary of endless Russian quibblings, would fly home in a huff, leaving Europe in its most uncertain diplomatic state since Munich. Bidault was, of course, expressing one of Europe's chief fears: that the U.S. will return to isolationism, abandoning Europe to chaos and probably communism.

Stature of Byrnes

But France's president and foreign minister reckoned without the immense patience and immutable firmness with which U.S. Secretary of State Byrnes executed his country's policy of "patience and firmness" toward Russia. European observers who complained in 1919 about the mental slowness and lack of flexibility of Wilson, Lansing and Colonel House are now in open admiration for the agile, sometimes blunt, sometimes charming way in which Byrnes and his U.S. team patiently, firmly chip away at the problems of the world. As Ernest Bevin remarked, "I just sit and listen and know that if I fall back on the wisdom of the U.S. I will be right. If Jim hasn't got a formula, someone will be sitting right behind him with one."

From what can be pieced together of the reports and whispers, and not least from the results, Byrnes went to Molotov privately and told him he was weary of the shadowboxing and would play the game no longer. He wanted the stumbling block, Trieste, removed and he wanted a date set for a peace conference with the German satellites: He wanted both quickly. The alternative would be for the U.S. and Britain to make a separate peace with Italy under which Italy would keep Trieste, and the security of the port would be guaranteed by, among other things, the U.S. Navy, currently represented there by the cruiser U.S.S. *Fargo*. Molotov, who up to that minute had been the tough talker, began to wilt.

As Byrnes reported to the American people when he came home from the first Paris conference late in May, Trieste was the tough nut to crack. Yugoslavia naturally expected to get this rich Italian prize. It is no secret that Russia had promised to support Yugoslavian demands. Since Yugoslavia has been the nation outside Russia to register most enthusiasm for Russian ideology, Trieste became the symbol of whether or not friendship with the Bear paid off.

Into this deadlock stepped the nimble wits of Georges Bidault. France may be materially impoverished, its gilt and trappings tarnished, but the glory of France is resurgent in her diplomacy. Bidault adroitly proposed that Trieste be given to no one. Instead he urged it be placed under international control. Senator Vandenberg offered the clarifying suggestion that it be placed under United Nations trusteeship for the time being.

The final solution for Trieste is not yet clear,

but Bidault's expedient, along with the Russian acceptance of the temporary arrangement on Tripolitania and the Italian colonies and concession of the demilitarized Dodecanese to Greece, relieves for the present the West's fear that Russia may enter the Mediterranean.

Russia won out on her insistence for \$100,000,000 in reparations from Italy, but this will be paid partly in Italian naval and cargo vessels, with guarantees that reparations will not simply be an outpouring of what Britain and the U.S. pour in. Thus Byrnes did not lose on his major point of objection to Italian reparations.

Such is the measure of what has been done in Paris, and on the record it would appear that Russia has made most of the concessions. But Moscow was so concerned lest even these arrangements be overturned by the forthcoming peace conference that Molotov was sent back to the conference table to win safeguards. In one of the most peculiar diplomatic sessions of modern times Molotov, under iron directives from Moscow and exuding, as an observer said, great blobs of gray sweat, was reduced, like a bumbling character from Dostoevsky, to muttering repetitiously that he didn't want the peace conference to be a "rubber stamp." Yet that is precisely what Russia did want. It wanted the peace conference so set up that it could do little more than swallow the dose the foreign ministers had concocted. Russia did not prevail. The foreign ministers are pledged to recommend their findings but not to jam them down anybody's throat.

What to Expect

It will be a peace conference, and an important one, but it would be wrong to class the July 29 meeting with the Paris Conference of 27 years ago. The coming conference is to conclude peace with Italy, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria and Finland. It will not make a treaty with Austria. Most vital, it will not grapple with the German peace. And the German settlement, of course, is the central and really controlling question for the peace and prosperity of all Europe. When one considers that since the Franco-Prussian War, Germany has been the pulsing economic heart of Europe, the present tangle in that country is appalling in its effects throughout all Europe and not least in France, which is so dependent on German coal. In London there are some who say that the fact the foreign ministers let the German situation persist for four more weeks while they debated the items of satellite peace offsets the gains of the settlements. That is too extreme a view: But British taxpayers are already restive over an occupation that is costing them at least £80,000,000 a year. U.S. taxpayers may also soon complain of pouring at least \$200,000,000 yearly into a land that should not only be self-supporting but actually contributing to the living standards of all Europe.

Poultry or Eggs?

The four powers have tried dividing up the bird and they are finding the pickings poor. It is time now to try putting it together again to see if they cannot at least apportion some eggs. The

powers, excepting France, which has a separation of the Ruhr into an international zone, are now agreed on paper but practice that they must in some way treat it as an economic whole. But France, as a settlement, one way or the other, for internationalization of the Ruhr and land. And France is adamant on the Saar. Molotov has spoken of setting up an administration as "a transitional government." But in the final session of the ministers' conference he eliminated the prospect of immediate action by saying that the Germans would require "considerable" studying the Saar proposals.

In a surprising reversal of recent policy Molotov spoke of raising the limit on German production. His statement might be as a bid for popularity among the people, but it was preceded by a Russian offer for \$10 billion in reparations and that occupation armies remain and that the reparations be preserved until it is paid. Some estimate the run up to 80 or 100 years for such and repayment.

The Job

The obvious requirement is to make the economy strong but militarily weak. This may prove a rather difficult trick. The job and we must be about it. The task is so great that it is bound to erupt in one way or another during the coming peace conference. Byrnes has suggested that the powers appoint deputies to discuss the questions from such discussion it is likely that a wider area of agreement will be found. It is only to be that a distribution of disagreeing making all concerned equally unhappy will be possible.

There is a grimness today, and a greatness, which is not exclusive to the Russians. Yet the people of Europe, so long deluged, snared, oppressed, starved, battle-worn and overruled, need nothing so much as the chance to live a little further from hunger and cold and bleak and hopeless. Americans have humanitarian interests and, remembering the contagious quackery of strife, a selfish interest.

So we must go through with these inevitable conferences. More than that, we must take the best of them and make the best of the results. For we would not have this period in history as the time of the Great War Potty Peace.

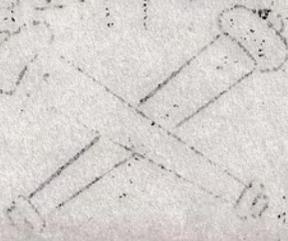
PICTURE OF THE W

On a sunny Sunday afternoon a fortnight ago Royce Ellington, a Greenville, S.C. sales manager, on his first trip to New York, went up to the observation tower of the Empire State Building to take a snapshot of the city's skyline. What he got was this dramatic news picture. Another snapshot of the tower jumped over the side, hit a floor below, then crawled to the edge and fell himself over it. With remarkable presence of mind Ellington aimed his little \$3 camera and graphed the horrifying split second before

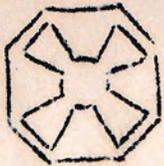


SENTRIES OVERLOOK SPANISH WALL OF OLD CITY
AND RUINS OF GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS OUTSIDE IT

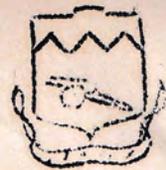
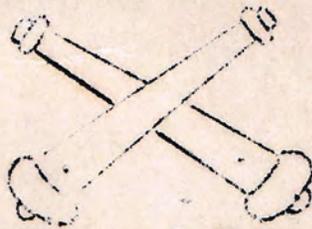
97th FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION



ME SEMPER AR. ESSUNT

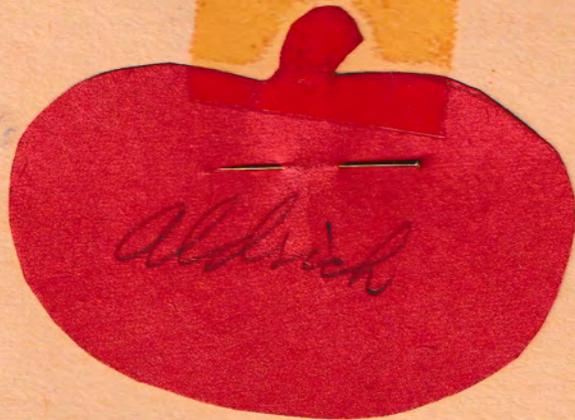


ME SEMPER AR. ESSUNT



97th FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION





To Bob,
Here's the picture I promised
you. It's not nicely taken, but I
hope you'll like it. That's recently
taken (just yesterday) —

Betty
H

May 12, 46

Japs Behead 11 Baptist Missionaries

NEW YORK (LP)—Eleven Baptist missionaries and a nine-year-old son of a missionary were beheaded by the Japanese in the Panay hills in the Philippines on Dec. 19 and 20, 1943, the American Baptist Foreign Mission society disclosed Friday.

The society said the deaths were documented, officially, but the news had been withheld until now by the war and navy departments for security reasons.

Dr. Jesse Wilson, secretary of the society, said that the missionaries had fled into the hills when the Japanese invaded the Philippines. There they established a settlement called "Hopevale," which ministered to Filipino guerrillas. The secret of their hideaway redoubt finally was believed to have been learned by the Japanese by torturing a Filipino guerrilla, Dr. Wilson said.

The war department notified the society of the beheading in 1944, Wilson said. He said that those beheaded were:

Miss Jennie C. Adams, nurse, of Page, Neb.; James H. Covell, a professor of Athens, Pa., and Le Roy, N. Y.; Mrs. James H. Covell, his wife; Mrs. Dorothy A. Dowell, evangelist, Denver, Colo.; Miss Signe A. Erickson, teacher, Warren, Pa.; Dr. Frederick W. Meyer, physician, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Frederick W. Meyer, his wife; Rev. Francis H. Rose, Norwich, Conn., and Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. Francis H. Rose, his wife; Rev. Erle F. Rounds, Eau Claire, Wis., and Richmond, Cal.; Mrs. Rounds, his wife and Eric D. Rounds, son.

SCIENCE MONITOR, BOSTON, FRIDAY, MAY 25, 1945

She Leads Philippine Guerrillas



From Signal Corps

S. Woman Reviews Small Section of Her Troops on Luzon Island

Elizabeth Fontillas (left), formerly of Eau Claire, Wis., is believed to be the only United States woman in the Philippines to lead a band of guerrillas. She reviews a small section of her troops at

the Paeete mountain headquarters on Luzon Island. Her husband, Capt. Angel Fontillas, stands at the head of formation (in background). He is executive officer of the unit.

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January--Born in Battle--Nourished in Victory--Died in Peace--December

This was it! This was the year of years. A year filled with all of the emotions possible to human feeling. A year which ran the gamut of them all from stark fear to unleashed joy. A year born in the Battle of the Bulge, weaned on the victory in Europe, matured in final victory and gracefully passing out in peace. This was 1945.

JANUARY
It wasn't a happy new year. Jan. 1, 1945, anyway you looked at it, but the Pajaro valley cheered itself up somewhat when it learned it was to have a B-29 named for this valley at the request of its commanding officer, Lt. Robert L. Litchfield, hometown boy. His crew selected Eileen Thorburn's title—"El Pajaro de la Guerra"—and prepared for Pacific warfare. The mercury dipped to 24 degrees and it was the driest month in 65 years, only "39" of an inch rain. While we shivered, restaurants went on a schedule of meatless days. The valley came through with \$2,429,562 war bond purchases to go \$800,000 over the quota. A farm census was started and aldermen declared, at least, that the "hotbed" was going to be cleared. The Salvage ship, with an unpassed record of service, closed its doors. Its chairman, Jennie Menasco, with City Engineer Bert Kitcher, who heads the City Water Co., also received the chamber of commerce "outstanding awards" from new president, Don Colegrove. St. Patrick's parish announced a Catholic Boys High school as a postwar project; Protestants flocked to the "Spiritual Crusade" conducted by the Taylor Brns. Benella Shepard, 95, "covered wagon baby," and a local resident since 1853, died, closing a chapter of Pajaro valley history.

FEBRUARY
February opened with a down-pour, 3.13 inches of rain in 24 hours. Local Filipinos celebrated the liberation of Manila, but teenagers mourned the fire damage to Landis' popular meeting place at Freedom. The city was shocked by tragedy when Al Massera, 37, prominent and wealthy produce man, and Caesar Locatelli, 56, local cafe man, were drowned in a car accident near Imperial. T. S. MacQuiddy received the YMCA's annual award for civic service. The 100-year-old Pioneer cemetery was purchased by Marion Hughson and Catherine Patrick, owners of the Pajaro Valley Memorial park. Death claimed city pioneers Florence Porter Pingst, 81; Catherine (Grandma) Rodriguez, 80, and Oda Redman, 73.

MARCH
Although it came in like a lamb with 31 degree temperature, March did all right in the way of earth-shaking wind and rain. Shortage of water to buy rubber shoes was one of the whole laundry situation. Police started looking for Eldore Mandel, head of the Sequoia laundry, on charges of grand theft while housewives tore their hair over sheets locked in the plant and men went shirtless. Deputy District Attorney John L. McCarthy came to the rescue and de-

livered the laundry "upon proper identification." Cab drivers were under the censure of army and navy officials, chamber of commerce chairman and aldermen with the net result of new ordinances to correct irregularities. Paper, clothing and tin cans were turned into drives and the local chapter, American Red Cross, received \$44,693 from Watsonville, one of the first cities to top its goal which was \$30,600. Spring lettuce plantings in Monterey-Santa Cruz-San Benito counties totaled 22,536 acres. Earl Callender was named new OPA local chairman. First word was heard from Warren Rogge, 28, another civilian prisoner of war and the Rev. Stephen Smith and his wife, the former Viola Rich, were found in Los Banos camp, Philippine islands. Purity Stores leased Petersen's wholesale meat plant. The city started talking of V-E day plans.

APRIL
All local events in April were overshadowed by the death, Apr. 12, of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and the sudden awareness of a man named Harry Truman. Stores closed in memory of the late president. Within a few days Ernie Eyle, beloved war correspondent, died and then came the San Francisco UNIO and surprising visitors to the Monterey bay area. Locally, Camp McQuaide had its Easter morning service; Freedom heard it was to have a branch courthouse for Santa Cruz county. Sheriff Bob Devitt had a second chance to bring back Ted Savage from the east to face embezzlement charges and this time he succeeded. Supervisors started talking about a county veterans' service officer. Harry Ickes put his approval on the Moss Landing harbor project. There were more cock fights than ever seen here legally when the Resetar labor camp on the Beach road burned for a \$209,000 loss. The cocks escaped from their cages. Elementary school teachers got a raise and schools started a postwar building survey. The city hired Ronald Campbell to do its city planning. Santa Cruz county agricultural returns for 1944 were announced at \$17,914,000. Oh, yes, there was a circus, too.

MAY
The siren blew at 6:06 a.m., May 8, officially proclaiming the end of the war with Germany. The town closed down and churches held services. It started its 7th War loan drive, too, with a military parade and concert in pouring rain. John P. Braycovich's packing plant burned to the ground with a \$75,000 loss in one of the worst industrial fires in years. Lloyd Johnson furnished a hectic 24-hour interval when he slipped and was badly injured while fishing in the dense brush of Monterey county. Matt Pendo defeated Frank Or-

condemn vacant homes to relieve its critical housing shortage. The city turned over playground recreation to the city schools; the supervisors named George N. Wagner, county road superintendent and the chamber of commerce and Rotarians joined in a tribute to E. A. Hall. Pajaro valley residents saw their first Jamaicans when 115 arrived to help in crop harvesting. The month closed with a Memorial day tribute to the men who had died in the armed services.

JUNE
Included in the 147 students who received diplomas at the Watsonville High school's exercises were 15 boys currently in the armed services; E. A. Hall school graduated 137 grammar pupils; Moreland Notre Dame academy, 22 High school and 41 elementary students. At the academy, Sr. Veronica of the Sacred Heart, SND, observed her golden jubilee. Restaurants started closing all over the place due to a lack of red points. The washing-clearing situation eased when Sequoia laundry was re-opened by ex-merchant marine men. Recognizing increased food costs, aldermen boosted the daily allowance for dogs in the pound. Four soldiers were killed at the new "death curve" near Rio del Mar on Watsonville-Santa Cruz highway. The Bernardo subdivision opened. Matt Mello succeeded Charles Dick as county agricultural commissioner and Larry McKown, Marion Walker as business manager of this newspaper. Both ex-residents went south. Dick to Los Angeles in a new state department of agricultural job and Walker as business manager of the Ventura Star Free Press.

JULY
The Fourth of July was observed at a Horse show, attended by 6000. Farmers worried about the oriental moth and labor; lettuce packers were stymied because of the lack of refrigerator cars. Train passengers weren't doing too well, either, with additional cuts in sleeping cars. Santa Cruz county valuation was set at \$43,338,972 and Monterey county saw more prosperity ahead with the signing of the Moss Landing harbor bill. Forest firefighters in Monterey county hunted vainly for Paul Neagis, 38, popular Corralitos state forestry ranger, who disappeared while fighting a raging fire near Lockwood.

AUGUST
These are the dates, in case you forget: Aug. 6—First atomic bomb on Hiroshima; Aug. 8—Russia declared war on Japan; Aug. 9—A second atomic bomb on Nagasaki; Aug. 10—Japan's peace terms rejected; Aug. 10-15—The long hours of waiting for the "cease firing" order; Aug. 20—The arrival of the Japanese delegation at Manila; Aug. 28—Occupation of Japan; peace observance plans went into effect. The 35-mile hour speed limit was lifted and the number of wrecks zoomed; wage control regulations went off and anyone could be insane again. Even the OPA relented and gave pointers to restaurants. Over Japan,

navy planes dropped supplies to starving allied prisoners. In the Pajaro valley, taxpayers heard that the county tax rate would be \$1.80 inside and \$1.84 outside Watsonville high school taxes, .75 and elementary .90, but no one cared, even when garbage fees were increased. The Watsonville navy auxiliary air station threw open its gates and 3000 residents saw what made the place tick. The city joined in mourning the death of John E. Gardner, civic leader and attorney.

SEPTEMBER
Surrender terms were signed Sept. 2, the Japanese exclusion order ended and they began coming back to the valley, but their hotel was guarded. Farmers started bleeding apples and found there was little labor available for the 2438 farms in the county. They also took time out to fight a 1000-acre fire in Hazel Dell-Browns valley district. The city tax rate was set at \$1.75. J. G. Marinovich announced construction of a \$500,000 shed and ice plant layout at Pajaro.

OCTOBER
The first heavy storm of the winter broke on Navy day with the fleet in nearby harbors battered down to do it out. Prisoners of the Japanese started returning, so did strikes throughout the country—even Watsonville had a picket line at Western Frozen Foods, Inc. Aldermen figured \$1,309,250 would cover postwar plans for the city and finally passed an ordinance against sale of raw milk. Monterey Bay Salt Works burned down at a loss of \$50,000 and 10,000 acres of forest and brush were in flames in Monterey county. The Day nursery closed. Veterans' organizations started taking in World War II servicemen and outlining assistance for them. Santa Cruz County Fair association asked the state for \$130,000 for improvements. Lions club threw a party Halloween for all the kids in town and police had an easy night.

NOVEMBER
Grangers went to their 73rd convention in Santa Cruz while townpeople talked of an apple annual revival. The YMCA started its drive for \$200,000 and the chamber of commerce remodeled its building; many other postwar projects were announced by local businessmen. James J. Rafferty, 81, who spent four years in Santa Tomas camp as a Japanese prisoner, was honored at McQuaide. Aldermen ordered a new fire truck. St. Francis boys, once again, were guests at the traditional Thanksgiving dinner at the school.

DECEMBER
Watsonville went more than a million over its quota in the Victory Loan bond drive, buying \$2,238,483 and had the satisfaction of seeing its candidate, Joan Litz, elected by the Soroptimists. The northern California Victory quest-ship. The Kiddies had their annual Christmas parade and their big brothers and sisters in high school heard they were to get \$500 in their student body as a mark of appreciation from packers and processors for their work in crop harvesting. The OPA, open

since January, 1942, closed and perhaps in celebration, the valley had ice and frost (28 degrees); a blundering of a lightning storm and a record rain with a season's total to date 11.70. Bakers worked overtime with out-of-town deliveries cut off by strikes, but the Western Frozen Foods dispute was settled. Tired pedestrians hailed gratefully the Cal-Transit bus lines and its intention of extending service to Pajaro and Freedom. Aldermen approved a six months' trial on parking meters and sought all buildings at the naval air station to alleviate critical housing. W. A. Horton, after 39 years, resigned as county assessor. Caserly, Carlton, Green Valley, Railroad, Ferndale and Hazel Dell school districts asked for a union school and set Jan. 15 for an election. As the year ended, Watsonville hospital closed its surgery except for emergencies because of a critical shortage of nurses. All the doctors were back, though. So were many servicemen, wearing civilian clothes and seeking jobs or preparing to return to school.

'That We May Live in Peace'

- Reported killed in action during 1945:
- PFC Vincent Peter Spikula
 - Sgt. Carl Riggs
 - Sgt. Hubert C. Jackson
 - PFC Milton A. Marshall
 - Sgt. Earl Velasco
 - 2nd Lt. Vernon Baker
 - Lt. (ic) John Crowe
 - Charles Ojeda
 - Sgt. Paul Compton
 - 2nd Lt. F. Theodore Fodberg
 - William Weeks, ART2c
 - Cpl. Lester Cloud
 - PFC Lawrence Goff
 - Pvt. Leroy Gillman
 - Pvt. Eugene E. McGrath
 - Salvatore S. Campagna, F1c
 - Pvt. Esperidon Bernado
 - Pvt. Donald Monroe
 - Pvt. William Crockett
 - Pvt. Harry Madokoro
 - Pvt. James Y. Izumbald
 - Pvt. William Bottero
 - PFC Albert Bode
 - PFC E. Darrell Pettus
 - Eugene V. Upton, AOM1c
 - PFC John Bobeda
 - PFC Urbano Arrey
 - 2nd Lt. Lawrence W. Lawson Jr.
 - Pvt. James R. Key
 - Pvt. Lyle M. Burns
 - Pvt. Leroy Higley
 - 2nd Lt. Daren McIntyre
 - Pvt. Ernest Novak
 - Sgt. Frank Jurch
 - 2nd Lt. James H. Hart
- Reported deceased while in service during 1945:
- Sgt. Victor L. Gosney
 - Cpl. Henry Eaton
 - PFC Desmond Spooner
 - Pvt. Kongo Nitta
 - PFC Herschell Schuttish
 - Sgt. Harvey Larsen
 - Ralph M. Hameetman, AOM1c
 - 1st Lt. Maurice E. Davis
 - S/Sgt. Manuel J. Bernard Jr.
- Still reported missing on this newspaper's files:
- T/Sgt. Seraffine Corrales
 - John C. Conley, M0MM1c
 - William E. Kellorg, TM1c
 - PFC George Erbe Jr.

❖ 1945 -- The Most Eventful Year in World History ❖



Roosevelt Dies

APRIL 12



Germany Collapses

MAY 6



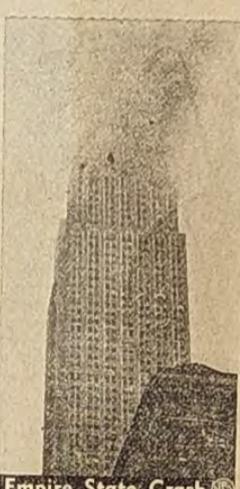
Mussolini Slain

APRIL 28



Hitler Vanishes

MAY 1



Empire State Crash

JULY 28



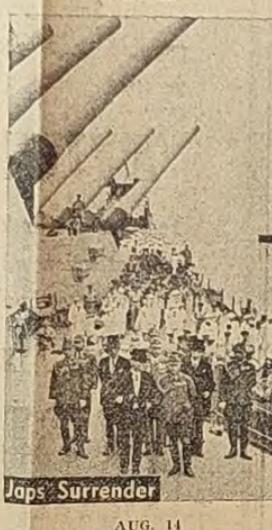
Allies Unite for Peace

JUNE 26



Atom Bomb Revealed

AUG. 6



Japs Surrender

AUG. 14



War Criminals Face Justice

NOV. 20



Potsdam Parley Dooms Japan

AUG. 2



Strike Closes General Motors

NOV. 21



KAISSON TACKLE



LEYTE P.I. 97th FA. BN. APO 932

Vol I

19 Dec 1945

No 9

97th

R.I.P.

23 HONORARY PALLBEARERS

We write not to praise the 97th. We write to bury her. On 18 Dec 1945 the 97th died. She's dead to all of us who served her well and carried her Crossed Cannon proudly. From our homes across the U.S.A. to Numea and then to Leyte. All the grand traditions of an outfit... the close relationships of buddies who have fought, trained, drank and played with.... all the legends of men in the 97th who've already left Leyte (but not the 97th)... all these got tossed into the flukes today--just like that.

The great heart of the 97th, a grand old outfit, stopped ticking today--and all the little unexplainable things that bind us together in our outfit died when the great heart stopped beating. When someone offers us condolences

THAT CAN WAIT.
Toots Shor, the restaurant tycoon, tells about the father of six daughters, who finally was presented with a son.
"Who does he look like?" the father was asked.
"Don't say," was the reply. "We haven't looked at him yet."

HOUSE TRAILER, new and used, terms, insurance, Millers St., Salinas, Sales, 115 N. Main St., Salinas, Phone 4493.
BEEC-9461, \$1750, "within OPO cell-Ing", Write Box C this office.
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Complete overhaul, motor tune-ups, fender work, electric and acetylene welding. Quick service at

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HOUSE TRAILER, new and used, terms, insurance, Millers St., Salinas, Sales, 115 N. Main St., Salinas, Phone 4493.
Auto Repairs

GI's Stage Demonstrations In Honolulu And Yokohama

Demand Monthly 10 Point Reduction

HONOLULU (LP)—Soldier demands for a monthly 10-point cut in the discharge system, voiced at a rally of 2500 troops Tuesday night, were placed before Lt.-Gen. Robert C. Richardson, Jr., Wednesday for relay to Gen. Dwight Eisenhower and Gen. Douglas MacArthur.

A second mass meeting, sanctioned by Richardson, was called for Wednesday by the American veterans committee in Shafter stadium.

The protest meeting Tuesday night was held at Fort Shafter. Soldiers contributed funds to cable President Truman demanding that he renounce latest war department rulings on demobilization.

At Hickam Field, Tuesday night, 1500 GI's held a forum titled "Are we demobilizing too fast" and voiced approval when spokesmen denounced the war department's new demobilization slowdown.

M/Sgt. Joe Nahem of Brooklyn, N. Y., suggested that the house subcommittee here studying Hawaii's bid for statehood be invited to an officially-approved mass meeting at Hickam Stadium Wednesday night.

"If we thought it was important and necessary, we would stay," Nahem said. "But a small military force at the disposal of the United Nations would be a much more sensible solution than a huge U. S. army."

It was disclosed at the Hickam field meeting that a cable with 600 signatures has been sent to congress demanding a monthly 10-point reduction and release of two-year men March 20.

Mr. Truman said in Washington Tuesday that he thought the war department was doing a good job of demobilization. He said the slow-down was necessary to carry out American world commitments to keep the peace. Nevertheless, congressional critics continued demands for a full-dress investigation of the program.

Ten speakers addressed the orderly meeting at Fort Shafter Tuesday night, urging a 10-point drop in the total required for demobilization, effective Feb. 1; release of all men with two years' service beginning March 20, and utilization of all available shipping.

A speaker at the Fort Shafter meeting, Sgt. David Livingston of New York, said the group had no complaint against "local brass and General Richardson." He said it sought to bring pressure against the war department "and all those in Washington who have broken their promises."

Demonstrators carried signs reading "Is Oahu to be occupied?" "Does Patterson want to play pattycake?" and "A letter today will stop delay."

Livingston said the average soldier was well aware of international commitments, but could not understand the reason for occupation of friendly countries such as China and the Philippines, and also Hawaii.

Provost Marshal Says Communists in Crowd

YOKOHAMA, Jan. 9 (LP)—Col. Charles A. Mahoney, service command provost marshal, charged Wednesday that American soldiers were stirred to near mutiny by "communists and bolsheviks" in their midst in a demobilization protest during Secretary of War Robert Patterson's visit here Tuesday.

An anonymous pamphlet circulated among the troops said Mahoney called the demonstrators "a bunch of --- damned babies." Mahoney said the pamphlet's version was garbled. "I asked them if they were soldiers or boy scouts," he said.

The pamphlet summoned soldiers to a mass meeting at 5:30 p.m. Thursday in protest against demobilization slowdowns.

Lt.-Gen. Charles P. Hall, acting commander of the Eighth army, in a formal statement regarding redeployment problems in Japan, said "protest mass meetings at headquarters of lower echelons will accomplish nothing because all policy matters on demobilization come directly from the war department."

Hall said 191,183 men were redeployed from Japan as of last Dec. 9, but that only 53,973 replacements arrived during the same period.

"If this unequal percentage continues our forces in occupied countries would be left in a precarious position," Hall said.

He warned that the eyes of the world "and particularly the Japanese people" are watching "with interest" the first sign of a breakdown of morale and discipline among occupation troops.

He added that there has been no reduction in the amount of shipping allocated for transportation of troops this month and that "eligible men will be redeployed according to plan."

The demonstration occurred outside service command headquarters when Patterson visited it during his world tour of occupation forces. Mahoney said the soldiers protested to Patterson as he stepped outside after being made an "Honorary GI" by headquarters troops.

According to the pamphlet, 200 soldiers chanted "We want to go home." Mahoney threatened to take some of the men "to my Yokohama prison," if they chanted the refrain again, it added.

The pamphlet was entitled "the discharge—men or babies?" It accused Mahoney of using profanity and acting in a manner unbecoming an officer and gentleman.

"You are insulting a man who is a better GI than any of you," it quoted Mahoney. "If you want lace panties, I'll get them for you."

Mahoney, giving his version of the demonstration, called it "a near mutiny."

"There were communists and bol-

kle

19 Dec

SOFT COURT REPRIVES JAP

The U.S. Supreme Court has granted reprieve to the Japanese General Yamashita who has been sentenced to a Military Court at Manila. The court orders a formal stay of execution until it has time to consider an appeal by Yamashita asking for a civil trial in the U.S. A new petition asking for a reprieve arrived in Washington today, the order answering a previous one handed down.

The execution was stayed earlier by Secretary of War Patterson pending action by the Court. There is no indication when the court will hear the case at its next regular session is January.

... ..
so difficult to get transport
in the States, while the army
thousands of miles to join their
France etc can expect to
wives of Americans in Australia,
her over here myself, why is
even can I obtain a 3-day pass
to have my wife join me on Ley-
ceived no help in requesting per-
r to join my wife in Cebu. I
charge here in the Philippines,
ts and have been trying to see

Troops¹⁻¹²⁻⁴⁶ Protest

Army, Navy Are Reported Anxious to Talk

By the Associated Press

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12—Demobilization heat kept Capitol Hill uncomfortably warm today, despite the promise of a speedy airing of the whole situation.

Announcement that General Dwight D. Eisenhower and Admiral Chester W. Nimitz would discuss the thorny problem before a joint Congressional session next Tuesday brought no immediate halt in the flow of angry cables and radiograms from overseas personnel.

"When the blazes is a tuba player considered essential for a fighting Army?" one soldier cabled a Senator.

Message another from Guam: "Don't let the Pentagon become the center of American life."

And from Munich: "We want home quick with none of the damned excuses."

MILITARY IS ANXIOUS

The War and Navy Departments are so anxious to talk back that they requested the joint House-Senate session be arranged to hear Eisenhower and Nimitz. This information came from a congressional leader who would not be quoted by name.

The session is tentatively set for Tuesday morning (10 a. m., EST) in the auditorium of the Congressional Library.

Meanwhile, the Army cut the training period for new recruits in order to step up the flow of replacements to relieve long-service men overseas. The training period was reduced from 17 weeks to 13.

Eisenhower also was reported to have cautioned all commands against giving veteran troops any retakes in basic or other elemental training just to keep them busy. There have been loud gripes about such a made-work routine.

OTHER GRIPES

A cross section of other demobilization gripes was made public by Senator Johnson (D., Colo.), chairman of the Senate military sub-committee assigned Thursday to investigate the entire demobilization tempest.

Johnson said most of the scores of cables protest the Army is wenching on promises to release men at the end of two years service. Others complain because fathers are being released; because low-point men in the United States have been freed; because men who have not been overseas are being released.

Some cables carry scores of names. Others are from single soldiers. Many soldiers list their point totals along with total and overseas service. Quite a few are from officers, he said.

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Some cables carry scores of names. Others are from single soldiers. Many soldiers list their point totals along with total and overseas service. Quite a few are from officers, he said.

Thirteen "GI voters in Tokyo" offered "don't forget us and we won't forget you."

Army 'Supervises' Enlisted Men's Papers

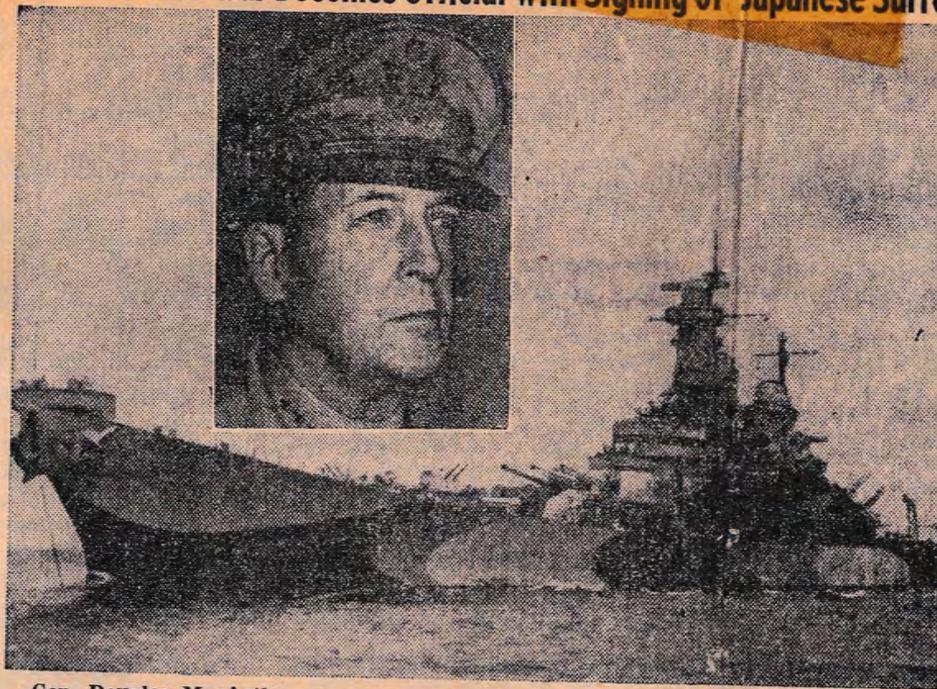
MANILA, Jan. 12 (AP)—An Army officer exercised supervisory judgment today over material carried in the Army newspaper, Daily Pacifican, including its popular "Mail Bag" column in which soldiers air their views.

Colonel W. E. Waters, heading the information-education section of Army Forces, Western Pacific (AF WESPAC), said the policy had for its aim building up rather than undermining the Army.

In an earlier statement, staff members of the newspaper whose judgment hitherto had been final in what was carried, said "our hands are now bound."

The new policy in the case of the Daily Pacifican was instituted the same week that the Army newspaper, Stars and Stripes, at Honolulu was cautioned by Lieutenant General Robert C. Richardson, mid-Pacific Army commander, against printing derogatory references to Army authorities as individuals. Richardson emphasized that the newspaper was free to express its views and those of its readers on subjects such as demobilization but

End of War Becomes Official With Signing of Japanese Surrender Aboard U. S. S. Missouri *Sept. 1-45*



Gen. Douglas MacArthur, as supreme commander for the triumphant Allied forces, will accept Japan's formal surrender September 2, aboard the battleship Missouri, in Tokyo Bay. Altho MacArthur will sign the historic document for all the Allies, notables of the major powers also will affix their signatures. Signers have been designated as follows: For France, Gen. Jacques Le Clerc, top left; for China, Gen. Hu Yung-Chang, top right; for Russia, Lieut. Gen. Kuzma Nickolaevich Derevyanko; for the Netherlands East Indies, Lieut. Gen. L. H. van Oyen, lower left; and for Great Britain, Adm. Sir Bruce Fraser, commander of the British Pacific task force, lower right. Canada and New Zealand will be represented by signers not yet named.

WHAT sculpture is to a block of marble, educa-

KIDNEYS
MIST REMOVE!

FIRST in Good Humor!

east and creeks and nice country once
adio Again, we'd take heart.
flow I'm your friend and I'm warning

nnington Greene

n's World

WHAT sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the soul.

—Addison.

Sept. 8, 1945

MacArthur Says the New Era Demands Man Achieve Peace

GENERAL MACARTHUR, Supreme Allied Commander, concluded the formal Japanese surrender, September 2, with a dramatic address. We print his message in full because of its significance and its historic value. Addressing "My fellow countrymen," he said:

"Today the guns are silent. A great tragedy has ended. A great victory has been won. The skies no longer rain death—the seas bear only commerce—men everywhere walk upright in the sunlight. The entire world is quietly at peace.

"The holy mission has been completed and in reporting this to you, the people, I speak for the thousands of silent lips, forever stilled among the jungles and the beaches and in the deep waters of the Pacific which marked the way. I speak for the unnamed brave millions homeward-bound to take up the challenge of that future which they did so much to salvage from the brink of disaster.

"As I look back on the long, tortuous trail from those grim days of Bataan and Corregidor, when an entire world lived in fear; when democracy was on the defensive everywhere; when modern civilization trembled in the balance. I thank a merciful God that He has given us the faith, the courage and the power from which to mould victory.

"We have known the bitterness of defeat and the exultation of triumph, and from both we have learned there can be no turning back. We must go forward to preserve in peace what we won in war.

"A new era is upon us. Even the lesson of victory itself brings with it profound concern, both for our future security and the survival of civilization. The destructiveness of the war potential, thru progressive advances in scientific discovery, has in fact now reached a point which revises the traditional concept of war.

"Men since the beginning of time have sought peace. Various methods thru the ages have attempted to devise an international process to prevent or settle disputes between nations. From the very start, workable methods were found, in so far as individual citizens were concerned, but the mechanics of an instrumentality of larger international scope have never been successful. Military alliance, balances of power, leagues of nations, all in turn failed, leaving the only path to be by way of the crucible of war. The utter destructiveness of war now blots out this alternative.

"We have had our last chance.

"The problem basically is theological and involves a spiritual recrudescence and improvement of human character that will synchronize with our almost matchless advance in science, art, literature and all material and cultural developments of the last 2,000 years. It must be of the spirit if we are to save the flesh.

"We stand in Tokyo today reminiscent of our countryman, Commodore Perry, ninety-two years ago. His purpose was to bring to Japan an era of enlightenment and progress by lifting the veil of isolation to the friendship, trade and commerce of the world. But alas, the knowledge thereby gained of Western science was forced into an instrument of oppression and human enslavement. Freedom of expression, freedom of action, even freedom of thought were denied thru suppression of liberal education, thru appeal of superstition and thru the application of force.

"We are committed by the Potsdam declaration of principles to see that the Japanese people are liberated from this condition of slavery. It is my purpose to implement this commitment just as rapidly as the armed forces are demobilized and other essential steps taken to neutralize the war potential. The energy of the Japanese race, if properly directed, will enable expansion vertically rather than horizontally. If the talents of the race are turned into constructive channels, the country can lift itself from its present deplorable state into a position of dignity.

"To the Pacific Basin has come the vista of a new emancipated world today, freedom is on the offensive, democracy is on the march. Today, in Asia as well as in Europe, unshackled peoples are tasting the full sweetness of liberty, the relief from fear.

"In the Philippines, America has evolved a model for this new free world of Asia. In the Philippines, America has demonstrated that peoples of the East and the peoples of the West may walk side by side in mutual respect and with mutual benefit. The history of our sovereignty there has now the full confidence of the East.

"And so, my fellow countrymen, today I report to you that your sons and daughters have served you well and faithfully with the calm, deliberate, determined fighting spirit of the American soldier and sailor based upon a tradition of historical trait, as against the fanaticism of an enemy supported only by mythological fiction. Their spiritual strength and

Indonesian Dutch Win Election,

By **FREDERICK KUH**
Copyright, 1946, Chicago Sun-Sunday
LONDON, Jan. 12—Important new peace off

week.

The proposals which

Philippines.

The executive officer, Harry Pratt, U.S.M.C., Los Angeles, took the problem to Major C. Leo D. Donovan, president of the Homma war trial commission. Major General Basilio Valdes, mer chief of the Philippine army, who is a member of the commission.

Major Pratt's Nisei crew, bearing some 60 officers and enlisted men, has been of invaluable assistance in investigating Japanese crimes and interpreting trial proceedings.

Donovan and Valdes assure they would seek to ameliorate

formal surrender September 2, aboard the battleship Missouri, in MacArthur will sign the historic document for all the Allies, notables also will affix their signatures. Signers have been designated as Gen. Jacques Le Clerc, top left; for China, Gen. Hu Yung-Chang, Lt. Gen. Kuzma Nikolaevich Derevyanko; for the Netherlands Gen. L. H. van Oyen, lower left; and for Great Britain, Adm. Sir Commander of the British Pacific task force, lower right. Canada and New Zealand are represented by signers not yet named.



ature is to a
marble, educa-

ington Greene
n's World

... fight only on the golf course.
To us here in America a sport-
ing event is a match between hon-
est people. We don't cheat, we
don't lie, we have no axes up our
sleeves.
To the Japanese lying is honor-
able and cheating is part of their
nature.
I wish I could understand the
policy of our Government of sort-
ing and coddling the unspeak-
able Japanese.
What a folly it was to invite
them to an international baseball
tournament in 1946!
What a folly it is to trust any
one of them or to place the slight-
est confidence in any of their
promises or assurances.
There is only one thing those
Japs understand—the iron hat, but
without the velvet glove.
Perhaps it is smart to let them
have their way for while, until
the surrender agreement is actu-
ally signed.
Perhaps—but I doubt it.
I don't like the atomic bomb,
and I shudder to think what may
happen to the world in the next
war.
But the atomic bomb speaks a
language which even the Japs un-
derstand. I venture to say that if
we had dropped one of them on
Hiroshima...

1-12-46

FILIPINOS ARE 'HOSTILE' TO U. S. WAR HEROES Nisei Soldiers Ask Transfer From Manila

By ROBERT TRUMBULL

Copyright, 1946, by the New York Times and The Chronicle

MANILA, Jan. 12—Nisei soldiers serving here as interpreters and translators have expressed the desire to their executive officer that they be transferred from Manila because of the "hostile attitude" of Filipinos.

The executive officer, Major Harry Pratt, U.S.M.C., Los Angeles, took the problem to Major General Leo D. Donovan, president of the Homma war trial commission, and Major General Basilio Valdes, former chief of the Philippine Army who is a member of the commission.

Major Pratt's Nisei crew, numbering some 60 officers and enlisted men, has been of invaluable assistance in investigating Japanese war crimes and interpreting trial proceedings.

Donovan and Valdes assured Pratt they would seek to ameliorate what

Plowshares?

KYOTO, Japan, Jan. 12 (AP)—The 24th (Victory) Division is offering Japanese sabers to its discharged comrades now in the United States. Lieutenant Colonel Kenwood Ross, Springfield, Mass., division ordnance chief, said today 5000 sabers were being boxed to be shipped to men who want them.

Nisei soldiers find an almost intolerable situation. About all that can be done is publicizing in Manila the patriotic work—on the battlefield as well as in non-combat areas—of these American soldiers whose forebears emigrated to the United States from Japan.

Nisei, mostly from Hawaii and California, have earned the respect of fellow Army and Marine troops who served with them on every

battlefield of the Pacific theater. Their work went far beyond interrogation of Japanese prisoners in the command posts. Times without number Nisei went alone into caves and gulleys filled with armed Japanese soldiers.

They saved many American lives by persuading a desperate enemy to surrender instead of fighting to the death against overwhelming forces. This happened so frequently—and always at the cost of American forces—in the fierce campaigns of the

Gilberts, the Marshalls, the Marianas, Iwo, Okinawa and Southwest Pacific islands.

The battle record of the Nisei 442nd Infantry Combat team in Europe—where the Purple Hearts won by this courageous Nisei outfit ran into the thousands—was written by every war correspondent in that combat area.

Sept. 5
1945

Japs Agree to Live Up to These Terms

Under the terms of surrender, these are the eight main conditions to which Japan agreed:

1. Accept all provisions of the Potsdam declaration.
2. Surrender unconditionally all armed forces.
3. Cease hostilities forthwith and preserve and save from damage all ships, aircraft and military and civil property.
4. Command imperial general headquarters to issue order to all field commanders everywhere to surrender their forces unconditionally.
5. See that all civil, military and naval officials obey and enforce all orders of the Supreme Allied Commander.
6. Carry out in good faith under Allied direction the Potsdam declaration under which free institutions may be established, leading to the restoration of sovereignty.
7. Liberate all Allied war prisoners and civilian internees and see that they arrive safely at debarkation points.
8. Acknowledge that the authority of the Emperor and the Japanese Government is subject to the will of the supreme commander.



es and possessions.

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AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

Democracy

Since then, in the operation of contract services to India, China, the South Pacific, Africa and Europe, Pan American flight crews have flown hundreds of thousands of miles on war duty.

Some day soon, peace will come. And with it, once again, competition with the unified air transport systems of foreign nations.

Pan American is ready for that competition . . .

Fitted for it by seventeen years of over-ocean flying experience, gained both in war and peace.

ON!!
REPAIR

ES"
TY
CO.
PHONE 1302
hau Trailers

B
COMPANY
Programs

WRE

CIVIC A

FRIDAY, JANU

MAIN EVENT —
FOR THE CHAMPION
DUTCH-Roly Poly

HEFNER

The Challenger

45
STEVE CAS

30 Min
FLASH ROGERS

Advance T

GENE MORTON ENTER
Ashcraft Pharmacy - Pal
Buffet - Streamline Pool

...after fourteen years, came war.

...an American had to learn the hard way—by

...was practically no previous experience to

...scheduled, over-ocean flying in 1927, there

...HEN PAN AMERICAN began regularly

...st overnight, the global air routes pioneered by

...merican World Airways, and its network of

...000 long-range radio stations, proved of out-

...importance to the war effort.

More GI Demonstrations in Honolulu; Army Newspaper Charges Suppression; Eisenhower to Be Called in Congress

HONOLULU, T. H. (LP)— Three thousand soldiers held an orderly mass meeting in Schoefield Barracks Bowl Thursday night and adopted a five-point demobilization plan including a demand for a "clear foreign policy."

The proposed plan, presented to Lt.-Gen. Robert C. Richardson Jr., commanding general of the Middle Pacific theater, for relay to Washington called for:

1. Automatic release of two-year men on March 20.
2. A monthly drop of ten points in discharge requirements.
3. Point credit for service since V-J day.
4. Full use of all available transportation.
5. "A clear foreign policy."

The soldier meeting followed by a few hours the announcement that Lt.-Gen. Roy S. Geiger, commanding general of the Fleet Marine Forces in the Pacific, had issued an order to all marines forbidding "any assembly or meeting on or off station" other than regularly scheduled military recreational or religious gatherings.

A meeting scheduled by marines at Camp Catlin to protest the demobilization slowdown Thursday night was cancelled following issuance of Geiger's order.

Officers' liberty was cancelled at Catlin Thursday afternoon mili-

tary police were alerted and navy mutiny articles were read to the men.

In an open forum at Honolulu's labor canteen members of the house subcommittee hearing Hawaii's bid for statehood heard soldier viewpoints on the demobilization slowdown.

"I have already signed many petitions for release of two-year men and I will continue to do so," said Rep. Homer Angell, R., Ore., after the meeting.

Rep. James J. Delaney, D., N. Y., explained it is "impossible to satisfy everyone" but promised that he will see that "action is taken" when he returns to Washington next week.

MANILA (LP)— Staff members of the Daily Pacifican, GI publication for the Philippines, accused the army high command Friday of muzzling their newspaper to prevent full reporting of the demobilization controversy.

In a public statement signed by 33 Pacifican writers and editors, the staff protested that censorship has been imposed on their news and editorial columns.

They charged that they were not even permitted to print United Press or other press association dispatches which might reflect criticism or dissatisfaction with

the official policies of the war department or army theater commanders.

"New restrictions on freedom of expression imposed from above no longer enable us to bring the full news and the full truth to our GI readers," the statement said. "We are compelled to announce that our hands are now bound."

The statement said all staff members of the newspapers would execute their new orders "as soldiers" but that they intended to present their side of the argument to the American public.

The staff said their new censorship orders came through Thursday, presumably from Lt.-Gen. Walter P. Styer, Western Pacific area commander.

WASHINGTON (LP)— Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower may be called before all members of congress next week to explain the army's side of the demobilization muddle, it was learned Friday.

Sen. Edwin C. Johnson, D., Colo., said many congressmen favored such an appearance by the chief of staff, possibly next Tuesday if it would be arranged. Johnson, chairman of a special senate military affairs subcommittee investigating demobilization, said he also favored the idea. Eisenhower is now in Canada but is due back next week.

TRWAYS
ing Clippers

Since then, in the operation of contract services to India, China, the South Pacific, Africa and Europe, Pan American flight crews have flown hundreds of thousands of miles on war duty.

Some day soon, peace will come. And with it, once again, competition with the unified air transport systems of foreign nations.

Pan American is ready for that competition... *Fitted for it by seventeen years of over-ocean flying experience, gained both in war and peace.*

When Pan American began regularly scheduled, over-ocean flying in 1927, there was practically no previous experience to go by. Pan American had to learn the hard way—by pioneering.

Then, after fourteen years, came war.

Almost overnight, the global air routes pioneered by Pan American World Airways, and its network of some 200 long-range radio stations, proved of outstanding importance to the war effort.

America's Greatest Naval Battle

By **QUENTIN REYNOLDS** • **GEORGE E. JONES** • **FRANK D. MORRIS** • **RALPH TEATSORTH**

with the Pacific Fleet

with Admiral Mitscher

at Washington

with Admiral Kinkaid

Here begins the complete and thrilling story of the Second Battle of the Philippines, told in terms of men who fought and of some who died when, at last, the Jap fleet was forced to come out and be licked. Here are three days that will live in naval history forever

nance crews in yellow helmets worked late that night filling the bomb racks of the Helldivers, the torpedo bays of the Avengers and the machine-gun ammunition belts of the Hellcat fighters. Across the flight decks of these Essex-class flat-tops, snakes of hose wriggled their way as the fueling details poured hundreds of gallons of high-octane gas into the planes' tanks.

Well before dawn the first scout planes roared across the flight deck and up over the bow ramps to hunt down the enemy. Behind them they left hundreds of Helldivers, Avengers and Hellcats, all loaded for Japs and ready to strike. Just below the flight deck, in their ready rooms, bomber pilots were getting a final briefing.

Then—at the last moment—Bull Halsey's luck ran out that early morning. The Jap force sighted his patrol planes at dawn, and turned tail. Bull was disappointed but not discouraged. He had repeatedly challenged the Japs to slug it out and he knew there were ways to force them eventually to accept the challenge.

He sat down aboard his flagship with Rear Admiral "Mick" Carney, his brilliant chief of staff, and commanders of other fleet units hunched over a huge round table in Halsey's living quarters and began mapping the next step. Perhaps it was then that the Second Battle of the Philippines began to move from the preliminary to the decisive stage that was

to come hardly a week later. Perhaps that was the beginning of a page of history that will be read in a thousand American school-rooms fifty years from now, a hundred years from now, as long as school kids study the decisive naval battles in our history. Just as we once learned of the exploits of John Paul Jones and Farragut and Dewey and Decatur, so the kids of the future will learn of Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, who conceived the broad strategy of battle; of Halsey and Mitscher and Kinkaid and Sprague, who led the fleet units that broke a great Japanese fleet.

The next step in the war in the Pacific had called for invasion of the Jap-held island of Yap in the Carolines. But Bull Halsey had a better idea.

Why not by-pass Yap, he suggested, and take advantage of the terrific pounding which Mitscher's task force had been giving the Japs in the Philippines for the past six weeks? Why not speed up the schedule and invade the Philippines at once? The proposal was passed along to higher authority. General Douglas MacArthur was willing and, by herculean effort, could be ready. Admiral Nimitz gave the go-ahead signal. Throughout the vast Pacific war zone there was a sudden switch-to-neck-break tempo.

The 7,000 islands and islets of the Philippines lie like a scattered handful of giant green boulders guarding the western approach to the South China Sea. The main

islands are Luzon, with the capital of Manila, on the north, and Mindanao on the south, spreading over 77,720 square miles. Some 275 miles north of Luzon is Japan's Formosa island, while to the south of Mindanao lies the 700-mile-wide Celebes Sea and then Jap-held Celebes, flanked by Borneo. This was the bastion Japan must hold, a green tangle of jungles and swamps, and rugged hills and scattered towns—except that it was not all green on the morning of October 25th. Great columns of flame and smoke spouted up from Leyte island, midway between Luzon and Mindanao, where two units of the U.S. Fleet, working with Lieutenant General George C. Kenney's Fifth Air Force, lam-basted Jap defenses and hammered Jap airfields, while planes from Halsey's Third Fleet shellacked airfields in the northern Philippines. MacArthur, striking midway between the main Philippine islands, began landing on Leyte.

This return to the Philippines was the culmination of everything that had gone before—the Marshalls, the Gilberts, the Marianas and the other historic steppingstones—and it also made inevitable the greatest naval battle in our history, the battle that the enemy had been avoiding. The landings had been made. Now it was up to Nimitz's Navy to protect the ground troops from Jap naval and air attacks which everyone from the admiral down to the newest messboy in the Fleet knew would come. But where was the Jap fleet? MacArthur's ground forces stabbed inland the next day, given air support by the little (relatively speaking) CVEs, or baby flat-tops, that stayed near his transports in Leyte Gulf. Another day passed. Where was the Jap fleet?

Before dawn on Monday, October 23d, one of our submarines patrolling the South China Sea was cruising on the surface to recharge her batteries when a large group of ships was contacted. The skipper knew, from intelligence reports, that they weren't ours. They must be Japs. Another American sub in the same area also located the warships which were moving northeast, probably from Singapore, through Palawan passage.

A crackling radio message carried the news to Halsey's flagship. The final sentence of

ADMIRAL WILLIAM F. "BULL" HALSEY is a legend in and out of the United States Navy. Few men in our times have been able to seize the imagination of their men as Halsey has in nearly three years of fighting. His men adore him, sometimes fanatically, sometimes unwillingly, because he is a fighting admiral and because he speaks their blunt, salty language. His hunches, born of experience, pure instinct, and hatred of the Japs, seem to put his forces in

the right place at the right time. For instance, his ships seemed to be in the right place late on the afternoon of October 16th, when an American pilot on patrol sighted a force of Japanese cruisers and destroyers moving at high speed from the northeast toward a mighty American fleet, waiting just over the horizon.

"Just my luck," the pilot grumbled. "If we use the radio we will tip off the Japs and by the time we get back to the carrier it will be too dark to launch planes."

When Admiral Halsey got word of the approaching Jap force he felt sure his prayers were being answered. So did Vice-Admiral Marc Mitscher, commander of the famous carrier task force which included the Essex, Lexington, Hornet, Wasp and Enterprise. Their planes had been roving the Philippines area for the past two months, blasting some two hundred Jap airfields and knocking down more hundreds of Jap planes.

Aboard Mitscher's many carriers, ord-

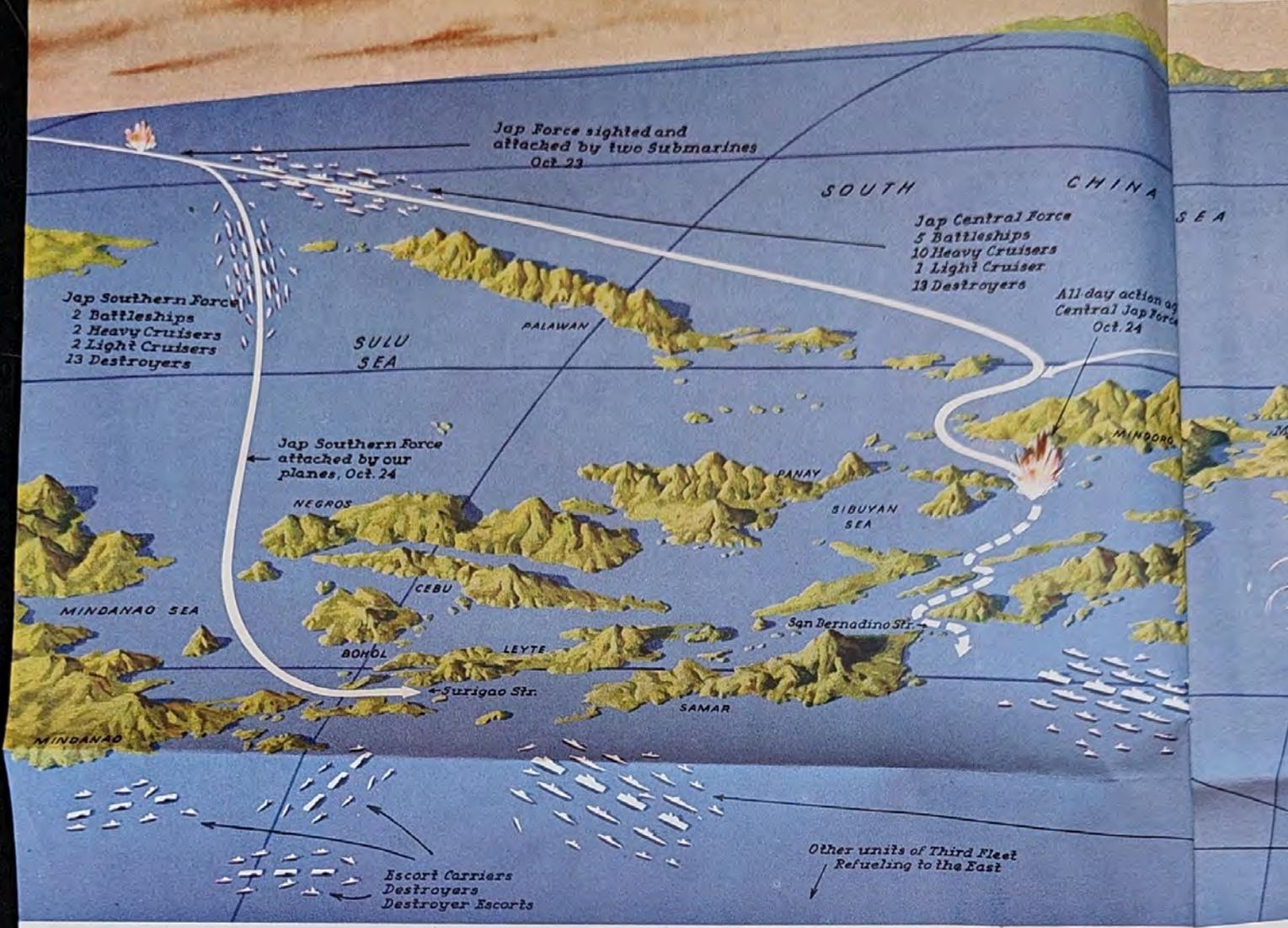
Morris
Reporting

Reynolds
Reporting

Jones
Reporting

This story of a great naval action was too big for one war correspondent to see or cover, so Collier's asked four veterans to report various phases of the battle. George E. Jones, United Press Correspondent, was aboard Vice-Admiral Marc A. Mitscher's flagship, and Ralph Teatsorth, United Press Correspondent, was with Vice-Admiral Thomas C. Kinkaid. Quentin Reynolds covered the over-all story at Pacific Fleet headquarters, and Frank D. Morris rounded up information in Washington. The reports from all four correspondents blend together but, in a general way, the work of each is indicated by marginal labels





the message is typical of submariners: "We are moving in to attack." But that was enough to tell Bull Halsey where the Japs were making their first move on this vast, azure checkerboard. That was the beginning.

It was the beginning but it also was the end for some of the participants out in the South China sea. The Americans had found a submarine commander's dream come true. They moved in close and started spewing torpedoes at three Jap heavy cruisers. The foaming wakes of four deadly projectiles darted straight for each of the three cruisers. Four war heads struck each of the ships, and the explosions sent them twisting, lurching through the sea.

Twelve direct hits in a single attack broke the enemy armada's precise formation. The ships swerved and dodged in confusion; milled about like stampeding cattle. Two of the big cruisers shuddered and lay dead in the water, torn and smoking and sinking. A third hobbled uncertainly away, with doubtful chances of reaching safety. But after the first confusion, the Japanese ships reassembled and again took on the appearance of an armada. Doggedly, they ended the chaos and, still pursued by the subs, plunged on to the northeast. Their destination was obvious: Leyte. Their purpose was just as obvious: to destroy MacArthur's transports and carriers and pin our invasion forces down without supplies or aerial protection.

On the afternoon of October 23d, the word began to drift through American warships from flag bridge to engine room: "The Jap

fleet is coming out." Air Intelligence officers, who must keep themselves and their squadrons abreast of developments, nodded their heads when asked if it were true, but they could not as yet fill in the details. That night, the information crystallized, and the aviators, assembling in the air-conditioned ready rooms, saw the approaching shadow of battle as they received their instructions for the next day:

"Our subs have located and attacked a force of enemy ships. We think the Jap fleet has come out to fight."

The men of the Third Fleet had been in action since August, getting fuel and supplies at sea. They badly missed the occasional feel of firm ground under their feet, the change from monotonous life between the same steel bulkheads where they looked at the same faces day after day.

The airmen had matured; lines developed around their eyes and mouths as they went out on a timetable schedule to pound the enemy. Sometimes they were able only to chew hurriedly on a sandwich and gulp an over-hot cup of coffee between strikes, meantime contemplating their own chances of getting back, and counting off on invisible fingers the men who failed to return from the last attack. The pilots had been looking forward hungrily to a rest, but Third Fleet veterans now prophesied: "If Bull Halsey sees a chance to beat hell out of the Jap fleet and get this war over sooner, he won't give a damn about you or me or himself or anything." They knew that this was it.

Now Halsey had to anticipate the enemy's plans. There were two logical routes for the Japs to take in order to pass through the Philippine Islands and converge on Leyte. One led across the Mindanao Sea and through Surigao Strait, southeast of Leyte, and thence to our beachhead on Leyte Gulf. The other route, longer but safer for the enemy, led across the Sibuyan Sea, northwest of Leyte, through San Bernardino Strait and thence southward through the Philippine Sea, past Samar, to Leyte Gulf. The Japs might follow either route—or they might split their Southern Fleet, follow both routes and thus converge on Leyte Gulf from both north and south, pincers fashion.

Later on October 23d, it had become evident that the Japanese Southern Fleet from Singapore, reinforced by ships from the Philippines, had split and was attempting the anticipated pincers movement against Leyte. An American sub again contacted the enemy near Mindoro Strait, just south of Manila, and torpedoed another heavy cruiser, which was severely damaged and driven into Manila Bay.

Now almost all of the pieces were in place on the checkerboard. There were uncertainties, of course, and there were errors of judgment but the picture fell naturally into three parts; a three-ring naval circus. The line-up was:

Ring One, in the south: The Japanese Southern Fleet from Singapore had split in two, and the battleships Fuso and Yamashiro, accompanied by two light cruisers, two heavy cruisers and eight or ten destroyers, were cutting across the Mindanao Sea to narrow

Surigao Strait, from which they intended to emerge and attack our Leyte Gulf beachhead from the south. Our Seventh Fleet, under Admiral Kinkaid, was disposed across the ten-miles-wide strait to meet this threat.

Ring Two, in the center: The remaining and larger part of the Jap's Southern Fleet was steaming northeastward through the Sibuyan Sea toward San Bernardino Strait from which they intended to attack our Leyte Gulf beachhead from the north. This enemy force included five battleships—the new, speedy Yamato and Musashi, and the older Nagato, the Kongo and the Haruna—as well as seven heavy cruisers, one light cruiser and about 15 destroyers.

Ring Three, in the north: Halsey's Third Fleet of warships and carriers was waiting northward of the Gulf of Leyte to meet the enemy force heading for San Bernardino Strait (Ring Two) and also to engage whatever enemy fleet might be sent down from the north (Formosa or Japan) to join in the battle. Halsey felt certain the Japs would send reinforcements from the north.

Halsey had disposed his available carriers—all under Mitscher's command—to provide the maximum search coverage of the Philippines area. To the north, search planes of Rear Admiral Frederick C. Sherman's carrier force ranged west of Luzon. Farther south, aircraft from other carriers commanded by Rear Admirals Ralph Davison and Gerald F. "Jerry" Bogan probed the Sulu and Sibuyan seas, between Luzon and Mindanao.

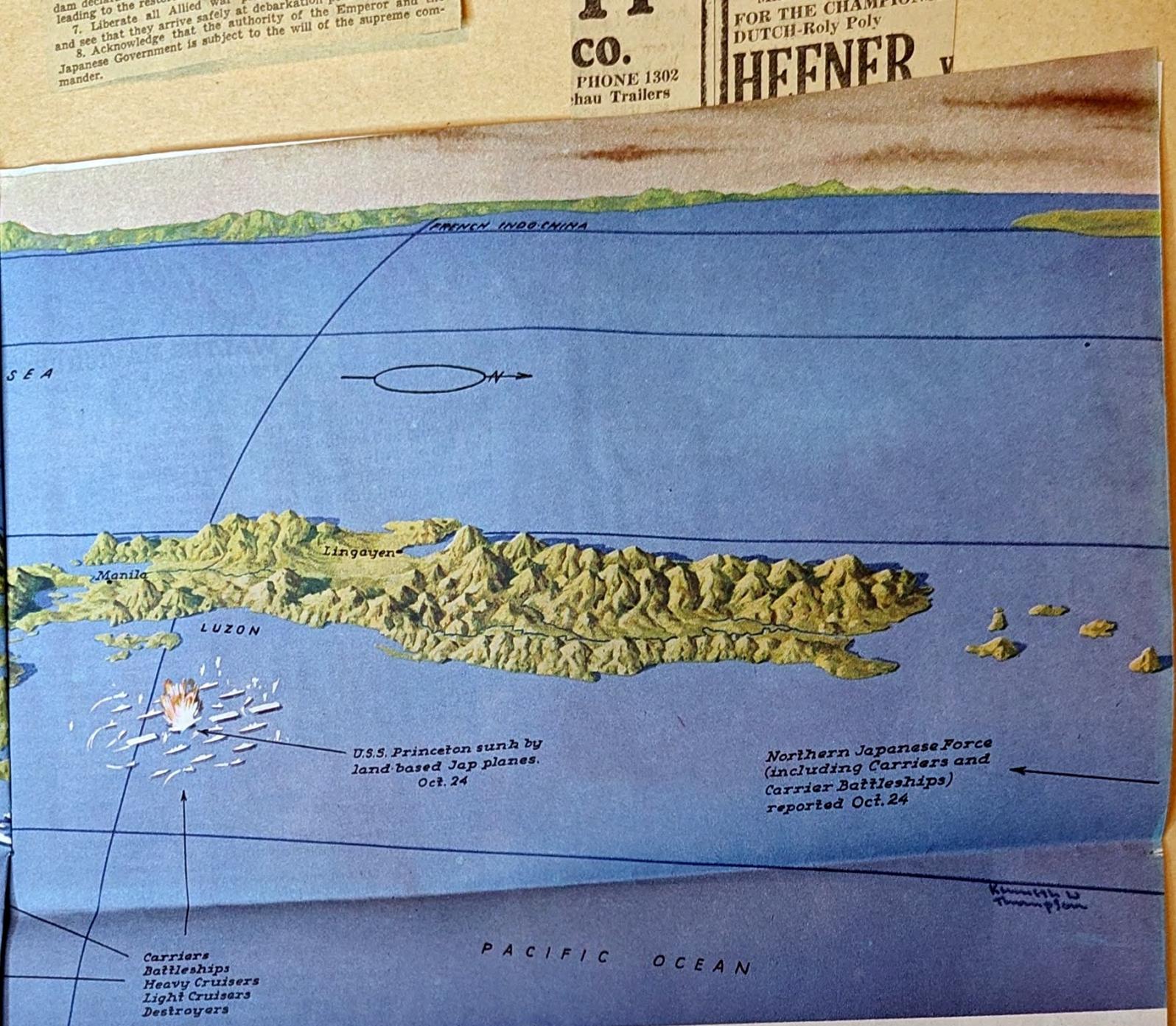
The men of Mitscher's task force will remember October 24th as a day of continuous attack by enemy aircraft.

Teatsworth Reporting

Jones Reporting

Morris Reporting

Jones Reporting



Once during that bomb-shaken day, "Oklahoma Pete" Mitscher came slowly from Flag Plot, where the executives of the task force transact their business during action at sea. His wrinkled, weather-beaten face and pale blue eyes registered nothing but sunny anticipation. One foot followed the other onto the open bridges, from where he could see men at their battle stations, awaiting another enemy onslaught. Then the vice-admiral came forward and lightly punched a newspaper correspondent's arm. Scanning the skies with a slight smile as if to search out the ultimate fate of the issue, he remarked, almost inaudibly, "Just one damn' thing after another. . . ." This remark may not take its place in naval history with the classic utterances of Farragut and other heroes of the sea. On the other hand, it probably comes closer to a business-like philosophy of combat: Take developments as they come without losing stride.

Mitscher, who knew and trusted his men, may have been disturbed because the task force was under sustained attack while itself dealing out only preliminary blows to the enemy. At this moment, however, the machinery was in motion to assume the initiative, and Mitscher knew that when the pendulum of battle swung, nothing could stand up to the power of the task force.

Five Jap battleships, headed by two super-battleships of the Yamato class, were moving through the strait south of Mindoro Island into the Sibuyan Sea. Their escort included eight cruisers and thirteen destroyers. This,

indeed, was big game! Commander Dan F. Smith, Jr., of Pittsburg, Texas, commander of the Third Fleet's Air Group "X," led his dive bombers, torpedo planes and fighters into attacking position west of the enemy force. The beleaguered men-o'-war consisted of two groups, both heading east.

An ideal attack means an assault by great numbers of torpedo planes and dive bombers, with fighter-strafting support if possible. Under ideal conditions, the first torpedoes will be launched while the confused and battered enemy turns this way and that. American airmen had long awaited the opportunity. This was their chance.

Perhaps the enemy warships sensed the desperation of the attack, for they turned toward the American aircraft at high speed, spewing clouds of antiaircraft fire as they turned. They did both with the unanimity of a well-trained chorus line. Only one ship was out of step. Trailing in the column of three battleships was the Musashi, one of the Yamato-class monsters. Perhaps because of a previous hit, she wheeled left and north. Commander Smith spotted the Musashi, "big as Lookout Mountain and twice as unprotected." She seemed to be going at the rather slow speed of ten knots, and Commander Smith picked her as the target.

The enemy ships were "shooting like maniacs," Smith recalls with a slight chill, but, perhaps, by a stroke of luck, not one of the attacking planes in his formation was shot down. The dive bombers peeled off out of the sun and plummeted down in quick succession on the Musashi. Avenger torpedo planes skimmed low over the water, launch-

ing torpedoes port and starboard against her long, graceful beam. Two torpedoes were seen to rip into her portside, sending up high geysers of water from her bulkheads, and Dan Smith swears that he saw four others heading for her starboard beam.

When the attackers pulled up and away, the Musashi's bow was under water almost to the base of her bridge structure, and her stern was high in the water. She circled slowly that afternoon, great oil slicks forming a multicolored wake, under the anxious care of destroyers. She was not seen the next day, or subsequently, and it may well be that she sank.

The antiaircraft reached a violent tempo as the American carrier-based air groups attacked that day. One torpedo-plane pilot, Lieutenant Robert Cosgrove of New Orleans, said the flak reminded him of "going into a cave." His squadron mate, Lieutenant (jg) Otto Bleech of Pahokee, Florida, had two thirds of his left elevator shot away, while Ensign A. R. Hodges of Norfolk, Virginia, returned to his carrier with his elevator control cable shot away to one control, his hydraulic system destroyed, and his radio man wounded. From another carrier, an Avenger pilot fervently whispered, "I was praying when I got out of my run—I was so damn' lucky to get out alive!"

Mitscher's pilots piled up a heavy score against the Japs with bombs and torpedoes. Four of the enemy battleships were reported damaged heavily, and practically every other ship in the force was hit. In addition, 150 Jap planes were blasted from the skies by our fighters and antiaircraft. At dusk our scout

Three-dimensional map showing the positions and courses of the Jap ships and the American forces taking part in the three-day, three-ring naval battle in Philippine waters

planes advised Halsey that the Jap ships had reversed course and apparently were in retreat to the northwest.

But while we were delivering these telling blows against the enemy on October 24th, Sherman's carriers were under attack—dangerously so. At 8:01 a.m. our fighter patrols "lallyhood" two large groups of bogeys (enemy aircraft) thirty miles astern. Admiral Mitscher glanced at a correspondent: "Better get ready to duck inside—they're dive bombers." It was rather murky weather, and the warships headed toward a rain squall.

Our fighters began slashing into the enemy aircraft, but the bogeys were "all over the sky from six to twenty-four thousand feet," according to the interceptors.

From several directions, the enemy attacked. Black specks, hardly visible to the naked eye, danced in and out of the clouds, then roared down on the twisting, turning American warships. Guns banged away with that peculiarly stirring symphonic effect of kettledrums and basses—the five-inch batteries—beating out a deadly, rhythmic undertone to the melodic clatter of the automatics. Bits of paper from the powder casings fluttered breezily across the flight decks as the ships rocked from side to side. The warm

(Continued on page 64)

Jones Reporting

OBSTACLE COURSE

BY WALTER HAVIGHURST

ILLUSTRATED BY W. C. GRIFFITH

The New Englanders seemed pretty cold and hostile to the kid from Colorado, until he learned that loneliness can wear more than one face

WHILE the MP at the gate looked at his papers, Private Dan Weld stared down the Post Road with bitter eyes. Behind him spread the acres of Camp Cutler—the trampled drill grounds, the long rows of barracks, the big frame hospital under its flat roof, the naked target range. He could hear the sharp shouts of a sergeant and a hurrying thud of feet sounding back there, and he had a swift, wry picture of the obstacle course with its upthrust ramps and walls.

The MP handed back his papers. "So you got three days," he said. "Going home?"

"Colorado," Dan said, staring down the road. "I couldn't even get there."

The MP twirled his stick in boredom. "Boston?"

Dan shook his head. He didn't like Boston—the narrow, twisting streets, the abrupt distorted squares, and never a bright look anywhere. "It's a no-good town," he said.

"Revere Beach, then. That's plenty lively."

"I got no money."

"Come seven," the MP said with a knowing grin. Then he added in a wise, indulgent tone, "Better lay off those bones, son, if you can't roll the numbers."

Dan said without feeling, "There was nothing else to do in the hospital."

"Well, they'll take care of you at Revere. It don't cost to look at the ocean."

Ocean. . . . Dan had another scene in his mind, and it was a whole lot different from the ocean: The rolling yellow plain, land swelling up to the front range of the mountains. "We've got Blaze all ready for you," said the worn letter in his pocket. "He's shod now, and two hands taller than when you left. But he still nuzzles your old jacket on the wall."

The boy's gray eyes narrowed. "They're shipping us out next week. I'll see plenty ocean."

"Well, you put in for a leave," the MP said, doing the monotonous trick with his stick. "Now you got it."

"Yeah, I got it," Dan said. "But things went wrong." He pushed the peaked cap back on his head and picked up his little canvas dunnage bag.

"So long, Doughfoot," the MP said.

"So long," Dan said.

He didn't know where he was going. He didn't care.

He left the highway at the first crossing, then began to walk north on a curving road between green hills. Occasionally a car passed him, but Dan didn't cock his thumb. It was no use—those lean, long-nosed Yankees couldn't see you, not even your uniform. And besides, he wasn't going any place.

By the time the sun was overhead, he had begun to limp. He was a tall boy—rangy like a colt—with a long, quiet face, paled a little after three weeks in the hospital. He had big hands and big feet, and a wide, good-humored mouth that began to tighten now as the pain stiffened his ankle. He left the road and sat down on a stone wall in the shade of

an arching elm. As he eased the strap from his shoe, he had a swift picture of the foot wall and the landing pile of cinders beneath it. Obstacle course, he thought.

Ahead of him the road climbed, past a white farmhouse and a weathered barn rising over a hill. Idly he tried to change the green hills of Massachusetts into the hills of Colorado, but it wouldn't seem right.

A car stopped in the road. Then he saw Dan. "Hmp!" he grunted. "That was Jason Stark."

As Dan stepped out, he saw the bag of mail on the driver's seat, but the bag was empty.

"Going up the hill?"

The mail carrier was a little man with a thin, suspicious face. "Postal delivery," he said. "It's against regulation to take letters to soldiers." He turned away and started the car. Dan stood in the fading fumes of exhaust, as it rattled away noisily.

He shrugged his shoulders, standing there then began to limp slowly up the hill. It was the white farmhouse, L-shaped and rising back through a covered porch was an unpainted shed showing cordwood stacked to the eaves. Across the yard stood a weathered barn, and through the dim door he saw deep mows bearded with hay. But what Dan crossed the barnyard, the pain forged in his foot, was the half door of the stable where a sorrel colt looked out with its ears. There was a white blaze on its forehead.

"Whoa, boy," Dan murmured, stroking the velvet neck. The animal's eyes whitened, the nostrils tensed and quivered. "Good—good boy." Slowly the ears came down, and the eyes grew quiet.

Standing there, Dan felt a rocking sway under him, and the rhythmic creak of the stable door. Then a stirrup gave way. For a moment Rabbit Ear rose up spruce-blue against the close green Massachusetts hills, and a sorrel yearling was racing down an obstacle course where a wooden wall rose like a cliff of stone. Then the world went out.

AFTER a long while something nudged Dan's heavy shoe nudging his shoulder. His eyes followed up to a stern-faced man in a faded blue shirt.

"What you after?" the man demanded.

Dan sat up slowly, and stared at his foot with laces taut across his swollen ankle.

"I'm from camp," he said. "Camp Cutler."

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm on a furlough. I was going up the road, and I saw your colt standing in the stable."

The farmer's face was like the rocky field that climbed beyond the barn. "Better on your way, then."

Dan stood up. "Yes, sir," he said. But the first step his foot gave way, and he sat down on the grass.

The man bent over him. "What's wrong with you, boy?"

Dan drew a sharp breath. "Ankle," he said. His face was white as paper.

The farmer grunted. For a moment he was something bitter in his craggy face. Then he bent down. "Come on," he said. His lean arms were surprisingly strong under Dan's shoulder.

That way they crossed the barnyard, the hens clucking curiously behind them at the sorrel colt lifting its pointed ears from the half door of the stable—a tall soldier with jerking step leaning on a stooped and silent man. A woman came to the kitchen door.

"Jason," she said in a raised, half-frightened voice. "What is it, Jason?"

(Continued on page 58)

"Some of the boys ducked around the wall. But I went over it, and when I came down, I had a broken ankle"

Continued from page 13

Super Supper...

easy, thrifty, zesty

with Swift's Brookfield



Combine 2½ c. drained whole kernel corn, 2 beaten eggs, 1 c. milk, 1½ t. salt, ¼ t. pepper and ¼ c. chopped green pepper. Bake in 350° oven for about 1 hr. After 20 min., top with partially cooked Swift's Brookfield Sausage and complete baking.

A Martha Logan Recipe



Pre-War Quality

The sausage with the

Just-right Seasoning!



Add one more to your list of DINNER FAVORITES—famous Swift's Brookfield Sausage! Made from selected cuts of pork, it gives you the FINE NUTRITION of high-quality proteins. And lady, lady, is it good! For Swift's Brookfield is America's most popular PURE PORK sausage . . . the kind with the just-right seasoning. You'll marvel at its master blend of DELICACY and ZEST. Next time you're at your dealer's, look for the handsome package with the red-plaid ends; ask for Swift's Brookfield Sausage!



Your first duty to your country: BUY WAR BONDS

breath of concussion stung the men's faces, and they smelled the stimulating odor of gunpowder, which comes in time to associate itself only with excitement and fear.

A Japanese dive bomber made one short run off Mitscher's starboard quarter, dropped his bomb, and pulled up hastily into the over-cast as a small geyser erupted from the sullen seas. Swiftly came the word over the rasping TBS: "Emergency turn. Again I say, emergency turn."

Still in formation, the ships headed into the protective cover of a rain squall. There, shrouded in soupy weather, they maneuvered patiently as the screening vessels fired periodically at bogeys lurking on the edges of the squall.

Probably the enemy had dispatched, all told, well over two hundred planes from his land bases in the Philippines to cripple Sherman's carriers. Yet, strangely enough, many Japanese airmen seemed reluctant to close for the attack. Were they afraid? One can hardly judge their motives, yet it is a matter of record that one large group of very unfriendly aircraft—perhaps forty to sixty bombers, torpedo planes and fighters—would come no closer than thirty miles to our formation. There they began to orbit as seven Hellcats, led by Commander David McCampbell of Los Angeles, plunged into their midst. As McCampbell and his cohorts watched in open-mouthed amazement, the bogeys headed back for Luzon!

The Hellcats took up the pursuit, in the course of which Dave McCampbell is officially credited with shooting down nine Japanese fighter planes, an amazing event all by itself. Not once, he revealed later, did the enemy offer to engage in aerial combat, as the Hellcats sniped at straggling Zeros, one by one.

But the law of averages struck. At 9:38 A.M., the light carrier Princeton, one of several built from converted cruiser hulls, was hit.

At first, the impending tragedy was not clearly foretold. A thin wisp of smoke, seeping out of her hangar deck, became black and thick. Red flames could be seen as the Princeton charged indomitably through the seas like a wounded mustang bolting over the endless prairie, black and white smoke streaming behind her. She was a proud, scrappy ship, small in size but big in spirit. More than one hundred and fifty enemy aircraft had fallen prey to her guns and under-sized air groups in recent months.

Men aboard the Princeton awaited developments calmly, continuing their work until they could no longer breathe in the smoke; then they made their way to the open air.

Below, Chief Commissary Steward Frederick W. Plath of McAllen, Texas, ruefully contemplated two hundred mince pies he had baked the previous night. Chief Plath sighed; just two years ago, aboard the old Hornet, he had baked a batch of mince pies the night before she was sunk. In the engine rooms, Chief Machinist's Mate Leo J. Sobodo of Baltimore groped blindly in the smoke which had drifted below through the ship's blowers. He obtained permission from his superior officer to secure the main throttle, and made his way topside, joining lines of men who were crawling on their hands and knees through the smoke.

Twenty minutes after the Princeton was hit, she called for destroyers to come alongside with fire-fighting equipment. Hardly had the call gone out when she was wrenched by a terrible explosion; the flames had reached those loaded torpedo planes. Great chunks of her flight deck peeled back.

Another explosion shook her frame at 10:05, and an officer standing beside me on our carrier bridge two thousand yards from the Princeton, whispered: "Oh . . . oh, those poor bastards." The Princeton fell behind Sherman's formation, with her captain, executive officer and a damage-control party still aboard.

On board the Princeton, Captain John M. Hoskins, who was scheduled to take over command of the carrier, was personally di-

recting the efforts to save her. Captain Hoskins wanted her to live to fight another day. But it was a losing struggle. As the skipper watched his men fighting several fires, a terrific blast rocked the carrier from stem to stern. The after ammunition magazine had gone up.

Stunned for a moment, Captain Hoskins felt a burning sensation all over his body. Looking down he saw a naked foot lying on the deck. It was his own right foot, blown off by the explosion and now hanging by a tendon to the rest of his leg. Reaching for a line, he twisted a tourniquet around his thigh and waited for medical help.



A ship's doctor rushed over and sized up the situation. Unsheathing an abandon-ship knife from his belt, he started to sever the tendon. The knife blade wasn't sharp, but finally he cut through and then bound up the stump with a gauze bandage. Captain Hoskins watched the operation calmly. "Thanks, Doctor," he said at last. "I'm sure lucky it wasn't my head."

They knew then that the Princeton was doomed. The order to abandon ship was given. Other ships stood by to pick up survivors. One of these was in trouble herself. The Birmingham, a light cruiser, had rushed to the stricken carrier shortly after the bombs struck, and her crew were manning hoses, trying to douse the carrier's fires, when the magazine went up. That blast swept over the decks of the cruiser alongside the Princeton like a gigantic, flaming broom, inflicting heavy casualties on the fire fighters and gun crews topside.

Despite such handicaps, most of the Princeton's crew were removed to other ships, the light cruiser Reno, the destroyers Irwin, Cassin Young, Morrison and Gattling. One of the last to leave was Captain Hoskins who was lowered over the side on a line to a rescue boat.

An hour later, destroyers and cruisers, circling about the broken Princeton in the twilight of the Philippine seas, launched their torpedoes and fired their guns. Slowly, she turned over, illumined by the fires in her, and slipped below the waters.



As the Princeton disappeared from view that morning of October 24th, the Americans were still under attack. One enemy bomber, flaring from a direct hit by ship's guns, plunged ahead in his dive, pulled out over a cruiser, then dropped reluctantly into the sea. None of the American ships, however, suffered damage.

The task force's chief of staff, blond and cheerful Captain (now Commodore) Arleigh A. Burke, acquired the nickname of "Thirty-one Knot" Burke for his daring and imaginative handling of a destroyer squadron in the Solomons. Now he spoke up angrily: "This is the time to stay and fight and beat their goddamned heads off!"

Yes, it was the time to stay and fight. Even at that moment, Mitscher was considering the import of a message from a land-based patrol plane that approximately twenty-seven enemy warships, including battleships and carriers, had been sighted north of Luzon. At last, enemy reinforcements were coming from the north. It was the third enemy fleet unit sighted that day and, to judge from this report, the most powerful. This was what Mitscher had been waiting for.

Meanwhile action was under way in Ring One to the south. In fact, Commander Frederick E. Bakutis of Brockton, Massachusetts, may have fired the first shot in the entire struggle between the two surface fleets. Taking off from his carrier in a Hellcat fighter just after dawn, he and his close friend, Commander Emmet Riera, were leading a search mission south of Negros Island.

It was 8:30 on the morning of October 24th, and the sun was shining brightly over the Sulu Sea; in the distance rose the blue, cloud-capped peaks of Negros. This was the sector assigned to a carrier air group which

come pried in broken containers, or at assembling gadgets—jobs which used to take the time of hale and hearty factory workers. Bed patients keep their own time on an honor system and tell Northrop each week how much they've earned. They could cheat, but not one of them has cheated or is likely to. The main incentive is helping the lads still out in the foxholes.

When Birmingham got its first wounded, it used the old familiar exercises, games and such occupations as rug weaving and other jobs that seemed, to most patients, to be merely make-work motions. There were high-school classes under supervision of the Los Angeles school system, and many patients were graduated in a score of subjects. These curative measures still are used, but everyone agrees that Department 99 tops them all.

They Still Want to Serve

A recent quiz showed that most of the men wanted to be doing something useful and that a boy set to rug weaving never could be convinced he was doing anything to help win the war which, as he still was in the Army, seemed to be a reasonable objective. Instead, the boys wanted to help build airplanes—legs or no legs, arms, one arm or no arms.

This, of course, meant a reversal of the practice of fitting men into jobs. The jobs had to be rearranged to fit the capacities of the men.

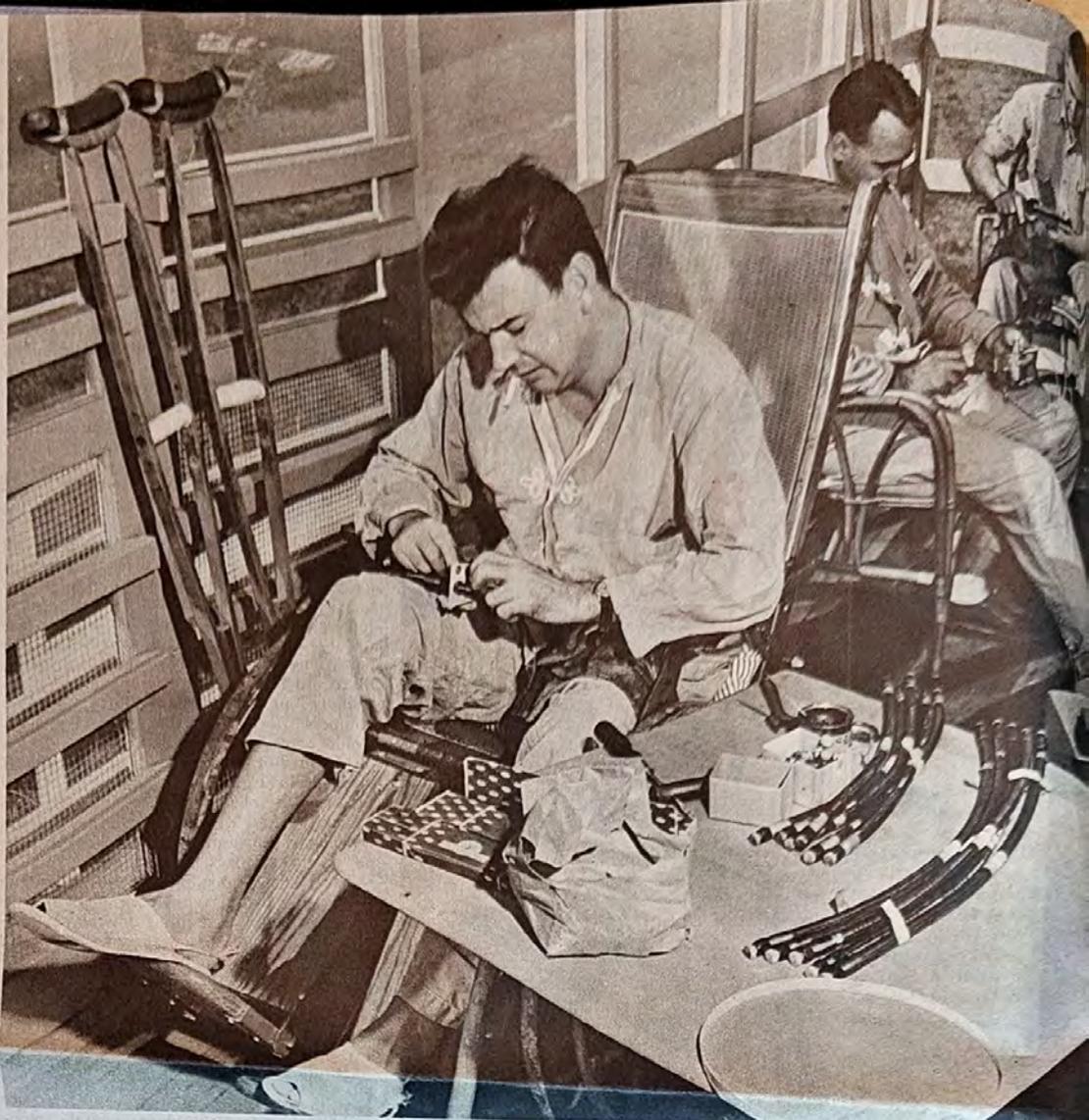
This was done mainly by Lawrence W. Danenberg, a veteran of the Army pilots training program, and has been done so successfully that 98 per cent of the veterans started on the rearranged jobs last May still are working at them.

In Department 99, Dan Carney is still whacking away.

"Time's up, Dan. You've had three hours," says the doctor.

Danny brings down the mallet with a final thud and grins at the medic.

"I sure hammered a lot of hell out of myself today, Doc," he says. "Finished thirty-five parts—two more than yesterday. Boy! Do I feel good!" ★★★



William A. Bulaich, below, one of the hospital's "graduates." He got a good job in the Northrop drafting department when he was discharged from the Army

Lieuts. David Brickles and Jack B. Fosdyke, below, can't get around much, but they can assemble electrical apparatus and lines for hydraulic landing ge



DEPARTMENT

99

BY JIM MARSHALL



This machine shop is also a ward of the Birmingham General Hospital. Here wounded veterans help produce Black Widow fighters for Northrop Aircraft

Helping to build things their buddies can use in the war is one of the best reconditioners yet found for wounded men

all balled up inside Danny's head—sadness for the kids who stayed on Saipan, anger at the brutal stupidity of wars . . .

Now he's whacking away at part of a Black Widow that somebody is going to fly over Tokyo or Yokohama to protect the big B-29s. And this isn't just play work, like weaving rugs or stringing beads. It's the real thing.

They're not fooling Danny and the other wounded veterans at Birmingham—not taking these parts out one door at night and bringing them back through another door in the morning. Danny and his fellow soldier workers know. They've been out to the main plant at Hawthorne and seen the parts they made go right into the big sky devils.

Some of the cured wounded have been given jobs at the main plant, following discharge from the Army. The records show their production pace is 'way above the average and their absentee record far below.

If they'd let the boys at Birmingham really go, they would make records, too. But the doctors hold them down to three hours a day, and there is supposed to be a ten-minute rest period every hour. Very few of the boys take the rest period and all of them would work longer if the medics would let them.

The idea that useful work will cure a lot of things and help cure a lot more isn't new. It has just been hidden under a lot of \$10 words. At Birmingham some intelligent women of the Volunteer Army Canteen Service brushed away the long words, and there was the notion. They took it to Colonel Alvin C. Miller, the commandant, and Major Daniel R. Mishell, in charge of the reconditioning department. These two agreed that starting a branch airplane plant right in their cure factory might help. But who would start it?

Well, said the women, there's Mr. Cohu, out at Northrop. Why not ask him?

This LaMotte Turck Cohu is a remarkable fellow, born wealthy, a Princeton grad, one-time amateur lightweight wrestling champ, millionaire one year and broke the next. A Quaker, he flew on submarine patrol off Scotland in the last war. After that, he came home, bought a soda stand in New York, parlayed it into seventeen, sold out, started a securities firm and sailed for Europe worth \$2,000,000. He came back \$100,000 in the red after the big crash.

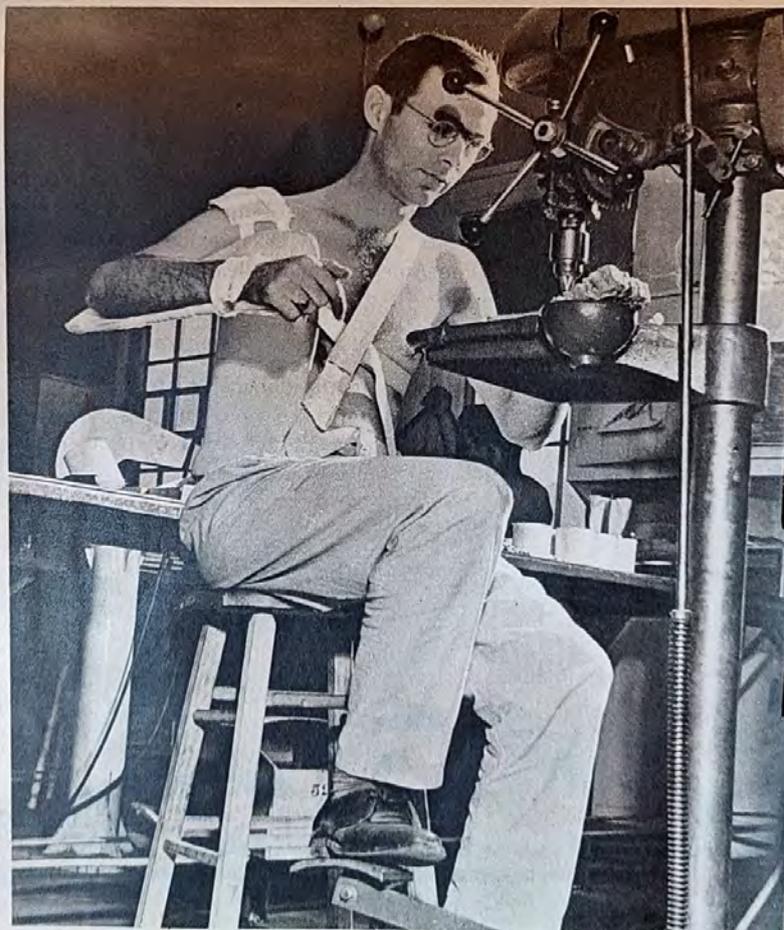
He took what jobs he could find during the depression, because he was not quite happy about things, and work seemed a good cure. He financed and managed several concerns and finally teamed up with John K. Northrop, who had the reputation of being the greatest airplane designer alive, and Gage H. Irving, a production expert. This was in 1939, and the plant they put up and operated managed to exist on foreign orders until America started building planes in quantity.

With this background, and remembering what work had done for him, Cohu joined Colonel Miller and Major Mishell in organizing Department 99 at Birmingham. He even put bed cases to work where the doctors would allow it. To enable one-armed or one-legged men to work, Cohu and James L. McKinley, head of Northrop's training program, have rejiggered a lot of machinery. They have drill presses that a man with one arm and one leg can operate by a foot pedal. They have hydraulic vises to replace the old type where you hold the material in place with one hand and screw the jaws together with the other. There are pulleys, conveyors, straps to help crippled boys work. Tables are built to special heights to make jobs easier. Even the boys with arms in casts hammer away.

Men in Department 99 are paid 85 cents an hour and clocked in and out like anyone else. Whether the wounded man is a rear-rank buck private or a colonel makes no difference. They all get the same treatment and the same pay.

Men confined to beds work at sorting bolts, nuts and small parts which have be-

Corporal Floyd Brewer, wounded on Biak Island, operates a specially made drill press. Like the other veterans, he may work only three hours daily



Twelve Thousand times around the World

Clippers have now carried
the U. S. flag on more than
312,000,000 miles of overseas
flight . . . a distance greater
than 12,500 times around the
earth at the equator



WHEN PAN AMERICAN began regularly scheduled, over-ocean flying in 1927, there was practically no previous experience to go by. Pan American had to learn the hard way—by pioneering.

Then, after fourteen years, came war.

Almost overnight, the global air routes pioneered by Pan American World Airways, and its network of some 200 long-range radio stations, proved of outstanding importance to the war effort.

Since then, in the operation of contract services to India, China, the South Pacific, Africa and Europe, Pan American flight crews have flown hundreds of thousands of miles on war duty.

Some day soon, peace will come. And with it, once again, competition with the unified air transport systems of foreign nations.

Pan American is ready for that competition . . . Fitted for it by seventeen years of over-ocean flying experience, gained both in war and peace.

Wings of Democracy

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS
The System of the Flying Clippers

-pioneers of air service to 68 countries, territories and possessions.



TOKIO

K.O.!



The Day That Peace Loving People Will Never Forget

THE WAR IS OVER!

The Knockout Punch Has Been Given

VICTORY!

Victory has Been Achieved!

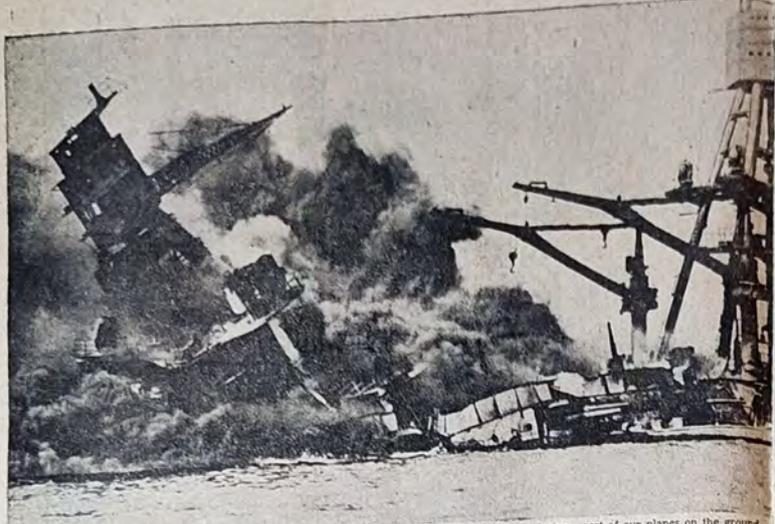
Again the stars and stripes have been gallant in action — from the early days of 1776, 1812, 1898, 1865, 1918, till the present time, the Stars and Stripes have flown gallantly in the fight of true democ-

racy, shouting to the mountains far and near the cry of Freedom. Now that the war is over it is our earnest hope that this date will forever mark the beginning of everlasting peace.

T. J. MATULICH CO.

GROWERS • PACKERS • SHIPPERS

❖ Camera Record of Japan in Victory---And in Defeat ❖



FATAL ERROR—Dec. 7, 1941 . . . Pearl Harbor . . . Japs blast 86 ships of Pacific Fleet . . . destroy most of our planes on the ground . . . it looked like utter disaster . . . but proved Japan's worst mistake . . . America was aroused as never before in her history.



PHILIPPINES—Dec. 10, 1941 . . . Philippines invaded . . . U. S. first base at Cavite knocked out . . . Bataan falls . . . Corregidor falls . . . Japan held Malaya, Singapore, the East Indies . . . within three months she won an empire.



MIDWAY—Sea battle new in history . . . opposing fleets days apart . . . planes slug it out . . . Jap fleet is routed.



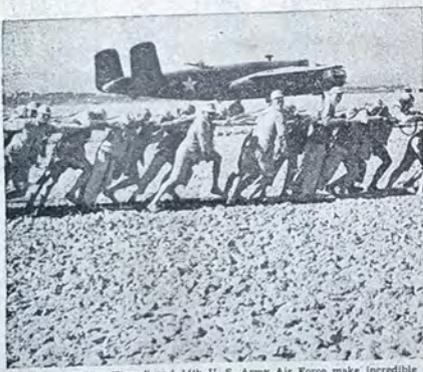
GUADALCANAL—U. S. Marines invade, August, 1942 . . . make it stick, after long, bloody fight . . . first U. S. offensive.



ATTU—Japs take Attu and Kiska, in Aleutians, June, 1942 . . . Yanks recapture them, August, 1943 . . . ending threat to Canada.



TARAWA—Toughest fight in Marine Corps history . . . 3722 dead and wounded . . . but strategic gain was worth the cost.



CHINA—"Flying Tigers" and 14th U. S. Army Air Force make incredible fight against heavy odds . . . pin down Jap armies . . . keep hope alive.



SAIPAN—And next Guam . . . giving U. S. new Pacific headquarters and new base from which B-29s constantly batter Tokyo . . . Jap doom nears.



LEYTE—MacArthur's historic return to Philippines . . . with invading forces that do not rest until islands are secured . . . a long first step toward final drive upon Japanese homeland.



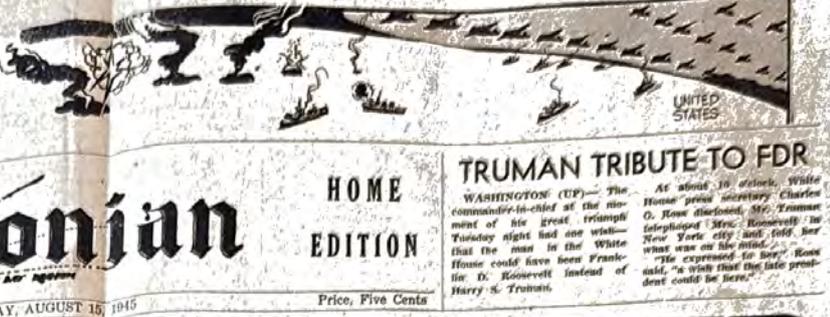
IWO JIMA—Audacious assault shocks Japanese . . . first Allied invasion of "home" territory . . . savagely defended island seized.



OKINAWA—Only 350 miles from Japan's main islands . . . force into insanely futile "suicide" attacks . . . British Tokyo, frantic, orders air fleet plays important role.



JAPAN—B-29s batter Tokyo into helplessness . . . and smash every enemy city . . . royal palace hit . . . on daily "milk run" schedule . . . with sacred Fujiyama as a guidepost.



TRUMAN TRIBUTE TO FDR
WASHINGTON (UP)—The commander-in-chief of the United States navy today paid a tribute to the man in the White House who had been President for the past four years. He expressed his admiration for the late president and his confidence in the new president.

HOME EDITION
Price, Five Cents

WATSONVILLE PAJARO VALLEY

THE GASOLINE RATIONING ENDS

City Closed to Celebrate Jap Surrender; Firemen, Police Have 'Rugged Night'

Watsonville closed up late Tuesday and Wednesday into a big public on some of its respective doors with the sign, "Closed until Friday," but the Thursday closing was up to individual concerns entirely. Watsonville closed up late Tuesday and Wednesday into a big public on some of its respective doors with the sign, "Closed until Friday," but the Thursday closing was up to individual concerns entirely. Watsonville closed up late Tuesday and Wednesday into a big public on some of its respective doors with the sign, "Closed until Friday," but the Thursday closing was up to individual concerns entirely.

'LET US HIGHLY RESOLVE THEIR SACRIFICES SHALL NOT HAVE BEEN IN VAIN'

LET US IN THE PAJARO VALLEY, bucking down now to the mighty peace-time tasks facing us, first pay another tribute to those from our community who will not be with us to meet those problems and nation that assure their families, friends, community and nation that we highly resolve that their sacrifices shall not have been in vain.

Nation Prepares for Peace

WASHINGTON (UP)—Gasoline rationing is ended. The Office of Price Administration announced Wednesday.

MacArthur Gives Japs Surrender Instructions

By UNITED PRESS
Gen. Douglas MacArthur, taking over as allied supreme commander, ordered Japan Wednesday to cease hostilities immediately and send a "competent representative" to Manila to receive surrender terms.

PAJARO VALLEY IN THE FIGHT

(Editor's Note: Hundreds of Pajaro valley men and women are now fighting the Axis in Uncle Sam's army, navy, marine corps, coast guard and air forces. This newspaper would like to keep the folks at home as well as active. Friends and relatives are invited to send contributions to this department.)

JOHN LAMONT HOME FROM EUROPE

John Lamont is home with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lamont, Watsonville, after a 27-day tour of Europe. He was assigned to the 2nd Infantry Division in the Pacific theater.

WHITE HOUSE TAKES

WASHINGTON (UP)—The White House announced Wednesday it had made a slight error about this holiday business. For the record, the President's announcement is correct. Wednesday and Thursday are the two days that the government employees will be off.

Here's The Home Front Picture

WASHINGTON (UP)—Here is the home front picture as it looks today: War contracts—cancellations reach \$25,000,000,000 in a few weeks. Unemployment—government expects 8,000,000 men and women will be jobless within six months.

BULLETINS

JAPS STILL RESISTING?
WASHINGTON (UP)—Radio Moscow Wednesday night broadcast a statement by the chief of staff of the Red Army stating that Japanese resistance is continuing.

BOWLES' PLEA
WASHINGTON (UP)—To keep the rationing program still in effect operating, Price Administrator Chester Bowles Wednesday asked members of the 5500 local rationing boards to stay on their jobs for the present. "We will continue to need your help at least until meat, tire and other rationing can be eliminated," he said.

Pajaro Valley Men Who Are Listed As War Prisoners

Included among the American prisoners of war in Japan, according to this newspaper's list of names, are 11 Pajaro valley soldiers, who were captured in the Philippines, and three civilian workers, who were taken prisoners by the Japanese at the fall of Wake Island.

Deceased While in Service

2nd Lt. Opal Chilcote
Pvt. Raymond Woodrow Davis
Pvt. Richard Mirby
Cpl. Joe Gillis
Lt. (jg) Joseph Heatwole
Lt. Stanley Secondo
Robert A. Knox, ARM3c
Lt. Leroy Walton
2nd Lt. Joseph C. Marsh
Sgt. Troy V. DeMoss
Cpl. Sam DeWong
Ens. Alfred R. Moore
Pvt. Vernon E. Huntsman
PFC Lloyd Beuson
Carroll Sandholl, CBM
Sgt. Victor L. Gosney
Cpl. Orrin Henry Eaton

Cruiser Indianapolis Sunk By 2 Torpedo Explosions; 1196--Every Man--Casualties

GUAM (UP)—Two tremendous torpedo explosions sank the heavy cruiser Indianapolis July 30, causing 1196 casualties—every man aboard ship—while she was bound from Guam to Leyte, survivors reported Wednesday.

Thousands of Americans Will Be Liberated

By FRANK W. HEWLETT
United Press War Correspondent
The three million prisoners of American soldiers, sailors and

Missing in Action

PFC Leon Atha Elliott
PFC Henry Stokes Hayden
Sgt. Frank Jurach
Theodore J. Reh, RM1c
T.Sgt. Serrafine Corrales
John C. Conley, MoMM1c
William Ernest Kellogg, TM1c

Weather Forecast: Fog Thursday but clear in afternoon; little temperature change; moderate westerly wind in afternoon. Wednesday noon high, 60. Tuesday night low, 52.

Lettuce Shipments
Lettuce shipments for today totaled 178 cars as follows: Watsonville, 28; Junction, 34; Salinas, 109. Shipments to date total 19,208.

Horses Shot, Eaten:

Cavalry Mounts Help Sustain Bataan Defenders in Last Days

Forced to Defend 3 Sided Front

Heavy Guns Destroyed in Retreat to New Line

(Continued from Preceding Page.)

for them . . . and their tough meat became eagerly sought slivers in our rice.

Over on Corregidor the radio station which MacArthur had renamed "The Voice of Freedom" played us some swing tunes and told us on Bataan that help was on the way. When we first heard that, some of the men wept with joy. But that joy did not last long. For, you see, the announcer said such things only to try to throw a little fear of God into the approaching Japs.

It was about that time—when we fell back to what must be our last position on Bataan—that my friend Frank Hewlett, the war correspondent, wrote the little tune which went:

*We're the battling bastards of Bataan
No momma, no poppa, no Uncle Sam
No aunts, no uncles, no nephews, no nieces,
No rifles, no guns or artillery pieces
And nobody gives a damn.*

Japs Land in Surprise

The first blows the Jap threw at us in our new positions down toward the tip of Bataan did not come from the north, as was expected. In the midst of our move to our last ditch, the enemy landed at four points along the southwestern and southern extremity of the peninsula, sternly threatening my First Corps' left rear flank and imperiling the only road that led from my front line to the southern tip of Bataan.

The Jap landing at Longoskawayan Point, not far from Mariveles and the mostly southerly of the rear attacks, was well contested by a battalion of the Forty-fifth Infantry (Scouts) and by 450 sailors under the command of Commander Bridgett, U. S. N.

The force that came ashore at Quinauan Point, at the other end of the four-pronged landing, ran into a small, tough group of Air Corps Engineers and Maj. Dudley G. Strickler's Third Battalion of the Forty-fifth Infantry.

P-40's Strafe Invaders

AT A GLOLOMA POINT THE JAPS HARDLY TOUCHED THE BEACH. TROOPS ALONG THE BEACH DEFENSES SHELLED AND MACHINE-GUNNED THEM AS THEY NEARED SHORE. AND OUR P-40'S, HAPPY TO BE RID OF RECONNAISSANCE DUTY, STRAFED THE LANDING BOATS, SINKING AND SCATTERING THEM.

The fourth landing, on the tiny peninsula between the Anyasan and Salalim Rivers, was the most serious threat, most likely to cut the road that led south to Mariveles—take-off point for Corregidor, which stood like a bulwark to our rear.

Miscellaneous units defending the peninsula between the Anyasan and the Salalim were thrown back by the force of the landings. I ordered a regiment of infantry—the Fifty-seventh (Scouts)—to rush to the support of the motley defenders.

Bloody Fight Opens

The battle of Quinauan Point lasted twelve bloody days and nights, during which time Major Strickler's Third Battalion performed heroically. This great battalion had to fight virtually alone. I could not send anything else down there without weakening my main front to the north—a front which already was taking heavy blows from the main Jap forces.

The Third Battalion went into action with a major, four captains, a full complement of lieutenants and 600 men. When it was withdrawn twelve days later, after driving the Japs into the China Sea, it was commanded by a second lieutenant and its force had been hacked down to 212 men. Every other officer and man was accounted for as having been buried or evacuated wounded. There were no stragglers.

Its gallant Major Strickler, a heroic leader in the close-quarter fighting, was found on the front line of the battalion, dead, a bullet through his helmet.

Japs Caught in Cave

The men had fought under terrible handicaps in jungle and bamboo wilderness so dense that only high angle fire weapons were effective. To win that battle we had to exhaust some of the last infantry mortar ammunition of my First Corps. The bamboo actually deflected our .30 caliber fire.

At the climax of the battle of Quinauan Point, when the enemy was driven back to the sea, many Jap troops took cover in a cave along the water line.



HOPES RAISED—Some of the soldiers of General Wainwright's command in a secluded spot on Bataan listen to broadcasts from the "Voice of

Freedom" radio station on Corregidor. They hear that help is coming to them. They learned later that the messages had been broadcast only to throw a

scare into the Jap invaders.

—International News-Photo

The cave had been eaten out of the cliff by the wash of waves. Now you must remember that these were the early days of our war with Japan, and the men in that cave were some of the first Japs—if not the first—thus pocketed.

THEY REFUSED TO SURRENDER. WHEN THIS WAS REPORTED TO ME IT WAS HARD TO BELIEVE. I ORDERED ANOTHER PROFFER OF HONORABLE SURRENDER. BUT THE TRAPPED JAPS FIRED ON TROOPS WHO BROUGHT THE OFFER.

Rules Begin to Change

The old rules of war began to undergo a swift change in me. What had at first seemed a barbarous thought in the back of my mind now became less unsavory. I thought of Gen. U. S. Grant's land mine at Petersburg, and made up my mind.

I arranged for a small gunboat which had remained in our waters to move in from the sea and shell the cave, while engineers crawled toward it from the landward side, lowered electrically fused mines, and blew the place to pieces. There were no survivors. It had at last dawned on me, as it was to dawn on so many commanders who followed me in the Pacific War, that the Jap usually prefers death to surrender.

Death Before Defeat

Our men, in that critical battle which saw our whole position on Bataan in jeopardy, preferred death to defeat. In this fight my aide, Johnny Pugh, found a dead Philippine Scout sergeant with his right hand cut off at the wrist. His pistol lay close to the left hand. In front of the sergeant was a dead Jap lieutenant. Beside him was his bloody sword. The scout with the severed right hand had killed the Jap with his left.

The backbone of the fighting on the point between the Anyasan and Salalim Rivers—another twelve day battle—was Col. E. J. Lilly's Fifty-seventh Regiment of Scouts, freshly arrived from Parker's Second Corps.

When at last Lilly's men drove the Japs back to the shoreline they were stunned to find the first Jap suicidists . . . hard to believe in those days when most of us presumed that the Jap fighter was a human being much like the rest of us.

(Tomorrow: General Wainwright tells of his own narrow escapes from death on Bataan, sketches the aid rendered to him by the fabulous Igorot tribesmen, and gets a mysterious call from MacArthur.)



STILL WORKING—After completing his own story of the Philippines and his Japanese imprisonment General Wainwright continued to work. All

maps used in connection with his story are made under his supervision and are approved by him before being released for publication.

—International News-Photo

Fitzgerald to Share Film Lead With Betty Hutton

Actor With Accent Cast in 'Stork Club' Musical Feature Production

By Louella O. Parsons
 Hollywood News Service
HOLLYWOOD, Oct. 14.—If there is anyone hotter in our town than Barry Fitzgerald with the captivating accent, I haven't met 'em yet. I don't think "Come My Way" would have been half as good without him, and Betty Hutton is going to share bows with him in "Stork Club"—he's that sexy. Yes, I wandered into the studio and saw this swell musical.

Barry believes part of it is luck. In fact four-leaf shamrocks seem to be springing up under his feet. He no more than washed out loud that he could make a trip back to his native Ireland, than "Twenty-Century-Fox" handed him the script of "Bob, Son of Battle," the Alfred Hitchcock classic about Scottish shepherds and their sheep dogs. I hear the picture will be made against real Scottish background with Robert Rossler directing. If the deal is worked out, Barry will not only play the shepherd, but he'll take his vacation home all on one trip.

ERIC JOHNSTON, the new head of the motion picture industry, gets in tomorrow. His first棘刺 job will be to see what he can do about the strike. We hope he can settle this horridly muddled situation. It is a pity that our industry is in such a turmoil, and if he can step in and do something to bring peace, he will have the confidence and gratitude of this vast industry, and child of this vast industry. His past record is excellent. Here's hoping he can surpass it—or at least equal it—in Hollywood.

SNAPSHOTS OF HOLLYWOOD COLLECTED AT RANDOM

JEANETTE CRAIG has completely lost her heart to handsome Rory Calhoun and vice-versa. This, friends say, is the real thing; Alan Jones' eye is closed and badly swollen, the result of a spider bite. The Natska are expecting a baby. He is the nephew of Joe and Nick Schenk; the baby promised Laraine Day for adoption is now at her home. She celebrated her birthday Saturday and so did Bob Walker. Oddly enough both were born in Utah, the Natsky far apart. Bob, who always concentrates on one girl, is now seen every evening with Buff Chapman Bantzer; Judy Garland has bleached her hair; the Nicky Marilyn Miller role in "The Clouds Roll By." Well, every girl likes to be a blonde at least once in her life; Falds Corrigan, Paramount's top scripter; if Billy Wilder and Doris Dowling feel

LITTLE SUSAN PETERS, who has been bound to a wheelchair ever since that hunting accident a year ago, is getting a wonderful chance to go forward in her career, regardless, all thanks to Ken Murray. He is putting a serious act in "The Valiant" in "Blackouts of 1941" which centers around a role played from a wheelchair. Ken talked to Susan and, both of whom were agreeable and, she has already started rehearsals. Her doctor feels she has strength enough to go on in this, it should be the renewal of a career that started brilliantly. Now's your chance for this brave girl!

"TOMORROW MORNING" Cary Grant reports at the RKO Studios he hasn't finished "Night and Day" at Warners, which was held up practically a week by the strike. But Ingrid Bergman, the lovely, and Alfred Hitchcock were waiting, and "Notorious" is too expensive a production to be held up. What goes with "Night and Day" which could well be titled "Month and Month" it has been so long in production? Well, Cary has promised to finish that picture on Sundays and whatever week days he has off from "Notorious," which, of course, is a little upsetting to Warner's but the best he can do.

CHATTER IN HOLLYWOOD: When Robert Walker did the dis-appearing act at his studio was frankly furious. He cut them plenty by holding up his picture two days. But I'll say for L. B. Mayer, he seems to understand the problems of his players as well as any producer. I know. He knows that Bob is unhappy and so the boy is now out of the dog-

LEADING LEGITIMATE THEATERS
CURRAN 4400
 Bergin Matinee Wed. 2:30
 2 MATINEES SUNDAY 2:30-5:30
 Paul Small Presents The Ritz
JACK JAYC EVERETT RAYS
PEARL FLIPPEN MARSHALL NALDI
 50 E. Broadway - Irvington 1099

Merry Go Round
 with SALICCI PUPPETS - and CORINNA MORA - BETTY SISTERS
 CLIFF HALL - RUSSELL & KENE - RUDVA

GEARY TONIGHT AT 8:30-MAT. SUN.
 A FARCAL SLAPSTICK COMEDY S. F. Chronicle
ERNEST TRUAX and SYLVIA FIELD in
"AVAM ATE THE APPLE"
 A COMEDY BY
 HERBERT RUDLEY and FANYA LAWRENCE
 with ARTHUR LOFT - JOAQUIN SAUNDERS
 GEORGE MEEKER - LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD
 ELIZABETH DUNNE - JIMMIE SMITH
 TED DONALDSON
 STAGED BY MELVILLE BURKE
 A LAUGH WITH FATHER



GARY COOPER and Claudette Colbert in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" The pair star in the romantic comedy film which will open its engagement tomorrow at the Esquire and Tivoli Theaters.

the same a year hence, they'll marry—but lots of things can happen in a year; Sherman Billingsley is going to entertain Bill Goodwin, who plays him in "Stork Club" when he goes to New York next month and when Billingsley entertains, you all know that's entertaining; the Eddie Bracken baby is expected any moment; Liz Wilson is off for New York to see the plays and her magazine boss; Clark Gable spent his first evening back in town with Anita Colby and the Howards Hawks at Slappy Maxie's. They came on from the races. That's all today. See you tomorrow.

PARAMOUNT
 Last Day!
EDW. G. ROBINSON
MARGARET O'BRIEN
"OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES"
 with Jackie "Black" Jenkins
 "TWICE-BLESSED"
TOMORROW!
 She Was Loved and Loved to Paint her Nail!
HEDY LAMARR
 He Was the Handsome Boy Who Took Her to Jake's!
ROBERT WALKER
 This is the Fun and Pretty Gal Who Baffled Her Men!
JUNE ALLYSON
 He Makes a Girl Out of a Free for All at Jake's Joint!
RAGS RAGLAND
Her Highness and the Bellboy
 M-G-M Hit
 —AND—
SPINE-TINGLING SUSPENSE-GRAMMED MURDER MYSTERY!
Bewitched
 with PHYLLIS THAXTER
 EDWARD WENN

ORPHEUM
LAFF RIOT!!!
FRANCOIS TONE
SUSANNA FOSTER
DAVID BRUCE
LOUISE ALLBRITTON
That NIGHT WITH YOU
 A Universal Picture
Latest Sherlock Holmes Mystery
Pursuit to Algiers
 Basil Rathbone - Nigel Bruce

THE MOST OF ALL SEA PICTURES!
THE SPANISH MAIN
 PAULIC - MAURICE WALTER
HENRIE - HARAR - SLEZAK
 with BONNE BAKER JOHN HENRI
FRANK ROZAGNE

RAY HERBEC
 and his ORCHESTRA
 LORRAINE RENDON
RKO GOLDEN GATE

MARINUANA
 WHAT HAPPENS AT MARINUANA PARTIES?
WILD PARTIES
GRANADA
AMAZON
NOE
EL REY
IRVING
PARKSIDE
NOE
GRANADA
AMAZON

Fox Will Open Film Feature

RINGING WITH a lot of new songs by Richard Rogers Oscar Hammerstein II, the tempo gave Broadway "Oklahoma!" a "California" the screen version of "California" a beloved novel, "20th Century-Fox" musical, opens today at the Fox.

Dana Andrews, Jeanette Craig, Dick Haymes and Vivian Blaine are stars in the Twentieth Century-Fox musical, which is the story of a farm family who spend a day at the fair. It tells the story of the blue ribbon prize-winning dog, white Ma is a girl of minor honor. Love and romance are the theme of the story. Charles Wininger and Fay Bainter head the supporting cast. Murder, hit and daughter romance, face the Chicago court-latest of the popular series in Oklahoma, starring Dick Haymes and Jeanette Craig, opens today at the Fox.

WARFIELD
 DOORS OPEN 10 A. M.
 Meet that talked-about
Mildred Pierce
 "DON'T TELL ANYONE WHAT SHE DOES!"
JOAN CRAWFORD
CARSON SCOTT
 "GARDNER MITT"
EVE ARDEN - ANN BLYTH
BRUCE BENNETT
 From the brilliant new play by JAMES M. CAGNEY

BY THE CREATORS OF "OKLAHOMA!"
DANA ANDREWS
JEANETTE CRAIG
DICK HAYMES
VIVIAN BLAINE
 RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN
STATE FAIR
 in Gala TECHNICOLOR!
 with CHARLES WININGER - FAY BAINTE
 with THE CISCO KID in "Old New Mexico"
TODAY at the Theaters

TELENEWS
 THE BIRTH OF NATION - BEST OF THE GREAT EPIC
POWELL
PEERLESS
REGAL
SILVER PALACE
EMBASSY
UNITED NATIONS
DOWNTOWN
STRAND
NOB HILL
MISSION DISTRICT
NEW RIALTO
GRAND
EL CAPITAN
ROOSEVELT
ALAN LADD
THE BEAVER
GOLDEN STATE THEATERS
UPTOWN
PREY
WOMAN IN GREEN
MIDTOWN
HAIGHT
CLARK GABLE
PALACE
YERD
EL REY
IRVING
PARKSIDE
NOE
GRANADA
AMAZON

Southerner Artists Film

A GRIPPING DRAMA of the people of the soil is "The Southerner," which makes its bow at the United Artists tomorrow, starring Betty Field and Zachary Scott. The film was adapted from the prize-winning novel, "Hold Autumn in Your Hand" by George Sessions Perry, and directed by Jean Renoir. "The Southerner" is the story of a love so powerful it sustains a young man and woman in their great adventure. The film is said to be filled with fine performances.

Starts TUESDAY
 Doors Open 8:15
SHE WAS HIS WOMAN!
 ...FOR HER HE FOUGHT TEMPTATION TEMPEST... AND MAN!
DAVID L. LOEW
 presents
THE SOUTHERNER
 ZACHARY SCOTT BETTY FIELD
 A Jean Renoir Production
 A United Artists Picture
 Also Heart-Warming Romance!
 Red-Blooded Action
ADVENTURES OF RUSTY
 Ted Donaldson - Conrad Nagel
 Margaret Lindsay - Boris Holden
 A Columbia Picture

STARTS Wednesday!
VIENNESE FILMS
 For Clay Theater
TWO VIENNESE operatic films.
 "The Immortal Story" by Jean Cocteau and "The Life and Loves of Franz Liszt" open Friday at the Clay.
 Started in singing roles in the Strauss picture "Open Sesame" and Maria Paulter, with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, has a saying the immortal.

UNITED ARTISTS
 MARKET OPPOSITE JONES - Phone UN. 1478

Esquire
 CONT. 9 A.M. to 1 A.M.
Star-Studded - 2 HIT SHOW
ERNST LUBITSCH'S
 Hilarious Romantic Comedy
Gary COOPER
Claudette COLBERT
Bluebeard's 8th Wife
 A Tantalous, Love-in-bloomful JAMBOREE OF MIRTH!
Bing CROSBY
MIRIAM HOPKINS
 She Loves Me Not!
 With an all-star FUN CAST!

ALHAMBRA
TOWER
AMERICAN
CASTRO
ELLIS
WEST PORTAL DISTRICT
EMPIRE
FRANK BAILEY
AVENUE
MARINA
EL PRESIDIO
CLAY
LARKIN

ARROWSMITH
"RAGGED ANGELS"
 with VIOLANTI JASCHA KREFTZ
 NOW PLAYING!
"MILITARY SECRET"
 RUSSIAN BALADE - ENGLISH TITLES
CLAY
LARKIN

CLAY
LARKIN

CLAY
LARKIN

Phantom Bombers:

Old War Rules Undergo Change

Trapped Japs Refuse Offer To Surrender, Fight On

This is Gen. Jonathan M. Wainwright's ninth article of a series in which he tells for the first time, the full and official story of the most humiliating defeat in United States history—the fall of the Philippines and the capture of himself and his loyal American and Filipino fighting men. In today's chapter General Wainwright gives the details of four dramatic attempts by the Japs to break into his escape route to Corregidor.

This Is My Story

By GEN. JONATHAN M. WAINWRIGHT
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The Japs struck us on Bataan shortly after General MacArthur returned to Corregidor after his January 10, 1942, inspection tour. They came as silently as snakes, hugging the opposite sides of Mount Silangan and infiltrating between my right flank and the mountain, and Major General Parker's left flank and the mountain.

By January 15 Parker's left flank was in bad shape. I had to send my Forty-fifth Infantry around the mountain to help him. But the Japs had got so many men through the narrow slot on Parker's left flank that they were attacking him sharply from the west and threatening to separate the First and Second Corps even more than the mountain did. My Thirty-first Division was therefore taken from my command and assigned to Parker's Second Corps.

ON JANUARY 16 MY FIRST CORPS WAS HIT. FRESH JAP TROOPS HAD LANDED AT PORT BINANGA, ON THE NORTHWESTERN COAST OF BATAAN, AND NOW, AFTER A MARCH SOUTHWARD THROUGH THE JUNGLE, THEY HIT MY FIRST PHILIPPINE DIVISION. I WENT UP TO MAUBON RIDGE THAT MORNING, CALLED ON ONE TROOP OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH CAVALRY TO HELP A BATTALION OF THE FIRST PHILIPPINE DIVISION, AND WE MANAGED TO DRIVE THE JAPS BACK ACROSS THE MORON RIVER.

Three-Sided Front Opens

But the main infantry battalion's commander suffered a severe head wound during the fighting. The next senior officer, Capt. John Wheeler, took command and though he had been painfully wounded in the leg he stuck with his men until they had scored this delaying victory.

The situation over on Parker's left flank was deteriorating so badly, however, that my own right flank was becoming imperiled. This put me in the position of having to meet possible attacks, not only from the north and from the China Sea to my left, but also from the right, or east. I now had a three-sided front, and not enough men to fight even a one-sided front.

It meant spreading thinly, and as a result the Japs on January 21 infiltrated around the right of my First Philippine Division and won possession of the Moron-Bagac road, the only road running down that northwestern sector of Bataan.

Heavier Guns Destroyed

I went north and directed the counter-attack on the Jap forces holding the road, throwing all available reserves against them. But they held doggedly. So the First Philippine Division had to get back to the south, and to at least temporary safety, by coming down the narrow, sandy, rocky beaches which lay between the China Sea and the Jap-held highway.

This meant that the trapped force had to destroy all its heavier guns and all its transportation equipment, for there was no way to get this materiel down the beaches. The men trudged back afoot, carrying their wounded on quickly made litters or on the backs of the strong. It was a fearful trek.

Withdrawal's Purpose Told

In the midst of the fight for the Moron-Bagac road I was ordered by MacArthur to withdraw all forces to the "reserve battle position"—a line running close to and approximately parallel with the Pilar-Bagac road, which crosses Bataan like a waist-belt.

THAT WITHDRAWAL, WHICH HAD TO BE EFFECTED BY THE MORNING OF JANUARY 26, HAD AN OBVIOUS PURPOSE. IT

Wainwright Built Bataan Bases For Planes That Never Came



THEY QUIT—Despite the fact that they were outnumbered the defenders on Bataan took their share of enemy prisoners. Here is a line up of

Japanese who have been blindfolded as they are taken to Bataan headquarters for questioning. These first Jap prisoners were particularly sullen

for in those days they thought they had lost face in being taken captive.

—International News Photo.

MOVED THE FIRST AND SECOND CORPS BACK TO LESS MOUNTAINOUS GROUND. RELIEVED THE PRESSURE ON PARKER AND GOT US AWAY FROM THAT INFERNAL MOUNTAIN WHICH SEPARATED OUR CORPS IN THE FIRST POSITION ON BATAAN.

My First Corps' new area now reached down Bataan all the way to the southern tip, including the town and Bay of Mariveles, near which latter point our engineers were building a base for the bombers which never came to our aid.

Varied Corps Waits Japs

By now I had one of the most amazingly varied fighting corps in the history of United States arms. My new lineup of units included Brig. Gen. William E. Brougher's Eleventh Division; Brig. Gen. Fidd V. Segundo's dead tired First Division; Brig. Gen. Clinton Pierce's Seventy-first Division; Brig. Gen. Luther R. Stevens' Ninety-first Division; the Forty-fifth Infantry Regiment of Philippine Scouts; the tattered remnants of the Twenty-sixth Cavalry, now commanded by Col. Lee Vance; a small group of planeless flyers and ground crewmen, some Air Corps Engineers, a detachment of about 450 sailors and the Second Philippine Constabulary.

The grounded armen were almost totally unfamiliar with firearms and, along with the sailors, had no infantry training.

WE SPIT ON OUR HANDS AND WAITED FOR THE ENEMY TO COME AGAIN.

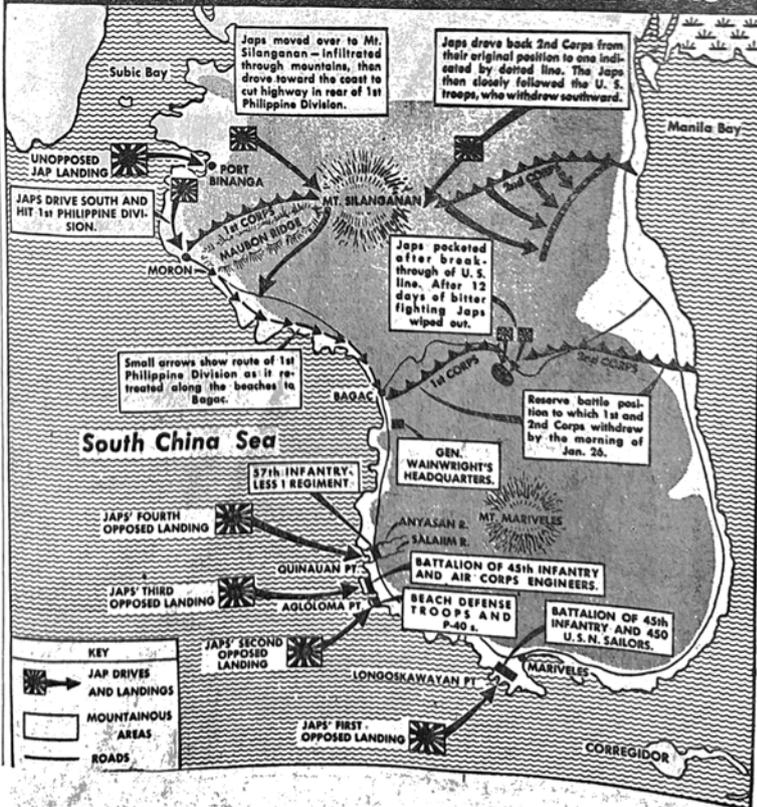
Many Worries, Little Hope

If we had had something in our bellies, some hope that we could expect help from the United States, things might have been a little more endurable. But our perpetual hunger, the steaming heat by day and night, the terrible malaria for which we did not have enough quinine, and the moans of the wounded, were terribly hard on the men, especially when all this was piled on top the knowledge that the Japs were coming at us again and there was little room left for retreating.

The horses of the Twenty-sixth Cavalry had to be shot by the men they had served so gallantly and eaten by all of us. The horses had eaten all the rice straw stacks remaining in that tip of Bataan since the last harvest. There was no forage

(Continued on Next Page.)

THE BATTLE FOR BATAAN BEGINS



Horses Shot, Eaten:

Cavalry Mounts Help Sustain Bataan Defenders in Last Days

Forced to Defend 3 Sided Front

Heavy Guns Destroyed in Retreat to New Line

(Continued from Preceding Page.)

for them . . . and their tough meat became eagerly sought slivers in our rice.

Over on Corregidor the radio station which MacArthur had renamed "The Voice of Freedom" played us some swing tunes and told us on Bataan that help was on the way. When we first heard that, some of the men wept with joy. But that joy did not last long. For, you see, the announcer said such things only to try to throw a little fear of God into the approaching Japs.

It was about that time—when we fell back to what must be our last position on Bataan—that my friend Frank Hewlett, the war correspondent, wrote the little tune which went:

*We're the battling bastards of Bataan
No momma, no poppa, no Uncle Sam
No aunts, no uncles, no nephews, no nieces,
No rifles, no guns or artillery pieces
And nobody gives a damn.*

Japs Land in Surprise

The first blows the Jap threw at us in our new positions down toward the tip of Bataan did not come from the north, as was expected. In the midst of our move to our last ditch, the enemy landed at four points along the southwestern and southern extremity of the peninsula, sternly threatening my First Corps' left rear flank and imperiling the only road that led from my front line to the southern tip of Bataan.

The Jap landing at Longoskawayan Point, not far from Mariveles and the mostly southerly of the rear attacks, was well contested by a battalion of the Forty-fifth Infantry (Scouts) and by 450 sailors under the command of Commander Bridgett, U. S. N.

The force that came ashore at Quinauan Point, at the other end of the four-pronged landing, ran into a small, tough group of Air Corps Engineers and Maj. Dudley G. Strickler's Third Battalion of the Forty-fifth Infantry.

P-40's Strafe Invaders

AT A GLOLOMA POINT THE JAPS HARDLY TOUCHED THE BEACH. TROOPS ALONG THE BEACH DEFENSES SHELLED AND MACHINE-GUNNED THEM AS THEY NEARED SHORE. AND OUR P-40'S, HAPPY TO BE RID OF RECONNAISSANCE DUTY, STRAFED THE LANDING BOATS, SINKING AND SCATTERING THEM.

The fourth landing, on the tiny peninsula between the Anyasan and Salalim Rivers, was the most serious threat, most likely to cut the road that led south to Mariveles—take-off point for Corregidor, which stood like a bulwark to our rear.

Miscellaneous units defending the peninsula between the Anyasan and the Salalim were thrown back by the force of the landings. I ordered a regiment of infantry—the Fifty-seventh (Scouts)—to rush to the support of the motley defenders.

Bloody Fight Opens

The battle of Quinauan Point lasted twelve bloody days and nights, during which time Major Strickler's Third Battalion performed heroically. This great battalion had to fight virtually alone. I could not send anything else down there without weakening my main front to the north—a front which already was taking heavy blows from the main Jap forces.

The Third Battalion went into action with a major, four captains, a full complement of lieutenants and 600 men. When it was withdrawn twelve days later, after driving the Japs into the China Sea, it was commanded by a second lieutenant and its force had been hacked down to 212 men. Every other officer and man was accounted for as having been buried or evacuated wounded. There were no stragglers.

Its gallant Major Strickler, a heroic leader in the close-quarter fighting, was found on the front line of the battalion, dead, a bullet through his helmet.

Japs Caught in Cave

The men had fought under terrible handicaps in jungle and bamboo wilderness so dense that only high angle fire weapons were effective. To win that battle we had to exhaust some of the last infantry mortar ammunition of my First Corps. The bamboo actually deflected our .30 caliber fire.

At the climax of the battle of Quinauan Point, when the enemy was driven back to the sea, many Jap troops took cover in a cave along the water line.



HOPES RAISED—Some of the soldiers of General Wainwright's command in a secluded spot on Bataan listen to broadcasts from the "Voice of

Freedom" radio station on Corregidor. They hear that help is coming to them. They learned later that the messages had been broadcast only to throw a

scare into the Jap invaders.

—International News-Photo

The cave had been eaten out of the cliff by the wash of waves. Now you must remember that these were the early days of our war with Japan, and the men in that cave were some of the first Japs—if not the first—thus pocketed.

THEY REFUSED TO SURRENDER. WHEN THIS WAS REPORTED TO ME IT WAS HARD TO BELIEVE. I ORDERED ANOTHER PROFFER OF HONORABLE SURRENDER. BUT THE TRAPPED JAPS FIRED ON TROOPS WHO BROUGHT THE OFFER.

Rules Begin to Change

The old rules of war began to undergo a swift change in me. What had at first seemed a barbarous thought in the back of my mind now became less unsavory. I thought of Gen. U. S. Grant's land mine at Petersburg, and made up my mind.

I arranged for a small gunboat which had remained in our waters to move in from the sea and shell the cave, while engineers crawled toward it from the landward side, lowered electrically fused mines, and blew the place to pieces. There were no survivors. It had at last dawned on me, as it was to dawn on so many commanders who followed me in the Pacific War, that the Jap usually prefers death to surrender.

Death Before Defeat

Our men, in that critical battle which saw our whole position on Bataan in jeopardy, preferred death to defeat. In this fight my aide, Johnny Pugh, found a dead Philippine Scout sergeant with his right hand cut off at the wrist. His pistol lay close to the left hand. In front of the sergeant was a dead Jap lieutenant. Beside him was his bloody sword. The scout with the severed right hand had killed the Jap with his left.

The backbone of the fighting on the point between the Anyasan and Salalim Rivers—another twelve day battle—was Col. E. J. Lilly's Fifty-seventh Regiment of Scouts, freshly arrived from Parker's Second Corps.

When at last Lilly's men drove the Japs back to the shoreline they were stunned to find the first Jap suicidists . . . hard to believe in those days when most of us presumed that the Jap fighter was a human being much like the rest of us.

(Tomorrow: General Wainwright tells of his own narrow escapes from death on Bataan, sketches the aid rendered to him by the fabulous Igorot tribesmen, and gets a mysterious call from MacArthur.)



STILL WORKING—After completing his own story of the Philippines and his Japanese imprisonment General Wainwright continued to work. All

maps used in connection with his story are made under his supervision and are approved by him before being released for publication.

—International News-Photo

Fitzgerald to Share Film Lead With Betty Hutton

Actor With Accent Cast in 'Stork Club' Musical Feature Production

By Louella O. Parsons
 Hollywood News Service
HOLLYWOOD, Oct. 14.—If there is anyone hotter in our town than Barry Fitzgerald with the captivating accent, I haven't met 'em yet. I don't think "Come My Way" would have been half as good without him, and Betty Hutton is going to share bows with him in "Stork Club"—he's that sexy. Yes, I wandered into the studio and saw this swell musical.

Barry believes part of it is luck. In fact four-leaf shamrocks seem to be springing up under his feet. He no more than washed out loud that he could make a trip back to his native Ireland, than "Twenty-Century-Fox" handed him the script of "Bob, Son of Battle," the Alfred Hitchcock classic about Scottish shepherds and their sheep dogs. I hear the picture will be made against real Scottish background with Robert Rossler directing. If the deal is worked out, Barry will not only play the shepherd, but he'll take his vacation home all on one trip.

ERIC JOHNSTON, the new head of the motion picture industry, gets in tomorrow. His first棘刺 job will be to see what he can do about the strike. We hope he can settle this horridly muddled situation. It is a pity that our industry is in such a turmoil, and if he can step in and do something to bring peace, he will have the confidence and gratitude of this vast industry, and child of this vast industry. His past record is excellent. Here's hoping he can surpass it—or at least equal it—in Hollywood.

SNAPSHOTS OF HOLLYWOOD COLLECTED AT RANDOM

JEANETTE CRAIG has completely lost her heart to handsome Rory Calhoun and vice-versa. This, friends say, is the real thing; Alan Jones' eye is closed and badly swollen, the result of a spider bite. The Natska are expecting a baby. He is the nephew of Joe and Nick Schenk; the baby promised Laraine Day for adoption is now at her home. She celebrated her birthday Saturday and so did Clark Gable. Oddly enough both were born in Utah, the Natska far apart. Bob, who always concentrates on one girl, is now seen every evening with Buff Chapman Bantzer; Judy Garland has bleached her hair. The Marilyn Miller role in "The Clouds Roll By." Well, every girl likes to be a blonde at least once in her life; Falds Corrigan, Paramount's top scripter; if Billy Wilder and Doris Dowling feel the same a year hence, they'll marry—but lots of things can happen in a year; Sherman Billingsley is going to entertain Bill Goodwin, who plays him in "Stork Club" when he goes to New York next month and when Billingsley entertains, you all know that's entertaining; the Eddie Bracken baby is expected any moment; Liza Wilson is off for New York to see the plays and her magazine boss; Clark Gable spent his first evening back in town with Anita Colby and the Howards Hawks at Slappy Maxie's. They came on from the races. That's all today. See you tomorrow.

LITTLE SUSAN PETERS, who has been bound to a wheelchair ever since that hunting accident a year ago, is getting a wonderful chance to go forward in her career, regardless, all thanks to Ken Murray. He is putting a serious act in "The Valiant" in "Blacks of 1944" which centers around a role played from a wheelchair. Ken talked to Susan and she, both of whom were agreeable and who has already started rehearsals. Her doctor feels she has strength enough to go on in the chair, it should be the renewal of career that started brilliantly. Now's the time for this brave girl!

"TOMORROW MORNING" Cary Grant reports at the RKO Studios he hasn't finished "Night and Day" at Warners, which was held up practically a week by the flu. But Ingrid Bergman, the lovely, and Alfred Hitchcock were waiting, and "Notorious" is too expensive a production to be held up. What goes with "Night and Day" which could well be titled "Month and Month" it has been so long in production? Well, Cary has promised to finish that picture on Sundays and whatever week days he has off from "Notorious," which, of course, is a little upsetting to Warner's but the best he can do.

CHATTER IN HOLLYWOOD: When Robert Walker did the dis-appearing act at his studio was frankly furious. He cut them plenty by holding up his picture two days. But I'll say for L. B. Mayer, he seems to understand the problems of his players as well as any producer I know. He knows that Bob is unhappy and so the boy is now out of the dog-

LEADING LEGITIMATE THEATRES
CURRAN 4400
 Bergin Matinee Wed. 2:30
 2 MATINEES SUNDAY 2:30-5:30
 Paul Small Presents The Ritz
JACK JAYC EVERETT RAYS PEARL FLIPPEN MARSHALL NALDI
 in a comedy production
Merry Go Round
 with
 SALLIE PETERS
 and CORINNA MORA — PUPPETS — SISTERS
 CLIFF HALL — RUSSELL & KENE — RUDVA

GEARY TONIGHT AT 8:30-MAT. SUN.
 A FARCAL SLAPSTICK COMEDY S. F. Chronicle
ERNEST TRUAX and SYLVIA FIELD
 in
"AVAM ATE THE APPLE"
 A COMEDY BY
 HERBERT RUDLEY and FANYA LAWRENCE
 with
 ARTHUR LOFT — JOAQUIN SANDERS
 GEORGE MEEKER — LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD
 ELIZABETH DUNNE — JIMMIE SMITH
 TED DONALDSON
 STAGED BY MELVILLE BURKE
 A LAUGH WITH FATHER



GARY COOPER and Claudette Colbert in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" The pair star in the romantic comedy film which will open its engagement tomorrow at the Esquire and Tivoli Theaters.

the same a year hence, they'll marry—but lots of things can happen in a year; Sherman Billingsley is going to entertain Bill Goodwin, who plays him in "Stork Club" when he goes to New York next month and when Billingsley entertains, you all know that's entertaining; the Eddie Bracken baby is expected any moment; Liza Wilson is off for New York to see the plays and her magazine boss; Clark Gable spent his first evening back in town with Anita Colby and the Howards Hawks at Slappy Maxie's. They came on from the races. That's all today. See you tomorrow.

PARAMOUNT
 Last Day!
EDW. G. ROBINSON
MARGARET O'BRIEN
 "OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES"
 with Jackie "Black" Jenkins
 "TWICE-BLESSED"
TOMORROW!
 She Was Loved and Loved to Paint her Nail!
HEDY LAMARR
 He Was the Handsome Boy Who Took Her to Jake's!
ROBERT WALKER
 This is the Fun and Pretty Gal Who Baffled Her Men!
JUNE ALLYSON
 He Makes a Girl Out of a Free for All at Jake's Joint!
RAGS RAGLAND
 Her Highness and the Bellboy
 M-G-M Hit
 —AND—
 SPINE-TINGLING SUSPENSE-GRAMMED MURDER MYSTERY!
Bewitched
 starring
PHYLLIS THAXTER
 EDWARD WENN

WARFIELD
 DOORS OPEN 10 A. M.
 Meet that talked-about
Mildred Pierce
 "DON'T TELL ANYONE WHAT SHE DOES!"
JOAN CRAWFORD
CARSON SCOTT
 "HARMER HIT"
EVE ARDEN • **ANN BLYTH**
BRUCE BENNETT
 From the brilliant new play by JAMES M. CAGNEY

DUFEYS
 BING CROSBY
HUTTON
GODDARD
LAUREL
BRACKEN
ALAN LADD
TUFTS
TAVERN
 AND
FAY FRANCIS • **BRUCE CABOT**
DIVORCE
ST. FRANCIS
 Jennifer JONES • JOSEPH COTTEN
 in "LOVE LETTERS"
MISSION DISTRICT
 Gale STORM • Peter COOKSON
 in "G. I. HOME MOON"
STATE
 Joan LESLIE • Robert ALDA
 Anne SMITH • Gene COOPER
 in "RHAPSODY IN BLUE"
LIBERTY Burlesque
 BROADWAY at STOCKTON DO. 9671

MARINUANA
 WHAT HAPPENS AT MARINUANA PARTIES?
WILD PARTIES
GRANADA
AMAZON
EL PRESIDIO
CLAY
TRAGED ANGELS
"MILITARY SECRET"
LARKIN

Fox Will Open Film Feature

RINGING WITH a lot of new songs by Richard Rodgers Oscar Hammerstein II, the tempo gave Broadway "Oklahoma!" a "California" the screen version of "California" a beloved novel, "The Yearling" Technicolor musical, opens today at the Fox.

Dana Andrews, Jeanette Craik, Dick Haymes and Vivian Blaine are stars in the Twentieth Century-Fox production, which is the story of a farm family who spend a day at the fair. It tells the story of the blue ribbon prize-winning hog, while Ma is off for minor honor. Love and romance are the themes of their song and dance are Charles Wininger and Fay Bainter head the supporting cast. McHugh Donnell Meek and Fay Bainter head the supporting cast. McHugh Donnell Meek and Fay Bainter head the supporting cast.

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BY THE CREATORS OF "OKLAHOMA!"
DANA ANDREWS
JEANETTE CRAIK
DICK HAYMES
VIVIAN BLAINE
 RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN
STATE FAIR
 in Gala TECHNICOLOR!
 with
CHARLES WININGER • **FAY BAINTE**
THE CISCO KID in Old New Mexico
TODAY
 at the Theaters

MARKET AT 9TH
Starts Wednesday!
Starts Wednesday!
Starts Wednesday!

TELENEWS
UNITED ARTISTS
STATE
SAN BRUNO
EL CAMINO
ALEXANDRIA
COLESIUM
METRO
HARDING
BALBO
VOGUE
NEW MISSION
NEW FILLMORE
ROYAL
ALHAMBRA
TOWER
CASTRO
AMERICAN
FILLMORE DISTRICT
SAN BRUNO AVENUE
AVENUE
MARINA
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"MILITARY SECRET"
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San Francisco Examiner
 Mon., Oct. 15, 1945

F. Welcomes Halsey and Third Fleet Today

Parade Tomorrow Part of Fete

such as "There'll Be a Hot in the Old Town Tonight," the ships pass under the tests made Saturday, added, showed the arm will carry for a half a equipment will be left span to extend similar well to other fleet units and ships as they arrive home. bridge management expects of pedestrians to use span as a vantage point to the naval review, but pedestrians must stay one or the other and will be permitted to cross the approaches.

Extra patrolmen, under instruction to arrest violators, will be duty to prevent pedestrians crossing roads and to vehicles from slowing or



BERTHS—Map shows positions to be taken up by vessels of the Third Fleet on arrival here today. (1) South Dakota; (2) Alabama; (3) Colorado; (4) Wisconsin; (5) Vicksburg; (6) Blue; (7) De Haven; (8) Samuel N. Moore; (9) F. 47.

will leave at 8 p. m. tonight. Departures will continue throughout the night with the last at 11 a. m. tomorrow.

Approximately 5,121 men will be discharged outside the local district. Twelfth Naval District discharges total approximately 12,500.

A total of 488 men aboard the South Dakota are scheduled for immediate leave. While no estimates were available regarding the number of Third Fleet personnel, one official source predicted the usual "half and half" procedure would be followed.

PARADE ROUTE—Guarding against "over enthusiastic" demonstrations ashore, the fleet's own shore patrol will supplement the local force with an allocation of one petty officer for every fifty blue-jackets and one officer for every 150.

Tomorrow the welcome festivities will continue with a Navy parade up Market Street to the Civic Center, where Admiral Halsey will speak briefly, followed by a buffet luncheon for fleet officers and men, and a banquet honoring the admiral at the Palace Hotel in the evening. He will speak again at the dinner party.

NIMITZ TO MISS HALSEY'S FETE

Pacific Fleet Commander Flies In on Way to Hawaii

Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, commander in chief of the Pacific Fleet, arrived in San Francisco airport yesterday afternoon en route from Washington, D. C., to his headquarters at Pearl Harbor, asserting his arrival had nothing to do with the scheduled arrival of the Third Fleet. "It is strictly a celebration for Halsey and his men," said Nimitz, referring to Admiral (Bull) Halsey, Third Fleet commander. "They are deserving of the honor and recognition. My being here at this time is purely coincidental." Asserting he was in a hurry to reach Honolulu and the celebration for the Halsey group, Admiral Nimitz was to leave for Pearl Harbor today. He was accompanied to San Francisco by his wife and was to continue the journey with Cmdr. H. A. Lamar.

Halsey Banquets Tomorrow Night

San Franciscans still have an opportunity to attend the historic banquet which will welcome Admiral William F. Halsey back to his homeland. Tickets for the dinner, which will be held tomorrow night at the Palace Hotel's Palm Court, may be obtained at the ticket office of the War Memorial Opera House and the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce office at 333 Pine Street. The price is \$10 a plate.

Honor guests will include Governor Earl Warren, Mayor and Mrs. Roger Lapham and ranking Naval and Military officials.

Fleet Not Only Ships Due

Seven Others to Bring 10,964 Home

Coinciding with the arrival of the spectacular Third Fleet, seven other ships will slip into the Bay today and tomorrow carrying a total of 10,964 soldiers and civilians, including 2,530 released from Japanese prison camps. (Details of the Third Fleet ceremonies on Page 3.)

The Storm King, carrying 1,380 passengers, including 402 United States soldiers, is due today. The Jeremiah Black also is due from Honolulu with fifteen passengers; the John Lykes with 1,060 and seventy soldier patients, and the Neville with 1,444 men.

Other ships slated to arrive today are the General R. L. Howze, with 1,225 Army men and a small number of Navy, and the Simon Benson, John M. Harlan and the James Gordon Bennett.

Tomorrow's arrivals include the Joseph Dyckman with 1,881, including 1,421 liberated prisoners; 404 Canadian soldiers; 404 British Army men, 656 United States soldiers and 156 United States civilians.

The Sea Penn, with 2,412 aboard, also is scheduled to arrive Tuesday.

Portugal Resumes Press Censorship

LONDON, Oct. 15 (Monday)—(INS)—Reuter reports from Lisbon said today that Prime Minister Antonio Balazar had reimposed censorship upon the Portuguese press.

The dispatch added that after today a copy of every newspaper must be handed to the Ministry of Justice and another to the public prosecutor one hour before publication, "in case any sanction must be applied."



CEREMONY—Columbus, portrayed by John J. Mazza, puffs on the pipe of peace proffered by the Indian chief, Steve Riley, while looking on is the Indian maiden impersonated by Mrs. Tilly Cavagnaro. All was part of the traditional Columbus Day ceremonies yesterday, the first staged since Pearl Harbor. —Photo by San Francisco Examiner.

Bids Expected Soon for New Veterans' Home Construction

By R. W. JENKINS

Dean said some delay has resulted because of shortage in material and labor.

Appropriations cover the following: A new hospital wing, 104 beds, \$25,000; convalescent barracks, 200 beds, \$364,000; new mess hall, 200-400; miscellaneous improvement center, \$106,000.

Bids will soon be called for the long-awaited Rector Canyon Dam, to cost \$1,378,000, and which will furnish an adequate water supply for the veterans home and other State installations in the Napa Valley.

Governor Earl Warren and the Legislature specifically authorized the pending contracts, but State Finance Director James S.

President Invited To Visit Chile

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14.—(AP)—President Juan Antonio Rios has invited President Harry S. Truman to visit Chile.

It was learned today the invitation was extended during the course of one of their several conversations in the White House.

Jap Population Set At 77,997,042

TOKIO, Oct. 14.—(INS)—The Japanese Home Ministry estimated today that the Japanese population stood at 77,997,042 at the end of August.

It was the first public announcement of a Japanese population estimate in five years.

CITY OBSERVES COLUMBUS DAY

For the first time since Pearl Harbor, traditional "landing" ceremonies marked city observance of Columbus Day yesterday in its former location at Aquatic Park.

Thousands witnessed re-enactment of the historic landing of Columbus at San Salvador, in ceremonies which started at 2 p. m.

A modern note entered the proceedings when Columbus, portrayed by John J. Mazza, stepped ashore from a Navy landing craft with the retinue of nobles and soldiers behind him. There he was greeted by "Indians," representing the Improved Order of Redmen, Degree of Pocahontas. He was later received by Denna Macell, Columbus Day Queen, who wore the costume of Queen Isabella.

JUDGE SPEAKS—Principal speaker of the day, Municipal Judge Edward Hokenholtz, asking that "we rededicate ourselves to the ideals of Columbus," emphasized that we "must bring democracy to the old world, as he brought it to the new."

Earlier in the day, another wartime precedent was broken when the city held its first Columbus Day parade in five years.

MANY TAKE PART—Crowds who lined the sidewalks saw a colorful array of national flags representing city fraternal organizations. Among them were the prancing mounts of the "Palomino Club," and the San Mateo sheriff's posse, the queen and her court mounted on a flower decked float and members of the Lourdes Institute, Y.L.L. brilliantly dressed as French Legionnaires.

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After shaving, don't remove blade from razor as you do with other blades... just loosen your razor and rinse. KANT-RUST BLADES are made of Stainless Steel... they can't rust!

Try the new KANT-RUST BLADE today, you'll agree it's the most amazing discovery in the history of shaving.

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Phantom Bombers:

Old War Rules Undergo Change

Trapped Japs Refuse Offer To Surrender, Fight On

This is Gen. Jonathan M. Wainwright's ninth article of a series in which he tells for the first time, the full and official story of the most humiliating defeat in United States history—the fall of the Philippines and the capture of himself and his loyal American and Filipino fighting men. In today's chapter General Wainwright gives the details of four dramatic attempts by the Japs to break into his escape route to Corregidor.

This Is My Story

By GEN. JONATHAN M. WAINWRIGHT
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The Japs struck us on Bataan shortly after General MacArthur returned to Corregidor after his January 10, 1942, inspection tour. They came as silently as snakes, hugging the opposite sides of Mount Silangan and infiltrating between my right flank and the mountain, and Major General Parker's left flank and the mountain.

By January 15 Parker's left flank was in bad shape. I had to send my Forty-fifth Infantry around the mountain to help him. But the Japs had got so many men through the narrow slot on Parker's left flank that they were attacking him sharply from the west and threatening to separate the First and Second Corps even more than the mountain did. My Thirty-first Division was therefore taken from my command and assigned to Parker's Second Corps.

ON JANUARY 16 MY FIRST CORPS WAS HIT. FRESH JAP TROOPS HAD LANDED AT PORT BINANGA, ON THE NORTHWESTERN COAST OF BATAAN, AND NOW, AFTER A MARCH SOUTHWARD THROUGH THE JUNGLE, THEY HIT MY FIRST PHILIPPINE DIVISION. I WENT UP TO MAUBON RIDGE THAT MORNING, CALLED ON ONE TROOP OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH CAVALRY TO HELP A BATTALION OF THE FIRST PHILIPPINE DIVISION, AND WE MANAGED TO DRIVE THE JAPS BACK ACROSS THE MORON RIVER.

Three-Sided Front Opens

But the main infantry battalion's commander suffered a severe head wound during the fighting. The next senior officer, Capt. John Wheeler, took command and though he had been painfully wounded in the leg he stuck with his men until they had scored this delaying victory.

The situation over on Parker's left flank was deteriorating so badly, however, that my own right flank was becoming imperiled. This put me in the position of having to meet possible attacks, not only from the north and from the China Sea to my left, but also from the right, or east. I now had a three-sided front, and not enough men to fight even a one-sided front.

It meant spreading thinly, and as a result the Japs on January 21 infiltrated around the right of my First Philippine Division and won possession of the Moron-Bagac road, the only road running down that northwestern sector of Bataan.

Heavier Guns Destroyed

I went north and directed the counter-attack on the Jap forces holding the road, throwing all available reserves against them. But they held doggedly. So the First Philippine Division had to get back to the south, and to at least temporary safety, by coming down the narrow, sandy, rocky beaches which lay between the China Sea and the Jap-held highway.

This meant that the trapped force had to destroy all its heavier guns and all its transportation equipment, for there was no way to get this materiel down the beaches. The men trudged back afoot, carrying their wounded on quickly made litters or on the backs of the strong. It was a fearful trek.

Withdrawal's Purpose Told

In the midst of the fight for the Moron-Bagac road I was ordered by MacArthur to withdraw all forces to the "reserve battle position"—a line running close to and approximately parallel with the Pilar-Bagac road, which crosses Bataan like a waist-belt.

THAT WITHDRAWAL, WHICH HAD TO BE EFFECTED BY THE MORNING OF JANUARY 26, HAD AN OBVIOUS PURPOSE. IT

Wainwright Built Bataan Bases For Planes That Never Came



THEY QUIT—Despite the fact that they were outnumbered the defenders on Bataan took their share of enemy prisoners. Here is a line up of

Japanese who have been blindfolded as they are taken to Bataan headquarters for questioning. These first Jap prisoners were particularly sullen

for in those days they thought they had lost face in being taken captive.

—International News Photo.

MOVED THE FIRST AND SECOND CORPS BACK TO LESS MOUNTAINOUS GROUND. RELIEVED THE PRESSURE ON PARKER AND GOT US AWAY FROM THAT INFERNAL MOUNTAIN WHICH SEPARATED OUR CORPS IN THE FIRST POSITION ON BATAAN.

My First Corps' new area now reached down Bataan all the way to the southern tip, including the town and Bay of Mariveles, near which latter point our engineers were building a base for the bombers which never came to our aid.

Varied Corps Waits Japs

By now I had one of the most amazingly varied fighting corps in the history of United States arms. My new lineup of units included Brig. Gen. William E. Brougher's Eleventh Division; Brig. Gen. Fidd V. Segundo's dead tired First Division; Brig. Gen. Clinton Pierce's Seventy-first Division; Brig. Gen. Luther R. Stevens' Ninety-first Division; the Forty-fifth Infantry Regiment of Philippine Scouts; the tattered remnants of the Twenty-sixth Cavalry, now commanded by Col. Lee Vance; a small group of planeless flyers and ground crewmen, some Air Corps Engineers, a detachment of about 450 sailors and the Second Philippine Constabulary.

The grounded armen were almost totally unfamiliar with firearms and, along with the sailors, had no infantry training.

WE SPIT ON OUR HANDS AND WAITED FOR THE ENEMY TO COME AGAIN.

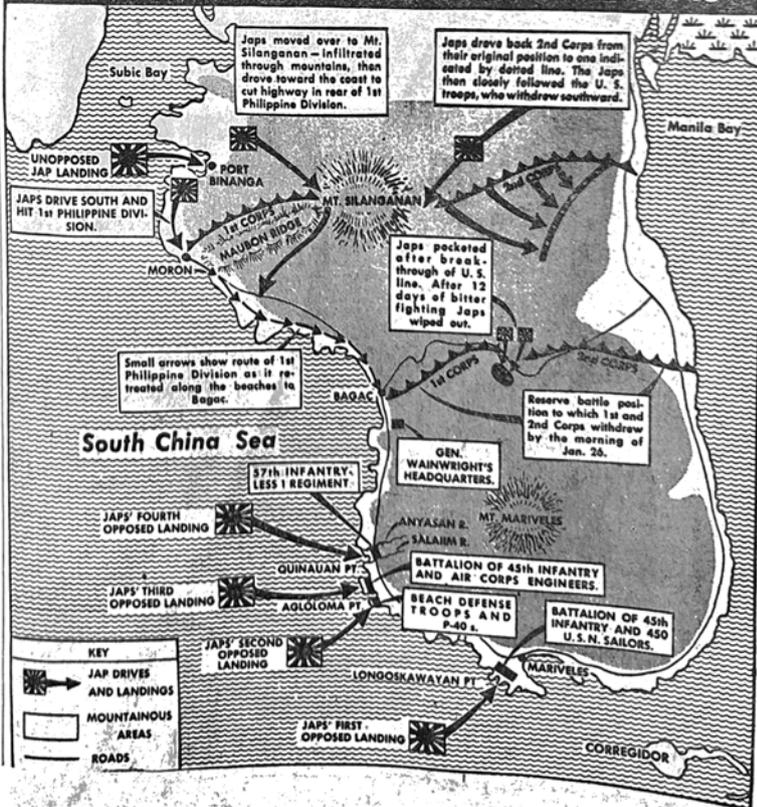
Many Worries, Little Hope

If we had had something in our bellies, some hope that we could expect help from the United States, things might have been a little more endurable. But our perpetual hunger, the steaming heat by day and night, the terrible malaria for which we did not have enough quinine, and the moans of the wounded, were terribly hard on the men, especially when all this was piled on top the knowledge that the Japs were coming at us again and there was little room left for retreating.

The horses of the Twenty-sixth Cavalry had to be shot by the men they had served so gallantly and eaten by all of us. The horses had eaten all the rice straw stacks remaining in that tip of Bataan since the last harvest. There was no forage

(Continued on Next Page.)

THE BATTLE FOR BATAAN BEGINS



Hirohito's Arab Steed Is Cow Pony



Emperor Hirohito's famous white horse, which Admiral Halsey said he'd like to ride in a victory parade in Tokyo, is just an American cow pony of pinto stock, according to Dewey H. Burden, noted Los Angeles horseman who sold the stallion to the Mikado a year before Pearl Harbor. Wearing one of Burden's western cow-pony saddles, the horse is pictured above before delivery to the Japs.

It's All Ready, Admirall



A saddle fit for an admiral who intends to ride down Tokyo's main street on Shirayuki, the makado's famous white horse, was prepared in Reno, Nev., for Adm. William F. Halsey. Decorated with 110 pieces of Nevada silver, and intricately tooled by saddle-makers, the outfit, pictured above, is valued at \$2000. It was flown to the Pacific by naval air transport. Inset shows Shirayuki, with Hirohito riding.

'First Into Tokyo' Nets GI \$1000



(NEA Telephoto)
Being actually the "first soldier in Tokyo" will net Pfc. Paul E. Davis, Fairland, Okla., left, \$1000 as a gift from Ottawa County, Okla. He's being congratulated by Gen. William C. Chase, commanding general of the First Cavalry Division.

Emperor Hirohito Takes the Spotlight in Jap Surrender



Shown here is a rare photo of the Japanese Diet in session, overshadowed by the presence of his "Sublime Majesty" Hirohito, who is believed to be a direct descendant from the Sun Goddess, most high-ranking of Japanese deities. Notice that the Diet members stand with bowed heads. The Japanese people have long been told that all Japanese Emperors are such blindingly radiant persons that to look directly at one of them costs a Japanese his eyesight. However, it is very probable that the Allied Military Government will have its own brand of "atomic" radiance when it starts giving the orders—and Japs will do more than lower their heads!

"Indivisible..." Always

Pacific War Theater Measured in U.S. Terms



The Short

Doctor Jordan's Congressional service, says to Father Quiliana's Catholicism.

There was a prayer in every one of the three. There was prayer for peace and understanding in each.

Why couldn't all of us have prayed in the same God in the same prayer, the same God in the same prayer, the same God in the same prayer, the same God in the same prayer?

It's a long way from what I talked about in the beginning. But that's the way you thought lead to another.

Looking at Life

By Erich Brandeis

Another item has been a lecture of a religious society established by foolish people.

According to a press association dispatch, members of the congregation of a Maine church have taken for five minutes the record for reading the Bible from cover to cover.

Starting at 11:02 a. m. the dispatch says, the reading of the forty-five persons participating finished the book in seventeen hours and forty minutes.

Wonderful, isn't it? To be able to say that you have read the Bible more speedily than anyone else ever did.

I have been reading the Bible for thirty-five years and I haven't finished with the chapters of Genesis as yet.

If I ever boast about my reading of the Bible I shall boast about having read it more slowly than anyone else ever did.

What on earth do those people think of our national life, were overlooking the Bible's record?

It seems more like a sacrifice than an accomplishment.

To me, reading the Bible is a little more than a reading contest of a great-sized race.

Let us forget all about the religious merit of the Bible. Let us leave out all secular or denominational factors.

Even if you read the Bible for no other reason than for its beautiful spiritualism, its wise philosophy, its words of wisdom, understanding you can never, as long as you live, get reading it.

There was a Washington man who has been reading the Bible for thought and a lifetime of inspiration.

The Bible is not something to be read and laid aside.

Even if you read the Bible and are a little better than you were, it is a sin delinquent as a churchgoer and I argue with ministers, priests and rabbis, many of whom are among my dear friends.

But we argue about dogmas and dogmas are the things that divide the beauty of religion and our best friends.

I wish there were more unity in the church. I wish that all who believe in the Bible were in harmony rather than in division.

Did you read or hear John D. Rockefeller's address to the church which he hoped for a Communist church?

On Easter Sunday my wife and I were hesitating over what service to attend. As I told you before, I am a Presbyterian and she is Lutheran.

Our only churches here in Brookfield are a Methodist, an Episcopal and a Catholic.

We finally agreed on the Episcopal service because we know Rockefeller and the pastor, better than the others.

Some of our neighbors went to the Episcopal service.

strength of the country as a whole.

Individuals rise to high places of leadership, and exert a tremendous influence upon the lives of millions of our Government which the framework of our life is so constructed that this nation is never dependent upon any one man, or upon any group of men.

Stumped and saddened by the untimely death of President Roosevelt, we Americans feel the loss of the outstanding personality of our day and generation. But there is solace in the realization that this republic will continue to go forward toward its destiny, sustained by those ideals and principles which are the product of the combined thinking and the combined experiences of the long years of the past, and which will be enriched as time goes on.

Today, as always, the future of the United States of America is in the hands of the people, and the challenge ahead must be accepted by every citizen in accordance with circumstance and opportunity.

The immediate duty of every American is to design unwholesome support to President Truman, but he assumes the heavy burden of guiding officially the greatest nation in the world at the time of the greatest stress in world history.

Respective of political differences, and irrespective of other factors, this will be done. The welfare of the United States is paramount, and every undertaking for the good of the country will be carried out with the unselfish help and devotion of every citizen. This is the system which has triumphed in the past; this is the system which must be used in the future; this is the American way.

Because accurate histories cannot be shaped by impulsive thoughts, and because it requires the fullness of time to appraise the measure of a man upon the public scene, it will be years before the heavy burden of Franklin Delano Roosevelt will stand forth with enduring clarity.

At present, only the high lights appear. An attempted analysis of their relation to his era, and to the future, would be tentative and un sound. And yet, certain things stand out vividly.

President Roosevelt and his Administration set out on a bold and deliberate course of revamping the American way of life, almost immediately after taking office. The

conservative attitude expressed during his first campaign melted swiftly, and was replaced by a broad and sweeping plan to change the New Deal. It was not a plan to call the New Deal. It was not a plan to call the New Deal. It was not a plan to call the New Deal. It was not a plan to call the New Deal.

President Roosevelt and his followers succeeded to such a degree that many of the changes are destined to be permanent. They cannot and must not be abandoned, for new avenues benefiting the people have been opened. A return to some of the old roads would be tragic.

It is difficult to dissociate Roosevelt the man from Roosevelt the official leader of the people, for the charm of his personality helped minimize the mistakes which, being human, he had to make.

He was never beloved so sincerely by so many millions of Americans. And no President's policies ever created so much bitterness and so much antagonism. There was no halfway approval. On the one hand there were those who hated him, and on the other his policies. On the other hand there were those who loved him, and on the other his policies. On the other hand there were those who loved him, and on the other his policies.

No President was ever given such an intimate place in the thoughts of the people. No President ever influenced, by his personal direction, so many details in the lives of individuals. No one man ever exercised as much power over this nation, and no one man ever placed it in the hands of his appointees.

Now, the great danger is the possibility of a sudden and sweeping shift, too far to the right.

During the eventful years of the New Deal, the United States pressed constantly to the left, with an ever-increasing tempo. The pendulum swung so far from our established conceptions of government, and so many radical changes were made, that even a return to dead center would be catastrophic. It came too abruptly.

It would be consistent with historic precedents for the country to switch quickly from one extreme to the other. And this must be guarded against by the Congress and by the people as a whole.

It is evident that the New Deal left the American scene with the passing of President Roosevelt.

At this moment, President Truman and the Congress have the opportunity of determining, in large measure, the course of the United States in continuing the winding of this war, in writing the peace, and in charting our future.

President Truman turns to more conservative advisers than those found in White House circles since 1932. It would not be surprising. This would be in keeping with the public opinion, which has been formed by conviction, and with the philosophy which has characterized his life. He enters upon his duties with the good will of members of Congress, and with the practicable approach to public problems learned while in county office in Missouri, while a member of the United States Senate, and while Vice-President of the United States.

If the Congress works for stability and reveals a natural impulse to make unwise use of the independence which it has certainly regained, there need be no worry for the future.

Co-operation and some thinking must be the efforts of this hour. Changes for the better must be made. The welfare of the United States must be the welfare of the ambitions of men and their political parties.

President Truman remained independent through some of the most hectic periods of our history. It has remained indivisible while meeting the impact of a world which has changed so rapidly that the objectives of all Americans as we step from one man into another, with devotion to our country, and with faith in its ability to survive every test.

He will Head Senate

Senator Kenneth McKellar, Democrat of Tennessee, will act as president pro tempore of the Senate, taking the place of Harry S. Truman, who is Vice-President of the United States, after the inauguration of the upper chamber of Congress.

Altho the war effort is expected to go on with few outward changes in policy, the new President must accept the full responsibility of his office with respect to helping achieve a lasting peace in Europe, the peace cannot be far away.

In three weeks as Allied armies have rolled forward and President Truman, with whom he has discussed mobilization and so far as legislative and judicial branches. No one man ever exercised as much power over this nation, and no one man ever placed it in the hands of his appointees.

Washington thought it of great significance that one of the new President's first acts was to recall Justice Byrnes.

There were immediate forecasts that the return of Byrnes, dropping Harry Hopkins and men like him from official circles, it was predicted that a gradual process of weeding out the theorists and the dreamers would begin, and that President Truman would assert his natural inclinations as he starts returning the country to the path which he had been before the New Deal.

Byrnes, "assistant President" Roosevelt, formerly on the Supreme Court and a member of high positions in the government, enjoyed the respect of most members of Congress, and the respect of a vast majority of the people. He had served FDR until he was decided to quit. But his return to the cabinet was regarded by many as the signal for a revival of many influences long since hooded out of the capital of the men like former Vice-President Garner of Texas, it was predicted, would be a return to the status quo.

To some observers, the death of the President meant also the beginning of the end of the unbridled passion held by Roosevelt. Perhaps no other woman in the world would be so well served by a variety of ways, after the war, as the woman in the country. She will always be a public figure, it is believed, and the influence is expected to drop abruptly.

As some see it, the danger lies in a sudden swing from left to right.

Many of the measures for which Franklin Delano Roosevelt fought have become a permanent part of the American way of life. There are to stay, and they show that because they are a part of the evolution of man and his

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World News in Review Returns to Old Post

By Virg Hill

NEW era has begun. The death of President Roosevelt is a historic event in the history of the United States. It may have affected the world at large and the destiny of our people, and may have laid the foundation for the most controversial figures of all time.

It elevated to the highest position in the most powerful nation on earth, Missouri's Harry S. Truman, who did not want to be Vice-President, and who was chosen by the people as a whole.

The first head fish falling of President Roosevelt's death carried with it the implications that make us look back to the years which were displaced gradually by those of a more conservative outlook. The New Deal star, which rose so swiftly and so high, had begun to set, and the death of President Roosevelt seemed to loom it forever, or at least for a long period.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt was the heart and the spirit and the soul of the New Deal. It was his vision, his leadership, his courage, his faith, his determination, his courage, his faith, his determination, his courage, his faith, his determination.

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If I ever boast about my reading of the Bible I shall boast about having read it more slowly than anyone else ever did.

What on earth do those people think of our national life, were overlooking the Bible's record?

It seems more like a sacrifice than an accomplishment.

To me, reading the Bible is a little more than a reading contest of a great-sized race.

Let us forget all about the religious merit of the Bible. Let us leave out all secular or denominational factors.

Even if you read the Bible for no other reason than for its beautiful spiritualism, its wise philosophy, its words of wisdom, understanding you can never, as long as you live, get reading it.

There was a Washington man who has been reading the Bible for thought and a lifetime of inspiration.

The Bible is not something to be read and laid aside.

Even if you read the Bible and are a little better than you were, it is a sin delinquent as a churchgoer and I argue with ministers, priests and rabbis, many of whom are among my dear friends.

But we argue about dogmas and dogmas are the things that divide the beauty of religion and our best friends.

I wish there were more unity in the church. I wish that all who believe in the Bible were in harmony rather than in division.

Did you read or hear John D. Rockefeller's address to the church which he hoped for a Communist church?

On Easter Sunday my wife and I were hesitating over what service to attend. As I told you before, I am a Presbyterian and she is Lutheran.

Our only churches here in Brookfield are a Methodist, an Episcopal and a Catholic.

We finally agreed on the Episcopal service because we know Rockefeller and the pastor, better than the others.

Some of our neighbors went to the Episcopal service.

He will Head Senate

Senator Kenneth McKellar, Democrat of Tennessee, will act as president pro tempore of the Senate, taking the place of Harry S. Truman, who is Vice-President of the United States, after the inauguration of the upper chamber of Congress.

Altho the war effort is expected to go on with few outward changes in policy, the new President must accept the full responsibility of his office with respect to helping achieve a lasting peace in Europe, the peace cannot be far away.

In three weeks as Allied armies have rolled forward and President Truman, with whom he has discussed mobilization and so far as legislative and judicial branches. No one man ever exercised as much power over this nation, and no one man ever placed it in the hands of his appointees.

Washington thought it of great significance that one of the new President's first acts was to recall Justice Byrnes.

There were immediate forecasts that the return of Byrnes, dropping Harry Hopkins and men like him from official circles, it was predicted that a gradual process of weeding out the theorists and the dreamers would begin, and that President Truman would assert his natural inclinations as he starts returning the country to the path which he had been before the New Deal.

Byrnes, "assistant President" Roosevelt, formerly on the Supreme Court and a member of high positions in the government, enjoyed the respect of most members of Congress, and the respect of a vast majority of the people. He had served FDR until he was decided to quit. But his return to the cabinet was regarded by many as the signal for a revival of many influences long since hooded out of the capital of the men like former Vice-President Garner of Texas, it was predicted, would be a return to the status quo.

To some observers, the death of the President meant also the beginning of the end of the unbridled passion held by Roosevelt. Perhaps no other woman in the world would be so well served by a variety of ways, after the war, as the woman in the country. She will always be a public figure, it is believed, and the influence is expected to drop abruptly.

As some see it, the danger lies in a sudden swing from left to right.

Many of the measures for which Franklin Delano Roosevelt fought have become a permanent part of the American way of life. There are to stay, and they show that because they are a part of the evolution of man and his

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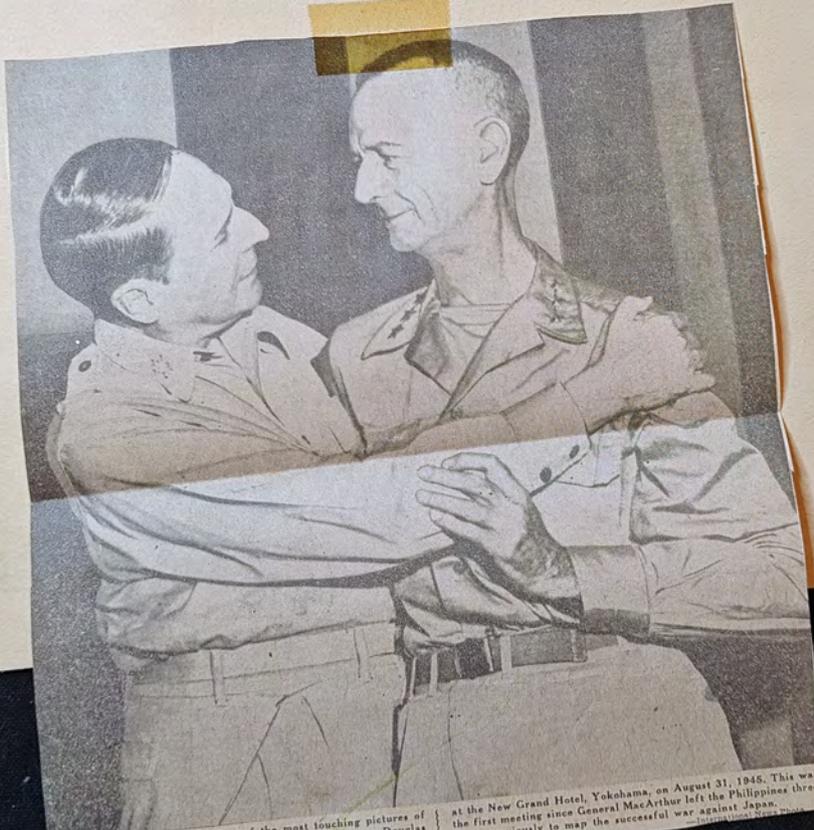
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Saturday, December 23, 1944

STILL THE PRAYER THE WORLD NEEDS



HEARTFELT— One of the most touching pictures of the war: General of the Army Douglas MacArthur embraces his old comrade, Gen. Jonathan Wainwright, at the New Grand Hotel, Yokohama, on August 31, 1945. This was the first meeting since General MacArthur left the Philippines three years previously to map the successful war against Japan.

Lack of Bridges Makes Tough Going to Manila



Yanks' progress toward Manila would have been even faster had there been more bridges across Luzon's rivers. Typical of handicaps the 14th Corps faced is this scene, showing infantrymen precariously balancing themselves on a makeshift log span whose "piers" are wrecked trucks.

Troop Trains Move Men and Supplies on Way to Victory

THRU every town and rail junction in America, troop trains are criss-crossing the nation, creating a generation of train and travel-conscious Americans.

This wartime conversion of one of our nation's biggest industries wasn't easy; it was bound to have great civilian repercussions. It did. By the middle of 1942 train travel in America was an ordeal, the subject of countless government edicts and appeals.

Civilians, wives and children of servicemen, businessmen, all seemed to find reasons for an unprecedented increase in travel. It was no wonder, then, that by October of 1942 trains earmarked "for troops in transit only" were being assembled in every station.

Even so, train traveling was not exactly a joy ride—for servicemen and train crews. The average journey for a troop train for the entire nation during the past year, from starting point to destination, required twenty-eight hours of travel.

This is had enough for the soldiers, but think of the crews. A troop train hardly ever gets a breathing spell, except for necessary repairs. Because of labor shortages there are virtually no crew replacements.

There have even been instances where crews have been on the same train without having seen their homes or families meanwhile—for six consecutive months!

An average troop train is made up of Pullmans, tourist sleepers, troop sleepers and a troop kitchen car. The last two are innovations of this global war.

The tourist sleeper is not a converted boxcar, despite popular belief, but is one of 1,200 cars especially built by the Government with an eye to postwar conversion by the railroads into baggage and express carriers. Each car has thirty berths, fifteen at each side. It may not equal the de luxe Super-Chief, but it is far superior to overnight coach traveling.

The kitchen car is a remarkable outgrowth of the war. It has a regulation Army coal range with capacity of 250 meals at one time.

It also boasts a shower bath for the cook and his KPs, who are required to use it before prepar-

ing each meal! These cars, too, were constructed for postwar conversion into baggage carriers.

Altho serving meals to the troops is quite a feat, it has actually been perfected to the point of individual service. This was made possible by a system of service, whereby paper cups, paper plates and miniature paper "silverware" are distributed first.

Then come the KPs with the "grub" in huge twenty-gallon pots just off the stove, followed by dessert and coffee. An average, well-prepared and good-tasting meal, for example, includes bottled hamburger or beef stew, stewed tomatoes, sliced canned peaches, coffee.

Food—the most important item on a troop train, has been regulated scientifically. The kitchen is under the supervision of a mess officer (who is usually also the train commander) and six enlisted men.

Sanitation plays a vital part in troop movements, paper eating and drinking utensils are used. This eliminates dishwashers, saves valuable space that otherwise would be required for dishwashing equipment, and lessens the danger of transmission of disease thru inadequately washed dishes.

Often the food and other supplies run out before the destination is reached. Since only two men know the ultimate destination—the train commander and the train escort (a representative of the railroad)—the duty falls on them to wire ahead for supplies to be picked up en route.

There is no doubt about it—one of the most difficult problems of this war has been solved, thanks to the co-operation by both the armed forces and the railroads.

Without this teamwork such mammoth daily troop movements, free from epidemics, at a minimum of cost and a maximum of efficiency in the maintenance of schedules, could not be attained.

The same precision in maintaining schedules of troop movements is reflected by American industry on every sector of the home front where a never-ending stream of supplies goes forward to the war front, making certain of that inevitable day of victory.

Heroic Red Cross Girls Take Cheer to Battle-Weary World

THE girl in gray is a heroine, too! She is the Red Cross worker who braves dangers of war to bring home-town cheer to battle-weary Yanks the world over. She is famous for her ability to smile thru difficulties, but it takes more than womanly intuition and a sense of humor to provide a snack bar with food and run a club with capacity crowds.

The training program given inductees by national headquarters in Washington imbues restaurateurs, teachers, welfare workers, businessmen and stenographers with the GI way of life.

Every Monday morning, embryo staff assistants, program directors, club personnel and hospital workers arrive at the Red Cross training school burdened with the frills and luggage of civilian life.

Every Saturday morning, a group of young women trimmed to the simplicity of uniform dress and low-heeled shoes, graduates.

They have willingly consigned themselves to the chances of war, the least of which may be using helmets for wash basins and bed rolls for mattresses.

This quick-change artistry takes place in the two to six-weeks course at the American University location in suburban Washington, where the training school is housed.

Allocated to Camp Service, Hospital Service and Clubs, the trainees all learn Red Cross policies first. Hospital recreation and social workers move into their own circles to discuss the psychology and treatment of wounded and returning veterans.

With many quips at their classification, the "basic rees" who are club and field workers, move into the gymnasium for "Basic Recreation" instruction and practice.

Three weeks of workshop application has the class renovating storerooms, blueprinting the reconstruction of bombed buildings and studying snack bar operation in actuality at "The Loft" in the gym.

Hypothetical problems take the recruit into a shelled city or down the Ledo road. With ten minutes for study, answers to "How would you set up a small club on the Ledo road?" are discussed.

The need for prompt action in emergencies was portrayed recently. Anticipating the return of the first battle-weary Merrill's Marauders from Burma jungles, Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell and Brig. Gen. Frank D. Merrill requested that a Red Cross club be set up in three days. Four rotting bashes alongside the Ledo road were renovated.

GIs from other companies who said, "Nothing is too good for the Marauders," pitched in willingly, built a bamboo snack bar and cemented the floor of the kitchen bash.

Three Red Cross girls were flown in from India. With the help of a field director, they stocked the shelves of the canteen with food and the "rumpus room" with a jukebox and records.

Marauders, grateful merely to be alive, stepped into the club bewilderedly when they heard American music, blinked in amazement at the American girls and stopped dreaming when they read "ham sandwiches, fudge cake and coffee" on the menu.

Hearing these stirring accounts, girls in training who thought they had done well to serve twelve at a bridge party, study basic recipes for 500.

They learn to recognize the al-

phabetical variety of Army rations, how to use powdered and dehydrated foods in order to have a GI thinking he's on a Wisconsin dairy farm. Miss Mary Lindsay, formerly food specialist at the Williamsburg Inn, conducts the study of food preparation.

Questions the girls may have to answer some day have them computing in five figures.

How many doughnuts can 55,000 men consume at an all-night embarkation for an invasion?

How many minced spam-and-cheese sandwiches will it take to serve a crowd of 5,000 in a service club?

Snack bars operated overseas, to provide fun-eating in off hours, call for ingenuity in planning menus and decorations.

Posters in the research library reveal the underlying seriousness of wartime hazards. "Protection Against Insects," "Water Precautions in Eastern Lands" and specific living problems are brightly printed.

The library catalogue reads like a summer camp program—"Special Days," Thesaurus of Humor, Handicrafts, Group Expression, Folk Costumes.

Next door, the craft shop resounds with amateur technicians creating marionettes, tin ornaments, modeling in clay and plaiting with yarn or leather.

This handicraft technique has encouraged hospitalized GIs and those at lonely posts, to revive old hobbies and exercise new ones.

Men on Ascension Island in the South Atlantic became amateur gardeners when provided with seeds by the Red Cross field director. Astonished skeptics amongst the ranks, saw tomato vines grow six feet tall and blue morning glories dot the rocks.

A shopping bureau managed by women of the Volunteer Spacial Services saves weeks of frantic buying by trainees who must provide a year's supply of uniform blouses, toilet articles and underwear for hot or cold climates.

Due to Army security, their overseas destinations are unknown until a fringe of palms or a sloping glacier appear on the horizon.

The volunteer women have two members checking stocks and prices of articles in the stores continually. The bureau is prepared to meet any requests, from emergency dental appointments to a place to go for a quiet week end.

Dormitories and residence halls to which trainees are assigned are necessarily crowded, but are part of the regimented life which the girls will experience in barracks and mobile camp operations.

Six girls to a room, and twelve girls taking turns at morning ablutions in one bathroom, is part of the routine in wartime Washington.

Beaver-capped girls who return from Iceland and sunburned veterans of New Guinea find the most mundane details of overseas experiences of tremendous interest to the "rookies."

Calm, discerning Director Ferdinand V. Grayson, formerly of Louisiana State University, reminds them on graduation morning of the tools of kindness which are theirs to use, without sentimentality.

Reality comes soon—in a bombed out country kitchen in Belgium serving hot coffee to the footslogging infantry and in the hazy blackness of night at a canteen, watching men pour into the gaping jaws of LCI's and LST's.

1.

My Military Addresses

Pvt. Robert Creston Aldridge
A.S.N. 39149347

S.C.U. 1930. Gr. A-516
Residio, Monterey, Calif.

Btry. D, 34th Bn, 8th Tng. Regt.
Field Artillery Rept. Tng. Center
Fort Sill, Okla. - U.S. Army.

Co. A, 3rd Regt.
A.G.F. - P.R.D. #2
Fort Ord, California.

Casual Co. 6, 1st Platoon.
A.P.O. 15635, 56 P.M.
San Francisco, Calif.
(Camp Stoneman - U.S. Foundry)

Kinley.

S/SGT. BOB ALDRIDGE RECEIVES DISCHARGE

S/Sgt. Bob Aldridge, having returned from Manila, P.I., received his discharge at Camp Beale Aug. 16. After spending a two-week vacation at Clear Lake with his folks, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Reaves and family of Green Valley, he has resumed his studies at Cal. Poly in San Luis Obispo.

Not all cone-bearing trees are "evergreens," and some are evergreen that do not bear cones.

E. A. Aldridges Honored at 40th Anniversary

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Aldridge of Rt. 2, Box 903 (old Elkhorn road) were given a surprise party last Sunday by their sons and daughters, in honor of their 40th wedding anniversary.

After the dinner, the honored couple were showered with many lovely gifts.

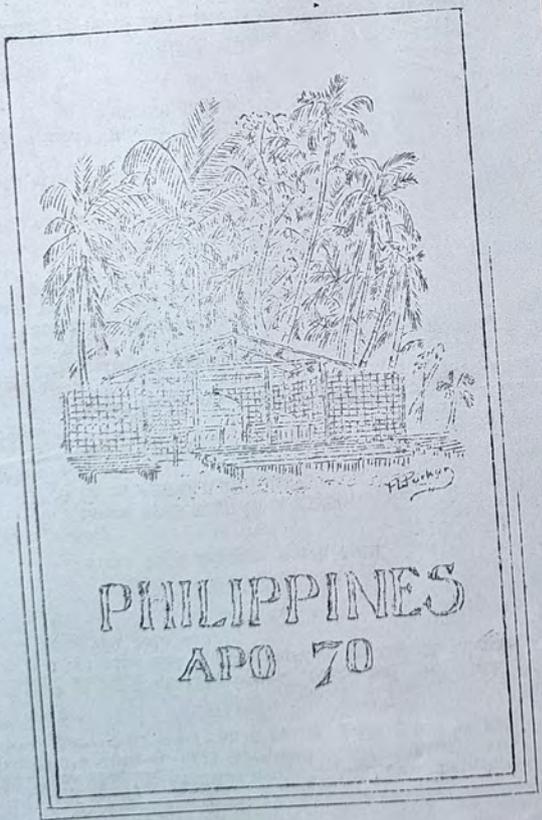
Those present were Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Aldridge and children Ernest, Alberta, Carol and Donnie; Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Aldridge and children Jimmy and Marlene; Mr. and Mrs. Burton Edwards and children Isabelle, Albert, Ernest, Betty, Mary, Ann and George; Mrs. Marjorie Tholen and children Wilma Lee and Dennis; Bobby Aldridge and Jackie Carlyon.

SEA SCOUTS MEET IN PI

Sea Scout Skipper Vern Dean recently received word from two of his former scouts, Pvts. Bob Aldridge and Bob Evans, who met and held a reunion in the Philippines. Aldridge is the son of Mrs. Irma Reaves, Rt. 1, Box 188, and Evans, who attended local schools entered the service in southern California. His parents reside in San Luis Obispo.

ROBERT ALDRIDGE HAS NEW RANK

Pvt. Robert Aldridge was promoted to private first class, he writes his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Reaves, Rt. 1, Box 188. PFC Aldridge was confined to the hospital on Biak island for several weeks, but is once more back in the Philippines, where he is in the instrumental surveying branch of the field artillery.



GENERAL PROTEST SERVICE
0900 hours 18th March, 1945
Freeman B. Parker, Camp Chaplain, Leading

Prelude
Call to worship:
Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, Bless His holy Name; Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits. The Master is here, and waits for you to open the door of your heart.
Hym No. 60 "All Hail the Power of—" Holden
Invocation followed by The Lord's Prayer
Reading in unison: Selection No. 16 p. 14
The Apostles' Creed
Hym No. 115 "I Am Thine O Lord" Doone
Scripture Reading: Matt. 7:21-29
Gospel: "WHY WILL BE DONE" Chaplain Parker
Prayer
Hym No. 77 "I Need Thee Every Hour" Lowry
Benediction
Postlude

1850 hours VESPER SERVICE

Prelude
Silent prayer closing with prayer chorus
"Into My Heart"
Song Service
Scripture Reading: Matthew 15:8-20
Prayer
Message: "WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT?" Chaplain Parker
Prayer
Hym No. 146 "Have Thine Own Way" Stebbins
Benediction
Postlude

ENTER TO WORSHIP ***** DEPART TO SERVE

THE CAMP

WEDNESDAY EVENING at 1830 hours (6:30 pm) in the Chaplain's tent we will have our Bible Study and Prayer Services. Come and bring your Bible or New Testament.

THURSDAY EVENING at 1830 hours (6:30 pm) we will have a hymn sing and choir practice in the Chaplain's tent. Want you join us?

PASSION WEEK SERVICES

March 25th through March 30th

Palm Sunday
0600 hours "THE NEED OF A KING"
1830 hours "BEHOLD THE MAN"
Monday
1830 hours "HE FOLLOWED AFAR OFF"
Tuesday
1830 hours "WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"
Wednesday
1830 hours "HE SAVED OTHERS"
Thursday
1830 hours "AND IT WAS NIGHT"
Good Friday-Candlelight Communion Service
1900 hours "IT IS FINISHED"

EASTER SUNDAY 1st April

0700 hours Easter Sunrise Service
"DAMN CAME UP LIKE THUNDER"
Worship Service
"IF"
1830 hours Vesper Service
"WATCH THEREFORE"

BIBLE QUIZ

Last Sunday's Question: Who was the oldest man that ever lived, and yet he died before his father?
ANS: Methuselah. (Genesis 5:21-27)

BIBLE QUIZ

Question: Who is it; who is directly referred to in the Bible, but whose name is never mentioned; whose death is one of the most miraculous in history; the cause of whose death is the name of a novel; and the remains of whom are found in every house hold?
answer next Sunday.

CHAPLAIN'S CHAIRS

LILIES OF GETHSEMANE

There was a garden near the Place
where He was crucified; In doer's race
I hear the sigh of a shuddering breeze
Through olive branches stirring there.

I see One in the cool of Gethsemane
Slow-pacing where the lilies stir in sleep—
One whose calm prophecy of victory
Still burns wherever altar-fires leap.

Midnight; the glimmering of torches red;
The clank of spears; the mob's advancing
tread;

Pale lilies see His calmly unafraid
Of Calvary—nor bend His head.

And well I know why lilies evermore
Do hold their high nor droop through
withering day

But lift their heads full proud, for theirs
the best—
"THE MASTER PASSED THIS WAY."

.....by Blanche Heald Ellsworth

M. Military Addresses
Pvt Robert Green Midge
A.S.N. 39149347
SCU 1930. G.A-516
Hospital, Monterey, Calif.
Btry. B. 38th Bn. 8th Inf Regt
Fort Ord, Calif.
Rm 3111, 2nd U.S. Army.
Co. A. 3rd Regt
A.S.F. - P.R.D. #2
Fort Ord, California.
Casualty, 1st Battalion
A.S.D. 15635, 7th R.M.
San Francisco, Calif.
Camp Francisco U.S. Army

RECEIVED
MARCH 18 1945
CAMP FRANCISCO
U.S. ARMY
RECEIVED
MARCH 18 1945
CAMP FRANCISCO
U.S. ARMY
RECEIVED
MARCH 18 1945
CAMP FRANCISCO
U.S. ARMY

1.
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A.S.N. 39149347
- S.C.U. 1930. Gr. A-516
Residio, Monterey, Calif.
- Btry. B, 34th Bn, 8th Tng. Regt.
Field Artillery Rept Tng. Center
Ft Sill, Okla. - U.S. Army.
- Co. A, 3rd Regt.
A.G.F. - P.R.D. # 2.
Fort Ord, California.
- Casual Co. G, 1st Platoon.
A.R.D. 15635, 1/2 P.M.
San Francisco, Calif.
(Camp Stenceman - U.S.S. Fendulak)

3.

- Pfc Robert C. Aldridge
A.S.N. 39149347
- Btry B - 8th F.A. Bn.
APO-25, 1/2 P.M.
S.F., Calif.
(North Luzon)
- 36th Evac. Hosp. - Ward 6
APO-70, 1/2 P.M.
S.F., Calif.
(North Luzon)
- 423rd Evac. Hosp. - Ward 12
APO-75, 1/2 P.M.
S.F., Calif.
(Manila, Luzon)

5.

- HQ Btry - 97th F.A. Bn.
APO-72, 1/2 P.M.
S.F., Calif.
(Leyte)
- HQ Btry - 97th F.A. Bn.
APO-932, 1/2 P.M.
S.F., Calif.
(Leyte)
- Pfc Robert C. Aldridge
ASN 39149347
- HQ Btry - 97th F.A. Bn.
APO-932, 1/2 P.M.
S.F., Calif.
(Leyte)

7.

- Hq. Co. - AFWESPAC
Camp #2, APO-707, 1/2 P.M.
S.F., Calif.
(Luzon, Manila)
- Hq. AFWESPAC
AG Rec. Pers. Sec.
APO-707 1/2 P.M.
S.F., Calif.
(Luzon, Manila)
- Hq. AFWESPAC
AG Rec. Pers. Div.
Claims & Benefits Br.
APO-707 1/2 P.M.
S.F., Calif.
(Manila, Luzon)

2.

- Repl Command - 5th Regt. Signal
Btry C, 3rd Pkt, Sta 6.
T-1st SF. APO 900-2
1/2 P.M. S.F., Calif.
(Manila - 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th 10th 11th 12th)
- Bldg. 240 - Coy 2 - Sp. D
Camp Knight, Okla. Ft. Sill
- Separation Center
Casual Sec I, Bldg 32
Camp Beale, Calif.
(near Tracyville)

1.

Islands

1. Espiritu Santos,
New Hebrides.
2. Suvalaleanao,
Solomon Is.
3. Melbaudio,
Dutch New Guinea
4. Leyte,
Philippine Is.
5. Luzon,
Philippine Is.
6. Batak,
Neth. East Indies.
7. Peleliu,
Palau Is.
8. Leyte,
Philippine Is.
9. Luzon,
Philippine Is.

1

Ships

1. U.S.S. Foner Du Lac,
(Personal Assault)
APR 146
38 days aboard.
2. U.S.A.T. Sea Devil,
(Army Transport)
7 days aboard.
3. U.S.N.H.S. Hope,
(Hospital Ship)
7 days aboard.
4. S.S. Marine Eagle,
Philadelphia, Pa.
4 days aboard.

1.

Posts (U.S.)

1. President's Monterey,
Monterey, Calif.
2. Fort Sill,
Oklahoma.
3. Fort Ord,
California.
4. Camp Stenceman,
California.
5. Camp John T. Knight
San Francisco
6. Camp Beale
California

2

States

1. California
2. Arizona
3. New Mexico
4. Texas
5. Oklahoma
6. Colorado
7. Wyoming
8. Utah
9. Nevada

2.

273rd Repl. Co. 4th Repl. Depot.
A.P.O. - 703, % P.M.
San Francisco, Calif.
(Leyte, Philippines &
U.S.A.T. Sea Devil.)

271st Repl. Co. 12th Repl. Bn.
Base "M", APO-70, % P.M.
San Francisco, Calif.
(Lingayen Gulf, Luzon of
Philippines.)

Btry. B. 8th Field Arty Bn.
APO-25, % P.M.
San Francisco, Calif.
(General
(25th Division.)
(North Luzon)

4.

132nd Gen. Hosp - Ward 1
APO-920, % P.M.
S.F., Calif.
(Biak)

259th Repl. Co. - 4th Repl. Dep.
APO-703, % P.M.
S.F. Calif.
(Leyte)

Sv. Btry - 97th F.A. Bn.
APO-248, % P.M.
S.F., Calif.
(Leyte)

Hq. Btry - 97th F.A. Bn.
APO-248, % P.M.
S.F., Calif.
(Leyte)

4.

1st Lt. Robert C. Aldridge
ASN - 39149347
659

Hq. Btry - 97th F.A. Bn.
APO-248, % P.M.
San Francisco, Calif.
(Leyte)

28th Repl. Dep. - 651 R.C.
APO-318, % P.M.
S.F., Calif.
(Leyte) (SSM Terin-Ejido)

Hq. Co. - Base "A" AFWESPAC
APO-72, % P.M.
S.F., Calif.
(Leyte) (SSM Terin-Ejido)

2.

S/sgt. Robt. C. Aldridge
ASN - 39149347
659

Hq. AFWESPAC - AG Rec Pers Div.
Lt B Br., APO-707, % P.M.
S.F., Calif.
(Manila)

Hq. AFWESPAC - AG Rec Pers Div.
PA Dec Clwr Sect. APO-707.
% P.M. S.F., Calif.
(Manila)

~~Repl. Co. 273rd Repl. Depot~~
~~Company 5th Repl. Bn.~~
~~Truck Co. APO-900-2~~
~~% P.M., S.F., Calif.~~



U.S.S. FOND DU LAC ON ENTERING
DOMAIN OF NEPTUNUS REX
NOTICE AND LISTEN YE LANDLUBBER

I order and command you to appear before me and my court on the morrow to be initiated in the mysteries of my Empire. If not, you shall be given as food for sharks, whales, pollywogs, frogs, and all living things of the sea, who will devour you, head, body, and soul as a warning to landlubbers entering my Domain without warrant.

You are charged with the following offenses:

- (1) Being a ~~lowly~~ pollywog.
- (2) Not showing due respect to a Shellback.
- (3) Calling a head a latrine.
- (4) Calling a ship a boat.
- (5) Not appreciating Navy chow the first few days out.
- (6) Mopery dopery and skuldulgerly.

THEREFORE, appear and obey or suffer the penalty.

Registered:

Davey Jones
DAVEY JONES
Secretary to His Majesty

*Given to me at Fort Ord, January 1945, before
Shipping documents*

R E S T R I C T E D

HEADQUARTERS ISLAND COMMAND

(Example of Censorship Regulations of one S.W.P. Command)

MEMORANDUM:

25 July 1944.

CENSORSHIP

1. The following is provided to clarify and interpret current censorship regulations.

a. The individual may mention any of the following in private correspondence.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| (1) Crossing the Equator. | (11) Recreational and social contacts. |
| (2) Crossing the International Date Line. | (12) That he was wounded, is sick, or is in general good health. |
| (3) South Pacific. | (13) That he experienced an air raid, (no details as to size, date, bombs dropped, casualties, etc.). |
| (4) His presence on an island, but not that he is on Guadalcanal or any other specified island. | (14) That Japs were on this Island (no mention of dates of occupation or expulsion). |
| (5) General temperature and weather conditions. | (15) Any other matters that do not contravene current censorship regulations. |
| (6) Vegetation, fruits, etc. | |
| (7) General nature of terrain. | |
| (8) Coral reefs and swimming. | |
| (9) Natives and their general customs. | |
| (10) General daily routine. | |

b. Individuals will not mention the following in their correspondence:

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| (1) That he is in the Solomon Group or other area. | (7) Harbors and shipping. |
| (2) Size of this Island. | (8) Unusual occurrences such as hurricanes, floods, fires, etc. |
| (3) Identity of races or languages at this base. | (9) Sabotage. |
| (4) Amounts of military supplies. | (10) The use of Jap Language Section or Nisei soldiers. |
| (5) Location of military installations. | (11) Radar will not be mentioned in correspondence. |
| (6) Group sickness or percentages. | (12) Reference to information obtained from interrogation of Prisoners of War, captured diaries, etc. |

R E S T R I C T E D

R E S T R I C T E D

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| (13) References to Army Medical or American Red Cross personnel bearing arms against the Japanese or hostile natives. | (17) Writers may not use hints, encourage guessing, or confirm statements relative to any matters contravening censorship regulations. |
| (14) Movement, future or present, implied or direct. | (18) Crosses, X's and other markings of a similar character, in the text or at the end of a letter will not be permitted. |
| (15) Future operations, known or merely surmised. | |
| (16) Presence or location of other units. | |

3. Inclosures. All envelopes containing photographs will be marked, "Inclosure" or "Photos". This will be written in the upper center of the envelope.

4. Foreign Language Mail. This type of mail will be forwarded directly to the Base Censor. The language will be plainly marked in the upper center of the envelope. It is directed that Unit Censors determine the necessity for use of a foreign language, and direct the use of English whenever possible.

5. Registered and Insured Mail. Censorship of such mail will be effected by the Base Censor and will not be conducted by Unit Censor.

6. Casualties. Mention may be made of individual casualties in correspondence, provided that the information has been verified and prior notification made to the War Department. Mention of group, hearsay or unverified casualties will not be made. Casualty mention must be made by full name.

7. Previous Locations. All units, including combat units, are permitted to reveal their previous location, thirty (30) days after completion of the movement. This is not to be construed to permit mention of date of movement.

8. Citations. Individual citations and decorations may be sent through the mails provided general and not specific locations are alluded to therein. Group citations must be approved by the Base Censor prior to mailing.

9. Photographs. Photographs showing American, or Allied dead, destroyed or damaged American or Allied materiel, skulls and skeletons, detailed views of military installations, and close-ups of planes showing radar are examples of items that violate current censorship regulations, and cannot be sent through the mails. Personnel forwarding photographs must use sound judgment and refrain from submitting those that would give aid or comfort to the enemy, disclose military information, or prove effective if distorted by the enemy and used as propaganda against the war effort.

NOTE: Pictures of individual graves of American or Allied dead are prohibited. Only general views of cemeteries are permissible.

R E S T R I C T E D

10. Packages. Souvenirs may be mailed to the U.S.A. A list of contents must be on each package. Enlisted men's packages will be Unit Censored and stamped. Officer's packages will be certified by the signature of the Officer concerned. Live ammunition, U.S. Government silk or articles made therefrom, human bones and skulls, secret or confidential documents, U.S. Government property, unidentified powders and liquids, firearms of any type or parts thereof, Japanese nameplates and identification tags, and matches are all prohibited items, the shipment of which is prohibited by current regulations.

11. Trophies. Section VIII, WD Circular #217, dated 1 June 19/4, contains authority for military personnel to retain certain items of captured enemy materiel as trophies. Personnel mailing or carrying such trophies will fully comply with the applicable portion of this circular.

12. Malaria. It is noted that personnel are interpreting the subject "Malarial Control Publicity" to include all references made by individuals of personal illness due to malaria. While individuals may not refer to the number of personnel affected by disease, or the methods of control, they may individually reveal the fact that they have malaria, filariasis or dengue. Also, the taking of Atabrine may be mentioned provided the dosage is not alluded to.

SUPPLEMENT TO CENSORSHIP TRAINING

1. Harmony. Avoid discussions which will promote antagonism regarding race, religion, etc.

2. Transport censorship regulations.

(a) Letters will not be dated but may be numbered (aboard transport only). No mention of specific dates.

(b) No diary type letters of over two (2) day duration.

3. Mail to American prisoners of war.

(a) Letter must be sent to a civilian in the U. S. who must place in new envelope properly addressed and using civilian return address.

(b) Writer must not identify himself as a soldier or make any military reference, since all such correspondence goes through enemy military censorship.

4. Public Law 790.

(a) Permits gifts, etc., up to value of \$50.00 to be sent to U. S. duty free.

(b) Listing of contents and estimated value with Unit Censor's stamp permits package to go through Customs without further examination.

(c) Guard against attempting to send concealed messages in package.

R E S T R I C T E D

5. Here are ten subjects you can write about:

- (a) Recreation, pastimes and entertainment.
- (b) Scenery.
- (c) Food.
- (d) Plans for future (Civilian future).
- (e) Reminiscing about the past.
- (f) Red Cross and Special Services.
- (g) Movies, PX's.
- (h) Souvenirs.
- (i) K. P.
- (j) Anything that has been officially released to the press.

6. Censorship is what you make it--know the rules--play the game square.

(a) Advise your correspondents of reasons for censorship and ask them to cooperate for your own and their protection.

(b) It's hard to beat the Censor--when you do, you're beating yourself.

7. Once overseas the Commanding Officer of whatever unit you are assigned to will point out local ground rules.

GOOD JUDGMENT IS THE BASIS OF CENSORSHIP.

WHEN YOU ARE OVERSEAS

THESE FACTS ARE VITAL

Writing home

THINK! Where does the enemy get his information—information that can put you, and has put your comrades, adrift on an open sea; information that has lost battles and can lose more, unless you personally, vigilantly, perform your duty in SAFEGUARDING MILITARY INFORMATION?

CENSORSHIP RULES ARE SIMPLE, SENSIBLE.—They are merely concise statements drawn from actual experience briefly outlining the types of material which have proved to be disastrous when available to the enemy. A soldier should not hesitate to impose his own additional rules when he is considering writing of a subject not covered by present regulations. He also should guard against repeating rumors or misstatements. It is sometimes stated that censorship delays mail for long periods of time. Actually, mail is required to be completely through censorship within 48 hours.

There are ten prohibited subjects

1. Don't write military information of Army units—their location, strength, matériel, or equipment.
2. Don't write of military installations.
3. Don't write of transportation facilities.
4. Don't write of convoys, their routes, ports (including ports of embarkation and disembarkation), time en route, naval protection, or war incidents occurring en route.
5. Don't disclose movements of ships, naval or merchant, troops, or aircraft.
6. Don't mention plans and forecasts or orders for future operations, whether known or just your guess.
7. Don't write about the effects of enemy operations.
8. Don't tell of any casualty until released by proper authority (The Adjutant General) and then only by using the full name of the casualty.
9. Don't attempt to formulate or use a code system, cipher, or shorthand, or any other means to conceal the true meaning of your letter. Violations of this regulation will result in severe punishment.
10. Don't give your location in any way except as authorized by proper authority. Be sure nothing you write about discloses a more specific location than the one authorized.

INCLOSURES IN LETTERS.—Do not inclose anything in a letter that would violate any of the foregoing rules.

PHOTOGRAPHS, FILMS.—Special rules apply to the transmission of photographs and films. Do not send them until you have ascertained what regulations are in effect in your area.

POST CARDS.—The use of post cards may or may not be authorized. Find out first, and then be sure that the picture or printed part of the card does not violate censorship regulations.

Letter addresses

ADDRESS.—Always leave room for a forwarding address to be written in. *On mail to civilians.*—Use normal address and form.

On mail to military personnel.—Give name, grade (rank), Army serial number (if known), unit and organization, and location if in United States. If addressee is also overseas use his APO number c/o Postmaster —. If in the same general locality as the sender see Army Postal Service for authorized address.

On mail to prisoners of war held by enemy.—Obtain full information from local Army Postal Service.

RETURN ADDRESS.—Every letter or post card must have a return address. Place it in the upper left-hand corner, leaving a margin of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch for resealing in case of censorship beyond the unit censor. The $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch margin rule applies equally to mail from officers and from enlisted men. Both are subject to examination by base censorship detachments.

Sgt. John Smith, 6749318,
Co. C, 299 Inf., A. P. O. 1005,
c/o Postmaster, New York City, N. Y.

Free

Mrs. John Smith,
123 First Avenue,
New York City, N. Y.

The return address must include (1) full name, including grade (rank), (2) Army serial number, (3) unit (company, battery, etc.), (4) organization (regiment, etc.), (5) APO number, (6) c/o Postmaster (city assigned).

Return addresses on mail written to prisoners of war are subject to specific regulations. Obtain information locally.

No geographical location of sender may be shown on an envelope or other outside cover.

Official military mail

Special regulations are provided for official military mail. They are not covered herein.

Mailing your letter

Reread your letter to be sure you have complied with all regulations. This will protect you and assure the most expeditious delivery of your letter. Five minutes now will save later delay and prevent possible suppression of the letter. It will protect you from punishment for unintentional violations.

ENLISTED MEN.—Place your letter unsealed in your organization mail box, never in any civil post office box. *You are required to use the Army Postal Service, and the Army Postal Service only.*

OFFICERS.—Seal the envelope, sign your name without comment in the lower left-hand corner to indicate your compliance with censorship regulations (your letter is subject to further censorship examination by base censorship detachments), and deposit in the organization mail box. *Use only the Army Postal Service.*

V-mail

This is an expeditious mail program which provides for quick mail service to and from soldiers overseas. A special form is used which permits the letter to be photographed on microfilm, the small film transported, and then reproduced and delivered. Use of V-MAIL is urged because it greatly furthers the war effort by saving shipping and airplane space.

Censorship rules apply to V-mail with such adjustments as are necessary due to the form used and special processing features.

Blue envelopes

Enlisted men who wish to write of private or family matters and who feel that censorship of a specific letter by their unit censor would cause embarrassment may be authorized to use a blue envelope which will allow censorship action to be taken by the base censor rather than the unit censor.

Blue envelopes should be obtained from your organization and must be addressed to the final intended recipient. Only one letter may be placed in each envelope and the envelope should be sealed prior to mailing.

Censorship regulations apply to blue envelopes as well as to all other communications.

Warning

Written communications may be sent only through the facilities of the Army Postal Service. Any attempt to avoid this restriction by mailing letters in civil postal systems or by having travelers transport communications will result in severe disciplinary action against both the sender and the intermediary.

Cables; radiograms

Every cable message goes through the hands of at least 12 people. Radiogram messages are available to all who wish to "tune in," including the enemy!

Constant effort is being made to provide you with approved, rapid, cheap electrical communication.

Under no circumstances can cables be sent over commercial or foreign outlets until their use is authorized by proper military authority. "Safe Arrival" messages, identifiable as such, are prohibited at any time. There are two types of electrical messages generally available: Senders' Composition Messages (SCM's), which are like the cablegrams and radiograms you know at home, and Expeditionary Force Messages (EFM's) which are fixed text messages sent at a very low rate, much like Christmas and birthday telegraph messages in use in the United States, but with set messages composed to meet your normal requirement.

As soon as safety allows you will be assigned an APO cable address. Until it is assigned only serious, emergency messages may be sent, and then only if first approved in writing by the theater or area commander or his authorized representative. The Red Cross can handle certain extremely urgent personal matters by cable.

Ask your unit censor how to send messages, either SCM's or EFM's. Under no circumstances may you mention your unit or organization, or any military establishment; nor may you mention in the text any APO number other than your own.

Cable addresses

Outbound.—First give *your* cable address; next, the full name, street address, city, and State of the person for whom the message is intended; then the message, and finally sign your full name. Example:

AMTRAG (typical APO cable address)
Mrs. John Smith, 1616 Main St.,
Zenith, Ohio.

XXXXXX Message XXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
John T. Smith.

Note that addresses and signatures do not include Army serial numbers, unit or organization designation, or APO numbers, nor do they show your location in any manner whatsoever.

Inbound.—Cables and radiograms should be addressed to you, giving your full name, Army serial number, and *cable* address, but not your unit nor organization.

Talk

SILENCE MEANS SECURITY.—If violation of protective measures is serious within written communications it is disastrous in conversations. Protect your conversation as you do your letters, and be even more careful. A harmful letter can be nullified by censorship; loose talk is direct delivery to the enemy.

If you come home during war your lips must remain sealed and your writing hand must be guided by self-imposed censorship. This takes guts. Have you got them or do you want your buddies and your country to pay the price for your showing off? You've faced the battle front; it's little enough to ask you to face this "home front."

Capture

Most enemy intelligence comes from prisoners. If captured, you are required to give only three facts: **YOUR NAME, YOUR GRADE, YOUR ARMY SERIAL NUMBER.** Don't talk, don't try to fake stories, and use every effort to destroy all papers. When you are going into an area where capture is possible carry only essential papers and plan to destroy them prior to capture if possible. Do not carry personal letters on your person; they tell much about you, and the envelope has on it your unit and organization.

Be sensible; use your head

Published for the information and guidance of all concerned.

BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR:

G. O. MARSHALL,
Chief of Staff.

OFFICIAL:

J. A. ULIO,
Major General,
The Adjutant General.

Sept. 20, 1945.

SCHEDULE OF I & E CLASSES

Monday, Wednesday, Friday

<u>SUBJECT</u>	<u>TEACHER</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>PLACE</u>
#101 Mechanics of English Grammar	Lt Cunningham	0930 - 1020	"A" Btry Mess Hall
#308 Basic Math., Course #1	Lt Burnett (C Btry Men)	0830 - 0920	"C" Btry Mess Hall
#311 Plane Trigonometry	Lt Taylor (H., A., B, Men)		
#315 College Algebra	Tec 5 Lebman	0830 - 0920	Hq Radio Tent
	Lt Broadbent, Tec 5		
	Aldridge	0830 - 0920	Hq Wire Tent
#749 Modern Business English	S/Sgt Hoffman	0930 - 1020	"B" Rec Hall
#852 Livestock Production	Tec 4 Thalman	0930 - 1020	FDC Tent
#856 Successful Poultry Management	Tec 4 Thalman	0930 - 1020	FDC Tent
#858 Crop Management	Tec 4 Paas	0830 - 0920	FDC Tent
#304 Algebra, Course #1	S/Sgt Radomski	0830 - 0920	"B" Mess Hall
#728 Essential of Business Arithmetic	Lt Breon	0830 - 0920	Svc Btry Mess Hall

Tuesday, Thursday

<u>SUBJECT</u>	<u>TEACHER</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>PLACE</u>
#214 American Government, Course #1	Lt Cunningham	0830 - 0920	"A" Btry Mess Hall
#714 Small Business, Course #1	Sgt McCullough	0830 - 0920	Hq Mess Hall
#415 Radio for Beginners	T/Sgt Krug	0830 - 0920	Hq Radio Tent
Elementary Electricity	Capt Boll	0930 - 1020	Hq Mess Hall
#748 Practical course in Successful Selling	Lt Wilson	0930 - 1020	Theater Area

NOTE: Courses #852 & #856 will be taught together.

24 Oct. 45

CP THEATER AMALGAMATION

The following EM having formed an alliance of Good Will do hereby agree to reserve seats at the 97th Theater for the fellow members. One man will be at the theater nightly on or before 1815 and will get rough with anyone trying to infringe upon his Squatter's Rights:

1. Aldredge	-	Oct 24	Oct 29	Nov 3
2. Rhoads	-	Oct 25	Oct 30	Nov 4
3. Faulconer	-	Oct 26	Oct 31	Nov 5
4. Schaefer	-	Oct 27	Nov 1	Nov 6
5. Skalitzky	-	Oct 28	Nov 2	Nov 7

SCHEDULE OF I & E CLASSES

Monday, Wednesday, Friday

Pfc. Aldridge
M.C.

<u>SUBJECT</u>	<u>TEACHER</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>PLACE</u>
#101 Mechanics of English Grammar	Lt Cunningham	1030 - 1120	"A" Btry Mess Hall
#308 Basic Math., Course #1	Lt Burnett (C Btry Men)	0930 - 1020	"C" Btry Mess Hall
#311 Plane Trigonometry	Lt Taylor (Hq, A, B Men)		
#315 College Algebra	Tec 5 Lebman	0930 - 1020	Hq Radio Tent
#749 Modern Business English	Lt Broadbent, Pfc Aldridge	0930 - 1020	Hq Wire Tent Hq. Rec Hall
#852 Livestock Production	S/Sgt Hoffman	1030 - 1120	"B" Rec Hall FDC Tent
#856 Successful Poultry Management	Tec 4 Thalman	1030 - 1120	FDC Tent Hq Mess Hall
#858 Crop Management	Tec 4 Thalman	1030 - 1120	FDC Tent Hq Mess Hall
#304 Algebra, Course #1	Tec 4 Faas	0930 - 1020	FDC Tent Hq Mess Hall
#728 Essential of Business Arithmetic	S/Sgt Radomski	0930 - 1020	"B" Mess Hall
	Lt Breen	0930 - 1020	Svc Btry Mess Hall

Tuesday, Thursday

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Elementry Electricity	Capt Bell	1030 - 1120	Hq Mess Hall
#748 Practical course in Successful Selling	Lt Wilson	1030 - 1120	Theater Area

NOTE: Courses #852 & #856 will be taught together.





THE NEW VETERAN

ONE RETURNED SOLDIER SAYS HE
WANTS TO BE CONSIDERED A PLAIN
CITIZEN, NOT A SPECIAL PROBLEM

by CHARLES G. BOLTE

To homecoming servicemen the question of joining or forming a veterans' organization is a serious thing. Last week, in Cartoonist Bill Mauldin's report on the American Legion convention, LIFE published a new veteran's reactions to an old veterans' organization. This week LIFE presents the views of 25-year-old Charles Bolté, who in his book *The New Veteran* (Reynal & Hitchcock; \$2) and in this article defines the aims of the newly formed American Veterans Committee, of which he is the chairman. Starting as a loosely organized correspondence group of men still in the service, the committee now has 9,000 members.

When I came home from the war I felt lost and alone in an America which had never heard a gun fired in anger. I knew that the things my friends and I had fought for—peace, jobs and freedom—would not be won with the firing of the last shot. They would only be won later, if all of us who had fought for them stuck together to work for them in peacetime.

Some other American soldiers had had the same idea and had formed a committee of correspondence among world-scattered servicemen and women. I was asked to serve as temporary chairman of the group, which we called the American Veterans Committee. The first job we set ourselves was to find out whether we should establish a new organization or join one of the existing organizations. As the American Legion was the most powerful of these, we explored it.

"All my business friends are counting on the American Legion to Americanize the American youth," a prosperous Chicago executive told me. "You know what they mean by Americanizing the youth—fix 'em up so they don't bother us with any ideas. Don't let 'em jar us out of our fur-lined foxholes into the real world, where things are changing." This seemed a harsh judgment, but it proved true.

"Now listen, kid . . ."

The old members were anxious to get us in—on their own terms. They worked hard to soothe our sensibilities: "We veterans have got to stick together, haven't we? We're tired now; we've been holding the fort for 25 years and we're getting kinda old. We want you to come in and take this great organization over. We're ready to step down."

These were fine words, but there was conflict between youth and age. A new member would

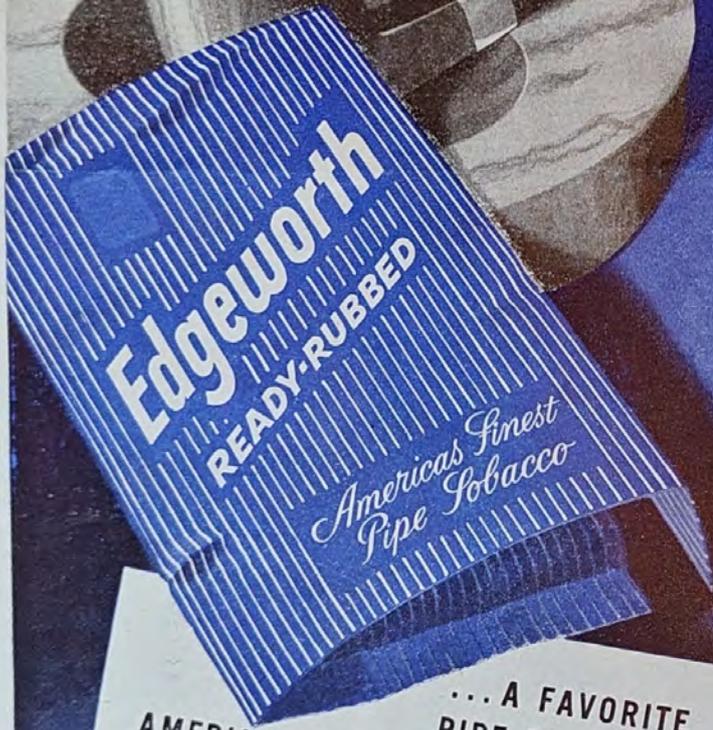
AMERICAN VETERANS COMMITTEE



Charles Guy Bolté, author of this article, directs the policies of the American Veterans Committee. Bolté, 25, is a New Yorker who, with four other students, got into the war right

after graduating from Dartmouth in 1941. He enlisted in the British army, served with the King's Royal Rifle Corps, lost his right leg from wounds incurred at El Alamein in 1942.

Good things go together



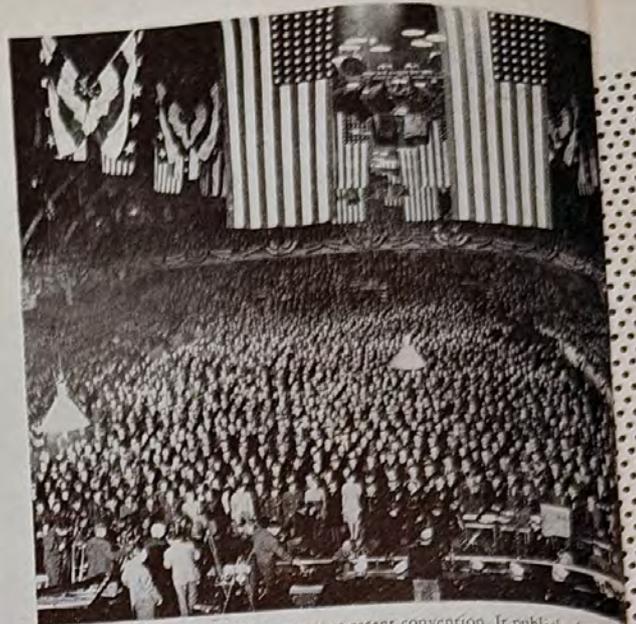
... A FAVORITE
PIPE DESERVES
AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE TOBACCO

Famous Edgeworth comes in Edgeworth's own "Seal Pak", a handy, wrap-around pocket pouch, heat-sealed, airtight. Easier to fill pipe. No pocket bulge. Moisture-guard lining guarantees freshness to last satisfying pipeful.

GUY LOMBARDO America's No. 1 Band
TUESDAY 9 P. M. E. S. T., American Broadcasting Co.



Copyright 1946, Larue & Brother Company, Richmond, Virginia.



Legion inducts new veterans en masse at recent convention. It publicly declares it will have 1,000,000 World War II members by 1946. World War I membership is 1,100,000.

THE NEW VETERAN CONTINUED

make a suggestion and an old member across the room would jump up to say, "Now listen, kid, we've been in this business for 25 years and we know the ropes. Better leave it to us." The kid, who might have been commanded an infantry company at Tarawa, would leave the meeting and never go back to another.

A revealing glimpse into the Legion came from a prominent member who spoke at one of the lunches of my post just after taking office. He warned the newspapermen, "This is off the record, boys. Headquarters told me I'd better not make any speeches on my own hook—they're writing some for me, but they haven't caught up with me yet." Everybody laughed. He went on to say that he had to tell us what had been decided at the convention, but he hadn't told us yet. "My supporters met me at the station and they brought me to my hotel room, and I laid in a couple of cases of Scotch and a couple of grapefruit juice, and then the delegates came to my room that night and I gave them the Scotch and said I hoped they'd vote for me and drank the grapefruit juice myself. Finally they elected me and my supporters rushed me to the hall and I made a speech of acceptance. They promised they'd send me copies of the resolutions, but I haven't got 'em yet." It was self-kidding in the best American tradition. I noticed the guest table of enlisted servicemen looked a little bit dauntful. It was funny, but it also sounded true.

Digging into the past, I found that the Legion had been organized deliberately to quell the Bolshevik bogey among Armistice veterans. The doughboys of the AEF, had spent its chief talents in warning America of an exaggerated Red menace, had been a consistent violator of civil liberties and had almost entirely ignored the rising tide of fascism—although its traditionally isolationist policies were reversed after the fall of France.

As far as veterans' rehabilitation went, the Legion's program exemplified the grab technique: the *Manual for American Legion Speakers* said modestly, "The Legion has extracted from Congress one year more than the Yanks of '61-'65 were able to get in 30 years."

A new organization for new problems

The Legion had never represented anything like a cross section of American veterans. At maximum its membership reached 27% of eligible men. Legionnaires as a group were prosperous well above the average. However, the Legion could act upon the basis of its resources far more effectively than any similar group of common men; it presented to the public eye the false but appealing picture of a speaking for the mass of heroes who won the war. During the Legion's heyday there didn't have to be any back-room deals; "the interests": the Legion believed the prejudices of its time were essential truth, and its members wore the halo associated with the civilian mind with war service gracefully and at the proper moment. So, we decided, the Legion was not useful to us: its policies

CONTINUED ON

CORONET V.S.Q. BRANDY

- delicious with 1 soda
- 2 ginger ale
- 3 cola



Paul Rand

Buy your War Bonds
California Grape Brandy 84 proof. Cresta Blanca Wine Company, Inc., Manteca, Calif.



Congressional Medal of Honor winners formed own society at the American Legion convention. It is sponsored by Legion, but its members do not have to be Legionnaires.

THE NEW VETERAN CONTINUED

too settled in traditional practice, its control too deeply entrenched at the top, its methods of assuring continuity of purpose and squashing dissension in the ranks too effective. It had done and was doing some useful community works; in some of its activities we could hope to cooperate; but it was not the club for us.

"We need a new organization because we have new problems," said a Flying Fortress gunner from the South Pacific. "If we went into the old organizations there'd be continual quarreling between our generation and our fathers' generation, and we'd always remember that the old organizations, despite their success with the bonus, didn't do much about peace, jobs and freedom—which are a hell of a lot more important."

We found that the veterans of this war demanded an organization of their own. Our little circle came into the public eye quite unexpectedly with a national newspaper story which found its way into the Naples edition of the *Stars and Stripes*. It produced letters from overseas full of enthusiasm: four out of five of them said specifically, we don't want to join one of the old groups, we've got our own war and we want a club of our own.

The old organizations are, nevertheless, adding recruits from the second war. With their many members, their wealth and their aggressive recruiting campaigns, they could not fail. But it is doubtful whether this will continue to be the case as the new groups grow. Especially to the men overseas does a new organization seem vitally important. They have had a longer war, a tougher war, a war in which men died by newer and more dreadful methods. On the simple basis of comradeship and shared experience, they want a new organization.

What they fought for

Moreover, our war was different. We had an uncertain world to live in. We went to war, most of us, reluctantly: it took Pearl Harbor to get our country into the battle and it took a letter from the draft board to get us into uniform. Through all these years we developed an allergy to "propaganda" that threatened to reach a point where none of the good words meant anything any more. We were fighting for survival, we were fighting to win, we were fighting so we could get home, and, maybe, for a chance at something better afterward. It was no crusade, brother, and anybody who talked a crusade got hooted at. But we knew we wanted the wasted years and the blood to mean something more than another long armistice and veterans

CONTINUED ON PAGE 63

What a Wonderful Santa you can be

by nourishing
EVERY INCH
of your dog with Gaines

DISPOSITION
Wide-awake;
Alert

ACTIVITY
Untiring

TEETH
Firm and Sound

CHEST
Deep

COAT
Silky; Dense

LEGS; FEET
Strong-boned



What more glorious gift could a dog hope for than the Happiness, Good Looks and Strength that are packed in each pound of GAINES DOG MEAL!

A lovely glossy coat for him, a twinkle for his eyes, bounce and vigor in his body, sturdy strength for his teeth and bones—could any master be kinder—or wiser—than the one who with expert care and feeding, plans to give his dog all these things? Prove to your dog there IS a Santa . . . with a gift of Gaines Favorite Dog Food that nourishes EVERY INCH of him every day in the year!

Just mix GAINES MEAL with water if your dog is one who goes for GAINES MEAL eagerly when it is mixed with soup, or gravy—by all means please your dog, no matter how you mix it, GAINES should be the dog's basic food, to make sure you nourish every inch of him.

GAINES has been a stand-by of breeders and veterinarians for over 16 years. It is a dog's favorite food—cheap to feed—preparation in less than a minute. Largest-selling dog food in America!

For my Dog

All this nourishment
IN EVERY POUND OF GAINES

As much body and strength-building proteins as in 1½ lbs. fresh raw beef



For strong bones—the minerals that would be provided by 1½ lbs. cheese



As much energy-making carbohydrates as there are in 2 quarts of cooked oatmeal



For red-blooded vitality—as much iron as in ½ lb. beef liver



For sleek appearance and glossy coat—the same quantity of fats that would be provided by 1 ounce of creamery butter



VITAMINS: The vitamin A in 5 eggs; the thiamine (B₁) in 1 lb. whole-wheat bread; the riboflavin (B₂) in 1 qt. milk; the niacin in ½ lb. fresh mackerel . . . and all other members of the B-complex which normally accompany thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin.

FOR ALL DOGS
GAINES
Complete Meal
"Nourishes Every Inch of Your Dog"



In 2-lb., 5-lb., 10-lb. bags and larger sizes for kennels

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Time Legion horseplay was only sporadically in evidence at this year's American Legion convention in Chicago. The public was less amused than in former years.

NEW VETERAN CONTINUED

g apples again. We were a new generation, we had new problems and we could tackle them in our own way.

...that feeling the American Veterans Committee has grown, ...ing not only for comradeship and a veterans' program that will ...s to become civilians again, but for an America and a world in ...h we can find the things we fought for because all our citizens ...an equal chance to find them.

...Colonel Evans Carlson, famed leader of the Marine Raiders, joined ...C. with a letter in which he said, "If we are to produce a harmo- ...society which works cooperatively for those objectives which ...e peace, the welfare of all members of society in the postwar era ...receive unprejudiced consideration."

...Comparatively few veterans feel that the country owes them a ...g. Most of them would agree with A.V.C.'s belief: *that veterans ...be restored to the status they would have held if they had not gone to* ... But in too many cases that restoration to civilian status is not ...carried out. To the returned serviceman seeking assistance in ...adjustment to civilian life, America looks like the land of good ...tions. Everybody wants to help him, but few are capable of ...g him what he needs quickly and professionally and without ...ng him around from one agency to another. The GI Bill of ...ts is not the answer. What is needed is a coordinated federal, ...and community program to rehabilitate veterans who need re- ...habilitation and to answer the questions most veterans need to ask. ...ve veterans are to achieve this fundamental desire—to become ...bers of the community again—it is essential that we should not ...nced off from the rest of society. Yet there is already a split be- ...n veterans and civilians—potentially the most dangerous divi- ...in America today.

...The measures taken or not taken in rehabilitation will help pro- ...the bridge or will make the gulf wider. The gulf will be widened ...terans are given privileges which set them aside from the com- ...munity or which are given them by subtracting something from only ...group in the community. It will likewise be widened if veterans ...not given the assistance they may need to get on their feet again.

Freedom without groceries

...The hope of bridging the gap lies in the veterans themselves. ...There is evidence among us of a growing distaste for orations. We ...tend to judge parties and proposals by results, not by protesta- ...s of high purpose. We know freedom doesn't mean much without ...ceries—how can a man enjoy free speech on an empty stomach? ...another consideration enters. The desire for deeds, not words, ...artificially stimulated disgust with certain groups of civilians, ...tremendous demand for jobs and security—these add up to the ...obviously dangerous situation in which demagogues make ...Some veterans may allow themselves to be formed into an irre- ...sistible political power if they find a jobless America, an America ...by racial, religious and economic strife, an America in which ...cannot make their own way as relatively free individuals. ...Therefore, above and beyond even an effective rehabilitation pro- ...gram, Americans will be serving veterans best if they help construct ...ore democratic and prosperous America and a more stable world.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



"The idea! What are you doing in my closet?"



"Why, I—I was... was only looking—"

"Looking for a street car, I suppose! Well, when I want you sneaking into my closet just before Christmas, I'll tell you!"

"Ah, hon—you know it's nearly Christmas. You know how much I want—"



"Oh, all right! I scoured the town, and that stunning Arrow Collar is all you

said, darling." "What'd I tell you—hey?"

"And—the salesman showed me what that Arrow Mitoga figure-fit did for him—and he was no 'Mr. America.'"

"Swell! And the buttons, hon?"

"They're really anchored, as you said!"



And Arrows are Sanforized-labeled—can't shrink even 1%! Ah-ah! No... you... don't! You're not wearing a new Arrow Shirt to that pre-Christmas Office Party! Why, Mr. Lent, I might never see you again!"

SORRY! We're making all the Arrows we can, but there still aren't enough to meet the demand. We can only say: "Sorry—keep trying!"

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.