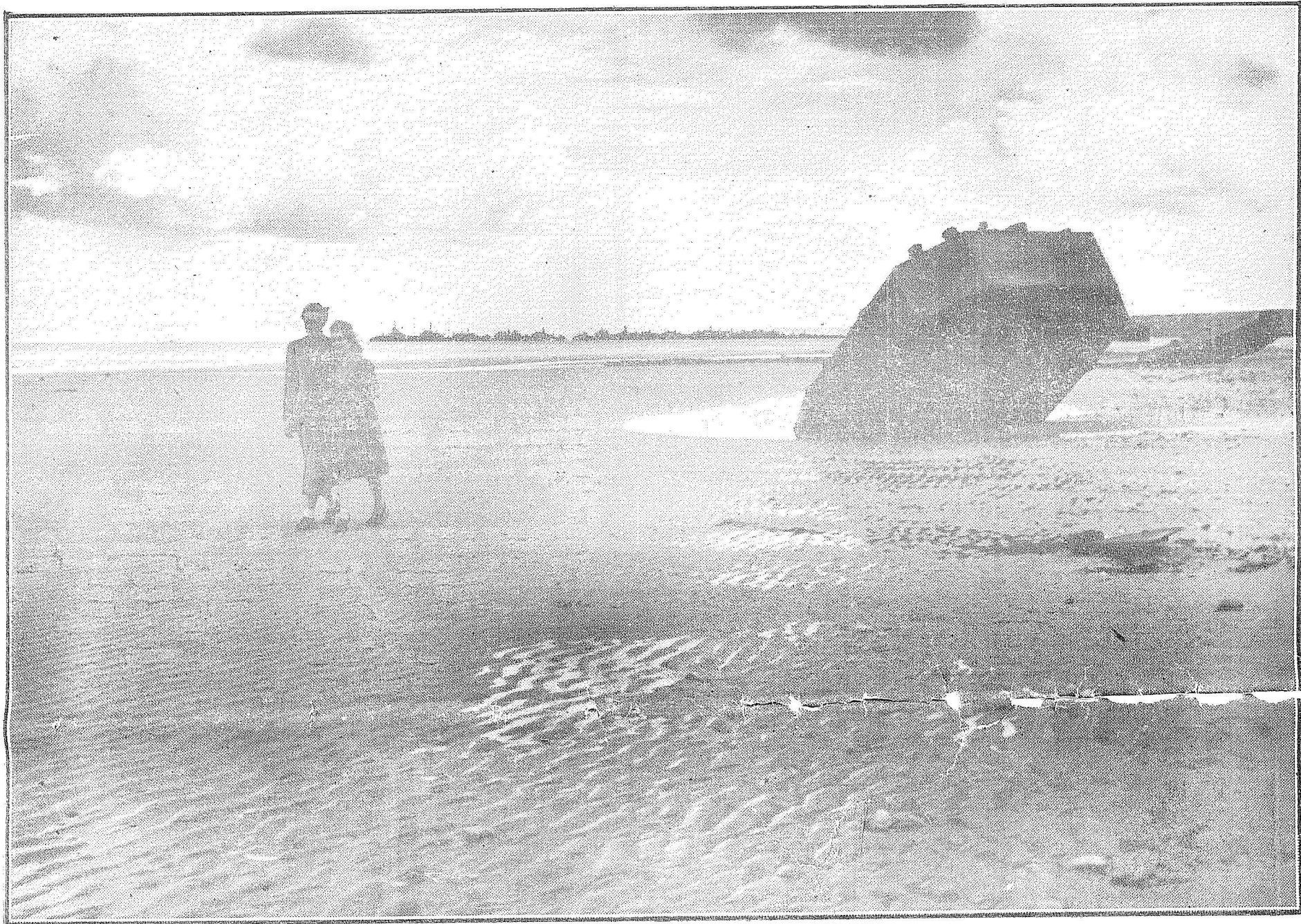


THE STARS AND STRIPES magazine

Vol. 1—No. 1

WEEKLY SUPPLEMENT

Sunday, June 3, 1945



NORMANDY.

THERE is sadness in seeing the desolation of Omaha Beach today; there is irreverence in its quiet. A civilian car grinds slowly along the beach road that once was reserved for roaring trucks and tanks and shouting men. Young couples stroll silently, arm in arm. They look at the ships sunk by the Allies to form a breakwater; they walk around the two ships driven far up the sand. They stare at the shattered houses back against the low cliffs and maybe they think of the house they will build themselves some day.

This is no longer a battleground. It is a little-used promenade where a French family lives in an ugly green pillbox and a bathing tent has been made of two German shelter halves and a few odd pieces of rope and wood. On the beach side of the pillbox-home, the rusty barrel of an 88 peeks out of its slot, looking helplessly down on the beach named, ironically, "Easy Red."

The beaches are almost free of debris. Here and there you can see a shell case, or a weatherbeaten sign pointing the way to some long-gone command post. The

One Year Later

Desolation of Beaches Is a Sad Reminder

houses along the beach road look almost natural, until you take a second look and see they are just shells, with maybe a chimney, a porch and three walls.

A STONE monument halfway up a hill says: "In memoriam to all members of this command (6th Engineer Special Brigade), who lived, fought and died for the cause of freedom. D-Day, 6 June, 1944." Further along the beach German prisoners are at work on a pillbox that was once the first Normandy CP of the First Division. That, too, will soon be a monument. Between them there is a small plot of ground surrounded by a white fence. It is the site of the first American cemetery in France, although the bodies have now been moved to American Cemetery No. 1 at St. Laurent.

Above the low cliffs where American soldiers stormed the vaulted Atlantik Wall, the fields are full of flowers—and mines. There are daisies. . . and poppies. Foliage covers a trail bound by two white-taped fences. A sign there reads: "Over this trail have passed the pride of America's armed forces."

From the cliffs, looking back toward the beaches, you can see several sailboats out beyond the breakwater. And then, on your

(Continued on Page 8)

And Weeds Have Grown Over Pointe du Hoe

Pointe du Hoe, NORMANDY.

THIS one is for the men of the 2nd Ranger Battalion. It's for the 258 of them who climbed the cliffs of Pointe du Hoe in the early morning hours of June 6, 1944. It's for the 62 of them who were able to walk away under their own power, three days later. It's for officers like Lt. Col. James Rudder and Capt. Walter Block, and Capt. Otto "Big Stoop" Massney. And for men like Bob Youso and Alvin White and Perry and Johnson. Most of all, it's for those men of the 2nd Ranger Battalion who landed at Pointe du Hoe, and never left it alive.

Pointe du Hoe looks different now. A whole year has passed since those big shell holes were made, and now those shell holes are full of weeds and grass and flowers. There is a lot of wild mustard, and daisies, and even some poppies. Those flat places off to the left are covered with grass, and grass is growing on top of the pillboxes. The wind and the rain have smoothed out some of the rough spots, too. It looks flatter than it did during those three days we were there.

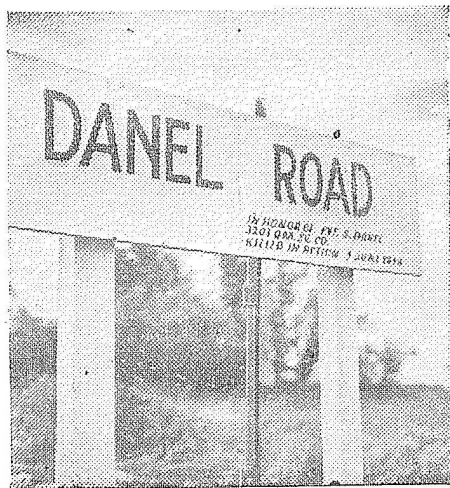
REMEMBER that house halfway down the road on the right flank of the point? The house where all the Jerries were congregating that day and we called for naval fire? And when the sailors, God

Bless 'em, made three direct hits, the Jerries started running for the fields again, and you men picked them off like ducks on a pond? That house is gone now. There's nothing left but a small pile of rubble where the foundations used to be.

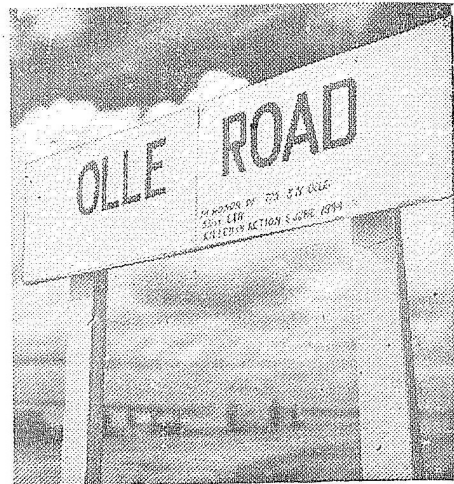
Nature has restored the beach below the cliffs, too. The morning we came in it was pitted with shell holes and piled high with rocks and huge clods of dirt that had tumbled down the cliffs. It's all smoothed out, now, nice and level. That's the way it should have been when we came in. That's the way we figured it would be. Remember those four "Rube Goldberg" Ducks, with the extension ladders, the ones that ran into the holes that morning and floundered on the rubble. You can still see three of the Ducks, washed up high and dry against the cliffs, rusty and battered and looking not at all like they did that day we left England. Not far away is the naval whale boat that floundered when it tried to bring us supplies the second day.

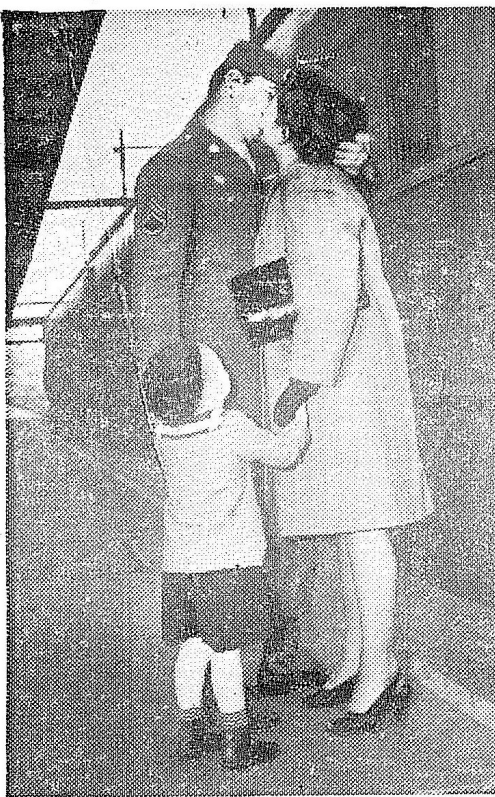
Col. Rudder's command post behind the Jerry air raid shelter is still there, but you'd never recognize the place now. The rain has washed mud down into it, and all

(Continued on Page 8)



G. K. Hodenfield, Stars and Stripes Staff Writer, who covered D-Day, June 6, 1944, returned to the beaches this week and came back with two stories, the picture of the beaches as they look today—and one for the Rangers with whom he landed. The anniversary photographs on this page, pages 4 and 5, and on page 8 were taken by Staff Photographer Larry Riordan.

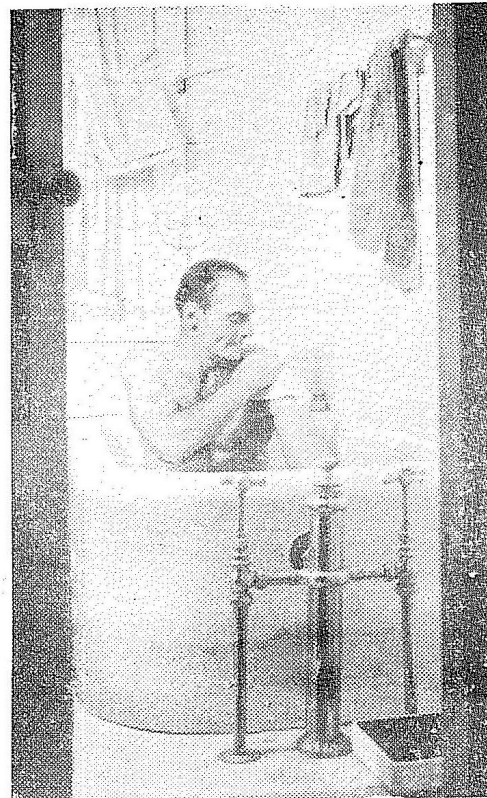




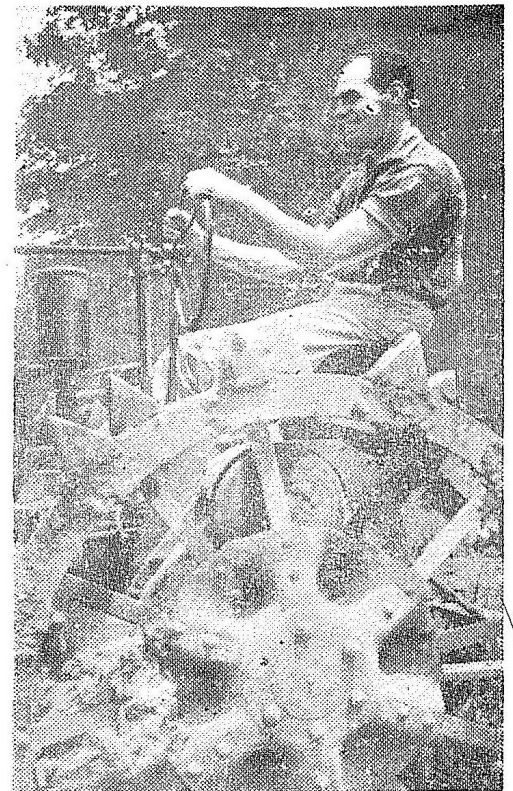
"Mr." and Mrs. C. W. Hesser, and son.



A pretty fair trade in Norristown, Pa.



Forty-eight months of Army rubbed away.



A farmer before—and after.

Back in the States

Most Everything Has Changed in America But It Still Is a Land of Plenty

By Phil Bucknell
Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

NEW YORK CITY.

EIGHTY-FIVE points ago or thereabouts when you huddled on a darkened dockside with chalk marks on your helmets you kind of hoped that this country would never change. But it has. Most every-

and beflagged for welcoming returnees. The Red Cross girls who said "Goodbye" to you with donuts and java are still there, but they now say "Hallo" and they lead you to a plot of earth—good American earth—and you kiss it. Then you try to kiss the Red Cross girl.

But when you pass through the receiving station and get back to the hometown you've been dreaming about for so long you are conscious of other changes.

The United States is a country of shortages now. There are shortages of meat, butter, cotton goods, leather shoes. Restaurant menus are certainly smaller and more austere than they were as recently as six months ago. But if you've come back from Europe, America looks just like a land of plenty.

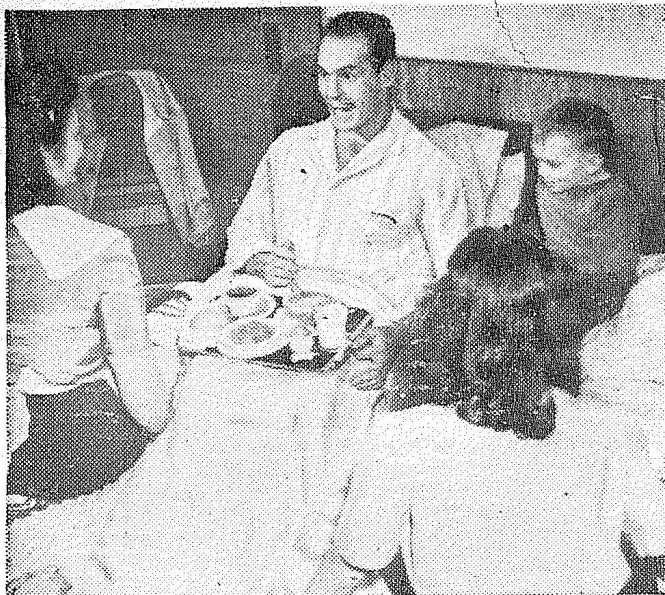
A lot of your girl friends are going without stockings because they can't get silk or nylons and they don't like the quality of most of the rayons. They worry about their bulges because girdles of today don't fool the public like the old ones.

There still seem to be plenty of automobiles around, but some of them, especially in rural areas, look like something out of a co-ed movie of the middle thirties. The end of the war in Europe has resulted in an increase of the basic issue of gasoline to 3 gallons a week, and it may be possible to get tires more easily later in

the year. This is the way prices are: Packard '36 convertible goes for \$575; a '38 Pontiac sedan, \$819; Chrysler, '42 town sedan, \$1,188, and a '31 model A Ford, \$200.

COST of living is certainly higher, almost 30 percent higher than in 1939. Most of the rises, though, came before the Office of Price Administration took hold. Since May, 1943, when food costs were brought under effective control, living costs have risen only 2.5 percent. Right now at the Piggly Wiggly Super Market at Peachtree, at 8th Street, Atlanta (which is new since you went away), you can buy coffee at from anything between twenty and forty cents a pound; margarine is 23 cents a pound; tea is around a dollar a pound; a sixteen-ounce can of pork and beans is 8 cents; preserves, apple butter, apple jelly, apricot and blackberry preserves, range

(Continued on Page 8)



The milk isn't powdered.



"There I was, St. Lo was up ahead..."



Ready for a night out.

Home Once Again

But There Were Walls and Doors He Never Knew And a Strange Girl on the Balcony

The writer, son of Thomas Mann, Germany's foremost living author, was sent into Germany by The Stars and Stripes (Mediterranean) shortly after the surrender of the German armies in Italy and the liberation of Austria. Here he tells about his return to the Mann family home in Munich, where he lived until 1933.

By Klaus Mann

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

THIS was the mission for which I had been waiting the past 12 years. I was born and brought up in Bavaria. The city of Munich used to be my hometown; I left in 1933 when Hitler came to power and have never set foot there since. So I was anxious to find out how the beautiful town on the Isar River had survived the storms of the past few years and months.

Besides, there were a few friends—a very small group of people of whose political integrity I had certain proofs and whom I wanted to see again. And then, of course, there was our family home in one of Munich's residential suburbs—a roomy hos-

pitable villa on the river where I spent my childhood and many a year of my adult life. The Nazis had taken it over in 1933—without so much as a pretext.

Approaching Munich, I expected to find a mutilated, half-destroyed town; reality turned out to be much worse. Munich is dead, it does not exist any more. What used to be the fairest town of Germany, one of the most attractive European cities, has been transformed into a vast cemetery. Throughout the whole center not one—literally not one—building has been spared. There is nothing left but heaps of rubble and some seemingly undamaged, or little damaged, fronts behind which there is rubble again. I could hardly find my way through the once familiar streets. It was like an evil dream.

My old residential district which I entered at last seemed to be comparatively untouched, however, and I became more hopeful. And when I approached our former home my first impression was: There it is! Still standing! Still intact! It had weathered the storm!

But it hadn't, really. As so many other buildings in town, it had survived only as a hollow shell; it was the fairly well preserved outside structure which had momentarily deluded me. Inside it was all in pieces.

I MANAGED to enter the house and presently noticed changes which had nothing to do with bombings. There were walls and doors which I had never known. All the rooms had become smaller as though they had contracted with disgust and disapproval. My father's studio, once spacious and stately, had now a petty, undersized aspect. Where our dining-room used to be I found ugly remnants of a kitchen installation. My mother's drawing-room—once a sanctuary from which we children had been banished except on festive occasions—had completely changed its shape and character.

As it seemed impossible to get up to the second floor, I decided that there would be no sense in hanging around any longer. The sense of estrangement and profound perplexion which I had already experienced in the ruined streets overcame me again, almost intolerably intensified. To look at these broken walls and empty windows was like facing a sinister caricature of my own past. I made haste to get out.

While lingering in the garden, I happened to look up to the balcony in front of my room on the top floor. Suddenly I noticed someone half hidden behind the balustrade. It was a young woman; realiz-

ing that she was discovered, she emerged reluctantly from her hiding place. Her face could have been almost pretty, but whatever charm it had was marred by its sullen worried expression.

"What are you doing up there?" I said to her.

She seemed to be somewhat surprised to be addressed in German by an American soldier. Yet she remained suspicious.

"Where do you want me to go?" she said, shrugging her shoulders. "You Americans have requisitioned my apartment—my aunt's apartment, I mean; for I have been bombed out of my own. I must sleep somewhere—isn't that right? So I thought this balcony here would be as good as any other place. Do you want to throw me out?" she added in a lowered voice.

I was rather embarrassed. "I didn't think there was a passable way up to the second floor," I said, somewhat evasively.

"Well there isn't, really," she explained, without a smile. "But I have a ladder."

IT was an ingenious mechanism by which I reached my former room. The girl showed me the way. She had become more friendly since she realized that it was not my intention to put her out from her balcony.

My room, too, had shrunk; but the balcony was unchanged except for the girl's mattress and flower table. It all looked

(Continued on Page 8)

By Simon Bourgin

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

Outlook in China

Situation Is Improved But Internal Bickering Still Hampers a Full-Scale War Effort

10,000 tons monthly could be moved in over the inefficient French railway from Indo-China. When Vichy closed this under Jap pressure, only the Burma road was left. Shipments over the Burma highway, halted by the Japs in April, 1942, never exceeded 15,000 tons a month. The new route, opened in 1945, after the Japs were driven from northern Burma, is expected to handle several times this tonnage in motor transport and heavy artillery.

The air route over the Himalayas was the only road left when the Japs closed the first road through Burma. By herculean efforts, air shipments over the hump were stepped up to 50,000 tons monthly this spring. Three Liberty ships could carry

that. Practically all of it went to the airmen of the 14th Air Force, America's chief military aid to China. The main Chinese armies got only token supplies. Even after taking the bulk of the shipments, General Claire Chennault's men were still undersupplied for the job of supporting Chinese ground troops, attacking industrial targets in Japan and Manchuria and bombing Jap shipping off the China coast.

Except for U.S.-supplied air support, China's armies fought alone. Their arms, with the sole exception of the U.S.-supplied army that fought to clear Burma, were from pre-1937 stocks, plus what was turned out from improvised arsenals in the in-

terior. Rifles, machine-guns and grenades were the chief weapons, and there were not too many of these. Of the 7,000,000 men said to be enrolled in China's armies, probably not more than 1,300,000 are equipped with rifles.

BUT China's weakness stems from more than lack of arms. In northern China, centered in the province of Shensi, live 90,000,000 Communist-ruled Chinese. Their government has been at political odds with Chungking since 1939. While the Communist armies have kept a reported 18 Jap divisions busy in the north, they never have fought alongside the main Chinese forces. Sometimes, in fact, they have had to fight the Chungking government's armies, which have maintained a constant blockade of Communist areas to prevent arms, and even medical supplies, from reaching the Red troops.

WHEN Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell split with Chiang Kai-shek and was recalled from China, U.S. newsmen in Chungking said it was because Chiang refused to go all-out against the Japs and was more interested in saving Chungking's troops to fight the Communist armies after the war. China's armies have constantly resisted Jap encroachment, but not since the start of the war have they fought a major battle with the Japanese—except for the Chinese armies in Burma. Chiang has steadily desisted from committing large numbers of his forces, and Jap forays in large parts of China have been limited to food-hunting expeditions.

The fighting strength at the disposal of the Communists was considerable. They had an estimated 600,000 regulars, highly adept at guerrilla warfare. They were reported to be better trained, fed and led than the main Chinese forces. An estimated 3,000,000 militiamen were also said to be armed. U.S. Army observers with the Communists say these armies have harassed the Japs whenever they have shown a disposition to move from their fixed lines. They have done no more because their weapons are limited to small-arms and grenades.

The aid Communist forces have rendered to U.S. airmen in bringing them safely from Jap-held territory—where they were forced down after bombing missions—testifies to the hate held for the Japs by the Communist peasantry. Communist government administrative areas are reported to be comparatively independent—the binding force being the Communist armies, which are extremely popular for their guerrilla warfare against the Japs.

THE Chungking government claims these armies fight more to further Communist control than to defeat Japan. The Communists insist Chungking is more interested in limiting Communist military power than in fighting the enemy. Whether for this or other reasons, the Communists have been reluctant to surrender control of their armies and government to Chungking.

Government critics at Chungking have made much of the Communist character of the Chinese Reds. Western observers who have studied the Communists view their movement as more an agrarian revolt, aimed at limited social and economic reforms, than Communism in the Russian sense. The objectives for which the Chinese Communists strive are held to be no more radical than the changes the Kuomintang, or government party, sought in its earlier, more liberal days.

Whatever the rights and wrongs of these charges, there was no gainsaying the fact that large numbers of troops on both sides were engaged merely in watching each other, while the Jap conquest grew ever more serious. There seemed hope in the fact that Chiang had invited the Communists, with all other parties, to participate in the Constitutional Convention to convene in November. But the Communists have not yet accepted. Negotiations between their representatives and the Chungking government over a united front are now in their tenth month.

Meanwhile, as the final Allied blow against the Japs is developing, the Chungking government has promised that a half-million men would be drafted this spring. The future would prove whether this was more than a promise and whether large numbers of China's best troops would be committed in the fight against Japan's China armies.



Jap offensives have cut China in two, and opened an overland route between northern and southern reaches of the Japanese Asiatic empire. Heavy line shows the limit of Jap penetration. While Japs control communications in the occupied area, partisan resistance is widespread.

Air Weapon

Radio Luxembourg Provided Music for Nazis And Ammunition for Allied Cause

By Daniel Causin

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

LT. Gen. Alexander M. Patch Jr. picked up the field phone at his forward CP in Austria and told his operator to get Radio Luxembourg. Several hundred miles away and several minutes later, the American CO answered at the station's studio.

The general's instructions were simple. The head of German Army Group "G" had just signed an agreement of unconditional surrender. However, the American Seventh Army had so slashed the enemy's communications that the Nazi High Command no longer had any effective communication with its troops. The fighting would continue unless the German field units were informed of the surrender.

All that day, at half-hour intervals, Radio Luxembourg, the most powerful station in Europe, one which reached an estimated 50 million persons despite German orders against listening to it, made the surrender announcement and by morning its task was considered well done.

The station was often used in direct support of American fighting troops, giving detailed instructions to Germans on how to surrender. One enemy soldier, the story goes, staggered into the Ninth Div. sector last winter and numbed in guttural English, "I surrender through the courtesy of Radio Luxembourg."

The station, which has a 150,000-watt transmitter—three times more powerful than WOR in New York, has been the chief Allied propaganda agency in Europe. It is manned by about 100 people, composed largely of American GIs, many of them former Europeans.

To insure a huge listening audience,

musical programs are an important feature. Chief of the Music Production Department is T/3 Francis D. Perkins, who was music critic for the New York Herald Tribune. He feeds the fans a lot of Brahms and Beethoven—then throws in some Tommy Dorsey to advertise the station's Americana.

BECAUSE of the number of foreign-born on the staff, the station was able to have T/4 Walter Kohner, formerly a citizen of Prague, announce the surrender of that city; and T/4 Hans H. Kohmar, who was born in Mannheim, give the Germans the flash on their city's fall.

Pvt. Gottfried Mann, son of Thomas Mann, is feature news editor of the station. He explained the present job of Radio Luxembourg:

"With the cessation of military hostilities the war of ideas has not stopped. For the present the United Nations will attempt to rigidly control German thought. When the Germans prove themselves capable of living at peace with the world, they will be given back the control of their press and radio. But that may not be for many, many years."

It was a German soldier's passion for antique furniture that paved the way for the U.S. capture of the station Sept. 10, 1944. He had been left behind with several others to sabotage the transmitter. However, his home, containing valuable antiques, adjoined the station and blowing it up meant loss of his treasure. Certain that the Germans would regain the city in a few days, he postponed his job.

Two weeks later Radio Luxembourg was being operated by the Allies, under a grant given General Eisenhower by the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg in London, May, 1944.

THERE were signs last week that the Japs were anticipating a new U.S. move—invasion of the China coast. Japanese troops were reported moving from North China to reinforce the 50-odd divisions already holding the South China coast against possible American landings. This was two-fifths of the Jap army on the Chinese mainland, according to Chinese Army estimates. Seventy-five additional divisions were in the interior of China—a force, in all, of over 1,500,000 men.

There was no sign from the Allied side that Jap fears were yet justified. Allied force was still being concentrated on the islands leading to Japan. But even if China were by-passed on the road to Tokyo, there was the possibility that Jap armies in China would fight on. These forces, backed by large-scale arms production in Manchuria, were stronger than any Jap armies so far encountered by U.S. and British armies. The Japanese in Manchuria numbered 35 well-trained, equipped divisions—Japan's best troops.

Pacific-priming announcements last week prompted observers to review the war in China and estimate the situation that would confront friendly invading troops.

THE outlook for China's armies was improved from what it was six months ago, when China's fortunes were at the lowest in seven years of war. It was better, however, chiefly because Japan has not continued the offensive which won it such significant gains in 1944.

Japan controls the entire Chinese coast; China at present could contribute little active aid to Allied landings. The Hankow-Canton railway, which divides all China south of the Yangtze, is in Jap hands, cutting China in two. When the northern and southern Jap armies linked forces in October, 1944, eastern China and 400,000 Chinese troops were cut off from western China and the main body of the Chungking government's armies.

The Japs followed up with a drive to the southwest that left them astride the main overland route to Indo-China. With this victory, they controlled a direct route between the base of their empire in Manchuria and Korea and the southern reaches in Indo-China, Siam, Malaya and Burma.

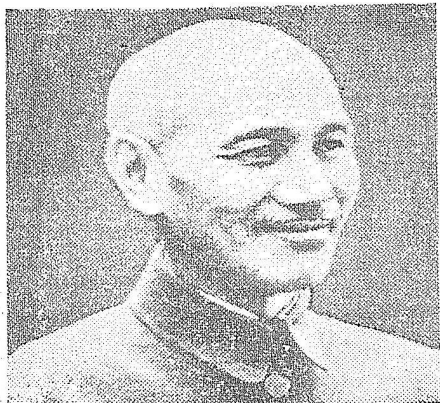
Then, pressing forward in western China, the Japs overran the main airfields of the U.S. 14th Air Force. While Japan can still be bombed from China, and Jap shipping can still be hit from Saipan and the Philippines, a great part of Japan's communication and supply network in China was put out of range of U.S. planes. The China coast, where U.S. troops might have to land, was now out of range of all but U.S. heavy bombers. And Japan's China air bases, set up near where U.S. aircraft formerly operated, were out of range of the carrier-based aircraft of the U.S. naval forces.

There was a salient lesson for the future in the loss of the fields to Jap ground troops. Deprived of ground support, U.S. air power was helpless. Extension of American air power in China appeared to depend on equipping Chinese ground troops, so that forward airfields could be defended.

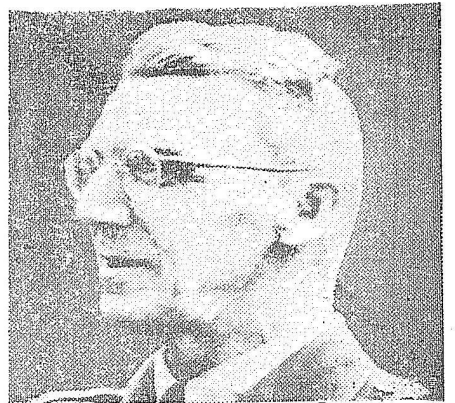
THE Jap offensive succeeded in every aim but one: knocking China out of the war. Stripped of most of her great cities, communications, industries and raw materials, China continued to fight in the eighth year of war with Japan. But the serious defeats suffered by the Chinese raised the question of whether they could be depended upon to play a major role in liquidating the Japs. And if Chinese armies could not be trained and equipped for the job, large numbers of Allied troops might be required in China.

The question of past and future performance of China's armies hinged on two problems that have plagued China through practically all of her war with Japan. The first was supply. The second was national unity, the lack of which has depleted China's strength as much as short supplies for her troops. A deficit of able leadership contributed to the ineffectiveness of Chinese armies.

China has been under almost complete blockade since October, 1938, when the Japs captured Canton. Thereafter, only some



Gen. Chiang Kai-shek



Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell



Ramp

Rescued PWs Came In With Many a Story

By Wade Jones
Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

St. Valery, FRANCE.

THE transient population has tapered off to a trickle now, but in its day Ramp Camp No. 1 at the old Lucky Strike staging area here was probably the screwiest installation of this entire war.

"Ramp" means "Recovered Allied Military Personnel"—another way of saying liberated prisoners of war from Germany. At the peak of its operation the camp handled 33,000 men a day with a population of more than 40,000 at one time.

These were the men who had been captured by the enemy, some as far back as the North African Campaign, and who had been shuttled across Germany from one Stalag to another until eventually freed by our columns slicing their way through The Fatherland. They arrived at St. Valery, 50 miles northeast of their embarkation port of Havre, in every conceivable combination of clothing and with stories as weird as the "uniforms" they wore.

The tale which topped them all was told by 1/Lt. Powell Moses, a B17 pilot from Georgia. It was told to him by another pilot PW in a camp somewhere south of Berlin.

"The pilot, co-pilot, bombardier and navigator all bailed out over enemy territory after the ship had been hit and badly damaged by flak. The intercom had been shot away and they had to yell back to the gunners the order to bail out. Then the men in the forward part of the ship went out through the front hatch. Before he jumped the pilot set his automatic pilot for straight, level flight. One wing dipped, however, which caused the fortress to fly in a flat circle, gradually losing altitude.

"The trouble was that the enlisted crew members didn't hear the bail-out order. They thought the pilot was circling for a crash landing and they stuck to their posts.

"After some minutes of flight the ship made a belly landing and the men crawled out.

"Then, and only then, did they realize that there had been no one at the controls—that they had been flying in a pilotless airplane which had landed itself."

THE men who cleared through Ramp Camp No. 1 came rolling in to St. Valery after air evacuation from Germany, in every possible combination of wearing apparel. One man—and they talked about him for days—was wearing a Russian fur hat, a sweat-shirt, a pair of GI trousers and wooden shoes with up-curved toes. Around his waist he had strapped a gaudy Nazi party ceremonial sword. Another had on a camouflaged German sniper's jacket, Air Force flying boots, dungarees and a white towel, wrapped around his head and neck.

The camp was supposed to be for American troops, but an occasional British officer or enlisted man, confused with the Americans during liberation or evacuation, turned up at Ramp No. 1. A lieutenant colonel of a British infantry outfit, had what was probably a record for prison time—four years in the last war and five in this.

Most of the men with unusual stories eventually wound up at the desk of 1/Lt. William Mallon, who was in charge of the camp's Information and Special Passes Bureau. He's still wondering about the case of one man who asked for a pass for the purpose of finding and adopting a Belgian baby. The man said he had been caught behind the German lines, in Belgium, and took refuge in a village where a Belgian family fed him and sheltered him from the Germans.

During a bombing raid, the house received a direct hit and everybody in it, except the American soldier and a tiny baby, was killed. The GI said he wrapped the baby in a blanket, took it to a neighboring house and then hid in a haystack himself. He was captured by the Germans a few days later. He asked Lt. Mallon for permission to go back to the village, find the baby and adopt it legally.



Post-War Query

What Does the Future Hold for the Pin-Up? A Careful Survey (Sic) Reveals All

By Roy Craft

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

A MINOR phenomenon of this war—and who can say that it has not contributed to victory in Europe or that it is not hastening the destruction of our Pacific enemy?—is that refined and highly specialized art form known as the Pin-Up.

An outgrowth of an era which featured only a sprinkling of Lillian Russells, the Pin-Up was later brought to maturity in cinema magazines and that gentlemen's style manual, Esquire. In World War II, the Pin-Ups—Alluring legs, bosoms, and exotic coiffures—have achieved their greatest and perhaps ultimate stature.

With a peculiar combination of forthrightness and affectionate good taste, they combine in their posture and setting the American ideal of Sweethearts Glorified. Many a husband and father who wouldn't get within ten feet of a babe while doing his military chores overseas, has been known to paper the inside of his footlocker with photographs of Alexis Smith.

A SURVEY of personnel in this theater, representing a cross-section of the Air Forces, Ground Forces and Service Forces and embracing all military grades, reveals that the boys go for Pin-Ups because (and this is significant) **THEY LIKE TO LOOK AT THEM!**

It may be assumed, then, that as long as men are overseas, the Pin-Up will flourish.

But what of its Post-War future? When this war is over and men are back in their own homes, will they continue to plaster their walls with pictures of Yvonne de Carlo (bottom center), Gloria de Haven (upper left) and/or Marjorie Riordan (legs at lower left) and expect the Little Woman to approve?

To answer this question, The Stars and Stripes asked its New York Bureau to get in touch with George Gallup, the public opinion man.

Across the nation, women were asked: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home will you permit him to clutter the house with Pin-Ups or will you insist that he confine his artistic bent to pictures of his wife, junior at the age of six months, the family reunion at Uncle Albert's and that old high school picture of himself as a second-string halfback?"

The replies:

	Pct
Yes	52
No	46
Undecided	2*

SOME confusion resulted from the survey when it was found that the question was phrased improperly and could be taken either way but the answer of one wife of an overseas veteran of three years and 115 points summed up the general attitude of the ladies:

"He damn well better not!"
What, then of the Pin-Up?
With Redeployment, Reassignment, Re-allocation and Realignment, will the Pin-Up have a Post-War future?

Under Category I, many Pin-Ups will follow the boys to the Pacific.

Under Category II, many will remain on the walls of billets with the Army of Occupation.

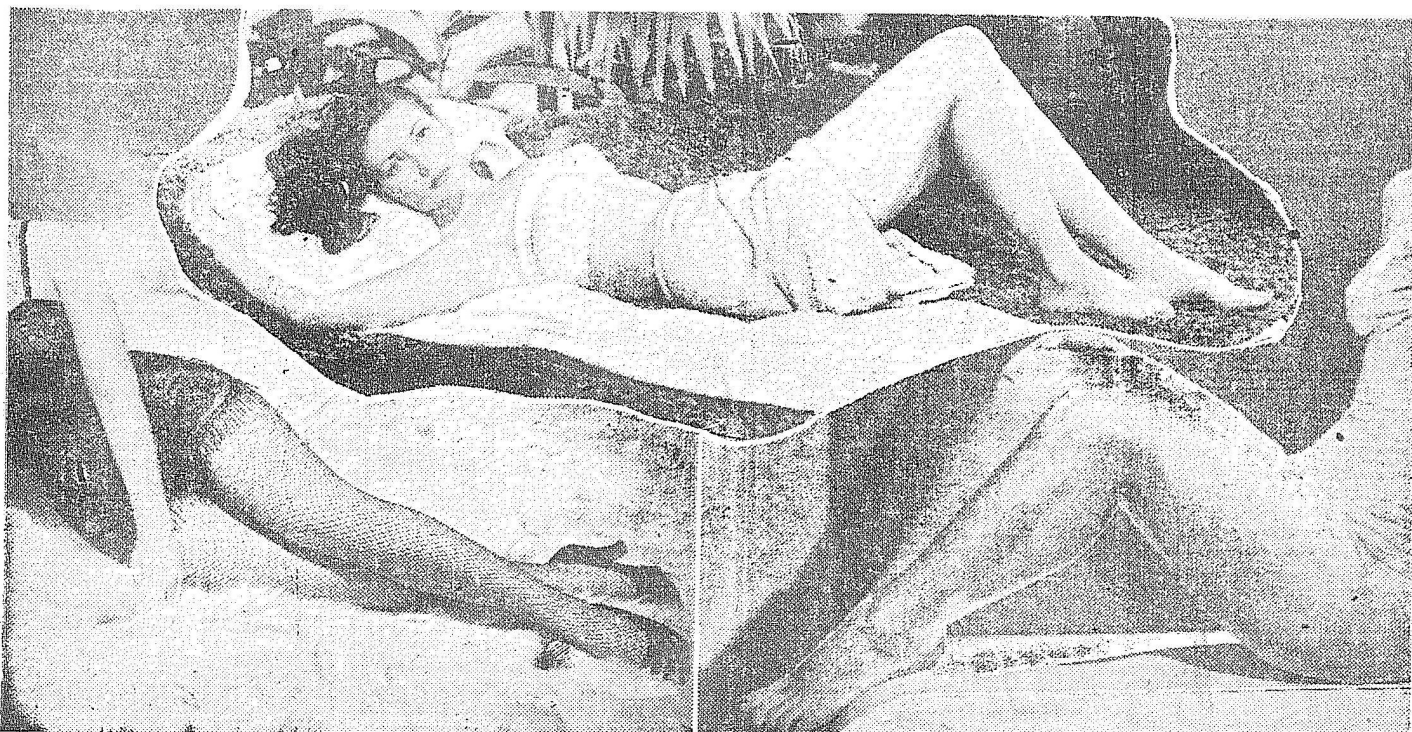
Under Category III, many will be deployed through the U.S. in barracks bags and footlockers and thence to Japan.

Under Category IV, those now in the possession of men returning home for final discharge, the Pin-Up is a cooked cutie.

It is not for nothing that America has the bravest soldiers and the smartest husbands.

And it is a safe bet that Pin-Ups, a phenomenon of World War II, will quietly slip back into the movie magazines and gentlemen's style manuals when the last shot has been fired.

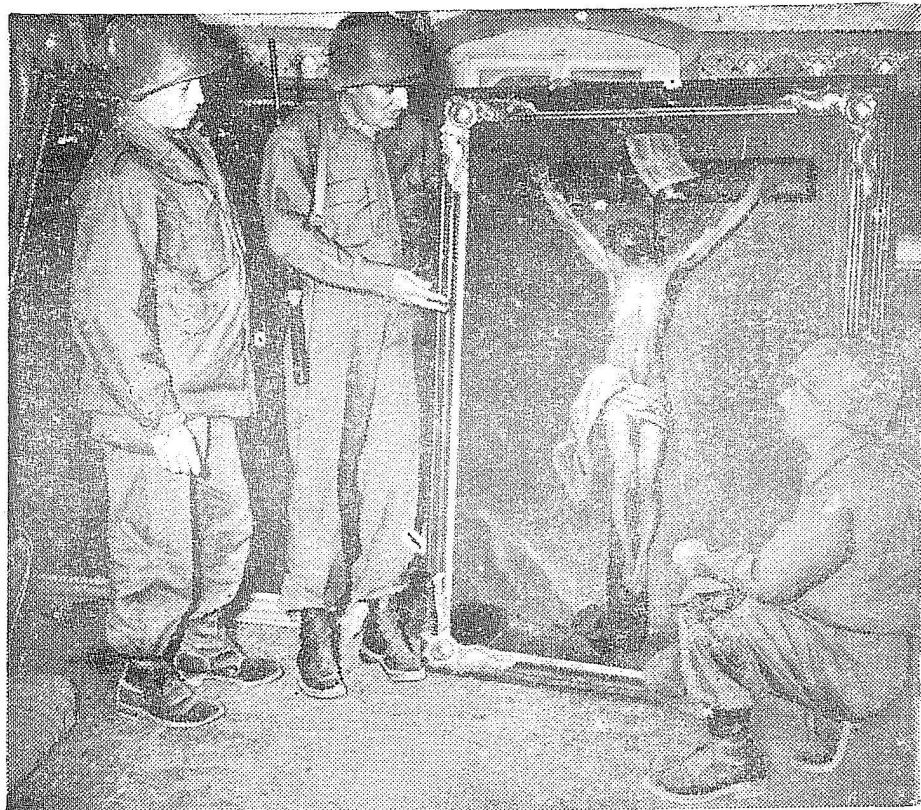
*Two of the ladies were hard of hearing and said they didn't want any.



THE STARS AND STRIPES Magazine

Printed at the N.Y. Herald Tribune plant, 21 Rue de Berri, Paris, for the U.S. armed forces, as a supplement to the daily newspaper, under the auspices of the Information and Education Division, ETOUSA. Tel.: Elysees 40-53, 41-49, Ext. 14. Contents passed by the U.S. Army and Navy censors. Entered as second-class matter, March 15, 1943, at the Post Office, New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1873.

Vol. 1, No. 1.



Cpl. Philip Katzke, Brooklyn, (left) and Pvt. Fred Sisk, Cynthania, La., look at part of a \$500,000 collection of art treasures found in a country farm house near Klein Kinderfeld, Germany. Collections came from the University of Wurzburg and the Wagner Museum in Wurzburg.

Treasure Trouble

Just to Sort and Identify German Art Loot Will Be a Task of Many Months

By Ralph Harwood

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

NOT since Napoleon's wholesale confiscations of fine art has war-scarred Europe undergone such a sacking as the Germans gave her. The number of Nazi loot caches containing cultural treasure or precious metals has mounted to nearly 600 discovered, and new finds are being reported almost daily.

SHAEP Military Government officials have no illusions as to the extent of their unfolding problem. Lt. Charles Kuhn, USNR, of the Monuments, Fine Arts and Archives Section, and before the war Assistant Professor of Fine Arts at Harvard University, has admitted that "it will be a long time before the whole business is straightened out."

The principal concern at present of SHAEP's art authorities, working under the direction of Lt. Col. Geoffrey E. Webb, peacetime Slade Professor of Art History at Cambridge University, England, is to make sure that the perishable treasures hidden by the Germans are not deteriorating in storage. Fortunately, most of them have been found well packed.

No accurate estimate can yet be made of the amount of fine art removed to Germany from the occupied countries of Europe, according to Lt. Kuhn. It is impossible to say which collections are German in origin, which are entirely loot, and which are mixed. Just to sort and identify the contents of the repositories opened so far will be a job of months.

SO FAR as restoring collections and individual pieces of art to their rightful owners is concerned, that is a task which will probably fall later to the Allied Control

Commission. Lt. Col. A. J. L. McDonnell, of the Australian Imperial Forces, who is attached to G-5, SHAEP Mission, France, believes that the picture is relatively bright in this respect.

"Almost all of the works taken by the Germans will find their way home eventually," he said. "And the permanent losses of art treasures will be less than anyone had a reasonable right to expect."

The highlight discovery to date in Germany has been Hermann Goering's collection. The cave beneath his hunting lodge near Berchtesgaden bulged with oils, tapestries, jewel-studded knickknacks and other objets d'art acquired since 1935 by his private agent, Walther Andreas (everything-was-legally-paid-for) Hofer.

Among the 1,200 paintings gathered by Goering were Van Gogh's "Sunflower" and "Bridge at Arles," and several Renoir works; Rembrandt's "An Elderly Amsterdam Gentleman" and the portrait of the artist's first wife; a number of Rubens pieces including the "Crucifixion" and "Bath of Diana"—Goering was especially fond of Rubens' portrayal of buxom femininity; "Madonnas" by Hans Memling and Andrea Del Sarto, the first a \$75,000 acquisition from the Rothschild gallery, and the "Duke of Richmond" by Van Dyck.

Almost as startling was the cache brought to light in the mountains of Northern Italy which contained loot from Italian collections. Here were scores of crates of works by Michaelangelo, Rembrandt, Raphael, Titian, Boucher and many lesser artists. Among the immortal pieces recovered were Raphael's "Donna Valetta" and "Cardinal Bibiena," and Rembrandt's "Old Man." Sculpture included Donatello's exquisite figure "San Giorgio."

What's New in Book World

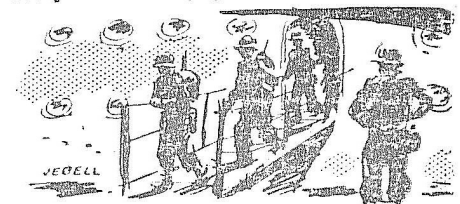
'The Best From Yank' Is a Tidy Anthology Of Magazine's Top Stories and Art

"THE BEST FROM YANK" (E. P. Dutton, \$3.50) is a new tidily-printed anthology, culled by the soldier-editors themselves from what they found good when they leafed through the back issues of their magazine. It is the first time that Yank, in any form, has been made available for sale to civilians, as well as GIs. It has no Pin-Up Girls. News from Home has been left out. There are only a few of Sgt. George Baker's "Sad Sack" cartoons. Otherwise, "The Best From Yank" contains most of what made the Army weekly liked by the men for whom it was published—the enlisted men of the U.S. Army.

It has more than 60 "war reports"—first-hand accounts of great and small battles and the great and small who fought them—told in soldier language by some of the best correspondents the war has produced, Yank's own EM staff. It is well illustrated by the sketches of a mature and honest artist, Sgt. Howard Brodie; by other sketches, with pictures by staff photographers, chief among them the late Sgt. John Bushemi. It is adorned with the cartoons—a few of them brilliant with crude, shrewd GI wisdom and laughter—which have been one of Yank's most popular features.

The book contains nearly 30 pieces of fiction and humor, contributed by staffers and guests—whimsical or biting or nostalgic short stories, a few of the Sad Sack series and Sgt. Ralph Stein's zany cartoons, essays, phantasy. Even Artie Greengroin, PFC—remember him?—has been dragged

from those that have literary permanence—timelessness, if you will—and perhaps every 20 or 30 pages you come across a



piece, like Sgt. Walter Bernstein's "The Gun" or Sgt. Mack Morriss' "My Old Outfit," which still have meaning. It's less generally true, too, of the short stories, most of which seem still to have some freshness about them. —Ernest Leiser.

"ON A NOTE OF TRIUMPH," by Norman Corwin (Simon & Schuster; \$1.50), was born a V-E Day radio play over CBS as a salute to victory in Europe. Hailed by critics and fans alike (CBS was deluged with letters) as a masterful hit, "Triumph" was rebroadcast continuously during victory week. Now the broadcast has made a graceful transition into the book world, maintaining its war atmosphere and effectiveness. Robert E. Sherwood called it an "eloquent, vigorous prayer for V-E Day," and John Mason Brown, in the Saturday Review of Literature, said "Triumph" was a "newsreel of words, of war emotions, battle reasons and peace hopes."

As a book, "Triumph" becomes several things in one: a good, heavy drama, a tribute to the armed forces, a poem of praise, a ballad of achievement. At times author Corwin lashes out bitterly at war and the system of war; he recalls the fighting in Spain, Czechoslovakia, Ethiopia. Then he lightens up with a note of hope, mingled with a note of tragedy: "... We've learned that freedom isn't something to be won and forgotten. It must be renewed, like soil after yielding good crops; it must be reworked like a faithful clock; exercised like a healthy muscle."



out of limbo. There are poems, mostly from "The Poet's Corner" and in "Mail Call" some of the best letters Yank has received. Five pages are devoted to "What's Your Problem?"

IT is a well-planned, skillfully made-up book, and, since it has the same combat accounts, stories and cartoons Yank had each week, it is hard at first to figure why, almost throughout, there is something lacking. But there is, and as you read through the combat stories you may have read before, you can figure what it is. There's a GI way of putting it—"This stuff is gettin' awful old."

The immediacy, the vital reality they had when they first appeared in the magazine seem to have vanished, disappeared in the mass of too-swiftly-passing events. If you were there, if you were with Merrill's Marauders, or in the mountains of Italy, or at Cherbourg, the stories will move you to recollection, if to nothing else. But if you weren't there, as you read each successive story you feel vaguely that you've just finished reading one like it, and that you've been reading others' like it for a long time—a very long time.

Perhaps it is an inevitable feeling, one that comes when the events of war are no longer new nor the way men react to them. Perhaps by now, all new combat stories are only the old ones, with new place names and the names of new men reacting in the old way.

This is not true of all the combat reports. Time has sifted the transiently good

"Coming Home" (Viking Press, \$2.75)—climbing fast to the top in best-selling fiction—is Lester Cohen's novel of a Marine who returns home from the wars. Actually three stories in one, "Coming Home" deals with corruption in city governments; with love; with an attempt to put into words the ideals, hopes and lessons learned by fighting generations. It becomes an attack on degenerate city governments. It is interesting, smoothly written, worth reading.

Erle Stanley Gardner's "The Case of the Gold Digger's Purse" (Morrow, \$2.00) is a fairly good Perry Mason yarn, but not top-flight Gardner writing. The situation and plot run close to the stock side: a man



is murdered, a beautiful girl is accused, Perry Mason arrives on the scene to solve the murder and win the girl's undying gratitude. It is carefully plotted—as are all of Gardner's stories—and the details are plausible and complete. —R. O. Jr.

"Tomorrow, the World!"

By John R. Fischetti



Desolation...

(Continued from Page 1)

right, you can see the white crosses of the cemetery at St. Laurent.

There are 3,600 Americans buried at St. Laurent. Among them there is no rank, no branch of service. Officers and enlisted men lie side by side, just as they died side by side. Some of the serial numbers indicate that the bodies underneath the earth were once men of the Navy. Scattered throughout the rows of white crosses are Stars of David. On 162 crosses the word "Unknown" is printed in neat black letters.

Most of the men buried here are from the 1st and 29th Divisions and the 2nd Ranger Battalion, but there are some from other units who were brought from as far south as St. Lô. More than 100 German prisoners are kept busy making gravel walks and working to keep the cemetery tidy. Closer to the sea and the beaches are six plots reserved for the 1,400 Germans buried there. There are no names on their crosses. There are only dog tags nailed to the backs.

NOT far from the cemetery is Airstrip T-2, the first airstrip built in Normandy. During the crucial days of the invasion it was busy all day long with transport planes ferrying the wounded to England and bringing back essential buck privates and three-star generals. It is now only a big bare field on the cliffs above the beaches.

On the road from Omaha to Utah Beach one of the first things you notice is that the telephone wires have been removed from the trees and ditches. The hedgerows are there, as they'll always be. But now, along the dusty lanes between the hedgerows where soldiers used to march toward the front, the cattle of Normandy have reclaimed their route. In the fields behind the hedgerows farmers are busy again with their crops, carefully marking the occasional signs which warn of mines. No one has yet estimated how many people, especially children, have been killed by the mines in these fields. But many more will die from the deadly seed.

Between Omaha and Utah Beaches is a bridge that never will be forgotten by the men who fought there, or the men who passed through the area—the bridge of Carentan. The bridge is still there, of course, and there are MPs directing traffic in the middle of the road on the Cherbourg side. And when you come into Carentan over the bridge you still have to detour around the town to the right. But the bridge isn't the same, and neither are the MPs. The bridge is peaceful now. There is almost as much civilian traffic as military.

But these MPs, with their white trimmings, aren't rear echelon commandos. They are combat veterans, who were returned to the rear for a rest. There is a paratrooper, a Ranger, a veteran of the 30th Division. . . . No, they aren't rear echelon commandos, no matter how smartly they wear leggings and gloves.

IN that shady lane along the river just outside Carentan, where the 101st Airborne waited to return to the UK for later jumps, there isn't a parachute to be seen. It's a lovers' lane now. Those twisting dirt roads which lead from the Carentan-Cherbourg highway to Utah Beach are in a fair state of repair now, but you can still see the red sticks which were stuck in the ditches to mark the roads when they were

Pétain Waits

By a Staff Writer

MARSHAL Henri Philippe Pétain, awaiting trial for treason to France, lives with his wife, under heavy guard, in two sparsely furnished rooms in one of three drab buildings at Fortress Montrouge, near Paris. One of the few people besides the watchful Gardes Républicains (brought in from the provinces especially for the job) who see him regularly is the driver of a truck which three times daily passes through the barbed wire barricade, bristling with MGs—to bring his food, prepared at Fresnes, 15 kilometers distant. The food is warmed-over in Pétain's room, bare of all decorations but a large painting of Gen. Charles de Gaulle. His lawyers see him almost daily and they hold animated discussions in the fortress yard. The only other visitors are the judges of the court, a priest who reads mass each morning, and two nuns who administer to the needs of Mme. Pétain. Fortress guards describe Pétain as precise. He looks sad but appears erect and military. A few of the guards refer to him with the old respect, "Le Maréchal." Most of them speak of him only as Pétain.



"...Even the cliffs have changed at Pointe du Hoc where the Rangers landed. The rain and the wind have changed their looks. They're smoother now and, if possible, steeper than before. . ."

Weeds Have Grown...

(Continued from Page 1)

under several feet of water following the German flooding.

The roads have names now—"Rowe Road," "Danel Road," "Hinkle Road," "Ole Road." In smaller letters below the names on the white signs you can see: "In honor of Pvt. J. T. Rowe, 531st Engineers, Killed in Action, 6 June, 1944" . . . "Pvt. S. Danel, 3207 QM Svc Co., Killed in Action, 9 June, 1944" . . . "1/Lt. R. A. Hinkle, 816th Amph. Truck Co., Killed in Action, 14 June, 1944" . . . "T/5 S. N. Olle, 531st Engineers, Killed in Action, 6 June, 1944."

A mile away from the beaches called Utah you can see the white granite monument erected "in proud memory of our dead" by the 1st Engineer Special Brigade.

Utah Beach is tidy. A number of landing craft and other smaller ships have been washed up high on the beaches, but they've been there so long they seem to belong. The ugly pillboxes have been tidied up, too, and they will serve as memorials to the men who captured them.

Home Again...

(Continued from Page 2)

very neat and trim. I told her so and she blushed a little. "It's all right," she said. "In fact, I am rather happy here—as long as it isn't raining, of course."

I felt that I owed her some explanation for my curiosity; so I told her as casually as I could that I had known the previous owners of the house.

"Not old private councillor Siebert?" she cried. "I used to be his secretary; that's how I happen to know the place."

"No," I said, "Siebert must have been after my time."

She looked at me askance. After a pause she said: "Don't try to tell me that you've been acquainted with the SS men who lived here before Siebert moved in?"

What SS men? I inquired. What was their business here?

"Why," she explained in a calm matter-of-fact manner, "they just took over the joint. Originally it belonged to a writer, but he didn't get along with the Nazis so he left the country or was sent to a concentration camp—I don't know what happened to him. In any case as soon as he was gone the house was occupied by the SS men and their girls."

Their girls? Had our home been used as a Nazi brothel?

"They tried to be patriotic, I suppose," she continued with a wry smile. "You know the propagation of the Nordic race and all that kind of thing. The Fuehrer wanted them to have babies from racially first-class guys. So they came here and did their duty with those picked fellows of the SS. They got their babies right here—it was all very hygienic. No brothel, if you please! Rather something like a baby factory."

She had spoken quite seriously; besides, she was not the type of girl that would try to pull jokes. I didn't know what to say. And for one reason or another I did not feel like asking any more questions. So I just mumbled that it was getting late and I had to take off.

"That's a pity," she said. "It was nice talking with you. Come again whenever you want to. It's almost like home here, you know."

the litter and mess that made it seem like home for three days is buried under the silt. If you dig around you can find a few rusty shells and a few tin cans. There's a K-ration box under one of those overhanging rocks and a rotted gas cape along the side of the cable where one of the rope ladders was attached.

Of all the rope ladders that went whooshing over the cliffs at H-Hour, trailing behind their rockets, only two are left. One is the fancy two-rope one that fell straight down from the command post to the beach where we took our 17 prisoners. The other dangles over the cliff just to the left of the point. The single rope ladders have all disappeared.

EVEN the cliffs have changed. The rain and the wind have changed their looks. They're smoother now and, if possible, even steeper than before.

That little field off to the left, where seven men were pinned down by snipers and machine-gunners, is all covered with grass. The corner of the hedgerow, where McKittrick got a bullet right through the helmet without getting a scratch himself, has been knocked about a bit, probably by some farmer who wants to put a gate through there.

"Doc" Block's "hospital," the air raid

shelter in front of the command post, is still there; it still has that musty smell from the mud and water inside. Right in the entranceway is a weatherbeaten sign with the words "Achtung Minen."

In a shell hole right in front of the hospital there's a ruined German ack-ack gun, and next to it there's a Jerry helmet, half-buried in the mud. Scattered about in other shell holes there are ammunition boxes, pieces of barbed wire and one or two broken rifles.

AS YOU come away from the point, heading toward the Vierville-Grandcamp road, you pass the entrances to the tunnels where the Jerries used to hide. And you can still see where the Jerry ammo dump was before Massney's gang sent it sky-high with bangalore torpedoes. And, of course, that dugout used by the Jerries for a P-X is still there, but like the tunnel entrances, you can hardly see it for weeds.

That's the way it is now. In another five or ten years it will probably look about the same, just a little smoother, a little more civilized.

It has been a long time. How do you measure that sort of time? Is it a year ago? Seven hundred miles ago? Or just 400 casualties ago?

Back in the States...

(Continued from Page 2)

from twenty to thirty cents a pound jar and oranges are eight pounds for fifty-seven cents. Milk is seventeen cents a quart, and bread is twelve cents a two-pound loaf.

Things like meat, fats and sugar are, of course, on points. Letters from home will have given you the hometown beefs about points and the lack of this and that.

There is little wrong in the clothes situation. Lower-priced articles are harder to get than previously, it is almost impossible to buy white shirts, and handkerchiefs are in short supply, but otherwise there is not going to be much trouble in getting that sharp outfit together. One thing, though. There are a lot of guys with discharges who aren't too happy at first when it comes to shedding ODs.

Kenneth W. Ensign, of Des Moines, says he can't get around to taking off ODs, because he just doesn't associate himself with civilians yet. Herb Schneider, of Washington, who got out last week and is now looking around for a business proposition, wears his broad-shouldered blue check sports coat, yellow shirt and gay tie uneasily as yet. "Made me feel funny to take that sergeant for all that dough in the crap game last night, me in my civilian clothes."

THE girls have some of their own clothing troubles, apart from around the stocking-girdle axis, especially during the sum-

mer. Cotton dresses which used to sell around eight to twelve bucks now cost up to twenty if she goes in for snappy numbers. But, to digress, whatever she pays, it's worth it. They still don't come any better than the American girl. When she smiles she shows good teeth. The sun glints in her well-brushed hair and when she walks down Main Street in those light summer dresses with that long loose-limbed walk she—well, you can remember what she does to you.

THE newspapers are still full of "help wanted" advertisements, although a lot of that big money has gone. But this kind of thing is still plentiful:

Men—no experience. Essential. 79c to 95c hour. Time and half over 40 hours. Free insurance, hospitalization, paid holidays and vacations. Steady. Post-war. Advancement.

There are some small farms going. A 74-acre farm at Old Taylor Hill, Montague, Mass., with 7-roomed house, 3 acres of alfalfa, 13 acres cherry trees, 35 acres tillable and 20 acres of timber is on the market for \$6,000, and at Stafford, Conn., there is a 75-acre fruit farm with house and cottage going for \$7,500. But probably those farms could do with a lick of paint.

In fact, the whole forty-eight states need renovating. But the frame is still as good as ever. Refurbishing the picture is going to have to wait until Honolulu is once again a vacation spot and points are things you score in bowling alleys.