

CHAINS AND PAINS

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Folden on the subject of GI's going to work: „By the time the 102nd gets home every employer will have learned you can't get any work out of a soldier.”

SAVED

The friendly frauiliens sometimes seem so bent on getting themselves a GI boyfriend, the confirmed non-fraternizer gives a sigh of relief when he has successfully eluded the passing girls. Earl Johnson's escapes have been close. As he was driving past a group of cheery frauiliens he sighed with relief. „It's a good thing I'm in a jeep instead of walking; they can't grab me and haul me into the wood.”

SOCASH

Socash ignored their news of discharge at 38. He went on with his tale of the house in which he was born. Yes, I heard you, he objected to their interruption. They insisted they weren't kidding- He could go home now. It wasn't a joke.

With that Socash looked around and saw the men weren't fooling. He didn't move from his position; only his eyes became distant and changed. In the same tones he had been using he spoke-but it was thinking out loud more than speaking.

„I oughta be able to make that hunting trip if I get out in 90 days. Me and my brother know just where to go — and that's when the season is on.” He wasn't sitting in the orderly room now; Socash had transported himself to the Pennsylvania woods he loved so much. As he kept talking the men under the spell of his imagery felt themselves moving. The ripple of mountain streams, the crackle of dry autumn leaves was more real than the orderly room in Plattling. With Socash they could dream their way out of the army-at least for short periods.

The GI goes home. He visits a neighbor's house. While waiting for her to come in he opens all the drawers in the cupboards and explores them for curios and valuables. This cupboard door is locked. A well placed kick, splinters the door. Yes that's where the babe keeps the liquor. She comes down stairs astonished by the rashing noise. „Hiya Babe”, says the GI sizing her up. „How about you and me sleeping together?”

And then he realizes h's not in Germany, this is America and this „Babe” is his sweetheart. His face turns red. He wants to run out of the house and hide.

Its just one of those post war problems not solved by the G I Bill of Rights.

The married man dug out his bottle of schnapps, „I'm going out with my girl,” he explained. 'I like to get drunk. Next morning I feel better about what I've done. I can blame it on drinking.”

Bee Co. Called Him „The PW.”

He was an oily little guy. It wasn't hard to understand how he'd kept out of the way of MPs during his amazing time AWOL. The guy had not only avoided Combat by de-

sertion, he had required the constant presence of a guard since they'd turned him over to the Company to await Court Martial; and the men who had to give up their time to guard him were the combat soldiers he'd walked out on.

They'd guarded him in tents and in chowlines and at last in hospitals while the Medics tried to cure him of gonorrhea and syphilis, they had to go on guard in the middle of the night-and miss free Sundays and evenings to guard the PW.

Thru it all the PW was friendly, chatty and sociable with his guards. He considered and treated them with respect — but as chums not guards. The guards, decent guys, ignored him as a person-he was just a dirty job and it was their turn to get it. What amused them was his colossal nerve. He would 'Buddy" you, bum cigarettes or money to buy cigarettes-he, the black market operator in stolen GI cigarette-rations while his guards were on the frontlines. Now he'd skipped away from the guard and he was gone. Some GI guard's diligence had wavered for a few minutes and the PW disappeared.

He was no damned good-and he'd be making trouble until some, firing squad or guard shot him. „The PW wouldn't be a worry if I'd caught him escaping” his former guards said to each other.

The soldiers in the last war returned to find the folks had saddled prohibition on the country. They were sore.

The GI's of the 1940's will return equally angry. A sure means for any candidate to get elected to congress will be: „Elect me! I'll find the man who wouldn't allow liquor to be sent to the GI's overseas while the civilians had it at home. I'll find him and have him hanged.”

„He'll get 10 out of 10 soldiers votes”, Connelly vowed.

ABLE CO. DOES IT AGAIN

From Plattling to Plattling in 48 hours. The saga of A Company's move is the story of the end of the war.

They found quarters in Passau where the next six months work was to begin. After two false starts, they moved. Eunks, furnishings and all. They made an home in Passau.

Came the dawn of victory! The 83rd took over Passau. Able Company was chased back to Plattling after only 48 hours in the Danube city. At least they were going back to the home they'd left. Dammit, they weren't. C Company had taken their home in Plattling. They sat on the grass waiting quarters to be designated. „We don't know where we're going or when. We don't wonder and we don't worry.” Boyd spoke for the men. After all the war was over: and, for a while anyway, they could take anything knowing home was near.

A slave of love: The Dp girl begged her American soldier boy friend; „Can I wear slacks tonight?” The other girls wore slacks; she couldn't see he why was so set against her wearing them.

„All right” he finally agreed. „Only they're lots of trouble to take off.”

Buddies who had the lowdown on each other started to compare notes on V-J day. „Up until last night, I knew kiently about you!” was the tactful way one promised to keep his silence now that home and wives were in the offing.

I and E program: „What course would you study, Ford?“
„I only want one course—the course westward!“

BITTY BITTY FRITZ

Postrosni and little bitty Fritz on an evening stroll: Puppy like, Fritz seizes a child's plaything and tussels with it. The sharp puppy teeth make a hole before Postrosni can return the inflated rubber cat to the child owner. „I'll fix it," he tells the kid as he tries to soothe her crying. Postrosni has a way with him—and the comforted child was soon playing with little bitty Fritz and the big American soldier.

The next day the dental section witnessed the repair of the inflated cat. Except for the gray patch on the red cat, it was good as new. „I told her I'd fix it," Postrosni shyly admitted.

Latest report from the German Black Marketter and Bootlegger of Passau (formerly of Brooklyn).

„The bootleg schnapps will begin coming in late in September —“

„Do they make it here in town?“ He was asked.

„Most of it comes from the hills over in Austria. Plenty of farmers got stills they work on the QT." The Brooklynized German dew the likeness so perfectly the GI's from Virginia and West Virginia felt homesick.

The visitor to H&S is always confronted by Chestnut. „Isn't this better food than you get in your company?“ Should the visitor answer mischievously and say H&S food is lousy, he'll never again get a decent serving from Chestnut.

So the visitor says it's good. Chestnut's face lights up with pleasure. „You should have been here yesterday. We had ice cream." Never is there anything good but he always says, „yesterday was' wonderful."

Comprone saw home coming closer. „I can't wait for my kids arms around me!" When I was last home and leaving, the kid said, „I'll see you next Sunday daddy."

„You're going to have a hard time of it when you start working for a living", Boney rags Barron as the prospect of civilian life draws attention to the obvious differences of the two worlds.

SCHIMPFEN DAS KIND

The German mother pushing the squirming child in the carriage hailed the GI's. Cornacchio went over to see what she wanted. He came back grinning. „She wanted me to threaten him if he didn't behave better. Remember how the policeman was used by mothers back home to scare children into being good. Over here it's the GI who's the bogey-man."

THE LAST WORD

Wheeler was having a spat with some guy in the messkit line. He not only disagreed but added the final phrase of scorn. „You talk like a man in the 327th Engineers.

„The war's over" said Barker, looking disgustedly at the sign frames he was making. „No, I don't mind the work: carpentry is pleasant but I don't want any more Army work."

Army — for most men still close to it, meant everything disagreeable. Twenty years from now, if other wars and soldiers are an example, these same men will be recalling their Army days as a happy period in their lives. But now „Army" is a word of scorn and distaste.

Maraldo and Toyzan each had half ownership in a size 38 pair of pants. Too big for either, they were hunting a fat boy and were going to make him a present. They settled on Muselak.

Muselak was pleased to receive the pants. Cigarettes? He'd already given away all his extra packs. How did they know he only smoked one pack a week?

Marolda and Toyzan turned away in disgust. „We was hurting for cigarettes—that's why we give him the pants."

Rollison could hardly believe the army was letting 38 years old out. „If they let me out now, I'll have time to get back and make a home for my kid. He's in the Army, and he'll want a home to return to when he gets his discharge."

TIME MARCHES ON

The cuckoo clock was ticking like hell. Someone had hung a few extra weights on the chain. „If all the chocks worked like this, we'd be home in no time." Zarro commented.

Clary laid hold of the weights and yanked. The hands started spinning at a furious rate. Why couldn't time pass that fast, his action said.

Bruce was eyeing the ripening tomatoes in the Garden. The Sgt nearby was about to speak but Bruce beat him to it.

„I was standing here yesterday looking at those tomatoes", Bruce declaimed, „and a rabbit comes up and starts filling his little belly on carrots—So another rabbit comes over and tells him, 'Hey, Buddy! You're off Limits!' "

Satisfied the Sgt moved on.

Three GI's finishing supper pushed away their mess kits and began to while away the minutes waiting for the mess kit line to shorten. They were making talk. Soucie was amused. „If you see three GI's, they're talking about women," he ironically commented on their choice of the subject. „If you see two GI's, that's what their talking about too," the next guy said.

„If its one GI, he's thinking about women —" Benzing volunteered. „Or else he's looking at it!" said Starkey.

Will a soldier want to work?

„If I have to work when I get out, I'll damn well starve", said Terry facing the tought.

Second Performance in Plattling

The little babe was quiet, but the men who'd been in the nightclub on the previous evening explained that was deceiving. She was sitting calmly, tolerating a GI arm around her shoulder, and listening to the music. Bit by bit, she began to show signs of waking up. Her shoulder began to twitch in time to the hot music. She began sliding back and forth on the seat of her chair. Now she felt the music! She stood up, her shoulders, arms and hips waving in rhythm.

They led her to the stage. They had been waiting for this and she knew it. Her rhythmic gestures were a disguise. It was soon apparent she wasn't dancing. She had no conception of the dance. The music released in her a flood of sexual energy and animalism. She felt it more and more. Her body enacted the craving and gluttony of uncontrolled sexual appetite. The crescendo of belly rolling and thumping no longer pretended to keep time to the music. The men were standing on the chairs and in the windows not enjoying it, yet spellbound by the call to lust. The phonograph operator managed to play the record three times without a perceptible break in the music. Her frenzy was savage — „She's going to blow her top soon", the GI's were sure. She didn't. Someone stopped the music. They led her back to her table. It was a cool evening, but the smell of sweating bodies filled the night club.

„Maybe the 102d will be occupation troops", some guy suggested. Toland swung his arms in despair.

That's when they take all the ammunition away, so you can't shoot yourself.

The good old 102d. It's still too close to romanticize over it but one guy, Guiffre, demonstrated a loyalty that appaled his listeners — „I've been with the 102d so long, regardless of points, I want to stay and go home with it".

COME TO OLD SETTLERS WEEK ! ! ! ! ! CORN
ROAST, WATERMELONS, ICE CREAM, FREE PARKING,
A GOOD OLD HOME TOWN FAIR — BRING THE WIVES
AND KIDDIES ! ! ! ! !

The Placards were posted all over Passau. Some GI had rec'd them from his folks at home and was putting the home touch on German streets.

The response was not happy. „They ought to take him out und shoot him“, said the lonesome GI to whom such a picture was Torture.

When Lt McGhie caught some of the men missing reveille and ordered their names taken, the GI's Saw 6x6's staring at them. „The war's over now“, one guilty absentee spoke. „A 4x4 is big enough for any punishment“.

The Educational Program. Attitudes varied. Wesloskey hooted: „I want the true facts. Anybody can put anything in a book. How do you know whether it's right or not?“ Teaching by books was out.

MEMORIES

Down the street passed a well dressed man carrying a brief case. The GI stared because the man had a soft cap made out of that striped blue and gray cloth he'd seen on disintergrating bodies in Gardelegen. This cap was as new and clean as the wearer's other carefully groomed clothes. As the GI looked, the smell of burnt rotting flesh — the reek of Gardelegen-came back and hit him. It didn't leave him until the new clean striped cap was out of sight.

That blue and grayclo th would always symbolize horrible death.

THE AMERICAN WAY

That's why we fought the war, for the American Way! And the American way is „make everything electrical.“ „It's a dirty trick“. De Sylva's usually happy face had a frown. De Sylva had worked as hard for this victory as any GI — and had a Purple Heart and Private's Bronze Star to prove it. What had DeSylva to return to?

This American Electrical Way was now threatening to ruin his business completely. Icemen shouldn't have been made to fight for an electric refrigerated world. DeSylva was an Iceman!

The squarely built GI wasn't sure whether to be amused or apologetic „When the non-fraternizing ban was broken, my wife wrote she read in the paper how the German girls came up while the GI's were on guard — all dressed in short skirts — and did a strip tease before the guards. And then she wrote me „I know you wouldn't look.“

„Well here's my girl's house.“ He separated from the group. „See you in the morning.“

McKinley won Thrity Bucks betting on the day war would be over with Japan. He bet hith Barker, Burke and some other guy. They were sure McKinley was off the beam saying the Japs would quit so soon. But when the end came and it was time to pay off, no GI's ever paid a bet more contentedly. „It's worth it“, said Barker as he shelled out ten dollars and beamed at the thought of peace.

What will Pacific occupation forces be like? Will the Americans find the Iapanese a quaint picturesque people? Will their tidy gardens, their industrious people, their smiling friendliness win the hearts of the GI's as the Nazis have already won the hearts of their GI Conquerors?

For an ETO GI, friendly fraternization with the Japs, then praise for them, would be the accompaniment of occupation.

But Leong, the Chinese American GI from St Louis, with his ancestral country the victim of Jap ravaging, is sure the Chinese won't forget and hold hands with their defeated enemies.

If America is ever in the position of being knocked out and under the heel of a conqueror, her soldiers will understand why it's not easy to forget the evil sides of clean, smiling, industrious home loving Japs and Germans.

In the days before the GI's could maneuver the Heinie Language Erisman with his flunet German had the edge on dating.

Now in Plattling, he was moaning. „I can't get dates.“ He laid it to the Medics using him as a go-between when they picked up women for medical inspection. Now the young women avoid him with, „you'll turn me in to the hospital“. And no amount of protesting will convince them that he doesn't mix business with pleasure.

Diehl couldn't get any satisfaction out of Yokavonis. Yoke protested that First Sgts. weren't responsible for everything.

„Remind me to fire you when we get back to the States. You don't run this job the way I think it should be done.“ Diehl criticized his First Sgt. and left .

You can't allow Diehl to run the Army his way — but he goes on giving orders to Sergeants and officers anyway. And Diehl's company wouldn't be a bad one either. The guy is a stickler for fairness.

Lt Schpolsky has it all figured out. He hasn't a girl waiting forh im so he's not impatient about his discharge. But he's rooting for the early release of his brother. This brother has ag irl all picked out.

Greater love has no man, than to stay in the Army so his brother can get out.

„Did you find a good site for the beer joint?“ Lt McGhie asked Cutler.

„Just perfect“, Cutler described, it glowingly. „It's right down this street and there's very little traffic. They got the whole street to stagger in on the way home.“