As We See It

By DAN PATRICK

Now that a great many veterans are home from the wars, we all have had extensive opportunity to appraise them and weigh the possible effects of military service on their personalities in general and their outlook on life in particular.

It is impossible to outline a general pattern into which all veterans will fit. There are too many distinct individuals and too many varied courses of war they have followed. Roughly we can divide most of them into three distinct categories.

First, there's the combat veteran. Rows of brilliant ribbons studded with bronze, silver and sometimes gold stars attest to his valor on the far flung fields of battle.

He has seen war in the rough. He has, in some cases, killed. He has seen blood flow and he has fought for survival in the bitter struggle which knows but one rule: kill or be killed.

If you press him, he may tell you the story behind those ribbons and stars. But he isn't very voluble. He's content to thank God that the bloody mess is over and he got out alive.

We know one kid who fought in that first terrible encounter at Guadalcanal. He took the air against the flower of the Jap sky fleet and his beribboned tunic tells the silent story that he won't amplify. His folks never knew he helped sink two Jap cruisers until the citation came through from Admiral Nimitz.

No, he doesn't want to talk about the war. At present he is interested in going to college. He wants to be a public accountant. Yet, he is one of the kids we have been warned will add to our post war crime problems. We don't think so. He's seen his full of blood and thunder. He wants to swap his gun and knife for a pen and pencil.

Our combat veteran is in the minority when we consider that eight of nine men in service are of the "behind-the-lines" variety, according to military authorities.

Some of the latter type never got too enthused over the war. They went in via their draft boards without any fuss and settled down to do the thousand and one jobs assigned them.

One of their greatest trials was absence from home and service in foreign lands for one, two, three and even more years. They're back now and glad of it. They shed their uniforms as soon as they can round up civilian togs. They're anxious to get back to the prosaic existence from which war uprooted them. Soldiering to them was almost a necessary evil. They tolerated it and now that it's over they're content to sink back into the prosaic anonymity of civilian life.

Then there are those who seldom — if ever — heard a shot fired but have cottoned hugely to the idea of keeping their military titles through civilian life.

Their future mission in this world seems to be to impress us with what they've done and how lucky it was for us to have them in a certain place at a certain time. Why, they almost infer, that the war would have been lost had this country not had the "advantages" of their service.

Unfortunately for the services they represent, many of these men are officers, not dissimilar to the 90-day wonders of the First World War.

They simply love to regale you about the "invasions" in which they participated. Of course, they tell you they were at Guadalcanal but don't mention that it was weeks and even months after the Japs there had been evacuated.

They will shed Tokyo and Yokohama as though they had to fight their way ashore. They were on the beaches of Normandy on D-Day — plus 30.

Some of them even have learned enough on the internal politics of the various countries they have visited. Their stay may have been a matter of months, weeks or even days but they are — and still continue to be until someone calls their bluff — real authorities on the lands they have invaded."

The best out of they have picked their return ticket is the indignation the vast majority of returning who have done a real job, are glad to be home and don't want to talk war.

Nor are these self-appointed spokesmen for the "chairborne infantry" giving the public a real chance to hear the most illustrious actions of the war — those preached by the silent men who have fallen in battle.

If we are to have the enduring peace we must

Washington

Banking Aid for Italy U. S. Stakes in Orient;

By Tom Rogers

Washington — General Hurley's blast was no surprise to anyone who has been following the left-wing press in this country for the past six months.

Hurley, while not the best diplomat in the world, is a straightforward American. He is independently wealthy of any government salary attractions and is used to speaking his mind.

Four months ago, J. B. Powell, editor of the now revived Shanghai Weekly Review, told this reporter:

"The Communist effort in China is always pleased fair and supported from the Communists in the United States. Officially, Moscow is out of this.

And last week, the same magazine that has praised Harold Laski's opinion service ads of out-and-out anti-Catholic propaganda, attacked Hurley . . . started a smear campaign against heroic little J. B. Powell, the most courageous enemy the Japs, the Russians, and the Communists of Empire had in the Orient.

General Romulo's words to the writer a few hours before V-J announcement come back repeatedly:

"America is playing for big stakes in the Orient . . . the biggest in history. She must not fail."

Despite the internecine squabble around the world, there will be additional arguments marshalled against the consumption of youth. Many think that John Chamberlain's criticism of General Marshall's report will be used by some of the papers and some of the writers who are opposed to Chamberlain's opinions in the form of a million dollar contract will be on the market by the time you read this. It's in the December issue of Harper's magazine.

Bowing to the publishing powers, already, editorial Americanism magazine, a monthly, ran out an article glorifying the Nazi

It couldn't be true! Forty-seven states reduced their debts last year. And Nevada, the 49th, is now debt-free!

Biggest behind the scenes worker in Italy is an American banker!

'Regardless of which regime comes out on top in the present scramble for power in that country, the country will still need credit.

Ready to advance credit . . . to a strong government able to prevent rioting . . ." is Attilio Peter Giannini of San Francisco, head of California's Bank of America. I'm not sure but I think it is the largest single, unaffiliated bank in the country, built on the savings of the Italians and Swiss of the west coast and brought into international finance by the genius of the Gianninis.

Needless to say, Togliatti, the Italian Communist leader, is finding his resources nothing to attract interested parties from Giannini's loans. Nenni, the Socialist, is equally nettled. Giannini says nothing; waits.

Briefly Noted—Britain's action against American transatlantic lines was badly timed. (We were making five flights a week on one line, cut fares nearly 20%).

Britain has neither the planes, the ability, nor the know-how to match us in a free-trade competitive market. Our fares are not subsidized — and yet we are flying more cheaply and with greater comfort (and profit) than they can. Or anyone else. But they'll work alike.

Personal reflections — There has been a lot of talk about Communist sympathizers in the State Department. We've had them in all the other departments, as it should be no surprise to find them here.

But the damage they can do is greater here.

You can serve all the Ivy League degrees in the world at this writer (I went to a Jesuit college myself), you can have a dozen Ph D's (which one understands are valueless), you can be a member of Phi Beta Kappa, but if you haven't got a [illegible] you haven't got a [illegible] you haven't got a [illegible]