

marks (eighty cents). If half-burned, its value is reduced but considerable: one mark or ten cents. The smallest *stummel* is worth 30 pfennigs or three cents.

In Berlin particularly the business of collecting and processing these butts is organized. As *Variety* might put it: BERLIN BUTT BIZ BUZZES. School children, working after class, go around the streets collecting butts for their parents or for the combine for which they work. These combines of children work for a single adult, who pays each child for each butt, and then keeps his own family busy stripping the paper from the cigarets so that he can resell the residual tobacco. Children will sometimes follow a soldier smoking a cigaret for blocks in the hope that they can be in on the discard. The most favored collectors, however, are not children or even subway employees (who sweep the tracks and platforms for butts), but the waiters in cafés frequented by Allied troops. A study, seriously made at several cafés on the Kurfürstendamm, revealed that no ash tray containing a butt remained on a table for more than forty-five seconds before the waiter scooped it up. Waiters in the Café Weinz averaged seventy to one hundred butts—roughly an extra \$5 daily. Sometimes the operators, for whom the waiters work, resell the tobacco by the can. A single small can costs up to 120 marks (twelve dollars). One Berlin *stummelmann*, shrewder than the rest, got even higher prices for a time by pasting labels on the cans. The labels read: "Imported American Tobacco."

Bach covered Europe for Army Talks - op 22
Army magazine for psi. & military subjects
distributed to troops in the ETO.

5
GIs Between the Sheets

FRATERNIZATION is strictly a matter of sex. An American with a German woman is with her because she is a woman, not because she is a German. It is possible, as the years pass and as troops who never saw the war are sent overseas, that German women may influence the attitudes of our men. But anyone who has seen American soldiers overseas on "dates" will doubt it. There is certainly no evidence that the deep, instinctive nationalism of the American soldier has been whittled down an inch, or that his social and political beliefs have moved a notch since he started going out with the "furlines." If and when a "furline" shoots off a conversational barrage against "the dirty Poles, barbaric Russians and the Versailles *diktat*," the American can be counted on, not to argue (which perhaps he should), but to grab his cap and take off in the direction of a sexier miss.

Before Fraternization, there was, of course, Non-Fraternization, just as before Eve, there was Adam. But everyone knows what happened when they met. Similar

collisions of two bodies, with but one thought, occurred throughout Germany last spring when the American fighting man and the German Fraulein met. Troops, who have the knack for calling a spade a spade, promptly called Non-Fraternization, "non-fertilization." Surely it is necessary to go back to Prohibition to find a law so flagrantly violated and so rarely enforced. Too many people, who mean well, but live normal lives and have never been away from their wives or husbands or families or sweethearts or friends for more than a week, fail to understand that soldiering and "making love" go hand in glove, not because men become brutes when they soldier, but because they become lonely in Iceland, and bored in France, and sick of talking to other men in New Guinea, and eating with other men in Italy, and seeing other men in Belgium and living with other men everywhere else all the rest of the time. There is one feature that distinguishes armies from all other human institutions: they are the world's largest organizations of men. (Even the presence of Wacs did not change this, as more men than ever were under arms.) As a result, an extraordinary premium is placed upon escaping from this smoking-car atmosphere, and enjoying the companionship of women. This was especially true overseas: A soldier could never be sure just when he would have another chance to see or talk to or touch a woman.

In so far as the American male is supremely attracted by (and attractive to) women, there is an amusing paradox about the loud bleat that arose last spring and summer about the GIs and the "furlines." If the American man is "woman-crazy," it is the American girl who has made him so. That is the funny part about it. In no other

culture have women demanded so much attention and respect, tried so hard to make men conscious of their wishes, or entered every phase of their men's lives—business, sport, gambling, drinking—to so great an extent. It is the American male who is taught as a child to dance (not like a Russian Cossack with other men), but always with women. It is the American schoolboy who is conditioned to "date" (not the English schoolboy who "goes to the flicks"—with other English schoolboys). It is in America, not Europe, where co-education reaches a peak. It is in America, not Europe, that the tradition is strongest for having a "Saturday-night dance" and a "Sunday-morning hangover." To expect, then, that the male American should lose interest in women as women when he is suddenly transplanted to foreign soil, is the same as expecting a very amorous tomcat to keep quiet at night.

By the time American men met up with German women, many had successively sampled the wares of English, French and Belgian girls. Even during combat in Germany, some slight "love-making" went on. There were cases—not many, to be sure, but enough to bear mention—of riflemen or artillerymen who would sneak off during a quiet night and find a Fraulein, before sneaking back to resume battle the next morning. When VE Day came, the combat men, having lacked dates, wanted to sample what they had missed. The rear echelon men, having "dated" already, wanted to continue out of habit. By banning Yankee-Kraut dalliances, the "furlines" became forbidden fruit, thus making them in the minds of many men all the tastier.

To have enforced Non-Fraternization, a considerable

percentage of soldiers would have had to be locked up, not at night, but by early afternoon. In some units the prohibition was rigidly enforced. In others it was enforced for a time. In others it was winked at from the start. It is difficult to generalize about huge armies. As some officers themselves had girls, they were not anxious to enforce a policy which most of them also believed ill-advised and unenforceable. Officers were like the cops during Prohibition, some of whom drank, some of whom turned their backs, while others made arrests. Men who felt like fraternizing simply wandered down the roads to the parks or fields where German girls, with that same certain feeling, waited for them in the tall grass.

Elsewhere more ingenuity had to be devised to circumvent existing regulations. Displaced Persons, who were present in great numbers at that time, unwittingly provided the solution for GIs with the same inventiveness of mind that, turned to other problems, gave the world the phonograph, the movie, the skyscraper, the atom bomb (and won the war). As the DPs naturally did not wish to be mistaken for Germans, they were given brassards so that they could distinguish themselves. These brassards provided the men with the subterfuge for which they were looking. Shortly soldiers were taking out Russian and Polish girl DPs in great droves, giving them cigarets or candy, and in exchange removing their brassards. The soldier would then look up his real date for the evening—a German girl—and, slipping the brassard up her arm, walk off with her, wherever he pleased.

Where Non-Fraternization wasn't violated out of existence, it was spoofed to death. Like Prohibition, it became

an immense and sordid joke. One Ack-Ack-battalion led the way with this sign, placed on the douche bowl of the house its headquarters occupied: "Due to lack of use, this gadget's mission has been changed: This water is for *Shaving Only*. By Order of the CO."

The most damaging aspect of the whole mess (I cannot think of a more accurate word) was that the Germans were presented with the spectacle of an army unwilling or unable to enforce its own rules. This was not, however, a purely American fault. I was in the British and French Zones a good deal during this period, and, as most British and French soldiers will, I think, agree, Fraternization went on between them and the Frauleins to an observable extent, although not as much as with our men. The Russians, never having tried to defy the gravity of sex in the first place, circulated with the girls in their Zone at will.

Non-Fraternization was strictly a "Brass-Hat" idea, made necessary by the intensity of public opinion in Britain and the U.S. A great deal can be said for and against it as an idea. It may have been a good idea, but as a policy it was poor politics. There is sometimes a vast difference between good ideas and good policies. The cornerstone of policy is that policy should work. On this basis, Non-Fraternization was poor politics. Considering the background of the American fighting man, it never had a chance of working. It was a tribute neither to the wisdom of the "home-front" nor to the integrity of the "battle-front." The final hypocrisy—not lost to the Germans—was the appearance in large communities and at all headquarters of neat Prophylaxis Station signs at a time when intercourse of any sort was banned.