Clearing the wreckage from the streets is a slow job. There is not enough transport to haul it all away.

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TANK

Vienna—When advance elements of our occu-
pation troops entered this sadly battered city, everyone flocked athwart the streets, women, men, and song poured out into the great boulevards to stop us, not as conquerors but as their own heroes and friends. "They climbed all over our jeeps and trucks," the GIs in that first convoy said. "They hug every man and girl kissed us, just as in Rome and Paris. Whenever we stopped a crowd immediately gath-
ered around each man to welcome him. They would tell you how glad they were to see you, how much they admired ideas and how they had always hated Nazis."

The Viennese couldn't shoo the GIs with wine, flowers and fruit, as the French did, because the city is out of almost everything. But French-
gave the Americans what they could. "I never saw anything like it," said a sergeant who had been among those men selected from the de-activated 15th Army Group Headquarters to make up the new United States Forces for Austria. "The Viennese do not charge us for stuff we had in Italy. These Austrian girls are nice to you out of friendliness. You take them to a café to buy them coffee and they are quite happy. If, after you take them home, you like to give them some little things—cigarettes, for instance, why, you're a big-time Joe."

Naturally Americans are taking advantage of these opportunities. The 4th Army, a force of perhaps 150,000 men, is a bit wary of this enthusiastic welcome. Of the city's 1.5 million people, one-fourth has been drafted by the forty-sixth is said to have totalled 700,000. "Some of them cheered Hitler like this when he marched into Vienna," a GI said, "and that makes the French army nervous.

The situation in Austria may seem to be a bit unusual to few Americans, but you have to understand that there are a lot of different cultures here. It is a cultural divide that has been going on for centuries. Vienna is a city with a rich heritage and a long history. It has been a center of art and music, and it has been home to some of the greatest composers and composers. It is a city that is rich in history and tradition, and it is a city that is rich in culture.

In any case, the Russian command soon ended the war, and the Red Army has been supply-
ing food for the city ever since. The city is still far from being liberated, but the Russian soldiers are helpful, and they are trying to pay the most extravagant prices paid in any country in Europe except Greece.

The Kärntnerplatz near the Opera House there is b bustle black market. Every day several thou-
sand Viennese can be seen milling about the big square, offering their personal possessions for sale to the American soldiers. And the prices are hug-
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Any article small enough to be carried in the pocket or a shopping bag is likely to change hands. The GI who buys a watch can often buy a cigarette lighter, a foun-
tain pen, $500 for a cigarette lighter. They buy up cheap jewelry, pen-knives, handkerchiefs, sun glasses. Russian girls go for cotton underwear and stockings, also cloth by the yard.

Some of our guys found a windfall in Trenchard...
Vienna was poor before the war, but now it is poorer.

W hen our troops entered Vienna they saw that one of the most beautiful cities in the world had been shattered by 22,000 tons of bombs which our planes had dropped on her. The fighting in which Red Army men captured the place in April and by fire the SS set in retreatting. The greater part of the city was burned; most women and old men; the prevalent population of 2,000,000 people. The buildings had been hit, but the people were still living in the usable parts of the wrecked structure. There was no civil service except for milse and the piles only traffic was military.

The most famous and romantic reconstruction is the 

Prother famous amusement and sports park, where SS troops made a last stand for them. The old Danube river with its shores was wakened. In this and all the other parks and squares in Vienna today are the graves of Red Army men. Their names are recorded on the huge bronze-and-marble monument to the Red Army is going up in Schottenkurt Garten; it looks mighty permanent.

We men found no souvenirs to buy. In any case, the authorities forbid all troops to purchase anything except drinks—and there were scarcely any drinks. Outside of the black market there were few stores to be found in Vienna today. On boarded-up shop fronts are pinned handwritten notices that the store is closed 'for the benefit of the soldier.' Only a few shops are open, and those only for perhaps three or four hours a day.

The Viennese have been under nourished for years, and they look it now. They close to starvation. The shelves of butcher shops and bakeries are empty. Delicatessens may have a few things, but the daily sales are few. Full roll rations for a worker is 10 cents of meat, 1 ounce of potatoes, 1 ounce of sugar. Non-workers get even less.

The schools have been shut for at least a month because of malnutrition and disease among the pupils. Viennese get an average of 900 calories contrasted with the 2,000 required daily for health. The reasons for the food shortage are lack of trans-
GLs are popular with civilians, but the capital of Austria is a far cry today from its storied past of gaiety, love and song.

This is one of the surviving cafes, once the center of Viennese culture. Always sold out, proprietors will always make room for one of their favorite clients.

The Cafe Victoria on Schottenring, not far from the headquarters-company billet and a typical Viennese coffee house, sits on a GI hangout right away. The clientele is quite cosmopolitan, and it is a different clientele than you meet not only American, British and Russian soldiers but Czechs, Yugoslavs, Poles, Greeks and Dutch civilians in addition to the Americans. While the foreign civilians there are displaced persons of some kind, awaiting shipment home. The place is full of people sitting at small tables. Admission is five shillings, or 10 at 10 shillings, and a good deal goes on first for about an hour and a half—singers and dancers and native comedians GLs can't understand.

Then the older folk in the audience leave, and the remaining customers take over for dancing. The floor is so jam-packed with couples that it is impossible to do much more than wiggle in rhythm. The air is as hot and smoky as any jive joint in Chicago or Memphis.

As the music is almost as goovy as American jazz, although it's funny to hear hot licks sung in German. "St. Louis Blues" gets the crowd jump- ing, and everybody joins in "Hold that tiger!" Our GLs wonder what's become of the Blue Danube and "Merry Widow" waltzes. In their first weeks in Vienna they heard plenty of American jazz, but they cannot get it here.

About the Viennese females there are two schools of thought. One group prefers them to Italian girls because "they keep themselves cleaner, are better dressed and can speak English," while others say there are more pretty chicks in Italy and the signorinas is a hotter number, too. Some of the American GI's prefer the brown-haired and blonde. She looks a little worn, and a scarcity of make-up doesn't help. Lipstick or even face powder on the girls is a rare sight.

Regulations allow American troops to fraternize only in public places, which means you can't go home with a girl. But during the first few weeks there were scarcely any of our MPs in town, so nobody knew the difference. All the cafes and theaters close in the shank of the evening. 8:30 Vienna time or 10:30 Allied time, which is curfew for civilians. Military personnel may stay out until midnight our time. So far every place is on limits to everybody. Enlisted men are free to go anywhere in the city without pass whenever they're on duty.

During the first weeks we were in Vienna there wasn't much else to do except hang around the cafes and date fraules. The Army took over a great many of the winos, who pool in Bad Neuwiedhage in the hills a short way out of town, but August is the rainy season and you can't swim every day. The clubs and theabove the clubs, later, like those in Rome. Vienna after dark isn't recommended for sightseeing, so the streets are dim and deserted, and our men are cautioned against wandering about at night. The air is not filled as formerly with the melodies of Mozart, Schubert, Haydn, Beethoven and Lehar: From the Russian bill you may hear an accordion playing—of all things—"Beer Barrel Polka."

The nineteenth century Rathaus, or town hall, was hardly damaged.