

Bad Boy Bounces Back

BY ARTHUR MANN

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

Ben Chapman, who never dodged a fight, believes that circumstances ganged up on him in the past. Now he's back in the big leagues as a newly discovered pitcher, but he's keeping his fingers crossed—just for luck

As a member of the Boston Red Sox, he was accused of being chronically unmanageable. From Chicago came stories that he couldn't get along with Jimmy Dykes. He was released by Washington because Clark Griffith "couldn't afford" to pay his \$13,000 salary, and on top of that came rumors that he was going blind. In Cleveland he was called head rebel in the celebrated "Cry Baby" protest against the voluble manager, Oscar Vitt. As a New York Yankee, the newspapers called him a clubhouse lawyer, and the headline castigation, "Hitler Chapman, Jew Hater," aroused 15,000 indignant petition signers into handing an ultimatum to the Stadium management: Get rid of Ben Chapman, or suffer a racial boycott of Yankee ball games.

Despite all this, plus being barred from organized baseball during 1943 for punching a minor-league umpire, Chapman is back in the majors, and with a new-found pitching skill added to his all-around ability. Five big-league clubs recently fought to purchase his contract from Richmond, Va., where he had won 16 and lost 6 by early August. Ironically enough, one of the highest bids came from the New York Yankees, who regarded Chapman's Class B pitching as better than anything being performed in their farm-club system.

Sold to Brooklyn for \$25,000 and two young pitchers, Chapman pitched a ball game at Ebbets Field the next night after joining the "Bums," and scored a signal victory over the Boston Braves.

He not only held them in check until the game was on ice, but practically frosted it himself with two hits—one a double—scored three runs and batted in three more to account for six of the Dodgers' nine.

A large turnout of Dodger loyalists will never forget this debut, yet it was almost ruined the day before when he was warming up for the first time. An iron-throated Brooklynite stood behind first base and shouted:

"Hey, Durocher! Here's the guy that's gonna take your job!"

A New Curb on the Old Temper

Ben's face reddened with the old anger and he started toward the stands to comb the spectator. But something halted him, perhaps a memory of the Yankee Stadium, because it was chasing a name caller that precipitated the boycott business. Ben was in his terrific twenties then. Today he's halfway through his thirties, with a thriving bowling alley in Montgomery, Ala., and two growing sons. He's a member of the Kiwanis, Knights Templars, Masons (32d Degree), and the First Baptist Church, and he is general athletic coach at Starke Military Academy.

Responsibilities or logic may have bridled his temper, but he insists that his enthusiasm and spirit are the same.

"I couldn't play baseball anyway, except by fighting for every inch," he says. "If I had it all to do over again, I'd do and say the same things, because the same set of circumstances couldn't possibly gang up on me again."

Such as the locker-room incident at the Yankee Stadium that labeled him clubhouse lawyer (troublemaker), and caused a critic of the immortal Babe Ruth. It cropped up in 1934 when a New York sports writer decided to poll the Yankee players on the idea of Ruth benching himself for the good of the team, thus sparing Joe McCarthy the odious task of ending the great career.

But before the writer could publish the poll of opinions, Ruth heard of it, hit the ceiling and called a meeting in the clubhouse.

"Now!" boomed the Babe as he faced his teammates. "You birds who popped off to a writer about me: Say it to my face."

The great man glared at the twenty-five Yankees, but none chose to repeat what he had said.

"What's the matter?" Babe taunted. "Can't you say to my face what you said to the press?"

Chapman stirred uneasily, amazed that so many big shots could duck such a challenge. With his guard high, he stepped forward and spoke:

"I'll tell you what I said, Babe. I said that if I was as old

as you and had the money you've got, I wouldn't risk my health and my future by playing ball every day. I'd quit. That's what I said."

Ben ducked as Ruth raised his big hand, but instead of a wallop to the jaw, there was a resounding whack on the back.

"Gee, Chappie," the Babe exclaimed. "But the rest of you so-and-sos haven't got the guts you were born with!"

Thereafter Chapman's notoriety as a "troublemaker" and severe critic of Babe Ruth was publicized as a Yankee legend.

The "chronic recalcitrance" in Boston sprang from a flash of protest against Joe Cronin's system of directing hitting from the bench, for Ben was hitting .340 at the time. The score was 2-2 and he had driven in both Boston runs. He stood at the plate with the winning run on second and saw Herb Pennock, third-base coach, flash a "take" sign on a three-and-one pitch. Instead of taking, Chapman swung

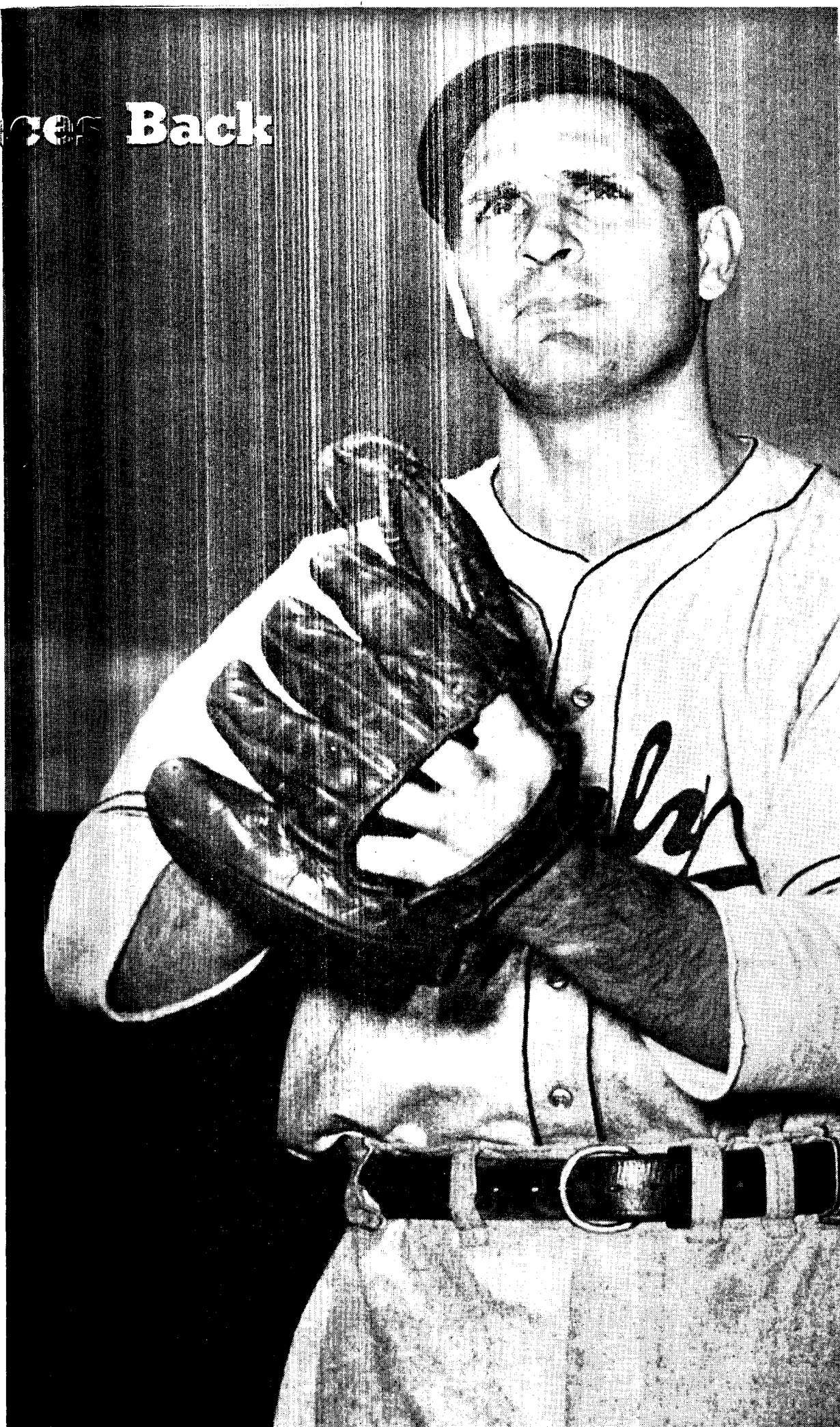
and popped up. Back on the bench Cronin asked if he had seen the sign. Baseball is so loaded with alibi artists that Chapman could have said anything, but he chose to admit that he had seen the sign correctly.

"Why did you swing, then?" Cronin asked.

"Because I'm sick and tired of taking those three-and-one cripples!" Ben exclaimed.

Cronin handed him a ten-day suspension, and traded him to Cleveland during the winter. His first year with the Indians was inexplicably quiet, but the following season, 1940, brought the fireworks.

"I was sitting in the Pullman car," Ben recalls, "playing some poker when Bob Feller came along and said some fellows wanted me to serve on a committee. I asked what committee, and Feller said to go see Mr. Bradley. About what, I asked, and Feller said about Vitt. If it's to get Vitt's job, I said, count me out. No, Feller says, it's not to get his job. It's to make Vitt shut up. Well, I said, if that's

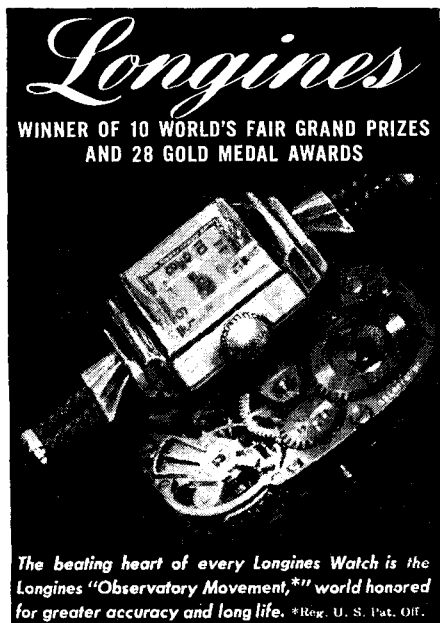




WEARING this Longines watch, an R. C. A. F. pilot bailed out of his plane into the Bay of Biscay. Rescue came three days later—in the nick of time for the pilot, but too late for the watch. Salt water had stopped it. ¶ He sent the watch to his father with a letter reading, "Please buy another Longines navigational watch for me. You might tell them that it was the finest watch in the squadron and ran perfectly until this mishap. During one period, my watch kept so much better time than any other timepiece in the squadron that it was used as the official chronometer." ¶ We are proud that so many Longines watches are serving with all branches of the Allied Forces all over the world. Though they are "expendables," and many are destroyed in hard service, they do their duty to the end. In war, as in peace, they serve well.

*From documents in our files

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva; also makers of the Wittnauer Watch, a companion product of unusual merit.



all you want—to shut Vitt up—tell the fellows I'll go along with 'em."

There followed the celebrated Cry Baby protest, wherein a group of players—Chapman, Feller, Johnny Allen, Hal Trosky, Jeff Heath and others—asked Alva Bradley, who operated the Indians for Cleveland banking-newspaper-radio interests, to place an official gag on the vocally effervescent Vitt. The one newspaper let in on the story thereupon ran the headline:

"Allen and Chapman Lead Rebels!"

It so happened that Vitt and Chapman were the best of friends and remained so, even after the close of the season when Vitt, knowing Chapman would be traded in the winter, offered to recommend him for a managing job in the Pacific Coast League. Ben declined, because his \$15,000 with the Indians meant no less than \$13,000 with the new club, which turned out to be Washington.

Within a month after the season started, Clark Griffith called Chapman to his office and pleaded poverty. Ben asked for his release, got it, and "sold" himself to Jimmy Dykes for \$2,500 and a salary sufficient to aggregate \$13,000 for the year. But out of Washington came the stories that Ben was going blind.

When Dykes discussed contract at the close of the season, Chapman confessed his plan to go into the minor leagues and train himself to be a manager. Dykes not only liked the idea, but offered to recommend him for a job in the International League. Again Ben declined, preferring a less lofty post, which he took shortly after at Richmond, Va., under the astute Eddie Mooers.

Chapman was an infielder when he came up with the Yankees in 1930 and his shift to the outfield came, as you may suppose, in spectacular fashion. It happened in Boston during 1931, Joe McCarthy's first year with the Yankees, and they were deadlocked, 1-1, in the ninth with one out and Red Sox on first and third. With an alternative of playing the infield in for the cutoff, or deep for the double play, McCarthy placed his men midway to do either.

As Funny as Casey at the Bat

The hitter lashed a grounder at Chapman. He came up with it nicely and conceived the idea of a double play by tagging Muddy Ruel, the first-base runner, and then doubling the hitter. So Ruel went "into the jug" for a run-down, and he laughed as Chapman and Gehrig played catch over his shuttling figure. He laughed because the fans were leaving the park. The winning run had scored while Ben and Gehrig continued to run down Ruel.

After the ball game, McCarthy thumped a finger into Chapman's chest and said, "Ben, that's the loudest play I ever saw, and from now on you're an outfielder!"

And so Ben made himself an infielder again when he opened the 1942 season as manager of the Richmond Colts. He played third base, too, and all was serene until the club ran into a flock of double-headers—five in six days. Another manager would have brought out the horsehip for his pitchers, but Ben had an idea that his own scatter-arm could beat these Class B hitters.

He pitched the first game and won it. He rested the next day, played third base the third day, played third base the fourth day and also saved the game by relief pitching, played third base the fifth day, and pitched the sixth and final day, winning his second game. Here destiny seemed to step in and declare him a pitcher. He not only took his regular turn on the mound, but played third base between games and kept in shape by pitching batting practice. Once in a tight ninth-inning spot, he left third base, sent the pitcher to the outfield, and called the outfielder (Olmo, now of Brooklyn), in to play third. Then Ben fanned the batter on a three-and-two pitch. Instead of finishing the game, he called the pitcher in from the outfield, sent Olmo back, and took up his own post at third. In no time he was a hero with Richmond fans.

Chapman appeared in 118 of his team's 134 ball games that season, sixteen times as a pitcher. He won six and lost three, had an earned run average of 1.71, and chalked up

56 strike-outs against 34 passes. The Colts made the play-offs, and met Portsmouth, managed by Tony Lazzeri. And what did Chappie do to his old Yankee teammate but pitch a two-hit shutout in the third game of the series. Richmond took a 14-inning thriller before moving to Portsmouth with a 3-1 lead in games to complete the play-offs. There had been only one brush with umpires, a verbal affair that had died down quickly.

But in the fourth inning of the seventh and final game, Chapman protested a decision and the umpire, I. H. Case, gave him the heave-o. Ben argued that there was no cause for a throwout, and besides he was third baseman, manager and expected to pitch.

"It's not for what happened here," the umpire confided. "It's for what you said over in Richmond!"

With that Chapman's top blew. He challenged the umpire to repeat the statement and promised to wallop him if he did. The umpire, buttressed by a capacity anti-Richmond crowd, repeated the statement and Chapman started swinging, and not in vain. Tony Lazzeri timed his interference after the fifth wallop, but Chapman struggled to complete the job.

"Are you crazy?" Lazzeri shouted. "This'll cost plenty."



"What the hell! It's just another World's Series game. Get in there and pitch!"

COLLIER'S

GARRETT PRICE

"Lemme loose," Chapman muttered. "I'm out of baseball anyway. Lemme at that plate umpire. He's comin' in to swing that mask."

Ben tore loose and dashed for the plate umpire who reversed himself and hurdled the fence in safety. The fracas drew a \$100 fine and a 30-day suspension from the league president, but when Judge Bramham, minor-league commissioner, received Chapman's frank acknowledgment of threatening to hit an umpire and then carrying out the threat, disbarment from baseball for at least a year was mandatory.

A Tribute from the Judge

"I'm very sorry this happened," Bramham wrote to Chapman, "but I must say you are the first ballplayer who ever told me the truth in a case like this."

Ben insists that he played the same kind of baseball this year at Richmond, but that the circumstances failed to gang up on him. The fans rallied to his cause and set new attendance records for Richmond. They organized a Ben Chapman day and presented him with \$400 in cash, along with a beautiful automobile and no gas coupons.

It was in early July that the big leagues began clamoring for his pitching services.

Luke Sewell was the first, but cooled when Chapman's draft board put him in the limited service group, subject to call. Connie Mack then entered the bidding with an offer of \$8,000. Herb Pennock, head of the Phillies, joined the parade. Then George Weiss, head of the Yankee farm clubs, journeyed southward personally with an offer of \$20,000. This was being considered when Branch Rickey appeared on the scene.

But 25 Strike-Outs Isn't Hay

The Brooklyn boss watched Chapman pitch, and lose, two ball games, both by scores of 3-1, but he also saw Ben strike out thirteen batters in one game and twelve in the next. He offered \$25,000 and two pitchers, Crocker and King.

"I selected Chapman as a pitcher and for no other reason," Rickey explained.

"Moreover, I would have bought him, regardless of the manpower situation. He is fast, as he must be to strike out more than a hundred and fifty batters by August first, and he is deceptive with excellent control.

"I had never met him before, and I'd heard conflicting stories about his so-called personality, but I do know that he went immediately to Durocher and volunteered to play the infield, the outfield, pinch-hit, run bases

or coach—whatever would help the club most. Durocher was tremendously pleased, and so was I when Leo came to me with the news."

Being a playing manager, Chapman occupied the driver's seat in the deal, for a ruling last year in the celebrated "Ferrell case" decreed that no playing manager could be traded without his consent. Bramham so ruled, and declared a dissatisfied playing manager a free agent. Judge Landis upheld the ruling. But Chapman waived aside any opportunity to squeeze the situation dry.

"I'm back in the big leagues and I've had managing experience," Ben sighs. "I'm very lucky and I'm satisfied. All I ask is that they keep the foulmouthed fans out of the ball parks, because I can't help it if I've got rabbit ears. A player shouldn't be insulted when he misses a ball. One insulted me at the Yankee Stadium, and I insulted him right back. It was my tough luck that he was a brother-in-law of a Broadway columnist. So I was called a Jew hater."

"I'd like to hear anybody call me that in front of Jim Braddock's manager, Joe Gould, or in front of Freddie Sington, the football player. No two kids were ever closer than Jewish Freddie Sington and me, in and out of school."

THE END



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Then they want to throw off the rigid regimentation of military life — and not run into the same sort of regimentation back home.

They want to set out for themselves, as Americans always have . . . to use their own heads and hands in fashioning their own destiny.

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Germans dynamited the water drains as usual. The fact that Florence is an open city and the only sufferers from the water shortage are unarmed civilians did not, of course, deter them. There is a German shell hole in the wall of the courtyard which allows one, while getting water, to get a most peculiar view of the lovely paintings on the ceiling of the gallery.

The Palazzo Vecchio which has been the seat of government in Florence since the thirteenth century is now the office of the Allied Military Government. In the enormous and famous hall of the Cinquecento a military court was being held; a young American AMG captain was the judge, and two *carabinieri* in state uniforms stood alongside the British and American flags which ornament the platform.

Three sad-looking Florentines were being tried for traveling ten kilometers beyond the city without permission. This limit is necessary to keep the roads unclogged and to keep a close check on agents filtering through from the German lines. The Florentines had started to travel south because they wanted to see members of their families whom they had not seen for years. They were told that uncounted American and British soldiers felt the same. They were fined.

When the Germans started shelling at night with large caliber guns, the Florentines were desperately worried for their city. They seemed really more distressed for the city than for themselves.

We went sightseeing in an armored car. There were two British officers, two soldiers, a very small black-and-white rabbit which belonged to one of the soldiers, and myself.

The reason we were traveling in an armored car was that we were going to the northern section of Florence, and the armored car was meant to discourage snipers. The northern part of Florence is not outstanding for historic monuments and works of art. But at the moment it has many rare and fascinating sights to offer. We drove through the Piazza Cavour which had been a minor battlefield when the Partisans fought the Germans and pushed them out, and we continued for two blocks until stopped by Partisan sentries. The Mugnone Canal bounds the northern and western limits of the city, and the railway tracks bound the city on the east: roughly, this is the line behind which Florence is ours.

Beyond these frontiers there is a no man's land patrolled by the Partisans, and beyond that there are Germans. Oddly enough, no man's land is a row of apartment houses just down the street, so that you stand in a wide shady avenue which is completely silent and deserted except for Partisan outposts, and look down the street a few hundred yards to buildings which may have Germans in them at the moment, certainly had German patrols roaming around them in the morning and almost certainly will shelter German snipers later in the day.

Targets for Sharpshooters

People who live across the frontier (that is to say, a few blocks away) must come into Florence to get food. Food is dumped at various points behind the line of the canal and the railroad tracks, and the Germans, with an ill will as intense as it is indiscriminate, shoot the unlucky Florentines as they try to get into town to buy food.

One of the sights out this way is a clinic, decorated with a Red Cross flag, and distinctive because it is the only building in the neighborhood that has any life in it. At the time we visited the clinic all the patients were wounded civilians. In one room there were three old men and a middle-aged woman. The woman had a head wound; her mother had been killed. A German mortar shell landing on the street a few blocks away had wounded them when they ventured out-doors to get water. Two of the old men had been shot by Germans in their houses, also just down the street. They were shot by soldiers of a German patrol. These patrols roam through no man's land shooting up citizens, fighting Partisans and trying to take prisoners for information purposes. The third old man had a shell fragment in his back—a piece of antipersonnel shell which

he received while buying vegetables. There had been a Partisan in the clinic but he was very seriously wounded during a fight on the slopes of Fiesole that morning, and he had been taken farther in town to a hospital where he could be operated on.

The Partisans themselves are one of the most interesting sights of Florence these days. They are mostly young men, and they have been busy in the last twenty days and have had no time to wash or shave, so they are a very soiled lot. They are also very jolly and very reckless and very happy. They have been hiding in the hills beyond Florence for a year now, formed into bands, stealing their weapons in raids on the Germans.

For a year they have lived on what was brought them by sympathizers from the town, by gifts from the farmers, they protected from the Germans, and by requisitioning food from Fascist houses. They busied themselves during that year in sowing havoc among the Germans whenever they could; but when the Allies arrived on the south shore of the Arno they came out into the open and fought pitched battles with the Germans through the streets of Florence.

Continuing this sightseeing, you can visit the headquarters of the Lanchotto Brigade, which is one of the three Partisan brigades that defend the outskirts of Florence. It is necessary to talk quite loudly in this headquarters, due to the explosion of German mortar shells in the vicinity. The house is unfurnished except for a few tables and chairs. The brigade commander, aged twenty, was conferring with the Arno Division commander, aged perhaps twenty-seven. The brigade commander had been kicked out of school when he was thirteen for writing a composition suspected of being anti-Fascist, and from then on he tried to get an education on his own as best he could.

During the last year when he hid in the hills with his comrades, he had been taken prisoner by the Germans, questioned for ninety hours and burned quite badly with a hot iron to make him talk. None of this has altered him in the least; he is wonder-

fully merry and happy and doing exactly what he likes to do, which is to fight Germans. The divisional commander just finished three years in a Fascist prison in time to join the Partisans and get in on the Battle of Florence. He is a leather worker by trade and was given his prison sentence for distributing an anti-Fascist pamphlet.

The Partisans had lost a third of their men, in dead and wounded, in about ten days of fighting. It is a good thing to remember how brave Italians are when they know what they are fighting for. Perhaps in the new guidebooks of Florence the Fortezza da Basso will be marked as the stronghold the Partisans took and held against repeated German attacks; perhaps the Piazza Cavour will be renamed for them; perhaps tourists will look at the walls of the northern section of Florence that are nicked with rifle and machine-gun bullets and remember that very brave kids, whom twenty years of Fascism could not destroy, rose and fought in these streets as free men.

Sightseers do not generally visit hospitals, but hospitals are always open, even when museums and picture galleries are shut; and the crowded hospitals of Florence are certainly places to see these days. The wards in the Red Cross hospitals are amazing, because every age lies there, hurt. A Partisan leader, surrounded by friends and walking wounded from his brigade, lay next to a little boy with a face like the morning, who had been wounded in the side while playing near his house. Farther along, an old man, another of the hundreds wounded while collecting food, lay very silent with his pain.

From another ward a boy limped in on crutches; perhaps he was twenty-three years old. He was a Yugoslav Partisan. The Italians had captured him in Yugoslavia two years ago and sent him to Fiume. In Fiume he was mercilessly beaten by the Gestapo to make him talk. Both legs and his left arm were broken and he received no medical care. They healed however they could, leaving him in pain and crippled. He was then sent to a prison in Italy and there he starved.

He remains a starved, aching boy, now released from prison and at last among people who will not hurt him; but the pain and the fear and the hunger will probably stay in his eyes all his life.

After the suffering of the hospitals, you might think it would be a good idea to visit the botanical gardens; it would be shady there and quiet and charming, or anyhow it used to be, and one could rest a while. The botanical gardens are now a graveyard and they are the most frightening place in Florence. The Germans had taken all the hearses; the cemeteries of Florence lie to the north of the city and are in German hands, and there is no wood for coffins.

Add to these basic facts the daily normal deaths in a city of three hundred thousand and the daily deaths resulting from mines, mortars, shells and snipers and you have the ghastly problem of Florence. Dead had been left unburied by the Germans, and it was not always possible to retrieve bodies. For instance, one body lay for days on the stumps of Alle Grazie Bridge. No one could reach it, first because of snipers and then because of mines.

A Garden Dedicated to Sorrow

So trenches are dug in the botanical gardens and the uncasketed bodies are laid in them. If a casket can be obtained a funeral procession consists of it on a handcart that is dragged by the family of the deceased, and preceded by a priest. And then the casket is laid in a trench alongside the rows of sad and dreadful naked bodies. The graves of children are very small. A priest with a Red Cross armband goes around giving cotton to the volunteer gravediggers, and you choke on the smell even with your nose plugged. The sun shines, and the lovely plants and flowers of the gardens are dusty and neglected, and there is no sound except occasional machine-gun fire to the north and the very quiet weeping of tired women in black.

The hills around Florence are very famous, and many foreigners came here to live in old cool houses on these slopes, planning to do nothing much with their lives except notice and enjoy the beauty of Tuscany. I was billeted in such a villa, and after dinner—vegetable soup and a pear—my host, an old American gentleman, said, "You must see our view; it is one of the loveliest in Florence." There was an arbor, with a stone bench. "Take care," he said, for there were scattered bricks on the floor and clumps of fresh mud on the stone bench. A shell had landed in his garden yesterday. "Fiesole," he said, pointing across the valley.

The pointed hill rose up beyond the pinkish brown city and once upon a time rich Italians and rich Americans and rich English lived in those beautiful villas. Now there are German gun positions in Fiesole, and from the slopes approaching it the Germans have direct artillery observation of the streets of northern Florence.

"Do the mosquitoes bother you?" the old gentleman asked, raising his voice so as to be heard above the double steel banjo twang of our guns, which were firing from a garden behind us. "Let us go in now and perhaps the captain will play us some Chopin."

We went into the house and a small kerosene lantern was placed on the piano, as there has been no electricity in Florence for twenty days. The Germans blew up the electric plant as usual. The captain, who was English and young and commanded one of the batteries in the garden behind us, played Chopin beautifully, though he had not touched a piano during four years of war. The music was lovely and serene and we were all very happy sitting there in the dark room. Then the old gentleman's wife sang Italian songs.

"This song was written in 1606," she said, and the guns behind us twanged enormously six times and the outgoing shells whistled over the house like freight cars.

"Terribly noisy," one of the English officers said.

"What are they?" I inquired politely.

"Five point fives," he said, "terribly noisy."

There are many more sights and they will never be in guidebooks. No guidebook will state that in the year 1943, during the long



"Is thirty-six hours all they gave you, dear, or is that all you asked for?"

COLLIER'S

REAMER KELLER



Anyone who knows
can tell the REAL THING!

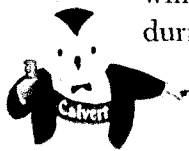
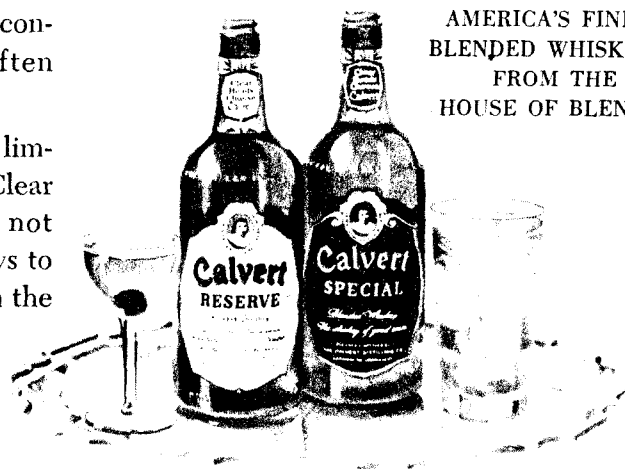
MAYBE this deer's suspicious sniff will give you a hint of how our friends react when they encounter a "stand-in" for Calvert whiskey.

Calvert, you know, is the real thing. *Its magnificent pre-war quality has never changed.* Nor has the preference for Calvert changed, although other whiskeys may have been more plentiful during the wartime shortage.

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"QUIT YANKING AT ME!"

War Conscience: Kiddo, yanking's one of my milder tricks! So you were gonna toss those papers and magazines into the incinerator! So they were cluttering up the house! Didn't think your War Conscience would let you get away with stuff like that, did you?



Woman: But those few . . .

War Conscience: Yeah, those few! Haven't I told you before that every little bit helps? Haven't I told you that Uncle Sam



needs every scrap of waste paper to pack food and ammunition, to make parachutes

for dropping supplies, and to replace more critical materials? Listen, Sister, we're trying to win a war!

Woman: Hm-mm! Guess I was a little confused . . . but I didn't sleep worth a hoot last night and can't seem to make the wheels turn. One cup of coffee with dinner and I'm up half the night with the mice in the pantry!



War Conscience: Oh-ho! Let's make a little deal. If you'll get on the beam about your paper-salvage job, I'll let you in on the secret of sleeping success . . . the coffee that let's you sleep like sixty!

Woman: What? Real coffee that lets me sleep?

War Conscience: Just what I said, Lady. If it's the caffeine in coffee that keeps you awake . . . gorgeous, luscious, scrumptious 97% caffeine-free Sanka Coffee is your dish! It does everything but kiss you good night! And as for flavor . . . Baby, Sanka Coffee is the nuts de la nuts! Try a cup tonight! Just try it!

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summer, the people of Florence behaved with great calm and elegance though they were hungry and without water, light or fuel, and beset by enemies within and without the city. No guidebook will note that the Pitti Palace, the home of the king, housed the poorest and most wretched of the king's subjects, the refugees of war.

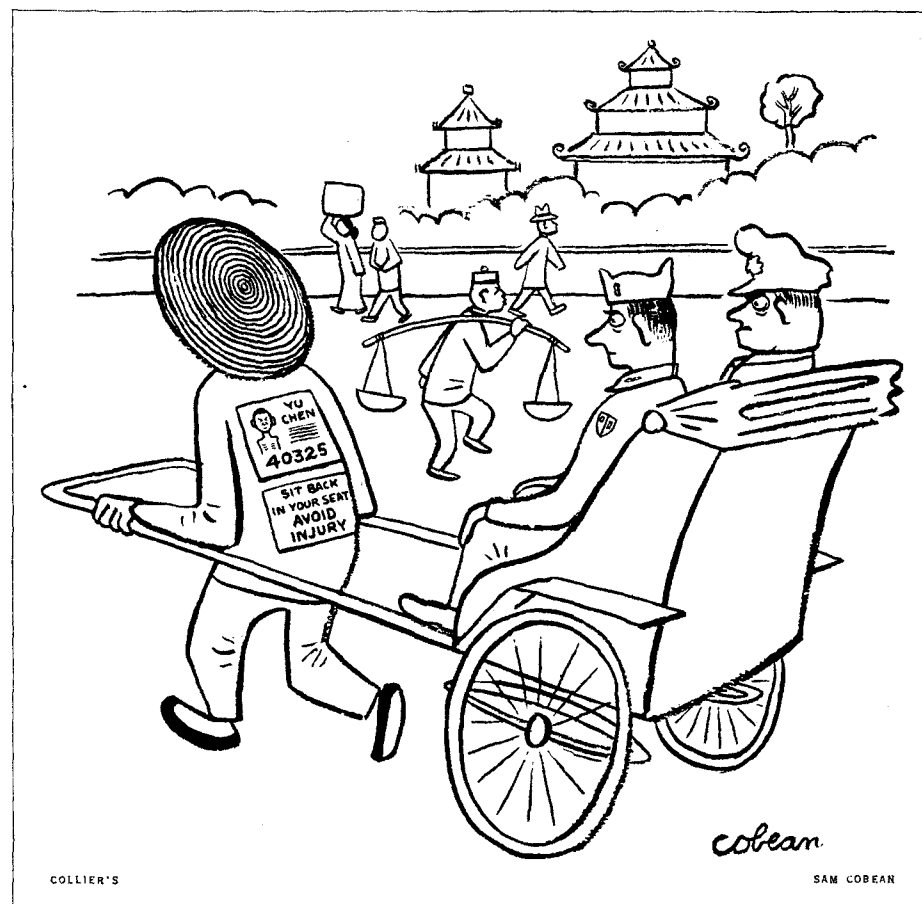
Will the guidebooks mention that for a time in 1944, in the summer, a group of American and British officers and soldiers, called the Allied Military Government, ruled Florence with immense patience and devotion? Will the guidebooks note that a Committee of Liberation was formed in the city, spontaneously, before the Allies entered, and that these diverse and disinterested men were respected by the Allies, who have learned to admire brave civilians?

Certainly the guidebooks must say that for

once a great army cared for the beauty that belongs to all men and to history, and that a great army refused to make a battlefield out of this city. For the Eighth Army could have entered the city of Florence with tanks and blasted its way through the beautiful streets to drive the enemy north. But the price of this victory would have been to bare Florence to high explosives, and the Eighth Army chose the harder and slower way.

If Florence stands, it will stand now as a monument to its people, who knew how to live in it unselfishly through its suffering, and to those wildly dressed, reckless young men, the Partisans, who have fought for it, and to the Allied Military Government which guided it and understood it, and to the Eighth Army, which would not take the easy way through.

THE END



Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

upon a man who up to that moment had exemplified kindness, patience and deep paternalistic attitude to us, his guests. He was livid with rage.

"Gentlemen," he said, addressing us in the most formal manner he could muster, "you're the guests of the United States Navy and this ship is yours. You've had unlimited use of the radio and you've been allowed to send out anything you pleased. But if any of you writes a story glorifying the spectacle we just saw, I'll deny the radio to you, and your dispatches will never leave this ship." And he walked away.

We told the captain later that he had wasted a lot of valuable energy in that order, because we all shared his attitude. But we also knew we couldn't send the kind of story we wanted: this story.

About an hour later, maybe less, a shout went up: "Here they come!" The logy biplanes, dragging their pontoons, made for the ship. Lowell Smith was in front and Les Arnold was standing up in the after cockpit, waving to the yelling throng on the Richmond as they went by, forty feet up. Erik Nelson was right behind and flying a little higher to be out of Smith's prop wash. Jack Harding waved vigorously, too.

Captain Cotten was in tears with jubilation. He slapped us on the back and demanded to know if we weren't proud to be Americans. He prayed they'd get through.

There was another period of rejoicing on the Richmond that night when word came

through that Smith and Nelson had landed at Frederiksdal—just ten hours after leaving Reykjavik. But the same message brought word that Locatelli, who was scheduled to be waiting in the harbor for our boys, was nowhere to be seen.

This was the evening of August 21, 1924. About 2 A.M. of the 24th, after the Richmond and the other ships had combed every square mile of water in that vast area around the cape, our lookout spotted a light in the distance on the water, 120 miles off Cape Farewell. A general alarm sounded, the Richmond leaped forward, and in a few minutes we were alongside a bedraggled, sea-beaten Dornier-Wal with a crew waving and screaming hysterically. We pulled them aboard and welcomed them heartily.

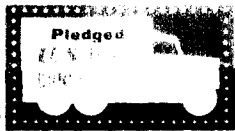
Locatelli wanted us to haul the ship aboard, too, but we justifiably couldn't, because our boom was broken, the result of trying to lift Leigh Wade's Boston out of the water near the Faroes when he was forced down. So we placed gasoline-soaked waste at critical points in the ship, set it afire and turned it loose. A few moments later it sank.

Smith, Arnold, Nelson and Harding flew at wave-top height through fog, zooming and banking around icebergs. It was a flight unparalleled in history up to now. They never ran out of skill and courage.

But the dashing Fascists did. They sought refuge in a landing in the rough seas from which they were unable to rise again.

THE END

The Truck is a Weapon of War and It's Loaded !



FACTS...ABOUT TRUCKING

State registrations showed 4,480,000 trucks in civilian operation in 1943 — 390,000 less than in 1941.

Trucking accidents have decreased in spite of increased operations, over-age trucks and inexperienced personnel.

Special truck taxes exceed \$500,000,000 annually, enough to pay the entire cost of Federal government 50 years ago.

Trucks are vital to the life of more than 54,000 U. S. communities, not served by any railroad.

Operating expenses of trucking companies exceed 97% of revenue.

More than half of America's food supply goes to market in trucks.

Trucks carry a "Vital Fifth" of all U. S. freight, and 75% of all truck freight is war freight.

Trucks account for over 50 billion ton-miles of transportation annually.

THE NATION's truck operators deserve a bow, and get it, from those who know the importance of truck transportation. Army Generals have told truck operators: "The war transportation job could not have been done without you."

The truck is a war machine. Trucks are on the go day and night hauling the materials of war. Foodstuff and fighting stuff, for fighting fronts.

In pre-war years, truck production in America amounted to more than 700,000 new trucks per year. *But in the two years from July 1942 to July 1944 production of new trucks for civilian use was less than 3% of the pre-war average!*

So the truck operator has had to keep his old trucks on the job constantly, hauling far greater tonnage than ever before, in spite of shortages . . . of new trucks . . . of tires . . .

of replacement parts . . . of drivers . . . of mechanics, and all at a time when proper maintenance means most.

International is proud that International Truck Service...the nation's largest company-owned truck-service organization . . . has helped keep thousands of over-age trucks rolling. It's now a wartime truck-service . . . more alert, more efficient than ever.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY

180 N. Michigan Ave.

Chicago 1, Illinois



NEW TRUCKS—NOW!

The government has authorized the manufacture of a limited quantity of trucks for essential civilian hauling. International is building them in medium-duty and heavy-duty sizes. See your International Dealer or Branch now, and get valuable help in making out your application. Don't delay!

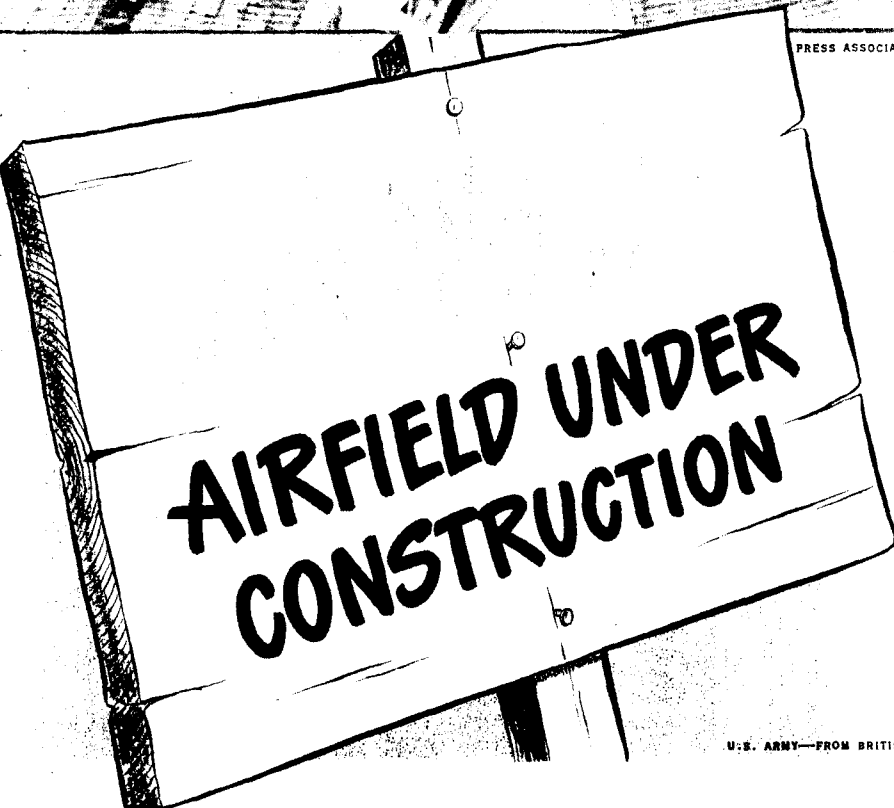


INTERNATIONAL Trucks

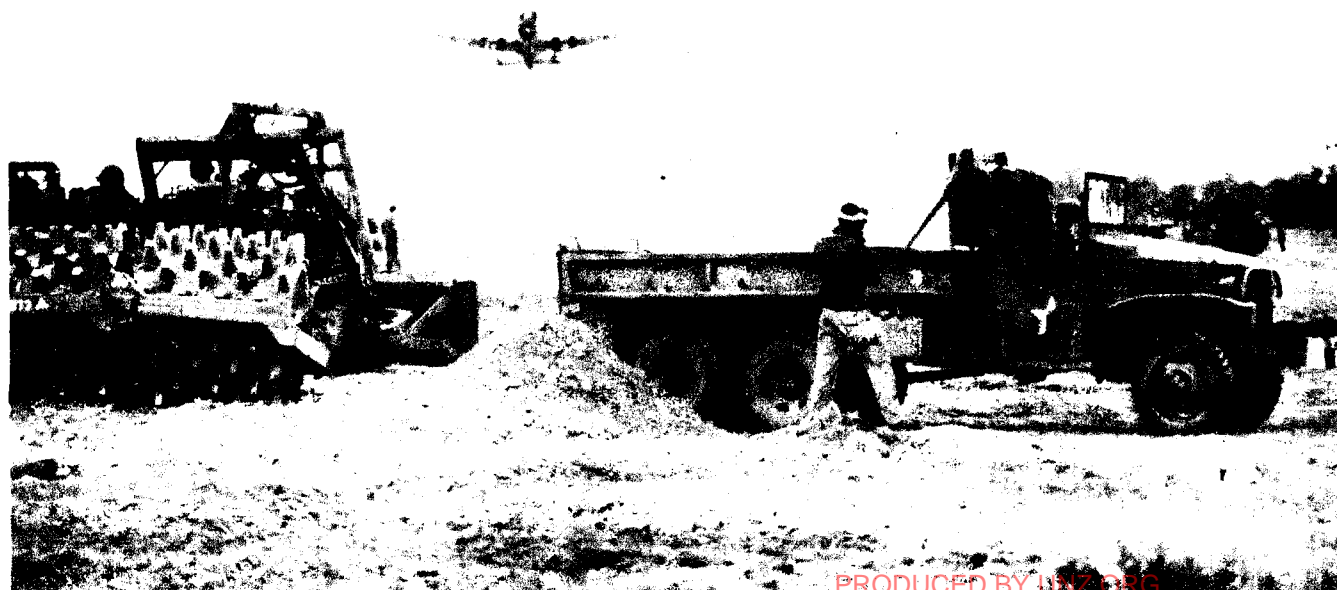


Aviation engineers, working within range of German artillery, lock together lengths of steel matting for a landing strip at a new Allied airfield

One of the most effective pieces of equipment is the sheep's-foot roller, studded with spikes, which packs down the loose surface soil



U.S. ARMY—FROM BRITISH COMBINE



BY FRANK GERVASI

Aviation engineers are right in where the battle's hottest, but they don't have time to fight. And they're too busy whacking out air-strips to dig foxholes. Next to the infantry, they probably work harder than anybody in the Army and never make headlines

BY RADIO FROM FRANCE

BUSTER WADDELL and Choo-choo Wilson and the colonel peered upward through the umbrellalike tops of the pines on our hill overlooking the plain where the Aviation Engineers Battalion was building a landing field for fighters, and they wondered whether those vague shapes in the evening sky were our planes or the enemy. In the time it took us to clap on our iron hats and flop face down onto the brown needle-carpeted floor of our bivouac, we all knew.

Tracers from our ack-ack batteries on near-by beaches and surrounding hills drew a geometric pattern of broken red lines which intersected directly overhead. Shells exploded above us in black puffs with yellow kernels. We heard the snarl of flak at it came down, and Buster vowed he would bust right out crying if the enemy's bombs hit his field.

You might think that Buster, who played quarterback on the West Virginia football team a few seasons ago, and Choo-choo, a former New Haven Railroad engineer, and Lieutenant Colonel Giles Evans would be worried more about their own safety at such moments than about an air-strip they were sent to southern France to build. But the last thing these engineers seem to think about is themselves. Even the boys in the base sections dig themselves foxholes; it makes them feel like soldiers. For engineers, there almost always isn't time to dig funkholes, and they save the energy required for their job.

Ever since the morning of D-Day plus one, which was when the Engineers Battalion landed here, they'd been too busy building a landing strip for Spits and P-47s to dig foxholes. The battalion would have been here on D-Day at about H plus eight—in one of the first waves to hit the beaches—had it not been for one of those inevitable last-moment hitches in the crowded landing schedule. That's when they usually go in: while the beaches are hot with enemy fire and still rained with unlifted mines. On such occasions they're practically civilians, without either equipment or time to fight. Often they are so far inland from the beach that they are captured by oncoming waves of our own infantry. They know only hard work—next to the infantry, probably the hardest kind of work in this man's Army. They never make headlines or even communiqués.

To the Aviation Engineers, delay in getting ashore meant one day less for building the airfield, and to hear them gripe about it, you'd have thought that they had been cheated out of two months' pay and sixty days' leave. It happened that landing on their particular beach was effected without serious opposition, but it wouldn't have made any difference. They'd have beefed at delay anyway, because building airfields to bring planes over from distant bases to cover advancing infantry is their job.

Paving the Way for Air Offensive

The Air Corps, with its tremendous speed in air, is strangely immobile. The limits of its effectiveness are directly proportionate to the range of planes from their bases. Unless the bases are moved forward, an air force is as earthbound as artillery without wheels. It is the Aviation Engineers who make the advance of an air offensive possible, and while this is the story of one particular battalion and of one particular airfield, it is also the story of the toil and sweat which moved our airpower westward across the desert from Egypt to Tunisia, from Sicily into Italy and now to France.

Our Aviation Engineers with their heavy equipment—bulldozers, graders, tractors, giant tractors, sheep's-foot rollers—and their all-round know-how, have developed a new technique for rapid forward movement of airpower.

In twenty-four working hours, they'll build you a strip good enough for emergency landings. Usually they'll start one at sunrise and it will be ready by nightfall. They'll build a landing field good for dry-weather operation, with parking space for about 150 planes, in four or five days; an all-weather macadamized or steel-plank strip in four weeks.

This war has seen the development of a number of new, highly specialized units such as the Seabees, paratroopers, air-borne infantry and engineers, and amphibious assault. The only other large-scale amphibious operation ever attempted in modern warfare—Gallipoli—wasn't exactly a success, and it took Americans to perfect this technique. With this war, Air Corps engineers made their debut.

They're men whose motor-driven steel giants push trees, houses and underbrush off land, fill ditches and set up