



"This is Jungle Jolly Gerald (Sgt. Kanter) the only man on Guam who takes in washing from the natives. You too may someday become a civilian"



Boondock Barney is the big hit on Radio Palau. T/S Bill Morrison (right) is its author. He is helped by Scott Haynes, USMC, and Sgt. G. Phillips



Boss of Kwaj Lodge is T/S Russell Beggs, known as "Rock-Happy." He did an interview with Bacall

The Plucking of The Rose

BY SGT. JACK SHER

You remember how Tokyo Rose once bent millions of G.I. ears with her platters and her propaganda. But did you know that when three unknown G.I. gripers got on the air waves, the Rose wilted?

EARLY in the Pacific campaign, Tokyo Rose had a radio following that most sponsors would give their Dun and Bradstreet rating to have. G.I.s listened to her because their own radios were not powerful enough to pick up Stateside broadcasts and because she played American swing records, the sort of music soldiers were starving to hear. In between these jazz platters, the Rose would toss a pitch about how bad things were back in the States, how civilians were rushing the G.I.s' girl friends, how our military campaigns were poorly planned and ill-fated, lies and more lies, which she hoped would cause the average soldier to sing the blues in the night.

Once, when Seabees were working feverishly, and secretly, on an airfield in the Marshalls, the Rose came on the air, identified the island, adding, "Confidentially, boys—your strip is showing." She followed this announcement with a nasty laugh.

Then, one night early last year, the Rose was idly twisting a dial in Tokyo when she heard a strong, confident American voice say—"This is WXLE, your Armed Forces Radio Service at Eniwetok—on the road to Tokyo!" The voice belonged to a former Hollywood announcer, Sergeant Byron Palmer. It came from the first AFRS station in the Pacific Ocean Network. The voice made the Rose very unhappy. Later that same night, she was on the air, snarling, "This is Radio Tokyo—on the road to Eniwetok!" That was the beginning of the battle of radio in the Central Pacific.

After Eniwetok, stations manned by AFRS soldiers began to spring up all over the ocean, at Saipan, Guam, Kwajalein, Makin, Peleliu. The Sarong network, as it was nicknamed, began to wage wordy war on the Rose from broadcasting stations in tents, meanwhile working to build modern, air-conditioned studios in Quonsets.

The G.I. broadcasters had many things in their favor, not the least of which was fine equipment, facilities for bringing programs to their listeners on a strong, unhampered signal. From their headquarters in Los Angeles, they were shipped the latest radio fare, recorded on large transcriptions, programs headed by such names as Hope, Benny, Allen, Shore, Fibber and Molly.

Rose tried to hit back, tried to cut in on these programs. Her voice began to go sour, then rose to a cacophony of spluttering wails. Her program became nervous and less interesting, limited to insults and threats against her new, G.I. rivals.

For answer, the G.I. broadcasters played the latest jazz records, flooded the air waves with Condon, Goodman and Shaw rhythms and satisfied the long hairs with the latest music of the New York and Philadelphia symphonies. They filled the air with late, accurate news reports, something the Rose could not get.

But the shows that really wilted the Rose were those created on the spot by the soldier broadcasters operating the stations. These shows, based on the G.I. style of humor, drew a larger following and more laughs than even the celebrity-stocked Hollywood and New York recorded programs. The idea behind these new, zany programs was not only to combat the insidious propaganda of the Rose, but to cause soldiers, sailors and Marines to laugh at their hardships, drop their rock-weary ways and forget for the nonce the monotony and boredom of their lives in the coral-and-coconut country.

Almost overnight, three new stars sprang up in the Pacific. These stars with stripes were all technical sergeants—skinny Hal Kanter, sad-eyed Russell Beggs and freckled faced Bill Morrison. All over the Pacific, G.I.s began talking about their shows, programs such as Kwaj Lodge, The Daft Board, and Boondock Barney.

Birth of the Daft Board

Kanter, along with Sgt. Byron Palmer and Lieutenant Jack Wormser had opened the station at Eniwetok. Shortly after Guam was taken, Kanter and Wormser were on hand to knock a station together there. It was on Guam that Kanter began his show, The Daft Board. He is a thin, six-foot two-inch ex-gag man, known to the G.I.s in the Guam listening area as Doctor Jungle Jolly Gerald, chairman of The Daft Board. In this capacity he was on the air every day saying, in effect, "Drop that rock, brother, and listen to a gent who is *really* rock-happy."

Kanter might begin: "Good afternoon. We regret to inform you that the program originally scheduled for this time will be heard anyway. This is your magnificent obsession, Doctor Jungle Jolly Gerald, the only man on Guam who takes in washing from the natives. I come before you today wearing a civilian skivvy shirt as a reminder that you, too, may someday become a civilian—providing you can pass the physical."

Whether his mood for the day was whimsical, truculent, gay or dour, Kanter's Daft Board voiced the feelings of every G.I. on the rock, their gripes, desires and hopes. When The Daft Board reached its height, Kanter augmented it with a new show which bore the apparently harmless title of Movie Marquee. It was a fifteen-minute review of movies playing at various theaters on the island. In a drawling, deadly sarcastic voice, Kanter talked about Hollywood films in a manner that would drive most producers into the arms of the enemy. He took upon himself a one-man crusade to get better movies for G.I.s, and his rampaging tongue showed little mercy for what he considered cinematic turkeys.

Kanter did not grade pictures by "stars" (Continued on page 90)

Banish the Fear of Winter Engine Problems



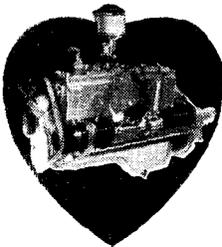
• Cold winter weather results in oils congealing in the crankcase. Congealed oil sets up resistance to the moving parts of engines. Unnecessary strain is put upon the starting motor,—

it will not "spin" or turn over fast enough to start promptly,—and batteries run down. Engines are stalled simply because the oil could not flow.

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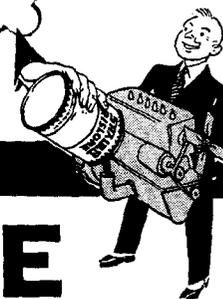
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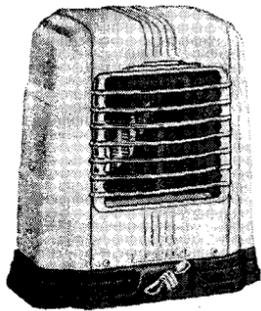


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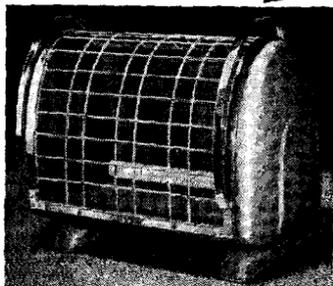
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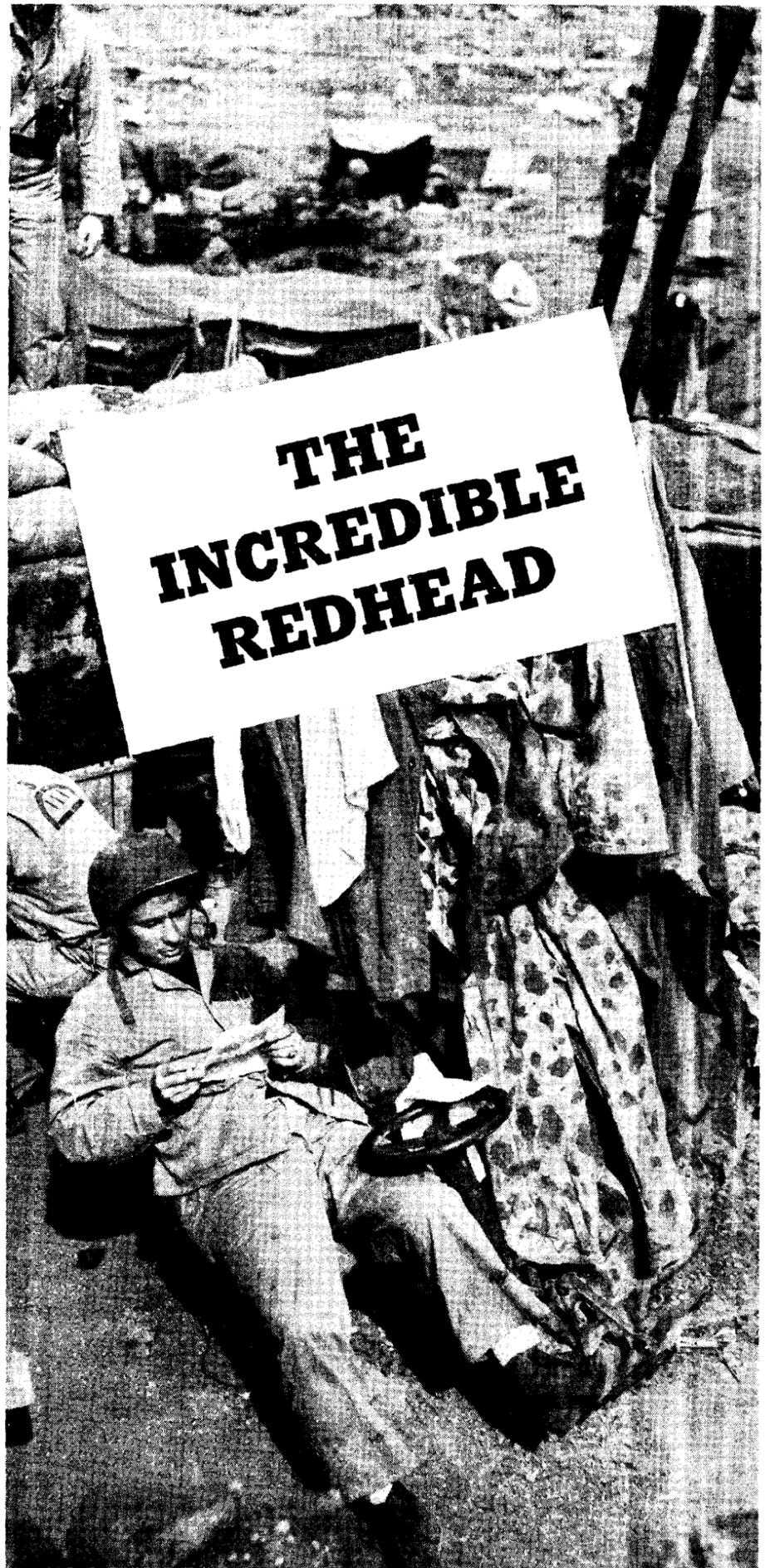
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OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. MARINE CORPS

Lieutenant Donald Redlin, our hero, looks unheroic catching up on his mail

**BY T/SGT. DAVID DEMPSEY, USMC
AND S/SGT. JAMES B. GOLDEN, USMC**

WELL, it's all over now, and some of us who have been in some of the big shows will sit around and swap guff with other men who have been in on other big shows, and all of us will be remembering out loud about the time that everything was quiet and then all hell popped, and the more we tell it, the fancier it will get until the yarns are out of all proportion to the facts. We don't want that to happen to our story of the redhead. That's why we want to tell it now.

A group of Marines were mopping up on Iwo. They were men who had come through the hottest part of the campaign and they

weren't anxious to do any dying now. They stood, a ragged company, on a crag. They looked down into a dead valley and they saw the cave mouths and they winced. There were Nips in those caves and they would have to be flushed, and that meant that a lot of the men now looking down would soon be looking upward and not seeing anything.

It was discouraging. They stood there: the captain, Sergeant Scorchy and redheaded Don Redlin, the lieutenant.

"We haven't any choice," the captain murmured. "Get a patrol down there with some charges."

Scorchy nodded. He'd known this all

Collier's for November 17, 1945