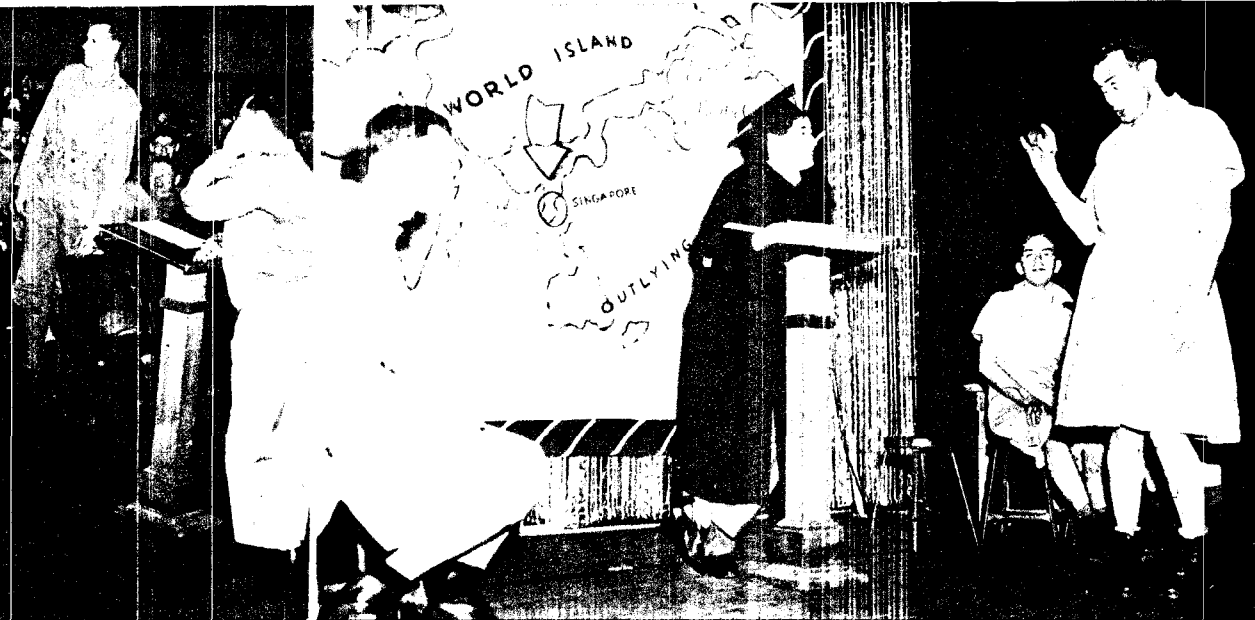




Sgt. Jeanette Goldberg and Pvt. Bill Murdock made the audience laugh with their argument on the WAC. Cpl. Maurice Basseches cups an ear to catch the discussion, which was the finale in one of Fort Hamilton's novel orientation shows.



Sgt. Ziggy Lane (center) appears to like the apple offered by Cpl. Bryan McKeogh in a schoolroom skit that highlighted the show on geopolitics entitled "It's a Small World." Sgt. Lane sang "The World Has Become a Very Small Place."



Pvt. Richard Fehr, dressed as Nazi officer, has just placed marker, "Industrial Power," on invasion checkerboard. "Strategic Air Power" countered this.

Showmanship Gives Lift to Orientation

Fort Hamilton, N. Y.—Once there was a young officer who was picked by his CO to be orientation officer for his outfit. He started off his duties with an hour-long dissertation on the Atlantic Charter. His men fell asleep and the Wacs in the audience didn't speak to him for a week. And that seems to be pretty much the general attitude toward orientation.

But not at Fort Hamilton. Here orientation is an enlisted man's show. When the GIs and Wacs stream in the WD theater for their weekly hour on the war and its problems, they know they are going to be talked to in their own language by their own buddies. They know also that they'll probably be able to have something to say themselves, possibly a chance to get a load of gripe off their chests.

This novel streamlined orientation presentation is the work of a small staff of GIs and Wacs who, with the exception of one man, are doing part-time work to stimulate interest in this program. Cpl. Maurice Basseches, assistant to the orientation officer, is the only man who gives all his time to the project. The rest have been borrowed from the theater, editorial, art and motion-picture departments of Special Service.

They start Monday afternoon preparing the next week's show. And show is what it must be called, since it combines theater, radio and advertising techniques to put over its ideas. It provides drama, acted out with professional smoothness by GIs on the staff; music, written by a well-known hit writer, Cpl. Harold Rome, and laughs, provided by such professionals as Sgt. Ziggy Lane, former crooner at New York City's Paramount Theater.

But, perhaps more important, the audience is often given a chance to take part in the program. A recent show, titled "The Griper," ended with

an open discussion in which gripes about the post were well aired. What to do with Germany after the war was the subject of another program, written by Pvt. Patricia Keuhner, who left Wheaton College in Massachusetts to join the WAC. After each main argument was presented, the discussion was thrown open for audience participation.

Each show is well planned and the details are worked out thoroughly. The first step is the Monday staff meeting at which ideas are discussed. Once a subject has been chosen and the writers assigned, Cpl. Basseches, T/Sgt. William Mulvey, show supervisor and ranking noncom on the staff, and Sgt. Glenn Jordan, director, talk over the idea and get the approval of it from Lt. Col. William G. Nicklas, orientation officer.

The writing staff then takes over and the writers assigned work out the script. They must work fast since rehearsals for the following week's show start on Tuesday of the previous week. Usually the writing is done by a team of two from the staff which includes Pvt. Keuhner, Pvt. Carl Pearl, Cpl. Walter Murphy, Cpl. Dick Fehr and Cpl. Basseches.

The finished script goes to Cpl. Henry Mangravite. With his three assistants, Pvt. Julia Ginsburg, Pfc. William Ward and Pvt. William Holbrook, Cpl. Mangravite works out the art details—designing and painting whatever props and scenery are required.

Then the script is given to Cpl. Rome, who composes a song to order for the show. Sgt. Jordan takes it from there, getting his cast together and working his rehearsals in whenever the men and women have free time. Dress rehearsals are held on Saturday and Sunday and the show goes on at 1030 on Monday. At 1300 of that same day, the routine starts all over again.

camp news

Ammo Adapter for 57-mm

Camp Polk, La.—T/Sgt. Harry Graham of Co. A, 52d Armd. Inf. Bn., is credited with the invention of an adapter which permits the use of .30-caliber ammunition in the 57-mm antitank gun. The device has been successfully used by several Armored Infantry battalions in the 9th Armd. Div. and effects a considerable saving in the cost of ammunition for training purposes.

The same traversing and sighting mechanism is used as for firing regular 57-mm ammo, and the maximum range is 580 yards. There is no disadvantage in using the adapter insofar as practice firing is concerned.

The Infantry School at Fort Benning, Ga., has asked for a set of blueprints of Graham's invention. Most of the material used by Graham to fashion the device came from scrap.

The Old College Spirit

Camp Gruber, Okla.—Pvt. Dick Ashmore of Co. F, 232d Inf., was hard at work digging a latrine

on bivouac when Pfc. Paul B. Crane handed him a letter from his college. "They never forget a guy," said Ashmore after he opened the letter and read:

"We want to let you know how much we appreciate your contribution to the war effort. We hope you will soon be back to give us, in exacting details, the colorful story of your interesting work. . . ."

A Rank Deal

Selfridge Field, Mich.—Pvt. Walter K. Miles of the 146th AAF Base Unit was waiting for a bus when a sergeant came along and asked him if he was going into Mt. Clemens. When Miles said that he was, the sergeant handed him a letter to drop at the post office and gave him money for air-mail, special-delivery postage.

The two men boarded the bus. The sergeant got the only vacant seat, so Miles stood all the way to town. There he got off just in back of the sergeant. He watched amazed as the sergeant walked off and went right past the post office.



BIRD BARRACKS. It's really a model of the chapel at Alexandria (La.) Air Field that Cpl. Marvin Meriweather has built as a bird house.

Why the Private Was Late

Camp Joseph T. Robinson, Ark.—Pvt. Elmer E. McCoy of Batesville, Ark., a trainee in the 77th Regiment, saved seven persons from possible drowning recently and returned to camp a day late from his pass.

"Nobody has said anything to me about it, yet," said Pvt. McCoy. "I got my uniform all wet, too."

McCoy was on his way to Batesville to catch a train back to camp when he saw a car careening down the road toward him. "It looked like the brakes had failed," he said, "and I jumped to let the car pass. I guess it must have been going 60 miles an hour when it reached the dam. It turned a somersault before it hit the water."

The accident took place at the east end of a mill-stream dam, about 40 feet from the point where McCoy and his brother Elby were standing. In the car were a man, three women and three children. One of the women, Mrs. Henry Collie, a neighbor of McCoy's, was driving.

The private got to Mrs. Collie first. She had been thrown through the cloth top of the 1931 Model A Ford and was about 10 feet from the car, which was submerged in nine feet of water. He towed her and one of the children to shore, about 35 feet away, then made successive trips back to the submerged car to bring out the other two children and then the man and the other two women.

After running a quarter of a mile to call an ambulance, McCoy went back home for some dry clothes. "Elby," he said, "couldn't swim so good, and he gets kind of excited."

Millions to Spare

Lockbourne Army Air Field, Ohio—S/Sgt. Eugene Borloglou, inspector with Section 305, is a guy who's worth \$15,000,000—when, as and if he gets it. The money is an inheritance from his grandfather and comprises real estate, mines and an estate in Turkey.

The present Turkish Government confiscated the properties in 1922, it is reported, but lawyers have advised Borloglou that they believe he can eventually collect what is due him.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Sedalia Army Air Field, Mo.—M/Sgt. David Hand has had continuous service in the Army since November 1917. Uncle Dave, as he is called here, has served with almost every branch of the Army and was in the old Air Corps when they were still flying open ships with wooden propellers. The other day Sgt. Hand glanced at the bulletin board and saw the topper to his 27 years of service. The notice read: "The following men will report for the purpose of taking a basic training screening test." M/Sgt. Hand's name led all the rest.

Camp Swift, Tex.—S/Sgt. Frederick E. Brandt of Co. A, 1251st Engr. Combat Bn. is really "over-seas" here but doesn't draw his 20-percent pay. When he was stationed in Oahu, at Schofield

DOUBLE NO-HITTER

Fort Sheridan, Ill.—Pvt. John Morris pitched a heart-breaking no-hit game here recently. His opponent, Sgt. William Miller, also pitched a no-hitter. Morris lost the game, however. He gave up four walks and his teammates made three errors to give Miller's team the victory, 1 to 0.

Barracks, he was really "home," but he drew the overseas pay. You see, in peacetime Brandt is a resident of Honolulu.

Jackson Army Air Base, Miss.—Sgt. Spangler A. McManus was in the midst of a mystery novel when it was time for lights out. He set about to finish the thriller by flashlight under the covers. It was an uncomfortable set-up, but he didn't mind. But when he reached the final chapter he almost blew his top. A bindery error had caused the last chapter of some other book to be inserted instead of the one in which McManus was interested.

Bryan Army Air Field, Tex.—Cpl. John K. Ranier was restricted for the week end by his CO for failure to fill out and turn in a physical-fitness record form. Cpl. Ranier is in the PT department and has been in charge of soldiers reporting for the physical-fitness tests. He just never got around to doing the required exercises himself.

Camp Shelby, Miss.—S/Sgt. Charles Barone of Co. C, 259th Inf., tells about a private who was detailed as a range guard while his buddies fired a combat problem. Among the spectators were several generals and other high-ranking officers. One brigadier general said to the private: "There's a lot of brass around here today, son. Do you know what you're going to do?" The private answered: "Yes, sir. Pick it up."

Fort McClellan, Ala.—T-5 Tom Finnegan, assistant editor of the *Cycle*, swears this actually happened. A new hostess, unfamiliar with Army lingo, was hired for the guest house at this IRTC and set about to do her new job efficiently. An excited trainee rushed in and blurted: "Latrine! Where can I locate the latrine?" The new hostess thumbed hurriedly through a list and finally said: "I'm sorry but I don't have any reservation for Miss La Treen."



EYE-CATCHER. If the gam doesn't stop them, the neon light will. Pvt. Edward Egg of Camp Crowder, Mo., demonstrates his hitch signal.



GI BATH. Cpl. Ed Chrzanowski of the Abilene (Tex.) Army Air Base gives his pet pooch, Jerry, a going-over before weekly inspection.



SALAD FANCIER. Film Star Betty Hutton looks over the well-earned decorations of tail gunner T/Sgt. Bruno C. Stanczyk, now at Santa Ana (Calif.) Air Base.



TROOP TRIBUTE. It took 5,000 men on the post parade ground of Camp Stewart, Ga., to spell out the tribute to the foot fighters. At the same time, more than 35,000 other troops training in this largest U.S. Army reservation paused for precisely five seconds, doffing their helmets in silent praise of the Infantry.



June Vincent
YANK
Pin-up  *Girl*

LITANY FOR HOMESICK MEN

A litany for all men homesick:
For all men crying sick
In all camps over all America
And too far away across the waters
For even the furloughs we yearn about,
In a circle under the one dim bulb
In the barracks.

A litany for all men:
Those who dream at night of home
Before battle-dawn and the bombers rising;
And those with too much time to think
Here in the humdrum barracks.
Training finished and waiting for shipment,
With MPs at the gates; and those
Behind electric wires with the jaded guards.
Japanese or German, hoping to shoot
When they cross the dead line.

A litany of all our longings,
Walled in overweight khaki
Or turreted in the nauseous tanks
Bolted down for the break-through.

A litany of yearnings:
For the town we came from; Joe's place on the corner
And beer and chili and Cincinnati Dutch accents;
For the sickish ozone of the 6 o'clock rush
In the subway; or the Polish cry
Of the El conductor in Chicago; for the thick steaks
Of a little restaurant in DuBois, Pennsylvania;
Or the sleepy streets of Georgetown, Kentucky,
Walking into stone-walled blue-grass meadows;
For Memphis and the great bluff on the Mississippi
And the high woods of the Arkansas shore
After sunset.

A litany for all homes we lived in:
For the tall apartments in Yonkers with zig-zagged
Fire escapes, and round and rich with the Yiddish voices;
For the cabin in a Kentucky cove, puncheon-floored
And with a Spanish rifle won from another war
Gracing the mantelpiece; for the tall-gabled
Brick villa in the wide-lawned suburb.
For my own home, small weathered white cottage
On a quiet street in Bloomington, Indiana,
And a robin nesting under the front-porch eaves,
And a rabbit in the garden thinking it his right
To lop my tomato plants, and a great black table
With a line of my books on it, and Peggy my wife
To walk with on the back lawn among limestone walls
With twilight coming on.

A litany for all of us;
O words that bring back our homes for a space
And give us a quiet place for worship,
And peace in our hearts, after the cursing camp.
Home will always be with us, whether or not
We ever see it again, a picture in our brain,
Colors and odors and sounds half remembered.

The POETS CORNERED

When hate of an unseen enemy cannot hold us,
This homesick litany will lead us into battle;
For the homes we lived in once long ago
Are strength on the march and a steady grip
On the killing tools and a tried hand
On the poised trench mortar.

New Guinea

—Cpl. HARGIS WESTERFIELD

A LEAF

I am a leaf among a world of leaves.
What tempest blows? I shall be lifted
On its winds and borne in which direction
Hurls the storm and blast of fury unsuppressed.

I am no fragile leaf a storm can break.
A fury can destroy;
I shall outlive the wind that feels
That it can chart my destined course.

I am a strong green leaf that soon shall soar
Amid a time and space wherein
I then may choose to wander
Or to live my life according to the schemes of dreams.

India

—Sgt. CARLYLE OBERLE

WASHED-OUT CADET

I cannot ever free myself of planes.
Their glides and sun-winks fever me unending.
My ardor at their coming never wanes—
The ghostly drone, the golden moonpath wending.
The sizes, shapes, the speeds, the destinations,
The goggled and the leathern human creatures.
On, on, to London, Naples, leafy atoll stations;
The lolling, leering guns; the magic features
Of a ship. That turret is a turtle's head:
It can go in or out at will; that gunner's shield
Defies an angry wither-spate of lead.
That sight could draw a bead on weevils in a field.

Now I am hounded by the wolf packs of the sky;

Their cosmic hunting haunts me, and I know
no rest;
I must run with them, do not ask me why.
Look there, a plane is silvering the west.

Laredo AAF, Tex.

—Pvt. JOSEPH DEVER

WALTER WINCHELL'S PREDICTION

Walter Winchell says the war will end in just six weeks.
He must be drinking a certain lotion from the way he speaks.
Six weeks? It takes longer for laundry to be returned.
A letter won't clear the channels in that time, as you've learned.
Six weeks? After the furlough list has reached your name,
It takes the adjutant longer just to sign the same.
Six weeks? A cold sends you to the infirmary.
And it takes more time before they will set you free.
Six weeks? Why just to vote while overseas our Yanks
Will spend that time in filling out questionnaires and blanks.
Six weeks? Here is a fact that must impress:
It even takes longer to go through OCS.

I feel like the old maid of whom it has been said.
She had no hope but nightly peeked under her bed.
I don't believe he's right; don't see how anyone could.
But I've got my fingers crossed, and I'm knocking on wood.

Herbert Smart Airport, Ga.

—Sgt. NATHANIEL ROGOVOY

THE DEATH OF PVT. JONES

Let's say that Pvt. Jones died quietly.
Let's say that when the first wave stormed the shore

A single shot went through his heart, and he Slipped lifeless to the sand. Not one man saw Him die, so busied they with lying hid And crawling on, yet all men felt the breath Of leaden wings come close, and when they did, It made his passing seem a public death.
So much for Jones. He died as one of scores.
And on a distant beach. But when they bring The news to those who count the cost of wars,
A private's death becomes a private thing.
How strange that war's arithmetic discounts The spread of sorrow as the sorrow mounts!

Camp Butler, N. C.

—Sgt. HAROLD APPLEBAUM

SEDUCTION

A woman smiles,
Entrances, beguiles;
Mere man succumbs
To feminine wiles.

Events transpire,
Repressed desire
Sears the soul
With consuming fire.

With the dawn
He is gone;
Woman glorious, ever victorious,
Slumbers on.

Could I but see
What bewilders me:
Who is the conquered,
He or she?

Sioux City AAB, Iowa

—Pfc. R. G. SMETANA

