

STEVE, JOE AND MR. HARRISON SALISBURY



By Pfc. ROBERT P. RICHMOND

FRANCE—Joe's clucking was beginning to annoy Steve. The big corporal had been at it on and off for the past 10 minutes. At intervals he would vary his clucks with a muttered "Humph."

"Stop clucking," Steve ordered.

"Humph," said Joe.

"Stop humphing, too," Steve added.

Joe frowned at him over the cover of January's *Coronet* magazine. "I can't help it," Joe informed him with dignity. "I'm reading an article. An article written by a man named Mr. Harrison Salisbury."

"Nobody," Steve said with conviction, "is ever named Harrison Salisbury."

"It's printed right here in the magazine," said Joe. "He's giving the GIs the lowdown on how they should act when they reach home again."

"Is Mr. Harrison Salisbury a GI?" Steve asked.

"I don't know," Joe responded. "The magazine doesn't tell anything about him. Suppose I read you some parts of his article, and you can see what you think. In this first part here, for instance, he says: 'How does civvie life stack up? It isn't what you thought it would be. People don't quite talk the same language, especially when you try to tell them what it was like. So you shut up except when you run into a buddy who was out there. You don't have to explain anything to him...'"

"How do you like that?" Joe demanded. "That gives us nobody to talk with. Even if you do beat your buddy to the punch and start telling your story first, you always know that he has a topper and he's just fidgeting around until you're finished so he can find that you miss afternoon

tea, or bitters, or a pub where you can play cards and push-penny."

"What's push-penny?" Steve asked.

"I don't know," Joe said. "It's something Mr. Harrison Salisbury must of played in a pub while he was drinking his bitters. He says you're going to miss it."

"I never had any bitters," Steve reflected. "I had some English beer. It wasn't very good."

"How about that afternoon tea?" Joe asked.

Steve sighed. "There was a little babe in Cardiff who wanted me to visit her folks for some afternoon tea, but my pass didn't start until 1800. So I went up to her folks' that night carrying half a dozen Nescafes. The way they acted, you'd think I had a pocketful of diamonds. But I never had any afternoon tea. I had supper-time coffee instead."

"I don't like tea, anyway," Joe said.

"I won't miss it," Steve agreed. "Read on."

"Mr. Salisbury says here," Joe continued: "You can do twice as much work in a day as you did before you went into the Army."

Steve half rose to his feet to read these fascinating words for himself, but, finding the effort required too much exertion, he sank back to his reclining position again. "True," he remarked, nodding his head. "No question about that. You can tell this man Salisbury knows the score."

"Here he says," Joe went on: "Maybe you are a machinist. You've learned how to disassemble a 1,500-horsepower Wright Whirlwind engine in the midst of a Sahara sandstorm. You've learned how to repair a faulty generator when the green seas were crashing tons of water right over the stacks of your tincan."

A tremor ran through Steve's angular frame. "To think," he said, "I almost went to Industrial High School. If I'd taken my old man's advice to be a machinist, that might have been me out there today. Instead of being holed up in this cozy Jerry billet, I might be struggling with a generator in a Whirlwind, or fixing an engine while tons of sea water came crashing over my can. It just goes to show you, Joe."

"Check," said Joe without much interest. "Do you want to know how you'll feel the first couple of weeks you're home?"

"That I do," Steve replied. "This Harrison Salisbury certainly covers a lot of territory."

"He's been around," Joe agreed. "Here's what Mr. Salisbury says you're going to think when you first hit the old country: 'For the first couple of weeks or so you wished a dozen times you were back with the old outfit in France where you knew the Red Cross gal on the doughnut trailer and the funny, middle-aged French woman who ran a bistro.'"

"A what?" Steve asked incredulously.

"A bistro, he says here," Joe replied.

Steve raised his eyebrows. "That's nice talk for a family magazine, isn't it? Suppose my wife gets hold of that and figures I'll come home with my mind full of bistros."

"He shouldn't have said a thing like that," Joe agreed. "But there's nothing wrong in thinking about the doughnut girl."

"I wouldn't mind thinking about that red-headed doughnut girl we saw when we were in Holland," Steve said.

"She came from New Jersey," Joe reflected. "She gave me two doughnuts. I told her I came from New Jersey, too. She said she was glad to meet her. Then I asked her if I could have an extra doughnut."

"They were good doughnuts," said Steve. "Did she give you an extra one?"

"Not exactly. She said to come through the line again for seconds. But I didn't feel like sweating it out for another half hour."

Steve shook his head. "And both of you from New Jersey, too."

"To hell with it," said Joe. "If Harrison Salisbury thinks I'm going to worry about that when I'm a civilian..."

"You're absolutely right," Steve interrupted soothingly. "Let bygones be bygones."

"If I meet her in New Jersey after the war," said Joe doggedly, "I won't even mention it."

"New Jersey's a big place," Steve pointed out. "Maybe you won't even meet her. Don't let this Salisbury bother you."

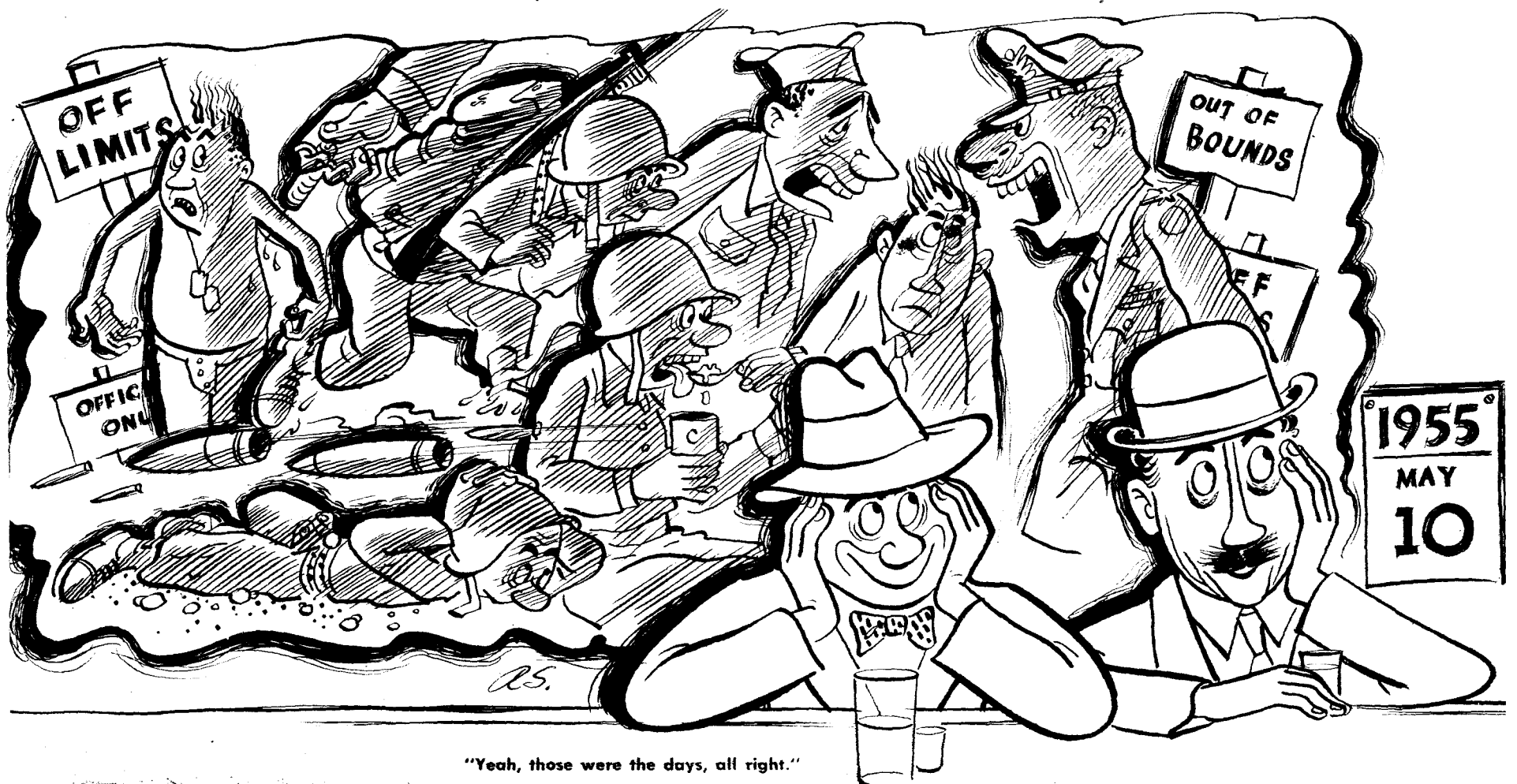
"He's not bothering me," said Joe defiantly. "If he thinks I'm going to brood over a couple of doughnuts..."

"Let's put the article away," Steve counseled. Joe glared at him. "I like this article. It says here you can get reprints to send to your servicemen for only a dime. I think I'll send in all my dimes. I'll plaster Harrison Salisbury all over the ETO."

"Forget it, Joe," Steve said. "He didn't mean to be personal. He didn't know anything about the doughnut."

"Cluck," said Joe. "Humph," he added as an afterthought. "I suppose it's all a typographical error, hey?"

Steve pondered this. "I suppose you might call it that," he said slowly.



"Yeah, those were the days, all right."

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This Week's Cover

THIRSTY Pfc. Grant Crawford of Machine, 1H, found the going cooler and smoother in Germany after he drank beer out of a German stein. He is an engineer with the 26th Infantry Division.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—Signal Corps. 2—Sgt. Pete Paris. 3 & 4—Signal Corps. 6—Sgt. Walter Peters. 10 & 11—Pvt. George Aarons. 12—Upper left, Sgt. Fuller and Sgt. McCandless; lower left, Cpl. Len Wilson; upper right, Signal Corps; center right, Acme; lower right, AAF. 13—Upper left and lower right, PA; center left, Signal Corps; upper right, INP; others, Acme. 15—Upper left, INP; lower left, Sgt. John Frame; upper right, Associated British Pictures. 20—20th Century-Fox. 23—Sgt. Art Weithas.

Demobilization

Dear YANK:

Me first. That is the gist of most arguments on demobilization. I hope I break the monotony since I think I should be discharged last. I am single, 20 years old and I have not had much combat, though I am an infantryman.

I believe my views on demobilization are different from most people's. Most agree that those with the most actual combat should have priority if they are not essential. They surely should be given a decent furlough in the States, but I think those married men with children should get the discharges first, even if they have only been in the Army a few days. I say this, not for the sake of the man or his wife, since there are millions of married men in the service; I say it because of the children. There is only one thing worse than growing up without a father. That is growing up without a mother.

Congress should have no reason to oppose my plan. Look at the money the Government would save in dependency allotments.

I don't know what you are fighting for, but I am fighting to protect the innocent people in the world. The only real innocents are the children.

Italy —Pvt. VINCENT A. GREENE

Dear YANK:

... Loads of us single boys have just as much, if not more, to go back to as many of the married men with families. We single boys don't want a break; all we ask for is a square deal.

Italy —T-5 E. CARLTON WILTON

Dear YANK:

... Most of them squabble over the fact that married men should be first; it seems to me that if they've been in the service and away from home for one to four years or more, that surely their family can survive for six months longer without them.

Also, the older men say they should be first. Why? So they can go and get all the jobs that are open, and have the young men wander the streets and loaf in poolrooms; it's a sure-fire way of starting a crime wave. Remember, a lot of we young fellows were too young for jobs before the war, or else we replaced the older men in theirs, so we have no jobs to go back to.

Philippines —T-5 EDWIN R. BARKLEY

Dear YANK:

We submit that age is too important to be ignored. Of the many arguments we might offer to support this contention, we mention only two:

1) We have met every demand upon us to the best of our ability.

2) The weight of loss by separation from home and community increases geometrically for each year beyond 30.

These and other considerations make it a matter of fairness that the factor of age be given considered importance in the adjusted service ratings. Let's avoid a second "Lost Generation!"

Marianas —M/Sgt. HOWARD E. DEAN*

*Also signed by eight others.

Dear YANK:

... Essentiality is a bad factor; we are all essential right now or we would not be in the Army. If there are non-essentials in it now, then release them at once, not after victory.

This campaign and battle-star business is absolutely unfair to men like ourselves up here in isolated places who are being told we are as important and doing as much as the men in the front lines. Somebody's wrong, because when the pay-off comes we don't stand a chance with the fruit-salad boys.

No consideration either is being given to the older men who are too old for OCS, too old for flying, too old to get a job to support their wives and homes they left, but not too old to remain in after victory to add to the expense of running the war with their added allotments.

Newfoundland —S/Sgt. FREDERICK PEARSON

Dear YANK:

I wish to extend my consolations to the GIs who feel that they should be the first to be demobilized. I also wish to say I've never seen so damn many selfish, self-thinking misbegotten lunk-

heads all in one group as I did in a recent edition of Mail Call. They were all there, single men, married men, old men, young men, etc., and every darn one felt that he should be the first to be demobilized. One asserted that the men who were drafted first should be let out first. Nerts!

There still is back in the States men who were drafted first. The only way and the fair way is to take the men who have been in actual combat and send them home first, and take the men who wear the Purple Heart and put them aboard a luxury liner at the head of the list. Now, just for the records, I'm not a battle-scarred vet. I'm married and I'm stuck in the most God-forsaken spot in the whole universe—the Aleutians. But I'll wait my turn and gladly step aside for the real vets. And, regardless of how we feel about the whole thing, the matter isn't in our hands. So it's much ado about nothing.

Aleutians —T-5 M. R. SILVA

Dear YANK:

... Let's keep it on a competitive basis. The guy that has done the most gets out first. It's that soldier, married, single, youthful or mature, who should get that break!

Chatham Field, Ga. —Sgt. ROBERT McKINNEY

Dear YANK:

In a discussion among a group of servicemen, we have found that the below-suggested method of demobilization is most popular. It is as follows:

1) Soldiers with the most combat service first, regardless of rank, age, decorations or marital status.

2) Following the combat soldiers, the next in line should be soldiers with the most overseas service.

3) Next would be soldiers that are in the U. S. with the longest time in service and so on down the line.

4) Hold all first-three-graders that are in the States for the administrative and clerical details involved in demobilization. These men are to be chosen for this task because they have been as near to a civilian status as you can possibly get in the Army, and would be drawing as much in pay as the veteran who must seek a job and then readjust himself to its demands.

Hawaii —(Name Withheld)

Dear YANK:

... I believe the best way to stop all this griping about who should get out first is to issue a voting ballot consisting of a number of questions on age, length of service, overseas service, dependents, etc. Each serviceman should

be given the opportunity to check the answer he believes to be fair to all. With 11,000,000 men voting, the majority rule ought to bring forth the final demobilization plan. I'm sure a lot of GIs will agree to such a ballot.

Randolph Field, Tex. —Sgt. FRANK J. MILLER*

*Also signed by five others.

Correction

Dear YANK:

Correction is made to your statement of clothing allowance for enlisted men of the Navy after our first year of service. [YANK said in *What's Your Problem?* that it is \$6.25 a quarter.] Enlisted men are credited \$9 each quarter; chiefs \$18.75, as stated.

FPO, N. Y. —REPPARD D. HICKS YIC

■ Thanks for the correction. YANK was misinformed.

"Winged Bakery"

Dear YANK:

I just finished reading your article, "Winged Bakery," and I'm pretty steamed up about it. I didn't think it was a damn bit funny. Was Sgt. Duncan trying to be sarcastic? Doesn't he realize that the cooks and bakers are doing a damn good job?

If you can think back to '41, you will recall what happened to a whole outfit of cooks and bakers in the Pacific. They were completely wiped out. They did their job.

It's pretty tough work baking, no matter where you are. I know. I've been an Army baker for two years. I was part of the 1522 QM Bakery Company, first originated in Florida. We were sent to Hunter Field to continue in July, '44, and were highly praised for the work we did.

I won't be baking any more as I've been transferred to the Infantry, and in six weeks' time I'll be somewhere in the Pacific or Germany fighting, but I still think a lot of the cooks and bakers and always will.

Please tell Sgt. Duncan to take it easy on those boys. They're doing their bit and a hell of a lot more than some other joes are doing.

Camp Livingston, La. —Cpl. ROBERT PETVESO

War Orphans

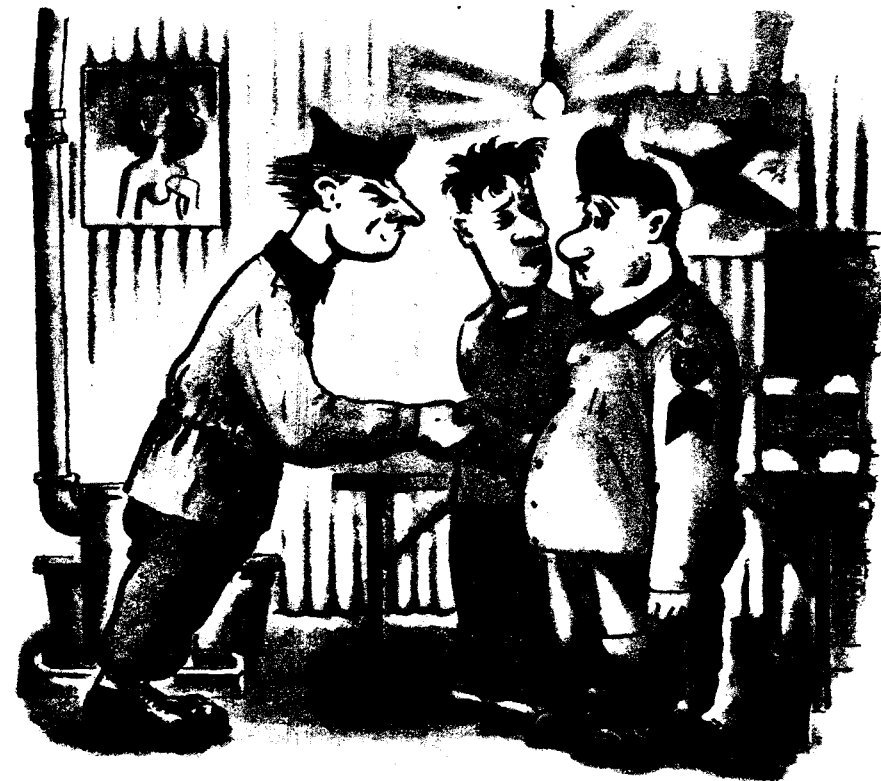
Dear YANK:

What does our Government intend to do to help children of men who have died in combat get an education? Why shouldn't they be given an even chance in our future American democracy?

Few stepfathers will take enough interest in a child that is not his own blood to go to the trouble to give him a college education.

Why don't they have some kind of education insurance for men who have children, to be paid off when the child starts college, in case his or her father dies in combat?

What happens to the 300 bucks mustering-out pay in a case where a man



"Wilson here was with Patton."

—Cpl. Tom Flannery