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Admirals may be admirable, but that isn't where the word comes from. It comes from an old Arabic word "amir-al" meaning "commander of." That's what the Admiral is, the top-ranking officer in the Navy. Top-ranking cigarette with our Navy men is Camel—the favorite, too with men in the Army, Marines, and Coast Guard, according to actual sales records from their service stores. Camels are a top-ranking gift, too. And though there are Post Office restrictions on packages to overseas Army men, you can still send Camels to soldiers in the U. S., and to men in the Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard **wherever** they are. —Adv.

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Fear follows crime and is its punishment.—Voltaire.

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WNU—13 26—43

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See Here, Private Hargrove!

by Marion Hargrove

W.N.U. SERVICE

THE STORY SO FAR: Edward Thomas Marion Lawton Hargrove, feature editor of the Charlotte (N. C.) News, has started his story of a private's life in the army by giving prospective doughboys some solid advice on what course to pursue the days and nights before induction. He advises them to "paint the town red." On getting into the army he tells them "to keep your mind open" as the "first three weeks are the hardest." Like a job in civil life, says Hargrove, it's the first impression that counts. He has received his own induction notice and with a number of other soon-to-be-soldiers has completed the first day at camp. He is stationed at Fort Bragg, N. Carolina.

CHAPTER II

A soldier stuck his head through the door of our new dormitory and gave a sharp whistle. "Nine o'clock!" he yelled. "Lights out and no more noise! Go to sleep!"

"It has been, withal, a very busy day," I said to Piel, who was buried with his hay fever in the next bunk.

"It sure withal has," he said. "What a day! What a place! What a life! With my eyes wide open I'm dreaming!"

"It's been a little hellish out today," I agreed, "although it could have been worse. We actually saw a corporal and he didn't cuss us. We have eaten Army food twice, and, except for the haphazard way the pineapple was thrown toward the peas, it wasn't horrifying."

"I am broken and bleeding," moaned Piel. "Classification tests, typing tests, medical examinations.

The old sergeant, his face beaming sweetly, purred, "You are now members of the Army of the United States. Now, damn it, shut up."

I think I walked eighteen miles through those medical examinations. It's a good thing this is July. I would have frozen in my treks with all that walking and exposure. Nothing I had on, except a thin little iodine number on my chest."

"Funny thing about the medical examination," a voice broke in from down the line. "Before you get it, you're afraid you'll pass. When you go through the examinations, you're afraid you won't."

"I noticed that," I said. "I don't have any special hankering for a soldier's life, but I thought when I was going through the hoops this morning that this would be a helluva time for them to back out."

"The little fellow who slept down at the end got sent back," said a loud whisper from across the room. "One of his legs was shorter than the other. He's a lucky dog."

"I'll bet he doesn't think so," said Piel. "At this stage of the game, I'm glad it was him instead of me."

A dark form showed itself in the doorway. "I told you guys to shaddap and go to sleep. Do it!"

A respectful silence filled the room for three minutes.

"Look at me," said Piel. "Won't the folks in Atlanta be proud when they get my letter! Me, Melvin Piel, I'm a perfect physical specimen."

Big Jim Hart, the football star whom I had known in high school, spoke up. "Don't go Hollywood about it, Piel. Just remember, Hargrove's a perfect specimen too. And just two weeks ago, when we were waiting out in front of the armory for the draft board examiners to get there, he had one foot in the grave."

"And the other foot?"

"That's the one he keeps in his mouth."

"Yessir," said Piel, "the Army makes men."

So we quietly went to sleep.

This morning we took the Oath. One of the boys was telling me later that when his brother was inducted in Alabama, there was a tough old sergeant who was having an awful time keeping the men quiet. "Gentlemen," he would beseech them, "Quiet, please!" They were quiet during the administration of the Oath, after which they burst forth again.

The old sergeant, his face beaming sweetly, purred: "You are now members of the Army of the United States. Now, damn it, SHUT UP."

—■—

This morning—our first morning in the Recruit Reception Center—began when we finished breakfast and started cleaning up our squadroom. A gray-haired, fatherly old private, who swore that he had been demoted from master sergeant four times, lined us up in front of the barracks and took us to the dispensary.

If the line in front of the mess hall dwindled as rapidly as the one at the dispensary, life would have loveliness to sell above its private consumption stock. First you're fifteen feet from the door, then (whiff) you're inside. Then you're standing between two orderlies and the show is on.

The one on my left scratched my arm and applied the smallpox virus. The only thing that kept me from keeling over was the hypodermic needle loaded with typhoid germs, which propped up my right arm.

From the dispensary we went to a huge warehouse of a building by the railroad tracks. The place looked like Goldenberg's Basement on a busy day. A score of fitters measured necks, waists, inseams, heads, and feet.

My shoe size, the clerk yelled down the line, was ten and a half.

"I beg your pardon," I prompted, "I wear a size nine."

"Forgive me," he said, a trifle weary, "the expression is 'I wore a size nine.' These shoes are to walk in, not to make you look like Cinderella. You say size nine; your foot says ten and a half."

We filed down a long counter, picking up our allotted khaki and denims, barrack bags and raincoats, mess kits and tent halves. Then we were led into a large room, where we laid aside the vestments of civil life and donned our new garments.

While I stood there, wondering what I was supposed to do next, an attendant caught me from the rear and strapped to my shoulders what felt like the Old Man of the Mountain after forty days.

"Straighten up, soldier," the attendant said, "and git off the floor. That's nothing but a full field pack, such as you will tote many miles before you leave this man's army. Now I want you to walk over to that ramp and over it. That's just to see if your shoes are comfortable."

"With these Oregon boots and this burden of misery," I told him firmly, "I couldn't even walk over to the thing. As for climbing over it, not even an alpenstock, a burro train, and two St. Bernard dogs complete with brandy could get me over it."

There was something in his quiet, steady answering glance that reassured me. I went over the ramp in short order. On the double, I think the Army calls it.

From there we went to the theater, where we were given intelligence tests, and to the classification office, where we were interviewed by patient and considerate corporals.

"And what did you do in civil life?" my corporal asked me.

"I was feature editor of the Charlotte News."

"And just what sort of work did you do, Private Hargrove? Just give me a brief idea."

Seven minutes later, I had finished answering that question.

"Let's just put down here, 'Editorial worker.'" He sighed compassionately. "And what did you do before all that?"

I told him. I brought in the publicity work, the soda-jerking, the theater ushering, and the printer's deviling.

"Private Hargrove," he said, "the army is just what you have needed to ease the burdens of your existence. Look no farther, Private Hargrove, you have found a home."

—■—

This was a lovely morning. We began at daybreak and devoted all the time until noon to enjoying the beauties of nature. We had a drill sergeant to point them out to us. We marched a full twenty miles without leaving the drill field. Lunch, needless to say, was delicious.

We fell into bed, after lunch, determined to spend the afternoon in dreamland. Two minutes later, that infernal whistle blew. Melvin Piel, guardhouse lawyer for Company A, explained it all on the way downstairs. We were going to be assigned to our permanent stations.

I fell in and a corporal led us off down the street. I could feel the California palm trees fanning my face. We stopped at Barracks 17 and the corporal led us inside.

"Do we go to California, corporal?" I asked.

"Naah," he said.

"Where do we go?" I asked him, a little disappointed.

"To the garbage rack," he said. "Double quick." He thumbed Johnny Lisk and me to the back of the barracks.

At the garbage rack we found three extremely fragrant garbage cans. Outside, we found more. Lisk and I, citizen-soldiers, stared at them. The overcheerful private to whom we were assigned told us, "When you finish cleaning those, I want to be able to see my face in them!"

"There's no accounting for tastes," Lisk whispered. Nevertheless, we cleaned them and polished them and left them spick and span.

"Now take 'em outside and paint 'em," said the private. "White. Git the black paint and paint 'HQCO-RRC' on both sides of all of them!"

"This is summer," I suggested. "Wouldn't something pastel look better?"

The sun was affecting the private. "I think you're right," he said. So we painted them cream and lettered them in brilliant orange.

All afternoon, in a blistering sun, we painted garbage cans. The other Charlotte boys waved to us as they passed on their way to the ball park. Happy voices floated to us from the post exchange.

The straw-boss private woke up, yawned and went away, telling us what would happen if we did likewise. He returned soon in a truck. He motioned peremptorily to us and we loaded the cans into the truck. Away we went to headquarters company—and painted more garbage cans. It was definitely suppertime by now.

"Now can we go home, Private Dooley, sir?" asked Lisk. I looked at Lisk every time the blindness left me, and I could see the boy was tired.

The private sighed wearily. "Git in the truck," he said. Away we went back to our street. We stopped in front of our barracks and Private Dooley dismounted. "The truck driver," he said, "would appreciate it if you boys would go and help him wash the truck."

We sat in the back of the truck and watched the mess hall fade away behind us. Two, three, four miles we left it behind us. We had to wait ten minutes before we could get the wash-pit. It took us fifteen minutes to wash the truck. By the time we got back to the mess hall, we were too tired to eat. But we ate.

—■—

It was through no fault of mine that I was a kitchen policeman on my sixth day. The whole barracks got the grind. And it was duty, not punishment.

It was all very simple, this KP business. All you have to do is to get up an hour earlier, serve the food, and keep the mess hall clean.

After we served breakfast, I found a very easy job in the dining hall, where life is much pinker than it is in the kitchen. A quartet was formed and we were singing "Home on the Range." A corporal passed by just as I hit a sour note. He put the broom into my left hand, the mop into my right . . .

There was a citizen-soldier from Kannapolis to help me clean the cooks' barracks. For a time it was awful. We tried to concentrate on the floor while a news broadcaster almost tore up the radio trying to decide whether we were to be in the Army ten years or twenty.

We finished the job in an extremely short time to impress the corporal. This, we found later, is a serious tactical blunder and a discredit to the ethics of goldbricking. The sooner you finish a job the sooner you start in on the next.

The corporal liked our work, unfortunately. Kannapolis was allowed to sort garbage and I was promoted to the pot-and-pan polishing section. I was Themos Kokenes's assistant. He washed and I dried. Later we formed a goldbricking entente. We both washed and made Conrad Wilson dry.

Pollyanna the glad girl would have found something silver-lined about the hot sink. So did I. "At least," I told Kokenes, "this will give my back a chance to recover from that mop."

When I said "mop," the mess sergeant handed me one. He wanted to be able to see his face in the kitchen floor. After lunch he wanted the back porch polished.

We left the Reception Center mess hall a better place to eat in, at

"When you finish cleaning those cans, I want to be able to see my face in them."

any rate. But KP is like a woman's work—never really done. Conrad Wilson marked one caldron and at the end of the day we found that we had washed it twenty-two times.

Jack Mulligan helped me up the last ten steps to the squadroom. I finally got to the side of my bunk. "Gentlemen," I said to the group which gathered around to scoop me off the floor, "I don't ever want to see another kitchen!"

The next morning we were classified and assigned to the Field Artillery Replacement Center. Gene Shumate and I were classified as cooks. I am a semi-skilled cook, they say, although the only egg I ever tried to fry was later used as a tire patch. The other cooks include postal clerks, tractor salesmen, railroad engineers, riveters, bricklayers, and one blacksmith.

But we'll learn. Already I've learned to make beds, sweep, mop, wash windows and sew a fine seam. When Congress lets me go home, will I make some woman a good wife!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ON THE HOME FRONT

With RUTH WYETH SPEARS

MANY an American of pioneer background can remember when all the floors in the house except the parlor were covered with woven rag rugs and carpets. Today there is something about the vigor, simplicity and economy of these colorful old-time floor coverings that fits our mood. The local weaver with a rug loom is flourishing in many communities.

The modern weaver has an assortment of colors in warp and filler that may be used with the rags that you have prepared in the manner shown here. About one and three quarter pounds of sewn rags will be required for a square yard of carpet. Rugs may be either cotton or wool but do not use both in the same rug. The rags should be soft and clean and hems or uneven finishes should be removed. Dye white rags the colors you wish to predominate.

• • •

NOTE—It is possible to make a great variety of floor coverings from odds and ends of things on hand. Books 9 and 10 of the series offered with these articles contain fascinating new designs for hooked and braided rugs. In Book 7 there is a rug made from old felt hats and school pennants. Books are 15 cents each. Order booklets direct from:

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'Grounded' Ducks

Wild ducks are temporarily "grounded" in late summer of each year, usually in August. At this turn of the season the young have not yet learned to use their wings and, in molting, the mature birds have lost their propelling wing feathers.

Some years millions of ducks die during this period when nesting grounds suffer drouth and birds are stranded away from water. Beavers often come to the rescue . . . save thousands of ducks by damming up outlets to lakes or streams.

ASK ME ANOTHER

A General Quiz

The Questions

1. What people were once called "Celestials"?
2. What is the "williwaw"?
3. What is the bloodiest year in the history of the world?
4. How many veterans of the last war are engaged in the present war?
5. Where is the home of the Kaffirs?
6. What planet's period of rotation on its axis is about the same as the earth's?
7. From what song comes the words "And where is that band who so vauntingly swore 'mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion"?
8. What country's legislature was called the states-general?

The Answers

1. Chinese.
2. The fierce unpredictable wind of Alaska which has upset minutely plotted attacks.
3. The year 1942. Authorities say 2,000,000 men of all nations were killed in the war during the year.
4. Approximately 250,000.
5. South Africa.
6. Mars (24 hours 37½ minutes).
7. "The Star Spangled Banner."
8. Netherlands.

Learn From Gestures

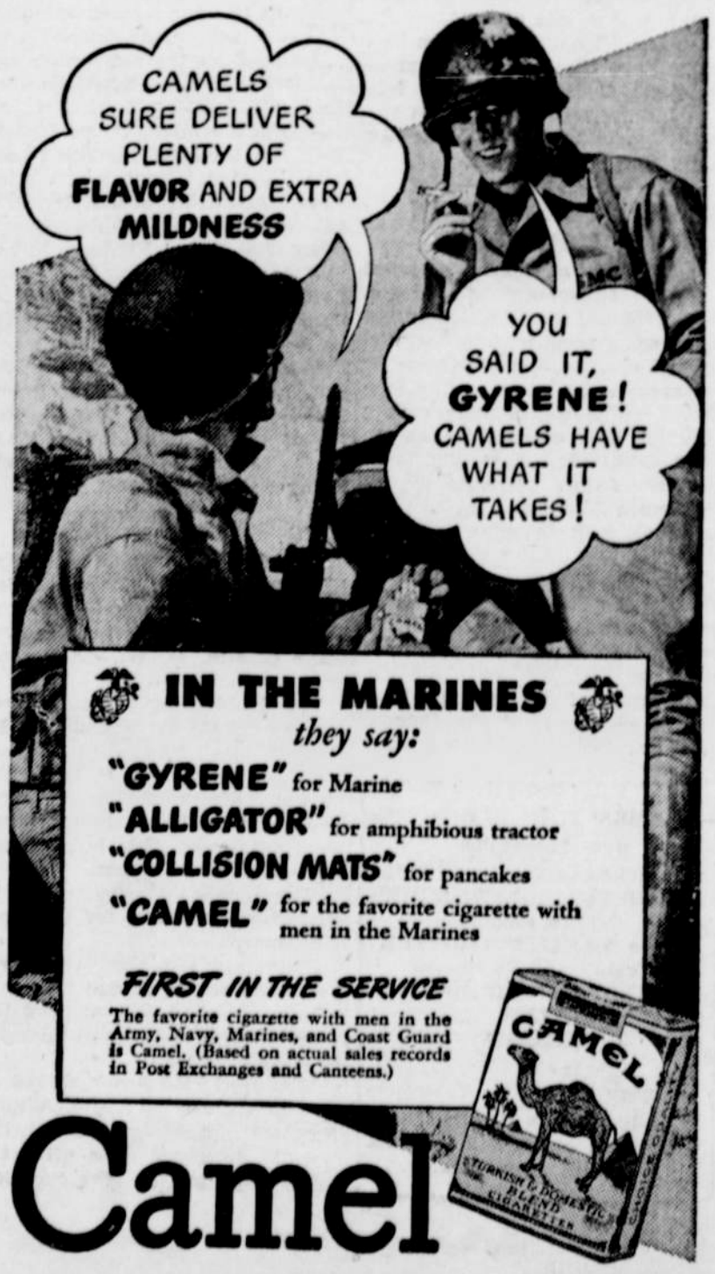
Deaf-mutes are now employed as instructors in an airplane factory in California because new workers have been found to learn their job more quickly from gestures than from spoken words.

SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

A chain of rest stations is rising across northern Brazil along the route of workers trekking into the Amazon Basin gateway of Belem to increase collection of wild rubber. They provide medical aid and other human comforts to the 50,000 additional workers being recruited for the Amazon rubber forces.

The rubber normally used in one month's manufacture of baby pants can make 2800 rubber lifeboats for ocean-going planes.

A check of 7,200 farm-owned trucks showed that only 25 per cent of the tires on them were good; 54 per cent were fair; and 21 per cent were in poor condition.

Jerry Shaw

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