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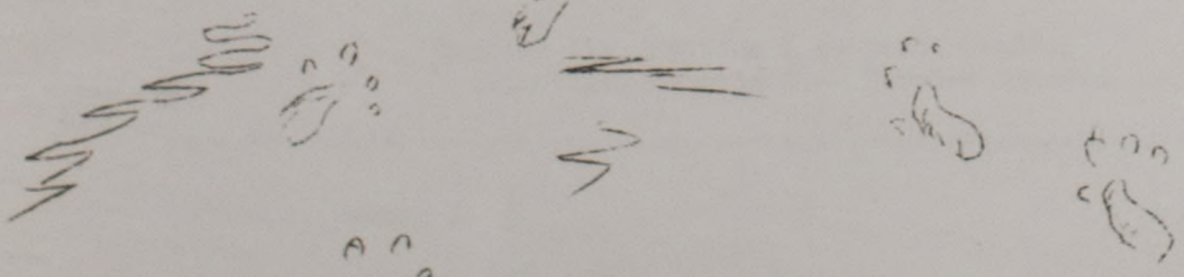
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TRACKS



* C U B T R A C K S *
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* Freshman Required Composition *
* Magazine *
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* P L E A S U R E C R U I S E *

December 17th, 1942, marks the beginning of a period when Japan was on the offensive and America was unable adequately to supply her troops. The men of the early campaigns underwent hardships and starvation that made later campaigns almost pleasant in comparison. It is a period I shall never forget.

My battalion left Elma Bay in North Queensland, Australia, aboard the troopship "Van Heutz", a Dutch freighter of 8000 tons, carrying Dutch speaking officers and a Javanese crew. We were loaded to capacity with the battalion ammunition, consisting not only of shells and cartridges, but also T.M.T. and other heavy explosives. A scarcity of ships made it necessary to convert them into floating dynamite boxes like this, chancing the sacrifice of a battalion of men.

The convoy consisted of seven ships, the others similar to ours and carrying the remainder of the regiment and attached units. A continual zigzag course was held, each ship taking a new direction every six minutes, since the sights of the submarine need over six minutes for adjustment. This irregular course of the convoy prevented the sighting and aiming of the torpedo. Our course was due north, following the Great Barrier Reef and on into the dangerous waters of the Coral Sea. My company handled the anti-aircraft protection, consisting of two, twin fifty-calibre machine guns, two heavy thirties, and two British Vickers.

Everything aboard the ship was Dutch. A sign, "Naar De Schloepen", accompanied by an arrow, meant "to the lifeboats". All instructions were also in Dutch, but they were unnecessary on this ship, where, should anything upset the tender cargo, there would be no survivors.

We were herded into the lower holds with our combat packs, rifles, personal ammunition and other gear. There being no ventilation, the air here soon became foul, for men were stacked from the floor to the ceiling and side by side throughout each hold. The nauseating odor of steel, together with the listing of the ship in the rough water, caused frequent vomiting during the first few days. We were without washing facilities so that the filthiness of human bodies added to the general atmosphere. Not being able to stand it any longer, a few of us pitched our hammocks on deck, even though we had no protection from the drizzling rains.

The deck of the ship was filthy and unkempt and the crew made no attempt to improve the condition. On the deck was a sacred goat of Java, kept in a wire pen under our hammocks. The general opinion about the creature was far from sacred. It carried on a continual bleating day and night,

and its odor was most unpleasant. The usual procedure was to turn the animal out of the pen after blackout and boot him in the backside, hoping he would wander down to the other side of the ship. For some unknown reason, he loved the pen and always returned after we had settled back in our hammocks. We even came to the point of plotting to cast the filthy animal overboard, but as this would have resulted in a wholesale throat-cutting by the Javanese, it was not acted on. While our men were starving, the goat received a filling ration of two heads of firm cabbage each day. Men were so hungry that they snatched the cabbage out of the pen after the keeper had gone.

A little Javanese, monkeylike in appearance, sat up in the lookout box, at the highest point of the mast, scanning the water. His head nodded from side to side, like a spectator's at a tennis match. His sole job was detection of submarines lurking in these waters. His self-importance made him unusually conscientious. The rest of the crew, when not working, lounged around on deck. They dressed in highly-colored cloth skirts, draped from the waist to their brown, bare feet. A tiny, black fez or skull cap was perched at a backward angle on the back of their greasy heads.

The food on board ship was of the worst, consisting of hardtack biscuits, canned greasy bacon, containing little meat, and powdered, tasteless coffee. The hardtack, of the Australian variety, was soaked for a period of twenty-four hours to make a mush suitable for digestion. Even with as little variety as this, we were given only small portions; our stomachs ached with hunger. In a moment of desperation, my friend and I wormed our way below deck, past the engine room, into the dirty Javanese quarters. A withered little Javanese, stirring a dirty-looking pot of rice, flashed a toothy grin in our direction when he saw us coming. I told him we were hungry and pointed to his rice. He understood no English, but yelled "chop chop" at the top of his lungs and followed it with loud gales of laughter. From the way he amused himself, I pegged him as the practical joker type. We were hungry enough to laugh right along with him, with pretended glee in our voices, slapping him on the back at intervals to let him know what a clever fellow he was. He gave us each a big bowl of rice and over the top he poured some native hot sauce, composed of cabbage, vinegar and various spices. This section of the ship was declared off limits to troops, so this was the end of our rice dinners.

Christmas day we were given one slice of white bread per man, since there was flour on board and the big boys thought they might give the men a treat. Such stinginess angered the men and resulted in the disappearance of the ship captain's scotch supply.

We passed the Australian hospital ship "Centaur", returning from New Guinea. This ship was sunk only a month later by a Jap submarine, only a few lives being saved.

We arrived in New Guinea, December 26th, 1942. Port Moresby, its principal city, though situated as I had visualized, was a much smaller town than I had expected. Most of the houses had been bombed and had new roofing. It is a colorful port, its surroundings typical of the beauty of the South Seas. In the harbor are the remnants of a freighter, nose up, which was bombed and sunk some time before.

We left the "Van Heutz" at the main dock in Port Moresby. We had no regrets in parting with the good ship, and I witnessed no emotion in the men when, two months later, word came that she had been sunk in Ora Bay, New Guinea.

Robert P. Van Luchene, English 12a, Section II.

* GOD ON THE BATTLEFIELD *

I believe a front line soldier who claims to be an atheist is a liar, because in my experience as a soldier I have never met a man that has seen combat who has not prayed in the face of danger, and I am no exception. Those who have been shelled, strafed, and shot at are not ashamed to say, "I prayed and was afraid," since only a fool could claim he was sure of himself when he had no control over the missiles that spelled his doom.

I was a Mountain Infantryman and saw combat in the Aleutian Islands and Italy. I suffered the discomforts of the battlefield, and felt lucky when I did not have fear of death around me. My buddies died by me, and my men looked to me for protection when I could only take them into more danger. Realizing our position they cursed the enemy, prayed, and thanked God in the same breath.

God is close to the soldier. I believe that if he is ever to return to the flesh it will be on the battlefield, for there is no place where man concentrates as thoroughly-- be it fox hole religion or not. I have watched rough, rugged men shake with fear and pray for protection; and I have seen these same men die happy, with a prayer on their lips. I have watched others thank God for his protection, and move on again into danger, feeling relieved and freer to continue, with His help. No, there are no atheists on the battlefield, for I can say we prayed and our prayers were answered. We prayed with our hearts and not with words.

Michael Traynor, English 11a, Section III

* A GIRL AND HER HORSE *

While cymbals clashed and horses pranced in the annual Fourth of July parade, a little girl of ten stood, wide-eyed on the curb in front of a big brick house. Her cheeks were flushed with excitement, and a wish--the same wish she had uttered both aloud and to herself so many times in the past--tumbled from her lips, "Please, God, give me a horse!" It wasn't just the passing fancy of a child, because, as long as she could remember, she had dreamed and prayed for a horse, her very own horse, one that she could ride whenever and wherever she might choose. I know how constant and persistent was the wish and prayer in this little girl's heart, because the little girl was me.

My twelfth summer rolled by and still the longing possessed me. I would lie in the haystack on warm summer afternoons, watching the bulky shapes of plow horses as they pulled their loads; and sometimes I would crawl through the fence while they were grazing and talk to them for hours. Then one afternoon as I was coming home across the field from school, I saw my horse. I knew he must be mine because Daddy was standing beside him currying his long white mane. I ran so hard my throat hurt, and I couldn't speak for a while. Before I could say anything, Daddy confirmed my hope, and left "Snowy" and me to get acquainted. To say that "Snowy" was beautiful is a gross understatement. To me she was a winged Pegasus, a fiery charger.

My sister and brother were also given horses. Together we would ride bareback for hours, through the waving fields of alfalfa and Indian tobacco, clad only in old shorts and faded shirts, our bare legs swinging. Often in the quiet of the night I would climb noiselessly out the bedroom window and go for a night ride all by myself. The times I remember most vividly are: The milk-whiteness of my horse as she stood, bathed in moonlight, by the stream; the soft whinney at my approach, and the delicious feeling of flight as she loped through the fields with me clinging tightly to her mane, the night wind rushing past us.

Sometimes as we rode along the banks of the big creek, the dark mystery of the water was so inviting that I would have to plunge into its cool depths and feel the currents whirling about my legs. Through spring rains and summer heat through the brisk, bright days of fall and the first snows we rode, in love and companionship.

Horses are not just an interest for me; they are a part of me.

Sally O'Malley, English 25a

* S L A M B O X *

One of the most interesting of our extra-curricular activities in the Manila High School during the war was centered around that noble institution known as the slam box. The box was of plain cardboard, with a slot in the lid. During the week, everyone was privileged to direct to anyone else small notes containing unfavorable comments on that person's dress, habits, manners, and general character. These notes were not signed. It is a great human weakness that people do not like to have their friends find out that they don't think them perfect.

Folded and addressed, the little papers were slipped into the box. When the clan gathered at eight o'clock, Saturday nights, there were always a few people sticking slams in at the last minute and shuffling the box to be sure no one recognized their papers.

As my brother Bob was the leading force in this enterprise, he would rise and take the chair, and we would all hush up, or giggle. Solemnly he would take the box, shake it, and remove the cover. We all held our breath as he drew out a slip. Who would get the first slam?

It was almost an honor to receive a lot of slams, for the number indicated, in a questionable sort of way, that one was in the public eye. Those who had but few notes felt insulted, and almost envious of the more prominent people. Paul received many--he had a number of objectionable habits. We had great sport over Barby's reception of her notes, for at the mere mention of her name she would blush like a sunset.

At first we made everyone read his note aloud, but where some people refused absolutely--the comments being too embarrassing--we dropped the custom and contented ourselves with watching expressions as the little slips were perused.

Naturally, the slams were supposed to be in the nature of constructive criticism, but quite a few grudges were worked off in nasty digs. No one could get back at anyone (supposedly) because the papers had no signatures, and it was a code of honor not to try to find out its source. Of course, however, in a small group, handwriting is a give-away, so disguising one's writing by backhand, scrawl, printing, and childishness became an art.

So each of us read over his notes and laughed and blushed. We wondered which one of two had sent this, and worried over who in the dickens knew that. We made mental notes to retaliate on such and such a person in the very near future. All in all, we much enjoyed being furious and amused at practically the same time.

The very sad part about the whole thing was that it was so shortlived. For three weeks we met and made merry. Then

we seemed to run out of nasty things to say. Maybe everyone had reformed. Even a few compliments turned up. So we voted to hold our sessions only once a month, to give us time to dig up more horrid thoughts.

But the month galloped by, another month passed, more months took wing, and we never met again.

Helen Elizabeth MacDonald, English 12a, Section 2

* D E A T H A T S E A *

On October 27, 1942 the big, battle-scarred flattop plowed slowly through the choppy seas off the Santa Cruz Islands. The preceding day the ship had undergone one of the most vicious Japanese dive-bombing attacks of the war to that date. She had been hit three times by high explosive, delayed-action bombs. The delaying action was set to explode on the third deck, which is the location of the mess halls, galleys and most of the repair stations. A repair party is a group of men stationed at a certain place for the purpose of emergency repairs during battle. The third deck was called the mess deck before the war started; shortly afterward it became known as the death deck.

The Japanese air group consisted of eighty-seven dive bombers. True, they made only three hits, but the damage and death that they wrought were a thing of horror. Two hundred ninety-nine men were killed; some were burned to death by the tremendous heat which was generated by the bomb explosions. The only bit of clothing which remained on the men was their shoes. The outer layer of skin was burned away, leaving the dull red muscle formations exposed. Their hair, ears, noses and fingers were burned away, making identification difficult. Necessary identification was obtained by slitting the cheek muscles and checking dental formations with charts in the individual health records. Others died without a mark on them, except the tiny pinpricks of blood on their faces. Concussion killed them.

Many were killed by hurtling, redhot shrapnel, which cut off arms, legs, even heads, slit stomachs and laid guts out on their laps or on the deck. Some died slowly, bleeding to death; others died quickly, knowing no pain and experiencing only the all-enveloping fear.

Gaping bomb holes, blasted, scorched compartments, blood and death turned the ship into a shambles. Everything was wet and soggy with a coating of slimy foamite over it. The thing that remains with me so clearly, even to this day, is the stench of burning flesh and hair.

The dead were gathered, identified, and laid out in rows on the fantail. The burial services were about to begin and word passed over the public address system for all hands who

not actually on watch to lay up to the hanger deck. Amidship on the port side was a common mess table upon which was the body of an American sailor, weighted, placed in a mattress cover, and draped with the flag of the United States.

The ship's crew was arranged in a ragged semi-circle around the Chaplain and the makeshift bier. The men were haggard-looking, with swollen eyes, grimy countenances, and crumby, filth-covered clothing. They had worked all night under terrific physical and mental strain, amid the wreckage of the ship's interior.

The Chaplain's words, "These men died and, as we all know, it was hard for them to die. Let us pray that they have not died in vain," were an apt expression of our feelings and thoughts.

At a signal the six men, three on each side, slowly lifted one end of the table, letting the body slip from under the flag and over the ship's side into the sea. The Chaplain's voice ended with: "We now consign your soul to God and your body to the sea."

The ceremony held for this one man was symbolic for all who had died in the battle. The rest of the dead were weighted with five-inch, fifty-pound projectiles taped between their legs, placed in mattress covers, and dropped over the fantail.

K. Vincent Watt, English 11a, Section 2

* A "HERO'S" RETURN *

Frank came into the office amid whistles, catcalls, and admiring shouts of "Would you look at that man!" There was an extra jaunty set to his shoulders in their new "civvies" and the new hat was tilted over one eye as far as it could be without falling off.

This was Frank's own moment and he was reveling in it. He was immediately surrounded by admiring GI's who wanted to try on the hat and who kept repeating wonderingly, "How does it feel to be a civilian?" Questions were being thrown from all sides like pennies at a street dancer: "What are you going to do now?" "Where are you going?" "What did they do to you at Baxter?" "Did you thumb your nose at the Captain on your way in?"

With a pretty air of self-consciousness, he laid his new hat carefully on the filing cabinet, hitched up a sharply-creased trouser as he sat down, paused slightly to admire the brilliant colors on his sloppily hanging socks, and began, "Well, Suckers! Look out over there, Tryon, you're drooling!" Then the familiar car-to-car grin broke out and he started in again, more naturally. "They asked me more fool questions and took more tests and fingerprints than when I went in. An.

advice--they handed it out so freely I thought I must have gotten into the Salvation Army by mistake. I'm just stopping here for a couple of days to pick up some things I left and then I'm off for Chicago, good old Chicago! I'm going to hit that town so hard it'll reel for two weeks. And for four solid weeks I'm not going to get up in the mornings until I feel good and like it. Then, if and when I feel like it, I may accept a position--if it's suitable to my talents." He spoke cockily and shined his fingernails on his coat lapels.

The GI's passed this last off as a bit of wishful thinking, having heard Frank rave on and on about the job he had waiting for him as manager of the shoe department in a Chicago department store. But they still raved about his clothes--the beautiful blue pin-striped suit! the vivid tie! the white shirt! Sighs were in order as the unluckier ones counted the months they would still be wearing uniforms. T/Sgt Hall and T/4 Jones were happily figuring that they'd be at the Separation Center within a month.

Lieutenant Brutsch came in just then and would have walked past Frank if he had not said, "Hello, Lieutenant," consciously leaving off the "sir" that had become such a habit during three years in the Army. Recognition dawned swiftly on Lieutenant Brutsch's face as he held out his hand to congratulate Frank: "You look like a new man," he said with a smile. "Well, I feel like a new man, sir," answered Frank, the "sir" slipping out before he could catch it.

As he turned to leave the room he remarked over his shoulder, with just the right shade of patronage, "If you fellows need to consult me about any of the work you don't understand around here, I'll be around the Post for an hour or two, and for the next couple of days I'm at the Florence. If I'm not in my room I'll be in the lounge or bar. But don't you dare disturb me before noon!"

Jane Murphey, English 11a, Section 1

* H-5 *

A light fog is settling in the valley, not enough to affect visibility to any extent but uncomfortable and oppressing. Your uniform clings to your body, damp, not from the humidity of the night air, but from the cold perspiration brought on by the excitement and fear of impending battle. Across the flat, even terrain you can make out the enemy, moving about restlessly, getting into position. You see your captain moving methodically from group to group, whispering instructions you have heard repeated constantly in the last hectic days of preparation for this event. There isn't much time left now, a few minutes at the most. You move forward into your initial position, orienting yourself with the men on either flank. As you await the final signal you flex your limbs, vainly trying to alleviate the numbness before the first forward charge. The tension is mounting. You can see your own grim determination reflected in the faces of your comrades, individuals regimented into an efficient organization by the common desire to meet and defeat this enemy a few yards away. The preliminaries are over. This is it. The real thing.

The real test. The stillness seems persistent of approaching action, of an ultimate climax. Suddenly a shrill whistle, a deep thud, a tremendous roar clutter the silence of the night as Missoula kicks off to Anaconda for the opening play of the Montana high school "double A" championship game at Dornblaser Field.

Wallace G. Donker, English 11a, Section 8

* THE BLOODY YANKS *

On General Eisenhower's return to England shortly after V. E. day, he was given a huge reception by the British government and awarded the key to the city of London. In appreciation of his honor "Ike" responded with a florid speech emphasizing the great Anglo-American bond of friendship that existed throughout the war, culminating in an atmosphere of mutual love between the English people and the Yanks in Britain. I am sure General Eisenhower was treated well by the English people; his speech expressed his personal feelings. But his rank certainly did not entitle him to misrepresent several million G.I.'s who were living so unhappily in England because of their miserable relationships with the English people. They did not understand one another, friendships were rare, and love was nil.

Both the English and the Americans know that we should have a better understanding of each other, but neither can put a finger on the differences between the two peoples. We seem to have everything in common: language, social and physical heritage, economic interdependency, alliance in war, and many other mutual interests. Yet, when we were thrown together over a span of four years, we parted with a hatred of one another. Both sides have their rights and wrongs. After having lived in this unfriendly atmosphere for two and one-half years, the best I can do to explain this unfortunate chasm, is to point out some of the things that caused dissension.

The biggest factor undoubtedly was money. The American soldier receives a handsome wage in comparison with the subsistence level wage of the British soldier and civilian. Many of the clashes that arose between the English and Americans were either directly or indirectly a result of this surplus Yankee money. The old adage "money talks" certainly proved its worth during the Yankee invasion of England. First to be bought off were the women. The Yank is aggressive with women, and money spoke loudly when it came to winning the young girls' favor. Upon first thought, this may seem to show disloyalty among British women, but, since the women of all the nations, faced with a similar situation, have reacted in the same direction, I believe it could be assumed that our own American girls would do likewise. If the Yanks did leave any friends in England, certainly it must have been among the girls. Since they were able to share in our money and its consequent privileges, they had no reason for envy and jealousy, and we were able to Americanize them, somewhat. Even so, there wasn't real love and understanding; it was merely a convenience for both boy and girl. Some of our boys married English girls, but the marriages were few and usually of a "military" nature.

It wasn't long after the Americans arrived that the merchants and tradesmen started reaching for the Yankee dollar. The Yanks bought everything they could lay their hands on, and prices rose above the reach of the ordinary workingman. Food prices were regulated, but luxuries soon became too high-priced for anyone but the rich Britishers and the Americans. Taxis preferred to pick up Yanks because of the tips; waitresses and bartenders served them first; bootleggers and prostitutes stopped dealing with the Englishmen entirely.

Not long after the American soldiers came in large numbers to the British Isles, the American Red Cross appeared. They took over the leading hotels in the major cities and established luxurious Red Cross clubs for the convenience of the American soldier. This was in grave contrast to the British N.A.A.F.I., which was for British and Dominion troops. We had access to good food, clean beds, and pretty hostesses; the British had to be content with tea and cakes served by benevolent old women.

Another factor that must have hurt the English was the Yanks breaking of traditions. Traditions meant little to us before going to England and less after we got there. We liked to break them, and were fairly successful. It wasn't long until we were taking girls home on casual acquaintance, dancing as we pleased, drinking to excess, and in general living as we pleased. Their cathedrals, abbeys, castles, and other possessions of purely historical value meant nothing to us.

Early in the war it was irritating for the British to listen to the bragging of the American soldier. America hadn't really been in the war yet, and here were the Yanks already bragging of their prowess. The English are great braggarts, too, but in a subtle manner. A Yank, with a few pints of ale under his belt, can win the war by himself, especially a rear echelon soldier. We not only bragged about our fighting ability, but about our country, our family, and anything else that could be compared with something English.

American manners shocked the British. We were loud and forward, especially the Easterners. Men from New York and New Jersey are completely oblivious of people around them and they like to tell jokes and swear in public. We also had a number of fellows who liked to stir up trouble when drinking. Most of the Yanks who were of the trouble-shooting type were also the ones that usually backed down when their bluff was called. The English weren't like this: they seldom started trouble, but once they did they were always willing to finish it.

Our first disappointment in the English was their indifference towards us. I think that the biggest reason why we didn't like them was that they didn't like us. The first Yanks to arrive in England were on their way to Africa. They were mostly old army men. They knew they were in for a long campaign and were trying to live as much as possible while they had the chance, regardless of morals. Consequently, much of the dissension between the Americans and English had already arisen when we arrived. We were fresh from the States and had little knowledge of the people we were to live with for the next few years. We entered England with the best of intentions towards the English, and the rebuffs that we received at first hurt us. Finally, we began openly to resent the attitude. The British are a selfish lot; they expect everything and like to give nothing in return. America could do nothing for them that was appreciated. Even to this day the people do not feel that we materially helped them, and, if they are conscious of help at all, they are not thankful for it. I have passed huge American graveyards in England and have never heard an Englishman utter any remark nor show any sign of acknowledgment of our help. When the American army would make rapid progress on the battlefield, the English people were not happy because the allies were getting nearer their goal: they resented the fact that we were grabbing the headlines. During the dark days at Anzio many Englishmen were elated because they thought that the American army might receive a set-back. It was a common courtesy in England that, after any public meeting the "American Anthem" would be played, followed immediately by "God Save The King". Both nationalities were to remain at attention while these pieces were being played. However, towards the end of the war, many Englishmen would sit down or talk out loud during our national anthem. That is one insult we can never forget.

The English have a very shallow nature. Nearly every part of their speech and manner appears artificial. They pretend to be courteous, but underneath they are rough and crude and inconsiderate of other people. We have always heard of merry England; but I found England the bitterest country I've ever been in. In England, people can be in one another's company for hours, and no conversations will be struck up nor any recognition whatsoever of friendship will be shown. This is not modesty or reserve; it is just the coldness of people uninterested in anyone but themselves.

Another disagreeable characteristic of an Englishman is his arrogance. Our propagandists have pictured an arrogant German in our minds. Well, when I think of arrogance, I think of an Englishman, not a German.

Our associations with the British soldier aren't worth mentioning. We seldom, if ever, spoke to a British soldier, nor did he speak to us. Whenever we saw an English soldier drinking or talking with an American we knew that the Englishman had an ulterior motive--a cigarette, a drink, or some other favor. The only time he could be agreeable was when he wanted something.

There were many other little incidents that added to our aggravation. Finally, we were in such a state that it was better for us to stay in camp and "sweat out" our return to the States. We usually got into trouble when we did venture out. An occasional furlough to Scotland helped to make life worthwhile. However, returning to England from Scotland was like a leap from heaven back to hell. The brief stay in Scotland only reminded us of the civilization we once knew at home; our dulled senses were again brought to life and the dreadful nostalgia we had suffered the first year or so returned with renewed vigor. It is little wonder that rear echelon soldiers, living in apparent ease and comfort in England volunteered for front line duty to escape this drab existence. Yes, all concerned were very happy when the day of our departure from England arrived.

Tom Rosenberger, English 11a, Section 8

* SURGERY *

There is a silent tension in the air in this small, immediately white operating room as the two doctors and I take our respective places at each side of the sheet draped victim lying on the operating table. The only sound is the quiet clinking of the instruments as I hastily arrange them in their tray.

The appendectomy is underway with a sudden, quiet spoken "Scalpel" from the white gowned surgeon across from me. There is a slight smack as I slap the scalpel into his gloved hand, and in anticipation of his next command, my hand gropes for a hemostat. My eyes seem frozen on that gloved hand holding the knife as it is quickly and surely drawn across that small square of merthiolate painted skin opening it almost as if a zipper had been pulled. "Hemostat", and then "Retractors" brings me back to my job with a nervous haste to break a tube of suture and thread the needle I know will soon be called for.

"Sponge!"

"Hemostat", and a small spurt of red quickly disappears into the jaws of the hemostat only to reappear an instant later in the wake of another sweep of that merciless knife, and once again is quickly gobbled up by another hemostat.

It is uncomfortably hot standing under these big operating lights. Already my gown is beginning to cling to me. Small beads of perspiration are standing out on the doctor's forehead. Several of the beads have merged to form a little stream which is trickling down his nose into the mask that covers his nose and mouth.

"This structure is the caecum, and right here should be the appendix."

"Ah, here it is!"

His groping hand has produced a small finger-like organ which looks much too small to be such a trouble maker as it is.

"Clamp! Tie! Scissors!"

An audible "snip" of the scissors and we know that our victim is no longer capable of having appendicitis. "Suture", and with a series of quick, deft, movements, the wound is closed leaving only a thin red line in the skin. There is a happy satisfied look on the doctor's face as he steps back from the table, leisurely snaps his gloves off, and walks slowly out of the operating room, to be followed a moment later by our victim, who is carried by stretcher into his bed and sleep.

Neil Dahlstrom, English 12a, Sec. 1

* FUZZY WUZZY ANGELS *

Dedicated to Victor Cooke, - - Field Coy, R. A. E.

Many a mother in America,
When the busy day is done,
Sends a prayer to the Almighty
For the keeping of her son,
Asking that angels guide him
And bring him safely back -
Now we see those prayers answered
On the Owen Stanley Track.
They haven't any halos,
Only holes slashed in their ears,
And their faces worked by tattoos,
With scratch pins in their hair.
Bringing back the badly wounded
Just as steady as a hearse,
Using leaves to keep the rain off
And as gentle as a nurse.
Slow and careful in bad places
On the awful mountain track,
The look upon their faces
Would make you think that Christ was black.
Not a move to hurt the wounded,
As they treat him like a saint;
It's a picture worth recording,
That an artist has yet to paint.
Many a lad will see his mother,
And husbands, children and wives,
Just because the fuzzy wuzzies
Carried them out saved their lives
From Mortar bombs, machine-gun fire,
Or a chance surprise attack,
To safety and the care of doctors
At the bottom of the track.
May the mothers of America
When they offer up a prayer,
Mention those impromptu angels
With their fuzzy wuzzy hair.

Robert P. Van Luchene, English 12a, Sec. 2

* YOGO SAPPHIRE MINES *

In Montana we have numerous mining industries such as gold, silver, copper, rubies, garnets, but the one which has received world-wide recognition is the Yogo sapphire which comes from a mine in the center of the state. These sapphires may be found among the crown jewels in Europe, and Queen Victoria herself is said to have possessed one. Until 1895, Ceylon was the only country in the world where the cornflower blue sapphires, which are considered to have the most desirable color, could be found. At that time the discovery of the Yogo mine was made and the Yogo sapphires were soon being sold on equal basis with the Ceylon sapphires.

The mines are located in the foothills of the northwestern side of the Little Belt mountains, about fifty miles from Lewistown. A dike or depression in the ground marks the spot where the vein containing them has come to the surface. Although the mine is of great importance, no railroad comes to it and all the sapphires have to be taken out by wagons or trucks. From 1895 until the railroad came reasonably near, the jewels were shipped to Utica by wagon and then from Utica by stage to Great Falls. The reason for the absence of the railroad is the periodical use and closing of the mine. The English Syndicate which controls it does not wish to flood the market with sapphires. As a result mining goes on for a short time and then is stopped until there is another pressing demand for sapphires. At the present time, the mine has been closed for almost ten years, but Yogo sapphires may still be bought at Tiffany's. The keeper at the mine says that so far its number of available sapphires has hardly been tapped.

When I visited an old pioneer of the central Montana region I obtained some of the mine's history. Back in the late 1800's a placer-mining company built a huge trough to bring water from Yogo Creek to a place in the district where they were mining. This was the period when the New Year, Spotted Horse and Kendall mines, of the same district were raking in money. The new placer company planned on doing the same with the Yogo district. At the end of the first year when only a few hundred dollars had been made, it was evident that the venture was going to fail. Then a Great Falls man who was working with the company was attracted by the blue stones which had been thrown aside with the tailings. He gathered a boxfull of the pretty stones and sent them away to be analyzed. Lo and behold, back came the report that they were sapphires. Within a month the whole territory was staked with claims, but it wasn't until a year later that the dike where the sapphires were coming from was found.

Because sapphire mining proved to be a process where a great deal of capital was needed, the claims were eventually sold to a London Syndicate. As this same company controls the Ceylon mines, it follows that they have control of the sapphires. All sapphires that are not of minute size are sent to London before they are sold. If the sapphires are of unusual size, they are cut in Holland by the same men who cut the African diamonds. Then the sapphires are released in small numbers.

How is the mining done? The first step is to obtain the ore. This is done in two ways: through tunneling, and through digging the ore from the surface of the dyke. There are two tunnels in the Yogo mine. Because a rumor asserts that they are poorly constructed the company has a difficult time finding men to work in them. However, the ore is removed from the dyke and put into the sluice box, where it is treated exactly as gold is.

Water run over it with great force causes the dirt and light material to be washed out of the box while the sapphires settle to the bottom and remain. They are embedded in a corundum but at the mine nothing is done about removing them from it. The corundum material is exceptionally hard, because both it and the sapphires were produced under great pressure. The sapphire was made when little bits of AlO_3 were suspended in molten lava and compressed deep in the earth. Later, volcanic eruption or earthquakes brought the dike to the surface.

Rubies, diamonds, and many other precious stones are the result of the same kind of action upon different chemical materials. It is interesting to note that the ruby and the sapphire are almost the same in construction, differing mainly in color and in composition. Sometimes they are almost the same color, too, because the sapphire colors vary a great deal. Besides being blue, they are white, black, green, and even shades of rose. Sapphires of these colors have been found in the Missouri River valley.

The Yogo sapphire finds its main market in jewelry, where it often takes preference over the diamond; but it also has other uses. Because it is next to the diamond in hardness it has been much used in industry. Sapphires are used as points for drills and other instruments where extreme hardness is not necessary. In this case, the blue sapphire is not used, but the white or black ones are. This is because the blue sapphire has a market in the jewelry field but the white and black, which serve the commercial purposes just as well, have little value as jewelry.

Today the mine lies idle, but as soon as the market demand for sapphires becomes great the London Syndicate will again open it and more blue sapphires will be dug for the jewelry and commercial fields of the world.

Rosemary Poole, English 11a, Section 2.

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TURNABOUT

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For years now I have sat in various classrooms and been assailed by instructors who seemed to have one goal in mind. This was to bring forcibly to my attention the fact that I was hopelessly ignorant. Scientists with their fingertip control of countless facts; historians reeking with dates and anecdotes about famous personages and places; mathematicians tossing figures around with a dexterity that left my feeble brain numb with admiration; and professors of the social sciences, who glibly predict the future, are all targets for my attack.

I have been exposed to your tyranny long enough. The worm turns. Too often have I cringed under your gaze while my frightened mind searched desperately for some elusive fact that had been tucked away beneath some far more pleasant thought. Too long have I watched a benign expression mask your face as you gleefully engaged in the tortuous pastime of insisting that I knew the answer while all I could do was mutter that I was unprepared and hope for the earth to open up and swallow me. And, how many times have I, at your insistence, mastered countless pages of text only to be asked a question that defied answering from that, or any other source. Cringe, unholy ones, find respite if you can, for the ordeal is about to begin. I, the ignorant, am going to ask the questions.

You there, Master of the Maps. It is to geography that you lay claim, is it not? Questions concerning faraway places are your specialty. Answer these then, O Wondrous One. Where is Lampton Quay? What is it? Surely you know that one. Thousands of Sailors and Marines could help you. Any one of them would know that it is a waterfront street in Wellington, New Zealand. Perhaps we were a little too far from home. This is closer. Where is Charlotte Amalie? Oh, you don't know that either? Come now, think. Have you never heard of the Virgin Islands? The East Indian Coaling Docks are located there, aren't they? Do you know upon which of the three islands Charlotte Amalie is located? Don't guess, we'll go on to another question. Near the Virgin Islands lies a single island upon which is located two separate countries. They are both republics, the island is very small, yet the national language of each country is different, one being Spanish, the other is French. I'll make it easier by telling you the capital of one. It is Guidad Trujillo. Now, reward my patience by naming each country. There now, don't look so sad, I'll tell you. The two countries are Haiti and Santo Domingo, or as it is now called, the Dominican Republic. French is spoken in Haiti, while Spanish is the tongue of the Dominican Republic. There are some interesting facts concerning both countries which you will never find in your books. But don't worry, no one will ever ask you about them. Maybe some modern geography will refresh your memory. Where is Omaha Beach, Gavutu, Suva or Tehti Bay? Small unimportant sounding places, aren't they? Yet, I know quite a few people who would feel slighted if mention of them failed to strike a response from you. Don't bother looking them up for they belong to this war, which already has become a distasteful subject that must be forgotten quickly. I leave you, Master of the Maps, for I see that the case is hopeless. However, despair not, until you see how your comrades fare.

It is your turn, historian. Recall if you can, the date August 7, 1942. What event does that bring to your richly-stored mind? Of course you don't know, for it would scarcely rate a sentence in your future treatise of present-day affairs. Yet a good many men remember, and remember vividly, how that day marked the end of the Japanese advance in

the South Pacific. Argue and chortle over that battle, Wise One, but there are a thousand minds you'll never change. Great personages are a specialty of yours, are they not? Tell me then, of the following: Lew Diamond; "Bob-wire" Holmes; "Unbreakable" Crystal. Unfamiliar, aren't they? Yet in my mind they are as alive and full of character as all of your Jeffersons; Aristotles; and Kings of by-gone days. You always wanted to know a "first." Who, then, was the first Marine Corps Commandant to bear the rank of a full General? Why was there never one before? The answers are a bit slow in coming, perhaps you haven't prepared your lesson. Do not deny me the pleasure of telling you that you are stupid, for I could find the answer from men whose only formal education is P.F.C. instead of Ph.D. You may take your place, O Wise One, with the Master of the Maps. I shall spare you the indignity of any further questions while I pass on to our genius of the chalk, the Mathematician.

Yours is an exact science, is it not? There is only one answer and that is the right answer. Well then, answer me rightly, Juggler of Figures, what Archimedian theory is employed in the Vickers Mark V. Gun-sight? Quickly now, let us not have this hesitancy, you either know it or you don't. Or perhaps you can tell me the method used in arriving at the calibre of a rifle. Or how many chains in a talley. Time, rate, and distance was quite a specialty of yours if my memory serves me well. Tell me then, at what rate of speed does a parachutist fall with a twenty-eight foot chute? How long will it take a "stick" of jumpers to deploy on the ground after leaving a plane at an altitude of 1000 feet? Come now, it is all exact, surely you are not going to let me down. Go then, and join your friends, for we have others to interrogate. Our friend the Social Scientist is clamouring for attention.

Mount you then the rostrum, Social Scientist, and we shall discuss man and his activities as a member of society, with emphasis on society. By a study of past conditions you are able to predict, and by prediction prepare for certain crises, are you not? Why then was your department, along with the University as a whole, unprepared for the influx of veterans to the campus? Did you not think we would be interested in learning that man is a product of group experience? Or that an institution is an institution is an institution is an institution? Hold! Already I see the arguments forming in your mind and I know that if I once allow you to open your mouth, I am lost. So I shall exercise the instructor's prerogative and dismiss you with a wave of the hand. Time does not permit discussion.

It is folly to continue, for I know that I can never win. So return to your smug world of books and canned knowledge. Climb back upon your pedestals of prestige, O Dispensers of Wisdom, knowing full well that this rebellion is unfounded and unsuccessful. I have neither the energy nor the background with which to combat you. The morrow will find me a subservient subject in the sovereignty of subconscious perception.

C. E. Naugle, English 12a, Section 2

* BLACK BOY, by Richard Wright *

"They meet with darkness in the daytime--
And they grope at noonday as in the night."

Thus before they ever pass the title page Richard Wright introduces his readers to the whole trend of thought and feeling of the text of Black Boy.

Black Boy is not a "nice" book; it is full of rough and rugged facts, which a great many Americans will find revolting and hard to take. It would, however, be almost impossible to doubt the sincerity of this author's tale of frustration and puzzled defeat, because through his simple story he takes the reader into the depths of his heart and mind. He leaves him bewildered to think that any living man or woman in this country should have to develop under such shocking circumstances. There is no bitterness, no hatred, no condemnation, no sarcasm - only dumb, aching wonder.

The story becomes especially moving for a Yankee reader like myself who has been in the "Deep South" long enough to see Wright's story actually carried out in the flesh. Before reading Black Boy, I'd seen an old Southern Gentleman refuse to sit on a bus beside a black soldier with many more than his share of overseas ribbons and medals. But the Southerner cannot be judged too harshly for this, because his sense of superiority was conceived generations ago and born and raised with him. I'd also seen sailors - Northern, Southern, Western - on a Navy bus ask the driver to remove a black sailor sitting near the front because the back seat, reserved for negroes, was full of whites. When the negro was ordered by the driver to move, he politely and quietly requested that some white sailor in the back change seats with him. Not a sailor moved! The black boy had to find another means of transportation from the Navy base into town, most likely his own two feet. What's the matter with America?

This may seem beside the point, but to me it only made Wright's book more realistic than it would have been. Black Boy shows the horrible lack of opportunity for a brilliant negro like Wright. Many negroes, just as brilliant but not so determined, would have given up the everlasting struggle that a black person must carry on, and would have taken one of the two easier solutions - to cringe and fawn on the white men and thus "earn" a questionable position in the white men's world, or else to accept the place designated for a negro and remain in that humble status the rest of his days. But Wright was not satisfied with either of these cowardly answers to the problem. He wanted to become an equal to the white man, could not understand the reason for the distinction, desired only to live a normal life and have equal opportunities.

From the first time when he became aware of this discrimination, his burning hope was to get to the North. And all through his life he was to seek equality, blindly and hopelessly.

All the way from the slums of his boyhood, filthy, depressing, disgusting, through a long dreary procession of moves after his father left the family, he was to come against insurmountable obstacles such as poverty and racial hatred. As a small child he asked his mother what nationalities his father was. "Some white, some red, and some black," was the reply. "Indian, white and negro?" he asked. "Then what am I?" "They'll call you a colored man when you grow up. Do you mind, Mr. Wright?" That was his first inkling of what was to come later; but in his childish innocence he dismissed it, thinking that if anyone tried to kill him, he would kill that other person first.

When, however, they slowly began to kill his spirit, his pride, and his independence, and as he lost job after job for the simple reason that he couldn't treat his white employers as if they were worthy of his worship, he found that there was no way to fight back. All he could do through abuse, beating and threats was to grow a little rougher and tougher on the outside, and a little more hurt and pained on the inside. At the age of twelve he had experienced so much that he had developed a conviction that the meaning of living came only when he was struggling to wring a meaning out of meaningless suffering.

Altogether, Black Boy is a book which, with its powerful emotional background, dares to bring to light the problem which America will have to face in the immediate future. The problem is going to take great concentration on the part of both blacks and whites, and it is people like Richard Wright who will help to reach the solution.

I think in his very last paragraph he expresses the whole hopes and prayers of the colored race, when he says: "With ever watchful eyes and bearing scars, visible and invisible, I headed North, full of a hazy notion that life could be lived with dignity, that the personalities of others should not be violated, that men should be able to confront other men without fear or shame, and that if men were lucky in their living on earth they might win some redeeming meaning for their having struggled and suffered here beneath the stars." That in itself, I think, explains why Richard Wright is a great man, and why Black Boy is a great book.

George Livesey, English 11a, Section 7