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E Benson

* C U B T R A C K S *

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* THE ANSWER TO NUMBER TEN *

A sudden pang of hunger caused Professor Holmes to look up from his desk, and peer hopefully at his watch. Well---near enough dinner time to call it a day... Just as he was about to forsake for the time his task of grading English papers, however, the professor's attention was caught by the shortness of a reply on the uppermost paper of the uncorrected pile. Taking up his glasses which he had removed the moment before, the instructor studied the paper with a queer sense of excitement. In the short text-content exam which he had inflicted upon his class after the first week of the new quarter, he had been very lenient. The last question did not concern grammar, but had been formulated purely for his own information and interest, and to test the students' means of expression. A reply such as this he had not foreseen, though. In answer to "State your reason or reasons for coming to college," the writer had said briefly, "To escape." The name at the head of the paper was David Klarr. Dr. Holmes recalled him as the young discharged veteran occupying the first seat in the second row to the left. There was surely nothing spectacular or particularly startling about David Klarr. With what could a quiet, nice-appearing, nice-looking student be faced, to induce such an open reply? The rest of the paper revealed no unusual tendencies; there were no mistakes whatever, the professor observed. What deep, inner problem, then, could Mr. Klarr be revealing with those two words?

The Trinity Hall bell interrupted the speculative ponderings of the puzzled educator, and reminded him of his waiting dinner. Pushing aside his papers with his hand, and the baffling solution with his mind, he rose and switched off the light.

Seated at dinner a half hour later, Dr. Holmes neglected to mention his odd discovery to his wife. The afternoon mail had brought a letter from their married daughter, Lucille, who, immersed in Boston life, wrote only intermittently. Her parents discussed the almost illegible contents.

"As nearly as I can decipher it," Mrs. Holmes remarked, "she's given up her position at the Veteran's Bureau, and is staying home a great deal. When you read the letter dear-- will you see if you notice something rather peculiar about it?"

Her husband looked at her quickly.

"Peculiar?"

"Yes--the thing I noticed most of all is that she doesn't even mention Jim!"

Although Dr. Holmes proceeded to eat his meal calmly enough, a slight frown appeared over his eyes. At length he said casually,

"Of course she's probably busy--after working three months as a typist I imagine it's difficult to get back to a home routine again. Still, it is odd--"

"Certainly it's odd," his wife was decidedly short, "for a woman not to even speak once of her own husband, after not writing us for over a month!"

"Well, let's not worry about it." The professor attacked his salad philosophically. "She's always been happy with Jim."

During the evening, the professor and his wife discussed various family matters, and the teasing remembrance of the English paper did not again enter his thoughts until he had retired. Then he determined to speak with Mr. Klarr the following morning, if the opportunity presented itself.

The next morning was cloudy and windswept, in contrast to the autumn brilliance of the past few days. As the class straggled into the room, Dr. Holmes observed, without appearing to, the actions of ex-private Klarr. Quiet as usual, he was gazing out the window, watching the sharp chains of wind-driven raindrops fling defiantly against the panes. What was he thinking? Holmes wondered as he informed the class that he had not yet corrected their yesterday's papers, but that some answers to his last question promised to prove exceedingly interesting. A little laugh circled the classroom. David remained unaffected by the remark of the professor who watched him closely from the corner of his eye. Hoping to detain the young man unobtrusively after class, the instructor stood quickly at the ringing of the bell, but saw that David too was lingering behind, while the other students rushed around him to the door. As soon as the room cleared, David strode forward.

"May I see you a moment, sir?" he asked, before Dr. Holmes could speak. The latter replied cordially, with an inner feeling of satisfaction,

"Certainly; suppose we go to my office, since there's another class in here in five minutes?"

David nodded, and the two men walked down the hall to the private office, where Professor Holmes invited David to be seated. The other shook his head.

"No, thanks sir, but I'd much rather stand, if you don't mind?"

"Not at all," Holmes assured him, sinking into a precarious position on the edge of his desk.

"It's about the paper I handed in yesterday," Klarr began.

"Yes, I thought so." said the professor with a smile.

"Needless to say---I was rather startled at that one answer!"

"I'd better explain about that sir; you probably got the impression that I'm AWOL, or something. But you see...."

"Look here, Klarr," the older man interrupted firmly.

"Excuse me--but....you're sure you want to tell me this? Naturally my curiosity is aroused--and I'll be glad to help you in any way I can, but don't unburden yourself too freely, even to an English professor, unless you absolutely trust my confidence...."

"Don't worry; I do trust you!" The veteran smiled briefly.

"But if you don't have the time--I appreciate your interest, but--oh, hell sir, it's just this. I'm in love with a married woman."

His home was in Boston. His father had persuaded him to obtain aid in finding employment through the city's Veteran Bureau. Here Dr. Holmes looked up sharply. At one of the offices, he had been helped by the woman of his dreams. It happened that the bureau itself was short-staffed. He had done much office work in the service, so it came about that daily contact between the two developed into more than friendship. Last month, neither could stand anymore. Her husband had learned of the affair, and she had been forced to resign her position.

At this point in the story, a queer expression passed over the professor's face, unobserved by David. Unable to forget his love, he had left his home, work, everything, and had come out west with one of his friends to the University.

"That was the only solution. I don't know why I wrote what I did on the paper--wanted sympathy, I guess. But I can't take any more of your time, Doctor-- thanks for listening to my troubles."

His progress toward the door was halted by the strange tone in the professor's voice.

"Please wait, Mr. Klarr...." A pause, then, "Do you have a picture of - this woman?"

David somewhat hesitantly produced a billfold. The picture he held out was unmistakably Lucille's.

Marjorie Boesen, English 25c

* NEW YORK -- HERE WE COME *

Long rays of light slanted up to saffron clouds over the rim of the plateau that rose a hundred feet above the sea. The sun, flanked by crimson bands, was poised where darkening sky met glassy Caribbean. Dusk was beginning to creep in from the coral reefs and up the steep sides of the plateau fringed and spotted with masses of brush and undergrowth. Where the runway stretched like a soiled white cloth across the plateau, coconut palms in uneven ranks like spectators at a parade bowed and nodded in the rising evening wind. The whirr of insects, the grating of frond against frond blended with the muffled boom of the breakers invisible in the shadows of the cliffs.

Halfway down the runway an old B-18 bomber was parked at right angles, its propellers motionless. The red light of the sunset glinted along its silver fuselage and wings. Lying along the topside almost at the wing tip a khaki-clad fellow was lying on his back, hands under his head, looking up into the streaked sky. He turned his head slightly as if listening, looked down the runway where the Caribbean was barely visible over the edge of the island; then settled himself once more and closed his eyes.

Some activity was going on inside of the plane and a muffled curse drifted through an open window at the pilot's

seat. An electric motor whirred and warmed up into a hum. Then the humming ceased. Once more the fitful breeze played along the runway, flicking up tiny dust curls, making the taut antennae stretched the length of the plane vibrate with a thin whine.

Then there was the pulse of an airplane in the air that brought the lad lying on the wing scrambling to his feet. He gazed intently into the glow of the west, his head inclined in a listening attitude. The throb of the engines drifted in stronger. The man stood motionless searching the sky, then he turned and yelled toward the window, "Hey, Simms, she's coming!"

Simms poked his balding head out of the window.

"Where?"

"Over Goat Island," the other answered.

Simms ducked his head back. A hatch above the pilot's compartment was thrown open and his head and shoulders appeared. He listened a moment and said, "I'm going to pick her up on the intercoms."

He disappeared inside the plane and there was the whir of the electric motor and the crackling sound of radio static. The figure on the wing called out.

"Hey, what's the matter? She's not even circling. Must be in a helluva hurry."

The plane, its engines coughing, touched the end of the runway with a squeal as the tires burned along the scarred concrete.

Simms poked his head through the hatch, interphones clamped to his ears. He cursed and jerked at the wires that attached the phones to the plane's interior.

"Just listened in on the intercom," he called excitedly. "Lt. Collins told operations he surfaced a sub north of Mona. He dumped both his bombs and wants to go out again. We better get this tub warmed up."

The younger man slid off the fuselage and ducked in through the open bomb bay. "Hot ziggety!" he yipped. "That's the first sub anybody in this outfit has sighted since the war began!"

The big silver plane had rolled to the far end of the runway, swung around and was taxiing back toward the hangar. Its engineer, sitting on the edge of the hatch, was waving excitedly as the plane pulled up to the hangar, spun around fast, and stopped. Before the engines were cut and propellers had stopped twisting, the side door was swung open and the crew began to pile out, everybody talking at the same time.

A reconnaissance car drove up with more men jumping out of it and joining those from the plane. A baby-faced officer the last to get out of the plane, hurried over to the group and called, "Quiet!" In a calm voice he said, "We've got a sub surfaced off Mona, about twenty minutes out. I'm going back out; we need confirmation. Where's the damned photog'?"

A little fellow with a camera balanced on his shoulder, came around from the other side of the car.

"Here, Sir," he yelled.

Within a few minutes the alert crew, with Lt. Collins helping the photographer carry the big camera, had piled into the plane which Simms had already started warming up, and it pulled out onto the runway.

The old B-18 lumbered down the strip in the gathering dusk and climbed slowly into the sky. The sun was gone now, leaving a red border half around the horizon. The Caribbean deepened and purple.

"Put her down to a hundred feet," Collins instructed the pilot. "Twenty degrees." He stood between the pilots, leaning forward and looking intently through the windshield on the horizon.

Simms, after staring over the lieutenant's shoulder for a while, went back to where the photographer was getting ready to shoot pictures from the back of the plane. The gunner in the rear turret above was twisting his guns around and the photographer was sighting out the open window.

"Hot ziggety," the armourer yelled above the engine's roar. "Mebbe this'll mean a trip to New York for us, huh?"

"Sure hope so, dammit," Simms shouted down the photographer's collar. "It's been a year and a half since I saw the States."

The photographer set the camera down and dug his fist affectionately into Simm's shoulder. "I left Texas five months ago and the war then was only two months old. Hadn't figured to get back to the States for ten years more. Golly, twenty-four hours in New York! Well, mebbe we're riding in luck; the 448th got a New York leave on their sub. We'll be the first crew in this outfit if we can get a confirmation for Lt. Collins."

The plane skimmed over the dark sea like a huge, heavy-bodied crane. The darkness had come in so fast there was hardly a dividing line now between sky and sea.

The crew adjusted their intercom switches, pressed on earphones, strained their eyes over the water below.

"Pilot to photographer," Gardner called into his mike. "Camera ready?"

A moment's silence, then, "Yes, sir. Set!"

"Should be about here," Collins was straining forward. "Lord, I hope we can get some pictures. She oughta be still in the same place; Herriot sure got a bull's eye on the baby with our second charge. Damn, can't see a thing. I'm gonna dump a couple of flares. My wife lives in New York. Left her eight months ago." His eyes jerked down to the instruments. "Better lift her to two hundred feet, can't see anything this low."

The plane climbed higher.

"I have her, I have her!" Collins yelled, pointing over the co-pilot's shoulder. "See her, there, down there. Barely see her!" Both the pilot and Collins were leaning heavily over the officer in the right-hand seat.

A faint cigar-shaped form lay below, hardly possessing any definite outline but appearing to be just a darker shadow on the dark sea.

"Set, bombardier?" pilot spoke into his hand mike. Excitement put an edge on his voice. "Give us a flare, Fred," he said to the co-pilot.

The bombardier's thin voice came over the intercoms. "Ready, Sir."

"Set, photographer?"

"Ready, Sir."

"We'll drop a charge at 200 feet, along side of her. Okay?"

The plane circled and came back in a bombing run.

"Bombs away!"

The plane pulled up taking the blast of the explosion with a heavy shudder, banked, and circled over the churning water. The armorer was shooting flares that blazed out from the column of water rising from the explosion. The dark hulk below, illuminated briefly from the flares had heeled over. Its side torn by the blast, the hulk was lying inert in the churning waves.

"She's done for; we got her!" Simms shouted, forgetting the intercoms.

Lt. Collins relaxed and smiled tiredly, satisfaction written all over his face.

"Photog, didja get any pictures?" he asked into his mike

"Think so, Sir. But it's pretty dark for this lens. Dunno if I got enuf light from the flares."

"Guess we can head home now." The pilot grinned from ear to ear.

"Man oh Man! New York, here I come!" sang out the armorer dancing on one foot like a chorus girl.

"Gawd, am I gonna have myself a time!" Simms exulted.

"Wonder if I still have those phone numbers I got at Mitchell Field in '40?"

"The wife's sure gonna be bowled over when I call her up from Penn station and tell her, guess who, guess where!" Lt. Collins said. "Hope she guesses right." He laughed, and the pilot grinned.

The next morning Lt. Collins, Simms, and the others had already packed their gear and were sitting on it outside of Operations smoking nervously and talking rapidly. The confirmation hadn't come in yet from the Navy patrol plane. The B-18 was parked, ready to go, out in front of the hangar.

At last the CO came out of Operations and carefully closed the door behind him. His face was drawn and his eyebrows pulled together in a frown.

"What's wrong, Major?" Collins asked quickly. "Has the damn Navy..."

"You men sure scored a hit, all right," there was a note of irony in his voice. "The Navy confirmed it all right. You killed that whale deader than hell."

"A Whale!" the group echoed.

The CO looked down dejectedly; the men around searched his face for some joke. Lt. Collins turned away, his head down. The CO looked around quickly, saw tears welling up in the young armorer's eyes and Simm's quick gesture as he threw his arm over his shoulder to cover up his own hurt feelings.

"Sorry, boys," the CO said feebly, hating himself for saying it.

"You shouldn't have taken so damned much for granted", Corporal." The CO snapped defensively. "This is the army. You didn't come down here for pleasure trips. Now get back to work!" He turned on his heel, with an ache in his chest. "Poor kids. Goddam the luck!" he choked out half-aloud.

"Aw hell, let's go have a beer," Simms muttered, squeezing the armorer's shoulder.

Slowly the little group broke up and wandered off toward the PX.

Donald Butler, English 25-c

* THE MAIL MUST GO THROUGH *

A summer spent as a "sub" carrier on a mail route is the equivalent of a year's course in psychology at any university. To qualify, however, one must have the proverbial patience of Job, the grit of David, the strength of Samson and the diplomacy of Samuel; the mantle of Elijah is also desirable--in case of rain. But it is far from intended that this list of qualifications should frighten away the meek reader. It stands merely as a paragon toward which all hoisters of the mail bag strive, but few reach. Usually, the "sub" doesn't realize that a finished carrier is the result of mellowing, tolerance and ability to keep his mouth shut at the appropriate times. Instead, with typical youthful enthusiasm, like a ramrod, he charges into his work. The result can be either one of two: he may become disillusioned with life in general and people in particular, or, he may become a seasoned mail carrier.

The business of sorting, stacking, shuffling, and strapping the mail for his individual route is an art which the novice usually catches on to in a week or so after his arrival at the haven of the postage stamp and the money order slip, otherwise known as the post office. And since he is at first slow at this ritual, which acts as a prelude to the actual "packing" of the route, he lays himself wide open to the greatest faux pas he could make on his new job; he allows himself to be late with the morning delivery. More post carriers have been found stabbed to death in alleys, drowned in neighborhood lakes, or subjected to extreme physical torture for this reason alone, than for all the others put together. One would never guess what a vicious housewife might do, should she not get her telephone bill on time!

At a fairly respectable hour each morning, the "sub" starts innocently about his route. But since, in this particular instance, it is not "Be Kind To Your Mailman Week", anything can happen, and on a mail route, it usually does. Right off the bat, there is a C.O.D. to be delivered to an illegible address on the thirty-six hundred block of so-and-s street. With the aid of a handy "Postman's Guide to the

United States" and a jiffy pocket compass, the owner is reached. The next ten minutes, however, are spent in trying to convince the customer why it is not conventional to pay for C.C.'s in Canadian money and defense stamps. With the help of God and a few friends, the postal patron is finally convinced, but there is no wild flame of triumph in the carrier's heart, since he experiences things like this every day, and besides, this particular fray has set him back some valuable time. With the gory vision in his mind of what has happened to other tardy mailmen at the hands of their clients, he cuts through lawns, tramples petunia beds, and hops over front yard fences in the mad attempt to get back on schedule. But it is to no avail. He is trapped by a certain aproned, red-haired customer who waves her husband's razor threateningly at him, and goes into a tantrum about the electric light bill he had delivered the previous day. "It's too high," she screams menacingly in a lusty voice. "I won't pay it, I won't pay it," she continues as the sub carrier stands there, nodding his head in a sympathetic fashion, and hoping against hope that each nod will not be the last. The sequence of screaming and nodding goes on for an indefinite period, then the coy housewife runs into the house to gargle.

No sooner has Mr. Hannigan's little helper turned the corner out of her sight, when he meets another obstacle. This newest one is a sweet old lady with a frustrated chemist complex. She is always trying new receipts with the intended purpose of testing them out on the "sub" carrier. "I hope you like this pie," she coos. "Only trouble, I ran out of flour, so I used a little plaster of paris." The mail man gulps and runs, wiping the sweat from his brow, and the cherry juice from his mouth.

And so passes the day, with insult added to injury, dagger glares and pert remarks, blunt blows and sly jabs. But it's all in a "sub's" ground training. "After all," he chuckles, "the mail must go through!"

Phil Magee, English 11b, Section 1.

* DIFFERENCES IN GIRLS *

Being an Easterner I have noticed a big difference in things here and in the East. The biggest difference is the way the girls dress and act.

In the East the girls seem more hard boiled and tough. They are used to working in the defense plants and mixing with all types of characters. If you ask one for a date and she accepts you will be expected to spend a lot of money on her taking her to the best spots to drink and dance. If while out with her she happens to come across some fellow she knows and he's alone, you are just as likely to lose her as not. They will go out with anybody, white or black, if they have a big bank roll and a smooth line. The Eastern girls seem to dress in party clothes all the time and always appear uncom-

fortable. They never seem to be able to relax and are always on the go.

The Western girls take an altogether different attitude. They don't seem tough and aren't out to take a fellow for all he has. If you take one on a date, she doesn't expect to have a lot of money spent on her but is satisfied going anyplace you want to take her. While on the date she will stay with you instead of running around trying to impress you with how many fellows she knows. The Western girls dress to be comfortable instead of trying to look beautiful all the time. They lead a more quiet and relaxed life than the Eastern girl.

All fellows know that girls are darn funny things to figure out. I'm sure that if a fellow who lived in the East will come out to this country he will find the girls a heck of a lot better than those in the East.

William Atwood, English A

***** ** ** ** *****
* D E S T I N A T I O N U N K N O W N *

The waiter scurried back and forth from the table to the bar; the champagne bottles popped, gurgled, and clinked emptily back into the bucket. Three sailors and three girls drank, laughed, drank, and laughed more loudly.

One sailor stood up, weaved uncertainly on his wobbly legs and beckoned vaguely in the direction of one of the girls.

"Come on, honey," he lisped, "let's get outta here. I gotta be back aboard ship ina hour. Shovin' off early tomorrow 'n I got work to do."

The girl gathered her things, held them in her hand and began looking around the table.

"Where's my purse, Jimmie?" she said, "I left it right here on the table 'n now it's gone. Waiter! did you see my purse? Oh, damn it, somebody swiped it! Jimmie, go get a cop. I'll teach these..."

"Lady, you've got your purse in your hand," interrupted the waiter.

"Oh," said the girl. "Oh, I have, haven't I? Jimmie, did you put it there? Jimmie! Jimmie, wait for me." She turned around and collided with Jimmie. "Oh, there you are, honey. Had my purse all the time," she giggled. "Where we going, darling?"

"I dunno," said Jimmie, "just anyplace--ha, destination unknown."

They went out the door, hailed a taxi and gave the driver an address even before they got in.

An hour later, Jimmie lurched up the gangway, heaved his hand up in a salute and said, "James McKee, Yeoman first-class reporting aboard, sir."

"McKee," said the Officer-of-the-Deck, "report to the Ship's Office at once. Prepare all necessary stragglers papers and sailing reports and notify the Captain when they're ready."

"Aye-aye, sir."

"Break out all Yeomen and turn to," said the O. D., "underway in four hours."

"Aye-aye, sir," said Jimmie, "will you have the gangway messenger call them?"

"Yes," said the O. D., "be sure everything is done before the skipper comes aboard."

"Aye-aye, sir."

The Yeomen gradually gathered in the Ship's Office. Jimmie raised his tousled head from his hands and looked them over.

"Bill," he said, "check the straggler list, make out the reports. Close out the records, and notify the doctor and pay-office. Tom, make a sailing report and roster of officers aboard. Bob, check the mail and get it off. If anyone wants me I'll be in my sack."

The Captain came aboard twenty minutes before sailing time. He called Jim.

"McKee," said the Captain, "have you got all the necessary paper work done?"

"Yes, sir."

"Muster roll?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sailing report?"

"Yes, sir."

"Straggler's report?"

"Yes, sir."

"Roster?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mail?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, McKee, report to the bridge for special sea-detail."

"Aye-aye, sir," said McKee, "is there any dope on where we're going sir?"

"Destination unknown," said the Captain.

"Yes, sir," replied McKee, "that's what I always tell them."

Fred A. Christinct, English 11a, Section 1.

* F O R E I G N W O M E N E X P O S E D *

On numerous occasions, while paging through various magazines searching for cartoons and pictures of alluring females, I have noticed articles by overseas veterans comparing unfavorably the women of America with women from "over there". Comments accompanying these articles indicate that women all over the United States are raising a shrill voice of protest. The affair is becoming a national issue.

I shy away from controversial subjects, ordinarily, as they are quite conducive to discolored eyes. But the other morning, after a rather hilarious evening, I found myself deep in thought, and I decided, to quit evading public issue

to quit looking at the world each morning through blood shot eyes, to quit staggering, and to start walking into the new era now facing the bedraggled world. It was time, I decided, to gird my loins and in my own insignificant way, to help solve current problems.

It is, therefore, with an intention toward helpfulness that I submit the following grammatically incorrect sentences thrown together recklessly, describing a few of my experience with foreign women, which, I am hoping, will prove that they have as many, if not more, faults than our beloved feminine gender.

The majority of overseas veterans are average men. A recent test in a reliable magazine edited by an unusually brilliant eighth grade graduate who has been dabbling with psychology, has proven conclusively that I am an average man. In a small crowd of grade school children I could easily speak as an authoritative overseas veteran, and, although I haven't quite mastered the handshake and have forgotten the password, my name is etched in letters of ink on the roll-call of "Putch" Leibeck Post #1 of the Veterans of Foreign Wars at Flertwood, Montana. My experiences, therefore, should compare with those of the average overseas veteran.

My first contact with a foreign girl took place near Mishkish, Alaska. From a harbor craft base in Georgia I had been issued a kayak, a can of sardines and secret orders directing me to proceed around Newfoundland, through the Hudson Strait, the Beauford Sea, the Bering Strait and straight into Mishkish Bay where I was to await further orders. It was while I waited in this bay that a young, pretty, dark-eyed girl drifted up on an iceberg. Her name, she said, was Tanya Borzsk. She had escaped from a convent in Vorinystad, Russia by masquerading as an extra long beard. For several hours she had walked under the chin of a monk until he finally wandered outside the convent walls where she made a successful break to freedom. Her kindness, beauty, respect and sincerity overwhelmed me. It wasn't long before I spied my further orders in a floating beer bottle. Suspecting that the bottle was actually my company commander in disguise, I asked it if I might have a three day pass. As it bobbed what appeared to be an affirmative answer, Tanya and I headed into the little village of Mishkish at the mouth of the bay.

For the next two days this Russian refugee was wonderful. She never stole seats in the Last Gulch Saloon. She never screamed or pushed, but stood quietly in line at the Svendov Fur Traders' bargain sale on whale-skin stockings. She didn't even try to dominate the conversation. She was the perfect woman. Then, on the third day, while we were eating Eskimo pie and watching the annual dog sled races, a swarthy Eskimo with one of the most handsome kissing noses I had ever seen in Alaska, squatted down by my side.

"Iqwash, Siwash, Chickerco," (English translations: "I own 25 head of pedigree reindeer, thousands of rubles, a seal skin coat, a quart of vodka and that's quite a slick chick ya got there, brother.") he loudly said.

Soon Tanya was leaning over my lap and winking boldly at the big Eskimo. Soon she was sitting on my lap playing with his ear lobes and giggling at just about everything he said. Soon she was sitting between the Eskimo and me stroking his nose and making cooing sounds. Soon she was sitting on his lap and rubbing her nose against his. I noticed it was almost sundown and my leave was almost over. I arose wearily and without looking back trudged, disillusioned and disgusted back to my kava'.

I sadly paddled away from Nishkish and Tanya.

I have never trusted a Russian girl since.

My next experience with a foreign girl took place in Ullapool, Scotland. On a reconnaissance mission over the Firth of Forth I was leaning out the bomb bay doors of what appeared to be a Chinese box-kite, but what actually was a cleverly camouflaged B-17, describing to a near-sighted rear gunner a bonnie Scotch lassie reclining on a hay stack below. Without a single warning, not even bombs away, a playful bombardier gave me an unexpected shove. I must admit he was an excellent bombardier for I landed smack in the middle of the haystack and by the side of the bonnie lass.

"Hoot mon", she said, "ye ca' dune mukkle fasterrrrr tha' a nae bra lad shou' frae tha' heickt".

Although I didn't understand a word she said, nor care much, either, I obligingly agreed with her as she picked the straw out of my hair and from between my teeth.

There in the haystack a beautiful romance budded. Her goodness, loveliness, honesty and consideration overwhelmed me. In Ullapool she whipped up for me many delicious hot toddies. She never blew smoke in my face. She never wore slacks. She even chewed gum without smacking it.

After a few days, when my cigarette, candy and chewing gum supply was exhausted, I noticed a change in this buxom girl of Gaelic ancestry. She began to serve me luke warm toddies. She began to eat garlic and to blow her breath in my face. She began to eat colery with a loud crunchy noise. Then, one evening, as I tripped down McTavish Avenue, I saw her seated on a cobblestone, dressed in Scotch tweed slacks. In one hand she held a package of chewing gum and a candy bar, with the other she stroked the bald pate of a full colonel seated beside her. I did an abrupt about face and began to trudge, disheartened and disillusioned, back to my base in Ipswich, England.

I have never trusted a Scottish girl since.

Later, I encountered similar experiences with a young German Fraulein, a dark-skinned Pole from Polynesia and an English girl who strongly intimated that she was Princess Elizabeth.

I have never trusted a foreign woman since.

Arvin B. Stenehjem, English 11b, Section 4.

* T R O O P S H I P *

In the dank, dark hold of the ship the sweltering heat envelops your body, covering you like a huge moist hand, making you gasp for lungfulls of humid air. Looking around in the dim light, you can see many men suspended inches apart, one above the other, on small oblong strips of white canvas. Their naked bodies, glistening with perspiration, look like monstrous, bloated worms as they turn and twist, trying desperately to escape the waves of heat, ever persistent. This is a troopship. We are in the hold, just above the steady, slow throb of powerful motors. The sound of heavy breathing--air escaping into the heat only to be quickly sucked up again, falls dissonantly upon the eardrum. You can see the red glow of lighted cigarettes slowly rise and fall, although smoking in the hold is forbidden. The heaving and rocking of the transport as it breaks through the black waters gives you a strange feeling of unreality and slight dizziness. In the far corner there is a dice game in progress. The players are rolling the "bones" by flashlight, squatting on the damp concrete floor. Before them is foreign money of which they are quickly learning the value.

As you lie there, you relive your life--all of it good, the bad experiences forgotten in these brief moments of fantasy. You think, "How in hell did I ever get here? I, too, am one of the bloated wor--hey, cut it out, don't get morbid." Then you glance at your watch, hoping that it's not too early to get up. Only 4:00 o'clock, better wait until 4:30 anyway. Presently you hear someone walking towards the "head". Better get up now; there may be hot water this morning for awhile. So you get up, dig for your razor, soap, and towel and make your way to the head. Trying to shave with the rise and fall of the ship is an art. You can't take too long; there are already three men in line behind you. When you are through, you wonder if you will carry the scars for many years.

Now to wait for breakfast. This is a British transport and no telling what you may get. Yesterday we had cold fish and tea (they maintain that we "bloody Yanks" don't know good food). When you enter the dining room, your stomach almost rebels against the smell of food, but after you are seated at the long stationary tables things look brighter. You eat fast and rise. Suddenly as the ship rolls to one side you feel your food coming back up, rejected by the stomach.

The day is spent in playing cards, reading pocket-books furnished by the Red Cross, "shootin' the bull", and avoiding work details. If the weather is nice, you can lounge around the deck and acquire a healthy sun burn, or look over the side of the transport into the boiling waters and get seasick (providing you're not already). You sit and visualize long forgotten chicken dinners and freshly baked pies, once taken for granted and now deliciously remembered.

The men seem to have become somber; there is a strange lack of horseplay common in training days. There is a tensic

in the atmosphere, a tension which makes everyone jumpy and irritable. Of course there are the usual attempts at jokes such as going to the "supply" and getting "sea legs". This trip was always an unreality, something in the vague and far away future. Now it is a reality.

Supper is a repetition of breakfast (there are just two meals a day on British transports). After that you gather on "topside" and listen to someone play the guitar, mouth organ, or horn. This is the treat of the day, fully appreciated. After that darkness again starts to descend over the boat and blends with the black angry water. Breathing deeply of the fresh air, you grudgingly make your way down to the hold. You lie down and immediately feel the smothering heat envelop you. In the dim light you can see the bodies, glistening with perspiration and looking like monstrous worms, writhing and tossing while the transport makes its sure way over the timeless ocean.

Jack Dorner, English 11b, Section 1

* THE TOP OF THE WORLD *

The Look-out becomes "the top of the world" to anyone who spends a summer there. I was there, looking down on the world, feeling like a god protecting it from the destruction of fire. It was there, kneeling by the spring as the sun rose and cast its light over the forest, my "Green Cathedral" --that I prayed. On the Mountain peak alone at night, I watched electric storms when bright flashes of light beat down on my protectorate and balls of fire played at the corners of my Look-out. I watched but I was not afraid, for I was on top of the world and I was safe. I was on top of the world and could help those who were not, the ants on the planet below.

When Ed, the packer, brought up my mail the first of the month I had fifteen letters, fourteen of which asked in a pitiful way if I was lonesome. As I read these, I laughed aloud--how could I be lonesome? I was living in man's forest God's Paradise. Then I opened the last envelope. It was an air-mail letter from a boy who had been on the same peak the year before and now on Okinawa. Writing from a muddy foxhole he was one person who envied my position, a position of solitude, happiness and peace. Tears filled my eyes, for he had also known what it meant to live in God's world; now he was in the Devil's world. The next time I knelt by "our" spring, I prayed that a year from then he might have my station, my station on the top of the world.

Esther A. Halverson, English 11b, Sec. 1

* M I L I T A R Y G O V E R N M E N T F A I L U R E S *

In order to govern properly, the governing body must know the fundamentals of government and be conscientious not only to governmental duties but to social acts committed by the organization. The majority of men in European Military Government were negligent in their governmental functions through a lack of knowledge and conscientiousness, which contributed to the many failures of the organization.

Military Government was organized under the pretense of being a division of specialists. The detachment commander were to be men who had served in civil governmental positions the Public Safety officers were to be men who had been police men in civilian life. Instead of maintaining this policy, Military Government was filled with practically every unwanted office in the remaining branches of the service. These officers were so impressed with their own importance that they jeopardized the training and full utilization of the enlisted personnel under their command.

Military Government was activated in Manchester, England, to receive training in Military Government procedure, but instead of having well organized interpreter, investigator, and medical schools, the men were kept busy cleaning vehicles or attending poorly organized classes, while the officers held unimportant meetings or visited English friends. The lack of organization can well be illustrated by the fact that the 3rd Military Government Regiment was reorganized four times in as many months, because, probably, of the inefficiency of the regimental commander, an habitual drunkard. This officer earned the disrespect of officers and enlisted men under his command as well as the name of Colonel Flow because of his frequent drunken visits to the Flow pub.

In France most of the men were again reshuffled to the extent where men who had received a little training in some of the so-called specialized fields were given duties they knew little or nothing about. Instead of using the idle time in France to train enlisted men in duties as sanitary technicians, investigators, and interpreters, they were left to guard duty, kitchen police, or close order drill. When the 3rd Military Government Regiment was moved to Tierlemont, Belgium, the same officer inefficiency persisted. After the German counter-offensive, tactical units were in dire need of detachments to take care of displaced persons who were blocking roads behind our lines, but they didn't get them because the colonel in charge was in fear of losing his command if he sent out too many detachments.

When the detachments were finally sent out the lack of training and organization became apparent. The Public Safety officer in one detachment was an engineer who had never had a day's police work in his life. He was left to devise his own method of organizing a German police force, which he never did accomplish. When a murder was committed in his city, he didn't know how to write up a report. Instead of sending out his investigator, who had received training in this field

prior to his misfortune of being assigned to Military Government, he let the case ride because he thought it wasn't important. Evidently higher headquarters thought it important, for they reprimanded him for his inefficiency but nothing was done to replace him with a competent man. The detachment commander of another detachment, who was supposedly a mayor of an enemy city, was too busy looking for cameras and other souvenirs to be bothered with such an insignificant matter as governing a German city. In looking for loot he took up the time of his driver sergeant, who was later court-martialed for insubordination, because he told his captain he was a looter and not a detachment commander. This officer was finally relieved of his command.

After the war Military Government detachments were assigned to lands in the American occupation zone. This afforded most of the pleasure-mad officers and men a better opportunity to surrender to their lusts, for they now had more time to look around. The detachment officers had a race to see who could get the nicest civilian car. One detachment of five officers and six enlisted men had five civilian cars which the officers used primarily for taking their girl friend for rides. In order to carry these girls officially they were designated as interpreters and secretaries who in most cases were hired for good looks and companionship instead of efficiency. Five officers in one detachment forced the Germans to vacate a ten-room house so that these officers would have a place to hold their nightly parties.

The enlisted men, following the examples set by their superiors, soon became as bad as the officers. It was quite common to see living quarters turned into brothels and American food used to feed the German girls. German cigarettes that had been confiscated for consumption by displaced persons were sold back to the Germans at black market prices. One enlisted man bragged of making more money than the detachment commander. Another enlisted man was re-deployed, before currency cards were issued, with a thousand dollars in recon-verted black market marks. A Public Safety officer embezzled five hundred dollars in German fine money by destroying summary courts-martial receipts. Black market and corruption flourished while relations between officers and enlisted men in some detachments were so bad that the organizations were in continual discord.

It is quite evident that a city cannot be governed by men who think of their pleasures first and their duties second. Most of the officers in Military Government let their duties slide because they didn't know what to do. This could be altered by having only specialists in Military Government. A specialist Public Safety officer with a good investigator can organize a German police force and de-Nazify a land in the minimum of time with maximum efficiency. The detachment commander, who corresponds to a mayor, has the most important job in the detachment. The detachment commander is the nucleus of the whole unit. If he knows what to do after entering a city, he can direct the men in their duties. If he does not know what to do, as is the case of most of today's detachment commanders, the whole detachment efficiency is jeopardized.

The enlisted men should be given more authority and used to the fullest extent. The enlisted men who have not received training in the medical, investigator, and interpreter fields should either be trained or transferred, for they can be as detrimental to the organization as an officer. One enlisted investigator boasted of cracking fifteen black market cases a week. He did this by taking his secretary to a German city and having her sell cigarettes to Germans while he walked behind her and arrested the civilians after the transaction was completed. This man was not only misusing a government vehicle but was unconsciously slacking his duties. Instead of de-Nazifying the land and aiding in establishing a German police force he was trying to be a "Fearless Fosdick" by making stupid arrests.

Only when officers and men have been thoroughly trained in the specialized fields of Military Government can detachments function harmoniously, efficiently, and conscientiously for shirking of duties in Military Government can be attributed mainly to the lack of knowledge in governmental procedure
Victor G. Koch, English 11a, Sec. 8.

* LIBERATION *

From radios hidden in the English compound all the prisoners of war at Stalag IIIA knew the big day was near. The progress of the American forces had been followed on stolen maps up until they reached the Elbe river, but then they had stopped. Hope had dropped but only momentarily as the Russians were pushing in from the east. The German guards were all getting very nervous and also had changed their attitude toward the prisoners. There were no roll calls the last week; the guards had tried to get the men out but every one refused to move and nothing was done about it. The Germans were actually friendly in hopes of good treatment at the hands of our liberators. They were soon to find out, however that this was just wasted effort.

On the morning of April 21, 1945, there was a double guard posted around the camp, and they were all carrying packs. The Russian artillery was clearly audible by this time and there was increasing air activity, both Russian and American. Shortly before noon the Germans lined up and marched away in an attempt to reach the Yank lines before the Reds caught up with them.

That afternoon the highest ranking man of each nationality called his men together and organized them into companies and platoons in order to keep control of them and to organize guard detachments, foraging parties, cooks and other necessary details to keep the men safe and well fed. The following morning it happened. The big tanks of the Russian spearhead came crashing through the gates of the camp and received the happiest welcome it has ever been my pleasure to witness. Naturally the Russian prisoners were the ones to receive the most attention, but they deserved every bit of it and more. Russia is not a member of the International Red Cross; therefore her prisoners got no aid whatsoever from the

organization and had to get along on what the Jerries would give them. I have seen Russian prisoners hold a dead comrade up at roll call in order to get the extra rations. They never had much trouble finding one to hold up. The Germans learned also not to turn their hounds into the Russian barracks to drive them out to roll calls as very few of the hounds survived. Food is food to a starving man.

At noon that day an American and British guard was posted around the Stalag because there were still a lot of small bands of German soldiers in the area. In the evening the Red infantry came and we felt fairly safe except for an occasional Jerry plane that strafed one of the compounds. By the morning of the 23rd all the barbed wire fences were cut down and we were free to run around the country as we pleased. Everyone went out in groups of two or three, looking for food and whatever else suited his fancy. One day when I was in Luchenwalde, the town close to the camp, with two other Americans we saw the Russians bringing in a column of captured Germans, whom, when they got close enough, we recognized as our former guards. The Russians had taken one shoe away from each of them and were double timing them over the cobble stone streets. Though it seems a little pitiful now, at the time I was glad to see it. We had to stay at that camp for two weeks after our liberation until the American and Russian forces met at Witterburg.

All the prisoners were anxious to get out of Germany and back home, but that two weeks with the Russians was an experience I shall never forget and I wish now it had lasted longer.

Being locked up for so long and then all of a sudden finding yourself with more freedom than you have ever known is about all a person can stand. Anything we wanted that the German people had we took. Some fellows had bicycles, some had motorcycles, others had cars, some even had horses and buggies. There were radios, electric toasters, coffee makers, and even heated blankets. The men were eating off Bavarian china with sterling silver utensils. Food seemed to be the most important thing and about half of each day and sometimes a big part of the night was spent eating. The Russians would help us get anything we wanted to eat. If we wanted beef, they would shoot a cow and help us butcher; if we wanted chicken or duck they would tell us where to find them. They had a bakery in town where they baked bread for the civilians who were always lined up for blocks waiting for their ration, but all a prisoner had to do was to walk up to the window and take a loaf.

Finally the link up of forces was made and the American trucks came in to take us back to Yank-held territory. These were the first free G.I.'s we had seen in months, and they really looked good. We climbed on the trucks and started home. It wasn't until then that I realized how much freedom means.

Homer Akey, English 11a, Sec. 8.