

For pictures of the Navy's contribution to the art of war, turn to page 8

BLOOD AND FIRE

For pithy remarks and shrew slants, smart GIs will read Sergeant Terry Fied on page 3.

VOL. 1, No. 9

63D INFANTRY DIVISION, CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

August 13, 1943

WAR "BLOODY AND VICIOUS", 63D C. O. TELLS JAXONS

News From Your Own Home Town

BATAVIA, N. Y. (CNS)—A 22-year-old woman admitted to police here that she was "only kidding" when she told them she had been attacked by a man. She confessed she had torn off her own clothes and scratched herself just to make the alleged assault look real.

BAYONNE, N. J. (CNS)—Seventy-six-year-old Frederick F. Bulkeley is the father of a recently-born 4½-pound son. His wife is 42. Mr. Bulkeley is the father of Lt. Cdr. John D. Bulkeley, who was in charge of the PT boat which rescued Gen. MacArthur from Corregidor.

BOWLING GREEN, Ky. (CNS)—Twenty of 22 persons aboard an American Airlines passenger plane were killed when it crashed and burned on a farm 20 miles from here. One of the dead was Capt. Harry A. Stiller, pilot of the plane, whose wife gave birth to an infant son the night of the crash. Bad weather was listed as the cause of the accident.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind. (CNS)—Cecilia Davey caught her finger in a department store cash register. It took an hour and 15 minutes before two squads of police, firemen and deputy sheriffs could free her.

KING HILL, Ida. (CNS)—A hen and a pheasant laid eggs in the same coop at a ranch here. The hen is still sitting on the pheasant eggs but the pheasant is strutting around the ranch with her brood of baby chickens.

LOS ANGELES (CNS)—Favian Fernandez and Mrs. Mary Garcia both claimed ownership of a mongrel dog. Mrs. Garcia took the case to court where Fernandez asserted the dog belonged to him and asked permission to bring his cat into the courtroom to prove the two were friends. The judge watched the display of affection between the two animals and decided in favor of Fernandez.

MIDDLETON, Conn. (CNS)—A big bass drum was used recently by Sexton Walter Barker to call churchgoers to worship. It was the same drum his father had used for the same purpose during Civil War days.

OAKLAND, Cal. (CNS)—Willie Dreyer runs 30 miles to and from his war job in Richmond every day. On the trip home he sometimes trots an extra four or five miles just to keep up his record of 1,000 a month.

PASADENA, Cal. (CNS)—Fed up with filling out Government forms, Mrs. George Green slashed her wrists the other day. Her son said she was "perfectly normal" until she was required to fill out reams of official forms in order to land a job as bookkeeper in a sheet metal shop.

PORTLAND, Ore. (CNS)—There's no room for drunks these days in the jail here. Police headquarters, depressed by overcrowded cells, sent this retort to cops requesting the paddy wagon: "Sober them up and take care of them the best way you can. The jail is full."

REEDSPORT, Ore. (CNS)—Mrs. Paul Bernhardt and Mrs. Charles Henderson went fishing. They didn't catch any fish but they did run across a cougar which they entangled in the fishing net and brought home. Neither the ladies nor the big cat were hurt.

SSO Makes Plans For "Over There"

"The real job of Special Service begins when the organization leaves for overseas," said Major Lieding today.

"We have to organize a Special Service Company as part of the headquarters troops, with one commanding officer and four lieutenants as platoon leaders. They take care of all special service work over there."

"One group of the special troops takes charge of the PX, another the movies. We'll have soldier shows supplemented by whatever outside entertainment that's available, and we'll generally keep GI Joe happy."

When We Go Over
"Here's something that Special Service has to do when we go over," the Major said, indicating a newspaper clipping which told of the War Department's latest publication—an Italian language guide.

Language and pocket guides have also been published for North Africa, China, and other places to which United States troops may go. They will be distributed by the Special Service Officer to every Jill and Joe who goes over.

"All Officers and enlisted men of our Special Service office have tactical training and are able to fill in vacancies in regular units when and if they're needed in combat."

Div. Talent To Be Used
"What about soldier shows within the division... shows made up entirely of the personnel of the division?" we asked. Said Major Lieding: "We're working on that now. Making a catalog of all the talent in the Division, and keeping it on file for use as we need it. Over there we'll probably have to rely on ourselves for the major part of our entertainment, so it will be indispensable to us once we start."

"We'll have games and athletics, just as we have now, and as much entertainment as we have here, once we're over. It's our problem to keep the men physically and mentally fit to fight."

A Hunger Strike Or—Pass The Ammunition

Cpl. George Lukas of Division Hq. Co.—Camp Blanding's champion baked bean eater—was lying comfortably on his bunk the other night, assiduously reading the August issue of Reader's Digest.

Suddenly he looked up with a startled expression and nudged the fellow in the next bed.

"Listen to this, Jack," he exclaimed:

"We were all sitting around the living room in a Cape Cod home awaiting supper one Saturday night when our host came to the door and announced 'For those who don't like beans, supper's over!'"

"Jeepers," Cpl. Lukas said, "I hope they don't begin that here in the Army or I'll starve."

Infantry Combat Soldier Held "Man Who Gives Everything," In Address To Exchange Club

U. S. Behind Troops, Says War Secretary

LONDON—At a press conference here, Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson said that the United States had almost completed recruiting the "largest and best trained Army ever sent beyond its borders."

He declared that in spite of differences over "minor matters," the people of the U. S. are wholeheartedly behind the war effort and that both soldiers and civilians are determined to carry the effort through to a complete victory as soon as possible.

Talk On Combat Soldier Brings Praise Of Press, Citizens Of Jacksonville

Press and citizens today sang the praises of Major General Louis E. Hibbs, following an address by the Division Commander before the Exchange Club, widely known Jacksonville businessmen's association.

Attention of the laymen was caught by the General's description of a "combat soldier" who "expects little, asks for nothing, and is a man who could not be paid for the service he gives. Giving everything and asking nothing, he has what the Negro calls a 'glory'—and you can't describe it, but it's there, and it's real."

"Technocracy may have a lot to do with helping to win the war, but it's the soldier of the combat division such as the Blood and Fire Division who has got to get up front and swap punches with the enemy," Gen. Hibbs, told members of the Exchange Club.

"When the competition gets tough and close, victory is won by a narrow margin—and always that margin is superior morale," he said. "Morale is the quality of being able to continue to do your work with determination and zest and enthusiasm in the face of adversity the ability to laugh off your troubles and come back for more."

The soldier of the combat division, Gen. Hibbs pointed out, is not the usual soldier that the community sees on the street. This is due to conditions which make it impossible for him to get to town frequently, because his civilian contacts are limited, because his freedom is restricted, and because he does not average as high a scale of pay generally as some other soldiers.

"He works daily to the limit of his physical and mental capacity. That is the reason and the only reason why American troops now in combat are driving ahead to victory all over the world."

"You don't produce the physical and mental stamina that an infantry division has to have without hard, soul-straining work. When you see a soldier wearing the insignia of a combat division, please look at him with the knowledge that this is a fighter bred to fight to the finish and that he lives with this purpose day and night."

The General pointed out that progressively, day by day, the combat soldier is being taught the skills of the soldier and at the same time his physical training is progressively increased to the maximum amount that his body can absorb without injury. Simultaneously, he said, the soldier is conditioned mentally in the same way: intentionally and progressively required to endure grueling hardship, eventually being schooled in this job in the presence of danger from live ammunition and in

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"Blimey," Says Limey

A British soldier touring U. S. camps with the 1st Composite British Aircraft Battery, saw a group of houses outside New York which had been demolished to make room for a new housing development.

"Blimey," said the limey, "Jerry's been 'ere too!"

EX-BOLERO STAR TAPS OUT RYTHMS ON TELEGRAPH KEY FOR 255TH INF.

"I've always dropped into every job I've ever had," says T/4 Jack Fierman, Radio Sergeant of Hq. & Hq. Co. 255th Inf. "And luckily fate has been darned good."

King of the Spanish and Latin American dance, Sgt. Fierman was known on the dance floor as Ray Jackson. When he dropped into dancing he was studying Business Administration at the City College of New York.

"The wolf was panting at the door and mother and dad were insisting I stay in college. That didn't seem quite right to me, so I quit school without their knowing."

Gets First Job
"An item in a paper advertising for dancing talent caught my eye and with more nerve than ability I applied for the job—and landed it."

"After a good, hard training period, the agency lined up a string of fashionable West Coast hotels

for our debut."

"All went off beautifully there," Sgt. Fierman declares.

"Then the troupe was engaged by a swank Catalina hotel for a season. At the end of our engagement, our manager ditched us and to our horror we discovered that he'd paid none of the troupe's expenses. We didn't feel much like paying them either, so we took matters in our own hands."

American Rope Trick
"That night the whole troupe, lock, stock and barrel, lowered their trunks and personal possessions out of the rear windows, slid down ropes of knotted sheets and disappeared into the night."

Later he was teamed with both Motyka and Lonnie Tierra, well-known Spanish and Latin-American dance artists, to dance at the Waldorf-Astoria, Essex House and the Riverside Arms.

"Between seasons most dancers teach in a New York dancing stu-

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BLANDING--OCALA RADIO NET SET UP BY 563D SIGNAL COMPANY MAINTAINS CONTACT BETWEEN DIV. HQ. AND UNITS ON BIVOUC

The old "dit dit dah dit" of the Signal Corps has gone and been replaced almost entirely in the 63D Division by voice transmitters and the phonetic alphabet.

While the combat teams of the Division are on problems down in Ocala we thought it would be fun if we did our share and went on a field problem of our own to see what made the Signal Company tick and how they contact Ocala three times each day.

When we walked into the office of Major Gibbs and told him that we were from "Blood and Fire" and wanted to see what made the radio transmission between here and Ocala tick, he nodded toward an officer who was sitting relaxed in a chair and said, "This is Lt. Patrick. He's the man you want to see."

Radio Station in Car
Lt. Patrick, the officer in charge of the radio station, led the way to a command car which had been converted into a radio car. There he introduced me to a sergeant with "This is T/Sgt. Holodak. He's the man you want to see."

As a result, it was two against one all the way through the traffic with Ocala.

Lt. Patrick started off with "This is an SCR 193, which is the most heavily used set in the In-

fantry, and this," he pointed into another corner of the command car at a leather box, "is a EE 8 A."

They looked like a telephone and a radio transmission set, but if Lt. Patrick called them "set SCR 193" and "EE 8 A" that was OK with us.

Message Center Contributes
T/Sgt. Holodak came in with, "We use the EE 8 A to keep in contact with the Division MC. The MC, or Message Center encodes and decodes messages we receive from and send to Ocala. They also furnish runners and deliver the messages."

With the look that only a radio ham can have, Lt. Patrick gave out with a technical description: "They have an SCR 193 mounted in a reconnaissance scout car at Ocala and we mounted this one in a Command Car here. In less than half a day, too. We had to in order to get through to them Monday."

"We're using a non GI antenna so we can cover the longer distance, and have scheduled contacts at 0800, 1400 and 1900."

Mostly Encode
T/Sgt. Holodak, finishing a chat with MC on the EE 8 A turned and contributed, "It's important that the operators know the phonetic alphabet. Most of the stuff is encode, and you have to use the phonetic alphabet when you use

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The Inquiring Reporter

The question of the week:
"WHAT ARE YOUR FAVORITE HOBBIES?"

PFC ROY YOUNGSTROM, Co. K, 3d Bn., 255th Inf.: "I had all kinds of hobbies. Don't know really which is my favorite. Boating and fishing I guess. I rowed around Staten Island, N. Y., in 21 hours in a row-boat. Then I like to monkey around with radios, go camping and hunting, fix up broken articles, and play my harmonica—like to trap a lot, too."

T/5 HARRY E. STEWART, 63d Recon troops: "I was a machinist back in the civilian days, and it was a hobby with me too. Used to repair 12 gauge guns for a hobby, too. Sports are my favorite—hockey, baseball and football. Another favorite hobby is to eat in different restaurants, and try out different foods."

PVT. WILLIAM MATIS, Hq. Co., 2d Bn., 255th Inf.: "Most of all I like to roller skate. Played basketball and hockey on skates, and I like to figure skate and skate dance too. I worked in a chemical plant back home, and still like to make experimental tests in the analytical chemistry."

T/5 BEN DREKSLER, Hq. Co., 1st Bn., 255th Inf.: "Favorite hobby was collecting Comic Books. Had a library of 2,000. We used to rent them out, buy and sell them, and usually the money went for more books. Used to fish for flounder, too. Liked to cook, and teach kids how to swim. I've built radio sets up to five tubes and am interested in television."

SGT. WILLIAM R. FARMER, Div. Hq., S.S.O.: "Sports are my hobby. Football mainly. Like all sports but basketball comes second and baseball third. The field meet for Aug. 28 is my favorite hobby right now."

COPPER FROM L. A. TURNS IN SHIELD FOR T/4 CHEVRONS

"I wanted to be a policeman ever since I was a child," said T/4 John R. Eggenweiler of the 563d Signal Company.

"So much so that I spent two-and-a-half years at Los Angeles City College studying police work and six weeks at the Los Angeles Police Academy, taking a general course helpful to police officers."

Working on night shift, from 7 PM to 3 AM, assigned to a district as a plain-clothesman to enforce all police regulations, his main work was with zoot-suiters.

They Just Picked Fights
"They were Mexican youths, 18 to 22 years old who would form their own gangs," he said. "They had no idea as to why they got into fights—just went around picking them."

"They'd find a respectable Mexican group having a dance or party and try to crash in. They usually met opposition, and the first thing that happened would be a fight."

"When we'd arrest them, we'd find they had pistols or long knives, both illegal weapons. We'd run them in and book them on felony charges. Don't know what they ever did with the cases that our shift ran in. The Army called me before I had a chance to find out."

Arrested Bandits
Among the other arrests that he made was the apprehension of five negroes connected with stealing rifles from troops near Pasadena and he was lucky enough once to pick up men who had stolen a car and then robbed a small establishment. They committed the robbery at 5 PM and were in jail at 3 AM the next morning.

"However, most of our work was picking up people on suspicion and bringing them in. We'd take them before the show-up screen for identification, and if nobody preferred charges or recognized them, we'd let them go."

"I was only with the Los Angeles Police Department for three-and-a-half months," he said. "But as soon as the war is over, I'm going back there."

Ocala, Blanding Communicate Via Div. Net



Sitting in the 63d's command car-radio station, M Sgt. Jack Roberts of the 563d Signal Co. converses with the 254th Inf. down in Ocala. The radio set being used by the Sergeant is the Signal Corps Radio 193. Conversation, mostly in code, can be carried on either in voice, as above, or via the telegrapher's "key".

Are English Girls Homely? Limeys, Yanks Can't Agree

LONDON — Anyone still under the illusion that Americans and Britons speak the same language ought to spend a little time in the foggy Isle, say Americans stationed in England.

Problems arising because of language differences between the two nations continue to crop up with frequency. To get over this trouble a school has been set up to teach staff officers how to talk the other country's language.

Screw Key
The school has listed many words which are different in the two countries. For instance, in England a blow-torch is a "brazing lamp"; a thumb tack is a "drawing pin"; a wrench is a "screw key" and so forth.

Trouble with the school is that it deals too much with differences in technical words between the languages.

One soldier spent a night in an English home and coming down next morning, in answer to a question on how he had slept, told his hosts that he had been bothered by bugs. There was a horrified silence. No one had told the poor GI that in England a "bug" is a bed-bug and not, as in America, any kind of insect.

And of course, soldiers are still having trouble with English words like "flat" for apartment, and "lift" for elevator, and "tap" for faucet.

And they never will get used to hearing pretty girls being admiringly called homely.

Homely, in England, means that a woman is a good house-keeper.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES

Religious Services for Sunday

General Protestant Services

Chapel No. 18, Div. Hq. & Sp. Tr.	1000
Chapel No. 19, 255th Inf.	1000
Chapel No. 20, 254th Inf.	1000
Chapel No. 21, 263d Inf.	1030
Chapel No. 4, 363d Med. Bn.	0600
263d Engr. and 63d QM Co.	0900
Chapel No. 5, Div. Artillery	0900
Chapel No. 5, Div. Artillery	1000

Roman Catholic Services: Mass

Chapel No. 4, 363d Med. Bn.	0800
263d Engr. and 63d QM Co.	0800
Chapel No. 19, 255th Inf.	0900
Chapel No. 19, 255th Inf.	0900
Chapel No. 21, 253d Inf.	0900
Chapel No. 20, 254th Inf.	0900
Chapel No. 18, Div. Hq. & Sp. Tr.	0900
Chapel No. 6, Div. Artillery	0900
Chapel No. 18, Div. Hq. & Sp. Tr.	1100

Chapel No. 4, Sunday Christian Science Service 1100

Weekday Religious Services

Roman Catholic:
Morning Mass: 0600—Monday to Saturday, Chapel No. 21.
Evening Mass: 1830—Monday, Tuesday and Friday, Chapel No. 18.
Confessions: 1600-1700—Saturday, Chapel No. 21.
Jewish Services:
Friday: 1845—Chapel No. 20, 254th Inf. Regt. Chapel.
Christian Science Service:
Chapel No. 4—363d Med. Bn. area—Thursday 2000.

Lejeune's Daughter Signs Up

WASHINGTON (CNS) — Miss Eugenia Dickman Lejeune, daughter of the late Lt. Gen. John A. Lejeune, ex-commandant of the U. S. Marines Corps, has been sworn in as a private in the Marine's Women's Reserve.

WAC Refuses To 'Highball'

NORTH AFRICA (CNS) — An MP stopped a WAC sergeant when she failed to salute a group of second lieutenants. "Would you have saluted," she asked, "if they called you 'Toots'?"

Marriages

Bachelor ranks in the 763d Ordnance Co. are now being thinned by two at a clip. In a double wedding last Sunday, Sgt. Andrew J. Kunik and Miss Charlotte Hayes of Mansfield, O., and Cpl. John Schampier and Miss Olga T. Robinson of Gary, Ind., were married by Division Chaplain Robert H. Clarke.

Witnessing the ceremony were Cpl. and Mrs. Bernard W. Potts. After the ceremony the newly married couples left for a brief honeymoon at St. Augustine.

Live Bombs Used For Protection By Soldier

SICILY (CNS) — To protect himself from German air raiders while he was unloading supplies during landing operations here a GI dug his trench between some heavy cylindrical objects lying nearby on the beach. He figured the objects would give him added protection.

Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr. stepped ashore shortly afterward, noticed this handiwork and asked the soldier: "Do you know what those things are?"

"No sir," said the dogface. "They're 500 pound bombs," said the General walking away.

Ex-Whiteman Artist Toots Sax For 63d

"It all seems like a dream now," says Pfc. Russell J. Schemik of Co I, 254th Infantry, who was wounded after three days of battle in North Africa.

"We landed about dusk, Nov. 8 on the coast of French Morocco, near Fedala, which is ten to fifteen miles northeast of Casablanca. We knew by pre-arranged signals from shore that it wouldn't be an unopposed landing."

"Several regiments, under cover of a naval barrage which shelled the town, landed ahead of us, and knocked out the short batteries."

"My Division, the Third, then followed in a fleet of landing barges. I imagine it made almost as impressive a sight as the evacuation of Dunquerque."

"While beaching," he continued, "we were strafed by a few planes overhead and scattered machine guns, but they didn't do much harm. Then, with the idea of coming on Casablanca from the rear we set out across the countryside, marching 15 miles that night with full field packs, the two regiments ahead still bearing the brunt of the battle."

Like California
"Strangely enough," he remarked, "I felt all the time as if I were in California. I'd expected to see burning deserts and boiling sand—on the contrary, there was plenty of vegetation. It was mostly farm land, tangerine groves

predominating."
"But oddest of all," Pvt. Schemik added, "Was the way in which the Arabs took the affair."

"If they were plowing and planes shelled the field, they indifferently continued plowing. More often they stood around like bystanders, neither helping nor hindering either the Allies or the French."

"It seemed almost as though they cared little who won, but were more interested in what they could get. We had a little more to offer so they showed us more preference."

"They dropped their farming for the moment, seeming to be more interested in what they could salvage from the battlefields and shores."

"After we had occupied the territory though they didn't seem at all ill-pleased. They saluted every soldier they met, general or private, and begged cigarettes from everyone."

Took All But One
"Invariably when we banded them a pack, they would remove all except one and big-heartedly return that!"

"Three days later, near Fedala, when the Third Division had taken Washington, and that's the end of my saga," he declared.

Pfc. Schemik is a native of Chicago and has been in the Army since August 5, 1940 as a rifleman and scout.

"I would like," he added, "to

be back with my old outfit. They're in Sicily now, I think. I like it here with the 63d Division though. They're a nice bunch of fellows and it's loads better than being tied up in a hospital."

The lead from the Infantry Regiment, they were suddenly attacked by machine gun fire."

"It didn't take us long to get under cover. I'd almost made it but when I got up for the third rush I felt something red hot go through my shoulder."

"That was all for me then! They took me to a first aid station and then back to the clearing station. There they found that the bullet had entered my shoulder, ricocheted against a couple of ribs and finally come out leaving three holes in its wake," he said, opening his fatigues and exposing a long red scar that began on his shoulder, curved around and passed along under his arm.

"Then they told me that I was going back to the States for treatment."

Ship Torpedoed
"The first ship we boarded was torpedoed and after a wild ride in the harbor on a landing barge, we went back to the hospital."

"The next time we had better luck and sped out of Casablanca's harbor, which was infested with U-boats, and littered with the hulks of French and Axis vessels."

"Then back to the United States to the Walter Reed Hospital in

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tion reports into net. Have you any messages for me? Over."

"This is Able Baker Oboe Four — Three messages for you. Can you take them? Over."

"This is Three Three Queen Roger. Four messages for you. Prefer you take them first. Can you take them first? Over."

"Send your messages. Over."

Wants Music Broadcast

During the busy time that the contact was established with Ocala, T Sgt. Holodak wanted to broadcast the music from the dance to the Combat Team at Ocala, asked for a pass over the weekend so he could bring his wife to the dance, gave a technical description of the non-GI antenna that Lt. Patrick had built, kept a record of the messages and tried to catch an MC runner who swiftly vanished after he delivered a message.

The station closed down with, "This is Three Three Queen Roger, Out."

Then the voice from the loud speaker, "This is Able Baker Oboe Four closing down until 1700. Out."

CC Board Might Object

The radio officer switched off the set and sat back on the seat of the command car. T Sgt. Holodak still insisted, "I don't see why we can't broadcast the band down to them tonight. We've been assigned this frequency, nobody else is on it, sir."

Lt Patrick laughed and said, "Yes, but the CC Board might object."

Major Gibbs, Lt. Patrick and Sgt. Roberts are all former radio hams of the long past civilian days. If you happened to hear station W4ACW, that was Major Gibbs. W4GMJ was Lt. Patrick sending out and Sgt. Roberts was W5KKB.

Writer Uses M-210 SC US Army
With our M-210 SC US Army (Message Book to you) which had served as an emergency note pad, snugly tucked in our hip pocket we left Lt. Patrick and T/Sgt. Holodak alone with their M-210 SC US Army's SCR 193's and EE 8 A's plus a non GI antenna and chizzed a ride out of a passing Jeep back to the inner sanctum of BLOOD AND FIRE.

Bivouac Notes

BY G. I. JOE,
252d Inf. Regt.
Revival

The ancient art of Horseshoe Pitching was reborn on bivouac with a large following.

Alligators

Lt. Sosny's saurian struggle started something. The war for the extermination of the armored water reptile was supplemented by the capture of a second alligator the following day. Several officers, equipped with field glasses watched from the galleries.

Cinema

Each night the Special Services presented a motion picture show. G. I. training films and novelty pictures served as short subjects. Feature pictures included "Next of Kin," "Captain Caution" and "Turnabout."

Oasis

By far the most popular tent in the bivouac area was the P. X. Here the G. I.'s stocked up on cigarettes, candy, cookies and cakes.

Sparkplugs

One of the interesting features of the officers' games was listening to Lt. Cox's chatter. Not one play or move passed without his vocal approval, disapproval or encouragement to some fellow player. For the enlisted men the live-wire coaching by Sgt. Turnege, 2nd Bn. manager, was also noticeable.

Wanted: Inventor

If necessity is the mother of invention, the lump laden G. I.'s are waiting for the day when a machine to eliminate chiggers and gnats from bivouac areas is invented.

Things We Won't Forget

These rainy days, that low flying Army plane, digging latrines, morning marches by the Division Band, Pvt. "Chuck" Rudbaugh fanning 16 batters, Sgt. "Red" Johnson's "windmill pitch," that day at Silver Springs, swimming in the lake, and "K" rations.

BIBLE CLASS

Baptist soldiers in the 63d Division are invited to attend the BUILDER'S CLASS of the First Baptist Church of Jacksonville, every Sunday at 0930.

Soldiers Don't Appreciate Good CO Until It's Too Late, Says Sgt. Fied

By Sgt. Terry Fied

Last week I made an admission against interest. I stated that I was a corporal for eight years. Don't get the idea that I am ashamed of it, either. I'll bet there's more than one general around here who was a lieutenant twice that long. But what I am getting at is that being a good squad leader is about the most important as well as the toughest job in the Army.

Pulled the Book

I remember one company commander I hated hell out of because he pulled the book on us corporals and made us live up to it. But now I think he was a fine CO and wish that he had been tougher than he was. That's the way with soldiers. Being lazy by nature they like the guy who lets them get away with murder—at the time. But later on they appreciate what the tough ones crammed down their throats but generally it's too late then. But to get back to the one I was referring to, he knew his Army regulations, believe me, especially the one where the duties of the squad leader are listed. He called them the Corporal's Ten Commandments, and he added a number 11 for good luck. And God help the two-striper who couldn't say them in his sleep and enforce them when otherwise engaged. I refer, folks, to par. 4, AR 245-5, and I respectfully suggest that all of you up to and including the Division Commander take a peep at them. Just in case you don't, I'll put them down now from memory.

Corporal's Ten Commandments

- "Squad leaders are responsible
- "1. For the cleanliness, appearance and behavior (an addition) of their squads.
- "2. That those going on duty put their arms, equipment and clothing in the best possible condition before going on duty.
- "3. That when they come off duty they put same in their proper places.
- "4. That all property issued to members of their squads be kept in a clean and orderly condition.
- "5. That loss or damage of property is promptly reported.
- "6. That property which has been issued to deserters, men AWOL, and sick is promptly collected and turned in.
- "7. That those members who are sick go on the sick book.
- "8. That those who want to make deposits present their deposit books on pay day.
- "9. That worn out property is turned in for replacement.
- "10. (An addition). The squad leader is responsible for the training of his squad for combat—and for its conduct in combat."

Gravy Train

How 'bout it? Wouldn't it be a gravy train to command a platoon, or a company, or a division for that matter, if you had squad leaders who could and would do all those things? If your squad leaders do their stuff you win, and if they don't you lose—it's as simple as that. That's why I say it's about the most important job in the division.

You lieutenants take a tip from an old soldier: pick out good squad leaders. Keep the old pressure on them, build them up and you'll have the best platoon in your outfit. And if we all do it, we'll have a division that can lick its weight in wildcats.

Eight Men

This is the best one of the week. A friend of mine told me that when the weekly drill schedule was posted on the bulletin board in his outfit he noticed that massed company drill was scheduled for Tuesday. He said he wondered how this was going to be done when they had been turning out a maximum of only eight men for drill a day, but he studied his lesson anyway. It just happened that a brass hat from Division wondered about the same thing, and was there to see it too—and made the instructor do it with his squad. The old company commander I was talking about would have turned over in his grave if he had heard about this, for he spent plenty of time preparing his schedules, and turned out ones that even I could follow and understand. And it was worth one of my stripes to turn out unprepared.

S-4's Job Hard, Says B & F Bard

At Ocala mirrors blossom from the stately Southern pines. And GI shorts hang down like moss from rambling stickered vines.

On bivouac, 'tis plain to see Is the good old 254th Infantee.

Now, Major T. K. Wilson is the 254th S-4;

To him they went, equipment bent, equipment for to draw;

Shoes and socks . . . motor blocks Laces . . . braces . . . even alarm clocks.

Ocala's pines from Blanding's bounds are seventy miles away—

To Johnny Doughboy 'twould have made a darn long marching day.

So T. K.'s first consideration Was auto transportation.

An auto column full 15 miles long the Major did devise—

A shooting, tooting mechanized snake 30,000 yards in size—

Crammed and jammed in subway fashion

In trucks more commonly used for ration.

Provision then the Major made the Infantrymen to feed;

To shelter and clothe, and wipe the nose, of the poor GI in need.

The QM handled the getting of beans,

And Johnny Doughboy dug the latrines.

But Wilson's the man to whom they all ran

With complaints galore Of "What's this for?"

And "Why can't I have more?"

"Now, let's see," said T. K. Wilson, as he worked on Sunday noon.

"If there's anything forgotten, it will spell my very 'toon."

"Lister bags are on the list, 'Toilet paper's not been missed."

"How 'bout a basin for washing my face in?"

Said a shavetail in gasps as though he'd been racin'.

Wilson said in obvious glee, "If a cup's good enough for the 8th Armees

"It's good enough for you and me."

"Now we'll have the men bring tackle, for the lake is full of fish.

"And a bit of bass or perch or trout will make a tasty dish;

We'll have a try At a Southern fish fry."

"We'll need spare sets

"Of mosquito nets.

"Anti-venom for snake bites

"Arnica for GI fights

"Incinerator cans . . . frying pans . . .

"Air pump . . . gas dump

"Rice . . . ice"

"We need seventeen handmen to play at retreat,

"And a group of MPs say, they always look neat;

"And GI lifeguards

"And men to be night guards."

"I could stand some new oil drums to make a grease trap"

Said the shavetail with worryment all over his map;

"A burlap potatoe sack ought to do grand,

"And use an old box sunk into the sand."

So at last T. K. finished, and turned into bed

With thoughts of the bivouac filling his head . . .

Roach powder, gunpowder, Salt pills for heat ills,

Sulphur for chigger, And flit for bugs bigger . . .

So we leave Major Wilson that tormented O.,

He's had enough trouble arranging the show.

Pvt. Edwin H. Brown, "I been aroun'

War Is Hell Dept.

WASHINGTON — Something more for GIs to worry about—the Treasury Department has just come out with the saddening news that there is a shortage of \$10,000 bills.

SIX-POINT PLAN LISTED BY F.D.R. FOR AFTER WAR

"The American people will insist on fulfilling this American obligation to the American men and women in the armed forces who are winning this war for us."

With this declaration the President keynoted his six-point program for soldier benefits after the war.

"Servicemen," said the President "must not be demobilized into an environment of inflation and unemployment, to a place on a bread line or on a corner selling apples. We must this time have plans ready—instead of waiting to do a hasty, inefficient, and ill-considered job at the last moment."

Proposed benefits are as follows:

1. Mustering out pay to members of the armed forces sufficient to cover a reasonable period of time between discharge and the finding of a job.
2. Unemployment insurance in case no job is found after diligent search.
3. Opportunity to receive further trade training or education at the expense of the Government.
4. Allowance of credit for their time in the service as regards unemployment compensation and old-age insurance.
5. Liberal and improved hospitalization and rehabilitation provisions for disabled members of the armed services.
6. Sufficient pensions for disabled veterans.

Help! Police!

CHICAGO — Military Police in Chicago had to call in the coppers—real ones, we mean—last week. Somebody had broken into MP headquarters and stolen two wrist watches belonging to military policemen.

63d Div. Band, Part Of 106th Inf. In World War I, Has Arrangements Made By 1918 Bandmaster In Files

"The band was with the 106th Infantry in the last War," Mr. Cruger said in reply to our question about the history of the 63d Division Band. "At that time Lt. Barney Toy was director."

"Some of the favorites, which we still have in the library were 'Tipperary' and 'Rocky Road to Dublin' which we still have here in his arrangements."

"The favorite of the 1st Bn., 106th Inf., was 'Old Scotch' in which the band imitates a scotch band, even with the horns dragging out in the end."

1918 Baton

There was an old case, with battered brass bindings, smeared over with OD paint in the supply room which had gone over, along with a short ebony band stick (baton) "which we never use now," said Mr. Cruger. "It's too clumsy."

"These are some of the old Sousa marches that went over, and this stack of the classics you see here," he pointed to a stack of dry cracked paper "were also over."

"A number of the arrangements were made by the bandmaster, too. Such as 'In the Army' a compilation of the opening bars of 'Over There,' 'Hinky Dinky Parley Vous,' and other tunes popular during 1914-1918."

"Here's one that was over," he said as he pulled out an old arrangement of 'Overture Oberon' which was done in German by hand.

"It was one of the best collections of World War I—and is one of the best collections of concert tunes and marches today. Goldman used to borrow music from this set."

Out of Print

"Some of the old numbers were made even before the last war, and you can't buy them today. They're out of print now."

"We were always great for marches, even during the last war—carried a lot of them over with the band. That old case you just saw out in the supply room prob-

"Limited Service" Makes Army Exit

Elimination of the term "limited service" was announced this week by the War Department.

Enlisted men who do not come up to Army minimum standards will either be discharged, or in cases where they are able to perform their tasks efficiently, will, on the recommendations of their commanding officers, be kept on duty.

Few discharges are expected as a result of the new order, it was said, as Army standards have changed very little since the inception of Selective Service.

The practice of inducting men so far has been for the Army to classify certain men either as 1-B or "limited service." Under the new regulations, all men accepted for military service will be classified 1-A.

Small numbers of men who do not meet Army standards will still be accepted, it was said. Such acceptance will be based on their skills in certain types of work, and their intelligence.

The major purpose of the ruling, it was disclosed, was to eliminate from the Army men with physical conditions, undetected on induction, who might after become pension claimants.

Burma Declares War on U. S.

NEW YORK (CNS) — Burma has declared war on the United Nations, according to Jap broadcasts heard here.

ably carried entirely marches. We don't take much concert music or dance music when we go over."

"There are almost 2400 numbers in stock, 15 or 16 cases full of music in our present library and we've got everything, dances, classics, marches, operas, anything you could want in music."

A "MUST" ON EVERYBODY'S LIST



To get "Hep"—know the news—and be a 100-percent member of the Blood and Fire Division, you've got to be a subscriber to BLOOD AND FIRE. Everybody reads it. They learn of activities in the Division, about officers, enlisted men, sports, news from other camps, news from overseas. There are regular comic strips and cartoons. If you're not a subscriber, go to your First Sergeant immediately—hand him one dollar and BLOOD AND FIRE is yours every week for one full year.

Blood and Fire

Official Newspaper Of The
BLOOD AND FIRE (63D)
INFANTRY DIVISION
Camp Blanding, Florida

BLOOD AND FIRE is published weekly by and for men of the 63d Infantry Division with editorial offices at Public Relations Office, Bldg. 102, Phone 306.

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Pvt. Thomas A. Hoctor..... Editor
Pvt. Edwin H. Brown..... Staff Writer
Sgt. John F. Bowen..... Staff Writer
Pvt. Steuart M. Sharp..... Staff Writer
Pvt. George F. McAndrew..... Staff Artist

EDITORIAL

The 63d Influence

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The following letter from one of our newly arrived privates to his folks at home is printed so that other new arrivals may know what their fellow soldiers are thinking and saying about their division.)

Camp Blanding, Florida

Dear Folks,

Well, here I am in Florida. I've been assigned to one of Uncle Sam's brand new combat divisions—the 63d Infantry Division, called the Blood and Fire Division. My sergeant says that this division was formed this year after the President and Mr. Churchill met at Casablanca and decided on unconditional surrender for the Germans, Italians and Japs, and the sergeant says we'll be in there giving it to them for Pearl Harbor and all their other crimes when they do surrender.

Down on the parade grounds is a big sign with our division emblem on it. It's a big sheet of flame with a golden sword on it, and with blood dripping from its upturned edge. Under this is printed: "Blood and Fire. To bleed and burn in expiation of their crimes against humanity was promised to, and planned for, our enemies by the United Nations at Casablanca in 1943. Born that year, the 63d Division wears the symbol of that promise, prepares and plans its sure and joyous execution."

It's a nice feeling Mom to be here in a new division with a lot of young fellows from all over the country. They take the attitude here that I BELONG—the company, regiment, battalion, and division are all linked together like one big family—and there'll be many thousands of men here, the sergeant says, so it'll be a really BIG family.

You know, I was sort of worried when I was in the Reception Center. There was so much hustle and bustle, and there was KP and fatigue duty and stuff all the time. Remember, I wrote that I didn't think I liked the army, and I wished I could go home? Well, it's different here because they say I belong, and they tell me I'll be so busy learning things here that I won't worry much about KP. I'm going to get a new Garand rifle that will be ALL MY OWN to fire and to take care of, and I bet that when I'm through down here I'll have an "expert" medal with a whole raft of bars on it, just like the sergeant has. He says we'll have rifle, automatic rifle—that's something called B.A.R. down here; stands for Browning Automatic Rifle, and bayonet, and hand grenade, and carbine. Gee, if I qualify as marksman, sharpshooter or expert in all these I'll have to put on more chest to hold all the hardware!

Speaking of putting on more weight, the Corporal in our row was telling me last night that even though we're all eating the same chow here—breakfast, lunch and supper are all called chow in the Army as you know, Dad—some of us will lose thirty pounds and others will put that much on. He said the training program is absolutely guaranteed to make us hard as steel, and able to lick our weight in wildcats, much less Japanais! I'll be a regular Charles Atlas when they get through!!

Someone's blowing a bugle out front—I don't know what it means, but I'd better find out right quick, so I'll close now and drop this down at the mail tent on my way. Remember to write me soon,

Love

Morning Report



PVT. IRIZARRY, A PUERTO RICAN, BY BIRTH, WAS AWARDED THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS FOR HEROISM IN NORTH AFRICA. ON HIS OWN INITIATIVE HE ATTACKED AN ENEMY MACHINE GUN AT CLOSE RANGE—SILENCING IT & KILLING THE CREW. THIS ACTION MADE POSSIBLE THE ADVANCE OF HIS COMPANY, WITH HIS LAST SHOTS HE WAS SERIOUSLY WOUNDED BY ENEMY FIRE.

News From Here and There

SOLDIER WOOS WAC WITH G. I. COOKING

PANAMA CITY—The way to a woman's heart is through her stomach says Pvt. Russell West, who ought to know. When a contingent of WACs was assigned to eat in a Tyndall Field mess until their own mess was set up, Pvt. West was one of the cooks, and Auxiliary Ardella Simmons was one of the WACs.

They were married last week.

Overseas OC School Graduates 71 Looeys

EUROPEAN THEATRE (CNS)—Seventy-one U. S. soldiers recently received commissions as second lieutenants after graduating from an Officer Candidate School in this theatre of operations. The class was the fourth to complete training here. The graduates received commissions in the Air Corps, Quartermaster Corps, Finance Department, Engineers, Ordnance Department, Medical Administrative Corps, Field Artillery and Military Police.

Belt Buckle Saves Life Of Waist Gunner

ENGLAND (CNS)—Sgt. Benny Kaplan, a waist gunner, felt something hit him during a scrap with enemy fighters. He paid no attention until he reached home. Then he discovered that a shell fragment had ripped through his Mae West, tore the hooks off his parachute and had been stopped by a big brass belt buckle.

It's The Lady Who Pays? Not This Time, Bub!

ALASKA—A dance was held here recently to raise funds for candy and cigarettes for soldiers on the Alaskan Chain and the "Ideal Ball and Chain Girl" or "Princess of the Aleutian Isles" was chosen by popular vote.

Admission to the benefit ball was as follows: Generals, 20 cartons of cigarettes or 300 candy bars; field officers, 10 cartons or 150 bars; company and warrant officers, 5 cartons or 75 bars; civilian personnel, 3 cartons or 45 candy bars; enlisted men, 2 cartons or 30 bars; ladies, free.

BOOGIE-WOOGIE BUGLER

NORTH AFRICA (CNS)—"Tiger Rag," not "Revielle," was played by a bugler who borrowed a trumpet to awaken men during their voyage over here.

WACs CHISEL IN ON SALUTE MONEY

AIR BASE, Victorville, Cal. (CNS)—WACs are chiseling in on the time honored custom of high-balling newly commissioned officers for the "salute money" reward.

At this Base, where bombardiers are graduated as second lieutenants it has been a pastime of enlisted men to hang around the theatre from which the new officers will exit after receiving their certificates. Now WACs have taken up the trick. The gals deliver right snappy salutes, too, according to reports.

Son Of Gen. Chennault Saved From Japs

WATERPROOF, La. (CNS)—D. W. Chennault, who was rescued from a Japanese-held island after the U. S. light cruiser Helena was sunk in the Southwest Pacific, is the fifth son of Maj. Gen. Claire L. Chennault, commander of the 14th U. S. Air Task Force in China. Gen. Chennault has three sons in the Army and two in Government work. The one who was rescued is in the Navy.

G. I. Stops Bullet, Goes To West Point

WEST POINT, N. Y. (CNS)—Wounded by a Jap bullet in the fighting at Guadalcanal, John E. Stannard today is a member of the plebe class at West Point. A former Infantry sergeant, Stannard was notified of his appointment to the Academy while on a hospital ship enroute to the U. S. from the Southwest Pacific.

Get The Shotgun, Pappy

Cannister shot, unused for military purposes since the Civil War, is coming back into use as tank ammunition.

The cannister shot, similar in purpose to shrapnel which has been discarded, is used to wipe out enemy machine-gun nests.

The shot comes in a tin can containing 122 of the three-eighth inch balls.

Shortly after leaving the gun, centrifugal force destroys the can, making for a burst effective at 200 to 400 yards.

U. S. Japs Accepted By WACs

WASHINGTON (CNS)—The War Department has announced that a limited number of American-born women of Japanese ancestry will be enrolled in the Women's Army Corps. The success of recruiting of men of Japanese descent led to the adoption of the plan, it was disclosed.

The Sky Pilot Says it

The Will To Win

By CHAPLAIN MARVIN E. KAUSLER
1st Lt., 253d Inf.

Campaigns capture crowds by their vivid slogans. "Remember the Alamo" set a people on fire. A new will to win was born. On December 7, 1941, death and destruction descended upon us and from that funeral pyre rose the cry "Remember Pearl Harbor" that put us on the alert and will keep us there until the day of victory—and after. Burned into us is the absolute necessity of the will to win.

But, given men of ability, given all the equipment necessary as well as numerical superiority in manpower, the most righteous cause can still be lost unless there is the indomitable will to win. This means more than merely mouthing the phrase "we will win" with an attitude that casually takes it for granted, the way one does the rising and the setting of the sun. It means saying it with the set of the jaw, a gleam in the eye, and a clenching of the fist—then marching forward to see that we do it.

There have been times when men have had little more than just the will to carry them through. It could be said of the Revolutionary Army which was inadequately equipped, hastily trained and poorly paid. But it had the will to win! The same could be said for modern China which had nothing with which to face the invader except plenty of men with the will to win.

Scientists who have fought the battle of health for mankind have often had to start with nothing but the will and determination to root out the source of a disease and find a cure. By that iron will they have won.

All men who would fight the battle of a better life in which honesty, purity, kindness and truthfulness have their way are constantly in need of the will to win over sin. Paul fought it all his life with the slogan "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." and in the end was able to say "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory."

Our undying will to win has a three fold source. The homes we have left for a while that they may be secure forever; the country which has seved us all our lives and which we are called upon to serve in an extraordinary way; the God who has given us life, from whom we came and back to whom we go. Any one of these is worthy enough of the will to win. All three give us an unbeatable combination. We will win!

G.I. JINGLES

Battle of Blanding

By the Bard of Brooklyn

You may talk about your campaigns,
Of your beach-heads and your landings,
Of the jungle and the sand,
And the outposts you have manned;
But I'll top them all with tales of bloody Blanding.

Aye, you've seen the bullets flying,
And the men about you dying,
And the bleached white skulls adorning
In the mud—
And you're watched your buddies dropping
As the mortar shells came plopping
And the caked dry ground a sopping
Up the blood.

We can listen to your blather,
And we'll work up little lather,
For we know we would have rather
Fought than rued.
And in answer to your chat,
As you boast of this and that,
This word we only utter, "Gnats"
To you.

We have fought against no Japs,
We've no feathers in our caps,
All we've got are ill-earned raps
From all concerned;
We would all right gladly settle
For a bright and shiny medal—
For this fact you can't soft-pedal,
That we're burned.

Down in Blanding we're with Sherman
When it comes to talk of vermin—
For we've contacted the chigger,
The bloody bugger that's no bigger,
Than the dot set o'er a figger
Of a "j".
We contend the little rip,
With his borer at his tip,
Is as dang'rous as a Nip
Any day.

WAC—Are you working for a commission?
Soldier—No, straight salary.

Love within the law
Is seldom raw.

Here's to the girl who's pure and chaste;
The more she's pure, the less she's chased.

DAVEYS BIG—AND LITTLE SOON— LIKE TO SING—AND MAYBE CROON

A baritone of no mean proportions, Lt. Bernard A. Davey of Company "F", 254th Inf., has sung with many of the country's top-notch bands.

Making his debut at the age of eight, singing "Betty Co-ed" in a grammar school show, he was under contract to sing on the Coast with Will Bradley's Band before he was drafted in February of 1942.

Lt. Davey was first assigned to Fort Dix, N. J., where he sang in camp shows and later traveled all over the II Corps area with Army troupes.

Qualified As Aerial Gunner
Transferred to the Air Corps he qualified as an aerial gunner and was stationed at Miami Beach for ten months. He left the Air Corps to attend the Infantry O. C. S. at Fort Benning, Ga.

Receiving his commission in May of this year, he was first assigned to Special Service work at Camp Robinson, Ark. and later transferred to the 63d Division.

Lt. Davey's mother, Florence Frey, was coloratura soprano at the Chicago Civic Opera Company from 1926 to 1929. His father was a major in the 80th Division during the last war.

A native of Petersburg, Va., Lt. Davey studied voice at the San Marco School of Voice in New York.

His first job, using the name Bob Davey, was with Gene Krupa's Orchestra at the Fiesta Danceteria in New York.

Sang Over Blue Network
Returning to Richmond, Va., he teamed up with Patsy Garrett, then vocalist with Fred Waring's Orchestra. They were featured on the Southern Dairies Program over the N. B. C. Blue Network.

Then he and Suzanne Daye, Miss California of 1939, fulfilled series of engagements at various New York night clubs in Manhattan and the Village.

That fall he took the place of Bill Darnell with Bob Chester's Orchestra.

Next it was a gay round as vocalist with well-known bands—with Blue Baron who was playing

at the Hotel Edison; with Johnny Messner playing at the Hotel McAlpin, and with Bobby Day's band. Later he returned to his old job with Bob Chester.

The Fall of Davey
"About the funniest incident I can remember," he says, "Occurred at the Oriental Theatre in Chicago."

"I was singing 'Stars Fell Down'. Don't know whether it was the vibrations of my voice or what, but suddenly the stage caved in and I found myself sprawled in the aisle."

"It was Davey that fell down that night," he added, "not the stars."

Lt. Davey has made a number of musical shorts with both Bobby Day's and Johnny Messner's Bands.

Made Hit Recording
His recording of "Sinner Kissed an Angel" with Bobby Day's Band was the largest selling recording of the time, with the exception of the Harry James version of the same tune.

He and Bob Eberly had the greatest vocal ranges of any band singers—two and a third octaves.

Although Lt. Davey has a collection of over a thousand jazz records, paradoxically enough he much prefers to sing romantic tunes and ballads to jazz.

Lullabies Next?

His wife, Katherine Daniel, is at present singing with Tony Pastor's Band.

"And we're expecting a young Davey," Lt. Davey admitted.

"I hope it's a boy, but whether boy or girl, Katherine and I are sure that he's going to keep up the family tradition."

TOJO BLOWS UP; JOINS ANCESTORS

Climaxing one of its famous demonstrations the 63d's Chemical Warfare staff this week sent Tojo to join his ancestors. "Tojo" was a dummy. Hogtied with prima cord, and stuffed with Nitro starch and smokeless powder, Tojo made a noisy exit from this world.

The demonstration, prepared by Major Glenn Y. Williamson, 63d Chemical Warfare Officer, his staff, and gas officers of the 255th Inf., was witnessed by all members of the 255th.

It included use of thermit and magnesium bombs, white phosphorus land mines, tear gas pots, and other Chemical Warfare agents.

As another illustration of the effectiveness of prima cord, a clothesline constructed of that material, bedizened with a peculiar assortment of lingerie, was introduced as part of a "WAC bivouac area." Lingerie and clothesline disappeared into thin air with a roar upon the application of an exploder.

Workings Of "Magic Eye" Divulged To John Q. Public

The "Magic Eye" which has been used by AA Batteries since the beginning of the war and on the Secret list until recently has now been made a public knowledge.

The "eye" consists of two telescopes which are pointed at enemy planes and a director box associated with the guns of the battery. The speed and direction of the planes is automatically figured and the guns are pointed toward the target by remote control.

All the crew has to do is load and fire.

FIZZ

ABERDEEN PROVING GROUNDS, Md.—The instructor pointed his finger at a tan-clad figure moving aimlessly around the rear of the room.

"What is the Dewey Decimal System used for?" he demanded.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "I dunno," he said.

"What's your organization, soldier?" the instructor inquired hotly.

"Ain't got none," was the reply. "I'm just the Coca-Cola man here to fill up the machine."

SPRINGFIELD, Mass. (CNS)—A hotel, pressed with a labor shortage, offered guests a 50 percent reduction on their \$1 rooms if they made their own beds.

War Bloody

Continued From Page One

the confusion and noise of combat.

"There is no short cut to the production of the man who can take anything and everything that comes, physically and mentally, and laugh it off—physical hardships of weather, exhaustion, lack of food, lack of sleep, cold, heat, thirst, all these—the mental stamina in the face of fear to quell it and to move determinedly and deliberately, time and again, into clearly seen danger—most generally feeling himself an isolated individual denied even the comfort of the feeling of the close presence of his comrades, and always his job physically and mentally complicated by the fact of unfamiliar surroundings," Gen. Hibbs continued.

"The man in the tank fights where he has practiced, the doughboy never—the man in the tank has that old familiar noise to keep him company and maybe the voices of his buddies over the ear-phones—the man in the plane knows at least these and the promise of a place to sleep if he gets through—the doughboy has the promise only of more hell to come—and a damned uncomfortable time until it comes."

"Never was there a truer example of the fact that you get out of life what you put into it—and they are putting everything into it, expecting little; used to little, toughened to adversity, giving everything and asking nothing," he continued.

"They've got what the negro calls a 'glory'—and you can't describe it, but it's there, and it's real, and it gives them strength and sharp wits to hit in the pinches, to subjugate fear and laugh at trouble, and gives them the will to drive to victory—for the sake of the glad pride of the doing and the soldier's faith of duty and loyalty to his comrades.

"These things I teach to the division which I command. Anything worth doing's worth doing well. Stamina comes only through hard work. Nothing stops the unit that has the physical stamina and moral courage, and zest and vigor of spirit to meet and take anything with that well known American grin, and keep boring in.

"The leaders, from the corporal up, are such only so long as they know more, do more, and do it better than their subordinates. There's no place in a foxhole for a stuffed shirt—the leader is first into hardship minding it least he fights, laughs, and lives with, beside, and for his men—holding their respect for him because of his superior capacity.

"For the combat soldier war is personally a bloody and vicious game. He must be schooled in its skills and trained for its rigors. The road is tough—the reward at the end both unmaterial and priceless—to walk full fit and glad in his strength, looking the world in the eye and saying (to himself), 'I am a combat soldier—what do you do to be proud of?' and not 'What have you got?', nor 'What do you get?'"

763d Ordnance Co. Leads Auto League

The race in the Auto Maintenance League is on in earnest. Standings in the league indicate the success with which units have met spot-check tests given their vehicles. Percentage points separating the leaders from the units at the foot of the league have lessened considerably.

Officers spot-checking vehicles just returned from a week in the field, report that the brand of maintenance practised is up to a new high standard.

Minor Deficiencies
Spot checkers also said that elimination of a very few minor deficiencies would have kept some of the units formerly in the lead from dropping out of the running. There are fifteen teams in the league. Leaders are:
1. 763d Ord. Co.
2. 63d Div. Hq. Co.
3. Hq. Btry., Div. Arty.
4. 863d F.A. Bn.
5. 718th F.A. Bn.
The 253d Inf. and the 254th Inf. were tied for sixth place.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn. (CNS)—"Pal," a rat terrier, was burned to death when he ran into a flaming home here apparently under the impression that Mrs. Carl Moser, his owner, was trapped inside.

EX-BOLERO STAR TAPS OUT RYTHMS ON TELEGRAPH KEY FOR 255TH INF.

MOTYKA



This is Motyka, Gents, Sgt. Fierman's former dancing partner. If the Sergeant looked anything like Motyka, we'd run his picture too.

Continued from page one
dio," he said. "That's another job where you run into experiences. Most of your pupils seem to think they can learn to dance in six easy lessons—Madame Lazonga style," he continued.

"As it happens it takes some of them about a hundred lessons to realize they'll never learn more than enough to hobble around the floor."

He Pays With Sore Feet
"There was the Chicago ice cream king's wife. She was willing to pay, and pay well to learn, but I think I did most of the paying. My feet were so damned sore after being weighed down with her two hundred and twenty-five pounds, that it was no laughing matter."

"But the prize incident occurred a couple of years ago, Sgt. Fierman continued, "With another of our customers. She dressed expensively and in excellent taste—everything indicated that she had plenty of money."

Uncle Sam Foots Bill
"One day the office notified me that she was in arrears in payment. When I mentioned the matter she replied without the slightest trace of embarrassment 'Don't worry about it. I'm expecting my relief check tomorrow and I'll bring the money right over.'"

"One night my partner and I were doing an exhibition of a bolero at an International Photographic Association benefit."

Swing And Sway
"Of course, all entertainers are strictly forbidden to touch liquor before their acts. But someone had induced her to drink and when it was time for our dance to go on she was so drunk that she could hardly stand. No one ever knew it though for although she rolled all over the floor, the orchestra fell right in with the situation—when she fell, the music crashed; when she staggered the music rose and fell with her; and in the few moments when she held her own the orchestra went on with the bolero."

"After it was over everyone thought it was a swell act."

"I was the kill-joy though, and didn't speak to her for two weeks." "You bet your boots I want to go back to dancing when the war is over," Sgt. Fierman says. "Not because it pays well—it does, but you spend twice as much as you make but because I like the work."

LAFF OF THE WEEK—

BRADLEY FIELD, Conn. (CNS)—The following notice ran in a mimeographed bulletin at this base: "LOST—Pair of pants (tropical worsted). Reward is offered due to sentimental value. Call Capt...."

SELL 'EM AND SELL 'EM AGAIN ADVISES PIGEON FANCYING CPL.

The fact that he was raised in Long Island City—near the old World's Fair site; in the shade of Manhattan's towers and spires, and "on the other side of the Triborough Bridge," Cpl. Arthur G. Woerner of the 718th F.A. Bn. says is his only claim to unusuality.

"But then there are millions of other New Yorkers who were born and have lived in the same atmosphere so I'd better remain in the background."

"Not every New Yorker keeps two hundred pigeons as pets though," the reporter dogged.

How Could He Lose
"I did have them, yes," Cpl. Woerner replied. "But when the greetings from the President arrived, I sold all of them. They're like bad pennies though, for already thirty-five of them have flown back."

They've always had a tendency to do that, Cpl. Woerner says. During the ten years that he has kept pigeons he has never killed one, preferring to sell them—and profitably too, for he says that as fast as the birds were sold they returned home, ready to be sold over again.

"The worst enemies were hawks and 'brother' pigeon fanciers. The hawks you could lay for and shoot but the only way you could get back at the other breeders was to go scouting for their pigeons and in turn replenish your stock. It's really quite a sport! I won't claim that I've never done it either," he added with a wry smile.

Had Own Racing Pools
Cpl. Woerner never entered his stock in fairs or shows because it cost too much, but he and fellow pigeon mongers in the vicinity had their own racing pools where each man threw five dollars or so in the pot and submitted his entry.

The pigeons were then taken 35 or 40 miles out and freed. From then on, he says, the affair is like horse-racing on a miniature scale—and the race isn't yours until your entry is back and cooped up.

"A friend of mine had a swell bird entered one day," he said. "It was back in the neighborhood hours before any of the other entries but instead of returning to its own coop it stubbornly circled the air overhead all afternoon. When it finally did come down, it had lost the race by hours."

Youngsters Start Early
"We always use the 'homers' or 'carriers' for racing," he added. "The smaller breeds don't have the necessary endurance."

"The kids on the East Side of New York start flying pigeons from their windows even before they play with rattles."

"And that's an interest," Cpl. Woerner continued, "that would do them more good than hanging around pool-rooms, but some neighbor usually complains or city red-tape interferes and the kids have to give up one of the few hobbies that can be practiced in crowded slum sections."

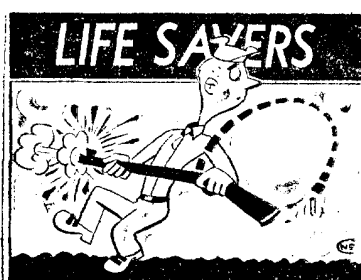
"When I came into the Army I had hopes of getting into the Pigeoneer Section of the Signal Corps. I still would like to fou that matter, but the Field Artillery isn't too bad."

After Duration and Six
"After the war I'm going to take up the reins where I left off and start right in raising pigeons again."

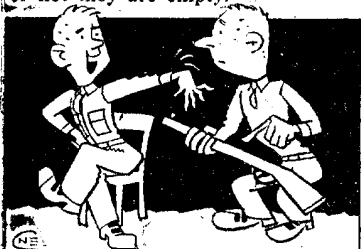
Until then he says he'll climb beneath the sheets every night and go to sleep dreaming of Helmets and Nuns and Archangels and Bald Heads and Budapest Tipplers—Helmets and Nuns and Archangels and—ZZZZZZZZZZ.

THEATER SCHEDULE

- TOMORROW**—Nos. 3 & 4—"Spotlight Scandals" Billy Gilbert and Bonnie Baker.
- No. 5—"For Me and My Gal" Judy Garland and Gene Kelly.
- SUNDAY**—Nos. 3 & 4—"Salute to the Marines" Wallace Berry and Fay Bainter.
- No. 5—"Spotlight Scandals" Billy Gilbert and Bonnie Baker.
- MONDAY**—Nos. 3 & 4—"Salute to the Marines" Wallace Berry and Fay Bainter.
- No. 5—"Heaven Can Wait" Don Ameche and Gene Tierney.
- TUESDAY**—Nos. 3 & 4—"Silver Spurs" Roy Rogers and Smiley Burnette.
- No. 5—"Heaven Can Wait" Don Ameche and Gene Tierney.
- WEDNESDAY**—Nos. 3 & 4—"The Black Swan" Tyrone Power and Maureen O'Hara.
- No. 5—"Silver Spurs" Roy Rogers and Smiley Burnette.
- THURSDAY**—Nos. 3 & 4—"Hi Diddle Diddle" Martha Scott and Adolph Menjou.
- No. 5—"Salute to the Marines" Wallace Berry and Fay Bainter.
- FRIDAY**—Nos. 3 & 4—"Hi Diddle Diddle" Martha Scott and Adolph Menjou.
- No. 5—"Salute to the Marines" Wallace Berry and Fay Bainter.



TREAT ALL WEAPONS as though they were loaded until you have inspected them yourself to see whether or not they are empty.



NEVER TAKE SOMEONE ELSE'S word that a weapon is unloaded. Inspect it yourself to be sure.

Recon Report

Our Recon reporter informs us that the report that alligators caught by his outfit which accompanied the Red Combat Team to Ocala last week reached a length of ten feet is definitely untrue. "Had they been THAT long," quoth he, "I'd have been back at the Blood and Fire office before they'd finishing capturing the saurian. Next time we have a pitched battle between one of our officers and a reptilian dragon, we want a photographer to put it in black and white."

Extremely active on this bivouac were the enemy battalions of chiggers and gnats, which were successfully repulsed in a battle featuring the liberal use of sulphur.

It looks as though the kiddies down Ocala way have read and approved Maj. Gen. Hibbs' ideas on snappy, smiling salutes. As the trucks rolled through the streets the children smiled and dished up "highballs" by the dozen.

Expert Herman

One man we won't have to worry about expending unnecessary ammunition in the pursuit of the Nazis is Pfc. Herman E. Kiwy, of the Recon. He was born in one of those German towns which became a part of Poland following World War I, and which the Germans seized when they marched eastward. After four weeks in a German concentration camp, Kiwy was released with a warning to leave the country. He did, and went to Holland. He came to "The good old U. S. A." in 1940, and has been in khaki for 16 months.

"There won't be any ammo. wasted on those & ; ; ; *w ?\$5&! when I get over there, because I just qualified expert with the carbine last week," he says.

Recon Troop Clerk Sgt. Lawrence R. Traver wants to go overseas to see how they fill out those "Missing in action" forms. Nice guy! Bet he passes his spare time at a shooting gallery, or hiking the Adirondike trail.

Service Club No. 1 Offers Schedule

Highlighting a busy week for Service Club No. 1, a dance for members of the 63d Division will be given this Tuesday from 2000 to 2300.

There will be three Hospitality Nights during the week. On these nights there are no scheduled activities. However, chess, bridge, and pinocle facilities will be available to soldiers. Classical and popular records are to be found in the Attic Room. Sheet music may be procured in the front office.

Other activities are as follows:
 FRIDAY: 2100-2230 -- Bingo with prizes.
 SATURDAY: Hospitality night.
 SUNDAY: Orchestra, 1800-2000; Community singing.
 MONDAY: Hospitality night.
 TUESDAY: 63d Division dance.
 WEDNESDAY: Special Service Movie.
 THURSDAY: 254th Inf. Variety Show.

FRIDAY: 2100-2230 -- Bingo with prizes.

Men who wish to attend the dance on Tuesday night are requested to wear Blood and Fire shoulder patches on their shirts, as the dance is held for the benefit of members of the 63d Division only, and the shoulder patches are the only means available to distinguish men of the 63d from other soldiers.

Buck Took A Dive And Saved Swimmer's Skin

A dancer in Olier & Johnson's Broadway hit "Helzapoppin" was Cpl. Carl H. Buck of Co. A, 363d Med. Bn.

"The show opened in Hartford, Conn. Sept. 27, 1938 and I'm not kidding when I say that for its entire run it was as much fun for the actors as for the audience," Buck declared.

"During my two years with the show I never missed a performance but not once on the other hand did I see a complete performance," he added. "I wish I had too, for I heard a lot about the woman running up and down the aisles looking for her husband, Oscar; those in the cast who shot beans through pea shooters at the audience; and the man with the trunk who ran all over the theater spotting seats in the most ungodly places and disturbing everyone in getting to them."

In Chorus Of Aquacade

Cpl. Buck was also in the chorus of the World Fair's renowned Aquade.

"The nearest I legitimately got to being in the "aquatic" part of the show was swimming in the pool between shows."

"One day I was up in the tower waiting for our act to go on. Miss Ederle was giving exhibitions of diving and had just reached the top of the tower for another dive when with a noisy rip, her bathing suit burst at the seams. She flew down the stairs to her dressing room like a streak, leaving me still wondering what had happened."

"No one else knew that anything had occurred so naturally there was bound to be a hold-up in the show. I didn't know a whit about diving so I knew I couldn't do any brilliant exhibitions along that line. Besides I was hardly in costume for diving."

Show Must Go On

Then my eyes lit on a blonde wig and parasol lying on a chair nearby. I jammed the wig on my head and strutted out onto the board with the open parasol over my head. I wasted as much time as I could doing as many crazy things as I could think of, and then jumped feet first into the pool, still wading off the sun's rays with my parasol.

"I was a sorry sight when I came out. I guess pinch-hitting for Gertrude Ederle is about the only fame I can lay claim to in connection with the Aquacade."

A native of the Nutmeg State, Cpl. Buck was born in New Haven, Conn. His father was an orchestra leader and that, he says, was the only early contact he had with the show business.

Studied At Yale

Cpl. Buck studied at the Yale Art School and was taught dancing by Jack Blue and Ernest Ledger, dancing instructors of New York.

"When we were little Dad used to enter my sister and me in dance contests. Later we danced profes-

YOICKS, YOU JOICKS!

Somewhere in England a group of yanks had just lined up on a firing range, leveled down on a target. "Ready on the Right!" "Ready on the Left!"

Across the range a stag bounded, with a jeep and three doughboys chasing it, shouting "Yoicks, you joicks!" and trying to get the stag in their rifle sights.

Behind them came the traditional hounds and the pack of red-coated huntsmen of England.

The MP's had good hunting that day. They bagged three soldiers and a jeep.



sionally as a team under the name Lock and Dean. My sister later was vocalist with both Frankie Masters' and Angelo Ferdinando's orchestras.

"Then Jeanette Castle and I teamed up as 'The Castles' -- No, no relation to Vernon and Irene Castles," he added.

Wants To Forget Show Business
 "After that I worked with the dancers, Mildred and Martha Borst. Mildred later was left a large share in the estate of the copper king, Guggenheim."

Cpl. Buck says that both he and his wife, the former Margaret Pardee, radio soprano, are very much determined to forget the show business.

"It isn't what we want," he declared, "and we're just as determined that our son won't go into it either. I was working for Colt Arms when I came into the Army and I hope to go back there when the war is over."

UNCLE MOE RIVALLED BY ARMY PX SYSTEM

Rivaling your Uncle Moe around the corner under the sign of the three globes in the variety of stock carried, the War Department has released a list of some of the merchandise carried by Army Post Exchanges throughout the world.

Of especial interest were some of the wares offered for sale in exchanges in the south seas.

For a dollar and a half a GI stationed in the South Pacific can buy a grass skirt for his girl back home, or a necklace with the girl's name spelled out in shells.

Kangaroo Rug

A more expensive item is the kangaroo rug priced at \$20.

Post exchanges are housed in all sorts of edifices ranging from modern store buildings to tents and fronded native huts.

Exchange supplies are sometimes difficult to get. For example, in some areas supplies are packed in by native carriers who are paid off in cash and tobacco.

Snafu Bears Lumps; Thass All, Brother!

The Yardbird looked sort of disgusted.

"What's the matter, Keed?" we asked.

"I been a feel soldier fer a week. Thass all. An' thass enough, too."

We studied him for a moment. "You don't look so good," we said.

We noted some lumps on his person and inquired about them.

The Yardbird waxed sarcastic. "This," he said baring his swollen arm, "is not me bump of knowledge. It is a chigger bite."

"Why," we inquired, "didn't you use sulphur?"

"Now yer ceasin' to be original," Snafu told us. "Now yer handin' out the same line as I hear all a time. Now yer gettin' as obnoxious as the top kick."

We controlled our shudders. "What's the 1st Sergeant got to do with it?" we asked.

"Ever since he made corporal twelve years ago, there is no standin' him. Thass the trouble with some people. They get their promotions too fast."

"Spit it out," we told the Yardbird. "What's the trouble?"

"Some people is always rubbin' in their ranks. Thass all. All I hear all a time is sulphur. Thass all some people know."

We suggested that perhaps if the Yardbird had used sulphur he wouldn't resemble an ant hill so much.

Snafu got scornful. "Thass sissy stuff," he said. "You been talkin' to the Top?"

We assured him that we hadn't. "Now sulphur may be awright fer some people," the Yardbird expounded, "but I had a experience in the manoevers that put me off of the stuff. Some people is so made up that strange an' curious things happen when they come in contact with sulphur. An I yam one. But does the Top know that?"

We ignored the question.

The Inquiring Line

Q How many armies has the U. S. A. abroad?

A Three. The Fifth Army, command by Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark, was formed during the North African invasion. The Sixth Army, under Lt. Gen. Walter Krueger, is fighting in the Southwest Pacific. The newly-formed Seventh Army, under Lt. Gen. George S. Patton, Jr., is in Sicily. The First, Second, Third and Fourth Armies are stationed in the U. S. A.

Q In what precedence are decorations, service medals and badges worn?

A In this order: Distinguished Service Cross, Distinguished Service Medal, Legion of Merit, Silver Star, Distinguished Flying Cross, Soldier's Medal, Purple Heart, Air Medal, Gold Life-Saving Medal, Silver Life-Saving Medal, Good Conduct Medal. These medals are followed by service medals in order of the date of the service performed and will be worn on the left breast in order from right to left of the wearer about four inches below the middle point of the top of the shoulder in one or more lines. When more than one line is worn, the lines will overlap.

SEATTLE (CNS) — Someone stole Mrs. E. G. Blanchard's car. Later police found it - with an extra tire.

"What was the experience you had, Snafu?" we asked.

"Don't get offa the permt. I yam discussin' the Top. I wish to know one thing. Would a person of any character accept a job like bein' a Top? Thass all I wanna know. Thass all."

We observed that some Tops are okay.

"But what," we inquired, "put you off of sulphur?"

"I yam a one-man boycott of the stuff," the Yardbird told us. "Ever since I was a pill-roller in manoevers."

We got curious and asked why. "Did you ever carry a fifty pound box of it aroun' for a month?" asked the Yardbird.

We allowed that we hadn't. "Thass all, Brother. thass all."

FLYING COCKROACHES START PUB-CRAWLING

BRONX, N. Y. — Tavern proprietors in this borough of New York are putting their beer through strainers since cockroaches in the city sprouted wings and started to pop into unprotected beer steins.

The invasion is on, says Borough President James J. Lyons.

Along with the Rev. Joseph Assmuth, Lyons went on a tour of all the sewers in town. They came up (no, not from the sewers) with the announcement that the flying cockroaches had been breeding in said sewers.

To harried mothers who have been calling up hysterically that Junior hasn't been able to drink his milk he's so scared, Father Assmuth offered this calming assurance:

"The cockroaches won't hurt you if they bite you. It will only be a little nip."

Male Call

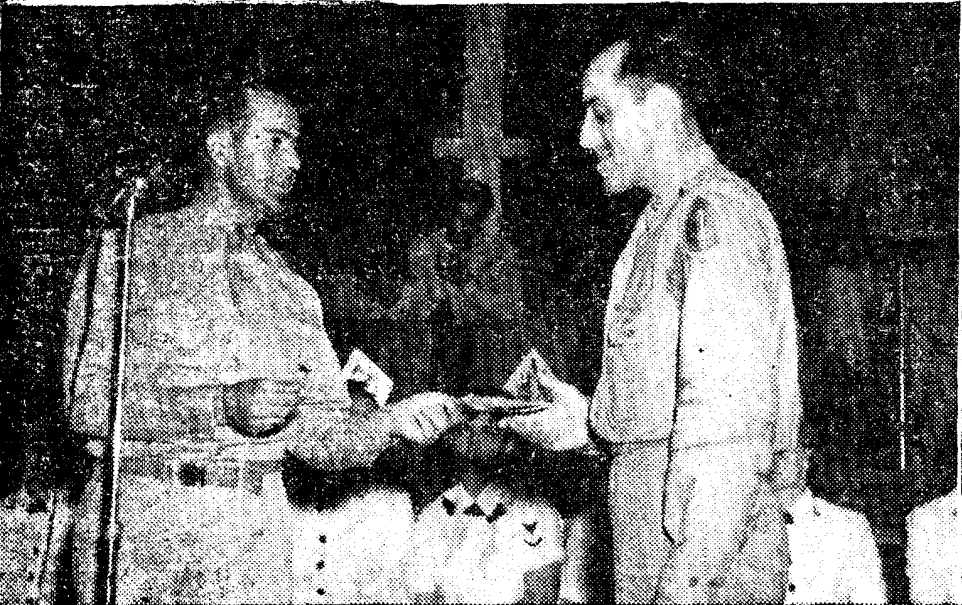
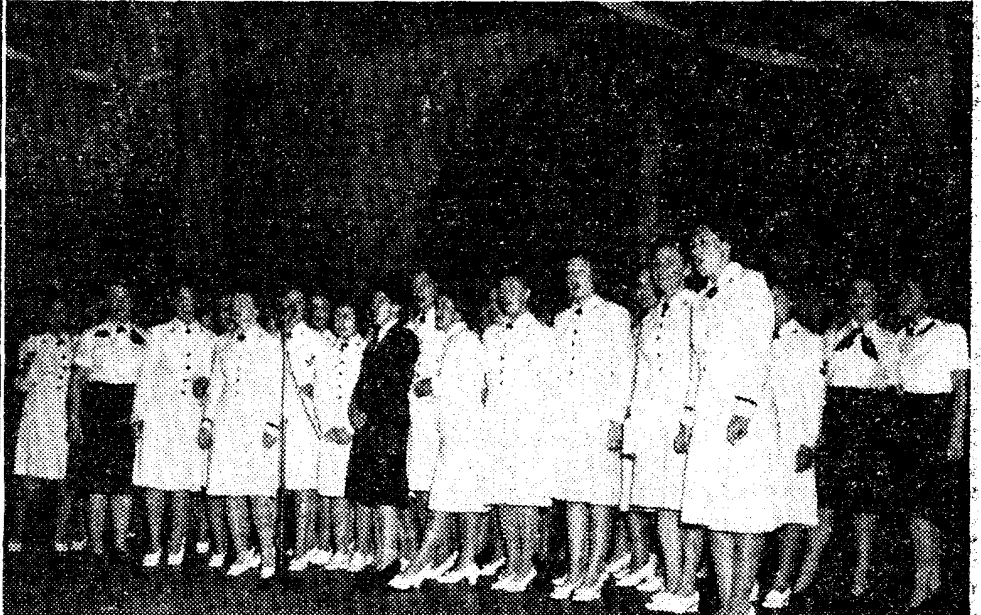
by Milton Caniff, Creator of "Terry and the Pirates"

Stand By To Repel Side Boys



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GI'S WHIRL WAVES IN PROMOTION PARTY PROM OF SIGNAL CO.



WAVES from the Jacksonville Naval Air Base, top left, present a study in facial expression as they arrive for dance sponsored by the 563d Signal Co. Some look dubious, some eager—but all are going to give it a whirl. Hands rubbing together in delight, top right, the GI's look over the bevy of beauties provided as dancing partners. Well, the WAVES have just arrived and there's nothing like a bit of cold refreshment, so, center left, the girls wet their whistles. The Army's treating us pretty good so we'll treat back with a song, say WAVES, as they warble sweetly, center right. It's a promotion party too, so cameramen banged off a shot, bottom left, as Major Ralph A. Lavorgna, Adjutant General, presented Warrant Officer papers to former T/Sgt. George R. Rogers. "Combined Operations" are in order so the rest of the evening is given over to dancing as shown in picture at bottom right.

Photos by Pvt. Marvin J. Kirsten and Charles M. Hatfield, 164th Signal Photo Co.

WAVES SWAMP RADIOMEN, RECONS, AT SIGNALMEN'S SWANK SOIREE

Soft lights, fancy decorations and the Waves—60 of them from the Jacksonville Naval Air Base—provided the atmosphere as the 563d Signal Company and the 63d Recon Troop jointly pioneered the first enlisted men's dance for the 63d Blood and Fire Division last week at Signal Co.'s Rec. Hall.

High spot of the night was the announcement of promotions for non-commissioned officers in the respective companies. Major Ralph Lavorgna, Adjutant General, announced the promotion of Sgt. George Rogers to Warrant Officer in the Signal Co. T/5's John Coutio and William DiMarco were named T/4's as revealed by Capt. Gustavus Stewart, commanding the Signal Co.

Two Recons Now Sergeants

Two members of the Recon Troop, T/5 Russell McAfee, and Corporal Fred H. Vanley were elevated to sergeants. Captain Millard Caldwell of the troop made the announcement.

Waves and Signalmen provided vocal entertainment. "Don't Make My Girl a Sailor", was sung in chorus by the Waves. Ensigns Alice Bailey and Katherine Rahl vocalized. "When My Hair Has Turned To Silver". Returning Ensign Bailey teamed with SP(T) Louise Trautwein to give the rollicking, "I'm An Apprentice Seaman". Not to be outdone, the Signalmen presented Sgt. Burlingame, whistling virtuoso, with "The World Is Waiting For The Sunrise."

Infantry blue was the prevailing motif in the decorations. Stream-

ers of blue festooned from the ceiling while the flaming insignia of the 63d on a field of blue provided a backdrop for the stage.

Music, Sweet And Hot
One of Blood and Fire's dance bands supplied music, sweet and hot, during the evening.

Lt. Rex Dunfee, Signal Co., Special Service Officer, originated the idea for the dance and Sgt. Arthur Taube arranged the decorations and headed the reception committee. Assisting Sgt. Taube were Sgts. George Robson, Anthony Holodak, John Waters and Arthur Zweigenhaft, all of the Signal Co.

2 X 3.2 MAKES 6

KEARNS FIELD, Utah—A private at the post here has a habit that aroused the curiosity of a bystander the other day. The private invariably buys two bottles of G.I. 3.2 beer at a clip, and then pours them in together.

To the curious bystander the soldier explained, "I'm used to six per cent beer."

Rangers Graduate

The Ranger platoon went out yesterday to prepare a few surprises for the second class of the Ranger School.

Next week, Lt. Combs and Lt. Shaima will take the Rangers sixteen miles out on the reservation and have them move back to the camp on a reconnaissance mission.

"The Rangers will find themselves harrassed all the way back by small enemy detachments. They will have to set up actual security, scout at night and sleep when they can. It's their graduation examination," Capt. Kelly said today.

He also stated that the men were likely to find themselves in better physical condition when they completed the Ranger course than when they started.

A third Ranger class composed entirely of enlisted men started last Monday.

Soldiers Can't Write To Prisoner Friends

WASHINGTON — In a recent ruling the War Department announced that military personnel are not allowed to correspond with prisoners in the hands of the enemy. Purpose of the ruling, it was said, was to prevent the disclosure by soldiers of their membership in the armed services or whether they are stationed overseas or in the United States.

Members of the armed forces who wish to communicate with prisoners are required to send their letters to relatives or friends in the United States to be forwarded through regular postal channels.

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