

GRIZZLY



40th ARMORED DIVISION

JANUARY-FEBRUARY
1956

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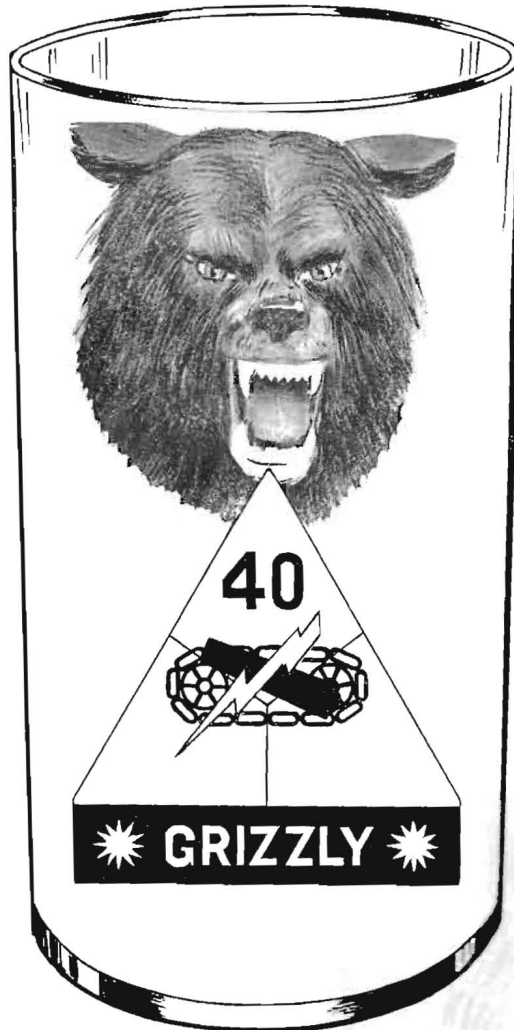
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MILT SMITH

Associate Editor
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PAUL XANTHOS

Cartoons

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Michael Ruck

Morrie Turner

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COL. WARREN E. BENOIT

Career of Fighting Man Ends

By JULIAN HARTT

Col. Warren E. (Ben) Benoit, 36, Korean War commander of "Los Angeles' Own"—the 160th Infantry regiment of the pre-armored 40th Division—was buried with full military honors on December 1.

Comrades of the young colonel frequently had predicted he either would "be killed or win the Congressional Medal."

With fate's accustomed irony, however, he died when his station wagon left a freeway on U. S. 40 and crashed into an overhead structure near Sacramento on November 25.

Family Injured

Tragically, the accident also left his wife, Jo Marilyn, with a fractured neck vertebra which will keep her in traction for weeks. His son, John Warren, just six years old on Christmas Day, suffered compound fractures of both legs, a broken right arm and other grievous injuries, but at last reports his eventual recovery was anticipated. His daughter, Kathy Jo, four, was less seriously hurt.

Whatever the cause of the smashup, it cut all too short one of the most promising military careers in the "hell for leather" Patton school of aggressive warfare to be furthered by the California National Guard.

Colonel Benoit's distinguished career in two wars twice won him the Silver Star, the Bronze Star three times, the Combat Infantryman Badge twice, and the Legion of Merit and, perhaps even more important, the respect of his fellow fighting men as a fearless soldier.

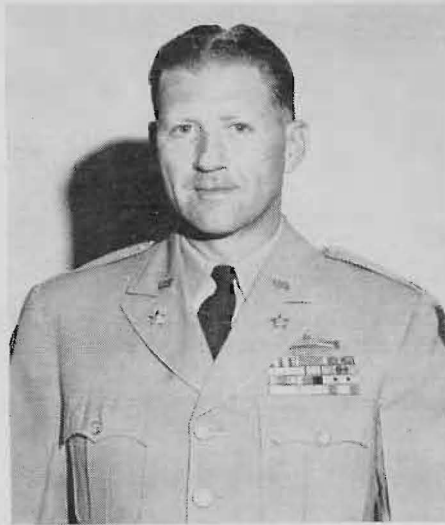
Knew No Fear

A much-senior officer to the colonel once told this writer:

"I like to feel I am a brave man, but I feel fear. Ben is fearless. He just doesn't know the meaning of the word."

There were many facets to the character of this officer of less than average stature but stock build, whose dusty, skull-cropped hair, piercing eyes, and the jaunty but businesslike swing of the .45 at his hip—all were familiar "trademarks".

His career with the 40th brought the knowledge to thousands of Southern California's citizen-soldiers that they were serving with an officer who was affable but firm, both tough and



COL. WARREN E. BENOIT, who commanded 160th Infantry in fighting against the Chinese Communists in Korea, recently killed in auto accident in North Sacramento.

devout.

Colonel Benoit's insistence on soldierly conduct and discipline, in quiet or combat, was unquestioned. Yet his troops could count on the fact that at any company "Shemozzle," sooner or later, the colonel would be up in the bandstand tooting away on the clarinet or some other instrument.

Ready To Lead

And, while the semi-static Korean warfront where the 40th was deployed above the 38th parallel offered little opportunity for Colonel Benoit to display his aggressive approach to combat, the troops knew instinctively that when the going was the roughest, their commander would lead the way.

And this writer knows from personal observation that nightly, no matter the exigencies of the situation, Colonel Benoit would find some moment to read quietly from the Bible that was as much a part of his combat gear as his weapon.

At this period, one sergeant summed it up to me:

"Colonel Benoit is tough—but just. We're glad he's our boss."

And he was able to say that just minutes after the Commanding General had arrived at the 160th's training area in Japan, it was noted pointedly that the I & R Platoon which greeted him—it "doubled in brass" as the honor unit—was minus its dis-

tinctive white bootlaces.

The Colonel, despite the impending arrival of the General, had literally snatched them away because the platoon, in which he took inordinate pride as the unofficial competition to the General's own Headquarters Defense Platoon, had fouled up a drill.

At the time of his death, Colonel Benoit had moved up to Guard headquarters in Sacramento, and was due for a tour of duty at the Pentagon with the new year.

Drafted in 1941

That meteoric career began in January, 1941, back in "Ben's" home town of Gary, Indiana.

His number was drawn there in the first "fish bowl" draft lottery.

Colonel Benoit swiftly qualified for Officers Candidate School, was commissioned a second lieutenant and assigned to the 14th Armored Division when it was activated in 1942. When the division was sent to Europe in 1944, then-Captain Benoit commanded Company A, 68th Armored Infantry Battalion.

At war's end, three bloody campaigns later for the 14th Armored, he was the only original company commander remaining with the organization.

His decorations and his legend came in these campaigns.

One oft-retold story was of Captain Benoit leading his men across a major river barrier under cover of darkness, to take a village far in the German rear, then return and overwhelm the Wehrmacht riverbank pillboxes at dawn to open the way for a general assault.

Captured Officers

Unexpectedly, in the village he took prisoner most of the local German officer corps. Without waiting for dawn, he returned personally and stealthily to the pillboxes, measured their apertures and thickness quietly, then radioed for heavy weapons fire on them.

His request was turned down because fire control officers didn't want to do what "Ben" apparently had disregarded—bring the fire down on himself as well.

So he scurried around to find a jerrycan of gasoline, dribbled fuel unnoticed into the pillboxes, touched it

(Continued on Page 25)

SNAKE MAN

By

ROYCE BARCLAY

Hate And Revenge Rode With A Killer
Until The Words Of A Man Of God
Cut Him Down.

JOE slowed his open coupe and studied the rear view mirror that reflected a winding, empty desert road. Above his intense excitement of having shaken the cops, Joe had the pleasant feeling of putting one over on Four-Square Flannery.

Only three days ago, when they turned him loose at Arizona State Prison, old Four-Square, the Padre, had gone off the beam with his good-bye act. Tried to needle Joe with a sermon about a guy's eyes. It didn't make any difference how smart a wrong guy could be, his eyes would trip him up, Four-Square said. A wrong guy could keep his mouth shut, but his eyes would talk.

His eyes! Joe had to laugh. Would his eyes sing about that bank he just knocked off? . . . Nuts! A pipe-dream cooked up by some hallelujah peddler. He patted the bulky satchel on the seat beside him—that was the real stuff.

He'd be safe in his hideout near the Mex border in a few minutes and to-night he'd be kissing off this damned frying pan. Everything was going to be cold drinks, deep cushions and soft Chokes. About time! He'd taken his chances ever since he could remember, but until today his luck usually stopped at the cherries — never beyond the plums.

But he hit the jack-pot on that bank stick-up. The job had been a Sunday, even to the detail where he switched from the hot car to his own that he had staked in an out-of-the-way alley. The bank guard had gotten in his way but he left that monkey with his nose sticking up so it would rain in it.

He mapped his getaway carefully. Over some of those same blistering roads he'd sweated on while he patiently laid his plans. They were tricky roads, looking so much alike in the sand and scrub; but he had them all down pat now.

Whew! That sun was hot. . . and getting hotter every minute. Too bad he hadn't thought of fixing the convertible top before he started. A little shade would sure make the ride easier. Ah well, a guy couldn't think of everything and it would be all over pretty soon. . . .

BUT the ever-growing intensity of the blistering heat was getting on Joe's nerves. It was just past mid-day with the sun at its blazing peak and Joe's westward route led him directly into the scorching blaze. God—it was hot! For the fiftieth time he cursed the broken car-top that made him an unprotected victim of the relentless, fiery rays beating down unmercifully on his head—his hands—his face. Even the steering wheel was uncomfortably hot under his sweaty palms and fingers.

Little rivers of sweat ran down his back and along the sides of his nose. He raised a hand to wipe some of the uncomfortable wetness, but the burnt skin of his face was so tender that it actually hurt just to touch it. Joe cursed again and lowered his arm to rest on top of the car door. The igneous metal seared the flesh of his bare arm and he jerked it away with a loud cry.

His own voice startled him for a moment and then he pulled himself together. Just a few more minutes. . . Just a few more miles of this stinking bake-oven. . . . It wouldn't be long now. He smiled wryly to himself. Hell, it *couldn't* be long now. The car wouldn't hold out. Even now the old bus was knocking for all she was worth and angry clouds of steam spouted from the radiator cap.

He pressed harder on the gas pedal and switched on the radio; he was still getting top billing; . . . "five feet ten, slender build, brown hair, wearing dark sun glasses. . . ." He snapped off

the radio. For the first time he was concerned about those sun glasses. The sun would play hell with his unprotected eyes, but he'd better play it safe. He took them off, shoved them in his pocket—blinking and squinting as the glaring sun burned into his eyes. Little brassy balls suddenly swam before his eyes, half blinding him. His temples began to throb. He couldn't stand it another second. The damned sun would blind him and fry his brains without some protection. He reached into his pocket for the glasses and put them on again. . . .

The road had dips in it about every hundred feet now. Dips that shouldn't be there. An uneasy feeling came over Joe. Had anything gone wrong? . . . Hey! what was that at the top of the rise ahead? An old shack. There shouldn't be any old shack along here! A sudden hot blankness raced through him. That last turn had tricked him.

Well, what to do now? Might as well stop at the shack—find out where he had gone wrong. And get some water for the bus. Could use some himself, too. Wait a minute, better take off the sun glasses—just in case.

HE pulled up to the shack, measuring the character in faded pants and shirt and battered hat that came out the door.

"Which way to Nogales?" Jos asked him.

"You'll have to go back to the main highway. Road's a dead end."

Cold fingers reached way down inside Joe, and his squinting eyes traced along the road he had just traveled. There'd be roadblocks now. . . . Cops. . . . Questions. . . . A million brassy spots came back to dance before him again. Damn sun! He needed a minute to get his bearings. "How 'bout some water, mister? Me and the jalopy both."

Joe watched him warily, as without a word, the man went inside and came back with a full bucket and a tin cup. Something about the guy gave Joe the willies.

He got out of the car, took a long drink of water and then attended to the car. "Lonely place" Joe ventured, spotting the radio aerial projecting from the shack and wondering if he had heard the broadcast about the bank stick-up.

"Don't mind none."

"What do you do for company?" Joe was giving the ratty surroundings a careful once over.

"Oh," the man said, suddenly warming, "I have a large family."

"Family?" Joe was squinting down the road again.

"Come on in. I'll let you meet them."

Joe felt a hot flash when the man grabbed his arm and started to back away... then changed his mind. Hell, the character was just a harmless square... might as well go in, get out of that damned sun for a few minutes. Oh, oh... Joe's eyes lit up as he spotted an old car under the lean-to. Suddenly everything jelled. With that jalopy and the character's clothes... Joe's hand moved toward his gun.

"Meet my snake family."

The dry raspy voice knifed into Joe's brain, and his hand became paralyzed. Snakes! He'd never gotten over the fright he'd had that day in school when some kid stuck a dead one in his jacket. His whole body prickled.

"Here are some of the rarest specimens in these parts, including the coral snake. I keep 'em in separate cages and..."

"Crrrr-rrripes!" Joe was staring point-blank at a six-foot snake draped around the guy's neck; but his legs wouldn't move him from the spot. His mind went blank with cold horror.

"Rainbow's my pet rattler. His bite's deadly, but he wouldn't hurt me. Trick I learned from the Hopi Indians."

The voice was a spine tingling crackle that cut into Joe's consciousness, adding a sick dread of horror. He tried to step backward, away from the hideous thing but still his legs would not move. Almost hypnotized, he watched the snake-man fondle the slithering, writhing body... his loving fingers stroke the monstrous, loathsome head.

Only when the rattler seemed to tire of the man's caresses and reared his head in Joe's direction, was Joe able to spell and move away. Great beads of sweat hung from his forehead; his

whole body shook... He tried to turn his head in another direction but there was nothing in the room to help him. Everywhere he looked he saw evil... horrible twisting evil in foul smelling cages. He wanted to scream but revulsion and terror paralyzed his throat.

Again the high pitched cackle cut into Joe's consciousness, but this time it was like a cold dash of water... reviving his demoralized brain.

He drew a long shuddering breath and tried to pull his thoughts together. He had to get out of here. But how? What was his next move? Knock off this lunatic—get his rags and get out of this hell-hole. Yeah, yeah, but with that crawler around his neck? Fat chance!

He stood motionless—nauseous with impotent hatred and still quivering with panic, but his mind alert and ready to spring... like a snake, watching, waiting his chance...

Finally his enemy moved. He took the rattler from his neck carefully, as though it were a rare neck-piece, put it back into its cage and secured the latch.

Then Joe struck—swiftly, savagely, bashing the snake-man across the temple with his heavy automatic. Then he lugged him over to his coupe, drove it back of the lean-to, out of sight from the road. Changing

into the scare-crow clothes that the snake had crawled over, made Joe's stomach curdle, his saliva bitter. But he got right to work getting that jalopy running—starting a car without keys was one of Joe's sidelines. He checked the gas gauge; it showed half full.

He was moving it through the heavy sand, perspiration dripping and his head splitting from the dazzling sunlight when the engine died. Damn coffee-grinder! Might as well take a breather.

What was that down the road? Straining, he made out a car coming fast against the sun. Joe fought the fluttery sensation around his heart. What did he have to worry about? Nothing to identify him as Joe Adams; he was the creep that lived here. He pulled his hat lower, adjusted his automatic even more conveniently inside his shirt.

He was fussing under the raised hood of the jalopy when the police car pulled up abruptly and a heavy set deputy poked his head out. "Howdy... Seen a car around here in the last hour?"

"Why yes," Joe said, looking up with his friendliest smile. "Fellow in a coupe wanted to know his way to Phoenix. I directed him back to the main road."

The officer said something to the
(Continued on Page 28)

DONNA REED—a dish no one with all his buttons would throw rocks at, poses prettily at poolside and bids for Grizzlymen votes as their choice of her as "Miss 40th Division"—the gal I'd most . . .



ONCE OVER LIGHTLY

WOMEN

There comes a time in every man's life when he suddenly realizes that—"today I am a man!" and forthwith proceeds to set himself a pattern of behaviour toward the fair and weaker (?) sex.

There are varying schools of thought on the methods of the chase employed by man. Some hold that the strong silent type is a sure fire way to the lady of a guy's heart. Others contend that the heap big medicine that will rock the gal is embodied in the principle of "treat 'em rough!". Still others insist that the "rush 'em off their feet and tell 'em nothin'" technique is a winner.

Well, the old saw of one man's meat is another man's poison seems to lead the field on the public opinion of men. However, we did a little research among the women and this is what one of them came up with.

SONNET

*I like a guy to pull the caveman stuff;
I never had much use for 'cutey-cutey'
And la-de-da and 'my ain't you a beauty!'
I always like my lovin' kind of rough.
Not one that jumps around you like a cootie
And gets all mushy slushy tutti-frutti--
But sits on you and calls your bluff.
You came and you were soft, and what a spender!
You bought me perfume, candy, flowers and junk;
And hats and furs, and pulled a lot of bunk
About us women being frail and tender
And needing to be coddled like a kid--
And did I fall for you . . . ? I'll say I did.*

—The Unvarying Shore

IT FIGURES

The place was the *Judge Advocate General's office at Camp Roberts*—and the time was late one evening. Loaded with a sheaf of papers and obviously in a sweat, Captain Ray Ott came charging into the office. "What time is it?" he breathlessly asked.

"2231 hours, sir" came the reply from a dark corner. "Yeah," Ott spluttered, "But what time is it?"

SOFT TOUCH

We can hear the chorus of "Oh Yeah's" at this distance, but we have the documentary proof of the fact that in Divarty at Hunter Liggett last summer we discovered a *fur lined* . . . (yeah, you read right) . . . *A FUR LINED* "john" receptively inviting anyone so inclined. When we first heard of this bit of luxury in the field we decided to investigate and sure enough there it was surrounded by just plain every day, run-of-the-mill Chic Sale's. As we left the scented confines of this plush field-latrline we wondered: is this then—criticism of the men of the big guns?

IT'S THE LAW

Did you know that it's agin' the law to *shoot hare or jack rabbits from a moving trolley car* in Los Angeles?

. . . Well, sirs, that's the law so help us. Lay that pistol down, Betsy, lay it down.

And did you know that it's agin' the law to *dance together* in Los Angeles unless you are married? Well, that's the law, too.

And did you know it's agin' the law to *enter a beer joint for a quick one while on horseback*? No mention is made of the motor bike jockeys or the hot-rod specialists, so maybe it's okay for them to zoom up to the bar in a cloud of carbon monoxide, grab a quickie, U-turn and scam. But on horseback? Nay-nay.

And while you jokers from other parts of the state who are horse-laughing at the boys in Smog City, give eye to this: *Pacific Grove's* lawmakers said it's agin' the law to *draw the shades or blinds at night*. Keep 'em open, the ordinance says, which should be a haven for Peeping-Toms.

In Riverside, the city fathers said it's okay for its folks to smooch all they want to. BUT the law says you must *first wipe your mouth with carbolized rose water*. (No kidding)

In Pasadena (so help us) it's agin' the law to *escape from jail*.

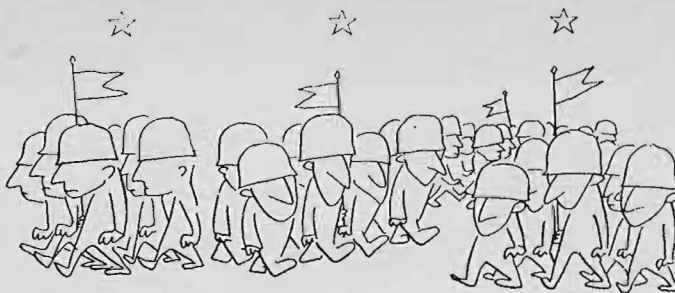
PURPLE HEART

My Unit Citation and Special Citation,
Good Conduct and Silver Star,
Were easy to tell with many a glance
Of Rapture from afar.
But then I'd wait and I'm never wrong—
Their lovely lips apart,
They always ask, "What's that one for?"
And point to my Purple Heart.
When I tell 'em they shudder with ecstasy,
And some of 'em almost swoon,
And I sorta hope—but they always ask,
"Please may I see your wound?"
Well, here's to the time I'm wounded again,
For I hate to rave and rant,
And have to answer as I've been doin'—
"I can't, Xm!! ?MM! I CAN'T!"

CLASSIFIED AD DEPT.

WANTED: Man with rowboat desires meeting young lady with outboard motor.
Object: Put-put-put-put-put.

(ED. NOTE: If you have a poem up your sleeve, or a favorite yarn, here's your chance. Why tell it to just a few friends when you can tell it to all the Grizzlies and their families. Let's hear from you. There's nothing in it, but is money everything?)



Operation Switcheroo

Operation Switcheroo (for lack of a better term) brought about widespread exchange of NCOs' chevrons for Specialists' stripes when a new Table of Organization and Equipment became effective for the 40th on Jan. 1.

Adopted in the active Army last March, the new TO&E draws a line between the NCO who must know how to lead and command men and the technician who is an expert with a mimeograph or repair of a 155 mm. howitzer but does not have to take troops into battle.

It was the unit commander who switched a man's status, and most changes naturally were in headquarters, service, and technical units. Fightin' troops were not bothered much.

Administrative duplicating of the active Army is also called for by the new TO&E, spreading happiness among clerks and adjutants who remember a six-month battle—on induction for the Korean war—to convert National Guard records.

The New Deal creates a 201 File for every man, containing his Enlistment, Qualification, and Service Records plus all the other whatnots pertaining to the individual soldier.

Legal Lights

Newest Grizzly lawyers are Capts. Theodore K. Martin, 143rd AFAB, and Robert L. Meyer, Div. Hq., who were admitted to the Bar this month.

Air Rescue

Having completed a routine training flight and chinwagging in the Santa Barbara CAA Communications Station, Capt. Richard Rennie, Division aviation officer, heard a Southwest Airlines pilot report a vessel in trouble six miles south of town. Rennie took off into the dim light of dusk, found a 24-foot cabin cruiser, engine conked out, with eight aboard. He urgently radioed for another tub to take the boat in tow and circled the craft—lights ablaze—for two hours to guide rescuers. The tow arrived none too soon, for a storm due at midnight hit two hours earlier.

Soldier's Medal

The Soldier's Medal, the Army's highest decoration for heroism not involving combat, was presented—by the Navy—last month to Capt. Vernon T. Judkins, Division Air Advisor, for the rescue of a Navy flier "under fire" at San Clemente Island.

Last March the Army pilot was participating in a regimental amphibious operation. Eight-inch Naval guns and Army artillery and mortars were blast-



—US Navy Photo

SOLDIER'S MEDAL is presented Capt. Vernon T. Judkins, newly assigned as RA air advisor for the 40th, in ceremony at Los Angeles Naval Base.

ing "enemy" territory on the island when two Navy planes collided. The pilots bailed out, landing in the target zone.

Judkins, flying a helicopter from a Navy ship, whirred in and made a successful pickup only slightly complicated by the crash and burning of one of the planes less than 100 yards away. Exploding ammo was spraying the area.

Rear Adm. Robert L. Campbell, commander, made the presentation in a ceremony at the Los Angeles Naval Base.

111th at 111

The 111th Recon. Bn. was clever enough to have its address changed from 163 to 111 Grosvenor St., Inglewood.

Promotions

THE GRIZZLY has received reports of promotions to the rank of:

Maj.—*Thomas W. Cole*, Qm. Bn.

Capt.—*Verle R. Lish*, *Robert S. Ford*, Qm. Bn.

1st Lt.—*Joseph R. Mendelson*, 140th.

M/Sgt.—*Alfred F. Garcia*, 215th.

Sfc.—*Robert E. Carroll*, CCA; *John B. March*, CCC; *Charles Versola*, Div. Arty.; *Joe E. Maggard*, 215th; *Leonard Sylvia*, Qm. Bn.

Sgt.—*Salvador B. Saucedo*, *Daniel Sarnoski*, CCA; *Hector S. Holquin*, 139th; *Wesley G. Bakan*, CCC; *Gerald N. Brown*, *Gilbert Parry*, *William H. Poynter*, *George B. Herrmann*, 215th; *Alfonso D. Herrera*, *Patrick Van Strien*, Qm. Bn.

Cpl.—*Neil C. Barnette*, *James A. Perry*, *Ralph G. DuLong*, *Johnny L. Valdez*, *Martin R. Williamson*, 111th; *Raymond R. Aramburu*, *William P. Bulger*, *Dale H. Case*, *Gordon A. Geraci*, *Fred Wiehl*, *Jack C. Wilbur*, *Edgar B. Morrison*, *Allessandro T. Motta*, *Gerald L. Nowakoski*, 139th; *Darrell E. Cleveland*, *Wilburn W. Keith*, *John O. Kohut*, *Jesse R. Parks*, *Alfred L. Pauls*, *John B. Petralia*, *Jesus Ruiz*, *Ronald W. Schakel*, *Matthew J. Simon*, *Robert A. Castruita*, *Gerald L. Sims*, 140th; *Ronald L. Anderson*, CCC; *Turner Dunn*, *Donald F. Stafford*, *Henry J. Wroe*, Div. Arty.; *Lynn M. Barnett Jr.*, *James J. O'Brien*, *Ronald C. Jackson*, *Donald L. Ott*, *Rodney L. McClain*, *G. M. Rainwater*, 215th; *Robert C. Goodwin*, *George L. Gray*, *Nick Pedregon*, *Otho W. Smith*, Qm. Bn.

TV Boxing Tournament

A championship boxing tournament, to be aired on TV on the Maj. Jimmy Wilson Championship Gym show sponsored by Bob Yeakel, the Wilshire Oldsmobile dealer, is being shaped up by Capt. Paul Xanthos, Div. SSO. Xanthos has asked all Athletic & Recreation officers to supply names, weights, and experience of interested fighters.

(Continued on Page 14)

MISS 40th DIVISION

"The Gal I'd Most" . . .

DANI CRAYNE—pert and saucy—bids for your vote of "Miss 40th". Win or lose, she looks dee-licious.



There are many tiresome chores in connection with running a magazine, but in nobody's book does the classification of "chore" ring a bell when it comes to a department devoted to beautiful women. From the responses we've received, this department is a winner. Everyone, it seems, wants pictures of beautiful gals, the more the merrier.

This is one job everyone loves to get his fingers on—and we can't honestly dispute this enthusiasm.

We would like to gratify this desire, but there are other things besides beautiful babes to consider. (Who threw that?) We're doing our best, gentle readers, and we'd like to run more gals, but we'd like to run the pictures of the women of the men of the division as well. As we've said before, the gals don't have to be dressed (or undressed) in a wish and a promise, but if they do pose in bathing suits, who's to complain?

But kidding on the level, how about some of these pictures? Be sure when you send the pictures in that you have a signed authorization from the gal to publish the picture.

The way the returns stack up at this point Gloria Talbot is way out in front as "MISS 40TH", but that's no indication that some of the home grown variety of pulchritude can't walk away with the title. So don't hide those babes under a barrel, men, but send in their pictures so we can show the world what gives in our own back yards.

GALE ROBBINS makes with the body profile to intrigue the voters as their choice of "Miss 40th". The printer's opinion was—"Not bad, nooooooo, not bad."

WRITE IN THE NAME OF YOUR CHOICE OF "MISS 40TH" AND MAIL TO THE GRIZZLY.

--	--



... BIG SHOTS ...

Win State Team Matches at Ord



CARBINE CHAMPS at State Matches turned out to be a team including: front, left to right, M/Sgt. W. F. Bryant, Div. Hq. Co.; 2nd Lt. Jess Carranza, 223rd; M/Sgt. C. E. Thompson, 111th; M/Sgt. V. W. Love, 225th; rear, SFC Norman R. Vierra, 139th; 2nd Lt. Richard W. Kramer, 132nd; Sgt. G. D. Cappi, 223rd; and Cpl. Richard F. Gauthier, 111th.



CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM. Winning team competition, with M-1 Rifle at State Championship Matches at Fort Ord, were: front, left to right, Sgt. D. H. Allen, 132nd; M/Sgt. Raymond L. Melton, 139th; and Maj. W. L. Geissert, 132nd. Rear, Capt. J. E. Hodges, 139th; M/Sgt. G. W. Rose, 224th; 1st Lt. Harold Hettema Jr., Div. Hq. Co.; Sgt. D. L. Payne, 132nd; and M/Sgt. Tore Larsson, Div. Hq. Co. Team member H. P. Towle, a sergeant in the 111th, was missing when the photographer aimed.



40TH ARMORED supplied winning team in pistol shooting at State Matches at Fort Ord. Shown with impressive trophy are: left, Sgt. O. A. Muotka, 139th; Col. Ernest E. Hamor, CCA; Capt. J. D. Benson, 140th; Capt. Charles Young, Ord. Bn. Missing at time of picture shooting were SFC S. M. Delk, 111th; Capt. R. E. David, 139th; and Pvt. D. J. Kline.

IT SAYS IN THE BOOK

**A Factual Report Of What Almost Became
A "Lost Company" During WW 2 Written By
A Combat Officer Of The 40th Who Forgot To Remember.**

It was a black night, like the bottom of a coal mine. The sweetly foul smell of the dead hung on the air, and it was so quiet you could hear the pine needles dropping from the trees. It was in September, 1944. We were the first Allied troops to get into Hitlerland.

Back in northern France the gasoline supply had dried up and we had chased the Krauts on foot. We had slogged across Belgium, where the natives cheered and gave us bowls of sugar, bottles of cognac, baskets of eggs, boxes of cookies, and all the pretty girls kissed us. We had clumped over picture postcard landscape in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, through silent towns. We had staggered down a steep mountain, over a miserable creek into Germany.

No schnapps, no eggs, no sugar. Just bedding hanging out of village and farmhouse windows proclaiming a sullen surrender in soiled white. Smirking frauleins yanked by nervous hausfrauen out of windows and doorways. Disappearing, draft-exempt old men. No soldaten in sight. No shooting. No strafing Kraut planes. Better still, no strafing American planes! Nothing but the stumble of tired feet climbing another hill. And then another. And then, beyond Grosskamp-

enberg, we saw the first dragon's teeth of the Siegfried line. We finally made it through the dragon's teeth and into the pill boxes and there our orders said, "Stop!"

So, we stopped. And we had some quiet days. But this one turned into an ominously quiet... and completely black... night. And before the night was through I was to learn what the bone dry, drearily dull Field Manual meant when it said: "Maintain Contact." But I wasn't thinking about Field Manuals. I was wondering why in hell it was so quiet and hoping the sentries were awake.

The muffled buzz of the field phone sounded like an incoming Kraut 88 shell. We all jumped a foot off the ground. It was for me.

"Easy Six," I said, and was told by my battalion commander that I would move my company from its present position at Y to another up the line at X. And "right now!"

With no enthusiasm, no smiling good cheer in my voice, I said: "Yeh... sir" and rang off. I told the First Sergeant to pass the word to saddle up, that we'd be moving right away. And who, I kept asking myself, wanted to move? Nobody in my outfit, and that was for sure! Not anytime.

The map I struggled over with a very dim flashlight didn't tell much. It was basically a German map updated to show the latest pillboxes. It was maybe half right. And I was supposed to move my company to X. Follow a compass course? Pick out landmarks? Oh, yeah? Instead I called the company on my left and asked the C.O. if he knew how to get to X, if maybe he had someone who could guide me there. He could supply two guides but gave the impression the whole thing would be like the blind leading the blind.

A half hour later the two helpers showed up. We moved off in single file, every man to stay within sight of the man in front, and each man to check behind himself to MAINTAIN CONTACT!

We hoped we'd be safe if we were quiet. Visibility was Zero minus a couple of points. We figured the Kraut observatory on hill 481 couldn't lay mortar fire on us unless they spotted our move. But there were plenty of pill boxes around with plenty of machine guns, 20s, and 88s. And they could and would spray the landscape any time they felt like it. So, we prayed, all we had to do was move quietly and, when we got there, dig in without scraping a shovel in gravel or striking sparks with a pick.



In short, it oughta be a cinch. It reminded me of every Senior Commander's bark: "Why for Pete's sake, man. Whatcha waitin' for? There's only a coupla lousy machine guns up there."

And so we left what we now realized had been a wonderfully happy and safe home in the Army. We had had two pill boxes, with a connecting trench, and one of the most delightful roadside ditches you ever saw. Why the Krauts couldn't even see us and now we knew we'd never had it so good.

Down the hill we went, past some houses we'd burned out, past some ripe Krauts, past the junk and debris of battle. Slowly. One foot after another. No missteps to bring down showers of shells. No canteens gurgling. No bayonets or M-1s clattering or even helmets clinking. Just a soft shuffle. Very soft. Around the bend in the road and up the hill. No moon. No light. No noise. Nothing.

One step after another, slowly. Up the hill and into another set of dragon's teeth. Hoping there would be no trip wires, no mines ready to change the graveyard silence into a clanging, shattering nightmare. Weaving in and through and around the dragon's teeth hardly able to see the man in front. Out of the dragon's teeth and climbing higher, higher.

Suddenly there was a stir of excitement behind me. A soldier was floundering and flailing his way up the hill, gasping. I could hear him cursing as he choked for breath.

For God's sweet sake, what now?

"Halt. Damn it, HALT!" I shrieked in a whisper at the man in front of me. He turned. I repeated my hoarse order. He passed it on. Slowly the column began to stop.

The First Sergeant caught up.

"\$((&—())&?*!*!!!" he whispered loud enough to wake the dead of Fox Company lying around us.

"Now what?" I asked.

"**&\$) (!!" said No. 1.

Cut it out, damn it. What gives?"

"Jeeze, you've only lost half the company."

"Lost half the company?" I repeated like an idiot. "Are you crazy, man?"

"Look what's behind you."

Look behind me? Hah! Nothing could be seen. The First and I back-

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tracked down the hill a way. He was right. There were a few men, then none. Where the hell was the rest of Easy Company?

"Well," the First spluttered, "they're all down at the bottom of the hill. You guys took off like birds. We couldn't keep up. You're just damned lucky I found you. How I did I don't know ... but I did.

Holy Mackerel!

Germany. Dragon's teeth. Krauts all around. Bayonets poised and ready. Rifles, burp guns, flame throwers, and Kraut artillery just waiting for the word to split the night into blinding flashes spewing lethal metal.

"All right, Mac," I told No. 1. "This time every man hangs on the man in front. We lock step and we go slow. If anyone loses contact he calls for a halt. Bring up the rest of the company. I'll wait right here."

Mac took off into the night and was swallowed by the gloom. The dragon's tooth I was sitting on seemed to gleam like a great, big luminous watch face. By now it was so still and quiet it was numbing. But it was the stillness of sudden death blanketed by the dark of a tomb. The dragon's tooth in front of me seemed to dance. The smell of rotting corpses crawled into my lungs like so many ants.

In half an hour Mac eased out of the blackness, bringing up the rest of the Company.

We joined up with the other half and I passed word to the head of the column to move. We waited for the word to get there and soon the man in front of me moved, and since I had hold of his pack I moved, and since the man behind me had hold of my pack he moved. It was slow, it was quiet. *Nobody got lost.*

As I shuffled along, pulled ahead and pulling behind, I thought back to the 40th training days at Camp San Luis Obispo in 1941 and the Field Manual that said:

"MAINTAIN CONTACT!"

(Note: This article is the first in a series in which THE GRIZZLY will draw on the first-hand knowledge of war veterans in the 40th Armored Division. This was written by an officer of the 40th who experienced the meaning, on the field of battle, of the excellent doctrine he learned in training. Contributions are invited.)

CAMP STUFF



TOP left: Pfc. Thomas J. Brown learns about field stripping of M-1 from Sgt. Albert R. Hildenbrand of 143rd AFAB.

FIRST down on left: Sgt. B. R. Warnock, Sgt. Richard A. Beltran, and Pfc. William C. Phillips, and, seated, Pvt. B. J. Williams, all of 225th, give once-over to new self-propelled 155 mm. howitzer.

CENTER top: Pvt. Ray V. Belles, left, Sgt. Maynard L. Hunt, and M/Sgt. Tore H. Larsson display trophies passed around by Div. Hq. Co.

FIRST down in center: Sfc. Mike Soltero, Pfc. Virgil Veglia, and Cpl. Box Cox man self-propelled 155 mm. howitzer.



SECOND down in center: Sfc. Solon Wood adjusts aircraft pressure type carburetor under watchful eyes of Pvt. Bob Kingsley and Pfc. Carl Rossner.

FAR right in center: General Eaton, second from left, orients Division brass—Col. Emmett Rink, CCB; Lt. Col. Edward Niblock, CCC; Brig. Gen. Wayne C. Bailey, asst. div. commander; and Col. Ernest Hamor, CCA.

THIRD down in center: CP is identified for Hq., 225th AFAB, by Pfc. Thomas D. Hutchason, Pvt. Felix Simms, and Sgt. Rudy Castillo.

BOTTOM, center: WOJG Irwin Eliasoff helps with thrust and parry by Cpl. Irving Bragg, left, and M/Sgt. William Bryant, of Div. Hq. Co.



ROBERTS & HUNTER LIGGETT

CAMP TIME is time for putting into practice what has been preached during the armory training year, and the men who go through Summer Field Training have the satisfaction of knowing that they are, at the very least, pretty tough customers for the hours are long and so are the hikes.

Preparations for the next camp start with the end of the current one. Papers start shuffling around and finally hurricanes blow them in all directions before plans are shaped up. There is a lot more training involved than meets the eye—not to mention a lot more fun. Everyone, private to general, gets a basic taste of real field soldiering and learns how to complete rough jobs under difficult conditions.

READING clockwise from upper left corner:

TANKERS SCORE THEIR HITS: Sfc. Carl R. Rath, Cpl. William W. Buckner, Cpl. Marshall H. McNama, Cpl. Harry M. Ward.

CHAMPION BASKETBALLERS of Btry. B, 215th AFAB, pose with hard-won trophy at Camp Roberts.

RANGE FINDING: M/Sgt. Dallas Tompkins tells Cpl. Ronald P. Bronson how to operate tank range finder. Both are of 139th Tank Bn.

EFFICIENT PAPER shuffling demonstrated by SFC Germaine W. Verville and Sgt. Albert R. Hildenbrand of 143rd AFAB.

FIELD HQ: Lt. Col. Charles B. Russell, left, Maj. Robert E. P. Moranda, and Brig. Gen. C. A. Ott, Jr. make plans at Hunter Liggett.

SMALL ARMS: M/Sgt. Donald F. Low, left, gives scoop on pistol firing to Pfc. Eddy A. Foster and Sgt. Wilford C. Guadia.

WHICH WAY: M/Sgt. John D. Ackroyd seems to be telling Cpl. Glenn R. Rice "they went thataway," doubtless referring to opposition tanks.

MEDICAL AID: Practicing with pills and potions on Pvt. Jim Wier are Pfc. Robert R. Rodriguez and Cpl. Hector S. Holquin.

GUN CREW: Making with 40th's biggest gun are Sfc. Mike Soltero, Cpls. Bob Cox and Virgil Veglia.

FIELD STUDY: General Ott and Capt. George F. McGarrity seem engrossed in Hunter Liggett firing of 217 AAA Bn.



NEWS

The Guard—which used to come out with the short end of the stick when the Old War Dept. parceled out the money and prestige in days apparently now gone—is smelling like a rose in the garden planted with laws on military service.

While no one expects the roseate odor to stay long, Selective Service and Armed Forces Reserve Acts now give the Guard—particularly the 40th which competes with *all* the Reserves of *all* the Services—some great big advantages.

The way the books stand now young men of the land may:

1. Wait for induction, gambling they'll be missed.

2. Enlist in the Reserves (any Service- and do two years of active duty, three in the Ready Reserve, and one in the Standby.

The draftable between 17 and 18½ may enlist in:

3. The Army or Marine Reserve, do six months active duty and seven and a half years in the Ready Reserve.

4. The 40th, serving until they are



(Top) **BANQUET:** Men and officers of Co. A, 224th AIB, CCB, give their long suffering National Guard Widows a steak dinner in appreciation for the long hours of hard work and lonely nights spent in their behalf. They are shown above at a banquet held at the Rusty Lantern in Beaumont. From left to right they are: SFC James McGillvray, Annette McGillvray, Carol McCaghren, Pvt. Kenneth McCaghren, Cpl. Norman Stiff, Carol Stiff, M/Sgt. George Derr, Capt. Paul J. Lay, Ruby Derr, Virginia Lay, M/Sgt. Jim Denier, Bobbie Denier, Sgt. Jim Thompson, Jan Hance, Rose Thompson, Ben Buckner, Marlene Fiedler, 1st Sgt. Don Fiedler, Pat Ellington, Lt. Joe Ellington, Sgt. Dan Pekarovich, Anne Pekarovich. The men of Co. A have resolved to make this at least a semi-annual affair.

(Middle) **RECRUITER.** General Eaton appearing on movie columnist Jimmie Fiedler's television show. (Inset) General Eaton and Ezra B. Hinshaw, sponsor of a television show. The General never misses an opportunity to plug the 40th, driving for the success of "Operation 10 Grand" (10,000 strength) by next August. Last month the General appeared on the Bob Yeakel TV show in conjunction with Major Jimmy Wilson.

(Bottom) **HERO.** Audie Murphy, most decorated GI in WW2 poses with National Guardsmen Cpl. Donald L. Schutze, Pvt. David Moreno and Pvt. Tom Stregers of the 160th AIB HQS & SVC Co. as they jockey "Miss Molly," one of the iron maidens of the division.

BRIEFS

28 and doing no active duty.

5. The 40th, take six months active duty and spend seven-and-a-half years in the 40th.

And

6. Men over 18½ can join the 40th and cut down their Reserve Service obligation before being drafted. And they keep their Guard rank if they enlist before being drafted.

The National Guard has the best deal! Parents, young men bending their ears for the call of "their friends and neighbors," and 40th recruiters should not overlook:

1. Only Guardsmen can get National Service Life Insurance and veteran's benefits for active duty under the Reserve Act.

2. Only Guardsmen can get *all* their training at home.

3. Only Guardsmen—on six months active duty—can draw more than the \$50 per month set by law for other Reservists. Guardsmen can earn up to \$85 a month.

No other Reservist can plan his future with the certainty of a Guardsman. But naturally no one in any Reserve outfit escapes active duty in a national emergency.

STATE O. C. S.

The gleam sparkling in the eyes of 40th soldiers is a reflection from the gold bars of 2nd Lts. shining at the end of the rough road they took in October when they enrolled in the 4th Candidate Co., California National Guard Officers Candidates' School.

Meantime three graduates of the previous state OCS class have had to invest in new insignia on account of their being commissioned: They are 2nd Lts. Edward S. Brown, 161st Armd. Inf. Bn.; John W. Heidmiller, 217th AAA Bn.; and Donald D. Jones and Warner L. Kolb, both of the

224th Armd. Inf. Bn.

Regulations on appointment to original commissions in the Guard are tighter now than ever in history and to become a shavetail today in most cases requires graduation from:

1. An Army-operated, active duty course of 22 weeks leading to "extended active duty" or appointment in the Guard or Reserve.

2. A special, Army-operated, 10-week, active duty course qualifying the soldier for appointment in the Guard.

3. The grueling State OC School year-long course, with weekend sessions every three weeks. The 40th operation, commanded by Lt. Col. Alvin E. Howell of CCB, draws instructors from throughout the Division who lay it out for Candidates at the Ontario armory.

On scheduled week-ends, the men trying for commissions check in at 4 p.m., Saturday; chow at 5 p.m.; and have classes from 6 to 10 p.m. Reveille is early Sunday and classes—covering basic and advanced military subjects—continue until mid-afternoon.

Ontario OCS classmates include:

132nd Armd. Engr. Bn.—Robert I. Humble.

160th Armd. Inf. Bn. — Paul E. Menefee, William W. Warden.

161st Armd. Inf. Bn.—Robert K. Elliott, Tommy G. Love, James H. Matthews, Donald E. Merrit, Billy G. Thornton.

Hq., CCB—John C. Blythe, Robert M. Dees, Donald E. Dion, Thomas Floriano Jr., Donald L. Ford, Edward C. Fulton, Robert J. Simpson.

133rd Tank Bn.—Julian W. Amador, Jerrel C. Barto, Mark T. Bowers, Daniel T. Carty, William A. Cavener, Melvin L. Dittbenner, Robert R. Leonard, Fred E. Pierce.

224th Armd. Inf. Bn.—Donald W. Clements, Ray C. Green, Ralph D. Henderson, Harold W. Krueger, Durward D. Searcy, Dwight F. Metcalf.

Ritter, Gilbert Madrid and Ronald Cole, all of the Signal Co., ganging up on one copy of THE GRIZZLY.

(Bottom)

Just a bunch of men yeah deep around the counter at the Armory Exchange at Exposition Park in Los Angeles.

Michael F. Sgambati.

140th Tank Bn.—Paul A. Ellars, Victor L. Gates, Albert Q. Romo, Wallace E. Thompson.

223rd Armd. Inf. Bn.—Charles E. Estermyer, John T. Haas.

Div. Arty.—Werner G. Silkey.

143rd Armd. F.A. Bn.—Lonnie E. Mansker, John H. Van Patten.

214th Armd. F.A. Bn.—Claud T. Field III.

(Continued on Page 24)



(Top Right)

GRIZZLYMEN. Boosters of the division magazine, Sgt. Fred Flores and Lt. Ross Rodney.

(Center Right)

HUDDLE. Pfc's Ted Fishlowitz, Henry





ACTIVE

For most of the men of the 40th Division, the sight of snow and ice during the winter months was a novelty. But from all reports of the Grizzlymen who were overseas, "the novelty damn soon wore off". These pictures taken of activated troops dramatically shows what it means to be a combat Guardsman when the temperature drops out of sight, while the action gets hotter than the hinges of hell.

With a job to be done, California's Fighting Fortieth covered itself with glory in World War II and the Korean action, on duty in every farflung theatre on the map: from Iceland to the South Pacific, from the Aleutians to the big payoff in Germany.

A fact worth repeating is that the 40th Division, California National Guard, was one of two guard divisions to see combat in the Korean war.



DUTY

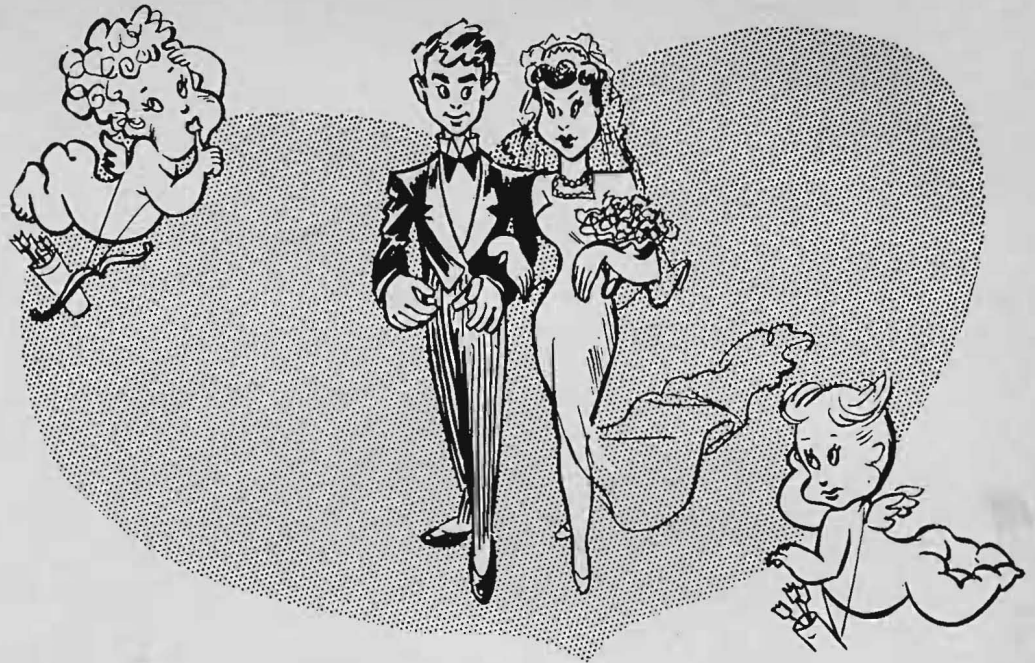
PHOTOS on these pages show what men of the 40th faced in the winter and spring of 1951-52 in Korea.

They took pot shots at the Chinese, dug holes for telephone poles all over the frozen landscape, built bridges over wrecked ones and many where none had been at all.

They bathed their tanks in cold streams, strung wire on front line positions, moved their artillery and developed photographs in freezing weather. They swept minefields and they moved from many a "Line of Departure" against the enemy. With the benefit of six months at Camp Cooke and nine months in Japan—where speed marches were the order of the day and where 40th men passed beyond the basics to air and sea exercises—the California division was one of the best trained American fighting outfits to go into battle in Korea.



LOVE HONOR and OBEY!



By LIN SCHEID

THE CAVEMAN CAUGHT HIS WOMAN by the roots of her hair. The Assyrian bought his in the open market. The Pilgrim paid her weight in gold for his. But all the modern man has to do is pop the question.

In the early days, mama taught daughter the gentle art of self-defense, instead of how to cook a wolf. But still the B. C. romeo, like the Royal Mounted, usually caught his woman . . . and by much the same tactics. A typical encounter might have gone something like this.



The mighty hunter, nostrils quivering, ears pricked, sights his prey, a lone maiden strayed from the fold. He halts, muscles tense. She,

no slouch at this game either, flexes her biceps, mentally rehearsing the headlock for two hands.

"Greetings," he salutes, or the Neanderthal equivalent thereof, and proceeds to cuff her gently about the head.

"Felicitations," she observes, returning the blow.

The preliminaries thus dispensed with, "I've some handsome carvings in my cave," says he, advancing.

"I was just leaving," says she retreating.

"With us," says he signaling a henchman—alias "best man".

At that point the gal had to be handy with her dukes or presto—she was as good as married right then and there.

* *

"Put that ring on my finger," sings a moony-eyed maid. But little does she know! The wedding ring also began in the marriage-by-capture-days . . . as a handcuff for one digit. It announced to the tribe that the lady was taken . . . over.

A few of her jilted swains didn't take too kindly to this set-up though and weren't above showing it — by raining stones, wood and shoes (familiar?) on the hapless pair.



But the poor girl got it coming and going. As if that weren't enough, friend father gave his new son one of the daughter's shoes as a token of authority. Whereupon, the groom—fine fellow—feeling left out of the brawl, promptly took a whack at the lady himself. But it was all in a day's marriage . . . and no pardons begged.

Pretty soon the would-be groom got wise. Catch-as-catch-can was all right for moose, but why work that hard for a wife? It all began when one bright lad, hot-footing it through the forest after a nimble nymph, neglected to

cover his rear—and the lady's papa was only too willing to do so, with a two-pronged fork.



"Going somewhere, son?" called papa.

"Just taking the air," panted our hero.

"The air or my daughter?" blustered father,

now a whisker's breadth away and bristling.

"Well, now that you mention it, sir," the young man gulped, at his wit's end and very nearly the end, "couldn't we, uh . . . come to . . . terms? OUCH?"

"Well, son, when you put it that way . . ."

And so it came to pass, that a lady—like a loaf of bread—was paid for by the pound.

* *

Soon the ladies got to catting about their market values. The pretty girls got smug and the homely ones got scared . . . and the ladies stock exchange was a terrific flop. So up popped a bright Babylonian with a production line technique. He got himself a gavel, lined up the local belles and soon the ladies were going, going, gone. The prettiest girls brought the highest prices and when they were sold, the homely girls got the money. That way nobody lost out. The rich men got the pretty girls. The poor men got the rich girls. Everybody got mar-

A Blow By Blow Description Of Marriage Through The Ages With No Punches Pulled . . .

ried—and they all lived happily ever after.



But there's a joker at every party and this one was a mathematician to boot. He got to figuring that if one wife was fine, two were finer

and at that rate, three were very fine indeed. So pretty soon the gentlemen were adding rooms and ladies to their domiciles in gaudy abandon.

If you think that this displeased the ladies, you're much mistaken. Far from being upset about the whole thing, wife number one just sat back and took life easy as her successors were parcelled off to do her domestic chores. Wife number two did the kitchen, number three the garden, and in time number four the upstairs baths. And forever women, they welcomed each addition as gladly as a new mixer or automatic washing machine, let hubby's eye fall where it would.

* *

"Obey" is for children and puppies these days, but in the seventh century, madame, it meant you.

The little woman did the cooking and cleaning, raised the children, spun the cloth and made the family wardrobe, did all the chores, cared for the fowl and livestock, worked alongside of hubby in the fields and even subbed for the farm animals in plowing time. In short, she did practically everything . . . she was told to do and with no back talk. There wasn't the slightest doubt as to who wore the pants and wielded the big stick. And wield the big stick, or a reasonable facsimile of same, Papa did and with painful regularity.

Mediaeval Minnie could be punished for eating too much, drinking too much, talking too much and—wonder of wonders—for being too passionate, even if the gent involved was hubby. Sex was for rabbits and husbands and even if Min had had six babies, she was still expected to believe that the stork brought them.

"Bargain! Bargain! Wives for Sale!"

Of course they didn't really advertise—but everyone knew. Take Quintus B. of Sicily, a good man and true. But Quintus had one woe—no dough. He had a yen for a pretty blonde named Julia. But facts were facts. She was just too high. He'd have to hock his last toga.

Now across the street lived a wealthy widow. "No spring chicken," he mused, "but no fee,—free." Julia or the widow . . . love or money, he wracked his brains.

Well, Quintus loved a bargain so he married the widow. But the kid with the bow and arrow laughs at locksmiths . . . and sometimes widows . . . and love found a way.

* *



round and away we go.

No, that's no marathon with love interest—just a Greek wedding ceremony where Ring Around the Rosie could sub for Lohengrin. The athletic love birds cantered three times around the altar. Until the third turn was completed, there was still time to make a run for it. But then, if their endurance held, miss and mister were Mr. and Mrs.

* *

In early Brazil, dusky Maria had marriage on her mind but the object of her affections was otherwise inclined. Did this stop Maria? Did she sit around, just moping and hoping? You can bet your last coffee bean she did not!

When a certain Pedro came home for supper one night, he found Maria next to him at the family table but no plate at his place. As he sat wondering, Maria sidled closer. "You can eat from my bowl, Pedro," she murmured softly.



Completely forgetful of the old Brazilian custom that turns man and maid into Mr. and Mrs. by the simple device of eating from the

same plate, the hapless Pedro dived in.

"Ah," said he. "A loaf of bread—a jug of wine."

"And thou my love," said she smugly as he took his first bite. And if Pedro suddenly lost his appetite he was just out of luck in a country where tea for two meant two for life.

* *

It wasn't half so hard for Marie of Poree. This French coquette let the priest do all of the work. After bewitching her prospective prey with a flirtatious eye and honeyed tongue, she led him past the church. And who should be standing at the door but the Reverend Father.

Now, before taking this stroll, Marie had gone into conference with the good Pere who was only too willing to lend his aid in a good cause. So, as the loving couple drew near, "Are your intentions honorable," he inquired of the bedazzled romeo. Trapped whichever way he answered, the poor boy nodded yes. Whereupon the couple were promptly blessed and within a fortnight a stroll down the street had led to a walk down the aisle.

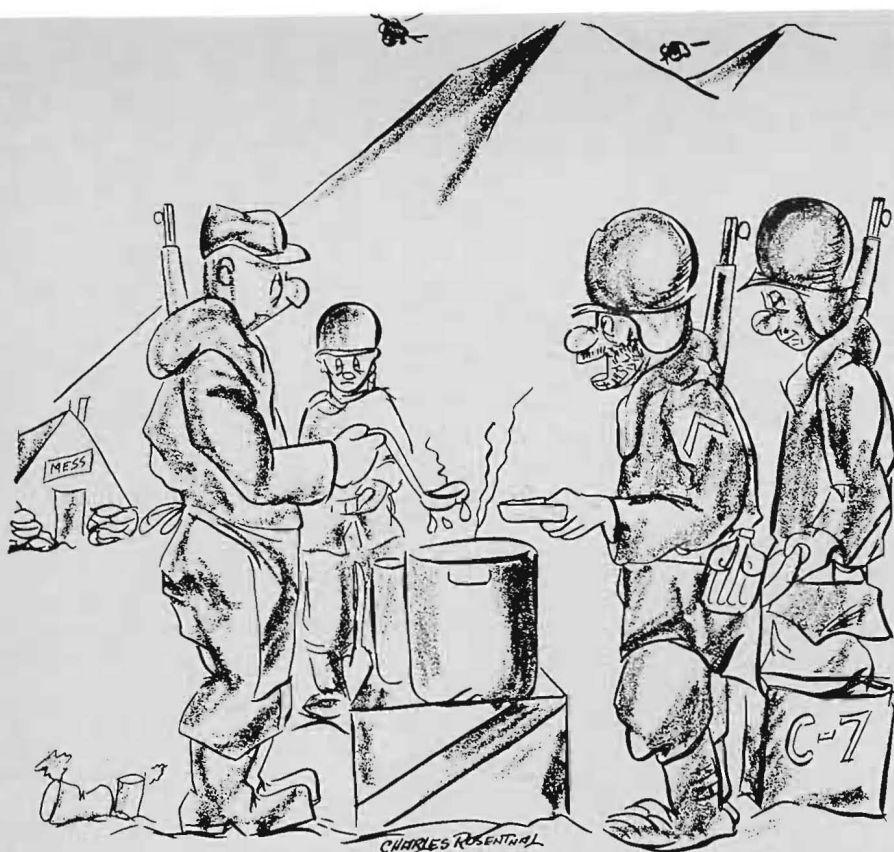
* *

Even the wedding march though, had its gloomy aspects. You've heard of dancing at funerals. The Russian maid was expected to weep at her wedding. She had to go to the altar displaying as much joy as we do at wakes. Her wedding song was as cheerful as a dirge and in the same key. But the lyrics told her she was a happy child and where ignorance was bliss 'twas folly to be wise.

So the poor lass saturated a dozen handkerchiefs during the wedding and if she made the fatal mistake of falling in love and felt pretty happy about the whole thing, she had to shed tears and look sad anyway, to please the audience. And if experience hadn't taught her to weep convincingly enough, mom and dad hired a professional "Wailer" who would teach her.

* *

So if you still think your marriage wasn't made in Heaven, be grateful hubby doesn't box your ears Croatian-wise, or kick you a La Hungary. Yours may not be all cream and roses, but it's still more bliss than misery.



SOUND OFF

*A Forum for
Grizzlymen
Only*

You Mean To Tell Me You Guys Eat This Stuff . . . STUFF?

The basic idea behind SOUND OFF is "What do the men of the National Guard think about various questions which effect them personally?" The responses have been good. In this issue we ask three questions and carry the answers of the men to them.

However, this department, while dedicated to the opin-

ions of the men of the 40th, also welcomes the ideas of other readers (wives, mothers, fathers and sweethearts of Grizzlymen) and will print their answers as well.

The editors are anxious for ideas for this department, and will ask questions submitted in SOUND OFF for general answering.

QUESTION:

If You Had The Authority What Change Would You Make In The National Guard?

What would I do if I had the nod to make changes in the National Guard? As affects the 40th Division I would shift the dates of the Annual Summer Field Training Period to as early in June as School Graduations would permit.

This would put the two week training period behind the student who wishes to

take a summer job. Few employers care to hire an individual on a temporary basis when they know they will lose his services for a two week period right in the middle. It would also assist the individual in maintaining his attendance record with less hassel.

In addition to this, June is a less exacting month, weatherwise, and leaves July and August free for vacations.

I would also authorize a period of from one to three days before AND after camp for full preparation for the move and the cleanup after return. Even one full day before departure to check and load equipment would ease the burden on the full-time personnel and add greatly to

the efficiency of departure. At least two days (full time) after return from Camp are required for the proper cleaning of equipment and restorage. Then, too, the problems of reports of survey, forms 18 for individual clothing and equipment lost could be greatly facilitated. To dismiss the troops immediately after return to home stations places a tremendous load on the full time personnel, with the usual attendant paper work required.

Two days over and above the fifteen days credited for Summer camp as Field Training, could very well be in lieu of Armory drills. The drills skipped could be made to fall during the summer months to allow the Guardsman to take

a vacation without forcing him to miss drills normally scheduled.

There are many changes that might be made. For instance, permit the use of Armories without charge to Guard-sponsored activities; a more liberal allowance of .22 caliber ammunition for indoor practice; "Incentive" pay for additional time spent in Guard training not permitted during drill hours; flood-lighting the exterior of armories and neon signs for each armory (as too few local residents even realize there is a National Guard Armory in their area).

However, I'll settle for a change in dates for Field Training!

—Ted A. Randall, CWO



QUESTION:
Police Records Indicate That There Has Been An Increase In Juvenile Delinquency In Recent Years. If You Agree With This, Why Do You Think So And What Would You Do To Combat This Situation?

A person who has a lot of spare time on his hands will find an outlet for his disorganized and unauthorized conduct. Put them to work and have planned and organized activities.

—Donald Low

★

Juvenile delinquency is the result of poor supervision of the parents. Suggest the tough guys be inducted in the army.

—Fred Borchardt

★

I agree that there is a great amount of juvenile delinquency, but it's because of poor supervision and lack of recreational facilities. Too many juveniles think that they can get away with murder just because they ARE juveniles. I think examples should be made of some of them, and make it plenty rough.

—Robert Berg

★

The blame for juvenile delinquency are the cities. They don't provide enough recreational facilities for teenagers.

—Charles Nipps

★

If there were more inter-city sports competitions there'd be less trouble with the young people. The cities are to blame.

—Howard Whitson

★

Youngsters get into bad company because they have too much time on their hands and there is a lack of social entertainment. Some sort of planned recreation of interest to the youth of the country would solve the problem.

—Alfred Garcia

★

You can put the blame for juvenile delinquency right in the laps of the politicians. There are not enough places for the kids to grow up in, such as parks and playgrounds. This is due mostly to rotten politics within and including the whole of Los Angeles County.

—Herbert Hueftle

★

Perhaps the rise in juvenile delinquency is due to the in-

crease in density of population in the urban areas. I would suggest an increase in diversionary facilities such as recreational programs.

—Richard Lewis

★

I think the increase in juvenile delinquency is due mostly to parents who don't take the time to bring up their children right. Many of the parents allow their children to do as they please and don't bother to find out what it is they are doing.

—Bob Price

★

Most kids have nothing to do at night and get into trouble. Would suggest that planned activity for kids at night would be the answer to juvenile delinquency.

—Don Amador

★

Give the young men supervised activities in their leisure time and juvenile delinquency will decline. Encourage young people to associate themselves with worthwhile organizations such as the National Guard and the Red Cross.

—J. W. Amador

★

Parents should find out what their daughters are doing when they are away from home. That'd help solve juvenile delinquency.

—Alton Thomas

★

Parents are very inconsiderate as to the needs of the present day teenager. As far as boys go, parents do not allow their kids to have their own fun as they should, such as attending a drag race with their cars. Instead, parents allow their children to race on the streets so they can kill everybody else. The liquor situation is a different story. If a party was adequately chaperoned and supervised a lot of kids wouldn't be in trouble. I have a lot more to say, but don't have the room.

—Homer Clem

★

If parents would work more WITH their children than against them, there'd be less juvenile delinquency.

—William Bond

★

QUESTION:
Do You Think That The Free Countries of The World Should Have An Exchange System So That U. S. Guardsmen Could Visit and Train with Foreign Troops, and Foreign Troops Train with Us?

I think this system would work and I'm in favor of it since it would do a lot to help us understand each others ways of living and how their militia and governments are run.

★

I believe an exchange system would be a very good idea, because it would not only give US Guardsmen and foreign troops training in the different weapons and ideas, but both countries would have a chance to understand each others military and civil problems.

—Lee McCue

An exchange of Guardsmen would be a very good idea because it would give the people of the Free World a chance to prepare themselves for an international emergency. It would also give US Guardsmen training on foreign soil in case we ever do have to go overseas for battle. We can also exchange ideas on training.

—Charles Campbell

★

An exchange system for Guardsmen? YES. I believe that an exchange system would be of great benefit to us in particular. Several of our allies, notably Great Britain and France, have had occasion to call up their respective guardsmen for combat duty on little or short notice. In view of their critical location in Europe any aggressive action against the NATO countries would see their guardsmen in combat almost immediately. Their training must reflect this situation. An exchange system would enable us to learn first hand of the training programs and the indoctrination systems of friendly countries living under the possibility of immediate invasion.

—R. G. Reinacker

★

I think US Guardsmen should have an opportunity to see the world.

—James Cole

★

I believe in an exchange system. It would give everyone a chance to realize how life, both military and civilian, is carried on by other people.

—Dick Seaholm

★

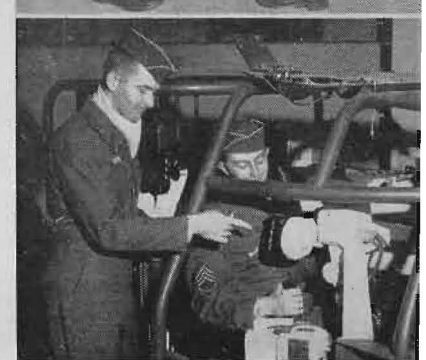
An exchange system of Guardsmen would give us a better understanding of foreign troops.

—William Glorfeld

★

I'm against the exchange system of Guardsmen as the language problem would be very confusing.

—John Hannula



HELL ON EARTH

The time is today and the stricken family the same as any group safe in the blind strength of our security—until the dream collapsed.

By
KERMIT SHELBY

Mrs. Fleming was putting the finishing touches on the anniversary chocolate cake when the atom bomb fell.

First she saw blinding green-white light, followed by an explosion so loud it deafened her. The kitchen ceiling cracked open like an avalanche as the walls caved in. Mrs. Fleming went down amidst debris, feeling dry plaster in her hair. As her right leg crumpled under the weight of the falling beam her thought was, now I've spoiled the anniversary cake.

She could feel the still-warm chocolate icing settle around her right elbow where her arm had been thrust through the cake. As stucco and shingles rained over her, burying her, her chief regret was now there would be no picnic tomorrow, the anniversary picnic planned just for the family—she and John and their two children, Letty and Ralph. If they could have lived just one more day.

Objects fell thunderously about her. The world was coming to an end. Through a shaft of light, quite dim, she could hear the voice from the kitchen radio, still intact. "New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles have ex-

perienced simultaneous bombings. President Eisenhower's message to you who can still hear me is to keep calm, believe in God, and pray for us all. A news bulletin just handed me reads—"The radio suddenly went dead.

Mrs. Fleming coughed, struggling weakly beneath part of the kitchen wall. She wondered if her back was broken? Dust motes danced in the shaft of light. She felt the grit of lime in her eyes. She moved an arm, feeling the cake crumble. Her left leg was held fast by the beam, which had splintered in falling. As she tugged, she could feel the splinters tearing her numbed flesh. The warm dripping, she realized, was her own blood. For a moment she felt she was going to faint.

Screaming in the street revived her. A woman's scream, stopping abruptly. In panic Mrs. Fleming remembered her seven-year-old daughter, asleep in the upstairs bedroom. "Letty?" she called weakly. Nobody answered. "John," she murmured. "Ralph."

She could hear the gurgling of water where the water faucet had snapped off above the sink.

Moving her right arm inches at a time, she finally freed it entirely. The other arm was useless, crushed. She pushed and shoved, digging a little hole beneath the beam. In this hole her numbed leg fell heavily. Painfully she crawled toward the light.

Her right jaw was aching. She spat out several teeth. Raw gas shoved sickeningly at her nostrils. She remembered the oven range, which she had left burning. She was staring at the sink, which hung upside down on a blasted tree stump several yards distant, when the new explosion plumed her body through space. Instinctively, her uplifted arm shielded her seared face.

Parts of her clothing were on fire. Her clutching fingers encountered grass. She rolled over and over on it, not being able to see at all. She could feel the afternoon sun, warm upon her eyelids.

She smelled the crisp cleanness of the piece of a sheet before her face touched it. She sniffed its sun-dried fragrance, knowing where she was—in the back yard beneath the clothes line, where she had hung out the wash to dry not three hours ago.

She wrapped the sheet about her, rolling and rolling. "Letty," she called again. She listened, hearing the crackle of flames. She could hear the next door neighbor's dog, scratching and whining piteously.

"Skeets," Mrs. Fleming called in a consoling tone. She could hear furious scratching, digging. Moments later she felt a cold nozzle laid inquiringly against her burning cheek. She recoiled violently against the grass. Skeets whined and licked her injured hand. Her fingers reached out blindly.

He yelped with pain when she awkwardly touched his paw. Skeets limped away. But he returned. This time she was gentler.

"There, Skeets," Mrs. Fleming said. The dog crouched against her, trembling and trembling.

"Letty," Mrs. Fleming called again, before she lost consciousness. When Mrs. Fleming opened her eyes she was lying in her own double bed. John lay beside her, snoring gently, wearing the green-and-white pajamas she had given him last night for his anniversary present. John had kicked the sheet off as usual. Mrs. Fleming rubbed her left arm, which was numb.

Starched curtains billowed gently at the open windows. Morning sun climbed over the hedge. The mocking bird was singing in the walnut tree. The world was safe. Everything was in its right place. And each of these things seemed individual miracles to Mrs. Fleming. She thought, what an awful nightmare!

Then, with a surge of gladness, she remembered. Today's our anniversary! She thought of the cake in the kitchen, whose icing wasn't quite dry when she had come to bed. Icing the cake was the last chore she had performed before retiring. She smiled.

But even before she went to the kitchen, she crept noiselessly up the stairway in her soft-soled slippers, opening first the door to Letty's room, then the door to Ralph's room.

Letty lay asleep, one arm flung over her pillow. Her loose dark hair spilled out like an open fan. Her cheeks were pink as any healthy seven-year-old girl's cheeks and above her the neatly folded sheet rose and fell, rose and fell. Mrs. Fleming turned away with a tightening emotion in her throat.

When she looked in Ralph's room she smiled a little. The baseball mitt was on the table beside his bed and above it were the felt pennants he had

collected at various local football games. Being way past ten, Ralph scorned pajama tops as sissy. He had kicked the sheet off, of course. His right big toe would always be crooked because he had thought it a disgrace to tell them it was broken in a fight.

Softly Mrs. Fleming closed the door, wishing she could forget the nightmare. That green-white flash. Even yet, she felt as if her eyes had seen, not dreamed it. Like the image stored on film, after the camera had clicked.

It's our anniversary, she reminded herself, shoving open the swinging kitchen door. How gleaming her kitchen looked! A laboratory of love, a workshop. The chocolate cake stood on the drainboard and she tested it with one finger. The icing was perfect. John loved chocolate icing. Thick.

Let's see, she thought, switching on the radio, I'll have orange waffles. They're John's favorite. And some of those little sausages with his scrambled eggs. They can sleep just a little while longer till the coffee perks.

The volume was turned so low she scarcely heard the newscast, a far-away droning. She reached for the package of sausage in the ice box and clicked the enamel door shut. And then, before she called the family in to breakfast, Mrs. Fleming knew what she must do first before she started the day proper. She must give thanks for the fine day outside their window. This day, like thousands of others before it, which until now they had taken for granted. But now, after the

nightmare, the loveliness of the day seemed a direct gift from the Divinity.

This is America, Mrs. Fleming thought proudly. Some poor countries actually experience the bombings. The nightmare comes true for some. But we are the fortunate. We are America.

Reaching for the frying pan, Mrs. Fleming bowed her head and said softly out of deep humility and gratefulness, "O Lord, we thank You for this brightness—"

As her lips uttered "brightness," there it was. The blinding green-white flash. Exactly as in the nightmare. She turned, in panic, as the loud explosion followed.

Mrs. Fleming went reeling as the kitchen ceiling crumbled. She felt dry plaster falling in her hair. As she went down, clutching, she could feel the chocolate cake spreading around her right elbow. Pieces of the kitchen were falling about her like enormous hailstones. Beneath the wreckage, Mrs. Fleming could hear the kitchen radio announce: "New York, Chicago and Los Angeles have just been bombed ..."

"Letty!" Mrs. Fleming called wildly. "John? Ralph?"

Nobody answered.

She could hear water gurgling from the broken kitchen faucets. Raw gas stifled her lungs. In the distance she could hear the neighbor's dog, Skeets, yelping and scratching.

Like a terror film she had witnessed before, the chaos of sound, unwinding, wove a pattern. Just before she lost consciousness, Mrs. Fleming's last thought was, *the nightmare was real! The dream was our delusion of safety.*



40TH UNITS go into hot action in Philippines in World War II
—Cut courtesy Army Information Digest

News Briefs

(Continued from Page 15)

dy, Charles F. Henderson, Marvin E. Hutchunson.

40th Armd. Ord. Bn. — Jack L. Winkler, Richard G. Kirkman, Eugene J. Lewandowski.

40th Armd. Med. Bn.—Walter K. McRae.

Fort Knox Jr.

It was rumored last summer that Camp Irwin, near Victorville, will be set up as an armored training center available for use by 40th tankers. At the time, Col. Douglas G. Wilkings, chief of staff, said Irwin had been proposed as a "Little Fort Knox" and if so developed, the 40th might be able to send a batallion at a time there for summer field training.

Meantime, one to eight-week courses are now available there for Grizzly tank gunners, communications personnel, and wheeled and tracked vehicle

mechanics. See Calif. Military Dept. Schools Bulletin (Army, No. 19, dated 26 Oct. 55.)

Lt. Col. Robert G. Elder, Grizzly operations officer G-3, rises up to point out the courses were set up especially for Guardsmen, being particularly tailored for Guard needs and requirements.

"Reports received to date," Elder said, "indicate the courses are very well conducted and extremely worthwhile. The Division commander, naturally, wants to encourage as many officers and men as possible to attend the Irwin school.

"Obviously, these courses will be given only so long as there are enough students to warrant the expense. It is perhaps only incidental that school time counts as active duty time for retirement purposes."

Among graduates or current or prospective students were: Cpl. S. E. Wells and Pvts. Eugene Ferra, Charles

W. Carter, and Arthur Mendoza, CCA; 2nd Lt. Martin Greenspun, 133rd Tank Bn.; Pfc. Kenney W. Blankenship and Varney V. Jerome Jr. and Pvts. Billy R. Alexander and Johnny D. Stegall, 134th Tank Bn.; Cpl. Edward W. Mark, CCC; 2nd Lt. Jules Lloyd, Div. Arty.; Sgt. David Leialoha, 143rd AFAB; WOJG John E. Barry, Qm. Bn.; and 2nd Lt. Robert Liski and Sgt. Melvin R. Patterson, Med. Bn.

(Continued on Next Page)

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COLONEL WARREN E. BENOIT

(Continued from Page 3)

off with a match, and blew them up personally.

These exploits won the attention of then Col. Daniel H. Hudelson, who later was to command the 40th in Korea. In 1946, after World War II, he induced Benoit, by then a major, to join the California National Guard as G-3 (operations officer) of the 40th.

As a lieutenant colonel, Benoit succeeded to command of the 160th when the Division was called up for the Korean emergency. He took his organization through the prescribed training cycles—absorbing "draft fillers" in the process—at Camp Cooke and continued the arduous training mission in northern Honshu, Japan.

He rejoined the 40th, in the post-Korean War reorganization, as G-3, later going to the Office of the Adjutant General of California in Sacra-

mento as intelligence officer. He was reassigned to the post of G-4 (logistical officer) and promoted to the rank of colonel.

Such was the career of Col. Warren E. Benoit, whose body now lies in Inglewood Park Cemetery, but whose spirit will live on in the memory of his countless comrades so long as they survive.

NOTE: Julian Hartt, a member of *The Los Angeles Examiner* staff, served with the Navy in the Pacific as a correspondent with International News Service during World War II. He was the only newspaper correspondent to serve with the 40th in the Land of the Rising Sun and in the Land of the Morning Calm during the Korean War. His efforts, in behalf of the Division, have been "above and beyond the call of duty".

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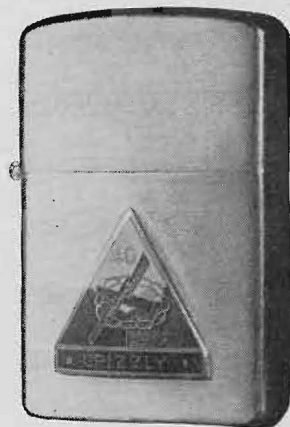
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Los Angeles

News Briefs

(Continued from Page 24)

Awards & Decorations

1st Lt. Raymond M. Booth, Hq. Co., CCC—California Medal of Merit.

Sgt. Robert E. Berry, 217th AAA Bn.; Lt. Cols. Robert G. Elder and Jean C. Peterson, Div. Hq.—California Commendation Ribbon with Pendant.

Lt. Col. Alvin E. Howell, CCB—Silver Redwood Cluster (for 20 years) for California Service Medal.

M/Sgt. Andrew J. Caples, Div. Hq. Co.—California Service Medal (for 10 years).

Active Duty Training

Grizzlymen under the age of 18½, who prefer to be in the Guard instead of subjecting themselves to Selective Service, may cut their Guard service time from a possible nine-and-a-half to 11 down to eight years by embarking on the Army's six-month training program.

To preserve immunity from Selective Service, the soldier under 18½ must stay in the Guard until he is 28, if he'd rather be in the Guard and doesn't want to take six months of active duty.

Training is offered at Fort Bliss, Tex., for anti-aircraft artillery; Fort Knox, Ky., armor; Fort Ord, infantry, finance, music, and adjutant general; Camp Chaffee, Ark., field artillery; Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., engineer; Fort McClellan, Ala., chemical; Fort Sam Houston, Tex., medical; Camp Gordon, Ga., signal and military police; Aberdeen, Md., ordnance; Fort Lee, Va., quartermaster; Fort Eustis, Va., transportation; Fort Holabird, Md., military intelligence; Fort Devens, Mass., army security; Fort Slocum, N. Y., public information.

Men in pay grades E-1 and E-2 who joined the 40th before Oct. 1, 1955—who were under 18½ when they enlisted—may volunteer if they start their six month training period before they are 20.

Men of the same rank who enlisted after Oct. 1, 1955, may volunteer any time during the first year of their first Guard enlistment. High school students may delay the start of training until they graduate or turn 20.

Grizzlymen who have completed the eight-week basic training program may finish the six-month deal any time before they reach the age of 20.

Volunteers under this program will not be on "federal active duty" but will be in an "active duty for training" status. They'll miss no details such as KP or policing the area, but they'll receive the full pay and allowances of their Guard rank and will be entitled to 15 days' leave.

They will have a \$10,000 government life insurance policy and the same death and disability benefits as men in the active Army.

Volunteers will wear their Grizzly and unit insignia and will return to their old outfits on graduation. They will not be used in combat, during their training period, in the event of war.

Company and battery commanders are accepting applications.

Wanna Medal?

Veterans in the 40th rate medals by the chestful, but most only have ribbons to show for them. Medals are available, in plenty, for the asking. Write to the Adjutant General, Dept. of the Army, Washington 25, D.C., setting forth full name, present address, and Army serial number along with arguments to support claims, including where served and dates.

Principal World War II medals for which Grizzlymen are eligible are: American Defense, American Campaign, European-African-Middle Eastern, Asiatic Pacific, World War II Victory, and Army of Occupation.

Korean War medals include: Army of Occupation, National Defense Service, Korean Service, United Nations Service.

Sick List

Lt. Col. Harcourt Hervey Jr., who commanded a battalion in the 40th's old 223rd Infantry regiment, at press time had been hospitalized on account of a heart attack. Hervey, as well know for his efficiency as his pranks, is the son of Maj. Gen. Harcourt Hervey, former Division commander and former vice-president of the Security First National Bank of Los Angeles. Colonel Hervey retired from the Guard after reorganizing what is now the 223rd Armd. Inf. Bn. after the Korean War.

Military Definitions

Know what to call an outfit? The Division commander calls for use of the following terms:

"Major command"—a combat command, division artillery, division train, or any other task formation making up a command headquarters and attached organizations and units.

"Organization"—a battalion, which may be attached to a major command or remain separate.

"Organic unit"—a company or battery sized unit assigned to a major command or organization.

"Separate unit"—a company or battery sized unit not assigned to a major command or organization.

(Continued on Page 26)



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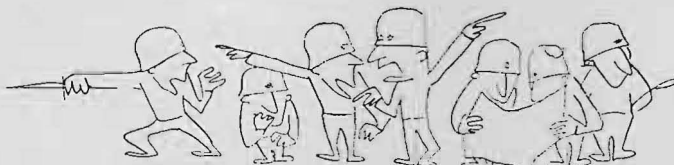
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BRAWLEY'S newest civic boast is armory dedicated in appropriate ceremony last month for Co. B, 134th Tank Bn. Available for community as well as military functions, new structure is typical one-unit armory, complete with drill hall, storage space, offices, classroom, locker room, kitchen, and plenty of parking area in rear. LEFT PHOTO: 1st Lt. Robert Clayton, commander

of Co. B, General Eaton, and Lt. Col. Adam Tupka, Jr., C. O. of 134th, discuss unit's progress, while in RIGHT PHOTO Brawley Assemblyman J. Ward Casey tells crowd at dedication how Imperial county mobilized community to assure approval of armory project. Also on stand are General Eaton; Neil Fifield, chairman of Imperial county supervisors; and Mayor H. E. Thornton.

News Briefs

(Continued from Page 25)

Thinning Far East Strength

Within a year Army strength in the Far East is reported to be due for watering down to about the level prior to the Korean war. Four understrength divisions will guard a front of more than 1,000 miles of de-militarized and coast line of Korea. When the process is complete the 7th, 24th, 1st Cav., and 3rd Marine Divs., will be scattered from Korea to Okinawa.

INGLEWOOD had a field day too, last month, with formal occupation of new armory by entire 111th (Inglewood's Own) Reconnaissance Bn., commanded by Maj. Matthew Einsmann. LEFT PHOTO: Among others on speakers stand—listening to Maj. Gen. Earle M. Jones, adjutant general—are Assemblyman Charles H. Wilson, 66th District, and Charles E. Chapel, 46th District;

Six Guard Armored Divs.

Nationwide, the Guard now has six divisions belonging to "the arm of decision". The 48th (Florida and Georgia) recently traded its crossed rifles for Armor's insignia. Other Guard armored outfits, headed by the 40th, are the 50th (New Jersey), 49th (Texas), 27th (New York), and the 30th (Tennessee).

Streets of Paris

It'll be the Streets of Paris, not the Burbank Armory, when officers of the 139th Tank Bn. entertain themselves and colleagues of CCC at a semi-formal dinner dance on Jan. 21.

Armories

A preliminary "go-ahead" has been given by the Dept. of Defense for construction of a two-and-a-half unit armory in Santa Ana. Preliminary plans are now being drawn at State Hq. for submission to the U. S. Bureau of the Budget.

Bids are in the process of being re-opened for the Beaumont-Banning armory.

Federal assistance—something new in State armory programs—shapes up this way: land is given to the State (which won't buy it) and the U. S. puts up 75 and the State 25 per cent of the construction funds required.

General Eaton; and Inglewood City Fathers. Chapel, who spear-headed efforts to obtain armory, told battalion there was "nothing wrong with it 200 men wouldn't cure." RIGHT PHOTO: Maj. Charles Wootton, battalion exec., leads parade of 111th and equipment through town. Celebration wound up with dance, sponsored by Junior Chamber of Commerce, at the armory.



HERE IS THE KIND OF HE-MAN BODY YOU CAN HAVE!

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

(Continued from Page 5)

driver that Joe couldn't hear.

"Anything wrong?" Joe asked spotting the sawed-off shotgun across the deputy's lap.

"Bank robber."

The driver gunned the motor and Joe yelled, "Hope you get him." But as Joe bent over the car's motor again he was surprised to hear the police car's engine suddenly cutting off. Looking up he saw the deputy pulling out the makings and rolling a cigarette.

"Name's Tabor, isn't it?" he asked Joe.

"That me," Joe told him, wondering if he had said something wrong.

"Remember reading about you and your snakes," the deputy mused, light-

SNAKE MAN

ing his cigarette. "Think I'd like a quick look at 'em." He climbed stiffly out of the car, grinning. "Frankly, Mr. Tabor, I've yet to see the man with guts enough to put a poisonous rattler around his neck. Sure like to see your act. As the saying goes, 'I'm from Missouri!'"

A warm nausea crept over Joe.

"I only got a minute," the deputy said. "And I don't get out this way very often." He took several steps toward Joe, adding good humoredly: "I'll give you some free publicity when I get back to town."

JOE was sick with giddiness and his thoughts jumped crazily as he racked his brain vainly for some plausible excuse. But nothing came to his mind and he didn't dare refuse for fear of rousing suspicion. The weight of his automatic inside his shirt restored his courage somewhat, but after observing the casual but handy way the hick cop carried his sloping shotgun, his confidence wavered. He did not like the odds.

Filled with trepidation, he led the cop to the house. His mind worked busily, but no trick, no plan presented itself. Then they were inside and the sound of a rattler and the slithering of writhing bodies against wiring, electrified his brain and a steel fist twisted his insides. Dazedly he moved past several cages, finally stopped at one of the smaller snakes and fumbled with the cage latch.

"What's wrong?" the deputy asked, "Door stuck?"

Joe didn't hear him. He was staring

horrified at the sleek, gliding body, the flicking tongue. Again the little rivers of sweat ran down his spine. Again, stark terror and sick loathing gripped him, transfixing him to the spot. He knew he couldn't put his hand in that cage!

He tried to swallow the hard lump that had formed in his throat. He put his hand to his chest to still the violent thumping of his heart, and in doing so he pressed the gun under his shirt against his bare skin. The metal was cool and assuring to his fevered sweaty body. Instinctively, Joe's shaking hand suddenly darted inside his shirt, fumbled for the gun. But even as he whirled he saw that the cop had him cold.

"Don't shoot, copper," Joe shrieked. "I'm Joe Adams—I knocked off the bank. Just—just get me away from this D. T. pen."

"Looks like you did more than just a bank job," the deputy said, leading the feverish, trembling Joe back to the car, then adding with grim humor: "Never heard of a snake-man being afraid of a gopher snake."

"But Joe could only repeat jerkily, "What tipped you off? . . . What tipped you off?"

"Take a look in this side mirror," the deputy told him.

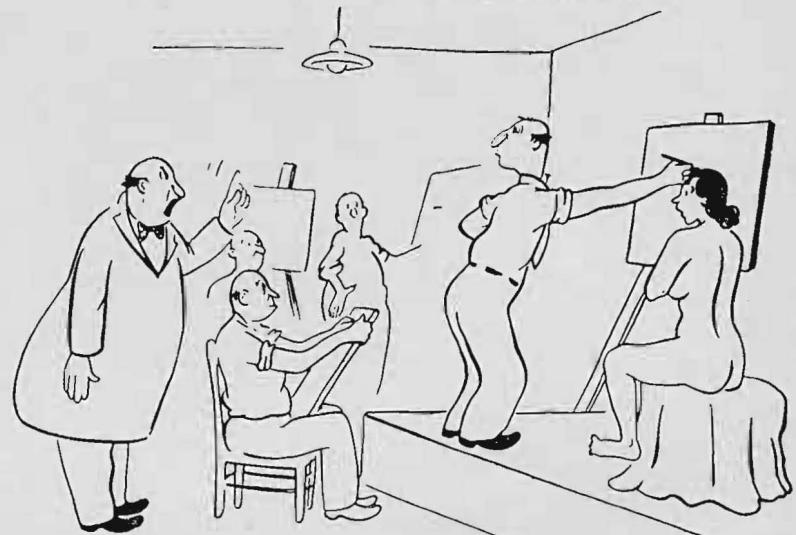
Joe looked, then stared at the reflection of white circles that the sun glasses had left around his eyes; standing out sharply and grotesquely against his sun burned face . . . "A sermon—" Joe suddenly babbled. "Crossed up by a sermon. And old Four-Square even painted a picture."

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"MISTER ATTERBURY, PLEASE..... NO TRACING!"

... BLOW IT OUT HERE ...

Dear Grizzly:

You will find enclosed a picture plus a caption which we thought might be of interest if published in your magazine. We hope it will be in time for your forthcoming issue.

Your magazine is all and more than we had hoped for. As far as we are concerned, just keep more of the same coming.

Faithfully,
The Men of Co. A-224
1st Sgt. Donald M. Fiedler
Capt. Paul V. Lay

Gentlemen of A-224:

The picture is great and we would have used it in the last issue had it arrived in time. However, if you will check page 14 you will see it. Keep sending in stuff on what your outfit is doing and we'll tell the division about it.

Dear Grizzly:

Just a short note to let you know my new address. . . The magazine can do a great deal for the Division.

Sincerely,
Capt. Gardner L. Thurman

Thanks for the encouragement, Captain, and if more men of the Division would take the trouble to send in changes of address there'd be less confusion at the Grizzly office and ALL our subscribers would get their copies on time.

Dear Grizzly:

Comment on the first issue of *The Grizzly* was withheld pending a receipt of the November-December publication, realizing that "bugs" almost invariably appear in all beginnings.

It was hoped that *The Grizzly* would improve. It has.

Regardless of the fact that this magazine is the pride and joy of those who dreamed it up, and of those who have put forth their efforts to bring it into the world, there is still much to be desired.

We hoped that *The Grizzly* would have an original format of its own, but even the second edition seems to follow to an extent, the lines of the "Guardman", a sort of a local version thereof. That, however, is not a particularly serious fault, and in our ignorance of magazine composition we can offer no better solution or format to follow.

The boozummy cuties pictured are well worth the space occupied, and it is hoped that when "the Girl I'd Most" is selected, the pics will not be discontinued, but will get bigger and better. Even the Guardman recognizes the value of cheese-cake in its finest.

To add to the size, to say nothing of adding to the exchequer of the magazine, it is noted that advertisements are appearing in larger numbers. This is a healthy condition and may eventually lead to the reduction in the price per subscription. Fifty cents per issue IS a little steep, don't you think? Or don't you?

We read the two-part serial, "Murder Trial" trying to get something out of it—a lesson, thrills, entertainment—but it left us cold. As far as we could determine, it was merely a few thousand words tied together by periods and commas. It is hoped that future issues will carry stories with a measure of interest, suspense, amusement or what have you—or at least a moral. There must be someone in the 40th Division who can and will produce something with a little more "Umph"!

On the whole, however, *The Grizzly* is making progress—its shows improvement in its second period of existence. Now let us see it really GO places!

Ted A. Randall,
CWO Btry. B 143 AFA

Dear Ted:

There's nothing that warms an editor's heart (cold stone daid, as has too many times been said about the hearts of the gentlemen (?) of the Fourth Estate) than a letter of criticism that shows plenty of thought and analysis. In short, a letter that isn't just a carping piece from a crank who can't resist writing a letter to the editor.

To answer you categorically:

(1) True it is, that those of us who are responsible for the existence of THE GRIZZLY, take pride in its existence and present stature from many angles, many of which aren't at first apparent to the naked eye. BUT JOY? . . . Man, if you have the time, drop into the office and we'll give you a quick run-down of what it takes to put a modest book like this together.

(2) Original format? As a matter of fact, we were of the opinion that that is what we have achieved. We thought we were doing a pretty good job of tight-rope walking in an attempt to please as many of our readers at one fell swoop as possible.

(3) Boozummy cuties: As long as the majority of our subscribers want eye-filling pictures we'll print them. (In good taste, of course.) After all the first obligation of a publication is to fill the needs and requirements of its paying subscribers, and the majority of them agree with you.

(4) Exchequer: True, we are getting a little paid space in the book. But I'm certain you wouldn't work for what we are., Ted. And I'm certain there are few if any men of the Division who would willingly (as we did) take on an obligation that has consistently lost money for us and will continue to do so until we have fuller subscription support from the 40th.

(5) Fiction: Obviously we thought "Murder Trail" was pretty good. So did a lot of other people, including a motion picture

studio which bought the story. But as you say, there must be plenty of men in the Division who can write—But at this point we haven't seen anything. This in face of the fact that we announced it at every assembly we addressed prior to and during camp. We're buying story material in the professional writing market. We'd be happier to print some of the brain-children from our own men.

(6) You admit we're making progress and express the wish to see us GO PLACES! . . . Thanks, and thanks again for your letter. Let's have more of them.

Dear Grizzly:

Where did you get your information on the menus at Summer Camp? I have yet to see it that way!

Your page 8 in the November-December issue sounds like pure fiction to me and I'm not alone. Who says you got all you wanted to eat? And I for one never found a cook with patience to fry my eggs hard.

Toast? Very little have I seen except for some hard crusts. And one, I repeat—one pat of butter!

I have been on the end of the line and watched others besides myself being turned away without the steaks because there weren't enough to go around. That goes double for the lemonade or iced tea.

I agree with those who said: "left overs? There aren't any left overs." They were so right.

As an ex-sailor, I say it's all scuttlebutt. SO BLOW IT OUT!

I thank you - -

SFC Edward Manning,
Co. B 224 A. I. B.

Dear Sgt.:

This department was designed for just such beefs as yours. However, your letter takes answering and here it is, Eddie:

We got our information by first-hand eating at various mess halls at Camp Roberts and in the field at Hunter Liggett, and the chow was uniformly good and as presented.

We investigated with various mess officers and checked against their "bible" which provides for the uniformly consistent feeding of ALL National Guardsmen everywhere in the U.S. The "bible" we refer to is the "NATIONAL GUARD FOOD SERVICE GUIDE, issued by the Department of the Army, National Guard Bureau.

What is presented as menus *must* be adhered to. These schedules are supposed to be checked by the RA advisors. The menu that we printed appears on Page 12 of The Guide, and it was what we ate.

Now it's very possible that what you say is true. If so, the place to squawk is your CO, the IG or maybe another letter here.



BARBARA BLAKELEY, as delectable a dish as any man with all his buttons could wish for, makes her bid for "Miss 40th", the gal the men of the Division "would most". Barbara, seen on many a TV screen, makes it plain that glamour can be projected even if a gal isn't in a bathing suit. How do you vote, man?

... Sports ...

By **GILBERT BARBERIS**

History of sports equipment is featured by many interesting stories.

One of the more colorful concerns the evolution of the football helmet... one of the most important pieces of equipment in sports today.

"From Head Harness to Head Cushion" best describes the translation of football helmets in the past 60 years... ever since players decided they needed greater protection for the head than that afforded by long hair and tassel caps.

The original forms of "head harnesses" were designed to protect the ears rather than the head.

Today's helmet, in contrast, can be equipped with extra gear to protect all vulnerable spots above the neck... face, eyes, nose, mouth, teeth, ears, chin and even the base of the skull.

Historians credit George Barclay of Lafayette College with designing the first football headgear.

The first model of what was to become probably the most vital item of football protective equipment was made for Barclay by a harnessmaker... mainly to keep his ears from being ripped.

Prior to this, football players covered their heads with an assortment of head-dresses... most of which were used mainly for adornment.

Later the style turned to various caps... some with visors, stocking caps with knobs on top, tassel caps, soft woolen caps, etc. In most cases the caps conformed with the school colors.

As the popularity of football began to grow in the early 1900's, athletic manufacturers were hard at work designing and developing new and safer equipment, including an increasing assortment of head harnesses.

The word "helmet" began appearing around 1909 as some of the head harnesses were listed as "helmet patterns".

The major change in helmets in the decade between 1910 and 1920 was a tendency for more and larger openings in the headgear to provide greater ventilation, plus molded ear protectors. By 1917, helmets offering greater protection to the rear of the neck were introduced.

The name "head harness" had disappeared by 1920 in favor of helmet and by then each one of the various companies were making as many as a dozen different models.

In 1925, one of the most revolutionary helmets up to that time hit the market. It was designed by Bob Zuppke, famed Illinois coach. It was much lighter and featured a sponge rubber crown.

At the conclusion of World War II, the plastic helmet, developed along the principles of the crash helmets worn by military aviators, made its appearance.

Cooler, lighter and stronger... the new helmet represented a radical departure from previous helmet design and quickly supplanted the traditional leather headgear.

While nose guards were used as early as 1890 and many face and mouth guards were devised in later years, the basic purpose of all the devices was protection of any injury after it had occurred rather than prevention of injury.

New injury-preventing devices that can be attached to the helmet now give the football player the finest protection he has enjoyed.

You can see these, and numerous other pieces of sporting goods equipment are on display at 2222 S. Hill St. in Los Angeles.

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Call or write Major Jimmy Wilson for Information.

Bob Yeakel
WILSHIRE OLDSMOBILE

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MAJ. JIMMY WILSON'S "Champions' Gym," Saturday TV show (Channel 9) sponsored by Bob Yeakel of Wilshire Oldsmobile. The show attracts champions and other noted fighters as well as youngsters from all over Southern California.

Photo at left shows young aspirants trading punches in sparring match while at right are Jimmy McLarin, a former world's champion, Bob Yeakel, Ramon Fuentes, Cisco Andrade, Henry Armstrong, former champ, Major Wilson, and Harold Dade in front of television camera.



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