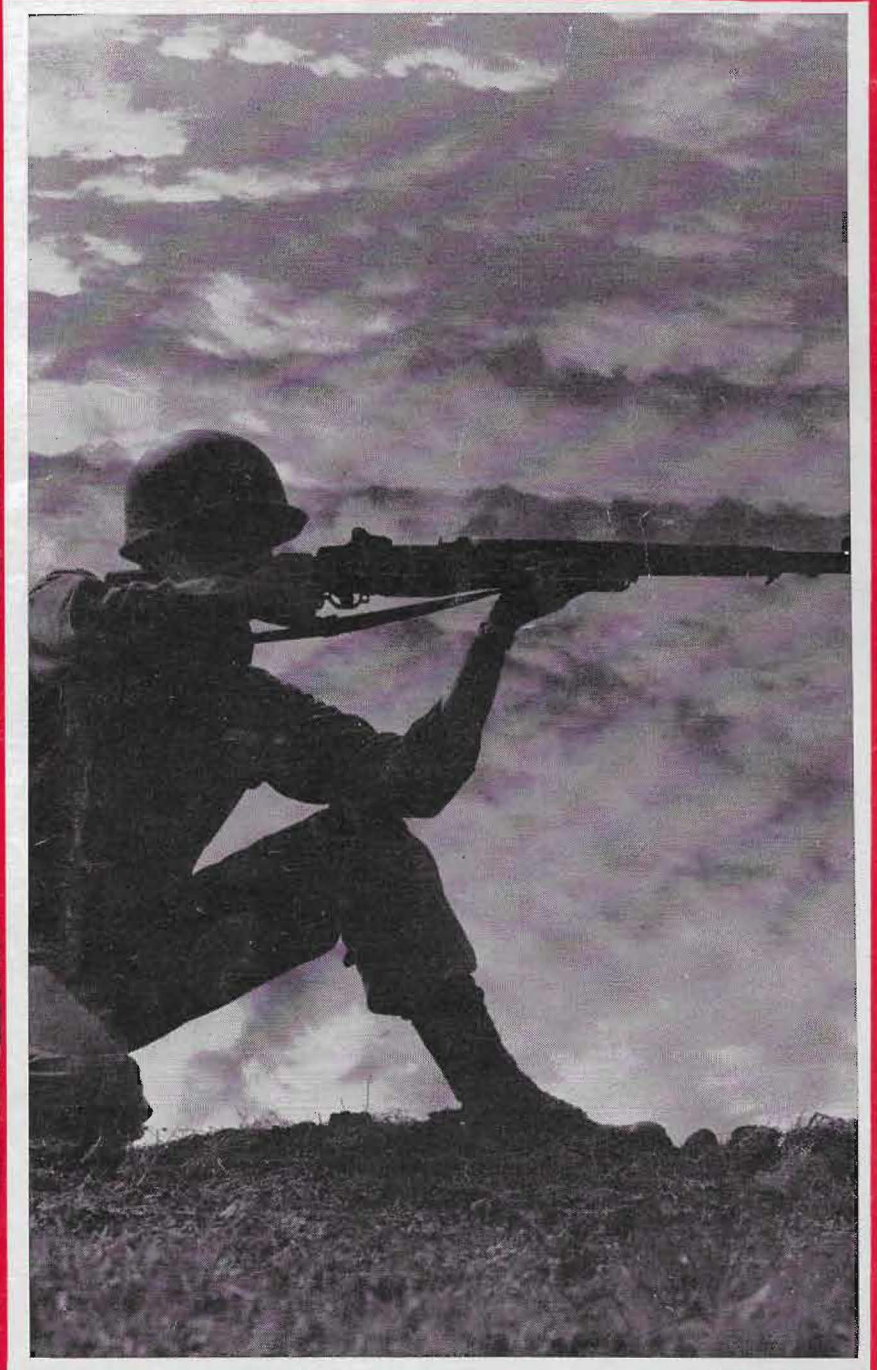
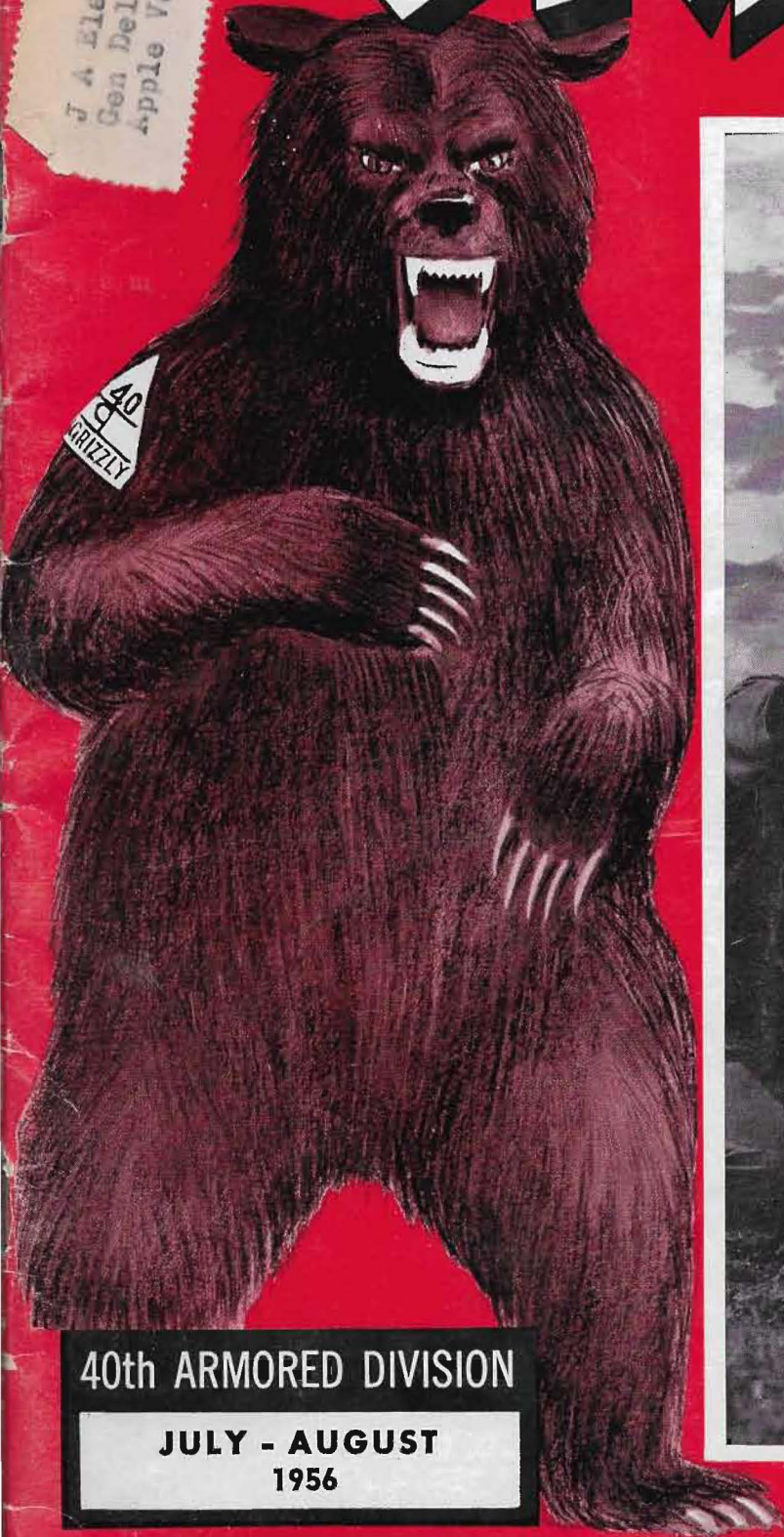


GRIZZLY

J. A. Elem
Gen Del
Apple Valley, Calif



40th ARMORED DIVISION

JULY - AUGUST
1956

THIS IS IT, MEN

The Gal
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You Look Is
**Sheree
North**
20th
Century
Fox-Star



Sheree
North
Candidate
For
Miss
40th

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AT SUMMER
FIELD TRAINING
CAMP

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Subscribe
Now—Pay
Later

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

July-August 1956

The 40th Division - TODAY	3
By Maj. Gen. Homer O. Eaton Jr.	
Too Lucky	4
By Oscar Schisgall	
Once Over Lightly	6
Adam and Eve On A Raft	8
By Arnold Pauker	
Sunday Drill	10
Field Soldiers	12
Comparative Strength Chart	14
They Got Me Covered	15
By Bob Dykeman	
The Battle Is The Pay-Off	16
Sound Off!	18
News Briefs	20
Honor Guardsmen	26
Promotions	27
Blow It Out Here	28

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THE 40TH ARMORED DIVISION - TODAY

By

MAJ. GEN. HOMER O. EATON JR.

IT WAS LITTLE MORE THAN THREE AND one-half years ago that our 40th Division, then an infantry unit, figuratively held its first post-Korea roll call and barely 1200 officers and men answered "Here!"

Not that we regarded a strength of 1200 as unreasonably low in September, 1952. National Guardsmen of the 40th had just completed several hazardous, bitterly cold months of frontline duty, fighting the Chinese and North Korean Communists. They had been returned to Southern California in increments through the spring and summer months and were attempting to gather the war-scattered pieces of their individual civilian careers.

We who were designated to direct the division's reactivation as a California National Guard unit were, in fact, amazed that so many men with the taste of Korea still fresh in their minds would turn out to put the 40th back in business.

For many of us, this was the second war-instigated interruption in the brief span of 9 years — first, World War II then the Korean action. Some of us, too, had gone into both conflicts as members of this division and for us, the 40th had become a habit, almost a way of life.

One factor was more important than mere numbers, however. Almost every one of those 1200 individuals whose loyalty rallied them again to the newly-organized 40th were key men, officers and enlisted men alike. Our rebirth and difficult early years, then, have been based on solid bedrock of responsible, combat trained soldiers.

TODAY, THE WORST OF OUR EXPANSION problems are behind us. To adapt an old cliché, the first three years were the hardest. As we prepare to go to Camp Roberts for our fourth post-Korea period of summer field training, the division numbers more than 7000, reflecting a gain of approximately 5800 since 1952.

The first sergeant who orders his company or battery to "Fall in!" today sees lined up before him a respectable 50 to 60-man unit instead of the handful which represented his organization three years ago. Many of these, youths barely out of high school when they took their enlistment oath in 1953 or 1954, today wear the stripes of a sergeant, corporal or specialist. They have gained self-assurance, poise and the technical qualifications of a military leader and teacher.

I hope, too, that they have absorbed some of the pride which we older members of the 40th have in its traditions, its history of battlefield accomplishment, and its own private "bywords".

MEMORIES OF KUMSONG AND PAPA-san Mountain, of rugged training in the hills of Ojojihara and the rough-riding bikeshaws of Sendai, have become a colorful part of our division's past and an important chapter in our own personal lives. We hope that through our nostalgic reminiscing, a little of this "family pride" will be imparted to the men who have joined us more recently.

Accomplishments and experiences shared bring comradeship as their by-product. This comradeship and knowledge that we are a part of something important, in turn, has contributed more than any other factor to the military teamwork which has brought credit and glory to the 40th, wherever it has served.

The Grizzly division (and that nickname itself appropriately reflects both California origin and Korean battles on the side of freedom) has made its mark on battlefields throughout the world.

NATIONAL GUARD UNITS IN FIVE WEST-ern states were grouped into the newly-formed 40th Division on July 19, 1917. Since that date, the division has been called for three tours of overseas duty and has been tested numerous times in combat with enemies of our country. One hundred men of the old 160th Infantry Regiment (historical forerunner of one of our present day units) fought with the famous "Lost Battalion" in France in World War I. Twenty-five years later, its troops fought the Japanese to a standstill on New Britain in the South Pacific, on the shores of the Lingayen Gulf and on Panay Island in the Philippines. They accounted for 10,000 enemy casualties in the Philippines campaign alone.

In Korea in 1952, it held the northernmost sector of the United Nations battleline for many months, then went on to earn a place of glory in United States military annals in the bloody Punchbowl battles of 1953.

That, in brief, is the legacy of the men who wear the familiar red, blue and yellow patch of the 40th Armored Division today.

(Continued on Page 30)

TOO LUCKY...

Tonto Bates had the world by the tail and four notches in his gun. He was heading for old Mexico when the shirt on his back put a gun at his head and a noose around his throat.

By OSCAR SCHISGALL

THE LAW NEVER GOT AROUND TO punishing "Tonto" Bates for the murders he committed. He was too lucky. Every sheriff, every deputy west of the Mississippi would gladly have fired at the sight of him; yet, curiously, he continued to live and to kill.

Tonto was twenty-three when he grew the black beard. He had to grow it. There were too many pictures and descriptions of him scattered throughout the west. A month ago he had shot down two prospectors carrying gold out of the hills. One of them had lived long enough to be found by cow-punchers, and had described the killer. Hearing that, Tonto decided to change his appearance.

So he was a bearded man when he rode his pinto too close to Cinder Center one summer afternoon. Unexpectedly, on rounding the base of a bluff, he faced two men—and one of them wore the badge of a sheriff.

Tonto's heart missed a couple of beats. His hand leapt to his holster.

His gesture made that official and his companion snatch at their own weapons.

"None o' that!" the Sheriff rasped. "Put up your hands, hombre!"

Tonto Bates knew that if he tarried there, palavering, those men might discover too much about him. So he drew his gun and fired from the hip.

The slug cracked into the sheriff's throat.

Tonto blazed at the other man, too. But this one, flinging himself out of his saddle, had time to lunge behind the rocks.

Tonto didn't wait to prolong the fight. He whirled his horse around and galloped off—with bullets following him. But his good luck held. Not a slug hit him.

"Doggone it!" he told himself as he pounded along the trail, hunched over his saddlehorn. "That other polecat'll get back to town and have a posse after me inside half-an-hour! I got to travel fast!"

He plunged into the foot hills with one desire—to put as many miles as possible between himself and Cinder Center. But just before sundown his pinto stepped into a hole and broke a leg—and sent Tonto flying fifteen feet before he landed, sprawling, in brush.

When he regained his breath and his wits and staggered back to his feet, he saw that the pinto was finished. He put his gun to the horse's head and squeezed the trigger.

Tonto had to stagger on afoot, his saddle slung over his shoulder. That scared him; gave him a sensation of being lost and helpless. If there was a posse anywhere behind him, they were making ten miles to his one; it wouldn't be long before they'd overtake him.

Whenever he reached high ground he stopped, shaded his eyes, and searched

the country for some glimpse of dust that would indicate a posse. But he could discern no sign of pursuing men. Still, as he trudged on, he kept telling himself: "I got to get a horse!"

And that night, just an hour after darkness, his usual amazing luck seemed to return. For Tonto, reaching the rim of a canyon, saw something that brought joy to his heart.

A man was camped down in the ravine. He squatted beside a fire, puffing a pipe. A horse grazed in a clump of grass some twenty feet from the fire.

Tonto knew what he had to do. He put down his saddle and silently made his way into the canyon.

Down in the ravine's bottom he crouched low as he went toward the fire. When he was fifty yards from it he drew his gun. He stretched flat on his chest and started crawling forward like a huge lizard.

Sage and occasional rocks helped to screen him from the man who still gazed moodily into the fire. He managed to wriggle his way to within twenty feet of the motionless figure before the man heard a sound. Startled, the stranger turned to squint into the darkness.

Tonto made sure. Then he fired.

The flash of flame momentarily blinded him. When at last he blinked and could see clearly again, he discovered that the man lay on his back beside the fire. Tonto rose out of the brush, the

gun still in his hand, and advanced to the campfire. The red glare painted his tall, rangy figure a wierd color.

With his toe he rolled the man over on his back. He bent, examined the body, and finally tightened his lips.

He looked around the campsite. A couple of gunny-sacks appeared, laden with food. Tonto knew he would soon need those victuals. Evidently his luck was continuing. He started toward the horse under the trees.

Halfway to the gelding a new thought halted him. He turned and gazed at the dead man.

"About my own size," he mused. "An' that's a mighty neat shirt on him. And those brown pants—" What Tonto Bates was thinking was that a complete and new description of him would soon be circulated again. There would be a clear account of the things he had worn when he shot the man with the sheriff's badge.

So, with a little chuckle, Tonto went back to the dead figure. It took him only a couple of minutes to undress the man. Presently he stood in new attire—a fine checkered shirt and brown corduroys that fitted remarkably well. As for his own clothing, he put them on the dead stranger and dragged the body into concealment behind rocks, where he covered it with brush.

It was then that he remembered his beard.

"Gosh," he thought, "if I could get rid o' that now—" He looked doubtfully at the gunny-sacks. The dead man, he reasoned, was clean shaven, so there was a fair chance he owned a razor. He dropped to his knees and began to empty the bags with quick, eager hands.

He found a razor, all right; and soap, too. But he found something else that made him stare. He found, neatly clasped by a rubber band, a small bundle of money.

In amazement that pounded in his heart, Tonto counted the bills. Seven hundred dollars! "By thunder," he said, "this'll let me hightail down into Mexico and get a fresh start! With seven hundred dollars I can do almost *anything!*"

He stuffed the money back into its little sack, and a quick grin came to his face. In one of the stranger's pans he heated water over the fire—water he took from the man's canteen. Squatting there beside the flames, Tonto Bates shaved.

It took him half-an-hour of patient effort, but in the end he rose—clean-shaven, long-jawed—a figure hardly anyone would have recognized as that of a man who had shot down an official only a few hours before. Tonto

couldn't help laughing as he saddled the piebald gelding under the trees.

"This sure is what you might call a fresh start! New clothes. New horse. No beard. And seven hundred dollars!"

AT ABOUT TWO O'CLOCK, IN THE morning he decided to sleep. He'd put in a good many miles between himself and Cinder Center. Even if he were found, it was doubtful if anybody could identify him. Certainly no one could swear that he was the bearded man who had recently committed a murder.

So Tonto staked his horse in grass and lay down under a tree. He was unusually tired, so he heard nothing during the night. Not a sound,—until at dawn, a booted toe roused him by poking into his ribs.

He sat up, blinking. Intuitively his hand reached to his hip. But a harsh voice snapped. "None o' that, hombre! We got you covered."

Tonto gaped around in bewilderment. More than twenty grim mounted men surrounded him—men with guns in their hands. They were glaring at him with eyes full of rage.

Scrambling to his feet, he demanded. "What in thunder is all this?"

"Shut up!" ordered a black-bearded man. He glared deep into Tonto's eyes. "Nobody's askin' you to talk. You're under arrest."

"Arrest?" gasped Tonto. "What—what for? You hombres are makin' a mistake!"

"We ain't makin' no mistake. Plenty of us saw you last night."

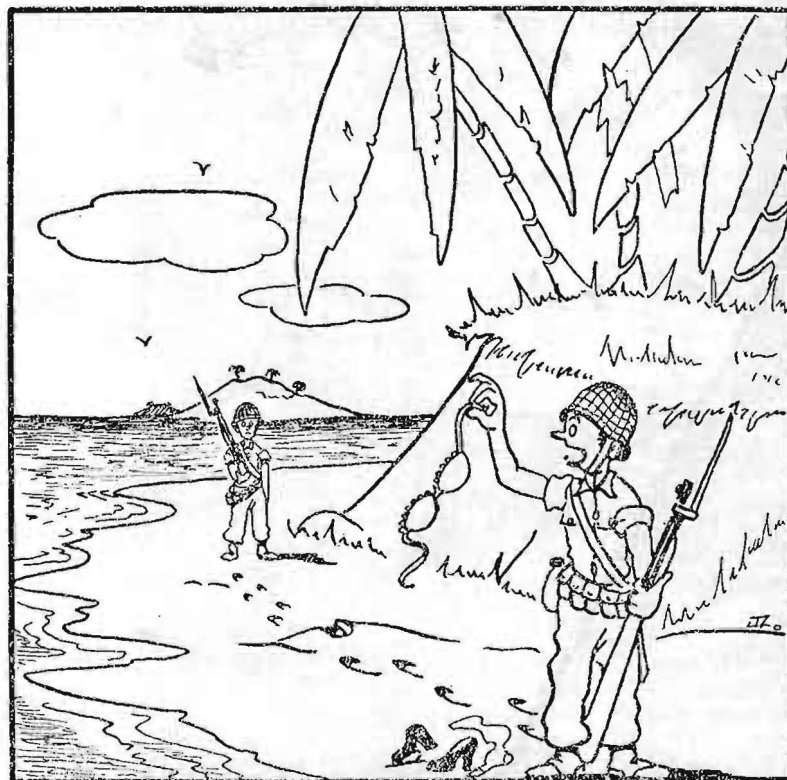
Somebody jerked the six-gun out of Tonto's holster. With a cry of protest he swung around. "What's the idea?" His voice sounded shrill, shaken. "I was campin' out here last night! You hombres never saw—"

"Listen, killer." The black-bearded man spoke in a low harsh voice. "When Jed Harper, the cashier o' the bank over in Longhorn City, was shot dead and robbed last night, you may have figured you got away scot free. But it happened that quite a few of us were playin' poker in the house across the street. The shot made us look out the window. We had a good view o' you. None of us is mistakin' that brand new checkered shirt and those brown corduroys. An' we couldn't be mistaken about the pieball gelding o' yours, either. We saw you as you galloped out o' town—saw you plain as day! An' I'll bet we find Jed Harper's seven hundred dollars on you as a clincher!"

☆☆☆

Yes, the queer thing about Tonto Bates was that the Law never got around to punishing him for the murders he committed. When he was hanged, it was for something he hadn't done at all....

THE END



"Hey Joe! What do ya know—a civilian booby trap!"



ONCE OVER LIGHTLY



HONORED

When LT. COL. REX ANDREWS isn't being the police bossman of the 40th (he's the Provost Marshal) he's the bossman of the cops in Burbank, California. As Chief of Police of this bustling valley city Rex has done a wonderful job. So much so, the national magazine *Coronet* recently published an article on him, praising him and the wonderful job he's done. It's a credit to the Division to have such men on its roster.

DIVISION LAPEL BUTTON

DIVISION LAPEL BUTTON. We'll be making our second trip around for subscriptions at summer field training at Camp Roberts and Hunter Liggett this August to talk to the men we missed at the various assemblies around southern California. REMEMBER—all men who subscribe for 3 years and become HONOR GUARDSMEN, will get the Division LAPEL BUTTON, in the colors of the Division, exactly the same as the shoulder patch, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE.

BASKING in winter sun at Showboat Hotel in Las Vegas are WOJG and Mrs. Doyle D. Derr. The Wogee, famed in the 214th Armored Field Artillery Bn., as a shrewd poker player, won the prize of a five-day, expense-paid vacation offered by THE GRIZZLY. Derr's name was pulled from the GRIZZLY subscription list in a drawing supervised by General Eaton.



COMMUTER

Had a visitor at the office in the form of M/SGT. CARL ROTH OF A-140th. He brought a mess of pictures with him of his outfit when it was overseas. Promised us nice fresh prints. . . Carl is a guy dedicated to the Guard and plans on a career with the organization. He's an engineer for L. A. County and works in Los Angeles, lives in Pasadena and drills in Victorville.

2 PRIVATES . . . 1927

In 1927, CHARLES E. WELLS, custodian of the 132nd's Manhattan Beach Armory, joined the old 160th Inf. A fellow buck private in the same outfit was a soldier who answered, "Here!" to the name of Eaton. . . *Homer O. Eaton Jr.*, to be exact. Today, Wells is retiring because he's over age. That private Eaton is now the two star General who commands the 40th Division.

PERSISTENCE

Persistence is the word for SGT. JERRY D. REESE (HQ. 132). . . Three years ago Jerry had 2 years of service under his belt in the Guard and decided to put in for active duty. Through an error in his physical he was rejected. That included Guard duty. He then began a series of letters for re-instatement to the office of Adjutant General and the National Guard Bureau in Washington, D. C. and was given a chance to re-enlist, which he did in the NG. . . About a year ago he was discharged again for the same reason. Began another series of letters to the Adj. Gen.; his Congressman, the Governor and finally the President himself! Through the efforts of all and his officer friends, not the least of whom was Lt. Col. Bill Geisert, he was granted a waiver by the Surgeon General. . . Today Jerry is happily back in his outfit and thankful to all those who helped him get back in the outfit he loves. . . All in all it took him two and a half years to make it!

PIN-UP ART

We have just about completed the first time around on the subscription drive for THE GRIZZLY for the coming year. It was great visiting with the officers and men of the Division face to face, and getting their gripes and praises direct. We had our share of bouquets as well as brick bats, and if our heads are bloody, they still aren't bent under the barrage.

One of the most common complaints about the issues we've delivered to date was about the pin-up art we carried. The complaints weren't about the gals we presented, but *because we didn't print more of them.*

Frankly, we're more than willing. As a matter of fact, it is only on rare occasions that men have objected to beautiful gals in provocative poses. But there has been objection in some quarters and in walking our tight rope, trying to please everybody (which just can't be done) we cut down on the quantity, not quality of eye-filling beauties.

In one battalion, when we asked the men about "cheese-cake" they all shouted in a chorus, "*We want more!*" . . . *Rudy Soto* of the 134th down Imperial Valley way insisted that we print his name and added, "Please, *please*, PLEASE . . . more pin-up art!"

TACOS AT 110 DEGREES

When we barged into D of the 134th we expected to be drawn and quartered. Sgt. Bonnie Monroe, his CO and all the NCO's were primed and cocked. . . or so we thought. The result was great with almost 100 percent subscription support from that unit. And man, can they make tacos down that-a-way! Hospitality through the entire 134th was wonderful and Lt. Col. Adam W. Tupka should be commended for the esprit that exists in his battalion. Officers and men

alike were keen, on the job, cooperative and active as bees around a hive in spite of the intense heat. When we remarked about the sizzling weather, *Col. Tupka said*, "Hell this isn't anything. It's cool today (about 110 degrees). When we go to camp it's a vacation!" (We remember Roberts and Hunter Liggett and it wasn't what you might call "cool.")

BEEF STEW AND THE RED CARPET

Pulled into *B of the 134th* just in time for chow and man how that bunch eat. We got in line with the rest of the men and had to hold down the guy in the white coat as he heaped our messkits with beef stew (and plenty of great chunks of beef), broad noodles, stewed carrots, cole slaw, stewed apples, bread and butter, and fruit punch! . . . *Capt. G. D. Stoke*, the CO, is a charming guy, and the men love him.

I'M SWINGING your way, Soldier, Zsa Zsa Gabor seems to be saying. The beautiful Hungarian would like to become "Miss 40th."



JOAN CARUSO displays card which sent **WOJG** and Mrs. **Doyle D. Derr** of the **214th** (opposite page) to Las Vegas, courtesy of **THE GRIZZLY**.

The way he rolled out the red carpet for us has us loving him too.

ENLISTMENT TRICK

During our tour of duty getting subscriptions, we were handed a beauty of an idea by *Capt. Johnny Bangle* up Victorville way. He thought it would be a great idea if the barbershops and other spots in the surrounding area had copies of **THE GRIZZLY** for their customers to read as they had their hair trimmed (or were chalking up a cue stick). We thought it was a great idea too. Johnny went into action, got up a list of spots he wanted **THE GRIZZLY** to appear, and dug up some money for the subs he wanted. . . . We thought the idea so good we said that we would match every such subscription **WITH A FREE SUBSCRIPTION**. Thus, where the unit formerly bought 5 subs for barbershops, the school library, the public library, etc., they now had 10 subscriptions for public use.

Thus far a mess of CO's have jumped on the idea and it's taking hold great. . . It's a wonderful idea, and one that every CO should latch on to. It's the easiest way in the world to make the story of the 40th known to the public. Every mayor, town councilman, barbershop, library, service club should know what their responsibility is to the NG. The NG knows its responsibility to the public. Now it's high time the public should know what it is the NG stands for!

NEW HQ COMMANDANT

MAJOR AL STEWART OF DIV. HQ. becomes the new Headquarters Commandant replacing *Capt. Russ Porteous*. Al recently had a bad auto accident which resulted in serious injuries to himself. He was hobbling about on crutches for a long time and just about has the bum pin whipped. He'll show anybody the hemstitching on his scar for a beer.

" ADAM and EVE ON A RAFF....!"

. . . . Romance shied away from Hilda at the Lunch Counter, until she found the clue to the lingo and the key to the Chef's heart

By ARNOLD PAUKER

HILDA stared vacantly at three plastic enclosed cup-cakes while waiting for her customer to make up his mind.

"Uhm," he said. "I think I'll have a tuna fish sandwich on white bread."

"Tuna fish sandwich on white bread!" she called down to Ted, the short-order man.

Ted turned his face briefly in her direction and acknowledged the order with a contemptuous twist of his lips. Hilda laid out a napkin and a glass of water for her customer and from the distance watched Ted's deft hands spread the tuna fish salad, cap the sandwich, and wave a knife gently and quickly over it like a magic wand, making of the sandwich two twin perfect triangles. The knife slid under the sandwich, lifted it onto a plate, and the plate was shoved along the ledge in her direction without a word or a look.

It made Hilda burn inside her chest. She knew she was no beauty. She didn't expect Ted to make love to her. But he didn't have to hate her, to treat her as though she had done something mean to him. Why, she had never even spoken to him except to pass along an order.

"Anything else, sir?" she asked putting the sandwich down on the counter.

"No."

She fumbled at her waist for the puncher and a ticket. She pushed the punched ticket across the counter and leaned into the corner, forgetting the customer completely for she knew he would not leave a tip. Her station was at the back end of the long counter. Customers never came down that far unless all the other seats were taken. Sometimes the rest of the counter girls

would be busy, and she would have nothing to do. Hilda thought about this often. She didn't know whether it was good or bad. Of course nobody likes to work, but then again if she were busy she wouldn't have time to think. She wouldn't get to burn up inside at the way Ted and the others treated her. And they were right too. She was so darned dumb!

"Adam and Eve on a raft!" sang out one of the girls up front.

Ted clicked his heels and flung his hand to his forehead in a flourishing salute.

"Gotcha, princess!" he said.

Ohhh! Hilda screamed to herself. Why can't I be like them? Why am I so dumb I can't make a little wise crack once in a while?

Another counter girl turned her face to Ted.

"Large glass of blood. America—white!" she shouted.

"Righto, Duchess!" Ted bobbed his smiling face at her.

The orders were coming fast, but Hilda still had nothing to do. She watched Ted's fingers fly. His hands were as sure as a surgeon's.

"Frommage de Switzerland — rye!" somebody shouted.

Ted found time to bow from the waist.

"Oui, oui, Cherie!" he called.

They had such fun! They were a small group inhabiting their own world within a world. But Hilda was like a woman without a country.

A CUSTOMER SAT IN FRONT OF HILDA. "American cheese on rye bread and a cup of coffee," he said.

What was the wise crack they sometimes used for American cheese? Hilda tried so hard to think of it. She drew the cup of coffee.

"What about the sandwich?" the customer asked.

"Yes, sir," she said. "American cheese sandwich on rye bread," she called timidly to Ted.

"What was that?" yelled Ted harshly. "Speak up. Speak up!"

"American cheese on rye bread!" she shouted with the faintest trace of a scream in her voice.

THAT EVENING HILDA RODE HOME IN the crowded bus with a heavy heart. If just one time she could remember one of the sharp substitutes that the other girls used when they gave their orders!

Without knowing quite what she was doing, Hilda read a bus-card advertisement. Some words fool you, the ad said. On one half of the card was a picture of a chicken egg with the word "egg." On the other half was a little girl in a bathing suit pushing a little boy towards a diving board, and also the word "egg." Hilda thought about it hard for a few blocks before she understood what it meant.

Suddenly an inspiration came to her. Words were funny. If the word egg meant several things, maybe there were many words that meant egg. She could just look up the word egg in the dictionary and maybe find a lot of fancy ways to say it. She could write it down. She wouldn't have to try and remember the things the other girls said. She would make up her own sayings!

In a nervous sweat Hilda went straight to the library a few blocks from where she lived.



"Attached are two pictures of my entry for 'Miss 40th Division' contest. She's Louise O'Brien, singing star of KNX-CBS Radio. Thought you might be able to use both, one because she's a doll, and the other for the very significant reason she was recently named Miss Ten Grand by the 40th in the week-long promotion at KNX-CBS: OPERATION TEN GRAND.

"Louise helped by posing with one of the 139th's Gen'l Pattons. She, Harry Babbitt and the rest of the Matinee cast devoted an entire broadcast to the 40th Armored Division, during which they told the story of the 40th, and showed the role we play in the

general defense picture. Finally, "Matinee" brought up the many reasons why young Southern Californians should join the 40th. All in all, a fine candidate for your contest.

What a doll. (I said that before.) And she can sing, too!"
Robt. M. Fairbanks, 2nd Lt., Ass't PIO

(ED NOTE: That's the way we got the poop from Bob, and that's the way we're printing it. In the usual order: Pvt. Mike Sargent, Louise (She's A Doll) O'Brien, 1st Lt. Homer A. Engle, the marquee at CBS and lastly, THE DOLL.)

"If you don't mind, please," she said to the librarian. "Would you mind telling me where I can find a dictionary?"

"Right over there." The librarian pointed with a pencil.

Hilda thumbed through the pages. She read a few lines, running her finger under the letters and moving her moist lips.

"Can I borrow a pencil and paper?" she asked the librarian. Her eyes were beginning to look feverish. The librarian gave her what she wanted and she went back to the dictionary and copied something.

"A cyclopedia?" she asked the librarian. "Can I look at a cyclopedia?"

"Certainly. What volume do you want?"

"What?"

"What are you looking up?"

Hilda looked down at her shoes.

"Eggs," she said. "I'm looking up about chicken eggs."

The librarian took a volume down from a shelf. "It's in here," she said. "It's all alphabetical, like a dictionary."

"Thank you," said Hilda. She was back again in a few minutes.

"You got a French book?" she asked. "I mean a book that gives you the English and then the French for it?"

"An English-French lexicon?" said the librarian. "Certainly." She handed Hilda a heavy volume.

Hilda looked over the scribblings she

had made on a sheet of paper. She studied them for a long time, and then she wrote one phrase neatly and carefully on a clean sheet of paper. She folded this and put it into her purse. She would show them!

THE NEXT MORNING HILDA WAS ALL trembly inside as she slipped on her white apron at the luncheonette. She hid the folded slip of paper behind the counter where she could get at it easily. The customers began to arrive. Hilda's heart thud-thudded inside her chest at an alarming rate. When the first customer sat in front of her, she thought her heart would jump right out of her body.

"Toast and coffee," said the customer.

No. It was not to be now. Maybe she would have to wait all day. Maybe she wouldn't get the opportunity at all.

"Order of toast," she called, and drew the coffee.

Another customer sat down at her station.

"Couple of fried eggs," he said.

This was it! This was what she had been waiting for! She didn't think it would happen so soon. She had to do it now! She had to go through with it. Hilda stood as though paralyzed for a few moments but, when the customer started to look at her quizzically, she moved to where she had secreted the piece of paper.

With shaking fingers she unfolded it and read the words. Now! It was now or never! She looked down at Ted wiping the grill casually with a rag. There was a terrible throbbing in her head. She dug her fingernails into her palms and shouted out the words defiantly.

"Ova of single comb white Leghorn —sautee!"

Ted spun around, the eyes popping out of his head. One of the counter girls dropped a dish. A terrible silence fell over the whole luncheonette. All eyes were turned towards the end of the counter.

Hilda stood there, her breast rising and falling as though she had just finished some violent exercise. Her customer smiled and nodded approvingly. A hasty whispered conference took place between Ted and one of the counter girls who was known to be a college graduate, and then Ted turned and doffed his white cook's cap to Hilda.

"Coming up, Sweetheart!" he yelled, with a great big enthusiastic grin.

It was a wonderful moment for Hilda. She was filled up inside with a beautiful singing.

Some time later, during the after-breakfast lull, Ted walked over to her.

"Say, Hilda," he said, "How about a date tonight after work?"

Hilda had no trouble at all finding the right word for yes.

THE END

SUNDAY DRILL

From many parts of the state we have heard various and sundry criticisms of the multiple drills that are held on Sunday and some Saturdays.

For example one of the most common complaints is that it is difficult to maintain attendance standards because the men just don't remember what Sunday it is that they must put in a full day. And in the final analysis, for the most part, some men decide in their own favor and don't show up.

The unwritten or unspoken reasons why men fail to attend the Sunday drills are because of Saturday night parties that make it slightly on the miserable side to roll out of the hay in time to make a 7:30 or 8:00 ayem assembly.

Married men in great number resent having to give up a Sunday away from their families. The single men have a beef along the same lines except they want the Sunday for their kicks which doesn't include making with the "hup, twoop, threep, furp!"

All resenters of the Sunday drill agree that during the summer months it's tough to take away the few Sundays they have as a breather from their every-day jobs.

In the agricultural areas, the men are steamed up about having to turn out for Sunday drill because during the harvesting seasons, everybody works on the farms around the clock, and that includes Sunday. On the plus side of the Sunday Drill ledger we found that many CO's are enthusiastic about them because they allow for plenty of time to do a job of training that the usual drill period during the week doesn't allow for.

Men begin to feel integrated sooner, more firmly and learn the business of soldiering in a chunk rather than piece-meal one night a week. A full day's training gives a man a feeling of being a soldier like no other training if he has it in a concentrated form during an eight hour drill period, was the opinion of one commander.

Another sounded off on the recruiting value of Sunday drills. He said in part, that families of the men come down and see for themselves what their sons and husbands are doing. By the same token, it gives the prospective enlistee an opportunity to come down to the Army and see for himself what it means to be a Guardsman.

(The GRIZZLY makes no case either for or against Sunday Drill. It merely states the opinions it has gathered from the officers and men of the Division.)

C-140. The boys up Monrovia way play that Sunday Drill to a fare-thee-well. (Left, top) Arms set akimbo, 2nd Lt. William H. Spargur, Pvt. Steve Mohile, Sp3rd Lawrence Twedell, Sgt. Ray Lorenzini and Sfc. Asheligh Buchan, proudly set a stance atop their iron horse.

(Left middle) RIDING THE JEEP is no chore for Pvt. Michael Satterfield, Pvt. Leo Tancrell, Sfc. Paul Welch and Sp2nd Harold Brehaut. Sharp characters like these make for good recruiting.

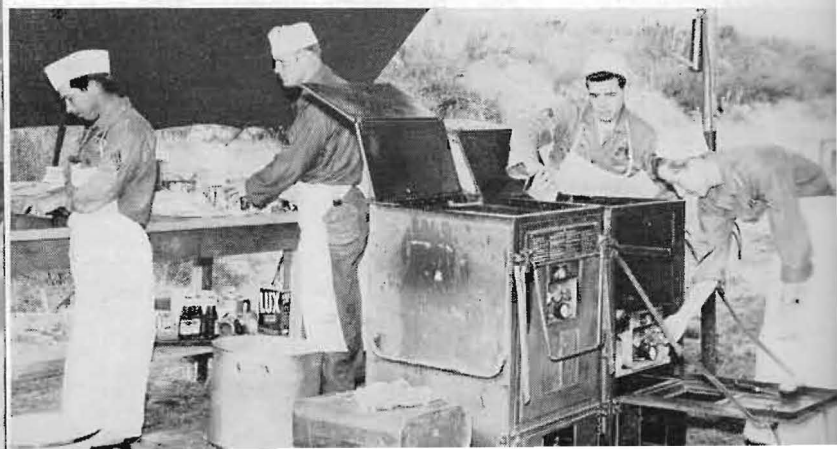
ARMORMEN (left, bottom) Pvt. Michael Satterfield, Pvt. Jack Snowden, M /Sgt. Raymond Withers, Sp3rd Ralph Harpster, Pfc. Robert Maxey and Sp2nd Charles Rose, drape themselves over their tank, pointing the business-end of their weapon on target in a recruiting spree.

CHOW-DOWN (Left page bottom, right) in the field on a Sunday

multiple drill finds the boys of A-224 making with the groceries. In the usual order, Sp3rd Carl Green, Sfc. Ray Prettyman, Sp3rd Don Buchen and Sp3rd Glen Ayres. BROTHER TEAMS (Top, right) in B-214 seem popular. Seen (back row) are Pvt. Albert Mata, Pvt. Andrew Mata and Sgt. Edward G. Wilkens. (Standing) Sp3rd Lee Baker and Pfc. Dwight Howard. (Bottom) Sfc. Bagriel A. Baker, Sgt. Donald Howard and Cpl. Rex P. Wilkens.

HEAVY JOB for men of the 139th (right, bottom) was undertaken by M /Sgt. Ronald Lafferty D-139, M /Sgt. Richard Bess Hq-139, Sfc. Ross Pera A-139 (RA instructor Sfc. William Malloy) and Capt. Clifton Nickerson Hq-139.

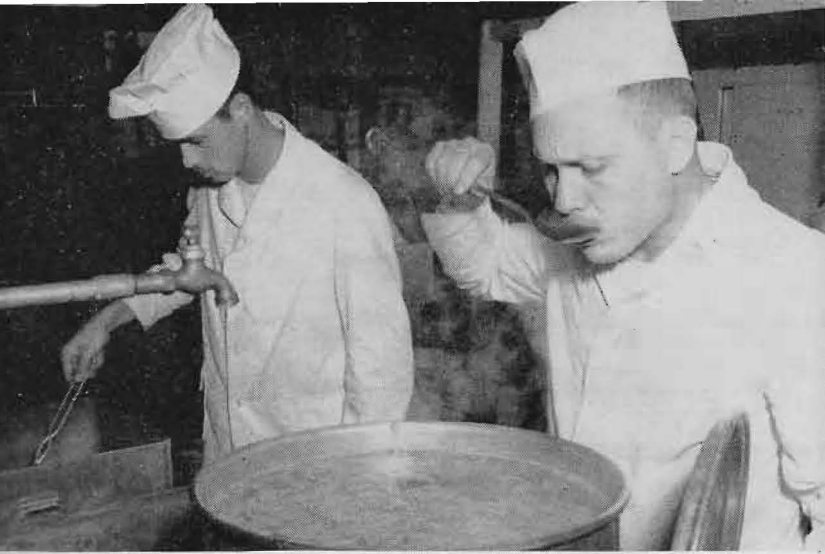
RECRUITER (insert) Sfc. John Mills C-132, makes with the instructions to pretty Judy Coffelt in a recruiting pitch.







**FIELD SOLDIERS,
BRASS AND A
WATER BALLET
AT
S. F. T. C.**



WHILE Cpl. V. A. Espinoza, Co. D, 139th Tank Bn., seems to stir the French fries, Pfc. Vernon S. Gerlich, Co. B, 139th, lends a critical taste bud in sampling soup.



SGT. JOSE Cortez, left, and Pvt. Ray House, 134th Tank Bn., admire partial collection of trophies awarded athletic teams at Roberts and Hunter Liggett last year.



ABOVE: Replica of "Punchbowl," scene of heroic fighting by 40th soldiers in Korea, is tested by Brig. Gen. W. J. Bradley, Maj. Gen. Earle M. Jones, adjutant general, and General Eaton.



ABOVE: 225th Armored Field Artillery Bn. tells the world that it wants good men. Capt. J. D. Benson directs Pvt. Arthur G. Bonilla in placing placard on jeep. Spare time idea was thought up by Benson and widely adopted in the 40th. BELOW: Camp Roberts swimming pool adds to men's comfort.



PVT. JIM WEIR may appear to be somewhat out of action, but he's only simulating a broken leg for the benefit of medical aidmen, Pfc. Robert R. Rodriguez and Hector S. Holquin.



40th Division Comparative Strength Chart

The following table deals with strength of the Division. **Column 1** tabulates the strength to which the Division would be expanded in the event of war. **Column 2** shows the number of officers and men authorized currently.

UNIT	War	Author- ized	July 31, '54	June 15, '56
HQ 40th ARMD DIV	213	186	82	102
HQ CO 40th ARMD DIV	138	120	74	95
MED DET 40th ARMD DIV	8	6	4	5
40th MP CO	175	144	70	69
40th ARMD SIG CO	362	303	57	86
HQ & HQ CO, TRAIN	81	69	54	62
140th REPL CO	37	30	0	16
40th ARMD DIV BAND	43	43	17	37
132nd ARMD ENGR BN				
Hq & H&S Co	168	128	61	66
Co A	152	152	60	124
Co B	152	121	55	85
Co C	152	121	26	55
Co D	152	121	37	32
Co E	114	93	44	79
Med Det	26	20	18	14
40th ARMD ORD BN				
Hq & Hq Co	184	148	29	55
Co A	165	131	23	53
Co B	165	131	39	43
Co C	165	131	22	38
Med Det	8	7	7	4
40th ARMD QM BN				
Hq & Hq Det	45	40	22	30
Co A	147	115	50	73
Co B	136	99	52	82
Med Det	6	6	6	6
40th ARMD MED BN				
Hq & Hq Co	104	89	23	56
Co A	108	81	10	29
Co B	108	81	35	37
Co C	108	81	27	51
HQ & HQ CO, CCA				
	105	105	79	93
111th RECON BN				
Hq & H&S Co	144	114	46	62
Co A	153	152	80	49
Co B	153	152	33	59
Co C	153	152	39	39
Co D	153	152	30	32
Med Det	27	22	9	11
160th AIB				
Hq & Hq Co	199	168	75	68
Co A	186	155	64	48
Co B	186	155	45	81
Co C	186	155	30	74
Co D	186	155	90	73
Med Det	35	30	27	26
161st AIB				
Hq & Hq Co	199	168	40	61
Co A	186	155	57	111
Co B	186	155	68	94
Co C	186	155	49	43
Co D	186	155	59	67
Med Det	35	30	9	28
HQ & HQ CO, CCB				
	105	94	66	70
133rd TANK BN				
Hq & H&S Co	243	198	109	87
Co A	143	114	43	70
Co B	143	114	65	103
Co C	143	114	57	97
Med Det	19	19	14	18
134th TANK BN				
Hq & H&S Co	248	201	73	94
Co A	111	110	44	87
Co B	111	110	51	98
Co C	111	110	74	104
Co D	111	110	55	65
Med Det	21	18	3	10

Column 3 shows the Grizzly Division's strength on July 31, 1954, shortly after it was converted from Infantry to Amor. **Column 4** shows the number of personnel in the Division as of June 15, 1956.

UNIT	War	Author- ized	July 31, '54	June 15, '56
224th AIB				
Hq & H&S Co	199	168	123	134
Co A	186	155	61	100
Co B	186	155	101	150
Co C	186	155	67	82
Co D	186	155	74	109
Med Det	35	30	28	24
HQ & HQ CO, CCC				
	105	105	78	100
139th TANK BN				
Hq & H&S Co	248	201	87	107
Co A	111	110	62	96
Co B	111	110	59	61
Co C	111	110	77	84
Co D	111	110	92	88
Med Det	21	18	11	14
140th TANK BN				
Hq & H&S Co	248	201	149	140
Co A	111	110	110	95
Co B	111	110	106	91
Co C	111	110	91	88
Co D	111	110	107	108
Med Det	21	18	13	13
223rd AIB				
Hq & H&S Co	199	168	43	93
Co A	186	155	42	55
Co B	186	155	30	51
Co C	186	155	36	44
Co D	186	155	24	60
Med Det	35	30	11	10
DIV ARTY				
Hq & Hq Btry	161	145	59	108
Med Det	57	51	40	27
143rd AFAB				
Hq & Hq Btry	159	139	52	54
Btry A	121	100	34	50
Btry B	121	100	30	62
Btry C	121	100	36	60
Svc Btry	96	71	25	38
214th AFAB				
Hq & Hq Btry	159	139	46	47
Btry A	121	100	51	58
Btry B	121	100	37	96
Btry C	121	100	29	52
Svc Btry	96	71	18	44
215th AFAB				
Hq & Hq Btry	159	139	42	63
Btry A	121	100	38	64
Btry B	121	100	39	56
Btry C	121	100	50	81
Svc Btry	96	71	27	40
225th AFAB				
Hq & Hq Btry	128	113	41	52
Btry A	134	106	28	57
Btry B	134	106	58	80
Btry C	134	106	59	70
Svc Btry	96	71	32	39
217th AAA AW BN (SP)				
Hq & Hq Btry	141	123	45	50
Btry A	136	126	43	59
Btry B	136	126	52	58
Btry C	136	126	39	41
Btry D	136	126	36	47

DIVISION TOTALS 14,651 12,494 5,346 7,053

THEY GOT ME COVERED

By **BOB DYKEMAN**

Whatever this Snafu touched turned sour . . . including a barrack bag full of snakebite that spread itself all over the dock at Yokohama . . .

MY NAME IS JOE DOAKES—AND DON'T laugh. Is that a hard name to engrave on a fishing reel? I know a certain mail order house that seems to think so. I'd like to know what the hell they think I'm going to do with a fishing reel with Bob Feller's name engraved on it.

I'd like to talk to a certain girl in this company's order department.

I'd say, "Sister, is my face familiar?"

And she'd say, "No," right away figuring I was a masher.

"That's funny," I'd say, "because I'm a famous pitcher on the Cleveland baseball club."

And she'd say, "The hell you are."

And I'd say, "The hell I'm not." And then I'd show her the fishing reel she sent me.

I am the only man in America who has ordered an automatic shotgun by mail and got, instead, an eighty dollar refund and a set of blueprints for a barbecue pit!

IT STARTED IN THE EIGHTH GRADE WHEN I sent for a pair of baseball shoes, size 8-D. The girl in the order department must have figured I was planning to grow into 'em. She sent 11-D's. I'll say one thing for those shoes. They got me to first base a second sooner than I was accustomed to getting there. This proved to be a dubious advantage, twice on walks and once when I took the pitcher his jacket.

ONE DAY IN HIGH SCHOOL I NOTICED the study hall was full of girls. Funniest damned thing. I'd never seen a girl before—really—and all of a sudden the place was full of 'em. I spotted a girl right off who gave me the feeling that I could tear a New York telephone book in half. I asked her for a date and that's why I ordered the sport jacket. She said she wasn't exactly wild to go out with a ratty old mackinaw.

The jacket was a brown gabardine job with a detachable fur collar. When I tried it on, my sister said, "What's that thing under the collar, a muskrat pelt?"

Out of maybe a thousand jackets like the one I sent for, the girl in the order department sends me the one jacket with the snaps fastened to the wrong side of the collar!

THEN I JOINED THE ARMY.

The first thing a guy asked me was, "What branch of the service do you prefer?"

I had a bugle in one hand and a copy of the Star Spangled Banner in the other, so I said, "Infantry."

I know fifty thousand guys who asked for Quartermaster and got Infantry, but I asked for Infantry and got Quartermaster.

It figured. The girl in the order department had joined the Wacs.

One Saturday morning a general presented me with a Bronze Star Medal for heroism in action on Bougainville.

"General," I said, "it looks to me like the girl in the order department has really pulled a boo boo on this one."

The general turned to his aide and said, "Give this man a fifteen day furlough, he's suffering from battle fatigue."

I'm the only man who got a medal for heroism in action on Bougainville without ever going west of Camp Carson, Colorado.

I WAS A HAPPY CIVILIAN FROM 1946 TO 1950, and then that damned Archie Dexter talked me into joining the National Guard. Three months after the Korean War started a General whispered something to a Wac (a buck will get you ten she used to work in a mail order department) and damned if she didn't reach into a file and activate the first unit she came to, and you know whose outfit that was.

When I got my orders I was in the market for a distinguished piece of luggage, because I lost a lot of baggage in World War II. "What I need," I told my wife, "is a piece of baggage that will stand out from ten thousand olive drab bags like a snowball on a coal pile."

I bought a Navy seabag. White instead of olive drab. Well, I stenciled my name on that bag 8 inches high:

CORPORAL JOE DOAKES—S. N.
32098586

I lost the bag in Japan. I saw it swung ashore in a cargo net, because when it bounced I remember saying to Archie, "Jeeze, Arch, there goes the booze!"

There were 14,000 pieces of baggage on that pier, and 13,999 were delivered to Camp Drake. One bag didn't make it, and you know whose bag that was.

THE NEXT THING I KNEW I WAS RIGHT in the middle of a police action. One morning in January 1952 I was a member of a beefed up rifle company that knocked a bunch of Reds off a hill smack in the middle of their breakfasts. After we got re-organized and ready for a counter-attack, I made a little reconnaissance down the north slope of the hill.

I stumbled on a little clearing the Reds had been using for a mess area, and right in the middle of it I saw this lister bag. It was a home made job supported by a tripod made out of tree limbs. Well, my eyes about busted the lens out of my glasses. It was like turning a corner and bumping, chest to chest, into Marilyn Monroe. Stenciled across that bag in letters 8 inches high, was, CORPORAL JOE DOAKES—S. N. 32098586!

I didn't even try to figure that one out.

There's only one thing bothering me now. I'm going to send this story to The Grizzly, but my luck, being what it is, it's liable to wind up on the desk of the editor of Harper's Bazaar. I'd give a week's salary, if it does, to hear her say, "Well, the girl in the order department sure pulled a boo boo on this one!"

THE END . . . ?



Strength Peaks Reached

Having recruited all the enlisted men they are allowed at present, two units—Colton's Co. B, 224th Armored Infantry Bn., and Baldwin Park's Co. D, 140th Tank Bn.—seem to be leading the race to build the 40th up to 7,500 officers and men by Camp time.

Lt. John E. Mayfield's 224th unit now has 149 enlisted men, making it the biggest in the Division. Next step, if Mayfield and his men think it can be done, is to ask for permission to go to "war" strength.

At "war" strength, an armored rifle company has six officers and 180 enlisted men. (Note: See table on page 14 for Divisionwide figures.)

The Colton Guardsmen's feat was matched somewhat by Baldwin Parkers. When 1st Lt. Edward F. Johnson's

people fall in for roll call there are 105 enlisted men to be counted, not to mention three officers. Swearing in of two more officers would place Co. D, 140th, in the position of being the only company in the Division at full "authorized" strength. And only one more man would be needed to place it at "war" strength.

Last year Hq. and Hq. Co., Combat Command C, under the leadership of Capt. Raymond M. Booth, was the first unit to gather in all the enlisted personnel to which it is entitled. Working from a waiting list, the company has maintained that strength for more than a year.

Captain Booth, who says attendance hovers between 94 and 95 per cent all the time, claims his was the only outfit in the Division to receive a "superior" rating in the annual IG inspection.

In June Capt. Richard E. Sylvester succeeded Booth as company commander. Booth moved over to a staff job with CCC.

Meantime, Co. A, 132nd Armored Engineer Bn., which has permission to go to war strength, for many months was the largest company in the Division. The San Pedrans now number 124 officers and men, being only 28 short of the maximum.

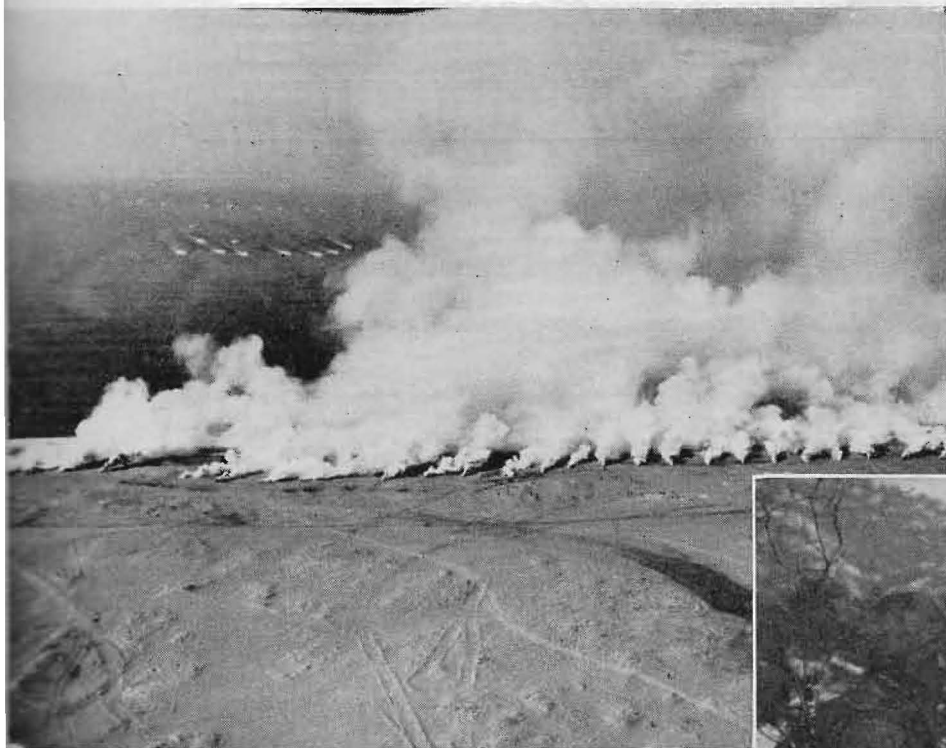
Other units authorized war strength are Hq. and Hq. Co., CCA, and the Medical Detachments of the 161st Armored Infantry and 133rd Tank Battalions.

Past history shows that it is practically miraculous for most Guard outfits to maintain themselves at "authorized" strength.

BATTLE IS THE PAY - OFF"

PREPARATION for battle isn't easy. Civilians worry about economic indoctrination of the soldiers. They worry about political awareness of the soldiers. Experts in the newspaper columns write reams about how "our boys" don't know what they're fighting for. The pundits would have the Army drive all the political and economic facts of life into the soldiery before they're put into battle. But no real American has to worry about the political or economic indoctrination

of a real American soldier. Just let American's worry about training. No, preparation for battle isn't easy, and for most men the first thing is a reverent prayer . . . for Jew, Buddhist, Protestant, or Catholic. And the second thing is training, training, and then more training: calisthenics, dry firing, wet firing, road marches, speed marches, map tests, CPX's, squad problems, company problems, battalion problems. Afoot and in APC's, SP's, or QM trucks. And this training happens on the ground, on the sea, and in the air. And it seems to go on and on until the troops would rather shoot at the enemy than do another road march. Then the troops are beginning to get ready! Very soon, then, they are going to find out that "The Battle Is the Payoff," that what went on at first was just leading up to that stomach wrenching time when they're "in the line" or "up the hill" for the first time and that tough bodies, iron nerves, steady eyes, deadly markmanship, and real discipline pay off too. Then they're fit to do their job.



SOUND

From the beginning of time, men have stood on opposite sides of a fence and found fault with their neighbors. Sometimes these fault finders found themselves engaged in a war.

And from the beginning of time it seems as though the second guessers, the arm chair generals, knew how to conduct a war better than the commander giving the orders, the quarterback calling the signals, or the boss on the job. In short, there have always been critics who could have done the job better.

This department is designed to give the officers and men of the Division an opportunity to make with the suggestions and ideas which **may** be acted upon.

Here are the pictures of the men who were interviewed and their answers. . . . Do you agree? If not why not? Write your opinions to THE GRIZZLY.

This issue we ask the question:

WHAT WOULD YOU SUGGEST TO INCREASE ENLISTMENTS IN THE NATIONAL GUARD? .. SHARPER UNIFORMS? MORE PAY? LONGER SUMMER FIELD TRAINING PERIODS? OR ANY OTHER SUGGESTION.

(From top to bottom . . . left page)

SGT. B. MARTINEZ: "In my opinion, growth of the Division depends upon what is offered the young men of the country. Extremely important is *more* equipment with which to train, and good instruction on the use of the equipment made available. It is these things which are helping the Guard get to full strength in many units now."

SGT. D. STILLWAGON: "This talk of more pay for National Guardsmen, flashier uniforms and such, has its place as an incentive for young men to join up. But giving an enlistee an opportunity to learn something that will do him



OFF

some good in civilian life, a place to make new friends — and training locally also has its place in advantages as enlistment incentives."

SP. 2nd ARNOLD THOMPSON: "Recruiting means contacting a friend. You can't do it by just writing letters or putting up posters. You have to show that you have something good to offer."

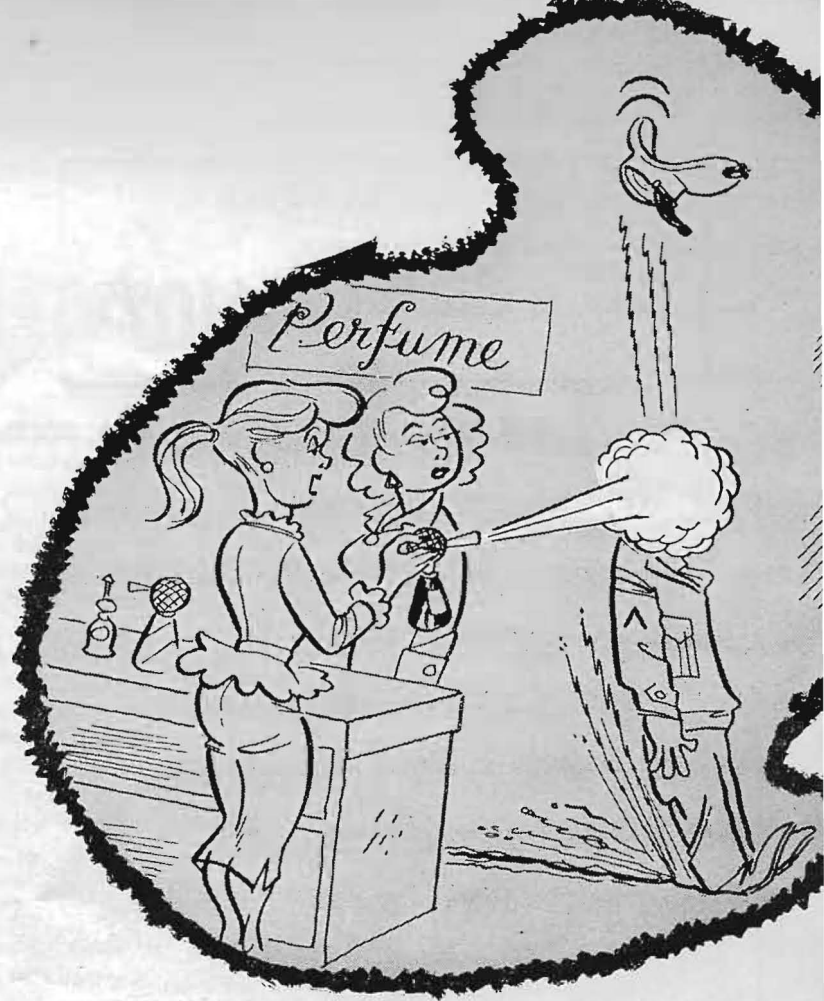
M/Sgt. HUMBLE: "We used to set up a movie at night in the park and show combat films to attract crowds. Also equipment and weapons were on display. It got us a good number of recruits. Advertising pays off!"

M/Sgt. M. MULLINS: "Another way to attract notice to the National Guard is to sponsor dances at the Armories. There's not much going on in a small town and the kids like to dance without always going to a bigger town where dances are held. Then too, such affairs at the Armories help build up the Company fund."

WO W-I LAWRENCE WHITTINGTON: "It is up to the members of the unit to bring in new recruits. If the training is poor, then the members will have no interest in their unit, and will not bring in new men. It is up to the men of school age to do the recruiting. The older men don't have contact with men of the right age."

(Bottom, left to right)

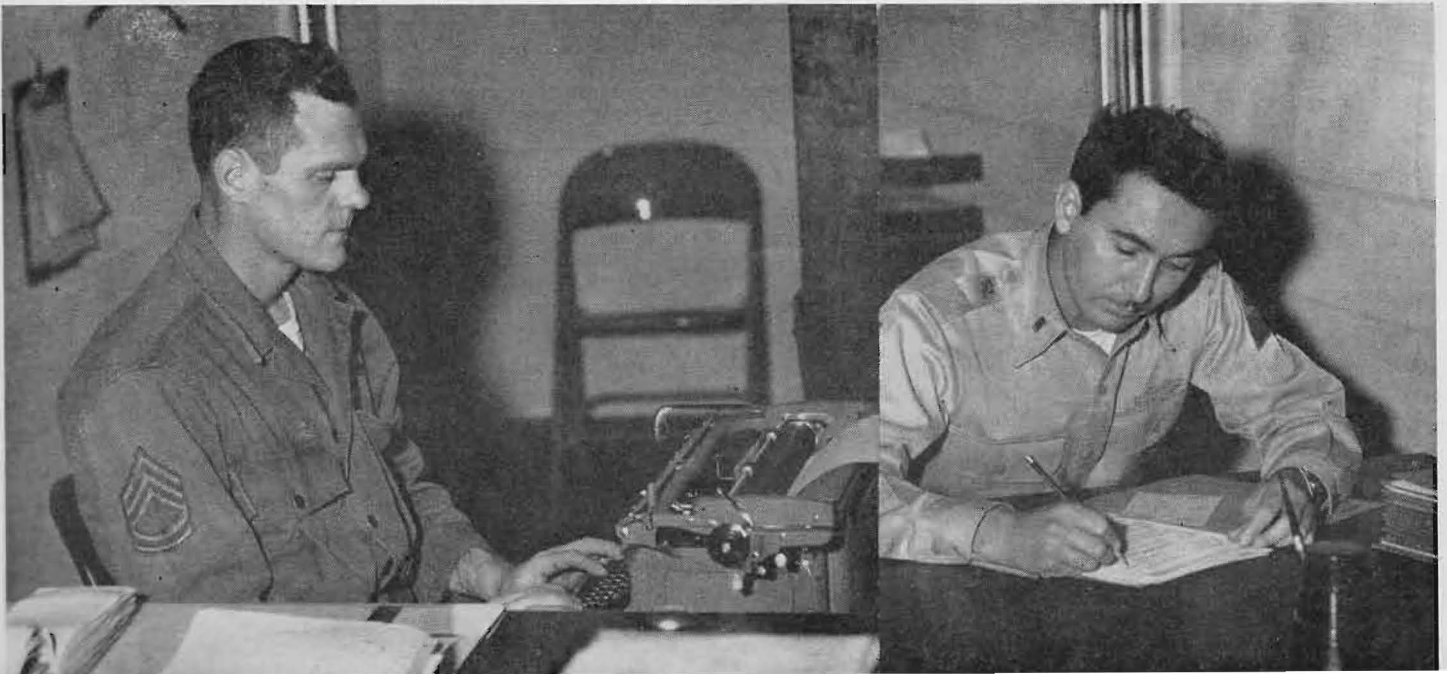
SFC. WILLIAM G. AILMAN: "I feel that the National Guard could obtain more recruits if the units were able to offer more to the young men in the form of recreation and social gatherings. We have no means of getting a fund for this purpose. The young men want to feel at home and have something to look forward to when they attend drill besides sitting in a classroom for two hours and then going home. If they could stick around for an hour or two and play cards, checkers or shoot pool and relax, they would bring friends with them. You must make the Guard interesting to the members we have in order for them to have any reason to bring in their friends. Having these facilities and making them and the Armory available to their families and friends one or two nights a week would help a great deal."



"This one's called, 'HALT!'"

BESS—Courtesy—The Leatherneck

CWO ANTHONY P. VALDEZ: "I believe that enlistments would increase if one enlisted man, preferably an NCO was appointed to be on hand at every high school in the community as a recruiting officer for that particular high school. In that way he would be the man who would make contact with the possible recruit and answer all questions relative to his unit. I'm sure this type of recruiting officer would get the full cooperation of the ROTC instructors as well as the school faculty. If you could get the ball rolling in one or two high schools it would start a chain reaction. The trick is pick a smart and sharp NCO as the representative of each unit."



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TROUSERS	Wood O.D., 100% wool.....	10.95	6.95 to 9.95
	Tropical worsted 100% wool tailored.....	12.95	8.95
	Suntan chino khaki, 8.2 oz., Army weight.....	3.95	2.25
	Officers' khaki zipper and pocket flaps.....	5.45	
SHIRTS	Officers' cotton suntan chino w/epaulets.....	4.25	2.25
	Tropical worsted suntan wool.....	12.95	5.95
SERVICE HATS	O.D. fur felt, w/leather visor.....	8.50	3.95
	Tropical worsted, w/leather visor.....	4.95	
OVERSEAS CAPS	Officers' O.D. serge, tropical worsted suntan.....	2.00	
	Officers' cotton suntan chino, w/braid.....	1.25	
FATIGUES	Coverall H.B.T. O.D. with belt.....	5.95	3.95
	Trousers, H.B.T.....	2.95	1.95
	Jacket, Army H.B.T.....	3.25	1.95
TRENCH COATS	Gabardine 100% wool w/zipper lining.....	69.95	
	Officer field coat w/zipper lining.....	25.00	15.00
FIELD JACKET	M-43, M-52, O.D., drawstring, heavy zippered.....	10.95	4.95
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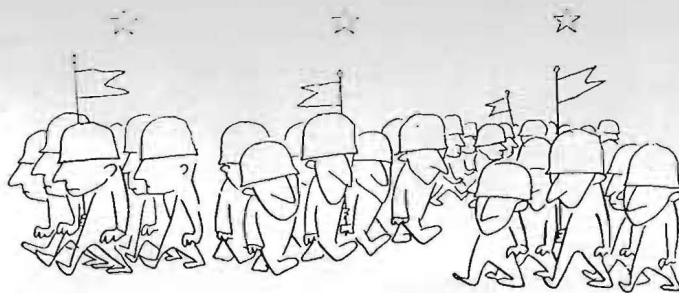
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NEWS



BRIEFS

Operation Bootstrap

The 40th has lifted itself by its bootstraps to a strength of more than 7,000 officers and men—thus closing in on the goal of 7,500 by Summer Field Training time.

Passing of this manpower milestone "is significant in at least two respects," General Eaton said.

"First, the 40th reorganized with barely 1,200 men following its return from front line action in Korea in 1952. In the three-and-a-half years since that post-Korea reactivation, the 40th has increased its strength by nearly 1,650 men per year.

"Secondly, this gain, greatest of any reserve organization in Southern California, has been accomplished in a traditional American way — by voluntary enlistment."

The Division's manpower goal is 10,000 by the end of the year. Only once before in peacetime has the Southland unit reached the 10,000 mark. That was in 1950, shortly before it was ordered to Korean War duty.

"Numerically speaking, the 40th is still behind a number of Guard Divisions scaling upward to Wisconsin's 32nd Division, which tops them all with

11,700. But the Grizzly Division is setting an enviable recruiting record when it is recalled that we had to start almost at the bottom again three-and-a-half years ago.

"Our continuous recruiting effort since the Korean War could almost be called 'Operation Bootstrap.' It was necessary for us virtually to lift ourselves by our bootstraps to again reach a size and state of training acceptable to us and to the Army," Eaton said.

The 40th now has 54 per cent of its authorized strength. Under current regulations, the Division's build-up will stop when it has 12,494 officers and men on its rolls.

Eaton pointed out Guard membership offers many advantages for draft-age men:

The youth enlisting prior to reaching the age of 18½ is exempt from the draft as long as he is satisfactorily active in the Guard. He can reduce his total eight-year military obligation to six years by volunteering for six months' active duty training.

If he is unwilling to lose the six months, the young man may still meet requirements of the Armed Forces Reserve Act by extending his Guard ser-

vice to the age of 28.

Or he may volunteer for an eight-week basic training course qualifying him for higher rank and a better job in the Guard. This is particularly desirable for a high school student because he is assured of a summer job paying him \$78 per month plus room and board, clothing, and medical care.

GRIZZLY In Libraries

When THE GRIZZLY editors recently made an appeal for subscriptions at Co. C, 132nd Armored Engineer Bn. in Pomona, Sp3rd Walter F. Wilson came up with a good idea: "How about a subscription for the Pomona Public Library?"

After a short discussion with Capt. James D. Ferrell, company commander, such a subscription was set up.

All of which leads right into one phase of THE GRIZZLY'S current subscription campaign.

Many unit commanders have felt their recruiting efforts could be stepped up with wise outside distribution of the Division magazine. Accordingly they have acquired subscriptions for high school and public libraries, barber shops, and other places where potential recruits congregate.

DISASTER scene: Left photo, Pvt. Mario Salazar, left, Pvt. Sam Doxikas and, right photo, Sp3rd Walter A. Gonzalez, left, and M/Sgt. Albert J. Caparaso survey wreckage of a Los Angeles-San Diego train which flipped on its side in Los Angeles yards. Men

are members of 40th Armored Signal Co., which volunteered to assist authorities in handling a fantastic crowd of sightseers and caring for the dead and injured. Signal Co.'s voluntary help is typical of spirit of Grizzly Division.





COMPANY B OF THE MEDICS came up with some photographic art all of which is reproduced in the usual order left to right: **HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS** reads the caption of the barracks party at Camp Roberts a year ago. **GUN TRIO** Pvt. James E.



Long, Pvt. Fred D. Whitworth and Pvt. Robert J. Sevick began their 6 months extended active duty tour of duty at Fort Ord last March 12. After 8 weeks of basic they will report to Fort Sam Houston for specialty training at the Medical Field Service

And **THE GRIZZLY** is matching each such subscription with a free one. Thus the unit finding a way to buy five subscriptions immediately finds it has 10 copies of each issue to be sent where they'll do the most good.

Bear Flag

Apparently just to make sure Guard troops are recognized as such, the Adjutant General has ordered the senior organization present to carry the California State Flag (Republic of California Bear Flag) in processions and ceremonies. The Bear Flag's position is on "the marching" left of the national colors.

Army Greens

Caution is advised in purchase of the new Army Green uniform. Some manufacturers are selling uniforms which are not up to G. I. specifications. Meantime, Greens have been okayed for optional off-duty wear between Oct. 1, 1956 and Oct. 1, 1957, and it is expected Greens will be authorized as a duty uni-

form on Oct. 1, 1957. Higher headquarters say the new clothing will be available at Army Quartermaster Sales Stores before Oct. 1, 1956 rolls around.

Armories?

Armory sites for Co. A, 140th Tank Bn., at Victorville, and for Co. D, 161st Armored Infantry Bn., at Fullerton, have been approved tentatively by the Office of the Adjutant General.

Maj. George R. Smith of the 139th Tank Bn. believes an armory site will be obtained shortly, with the help of Homebuilder Fritz B. Burns, for Co. D in San Fernando.

Father/Son Twist

When William C. Bortels leased a building to Co. D, 139th Tank Bn., for use as an armory, he was so impressed with the entire operation that he urged his son, William C. Bortels Jr., to join. Young Bortels is now company clerk.

Kudos For Cop

"Coronet" threw a bouquet at Lt. Col. Rex Andrews, Grizzly provost marshal, in an article in its May issue. The subject was crime difficulties in the city of Burbank a few years back.

"Burbank's new chief of police, Rex Andrews," the piece said, "is considered to be one of the most capable and incorruptible in the U. S. Formerly chief in Winnetka, Ill., and a major in Army intelligence in World War II, he was chosen in a nation-wide examination.

"He has overhauled the department, added new patrolmen, set up an in-service training program, written a duty manual, reduced gun permits from 300 to 25, recalled all "honorary" police badges and cards, upped patrolmen's salaries from \$386 to \$429 per month.

"Result: serious crimes have dropped 30 per cent and auto deaths 45 per cent in the last two years, while solution of crimes has increased 100 per cent."

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD Sfc. Warren G. Traudt, voted most handsome man in the Company. We gather the "dogs" belong to Platoon Sgt. Clearing. **MAJ. JAMES A. BARNHART** makes with the orders to Sevick, Whitworth and Long before they shove off

for Ord and Sam Houston. **FIRST RECRUIT** in B-Med was Pvt. E-1 Donaghy Hughes, now getting in his licks as a Grizzlyman. All in all the men of the battalion are "Gung-Ho" for their outfit.



Regulars Shaded

Two men from Hq. Co., CCC put 52 Regulars in the shade when they copped top spots in a 55-man course in armored, tracked vehicle maintenance at the Fort Knox Armored School last May.

Sgt. L. N. Overstreet, the company's motor sergeant, led the parade with a rating as an "Honor Graduate." He was Number One in the class, while Sp3rd P. B. Anderson, a mechanic in the company, walked off with the Number Three spot.

Twenty years of age, Overstreet is a Pasadena City College graduate. He came to the 40th when the old 111th Mechanized Cavalry was largely absorbed into the Grizzly Division.

Anderson, a native of Copenhagen, Denmark, is 21 and has been in the U. S. only about three years. At present he is a student at Pasadena City College.

Tops Mess Management Course

Honor Student of his mess management class was M/Sgt. R. E. Kolath, administrative, supply, and maintenance technician for the Quartermaster battalion headquarters.

Kolath took top honors recently at the Sixth Army Food Service School at Fort Ord. A Guardsman for a year, Kolath put in a hitch in the Regulars at Fort Amador, Canal Zone and was discharged as a sergeant.

Another Honor Student

This spring Lt. Charles S. Clark, Co. D, 139th Tank Bn., was named an honor student on his completion of the tank gunnery course at Camp Irwin. Grizzlymen are piling distinction on themselves and the Division with high academic ratings at Army Service Schools throughout the country.

Kaffee Klatch Room

Co. C, 132nd Armored Engineer Bn. and Co. A, 133rd Tank Bn., are joining hands in improving the day room in the Pomona armory. Their plan is to plaster the walls with pictures of the units, historical and otherwise, dust off all available trophies, re-finish the furniture so it is easy on both the eyes and frames, and make a pleasant place for self-entertainment of wives and sweethearts on drill nights. In fact, Kaffee Klatches are planned for the girls every Monday and Tuesday night.

Address Changes

The 40th Military Police Co. has been moved back to its old stand at the 35th & Hope St. Armory in Los Angeles, while Hq. and Hq. Det. and the Med. Det. of the 40th Armored Quartermaster Bn. have been moved over to the Exposition Park Armory.

Awards & Decorations

California Service Medal (15-year)—CWO William A. McEachin, 224th AIB.

California Service Medal (10-year)—CWO Ted A. Randall, 143rd AFAB.

California Good Conduct Ribbon (2nd award)—Sgt. Leon Spaugh, 134th Tank Bn.

California Good Conduct Ribbon—M/Sgts. Charlie A. Jencks, Edmund S. Kuroski, Charles V. Pitchie Jr.; Sfcs.

James K. Kurupas, Leon Spaugh, Albert Studer Jr., Robert E. Workman; Sgt. Jesus R. Cortez; Sp2nd Ben C. Abatti, James R. Barker, and John R. Barrows Jr.; and Cpl. Ralph E. Hageman, all of the 134th Tank Bn.; Sfc. Gary W. Dowd, 143rd AFAB; Sgts. Philip N. Cook, James Henrikson, Robert D. Lee, and Norman B. Samuels; Spl1st Harvey Winokur; Sp2nd James L. Austin; and Sp3rd John T. Lairmore, all of Div. Hq.



STRUGGLING to move jeep from "deadline" at Camp Roberts are WO Lawrence Broderick, Sgt. James P. Mower, and Pfc. Louie B. D'Albero, all of the 40th Armored Signal Co. Motor maintenance is one of the subjects leading commanders and unit Administrative, Supply, and Maintenance Technicians (ASMTs) scream for relief. The present system requires one man to be an expert in administration, an expert in supply, and an expert in the maintenance of tanks, trucks, and everything that shoots — not to mention complicated electronic equipment taking a man with many skills.

Armed Forces Day

Armed Forces Day — an annual opportunity for 40th units to strut their stuff and let their communities know they are on deck and ready for action of any kind at any time—was observed widely throughout the Division area.

The most spectacular show was a mock battle fought by the 139th Tank Bn. and the 223rd Armored Infantry Bn. in the Hansen Dam area in San Fernando valley.

Five medium and two light tanks and two armored personnel carriers demonstrated a tank/infantry team in the attack against an "Aggressor Force."

Battle dress, blank ammo, and combat-ready equipment characterized the "fight" for the benefit of about 1,500 mightily impressed civilians.

"Aggressors" were routed, naturally.

Features of the show were a weapons and equipment display and a helicopter demonstration. Benefits came in the form of ample publicity in the newspapers and on TV.

Maj. George R. Smith said public response to the event was so great that the large parking area marked off proved to be too small.

In conjunction with Armed Forces Day, the 139th staged a one-hour show, at the Burbank armory, for the Sheriff John TV program. Smith added that Sheriff John is sending a crew to camp to shoot a 25-minute film. And when the Sheriff is through with it, the film will be turned over to the battalion.

Elsewhere, Victorville for instance, Co. A, 140th Tank Bn. participated in a parade and held an open house and equipment display at the armory. In ad-

dition, 140th men helped the Air Force with the loan of an M47 tank to George Air Force Base.

Division-wide the story was:

Co. B, 140th—Open house and equipment display in Barstow. Static display in Camp Irwin Service Club.

Co. C, 140th—Ditto open house, etc. Participated in a parade in Monrovia.

Co. D, 140th—Paraded in Puente.

CCC and H&S Co., 140th joined with the Army Reserve in dedicating the new USAR armory in Pasadena named for the late Capt. Reginald B. Desiderio, a one-time 40th soldier who received the Congressional Medal of Honor posthumously. The units also provided an escort for the Secretary of the Army during his visit to Pasadena.

All CCC units loaned color guards and standards for the event.

The Medical Bn. displayed equipment in the lobby of a Whittier theatre, and a 50-second recruiting film was shown throughout Armed Forces Week in four Whittier theatres.

Ordnancemen had open house at the Hope Street armory in Los Angeles, while Quartermasters manned their orderly rooms daylong on AFD for recruiting purposes.

Down in Imperial Valley the 134th Tank Bn. participated in activities at the Naval Auxiliary Air Station, El Centro. In addition to setting up a static display, tankers demonstrated the shock power and mobility of armor on an obstacle course.

Up in Santa Barbara the 225th Armored Field Artillery Bn. conducted a panel discussion, in conjunction with a showing of the Division's 21-minute film, "Minute Men in Armor," over the

local TV station.

The 161st Armored Infantry Bn. supplied colors for an AFD parade in Orange and a weapon and vehicle display was unveiled at the Fullerton armory.

In Van Nuys, the 214th Armored Field Artillery Bn. took part in a five-day demonstration at Valley Market Town. A major part of the 214th's equipment was placed on display.

In Inglewood the 111th Reconnaissance Bn. staged demonstrations and displays in Grevillea Park.

Kudos For Soldiers

Distinguished and meritorious services of Grizzlymen — particularly enlisted men—will be increasingly recognized as a result of a new Division directive.

General Eaton has ordered setting up of an Awards and Decorations Section in each battalion headquarters. Mission: "Locate those individuals within their respective organizations deserving of an award and then prepare the recommendations..."

A & D Sections may have both officers and/or enlisted men as members. Their recommendations will go to the Division A & D Board for final Division action.

State of California decorations are involved. They are:

- Medal of Valor
- Military Cross
- Medal of Merit
- Commendation Ribbon with Pendant
- Good Conduct Ribbon with Medal
- Federal Service Ribbon
- Service Medals for 10, 15, 20, 25, and 30 years' service in the California National Guard.

WORKING over what look like veal cutlets, at Camp Roberts, are (left photo) Sgt. Phillip R. Dennis and Cpl. Fred D. Hounsely, both of Btry. A, 143rd Armored Field Artillery Bn. Chow is a perennial subject because, as has been pointed out millions of times since Napoleon first said it, "An army travels on its stomach."

SHOOTING is what armies are built for and (right photo) Sfc. Y. D. Torres takes aim with an M-1 on the Roberts range under the coaching of Sfc. Tony Garcia, both of Co. B, 224th Armored Infantry Bn. Old Timers well know that deadly rifle shooting in battle pays off.





HEADQUARTERS Co., Combat Command C, takes a proud stance at Camp Roberts to present an impressive picture of the first company of the 40th to reach "war" strength in number of enlisted men. Capt. Raymond M. Booth's unit had 84 men in its ranks one week before camp, last year, and has maintained that

number ever since, although it has "turned over" about 25 per cent. Booth, incidentally, was awarded the California Medal of Merit for his distinguished leadership. To maintain "war" strength in peacetime is an unusual feat.

Top Shooter

The Division's top shooter, M/Sgt. Raymond L. Melton, 139th Tank Bn., is now closing up on a Distinguished Marksman Medal—highest honor available to an M-1 rifleman.

Melton, who has been in competitive shooting only since joining the National Guard a couple of years ago, has two state championships under his belt.

His latest prize is the Excellency in Competition Medal, awarded by the Department of the Army. When he has picked up two more he'll receive his "Distinguished" rating. Melton's feat was placing among the top 10 per cent of all shooters bettering a score of 227 out of a possible 250 in the National Trophy Match, conducted annually in all Army areas.

Melton put in nearly five years in the

pre-World War II Marine Corps and served in two European campaigns with the 2nd and 3rd Armored Divisions.

Basic Training

The eight-week Basic Combat Training Program, designed by Guardsmen to improve the effectiveness of Guard units, has been extended through the end of August. Applications may be submitted, through channels, for starting dates in July and August.

To be eligible, a Grizzlyman must have been enlisted prior to last April 1 and find it impossible to attend the Six Months Active Duty for Training Program.

However, Grizzlymen are encouraged to participate in the Six Month program when possible. This scheme is the only active duty for training plan available to men enlisting after April 1, 1956.

Under terms of the Armed Forces Reserves Act, it reduces a young man's total military service obligation from eight to six years.

Glamor or \$?

Because there was no hope of promotion, Carl R. Osbirn gave up his experience of two-and-a-half years as a full-time air technician with the 196th Fighter Squadron in Ontario, and switched to Co. A, 133rd Tank Bn. with the rank of sergeant.

Osbirn had nearly five and a half years in the Air Force including 32 months in Germany and eight in Japan. He is a graduate of Mt. San Antonio College near Pomona.

Oh Brother!

Co. B, 160th Armored Infantry Bn. claims a record. The four Brothers Monarrez, Carlos, Edward, Vincent, and Gilbert, are all members of the unit.

DIVISION brass hats line up for photographer after receiving decorations from General Eaton, Grizzly commander, left, who congratulates Col. Emmett A. Rink, assistant Division commander, on his California Medal of Merit. Others are Brig. Gen. Charles A. Ott Jr., Division Artillery commander—Medal of Merit; Lt. Col. Jean C. Peterson, Grizzly adjutant general—California Commend-

ation Ribbon with metal pendant; and Lt. Col. John Stevenson, Train commander—Medal of Merit. The Division Awards and Decorations Board has set up sections in each battalion to ferret out cases where individuals—primarily enlisted men—are eligible for the California Good Conduct Ribbon, Commendation Ribbon, Medal of Merit, and Service Medals.



HONOR GUARDSMEN



Pictured above are *Honor Guardsmen* of the current year. These are just a few of those who came forward and evidenced their faith in THE GRIZZLY by becoming subscribers to the Division magazine for 3 years.

There are many more who did not send in their pictures. But if they will, we will print them as we promised. This coming year we are continuing the Honor Guardsmen department, however, something new has been added.

Last year the 3-year subscribers had faith in us and this year we want to return the favor. For every man who be-

comes an Honor Guardsman *now* by subscribing to the GRIZZLY for three years, the publishers will give a LAPEL BUTTON—exactly the same as the Division shoulder patch—**ABSOLUTELY FREE!**

This LAPEL BUTTON sells for \$3.50.

Honor Guardsmen seen above are (top) Sfc. James A. Elam A-140; (left) Sgt. Ramon A. Wells A-QM, Sgt. Richard Strong C-161; (right) Sgt. R. Joseph Jones 217th AAA and Sgt. C. D. Colburn Jr. 140th Repple Co.

THE GRIZZLY for July - August, 1956

PROMOTIONS

To Lt. Colonel

Robert E. Phillips...Qm.

To Captain

C. E. Williams.....Ord

To 1st Lieutenant

G. H. LundgrenOrd J. B. Gibbins Jr.....217
Jack Sherman.....217

To CWO — 2

H. J. Hoffman.....225 H. A. Silas Jr.....217
J. W. Robson.....Ord

To Master Sergeant

M. A. Adams.....143 C. G. Nava.....160
F. M. Diaz.....161 E. R. O'Connor.....215
R. W. Green.....161 J. J. Peasha.....140
H. J. Kiernan.....Sig A. F. Pitts.....132
J. A. Maietta.....Band T. A. Tucker.....160
J. W. Mallory.....140 W. E. Wilson.....161

To Sergeant 1st Class

T. C. Alderson.....161 H. D. Millsap.....134
L. R. Alatorre.....143 N. C. Moore.....161
S. R. Bard.....161 J. E. Nimeshein.....Train
R. E. Berry.....217 F. L. Page.....224
D. E. Billingsley.....Ord. L. Pick.....Ord.
J. S. Bowers.....132 A. D. Poore.....CCB
L. F. Buchheim.....161 F. S. Quijada.....225
R. W. Burt.....Hq. 40 H. E. Raney.....132
L. T. Byam.....134 C. R. Reading.....Med
Rudy Castillo.....225 O. G. Rowe.....161
E. R. Fisher.....161 P. Ruberio.....161
S. S. Foster.....143 J. Sanders.....224
E. C. Fulton.....CCB R. F. Schermerhorn CCC
A. G. Garcia.....CCB J. W. Scofield.....217
G. S. Geddes.....MP W. L. Simpson Jr.....Train
C. D. Goldberg.....160 C. E. Tobin.....160
N. C. Godfrey.....Band B. D. Wilson.....132
E. E. Johnson.....134 E. J. Woodward.....161
Leo Medina.....225

To Sergeant

M. R. Alu.....132 Raul Ramirez.....160
F. V. Apadaca.....161 Roscoe Reynolds
E. R. Avila.....134 R. E. Rickson.....Div. Hq.
R. K. Baker.....217 T. A. Ross.....160
P. T. Bissett.....Train Hilton Russell.....Med
F. H. Borchardt.....CCB F. H. Sagawa.....Train
R. O. Castro.....CCA R. L. Saldana.....161
T. E. Cockayne.....Band J. L. Sanders.....143
R. M. Dees.....CCB D. L. Schutze.....160
T. C. Dennis.....Med. K. M. Schmidt.....225
W. R. Felbob.....161 B. D. Slatten.....217
B. G. Gamble.....225 D. R. Smith.....217
Daniel Geygan.....217 R. L. Steinbacher.....225
Ray Gonzalez.....160 A. D. Verrecchia.....160
G. L. Hanon.....132 Vincent Valdez.....160
C. P. Hill.....161 W. D. Ward.....161
A. W. Huston.....225 J. H. Warren.....160
P. F. McMillan.....215 G. W. Weiker.....Ord.
P. M. Moffett.....225 G. J. Weber.....132
M. A. Morrell.....Train J. P. Yanez.....225
E. E. Parsonage.....Med

To Specialist 2nd Class

R. F. Allen.....224 J. E. Green.....160
Anthony Arriaga.....225 R. D. James.....Med
E. Bernardino.....Hq. 40 W. O. Kittle.....CCA
W. F. Brooks.....161 J. T. Lairmore.....Div. Hq.
L. W. Brennan.....140 J. V. Ortiz.....Hq. 40
W. G. Butler.....225 T. H. Potter.....215
W. L. Cooper.....140 A. O. Robledo.....225
O. J. Gage.....161 R. A. Soto.....134
Cruz Garcia.....225 Salvador Tiscareno.....160
J. W. Whitefoot.....140

To Corporal

P. S. Candee.....161 J. W. Morrison.....Med
A. M. Chavez.....225 R. B. Nielsen.....Med
F. K. Constatine.....160 Robert Nunez.....217
R. E. Cox.....225 R. L. Parker.....225
J. W. Fields.....134 W. L. Reed.....160
B. G. Hames.....160 R. Ruberio.....161
D. L. Hardman.....Med. R. L. Simas.....225
J. L. Hawkins.....225 G. Vasquez.....161
G. D. Hernandez.....Med H. R. Vaughn.....Med.
L. P. Lamas.....161 J. B. Wallace.....225
J. C. Livingston.....Ord L. D. Whiting.....225
H. Y. Martinez.....161 C. F. Williams.....Med
Leif Mathiasen.....217 G. D. Williams.....161

To Specialist 3rd Class

J. D. Armstrong.....CCA T. R. Kundinger.....217
R. W. Barker.....225 J. L. Lightfoot.....161
N. Barnes Jr.....134 R. D. Lopez.....217
G. L. Bass.....Med. W. W. MacKenzie.....161
R. L. Bigham.....161 L. E. Madera.....161
T. G. Binder.....217 N. R. Marolla.....160
J. F. Black.....CCC J. H. Mercurio.....217
V. F. Brambila.....160 D. V. Metcalf.....160
P. Brannan.....Ord F. W. Moreno.....161
B. S. Brown.....CCC C. H. Morgan.....160
T. Carlson.....160 D. F. Morisitti.....Ord
E. J. Cokal.....217 G. E. Nava.....217
R. C. Compton.....217 J. D. Palmer.....217
S. L. Cosma.....225 D. D. Peters.....160
Arthur Cota.....160 W. J. Phillips.....225
E. E. Cruikshank.....CCC D. A. Pineda.....134
D. E. Drake.....225 R. R. Ray.....160
D. D. English.....CCC E. D. Rhoades.....160
Charles Flippin.....160 E. F. S. Rosa.....217
J. L. Forti.....160 Frank Ruiz.....225
B. G. Garrett.....160 K. J. Saurenman.....CCC
George Garcia.....225 E. O. Sahagun.....217
E. H. Grechnuck.....Ord K. V. Scheinert.....CCC
R. D. Grodt.....160 R. D. Sharp.....134
J. R. Grunwald.....CCC Manuel Silveira.....225
C. Haroutunian.....CCC W. R. Steele.....161
A. J. Holthus.....217 D. T. Stoll.....225
R. L. Hobbs.....217 A. C. Tarango.....217
Masaru Honda.....217 D. E. Tubbs.....217
G. E. Hopkins.....217 L. O. Wagner.....161
L. E. Johnson.....161 D. E. Weast.....217
M. C. Johns.....161 H. E. Weaver.....160
D. J. Kent.....CCA C. B. Williams.....132
C. Kerber.....160 C. E. Wiseman.....Ord
R. J. Kibos.....217 S. C. Wong.....134

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BLOW IT



OUT HERE

(ED. NOTE: In keeping with the policy of THE GRIZZLY, the following letter is published without the author's name for the obvious reasons. BLOW IT OUT HERE is the forum of the Division where officers and men may give voice to their "beefs" without the danger of an axe falling on their necks because of their opinions. The editors make one reservation on anonymous letters, and that is that they be accompanied by the author's name to avoid crack-pot criticisms for the sole reason of sounding off.



"Submitted herewith is an article that may or may not be appropriate for publication, according to your policy.

"This individual, I can assure you, is one person. He is an individual with whom all full time personnel are concerned with. He could be the making of a unit, but more often is the stumbling block over which many a unit falls. He is not typical of all such characters, but from discussion with the ASMTs of various units, seems to be in the majority.

"If the article is published, I desire it to be anonymous, as publication of my identity would definitely pinpoint the individual pictured, and my life would not be worth living between now and retirement."

WHO IS HE?

Who has no command function, but often establishes many policies under the disguise of "Suggestions"? Who, when such policies are not adopted by a unit forthwith, makes his report of failure to comply?

Who gives so little and takes so much of the time of members of units in "checking" on this and that matter with which said member has no jurisdiction?

Who is charged with duties of furnishing information to those less informed, and only too often fails to do so, if not deliberately refusing to do so? Who has more time than anyone else connected with an organization to read and digest the regulations and directives received, and who is the first to complain to higher echelon that the distribution is not read and complied with?

Who makes notes of every irregularity, no matter how trivial, and who, instead of making a kindly effort to correct such irregularities as an aid to improve the unit, passes such notes upstairs where the matter is liable to magnification out of proportion to the facts?

Who talks too much to his superiors about an individual or a unit that has, in his opinion, strayed from the straight and narrow without first arming himself with all the facts? Who often fails to give credit where credit is due for a job well done?

Who, when he has performed a service for a unit, awaits the applause and the laurel he feels are his due? And who, when he hears no hand-clapping, accuses the unit of being "ungrateful"?

Who, when confronted with an erroneous statement he has made, seldom admits his mistake, and hides behind arguments and bluster, or worse, flatly denies ever having made the statement in question?

Who, in his estimation is always right, and the other fellow usually wrong? Who is constantly on the lookout for things that cannot be done, and fails to explain the methods by which they can be done?

Who, by his lack of understanding and unselfish cooperation, makes life generally miserable for those doing the best they can with what they have? Who, by reason of this very fact, is dodged by those who need his advice the most?

Who gives the impression of a cat outside a mouse-hole awaiting the opportunity to pounce on the hapless creature that makes the mistake of coming out of his hole too far? Who is now and then referred to as "Gestapo"? Who takes a fiendish delight, and spends a great deal of his time in ferreting out little irregularities of equally little consequence, and then takes a more ghoulish pleasure in nailing someone to the cross as a responsible party?

Who forms likes and dislikes to individuals with whom he comes in contact officially, and who infects his superiors with the same feeling? And who is as changeable in these likes and dislikes as the moon in its many phases?

If the individual partially pictured in the foregoing queries recognizes himself, apparently the shoe fits! Wear it!

Anonymous
40th Armored Div.

The Grizzly
Dear Editors:

April 25, 1956

My wife and I wish to thank you for the trip to Las Vegas. We were shown every courtesy, which made our stay at the Showboat Hotel very enjoyable.

Mr. Force was very considerate and had the photographer take photos of us, one for The Grizzly and one for us.

Thank you again for the very enjoyable trip and vacation for us.

Doyle Derr & Wife.

Dear Sirs:

The magazine is coming along very well. Many of the men in our battery subscribe and really enjoy it. Thank you very much.

Sincerely,

Warren Strauss
Motor Sgt., C Btry. 215th AFAB

Dear Grizzly:

Have enjoyed your magazine. Keep up the good work. How about more cheesecake and stories. Thanks for the magazine.

Thomas F. Hammond Jr.
Hq. & Hq. Btry., 214th AFAB

Dear Grizzly:

Here's my subscription for another three years. I am already an Honor Subscriber, making my subscription run for five more years. It's great. Keep it coming.

M/Sgt. Homer D. Overton
Co. B—Med. Bn.

Dear Grizzly:

You asked what change I would make in the National Guard if I had the authority to do so. Here's my answer: I agree with some of the other written opinions in the GRIZZLY that summer encampment should be changed to June since a lot of the men are working on summer jobs during August and this interferes with their employment. I think that for camping purposes June would be a more favorable month than August. I believe too, that most of the workingmen in the National Guard would rather have August free for vacations.

SPC-3 G. H. Miller
Hq. Co., CCC

The Grizzly
Smith-Larkin Company
Hollywood 29, California

To the Editor:

I wish to commend you on your recent article, "Discipline Is The Payoff", published in the May-June issue of The Grizzly. Constructive and frank material of this nature will raise the evaluation of your magazine in the estimate of your subscribers. I should like to see in future issues the histories of some of our units. I believe it should be one of the primary objectives of publications, such as The Grizzly, to stand behind the policies and principles that are the very core of the National Guard.

Your magazine, The Grizzly, has been improving as a source of military and Divisional information.

1st Lt. Bailey B. McCune Jr.
Co. D, 160th AIB

☆ ☆ ☆

THE GRIZZLY

Dear Sirs:

I'm a Veteran of World War II. I entered the service in 1941 and was in until 1945 as a member of the Signal Corps. I now have a family of two boys, Johnny and Ronny, and a wife Fannie May.

I took my basic training at Fort Warren, Wyoming. A week after Pearl Harbor I was transferred as a cadreman to the 544th Signal Depot Co. Later shipped to the theatre in the South Pacific. In September 1945 I was discharged.

After my discharge I came back home and went to work in the community. I joined the American Legion and the Order of the Knights of Columbus. At the time I did not realize how my years were lost. By joining the National Guard I think I have accomplished something. Those five years that I lost could have been put toward my retirement.

Now that I have 6 years in the Guard I have made up my mind that I will remain in for the full twenty years. My daily work ties in with the work in the Guard, which is in communications. I was privileged to attend an Armored Communication School at Fort Knox, Kentucky which helped me both in the Guard and in civilian life.

I have attended 100% of the drills and have gone to all summer camps. The part that I have enjoyed most was meeting new people and making friends with the people I have met.

It is amazing what a veteran still can learn while he is still at home and still

-serving his community. I live in an area where there are many earthquakes; thank God so far none too serious, yet if there is one I'm ready to aid my country, friends, family, and neighbors.

Very truly yours,
Sgt. John R. Barrows, Jr.
Hq. and H & S Co., 134th Tk. Bn.

☆ ☆ ☆

MULTIPLE DRILL

EDITOR

Dear Sir:

The subject is Multiple-drill.

We have had a series of Multiple-drills and have proven very successful, but in the case of this unit we are having trouble due to the farmers and persons that generally harvest the crops.

These fellows are having difficulty in attending drills. Consequently our percentage of attendance is very low.

We of this unit wonder if it would be possible to change the Multiple-drills to the winter time.

Abundio Castro
1st Sgt., Co. B, 134th Tk. Bn.

☆ ☆ ☆

Dear Grizzly:

I thought that Lieutenant Marcell's letter about the Guard's full time employees hit several nails right square on the head. One example of the current system's oddities is this: a man with 15 or so years as a supply or motor sergeant has to start at Step One regardless of how well qualified he is.

M/Sgt. Donald D. Lafferty
ASMT, Co. D, 139th Tank Bn.

☆ ☆ ☆

Dear Grizzly:

... One man doesn't have enough shoulders for all the water he is supposed to carry. I think we should go back to the old system. There should be a unit administrator (warrant officer) and a full time supply sergeant in each unit.

1st Lt. Walter J. Burch
Co. D, 139th Tank Bn.

☆ ☆ ☆

Dear Grizzly:

Just in case you haven't been hearing much from the field on multiple drills, I might pass along a couple of thoughts from Pomona way.

We find that these Sunday drills are great for maintenance. Period. Our experience is that they murder drill attendance. It seems to us that we're breaking a long habit pattern and replacing it with a jig saw puzzle. It is easy to remember that drill night is always Monday, or Tuesday, or whatever

it is. Except on Christmas or Election Day or something like that. But how does everyone remember that you drill the first two weeks of the month and the next to last Sunday or whatever? In any case, the proof of the argument as far as we're concerned is that attendance is falling off.

Maybe we could have these Sunday drills for maintenance personnel only. That would make some sense.

Capt. James D. Ferrell
Co. C, 132nd AEB

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THE 40th ARMORED DIVISION - TODAY

SWITCHED FROM AN INFANTRY ROLE TO that of armor in 1954, the 40th has made the transition easily and efficiently. Today it is a vital, living part of our state and of our national defense organization. It is the largest, most potent military force in Southern California and with sister units in the Air National Guard, constitutes this area's first line of defense against attack from the outside.

In its role as a state military force, under peacetime control of its commander-in-chief, the California governor, the 40th's key position in hometown or area-wide disaster operations cannot be overlooked either.

Over 100 soldiers and scores of vehicles were pressed into emergency service only a few months ago, in fact, when excessive rains flooded our area, threatening hundreds of homes and families. Another group voluntarily sped to the scene of a tragic train wreck to aid civilian authorities in traffic control, removal of bodies and guard duty.

Almost every day, a unit or individ-

ual Guardsmen is called on to assist in vital community projects in their own hometowns.

And if a major disaster should strike—be it an earthquake such as that which wreaked havoc in the Long Beach-Los Angeles area two decades ago, or an unexpected attack by an aggressor—it is the 40th which will set up kitchens and aid stations, prevent panic among the civilian populace, and generally perform all the difficult but necessary tasks needed to restore order and save lives.

It is because of this extremely vital dual role, shared by National Guardsmen everywhere, that we must continue our efforts to strengthen the 40th Armored Division—in manpower, in technical proficiency, and in the fighting spirit which has always characterized this organization.

In the full realization that the safety of our community and our nation depends on organizations such as ours, we will find the inner spur to even greater accomplishments.

VIVACIOUS Jane Powell makes a pretty picture as she poses amid Saturday night suds in a tub fit for a queen—a small one. Incidentally, the MGM star wouldn't mind a few votes in the GRIZZLY's "Miss 40th" contest. Meantime GRIZZLY editors happily welcome nominations in the form of favorite pin-ups from units and individuals all over the Division.



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