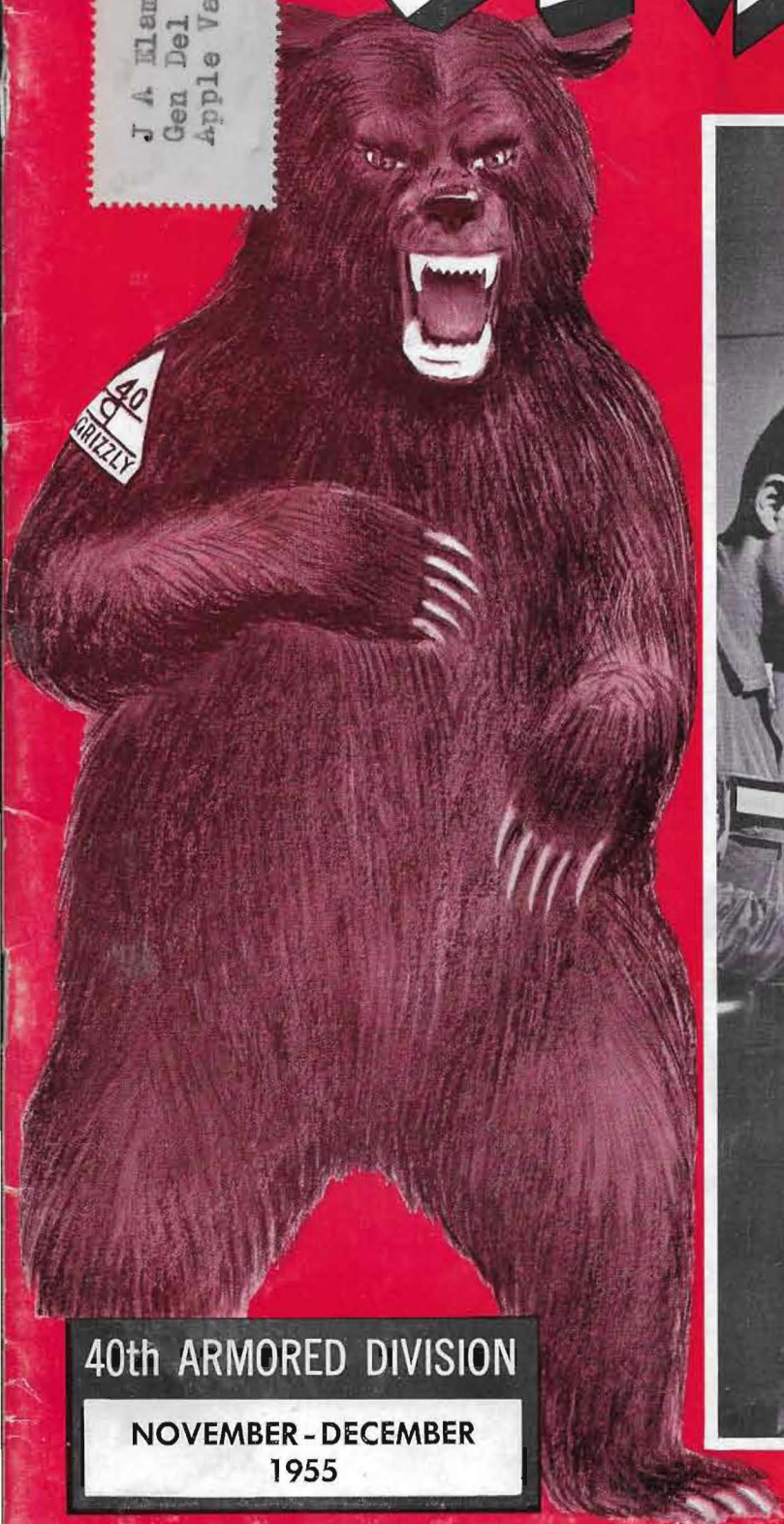


# GRIZZLY

J A Klam  
Gen Del  
Apple Valley, Calif.



40th ARMORED DIVISION

NOVEMBER - DECEMBER  
1955

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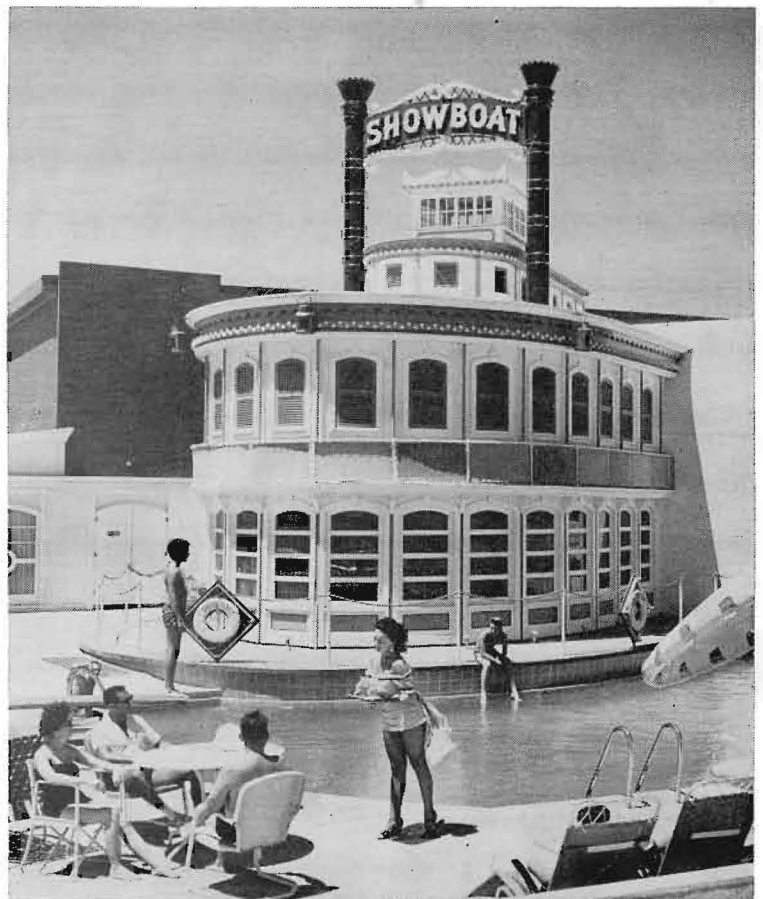
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lavish floorshows

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# An Open Letter to Parents

By Col. Douglas G. Wilkings

Division Chief of Staff

Dear Parents:

At no time in the history of the United States have young men faced the uncertainties confronting them today. It has always been a basic principle of Americanism that in peacetime every young man planned with confidence for his future—including education, a business career and marriage. In wartime he knew that he would be in military uniform before he could embark on his planned peacetime career.

**Today, however, any planning must be short-range and subject to changes due to conditions beyond his control. There is the ever-present possibility he will be drafted to fight a war, since another United Nations police action or World War III could start in any one of the trouble spots of the world, before he is beyond military age. He is faced with the possibility that any planned education, business activity, or family arrangements he makes may be interrupted because he may be among those drafted each month for military training under our present public laws.**

Thus the young man of today must make a decision that will greatly influence his future. Should he volunteer for military training before starting his business career or should he embark on a planned program including school, family, and business with the possibility that his plan may be interrupted and perhaps permanently disrupted?

Were I a young man today and faced with these decisions I would make the following evaluation of my future and plan accordingly. Three basic facts must be accepted in any planning for the future.

## The Civilian Soldier

The first is that we do not have a large Regular military establishment but depend almost entirely on the rapid training of civilians to defend democracy against any aggressor. This is the American way.

As an example, approximately 90 per cent of the Americans who fought in Korea were civilian soldiers. This has been true in every war fought by the United States since colonial days.

Thus in case of a war a young man of military age is almost certain of being ordered into the military service or he will feel it is his patriotic duty and volunteer.

The second basic fact is that if there is a war and if a civilian becomes a member of the Armed Forces, it will be the biggest challenge he will have in his entire life because he will be matching his physical and mental abilities against a trained enemy, in a life or death contest. Any other competition he faces will not be for life or death but instead for money or glory or accomplishment.

The third basic fact is that any plans he makes are for the purpose of preparing for the future regardless of whether the plan calls for additional education, marriage, or a job.

It is therefore axiomatic that a young man should prepare himself for the biggest challenge he might face. He could be fighting in a war during the next 15 to 20 years.

There are three ways a young man can prepare himself for the challenge of the battlefield. These are by making a career of the Regular Service, letting Uncle Sam decide when and how much preparation is required, or through the training offered by a civilian component of the Services.

Assuming that a young man does not care to make the military a lifetime career, he is faced with having a constant fear of not being prepared when and if an emergency arises—in addition to the uncertainty of not knowing when or if he will be drafted.

## The National Guard Way

The purpose of this letter is to point out some of the advantages of preparing the National Guard way. These are the facts any young man should consider carefully:

1. By preparing for the future as a member of the National Guard a young man can plan with assurance, knowing that he will get the best physical and mental conditioning possible. In this way he can know he will be ready if an emergency arises.

2. By preparing the National Guard way he can make definite plans insofar as education and business are concerned.

3. By joining the National Guard

a schedule of activity is established that will bring the young man into contact with other young men his age at least once every week, at the local armory, where all are learning about Americanism.

4. He will make new friends by joining the National Guard. Not only will he meet other young men his age but also community leaders.

5. He will develop new interests through joining the National Guard. Here he will have an opportunity to test his skill at many things not available to the average young man.

6. He will learn the meaning and importance of teamwork and cooperation.

7. He will learn the fundamentals of leadership and respect for his leaders and team mates.

8. He will learn that as he develops the qualities of leadership he will be rewarded with advancement and recognition.

9. He will learn personal reliance in the face of possible adversity that will constantly aid him in his personal civilian life. He will develop an independent leadership quality so important in civilian life in order to succeed.

10. He will learn the meaning of Democracy and Americanism and have the personal satisfaction of knowing he is a member of an organization dedicated to the protection of the lives and homes of Americans.

## Investigate

These are but a few of the many benefits derived by Guardsmen. Much could be written about the pay, the retirement plan, the educational opportunities at service schools, or fulfillment of military obligations. These, however, are considered as bonuses to true National Guardsmen.

Those of us who are responsible for public protection in an emergency for the protection of our young men in the event of war know from experience that the advantages offered by the National Guard are the advantages you would want your son to have.

It would be well worth the time to investigate the advantages of having your son a member of the 40th Infantry Division by visiting the National Guard armory nearest your home.

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Saturday. All Men of  
All Ages Are Invited  
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Part Of "The Rocket  
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FIGHTERS THREE! Bob Yeakel, who fights for the welfare of our youth, Willie Vaughn, a profes-  
sional fighter, and Maj. Gen. Homer O. Eaton Jr., commander of the famous Fighting 40th  
Division—who fights for the U.S.A.! The General is cooperating with Bob Yeakel in arranging  
an elimination boxing contest to establish the Champ of the 40th Division National Guard.

**BOB YEAKEL**

Presents

**CHAMPIONS' GYM**

The Southern California Training Grounds For  
**GOLDEN GLOVES CHAMPS**

**ATTENTION ALL NATIONAL GUARDSMEN**

General Homer O. Eaton Jr., Commander of the 40th Armored Division is Co-operating with Bob Yeakel in an  
elimination boxing contest to establish the CHAMP OF THE DIVISION.

Call or write Major Jimmy Wilson for Information.

**Bob Yeakel**  
**WILSHIRE OLDSMOBILE**

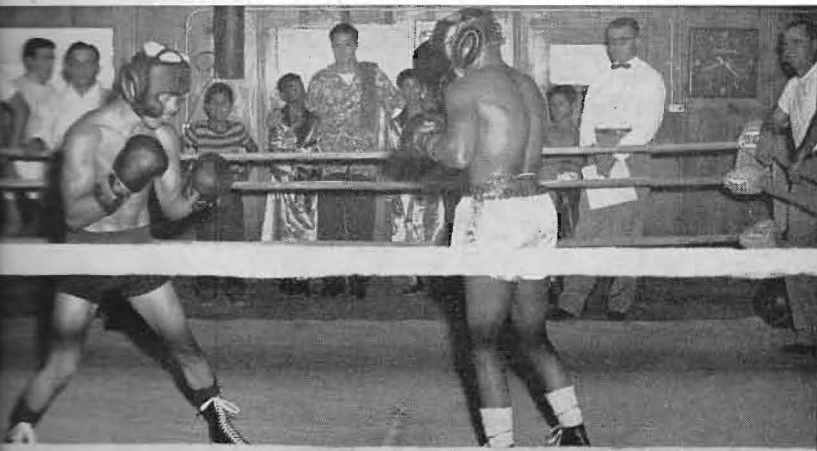
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MAJ. JIMMY WILSON'S "Champions' Gym," Saturday TV show (Chan-  
nel 11) sponsored by Bob Yeakel of Wilshire Oldsmobile. The show  
attracts champions and other noted fighters as well as youngsters from  
all over Southern California. Photo at left shows young aspirants trad-

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



# EASY COME

The Long Shots At The Track Cost Him A Fortune . . . . Until He Found The Formula For A Killing

## easy go . . . .

By Harry Roland

I LIVED in the hotel right over the Uptowner. The Uptowner was a bar catering to horse players exclusively.

Al, the bookie, darted in and out of the place like a shadow. He was a thin, short guy, with a shoe-lace mustache and always badly in need of a haircut. No one liked Al very much. Just the same he got all the business on the street. Mainly because he was well heeled and paid off promptly. But he was very sarcastic. He would take a large bet from me, write it down in a matchbook and say leeringly:

"Just like stealing money, ain't it?"

"Why rub it in," I'd say, trying to make him a bit more human.

"Just like stealing money," he'd repeat, just to make a guy sore.

Things were going bad for me. I just couldn't hit a winner. It became so bad that I began to sweat at the back of my neck every time I made a bet. I played long shots, favorites—no dice. I just couldn't win. When Santa Anita closed I was out 1700 bucks for the last week alone. Al kept grinning and taking my dough.

"It's only money," he would say laughing. I felt pretty lousy.

Sunday I slept rather late. I came down about 11:30 and met Blackie the Greek right outside the bar. He was getting into his car.

"Come along, Danny," he said to me. "I'm going to the Rio Grande Gold Club, out in the country. They sure got a swell layout there. Low ball, dice,—the works. Say, you can play Caliente, they even get results."

That clinched it. I got in the car. In no time at all we were there.

A BUNCH of guys were out on the green knocking the balls around and you'd never dream what was going on inside the clubhouse.

They had a dozen guys behind a counter taking bets and giving tickets. Just like at the race track. The joint was packed.

I bet twenty across on Turnabout. He ran fourth.

"Nice start," I said.

I bet twenty across on Doll Baby. She never got a call. I was beginning to get riled. I put another sixty bucks on Bus X K. The bus broke down. The Gigolo won that one, and paid 22 bucks.

"To hell with it," I said and walked outside. A gent was just backing out of the driveway.

"Going to town?" he asked.

"Might as well," I said and got in.

This boy could really drive. Ten minutes later he dropped me in front of the Uptowner. I sat down at the bar and ordered a drink. Al sidled over.

"HELLO Danny," he said, "Give me some action!"

"What race?" I asked.

"You can still bet the third," he said.

I began to sweat, this time not at the back of my neck, but all over. The clock on the wall was slow. Of that, I was sure. *Why the third was over ten minutes ago.*

I didn't want to think anymore.

"Who are they betting," I said, trying to make my voice as cold and indifferent as possible.

"Bus X K is the finger horse," Al said.

"Give me the sheet," I muttered.

The Gigolo was staring me in the face as big as life.

"Let's see," I said puckering my mouth. My hands were clammy as I peeled three fifties from my roll. Then casual-like, "Straight across on The Gigolo."

Al snapped up the money and began to write in his matchbox.

"He is a goat," he said and walked out.

I felt like a thief. I had never done this kind of thing before. I finished my drink at a gulp and took a powder. I needed a walk badly. I had to think. I went to a show to kill the afternoon. I dreaded the night. Al paid off all Sunday action at night. There was no wire service on Sunday.

The Rio Grande Club had a special leased wire from Caliente. The only way to get results in town from the border track was in Monday's paper which came out Sunday night. I had it made.

Five minutes past eight I was in the bar. I walked slow, I talked slow, I acted sleepy. Al looked at me suspiciously. There were flecks of white at the corners of his mouth. He counted out nine "C" notes and a fifty.

"You'll get it back," I said.

It was just like stealing money, I thought. Like taking candy from a baby!

I PLAYED nothing but long shots the following week. I tried my best to lose money. I dropped about four hundred.

Al began to grin at me again. I had big plans for Al. I wanted to wipe that smile off his ugly puss.

Across the street from the Uptowner, the telephone company had a string of booths for long distance phone calls. There were plenty of booths. I took down the number of one of them and gave it to my cousin Joe. I planted him in the Club house at the Rio Grande layout about ten Sunday morning.

"Look, Joe" I said, "All I want you to do is hang around the joint until the results come in, then you call this number right away."

I slipped him a double saw buck in advance and he never bat an eye. Joe don't ask questions. Maybe Joe is dumb, maybe not. All I wanted was the results as they came in to the Rio Grande, and I wanted them immediately.

"Mind you," I shook a finger at him, "Run like hell to the first phone you see and call me as soon as the results of the first race comes in. And get it straight."

The way I figured, if the first race was an even money payoff, I wasn't gonna bother, but wait for the second or third until I hit the jack-pot. This was gonna be it.

Eleven-thirty I was in the bar. "Want something in the first?" Al asked.

"It's too early," I said, "I'm going for a bite. See you later."

I tried to eat but the grub stuck in my throat. I couldn't swallow.

Five minutes to twelve I was sitting in the phone booth sweating it out.

Five minutes past twelve the phone rang.

It was Joe. "Flash result," he said, "Plainclothesman won the first. No prices."

Depth placed second, the third horse—I looked at the sheet. Plainclothesman was 30 to 1.

"Never mind the third," I said, "Go home, Joe—and thanks a lot." He didn't know how much I was thanking him, and I wasn't talking. After all, Joe wasn't working on commission.

I breezed across the street in a couple of jumps, slowed down at the entrance to the Uptowner to catch my breath and eased up to the bar. The hands of the clock on the wall were straight up at twelve. It was still slow.

Al came over.

"It's gettin' late, kid" he said. "What do you want in the first?"

I swallowed the lump in my throat and found my tongue. It moved slow and I heard myself say, "I've been playing long shots all week. I ain't gonna stop now. Give me The Plainclothesman. A hundred across.

Al's eye-brows went up, but he took the money. My heart stood still. There were at least a half dozen guys hear me make the bet.

At eight sharp I bought a paper. I turned to the track news and raced through the results. There it was. Caliente . . . Plainclothesman, first. Jeeze'l, he paid 32 bucks! . . . I had twenty-one hundred dollars coming to me. That'd wipe the grin off Al's face.

**C**OME time to collect and I didn't have the guts to face Al . . . I just *had* to. My blood turned to water and a chunk of ice sat in the pit of my stomach as I turned into the Uptowner.

There was a reception committee waiting for me at the bar. Al sat in a corner, gloomily staring into his drink. I was the wonder of the moment. People patted me on the back; shook hands with me. I was the smartest guy in town. They asked me questions and congratulated me in the same breath. Al still sat hunched over his drink.

I slid in the booth opposite him. "Hi," I said, and just looked at him. He wasn't grinning.

*He looked me straight in the eye and I knew that he knew.*

THE GRIZZLY for November - December, 1955



**MARTHA HYER . . .** From that smile Martha is throwing at the boys of the Division, there's no doubt that she'd be most happy to walk off with the title of "Miss 40th Division." But that's up to the voters, and that means you.

Still, a bet is a bet. He had a reputation to live up to. His business integrity. He handed over a roll of greenbacks. Exactly twenty-one hundred dollars.

"You crook," he said and got out of the booth, leaving his drink untouched.

I went up to my room and hid the dough under my mattress.

I was restless. I went down again. I tried to eat. I couldn't. I walked the streets, smoking one cigarette after another.

I went back to my room and went to bed. Lying there in the dark I reached under the mattress feeling for the money. It was gone. Suddenly I felt okay, and slept. **THE END**



On the smelling end. SFC. Claude Berryman, HQ 140th.  
On the carving end: Sgt. Robert Wilson, HQ 140th.

# Once Over Lightly

*In our last issue we said we'd talk about the food the men received at Camp. Here then is a typical day's rations. Of course the men don't get roast beef and steaks every day of the week, but then the average home doesn't serve that type of fare daily either.*

*In future issues we will print other menus. In the meantime we'd like to hear from women particularly (and men) as to what they think about the chow Uncle Sam dishes out to his boys in the 40th.*

## FOR BREAKFAST

**CHILLED PLUMS.** (As much as you want)

**READY-TO-EAT-CEREAL.** (There are cases of the same stuff you see on your grocer's shelves and in as wide a variety. The men help themselves. No one doles out one box of cereal. Any man can take as many as he wants.)

**FRESH MILK.** Not just a carton doled out a time. But in the center of the mess hall there are cases of chilled fresh milk for the men to help themselves.

**FRIED EGGS.** Two or more for each man. These eggs are strictly fresh and they are fried on a giant griddle as the men file by for their portions. There are no stacks of pre-fried soggy greasy eggs. These eggs are fried only as the men line up for them. (And get this Mama, — if a man has a preference for sunny-side up or turned over he gets them!)

**HASH BROWN POTATOES.** Tons of them. And they're prepared with either bits of ham or chopped onions and made to be important to a hungry man's palate. (Mama, you don't make them any better!)

**TOAST.** Miles of it, and all warm and ready to go.

**BUTTER.** No one is served with butter as he files by the mess tables for his chow. **BUT**, on the tables where the men eat there are bowls of butter. Yes, you read right. Bowls of the stuff for the men to take as much as they please. No one's counting or watching.

**JELLY.** Now Mama, you know how junior is with the jelly or jam pot. Well the National Guard learned a trick which you might find useful. Then on second thought, it wouldn't work, because junior would probably eat you out of house and home. Because this is what happens at the chow table when it comes to the jelly or jam routine. Instead of each man getting a portion of the sweet stuff, **ENTIRE QUART JARS** are put on the table for the men to help themselves. (And Mama, you should see some of those guys slap on that butter with a trowel and then top it off with a half inch thick spread of jam!)

Of course, there is coffee and canned milk for those who prefer their java that way. But from what we've observed, most guys make that trip to the coffee urn at least twice and then wash the breakfast job down with a glass of milk.

## DINNER

(The Guard doesn't call it lunch, because, no kidding Mama, **IT'S DINNER!**)

To begin with as the hungry mob storms the boys with the white coats, they get **STEAK**. Yep that's right. **GRILLED STEAK**. No country fried steak. No pounded and pre-chewed (tenderized) beef, but **TOP U.S. GRADED BEEF** with natural gravy. Not that we have anything against creamed flour gravies, but Uncle Sam seems to think that there's more nourishment in natural beef juice gravy and if you tasted what these Guard cooks dish up you'd agree that here was the most of the best.

Just so the boys won't have any kicks coming, the Guardsmen cooks serve with the steak the following: Home fried potatoes, buttered lima beans, sliced onions, bread, butter of course, chilled pears, assorted cookies, coffee (or milk) and orangeade.

Sounds good? You bet and it tastes better.

## SUPPER

For this last meal of the day there's nothing fancy. Just miles of **BAKED FRANFURTERS WITH BARBEQUE SAUCE**, mashed potatoes, corn o'brien, pickles and radishes, bread and butter, chilled peaches, coffee (or milk) and fruit punch.

That's just an average day's ration for your boys while they're at camp. In future issues we'll give other menus, and in the meantime, we'd like to get your ideas. Write us care of the **GRIZZLY**.

One last shot at this food business. We were discussing the food program with CWO C.E. Burton and Mess Sgt. Harry Grunwald and we innocently asked, "What do you do with the left overs?"

These two veterans of the mess hall first looked at each other goggle-eyed as though they hadn't heard right then barked in unison, "Left overs? . . . are you nuts — With this pack of wolves there aren't any left overs!" . . . and Mama, there aren't!



# NEWS BRIEFS

## OPERATION 10 GRAND

By press time there was a strength increase of 201 men in the 40th. This figure is less than is necessary to meet the quota of a net increase of three men per unit per month established by the Division commander.

"In fact," General Eaton said, "Maj. Gen. Edgar Erickson, chief of the National Guard Bureau, visited us recently and stressed the importance of recruiting efforts.

"The eyes of the Pentagon are on us. Overall the Army Guard is supposed to achieve a goal of 400,000 by the end of 1957. Present strength is 360,000. Our portion of that is very small but only by bringing in three men per unit per month can we succeed.

"It can be done. In fact, through the 27th of October, it has been done by the 134th Tank Bn., the 225th Armd. Field Artillery Bn., and Division Hq. Co., MP Co., Signal Co., the Band, Trains Headquarters Co., Hq. CCB, and Hq. Btry. and the Med. Det. of Div. Arty.

"Since the first of the year, there have been 1,515 discharges. I feel we can take a great deal of pride in the fact that nearly one-third of these men

were discharged because they were enlisting in the regular services.

"Expiration of term of service' accounted for the smallest number of discharges—which indicates we have a problem!

"However, the staff is in the process of studying the relationship between good training, enthusiastic athletic and recreational programs, and recruiting. (We think it is significant that the 225th has one of the most comprehensive athletic programs in the Division.) This study should help us determine where the greatest emphasis is needed to insure success of "Operation 10 Grand," General Eaton said.

### New Armory For "E"-132

Company "E," 132nd Armored Engineer Bn., were both hosts and guests of the City of Torrance last October when they moved into their new Armory.

Lt. Gov. Harold E. (Butch) Powers, County Supervisor Kenneth Hahn, Assemblyman Charles Chapel, Inglewood Mayor Albert Ison, and other civic leaders, General Homer O. Eaton and commanders of nearby 40th units were present to "cut the ribbon" to the new engineers headquarters.

Festivities started with a parade.

The show was complete with school bands majorettes, fire trucks, gasoline trucks, civilian marchers, and 40th military units, tanks, Armored Personnel Carriers, artillery, and seemingly everything the 132nd had on wheels.

Sharp 40th MPs helped city police keep the wheels turning and feet moving.

The procession halted at the Armory.

Lt. Gov. Powers, referring to "the great interest of state legislators in the Guard," gave Capt. D. J. Horlander, Commander of "E" Company, the state and national colors which promptly were unfurled from the flagpole and Co. "E," 132nd AEB went into business in Torrance.

The Torrance Chamber of Commerce gave the outfit \$400 for permanent armory decorations. The City makes an annual appropriation of \$300. The City also has donated odd pieces of equipment such as files, chairs, bulletin boards, signs, etc.

"Easy" Company obtained paid newspaper advertising on its behalf—from three major Torrance industries, and the Junior Chamber of Commerce secured ads from smaller concerns.

(Continued on page 15)

Left Photo: General Eaton participates with Maj. Jimmy Wilson, left, and Bob Yeakel, Los Angeles Oldsmobile dealer, in "Champion's Gym," a Saturday morning Channel 11 TV show featuring young boxers. Yeakel, sponsor of the Youth Program assured General Eaton he will assist in recruiting efforts. Right Photo: Lt. Gov.

Harold J. (Butch) Powers, with, left, Assembly Charles Chapel of Inglewood and others looking on, presents national colors to Capt. J. D. Horlander, C.O., at formal dedication of armory of Co. E, 132nd Armd. Engr. Bn. in Torrance. Structure is newest in the Division.



# MISS 40th DIVISION

## "The Gal I'd Most" . . .



THE ADORATION OF WOMEN, it seems, is a pastime that will never diminish in enthusiasm according to responses from the male specie of homo sapiens.

In any event, if the enthusiasms of the men of the 40th in picking "Miss 40th . . . The Gal I'd Most" is any indication, the idea is a lead pipe cinch. The men are all for it. (And for that matter so are many of the women.)

The phones in the office have been busy congratulating us on the first issue and among the praise was included a heavy vote of approval for the pulchritude presented for the eye-approval of the reader.

We had a hunch that this was a good department, but didn't expect such an avalanche of approval first time up to bat.

We'd like to make this "contest" a more personal thing, and in this connection we printed a footnote to the original article stating that we'd like to have contestants other than those we chose.

We're certain that there are plenty of beautiful gals among the wives, mothers and sweethearts of the men of the Division, and it'd be fun if they dug out pictures of themselves and submitted them.

Just because we printed the pictures of a lot of gals scantily clad is no indication that that is the only kind of pictures we're looking for. If you think the gal you have in mind is beautiful, send in her picture. *Be sure we have a signed authorization from her to print the picture.*

Of course, we have no objection if the gal is in a bathing suit. And we're sure as shootin' that the men of the Division wouldn't object either. So let's see what beauties you can come up with.

The tabulation on the votes cast thus far indicates that Gloria Talbot is way out in front. However, no one in his right mind would throw rocks at any of the other chicks.

So, mark your ballots, men, and let's see who walks off with the title—"MISS 40TH . . . THE GAL I'D MOST."

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

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LEFT . . . Coquetish June Gilmore, promising young actress says, "Man, I'm For You," as she bids for the title of the Gal You'd Most . . . "Miss 40th Division."

BELOW . . . Bending every effort to be the sweetheart of the Division is Gloria Marshall, very busy television actress. She too would like to answer to the wolf call of the Grizzlies as "Miss 40th Division." How do you vote? . . .



# HAIR OF THE DOG

By Wolfe Bernard

The Lost Glory Of The Unsung Clam  
For That Morning-After-The-Night-Before

Why do people always write about love or hate or unrequited pieces of business that leave their principals spent and gasping? The answer is clear, for the primal urges are those which we all recognize quickly and which, as a result, reach that least common denominator of understanding with everyone, in the least possible length of time.

Suppose one were to resolutely sit oneself down and begin to write about belly-aches. Belly-aches are something which we all know about. The comedy juvenile screen writers let fly on the castor oil routine, beginning with the green apples or too much pie or the jam closet, follow with the facial contortion close-up selling the vile texture, snell and taste of the stuff—and then dissolve to the chastened culprit meekly in bed, with the benign family doctor and irate mother standing by.

This, as a matter of fact, is all bosh and they've bolloxed up an otherwise good spring-board for the story . . . which would naturally develop to that room devoted to the 20th century sanitation engineers and radio announcers (not too strong—not too weak—but just right). But, there it is. Everyone knows the results of castor oil, but it's considered bad taste to even infer what might hopefully be expected.

But then, the belly-ache has many more ramifications than appear superficially. Millions of people make a living because of it. Millions of people deliberately, or so it seems, set out to develop quite Grade A belly-aches just to test the efficacy of the cure-alls bleated on the air and in the press. "By Golly," you can almost hear them say as they dash for the corner drug store, "now we'll see if Flapperdoof's Wonder Tablets will do the trick because they dissolve almost instantly" . . . And bango! . . . into the drug store they barge and emerge triumphantly—rattling like a handful of peas inside a bass drum.

And take tomatoe juice . . . (lots of people do). Why I remember as a lad, when my father would wake up

on a Sunday about noon, wishing he had a hair of the dog that bit him . . . and be met with an icy, unsympathetic stare from my mother. He'd give out with a carefree (well, almost carefree) "Good morning, everybody," make a great fuss about tossing me over his splitting head — as though there weren't the million little men with their hammers working overtime in his unsteady dome — and say, "Son, how about a little stroll before breakfast." — "Lunch," monosyllabically from Mom.

But out we'd go, father chatting gaily and being brave all the way to the street. Once on the sidewalk he'd clap his hand to his head and moan an "Oh, please God, let me die now, here and now, but fast!" Then into Weiss's saloon on the corner of 135th Street and Brook Avenue we'd go.

I knew where we were going all the time, but father and I'd play as though it was always something new every Sunday. Straight to the bar Pop'd go. "Hi ya, Joe," Mr. Weiss would greet Pop as though everything was lovely and just as it should be.

"The usual, Sam," Pop managed as he hung with both hands on the bar.

Then Mr. Weiss would lean across the bar to me and whiff over a blast of bourbon breath, "And I have something special for you, too" . . . And I'd watch fascinated as Mr. Weiss fixed up Pop with a double brandy with two raw eggs.

How wonderful my Father seemed as he opened his large mouth and swallowed, in a gulp, the contents of that glass, two eggs and all. I always watched very carefully as one day I expected he'd never make both those eggs . . . but he always did. That finished, I'd look at the scantily clad curvaceous lady reclining over the bar. I knew her quite well and she always seemed to be staring back at me, too. I studied her every Sunday and sometimes I'd get another opportunity on a Saturday night when I was commissioned by my Mother to "Get Pop", and I'd go get.

Then Mr. Weiss would make a champagne cocktail for me, without champagne but it looked just like the real thing. "Well, son," he'd inquire, "what are you going to be when you grow up?"

"A drunkard like Pop, Mom says," I'd say.

And Mr. Weiss'd laugh and say "A chip off the old block, all right, all right; just a chip off'n the old block" and laugh again as if it was the funniest thing in the world.

By this time the pick-me-up that Pop had just swallowed would start to cook and Mr. Weiss'd bring him his chaser in a cup. It was steaming hot. Pop would take the cup, walk to the free lunch counter, pick up the pepper and a handful of cheese and baloney, sit himself down at one of those beautiful tables, shake plenty of pepper into the cup and start to sip noisily.

Now, if that were today, Pop'd have to walk into a fancy cocktail lounge, sniff one in a hurry and stagger to the corner drug store for a well advertised tomatoe juice and worcestershire sauce. But what was in the cup dished out by Mr. Weiss was the juice of an unsung clam.

Pop'd see me watching and he'd say, "Here son, take a sip. It'll put hair on your chest"—I'd take a sip. All week I'd watch my chest to see if anything was happening, but no hair appeared.

That clam juice worked wonders for Pop and everyone knew why a man drank it and accepted it. No one made any fuss about it as they do today when, on a Sunday morning, you blind stagger your way to the drug store for an advertised pick-me-up. Everyone around the counter knows the reason for your order and either they look cute or understanding, as you with a green grin accept it all in good clean fun, wishing they were all very dead indeed. Then sheepishly, but still a good fellow, you belch your way out of the embarrassment with, "Nothing like that Blatz's Instantaneous Intestinal Purge."

# ROUND UP

It's A Full Program That The Men Of The 40th Division Get While At Summer Field Training At Camp Roberts and Hunter Liggett. From the Big Guns To Side Arms, from Recreation To Kitchen Police, The Men of The Division Get The Full Treatment

## Div Arty

Division Artillery put on three shows. They fired a TOT (Time on Target) in which shells from guns of all four field artillery battalions burst on the target simultaneously.

The Redlegs staged a night illumination demonstration with 155 mm. illuminating shells providing the light required for 105 mm. guns to get on target.

alone would have been worth the price of admission.

The howitzers, M44s and representing a taxpayer investment of \$1,600,000, require a smaller crew than towed 155s. An hydraulic rammer is the primary labor saver. The gun is electrically elevated, depressed, and traversed, and a hull of armor gives all-round protection for the crew.

## Recruiting

The 1955-56 recruiting policy, as explained at Roberts by *Lt. Col. Thomas O. Lawson*, division personnel officer (G-1), calls for a month by month build up to a Divisionwide strength of 10,000 officers and men in time for camp next summer.

This quota, Lawson said, means a net increase of three men per unit is required each month. In many cases,



PFC. BILL CHOATE, Privts. Jim Chatterton, Robert Hausher, and Raymond Riley, and Cpl. Jose Ogo of 217th AAA Bn. take trial swing with new 40 mm. gun at Camp Roberts. INSET—M/Sgts. Jack T. Crutchfield and Richard T. Boos of 139th Tank Bn. compute marksmanship scores.



BRIG. GENs. Wayne C. Bailey, asst. 40th commander, and Charles A. Ott Jr., Div. Arty. commander, seem to be listening to Sgt. Leo Medina, Sfc. Billey R. Warnock and M/Sgts. John K. Kintsel and N. R. Borden, all of 225th Armd. Field Artillery Bn., describe new self-propelled 155 mm. howitzer.

Their most complicated display was the staging of a "battery test," with two guns from each of the light artillery battalions making up a composite battery.

The battery test, which *Brig. Gen. Charles A. Ott Jr.*, Div. Arty commander, hopes all units will be able to take at camp next year, involves a comprehensive workout in all techniques required to put a battery into action and take it out again in preparation for another forward move. This show was witnessed by the whole of Div. Arty.

## New Guns

While Div Arty's sojourn at camp was worth it from any standpoint, the acquisition of four new self-propelled 155 mm. howitzers and five double-barreled 40 mm. anti-aircraft guns

The 40 mm. AA guns, M41s, replaced towed single-barreled guns. They are mounted on a tracked and armored chassis too.

## Sick Call

Sick call was very light, with blisters, ordinary colds, and other minor ailments making up the bulk of complaints taken to the medics, according to *Lt. Col. Deane W. Benton*, division surgeon.

Only about 10 per cent of the command turned up for treatment. Upper respiratory infections — colds, grippe, etc., accounted for 40 per cent of the sick call load. Thirty-eight per cent of the patients had blisters, bumps, and sprains. Seven per cent needed emergency dental work.

There were few heat exhaustion cases.

obviously, more than three men per month will have to be recruited since every man discharged must be replaced and a gain registered in addition.

Lawson said that the loss of men, for a variety of reasons ranging from interference with education to removal from the state or enlistment in the regular services, has presented the greatest difficulty in building and maintaining strength.

Two units in the division are lending great force to Front Office (Div. Hq., that is) arguments that while recruiting may not be particularly easy on the other hand it is by no means the toughest thing in the world.

**Co. A, 132nd Armored Engineer Bn. and Hq. and Hq. Co., Combat Command C, both succeeded in recruiting to "war" strength prior to arrival at SFT.**

# IN THE FIELD . . . . . at . .

That this was a real feat is appreciated by those familiar with highly complicated tables of organization, strength limitations, reduction tables, and so on.

The point is that most outfits have a hard time arriving at and maintaining the minimum authorized strength. These two companies went all out, obtained permission, and recruited to "war" strength.

Credited by *Lt. Col. Edward F. Niblock*, CCC commander, with the bulk of the job in his unit were 1st *Lt. Raymond Booth*, Hq. Co. commander, 2nd *Lt. James C. Crain*, *M/Sgt. Henry Compton*, and *Cpl. Gayle Miller*.

Experienced recruiters agree that Co. A has the right idea. The experts believe good military training, handled by efficient leaders, is the number one requirement while athletic and social events are great interest builders.

## Plenty of Special Services

Probably the busiest man at Roberts was *Capt. Paul Xanthos*, division special services officer, who coordinated P X matters—including three mobile stores which floated around Hunter Liggett—movies, survival swimming courses, athletic contests, and the activities of 45 sweet young things who appeared in two camp shows and an aquacade.

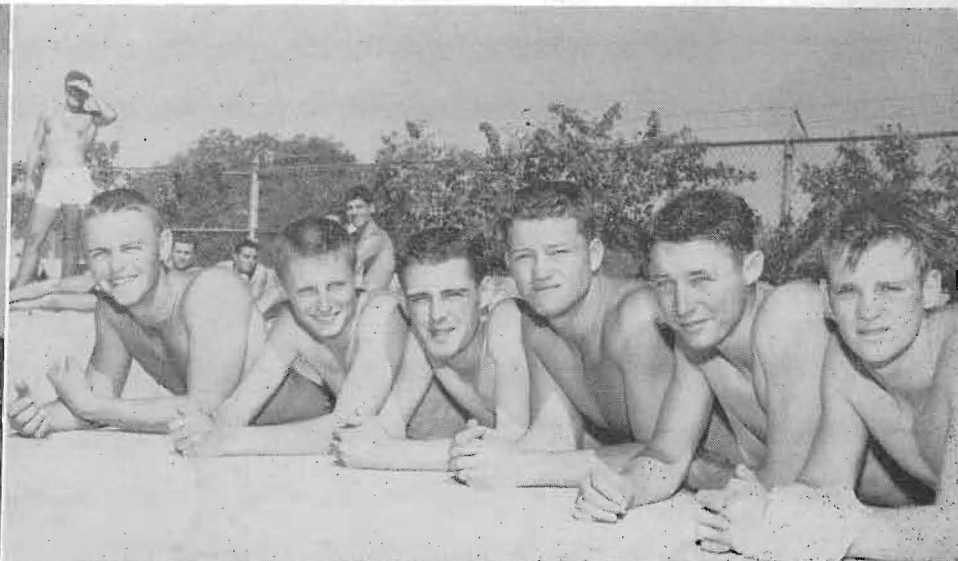
sionwide boxing honors (not to mention a perpetual trophy given by the Texas Co.)

Btry. B., 215th Armored Field Artillery Bn. won the Division Basketball championship and a perpetual trophy presented by Fox West Coast Theatres. John E. Lavery, executive assistant of the general manager, who was a Guardsman himself at the age of 16, was on hand to see that the award was properly placed in the hands of *Sfc. Clyde Towles of Btry. B.*

The 139th Tank Bn. team won the Division volleyball prize presented by *Pvt. Howard Krapf* for the Bill Toth Camera Shop in Los Angeles.



PUZZLED? Pfc. Al T. Guitierrez, 139th, looks on as Sgt. Richard Wilson, Co. C, 223, gives pointers on firing 81 mm. mortar to Cpl. Marvin Reed, H&S Co., 139.



COOLING DIP in Camp Roberts swimming pool is there for the asking. Lying at poolside, left to right, SFC. Edward K. O'Connor, Cpl. Richard G. Paune, Sgt. James Edwards, Sgt. Delmar L. Payne, Sgt. Rob Rhyman, and Pfc. Clarence Patterson, 132nd Armd. Engr. Bn.

Most of the kudos for building up Co. A of the Engineers go to *M/Sgt. Raymond Jacobs*, who is also the company's administrative, supply, and maintenance technician.

Jacobs "sells" military training. He tells prospects that while his company probably won't turn out professional engineers, it does give its men first-rate grounding in the basic principles of soldiering.

This engineer company keeps a lot of balls in the air at the same time. A full athletic schedule has their baseball, football, and basketball teams on the jump. In addition there is a rifle team. And on top of that there are dances and an occasional week-end military workout on the men's own time.

And he had to oversee the playing of 30 softball and 15 volleyball games and 20 boxing matches, in addition to his other duties.

But that athletics are taken seriously in the 40th is demonstrated by the fact that, once again, deskbound Division staff officers whipped Regulars of the Advisor Group on the ball diamond. Unfortunately, *Capt. Harold D. Hawley* of the Regulars suffered a finger injury which hospitalized him at Letterman General in San Francisco.

On other playing fields, however, the 225 Armored Field Artillery Bn. managed to walk off with the Division Softball championship, and a Bank of America perpetual trophy, and divi-

## AG Progress Awards

*The Adjutant General's Progress Awards* are, yearly, the cause of plenty of stiff competition. There is a cup for the unit, in each of the major commands of the Division, making the greatest progress during the year.

The awards went to the 40th *Armored Signal Co.*, for Division Troops; *Co. B.*, 160th Armored Infantry Bn., for Combat Command A; *Co. D.*, 134th Tank Bn., for Combat Command B.; *Co. C.*, 139th Tank Bn., for Combat Command C.; *Hq. and Hq. Btry, Division Artillery*, for Div Arty; and *Co. A.*, 40th *Armored Quartermaster Bn.* for Div Trains.

# CAMP ROBERTS . . . and . . .

## Camp Attendance 94%

Ninety-four per cent of the officers and men in the Division were on deck for summer field training.

Three units, the Band; Hq. and Hq. Co., Combat Command B; and Hq. and Hq. Co., Combat Command C, took all of their personnel to Roberts.

Near misses were scored by Div. Hq., with 99 per cent; Hq. and Hq. Btry., Div Arty, and the 134th Tank Bn. with 98 per cent; and the 161st Armored Infantry Bn. with 97 per cent.

Strengthwise it was noted that 1,940 Grizzlies went to camp in 1953, 4,658 in 1954, and 5,483 this year. Last year

## Services Commended

Three enlisted men and three officers received the State Commendation Ribbon with Pendant—for distinguished service in the California National Guard.

Recipients were Maj. Sylvester G. Weller, 104th Tank Bn.; Capt. Lothrop Mittenthal, M/Sgt. Donald L. Stehsel, and Sfc. George A. Hill, 223rd Armored Infantry Bn.; and M/Sgt. Javious F. Denier Jr., 224th Armored Infantry Bn.

The decorations were presented by General Eaton at a retreat ceremony of Combat Command C.

Since Camp the same award has

## Visitors' Department

Since great effort is always expended to get local wheels to visit their hometown units at Camp, faces in Combat Command B reddened when jeeps loaded with VIPs from Ontario bogged down in a riverbed.

And while help was being sought in the form of tanks to tow the jeeps to dry land, Mayor G. E. McQuatters, Police Chief H. M. Swinney, and Councilmen Sam Wickersham and R. E. Peterson tried to cool their heels in the shade of a nearby tree.

Reddest face in the Command, naturally, was owned by the motor transportation officer — also chief escort — WOJG Robert E. Ellingwood.



SMILES of approval of THE GRIZZLY appear on the faces of the Sgts. pictured above. Left to right: Paul Menefee, Steve Camarillo, Carlos Oviedo, and Donald Jacobs.



LT. JOHN R. FREEMAN, 139th Tank Bn., proudly shows his composite Honor Guard—at Camp Roberts—to Maj. Gen. L. L. Doan, left, chief, Armored Sec., Continental Army Command, and Lt. Gen. Robert N. Young, Sixth Army Commander. Guard turned out to greet visiting firemen last summer.

the attendance average was 89 per cent. Improvement also was noted in the AWOL averages. In 1953 the average was 5.4 per cent as compared with 10.3 last year and 3.2 this year.

Attendance averages for major units this year were:

Division Troops,	95%
CAA	93%
CCB	96%
CCC	94%
Div Arty	94%
Trains	93%

gone to Maj. Thomas K. Turnage and WOJG Lawrence R. Whittington, both of CCC, and 2nd Lt. John W. Heidmiller.

## Real Roofs?

For probably the first time in history, this year 40th troops were housed in barracks for SFT. In the past 40th Guardsmen have lived under canvas at Yosemite, Del Monte, and San Luis Obispo. Heat aside, all hands were pleased with facilities — in addition to barracks with showers — available at Roberts including swimming pool, service club, plenty of PX's, and movie theatres.

The foursome spent three days with CCB.

Up from Torrence, to visit with Co. E, 132nd Armored Engineer Bn. were Mayor Albert Ison and Civil Defense Coordinator George Powell.

Other visitors included:

Mayor George W. Davis of Beverly Hills and Assemblymen James Holmes and Patrick McGee.

Lt. Gen. Robert N. Young, Sixth Army Commander; Maj. Gens. Edwin K. Wright, 6th Infantry Div.; Earle M. Jones, adjutant general of California; and Ivan L. Foster, CNG Reserve;

# HUNTER LIGGETT . . .

Brig. Gens. William W. Burgess (ret.), former Div Arty commander; Harold Hopping (ret.), for many years a 40th officer; Oscar Jahnsen, assistant adjutant general; and Harold Hjelm (ret.), former legal officer for the AG.

## Intelligence School

A jam-packed three-day course in combat intelligence was completed by 32 officers and men. Classes covered classic subjects — *map reading, reconnaissance, collection and processing of combat information, counter-intelligence, sketching, and terrain studies.*

Heading the instruction team were Maj. Frank N. Qualls, division intelligence officer (G-2), and his assistants. Capt. Weston C. Cooley, Capt. Donald F. Beck, and 1st Lt. H. W. More Jr.

160th Armd. Inf.—Capt. John A. Tujague, Sgt. Charles R. Crockett, advanced.

161st Armd. Inf.—Sgt. Francis M. Latchford Jr., Pvt. John G. Goulet, basic; Capt. Delbert J. Wilson, Sfc. Arnold L. Moore, advanced.

111th Recon. Bn.—M/Sgt. William A. Sanborn, Pfc. Rexford H. Shepherd, basic.

Hq. CCB—Sfc. Robert J. Simpson, basic; Maj. Peter C. Reid, advanced.

134th Tank Bn.—Sgt. Dayton M. Kilborn, basic.

224th Armd. Inf.—Sfc. Donald W. Hall, basic.

Hq. CCC—Sgt. John E. Duquette, advanced.

139th Tank Bn.—Pfc. Delbert D. Hanan, basic; 1st Lt. Maynard G. Garrison, advanced.

217th AAA Bn.—M/Sgt. Evan M. Sproul, Cpl. William W. Beers Jr., Pfc. Thomas S. Donnellan, basic; Sgt. Billy B. Palmer, advanced.

140th Tank Bn.—Sfc. Paul A. Welch, Cpl. David O. Bunch, Cpl. Billy D. Clayton, Pfc. Manuel A. Salinas, Pvt. James R. Bittman, basic; 2nd Lt. John L. Bausano, Sfc. Harry B. Ellis, Sfc. Richard B. Evans, Sgt. Lawrence L. Hume, Cpl. Robert J. Sweigart, advanced.

223rd Armd. Inf. Bn.—Sgt. Vincent Caruso, Cpl. Ernest Childs, basic; Capt. Gerald Preshaw Jr., advanced.

143rd AFAB — Cpl. William D. Harding, Pfc. Allen B. Grant, basic; Sgt. Albert R. Hildenbrand, advanced.

214th AFAB—Pfc. David R. Fender, Pfc. Eugene Hubbard, Pvt. Robert King, basic.

215th AFAB — M/Sgt. Robert J. Noetzel, Cpl. Gerald N. Brown, Cpl. Edgar P. Lockhart, basic.

225th AFAB—Sgt. Rudolph Castillo, Cpl. Guillermo Rodriguez, basic, Capt. John M. Sathrum, advanced.



MEDICAL evacuation—part of helicopter operations at Camp Roberts, 1955. Left to right—Cpl. Earl R. Chaffin, Med. Det., 133rd Tank Bn.; 2nd Lt. Bernard Koffs, with plasma, 133; SFC Orville D. McDaniel, H&S 224; Cpl. Sal Lamonica, Med. Det., 139; and Sgt. Hector S. Hol-



quin, 239. M/Sgt. Charles Angelo, 224, makes like a patient. (Right)—SAWMILL in form of powered chain saw is operated on bridge timber under supervision of Sgt. Ramiro Fernandez, center, by Cpl. Manuel Saucedo, left, and Pvt. Valentine Saucedo, all of Co. A, 132nd AEB.

## News Briefs

(Continued from Page 9)

The celebration wound up with a community dance staged by the Jr. Chamber and was one of the best demonstrations of community support recently seen.

### Beaumont-Banning Armory

Plans are shaping up for an Armory for Co. A, 224th Armd. Inf. Bn. at

Beaumont-Banning. Construction contracts are expected to be let shortly.

### Whittier Merchant Boosts 40th

Ezra B. Hinshaw, an honorary 40th colonel who owns department stores in Whittier and Arcadia and who has devoted his half-hour television show to the 40th four times in the past two years, recently did it again. He televised a film made under the supervision of Maj. W. D. McGlasson, PIO, at Camp Roberts. Photography and nar-

ration was done by Cpl. Milas Hinshaw—no relation.

General Eaton, who appeared in the Hinshaw production, boosted the 40th and the Grizzly, recently on the Jimmie Fiddler Hollywood news show and a sports TV-cast handled by Maj. Jimmy Wilson (for Bob Yeakel, the Wilshire Oldsmobile dealer). Wilson, of course, was Special Services Officer of the 40th early in the Korean War.

(Continued on page 24)

# GUNG....



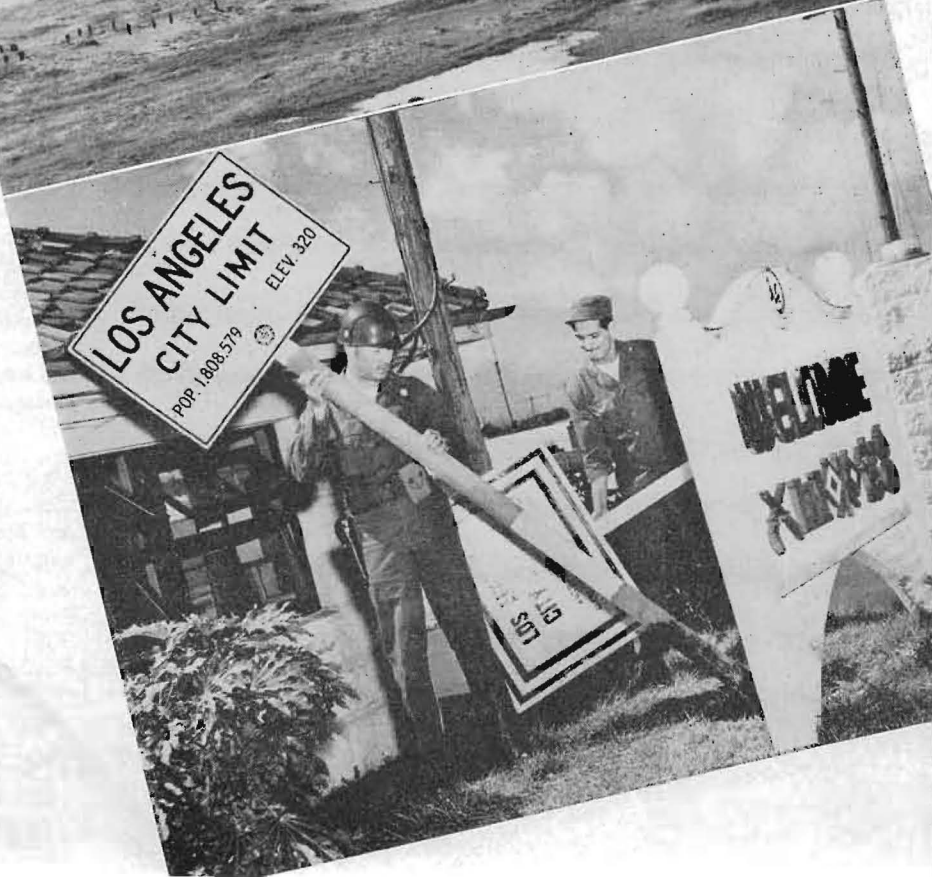
## OVERSEAS

"Earn, Learn, and Travel with the U.S. Army," the posters say. Which is what Grizzlies did plenty of during Korean war. They yakked at optimistic State-side headlines—while Korea-bound—knocked themselves out on land and sea in training, and knocked out Chinese Communists for real in Korea, misnamed Land of the Morning Calm. But there was time for horseplay with Los Angeles city limit sign at city limit of Sendai, (Miyagi Prefecture) and for prayer in shell-cratered, Napalm roasted Korean hills.





# HO.....



# MURDER TRAIL

By Hal Smith

LAST INSTALLMENT . . . of the ex-Grizzly  
who gambled with a killer on a road to hell!

## FOREWORD

*Endless days and nights of terror cloaked Ben, Meg and Dietz like a shroud across the desert lands and high rugged mountains. For it was escape and bitter hate from reality. A veteran with one lung, he tried to keep his wife Meg with him in his private hell away from life. Meg fought the losing battle of trying to retain sanity and in despair turned to Dietz, a killer. Now this hating trio were attempting to escape. Meg and Ben from the bitterness of life—Dietz from the law.*

MEG CARRIED the old shoebox filled with snapshots, the history of their life together, that couldn't be stowed with the other duffle she packed on her back. It made climbing awkward for her, it tired her arms and the ribbon that tied it became black with grime, sharp with the moisture of her hands, and cut into the flesh. The corners bit into her sides when she carried it under her arm. And even after the continual abuse the box took, and when the edges were broken down, and the cardboard was limp, it weighed her down with an unnatural drag as though it were loaded with regrets instead of a pasteboard record, jumbled in a pasteboard box.—But she clung to it like a life raft.

And finally she fell, clutching the box to her bosom, grinding her face into the gritty volcanic shale. The box smashed and spilled its contents all around her like an exploded shell, the little squares drifting from her in the sharp wind, falling into the yawning canyon.

She scrambled frantically on hands and knees for her treasures as though they were the only remaining links to life—a dream become more precious in the midst of this nightmare . . .

Ben's heavily booted foot stopped her at the edge, captured beneath his heel the prize which she would have followed to the rocky canyon bottom a thousand feet below. She lay on her belly, her grimy cheek against his

boot, her eyes blinded by tears and sand.

She slept finally, still clutching the picture to her: Ben's picture as a National Guardsman, a grinning young man holding his best girl about the waist . . .

## CHAPTER 4

BEN'S anger gave him strength to pass the stages of weariness against which his body screamed. His throat raw with regular open-mouthed gasping, the thin mountain air tearing his chest until the pain receded into a burning boil deep in his gut.

Meg and Dietz dragged themselves after him up the ragged-edged ledges of rock-shelves that pushed into the sky. At the crests they stumbled awkwardly down the shale-strewn decline to the next rise where a new obstacle forced them again and again. They saved their breath and fell to the ground exhausted when Ben called a halt. They toiled like ants across the ceiling of the world, all their energies turned inward to survival.

The dawn of the second day, when they stoped for rest, they were on the edge of a desert plateau, dried mud baked hard in a sun that was already conquering them, first warming the mountain chill and stiff fatigue from their limbs, and then choking them with blast oven heat.

Without eating—without words, they dropped to the ground in the lee of a

granite splinter that pierced the plain. Two hours later the shadow had moved and became a black pool huddled at the foot of the rock, exposing the sleepers to the direct rays of the sun. They lay there, too exhausted to awaken, moaning and tearing at their clothes in their sleep.

They awakened half out of their minds and got to their feet in a stupor. The sun was at its height, aimed at them like a flame thrower.

Ben alone was strong enough to insist that they carry all the things they started with; Dietz submitted only when Ben pointed a gun at him. Dietz stared at him with stupid hatred as Ben took charge of the three canteens, and threw his own blanket on top of Dietz's pack.

An hour's tramping over the rough ground that shimmered like the top of a stove in the short rays of the sun, and Meg fell farther and farther behind the two men, until it seemed hopeless that she would ever be able to catch up with them. She tried to call, but her voice was a hoarse croak. She sank to her knees.

Ben noticed that Meg was no longer with them and started back. Dietz grabbed him and tried to force him to go on. “. . . Leave her! What the hell good is she anyhow?”

He struggled with Ben and finally knocked him down. Ben staggered to his feet and turned again toward Meg. Dietz took out his gun and faced Ben.

Ben looked at the gun, and then plodded on past Deitz.

Deitz didn't fire. He screamed hysterically after Ben, and then followed him.

When Ben reached her she was only partially conscious. He forced some water down her throat and erected a shelter for her out of a blanket: "We'll stay."

Ben leaned over Meg and loosened her jeans and unbuttoned her blouse. He bathed her neck and arms with a water-soaked rag. His hand touched the edge of the picture she had secreted deep in the bosom of her blouse. He drew it out slowly. Meg's hands suddenly clutched his. Her eyes opened and stared deeply into his for a moment; and her hands relaxed. The picture was warm from her skin. Ben looked up and saw Deitz standing over them. Meg cringed from Deitz's eyes.

"Can I help?" Deitz asked.

Ben remembering stood abruptly. "Sure," he said, "take over."

"Ben!" she protested weakly.

"If you're strong enough to be modest," he said harshly, "you're strong enough to take care of yourself." He threw the rag down and walked away. He saw Deitz bending over her, talking to her. He tore the picture viciously, tore it again and threw the pieces away.

Meg was saying, "Tell Ben that there was nothing between us . . . Just tell him the truth, that nothing happened . . ." she pleaded.

Deitz laughed. "That's an academic question, don't you think? It isn't what didn't happen. It's what could have happened. What's the matter, don't you find me attractive anymore?"

Meg twisted away from his outstretched hand. "Get away from me!"

"Why should you settle for a one-lunger when you can have a straight eight?"

"I'll call Ben!"

"What'll that prove? He was ready to leave you rot here."

"I don't believe you!"

"There you are," Deitz laughed. "You don't believe me and neither would he, if I told him what you want me to." Deitz smiled. "Some people won't face the truth if it hits them in the face. That's why I'm one jump ahead of everybody. You want me to talk to him?"

"No." She buried her head in the grimy blanket.

"Sure. Maybe I'll talk to him anyhow. Set him straight. Tell him about the facts of life . . ."

THE brassy sunset went unheeded. An airplane beacon flashed across the sky with hypnotic regularity. They chewed methodically on dried prunes doled out by Ben, wet down with a ration of water.

Deitz was chatty when they broke camp to travel that evening. "Come, cheer up," he said to the grim-faced pair. "Look at it this way: We're out for a tramp in the hills. A vacation. It's a working stiff's dream, a trip like this. A vacation complete with sore muscles and overexposure. That's what most people love."

"You don't think much of people."

"People are like cattle. They travel in herds. They think in herds."

"All except you. You're different. You're above laws."

"You're no better. Deep down you wish you had the guts to be like me."

Meg spoke: "He never killed a man in cold blood."

"He killed men. Didn't you, Ben, in the war? How did he know what they were—what they thought? Does that make him a hero and me a murderer?"

"That was war," she said.

"That's just my point. It's all war. It's a question of winning or losing. My war just happens to be on a smaller, more personal scale."

"Everything shows a balance sheet, Ben's voice sounded rusty, "even the killing of a cop."

"That's right."

"But he was a human being!" Meg seemed tortured as though she were re-living the experience.

"He had the misfortune of getting in my way—in the way of my plans . . . I don't understand people. I guess it's a way the weak and stupid have of protecting themselves . . . and each other."

Ben shouldered his pack. "You must be a happy man," he said coldly.

"I'm a man with a destiny." He looked up at the airplane beacon that swept the now darkened sky and smiled. "There are two kinds of people in the world: Those who let themselves be pushed around by circumstances—and the others."

Ben smiled sickly. "I guess that pegs me."

"Well, look at you—and look at me."

"That's one thing I'm spared—I don't have to look at myself . . ."

"Get smart, guy,—nobody gives a damn about you."

"Thanks for the tip." Ben said wearily. "The more you get away with, Deitz insisted, "the better they like you. Take women, for instance . . ."

Ben turned and started up the trail.

"You wouldn't know anything about women," Meg said bitterly.

(Continued on page 25)



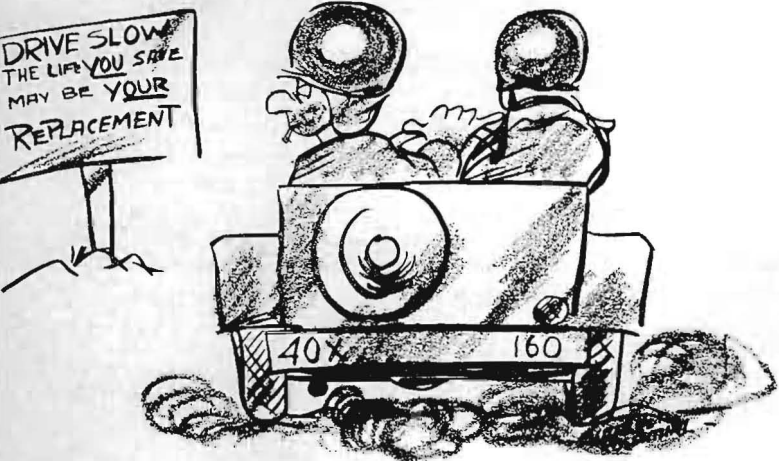
" . . . Then he ran his hairy hand over her milky white . . . 'To be continued next week.' "

# SOUND OFF!

## A Forum For Enlisted Men Only

### The Question:

If You Had The Authority What Change Would You Make In The National Guard? . . . How Do You Feel About Compulsory Military Training, And Should Women Be Included In Such Compulsory Training?



When the immortal bard Shakespeare wrote, "All the world's a stage . . ." ". . . he dug 1955 the most! Faced as we are today with Iron Curtains, Bamboo Curtains and such, behind which the fires of war are banked high and ready to burst into flames, it would seem that what we need is an *ABESTOS* curtain to keep the flames of destruction from licking at our heels and worse.

The leaders of the various nations of the world are the "producers" of the shows behind these curtains and it is hoped that what finally appears on the stage will be a "spectacular" of peace on earth and good will toward men as was said by the greatest of the world's Teachers many centuries ago.

But,—and it's a big BUT—there's many a slip "twixt the cup and the saucer," and some joker is liable to upset the entire apple cart of the world and the first thing you know we'll have had it—again.

No person in his right mind wants war. However, if the past is any indication (and history has a way of repeating itself) the *possibility* of war exists no matter how hard we

try to avoid this most disturbing fact. Therefore, one of the subjects presented in *SOUND OFF* has to do with *preparing* for the possibility of combat: Therefore we are interested in hearing the opinions of the men who will be called upon to protect those freedoms we hold so dear.

The words "National Guard" have meaning. Simply, it is guardians of the nation. That means protectors of your homes. But it is more than that. It also demonstrates a willingness to fight for a way of life we have come to know as Democracy and Freedom.

When we posed the question about women in the armed forces, we expected a lot of kidding answers as well as serious ones. However, it seems that the men of the 40th prefer to "keep the little woman in the home where she belongs"—A little reflection and the record of the women in the armed forces will reveal much to the contrary. However, we'd like to hear from women on this score.

(ED. NOTE: The columns of *THE GRIZZLY* are open to readers. That means everyone who reads the magazine whether they're members of the 40th Division or not.)



Once again, we want to point out that anyone writing to THE GRIZZLY in this department or to Letters To The Editor (Blow It Out Here) need not have their real names used. However, they *must identify themselves to the editors*, for the protection of the publication against crack-pot letter writers. Just indicate in your letter that you do not wish to have your real name used, and we will respect that wish.

Therefore, we are repeating the question "WHAT MAJOR CHANGE WOULD YOU MAKE IN THE NATIONAL GUARD IF YOU HAD THE AUTHORITY?" in the next issue.

If I had the authority to make a change in the National Guard, I'd concentrate all available time on giving the men a chance to devote all available time putting into practice their armory training rather than fixing up tents so that they have nice rock borders and other things of this type so things will look good to Generals and other high officers.

—Pfc. Paul D. Naylor

If I had the chance and opportunity, I'd tighten up regulations and make the National Guard more like the regular army.

—Cpl. John Bowland

Compulsory military training is a MUST in any branch of the armed services. A soldier must do as he's told. It's compulsory for a soldier to learn and do as he's told . . . As for women in the National Guard I don't see what women could do,—but believe me it wouldn't hurt having them around,—say about 100 percent of the time.

—M/Sgt. Don Jacobs

*You missed the point Don. We didn't mean, "should men already in one of the branches of the armed services have respect for discipline and be 'compelled' to obey orders—but rather should the draft be applied to ALL men of the United States when they arrive at a certain*

*age . . . We wonder how many WACS and WAVES would agree with you about their usefulness.*

I think compulsory military training is a good thing and should become law. In that way the United States would always have an army ready for any emergency.

—Cpl. George A. McLeary

I think girls should be kept at home learning the art of housekeeping and family management, rather than being in the army.

—Pfc. Joseph R. Lenninger

*Man — you're asking for it.*

If there should be compulsory military training, girls should be included as well as men. They would be able to do all the cooking and provide entertainment for the roops.

—Robert J. Perko

Compulsory military training is great, but there is no actual need for inducting women.

—Sfc. William H. Fisher

If I had the authority to make a change in the National Guard, I'd provide arrangements for married men to bring their wives to camp so that single men would have a better chance in town when off duty. (This opinion, it seems, was shared by both of these men.)

—Pvt. Jerry Tartaglio

—Cpl. Jim Walsh

I don't know about compul-

sory military training, but it would be nice to have women in with us.

—Pfc. John H. Helms

The National Guard is California's minute men, hence each man should have at least one summer of boot camp.

—Cpl. James Heaton

If I had the authority to make a major change in the National Guard, I would give all National Guardsmen 4 months of 2 weeks each of rough training. In that way we would always have well trained units as we should have, ready and prepared for any type of enemy aggression.

—Sfc. Carlos Oviedo

*These three men joined forces on their opinions of compulsory military training and women.*

Compulsory military training would be great. Every young man should join the National Guard . . . But as for women in the armed forces, NO! They would distract the men from their training.

—Pfc. S. Cosma

—Pvt. Maurice Aylesworth

—Pfc. A. Contreras

The brothers Halverson are pictured here, however, only James ventured an opinion on compulsory military training. He says: "I'm for compulsory military training for the protection of our country . . . I'm also for compulsory training for women, who could be used as nurses."

—James Halverson



# Honor Guardsmen

It's HATS OFF to the Founder Subscribers, those men of the Division who evidenced their faith in THE GRIZZLY by signing up for three year subscriptions before even seeing what the magazine looked like.

Without their support it would have been a sorry day. With their support we had it made. . . . We said we would publish the pictures of those Founder Subscribers in an HONOR GUARDSMEN department, and we are doing just that. But there are plenty of others who are

HONOR GUARDSMEN but who haven't sent in their pictures as yet. It doesn't have to be any fancy portrait photo. Any good snapshots will do. (And believe us some of those snapshots we've been getting haven't been so good.) But, let's have them.

In the meantime here is the latest batch: Carlos Oviedo, Hilton Russell, Edward Manning, Werner Silkey, Richard Nickel, Lawrence Griffiths, Fred Valenzuela, Charlie Rosenthal, Donald Jacobs, and Manuel Gonzales Sr.



# ARE YOU LOSING YOUR HAIR?

By Walt Marcyan

There are various reasons for premature baldness. Among the most widely accepted are the following: Heredity or the predisposition toward baldness is accepted by many as leading to early baldness; others believe that mental tension and scalp tightness is the main reason; other hair restorers insist that a dirty scalp prevents hair growth; pessimists say that if you lack a sufficient layer of fatty tissue under the skin you cannot grow hair. I can not truthfully say either that any of these conclusions are wrong or right. I honestly believe that in a lot of cases of early baldness it is a combination of several of these factors, plus the lack of a sufficiency of vitamins, minerals and trace elements in the daily diet.

About four years ago I had a pharmaceutical firm formulate a vitamin-mineral supplement for my pupils here at the Walt Marcy Gym at 1398 Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles. This food supplement was used very successfully as an adjunct in safe reducing. It was used in conjunction with some truly mazing muscular weight gaining cases. I had every pupil, man or woman, who complained of tiredness, weakness or lack of endurance, take the Dyn-A-Pak supplement. In every case these pupils said they noticed an improvement in energy and endurance within the first 5 days of use. As time went on I noticed that a large percentage of these testimonials mentioned that their finger nails were growing faster and stronger, that their hair was growing thicker and that it had stopped falling out. Previously when they washed their hair in the wash bowl the drain always showed large quantities of hair, but after using Dyn-A-Pak for a month or two there was just a minimum loss. Many women have told me that their hair was growing thicker and glossier—that where before their combs were filled with loose hair, now that loss was cut to an amazing few hairs.

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etc., etc. It has the wonder vitamin B-12, Chlorophyllin, iron, vitamin E, Alfalfa, Brewer's Yeast, Folic acid, iodine, potassium, etc., etc.

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Vitamin B2	6,000 mcg.	300%	Iron	3.3 mg.	66%
Vitamin B6	100 mcg.	**	Iodine	335 mcg.	133%
Vitamin B12	2 mcg.	*	Copper	110 mcg.	*
Vitamin C	3,200 i. u.	533%	Potassium	13.1 mg.	*
Calcium Panthothenate	500 mcg.	*	Magnesium	2.66 mg.	*
Niacinamide	156.8 mg.	*	Cobalt	43 mcg.	*
Vitamin E	200 mcg.	*	Chlorine	13.0 mg.	*
Inositol	320 mcg.	*	Nickel	123 mcg.	*
Biotin	.63 mcg.	*	Sodium	4.43 mg.	*
Folic Acid	1.33 mcg.	*	Sulphur	31 mg.	*
Brewer's Yeast	129 mg.	*	Alfalfa, Watercress, Alfalfa Ext., Parsley, etcipients		
Liver	335 mg.	*			

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satisfied, return the open package to me within 10 days and I will cheerfully refund your entire \$9.95. Remember that I guarantee that if you don't have more pep, more endurance, and do not believe that it is helping your hair in the first ten days, I will cheerfully refund your full purchase price.

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# News Briefs

(Continued from page 15)

## Promotions

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

Maj.—George G. Wagner, 217th.

1st Lt.—Robert S. Clayton, 134th.

2nd Lt.—Edward S. Brown, 161st; Donald D. Jones and Warren L. Kolb, 224th; John W. Heidmiller, 217th.

CWO-2—Edward A. Lehman, 161st.

M/Sgt.—Richard A. Cordero, Joseph W. Hudelson, 160th; Robert R. Thomas, 161st; Merwyn D. McGregor, 225th; Charles A. Grossman, Daniel J. Hernandez, Med. Bn.

Sfc.—Estus A. Younger, Sig. Co.; William R. Burke, 160th; Francis M. Latchford Jr., Paul C. Saucedo Jr., John F. Webb, Everett W. Yates Jr., Janis E. Bernsteins, Don H. Hand, 161st; Glenn D. Stubblefield, 225th; John D. McKown, Richard C. Jones, Med. Bn.

Sgt.—Walter T. Marty, Fred M. Roller, Jack R. Winchester, Sig. Co.; Robert E. Carroll, CCA; Roy A. Almgren, 160th; Bill G. Fox, Norman Foreman, Bobby G. Hanley, Carl E. Keller, Charles B. Killian, Robert E. Lee, Ronald L. Phillips, Donald C. Barnett, William J. Castner, Don Cason, John D. Lingerman Jr., 161st; John A. Parish, Richard A. Beltran, Edward R. Cox, Bobby G. Gamble, Donald J. Kennedy, William A. Rohrer, Guadalupe J. Diaz, Kenneth M. Harlan, Lawrence D. Mendez, 225th; Patrick R. Hubbard, 217th; Riley O. Bradshaw, Wyatt J. Kondris, Robert F. Moser, Melvin R. Patterson, Joe L. Sandoval, Darrel C. Hubbs, Byron O. Miller, Raymond C. Quesada, David L. Glasser, William R. Shapiro, Med. Bn.

Cpl.—Mike Hatchimonji, Robert J. Lucsak, Sig. Co.; Salvador B. Saucedo, CCA; LeRoy H. Jarvis, 140th; Edward P. Black, Roland L. Biancaflor, Roy Gonzales, Charles R. Griffin, Richard B. Kates, Richard J. Markano, John D. Mathis, Fred C. Pylar Jr., Vincent M. Valdez, Jimmy T. White, 160th; Kenneth D. Miller, Edward M. Arellano, Winthrop S. Evans, Johnny Leigh, Donald L. Love, Lee H. Bass, William D. Collyer, Ronald W. Farrell, David L. Menzie, Lloyd E. Mitchell, Donald F. Nicoil, Albert C. Salaets, John J. Varela, Paul J. Vasquez, 161st; Denver R. Campbell, Leonard L. Jones, George R. Rusnak, Gordon R. Vanek, 214th; Phillip A. Bas, Lennie R. Wells, Thomas Loch, Thomas D. Hutchason, William D. Isom, Loyd D. Lester, Richard Estrada, Ronald G. Ward,

Thomas H. O'Malley, Robert Q. Frutos, Anthony R. Carabajal, Anthony Artiaga, Ronald O. Baker, Les J. Hobbs, Richard L. Parker, Gordon F. Roinestad, Salvador Rivas, Robert L. Simas, Virgil P. Veglia, Jesse Villegas, 225th; Robert A. Hubbard, Robert A. Cuevas, Jerry Hayes, Waldo D. Miller, 217th; Jerry J. Barendredgt, Robert J. Picott, Ronald P. Burr, Thomas C. Valdez, Vincel H. Jencks, James D. Matheny, Edward J. Robertson, Raymond A. Summers, Richard W. Thompson, Steven J. Vukovich, Med. Bn.

## 40th Shooters Score Victory

Pershing once hollered: "Give me soldiers who can shoot and salute."

The 40th could give 'em to him, for Grizzly teams swept the field at the recent State Rifle Matches at Ford Ord, and Sgt. Raymond L. Melton, 139th Tank Bn., did fine, thank you, at the 1955 National Rifle Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio.

What with teams from all the services—active and reserve—making like Dan'l Boones, the Camp Perry shoot is the hottest in the country.

Melton, a one-time Marine who later fought in Europe during World War II with the 2nd and 3rd Armd. Divs., was the only 40th shooter on the Calif. National Guard team sent to Perry. In 13 days he fired in 16 matches and tallied a total score of 1870 points out of a possible 2050.

The state team placed third in the National Trophy Match, while Melton won medals for 23rd place in the Match Rifle Rapid Fire Match, against 670 competitors, and 40th in the Service Rifle Rapid Fire Match, against 785 other Dead Eyes.

At Ord Grizzly teams walked off with the team championships for the M-1, carbine, and pistol.

Melton bagged himself first place in an individual rifle match, while Maj. William S. Geissert, C.O. of the 132nd Armd. Engr. Bn., and M/Sgt. Gordon W. Rose, 224th Armd. Inf. Bn., won a third place apiece in individual matches.

Capt. Charles Young, 40th Armd. Ord. Bn., consistently punched the bull with his .45, taking first place in all four individual pistol matches and wiping up the competition with the top aggregate score. Sgt. Ove A. Muotka, 139th Tank Bn., fired third place in one individual shoot and Capt. J. D. Benson, 140th Tank Bn., took the third slot in three others.

Weilding a carbine, Cpl. Richard Gauthier, 111th Recon. Bn., was top shooter in one individual match and second in another. Sfc. Norman R. Vierra, 139th Tank Bn., and M/Sgt. Virgil W. Love, 225th Armd. F.A. Bn., placed second in other individual matches, while Gauthier bagged second place for aggregate scoring in four shoots. Lt. Richard W. Kramer of the 132nd copped a third in an individual match.

In an earlier shoot-fest Sgt. Leopoldo Rojo, M/Sgt. Buna T. Parker, and Cpl. Samuel Trawick, all of the 224th Armd. Inf. Bn., chattered their way to ownership of the Adjutant General's Machine Gun Trophy for 1955.

And the Adjutant General's High Individual Automatic Rifle Perpetual Trophy was awarded to Sgt. Donald B. Betts, 223rd Armd. Inf. Bn. The Maj. Gen. R. E. Mittelstaedt Automatic Rifle Perpetual Team Trophy was won by the 223rd, Betts and Pvt. James A. Leitgeb Jr. on the firing line.

Betts also got away with the Brig. Gen. Edgar Barrett Perpetual AR Match Trophy, while M/Sgt. Charles E. Estermyer of the 223rd won the Maj. Gen. Wallace A. Mason Perpetual AR Match Trophy. Leitgeb took the Gen. Frank B. DeLano Perpetual AR Match Trophy.

## Promotion Time-In-Grade

It always takes time to get promoted. Here is how much it takes in the 40th now:

To Pfc. (E-3)—two months in grade E-2, six months' total service.

To Cpl. (E-4)—six months in grade E-3, one summer field training camp, 12 months' total service.

To Sgt. (E-5)—six months in grade E-4, one camp, 18 months' total.

To Sfc. (E-6)—eight months in grade E-5, two camps, 26 months.

To M/Sgt. (E-7)—10 months in grade E-6, three camps, 36 months.

All promotions call for 90 per cent drill attendance, but authorized absences are okay. Active duty time service counts as two under this scheme. (See 40th Armd. Div. Memo. No. 13, 17 Oct. 55, for all the wheres and wherefores including waivers)

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# Murder Trail

(Continued from page 19)

"I guess that fixes my wagon," Deitz winked at Ben who stood waiting for them.

Meg screamed: "You're a fool — don't you ever compare yourself with Ben!"

Deitz laughed. "I should say not. Hell, look at him — you should be able to see the difference . . ."

Meg slapped his face a stinging blow. She put all her strength in it. Deitz returned the slap across her mouth instantly and sent her spinning to the ground at Ben's feet. Ben watched and didn't move as she wiped her bloody lips and slowly got up.

"Why do you let him say things like that?" she demanded of Ben.

"Maybe they're true."

"No, Ben! He's lying . . . I swear . . ."

"How do I know what's true anymore. Hell," he said slowly, "I don't believe in interfering in lover's quarrels."

"Good idea," Deitz observed.

Meg suddenly pulled Ben's gun out of his pack and would have shot at Deitz if Ben didn't grab her. "Why burden yourself," he said as he took the gun away from her. "So far you don't have murder on your conscience."

"Thanks," Deitz said shortly. "From now on, I'll carry the guns."

"Great," Ben said. "Carry the shells, too."

ONCE, during the night, a beam of light flashed across them, froze them for a long second in their tracks. When they ran, the finger of light followed them, pinned them in full flight against the black backdrop of the night.

They threw themselves into a gully, and Deitz rolled over on top of Ben. He struggled to his feet, and when he tried to run, Ben tripped him. Deitz's fingers grasped Ben's throat.

"It's a trap!" he grunted. "You've led me into a trap!"

Meg tried to pull Deitz off. The three of them struggled silently.

Ben managed to gasp an explanation to Deitz: They have to cross this highway—it's the state road running east and west connecting the mountains with the coast . . . The lights they saw were from a bus—a scheduled run. The curve in the road caused the illusion that they were being followed.

"It's no trap," he assured Deitz. For proof, he led them to the edge of the road where they hid in the ditch, and presently the bus roared past.

Ben caught Meg's eyes fixed wistfully on the warmly lit interior as the bus flashed by.

The bus was a tiny patch of light suspended in the desert night before they ventured across the hard-surfaced road . . .

They crossed other roads that night, some barely scratched into the surface of the alkaline flatland.

They skirted the dim smudges of light that identified the small settlements, towns, along the ways.

They ducked when they were caught in the sudden headlights of a passing car, froze, sweating with tension at the bark of a dog.

Deitz blundered against something warm and resilient in the darkness. Without warning, he shot, and in the flash of his gun they saw that he had shot a cow. It bellowed piteously. Three times more Deitz shot into the darkness to still the booming voice before Ben could stop him.

Now there were dogs barking and the sound of men's voices.

They ran.

They stumbled and fell and picked themselves up and ran again across the uneven ground. The sound of voices was louder in their ears than the wild pounding of their hearts.

They could see behind them the winking of lanterns like crazy fireflies, swinging in the hands of the aroused men. Barbed wire tore at their clothes, ripped the flesh of their hands, giant cactus loomed before them too quickly in their headlong flight to be avoided.

They were sobbing with exhaustion, and laughing with weak hysteria—A cow! Deitz had shot a cow! . . .

It was the middle of the morning, and they were in the foothills approaching the last range of mountains between them and the border. They didn't dare stop for rest until they could reach the protective shelter of the overlapping formations of rock that made up the spiny ridge of granite they would have to cross.

Deitz heard it first, like the drone of a mosquito. A scout plane. He shouted a warning and threw himself against an outcropping of rock. "Stay flat and don't move," he shouted.

He drew his gun. "They can see our shadows!" They lay there on their backs, eyes staring upward at the small plane that moved lazily closer and closer, in easy circles.

Meg's voice came to him in a horrified whisper. "Ben!" A Gila monster was poised on the ledge just above Meg's head. "Ben, Ben, Ben!" her voice rose in hysteria.

"Don't move, Meg!"

"I can't stand it, Ben, I can't stand it!" She lay there rigidly, her eyes fixed on the reptile, her voice a hissing whisper.

(Continued on next page)

MARY MURPHY . . . When Mary isn't making pictures and television, she thinks about the men of the 40th and how much she'd like to be the gal the men of the Division would most. If you think she rates it vote her in "Miss 40th."



## Murder Trail

(Continued from page 25)

Deitz's eyes shifted from the plane to Meg. "Goddam you," he said. "Stay still." He raised his gun. The sound of the shot echoed hollowly. The lizard collapsed inches away from her face. She screamed. Deitz spoke through stiff lips, "Either of you move and I'll kill you."

Meg lay there rigid with horror, her metallic screams coming rhythmically and meaninglessly.

### Chapter 5

**B**EN was out hunting for fresh meat.

"Suppose he doesn't come back," Meg said. The cold rocks loomed over them with wet blackness.

"He'll be back," Deitz assured her. "Whatever there's left in his life it's here with us—even if it's only hate. He wouldn't cut us short. It would be like cutting his own throat."

"You're pretty clever."

"I don't kid around, sister." He walked over to her. "I see things straight. That's why I'm smarter than the rest of you." He put his hand on her shoulder. She shrugged away from him. "You ought to be more grateful," Deitz said softly. "I saved your life today."

"Don't touch me."

"Forget about Ben. That's a crock."

"Get away from me. You're rotten."

"And you're stupid!" He was suddenly angry. "I could kill the both of you—like worms! Who'd miss you?"

"Is that what you intend to do after Ben takes you across the border?"

He was calm again. "Why talk about him? In two days we'll be in Mexico. You have style, Meg. And you're bright. The first time I saw you I knew it. I've transferred a lot of money to my account in Mexico. Twelve years in an investment house—it took a long time for them to catch up with me . . . I belonged to the best clubs in town. You could be a big help to me in Mexico!"

"How do you know you'll be able to trust me?"

"I'll know," he said slowly. He put his arms around her. "I'll know." He kissed her roughly.

Ben watching them from behind a boulder threw a limp furry bundle at their feet. "Rabbit," he said, as Deitz let her go.

**D**EITZ was sleeping a short distance away. She crawled close to Ben where he was lying.

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"He's going to kill you," she whispered. Ben watched her without speaking. "After you get him across the border . . . He wants me to go with him." She waited. "Ben . . . do you hear me? Did you hear what I said?" She shook him by the shoulder.

"Yes, I heard you. What do you want me to do about it?"

She whispered passionately at him, "Kill him. Get rid of this nightmare . . . It won't be murder . . ."

"What would you call it?"

"We were kidnapped by him."

Ben looked at her curiously. "You came because you had no choice. I came because I wanted the money—"

"It wasn't the money—" she whispered intensely.

"That's right—I came along for the laughs."

"Well, laugh!" she told him bitterly, "because the joke's on you. You're no better than Deitz!"

"I never brought up the comparison. I never said I was."

"What happened to your ideals, Ben?" she whispered viciously, "those ideals that I believed all through the war, during those months you were in hospitals, and then on the desert. I was waiting, and now I wonder what for? . . ."

"Maybe Deitz wasn't so wrong," Ben answered slowly. "Maybe we've both been suckers . . ."

"If you believe that then you're no better than he is," she hissed, "and if I had to choose between you right now, I'd pick the one with the healthy body. His prospects are better!"

"You don't have a choice," Ben said coldly. He turned his back to her.

**T**HERE was no food, and their water was dangerously low. They passed endurance and exhausted reserve energies beyond the lowest levels until for hours at a time they forgot why they urged themselves onward, caught in the treadmill of an unending nightmare.

The time was past when Meg could flaunt her sex, throw Ben's words into his teeth by playing up to Deitz. She lived from step to step, dully concentrating on keeping up with the men. She no longer complained—she was no longer the picture of a glamorous woman. Her fatigue made her sexless.

The transformation in Deitz was more startling: From a smooth graduate of Harvard, the Businessmen's Clubs and Home Investments Incorporated, he had become something

else—eyes glazed, loose-lipped, his carefully brushed hair fell over his ears in disheveled strings like the wooly mop of a village idiot.

Ben alone burned fine until only skin remained stretched over the bony structure of his skull and he looked like an evil death's head grinning at his two companions. He urged them along, without rest, using their own words to whip them, their own reasons for keeping them on the move. And he grinned through his cracked lips and licked the salty blood with his tongue.

"Rest," croaked Ben.

Meg collapsed where she stood and lay still where she fell.

Deitz folded slowly, his clothes, loose on him now, making him look like an empty sack.

Ben remained erect. He moved jerkily to give them water. His movements seemed as though he were strung on steel wires.

Deitz sucked greedily on the canteen. Ben pistol whipped him once to pull it away. Anger brought the light of intelligence into Deitz's eyes. His hoarse voice was loaded with suspicion and hate. "Why aren't we there yet? What are you trying to do—Where are you taking us?"

He stopped suddenly as he became aware of a rythmical flashing that reflected from the rocks. His lips peeled back across his teeth.

"You tricked me!" He turned his head ponderously toward the source of the light. It was an airplane beacon, flashing on and off, on and off with hypnotic regularity.

"You took us around in a circle!" His voice croaked.

He staggered to his feet and lunged at Ben. There was strength in the man. Ben tried to fight back but was no match for him—he went down under the other man's weight, his leg cracked under him. Deitz crashed down on Ben and picked up a rock. He beat Ben insensible.

Meg struggled up at the sound of their angry voices. She cried weakly.

The fight seemed to have given Deitz new strength. He stood up and swayed over Ben's crumpled body. He picked up the canteen and tipped it high, until the water ran from the corners of his mouth.

Then he stumbled over to Meg and pushed his boot in her face. She fell bleeding across the unconscious body of her husband.

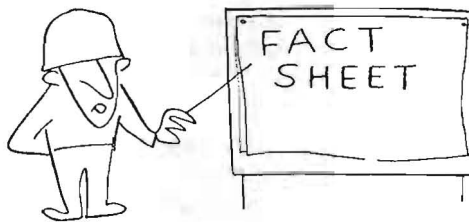
**B**EN raised his head and saw the two sprawled figures silvered

in the moonlight. He tried to get up but his leg collapsed under him. He cautiously dragged himself to the pack-bags. He took guns and canteens and secured them on himself. Then he started crawling, pulling himself along, grinding his teeth against the pain of his dragging leg, resting and hunching along again like a broken-backed dog.

They found him gone in the morning—no guns, no water. Deitz rushed about like an enraged bull. Anger gave way to frustration and fear. At the height of their lamentations, Ben's mocking laugh came to them like a vindictive ghost. He was sitting on a ledge over their heads, not more than fifty feet away.

Deitz tried to rush him but retreated hurriedly when Ben put a shot over his head.

"Big man," Ben taunted. "You're a big man! . . . See how strong you are now . . ." He let another shot go over their heads. Deitz dropped to the ground. "How about some of your fine



arguments—don't they work at long range?" He laughed crazily and it terrified them.

"What are you going to do to us?"

"I don't know. Maybe kill you."

"Ben, I love you! . . . I'm your wife!"

"Oh, come now, Mrs. Cameron," he drawled, "I thought we agreed to disagree. Or was the decision forced on me? It doesn't matter, does it? You made your choice a long time ago. Now let your strong man protect you."

"I've got nothing against you, Cameron."

"Sure," Ben said, "I've got nothing against you either. This is just a matter of business—profit and loss, get it?"

"What do you expect to gain this way?"

"How could you forget?" Ben said with macabre humor. "This is what you told me, don't you remember? Didn't you say that the weak deserved only what they got? Didn't you say you have to look out for yourself? You've got to know the score! . . . What's the matter, Deitz, forget a couple of answers?"

Deitz calmed down considerably—this was business: "What is this, ransom for our lives?"

Ben laughed. "Hell, no. An out-and-out purchase for a couple of canteens of water. I wouldn't give you a nickel for your lives. I still have a couple of ethics left!" He roared at his joke.

"How much?" Deitz demanded crisply.

"What am I bid?" Ben sang out.

Deitz licked his lips. "A hundred?"

"You're kidding! . . . A hundred dollars for this canteen full of precious liquid. This wonderful stuff that's known as the water of life? Aqua pura! The stuff that turns deserts into blossoming gardens? One drop on the tongue puts life into a dying man. You can't be serious, sir. This is the stuff that comes out of the tap in your sink back home—the stuff you bathe in at your favorite summer lake. I'm talking about *water*, man. Now. What am I bid?"

"You're crazy," Deitz said and strode toward Ben.

The bullet kicked up a puff of dust at Deitz's feet.

"What am I bid?" Ben's voice turned stony.

Deitz hesitated. "A thousand dollars."

"Chicken-feed," Ben sneered. "This is the law of supply and demand. I've got the supply." He chuckled. "It's business, my boy; a good businessman sees his opportunity and grabs it by both horns."

"I don't care if you shoot me." Meg's face was haggard. "In the name of whatever we meant to each other in the past, I'm coming up there . . ."

"If she takes another step, I'm plugging you, Deitz!" Ben said sharply.

Deitz grabbed Meg by the arm and threw her back. "All right," Deitz was panting, "five thousand."

"Not enough!"

"How much do you want?" Deitz said desperately.

"How much have you got?"

"Well, just a couple hundred in cash . . ."

"Then what are you buying with?"

"I have money—in a bank in Mexico."

"How do I know that?"

"I have the receipts here . . ." He fumbled in his wallet, and found the slip of paper.

"How much is it?"

*(Continued on Page 28)*



**WANDA ELLIOTT** as lovely a doll as any man'd want to show the stars to, is most anxious to be that luscious dream-maker for the men of the 40th Armored Division by being voted "Miss 40th Division . . . The Gal I'd Most." If you feel thataway about Wanda vote her in men.

## Murder Trail

(Continued from page 27)

"What?" Deitz looked up at Ben stupidly.

"How much do you have in the bank—what's the entire amount?"

Deitz groaned. "Be fair, Cameron!"

"Don't quibble, Deitz." Ben grinned, "I'm a man of destiny!"

Deitz stiffened. "I won't do it!"

"All right," Ben said casually, "take your time. Think it over. I got all day." He leaned back and took a drink from the canteen.

"Have a heart," Deitz begged.

Ben wiped his mouth pensively. "I guess I'm just an amateur louse after all. I tell you what we'll do. "We'll split the amount right down the middle."

"One hundred and ten thousand dollars for a lousy canteen of water?"

"What good is your money going to do you if you die of thirst?" Meg whispered.

"In writing, Deitz. Put it down on paper!"

"One hundred and ten thousand dollars!" Deitz croaked as he feverishly produced a pencil and a scrap of paper.

"Put the IOU up here on the rock near me. The bank receipt too."

Deitz did as he was ordered and

stood watching Ben expectantly. Ben read the two documents carefully, folded them and put them in his pocket.

"A man of my word." He threw the canteen to Deitz.

"You're a pretty good businessman, Cameron—there are some projects in Mexico that need capital. Maybe if we team up . . ."

As he fumbled greedily at the cap, Ben shot the canteen from his hands and the water poured out of a half-dozen holes . . .

Ben laughed like a maniac; opened another canteen and drank lustily from it. "Here's to our partnership!" He bathed his head in it. The water in the third canteen he poured on the ground with a lavish gesture.

They were stunned by his actions; Deitz so completely devastated that he sank to the ground helplessly.

"You're not like other men, Deitz," Ben was gleeful. "You're not ordinary people, why should you need water like ordinary people?" They stared at him while he caught his breath. "You're more like a god. Why don't you do what Moses did when he was thirsty and he was in the desert?" His voice hardened. "Go on, strike that rock over there. Moses got water out of a rock—you should be able to do it."

Deitz looked at Ben, confused.

Ben's voice was insistent. He waved the gun at him.

Deitz got to his knees slowly and stumbled over to the boulder Ben pointed to. He hesitated and looked up at Ben pleading silently with him.

"Go on!" Ben ordered. "Hit it!"

Deitz closed his fist and hit the rock.

"Harder!" insisted Ben.

Deitz hit the rock harder. And then in a fury, beat his fists on the rock until he collapsed over it, weeping, "Shoot me! Shoot me, you stinking . . ."

Ben laughed. "You're just a slob like the rest of us!" Then he directed them both to around to the other side of the rock.

Meg lifted herself painfully and obeyed Ben's command woodenly. Her excited cry brought a look of disbelief into Deitz's face, and then he too went, stumbling around to the other side of the boulder.

There was a pool of water, and Meg was already on her belly lapping up the life giving fluid like a dog.

More than ever both Meg and Deitz felt their dependency on Ben — and an overwhelming fear of him developed by their vulnerability and their sense of guilt. They were in his hands and he was a madman, beyond reason.

That Ben agreed to go on and not abandon them as a final gesture of his revenge, gave them a tremendous lift, a hope of salvation.

Deitz eagerly picked up the camp gear. When they were ready to go, Ben remained sitting where he was. He hadn't moved from where he sat, or offered to break camp.

"Carry me," he said calmly. Deitz looked at him strangely. "If you want me to take you across the border, you'll have to carry me," Ben repeated.

This was no insane whim—his leg buckled under him when he tried to stand.

**B**EN was strangely relaxed. If they wanted to get out alive, they needed him to show them the way. Deitz built an Indian litter of blankets and poles under Ben's cheerful instruction, and later while Deitz and Meg dragged the clumsy load, he sang the artillery song with good humor as he clutched the sides of the jolting litter. They were a strange-looking procession.

The trail was a narrow shelf on the edge of the mountain. Piece by piece they had abandoned most of their supplies and equipment. The litter became useless when the trail up the peak became too narrow. Deitz packed Ben on his back.

Ben riding "piggy-back" started to laugh as Deitz stumbled drunkenly along the trail under the burden. Meg was horrified by Ben's laughter and by the erratic lurching that brought them close to the edge. Deitz fell and Ben's laughter underscored his contempt for Deitz's efforts.

Deitz in a fury of exhaustion and frustration, got up and tried to drag Ben along by the collar. Twenty feet dragging Ben who hung from the clutching fingers like a clumsy sack and Deitz collapsed again, sobbing from his efforts.

They were at the edge of a five foot crevice that cut the trail in two.—It looked bottomless.

Meg collapsed beside them. "You're not human," she gasped. "Not human . . ."

But Ben appeared to be vastly amused — especially at the sight of Deitz knocking himself out like this.

Deitz panted, "Where are we—how far from the border?"

Ben grinned through his battered face: "We've been in Mexican territory for two days. All we have to do is get down off the mountain. That's all."

Deitz stared at him for a long time, and then, without a word, got up,

jumped the gap easily, and started walking up the other side of the trail.

Meg called after him. "We can't just leave Ben like this!" . . . But Deitz didn't stop.

"Wait!" she shouted. Deitz turned and looked back.

Meg looked at Ben. "I can't help you alone," she said miserably. Ben didn't answer. "What can I say?" she said finally.

"Nothing." Ben handed her Deitz's IOU. "Here's a present for you."

She ran blindly and jumped, her body falling across the ledge. She clawed at the rocky surface and pulled herself up.

Deitz waited until she was beside him and they disappeared up the narrow trail . . .

The silence closed in around Ben.

**B**EN was aroused by the sound of Meg's voice:

"I've come back."

"What for?"

"I don't know," she said wearily. "Maybe to give you back your present." She tore the paper and let the pieces drift over the side of the canyon.

"It doesn't fit. It doesn't fit in with my new ideas what you're doing. You're making a mistake."

"He's going to get away. That's the only mistake."

"No he won't. There's no way out that way."

"It doesn't matter anymore. There's no way out for us either."

"Maybe there is. Come on over here."

"I'm afraid. I won't make it."

"Jump."

"You hate me. You would have sent me away with him to die in the mountains . . ."

"I didn't send you." He rose un-

steadily to his feet. "Come on."

"I'll fall."

"What have you got to lose?"

"I can't."

"You could, to follow him."

"Then it didn't matter. I didn't care."

"What made the difference?"

"Oh, Ben," she moaned, "I love you . . . I love you . . ."

"If you love me you'll do it."

She walked back a few steps and turned around, her eyes fixed to the gap, fascinated. She looked up at him standing on the opposite ledge. "Ben . . ." Her voice quavered.

"I'm here. Just five steps and jump."

"I'm afraid, Ben, I'm afraid."

"It's twenty miles back to the Pajaro Indian Reservation . . . There's a trail."

"I haven't been afraid for such a long time, Ben, like everything was gone and there was nothing to be afraid for . . ."

"There's damned little but ourselves we have to worry about," he said tenderly. "We don't have anything else."

"Say the words, Ben."

"We're like one person . . ."

"The words," she insisted, "the words."

"We can make it if we help each other."

"Tell me you love me."

"Words are like knives, Meg. Give me time to heal."

"Words can be healing too. I love you Ben . . ."

"I . . . I need you to help me back along the trail. You need me to show you the way. We've got to make it back together, Meg. And if words can build a bridge across that gap—I . . . I love you Meg . . ."

THE END

## Read "SPORT NEWS" By GIL BARBERIS BEGINNING NEXT ISSUE



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## ... BLOW IT OUT HERE ...

Dear Grizzly:

I was sitting down the other day and beside me on the table sat the September-October issue of THE GRIZZLY. I picked it up and proceeded to read the articles. Then and there I decided this would be an excellent chance to express my personal opinion of the National Guard and their magazine, THE GRIZZLY.

Quite a few wives have asked me, "How do you feel about your husband being in the Guard?" I answered them this way: "Fine. My husband is always learning something and in case of any emergency he will be able to conduct himself in the proper manner. Also it is an organization where there is one night out for the men and they get paid for it."

Of course I always receive this question: "What about the two weeks they are gone each year?"

To this question I answer: "Well, I believe it is good for our family. It takes my husband away from the drudgery of work all the time, and it gives me a chance to clean the house from top to bottom. I believe it brings us closer together. As the saying goes, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder,' and in our case it has.

I have no idea whether my talking with my married friends had any bearing on the case or not, but three of the husbands have joined the Guard and are enjoying themselves immensely.

While I read THE GRIZZLY, I particularly enjoyed the pictures. The men seem to be very content when they are at camp. Almost all are smiling. Keep up the good work in THE GRIZZLY and I'll be looking forward to your next issue. Please continue more pictures as you have before.

Sincerely,  
Mrs. Patricia Steele  
West Covina

Dear Patricia:—

When we received your letter at THE GRIZZLY office it was read and re-read over and over again. We looked at one another and beamed. We walked around all day grinning in appreciation.

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Pat, that letter of yours was a shot in the arm. We'd like to put it on billboards for everyone to see what the 40th Division, California National Guard can mean to the men and wives of California's Fighting 40th. But the next best thing we can do is print it in big type so everyone is sure to see it.

Of course, your praise of THE GRIZZLY fell on very receptive eyes and ears. We love it. The more the better. Keep 'em coming.

We would like to hear from more of the wives and mothers of the men of the Division, and while you have already taken on the job as public relations representative, we'd appreciate anything else you can cook up by way of suggestions or criticisms.

Thanks again and again . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

Dear Mr. Smith:

I think your first issue of "The Grizzly" is excellent—well edited, well balanced, interesting. I know something of the tremendous amount of work that goes into a publication of this kind and you are most certainly to be commended.

To you, Worth Larkin, and the other members of the staff, my congratulations for a fine piece of work. I shall look forward to forthcoming issues.

Sincerely,  
WM. B. KOONS  
Major Inf.  
Chief, Army Section

Our sincerest thanks, Major. We're trying, and it is words such as yours that will keep us spurred on to greater efforts in the future.

★ ★ ★ ★

Dear Grizzly:

Several of my buddies looking at the first issue of the magazine suggested that women like our photographer Sue could be used in the 40th.

Since her boy friend objects to that, how about running a series of pin-ups with Sue as the subject. HMMMMMM-MAN!

I'm sure everyone enjoyed the gals in THE GRIZZLY. We did. Thanks.

Cpl. Johnny Mourer

Johnny,—We'd like to run a series of pin-ups of Sue, but gosh, man, you know women. (Or do you?) Some of 'em are just plain ornery. But just to prove

how right you are here's the latest poop on Sue. She was out shooting pictures of thisa and a thata when someone saw her and the first thing you know she was on a plane to New York where same she is at this moment

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working as a model. But I've written to her and asked that she send on some cheesecake stuff for her pals in the Division. When and if she does, you'll see her in the next issue.

★ ★ ★ ★

Dear Grizzly:

Congratulations on the first issue of THE GRIZZLY. It looks great and is certainly worth the price. Best of luck in the future and keep up the good work.

Lt. Herbert R. Temple

Dear Herb:

Today was a lousy day. Everything went wrong. The mailman started it off by dropping a ton of mail on my desk and all those envelopes contained were bills. That was enough as a starter. But no,—a cop comes knocking on the door and what he hands me is a ticket for over parking. Why he went to all that trouble instead of just sticking the damn thing under my windshield wiper, I don't know. Maybe he had a bad day. Then my kid comes in with a busted head for speaking out of turn to a guy bigger than himself (The dope). The phone rings and it's my wife informing me of the good (?) news that my mother-in-law has just arrived from New York for a visit. Maybe until Christmas. So you can see Lieutenant, today's the day I should better have stood in bed. I've just about had it when that mailman comes back with one he forgot to deliver.—AND IT'S FROM YOU—Glory be man, you saved a suicide.

★ ★ ★ ★

Dear Grizzly:

The magazine is great, and I'm glad I signed up for a three year subscription.

My vote for the gal I'd most is Gloria Talbot. My wife agrees with my taste but said very strongly, "You can't have her."

I have many pictures of the 40th Division from 1949 to the present time. If you need any for THE GRIZZLY you're welcome to them.

SFC Fred M. Valenzuela

Thanks for those words of encouragement, Fred, and we're glad you go for Gloria. She's quite a dish,—but it's our guess your wife knows what she's talking about. About those pictures of the 40th—we'd sure like to see them. Send them in.

Dear Editor:

Here's my picture for the Honor Guardsmen department of THE GRIZZLY.

May I add that I alone signed up, or seen to it that 10 men in my outfit signed up for the magazine. Also I was the first to send in my check.

M. B. Gonzales, Sr.

Thanks for the picture, fella. You'll find it printed in this issue. We're still waiting for plenty of other pictures from Founder Subscribers. If we had more men with your spirit as backers of THE GRIZZLY there'd be no sweat. Great goin' and thanks a million.

★ ★ ★ ★

Milt!

I'm sounding off and doin' a lot of B———! I'm a Founder Subscriber #X"&\$!&, and looka what happens when I try to make the first issue.

The "knucklehead" who sent out that letter with instructions where to send 3 year subscriber's pictures, gave the wrong address!

It makes a guy sore,—that's what it makes a guy! . . . YAH . . .!

Cpl. Richard L. Nickel

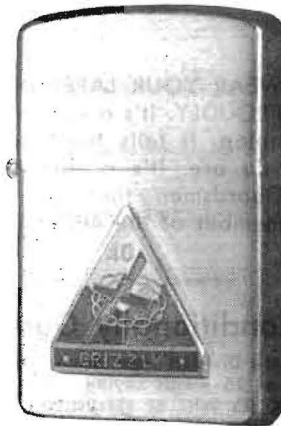
Dear Dick:

I'm the "knucklehead" who sent out those instructions with that address on it that subsequently proved to be wrong. However, if you had sent the pix when you were supposed to, the address would have been peachy dandy, Dad, because at that time we hadn't moved to our new quarters as yet. I'm sorry you didn't make the first issue, Pappy, but if you check this issue carefully, you'll find your handsome(?) puss in all it's glory. (And who told you about making with the pen on the photo?)

Milt

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Yes, we have the world famous Shick. It's the Electric Shaver Most Wanted by Men Everywhere. This razor carries a 1 Year FACTORY WARRANTY.  
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In this advertisement, there is a TEMPORARY MEMBERSHIP CARD for GUARDSMEN. Cut it out and mail it or bring it to GILBAR SALES, and you will receive your PERMANENT DISCOUNT CARD to buy at LESS THAN RETAIL PRICES. NOV. 28TH TIL XMAS

Store Hours: 9 to 9 — Mon. - Fri. Saturday until 5 p.m.

**GILBAR SALES CO.**  
2222 South Hill St., Los Angeles 7, California  
**FREE PARKING**  
in rear of store

TEMPORARY MEMBERSHIP FOR GUARDSMEN AND THEIR FAMILIES

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to purchase at merchant's and corporation discounts all items listed at the left.

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*Electric APPLIANCES Gas*  
Personal attention, SAVINGS and satisfaction assured.  
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