

J A Elam
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GRIZZLY



40th ARMORED DIVISION

SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER
1955

● Greetings . . .

With this the first issue of THE GRIZZLY, the official magazine of the 40th Armored Division bows in the direction of its readers, its critics.

The editors make the differentiation between readers and critics only in an academic sense. Actually, every reader is a critic albeit, every critic isn't necessarily a subscriber-reader.

The project for a magazine for the Division started in January of this year. By June the final plans and policy were approved and the project was under way.

All of us on THE GRIZZLY were faced with the monumental task of contacting as many of the personnel of the Division before publication as possible. We travelled the state addressing men and officers at various Armories telling the story of THE GRIZZLY and why it was necessary that subscription support be secured before publication. For the most part we met with wonderful cooperation. For that we are most grateful and wish to express our thanks to all those who have faith in the idea of a publication for the Division. For without those men (and in many cases mothers and wives of men of the division who were not immediately available) THE GRIZZLY would never have seen the light of day.

We are now on our way and expect to continue giving our readers a better magazine issue after issue. Certainly we may make mistakes. But never will we knowingly or with design hurt anyone, — offend anyone, ignore anyone, discriminate against anyone.

The columns of the magazine are open to our readers and it is to them that we owe our first allegiance and obligation.

Again our thanks to those who have been so helpful to us at the armories and various assemblies and at Camp Roberts and Hunter Liggett.

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The BOSS - MAN SALUTES
the 40th
The GRIZZLY



STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Governor's Office
Sacramento

June 15, 1955

I am happy to have this opportunity as Commander-in-Chief of the California National Guard, to salute the officers and men of the 40th Armored Division through their new publication "The Grizzly."

The reputation of the 40th Armored Division as a dynamic, hard-hitting unit of our defense establishment is by no means accidental. Its enviable record is attested by the fact that it was one of two National Guard Divisions committed to combat during the Korean War. The splendid spirit, the fine reputation, and the wonderful record of the men of the 40th Armored Division are results of hard work, ingenuity, and enthusiasm on the part of California's citizen-soldiers. All the people in our State have manifold reasons for pride in this organization.

Best wishes for a long and successful career to "The Grizzly" and the members of its staff.

Sincerely,

GOODWIN J. KNIGHT
Governor



The Fighting 40th

By Maj. Gen. Homer O. Eaton Jr.
Commanding General
40th Armored Division

Own 160th Infantry Regiment fought with the famous Lost Battalion.

The World War I chapter of the Division history was closed on July 16, 1919, when the 40th was demobilized back where it started at Camp Kearney. But by 1921 postwar reorganization of the National Guard was well under way and many units of the 40th had been reconstituted in the Guard. In 1926, seven years after the first demobilization, the 40th was on the rolls again with organizations in California, Nevada, and Utah. We didn't know that in another 15 years the bugle would blow again. But it did!

ANOTHER WAR STARTS

ANOTHER war started in Europe in 1939 and, very quickly, it resulted in a number of significant map changes including the absorption of half of France into the Reich, the dividing of Poland between Germany and Russia, and so on. The United States, preparing for any eventuality, adopted its first peacetime draft law and prepared to give draftees and National Guardsmen a year of training in the field. *On March 3, 1941, the 40th Infantry Division was mobilized at home stations and a few days later found itself slopping through deep mud at unfinished Camp San Luis Obispo.*

The liquid adobe finally dried out, measles and other unimportant ailments stopped plaguing the troops, and sticks and logs eventually were exchanged for guns but not quite up to allowances. At induction the 40th was a square Division. This meant it had four infantry regiments, in two brigades, supported by a brigade of artillery. In line with more or less new doctrine, the Division was triangularized—cut down to three infantry regiments supported by four field artillery battalions — and the Big Whammie caught us in the middle of the switch.

The incredible happened. On Sunday, December 7, the Japanese Empire attacked United States forces at Pearl Harbor. A recall was broadcast to all troops on pass and leave and the next day the 40th moved out to defend strategic areas of Southern California. The following April the 40th called Fort Lewis, Wash., home for a while

as it underwent advanced training and completed its Preparation for Oversea Movement. Hawaii was the next stop on the travel order.

In December, 1943, the Division sailed for the Solomon Islands and did a trick of duty with the I Marine Amphibious Corps on Guadalcanal.

FIRST TASTE OF COMBAT

BY THAT time World War II looked very close to men of the 40th. The Division completed plans—even to the extent of going through a dress rehearsal—for an assault on New Ireland but someone else captured the Admiralties and the 40th went on to get its first taste of combat in April, 1944, when it relieved the 1st Marine Division on New Britain.

The Sunburst captured Hoskins Airfield and forced the Japanese to retreat to Rabaul. Luzon, in the Phillipines, was next on the itinerary. There were practice landings on New Guinea followed by the McCoy in the Lingayen Gulf on January 10, 1945. Eleven days later the 160th — after day and night forced marches—entered Tarlac.

Fortieth units took San Miguel, and, in 53 days of fighting, Capas, Bamban, and Clark Field killed or captured 6,145 Imperial troops. The island of Panay in the Visayas Group was next and within 10 days Divisional elements liberated virtually all of the island and converted air strips into a field capable of accommodating American planes. If this 10-day operation was fast, I cannot refrain from pointing out that only 27 hours after our invasion Bacolod, capital of Occidental Negros, fell to the 40th.

This was the Sunburst Division's last action in World War II for, shortly, the hearts of two cities, one named Nagasaki and the other Hiroshima, were obliterated and the 40th went to Korea—"The Land of the Morning Calm"—instead of crossing Chigasaki beach in the "Land of the Rising Sun."

It is easy for me to write about the 40th because, with every justification, I am extremely proud of the organization and I know that my pride is shared all the way down the ranks.

Today the 40th is a veteran outfit led by a core of battle tested officers and NCOs most of whom have served in two wars. Our current strength is nearly 6,000—a figure we intend to increase to 10,000 by the time we move out for Summer Field Training next year. But my present purpose is not to deal with the future but to reveal how the 40th happens to stand as it does today.

The division was put together in the hectic days of World War I at Camp Kearney near San Diego. It was made up of National Guard units from California, Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico, and Utah, and these were fleshed out with volunteers and draftees from every part of the country. Many of these units traced their histories to the Civil War and beyond and had, more or less recently, served in the Spanish-American War and in the Mexican Border campaign of 1916. So the official birthday of the 40th is July 19, 1917, and its men — under broad brimmed campaign hats—picked 'em up and lay 'em down on the Kearney reservation as they waded through various training cycles.

By August, 1918, the Division completed its movement to France. Although the 40th was redesignated the 6th Depot Division, in which capacity it received, trained, equipped, and forwarded replacements, *thousands of its troops saw combat during World War I. In fact, 100 men from Los Angeles'*

OCCUPIERS TAKE TROPHY

IN KOREA the Sunburst was part of the Occupation Force. It was there long enough to acquire a trophy—since presented to the State of California and now standing at the entrance to Camp San Luis Obispo—a bronze eagle commemorating Admiral Togo's victory over the Russian Fleet in 1905.

Personnel were stripped from the Division for their return to civil life. In fact, the Sunburst was just about demobilized in Korea, although it wasn't until April 7, 1946, that the final Morning Report went in at Camp Stoneman, Calif. The record shows that the 40th was the last Guard division home.

Former Guardsmen, Army Reservists, and veterans of every branch of the Services including the Coast Guard joined up as temporary armories sprouted throughout the area. Weekly drill periods were supplemented with a one-week school at Fort Ord in 1947 and two-week open air sessions at Camp San Luis Obispo in 1948 and 1949. Emphasis, then as now, necessarily was on recruiting. At the beginning of one drive, for instance, the Sunburst was 23rd in strength among 27 National Guard divisions. At the end of the drive it was third.

THIS reorganization period never really ended. But it was closed abruptly when the North Koreans crossed the 38th parallel starting a war

stories had it that we would go to Germany. Most personnel hoped so. Naturally, therefore, on February 24, 1951, the 40th was alerted for movement to Japan where it was to continue its training and provide security for the northern half of Honshu. *On April 10 leading elements of the Sunburst, on a ship carefully piloted around wartime hulks in the harbor at Yokohama, became the first members of a Guard division to arrive overseas since World War II.* Oklahoma's 45th wasn't far behind us in reaching Hokkaido.

FUJI TO HACHINOHE

UNITS of the Division were rapidly dispersed to posts all the way from Mount Fuji and Tokyo in the south to Hachinohe on the northern tip



A few veteran Guardsmen, their discharges in hand, didn't bother to lay in stocks of mothballs for their uniforms. Instead they started reorganizing the 40th in the National Guard and gradually their forces were joined by other old timers. *On October 14, 1946, Division Headquarters received its Federal Recognition.* And this time instead of being spread through Nevada and Utah as well as California, the Sunburst's area was limited to Southern California from Santa Maria and the Tehachapi mountains to the Mexican border. Meantime a sister Division, first called the 53rd and now designated the 49th Infantry Division, was being organized in Northern California.

not really called a war. *Within a month of the start of shooting the 40th was ordered to active duty commencing Sept. 1, 1950* One hundred and ten units in 46 communities were called up and by September 6 had started a 28-week training cycle at Camp Cooke, a fog-bound, windswept World War II camp hastily put more or less in working order and which only the veterans knew probably would be looked upon later as a great place. Draftee, volunteer, and reservist "fillers" put war strength muscles on the Division's frame. There were week-ends at home and steak dinners at the Hitching Post.

Meantime the rumor factories were at work. Authenticated—well, almost—

of Honshu.

Japan produced legends—some true—that will live beyond the men who went there with the 40th. After an initial scare—in which word was passed by the Communists that National Guardsmen were all robbers, murderers, arsonists, and whatnot—the Japanese decided they were glad to see Sunburst troops. Besides, Russia wasn't very far away.

There were of course those in our ranks who studied Japan. They rushed off on pass at every opportunity to marvel at Tokyo and Fujiyama. They learned to say *ihio gozaimasu, hiyaku*, and a few other things. Spiced noodles,

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WHAT I LOVE ABOUT THE GUARD

(Now That I'm Out)

By No-Nose Noonan



GIVE the average guy a chance to get in uniform and he takes to it like a duck to water. (We can now hear a chorus of "Oh Yeah?" coming from all over the joint.) But, take a bearing on that chorus and you'll discover that the squawker usually is a mug *already in uniform*.

And why does he beef and b_____? The answer to that one is simple. It's SOP, and if a guy doesn't beef about something or other he's a schmo.

That is generally the reason. With me, it's different. I love the Guard. I love the uniform. I love a parade. I love me.

Did I say I love the Guard? Well, yes and no.

Now, take the ordinary guy who has a job that drags him outa the hay every ayem about 7. That aint good every day in the week. Particularly a chilly morning after a bout with the guys from the Chowder and Pizza set. But, it's a job and so what the hell, you grumble a lot, but you get the joe down and just about make it to the shop before they blow the whistle on you, and the day begins.

THAT night, while sitting around the pool hall, a joker comes

marchin' in and sits him down to talk to the boys. Well, that's okay see, nobody ain't saying who can talk to who or why, except this joker is shinin' like a new dollar in a uniform and, you guessed it, he's from the 40th.

His argument goes somethin' like this: "Join the National Guard, get paid, get a nice new uniform that's hotter frail bait than a convertible, and to boot, you get a two weeks vacation with pay every summer."

It sounds great. So me and a couple of other jerks goes down to the Armory one night just to look, and the first thing you know, a guy's got my shirt off stickin' me with a needle and while I'm hollerin' murder, another wise guy's got me pants down and while I'm assuming the angle over a table he's making with the rubber glove.

Just when I'm thinkin' this is too much to give to my country, they all jab for home plate. When someone says what sounds like "Had enough," I screams YEAH, only what I'm answering to is, do I want to join the Guard and here I am glued and tattooed, signed, sealed and delivered.

So I get a uniform. It fits great if I was "too big" or "too small" on ac-

count of these are the only two sizes they got in the Guard.

Now, I can't make a sucker outa that uniform, so I go down to Mendel the tailor and I say, "Mendel, I got me a new suit and I wanta it should look like it does on Tony Curtis."

Mendel makes with the eyes over the top of his glasses, spits out the thread he's been chewing on, unwinds his legs and cracks, "Go by Houdini, he's a magician. I'm a tailor."

But that Mendel, he's okay. He makes the shoulders way out to there, pinches in the waist, gives the skirts of the dress jacket a flair and has the buttons gold plated. Man, I'm sharp!

Comes Drill Night and I pull out my prize from under the mattress. It's an officers cap that I been sleepin' on for a week to make it nice and crunchy like John Wayne wore once in a picture. I jump on it once or twice just to make sure, pancake it nice and flat-like at an angle over my right eye. (that's my best side) and slip into my pinks (that's pants), tucks them into my new white laced paratroop boots and I goes off to train for the defense of my country.

BREAK in the 1955 version of what a Guardsman should look like on Hollywood Boulevard, and the results are sensational. I get more come-ons than Marilyn Monroe in a bikini. Man, I'm sailin'! Just wait 'til the guys at the Armory gets a gander at this outfit. Betcha the General himself will wanna know who's Mendel.

I'm headin' in to give the guys the big treat when I discovers the first thing I don't like about the 40th. Some of those monkey's aint got no appreciation. Particularly those wise guys with the three stripes.

"Where you goin' Errol Flynn?" this three striper yaps at me just like we wuz old buddies.

"What's it to you?" I snaps.

"Oh nothing," he says, "I'm just curious. New around here, aintcha?"

"What is this?" I burn. "You a General or somethin'?"

"Forgive me, soldier. Please gimme another chance. Maybe I was a little too hasty. Actually, I'm the reception committee for recruits and I wanna see that you get a nice warm greeting from your fellows-in-arms, so to speak."

He's getting all soft and buttery, and maybe I'm thinkin' I been unjust to this joker. So I tells him no hard feelin's and we arm-and-arm it into the Armory. I heard plenty about this business of politics and I'm playin' it smart.

ONCE inside the joint, he steers me into what they call an Orderly Room. "Pal," he says to me. "Pal, we got a special ritual for these kinda occasions and I must make the necessary preparations. So you just sit tight and wait for me."

It's maybe ten seconds later I hear a whistle like what a cop blows when you don't make a green light and pretty soon a shufflin' and stompin' of feet like the committee was gettin' together for that ritual gimmick. I gives me boots a quick run up on the back of my pants, sets the cap at the right angle, only maybe a little more snooty, pulls the skirts out from my garrison belt so they stick out nice and sharp, when the door opens and the three striper marches in straight as a poker, followed by eight soldiers.

"Deeeee...tail, HALT!" he barks, and the bunch of 'em comes to a wall shakin' stop all at once.

"Private Noonan," he says to me, "We are the reception committee come to escort you to the 40th." Then he yells, "FALL IN!" and the eight guys lines up on each side of me and the striper hollers, "forward ---march", and we marches straight for the drill

GLORIA TALBOT

Budding starlet seeks the title of the 40th Division's "The Gal I'd Most."



room. The whole bunch of guys is there in formation and the eight guys, the striper and me make for the front.

"Detail, halt. About face. Ten ---shun!" and the whole outfit starts mov-

in' in all directions at once.

I'm a little confused with all this manoeuvring business, being kinda new at it, but I don't have to worry

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and SUDDEN DEATH

By J. C. Furnas

The realistic details of this famous article will shock and nauseate some readers. Those who find themselves thus effected at the outset are cautioned against reading the entire article, since there is no let down in the author's outspoken treatment of the sickening facts.

PUBLICIZING the total of motoring injuries—more than 10,000,000 a year—never gets to first base in jarring the motorist into a realization of the appalling risks of motoring. He does not translate the dry statistics into a reality of blood and agony.

Figures exclude the pain and horror of savage mutilation,—which means they leave out the point. They need to be brought home closer. A passing look at a bad smash or the news that a fellow you had lunch with last week is in the hospital with a broken back will make any driver but a born fool slow down—at least temporarily. But what is needed is a *vivid and sustained* realization that every time you step on the throttle, death gets in beside you, hopefully waiting for his chance.

That single horrible accident you may have witnessed is no isolated horror. That sort of thing happens every hour of the day everywhere in the United States. If you really felt *that*, perhaps the stickful of type you read in Monday's paper recording that a total of 29 local citizens were killed in week-end crashes would rate something more than a perfunctory tut-tut as you turn back to the sports page.

An enterprising judge now and again sentences reckless drivers to tour the accident end of a city morgue. But even a mangled body on a slab, waxily portraying the consequences of bad motoring judgement, isn't a patch on the scene of the accident itself. No artist working on a safety poster would dare depict that in full detail.

That picture would have to include motion picture and sound effects, too—the flopping pointless efforts of the injured to stand up; the queer, grunting noises; the steady, panting groaning of a human being with pain creeping upon him as the shock wears off.

It should portray the slack expression on the face of a man, drugged with shock, staring at the Z-twist in his broken leg; the insane crumpled effect of a child's body after it's bones are crushed inwards; a realistic portrait of an hysterical woman with her screaming mouth opening a hole in the bloody drip that fills her eyes and drips off her chin.

Minor details would indicate the raw ends of bones protruding through flesh in compound fractures and the dark red oozing surfaces where clothes and skin were flayed off at once.

Those are all standard, everyday sequels to the modern pastime of going places in a hurry and taking a chance or two by the way. If ghosts could be put to a useful purpose, every bad stretch of road in the United States would greet the oncoming motorist with groans and screams and the educational spectacle of ten or a dozen corpses, all sizes, sexes and ages, lying horribly still on the bloody grass.

LAST year a state trooper of my acquaintance stopped a big red expensive car for speeding. Papa was obviously a responsible person, obviously set for a pleasant week-end with his family—so the officer cut into papa's well-bred expostulations: "I'll let you off this time, but if you keep on this way, you won't last long. Get going—but take it easier."

Later a passing motorist hailed the trooper and asked if the big red car had got a ticket. "No," said the trooper, "I hated to spoil their party." "Too bad you didn't" said the motorist, "I saw you stop them—and then I passed that car again 50 miles up the line. It still makes me feel sick at my stomach. The car was all folded up like an accordion—the color was about all that

was left. They were all dead but one of the kids—and he wasn't going to live to the hospital."

Maybe it will make you sick at the stomach too. But unless you're a heavy footed incurable, a good look at the picture the artist wouldn't dare paint, a first hand acquaintance with the results of mixing gasoline with speed and bad judgement, ought to be well worth your while. I can't help it if the facts are revolting. If you have the nerve to drive fast and take chances, you ought to have nerve to take the appropriate cure.

You can't ride an ambulance or watch the doctor working on the victim in the hospital—but you can read.

THE automobile is treacherous, just as a cat is. It is tragically difficult to realize that it can become the deadliest missile. As enthusiasts tell you, it makes 65 feel like nothing at all. But 65 an hour is 100 feet a second, a speed that puts a viciously unjustified responsibility on brakes and human reflexes, and can instantly turn this docile luxury into a mad bull elephant.

Collision, turnover or side-swipe, each type of accident produces either a shattering dead stop or a crashing change of direction—and since the occupant—meaning you—continues in the same old direction at the original speed, every surface and angle of the car's interior immediately becomes a battering, tearing projectile, aimed squarely at you—inescapable. There is no bracing yourself against these imperative laws of motion.

It's like going over Niagara Falls in a steel barrel full of railroad spikes. The best thing that can happen to you—and one of the rarer things—is to be thrown out as the doors spring open so you have only the ground to reckon

with. True, you strike with as much force as if you had been thrown from the Twentieth Century at top speed. But at least you are spared the lethal array of gleaming metal knobs and edges and glass inside the car.

Anything can happen in that split-second of crash, even those lucky escapes you hear about. People have dived through windshields and come out with only superficial scratches. They have run cars together head on, reducing both to twisted junk, and been found unhurt and arguing bitterly two minutes afterward. But death was there just the same—he was only exercising his privilege of being erratic.

THIS spring, a wrecking crew pried the door off a car which had been overturned down an embankment and out stepped the driver with only a scratch on his cheek. *But his mother was still inside, a splinter of wood from the top driven four inches into her brain as a result of her son's taking a greasy curve a little too fast.* No blood—no horribly twisted bones—just a gray-haired corpse still clutching her pocketbook in her lap as she had clutched it when she felt the car leave the road.

On that same curve a month later, a light touring car crashed into a tree. In the middle of the front seat they found a nine months old baby surrounded by broken glass and yet absolutely unhurt. A fine practical joke on death—but spoiled by the baby's parents, still sitting on each side of him, instantly killed by shattering their skulls on the dashboard.

If you customarily pass without clear vision a long way ahead, make sure that every member of the party carries identification papers—it's difficult to identify a body with its whole face bashed in or torn off.

The driver is death's favorite target. If the steering wheel holds together it ruptures his liver or spleen so he bleeds to death internally. Or if the steering wheel breaks off, the matter is settled instantly by the steering column's plunging right through his abdomen.

By no means do all head-on collisions occur on curves. The modern death trap is likely to be a straight stretch with three lanes of traffic. This sudden vision of broad straight road tempts many an ordinarily sensible driver into passing the man ahead. Simultaneously, a driver coming the other way swings out at high speed. At the last moment each tries to get into line again, but the gaps are closed. As the cars in line are forced into the



RITA MORENO, not hard on the eyes and in the midst of a swirl looks appealingly toward the men of the Division for their vote as "Miss 40th, the gal I'd most . . ."

ditch to capsize or crash fences, the passengers meet almost head on, in a swirling, grinding crash that sends

them caroming obliquely into the others.

A trooper described such an accident—five cars in one mess, seven killed on the spot, two dead on the way to the hospital, two more dead in the long run. He remembered it far more vividly than he wanted to.—The quick way the doctor turned away from a dead man to check up on a woman with a broken back; the three bodies out of one car so soaked with oil from the crank-case that they looked like wet brown cigars and not humans at all; a man walking around and babbling to himself, oblivious of the dead and dying, even oblivious of the dagger-like sliver of steel that stuck out of his streaming wrist; a pretty girl with her forehead laid open, trying to hopelessly crawl out of a ditch in spite of her smashed hip.

A first-class massacre of that sort is only a question of scale and numbers—seven corpses are no deader than one. Each shattered man, woman or child who went to make up the millions of dead already chalked up had to die a personal death.

A CAR careening and rolling down a bank, battered and smashed its occupants every inch of the way, can wrap itself so thoroughly around a tree that front and rear bumpers interlock, requiring an acteylene torch to cut them apart. In a recent case of that sort they found the old lady who had been sitting in the back, lying across the lap of her daughter who was in the front, each soaked in their own and the other's blood indistinguishably, each so shattered and broken that there was no point whatever in an autopsy to determine whether it was broken neck or ruptured heart that caused their deaths.

Overturning cars specialize in certain injuries. Cracked pelvis for instance, guaranteeing agonizing months in bed, motionless, perhaps crippled for life; *broken spine* resulting from sheer side-swipe twist; the minor details of *smashed knees* and *splintered shoulder blades* caused by crashing into the side of the car as she goes over with the swirl of an insane roller coaster—and the lethal consequences of *broken ribs* which *puncture hearts and lungs* with their raw ends. The consequent internal hemorrhage is no less dangerous because it is the pleural instead of the abdominal cavity that is filling with blood.

Flying glass contributes much more than its share to the spectacular side of accidents. It doesn't merely cut—the

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MARK THE BALLOT AND MAIL TO THE GRIZZLY
WRITE IN THE NAME OF YOUR CHOICE OF "MISS 40th"

--	--

MISS 40th DIVISION

"The Gal I'd Most" . . .

THE custom of admiring women started a long time ago when a guy called Adam discovered a curvaceous babe named Eve in a garden.

True, Adam's discovery came as a result of a snake in the grass (or was it a tree) who whispered in his ear that *here* was a dish worth a whistle or two, which same he did.

The story goes that Eve batted her eye-lashes a flap or three and made for the tall grass, Adam in hot pursuit.

From there on in, the story is full of asterisks and blank spots, but one thing certain came of all this flora and fauna exploration in the tall woods, and that is either Eve tired or Adam closed in because, here we are, as the feller said, and carrying on in the same fashion come hell or high water.

WELL, the time is today, and there have been many skirmishes in the bush since that memorable tag day back there in Eden, with the attack and retreat tactic employed to advantage, with all the hits, runs and errors recorded in the score book.

To hear some of the descendants of Adam tell it, it would seem that they've been horn-swoggled. In short, they've come to the conclusion that even though *it seemed* as though they were on the offensive riding at the gallop, — they were outsmarted and led into ambush for a quick kill by Eve's sisters.

Other muscle men have come out of the fray a little on the punchy side, not too clear as to who came off with the laurel wreath of battle. They sum it up in the phrase, "Wha hopen?" What *ever* it was that happened, it seemed to agree with our pursuing Romeo, or in any event it didn't slow him up any. Staggering about in the fog of adoration, Adam's distant kin of today is still at it.

OF COURSE there are those sharp characters who vocally announce to anyone who'll listen, that they're beyond reach. They know how to handle babes to hear them tell it,—but—some fairly easy research reveals the discovery that these wise guys are a lead pipe cinch for the gals and are "had" the quickest.

Digging a little more into that research stuff from *the women's angle* we learned this disturbing conclusion: (1) There are men, a particular group who elude the snare and tactical technique of milady and there's nothing can be done about *them* because *they've had it*. (2) There are still others who make with the mouth like all the great lovers of history and yet are above it all and are untouchable. For this group say the gals: "*Brother, you're over the hill,*" and with wise women's eyes, coddle the old boys and go along with the gag. (3) This third and last group comprise the junior set, the guys who've just bought their first razor and haven't quite learned what it was for. To this bunch the babes have a very friendly and counselling attitude. After all, they figure, Rome wasn't built in a day, but when it was and the boys with the togas cut the ribbon to the gates of the city—WOW!

BUT regardless of any category of male or female, what finally was concluded is that boy met girl a long time ago, boy met girl yesterday, boy meets girl today, and from all sources of information, and historical data, this situation is likely to continue.

The recent wars (WW I, WW 2 and Korea) developed a device and custom that brought out the desires and wishes of the men in uniform when it came to choosing the babe of their hearts.

CHECK THE CHICKS IN THE GRIZZLY AND MARK YOUR
BALLOTS . . . (Sorry—No Phone Numbers) ALL DROOLING
PERMITTED BY THE COPYRIGHT OWNERS.

Such admitted yens took the shape of "The Gal I'd Most Like To Be Beached With On A Desert Island," "The Gal I'd Most Like To Be Lost In A Ship's Hold With," "The Gal I'd Most Like To Be Shacked With In A Fox Hole," "The Gal I'd Most Like To Be Lost In The Clouds With," "The Gal I'd Most This, and The Gal I'd Most That."

It just seemed that the boys were intent on electing a pin-up that was the symbol of that which they desired most in a doll.

THE 40th Division is no different in these matters. They too have a healthy and curious notion about "The Most" in a gal. And so the editors thought it only fitting that such an opportunity be given to the Division.

But rather than pin the boys down to one brand of pin-up, it was decided that they elect Miss 40th Division as "The Gal I'd Most!" That left the choice wide open and included all fields of activity most suited to the individual's temperament.

When General Eaton was interviewed on television by movie columnist Jimmy Fiddler, the subject was amply explained by the General. Jimmy asked, "What do you mean, General Eaton by 'The Gal I'd Most' . . . most, what?"

"That's it, Jimmy" the General replied, "The men of the division are going to elect Miss 40th Division, the gal I'd most, period."

So, that's it men. Let's see who you elect "Miss 40th Division, The Gal YOU'D Most."

JUST ONE LOOK and everyone can recognize the original "Ball of Fire" Betty Rowland. She's giving herself a quick looks-ee in her mirror as a contestant for "Miss 40th Division, the gal I'd Most."



THROUGHOUT the Grizzly, you'll find pin-ups. Tall ones, short ones, movie stars and starlets and just plain gals. If you have a wife or sweetheart whom you'd like to enter in the contest, send a picture of her to **THE GRIZZLY**, 1154 N. Western Avenue, Hollywood 29, California.

All you have to do is mark the ballot on page 10 and send it in. We'll print her picture and let the men of the Division vote on her. It's all in fun and who can tell what can come of it.

The editors realize that there's a lot of mouth-watering stuff as contestants, and we'd love to be able to give out with the phone numbers, but it's no dice men, no dice.

So wipe off your chins and vote, pin 'em up and drool.

ED. NOTE: If you have an entry for "Miss 40th, the Gal I'd Most," send in her picture **AND HER AUTHORIZATION TO USE HER PICTURE IN THE CONTEST.** No contestant will be entered if this authorization is not attached to the picture.



SOUND OFF!

A Forum For Enlisted Men Only

The Question

How Would You Recommend
The INCREASED Use Of
WOMEN IN THE GUARD

Give a soldier an opportunity to belly-ache and you can hear the groans from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the North Pole to the South Pole. It seems that ever since Caesar's first legions high-tailed it down the Appian Way under the burden of the then prevalent version of battle armor personally worn by the guys in the ranks, belly-aching became S.O.P.

It was too hot, or too cold, or the chow was lousy, or it wasn't enough, or the gold brickers were getting away with murder, or the campaign was being run by a bunch of knuckle-heads, and, in short, *how much better they could run the show given a chance.*

It's a far cry from the mugs who donned Caesar's hardware and slogged it out along the Peleponesus, among other places, but the nature of the man in the ranks has remained fairly constant. They still are belly-aching . . . and for pretty much the same reasons. In short, they think they could run the show better if they had an opportunity.

A rumor had it that the men of the 40th were different. This scuttlebutt went to the effect that the guys of the Grizzly Division were the most content in the world. The delirium went on to extoll the virtues of all the officers as being the very prince of fellows not capable of pulling a bloomer, but whose first and last thoughts were for the comfort, safety and wellbeing of the men, over and beyond their own comfort.

Why, the jokers responsible for this hysteria even gave circulation to an idea that the Shavetails were volunteering alternate KP duty with the E.M.—and, too, the C.O.'s were arranging dates according to the men's preference (redheads, brunettes or blonds), throwing in a jeep for ease of field operations.

These rumors, while sounding like Heaven, called for investigation by the editors. This is what they found. In one word — “NUTS.”

However, it seemed like such a good idea, we decided to create SOUND OFF, the enlisted man's forum where he could b----- all he liked, safe behind editorial immunity.

As is readily seen in the question box above, the big question in this issue is wrapped around the idea of “O.K. wise guy, you think you could run this outfit better? What would *you* do about it? For one thing, *how would you recommend the increasing use of women in the Army?*”

We interviewed the men and this is what we came up with.



JACK HOGE: "Women working alongside the guys?" ... Areyewkiddin'?"

GARY BRIGHT: "It's okay by me if they put 'em on K.P."

HENRY C. GREEN: "Sounds great. But be sure they're kept washin' the dishes and doin' the scrubbing."

DONALD ALLAWAY: "Make them dining room orderlies. That's where they'd do the most good keepin' the guys from beefing."

W. E. WETMORE: "Mmmmmmm man . . . they should be used on night problems."

HECTOR S. HOLGUIN: "Women?" . . . We're still looking for men!"

MANUEL MARQUEZ: "I think we could do just as well without them."

MELVIN MARTIN: "Keep the women in the kitchen as waitresses and cooks."

SAL CAMONICA: "Just bring them on. We'll take care of them."

ALESSANDRO MOTTA: "Women are better cooks than men."

JERRY NOWAKOSKI: "Xmstob XXXztqzuxm & \$HMxzxt&."

ANDREW BRANCATO: "Dames in the Guard? They'd be great morale builders."

STEVE DEL REAL: "I could think of lots of things, but cooks and waitresses would be a good start."

HARVEY GONZALES: "It would solve a lot of 'date problems' if the girls could be used as recreation hall hostesses and at dances."

JAMES F. SMELTZER: "Make 'em do all the cooking!"

HAROLD J. SMITH: "They should be responsible for the chow. Then the guys who complain about home cooking wouldn't have anything to beef about."

SGT. MILES: "There's nothing like good women's cooking. I say keep them over those hot stoves producing chow."

PFC GARCIA: "For the married guys it'd be great to have someone around to scrub their backs."

BUDDY NICHOLS: "Dig that craaa—zy question! Just send them on."

FRED ROSALIND: "The Medical Detachments should all have women."

JOHN POMEROY: "For the comfort of the troops, all Medical Detachments should have women nurses."

L. ALLAN WEIZEIC: "The Medical Detachments should have women nurses for the comfort of the troops during duty hours and the comfort of the Medics during off duty hours."

WILLIAM S. PATRICK & JAMES HEATON: "Women can best be used as photographers at summer field training camp, just like the one we had at our armory."

(ED. NOTE.— Sorry, fellows, but her boy friend objected to the idea. However, if you want to write to her, address her care of THE GRIZZLY. She answers to the name of Sue.)

JAMES FORREST PETTY: "Women can best be fitted into the National Guard by keeping all us guys cheered up."

THOMAS L. SCHOBACK: (You've got an interesting idea Tom, but sorry we can't use your suggestion.)

DEAN TIDBALL: "Establish a women's National Guard. That'll take care of the babes."

FRED GHIO: "Women in the Guard can best be used for display and morale boosting."

BENITO SANCHEZ, BILL PHILLIPS, TED CARRINGTON, DAN WAGGONER and TERRY O'SHAUGHNESSY all chorused: "We're for it 100 percent!"

HAROLD R. BROOKS: "Keep 'em on K.P."

STEWART LAMB: "Put them in the tanks."



To add a note of authenticity to our research on the use of women in the Guard, we indulged in a little experimentation with our cover girl asking the question. It seems as though M/Sgt. Tore Larson is very intent on his answer.

GLEN B. AYERS: "Keep them scrubbing pans, swinging a mop and peeling spuds, they think they know so much about a kitchen!"

RAY L. PRETTYMAN: "Men are better cooks than women. But we could stand it if they were assistant cooks. It'd liven up the mess hall."

STEVE VAN HOUTEN: "Dames . . . ? . . . Bring 'em on!"

FRED JOHNSON: "I think it's a great idea . . . Nuff sed!"

BOB MORALES: "We can always use them as K.P.'s or waitresses in the mess hall or at the PX."

The next sound-off question: "What change in the N. G. would you make if you had the authority?" Send your answers and pictures to the Grizzly, 1154 N. Western Ave., Hollywood 29, Calif.



ROUND-UP...CAMP

Comes time for a round-up of what happened at Summer Field Training at Camp Roberts and Hunter Liggett Military Reservation and it is discovered that everything is important—everything should be first!

However it should be admitted that the first and last aim of the Grizzly Division is that the year's training winding up with the annual two weeks in the field cause all personnel to emerge as better soldiers and better citizens in their home communities.

A further objective is that the training of Grizzlies be reflected in civilian life as examples of what the Guard can mean to individuals in the building of character, the building of bodies, the sharpening of minds, and the development of the leadership so essential in maintenance of American democracy.

Trophies, trophies, and more trophies was the story in the Soldiers' Bowl on the last day at Camp Roberts . . . 1—Trophy for winning Division pistol match is handed team captain, Maj. Robert Dove, C.O., 139th. On Dove's left are Capt. Richard E. David and Lt. Walter J. Burch. Not shown are team members Sfc. Richard A. Sammons and Sgt. Ove A. Muotka. Team score 1095 points . . . 2—Adjutant General's Progress Award is presented by Col. Emmett A. Rink, left, C.O., Combat Command B, to Capt. Raymond D. Claverie for Co. D, 134th . . . 3—Lt. Col. Fredrick T. Flo, right, C.O., 140th, congratulates Maj. S. G. Weller, his S-3, on receipt of State Commendation with Pendant for outstanding service . . . 4—Lt. Col. John Stevenson, left, C.O., Div. Trains., hands Adjutant General's Progress Award to Lt. Robert S. Ford for Co. A., 40th Qm. Bn. . . 5—A trophy and handshake is accepted from General Eaton by Sgt. Rudy Casillo for winning of softball championship at Camp by 225th . . . 6—Brig. Gen. Charles A. Ott Jr., C.G., Div. Arty., presents Adjutant General's Progress trophy to Lt. Homer A. Engle for Hq. Btry., Div. Arty. . . 7—Signal Co.'s Capt. Edward R. Bogenschield accepts Adjutant General's Progress Award—for top Division Troops unit—from Brig. Gen. Wayne C. Bailey, asst. div. commander.

Division Rates High

Generally speaking the outfit did well at camp, scoring an average of 56.25 (Very Satisfactory) out a possible 100 points, according to an unofficial consolidation of ratings of Sixth Army inspectors. The 224th Armored Infantry Bn. walked off with the highest average, 63.37 points (Very Satisfactory), awarded a line battalion. The highest average for a service battalion was attained by the 40th Quartermaster Bn., which took 74.60 points (Excellent).

Superior ratings in two of four phases scored by inspectors went to Combat Command A. Superior in one of four phases scored went to Hq. and H & S Co. and the Medical Det., 132nd Armored Engineer Bn.; Hq. and H&S Co., 139th Tank Bn.; Medical Det., 140th Tank Bn.; Hq. and Hq. Co., Division Trains; and Medical Det., 40th Armored Quartermaster Bn.

Of a total of 134 ratings made, 33 were Excellent, 39 Very Satisfactory, 46 Satisfactory, and 8 Unsatisfactory.

Fighting Men

Training emphasis, for Grizzly fighting men, was on firing of weapons, communications, operation and maintenance of vehicles, and small unit (section, squad, and platoon) tactical problems. Every unit had to conduct a one and a half day tactical bivouac and some went as far as Hunter Liggett.

The artillery got into mass firing techniques.

About 975 recruits went to schools operated by the major commands of the Division. They had two days of basic soldiering and two days on the range with individual weapons.

Service Units

While service units—ordnance, qm., medics, et al—were heavily engaged in



ROBERTS AND HUNTER LIGGETT

supplying food, ammo, and medical support for the fighters, they also had heavy dosages from the training schedules.

The service people, for example, issued 74,272 gallons of 74 octane gas for trucks, 49,809 gallons of 80 octane for tanks, and they dispensed 234,389 meals.

In addition, it was estimated they saw that the troops received:

600,000 rounds of .30 cal. rifle, BAR, and machine gun ammo.

100,000 rounds for carbines.

100,000 rounds for .50 cal. machine guns.

13,000 rounds for pistols.

12,400 units of mines, demolition material, and ammo for simulated artillery and grenade firing.

Not to mention 914 rounds for 155 mm. howitzers; 1,400 for 105 mm. guns; 1,100 rounds for 76 mm. guns, and 2,400 for the 90s.

The AA bagged 2,800 rounds for their new double-barreled twin 40 mm. guns.

Under the heading of miscellaneous were 3,100 rounds for the infantry's mortars and 2,300 rockets for bazookamen.

This added up to enough destructive force for a very respectable battle.

8—Capt. Allison E. Bryan receives Adjutant General Progress Award for Co. C, 139th from Lt. Col. Edward F. Niblock, C.O., Combat Command C . . . 9—Col. Ernest E. Hamor C.O., Combat Command A, presents Adjutant General's Progress trophy to Lt. Max Herman for Co. B, 160th. An AG Progress Award went to one unit in each major command . . . 10—Gen. Eaton, second from right, congratulates M/Sgt. Raymond E. Melton, 139th, on winning individual division rifle championship match with score of 274 out of possible 300. Looking on are teammates, Cpl. Hector Holquin, left, 1st Lt. Charles Clark, and Capt. James E. Hodges, all of 139th.

Gen. Eaton Says

"The enthusiasm and attitude of the troops contributed very materially to the success of our stay at Camp Roberts. I am very pleased with the way members of this command, of all ranks, have responded to the rigorous tasks they faced."

Praise for the Tanks

And the operation of the A-3 Tank Range—on which three tanks advance abreast firing on silhouette targets—was described as good as anything he'd ever seen . . . Regular or otherwise . . . by Col. William Maulsley Jr. of the Dept. of the Army.

Marksmanship

In the field of marksmanship competition, the Individual Weapons Championship Matches stirred plenty of interest.

M/Sgt. Raymond L. Melton, 139th Tank Bn., who was named to the California National Guard Team sent to the National Rifle Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio, racked up the highest individual score in the M-1 Rifle Match. He scored 274 out of a possible 300 as compared to 273 tallied by Maj. William L. Geissert of the 132nd Armored Engineer Bn., and 271 fired by Capt. James E. Hodges of the 139th Tank Bn.

Number One M-1 Rifle Team, with a score of 1016, came from the 132nd. Members were Geissert, M/Sgt. Floyd W. Brown, and Sgts. Donovan H. Allen and Delmar L. Payne.

Sixty rounds were fired by each competitor at 200, 300, and 500 yard ranges.

Love Wins with Carbine

Sgt. V. Love of the 225th Armored Field Artillery Bn., won the carbine match with a score of 183 out of a possible 200 points in firing 40 rounds at 200 and 300 yard ranges. Second high individual was 2nd Lt. Richard

W. Kramer, 132nd Armored Engineer Bn., with 179 points. Cpl. Richard Gauthier, 111th Recon. Bn., placed third with 178 points.

Winning team members, with an aggregate score of 689, were Gauthier, M/Sgt. Clifford E. Thompson, Sgt. Ellsworth E. Mozee, and Cpl. Wayne L. Slaven, all of the 111th.

No. 1 Pistol Shot

Number 1 pistol shot of the Division is Pvt. Danny J. Kline, 140th Tank Bn., whose 50 rounds fired at 25 and 50 yard ranges won him a score of 325. Runner-up was Sfc. Jack M. Delk, 111th, with another 325 points. Kline took first place because he had the greater number of bullseyes. Sfc. Alfred C. Allen, 223rd Armored Infantry Bn., was third with 320 points.

The winning pistol team, composed of 1st Lt. Walter J. Burch, Capt. Richard E. Davis, Sfc. Richard A. Sammons, and Sgt. Ove A. Muotka, 139th Tank Bn., scored 1095 points.

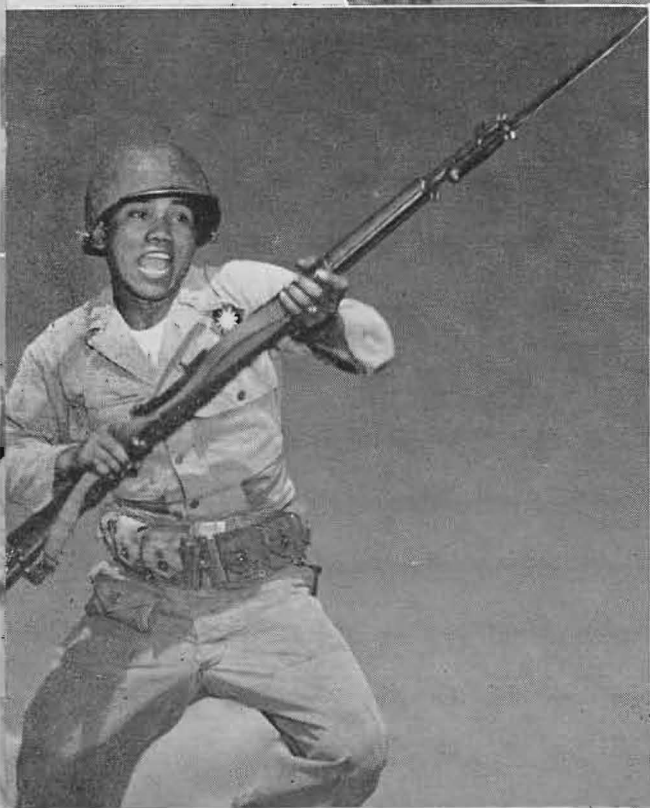
Sure Shot

Surest shot in the 40th with the automatic rifle is Sgt. Donald Betts, 223rd Armored Infantry Bn., who accounted for 47 points on an 80-round transition course. In second place was Pfc. James D. Hewitt, 160th Armored Infantry Bn., with 46 points, and M/Sgt. Charles E. Estermyer, 223rd, was third with 45.

On the winning team, with 89 points, were Sergeant Betts and Pvt. James A. Leitgeb.

Because a complete report on summer field training cannot help but require more space than is available, this summary will be completed in the next number of THE GRIZZLY.





OVERSEAS

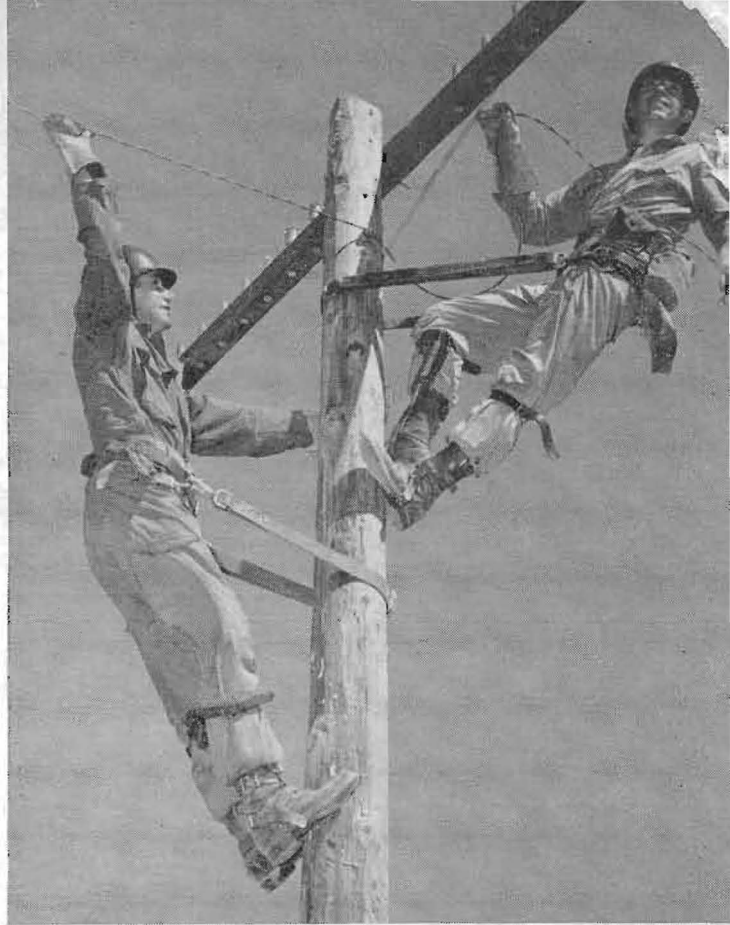
with the Fighting 40th

Hole digging, with a lieutenant on the business end of the shovel, to pole climbing and icebreaking was the story of the 40th's last oversea tour. Photos on this and the opposite page show how the troops worked making landings, wielding Bibles, shovels, and bayonets, stringing wire, and bailing tanks out of frozen Korean rivers.

Photo below shows Col. Douglas G. Wilkins, now Division Chief of Staff, going over a tactical situation on a Japanese hilltop with Sgt. Robert Warga, former Division intelligence sergeant.

The 40th has served with honor and distinction in France, Pacific Ocean areas of World War II, and in Korea, and holds the Philippine and Republic of Korea Presidential Unit Citations.

The 40th has campaign credits for France, the Bismarck Archipelago, Luzon (including an assault landing), and the Southern Philippines. The Division participated in four campaigns in Korea and was one of only two Guard division to exchange blows with the enemy in the Korean war.



MURDER TRAIL

By Hal Smith

Hate and Fear Rode Side By Side In The
Desert Hell That Kept Two Men and A
Woman Company on Their Flight into Eternity

BEGINNING A 2 PART SERIAL ACTION STORY OF AN EX-GRIZZLY

NARDO Deitz looked around the desert wasteland that surrounded the shabby trailer — tin-cans, papers weighted down by the remains of feasts, skeletons of rusted iron.

What a way to live, mused the tall man. He heard angry voices from inside the trailer—a man's and a woman's. He skirted around the ancient station wagon baked to a uniform grey by the desert sun and the sand, picking his way carefully through littered junk.

How come anyone lived here — let alone a woman? He hesitated before knocking on the screen door of the trailer. The man's voice was saying, "... Then why the hell do you stay here? Why don't you get out?"

And the woman's voice, "Because I still have a few feelings left for you that you haven't killed yet—that's why I want to get away from this God forsaken place."

Her voice sounded young. Deitz grinned and knocked. The man who pushed the screen door open stood half in the shadow of the trailer so that the blinding glare of the desert sun reflecting from the sand made black pools of shadows under his eyes and cheekbones. Ben Cameron was young as years go. In his middle thirties, but old with pain and old with the frustrations of his own physical limitations, and old with his sense of guilt toward his wife for whom he could do so little and for whom he wanted so much.

He looked out at Deitz and saw the close-cropped hair and firm cheeks of the well-fed, healthy man who stood in the sun. The porous summer clothes looked as clean-cut, as comfortable and formal as an air-conditioned office. Ben Cameron's voice was hostile as he asked, "What do you want?"

"Are you Ben Cameron?"

"What of it?"

"They told me in town that you pick up some odd change now and then by guiding people around these parts."

"Just a rumor. I don't need 'odd change.'"

Deitz laughed easily. He tried to see beyond Ben Cameron into the shadows of the trailer.

"I thought maybe you could use the money."

The woman's voice came from the dark interior, "How much, Ben?"

Deitz answered quickly, "The bartender at the Blue Mirror said fifty a week, I'll make it seventy-five."

Meg Cameron edged into the doorway. "Ben . . ."

"No!" he cut her off sharply.

Nardo Deitz's eyes were drawn to the woman. The faded jeans and open-throated blouse gave her a lush youthfulness.

Her hair was bleached out by the sun to an almost white blondness that blended with the golden brown of her skin. Her eyes appeared startlingly blue in contrast. She wore no make-up. "Well, how much do you want?" He knew it was bad for the transaction but he couldn't take his eyes away from the woman.

"You don't have that kind of money, mister."

"You'd be surprised," Deitz laughed.

"Yeah." Ben looked at him with weary disgust and turned back into the trailer.

Meg Cameron's eyes held Deitz. The full lips, somehow undressed in his mind because of the lack of lipstick, compressed, and he became confused. Meg Cameron watched his confusion, watched as he smiled a crooked boyish grin.

"If it's a question of price . . ."

Nardo Deitz said, and shrugged. She turned indoors silently and left the man standing there.

"A hundred dollars," Deitz shouted into the dark doorway.

Meg Cameron lifted her packed suitcase and stood facing her husband. "Are you going to take it?"

"What for? We've been through this before. A hundred dollars isn't going to cure what ails us."

"Then I'm leaving." It was a warning with a plea in it.

"I have no right to hold you," he said flatly.

"I don't want to go. You're driving me out."

"Seems to me you're going out under your own power."

"It's staying cooped up here, week after week, month after month."

"It's the best I can offer you. And a hundred dollars isn't going to change things."

"Ben, please . . ."

She stared at him for a moment, struggling to control her feelings, and then she lifted her suitcase and walked past him. He followed her as far as the door.

Deitz watched curiously as she tramped doggedly through the soft sand. He turned back to Cameron who watched from the trailer door.

"How about it, Cameron—a hundred bucks."

"I don't need you, mister, and I don't need your money."

Deitz laughed uncomfortably. "Everybody needs money." He turned and looked at Meg Cameron who was plodding toward the road with the heavy suitcase dragging at her arm.

Ben raised his voice, loud enough for her to hear. "You don't get it, mister. One can live pretty good on

disability compensation—two can live on it—maybe not so good—if they don't ask for too much . . . But one? . . . Hell! . . . I get along fine and no favors asked. I don't need anybody—not a damned single solitary soul." He slammed the door with violent fury.

WHEN Deitz got to his car, she was waiting there for him.

"Can you give me a lift into town?"
 "Sure," he said. He glanced at her as she got into the car. He smiled to himself. He was in his own territory again. It was just a question of waiting until she started talking.

But she didn't talk, except to give him the directions to a cheap hotel when they finally reached town. Deitz looked at her. Here was a woman. A woman that made all the other females in his life look like kids. Deitz was tired of being the strong man—of being alone. He wanted someone to whom he could confess . . .

"Are you in town alone?"
 "Yes."
 "Do you have any plans?"
 "Yes."
 "I thought, perhaps dinner."
 "No thanks . . . And thanks for the ride."

He watched her until she disappeared into the lobby.

IN the steamy bathroom she sank back further into the warm creamy suds. How many months had she dreamed of this—the bath oil, the bubbles, the soothing silk of warm water between her thighs, floating weightless in the warm embrace? Is this too much to ask out of life? Why should she feel guilty? It was his fault, the poor dope. Can anybody call this luxury, a dollar-fifty room and bath at a breakdown hotel?

God, the things you take for granted and the things you learn to appreciate!

And then she cried, the salt tears mixing with the soapy water in a relaxing flood . . .

AT a table by herself, while she ate slowly and savored the simple food with a taste made sensitive by the highly bought vacation—Ben was in her mind like a painful melody repeating itself—she saw somebody watching her. It was Nardo hovering indecisively at the door. She smiled. He came over to her table . . .

And then later in the public intimacy of the block-long noisy bar of a gambling joint he asked her, "Are you—married?"

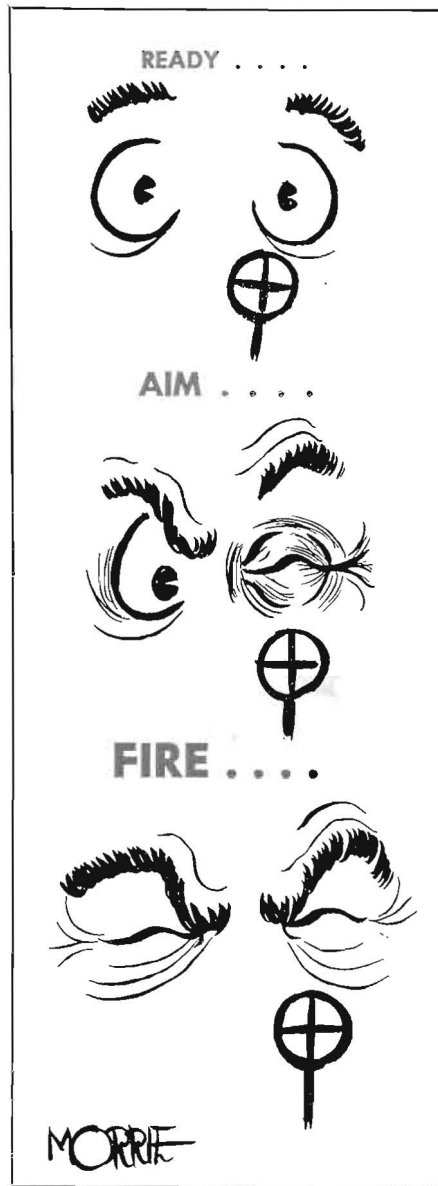
"Yes," she said with a secret smile. "Ben Cameron is my husband."

Deitz was straightforward. It went with his close-cropped square good looks. "What are you doing in town by yourself?"

"Vacation."
 He grinned. "I'm broadminded."
 "I'm not." Who was she kidding? She smiled at him. "What are you doing here?"

"Vacation." He ordered another round.

What's the sense of being lonesome, she thought? He looked kind, and she was feeling reckless. She drank "sting-



ers" because they were expensive, cold and sweet. And because she wanted to get drunk . . .

IT was late that night before Ben decided to go after her. He'd tried to find small jobs for himself to occupy the time before he left to find her.

He had to have her.
 When night had come the feeling was too intense to bear.

He gunned the old station wagon in a frenzy of impatience. The pistons hammered, "Gas her—gas her!" urging him to go faster. She was his strength and his weakness, his reason for rising in the morning and going to bed at night.

There was still time.
 This was her reward for sweating out the war years waiting for him and working to support herself, and then the months following him around from one hospital to another. What the hell did he expect of a woman, living in a trailer two years in the desert, cut off from people, from the things a woman needs? And what had he given her for her courage—for her love and wordless sacrifices?

He got to her hotel a little after one in the morning. He felt his stomach turn over when the clerk told him she hadn't returned.

It was always like this, he turned on himself angrily, just like a kid dreaming up the way things should be, and then getting sick because things don't turn out the way he dreamed them. She'd be back pretty soon—it was all right . . .

"She stopped by to pick up her coat about a half-hour ago."

"It's a hot night."
 "You said it. But she said the top was down and it might get chilly driving . . ."

★ ★ ★ ★
THE cushioned ride was like a cozy baby-buggy and the soft night sky an enveloping canopy, soothing and secure.

"God, you don't know what it means to be relaxed," she said, "—and clean."
 "What do you mean, I don't know," Deitz laughed. "I've been clean most of my life."

"How nice."
 "No, really. They used to kid me about it at school. The most washed man on the campus."

"What school?"
 "Harvard."
 "A nice clean Harvard man," Meg murmured.

"They used to say I was trying to wash away my sins."
 "Do you have any?"

The police siren grew on them with the annoying persistence of a mosquito. Deitz looked at the speedometer with an angry exclamation.

"What's a speeding ticket between friends," Meg murmured. She turned her cheek against the soft cool leather.

(Continued on page 25)

Honor Guardsmen

In terms of the GRIZZLY magazine. HONOR GUARDSMAN, means *faith*.

It does not mean that those subscribers or those Guardsmen who have not subscribed, or those who have subscribed for one year only are any the less "honorable."

The GRIZZLY "Honor Guardsman" is a man who through his faith in the Division, pride in his outfit, and willingness to subscribe to the GRIZZLY for three years, is therefor entitled to special recognition and honor because of that faith.

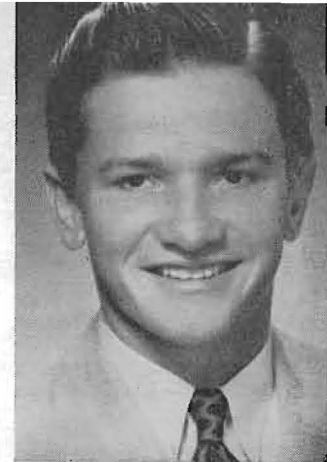
Without the support of the Honor Guardsmen, the GRIZZLY would never have seen the light of day. With that support the success of the future of the Division publication was assured.

There are many other Honor Guardsmen whose pictures do not appear on this page. That is only because (1) we haven't received their pictures at the GRIZZLY office yet and (2) because of the lack of space to print all of them in this issue. However, ALL MEN WHO HAVE SUBSCRIBED FOR 3 YEARS BECOME HONOR GUARDSMEN and will have their pictures published in the GRIZZLY in future issues. If we do not receive all the pictures of the three year subscribers, we will publish their names.

In the name of the Division and the editors of the GRIZZLY, we SALUTE YOU, HONOR GUARDSMEN OF THE GRIZZLY!



M/Sgt. Albert Petring



Pvt. Norman Cunningham



Maj. Gen. Homer O. Eaton



Brig. Gen. Chas. A. Ott Jr.



Pfc. Jerry Barendregt



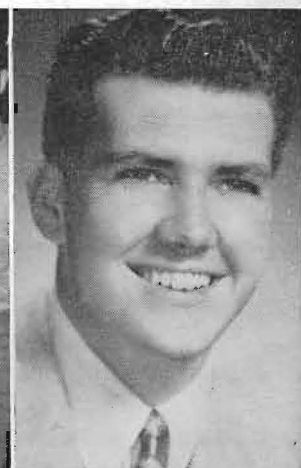
Sgt. Nap Bilodeau



Lt. Col. F. T. Flo



SFC Art Dawson



Pvt. Ralph Cuthbert



Pvt. D. N. Jensen



Pvt. L. J. King



Sfc. D. N. Clement



M/Sgt. M. M. Gibbs



Sgt. Ben Martinez

The Fighting 40th

(Continued from Page 5)

sukiyaki, and *sake* enlivened every possible occasion. A land of sharp contrasts between the old and the new, with train berths too short for most, Japan fascinated nine out of every ten men. Division postal clerks worked overtime keeping up with the flood of pictures, kimonos, lacquer ware, jewelry, and heaven knows what sent home. Stateside children blossomed out with fancily embroidered satin jackets and teetered around on *geta* (slippers with stilts on them) and wives coped with salt and pepper shakers of every conceivable size and shape.

There was serious business, too, as the 40th prepared for whatever additional missions might be ordered. There were platoon and company exercises, regimental combat team maneuvers, amphibious warfare and air transportability training. For instance, the RCTs engaged in a seaborne operation which took them by truck and rail and ship from their Honshu homes to splash through the surf of Chigasaki Beach in Toyko Bay . . . albeit five years late.

RUMORS began to fill the air again, but of course no one had seriously doubted that the 40th would see combat again. The rumble of fighting was just over the horizon to the west, deeper in the Orient. On Christmas Eve, 1951, the 40th was alerted for movement to Korea. As was the case when we went to Japan, I headed an advance detachment to pave the way for the Division, and in the following month—in sub-zero weather—we completed relief of the 24th Infantry Division in a sector jutting far into Chinese-held territory on the Central Front. The fact is that ours was the northernmost position held by American troops.

Winter turned slowly to spring as virtually stalemated troops engaged in small-scale but nevertheless vicious fighting in extremely rugged terrain. Nightly patrols made frequent contact with the Chinese Communists. But, characteristically in a period of a war that wasn't a war, neither UN nor Chinese/North Korean forces launched all-out attacks. For the most part we held the line by sitting on it and keeping the Chinese away from it. We broke up the Chinese habit of improving their fortifications in full view of our

front line observers. We shelled them every time we saw them. *We even conducted an artillery school—intended to teach infantry officers how to serve as forward observers for the artillery—right on the front line.* In short, while just living was tough, the fighting—during the time we were there—was not. Nevertheless it must be granted that a man is equally dead whether killed in a big fight or a little one.

BIGGEST ATTACK LAUNCHED

OUR largest infantry attack was launched by a reinforced rifle company, while a reinforced battalion of about 100 tanks engaged in the Division's biggest armored attack. Three companies of Chinese infantry made the heaviest attack against us when they sought, unsuccessfully, to dislodge units of the 223rd Infantry Regiment.

THE Army announced it would start relieving all National Guardsmen because their terms of service were nearing expiration. In March, 1952, the first increments started the homeward trip by way of Chunchon and Inchon, Korea, and Sasebo, Japan. By June 6 all Guardsmen were home except those who signed over for additional service. And within a few more months the draftees, volunteers, and reservists who had joined us at Camp Cooke were home and out of the service and the 40th, at that stage, bore no further resemblance to the fine Division organized and trained by dedicated Guardsmen.

Holding detachments were created in the California National Guard for officers and men anxious to reorganize the 40th and the now familiar cycle started all over again.

The first step was to organize the headquarters of each organization, then its subordinate units. Insofar as was possible, units were returned to their former homes and veteran officers and NCOs began to show up for new or old assignments. At this point the Table of Organization called for three infantry regiments, four field artillery battalions, one AAA battalion, one tank battalion, one engineer battalion, one medical battalion, and quartermaster, signal, ordnance, and military police companies.

On Aug. 28, 1952 we received the thanks of the community at a civic luncheon sponsored by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. And on Sept. 2, 1952, the 40th came into being in the Guard again—this time being

designated the 40th Infantry Division, National Guard of the United States. Meanwhile, the 40th designation remained active in Korea. Thus, to the confusion of lay folk, there were two 40th Divisions.

CHANGES WERE MADE

WHILE we were gone, a number of changes had taken place here at home. The 111th Armored Cavalry Regiment was organized and while it had units up and down the state, many were in our area and constituted a competitive factor in recruiting. But on the other side of the coin new armories had been completed so that actually we were in much better shape than we had been during the comparable period of 1946-47. As a matter of fact, at the moment we are in better shape, from the standpoint of armories than we have ever been. Nevertheless additional new armories are badly needed at Ventura, Escondido, South Gate, Anaheim, Alhambra, and Victorville.

Just over a year after the Stateside return of the last Guardsmen, the 40th designation was dropped from the active list in the Army and returned to California—along with our colors and standards (from which today flutter the streamers from many campaigns).

(Continued on page 24)

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IN THE FIELD

Nearly 6,000 troops of the 40th, 137th Transportation Bn. and 1402nd Engineer Bn., passed in review before Gov. Goodwin J. Knight and distinguished guests.



Review was followed by weapons display featuring newest Grizzly tools—self-propelled 155 mm. howitzers and double-barreled 40 mm. anti-aircraft guns.



Top recruiters of Hq. and Hq. Co., Combat Command C—M/Sgt. Henry Compton, 1st Lt. Raymond Booth, company commander, 2nd Lt. James C. Crain, and Cpl. Gayle Miller—admire bulletin board notice extolling their efforts in bringing unit up to "war" strength. Same feat was racked up by Co. A, 132nd Armored Engineer Bn.



Grizzly chow was good and there was plenty of it—and it was needed by hard working troops. Preparing meatballs for redlegs of 225th Armored Field Artillery Bn. are Pvt. Elias Blanco, left, Sgt. Joseph Merraera, Sgt. Glenn Butterfield, Sfc. John Mendoza, and Pfc. Manuel Silveria. Old Timers claim the food gets better year by year.



ABOVE: How to tie the knots needed to keep communication lines in operation is subject for field study by Pfc. Lloyd Lester, Cpl. Dick McCullough, and Pvt. Brooks, all of the 225th Armored Field Artillery Bn.

RIGHT: Training problems attract attention of Combat Command B officers. Left to right are Capt. Larry F. Smith, Lt. Col. Alvin E. Howell, Maj. Peter C. Reid, and Col. Emmett A. Rink, commanding officer.



ABOVE: Grizzly tankers wasted no time getting down to serious if surprisingly damp business on very dry Camp Roberts reservation. M-47 tank, handled by M/Sgt. Jesus Chavez, left in turret, and Sfc. Robert Diaz—two of four-man crew from Co. A, 133rd Tank Bn.—appears to be in process of moving most of water from stream.

Armored men spent many hours raising heavy dust palls on tank driving courses at Roberts and in hurling High Explosive shells on targets at Hunter Liggett Military Reservation.

WITH THE 40TH



Searing white phosphorus explodes in incandescent shower on range at Camp Roberts. Weapon is improved version of World War II bazooka.

Cpl. Allan Randall, left, gunner, and Pfc. Richard Atkinson, loader, both of Co. C, 223rd Armored Infantry Bn., handle the 3.5 inch rocket launcher designed to knock out tanks.



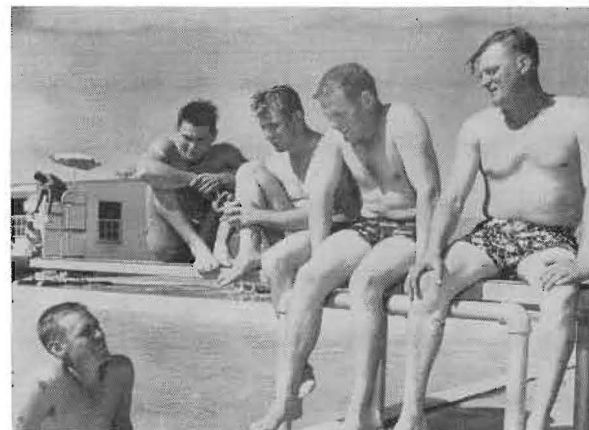
Busy man is Cpl. Max W. Kirkendal, 40th Signal Co., working on radio equipment chart. Signal Co. is responsible for operating complex communication systems — including land lines and radio for voice and teletype. Signal as well as Message Center.



The situation, in hand, left, Brig. Gen. Wayne C. Bailey, General Eaton, Brig. Gen. Charles A. Ott Jr., and Col. Douglas G. Wilkings.



ABOVE: Lt. Col. Edward F. Kniblock (center, seated in jeep) makes with his orders to staff officers of CCC. They are, from left, Capt. Donald McClanahan, Maj. Donald Caman and Tom Turnage, Capt. George Westphaln and James Lilly.



ABOVE: Sfc. Robert Gowin, lower left, and Pvt. Wallace Zeller, left on diving board, Sgt. Joe Zeller, Sfc. Larry Atherly, and Sgt. George Dawson, all of 132nd Armored Engineer Bn., manage to find time to lounge around Camp Roberts swimming pool.



RIGHT: Maj. Gen. William F. Dean, right Korean war hero and deputy commander of Sixth Army, and General Eaton take sharp look at 40th operations at Camp Roberts. Dean, due for retirement soon, spent more than two days with Division.



LEFT: The "dry run," a favorite Army technique, is tried for size by Sgt. Eldon Runnells, Cpl. Mike Beach, and Cpl. William J. Castens, all of 161st Armored Infantry Bn. They are practicing with 81 mm. mortar, infantry's "artillery."

The Fighting 40th

(Continued from Page 21)

The return was marked by the most impressive military ceremony I have ever seen. Market Street and the San Francisco civic center were the setting. Eleven hundred combat veterans of the 40th, in battle gear and wearing new field uniforms, marched up Market Street, from the Embarcadero, and around the civic center square to form a solid phalanx before the grandstand erected in front of the City Hall.

Walter Pidgeon, the actor, narrated events for spectators. I had journeyed to San Francisco with some of my staff members and commanders to receive the colors. First they were handed, by Brig. Gen. William J. Bradley, who brought the 40th AUS home, to Lt. Gen. Williard Wyman, Sixth Army commander. General Wyman presented them to Governor Knight, who handed them to me. It was a thrilling moment, one I shall always remember. Of the people who accompanied me—and they were all pretty tough soldiers who had “had it” in all theatres of World War II—none would admit he didn’t have a lump in his throat.

As nearly everyone knows, we call ourselves the “Grizzly” Division. Previously this outfit’s nickname was the “Sunshine” Division—which seemed to us to be more than some-

what passive. We labeled ourselves the “Sunburst” Division and succeeded in making that fairly well known. After we Guardsmen left Korea, there was an effort to nickname the 40th the “Ball of Fire” and a new, lozenge shaped patch was designed.

It didn’t stick, I am happy to report. However, the Army a couple or so years ago decided that every division should have a nickname, and we quickly realized we had a chance to bury the “Sunshine,” the “Sunburst,” and the “Fireball” all at one funeral. In Korea our code name was Grizzly. We felt that name was particularly fitting for a California unit and, moreover, it had an aggressive connotation we liked. We sent all the necessary papers, complete with long arguments, to the Department of the Army, and as a result the 40th officially became “The Grizzly Division” and we’re proud of it!

If, on Sept. 2, 1952, we were back in business in the Guard, I assure you that on June 19, 1953, we were back in business with a vengeance! And two months later we were able to count 1,940 noses present and available for duty at Hunter Liggett Military Reservation where we had our first post-Korean war Summer Field Training.

As usually seems to happen before the event, rumors began to circulate that the 40th would be converted to armor. There were many obvious difficulties, not the least of which

was the fact that our Division had three regiments of infantry and only one battalion of tanks. This could have necessitated a wholesale re-qualifying of commanders, to mention only one difficulty. All the problems were aired thoroughly and cussed and discussed with the Adjutant General of California, the National Guard Bureau, and Sixth Army. Plans were developed and firmed and, on Thursday, July 1, 1954—just a few, short weeks before our next Summer Field Training—I was able to announce that we had swapped our historic role in the infantry for a new mission with a new designation as the 40th Armored Division.

NO IMPOSSIBLE PROBLEMS

WE are still feeling the effects of the changeover, but thus far have faced no impossible problems. In the switch we absorbed a good part of the 111th Armored Cavalry Regiment and had to redesignate all of our organizations and switch the assignments of the bulk of our line officers—artillerymen excepted.

The basic structure of the 40th today is this: We have three Combat Commands, to which are attached varying numbers of battalions of tanks and infantry; we have Division Artillery; and we have Division Trains, which carries the 40th’s logistical and administrative load.

Actually we have.

Division Troops

Headquarters and Headquarters Co., 40th Armored Division
40th Armored Signal Company
40th Military Police Company
132nd Armored Engineer Battalion

Combat Command A

111th Reconnaissance Battalion
160th Armored Infantry Battalion
161st Armored Infantry Battalion

Combat Command B

133rd Tank Battalion
134th Tank Battalion
224th Armored Infantry Battalion

Combat Command C

139th Tank Battalion
140th Tank Battalion
223rd Armored Infantry Battalion

Division Artillery

143rd Armored Field Artillery Battalion
214th Armored Field Artillery Battalion
215th Armored Field Artillery Battalion
225th Armored Field Artillery Battalion
217th Anti-Aircraft Artillery (Automatic Weapons) Battalion

Division Trains

40th Armored Quartermaster Battalion
40th Armored Medical Battalion
40th Armored Ordnance Battalion
40th Armored Division Band
140th Replacement Company

So now we are operating in the tradition of the cavalry and our motto is:

“Armor, the Combat Arm of Decision.”



Murder Trail

(Continued from page 19)

Nothing was going to spoil her cushy mood—nothing. She closed her eyes and felt the car slow to a stop. It was like a dream, with her eyes closed. She could feel the night tucked in around her, soft as a baby's blanket—the angry voices of Deitz and the cop sounded far away and unreal in her alcoholic cocoon. Deitz had left the motor running.

“... Let me see your license.”

“Here you are.”

... Through hazy eyes she saw the policeman go to the front of the car to read the license in the beam of the headlights.

She felt the sudden surge forward of the big car and the sudden jolt as it hit a body.

The car bounced sickeningly. Deitz slammed on the brakes and flung himself out of the car. She was sitting up now, the drinks burning in her throat like a hard bitter ball. Deitz jumped in again, threw his license on the seat, and started the car. The rear end of the car lifted high and bounced as it passed over something—the second time.

She clung to the seat as the big car rushed along in the wavering path that the headlights seemed to be laying before them, extending it just in time over the black abyss into which she felt they must fall...

☆ ☆ ☆

THE sand rushed against the station wagon like a fog blanket and shut him in a small tight world as Ben crept along, feeling his way through the stinging soup. On the edge of the horizon the dawn fought yellowly with the whipping sand-clouds. At last his headlights swept across the trailer, dark and desolate in the flat expanse.

He turned the key in the lock of the door. It swung only as far as the door-chain. He waited, holding his breath. It was bolted from the inside.

For a moment there was only the sound of the sifting sand—and then he heard the whispering, a curdling terrifying sound.

“It's me,” he said harshly. “Open the door.”

After a moment he heard movement inside.

Meg looked out of the crack stupidly. “Ben,” she said tonelessly. “Oh, Ben.” She hugged her bathrobe around her.

She opened the door, and he stepped in. Behind her stood Nardo Deitz.

“Had a little accident,” Deitz explained easily. “Car went over an embankment about five miles back. We

had to slog all the way back here through the damned storm.”

“Get out.”

“Ben...”

“The both of you!”

Deitz remained unruffled. “You can't very well expect us to walk in that soup out there.”

“I don't care if you crawl on your bellies—get out!”

Meg threw her arms around Ben's neck, sobbing. Her robe fell open as she lifted her arms. He looked down at her in disgust. “Let go of me.” He pushed her away and she fell helplessly on one of the bunks where she lay, crying uncontrollably.

“You're quite the gentleman, aren't you?” observed Deitz.

“I'll leave all that to you.”

Deitz was wetting a handkerchief. “It becomes difficult under certain circumstances.” He went over Meg and put the handkerchief on her forehead. She seized his wrist.

“Tell him nothing happened between us!”

“Why should he believe me,” Deitz was amused, “even if it were true?”

“Don't bother,” Ben said tersely.

“Look here.” Deitz came over to him. “Meg's told me a great deal about you, Ben.” He chuckled. “It's one of the sacrifices a gentleman must make when he's entertaining dissatisfied

★ ★ ★ ★

STARLET Marla English, poses prettily on the beach as she flirts toward the Grizzlymen for their vote as the gal of their choice, Miss 40th.



wives. You've got the wrong slant on things...”

Ben leaped at him, but crashed to the floor from a sledge hammer left a moment later. He lay there grasping for breath as the sauve voice floated over him:

“That's precisely what I mean, Ben. You're fighting the wrong people for the wrong things. I have a proposition to offer you.”

“Don't let him drag you into it too!” Meg's voice screamed.

Deitz smiled. “She's still a little hysterical.”

“What's your proposition?” Ben pulled himself painfully to his feet.

“Don't listen to him, Ben, don't listen!”

“What's your proposition?”

“I still want you to take me on that trip.”

“Across the border?”

“Why yes... we might cross the border.”

“Suppose I refuse.”

(Continued on page 26)

Murder Trail

(Continued from page 25)

"I intend to make it worth your while."

"And if I still refuse?"

Deitz produced a small automatic. "I'm rather a novice at this killing business—but if I'm forced to . . ."

Meg ran to Deitz and clutched his sleeve. "Nardo! No!"

Deitz laughed as he switched the gun into his left hand. "I said only if I was forced to . . ." He held her off.

"Blow off, Meg," Ben said tiredly.

"But Ben . . ."

"Yeah. I know. He may be new at it, but he's been getting in a lot of practice."

Deitz stared at him. "What do you mean?"

"That cop you ran over—he died last night."

"How did you know?"

"He lived long enough to call in descriptions of both of you to the sheriff's station." He looked at Meg. "I waited for you at the hotel until three o'clock. Then I went to the sheriff's station to put in a missing persons report. I should have known you'd be in good hands."

"Now what?" Deitz lifted the gun.

"Nothing," Ben said calmly. "If you're going to shoot, just be sure to aim for the right side. That's where the good lung is. If you aim for the heart, you might miss. It's dropped."

Deitz lowered the gun. He laughed. "Maybe I did have you wrong." He made himself comfortable. "You know, in a way I think it was a good thing for you that I came along. Give you a new slant on things."

Ben looked over at Meg. She buried her face in her hands.

"Here's the whole situation," Deitz continued. "I can't afford to get mixed up with the local authorities—" He laughed. "Any authorities, for that matter. I have too much invested. Fifteen years of hard work. That's a lot of time, and that's a lot of work. And it means of a lot of money. That's why that accident last night with that deputy. I must confess I'm still a little bit shaky—it was a new experience for me . . ."

"You look fine," Ben drawled.

"Thanks," Deitz said seriously. "Now if you can take me across the border without being seen, it could mean a great deal of money to you."

"What would I do with money," Ben asked drily, "stuck out here on the desert?" He snorted humorlessly. "Solitary confinement for the rest of my life—"

"What's the matter with you—TB?"

"I picked up a piece of shrapnel in my lung when I was with the 40th."

"Even the desert isn't impossible with money," Deitz argued earnestly. "A house with air conditioning, running water—maybe even a pool . . . You might even be able to hold your wife if you could give her a few of the comforts of life."

Meg's voice came to them harshly. "I don't want any of it!"

"Sure she does," soothed Deitz. He smiled at Ben sympathetically and winked.

Ben stared curiously at the other man for a moment. "Sure," he said finally, "why not? What have I got to lose?"

Deitz laughed comfortably. "Maybe that piece of steel was a pretty good thing without your knowing it—Maybe it was meant to teach you a lesson."

"What kind of a lesson?"

"To show you what kind of a sucker you were. Five thousand?"

"Cash?"

"Cash."

"What about that swimming pool?"

"Seventy-five hundred."

"Ten thousand," Ben said.

"No, Ben, No." Meg wailed.

Ben looked at her coldly. "And I'll throw my wife into the bargain."

Deitz smiled. "Don't complicate the deal. When do we start?"

"Now."

BEN hooked the trailer to the station wagon, and in the sullen gritty dawn, pulled out of the encampment. In a moment the space was reclaimed by the obliterating sand, and car and trailer had disappeared.

It was by feel rather than sight by which Ben drove. Deitz was straining forward trying to pierce the swirling brown curtain that seemed to hang over the radiator and reduce reluctantly, a few feet at a time as the car forged slowly ahead. Sometimes the station wagon slewed off the camel-backed road and Ben silently wrestled the stubborn wheels back on. Meg crouched in speechless misery between the two men and swayed woodenly with the lurching . . .

Chapter 2

THE sun set weakly over the boiling sea of dust. They were above the storm, parked on the ridge of a mountain that stood like an island in the long rays of slanting light. In the distance stretched other peaks, jutting out of the slowly heaving sea of the muck that was below them.

(Continued on page 30)

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What I Love About the Guard

(Continued from Page 7)

none as the eight guys herds me between 'em and the first thing I know I'm standin' at the end of two rows of guys each facin' each other.

"Men," the striper barks. "This here's Private Noonan. This is his first night as one of us and he's come up with some ideas on what a soldier should look like."

This begins to sound okay. So I smiles real friendly, sticks me thumbs in my garrison belt and stands easy.

THE guys all stare at me like I'm somethin' special. Some of 'em grin and some of 'em are just goggle-eyed. I grins back friendly, changes me stance with one knee on the causal bent side, and waves a salute at 'em, just touchin' the brim of my cap careless, like Gable does, changes back me stance and rehooks my thumbs in the garrison.

"The first thing on the agenda is to intardooce Noonan here to Betsy so everything goes off really smooth," the striper announces, "an I want all you mugs to join in."

The guys lets out a whoop and the striper yells for Betsy. I doan know Betsy from my Aunt Martha, but one thing my Uncle Charlie tole me about the Army was go along with whatever comes along. Don't ast no foolish questions and everything will be okay. He was a Corporal and he should know.

From the end of the drill room we hears some awful screechin' and howlin'. Just then a couple a shots goes off and the doors bust open.

WHAT I seed made me stop chewin' gum. Here comes a grizzly bear at me with fire in his eye. He comes gallopin' acrost the room right at me while the other guys scatter. His hot breath is on my neck and he's slobberin' all over Mendel's creation. His hairy arms are around me middle and he lifts me like a baby and sets me down wrong side up, namely on my head.

It's curtains for me sure, I'm thinkin' when I hears shots and lots of hollerin' by me friend, the striper.

He is got a rope around the beast and is pullin' him off'n me, and just in time.

"Gosh kid," he says. "I'm sorry as hell Betsy got away from us. Usually, she's real friendly."

By this time, the guys have all gathered around and are tryin' to straighten me out. Me cap is gone. I got a rip in my jacket, and Betsy's slobber is all over me front. Man, I'm a mess.

"What's the idee of sickin a wile beast on me?" I demands. "What's a big idee?"

They all start talkin' at oncet. It seems Betsy is the mascot of the 40th. Normally she's a real nice Grizzly they tell me. But, sometimes she gets riled. Mostly when she thinks of her boy friend at Fairmont Park and I musta reminded her of him.

By this time, they got a couple of ropes around Betsy and she's settin' and growlin'. At me, mostly.

Two or three guys starts at my back tryin' to wipe away the crud I collected in my rasslin' match, when whammo, Mendel's creation splits at the skirt—partin' company at the 38th parallel

Another bunch is workin' on my pinks with what they call a spot remover. It removed the spots all right—includin' the pants and some of me. I got enough. I'm resignin'. I starts for the door and almost makes it when I find myself flat on my back lookin' up into the baby blue eyes of Betsy. It seems I run the wrong way without lookin', right into the everlovin' arms of the beast.

Betsy aint sore. Now she's affectionate. That hairy slob kisses like a slab of raw liver. I'm a goner. This is the end. I been betrayed. So I just lays there and waits for the welcome sound of a shot that will put me outa me misery, when above the screamin' and shoutin' I hear a whistle and someone hollerin', "The old man!"

IT GETS quiet all at oncet. Even Betsy sittin' on me relaxes, sits up and looks around. When I opens my eyes, I see a guy with stars on his shoulders just standin' there. He aint saying nothin'. He just stands there and looks.

Betsy is lookin' back and blinkin'. Suddenly she stands up, and I'll be a monkey's uncle if she doesn't salute. Then she takes her head off and it aint a bear at all—it's a guy inside.

What the General tells us aint fit to write down but he said it just the same.

IT'S BEEN three years since I first met up with Betsy and I'm just



DRAPED over a fender of her bosses truck, beautiful Peggy Conley wants to be Miss 40th, the gal I'd most, as well as being the darling of Republic Van & Storage.

about through with my hitch. The three striper an me got to be real pals now that I'm a corporal just like my Uncle Charlie was, and I'm tellin' him how I'm gonna miss him. I've had it.

There, on top of a pile of stuff he picks up an order and reads, "All National Guardsmen are hereby notified that they will be on active call as of -----."

All that heavy gear that was issued was for the active duty in a place they call Korea where the hell ever that is . . .

So that's how I got double-crossed again, but this time I'm seein' Mendel for another doin' over and I'm savin' it for those China dolls. I hear they got appreciation.

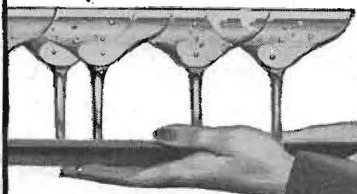
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WESTERN AIRLINES

and Sudden Death

(Continued from Page 9)

fragments are driven in as if a canon loaded with broken bottles had been fired in your face. A sliver in the eye, traveling with such force, means certain blindness. A leg or an arm stuck through a windshield will cut clean to the bone through vein, artery and muscle like a piece of beef under the butcher's knife. It takes little time to lose fatal amounts of blood under such circumstances.

EVEN safety glass may not be wholly safe when the car crashes something at high speed. You hear picturesque tales of how a flying human body will make a neat hole in the stuff with its head—the shoulders stick—the glass holds—and the raw, keen edge of the hole decapitates the body as neatly as a guillotine.

Or to continue with the decapitation motif, going off the road into a post-and rail fence can put you beyond worrying about other injuries immediately when a rail comes through the windshield and tears off your head with its splintery end. Not as neat a job but thoroughly efficient. Bodies are often found with their shoes off and their feet all broken out of shape. The shoes are back on the floor of the car, empty and with their laces still neatly tied. That is the kind of impact produced by modern speeds.

But all that is routine in every American community. To be remembered individually by doctors and policemen, you have to do something as grotesque as the lady who burst the windshield with her head, splashing splinters all over the other occupants of the car, and then, *as the car rolled over, rolled with it down the edge of the windshield frame and cut her throat from ear to ear.*

Or park on the pavement too near a curve at night and stand in front of the tail light as you take off the spare tire—which will immortalize you in somebody's memory as the fellow who was smashed three feet broad and two inches thick by the impact of a heavy duty truck against the rear of his own

Or be as original as the pair of youths who were thrown out of an empty roadster this spring — thrown clear—but each broke a windshield post with his head in passing and the whole top of each skull, down to the eyebrow was missing. Or snap off a nine inch tree and get yourself impaled by a ragged branch.

and Sudden Death

(Continued from page 28)

NONE of all that is scare-fiction; it is just the horrible raw material of the year's statistics as seen in the ordinary course of duty by policemen and doctors picked up at random. The surprising thing is that there is so little dissimilarity in the stories they tell.

It's hard to find a surviving accident victim who can bear to talk. After you come to, the gnawing, searing pain throughout your body is accounted for by learning that you have both collarbones smashed, both shoulder blades splintered, your right arm broken in three places and three ribs cracked, with every chance of bad internal ruptures.

But the pain can't distract you as the shock begins to wear off, from realizing that you are probably on your way out. You can't forget that, not even when they shift you from the ground to the stretcher and your broken ribs bite into your lungs and the sharp ends of your collarbones slide over to stab deep into each side of your screaming throat.

When you've stopped screaming, it all comes back—you're dying and you hate yourself for it. That isn't fiction either. It's what it feels like to be a statistic.

And every time you pass on a blind curve, every time you hit it up on a slippery road, every time you step on it harder than your reflexes will safely take, **EVERY TIME YOU DRIVE WITH YOUR REACTIONS SLOWED DOWN BY A DRINK OR TWO, EVERY TIME YOU FOLLOW THE MAN AHEAD TOO CLOSELY, YOU'RE GAMBLING A FEW SECONDS AGAINST THIS KIND OF BLOOD AND AGONY AND SUDDEN DEATH.**

Take a look at yourself as the man in the white jacket who shakes his head over you, tells the boys with the stretcher not to bother and turns away to somebody else who isn' quite dead yet . . . *and then take it easy.*
(Reprinted from the original which appeared in the READERS DIGEST)



LEFT—Mara Corday takes time off from her movie chores to seek the title of Miss 40th Division. Mara's an awful pretty dish and talented to boot, so it's up to the Division whether she'll be the Gal I'd Most . . .

BELOW—But lookee here at Leigh Snowden as she wistfully looks off into starry-eyed space as she sees herself chosen by the Grizzlymen as the Gal they'd Most . . . Leigh is being groomed for stardom so don't be surprised if you see her name and face on the billboards.



Murder Trail

(Continued from page 26)

Ben looked over at his two companions—Meg was leaning over Deitz, her arm thrown across his lap with the lax abandon of a corpse. Deitz too was asleep, his head back against the seat, his jaw slack.

Without shutting the motor off, Ben quietly got out, and reached into the back for his rifle. He raised the gun to his hip and leveled the barrel at them. How easy . . . Ben's lips widened against the taut muscles of his face. Meg's eyes opened and she stared at the gun-barrel with unrealizing terror. Ben turned abruptly and went to the rear of the station wagon.

Deitz was awakened by Meg's sudden movement. Ben was pulling a pack from the back of the station wagon when she ran up to him. Deitz stumbled after her, still stupid with sleep.

"Where do you think you're going?"

Ben turned to them and paused only momentarily in his packing to look at them mildly. He turned back to his packing without answering.

Deitz snatched up Ben's rifle. "All right, get up."

Ben didn't move from the spot—he didn't seem to have heard.

"Did you hear me?" He shot and the bullet ricocheted off a stone near where Ben was squatting tying up his pack.

"Your aim is bad," Ben's voice was almost disinterested.

"The next time it won't be."

Meg stepped between the two men and faced Deitz. "All right, shoot. Kill me too. I don't have anything to live for."

Ben laughed and turned, still squatting on his heels. "That does it."

"What's the big joke," Deitz demanded.

"Just a private domestic joke."

"I'm not interested in your domestic jokes. Now what the hell are you up to?"

Ben leaned back on his hands and smiled up at Deitz. "This is as far as we go with the station wagon. The road ends here. We go the rest of the way on foot."

Deitz looked around in surprise. He saw for the first time that they were high in the mountains. "What are we doing up here?" he asked suspiciously.

"Look," Ben said. He built a contour map of the terrain in the sand of the road. "Roads across the border are watched. The storm is dying down, and to travel any further along the lowlands is to invite investigation . . .

Here is a town, and here. The only way out is the mountains. Roads will be watched here too . . . Maybe they'll even use airplanes. You killed a cop, remember . . . Here are three mountain ridges . . . here's the border. The only way to get there is hike."

"Well why didn't you say so?"

"You hardly gave me a chance," Ben said softly.

"Ben . . ." Meg looked at him anxiously. "What about our trailer—and the station wagon?"

Ben stared at her. "Oh yes. The station wagon and trailer. I'm glad you brought that up. He turned to Deitz. "We run them over the edge here into that ravine. It's a long way down, and there shouldn't be too much left to identify—even if it was seen by a plane."

"I owe you an apology, Cameron. You're really earning your money."

"It's a lot of money, mister." Ben said.

Deitz felt expansive. "There might even be an additional bonus in it for you when this whole thing's over."

"Ben . . ." Meg's voice was uncertain. "Ben, do we have to . . . Isn't there some way we can save our trailer?"

"How?" he asked coldly.

"I don't know." She was on the verge of tears.

"And what for? What the hell for?"

He laughed indignantly and turned to Deitz. "There's a type of dame that just can't let go of anything once she's got her claws sunk into it—no matter what. She just likes to hang on."

Meg cringed at the sudden outburst—Ben's first sign of emotion since he attacked Deitz. She was frightened by his unexpected hate.

SHE walked stonily to the door of the trailer and stood while the men came out with bundles of blankets and then stepped inside. The twilight gloom of the interior enveloped her with the soothing balm of old security. Old remembrances. Every article a signal, a flood of intimacy between herself and Ben. She walked around the cluttered cabin and breathed in the hot iron smell, the place that had been her prison and her home—a tiny island of meaning, of hope. She fingered the small articles that meant a remembered argument, and even the argument seemed precious; here they lay on their backs blowing smoke at the metal ceiling, talking, making plans . . .

There was nothing she could carry away with her. Ben's voice came to her, cold and harsh. She snatched up a cardboard shoe-box of snapshots and clutched them to her bosom as she

stumbled out of the trailer.

There was a neat pile of things Ben had taken out of the station wagon—things he'd decided they'd need to make the trip across the border; only the bare necessities: A length of rope, an axe, shells, a sack of food, some blankets, canteens . . .

Ben's eyes barely flickered as he started the car and sent it over the cliff crashing into the ravine below.

"We'll travel at night and rest during the day," he announced.

The moon was bright. They made three tiny dots on the bald expanse of the ridge they were climbing.

Ben's breathing came painfully. "It's funny about that heap," he gasped.

Meg raised her eyes off the ground where her feet seemed to move in another world. The two men ahead of her had neither looked back nor once spoken to her. She arched her back against the strain of the pack-straps, changed her grip on the clumsy shoe-box of photographs and forced herself to stumble on a little faster to hear what he was saying . . .

"Had her on blocks all during the war."

Deitz was breathing hard. "That's where you made your first mistake. Should have stayed home like me. Got to know the angles."

Ben went on as through he hadn't heard: "My—my wife and I bought her when we were first married." He laughed and started to cough. It was a moment before he could continue. "Had to re-finance her twice before she was paid for . . ."

He laughed again and stumbled. Deitz caught his arm. Ben shook him off. He'd stopped, and the others with him.

"Like part of the family . . . When she wasn't carrying us . . . we were carrying her . . . That damned old heap!" He looked across the tops of the ridges, silver in the moonlight, and back across the still sea of the desert. His voice slipped away into the crisp vastness over their heads:

"The safe deposit box of my dreams . . . Where it was going to take us! . . . A one-way ticket to Heaven . . ." For a moment there was the sound of their rasping breaths on the thin air. "She was the only property I ever owned." He turned abruptly and started walking rapidly, stumbling over loose shale in this trail that wasn't a trail.

2nd and Last Installment Continued in Next Issue

ONCE OVER LIGHTLY

GOOD NEIGHBOR

It started in Santiago, Chile, and ended in Los Angeles. More specifically, the National Guard, 40th Armored Division. And to really pin-point it, the Headquarters Battery of the 215, and a guy who answers "Here!" when the name Alexander Delano is barked by the sergeant at roll call.

When some four years ago, Alex decided that the U.S. was the place of his choice in which to be a citizen, he left his native Chile and headed north.

Among other things he hated leaving behind was a spotless record with his native version of the National Guard. Alex was a soldier and he wanted to stay one, but didn't quite know what to do about it. En route he stopped at Gallup New Mexico. Maybe it was a coincidence but another soldier stopped at Gallup at the same time. His name was Eisenhower.

It wasn't long before the General told the enterprising and not too shy Alex about the National Guard. And so it wasn't too long after Alex was unpacked, that he high-tailed it down to the Armory, signed on the dotted line and became a Grizzly.

And for any doubting Thomases in the audience, please note the picture on Page 15 which shows Alex and President Eisenhower together.



FLOATING LAUNDROMAT

When it comes to enterprise, it's HATS OFF to Company E of the 132nd. First Sgt. John L. Garcia was shooting the breeze with us at the GRIZZLY office when he cracked about something that sounded like the company washing machine that had to be loaded before the men pulled stakes from Roberts for home.

Everyone sitting around made with a double take and asked for more. It seems that the men who make with the bridges and stuff, decided that from past experience Roberts was not only a hot place, but a very dusty one as well.

So in order to keep themselves sharp, the men got together and bought themselves a washing machine and hauled it to camp. So if anyone was wondering just why and how the boys of E-132 kept so smart and clean looking in face of the heat and sweat, there you have it. They just operated their own portable laundry at camp.



THE GUARD GETS ALL KINDS

The fascination of the Guard—it must be fascination—brings 'em onto the rolls from everywhere. WOPG John E. Barry is a good case in point.

Barry came to the 40th from British Empire forces.

A native of Croydon, Surrey, England, Barry enlisted as a foot slogger in the 1st Battalion, Queen's Royal Regiment. He spent two years in England then was off to China with the Expeditionary Forces for the Chinese revolutions and helped protect foreign nationals in Shanghai and Hong Kong, even engaging in anti-pirate patrols up and down the coast.

After spending about four years in the Indian Army Staff Corps of Clerks, Barry decided he'd found a home in the Indian Army and stayed. He was commissioned as an Indian Army regular—served with Indian forces throughout World War II—and was retired as an honorary captain after partition of India, when the Indian government eliminated all Britishers from its army, navy, and air force.

Barry came to the States in 1948, meeting his future wife—a WAC—aboard ship. He became a U.S. citizen in 1952 and later enlisted as a private in the 40th—as a QM ASMT.

Ten minutes after taking the oath, Barry was a sergeant and went up the ladder one step a month until he was appointed a warrant officer. His present assignment is an administrative officer of the 40th Armored QM Battalion.



CHOW DOWN!

For the benefit of the wives and mothers who have been wondering how their pride and joy get fed while at summer field training camp of the 40th Armored Division, we will print in the next issue an official rundown of an average day's menu.

But before we go into the actual items of food that are dished up to the men, it's important to note that there are signs all over every mess hall that read, "EAT ALL YOU WANT, BUT EAT ALL YOU TAKE." In short, a man can eat himself out of shape and go back for as many helpings as he can hold, but waste is not only frowned upon, it's stepped on.

The intent of the food program for the men is in a sense no different than that which is followed in the average good home where everyone can get as much as he wants to eat. But Lord help junior if he gets caught wasting the food Papa worked so hard to provide.

In short, if you take it, EAT IT. We are of the opinion that everyone everywhere who knows the facts will agree that the men of the National Guard are well fed with good nourishing food, appetizingly prepared, and plenty of it.

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