

THE FOGGIA OCCUPATOR

FOGGIA OCCUPATOR

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Happy New Year



January Cigarette Ration To Offer Greater Variety

The Foggia Post Exchange expects an increasing amount of unrationed goods according to PX Officers Lt. Don DeVogelier and Lt. Henry Skeele. Packaged candy is almost entirely removed from the rationed list at this time and specially items such as the Christmas fruit cakes are also unrationed.

Cigarette smokers will be happy to know that the backlog supply of Chesterfields is about gone. January's rations will offer more variety of choice.

Shaffer pens and some electric razors were being featured last week but went as fast as people saw them. More athletic equipment is also expected and there is still a large stock of foils for the fencing enthusiasts.

The PX has been hit by redeployment, as has every other organization in Foggia. In December three of the GI staff were redeployed but were replaced by T/Sgt. Calvin Purvis and S/Sgt. Thomas Pare, who are both from the Second Bomb Group.

Business continues as usual.

Is It A B-24 OR A B-17?

The local Military Police furnished us with an outstanding treat this past week when one morning on passing their well-known headquarters, we spied a vehicle a little longer than a 6x6 and just a bit more bulky. Upon inquiring of the M. P. on duty, we of the "Wild Blue Yonder" were graciously informed that the iron garantuan was an armored-car mainly used as infantry support. As Air Corps boys we tried to arrive at the point where we could determine just what this weird outfit resembled. The closest we came in comparison was a B-24. We believe we're safe in making that statement because most of us in this area happen to be B-17 devotees. Later in the week we saw the car in action and to put it in the vernacular, "it really travels." Especially with the Provost Marshal, Lt. Murphy at the controls. A suggestion was made to him that tours of Foggia and vicinity be made in the vehicle by those willing to ride it. But for some reason or other the best we could get out of the Provost Marshal was a grunt. Being a past master at receiving grunts from officers, we knew enough to accept this to mean "no". So we moved on to coffee and donuts at the Red Cross.

Attention Beer Guzzlers!

The new armoured-cars recently acquired by the Foggia MP Station have made the MP's so happy that they have decided to give away two cases of beer to the two men suggesting the best names for them. The cars will be a merry sight soon when their new and colorful paint jobs are completed. All they will need are names to suit their personalities. Stroll down to the MP Station and gaze upon them for inspiration.

The FOGGIA OCCUPATOR will receive all entries and will judge the contest. Deadline is Thursday, January tenth. There will be boxes in both Red Cross clubs for entries or they may be sent directly to the Second Bomb Group Information & Education Office. If identical names are submitted, the one received first will be judged.

Some Facts

Two men of the Twentieth squadron, Sgt. James E. Elliot and Sgt. Ralph B. Brown, were victims Sunday December 23rd, of what is believed to be an accidental shooting. Both men received face wounds and are in no danger. Sgt. Brown will be discharged shortly from the 55th Station Hospital and it is the opinion of the doctors that Sgt. Elliot will carry no permanent disability from his wound. Rumours of other shootings in the Foggia area are unfounded.

The Barber And The Xmas Gift

The Red Cross barbers are no longer paying rent to ARC. This was revealed by Miss Mary Dolliver, the director of the EM Red Cross Club. At the same time, she emphasised, they are receiving all their supplies free of charge.

The individual barbers said that the money previously used for rent will be divided among them equally.

Thank you, nice people.—ESC

Arsonist At Work?

Scene: fourth floor of BOQ 20, Time: early evening.

Man walks into bathroom, ablu-tion equipment in his arms, smile of anticipation upon his face. Prepares for bath; turns on water; watches hand become blue with cold. Expression of rage passes briefly across his face. He walks into the heater room; turns gas up three turns past maximum; retires to bathroom to wait.

Scene: heater room. Time: twenty minutes later.

Man walks into heater room; sees, to his horror that an inch of an odorous liquid lines floor of heater room; dives towards furiously burning heater. There is an explosion. Man retreats.

Scene: heater room. Time: next morning.

All is serene. The heater is burning gently. Inscribed upon the soot in the wall are the following words, "Arsonist Currie did it!"

Santa Claus Smiles

At 1 a. m. Christmas morning the Red Cross Officer's Club was crowded with happy officers and nurses. Everyone was busy with the breakfast being served by the Red Cross girls and a festive spirit was in the air.

As the officers started-in on the scrambled eggs, toast and coffee the Santa Claus above the fireplace seemed to get a smile on his face. A great deal more than mice were stirring around there.

All who wished to attend the breakfast had been requested to sign up before. As it happened thirty men signed up and one hundred-twenty arrived at the club expecting breakfast. Due to the foresight of the ARC girls there was plenty of food on hand and no one went away hungry. All present had a good time even if Santa never did come down the cardboard chimney.

Oh, Girls! What Wonders You Do To Our Morale

The old fashioned carol singing at the EM Red Cross Club on Christmas Eve was a great success. Miss Mary Dolliver played the piano and led the singing with her usual vivacity. British, and South Africans mingled their voices with the soprano of the choir of Italian orphan boys. They had just finished singing for the broadcast of Dicken's Christmas Carol but took time out from their ice cream to sing "Jingle Bells".

The ARC girls, all in civilian dresses (wow!) circulated around passing out donuts. It was hard to say which gave the biggest boost to morale: the singing or the girls in civilian clothes.

A Tour Of Group Communications

Few departments the size of group communications operate in as noiseless a manner. For the functions of this department are such as to remain unnoticed until they cease to function.

Whenever a new order appears on the bulletin board, whenever you make a telephone call, whenever a radio-operator calls the ground the functions of this department are being used.

First, it was planned to write one article on the entire department. It was soon discovered that the functions of Group Communications are too diverse. So the three main subdivisions will be covered in three separate articles. This week we will look at the Message Center.

Teletype Room Is Heart Of Message Center

The heart of the Message Center is the Teletype Room. During the war, it was always a scene of activity. There was a steady clicking, a hum of power, and the blue light of power tubes. Activity is sporadic now. Sometimes all the machines are at work and the power hums. Sometimes they are silent.

There are as many models of the teletype machine as there are of automobiles and they have many specialized functions. In Second Bomb Group Communications the standard machine is a model known as EE-97 and referred to as the Field Model. It is as portable as a light howitzer and during the war was set up in many places. Looking at this little machine, a person is not apt to realize the tremendous amount of wordage it is able to handle. If conditions required it, four machines in the teletype room, operating at a standard 40 to 50 words per minute, could handle around 215,000 words in a 24 hour period. In two days a book the size of Forever Amber could be reproduced.

The Perforator

There is another nice gadget down there known as the "perforator". This is attached to another teletype machine of a late model and has an interesting use. If all the machines are operating full blast and there is another message to be sent, someone starts punching it out upon the perforator. This produces a tape with a series of little holes in it. As soon as the message can be transmitted, the tape is put into the "reperforator", a switch is thrown and the machine proceeds to send the original message automati-

cally and without mistakes. The perforator has another interesting ability. We watched a message coming through. It read thus, "When girls are young they like to kiss. When they grow up they do like this." If you'd like to find out what happens after that, drop in to the teletype room sometime.

Cryptography

The Cryptography department works in close conjunction with the teletype room, especially during time of war. Lt. Taaffe, the group cryptography officer, was very cooperative about having his department publicized. He was cordial and happy to sit down and chat. The conversation divulged nothing, however, as his office is classified as "secret" even now that the war is over.

At the beginning of the war, a large number of men applied for jobs in the cryptography department. Lt. Taaffe believes it is because the science has long held an aura of mystery. He assures all would-be cryptographers that the era of secret inks is over. The important requirement now is the love of plain and simple office work.

There are two general cryptographic systems. These are codes and cyphers. A coded message is one in which a group of letters or other symbols is used to mean one letter. Codes, always worked manually are slow and tedious. That is why military cryptography deals mainly in cyphers. Cyphers use one letter in place of another. The situation is complicated by the position of the letter in the message and the number of letter substitutions used. However, almost all encoding and decoding is done by the use of machines which makes the process very speedy and poses a difficult problem indeed for an interceptor of a secret message.

Heart Of The Message Center



Lt. Seitle and Lt. Taaffe observe operations in teletype room

"Don't Call Me Joe; Call Me Santa"

It was a *Buon Natale* for thousands of Foggia children last week, but most of them had to fight to get it. The Christmas Fund, presided over by Miss Mary Dolliver (ARC), purchased, wrapped and distributed 4,500 packages of goodies in Foggia. The contributions came from money donated by American squadrons and clubs and by local British outfits, and from the candy and money, given to the Red Cross by local soldiers.

The "goodies" were obviously necessities to those who got them, and although only about one third of Foggia's children were fed, at least some of them had a *festa*, American style. The parties for the children began Saturday afternoon, when Ann Starbuck (ARC) gave gifts to the sons of prisoners of war, and continued all the way through Christmas Day on Tuesday. Mat Picozzi and I drove around town with a camera, and the pictures in this issue of the Occupator were taken then.

1,000 Fed At Officer's Club

Some of the Children's parties developed into near-riots. Sunday afternoon the Second Bomb Officer's Club

were used to get some *caramelle*. We got in the side door.

The children gave me the impression that they had been briefed before they left home on just how much they were expected to bring back. But they were so excited or scared that they sat peacefully once they got inside, waiting for some one to give them something. A couple of tiny ones were bawling furiously at Santa Claus.

As they left the building they hugged the packages with both hands so the older boys could not steal them.

Red Cross Does Superb Job

I spoke to Mary Dolliver in the midst of it all. She supervised every-



Santa (Capt. Kitchin) brings cheer to bambini at the civilian hospital

held an "escorted" party for an anticipated five hundred children. But over one thousand kids, some with part of their families, got into the building, and mess sergeant Tony Benedetto had to call out reserves of ice cream and MP's. We pushed through a mob of kids begging to be taken in, in front of the building.

"O. K. Sarge"

Eighty gallons of ice-cream and hundreds of cookies went in a flash. Father McGowan was happily keeping the kids in line, and Jo Balliano (ARC) herded them like a patient kindergarten teacher; she looked very tired. One or two junior officers lost their tempers, but the kids were pleasantly oblivious of any yelling as long as there was something to eat. Major Berg tried to pull his rank on some of the noisier little guys, but they just said, "O. K., Sarge."

Santa Claus was Capt Arty Pecoraro — a dentist.

Later that afternoon we went to the *Nicola Parisi* school where Red Cross girls were distributing packages. It had begun to rain, and the crowd in front of the school was soaking in mud and water. It was impossible to get near the front door because of the mob. Some people were being hurt. Only children with tickets were allowed in, but all sorts of ruses

thing, and kept the atmosphere calm and efficient in the school in comparison to the roar outside. Nothing excited her, and she laughed in her motherly way, "I'm used to this." Two days later, when the last of her parties were over, she still laughed, but it was a wearier and heavier laugh. Feeding over four thousand hungry children in three days is work; but she was the happiest person in Foggia. The Red Cross had done a marvelous job.

As I left the building and sloshed



Sgt. John Russell instructs two intensely interested students at the gym Xmas party

CHRISTMAS CAROL CAST



L to R - James Wilson, Howard Cox, Irene Steiber, Hyman, Lucille Gibson, Leo Colletta, Gene Rely, Rita Williams, Gordon Homer, and Joe Hamilton

through the mud I passed a dirty kid with his hands full with a package he had just received. "Good Christmas!" he said, happily. I felt like a heel. I didn't need that candy.

December 24th

Monday morning the 55th Station Hospital organized a decorative Christmas convoy to take gifts to the civilian hospital in Foggia. Captain Kitchin dressed as Santa Claus sat in a colorful weapons carrier and tossed candy and toys to the children in the streets. One of the trucks in the convoy had "Buon Natale A Tutti" inscribed on the side.

The children had lots of fun chasing Santa Claus.

A Santa Claus passed through the streets of Foggia the kids kept yelling "Hey Joe, one-a caramelle." "Don't call me Joe," he said. "Call me Santa."

Streets Jammed With Children

Later that day the Red Cross EM Club held their "escorted" party for children of Foggia. By this time the kids were waiting well in advance, and by the time the party got under way the street was jammed tight with children and most of their family. Special guards were on the door and others detoured traffic from in front of the club. Little Jean Copp (ARC) tried to drive a weapons carrier through the mob and got nowhere for a long time. She had some little children to take to and from

the club, and last I saw of her she was passing them over the heads of the crowd in a "Bucket brigade" of soldiers.

Uncle Joe's "Christmas Carol"

Monday night Uncle Joe Hamilton broadcast "The Christmas Carol" over Foggia AES in an impressive performance. Later the cast signed the scroll to be sent to Lionel Barrymore, a personal friend of Uncle Joe's. Also that night the 55th Station Hospital had a variety show with hospital talent that was very entertaining.

Religious services were held at midnight by Father Miles McGowan at the church of Gesu Maria. Lt Anthony Farina's fine choir had Edward Lucente as its soloist. Protestant services were held in a candlelight ceremony at the Red Cross by Chaplain James Sadler with Lt Bill Kursban's choir, and Mary Dolliver was the soloist.

Christmas Day

On Christmas Day the EM Red Cross gave a party for some Foggia orphaned *bambini*. The children were outstandingly wellbehaved and one of them sang the Star Spangled Banner in Italian. Later in the day the Red Cross held a general open-house with egg-nog and all.

At the gym John Russel, with the help of the 55th Hospital Red Cross and Miss Virginia Woolfolk (ARC) gave a party for his employees, and their children. When things got dull he taught some of the kinds how to shoot pool.

The American's celebrations were no milder, even if perhaps a bit nostalgic. Franck DeGrazia and his orchestra were seen and heard all over town, from the night spots to the serenades of Christmas Eve. The Christmas dinners were a tribute to the mess sergeants, depending on the particular piece of turkey you happened to get. The dances dragged every woman under sixty from Foggia to the shinding, and we even saw a few of our "friends" from Roma. Piano-piano, Baby!

ESC

THE FOGGIA OCCUPATOR

Your Weekly Newspaper

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All unit news correspondence, poems, articles and letter for Mail Call should be mailed to I and E Office, 2nd Bomb Group, APO 534 NYC, or call Newmarket 32.

MAIL CALL

A Thought For Today

EDITOR:

So much has been heard recently from the gang-plank-happy element that one who actually believes he can serve his country by signing a waiver and remaining for occupational duty is considered contemptible.

After two years in and out of the war zones, after dangerous service freely offered, we find it almost insupportable to have to bear up with the inanities of those fresh from training camps, men whose sole contact with the brutal war now ended was through the medium of United States newspapers in comfortable clubs and dayrooms.

Well-paid, easy-living, griping these are the men from whom emanate the most torrid condemnation of their lot as occupation troops. They can do no good here, they say; they must return immediately to their native villages and cities, they cry, or their nerves, their dispositions, their country's economy will suffer irreparably. To all of you short-sighted complainers, gentlemen, let it be said that by means of conduct and dignified service to your country you can not only earn your money, but do our nation a substantial credit as well.

The people you pass by on the street look to you as representatives of the greatest nation on earth; and by your actions you give them either vicarious pride in your birthright, or else you generate odium and sully the flag that flies over our comfortable quarters.

A SOLDIER

Vermin

EDITOR:

When I was temporarily away from the Group, the PX offered some musical instruments for sale. When I arrived back I heard that a group of men had bought them all up. That is OK. Maybe they wanted to start a little band. Now, I have heard they are selling them at the usual markup in prices.

I always thought that the men are few and far between who would take such a much desired commodity from the PX and then sell it to the Italians, thereby doing dirt to their buddies. I play an instrument and could really have used one.

I don't know who these men are. I don't want to know. But they know who they are and they also know what vermin they are.

DISGUSTED

(The PX informs us that there are still two instruments left. One, A Buscher Sax at 239 dollars and one Trombone at 149 dollars. They also hope to get some more instruments in around the 8th of January. Don't be too harsh on those guys because after all they are only byproducts of a rotten system that never stopped the whole black market when it originally started. Ed)

CHURCH SERVICES

CATHOLIC

Sunday Mass		
Gesu' Maria Church	0900 - 1630	
55th Station Hospital	1100	
Weekday Mass		
Gesu' Maria Church (daily)	0800	
Mass and Novena (Wed)	1730	
Confessions Before All Masses		

PROTESTANT

Sunday		
Enlisted Men's Red Cross	1100	
55th Station Hospital	1000	
Afternoon Devotional Services	1530	
Service of Songs (Sunday and Wednesday)	1930	

"Peace on earth, good will toward men" - democracy must cling to that message. For it is my deep conviction that democracy cannot live without that true religion which gives a nation a sense of justice and of moral purpose. Above our political forums, above our market places stand the altars of our faith - altars on which burn the fires of devotion that maintain all that is best in us and all that is best in our Nation.

We have need of that devotion today. It is that which makes it possible for government to persuade those who are mentally prepared to fight each other to go on instead, to work for and to sacrifice for each other. That is why we need to say with the Prophet: "What doth the Lord require of thee - but to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?" That is why the recovery we seek. In it are included justice and love and humility, not for ourselves as individuals alone, but for our Nation.

That is the road to peace.
.... F. D. R. (1936).

A Life For Your Thoughts

Pfc ELLIS CORLOCK, Guard, 529th Hdqtrs.

I was just trying to get these kids away from in front of the door. Nope, I wasn't thinking about anything else.

T/Sgt PHILIP FREDRICKSON 20th Sqdn.

I was just thinking how long it would take me to get back to the sack. How long? As soon as I can get there.

Pfc ROLLAND VITI, 2nd Bomb Gp. Band.

I was thinking about getting up to the rehearsal room of the band in (puff, puff) five minutes. I'm the trombone player.

T/Sgt LYMAN BROWN, 96th Bomb Sqdn.

I'm just sweating it out and was thinking about going home.

FO NASH L. KELLEY 20th Sqdn.

I don't even think anymore. At the moment I was thinking about what I am going to do when I get to the building over there.

RESOLVED

I made a resolution
On one fine New Year's Day,
That through the coming

[twelvemonth,
Steadfastly, come what may
I'd be a kinder person,
And spread a little cheer,
A harbinger of happiness,
For all the world to hear.

I'd quickly grant forgiveness,
And never hold a grudge,
Believe the tale that flattered,
For who am I to judge?

I'd probe the inner story,
When question lay without,
Cast off suspicion's shadow,
Remove the cloak of doubt.

My friends would find me cheerful,
And strangers find me fair,
My family would notice
An introspective air.

To those I met in business
I'd be an honest try,
To those I met in leisure
I'd be a friendly guy.

Now you may think I'm lofty,
My words an awful bore,
You say you've heard me utter
The same resolves before.

But though on other New Years
I've sworn the selfsame creed,
If I'm content to hope and strive
- One day I might succeed.

L. ROBERT H. GINSBERG

Seconds by Eads



"Here it is New Years, and me with only 22 points."

US AND THE TRANSFORMATION OF GERMANY

The news that a showdown among the Army, the Treasury and the State Department in brewing over the subject of the responsibility for American policy should not come as surprise.

The Army, it seems, prefers to remain as a police force. The Treasury Department demands what is vaguely known as a "hard peace", and the State Department is being very cautious and not saying a word.

The situation which faces the United States is this: How are the Allies to assure the German people a standard of living equal to that of any other people of Europe (with an exception of England and Russia) without permitting them to rebuild an industrial economy which might again threaten the peace of Europe and the world?

Economic Considerations

Any economic program for Germany must consider these items: One, the destruction of German industry, which deprived that country of its military power, can be easily reclaimed if raw materials are supplied from abroad. Two, while there is no disagreement between the four occupying powers regarding the elimination of war industries, there is great disagreement over the question of the types and numbers of industries to be retained by Germany for peacetime needs. Three, the creation of four administrative zones and the cession of Germany's most productive agricultural areas to Poland, which lacks the mechanical implements and the technological knowledge to continue their development, was a grave administrative error. As a result the Allies may be forced to continually furnish Germany with food and make her dependent upon the United States and Great Britain for handouts.

Reflection Of National Differences

There is still another fact to be considered by those who would analyze Allied policy in Germany. The work of the four powers reflects national differences. The British use a small number of well-trained administrators to direct German activities. The Americans, with their zest for speed, are annoyed at the German slowness to speed their economic and political recovery. The Russians have removed from their zone all the industrial equipment and consumer goods they need, considering them legitimate reparations for Russian losses. The French have not been far behind the Russians in removing foodstuffs and consumer goods from their zone.

The political revolution fostered unwittingly and unwillingly by the Allies is one which will leave Germany with a political regime left of center and an economy replete with extensive governmental controls.

Those persons involved in the inter-departmental controversy should welcome such a government since it would be favorable to the United States and the United Nations because it is only the left elements which are positively anti-Nazi and would be anxious to work with the Allies. Because the powers represented at Versailles in 1919 failed to support these elements, the Weimar Republic fell.

It is not a question of a War Department policy or a State Department policy or one emanating from the Treasury Department.

The Future Policy?

What should be America's role? The United States should decide to participate in the Allied occupation of Germany as long as necessary. Second, an agency dealing with occupation affairs representing all agencies of the government should be created to expedite occupation decisions. Third, a corps of qualified civilians should be sent to Germany to administer the American zone for a number of years and replace military administrative personnel.

It should be a policy enunciated and developed by the United Nations, a policy which would approach the German people not in a spirit of revenge or sentimentality. In cooperation with the German people, the United Nations should uproot those causes which lead a nation to use modern technology for destructive purposes and remedy those flaws so that industry can be used for the benefit of the world community.

J. B. H.

For The Amateur Experimenter

Psychology is an interesting subject. Take "fear" for instance. You yourself can perform interesting and informative experiments with this very basic human emotion.

In the Fortress Institute Psychology Class it was learned that scientists find out about fear by experimenting with very young children. They take a child and show him a rabbit, simultaneously making a very loud noise. The child is naturally frightened by the noise and soon transfers his fear to the rabbit. Finally he is afraid of anything remotely resembling rabbits, including dogs, mice, and lady's fur coats. Interesting isn't it? Electric shocks are also useful. The scientists produce a low sound and at the same time give an electric shock. After a steady treatment of this, the effects of the electric shock become apparent when the sound is heard alone.

Now you are ready to experiment on your own. Get a child (very young) and show him some neutral object such as a butterfly. Simultaneously do something positive like hitting him with a rubber truncheon or slapping him in the face with a wet sock. Presently you will be faced with the singular phenomenon of the child learning to fear the butterfly! He may even begin to fear houseflies, horseflies, and possibly barflies. Continuation of the experiment will find you yourself learning to fear the Society For The Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which somehow the scientists discovered nothing about.

De Grazia's 'Occupators' Take Place Of Carolers

GI revelers who were crawling into their sacks around 2 a.m. heard the music in the distance. They shook their heads to clear the alcoholic mist and listened. It was a band playing Christmas carols, 'Noel', 'Hark, the Herald Angels Sing', and the old favorite, 'Silent Night'.

The music came closer and many leaned out of their windows to listen. GIs smiled in their sleep, as if hearing the music in a dream. For a moment they were home.

This bit of Christmas happiness was spread by Frank De Grazia and his Occupators. Not satisfied with playing at dances and parties, they went out on a serenade. After a long day's work they took their horns and spread the Spirit of Christmas with their music.

A happier Foggia thanked them.

429th Trims 49th 41-53

The 429th beat the 49th basketballers 41-35 at the Second Bomb Gp Friday, December 21st in a rough hit-and-miss game. The Blue Devils of the 429th showed the loss of their star center Red Graner (Stateside), but they piled up an easy victory by scoring the six point lead in the second half of the game.

For want of a regular referee, Carmine Lallone, a civilian employee of the gym, refereed in the first period; and although Carmine called everything he saw, there was too much protesting on the part of the players to make his decision effective. Hy Terman (520th) doubled with Carmine as referee in the second half and the game went smoother.

High scorer of the game was Bill Schaffer, 429th guard, with 14 points—all on field goals and runner up was Jeff Ellis, also of the 429th, with 12 points. High man for the 49th was George Periera, who carried the ball football style, head down, and battered his way to the basket, come hell or coach Griffin, for 8 points.

PLAYERS							
429th	FG	FT	TP	49th	FG FT TP		
Lafgren	4	1	9	Pool	1	0	2
Schaffer	7	0	14	Eastman	2	0	4
Griffin	1	0	2	Friedman	1	1	3
Thornton	2	0	4	Loletta	2	0	4
Ellis	5	2	12	Popeye	1	0	2
	19	3	41	Periera	4	0	8
				Bades	3	0	6
				O'Connor	3	0	6
					17	1	35

Referees: Carmine Lallone, Hy Terman.
Doubtful Girls: Peg Starring, My Reynolds (AKO).

429th Tops 20th 58-51

The basketeers of the 429th Squadron beat the 20th Squadron Thursday night, 58 to 51 in a clean and for the most part carefully played game. Capt. Voightman's boys showed the temporary loss of two first string men, Jess Hannan and Paul Weeldreyer after the first five minutes as their quick seven point lead was steadily whittled down to one, by the end of the first quarter. From then on the Blue Devils gained a lead and managed to hang on to it all the way to the end of the game.

Refs Cruce and Fisher called closely throughout, which made the game unusually clean even tho a very slippery floor kept the players tumbling. A spectator was heard to cry, "Get those men up off the floor!" after several simultaneous spills.

Points were well apportioned among scoring players. W.G. Shaffer (429th) was high for the evening with twelve and J. E. Jackson's (20th) ten took second honors.

429th Sqdn.	20th Sqdn.
Shaffer	12 Jackson
Gray	8 Stone
Lafgren	7 Taylor
Bastian	7 Burgess
Lamin	4 Cahir
Griffin	0 Christensen
Maxwell	0 Kacmarik
Thornton	0 Sealey
	0 Donovan
	0 Feutch
	35
	51

Referees: Cruce and Fisher.
Timekeeper: McDonald.

IN FOGGIA

The Price Of Being A Bachelor

It was December, 31, 1942, the last day of a lost year for the Italians. The Germans were still in Foggia — arrogant, brutal, and wranglers. The night had been celebrated with all the traditional festivities, but that was not sufficient for two Nazi Officers. They left the party and went out looking for the beautiful women of Italy. The streets were empty!

Drunk and full of lust they forced their way into one of the doors on a side street. In the room they found the man of the house who was sleeping soundly.

"Wake up, you fool", shouted one of the officers to the sleepy individual "we occupied France, Belgium, Holland, Poland, and tonight we want your wife".

"You can have the whole world, Sir, but not my wife because I have none".

"Fool, how dare you remain single without a wife to offer Hitler's troops", shouted the other Kraut as they proceeded to smash the furniture and storm out.



CHARLEEN GIRL TOWN ABOUT

It's the day after Christmas and all through the house not a creature is stirring — everybody has had it.

Seen around the table last week filling socks for Foggia's needy were Murray and Shifflet of 20th. Never thought they'd be caught working. Standing by being the executive type was Jim Rohen also of the 20th.

Kessler, 955th, was working hard at the same game but his mind wasn't entirely on package wrapping.

I have been requested to put in an advertisement for Lt. Fouch's bar — 50 lire for one half shot.

In regard to a certain article in last week's Occupator on the discussion of instincts (incidentally that was a misquote) the only discussion was between ye honorable I and E Captain and yours truly.

Lt. Tony Farina, 529th says the only way you can get a Red Cross girl to smile at you is to wear corporal or sergeant stripes. Could be.

A Note About Bud Hooper

Christmas Eve found many interesting sights and so forth. At the Top Hat Wilbert (Bud) Hooper was in a state of good cheer with a bottle of Portuguese wine in one hand and a can of beer in the other. Later he went to target practice with Lt. McHugh. At the same club Regano stayed sober as did Bill Solverson.

Getting married soon to his little gal from Venice is Sgt. Bob Pesavento of 96th. Congratulations Bob!

Congratulations to Rita and Jim

More congratulations to Rita Williams and Jim Wilson, SAAFI, who recently announced their engagement. They say romance belongs to the springtime but it seems that the seasons are different in Foggia.

At a recent dance Miller, 20th was seen at the door recruiting girls for their club dance — and what a recruiter "Needles" Miller is. Chum Mulligan was not in evidence so he must have been singing songs to Sunnybrook.

Picks Up Anything

Working hard over three cups of ice cream was "Radar" Cooper. Definition of Radar: "Picks up anything".

Incident at last Red Cross dance: GI dancing with Red Cross girl in civilian clothes — girl says: "How are you tonight." Answer by GI pressing her more closely to him, "Wonderful, now that you're here." Pause. GI again, "My, but you speak English well." Reply by Red Cross girl, "I should speak English well, I'm a Red Cross girl." With a tone of regret the soldier said: "I'm sorry to hear that."

New at the control board at the AES station is smiling Joe Feole.

Awards And Stuff

Now for awards and stuff.
A Happy New Year to the old faithfuls Burnet and Philip Frederickson.

Good Humor Ribbon to hard working Johnny Caldwell. Cutest smile of the week — Charlie Schaffer. Many thanks to all the men who helped with the preparation and distribution of gifts to Foggia's children.

Good Conduct Medal to Sylvester.
Farewell to Mary Dolliver and Jean Talbot. We hate to see them leave but wish them the best luck ever.

May you all have a sober New Year's Eve — I'm kidding, of course — Best wishes for the New Year.

Ensa Garrison Theatre

Mon. Tue. Wed. Thur. — "Thunderhead Sun Of Ficka" Daily at 1400 hrs.

Fri. Sat. Sun. — "I Lived In Grosvenor Square" Fri. & Sat. at 1400 hrs. - Sun, at 1400 & 1900 hrs.

Mon. to Sat. — "On Parade" Stage ENSA's latest Italian Variety Show. Nightly at 1900 hrs.

Harmony Four Sings

For the past few weeks the Harmony Four Spiritual Quartet of the 1898th Engineer Aviation Battalion, has been rendering a quarter of an hour program every Wednesday evening at 2:15 P.M., over the A. E. S., here in Foggia. The quartet has made many appearances since its arrival in Italy March 11, 1944. It sang in conjunction with many religious services, as well as on special occasions with Red Cross programs, and other centers wherever there was a request. In their songs they try to present a story which will bring to light a message from the scriptures that will tend to broaden the spiritual side of life as well as improve our everyday living.

The quartet consists of the following named men: Pvt. Willie Irvin, 2nd tenor, Detroit, Mich.; Pfc. Willie Rogers, 1st tenor, Oakland, Cal; Cpl. John Ross, Baritone, Dayton, Ohio.; Pfc. Henry Washington, Bass, Chicago, Ill.; and Cpl. Lindell L. Brady, Manager and announcer, Flint, Mich.

(See Picture page 8)

"WE DON'T BELIEVE IT EITHER"

For a week Henry did not touch the atom-box. It was far too dangerous to play with, "and", he added in a letter to his father, "far too dangerous to have been invented by a novice". He did not want to call his father a crackpot. Henry packed the box and readdressed it to his father, but throughout the week he never could gum up enough courage to send it away.

He was about to mail it on December 31st, but then he discovered that he was detailed to guard duty for New Year's Eve, and he began to think things over.

Corporal Henry A. Laddin had received this unusual gift from his father on Christmas morning, a week ago, when he discovered a small box still wrapped among the blue and white garters and the maroon scarf on his bed. It was just past the gloomy crack of dawn, and Henry had to make his regular guard shift in five minutes, so he stuffed the box into his pocket, still unopened.

The Christmas Day guard shift was long, cold and dreary, as guard shifts are, and it had been his fifth tour that week. The OD came and went — pausing only to bawl out Henry for his salute — before Henry had time to open the package. He stepped into the guard-booth and unwrapped the box, and came upon a letter, which read: "Dear Son.

You know that I've been puttering with atom experiments for many months, and recently I came upon something very unusual. By mixing the formula:

$4 \text{ NaHCO}_3 \text{ X H}_2\text{O X C}_6\text{H}_{12}\text{O}_6 \text{ X R}_5$
(in other word, heating bicarbonate of soda with water, and adding a pinch of sugar).

I developed an amazingly powerful and controllable atomic process.

Here you will find a little box that has a handle and a headset attached. The "temple-phones" as I call them will interpret what your mind is thinking, and the gamma rays emitted will perform the action.

I have high hopes for my little invention. Besides giving you a novel Christmas present it will enable you to experiment in Italy where you can't be held responsible for the results.

Your loving Father

Henry reread the last sentence. "Good old Dad", he said. "Always ready with a gag".

He unwrapped the box further and found that the machine was a square about four inches in each dimension, and it had a handle and a headset wired to it. Henry twirled the handle a few times. He attached the headset to his temples and felt them vibrate steadily as he turned the handle.

"That OD is certainly a bastard", he thought idly. Suddenly the door of the guard booth swung open and the OD stood in front of Henry. Henry tore the headset off and stood at rigid attention.

"Cpl. Laddin", said the OD. "Did I ever tell you that I never had a legal father?" Without waiting for an answer, the OD left.

Henry stood shaking and looking from the box to the departing back of the OD.

This machine was either supernatural, or that was the best coincidence of the year. Henry thought about it for a long time before he decided to touch the atom-box again. After all, he reasoned, if the thing was a fake, might as well disprove it immediately.

Henry put the headset on his temples again and turned the handle. He thought slowly, "Please, Sir, get me off this guard duty". He looked around. For a moment he felt dizzy, but he was still on guard duty. He took the headset off before he cursed. It was no damn good. At least that was established.

His shift dragged on for a while longer, while he thought of the letter he would write

his father. Poor old guy; he'll be disalluioned. The new guard finally relieved him.

"Hi Pat", said Henry. "What's new?"

"Nothing much" said Pat. "A good break for you, though. You've been taken off guard duty for the rest of the week. Special orders of the colonel".

Since Christmas Henry A. Laddin had not used atom-box. He had promptly packed it, and intended to return it to his father, but now his latest detail — guard duty on New Year's Day — had changed his mind.

He thought about the bitter injustice of it, first on Christmas Day, and now on New Year's Day. Only enlisted men did these dirt details. Officers never pulled guard... His eyes lit up.

"Just one more time", he mumbled as he undid the string on the package of the atom-box. "Then I'll send it away for good".

A voice from outside his doorway yelled that the truck was waiting to take him to his guard shift. He stuffed the atom-box into his coat pocket and went downstairs to the truck. When he was alone in rear of the truck, he adjusted the headset and spun the handle.

"Hey!" he said. "Make me an officer". Then he added, "A high rank" — might as yell do this right.

He felt dizzy; the truck stopped; and as he stopped out the colonel was standing on the steps of the officers' club. He was accompanied by three adjutants and they saluted as a unit.

"Sir, we weren't expecting you so soon", said the colonel.

Henry turned around and saw that the vehicle he had just stepped of was a staff car and a flag was flying from the fender. Henry's eyes passed his shoulder on their way back to the colonel. But he knew what the insignia would be before he saw the three stars.

Lt. Gen. Henry A. Laddin walked up the stairs of the officers' club in front of the colonel and his three adjutants. He purposely by-passed the check room because he still had the atom-box in his coat packet and he wanted to keep it close at hand. General Laddin looked at the lush club. Sweet music was playing softly, and couples were dancing and saying clever things all over the place. The General (still wearing his coat) sat at the head of the largest table and the colonel slipped in beside him on his right. The three adjutants fought for seats on his left.

One adjutant reminded him of a bad dream. After a moment the Bad Dream opened his mouth.

"I was OD' today", he said, "and the oddest thing happened to me. I confessed a family secret to..."

The General coughed furiously. Every one hushed, including the Bad Dream who was eyeing him queerly. "Do you have any water?" he squeaked. A waiter rushed up with a pitcher of water and the general drank heartily. At the same time a Red Cross girl came over to the table, courtied, and sat down. The atmosphere had lightened considerably and the General sighed.

He looked at the girl. Her name was Pamela, and her sweater fit well. He had met her once — at a dance when he lit her cigarette — and he had always longed to know her better. But he could not afford to be recognized tonight.

The general listened to the table conversation. It was, at the moment, on the current price of American cigarette. One of the Italian waiters leaned on the table and said that he knew better. The suggestion of ciga-

rettes caused the girl to look at the General carefully. She took out a cigarette and the General graciously lit it for her. She smiled. "Somehow Sir," she sirred, "I think we met before".

"I really couldn't say," the General said. As he fumbled to put his matches back into his pocket he felt the atom-box.

"Do you have any relatives in the services?" she asked.

"My mother," he said, "is a Wac. Just a second lieutenant, though." This woman obviously was suspicious. The Bad Dream adjutant began whispering hastily to her.

The General stood up quickly. "Awfully hot in here, colonel." You should doing something about that." And he walked rapidly to the first room he found empty. It had a convenient lock on the door, and the General took off his coat and quickly pulled the atom-box out of his pocket.

Headset on, handle spinning and, "Hey, do something about that Pamela." He didn't have time to say any more because some one was knocking on the door. He replaced the atom-box and carefully folded his coat. Then he left.

The General felt better now. The adjutant would not risk saying anything by himself, and Pamela was pacified. He was not sure what would happen to her, but at least she would be different.

The General sat down beside the colonel and asked him about the morale of his men. The colonel opened his mouth, but not because he was going to speak, Pamela had pushed him aside and she dropped comfortably into the General's lap.

"Oooh General," she said, putting her arms around him. "I missed you while you were away."

"Hey, don't do that," said the General as he put his arms around her. She held him tightly and kissed him brutally.

"I know they'll understand," she whispered.

"No," He said feebly attempting to push her off his lap. "Not now, Pam... later maybe but... ummm... I would prefer that you should wait..."

Four strong men tore her away. The General got his coat, and explaining that he had an inspection tour to complete, left in his car. The driver stooped at the enlisted men's barracks and the General went to his room.

For hours he thought about what had happened. The machine could definitely get out of hand. — Besides, he could not spend the rest of his life masquerading as a three-star general. There was only one way out. He took the atom-box and began turning the handle furiously. This was the last time he would use the machine.

"Sir", he said, "Please send me home quickly. Ahmen" He kept turning the handle absently, waiting for something to happen, when he smelled something burning. The box was getting very hot.

"Oh no!" he yelled at the box. "Don't die on me now! Not..." There was a blinding light and a terrific explosion.

Two days later, the Stars and Stripes reported:

Cpl. Henry A. Laddin was found at an airfield near Casablanca, slightly burned and incoherently mumbling his father's name. He was dressed in a tattered officer's uniform, and was reportedly AWOL from the Second Bomb Group, Foggia. There was no information available on how he got to Africa, but army psychiatrists revealed that he was being sent Stateside for further observation".

EUGENE S. COHEN

What Every Veteran Should Know About Life in a Glen Plaid Suit

By Camp Newspaper Service

When Joe Dough walked off the reservation at the separation center at Camp Crud, Nebraska, he had an honorable discharge in his hand, a discharge emblem sewn on the outside of his blouse, 50 bucks in cash in his pocket and a check for 225 dollars (including back pay, muster out pay and soldiers' savings) in his wallet. He was out of the Army. The world was his oyster. He felt good. What Joe didn't dig until he was half way home was the fact that although he was out of the Army, he remained knee-deep in chicken. He discovered he couldn't shake off military life as soon as he had hoped. In the first place, Joe found he must report within 10 days of his discharge to his selective service board. Here he received a new draft classification as well as advice and assistance on employment opportunities in his neighborhood.

Next, Joe learned to his woe that he was over his head in paper work. In applying for veteran benefits, he discovered, he had to have handy his serial number, discharge papers, pension 'C' number, draft classification, GI insurance policies, social security card, birth certificate and marriage certificate. Without these he's lost.

Finally, Joe discovered that there's a lot about the Army and the aid it gives veterans that he had never heard about. For instance:

Muster-Out Pay

If a vet leaves the armed services with an honorable discharge, he will be handed 100 dollars muster-out pay. He receives an additional 100 dollars a month later if he had been in the service over 60 days. Vets who have served overseas or in Alaska receive a third 100 dollars the following month. All servicemen are entitled to 5 cents a mile for transportation from the place of their enlistment, and to save enlisted men from embarrassment they're given uniforms, socks, shoes,



and underclothes to wear home. A service emblem completes the dischargee's outfit.

Insurance

Former servicemen who want to keep their National Service Life Insurance policies should check through their discharge papers to find out when the next premium is due, and before that date send a check or money order to Collections Sub-division, Veterans Administration, Washington, D. C., and make it payable to the Treasurer of the United States. Vets wishing to reduce the amount of their insurance should write the VA to that effect. However, the amount of insurance must be a multiple of 500 dollars, and the minimum is 1000 dollars.

Since National Service Life Insurance is presently limited to an 8-year term, a policyholder may want to convert before that period expires to government ordinary life, 20-payment life, or 30-payment life. This can be done by filling out VA Form 1535. The new

policy will have a cash value after a year and vets may borrow on it if necessary, but conversion will sharply increase premium costs.

All persons who arranged to postpone payment on private insurance when they entered the service must bring their payments up-to-date within 2 years after discharge, if they wish to continue the insurance. If in a position to do so, ex-servicemen may want to keep both NSLI and private insurance.

Education

Want to make a few post-war improvements on your mental faculties? One of the best fea-



tures in the G.I. Bill of Rights is its educational provisions; vets who have been in active duty 90 days or more, regardless of their age at time of enlistment, are eligible for a year in the classroom, or its part-time equivalent, all expenses paid. The VA pays tuition, fees, cost of supplies and books, up to 500 dollars a school year, and 50 dollars monthly living expenses for an unmarried person. A wife, husband, or other dependent rates an additional 25 dollars. The same set-up is available to vets who want to learn a trade. If that desire for knowledge still continues after the first year, students can pore over the life of Beethoven or analyze the types of sanitary plumbing for an additional period up to 3 years, dependent upon the number of years in service, provided they have a good scholastic record and were under 25 years of age when they entered service. Students over 25, to get additional years, must be able to show that their training or education was interrupted by their entry into military service. Prospective students must meet the academic requirements of the school decided upon. The school must also be accredited. But that still leaves a wide-open field of public or private elementary or secondary schools, business schools scientific and technical institutions, vocational and professional schools, junior colleges, normal schools and teachers colleges, and conventional colleges and universities. Some will give credit for certain types of military experience as well as Army correspondence courses, which should please school-bound GIs.

Disabled vets unable to work at their old jobs because of a service-connected vocational handicap are almost sure bets to be eligible for the Vocational Rehabilitation program. To be eligible, a person must have a discharge other than dishonorable, and must be entitled to a pension. He can go to school 4 years without even charge for transportation to and from school, and will receive a pension of 92 dollars a month if single, 103.50 dollars if married, plus 5.75 dollars for each dependent child, and 11.50 dollars for each dependent parent.

Loans

Under the GI Bill of Rights, an ex-serviceman can't get a

loan directly from the government. The government, however, will guarantee payment of one half of a loan, but will not guarantee more than 3000 dollars, regardless of the total amount of the loan. The loan may be made by any bank, corporation, firm or individual, and may be used for a house, farm or business, subject to the approval of the Administration. VA loan guarantees may also be used in connection with borrowing money through one of the government lending agencies. Loans guaranteed by the Administration bear interest of not more than 4%, a year and must be paid up within 20 years. Interest on the part guaranteed by the VA will be paid by the government for the first year.

Application for this benefit—open to veterans with at least 90 days active duty or with a service-connected disability—must be made within 2 years after discharge from the service or 2 years after the end of the war, whichever is later, but in no event more than 5 years after the end of the war.

Debts, Legal Matters

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act protects servicemen with respect to lawsuits and contracts, foreclosures and repossession, seizure and family eviction. Mustering-out pay, death gratuities, or insurance payments cannot be claimed by creditors or attached by the court. Although most lawsuits against servicemen are postponed until 6 months after their discharge, if a judgment was rendered against a serviceman while he was in service, he can reopen the case anytime within 90 days after leaving the service, provided he can show that his



absence hurt his case. Vets have 6 months in which to apply to the court to postpone payment of debts, and must show that their time in service has seriously interfered with their ability to pay.

Your Old Job

A vet who wants to plunge back into the old grind can have his pre-war job back, provided (1) he has an honorable discharge, (2) the job was not a temporary one, (3) he is still qualified for the job and is not now physically handicapped, and (4) the employer's situation has not changed to such a degree that it is "impossible or unreasonable" for him to rehire the veteran.

To get his former job back, a vet must apply for it within 90 days after discharge or release from hospitalization, if this falls within one year after discharge.

Finding a New Job

Representatives of the United States Employment Service are stationed at most Army and Navy Separation Centers, and at military hospitals. The USES, under the GI Bill of Rights, has the responsibility for counselling and placement of veterans, and in each of its 1500 offices has lists of available jobs in each locality. For disabled veterans, the USES

analyzes jobs for specific physical requirements and working conditions.

Civil Service

"Points" will be important to a GI after he is discharged, too. To be eligible for Civil Service, it is necessary to take and pass a Civil Service examination—and a veteran gets 5 extra points added to his grade, as bonus. Disabled vets receive 10 points.

Since Civil Service applicants are placed on a list from which they are hired in order of grade, the extra points mean that veterans go higher on the list. And when vets and non-vets receive the same score, the job goes to those who have been in the armed forces. In all Civil Service jobs, except scientific and professional jobs where the starting salary is over 3000 dollars, disabled vets who pass the examination automatically find their names right at the top of the list.



Ex-servicemen who want to try out for the Civil Service can get the dope on exams at any first or second class post office in U. S. Civil Service Commission branch, and while there can get an application blank, Civil Service Preference Form 14.

Unemployment Insurance

If, in spite of everything, a veteran can't find a job, he is entitled to an unemployment allowance. This means that, if totally unemployed, he can draw 20 dollars a week. To draw the allowance, the vet must have been in the armed services 90 days or more, or have been discharged for a service-incurred disability. If he served for just the 90 day period, he can receive unemployment payments for a period up to 24 weeks. For each additional month of service, he can receive an additional 4 weeks of unemployment allowance, up to the maximum of 52 weeks. Proportionate amounts will be paid those persons who are "partially employed." "Partially employed," so far as the VA is concerned, means making less than 23 dollars a week, and the difference between what the vet earns and 23 dollars is the amount of the allowance which he will receive. Self-employed persons who net less than 100 dollars a month can also draw the difference in unemployment payments.

A few catches exist in the regulations. For instance, vet who are drawing a living allowance in connection with education or vocational rehabilitation are ineligible. So are those persons who leave "suitable" work without good cause, or are fired because of misconduct. Vets who apply for the payments must be physically able to work, and payments may be discontinued if they don't accept a "suitable" job which has been offered them.

Application for this allowance usually can be made at the nearest United States Employment Service office, on VA Form No. 1339.

Vets may be eligible for state employment insurance, and in some cases may be able to draw this instead of the fede-

ral allowance. Local offices of the USES can supply information on this, too.

Medical and Hospital Care

Free hospitalization is available at a Veterans Hospital or



medical center for any vet with a service-connected disability. In cases of emergency, he can get home treatment, or if there is no VA hospital in his community, he can get treatment for a service-connected disability at a private hospital, upon application by telephone or telegraph to the nearest VA regional office.

All veterans, whether or not their injuries or ailments are service-connected, can get free hospitalization—if they can't afford to pay for it themselves, and if there is available hospital space.

Applications for medical, hospital, or home care should be made on VA Form P-10, and should be sent to the VA regional office or hospital. In addition to the general hospitals, the VA maintains medical and diagnostic centers, neuropsychiatric and tuberculosis hospitals, and 10 veterans' homes, where vets disabled by injury, old age, or illness may live.

Disability Pensions

The VA pays off on 2 types of disability pensions—the first for disabilities resulting from injuries or disease received while in service in line of duty, and the second for permanently and totally disabled vets whose injuries are not service-connected.

For the first type, payments range from 11.50 dollars a month for a 10% disability to 115 dollars for a 100% disability. More serious disabilities rate special pensions; but the maximum is 265 dollars, and is given for blindness with the loss of 2 limbs. According to Public Law 183, just passed, additional allowances up to 35 dollars above pension rates are available to take care of "in between cases"—men who should qualify for a larger pension than can be given under statutory provisions.

Vets who qualify for the second type of pension receive a straight 50 dollars a month, which is increased to 60 dollars after veterans have been on the rolls 10 consecutive years, or have reached the age of 65.

Death Benefits

If a soldier dies before discharge from the armed forces, his next of kin receives a cash payment from the government equal to 6 months of the soldier's pay. If the soldier held National Service Life Insurance the beneficiary will, of course receive regular monthly payments, the amount depending upon the quantity of insurance and the age of the beneficiary.

A death pension, the most important death benefit, is paid to families of servicemen or vets who die from disease or injuries incurred in service in line of duty. A widow with no dependent children receives 50 dollars a month, with one dependent child 65 dollars, and each additional child 13 dollars.



Outside of the ARC Club was an excited mob of gift-seekers drawn by the promise of a Christmas party.

OUTSIDE a n d INSIDE



Inside, joy reigned supreme. Jock Jordon watches Santa (Bob Olivigni) give a present to a Foggia child.



The Harmony Four Spiritual Quartet — of the 1898th Engineers with their announcer and manager

(See story page 5)

WHAT VETS SHOULD KNOW

(continued from page 7)

If the mother is dead, a dependent child will receive 25 dollars monthly, and 2 dependent children 38 dollars. Each additional child will receive 10 dollars. A dependent mother or father is eligible to receive 45 dollars, and when both are dependent the total is upped to 50 dollars.

As far as burial arrangements are concerned a vet may be buried in one of the National Cemeteries or in a VA Cemetery, and so may certain family members. Also, veterans are eligible for up to 100 dollars burial expenses.

where To Go for Help

Many agencies have set up bureaus to help returning servicemen. Most communities have a veterans' infor-



mation center of some kind. For info on educational, borrowing, or pension rights, vets can apply directly to the VA. The Red Cross or one of the veterans' organizations can also file claims.

The Reemployment Committeeman at the vet's selective service board can help him return to his old job, and for new jobs he can apply to the United States Employment Service.

Help of various types can also be had from the Red Cross, the YMCA and YWCA, Travelers Aid, USO, Chamber of Commerce, businessmen's groups, various unions, and religious organizations.

What To Do?

Where you are going to find a job depends on many factors, among them being what you are trained to do, what industries offer the best prospects, and what areas have the brightest outlook.

Soldiers would do well to list on a sheet of paper their education, pre-war experience, hobbies, skills acquired in Army, USAFI courses, and any other pertinent information. This list might be presented to the I&E officer, an appropriate veteran's counselor, or any qualified officer or EM who conceivably might be of help. If a man would like to open a haberdashery, he would do well to visit several local ones, if any, and ask the proprietor his advice: how much experience is necessary; what hours he works; what capital is required; what income might be expected; and so on. A soldier overseas could—and should—write General Electric, for example, if he would like to become a dealer in electrical appliances, stating his qualifications and requesting information.

The important thing is for men to act NOW to find their niche, and not wait until they are discharged.

Lines which at present seem to offer better opportunities are the manufacturing, retail and wholesale-distributive trades, insurance sales, building and construction. In some cases, job opportunities will have to wait for the completion of reconversion.

In general, sections of the country where the population is on the increase are most prosperous. Men who are free to move around should take advantage of this fact. The Missouri Valley, for example, should become such an area when the power-electrification-flood control projects there get going.

Soldiers with a hankering to buy their own farms or set up their own businesses, should proceed with caution. Right now, they're likely to have to pay a war-inflated price. Men should not go in for either project without considerable experience and study of local conditions affecting success. The Department of Agriculture, on the one hand, and the Smaller War Plants Corp. and Department of Commerce, on the other, can provide helpful information.

THE INQUIRING PHOTOGRAPHER - "What's the first thing you're going to do when you hit the States?"

Sgt. EARL F. STELLEY, 429th Sqdn.

Well, see the town. Probably New York. I've never been there.



DARBY McCANTS JR. 1898 Engrs.

That's kinda hard to say. I suppose I'll start looking around for a job. Sure, I'm leaving Sunday or Monday.



F/O RAYMOND S. MILLER 429th Sqdn.

Nothing for 45 days!



Cpl. WILLIAM SEVERINO 2nd Bomb Hdqtrs.

Godamighty! Get some good beer!