



See Here, Private Hargrove!

by Marion Hargrove



THE STORY SO FAR: Private Marion Hargrove, former editorial employee of a North Carolina newspaper, has been inducted into the army and is receiving his basic training at Fort Bragg. He has been classified as a cook. This classification together with a more than usual amount of KP duty have caused him to become pretty well acquainted with the Company kitchen. Private Hargrove has become rather well versed in the many angles of "goldbricking" and other army pastimes. He claims, however, that "shooting the breeze" or the "bull session" is the soldier's favorite recreation. At this stage of training some of the boys are experts in the art. As we pick up the story he is discussing this.

CHAPTER IX

By this time, the evening bull sessions have worn themselves into a very definite routine. If Corporal Ussery is there, he lectures on how he'd run the Army; if it's Private Terrence Clarkin, he tells how he used to direct the intricate traffic affairs of Radio City Music Hall when he was assistant chief doorman there. Unless Private Henri Gelders is stopped, he'll start a violent argument among the butchers over how to cut a steak.

McGlauffin will talk for hours about the beauties of the lakes in Minnesota. Grafenstein will deliver discourses on how he would run the Wisconsin football team; Pappas, about Alabama's Crimson Tide. Maciejewski will sermonize on the utter baseness and treachery of womanhood.

Lately, however, the sessions have come more and more under the sway of Private Merton Hulce, a mad Irish lad from Muskegon, Michigan. Private Hulce apparently didn't stop at kissing the Blarney Stone. He must have stolen half of it to carry with him.

Hulce's chief topic of conversation is his mother's fabulous family, the Smiths, all of whom seem to get enmeshed in every war that comes along. His grandfather, who was a captain in the Coast Guard at the outbreak of the last war, was transferred to duty at guarding munitions dumps and such for the duration of the war.

According to Hulce, one of the munitions guards with his grandfather's detail was approached late one night by an officer of the guard. "Halt!" shouted the sentry, and the officer halted. "Advance to be recognized!" said the sentry, and the officer advanced. The sentry for-



In the midst of this fiery hell he saw a peach tree with peaches growing on it.

got to order "halt" again and the officer came within a foot of him. Suddenly the officer reached out and snatched the rifle from the guard's hand.

This was an exceedingly uncomfortable position for the guard, especially in that time of war. He might even have been sentenced to death. The officer stood there just looking at the guard for fully a minute. "What would you have done," he asked in a terrible voice, "if an enemy had got your gun like that?"

The guard trembled for a moment and recovered. "I would have snatched it back, sir," he said, "like THAT!" And the officer stood there, empty-handed.

Hulce's grandfather, who told that story, is now about sixty-five, his grandson says. He was asked to come back into the Navy three months ago as a captain. Being a Smith, he's back. With him in the armed forces today are two of his sons and two of his grandsons.

Merton had two uncles in the last war, both of whom fared exceedingly well when you take a practical view of it. Neither tired himself out. The first crossed the ocean nine times playing the clarinet in a troop ship's band. The Germans torpedoed the boat once and the holes in the side were stuffed with mattresses. Hulce's uncle rode back into port, still playing his clarinet. That was the goldbricking uncle.

The other uncle served as a kay-pee on the trip across. Carrying a tray around the deck, he was heckled several times by a person he soon grew to loathe. Eventually the Irish wrath of the Smiths rose to boiling point. Uncle Smith lifted the tray high overhead and wrapped it around the heckler's neck. He spent the rest of the war in confinement.

Then there was the cousin, grandma's sister's boy. Serving in the front-line trenches, he grew suddenly hungry one morning. Looking out of the trench, he saw a peach tree

growing there in the midst of the fiery hell, and there were still peaches on it. He tried to sneak into the tree, but the enemy's bullets found him. He was carried behind the lines. Just as the stretcher bearers laid him down, an enemy shell exploded in the center of their little group and none of them were ever seen again.

This happened at exactly ten o'clock on the morning of November 11, 1918—one hour before the Armistice was signed.

Next to the Bugler, I suppose the battery clerk has the goldbrickingest job in the battery. You could cut his pay to ten dollars a month and he'd still be defrauding the government.

Just watch the battery clerk for a while and you start wondering why he's in the Army, when he's so evidently cut out to fit the leaning end of a WPA shovel. While the rest of the battery is earning its daily bread with sweat, the battery clerk sits in the orderly room hob-nobbing with the powers that be, typing the daily worklist with original spellings for all the names and wondering how long it is until lunchtime.

Our battery clerk is a beardless youth named Howard Miller. I tripped over him yesterday evening on my way back from a hard day's work and stopped to chew the conversational fat.

"Junior," I asked him, "how does your conscience feel about this six-day goldbricking schedule every week? Don't you feel a twinge on payday?"

Corporal Miller made a move to draw himself up indignantly, but decided it wasn't worth the effort. "If you're insinuating that I don't have to work you're off your bean, sonny. I do two or three times as much work as you happiness boys."

I yawned and sat down. "After listening to Ussery shooting off his mouth fifteen hours a day, I can take yours. Go on with your fantastic story."

"Boy," said Miller, "the responsibility is enough to kill an ordinary man. I'm a one-man information bureau for the whole battery. I have to know who everybody is, where everybody is, where everybody's going and how long he's going to be there."

"I have to know the answer to every dumb question you guys come popping up with. Where's my mail? When do I get my furlough? Where are we going to be sent when we get shipped out of here? Why didn't I get a weekend pass? Why was I on KP again today? Every sort of question you could imagine!"

"Quit popping your guns, laddie," I told him. "That's no grind for you. You use the same answer on all the questions: 'How the hell would I know?'"

He was quiet for a while and I thought he had gone to sleep again. I was all primed to hum "Chow Call" to wake him up, when he stirred and sighed heavily.

"All right," I prompted him, "so you're the one-man information bureau. So what do you do in the line of actual work?"

"Work!" he shouted. "That's what I do—work! Why, I have to write all the letters and keep all the files and keep duty rosters up to date! I have to make thousands of rosters of the battery every month—"

"That," I suggested, "should take at least two or three hours every day. What do you do to while away the other tedious hours of the day?"

He was quiet again for about a minute. Then he arose. "I've got a pretty hard day ahead of me tomorrow, Hargrove," he said. "I hope you won't mind if you excuse myself. You have to get plenty of sleep when you have a job like mine."

"When you have a job like yours," I growled, "you can sleep night and day."

The top sergeant stuck his head out of the supply room and beckoned with his arm. "Come 'ere, you!"

I dropped my stable broom in the battery street and hastened toward him, as one always does when summoned by the top kick.

"Well, Private Hargrove," he said, "this is a red-letter day for you."

"You mean you're going to let me go out and drill like the other fellows?"

"Noooo, Private Hargrove," he said. "I mean I'm going to let you turn in all your equipment. You are no longer to be a rookie, Private Hargrove. You are going to be an important working cog in the great wheel of national defense. You are leaving us."

"What's the deal?" I asked. "Where do I go and what do I do?"

The sergeant chuckled and leaned back in his chair. He sighed ecstatically twice. "Would you really like to know, son, or would you rather put it off as long as you can?"

"Well," I said thankfully, "you can't be sending me out as a cook, because I don't know anything about cooking."

The sergeant sat back and drummed happily on the table. "Great gods!" I shouted. "I'm not going to be a cannoner, am I?"

"No, Private Hargrove," he said after another long pause, "you're not going to be a cannoner. We're going to give you a job where you can use your natural talents."

There was a distinctly sadistic tone in his voice. I waited.

"You're going to be a first cook, Hargrove," he said fondly. "Not just a plain cook. A head cook! A king in your own kitchen, a man of responsibility. Ain't that lovely?"

"You can't do this to me!" I roared, when my breath returned. "It's against every decent human law! I don't know anything about cooking! I want to be a cannoner!"

Sergeant Goldsmith's eyes wandered guiltlessly to the ceiling. "You don't know anything about cooking, huh? That's bad, boy, that's bad! Why, you're supposed to be on shift right now."

"Sergeant," I said, "I couldn't fry an egg right now if it had directions on the package."

"You're in the cooks' battery, ain't you? You've been going to cooking school and you've been sent to a kitchen for all these weeks. You're supposed to be graduated any day now. What have you been



"Son," he said, "you're going to make a perfectly breathtaking Horrible Example." I had nothing more to say.

doing in the kitchen I put you in?" "Making jerk-ade," I explained, "chopping celery, peeling onions. They say I get in their way. They say I keep spirits too high and production too low."

"I feel for you," the sergeant said. "I deeply sympathize. You're going to be a mighty unpopular little boy in your new home. If that supper tonight don't melt in them boys' mouths and send them clamoring for more, they'll either massacre you or run you over the hill. That's one thing the boys won't allow—bum cooking!"

"Sergeant Goldsmith, sir," I implored him. "Can't somebody else go in my stead? Somebody who can cook? Look at me—a digger of ditches, a mopper of floors, a scrubber of kitchens, a ministering angel to undernourished grass plots, but a cook never! You don't know what you're doing to me!"

"Son," he said, "you're going to make a perfectly breathtaking Horrible Example!" Then he rose and walked back into the supply room. "Thomas," he said, "check in this yardbird's equipment."

Sergeant Israel looked up from his Form Thirty-Two records. "Don't he like his equipment?" "Check in everything but his clothing," the top kick said. "Get a truck to take him to Headquarters Battery, FARC."

Sergeant Thomas W. Israel looked up in faint amazement. I looked in sheer bewilderment. "They had to figure some way to stop his cooking career and save the morale of some battery as would get him as a cook," said Sergeant Goldsmith. "So he's being palmed off to Center Headquarters as a public relations man."

The word "buddy" hasn't come into popularity yet in the new army. I suppose that if there were such things, Maury Sher would be mine. Sher and I occupied adjoining bunks when I was in Battery A.

Private Sher is a smart and likable Jewish boy from Columbus, Ohio. He went to school at Southern California, until he learned that all the world's knowledge doesn't come from the intellectual invalids who usually teach the 8:30 class. Then he went back to Columbus, had an idea patented, and built himself a restaurant shaped like a champagne glass.

Came the fateful Sixteenth of October and Sher enrolled for the Selective Service System. His application was accepted last July and since he had been the successful proprietor of a restaurant, he was classified as a promising student for the Army cooking course.

The two of us got together when he was sent to the Replacement Center here. We started an acquaintance when I topped all his Jewish jokes and began teaching him how to speak Yiddish. I was attracted by his native intelligence, his pleasant personality, his sense of humor, the similarity of his likes and dislikes to mine, his subscription to PM, his well-stocked supply of cigarettes (my brand), and the cookies he constantly received from home.

So we became more or less constant companions. We made the rounds here together, went to Charlotte together, made goo-goo eyes at the same waitress in Fayetteville and swapped valuable trade secrets in goldbricking.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D. Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for December 26

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GOD'S GREAT LOVE AND HIS GIFT

LESSON TEXT—Matthew 2:1-12. GOLDEN TEXT—For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John 3:16.

Christmas brings us all back to the Christ-child in Bethlehem, and we are reminded anew of our Lord's coming into the world to be the Redeemer. For the babe of Bethlehem is the Christ of the cross, of the resurrection, and the coming King.

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son" in what was the world's greatest love gift. But the Word does not stop there. We must do something about God's gift. We read, "That whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16).

The story of the coming of the Wise Men to seek the One who had been "born King of the Jews" reveals several attitudes toward Christ which find their counterpart in our day.

I. Expectancy (vv. 1, 2).

These men of another race were familiar with the Jewish Scriptures and knew that the Messiah was to come. Many others, including the religious leaders of the Jews, had the same information. But these men of the East differed in that they looked for His coming with keen desire and expectancy.

One wonders if we have not become so familiar with the story of Christmas that we, like the Jews, have a dead knowledge without expectant faith. We need to awaken and look to God for new grace and strength for these days.

II. Fear (vv. 3, 7, 8, 12).

Herod was a capable, ruthless, ungodly ruler who feared only that someone would take his power from him. He was so determined that this should not happen, that he killed many members of his own family for whom he otherwise had apparent affection.

When he heard that Jesus, who was the real King of the Jews, had been born, he feared, and laid crafty plans to destroy Him. God saw to it that his purpose was not carried out.

There are those of our time who fear the coming of Jesus, because they will not have Him to rule over their lives. They love their selfish ways, and their sinful pleasures; and when they face the question of what they will do with Jesus (and face it they must!), they have only fear and hatred in their hearts.

III. Indifference (vv. 4-6).

When the Wise Men came to Jerusalem to inquire where the Christ was to be born, they received an immediate answer—in Bethlehem. That was clearly foretold in Micah 5:2. The priests and scribes knew all about it, but their knowledge did not move them to action. They told the Magi where to go, but they did not go themselves.

How sad it is to see the indifference of our day to the claims of Christ. There are many who think that simply because they do not hate the church, or the Bible, or do not fight against it, they are guiltless. How wrong they are will appear to them if they will read Matthew 11:23, 24 and recall that the sin of Capernaum was only indifference.

Wake up, careless one, and change your indifference to love and faith, lest you too be eternally lost.

IV. Joy (vv. 9, 10).

These earnest seekers for the Christ-child were full of joy even before they saw Him. "When they saw the star," and knew that God was indeed leading them, their hearts leaped within them as "they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

Christmas is the time when there should be real joy in our hearts. It is not enough to be "merry" or "happy." In fact, many thousands could not possibly find anything to be happy about this year.

Happiness depends on what happens, but joy is the gift of God to His children, which is so deep down in their beings that circumstances cannot change it. We may have real, satisfying Christmas joy.

V. Worship (v. 11).

When they saw Christ, they worshipped. Have we been as wise as they were? Then they made gifts, showing that their worship had that reality which made them ready to sacrifice for Him. Have we done anything this Christmas to show our joy and gratitude for the redemption we have in Christ?

The writer of these lines (which will reach you just before Christmas) wants to wish you and yours a very blessed Christmas, and to assure you that he is praying for you that regardless of circumstances the joy of the Lord may fill your soul. Christ has come. He is with us now by faith. He will come again to reign. The Child of Bethlehem's manger is our Great Saviour and Glorious King. Rejoice in Him!

Glittering Jackets and Blouses Team Well With Slim Dark Skirts

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



FASHION'S new favorite, the separate top for evening, provides a lovely way to stretch your dress-up wardrobe so that it will sparkle your way brightly through the holiday festivities. Charming little dressy jackets and blouses are designed this year in a wide variety of handsome formal rayon fabrics to give you plenty of mix-and-match changes to team with your simple long or short skirts. Eye-crashing glitter touches and flattering color combinations add dramatically to the gala effect.

Because these dazzling "tops" are smart for so many occasions, designers have produced a large collection made up of diversified types. Flattering tuck-in blouses are done on both semi-tailored and frankly dressy lines, in such flashing novelty weaves as striped rayon-and-metal lames, metal-patterned rayon chiffons, and metal-shot rayon taffetas. They are also made of lovely soft draping classic rayon glamour fabrics, such as fine rich dull crepes, jerseys, satins (so smart this season) and laces, the latter especially lovely in chantilly or point d'esprit types. These styles may have very short sleeves or wrist-length and they show many varied necklines from the new deep U-line or square contour to high round collarless buttoning in back or the flattering brilliant-buttoned shirtwaist necks.

The gay dress-up blouse at the top in the picture sponsors the new high round neckline fastened at the back. Jet nailheads, starred in a scattered patterning against vivid cerise rayon crepe, achieve a brilliant and entrancing effect.

Great originality is shown in the use of discreet trimming touches. Dull white paillettes, for instance, are exquisitely applied to fine snow-white rayon chiffon, for an effect that is at once rich and delicate. Glistening bands of sequin, bead and metal embroidery add excitement to many styles, edging necklines and

front closings of Russian or Chinese-inspired creations or outlining yokes and waistlines. Dainty rhinestones, also jet and sequin patterns, scintillate against both fine rayon crepe and diaphanous rayon lace, in ultra feminine ruffled blouses, while bead-embroidered buttons and pocket trims are seen on tailored rayon crepe or satin styles that combine as readily with a trim daytime suit as they will with a full-length evening skirt.

Luscious rayon fabrics of both coat and dress weights, including crush-resistant velvets in black or deep jewel tones, decorative matelasse crepes, rich failles and bengalines, the new heavier weight wool-and-rayon satins and soft textured spun rayon tapestry effects are all in demand this season for the making of the important styling jacket or blouse. These rich rayons make the ideal background for the dazzling jeweled motifs that are now being lavished on jacket fronts or shoulder yokes. The gleam of multi-color bead and sequin floral or fruit designs against dull-finished crepe or soot-black rayon velvet is especially effective, and designers are playing it up to a finish.

An enchanting "after-five" jacket designed to top the slim dark skirt is pictured to the left in the group illustrated. Here brilliant red sequin cherries sparkle against a background of fine black rayon crepe. Note the new cardigan V-neckline and large self-covered buttons. For the glamorous jacket to the right, which may be worn with or without a hat for any occasion after dark, shining sequins in exquisite pastel tones are used artistically against the rich raised patterning of the matelasse background.

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Jade Velveteen



Velveteen is making a grand showing this year. The dresses made of it are in the most ravishing colors, which is one of the reasons why these gay and lovely frocks are creating such a furore among party-going teen-agers and the college set. This season fancy turns to greens, and jade green is the favorite of them all. The smart, simply-styled velveteen dress shown is done in a fascinating jade green, with hat accurately color-matched. Accessories of a deep bottle green complete the ensemble. It is dresses of this type that will make sure-fire hits with the boys on furlough. Perfect for any "special" date!

Chic Black Gowns With Sheer Yokes

A perfect way to escape the "nothing-to-see" lament when the unexpected happens in way of an invitation to a formal or perhaps not so formal affair, is to have in reserve at least one dressy black gown. The type smartly in fashion this season is the simple sheath-neck street-length black dress that has a transparent yoke or bodice top.

The best dressed women are going all-out for black, through and through. They like the yokes and transparent shoulder insets that are made of sheerest of sheer black marquisette that has a dazzle-dust of jet all over it. Throughout the yoke part itself the sequins are often sprinkled sparingly in contrast to a bordering of intricately worked jet passementerie. Even young girls are wearing these jet sparkling sheer-yoked blacks, topping them off with adorable caps or bonnets of jet. Contrasting pastel marquisette tops are also in favor, worked with delicate self-color beads.

Formal 'Dress-Up' Dickey's Bring Drama to Ensemble

It's the "big moment" for dickeys right now, so follow your urge to buy a new dickey every time you see one that strikes your fancy. This season it's the formal dressy dickey that is bringing drama into the fashion picture. A dickey you'll adore is made of marquisette, also of organdy, in delectable pastel pinks, blues, pale greens or lavender. These are all sparkly, all-over starred with wee pinpricks of glitter. Then there's the gala-type dickey made of metal brocade. Exclusive looking is the black alençon-type lace dickey sprinkled with jet beads, also the black chantilly lace dickey with a frilly lace jabot. Fur dickeys are newest of all.