

Today, the Most Popular Story To Come Out Of the War—A Best Seller For Many Months. Read It Today and Every Week In This Newspaper.



See Here, Private Hargrove!

by Marion Hargrove

PRIVATE SERGEANT CLARKE GOLDSMITH, back in the barracks where I was supposed to have learned the art of the army, ever gets me into this, it will provide an amusement throughout a long winter.

He reads that Private Thomas Marion Lawton, ASN 3416620, is given preference to prospective soldiers, because his fellow will disturb the program in the next registration.

"Goodness!" he will roar, who's learning who how to do my stars? The blind leader said, Sergeant Goldsmith, the eminent vegetarian Bernard Shaw that he who can't teach.

Dear sergeant, is my conscience to the army and to please go away and leave people to our studies.

CHAPTER I

Have you been called to the army and will go away for days, I'll sum it all up in a few minutes. Pay attention to the advice that is given to your defenseless twenty-four hours a day, in the idea of what Army life is to be like. Leave your

weeks from now, you will be disgusted with your place to place, you will be in nakedness and through miles of physical examination, you will look at the individuality as you left behind you in a civilian society.

Probably you will have developed hatred for at least a sergeant and two corporals, will be the and fume under the consideration brutality and you will wonder how the nation can permit such a thing. Take it as a lesson, take it easy.

There is a beam of radiant hope in the future you: The hardest, the three—or possibly more—of the painful process of adjusting yourself to an army routine. In those weeks you will get all the full required dose of contempt and misery. You will be in your barracks, lest the wrath of the war department touch you. You will find it unbelievably awkward when you try to learn the knowledge of this messiness will make you even awkward. Unless you relax, you will be very unhappy during these three weeks.

When you are assigned to your barracks, you'll really drill and drill, a sergeant, and when the sergeant correct or advise you, you'll hear his throat cut your bare hands. You'll be the sound of his voice as passed. The sergeant will give you is the poor sergeant during a busy time too. He

knows what you're thinking and he can't do anything about it. You'll be inoculated against smallpox, typhoid, tetanus, yellow fever, pneumonia, and practically all the other ills that flesh is heir to. You'll be taught foot drill, the handling of a rifle, the use of the gas mask, the peculiarities of military vehicles, and the intricacies of military courtesy.

Most of what you are taught will impress you as utterly useless nonsense, but you'll learn it. You'll be initiated into the mysteries of the kitchen police, probably before you've been in the Army for a week. Possibly two days later, you'll be sent on a ration detail to handle huge bundles of groceries. You'll haul coal and trash and ashes. You'll unpack rifles that are buried in heavy grease and you'll clean that grease off them. You'll stoke fires, you'll mop floors, and you'll put a high polish on the windows. You'll wonder if you've been yanked out of civil life for this.

All your persecution is deliberate, calculated, systematic. It is collegiate practice of hazing, applied to the grim and highly important task of transforming a civilian into a soldier, a boy into a man. It is the Hardening Process. You won't get depressed; you won't feel sorry for yourself. You'll just get mad as heck. You'll be breathing fire before it's over. Believe me or not, at the end of that minor ordeal, you'll be feeling good. You'll be full of spirit and energy and you will have found yourself.

You'll look at the new men coming in to go through the same hardening period, and you'll look at them with a fatherly and sympathetic eye. They will be "rookies" to you, a veteran of almost a month.

For practical advice, there is none better than the golden rule of the Army: "Keep your eyes on n and your mouth shut."

At first, probably, you'll be inclined to tremble at the sight of every corporal who passes you on the street. You might even salute the first-class privates. Then, when the top sergeant neglects to beat you with a knout they rub GI (These two letters are the cornerstone of your future Army vocabulary. They stand for the words "Government Issue" and just about everything you get in the Army will be GI. Even the official advice. This story on the other hand, is not GI.) salt into the wounds, you might want to go to the other extreme. This way madness lies.

When corporals and sergeants are to be dealt with, always remember this: Make friendships first and leave the joking until later. When it's the top sergeant, it might be best to leave the joking permanently.

It can be very easy to start your military life on the wrong foot by giving your officers and noncommissioned officers the impression that you're a wise guy, a smart aleck. Soldiers, like senators, "don't like for a new guy to shoot his mouth off."

So much for the don'ts. On the "do" side, the most important thing for you to watch is your attitude. As a matter of straight and practical fact, the best thing that you can do is to reason that you are going into a new job. The job is temporary but while you have it it's highly important.

As, when you go into a new job in civil life, you do your damndest to impress your employer with your earnestness, your diligence, your interest in your work—go thou and do likewise in the Army. As in your civilian job, the impression is made in the first few weeks. You make that impression, starting from the very first day, by learning as quickly as you can, by applying

cigarette, "it beats the hell out of me what fate did mean for you. Dr. Garinger down at the high school said years ago that it didn't write a formal education in on your budget. Belmont Abbey found out that you weren't destined to be worth a hoot as a public relations man for a Benedictine college. The drug-store chain in Washington said you had neither the talent nor the temperament for soda-jerking. And you certainly fizzled as a theater usher. Maybe fate don't know you."

"May I have a cigarette?" I asked, reaching before he could protect them. "Day after day I work my fingers to the shoulder blades for nuthin' thanks nor living wage. I am the feature editor of a progressive, growing newspaper. What makes it that? My heart's blood makes it that!"

"I would fire you tomorrow," he sighed, "if anyone else could possibly straighten out the chaos you have brought to this office. In the most underpaid brotherhood in the world, you are the most overpaid, two-headed brother."

"Period," said Mr. Griffith, "New paragraph."

"I lead a terrible, tubulent life," I wailed. "I am the man forgotten by Destiny."

"If you will get your elbows off my desk," he said, "the boy can put the mail on it."

"What you need," he continued, sorting through a batch of letters, "is a tour of military service. The Army would make a man of you. I was in the Army in the last war. A top sergeant at eighteen. The Army did wonders for me."

"That's not much of a sales argument," I told him.

"Then again," he said, "If we must take up my whole busy day weeping over your sorrows, let's not burden the Army when it has a helluva job already. Concerning the whole matter, I would suggest that you apply yourself to making up the woman's page right now, lest you come down tomorrow morning and find someone else sitting in your chair. Leave my sight."

"There's not a letter there from New York," I asked, "with my name written on it in a delightfully illegible, feminine, and slightly redheaded hand?"

"Is there ever?" he snorted. "Let's see—" and he went through the stack.

"Well, my lad," he said with faint glee, "at last we're getting somewhere. We know what Fate means for you. You can be happy now."

He handed me a long, white, innocent-looking envelope, addressed to me. The return address read, States to Marion Hargrove, greeting!

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The boy across the table in the Piedmont Grill lifted both hands and clapped his brow three times. He looked at the clock, then back at his breakfast, then back at the clock.

"My name is Hargrove," I said handing him a cigarette.

"Mine is Piel," he said. "Melvin Piel. Tomorrow may you can make it 'Private' on the front."

"So long as you're healthy," I said, shrugging a shoulder. "It cuts down on the income tax."

"My hay fever," he wailed. "What will I do with my hay fever? In the jungles of South Carolina for maneuvers, with my hay fever! Oy!"

"Just look at it," he said on the way to the bus station, "maybe a posthumous medal my grandchildren will get. Private Melvin Piel, who gave his life valiantly and

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