



# I'M IN THE ARMY NOW

By  
Cpl. Whitt N. Schultz

## Special to the Highland Park Press FIRST FURLOUGH

Highland Park, Ill.—Some of the fellows kinda laughed when, last September, I went to my first sergeant and told him I requested a Christmas furlough.

"How many furloughs have you had, Cpl. Schultz," the sergeant asked.

"None so far," I said.

"When did you come into the Army," he queried.

"Well, I enlisted when I graduated from Northwestern University in June, 1942. I was ordered into uniform December 7, 1942," said I.

"Let's see, then, you've been in the Army over a year and you've never had a furlough. By rights you should have had 30 days' furlough time by now," said the sergeant.

"Really, I didn't know that. All I request is that you put me on the list of men who wish a furlough during the Christmas holidays."

"I'll do that," he said.

### Furlough Granted . . .

And so one day as I was looking at the bulletin board in the squadron and there was my name.

I was granted a Christmas furlough for 11 days.

(It was cut to 11 days so other fellows in my Headquarters and Headquarters Squadron could get home, too.)

You see, Highland Parkers, only 10 per cent of the men are allowed to leave an Army camp at any one time. I happened to be one of those fortunate 10 per cent.

I decided to take a bus home for it was convenient, not too crowded, and because I had never ridden on a bus and I thought it would be a good time to ride on one.

### Colorful Characters

I had finished editing an Army newspaper, and it had been checked and approved, and so it was alright for me to leave. I said goodbye to my captain and to the soldiers helping me with the paper that night.

And then I ran; I had two minutes to catch the bus—if the bus was on time.

It wasn't.

I waited an hour.

It was a cold night and when the bus finally came I got on, went to the front, sat by the heater. A bit weary, I decided I'd like to do a little sleeping.

But, I happened to be on the kind of seat that didn't adjust and so I sat bolt upright, a bit uncomfortable.

I thought I could do some dozing at least, but bus riders are a sociable group, and certain members wanted to talk, and so we talked.

### Husband Killed in Italy . . .

"Just come back from overseas duty?" a pretty young woman beside me asked.

"No," said I. "I'm going home on my first furlough. Surely will be happy to get home."

"I had a husband in the service," she went on. "He served over in Italy. We had a son. He was born on his father's birthday. My husband was killed in Italy a short time ago," she added after a climactic pause.

What do you say at such a time?

"I'm sorry," I said, and the bus sped on into the night.

"We were very happy together," she continued. "I wonder why God decided to separate us like that. Separate us just when we were so happy, and just when God had created a new child for us."

And I wondered, too.

"But, that's war," she added, through a sniffle.

And we went on. She was silent. All we could hear was the roar of the heater.

### Nice Thought, Anyway . . .

Then she said:

"You're young. You have so much to live for. I do hope you will be happy all your life."

That was a nice thing to say, I thought.

"You must know lots of soldiers from your work on the newspaper. I wonder if you know any who might be interested in a young widow with a child."

A bit startled, I answered, "Well, yes I do know many servicemen. And when I meet one I think you would like, I'll introduce him to you."

"My name is ———. And I live in Champaign," she added.

### "Let Me Off Here" . . .

The big bus raced along Chicago's outer drive.

"Would you let me off at the Stevens hotel," I asked the driver.

"Sure, soldier."

And I got off, bidding all farewell and a happy holiday season.

It was quite late, but not late enough to catch that last train out to Highland Park.

And so I waited. It was right cold, too. But no snow.

That late train to Highland Park is chucked, full of colorful characters. Most of them are servicemen. And they're all asleep. Positions they can get in are mighty picturesque.

Highland Park Was Asleep . . . Arrived in Highland Park about 2:30 a.m. Old town was quiet, beautiful,

asleep. Night was clear. Moon was big, lighting the darkened streets.

To my home, a good night's rest, a home-cooked breakfast, and then to see older friends, not in the service.

To the Press office to see Mr. and Mrs. Lester S. Olson, who are doing a good job of writing and editing this paper.

To the Ration Board for points and some gas. Courteous, patient, efficient Mrs. Buckmaster and Mrs. Brown filled out the necessary papers for this corporal.

To the garage to talk with old friends Frank Gillis, Frank Lawrence, Ray Richards, Rich Mau, and "Duke."

### To the Teen-Age Hop . . .

Washed my car, shined my shoes, then was ready for the Teen-Age Excursion dance. We went. We had fun. We missed all our old friends, though. We wished they had been granted Christmas leaves and furloughs, too.

While talking with Dave Aubrey, Dave Suttle, and Jim Hart we saw the young Highland Park set, still in civilian clothes, dance by.

We saw:

Kaki Watson, Joan Husting, Pat Roach, Coco Barr, Gee Gee Jennings, Cal Bauer, Pat D'Ancona, Sue Olmstead, Joan Fjorsheim, John Erickson, Mary McCormick, Mary Appel, Mickey Adler, Christine Kelly, Bob Cooksey, Camie Pickett, Kate Schamberg, Mickey Gutman, Bob Warner, a sailor, home on furlough, New Trier high school leaders, Ann Templeton, Phylis and Shirley Weed, L. T. Young, "Buzz" Laurie, Marty Detmer, "Butch" and "Punchy" Heymann, Barbara Jones, Bill Murphy, Jack Sneed, and lots of others.

### We Saw 'Oklahoma' . . .

It's good to see the teen-agers having fun talking, laughing, kidding. They're a gay group, attractive, clean-cut, intelligent.

I like 'em.

Then home.

A restful sleep. Up early—Civilian and Army habit!—a long walk down Highland Park streets, visits to friends, then into Chicago to see "Oklahoma."

Our seats were excellent. The play was light, happy, packed with pleasant music.

Christmas Eve day we shopped some more, purchasing those last minute gifts, tree trimmings, lights. (Did you find any, incidentally?)

Then home and a pleasant chat with Mother and Dad around a crackling fire. Tree was trimmed, presents were properly placed, mood was festive.

Then a heavy sleep started by a prayer of thankfulness for being home; a prayer for fellow servicemen all over the world.

A big Christmas.

A delicious turkey dinner.

And thoughts about returning to duty.

### Wanted to see more friends . . .

This corporal wants to publicly thank those who helped to make his furlough so much fun. I only wish there had been more time so I could have seen the Lytles, Suttles, Beers, Peters, Aubreys, Sorgs, Murrays, Harris' and all the other good friends in and around this town.

And I wanted to see Mrs. Sanders to gather some more information from her regarding the interesting and important work her son David is doing in the American Field Service Corps.

On day I want to write a column about Dave's experiences.

And so back to camp! To marching, exercising, drilling, waiting, wondering, editing.

Happy New Year, Highland Parkers!

## In The Nations Service

Home from Lubbock Field, Texas, where he has completed 18 months of advanced training in the big glider school, Flight Officer Edward Carrel, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Carrel, 123 Pleasant St., Highwood, is spending a 9-days' leave with his parents. He is one of those graduate glider pilots termed "winged commandos." F. O. Carrel is very enthusiastic about his branch of the service, the school at Lubbock being the only one of its kind in the country. After his leave F. O. Carrel expects to be stationed at Bowman Field, Louisville, Ky.

A Christmas telegram and V-mail greeting from their son, Pvt. James F. Gallagher were received by Mr. and Mrs. John Gallagher of 713 So. St. Johns Ave. Enlisting in the army Nov., 1942, Pvt. Gallagher was first an aerial photographer, but volunteered and received training as a turret gunner, and has since performed several exciting missions in the Pacific area. A recent base was in New Guinea, with a Thanksgiving rest leave in Australia.

Having two daughters and one son in the U. S. Marine Corps is a record to make any mother proud. But for Mrs. H. N. Cady, 339 E. Park Ave., that is not enough. She has just completed the 7-weeks' Nurses' Aid Course at Evanston hospital, receiving her cap on Dec. 21, and has been assigned to duty at the Cook County hospital. The three Marines, Margot, Jean and Lt. Hearst Cady, a pilot, spent Christmas Day together at San Diego, Calif.

Mr. and Mrs. Astor Benson, 630 S. St. Johns Ave., had as Christmas guests their son and his wife, Ens. and Mrs. Lyman Benson. Ens. Benson, a naval pilot has been stationed at Banana River, Fla., but has been assigned to a new base in North Carolina.

Attending a Christmas dinner party given by Mrs. Lena Garry, 88 Clifton Ave., were Cpl. Wm. Cortesi, a son-in-law, stationed at Ellington Field, Texas, as weather observer, and a nephew, Capt. Harold Jacobson, of Norfolk, Va.

Lt. Wm. E. Peters, 683 Harvard Ct., veteran of some 14 missions over European territory in a Flying Fortress, was heard, Sunday, in a radio dramatization of "The Target—Germany." Lt. Peters, injured in combat with an overwhelming German force, is now an instructor.

Sgt. Norman Bigley, who entered the army on March 5, was recently graduated from the army air field flexible gunnery school at Kingman, Ariz. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Bigley, 623 St. Johns Ave.

Grant "Gabby" Benson, electrician's mate, stationed for 18 months in Trinidad, has been made 1/c petty officer, according to a recent letter received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Benson, Sr., 1855 S. Green Bay Rd. He enlisted in the Navy in Jan., 1942.

Pfc. John Mussatto, stationed at Ft. Knox, Ky., spent Christmas day with his father, Thomas Mussatto, 324 Oak Terrace Ave., Highwood.

A V-mail letter received by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Craig, 608 Laurel Ave., from their son, Cpl. Norman Craig, states that he took part in the battle of Makin, but is "okay." Cpl. Craig has been for two and one-half years with a portable hospital unit, one and one-half years in the Pacific area and one year in Hawaii.

Dr. Hugo Bernardi was commissioned 1st Lieutenant of the U. S. army this month, upon receiving his medical degree at University of Illinois. Serving his internship in the General Hospital at Fresno, Calif., he is the son of Alfred Barnardi, formerly of High-

wood, and the nephew of Mr. and Mrs. Zeffero Pacini, of this city.

Pvt. Wm. P. Hammond III is stationed at Camp Blanding, near Jacksonville, Fla., where he is receiving his basic training. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hammond, 900 Ridgewood Drive.

Capt. Joseph Marquette, fighter pilot, who is visiting his brother, Arthur F. Marquette, 109 Lakeview Terrace, terms himself "just lucky." A veteran of some 50 missions and 174 combat hours over China and India, his plane has not suffered a bullet puncture. Already the owner of the Air Medal, Capt. Marquette has been recommended for the D.F.C. and the Silver Star. He is 26 years of age.

Visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Don Pierantoni, and his wife, Signe, on Christmas furlough, is Cpl. Ralph Pierantoni of 309 North Ave., Highwood.

Having completed his basic training at Farragut, Idaho, Fireman 3/c Jack Sheridan, USN, is now stationed at Receiving Barracks 0232, Shoemaker, Calif. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Sheridan, 247 North Ave., Highwood.

Lt. John Epstein, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Epstein, 281 Roger Williams Ave., and a veteran of fifty-two bombing missions in the Mediterranean Area, recently spent a 30 days' furlough with his parents, during which he appeared on the WGN Bandwagon and the WBBM Victory matinee. Entering active training at the beginning of the war, Lt. Epstein trained in Texas and was transferred to Africa, taking part in engagements over Tripoli, Sicily and Italy. He wears the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with seven oak leaf clusters and the European Theatre ribbon with seven stars.

In all probability David Sanders III, son of Mr. and Mrs. David T. Sanders, 5 Woodbridge Lane, experienced what he anticipated as "the hottest Christmas he ever spent." An ambulance driver and a member of the American Field Service, he is believed to be somewhere in the vicinity of India. A brother, Pfc. Robert Sanders, recently arrived at a new base, Mitchell Field, N. Y., after a short furlough with his parents. He completed a 17-week course in radio at Truax Field, Madison, Wis.

Cpl. Mervin Goldstead, stationed at Camp Crowder, Mo., had as his holiday guest his wife, who is making her home with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Goldstein, 108 Highwood Ave., Highwood. A brother, Pvt. Warren Goldstead, of Camp Atterbury, Ind., recently spent a 15-day furlough with his parents.

James B. H. Zischke, having completed the officer's candidate course at Ft. Sill, Okla., is now a second lieutenant in the Field Artillery. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Zischke, 100 Hazel Ave.

Pvt. John Lawler, paratrooper, the son of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Lawler, 428 Waukegan Ave., Highwood, and a veteran of three major campaigns, is resting at a secret base overseas. Shipping overseas last May, he was one of the first to make landings on Sicily and Italy. His last known base was Naples.

Cpl. Einar Nielson, husband of Mrs. Mabel Nielson, 1315 S. St. Johns, has been promoted to the rank of sergeant. A technician specialist in the ground crew of the army air corps, he has for several months been stationed in Iran.

Well-known local young men who are engaged in some phase of their

service training at Purdue University are Arthur Flint and Ross Harrington, USMR, Don Gault, USNR and William ("Bill") Okey.

Cpl. and Mrs. Athol Bell spent the Christmas week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bell, of 522 Lincoln Place. Mrs. Bell is the former Viola Pierson of Skokie. Cpl. Bell is stationed, at present, at Chanute Field.

Also attending the Christmas party was Cpl. Elliott Norrien, Skokie Ave., son of Mr. and Mrs. Gus Norrien. Cpl. Norrien is stationed at Chanute Field.

Among soldiers named for cadet officers in the Army Specialized Training Unit at the University of Illinois is Harry L. Cannmann, 1845 Kinross St., named Cadet Corporal. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cannmann, Sr. Cadet officers are appointed on recommendation of the Company Commanders. The appointments give the soldiers experience in command and facilitate carrying out orders of the commanding officer. The cadet officers wear blue brassards with marks of their rank, and command the units in Barracks, at night, etc.

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