

In The Nation's Service

Jacob Edward Wing, electrician's mate, 2nd, of the Seabees — and mighty proud of it! — has left for Camp Parks, Calif., after a 3-weeks' visit to his wife at 327 Vine Ave. One week of the leave was most enjoyably spent at Three Lakes, Wis., a "second honeymoon," Mrs. Wing declares. She is planning to leave soon to join her husband at Camp Parks.

"My vacation is over," sighed a young GI as he paid his check to Mrs. Jennie Temple, proprietor of Jen's Cozy Nook, 535 Central Ave. "It's back to camp for me."

"Where are you stationed?" asked Mrs. Temple.

"Oh, no way back to Alaska," Jen's eyes popped. Of course Alaska is a big place, but . . . "I have a brother in Alaska," she said, wistfully, "you wouldn't, by any chance."

Well, it chanced that the soldier did know Cpl. Jim Macmillan, of the Army Medical Corps — and knew him well. "You just tell him when you write that you saw 'Ham,'" he told Jen, and left, with messages from Jen and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Macmillan, of Lake Forest, for Cpl. Jim — stationed in Alaska.

Cpl. Mario Pagliai, brother of Mrs. Ada Gianni, 336 North Ave., Highwood, is now stationed in the Pacific area with Hq. Engineers. Cpl. Pagliai, a 1942 graduate of the local high school, entered the service in May, 1943, received his Army training in Virginia and Kentucky, and has been overseas for four months at various stations including Australia. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Pagliai, recently moved to Missouri.

James Rankin, P.O. 2/c, USN, stationed at an English base, recently sent home some fine snapshots of himself — just to prove I'm all in one piece. He adds, casually, "I suppose you wondered about the Invasion, Well, it wasn't in it." James is working at the shore post, after a lengthy stretch on LCT craft, during which he saw action in other European areas.

One thing that worries his mother, Mrs. Willie Rankin, Sr., 627 Vine Ave., is a reference to a "little Ma'amelle" from France. "And to think," she gasps, "I just got through talking him out of an English girl!"

Three local boys left Friday afternoon for the V-12 School of the B-V program at Missouri Valley College at Marshall, Mo. — Ellsworth L. Mills II, Charles Bates and William Murphey, of Ravinia.

Ellsworth L. Mills II is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Mills, 413 So. Sheridan St. He is 18 years old, and was graduated this June from the Northwestern Military Academy at Lake Geneva, Wis., where he was Cadet Captain in the ROTC. He attended the Lincoln grammar school.

Charles Bates, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bates, Sr., 1880 Lyman Court, is a 1944 graduate of the Highland Park high school. He is 17 years of age.

William Murphey, also 17, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James Murphey, Sr., 127 Rice St., Ravinia. He is a June graduate of the local high school. His elder brother, James Jr., known as "Hap," has been enjoying a 10-day furlough from his V-B course in Engineering at Northwestern University.

Carl Neisser, of the 1944 graduating class of the local high school, has qualified for Navy radar work, and is now at Great Lakes Naval Training Center, receiving basic training as a radio technician. Seventeen years of age, he is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Neisser, 237 Hazel Ave.

Miss Josephine Zook, daughter of Mrs. E. Zook, 329 No. Linden Ave., having completed her training at Washington, D.C., as staff assistant with the Recreation and Club Mobile Unit of the American Red Cross, is now en route to an overseas post.

Miss Zook is intensely interested in her work. Talented as well as athletic, she seems to be very happily placed. Part of her training was in the Merchant Marine Rest Home in Ridge Cliffe, Md.

Her brother, 2nd Lt. Joseph D. Zook, Marine Fighter Pilot, is completing the Officer's Signal training at Miami, Fla.

Cpl. Brandt "Bus" Olson, USMC, stationed for 29 months in the Pacific and Asiatic areas, arrived in town last Sunday. He will report to a post in North Carolina later in the month.

Pvt. Guido Azzi, son of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Azzi, 245 Burchell Ave., recently spent a 10-day furlough with his wife, the former Alice Antonetti, his infant son, and his parents in Highwood. He is stationed with the Army signal corps at Camp Crowder, Mo.

His brother, T/Sgt. Hugo Azzi, is stationed with an Army headquarters company in New Guinea.

Pvt. James Antonetti, a brother-in-law, recently home on furlough, is stationed with an Army medical corps at Indianstown Gap, Pa.

Expected home on furlough soon is Pvt. Louis Schemmel, who has com-

pleted a special course at Ft. Benning, Ga., and is now at Camp Lee, Va. A member of the Army quartermaster corps, he is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Schemmel, 750 Court St.

Letters have arrived from Pfc. Robert Patterson, Army Tanks, and T/Sgt. Earl Patterson, Army Infantry, stating that they participated in the Invasion of France, and made their beach-heads safely. They are the sons of Mr. and Mrs. George Patterson, Sanders Rd., Deerfield.

Air-student Nathan "Bud" Udell, stationed at Moody Field, near Valdosta, Ga., is spending a furlough with his wife, the former Betty Hallberg, 700 Forest Ave., and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Udell, 102 No. Sheridan Rd. Upon returning to his post Udell will attend gunner's school, and will earn his commission as lieutenant in December. Before entering the air corps, Udell, then sergeant, was stationed for one year in England.

A recent recruit for the SPARS is Ethel Byrne May, of 829 Forest Ave., formerly a student nurse at St. Luke's hospital.

Like other young women in military training, she enjoys her work immensely and feels that her energies are well directed. She regrets having delayed this long in joining. At present training in Palm Beach, Fla., she hopes later to enter training in Columbia University as pharmacist's mate.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Sheskie, 1043 So. Ridge Rd., have a soldier and a sailor in the family. Sgt. Henry, Jr., who entered the service in August, 1943, was recently home on furlough. He is stationed at Camp Haan, Calif. Arthur, m/m, 3/c, USN, entered the service in March, 1943, and has been overseas since the following September. He is now aboard a motor torpedo boat.

Two more 17-year-olds of the 1944 graduating class are Carl Neisser, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Neisser, 237 Hazel Ave., who is stationed at Great Lakes, training as a radio technician, and Wm. Riley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Riley, 340 Glenwood Ave., who has reported at Notre Dame University for a course in officer's training under the V-12 program.

Lewis R. Hutchison, son of Mrs. L. R. Hutchison, of 205 High St., Highwood, Ill., received his commission as an ensign in the United States Naval Reserve today after completing the fifteen-week officer's training course at the New York U.S.N.R. Midshipmen's School.

This was the 18th class to be graduated from the New York Midshipmen's School since its inception almost four years ago aboard the U.S.S. Prairie State, formerly the flagship U.S.S. Illinois of the Great White Fleet. The school now comprises three Columbia University dormitories as well as the training ship, and has become the country's largest source of new naval officers ready for combat duty afloat. With the graduation of the Eighteenth Class, the number of reservists trained at the school exceeds 15,000.

Wm. Hutchison, his 17-year-old brother, a 1944 graduate of the local high school, left last Saturday for De Pauw University to enter the V-12 training course.

The eldest brother, Lt. Robert, USN, is stationed somewhere in the South Pacific. They are the sons of Mrs. L. R. Hutchison, 205 High St., Highwood, and the nephews of Dr. and Mrs. G. Q. Grady.

Naval Aviation Cadet Edward David Harrington, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ashley of 638 Brownville Rd., Highland Park, has been transferred to the Naval Air Training Center, Pensacola, Fla., after successful completion of the primary flight training course at the Naval Air Station, Glenview.

After passing the advanced flight training course at Pensacola, Cadet Harrington will pin on his wings as a Naval Aviator and be commissioned as an Ensign in the Naval Reserve or as a Second Lieutenant in the Marine Corps Reserve.

Cadet Harrington is a graduate of Riverside Military Academy, Gainesville, Ga., and attended the University of Illinois and Yale University. He began his Naval Aviation career at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. Car.

Sgt. Raymond Schwalbach, of the medical division of the Army Air corps, who recently spent a sick leave at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Schwalbach, 600 Central Ave., following an operation, has returned to his base at Perrin Field, Texas.

His 18-year-old brother, John m/m, 3/c of the Seabees, is stationed in the Admiralty Islands, where he recently

contacted his old friend, Pfc. Harry Chambers of the Army cavalry.

Mrs. Harry Chambers, Sr., whose husband is in Army reconstruction work in Alaska, and whose other son, Pfc. Jerry, USMC, (Pal of Sgt. Washback, the duck) is stationed in the Hawaiian Islands, lives at 688 Central Ave.

James J. Kirk, Jr., son of the James J. Kirks of 360 Orchard Lane, enlisted June 8th in the U.S. Marine Corps and is now receiving his basic training at San Diego, Calif. Prior to his enlistment, Marine Kirk was assistant manager of the Corn Belt Hatchery at Libertyville.



I'M IN THE ARMY NOW

By Cpl. Whit N. Schultz

The Smell of Hot Apple Pie!

CHANUTE FIELD, AAF TRAINING COMMAND, July 6—

Readers of this column will remember a piece I wrote not long ago titled For This I Joined.

In that column I wrote about all the LITTLE things I want to come back to when the war is won. You know, things like Ravinia concerts, golf-tennis-swimming at Exmoor, colkes at Geell's, pie ala mode at Shelton's, and lots of other things.

Read by An Ensign . . .

Well, this column of mine somehow found its way to a cabin on an LST boat bound for the invasion shores of France. It was read by one of the officers on the boat. He is Ensign John Pennish.

His thoughts were on home as his ship cut the waves toward the greatest battle of all time. So, he sat down at his typewriter and wrote me a letter.

"I'd like to quote parts of it. I think it draws a simple and vivid picture of what this gentleman-officer remembers and what he's looking forward to in the future.

Quotes the letter . . .

Ensign Pennish pens . . . "As I write this letter the ship rocks and pitches in the trough of the waves. The steady throbbing of the engines and the swirling in my brain fill the smallness of my room with an endless echo and I wonder if you, too, can hear . . . for, home is a long way off.

What he's fighting for . . .

"What am I fighting for?" he writes. "The quiet simplicity of our meals at the Homestead in Evanston. Our conversations were intense. Suggestion and persuasion danced impishly, pricking the bubbles of our imaginations, setting impetus to our thoughts.

"Past days of grey flannel suits, neatly-bowed black knit ties, milky-fresh, button-down, oxford-cloth shirts, polished tan shoes.

"Old dreams of reaching for the moon and feeling a shimmie little sliver sliver beneath your fingertip . . . Lunch with Dr. Clark Kuebler (president of Ripon college) . . . Dinners with Lew Saret of Ravinia . . . A pleasant look at my bedside.

Practicing a golf swing . . .

"The smell of hot apple pie, the puckering smile of a new baby, the humming song a lawn mower sings . . . "A dog wagging his tail. The soda jerker scooping an extra large spoon of ice cream. Practicing a new golf swing in the living room. Taking a ride down Michigan Boulevard while young Johnny counts the new Fords, just like his pop's, and Mary wants to drive slowly so she can look at the smart dresses displayed in the shop windows.

Yes to life . . .

"It's the past and what you pray for the future. It's simplicity, kindness, contentment, creative living. Yes to Life . . .

Yep, I think friend Ensign Pennish has something there.

Fun on a furlough . . .

Well, my commanding officer oohed a furlough for me the other day and I rushed to Highland Park—still the best little town in the world!

I saw lots of old friends . . . Mrs. Brown, who issued me ration points, told me about her son Doug who's a lieutenant now and learning to fly the B-24 bomber.

I saw Ed Moroney wheeling a baby buggy one morning. He's looking well and happy. He invited me to his home and I'm going there as soon as I can. I chatted with pretty Marilyn Gooder who's doing Gray Lady work at Great Lakes. Friendly Dorcas Fitzgerald was at Exmoor's swimming pool that day, too, and we had a keen talk about our friends, the war, and war-working women who, Marilyn and Dorcas claim, will return to the home after the war, thank the Lord!

New friends . . .

I met young Hal Mc Clain and Mickey Bowes, two swell boys who have a nice future ahead of them. I met George O'Connell, tennis pro at Exmoor, and a peach of a fellow, popular with all. Ditto Hal Halverson, life guard at the club.

Dick Roach, golf pro at Exmoor, taught me some of the fundamentals of the game.

He's a good teacher—but I need lots of practice.

There's more to golf than you think. I'll never forget the first time I went nine holes with Dad and Sis. I was all over the course. It was my fault, too. In golf—doggone it!—you can't blame anyone else.

It's a great game . . .

Dick Roach told me what to do, and if I had followed his careful instructions, I could have given Sis and Dad a good game, I think. But I didn't. And they won. And I've got to learn more about this golf game. But I think I'll wait 'til after the war. There'll be more time then.

More friends . . .

On Highland Park's pretty streets, at Ravinia concerts, in their homes, and at Exmoor I saw Art Olson, Lt. Commander Burwell, Stan Turner, Mac Schultz, Jennifer Turner, the O'Neil sisters, Mary Appel, Mary Mc. Cormick, Dave Suttle, Dave Aubrey, Jim Hart, Fred and Bill Bangs, Joan Huppings, Marshall Johnson, Ginnie Harris, Catherine Jacobs, Marge and June Weber, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Olson, the M. C. Dean family, and a host of others.

We called on the Lytles and saw Mrs. Lytle and daughter Dottie Murray, and her new darling daughter, Barbara, who wears a tiny bow in her hair already.

Too soon the furlough was over and I was a packin' my grips, saying so long to Bill and Martin in Exmoor's locker room, to the capable life guards, my friends, and my folks.

Surely hope I can get home on pass soon. . .

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