

I'M STILL IN THE ARMY!

By
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(Official U. S. Army Correspondent)



(Special to The Highland Park Press)

I'll Always Remember That Night!

PEARL HARBOR, T. H.

Ted Nobrega, captain of Honolulu's rugged uniformed police, asked me to accompany his men as they patrolled the streets of this rough, brawling city on a Saturday night. He wanted me to write a report of the crime that went on nightly at this crossroads of the Pacific. I was with the police five hours.

I'll always remember what I saw . . .

The Navy yard worker, dragged to the patrol wagon, screaming, "There's gas in there! They're going to kill me! They'll will you, too!" He was rushed to the mental ward. "He's an habitual drunkard," a policeman said.

The drunken, red-haired sailor who had crashed into a grocery store, stolen money, and beaten the owner's wife and child.

BATTERED SAILORS . . .

The two battered sailors who had tried to break into the YWCA and had been caught after a slugging battle with a policeman.

The bewildered little man, pathetically drunk, who staggered into the police station and complained that his divorced wife had told him "to get the hell out" when he had come to visit his 14-year-old son "who I pay \$20 a week for support."

The youth is a juvenile case — "the result of another broken home," a police official said.

The large, drunk man, sobbing in the corner of the police station. A few hours earlier, on a bus headed towards Pearl Harbor, he had whipped out a knife and attacked a man.

"OUTLAW LIQUOR" . . .

The young sailor, badly cut and bleeding, who complained he had his head bashed against the wall by a burly bouncer in one of the local booze joints.

"If only they'd outlaw liquor, 98 per cent. of the crimes would end," a police lieutenant who has been on the Honolulu police force 15 years, remarked.

The man arrested for drunk driving. He had nearly killed a child.

The drunk sprawled in front of Honolulu's sedate public library.

"HE BEAT ME!" . . .

The Filipino woman, her hair mussed, her nose bleeding and broken, her eyes black, her face cut, crying and yelling. "I can't stand him no longer! I try to be true! He get jealous! He beat me night after night!"

Reeking with liquor, her dress caked with mud, she stood in this filthy Honolulu house, not fit for animals, and begged, "Take me away! Take me away!"

She was rushed to the hospital. Minutes later we found her small husband, drunk, wandering aimlessly in the road wondering where "my wife is at" . . .

A QUIET NIGHT . . .

The police sergeant and I returned to the station. Shocked at what I had seen so far, I asked the police lieutenant if this night was typical of Honolulu Saturday nights.

"No," he replied. "This is a quiet night. You should come here after payday."

Just then I heard shouting outside. "Take a look out there and you'll really see something," the lieutenant said.

LIKE NAZIDOM . . .

I'll never forget the sight. It reminded me of those newspaper pictures I had seen of the bodies piled one on top of the other at Jap and Nazi camps.

Here were two shore patrol wagons loaded with drunks, stacked three and four deep. (Ten wagons carrying drunks were unloaded during the half hour I was there.)

"Bring 'em in," a bored shore patrol officer ordered.

GHASTLY SIGHT . . .

One by one, groaning, moaning, vomiting, screaming, the sailors and marines were dragged from the mud-filled wagon.

Some were wearing ribbons. Some had ratings. All were so drunk they could not walk.

They were World War II heroes. "They're leaving for the States in the morning. I can't understand why they want to get this way before they go home. If only their proud parents could see them now," a shore patrolman with 44 points, but - who - is - not - allowed - to - go - home - because - his - work - is - essential, said.

THROWN INTO CELL . . .

The drunks, their uniforms black with mud, their eyes glassy, their tongues trying to mumble something, were dragged into the station; booked; tossed into a foul-smelling cell filled with other drunks.

These are SOME of the sights I saw while patrolling the streets of Honolulu.

Henry Parker, Seabee With Naval Construction Detachment in Pacific

ESPIRITU SANTO, NEW HEBRIDES (Delayed) — Henry H. Parker, storekeeper 1/c, 440 Lincoln place, Highland Park, had the distinction of serving here with U.S. naval construction detachment 1029 at the first spare parts depot to be established by the navy overseas.

On this tropical island, miles south of the equator, the Seabees set up a special "protective treatment" plant to guard the 45,000 different types of items from humidity and heat.

Personnel at the depot received little glory for their share in the Pacific victory, but letters and official dispatches from combat commands have let them know that they have kept equipment in operation which built key airstrips and harbors.

Three View-Points

(The following letters, taken from "DEAR EDITOR," a gripe column in STARS AND STRIPES, of which Cpl. Whitt N. Schultz is co-editor, disclose three angles from which a single issue may be viewed. These opinions on the comparative status of officers and enlisted men, are those of the writer, not necessarily those of STARS AND STRIPES or of this publication.)

What disappoints me is that the officers refuse to speak out against a situation within the American armed forces that is admittedly unfair and barely tolerable to the men under them everywhere — privilege.

If the time comes when the American people are finally forced to remind the Army and Navy that America is not a land of princes and peasants, the damage will al-

ready have been done . . . "Forgive them for they know not what they do" would be a jolly way for the EM to forget the whole unhappy state of affairs, but the consequences are too forboding.

Continuation of a policy disuniting officers and enlisted men will in the end debase and weaken our military organizations and demonstrate to the world a definite lack of faith within our armed forces in the very principles of democracy for which Americans were supposed to have fought, bled and died. HAROLD M. DAVIDSON, NA 1/c Navy.

I've been reading in your paper all the gripes about officers from enlisted men. The only reason is that they are jealous because they are not officers.

We officers have it tough sometimes and we have all kinds of responsibility and we get hell if the work isn't done. Why not give credit where credit is due? If some enlisted men were officers they wouldn't be grouching all the time.

I've been a 2nd lieutenant for 32 months and I never cried because I never got higher, so why should they cry when we finally have it easy?

The officer has a great number of privileges. He is given these on the assumption of a reward for his capacities and responsibilities. Many do not earn these privileges. No EM will deny an officer his privileges as long as he feels that this officer is a true leader and competent in his job. Privileges must be earned continuously.

The officer must feel that men born and raised in the idea of equality will resent with every fiber of their being these inequalities and privileges. "My Men First"

should be the motto. Whenever the EM gripes, there is some cause. A true leader will be eager to know what it is, how he can step in and help, and if he really can't, some words of explanation, some truly felt words of understanding will do a lot to help.

Gripping is an excellent barometer of the quality of an officer's leadership. In a well led outfit, there will be a minimum of gripping even when circumstances go from bad to worse.

LT. IRA KORNER, AGD Army, Saipan. *Word substituted.

Having spent nearly eight years in the service, four and one half of which have been as an enlisted man, I feel myself to be at least partially qualified to comment on both sides of the question . . .

There is an adage which states "Familiarity breeds contempt" — and, although this might not apply in all cases, it applies in enough cases to cause the justification of . . . aloofness, or the "caste system."

As long as there is a necessity for leaders whose directions are to be obeyed instantly and without hesitation, it will likewise be necessary and proper for these leaders to refrain from close association with those who follow. Desirable? No. Necessary? Yes — and I had to learn it the hard way, though let me say again, it does not always hold true.

My experience as a green officer found me with the desire to meet my former friends on an equal basis, to mingle with them — and to be one of them. My desires instead of bringing respect and admiration for this "democratic" outlook, brought disrespect and insubordination from the majority of the men. Their attitude was,

"What the hell — he's just a good Joe. We'll take care of what he wants done when we get ready. He's easy."

I personally feel that The Stars and Stripes is one of the finest papers out, and what tickles me most is that it follows through and obtains a reason or solution for injustices.

I know that there are many too . . . Commissioned officers who lost the respect of their men are useless to the Services. That is why the officer in the field will usually be found at the end of the chow line — I know I was. That is why the good officer prides himself on "looking out for the men first."

1ST LT. R. T. BUEHMAN, SC Army

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Here is also an area that creates tremendous buying power of its own—the goods and services for living that people here want and must have.

What do we mean—tremendous buying power?

We mean, for instance, that this year the total income of people living here reached a rate of 7½ billion dollars annually, that this income is of course reflected in buying power, and that buying power created retail trade in the Chicago and Northern Illinois area exceeding 2 billion dollars in 1943. More than that is the fact that the Chicago area is an outstanding center of wholesale trade—another ¼ billion dollar market. One building alone—the Merchandise Mart—attracts 400,000 buyers a year. These are some of the reasons why Chicago is nationally known as the "Great Central Market."

What does all this mean to you?

It means that if you are contemplating location or expansion of an industry that could benefit by participation in a market unequalled in size and diversity, the Chicago and Northern Illinois area deserves our thorough investigation. We shall be glad to assist your study of this area and all it holds for postwar industry.

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This is the fourth of a series of advertisements on the industrial, agricultural and residential advantages of Chicago and Northern Illinois. For more information, communicate with the

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PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS

IN THE NATION'S SERVICE

Local Service Men Now Back in Civilian Ranks

Discharged from service at Gt. Lakes naval training station last week were David C. Stukey, Theodore E. McGath and Robert Puzin of Highland Park; and Robert F. Bartom of Highwood.

Released at Ft. Sheridan was Walter E. Vess, 1547 St. Johns, Highland Park.

Former 1st Sgt. William J. Dillard, 235 Llewellyn, Highwood, was discharged at Camp Grant after serving as a member of the military police in India and China.

Arriving in New York aboard the Marine Fox last week were Lt. Arthur Baldauf, Jr., and Cpl. Erwin G. Meierhoff of Highland Park.

Leonard W. Millesen of Highland Park was aboard the USS Procyon when it docked in Seattle last week.

Pvt. Ralph G. Willen of Deerfield arrived aboard the USS Basque at San Francisco.

Also in the civilian ranks is Raymond Plagge, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Plagge of Deerfield. Raymond was in the Marines, in fact was about the youngest Marine in the whole organization. He saw much service in various parts of the Pacific.

Aboard the Marine Falcon, docking in Portland, were Pfc. George F. Hawes and Pfc. Frank S. Supple of Deerfield and 1st. Sgt. Alfred Esp of Highland Park.

Ensign Krohn Runs Up High Mileage on Tanker

Ensign Arthur J. Krohn, 836 S. St. Johns avenue, Highland Park, helped run up, while serving on

the merchant tanker USS Chemung, a grand total of 257,495 traveled miles for that ship in eight different oceans and seas, Navy records have disclosed.

The Chemung has hauled 174,300,000 gallons of fuel to the Fleet during her war career, and suffered damage only once, but without loss of a single life.

One of the largest and fastest tankers in the world, the Chemung was commissioned in July, 1941, and so desperate was the need for a tanker of her size and speed at the time, she was sent to sea 10 days after her commissioning ceremonies.

After seeing service throughout the sub-infested Atlantic during the European war, the Chemung went to the Pacific where she took part in the Okinawa and Japanese homeland campaigns.

Much Decorated Vet, T-4 Roy D. Kirby, Is Granted Release

Early this month Roy B. Kirby, 565 Homewood, was released from service at Fort Sheridan after 40 months in the army, 32 spent overseas.

With the 10th field hospital motor pool, attached to the 3rd, 5th and 7th armies, he participated in campaigns in Africa, Sicily, Italy, southern France, the Rhineland and central Europe.

Among his decorations are the Silver star, two Bronze stars, the Victory medal with bronze arrowhead, the meritorious unit award and good conduct medal.

In civilian life Kirby was an employe of Nelson Motor sales. His wife, Alice, lives at the above address.