Marine Training No Snap, Recruit, 18, Writes Parents

(Editor's note—This is the second of a series of interesting letters to his parents written by Pvt. John Tillotson, 18, when at boot camp of the Marine Corps, San Diego. He emphasized that he was not complaining, but only trying to be factual about life in the Marines when he described some of the rigorous hours. The next installment will describe the crash of two planes overhead.)

San Diego.

Dearest Ones:

Golly, I wish that I had time to write and spend a few minutes thinking about it and say a few things with some thought behind them. Perhaps if I spend a couple of days at this I can do it.

Always Something to do

Every night when we return from chow at 5:00, until 9:30 there always seems to be something to do. Tonight it was a movie . . . a corny musical short, an old newsreel, a civilian salvage campaign cartoon, and a poor English war film story. All entertaining, but it would be much more satisfying to spend a couple of hours by myself to think and try to figure out how I feel about all this. With 21 boys talking, singing, and cussing, it's impossible to think seriously about anything. Yesterday I went over and asked the DI if there was any time in which we can be free to talk to someone capable of carrying on an intelligent conversation. That's one of the things I miss most, to sit down quietly and just talk with someone, you, or Stod, or someone, about things free from slang and requiring some thought. Gosh, I feel as though I was becoming illiterate. It's a horrible feeling to go for a week without thinking or saying anything intelligent.

Well, they turned the lights out on me last night, so I had to stop. It's about 6:30 now, and raining.

Raising the Colors

I wanted to speak of a few of the things that gave me an emotional thrill here. Even here there are events that touch the finer things. One great one is when we go out to the huge parade ground every morning about 7:45. The Marine band, marching and playing, comes up the paved ground so far down at the other end that they seem tiny. The sound grows until they reach the flagpole at midfield on one side. A horn blows and all the various platoons all over the field are snapped to attention. The band plays the Star Spangled Banner as the colors are raised. Every morning at 8:00 I get a strange thrill as I stand at attention and see our flag flying up the pole. I can't explain or describe this emotion. It's nothing I ever felt when a civilian. It all seems so much bigger and more powerful. Now that banner seems to represent all the power and glory and pride that lies within this nation as though you could see or feel it singing from the music and from that flag.

This feeling doesn't bring the war any closer to me, but just brings the greatness of the people to a blinding light. Strangely, I feel no closer to the war than I did at home. In fact, it seems even more unreal and farther away. The war, just like civilian life, seems as though it was another world revolving around me, but beyond my grasp. Perhaps that is because I'm so isolated here; I will attain another point of view when I leave.

Rain Means Rest

I hope it rains all day. We are now in the huts waiting for it to stop. We came in about 0900 a bit damp instead of 1100 as usual. This morning, I got the devil at inspection because my rifle had sand in the mechanism. I forgot to clean it thoroughly last nite. He also raised the devil because I didn't have time to shave this morning, said I looked as though I hadn't shaved in three days. It hurts my sunburn to shave so I forget occasionally.

* * *

It's Sunday morning about 0730. I'm just going to lay around this morning until 1100 (when they are to take our group picture) and write and try to study . . . the Marine Manual. I'd like to get some extra sleep today but I doubt that I can, and even if I could I should spend those valuable free minutes to myself. In general, I feel terrible today.

Friday a large part of the platoon went over to the Naval Hospital to donate blood. The rest of us went out to the parade grounds and marched for an hour or so then went through three physical drills with the rifle—and that's really a workout. Immediately we ran about two miles double time over the Boon Docks (a large area of irregular sand and mud) and went over the obstacle race twice. By this time my rifle weighed about 50 pounds and I could hardly stand up . . . then double time way out on these Boon Docks again, in and out of trenches, over barbed wire, through mud and sand and a five minute rest.

More Work

Then about an hour's drill at battle tactics, running and successfully falling for cover . . . then double time all the way back to the hut area. All of us just about crawled into the huts. The blood donors came back and the whole platoon spend the afternoon drilling with rifles with other platoons in battalion formation in a dress parade rehearsal for the parade Monday. It's a wonder some of us didn't pass ont, about two-thirds of the platoon being weak from the blood donation and boy! was it hot!

Saturday morning we did the usual drilling and then got a shot in the left arm. This just made me sleepy and stiffer than ever, all over. Saturday night when I went to bed I could hardly move. I felt, and still feel, like I have a "charley horse" in every muscle in my body.

I expect this next week to be a tough one. We must still go through bayonet practice, more field practice and have a number of lectures in addition to what we have had. Next Saturday we leave for the rifle range. I do hope I will do well there. I shall just know that I shall. I am hoping to go to church tonight. According to the Marine paper it's at 6:30 Sunday instead of Monday as the DI told me.

Bunkmates

Waking up to find himself webbed in bed, Sgt. Eldred L. Gerrard felt punitive action was called for against this uninvited guest in New Guinea. Now the spider is a trophy of war.

Douglas Has Work In Art Volume

PFC. Morgan D. Douglas, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan D. Douglas, of Bloomfield Hills has had three paintings of Army life reproduced in "As Soldiers See It," a new type collection of soldier-art. They are "On the Road to Louisiana," a painting of a truck convoy disappearing over a ridge; "Machine Gunners at the Maneuvers," depicting a machine gun unit pulling their weapons across a snow-covered landscape; and "Ski Patrol," which pictures a ski patrol on a reconnaissance during maneuvers.

The book itself has received notice in the New York Times Book Section, as well as other newspapers around the country. It is hailed as a new and novel type of soldier art which will record what soldiers see and do, think and feel. It was compiled by Sidney W. Seeley, former art instructor at Kalamazoo's Western State College, from paintings made by the Fort Custer Army illustrators' group. This is composed of men either stationed at Fort Custer or who came through the Fort Custer recruit reception center. Twenty-nine artists and 70 paintings are featured in the book.

* * *

MOVED AGAIN

Pvt. William Roberts is now at Norman, Okla., attending an aviation ordnance school with a marine Corps detachment at the Naval aviation technical training center.

* * *

DAUGHTER BORN

The editor is in receipt of a tiny pink and blue announcement from Sgt. and Mrs. William Green, Jr., 26 Longstreet road, Rossville, Ga., where Green is stationed with the Army. Their daughter, born June 15, was called Judith Ann, and she weighed 8 pounds 11 ounces.

* * *

AVIATION CADET

MAXWELL FIELD, Ala.—Clark Emory Pardee, Jr., son of Capt. and Mrs. C. E. Pardee, of 570 Townsend, Birmingham, is now enrolled as an aviation cadet in the Army Air Forces pre-flight school for pilots at Maxwell Field, located on the outskirts of Montgomery, the capital of Alabama.

Here the new class of cadets is receiving nine weeks of intensive military, physical and academic training preparatory to beginning their actual flight instruction at one of the many primary flying schools in the Army Air Forces Southeast Training Center.

Cadet Pardee is a graduate of Western Military Academy, Alton, Ill., and attended the University of Michigan in '41-'42. He was accepted as an aviation cadet in the Army Air Forces on June 1, 1943, at Maxwell Field, Ala. His father, Capt. C. E. Pardee, is serving with the Army Air Forces in Utah.

* * *

PROMOTED

CHICAGO—Promotion of First Lt. James P. Cummiskey, Jr., to captain was announced today by Major General H. S. Aurand, commanding the Sixth Service Command, Army Service Forces.

Capt. Cummiskey's wife and children live with his mother, Mrs. James P. Cummiskey, at 23 Bingham lane, Birmingham. He is executive assistant in the real estate section of the division office of the Army Engineers Corps here. Captain Cummiskey held a reserve commission and was called to active service September 14, 1942.

VISITS FRIENDS

Mrs. Kathleen Sullivan Smelker, who served in the local Bell Telephone office as service representative for several years, and her husband, Sgt. Donald Smelker, visited friends in Birmingham recently while Sgt. Smelker was on furlough.

* * *

PRE-FLIGHT

Aviation student Frank R. Grosvenor, Jr., 18, of Birmingham, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Grosvenor, 661 Pierce , has arrived at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., for a course of Army Air Force instruction lasting approximately five months, prior to his appointment as an aviation cadet in the Army Air Forces. During this period he will take numerous academic courses, as well as elementary flying training. Upon completion of the course he will be classified as a pilot, navigator or bombardier, and go on to schools of the Flying Training Command for training in these specialties.

* * *

ARRIVES IN AFRICA

Sgt. Winfred E. Peck, who is attached to an Army hospital unit, has arrived in North Africa, his brothers here have been advised.

* * *

NEIGHBORS LEAVE SAME DAY

Two Walnut Lake neighbors, both recent graduates of Baldwin High, leave today for service in the armed forces. Jack Hipple, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Hipple, is going into the Navy, while Russell Walstrom, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Walstrom, is going to the University of Michigan, under the Navy V-12 program. Both were athletes.

* * *

WEEK'S LEAVE

Vernon Wendorph, musician second class, left Thursday to return to the USS Iowa, after a week's leave spent at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard Wendorph, of East Long Lake road.

* * *

Learning to Fly Big Glider Craft

LUBBOCK, Tex.—Staff Sgt. Harold Joseph Holden, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold C. Holden, 68 Emmons, of Birmingham, is now stationed at South Plains Army Flying School.

Sgt. Holden has started his training in Uncle Sam's giant cargo and troop-carrying gliders at the "Home of the Winged Commandos."

Upon completion of training soon in the big silent ships, the "Winged Commandos" will receive commissions as second lieutenants or appointments as flight officers.

In civilian life Sgt. Holden was a draftsman.

* * *

ENDS FURLOUGH

Pvt. Lloyd DuVal has returned to Henely Field, Tex., after 15 days spent with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. DuVal, route 1, Birmingham.

Four ROTC Men Go to Officer School

Four recent Reserve Officer Training Corps college graduates are leaving for officer candidate school.

Three from Michigan State College will go to Camp McCoy, Wis., for the first part of their training. They are A. J. Underwood, Jr., field artillery, whose parents live at 86 Manor road; Herbert Moore, son of Mrs. Ada S. Moore, 383 Harmon, infantry; and James Auchterlonie, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Auchterlonie, Wing Lake, field artillery. Dick Eustis, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Eustis, 371 Lincoln, goes to ordnance school, Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Md. He is a Cornell graduate.

* * *

Harvey Whalen, Jr., Down with Malaria

Editor, The Eccentric:

Well, what is happening to my little old home town of Birmingham?

It did to Corp. Harvey E. Whalen, Jr., of the United States Marine Corps, what the Japs didn't seem to accomplish in his ten months in the Solomons—sent him back to California, a cripple. He is now in the U. S. Naval Hospital at Long Beach with malaria.

Can you imagine a Marine lying in a nice, soft, white bed with pretty nurses and Waves hovering about and whose sole industry at present is weaving belts and bracelets from plastic materials?

Am glad to report though that he is recovering splendidly and getting some much needed rest.

Got a letter from my son, Henry, who is now in England with Army Air Corps as cryptographer or something of the sort.

Why not head Uncle Joe's column "The Broken Record"? I think it would be so descriptive.

I grab my Eccentric as soon as it comes and read it all—even the ads and Classified. Sort of gives me the "feel" of the old town.

HARVEY E. WHALEN.

1668 Las Lunas,
Pasadena, Calif.

* * *

BACK TO ARKANSAS

The military police battalion, of which Lt. Kenneth G. Willis is a member, has concluded detached duty at New Orleans and returned to Camp Joseph T. Robinson, Ark.

ORDNANCE SOLDIER

CAMP SANTA ANITA, Calif.—Having completed his basic military training, Cpl. William J. Holmes of Birmingham, Mich., has entered the second phase of his training to become an ordnance soldier.

Cpl. Holmes is now attending a special school of the technical training section in Artillery at this Ordnance Training Center. Part of his training will be in the classroom, but for most of it will be working out practical problems under field conditions.

Cpl. Holmes is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Holmes, living at 432 Larchlea, Birmingham.

AT EAST LANSING

Pvt. Joseph M. Armstrong, Jr., 19, of Detroit, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Armstrong, Sr., 17405 Fairfield avenue, Detroit (2), is now attending Michigan State College for course of Army Air Force instruction lasting approximately five months prior to his appointment as an Aviation Cadet in the Army Air Forces. During this period he will take numerous academic courses, as well as elementary flying training. Upon completion of the course he will be classified as a pilot, navigator or bombardier and go on to schools of the Flying Training Command for training in these specialties.

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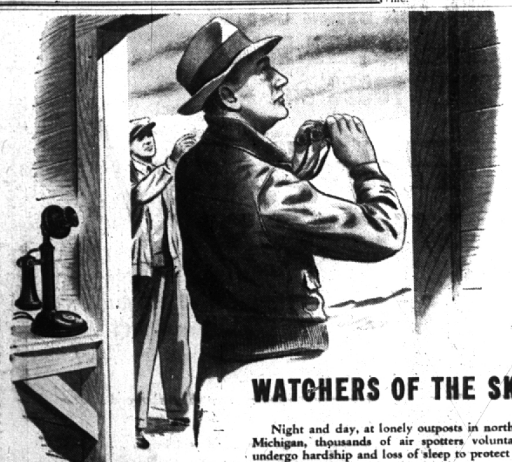

WATCHERS OF THE SKY

Night and day, at lonely outposts in northern Michigan, thousands of air spotters voluntarily undergo hardship and loss of sleep to protect our industrial areas from bombing raids.

They rarely get into the headlines. Often they watch patiently through the hours without seeing or hearing a plane. But the duty they so faithfully perform is vital. In case of air attack it will be their trained eyes and ears that detect the approach of Axis bombers.

A telephone stands ready in every spotter's post. With the words "Army Flash" the spotter gets an immediate connection with the nearest army information center. And if the aircraft he reports cannot be identified as friendly, fighter planes roar into the air at once to intercept the enemy. At the same time all Civilian Defense centers in the threatened area are warned by telephone to prepare for a raid.

Citizens of Michigan who sleep soundly in their beds at home owe a debt of gratitude to the Aircraft Warning Service.

During an air-raid alert and for some time after the "All Clear"—do not telephone, except in extreme emergency.

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From that which now is served to you.

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No batch was ever twice the same—
They took their beer just as it came!

* * * *

That satisfied the infant nation,
But not a later generation.

So Altes set out to be *sure*
The beer we made was *clean* and *pure.*

We sealed our process in so neatly,
That air and dust were barred completely.

That's why your Altes *looks* so clear,
And tastes the same from year to year!

Try a glassful—what a pleasure—
You'll say Altes is a treasure!

ALTES Lager
. . . AGED-IN, SEALED-IN FLAVOR!

Altes' *exclusive* Aged-In, Sealed-In brewing process guarantees you the real, natural flavor of beer. For all the pure ingredients used in Altes are sealed in from beginning to end—no impurities get in — nothing good gets out. That's why we say . . . *No other beer can offer you so much.*

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