Up Front

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"Hell. When they run we try to ketch 'em. When we ketch 'em we try to make 'em run."

have been permitted to remain alive and breathe air which would be much purer without their presence, should remember that they are enemies.

The Germans prefer to surrender to Americans rather than to some Europeans, because they know they will be treated fairly. Being Germans they take advantage of this sometimes. I watched a crippled FFI man working the hell out of a detail of German prisoners at the docks of Marseilles. He was not abusing them; he was simply making certain their hands got calloused. He had been crippled by the Germans and they had wrecked the docks, so his heart was in his work. Then an American sergeant, who had the air of a man freshly arrived in Europe, strolled past

"I made it. I owe ya another fifty bucks."

and stared at the prisoners. Immediately they began groaning and limping and looking sick, weary, and picked-on. The sergeant stopped the work and gave each man a cigarette. The Frenchman stood and watched him do it and then limped away disgustedly. The American turned his back for a moment, and the entire detail of krauts grinned at each other.

I wouldn't be surprised if a German corporal named Schicklgruber received an American cigarette under similar conditions twenty-six years ago.

Friends in war are different in many ways from friends in peacetime. You depend upon friends in war much more.

The infantrymen can't live without friends. That forces them

"Why th' hell couldn't you have been born a beautiful woman?"

to be pretty good people and that's the reason men at the front seem so much simpler and more generous than others. They kid each other unmercifully—sometimes in ways that would seem a little ribald to the uninitiated.

For instance, there's the young guy who got married two

weeks before shipping out, has been overseas two years, and is desperately homesick. Some other guy will say to him:

"You wanna go home? Hell, you found a home in the army. You got your first pair of shoes and your first square meal in the army. You're living a clean, healthy, outdoor life, and you want to go back and be henpecked."

He keeps up this apparently heartless tirade until the victim heaves a big rock at him and feels better. But it isn't heartless, because only a man who is terribly homesick himself would dare to say a thing like that. He isn't just pouring it on the other guy—he's trying to kid *himself* into feeling better.

When you lose a friend you have an overpowering desire to go back home and yell in everybody's ear, "This guy was killed fighting for you. Don't forget him—ever. Keep him in your mind when you wake up in the morning and when you go to bed at night. Don't think of him as the statistic which changes 38,788 casualties to 38,789. Think of him as a guy who wanted to live every bit as much as you do. Don't let him be just one of 'Our Brave Boys' from the old home town, to whom a marble monument is erected in the city park, and a civic-minded lady calls the newspaper ten years later and wants to know why that 'unsightly stone' isn't removed."

I've lost friends who were ordinary people and just wanted to live and raise a family and pay their taxes and cuss the politicians. I've also lost friends who had brilliant futures. Gregor Duncan, one of the finest and most promising artists I've ever known, was killed at Anzio while making sketches for *Stars and Stripes*. It's a pretty tough kick in the stomach when you realize what people like Greg could have done if they had lived. It's one of the costs of the war we don't often consider.

Those thoughts are deep in us, and we don't talk about them much.

While men in combat outfits kid each other around, they have a sort of family complex about it. No outsiders may join. Anybody who does a dangerous job in this war has his own particular kind of kidding among his own friends, and sometimes it doesn't even sound like kidding. Bomber crews and paratroopers and infantry squads are about the same in that respect. If a stranger comes up to a group of them when they are bulling, they ignore him. If he takes it upon himself to laugh at something funny they have said, they freeze their expressions, turn slowly around, stare at him until his stature has shrunk to about four inches and he slinks away, and then they go back to their kidding again.

It's like a group of prosperous businessmen telling a risqué joke and then glaring at the waiter who joins in the guffaws. Combat people are an exclusive set, and if they want to be that way, it is their privilege. They certainly earn it. New men in outfits have to work their way in slowly, but they are eventually accepted. Sometimes they have to change some of their ways of living. An introvert or a recluse is not going to last long in combat without friends, so he learns to come out of his shell. Once he has "arrived" he is pretty proud of his clique, and he in turn is chilly toward outsiders.

That's why, during some of the worst periods in Italy, many guys who had a chance to hang around a town for a few days after being discharged from a hospital where they had recovered from wounds, with nobody the wiser, didn't take advantage of it. They weren't eager to get back up and get in the war, by any means, and many of them did hang around a few days. But those

"Joe, yestiddy ya saved my life an' I swore I'd pay ya back. Here's my last pair of dry socks."

who did hang around didn't feel exactly right about it, and those who went right back did it for a very simple reason—not because they felt that their presence was going to make a lot of difference in the big scheme of the war, and not to uphold the traditions

"We'll report we made contack wit' th' enemy an' walked to our objective."

of the umpteenth regiment. A lot of guys don't know the name of their regimental commander. They went back because they knew their companies were very shorthanded, and they were sure that if somebody else in their own squad or section were in their own shoes, and the situation were reversed, those friends would come back to make the load lighter on *them*.

That kind of friendship and spirit is a lot more genuine and sincere and valuable than all the "war aims" and indoctrination in the world. I think the wise officers who command these guys realize that. They don't tolerate bootlicking or petty politicking. Even though, as in the case of the guys alibiing for each other because of the smashed jeep, the officer will be sore as hell, he

will have more respect for them than if one of them had come to him privately and whispered in his ear, "Joe did it."

There is surprisingly little bickering and jealousy in combat outfits. There might be a little between the company cooks or the supply sergeant and the company clerk, but the more action anybody sees the less spiteful he is toward those around him.

If a man is up for a medal, his friends are so willing to be witnesses that sometimes they must be cross-examined to make sure they are not crediting him with three knocked-out machine guns instead of one. They fight together, argue together, work together, stick together if one is in trouble, and that's a very big reason why infantry guys win wars.

If one man out of a platoon gets a six-hour pass to go back to a town, he will have a good time for himself, of course. It's expected of him. But he will come back with a load of cognac for those who didn't get to go. Guys hitchhike many miles to visit their friends who are in hospitals, and sometimes they will go over to another division to see an old buddy if they have a little time on their hands.

If a man in a rifle squad gets a chance to go home on rotation, his friends congratulate him, tell him they wish to hell they were going themselves, but, as long as they can't, they give him their families' phone numbers, and they wish him a fare-thee-well and join him in the fond hope that he never has to go overseas again. While they envy him like the devil, they aren't low-down about it. The man who goes home carries a huge list of telephone numbers and addresses, and he makes all the calls and writes all the letters, even though it often costs him considerable time and expense during his own precious few days.

Very few of them shoot off their mouths about their own hero-

"I brang ya a chaser fer all that plasma, Joe."

ism when the inevitable reporter from the home-town paper comes around to see them. They are thinking of their friends who are still having troubles, and how the article will be read by their outfits when the clippings reach them. I've seen few clippings come over here about men who have had a really tough war, and even fewer pictures of them displaying gory souvenirs.

"Did ya ever see so many furriners, Joe?"

Of course, there are misfits who just can't make friends or who are just plain ornery, but they depart sooner or later. If something doesn't happen to them during battle, they blow their tops or they just leave when there is an opportunity. But you will seldom find a misfit who has been in an outfit more than a few months.

I'm not equipped to talk about Europe because I don't know a darned thing about it. My impressions are simply reactions to what I have seen, and all I can do is offer them as explanations for some of the drawings I made about the experiences soldiers have had with civilians here and there.

While most guys over here swear heartily at the people who

"I guess it's okay. The replacement center says he comes from a long line of infantrymen."

ered two other guys from my outfit who had been waiting for this same truck for three weeks.

I guess the repple depple people didn't trust us, because the place was surrounded by a very high wall and there were guards beyond that.

We waited until night fell, then we plotted our "break." We persuaded one inmate, whose outfit had already gone and who had given up hope of salvation, to distract the guard while we went over the wall. As far as I know they still have my name and I'm still AWOL from a repple depple. I joined my outfit and caught the last boat to Salerno.

Later I learned that soldiers often languish in repple depples for months, only to be snapped up eventually by some outfit with

"I got a nasty letter from your poor wife, Joe. You better give her an allotment after I pay you back that loan."

which they are not familiar. A soldier's own outfit is the closest thing to home he has over here, and it is too bad when he has to change unnecessarily.

I heard of a soldier who spent his entire time overseas in repple depples, and went home on rotation without ever having been assigned. His home-town paper called him "a veteran of the Italian campaign."

The attitude of the dogface toward America and the home front is a complex thing. Nobody loves his own land more than a soldier overseas, and nobody swears at it more. He loves it

because he appreciates it after seeing the horrible mess that has been made of Europe.

He has seen unbelievable degeneracy and filth in Mediterranean towns where mothers sell their daughters and daughters sell their mothers and little kids sell their sisters and themselves. He has seen the results of the German occupation of France and the fury of the French people and their savage revenge upon anything German. He has seen stark fear and utter destruction and horrible hunger. But at the same time he has seen families bravely trying to rebuild their shattered homes, and he has seen husbands and wives with rifles fighting ahead of him in France. He knows how they can throw themselves completely and unselfishly into the war when it is necessary.

So he is naturally going to get sore when he thinks of selfishness at home. He got just as sore at the big company which was caught bribing inspectors and sending him faulty armor for his tanks as he did at the workers who held up production in vital factories. He doesn't have time to go into economics and labor-management problems. All he knows is that he is expected to make great sacrifices for little compensation, and he must make those sacrifices whether he likes it or not. Don't expect him to weigh the complicated problem before he gets sore. He knows he delivered and somebody else didn't.

But, in spite of these irritations, the soldier's pride in his country is immense. He's proud of the splendid equipment he gets from home, and sometimes he even gets a little overbearing about it.

Often soldiers who are going home say they are going to tell the people how fortunate we were to stop the enemy before he

"I tried one of them labor-management argyments wit' Lootenant Atkins."

was able to come and tear up our country. They are also going to tell the people that it is a pretty rough life over here.

I've tried to do that in my drawings and I know that many thousands of guys who have gone back have tried to do it, too. But no matter how much we try we can never give the folks at

"Congratulations. You're the 100th soldier who has posed with that bottle of Icey Cola. You may drink it."

home any idea of what war really is. I guess you have to go through it to understand its horror. You can't understand it by reading magazines or newspapers or by looking at pictures or by going to newsreels. You have to smell it and feel it all around you until you can't imagine what it used to be like when you walked on a sidewalk or tossed clubs up into horse chestnut trees or fished for perch or when you did anything at all without a pack, a rifle, and a bunch of grenades.

We all used to get sore at some of the ads we saw in magazines from America. The admen should have been required by law to submit all copy to an overseas veteran before they sent it to the printers.

"Don't mention it, lootenant. They mighta replaced ya wit' one of them salutin' demons."

I remember one lulu of a refrigerator ad showing a lovely, dreamy-eyed wife gazing across the blue seas and reflecting on how much she misses Jack . . . BUT she knows he'll never be content to come back to his cozy nest (equipped with a Frosty refrigerator; sorry, we're engaged in vital war production now) until the Hun is whipped and the world is clean for Jack's little son to grow up in.

Chances are that Jack, after eighteen or twenty months of combat, is rolling his eyes and making gurgling sounds every time the company commander comes around, so the old man will think he is battle-happy and send him home on rotation. Like hell Jack doesn't want to come home now.

And when he does come home you can bet he'll buy some other

brand of refrigerator with his demobilization pay, just to spite the Frosty adman.

When Bing Crosby returned to America after his visit to the French front, he told reporters, according to one news dispatch, that entertainment is needed most by the dispirited troops of the rear echelon rather than by the front-line soldiers. Up there, it seemed to him, "morale is sky-high, clothes are cleaner and salutes really snap." The dogfaces who read that dispatch in the foxholes didn't know what front Bing was talking about.

Please, God, don't let anybody become a lecturer on front-line conditions until he has spent at least a year talking to the combat men. Many of us over here have been trying to find out about the front for several years and we feel like anything but experts.

One thing that caused a lot of howls among the soldiers was the way celebrities, particularly female ones, were always surrounded by officers.

Some celebrities couldn't help this, some encouraged it, and others just didn't know any better. Most of the blame should go to the officers. It was pretty awful to see a string of them tagging behind some little Hollywood chick. Several memorable ladies of the screen actually managed to break away from the howling pack and escape to the enlisted men, but there were very few such escapes.

I know officers like to see women from home as much as anybody else does, but I think the enlisted men should have been given a chance to see the girls.

Officers around the front were good Joes about it. The success of their jobs depended upon the morale of their men, and very

"Just gimme a coupla aspirin. I already got a Purple Heart."

few combat COs tried to horn in on the dogfaces' entertainment.

Decorations are touchy things to talk about. The British kid us because we're overdecorated, and perhaps we are in some ways.

Civilians may think it's a little juvenile to worry about ribbons,

down your shirt collar. Sit there for forty-eight hours, and, so there is no danger of your dozing off, imagine that a guy is sneaking around waiting for a chance to club you on the head or set your house on fire.

Get out of the hole, fill a suitcase full of rocks, pick it up, put a shotgun in your other hand, and walk on the muddiest road you can find. Fall flat on your face every few minutes as you imagine big meteors streaking down to sock you.

After ten or twelve miles (remember—you are still carrying the shotgun and suitcase) start sneaking through the wet brush. Imagine that somebody has booby-trapped your route with rattlesnakes which will bite you if you step on them. Give some friend a rifle and have him blast in your direction once in a while.

Snoop around until you find a bull. Try to figure out a way to sneak around him without letting him see you. When he does see you, run like hell all the way back to your hole in the back yard, drop the suitcase and shotgun, and get in.

If you repeat this performance every three days for several months you may begin to understand why an infantryman sometimes gets out of breath. But you still won't understand how he feels when things get tough.

One thing is pretty certain if you are in the infantry—you aren't going to be very warm and dry while you sleep. If you haven't thrown away your blankets and shelter half during a march, maybe you can find another guy who has kept his shelter half and the two of you can pitch a pup tent. But pup tents aren't very common around the front. Neither is sleep, for that matter. You do most of your sleeping while you march. It's not a very healthy sleep; you might call it a sort of coma. You can't

"A experienced field sojer will figure out a way to sleep warm an' dry. Lemme know when ya do."

hear anybody telling you to move faster but you can hear a whispering whoosh when the enemy up ahead stops long enough to throw a shell at you.

You don't feel very good when you wake up, because there is a thick fuzz in your head and a horrible taste in your mouth

"Ya wouldn't git so tired if ya didn't carry extra stuff. Throw th' joker outta yer decka cards."

and you wish you had taken your toothbrush out before you threw your pack away.

It's a little better when you can lie down, even in the mud. Rocks are better than mud because you can curl yourself around the big rocks, even if you wake up with sore bruises where the

little rocks dug into you. When you wake up in the mud your cigarettes are all wet and you have an ache in your joints and a rattle in your chest.

You get back on your feet and bum a cigarette from somebody who had sense enough to keep a pack dry inside the webbing of his helmet liner. The smoke makes the roof of your mouth taste worse but it also makes you forget the big blister on your right heel. Your mind is still foggy as you finger the stubble on your face and wonder why there are no "Burma Shave" signs along the road so you could have fun reading the limericks and maybe even imagine you're walking home after a day's work.

Then you pick up your rifle and your pack and the entrenching tool and the canteen and the bayonet and the first-aid kit and the grenade pouches. You hang the bandoleer around your neck and you take the grenades out of the pouches and hang them on your belt by the handles.

You look everything over and try to find something else you can throw away to make the load on the blister a little lighter. You chuckle as you remember the ad you saw in the tattered magazine showing the infantryman going into battle with a gas mask and full field pack.

Then you discover something and you wonder why the hell you didn't think of it long ago—the M-1 clip pouches on your cartridge belt are just the right size for a package of cigarettes. That will keep the rain off the smokes.

You start walking again but you are getting close now so you keep five yards between yourself and the next guy and you begin to feel your heart pounding a little faster. It isn't so bad when you get there—you don't have time to get scared. But it's bad going there and coming back. Going there you think of what

"This damn tree leaks."

might happen and coming back you remember what did happen and neither is pleasant to think about.

Of course, nothing's really going to get you. You've got too much to live for. But you might get hurt and that would be bad. You don't want to come back all banged up. Why the hell doesn't

"Me future is settled, Willie. I'm gonna be a expert on types of European soil."

somebody come up and replace you before you get hurt? You've been lucky so far but it can't last forever.

You feel tighter inside. You're getting closer. Somebody said that fear is nature's protection for you and that when you get scared your glands make you more alert. The hell with nature.

"Now that ya mention it, Joe, it does sound like th' patter of rain on a tin roof."

You'd rather be calm the way everybody else seems to be. But you know they're just as jumpy as you are.

Now they're pulling off the road. Maybe you don't have to go up there tonight. You don't. You start to dig a slit trench because the enemy might come to you if you don't go to him. But there's a big root halfway down. Mud and roots seem to follow you wherever you go. You dig around the root and then you try the hole for size. You look at the sky and it looks like rain.

A weapons carrier slithers up the trail and the driver tosses out the packs you all threw away a couple of miles back. Maybe the army is getting sensible. Hell, you got the wrong pack and

somebody else got yours. The blankets are damp but they would have been soaked anyway even if you had carried them.

You throw some brush in the bottom of the trench. You squeeze in. You don't like it. You get out and sleep beside the hole. You wake up two hours later and you're glad you didn't get in the hole because it's raining and the hole is half full of water. Your head still feels fuzzy and your heart is still pounding but it's better because you have been lying down. A pool of water has collected right in the center of the shelter half you threw over yourself and the water is dribbling right through to your skin. You brush the water out and pull the canvas tight around you. The rain continues, the weather is getting colder, and you try to go to sleep quick so you won't feel it.

Sometimes when the doggies are on the march they find a gutted house with part of the roof still hanging out from the top of the wall. This makes very fine shelter indeed and it's a happy time when they go into bivouac near such a house. But when the guys are really lucky they find a barn, and every doggie knows that barns are far better than houses. He knows that vermin are awful things to have and, since he never gets a chance to take a bath, he avoids houses and questionable mattresses if he can find a luxurious barn full of hay. A farmer who has reason to be suspicious of soldiers prefers to have the guys sleep in his barns because even if the doggies swipe some hay they can't carry off his favorite rocking chair and daughter.

When you are in a barn you don't have to bother about being nice to the hostess because she is probably a cow. You can put one blanket under you and one over you and lots of hay on top of that and you will be very, very warm.

"Aim between th' eyes, Joe. Sometimes they charge when they're wounded."

The only bad thing about a barn is that you find a lot of rats there. You don't mind it so much when they just scurry over you if they leave your face alone and don't get curious about your anatomy. A barn rat likes nothing better than to bed down with his guest and carry on a conversation in Braille all night.

Breakfast in bed.

The best nights I've spent in the field have been in barns. And the best night I ever spent in a barn was when I woke up and found a cow standing over me. She had a calf but I shouldered the little creature aside and milked the mother in my best New Mexico style. The farmer came in when I was almost finished

"We gotta probe fer Willie."

and I pointed to a small lump on the cow's udder. That showed he hadn't stripped her well and I showed him how to do a nice job of stripping with thumb and forefinger. He was well content when I left and so was I because that was the first fresh milk I had drunk since I left the States.

The dogfaces love to find haystacks and an infantry company will tear down a stack in five minutes. They line their holes with the stuff and, if they've got bedsacks, they'll fill them too. If they don't have bedsacks they find some stack that hasn't been torn down and dozens of guys will crawl into this one stack and disappear. It's wonderfully soft and wonderfully warm but if it's old hay a lot of people who suffer from hay fever have to pass it up. But even if you don't have hay fever there's another bad thing about haystacks: the enemy has used them and he figures you are going to use them too, so he often mines them and, if he is within shooting range, every now and then throws a shell into them. Bombers and artillerymen blow up haystacks and barns just on general principle sometimes.

Caves are nice and you find them sometimes in the mountains. Nice thing about a cave is that you can throw up a little dirt around the entrance and you're safe from almost anything. Air bursts and butterfly bombs make open holes uncomfortable sometimes.

Barns are still about the best, though.

Abandoned towns are wonderful places for guys who have time to make homes in them. Many doggies prefer wrecked houses to undamaged houses because as long as there are walls to break the wind and a roof to stop the weather the men can fix the places up without any qualms about scrounging.

There is a difference between scrounging and looting. Looting is the stealing of valuables, but most evacuees take their valuables with them. Scrounging is the borrowing of things which will make life in the field a little more bearable. Since the infantryman carries everything on his back, he can scrounge only

"Who is it?"

temporarily, borrowing a chair from this house and bedsprings from that one.

The headquarters units which follow the infantry have a little motor transport and they can carry many things with them. Go into almost any field CP and you'll find a pale-pink upholstered chair which looks pretty silly sitting there in the mud.

In combat, infantry officers usually share the same conditions as the dogfaces. But when the doggies get back to a temporary rest area they have to be careful about fixing up a wrecked house too well because the officers may suddenly remember that they are officers and take over the premises. Noncoms can be just as bad about it, too.

It's strange how memories of peacetime life influence these

"Don't tell 'em now, lieutenant. Wait'll they fix th' stove."

makeshift homes. If a soldier has fixed himself a dugout or an abandoned house, and has cleaned it up and made it look presentable, his visitors instinctively feel that this is a man's house, and he is its head. They use his C-ration can ash trays and they don't spit on the floor. But no matter how much time or effort a guy

"Take off yer hat when ya mention sex here. It's a reverint subject."

is able to spend making his dugout livable, and no matter how many of his friends may come to shoot the breeze with him, there are only a few subjects of conversation: wives and girls and families, just plain women, or home.

Many dugouts in Anzio were fixed up surprisingly well. Some guys sat there for five months without moving, and they had to do something to relieve their boredom. They scrounged a little lumber here, a set of bedsprings there, and some of the boys even found mirrors.

The farther behind the front line the dugouts were made the more elaborate they became. Some blossomed out with reading lamps made from salvaged jeep headlights and batteries, and a few huts had wooden floors and real rugs and charcoal stoves

"Fire two more fer effect, Joe. I'm makin' a stovepipe."

made from German gas cans and the flexible tubing that had been used to waterproof vehicles for the landing. Old brass from shells made good stove parts, and the thick cardboard shell cases were used to line walls and to make "sidewalks" through the mud.

All the dugouts were sunk deep in the sandy, damp ground,

and had thick roofs made of layers of logs and planks and dirt. That made them almost invulnerable to shells. Guys who were able to find enough planks to line their walls combined insulation and decoration by covering them with cardboard wallpaper from ration boxes. But these more elaborate jobs weren't to be found very often right up at the front, because the guys up there couldn't move around freely enough to do any scrounging.

The Germans must be given credit for rigging up some very fine dwelling places. They had the advantage of time. Their dugouts at Cassino were fantastic. One was so deep that its roof, almost flush with the surface of the ground, consisted of a four-foot layer of dirt and rocks on top, then a section of railroad ties, a thinner layer of stones, a layer of crisscrossed steel rails, and beneath that a ceiling of more thick wooden ties. Its roof indicated that many of our shells and bombs registered direct hits on it, yet I doubt if the explosions even disturbed the sleep of the occupants. The walls were lined with real plywood, nicely fitted, and there were springed bunks which folded into the wall. There was a radio, too, and a number of German magazines. It was easy to see how the krauts were able to snooze blissfully through our worst bombings and shellings, and then come out and fight off our infantry when the big stuff stopped.

The dugout's only weakness was its one entrance—a screen door to protect the delicate krauts from predatory mosquitoes. Cassino was entered by the foot infantry who knocked down the dugout doors with their grenades and bayoneted the occupants.

Then our guys occupied the luxurious dugouts for a while.

Those who look carefully at newspaper pictures have probably observed that many Germans are captured at the front without

"No, thanks, Willie. I'll go look fer some mud wot ain't been used."

helmets, while our guys wear them almost all the time. One of the reasons for this is that we were taught very thoroughly that a helmet is a good thing to have around, but the main reason is because the American helmet is a handy instrument even when you're not wearing it. You can dig with it, cook with it, gather

"Here's yer money back fer them souvenirs. Ya been scarin' hell outta our replacements."

fruit with it and bathe with it. The only disadvantage of the helmet is that it is drafty in winter and hot in summer.

The infantryman bathes whenever he has an opportunity, which is about twice during the summer and not quite as often in the winter. He bathes in rivers, seas, and old shell holes which have collected water. The only consistent thing about his bath is that it is always cold.

An infantry company in Italy scrounged a real tin bathtub and they carried it around with them for several weeks until it was riddled by an 88 shell.

In spite of growing resentment against the souvenir hunter, the market for souvenirs is booming. Front-line troops pick them

up first-hand, and rear troops buy them or police up what the front-line troops missed. On the local market one hundred bucks is the prevailing price for a Luger pistol. A P-88, the mass-production model of the Luger, will get you about seventy bucks. German helmets are flooding the market and aren't worth picking up.

Shortly after Rome fell, all of the city's better hotels were grabbed by brass hats and the Air Forces. Did the infantry have a hotel? Hell, no. The sightseeing doggie was out of luck if he wanted a place to sleep after he had ogled some of Rome's choicer sights. This was a heck of a note for the doggie who had sweated out Anzio and Cassino and who had pushed north to take Rome after nine awful months in Italy.

It was always a little infuriating for the dogfaces to take a town away from the Germans by dint of considerable effort, to be treated royally by the liberated inhabitants and given the golden key to the city, and, after moving on farther, to come back to that town and find everything changed. All the choice spots are occupied by brass hats and the CIC and AMG and ACC and PWD. All the liquor has been drunk and the pretty babe who kissed the dogface tearfully as he liberated her is already going steady with a war correspondent. It's a bad thing, and even though the doggie realizes all these people have their place in the war, and it is necessary that they follow him, he also gets mad as hell sometimes.

Hence the picture about Joe and Willie being directed to the Catacombs, where Christians used to languish. Whether this sort of cartoon ever did any material good I don't know. I should like to think that the Catacombs drawing inspired some flinty