

# Send Me Love By V-Mail (No. 305)

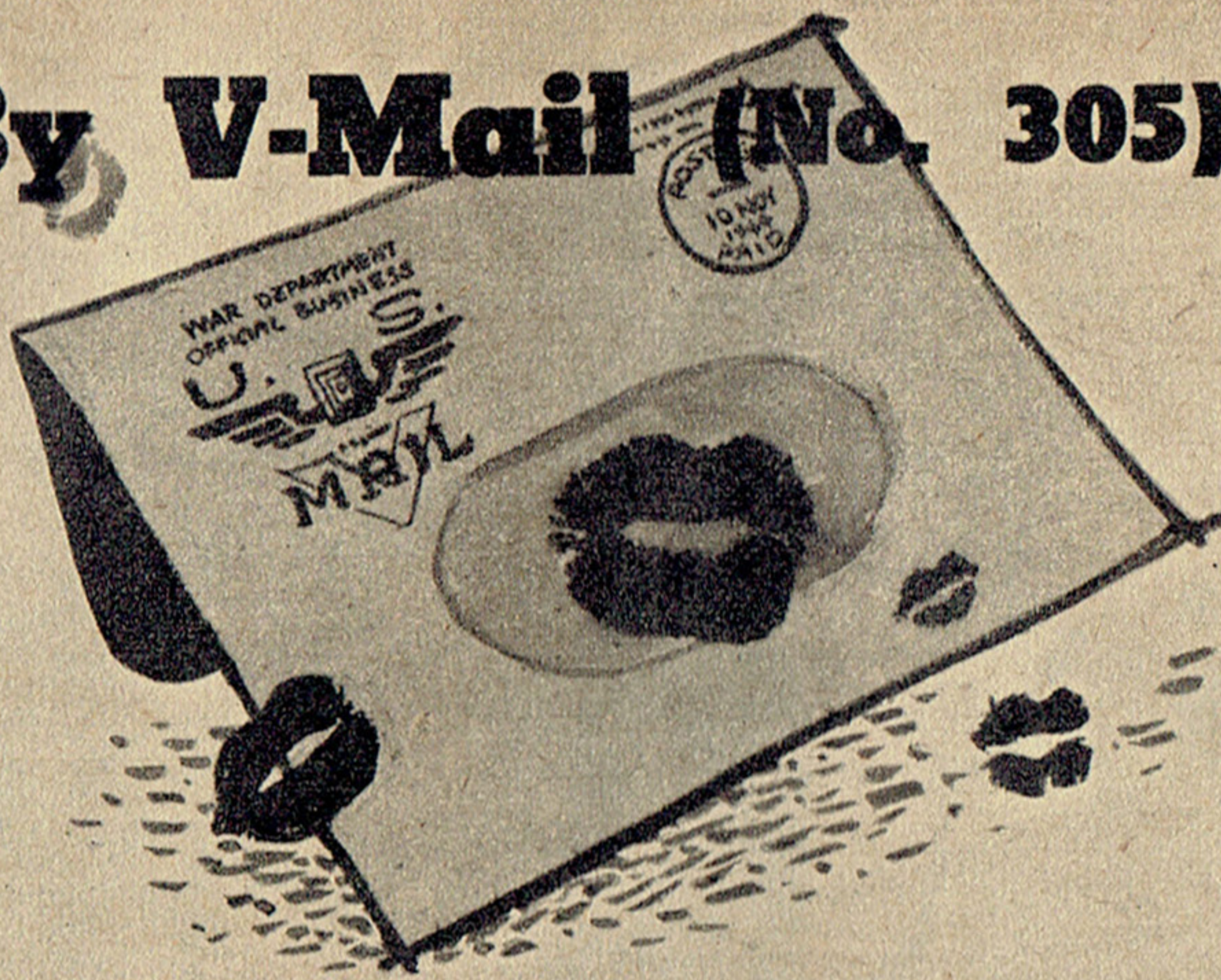
SOONER or later it was bound to happen. One day last winter that little rebel lady from South Carolina, who was still writing at the time, scribbled me a note which began:

"All the town is excited. Yesterday Winnie Harper got a cablegram from her boy friend in India! It was the first cablegram our town ever got from overseas. We just can't imagine how much it cost to wire all the way from India."

I dug out the old goose-feather I write with and started a letter Susie's way. Susie is not very aware of the course of events outside the realm of South Carolina and in patient basic English I prepared to dissolve the intricacies of the Expeditionary Force Message, better known in the ETO as the Two & Six Telegram. But after struggling with that goose appendage under the heat and glare of my 15-watt Ediswan for half an hour, the thought occurred to me: "To hell with that. Why should I, enjoying the advantages of old England's charm, deflate what might be to her village the greatest excitement since the firing on Fort Sumter?"

So the next day I pulled the red-eyed mail clerk away from sorting a stack of old newspapers with no addresses and managed to promote a Western Union E.F.M. Cablegram form. I filled in the three blanks by writing "29 29 29," and gave it back to the MC, who read it, raised a limp eyebrow, said "hmmm," and took my two and six. A few days later, Susie gave her town another thrill with a cablegram that read LOVE LOVE LOVE—a sentiment which struck me as slightly over-emphasized later on when Susie and I reached the point where a casual postcard to South Carolina saying, "Wish I were there," was enough for us both.

Back in those old days, when my amorous attach-



ment to the Deep South was still binding, I was rather limited in what I could say with my two and six. There wasn't a great deal of variety in the messages, or combinations of messages, which the Army offered and, aside from LOVE LOVE LOVE, about the best I could cook up was: BIRTHDAY GREETINGS (No. 58) UNABLE TO SEND MONEY (No. 109) CAN YOU SEND ME ANY MONEY? (No. 102).

But eventually, as eventually the Army gets around to everything, the number of code cables has been increased and a man can now send home 237 different messages for his two & sixes, to be dispatched singly or three at a time. These were recently published in War Department Circular 309, in one of those paragraphs which "rescinds Paragraph So-and-So and substitutes the following therefor." The list, evidently composed by that master of the written word who authors the ARs, Cir. Memos and other odds and ends for the WD, is obviously designed to cover as many of the GI's needs as possible.

The day the list arrived the new messages kept running through my head until I found it impossible to concentrate on anything else. I got all hot and bothered over No. 144, for instance, which reads, "PLEASE ADDRESS LETTERS HOME," and searched in vain for a follow-up message saying, "OH, YEAH?" I spliced together a nice four-message job which some GIs may find helpful, although, as noted, it no longer applies to me: "WISH I COULD BE WITH YOU (No. 352) PLEASE SEND DUPLICATE (No. 353) NO (No. 134) HOPE (No. 138)."

WHEN the blonde back home, hinting that her affection for the defense worker on the corner is becoming warmer, writes that she hopes you are having a good time looking over what old England has to offer, you can completely sever relations with: HAVE ACTED AS YOU REQUESTED (No. 349) SON BORN (No. 85), or HOSPITALITY OF PEOPLE HERE WONDERFUL (No. 344) EXPECTING BLESSED EVENT (No. 323).

One day after WD Circular 309 had been filed away, Susie wrote again. "Dear Butch," she began, "I have fallen in love. I hadn't meant to and I sure hate to tell you. But he's just a wonderful man—one you'll like, I'm sure. We're going to be married next spring. . . ."

It was just before payday, but I still had two and six. I pulled out the list again to see how I'd invest the half crown. I could have said: THE LORD BLESS AND SUSTAIN YOU IN YOUR LOSS (No. 143), or MAY GOD GRANT YOU A YEAR OF HAPPINESS (No. 65), but I figured they were too much on the bitter side. So I decided to be gallant and casual about the whole thing and, shrugging my shoulders, wrote in the blanks "162, 341." And a day or so later Susie was reading: ANXIETY UNNECESSARY. TELL CHILDREN ABOUT ME.

—By S/Sgt. ANDREW SPARKS

INCREASING DEMANDS ON THE PO FOR COMMUNICATIONS FACILITIES IN BRITAIN NECESSITATE THE ARMIES HELPING OUT. HERE, SGT. STUART Y. DANEHOWER, OF NEW ORLEANS, AND SIGNALMAN GEORGE WHILEY, OF LONDON, LEND A HAND WITH A POLE.



FOUR more infantry divisions—the 26th, 28th, 80th and 83rd—now battling on the continent have been taken from the security list by the War Department.

The 26th Infantry Division, the old "Yankee Division," first earned its place in American history as the first full division from the States to fight on French soil in the First World War. Its men piled up glory and dead Germans in the battles of Lorraine, Aisne, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne, and Champagne-Marne. In the present War of Liberation the 26th became the first full U.S. infantry division landed in France direct from America. Now under command of Maj. Gen. Willard Paul, the division is surging forward with General Patton on the Western Front.

The 28th Infantry Division, the "Keystone Division," is back on the Western Front in Germany after 26 years. In the last war the men of the division fought with distinction at the Meuse and in the Argonne. Wearing a red keystone as their shoulder patch, a nucleus of the outfit remained in service as the Pennsylvania National Guard. The Keystoneers were federalized again in 1942, took part in the Carolina maneuvers, and were stationed in five Southern States before shipping overseas. The 28th is commanded at present by Maj. Gen. Norman D. Cota.

The 80th Infantry Division, called the "Blue Ridge Division," also fought in France in 1918. Three blue hills in the center of the division's shoulder patch symbolize the original personnel—men from Virginia, West Virginia, and Western Pennsylvania. Reactivated in 1942, the 80th trained for the present conflict in Tennessee, Kansas and California before embarking for Europe. The commanding general has not yet been officially announced.

The 83rd Division, activated in 1942, hit France early last June to relieve an airborne division and has been pressing hard ever since. Men of the 83rd toiled through basic training at Camp Atterbury, Ind., maneuvered in Tennessee and wound up at Camp Breckinridge, Ky. While stationed in the UK, the division grappled with front-line topography in the rocky mountains of Wales. Commanded by Maj. Gen. Robert C. Macon, it has achieved prominence at such battle areas as Carentan, St. Malo and Beaugency.



## The COUNT

THAT old T/5 drip known as the Count called us up long distance the other day. "I been wounded," he gasped, and then hung up. Curious as to what sort of enemy activity he could have encountered at his post way up north of Blackpool, we decided it might be a good idea to pay him a visit.

We found the Count lying on his bunk, moaning piteously. "For me," he said, "it is going to be strictly T.T., or tough T'anksgiving. I gone and knocked out all me teeth. I'll be lucky if next Thursday the most solid thing I can chew is milk. That's how sore me gumses is."

The Count gave us a vivid description of how he'd busted his puss. Seems he had distrusted the Army's announcement that it would serve turkey on Thanksgiving and was trying to swipe a live one from the backyard of a family in a village near his post. It was dark at the time and just as he snagged the fowl it let out a squawk, so he dropped it and scrambled—smack into a lamp post. Hence, no molars.

"I was only going to borrow the turkey," the Count assured us. "I'd of shipped that family a bigger one, maybe, when I got back to the States. And besides, even if I'd kind of forgot to, it wouldn't have mattered. After all, the English don't celebrate T'anksgiving, so what use they got for a gobbler?"

The Count said that he had put in at once for a Purple Heart and was plenty browned off to learn that his request had been turned down. "Ain't I a victim of the blackout?" he asked us, indignantly. "And ain't that a hazard of war? I could be at much dangerouser places—at Cherbourg, even—and not get wounded so bad."