"ANNABELLA"

VISITS HOSPITAL

When Annabella, star of stage and screen, and the other seven members of the cast of "Blithe Spirit" visited the 12th General Thursday, a member of the Staff of MEDI-CALL was on hand to greet them and to glean from the leading lady any personal facts that might be of interest to our readers.

Our first question established the facts concerning her missing last (or first) name. Seems that it's an old French custom for young actresses to use only their first name. After they have acquired a good reputation as a dramatic star, they continue the practice so as to maintain their identity before the public.

Annabella, who speaks softly with a slight French accent, told us that she and her husband, Lt Tyrone Power, Marine Air Corps, were in France at the outbreak of war in '39. All of her family remained there during the occupation, and she has not heard from them but hopes for the best. "No city or family can go thru four years of German occupation without suffering," she says; "there must be much drama in many lives, and I am anxious to get back and see how they fared." The unit is scheduled for a six month's tour, but she does not know if it will include France.

(Cont'd on Page 5)

REACH FINALS IN

HOSPITAL TOURNAMENT

WIN FIVE IN ROW

Jan. 25...The Redbirds' Basketball team won the league championship tonite when they won their fifth consecutive game in Madison Square Garden, downing the 30th Signal Hq Co by a score of 53-18.

The winner and runner-up in each of the five leagues in this area will participate in a tournament at Madison Square Garden this coming weekend to determine the basketball champion of the area.

The Redbirds used eleven men tonite as they rolled over the Signal boys. The starting team rang up 20 points in the first quarter while holding the opposition to 9 points. In the second quarter the local boys showed an air-tight defense and held the Signal team scoreless to take a 32-9 halftime lead.

"Old Folks" Foley paced the winners with 11 points, followed by McGraw and Oliphant with 8 points apiece. Feeney was high man for the 30th Signal with 8 points.

SCORE BY QUARTERS

12th Gen. 20 - 12 - 9 - 12 - 53
30th Sig. 9 - 0 - 5 - 4 - 18
UNSUNG

He slightly chuckled as he stirred, And shifted his weight in his chair; His sarcasm tainted his every word; As he ran his hand thru his hair.

You were in the war, you say? Yes, I remember you. You say you had a brother? Hrumph! And just what did he do?

Do you know how battles are won? Wait! I'll tell you; Say nothing until I am done! They are won by fighting and fighting; And fighting! Until All strength to fight is gone!

You crouch there in hell as shells Scream by; Your buddies Charge, you see them Fall, you see them Die.

As you grapple with your foe, Your heart with fear is filled; You know the struggle won't be over Until one of you is killed.

And when the foe is vanquished, Then is the battle done But have you slept In holes, harassed By enemy fire? Have You stumbled, cursed, and fell In the battlefield's bloody mire?

Do you know how battles are won? Wait! I'll tell you; Say nothing until I am done! They are won by fighting and fighting; And fighting! Until All strength to fight is gone!

You crouch there in hell as shells Scream by; Your buddies Charge, you see them Fall, you see them Die.

As you grapple with your foe, Your heart with fear is filled; You know the struggle won't be over Until one of you is killed.

And those who can return again, That's how battles are won.

Now you may speak, What have you to say? What? You are leaving? Come back again some day!

(The veteran laughed, he'd told him off; From all rear units he held himself aloof) There's one more thing I'd like to ask, Hold on before you go; This brother of your's, What did he do? I'd really like to know.

The answer was calmly given; the words Came out quite plain; The veteran heard, Than winced, Perhaps he felt a pain.

"They found his truck burning; strafed By an enemy plane; He died hauling Necessities—that Brought you back again.

By Capt. Charles E. Hill, Patient, Ward 23 — 132d QM En
HOME WAS NEVER LIKE HOME

A signorita I met in Rome
Asked me one night to take her home;
A pretty girl — and I'm a man —
But she knew I had a can of spam.

She looked at me — a thought was born —
No longer would I be forlorn;
Her eyes spoke 'first words known to man',
But was it me or my can of spam?

The German soldier, Hitler as well,
Plus Mussolini could go to hell;
Forever civilians she would ban,
But was it me or my can of spam?

When I approached this heavenly splendor,
Bewitching eyes promised sweet surrender;
She said I was her honey lamb,—
But was it me or my can of spam?

I bought her wine and stroked her hair,
And asked her, "Marta, do you care?";
"Yes," she said, "Oh, please don't scam!"
Can't be me — must be spam.

by Gordon Dilts

(Cour readers are invited to contribute letters on any subject; if desired, signatures will not be printed.)

To the Editors...

Most of the men in the detachment, including myself, go to work on Sunday at the same time as on weekdays. This means that we have to get up at 6 A.M. every day of the week. Now couldn't we get permission somehow to be able to skip Reveille on our day off? I am sure that getting up early the rest of the week would seem a lot less painful if we knew that one day of the week could be our own to do with as we wished.

Hopefully,

T/5 P.M.
Story I: The Red-Tailed Beaver

Ever so long ago there was a red-tailed beaver who felt sorry for other beavers because they had no one to look after them when they were sick. As things were, some of them lived and some of them died. So this beaver with the red tail borrowed some gold from the neighbors and went to learn how to cure things. When he came back he opened an office on one of the better streams and worked hard. Since he was a doctor he treated everyone, one of the better streams and worked hard. Since he was a doctor he treated everyone. He was up with the times, gave purges and powdered ants' feet, and bled many beavers because they had too much blood in them. Some of them lived and some of them died. Finally the old beaver drowned one night while swimming home from a medical meeting. He was buried with his patients. And the beavers who were left sent the red-tailed beaver's son, who also had a red tail, to learn how to cure them. He returned and opened up an office on one of the better rivers. He was up with the times, gave vitamins and hormones, and transfused some beavers because they did not have enough blood in them. And some of them lived and some of them died. Finally, the younger red-tailed beaver had a heart attack while removing a chronically inflated appendix. He died, and I guess you know where they buried him.

Moral: "Seasons may come and seasons may go; But changes in beavers are usually slow!!"

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF AN OFFICER TO HIS MEN

By Lt. Stuart R. Graham

Certain responsibilities of a Commanding officer are standard operating procedure such as providing proper quarters, food and clothing for his men. There are however, many other obligations and responsibilities that apply to all officers working with enlisted men.

An officer must set a good example for his men and deal with them fairly and honestly. To be able to correct any deficiencies he may find, he must practice all the thing that he expects from his subordinates. He should be capable of helping the men with their problems, and if he cannot do so, recommend someone who can.

Those working under him, especially his NCO's, must always be supported. If they are in the wrong, he should point out their mistakes to them privately. A good officer will intercede for his men whenever he can, but if orders from a higher authority affect them, he must explain the necessity of obeying such orders.

His commands must be clear and concise; if they are unusual, he is wise to describe exactly what is wanted so that his men understand the circumstances fully. It is best to avoid situations that might be embarrassing to himself or his men. In telephoning, for example, if an enlisted man answers the call, the officer should state immediately that this is Capt. He should make his identity known to men whom he approaches at night to avoid misunderstanding that would result if he were not recognized.

By his actions, a good officer can command the respect of those working under him and can help them as well as himself to fulfill their respective duties as American soldiers.
Editor's Note: A sage once said, "Things could always be worse than they are." Some of the boys think the Army has tried to prove this by adding calisthenics to the morning program.

But here rises the pen of one who demonstrates our good fortune at being exercised every day.

No one can deny that evils attend the holding of pre-dawn, pre-breakfast calisthenics in a cold swamp. Yet before we condemn, castigate, or 'case out' the originators of the practice, let us examine the individual exercises to see what, if any, benefits are to be derived from them.

First let us consider a pair of exercises that may prove to be our entry to a successful stage career in the post-war world. We allude to the profitable antics of Groucho Marx who dashes thru scenes of his pictures apparently running on his knees. Just concentrate on the 'quarter, half, and full knee bend' and you have every opportunity to develop just such an unorthodox gait.

In a similar vein, let us analyse the 'arm coordination' exercise. With a little imagination a routine could be adopted that would closely resemble an exotic oriental dance. If you are more interested in the practical, everyday world, then center your efforts on the 'sidestraddle hop'; this sort of thing will enable you to keep your footing on moving street cars while hanging to an overhead strap.

(Cont'd on page 8)

ANNABELLA (Continued)

STAR OF THREE COUNTRIES

Annabella first played in several French movies, then starred in the British technicolor picture "Wings of the Morning". She then came to Hollywood where she made "Queen" which established her as an international star. She was recently starring on Broadway when she left to join the overseas unit of "Slightly Sinful." Annabella is now an American citizen; her husband is stationed in the Pacific at this time.

The party had lunch at the Patients' Mess and spent all afternoon visiting the wards before continuing on their way to Pisa where they are presenting performances daily this week. When it comes to visiting wards, Annabella is surprised by the friendliness that bad patients show. "If I were sick, I'm sure I wouldn't be so cordial to strangers" she said.

Incidentally, we know of one patient in particular whose convalescence has been speeded by Annabella's visit. He is Lt. Walter Sternes with whom she has a date for next Sunday provided he has been discharged to duty by then. It's a bet that he will be fit and raring to go before the week is up.

One of our officers who has been kidded much and often about his abilities in speaking French asked if she would listen to his "francis" and judge his dexterity with the language. He spoke a few words and she replied "I understand perfectly." The Major beamed. "But where did you get the Russian accent?" The Major scowled. Another officer suggested it was Louisiana accent, not Russian.

The other members of the cast are all Broadway and Hollywood stars; the play has been given in many leading theaters in the States for the past three years and has proved to be a real hit wherever it has been presented.
DEPARTMENTAL NOTES

A WORD FROM THE PERSONNEL OFFICE

First, a word of welcome to Lt. Majorus, our new personnel officer, words of the same to Dupont and Lighter, new members of the staff who will help us maintain the high rate of efficiency in this department. To Dr. George, our second in command, we wish to convey wishes for a speedy recovery. We miss you, Dr. George, and we need a rest. Hurry back so that we can draw for your place on that innerspring.

4/Sgt Oscar (I'm from Brooklyn) Reichel is looking for a pair of hip boots which will keep at least the outside of him, dry!

One chilly night last week as he effervescently trudged down the road toward the tent area, the happy sarge lost his balance and tumbled into the water ditch. For some reason he couldn't climb out so it became necessary for him to wade the length of the ditch to reach dry land. But it wasn't really necessary for him to emit such screams of discomfort that men came on the double to verify the rumor that German paratroopers had landed and had started to attack.

- TRAINING NOTE -

"Four miles in 50 minutes is simple stuff for me" said Section Sergeant Zazik to those who remarked about his late return from a forced march this week. "I was just looking for my section," many hecklers remain unconvinced.

CAN YOU SING, DANCE OR TOUT A MAN?
ARE YOU A STAGE MANAGER?

If so, contact the Red Cross before January 29th. Four services can be utilized in the big ANATOMY SHOW which will be presented early next month.

MESS BURPS!

'Twas a night before reveille and all was not serene as the cooks prepared to greet the section sergeant with a warm and hearty welcome in the morning, with an odd pan or two. The reception was planned to express forcibly the department's reaction to the latest detachment order directing the men in white to stand the morning formation and work off a little excess poundage some of the boys have been displaying in their 'bay windows'!

Only one little fact was overlooked in the plan of attack and that was that 'Hi' hour was set 30 minutes too late. 'Boiny' Willage, a victim of insomnia, (no one else could even think of waking that early) barged into the tents at 05:30 and so surprised everyone that a tactical victory was scored for the defense. At the latest reports, the 'Cucinori' have called a staff meeting to regroup their forces and plan the launching of their next offensive.

The 'Power of the Press' was potently displayed when last week's issue of MID-CALL carried a gripe regarding the absence of soup on the E1's menu. The paper hadn't been out five minutes when S/Sgt White could be seen hurrying to the Mess Office to alter the next day's menu so that the boys could have their 'soup'. "Nice going, Sarge, and if any orchids were available, you'd be our candidate to receive it." (Editor's note: Thanks, fellows, the soup's good.)

HAVE IMPERATIVE NEED for smaller wrestling partner. Will trade 200 lb Sam Roseman for a similar pile of the same material. I'm not scared -- just careful -- and my name ain't 'Barnsmell', it's Donald.

(Activity note: Thanks, fellows, the soup's good.)
SPORTS

DEPT.

NEW YORK -

JANUARY 28, 1945

The local basketballs had a very successful weekend, winning three straight victories to put them above the .500 mark once more. At present their record reads four victories and three defeats.

NATIONAL

After a slow start Saturday night, the Redbirds took a low scoring game by the score of 17-14 at Madison Square Garden. The boys were behind 7-2 at half time, but came to life in the second half and pulled the game out of the fire. The scoring was evenly distributed with Wilson and O'Connor handling the 18th with four points apiece.

16TH "THE AMBASSADOR"

Sunday night, the local boys played at the Ambassador Hotel. In this game they exhibited some of their old time form and beat the SPSF 90-83 by 42-23. Redves sank a basket in the opening seconds of play and the Redbirds had a lead they never lost. They outscored the 9th team in every quarter and enjoyed a 31-16 lead at the half. Kelly was the sharp shooter for the night with 15 points, followed by Wilson with 10.

KELLY ALSO SHOOTS

Vince "Comedian" Kelly, who has been putting the ball thru the hoop very consistently of late, made his mark on the tournament, playing a strong game, and was a member of the tournament. After graduation, he played semi-pro basketball against the Celtics and other top-notch basketball teams, and also semi-pro hangout. He joined the 16th Central at Ft. Hancock, in November, 1943, and played the last two 1st season on the outstanding Redbird basketball team. He is now in his second season as guard on the basketball team.

At half time, the score was 11 all. But in the last quarter, the Redbirds excellent press attack clicked and the 16th scored 14 points while holding the opposition to 6 points.
LAST MINUTE TOURNAMENT RESULTS

12th General basketball team lost the final game of the hospital tournament to the 105th Station Hospital, last night, 66-63 to 32.

Jan 27...In the finals of the 114th Station Hospital basketball tournament, the Redbirds beat the strong 105th Station Hospital team. Our boys reached the finals by an easy 43-19 win from the 114th Officers' Team in the opening round and by defeating the 3rd General in the semi-finals by the close score of 41-40.

Led by Foley in their game with the 114th Officers, the Redbirds had a 16-2 lead at the end of the first quarter. They coasted thru the second, and at the close of the half the score was 21-7. In the second half, it was the 12th General all the way. Foley and McRae shared scoring honors for the evening with 12 tallies apiece. Hampton was high man for the 114th with 5 points.

In last nite's semi-finals, our men had stiffer competition. The 33rd boys, who had beaten the 81st Station 30-22, had a strong defense which kept the scoring to 5-3 in our favor in the first period. Foley, McRae, and Kelly each made a good foul throw and Kelly made a nice one-handed shot from the foul line to account for our points.

In the second quarter, the 12th used their good passing attack to break the 33rd defense and to end the half with a 14-7 lead. The second half was very closely played with the Redbirds outscoring the 33rd 16-15.

(Cont'd from Pg 5)

Should the cigarette shortage continue, numerous bending exercises will give you the vital edge needed to beat the field to any chance butts. And finally, many of us will be restless upon our return to civilian life. So for those always in a hurry but with no place to go, the 'double-time in place' is heartily recommended.