

# THE CLUBMOBILE—



## THE ARC IN THE STORM

A Personal History Of and By The Clubmobilers  
In The European Theatre of War During World War II

compiled and edited by

MARJORIE LEE MORGAN

# THE CLUBMOBILE—



In March 1946 two surviving Clubmobiles were sent to U.S. for participating in an American Red Cross fund drive. They were "DANIEL BOONE" (Group B) for being the first in the Continent and "ROCKY MOUNTAIN" (Group C) for being the first in Berlin.

The pic shows "DANIEL BOONE" in front of the Red Cross National Headquarters, in Washington, D. C.  
The Clubmobilers are (L to R) Helen Zimmerman, Marjorie Lee and Louise Clayton  
(American Red Cross photo by Hansen.)

compiled and edited by  
**MARJORIE LEE MORGAN**

Cover pic  
"DANIEL BOONE" (Group B) landing in Utah beach on July 16, 1944.  
The Clubmobilers are (L to R) Frances Goodwin, Louise Clayton and Jeri Jean Ford.  
They were the original crew of this Clubmobile  
(Signal Corps Photo)

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Marjorie Ann Lee Morgan fallecio el 29 de Enero de 1999 asi que nunca  
podre obtener su permiso escrito para alterar su publicacion.

Quiero pensar que 40 años mas tarde le gustaria saber que su  
libro se ha convertido en la referencia imprescindible para  
conocer la historia del "A.R.C Clubmobile Service"  
y que esta adaptacion seria de su agrado.

Todo el texto se mantiene integro.

With best wishes  
Marjorie Lee Morgan

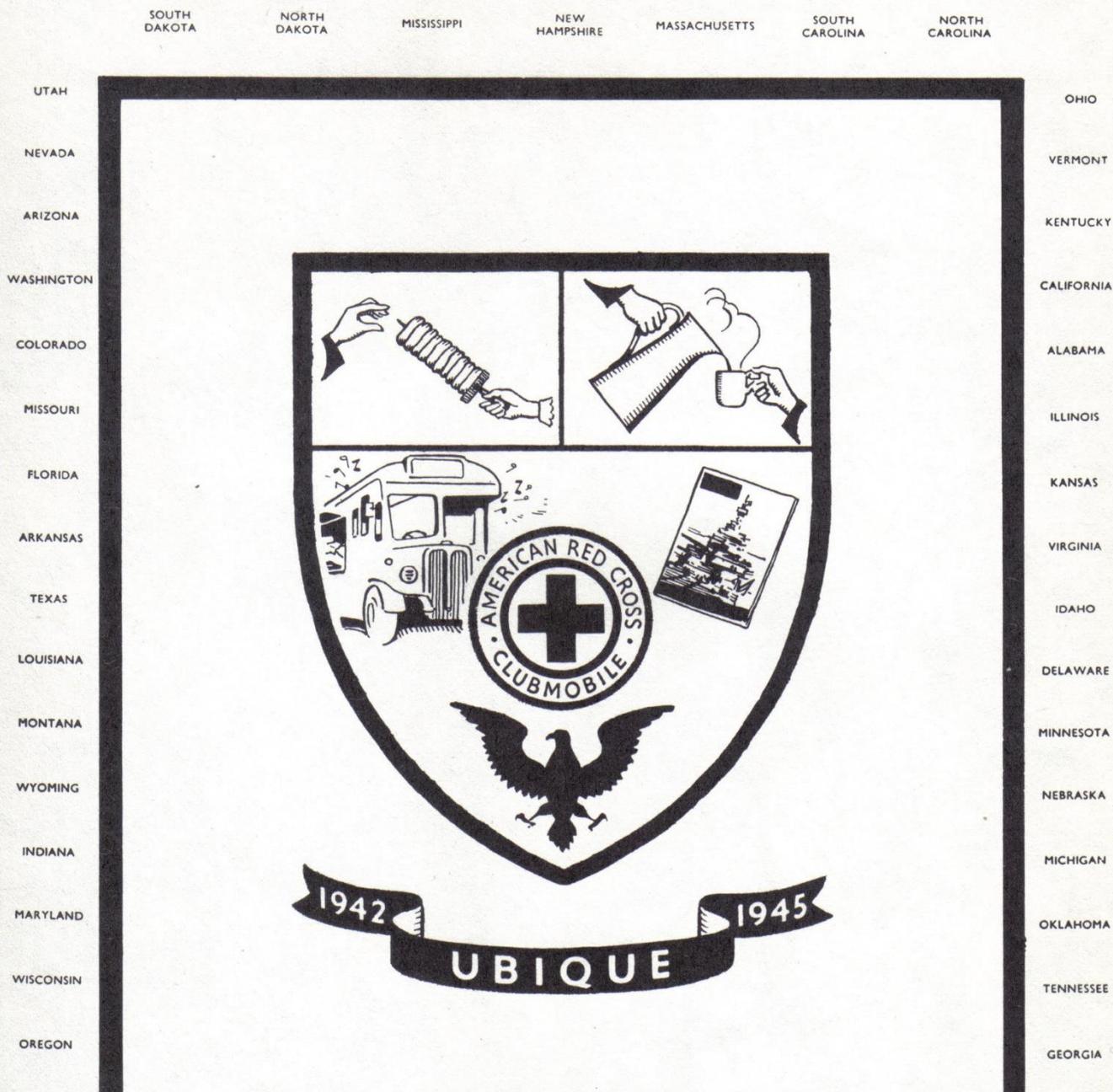


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**PAL FINAL**



WEST  
VIRGINIA

RHODE  
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NEW  
YORK

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NEW  
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NEW  
JERSEY



Camilla Moss

The First American Clubnokless  
1942



Joan Bunker



The First Clubmobilist - Hope Simpson  
British - 1942



(L to R) Janet Zimmerman, Marjorie Lee, Harvey D. Gibson and Louise Clayton.

Although the original caption hasn't been found it seems the pic was taken in 1946, March, in Washington D.C., when "DANIEL BOONE" participated in an A.R.C. fund drive.

## DEDICATION

In grateful appreciation for the inspiration and the opportunity which his work provided for each of us, we dedicate this history of our experiences with the American Red Cross Clubmobile, a service unique in the European Theater of Operations, in World War II, to Mr. Harvey D. Gibson, ARC Commissioner for Great Britain and Europe.

Mr. Gibson had the vision of taking the service to the soldier while he was on duty instead of the soldier waiting to come to the Red Cross when he could get leave. He recognized the unique contribution that could be made by American girls bringing a reminder of home to the actual war zone, and he pursued that vision to reality.

Each of us who served in the Clubmobile Service in our own way shared that vision and that determination to prove it by our presence.

We hope that others reading this account will be inspired to pursue their own visions of service, on however small or grand a scale, and will be reassured that service is a state of mind and heart.

Doughnuts and coffee were our props. Our wares were faith and friendship, trust and good cheer. And for those there will always be a need!



## HARVEY DOW GIBSON

March 12, 1882 – September 11, 1950

From 1942 to 1944 American Red Cross Commissioner to Great Britain.

From 1944 to 1945 Commissioner to Great Britain and all of Western Europe.

Harvey is considered the creator of the Clubmobile Program.

## **ACKNOWLEDGMENTS**

In addition to those already named, I want to acknowledge with thanks the assistance and encouragement of Eliza King and Louise Clayton and the many other individual clubmobilers who robbed their personal scrapbooks of pictures and writings. Every diary, every letter is history, drama and humor, each unique and each universal.

I acknowledge with appreciation, the assistance of Mr. Max E. Munday and Mike Pici of Hazlett Printing & Publishing Inc., whose interested response to my first inquiry about publishing the manuscript spurred me on.

But most of all, I thank my husband for his patient sharing of our entire married life with the story of the Red Cross Clubmobile. He is delighted to see it finally out of the footlocker and in print!

# First Red Cross Girl Killed On Duty at Western Front

By Arthur White

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

Ann Kathleen Cullen, of Larchmont, N.Y., the first American Red Cross girl to die through enemy action on the Western Front, was killed Dec. 20 when a German shell struck a U.S. hospital in Belgium.

She was the second American girl killed by enemy action in a hospital area here. 2/Lt. Frances Slanger, an Army nurse, lost her life Oct. 21 when German guns shelled her field hospital.

Member of a clubmobile group, "Katie" Cullen, 28, joined the ARC in June, 1943, and came to the Continent after a year's service in Britain.

She is buried in a military cemetery in Belgium.

Three other ARC girls, Catherine T. Gladding, of West Allenhurst, N.J.; Ann T. Knotts, of Sicily Island, Ia., and Arine Denney, of Dover, Del., narrowly escaped death when a German bomb demolished a Red Cross club in France. Soldiers dragged them



Ann Kathleen Cullen

from the wreckage, suffering from shock and bruises. They were given first aid and returned to duty.

## IN MEMORIAM

**Ann Kathleen Cullen**  
**Herve Belgium, Dec. 20, 1944.**

On December 16, 1944 ARC Clubmobile Group B was evacuated from Eupen, on the Belgian-German border to Herve, following the breakthrough of the German forces in the "Battle of the Bulge."

Following is from the official Diary of Clubmobile Group B. Herve, Belgium, Dec. 20, 1944:

Christmas was saddened for us by the shock of the death of one of our group, Katie Cullen. She was sent to a field hospital to get over a bad cold, on Sunday afternoon, about 15 minutes before we got orders to move. She was to return to the group on Wednesday morning, but at 5:20 a.m. the hospital was hit. She died two hours later, the only person who was in any way injured. She was buried on December 21, in an American Cemetery at Henri la Chapelle, in a casket covered with an American flag. The service was read by Father Dempsey,

V Corps Catholic Chaplain. Besides the four Red Cross representatives who were allowed to attend, Virginia Ellis, Ruth Hayes, Betty Hitchcock, Eliza King, the group included Col. R. B. Patterson, V Corps Adjutant-General, Major William Hamlin, Asst. G-I; Major Sol Radam, Corps Special Services Officer, and Capt. Doctorsky, medical officer for V Corps rear Echelon.

At noon on Christmas Day, the entire Group attended a mass said for Katie by Rather Wathers, the Catholic Chaplain of the 1st Division.

THE STARS AND STRIPES newspaper reported that Katie was "the first American Red Cross girl to die through enemy action on the Western Front." There is no record of any other Red Cross girl having been killed by enemy action during WWII.

## **PROLOGUE**

This is the story of the Red Cross Clubmobile Service to the Armed Forces in the ETO in World War II, 1942 -May 8, 1945.

It is not a history told by historians, but the girls, who were there and drove a GMC 6x6 truck fitted with electric doughnutmaking machines and equipment for coffee making and serving them to the Armed Services.

It is divided into Book I and Book II. The first book describes its early history and growth. The second book tells of its attachment to the American Armed Forces at the request of General Eisenhower. The ten groups of girls were to join their army or corps as soon as it was practical for women to be sent to Normandy.

The chapters chosen from the girls' diaries were selected to highlight their experience which paralleled the chronological records of the progress of Armed Forces across Europe until V-E Day.

The purpose of this history was not only to record for the Clubmobilers an outline of our experiences in WWII, but also to preserve this record for history. To some it may sound as though we have taken the war rather light-heartedly and that our main impressions have been of things which really have little importance. Perhaps we have learned a lesson from the army about smiling at things which cannot be helped and looking for the humorous sidelights of war. We need no diaries to remind us of its tragedies, for in our hearts we carry memories of the countless soldiers we have seen, in every branch of the army, every one of them a hero in his own way. We appreciate the privilege of having been able to share some of their experiences, and needless to say, we appreciate the great care which the army gave us. It is not for us to evaluate the importance of our work. We hope, with mixed pride and humility, that our presence there made war a little more bearable for the men who fought that we all may have the opportunity of building a world of peace and happiness.

# PART ONE

## BEGINNINGS AND EARLY STORY

Long before the "folks back home" were familiar with the American Red Cross' innovation of World War II, the CLUBMOBILE, Lord Haw-Haw stated in a propaganda broadcast from Germany late in 1942 that the Americans had a new secret weapon in the form of a long grey bus. This long grey bus was a Clubmobile, the outgrowth of an idea Harvey Gibson conceived soon after he became Commissioner of American Red Cross in Great Britain.



When Mr. Gibson arrived in Britain, there were Red Cross Service Clubs going up in many cities and towns in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. Their purpose was to provide every American soldier in the British Isles with a comfortable bed, good food and an American atmosphere while on leave. This was the only service planned in addition to the regular Hospital and Field Services for the Army. However, Mr. Gibson noted that, while our Forces were most appreciative of the clubs, still, some form of service should be extended to those men not on leave. Even had it been possible for Red Cross to establish leave clubs in every town, thousands of troops on maneuvers would not have been able to enjoy them. Mr. Gibson was convinced that the most useful service to the soldier would be to bring to him, when he needed it most, a symbol of the warmth of home. This could be done by a cup of hot coffee and doughnuts served by an American girl.



One Sunday in September, 1942, Mr. Gibson was turning this idea of a "club on wheels" over in his mind when he thought about the lift that was used to carry skiers to the mountain top at North Conway, New Hampshire, his birthplace. He and his wife had named the ski-lift the "Skimobile", and so why not call this new Red Cross baby the "Clubmobile"? Rushing to the office he mapped out the first plan of organization. Clubmobile remained essentially as defined in that early outline.

"The American Red Cross will have in operation a number of Special Units, the purpose of which will be to serve scattered American troops, particularly those in isolated parts. These units will be called "Clubmobiles" which will be staffed by American girls from various parts of the United States. These Clubmobiles will, in conjunction with arrangements worked out by the Military authorities, visit many isolated places on scheduled routes from central points as bases. On their first visit to a given place, they will survey the situation to determine what recreational or club facilities may already be in existence, operated by British volunteer organizations. If such facilities are to any degree available, they will cooperate along agreed lines if the need exists for supplementing such facilities. If no recreational or club facilities are found to exist, arrangements will be made, if possible, for some meeting place indoors where modified types of American Red Cross Club service can be made available. Arrangements will be made, if possible, for permanent quarters of this type. If, however, this is not possible, on certain days of the week the Clubmobiles could service the troops.

### For "Clubmobile"

A check for \$2,000 for purchase of a "clubmobile" will be presented to the American Red Cross by the National Society, Children of the American Revolution, Wednesday at the Administration building of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The presentation will be made at 11:30 following meeting of the society's National Board of Management.

"Clubmobiles" are used by the Red Cross to provide fighting men at the front lines with movies, books, phonograph records, candy and cigarettes. They are driven by Red Cross girls especially chosen and trained for such recreation units.

Primera referencia a un "Clubmobile".  
Hinton Daily News. Tuesday, April 07, 1942

Clubmobile attendants will cooperate with the Army Special Services in arranging for movies to be shown from time to time and possibly, in cooperation with local volunteer societies and authorities, for dances with local British girls as guests. It is proposed to have Clubmobiles equipped to serve coffee and doughnuts only, which in addition to regular service to Forces, will be served before and after movies and dances.

For this it will be seen that the Clubmobile plan has various purposes: to survey and arrange for a simple type of modified club service for troops in isolated places where facilities do not already exist; to supplement Army Special Services in as many ways as practicable; and to serve light refreshments from time to time in connection with its general program."

The British Army did not have the equivalent of a motorized canteen, so Clubmobile would not come under the request of General Eisenhower to the American Red Cross to charge a token sum of money to the U.S. Army Troops stationed in Great Britain for Club services, since the British Army had such charges to their personnel for canteen services. Therefore, no money was charged or received for doughnuts, coffee, cigarettes, gum or candy, etc. to anyone on the ETO by Clubmobile.

To help make his Clubmobile plan a reality, Mr. Gibson looked for "someone with war experience;" that someone turned out to be Scottish born Hope Simpson (Dobbins), who has summarized for this history her involvement in the establishment of the Clubmobile service



Hope's first volunteer war service was in the south of France in the winter of 1939-40. In Nice she was affiliated with the Anglo-Polish American Red Cross whose titular head was the Duchess of Windsor. When all British citizens were ordered out of France, she headed for Paris, looking for her husband who was with the Royal Air Force. She ended up on the Isle of Wight, where she was asked by the War Department "to help and bring some kind of order to the social life of the soldiers who were pouring in to all the southern ports in little boats. When they arrived on the island, they had to be deloused, fed, given clothing, rest and some form of recreation until they were shipped back to their headquarters to be re-organized and reassigned..."

The Dieppe raid (August 19, 1942) sailed from the Isle of Wight. Hope writes, "The Germans knew about the raid in advance and were waiting for those brave men to pull ashore. . . At this time I received a notice from the War Department which stated that all British women, single or married, without children and under thirty were subject to the 'call'. . . With my War Department letter in hand, I arrived in London. . . went to the Air Force HQ and volunteered my services. On that very perwoman and over lunch, my experience and my present plight were discussed. . . She called a commander friend and made an appointment for me for the next morning. We had a very interesting conversation which resulted in a call to Harvey Gibson. I heard the commander say to Harvey, 'I think I have what you are looking for in Red Cross—someone with war experience.' Within a few minutes I was at 12 Grosvenor Square. . .

When I walked into Harvey Gibson's office, he was deeply engrossed in the Clubmobile blueprints . . . He placed his blueprints in front of me and asked if I would be willing to take it out of the blueprint stage and put it to work. . ."

"Mr. Gibson lost no time. . . He escorted me to the various offices. . . Everyone welcomed me most cordially . . . Every day I reported to Mr. Gibson who assigned a different person to explain a different part of the operation to me. . . I believe the first truck came from the Women's Voluntary Service and had probably been received as Lend-Lease to begin with. Someone from the British Doughnut Company showed me how to make doughnuts, and I recall a GI appearing to instruct me on the use of the Primus stone. Every day I would study the book on the doughnut machine until I knew it by heart! I would try to make a careful check of all supplies and imagine myself out in the woods and missing something vital—usually it was electricity!

Our food supplies came through the ARC Club department. . .

Hope Simpson - Born in Perth, Scotland - was the first Clubmobiler and later she was the Captain of Group D in the Clubmobile Division.

"I was solo on this operation for over a week when one morning, I heard a terrific amount of noise and laughter ... A large new shipment of Red Cross workers had just arrived from the States. That afternoon I met Joan Banker and Camilla Moss... How fortunate I was to have Joan and Camilla on the first clubmobile."

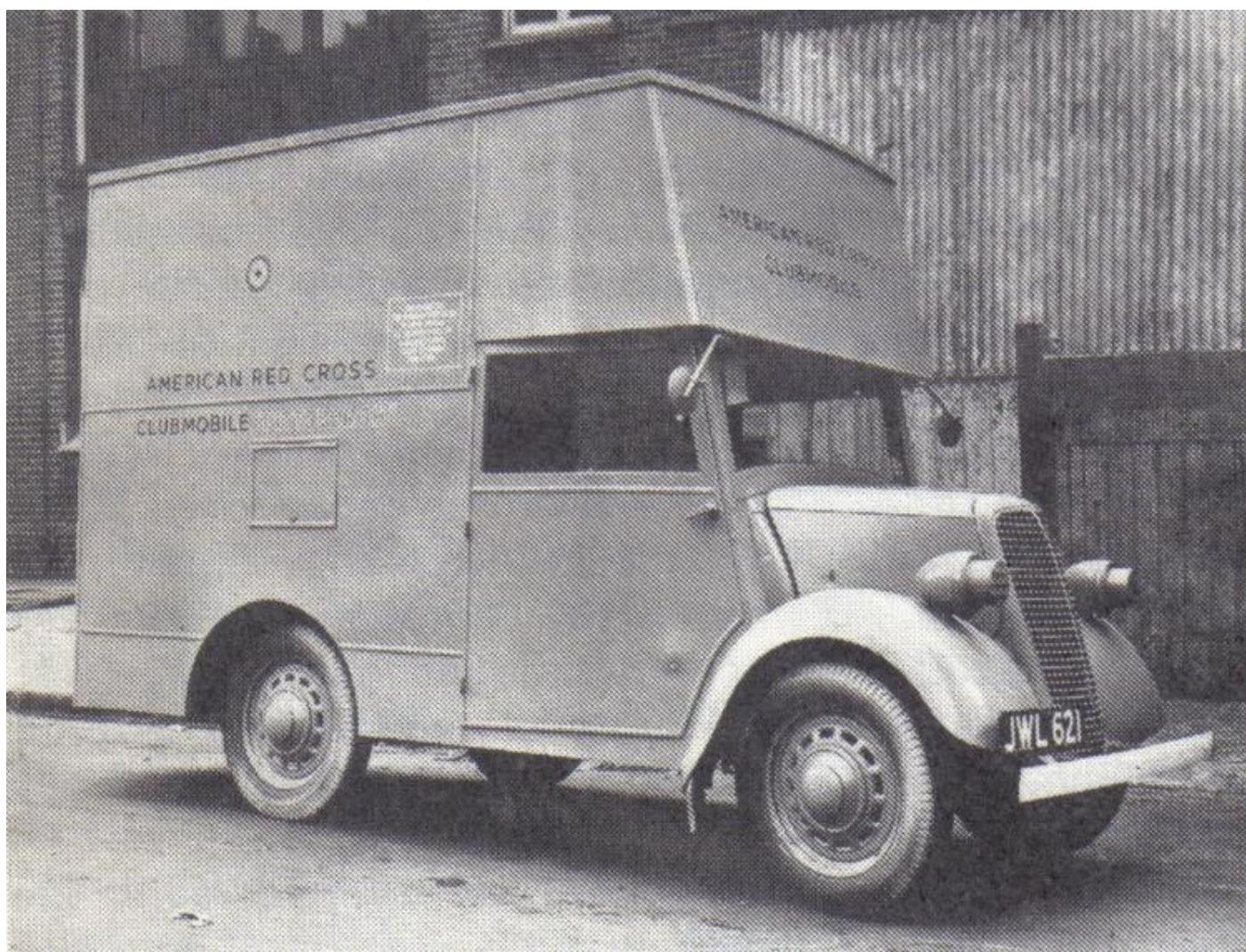
On the 22nd October, 1942, three bewildered workers started to Cheltenham in the first lopsided clubmobile, The St. Louis, a British Ford, 700 wt, 10hp. As we 'looped' up to the Fleece Hotel which was the ARC Service club in Cheltenham, we felt relieved to be there. The club was crowded and the director was not crazy about having us stay there and occupy space which was sorely needed for the men. We were told to find other quarters, but in the meantime we could park our clubmobile in the back yard. We had an outlet installed and every day we made doughnuts; and, with the help of a great Field Director, we would introduce ourselves with trays of doughnuts and explore all the possibilities of where to find camps to serve in the area."

"That first week was very discouraging at times. We had continuous mechanical troubles which were

difficult because it was a British vehicle and the army didn't have parts. The blackouts, combined with cold, wet weather were especially hard on Joan and Camilla. (I was very used to it.) We lacked warm clothing and the idea of British Battle dress came to me then and was later developed into our work uniform."

"It was on October 28, 1942, that the first doughnut rolled off the assembly line at Toddington Camp near Cheltenham in front of all the GI's. They were amazed, and we were even more so! We took turns taking doughnuts and coffee in jeeps to the outlying areas where roads and airports were being built."

"After ten days of living at the club, we managed to bully the young manager of the Irving Hotel into accommodating us. Joan and Camilla had a small double room in the hotel, and I had a room in the annex. The rooms were filled with laundry night and day. Cheltenham was packed with Air Raid refugees from London. Accommodations anywhere were at a ransom. It was a beautiful Spa city and very elegant at one time. Now it was loaded with GI's and refugees which it found hard to accommodate."



The first "official" Clubmobile was based in the Fordson 10cwt (E83W) van. His nickname was "ST LOUIS"  
The one in the pic is "PITTSBOURGH", plate JWL 621.  
It would be the same model than "ST. LOUIS".



Other Fordson Clubmobile, this time nicknamed "WASHINGTON D.C.". The text says: *Presented to the American Red Cross in Great Britain by the employers of Manufacturers Trust Company, New York.*  
Harvey D Gibson was president of this bank.

All kinds of VIP's came to watch the first clubmobile, including Eleanor Roosevelt, Lady Astor and dozens of senators and congressmen. They would take pictures of their constituents being served by us. We were probably the most photographed of all the clubmobilers.

"After two months, Mr. Yandell asked me to return to London and to take a new Clubmobile and crew to Harleston, which was the very first operational air base to be established in England. As soon as the crew was oriented, I returned to London and took two more units to Swindon and Newbury. The airport country was opening up, and I took units to Rushton, Kettering and Oundle, all big bomber outfits."



118/450639

The plate is partially visible – **JWL 62?** – so it would be the Clubmobile “PITTSBOURGH”

The Clubmobilers are Anne Ellis Symmers and Eileen Taylor.

Only the caps are part of the Red Cross uniform, the rest is a mix of U.S. Army items

Photos: Hans Wild for LIFE MAGAZINE, Dec 1942



Anne Ellis Symmers and Eileen Taylor, with the Clubmobile "PITTSBOURGH", serving coffee and doughnuts in an **unknown?** U.S. airfield. This time they wear official Red Cross uniforms.

This type of Clubmobiles were so small they needed a trailer for transporting the boiler for heating the water for preparing the coffee.

Photos: Hans Wild for LIFE MAGAZINE, Dec 1942





Otra vista del trailer para el calentador de agua. En el interior del Clubmobile se puede distinguir la doughnut machine, incluso se puede ver la chimenea de la misma en el techo.

El fotógrafo también tomó un par de retratos de las Clubmobilers, Anne Ellis Symmers and Eileen Taylor, posando delante de su vehículo.

Photos: Hans Wild for LIFE MAGAZINE, Dec 1942



"Lady Chesham joined the Clubmobile department in help with personnel and other HQ work. She would go out into the field and visit the girls. We all liked her very much. Then, she and I became the first Clubmobile supervisors. She took the area north of London while I took everything south and southwest."

family and a lack of hot water. Unheated rooms were the order of the day. When I couldn't find a room, I would go to the police station for help. On a couple of occasions I was permitted to sleep in the cells. In Winchester, the constable's wife brought down some sheets and made up a cot for me because there was absolutely no room at the inn, I reimbursed her with my precious supplies as she wouldn't take money. On another occasion I ran into air raid warnings near Plymouth, and the roads were closed. Again, I had to sleep in a jail."

Finding billets in small war-crowded towns was one of the Supervisor's hardest jobs. The southwest part of England was loaded with bombed-out refugees along with children, the sick and the old. On top of this, the army commandeered anything that was available—such as palaces, castles and historic places. Lease-lend would take care of everything after the war was over! Hotels and inns did not wish to have the Clubmobilers. Most of the innkeepers preferred army personnel because they spent more money when they had a day away from their camps. Most private housing was old fashioned by American standards, usually one bathroom for the whole

The crew of the St. Louis soon discovered that if the Clubmobile could not make a hill, even with two of the crew walking, some friendly jeep driver would be along in a few minutes. The many daily irritations of a smoking stove, a flat tire, etc. were far out-weighed by the enthusiastic welcome they received from the soldiers. Each difficulty encountered only served to make them more determined than ever that Clubmobile service should be improved and operations expanded. During November the three girls began making concrete suggestions for improvements. They requested a Victrola and records, smocks to cover their uniforms, candy, gum and cigarettes to be given out with the coffee and doughnuts. Suggestions also included mudscrapers at the van entrance, fire extinguishers, mirror, maps of the USA, first aid kits, sides to be opened to form linoleum covered serving counters, slacks, waterproof trenchcoats, fur-lined boots.

At first the Club Department was responsible for personnel and supplies and Field Service was responsible for routine. Bob Sherwood, Field Director in the area in which the girls first served, saved them many a headache and was always sympathetic to their many problems.

Mr. Bertram Clarke, Director of Transportation, and Mr. Alan Hall, Director of Purchasing were consulted as to what kind of a van to use, how to make doughnuts, etc. The British Doughnut Company contributed much to the plan of actual doughnut making.

There were many handicaps during those first early months of Clubmobile growth and expansion. One was the ever present possibility that the Ministry of Food might refuse the supply of raw material for doughnut making. But two more 10-horse-power Fords were put into action, followed by converted trucks, one a Studebaker and the other a Packard. Forty Greenline coaches were ordered and outfitted with lounge as well as kitchen. These proved so popular, and the boys took to the lounge like the English kids to gum, and were referred to by the girls as the "boys in the back room." The first tiny Clubmobiles having proved their worth as well as their inadequacy, were delegated to subsidiary position, to the running of errands, maintenance vans, etc. The trailer was done away with completely, and coffee was made in the mess kitchens.

On November 18, 1942, the Clubmobile Department was formed with Mr. Lunsford P. Yandell as Director, Mr. E. P. Freeman in charge of supplies, Mr. C. C. Kline, transportation, and Miss Margaret Neilson, secretary. The entire department occupied little room 34 at Headquarters. Miss Lillian Brotherton was added to the staff and became the first person hired specifically for the Clubmobile department.

On January 23, 1943, the first Greenline Clubmobile, the "PENNSYLVANIA" was delivered. All Headquarters staff as well as heads of other Red Cross Departments, was on hand to inspect this masterpiece—and a masterpiece it was!



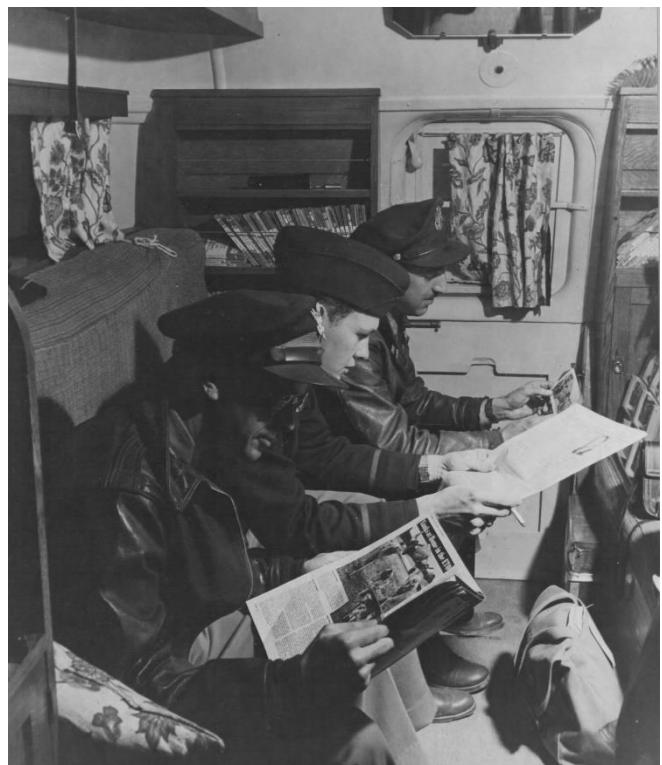
Later when again Clubmobiles had to be re-designed to fit need on the continent, the end lounge had to go as it was necessary that the Clubmobiles be less cumbersome. The girls and soldiers often talked of the happy hours spent in the "back room."

Now the trouble was not a shortage of Clubmobiles, but Clubmobilers. Crews were recruited in the States for the first time and while the first fifty-five odd girls waited five months for transportation, English girls were hired. In the meantime, the Headquarters staff was enlarged. Mrs. Lois Olds was added to the Personnel Department. Mr. Don S. Momand took over as Director in May, 1943 when Mr. Yandell had to return to the States. More Greenliners and more Bedfords were added to the vehicle supply.

There were those in the Army who looked on this newest phase of Red Cross Service with suspicion but, *Clubmobile* soon proved its worth and the skeptics were convinced that the war would not be prolonged if a man stopped for a mid-morning snack of doughnuts and coffee. Later the Army proclaimed Clubmobile as one of the chief morale builders among the troops both in the British Isles and on the Continent.



The Clubmobile Plan had been enthusiastically received by General Eisenhower: "I congratulate the Red Cross and particularly Harvey Gibson on the Clubmobile Plan. It will bring club service to small units soldiers remotely located and will afford another opportunity for the demonstration of Good Neighbor hospitality which has characterized the British welcome to American forces. The flexibility of the Clubmobile, both as to time and place, permits the services to become available without interference with rigorous training activities. The Army is grateful to the American Red Cross for the part it is playing in making its services available."



**Cambiar esta por la original y meter otras del interior**

**CAPTIONS**

**WEEKLY REPORT OF JOAN BANKER OF THE  
CREW OF CLUBMOBILE "CALIFORNIA"  
OPERATING FROM CHELTENHAM**

**December 23rd – Wednesday**

Since there was time Camilla Moss spent her morning at the American Red Cross club in High Wycombe and helped with the Christmas decorations. New tires arrived from London at two o'clock and all four were put on the Clubmobile. When about to leave, however, other mechanical things were found wrong with the car so Camilla Moss was delayed until 5 o'clock.

She started on her way with lights which seemed all too unreliable and which later at one time failed completely. Camilla drove on, however, alone in the darkness and fog with only the aid of a G.I. flashlight. Two blocks from home another tire - the third - blew out. Home finally at 9 o'clock - the van having been taken to the Regent Garage.

In the meantime, Hope Simpson and I had made great strides with plans for the christening of Clubmobile "California" and had confirmed our Christmas Day schedule.

**December 24th – Thursday**

Since this day would have been wasted anyway in picking up two more tires which we acquired by devious and perhaps none too orthodox methods we decorated with holly and loaded Hope Simpson's Red Cross car with ditty bags, scarves, socks and sweaters and set out, arriving at our most isolated camp at Chow time -just before the men went in. The 250 men were flocked around the table where we had piled the gifts - and as we had to give out by lot the limited number of gifts with us, the distribution started with silly questions such as "who has the name of Percy?" - "Who has a Tattoo on his chest?" "Who is the boldest?" etc. This caused great hilarity and put us all in the real Christmas spirit; we ended by throwing all of the cigarettes we had with us up in the air for a general scramble and left amidst an uproar.

After lunch in the Officer's Mess, we went on to the next camp where the officers in charge had been notified of our coming arrival. Consequently, we were greeted, as we came in the gate, by 250 eager boys. The same method of distribution was followed here and proved so successful that we used it at all other places visited. The next stop was at a Children's party given by a group of American soldiers where we acted as Santa Claus. From there we went to the Queen's American Red Cross Club at Cheltenham to party the American soldiers were giving for the British soldiers. It was crowded and was successful amidst an Allied hub-hub.

Home for a quick bath and dinner—off again to the Mayor's Party at the Town Hall. We had been invited to demonstrate American Square dancing which we did with four enlisted men. Everybody joined and fun was had by all.

**December 25th – Friday**

Up at seven and to the Dispensary by 9 a.m., having meantime decorated with holly and bells and loaded our Clubmobile "California". There we were met by 15 Special Service Carol Singers. We all sang songs, jingled bells and gave away about 30 ditty bags. The Clubmobile and accompanying caravan picked up at this point moved on to our biggest depot where we again repeated our now growing act of bringing Christmas cheer at their Dispensary. They seemed surprised and their Captain was more than grateful.

Our next stop was the high-point of our Christmas Season. We had chosen to visit a group of 500 troops who had just arrived in England. As we entered the Mess Hall where they were gathered cheers arose from every corner. So all could see what was going on, we stood on the tables with the Christmas gifts at our feet. It reminded us vividly of crowded evening entertainments in the hold of our transport ship coming over. The "House" was an enviable one—too good to be true. We still had with us a guitar player from Special Service. Spontaneously the soldiers put on their own acts—jitterbugging, singing. We closed by singing "Silent Night" in which the men joined with tremendous volume and feeling.

The Commanding Officer, who obviously was well liked by his men, made a timely speech, thanking the American Red Cross, which touched us to the core. As you can well imagine we were exceedingly happy. We were invited and enjoyed our first Christmas dinner in England in the Officers new Mess Hall. After dinner we left for home and on our way to our final stop we paused only once and then to give cigarettes to a British soldier spending, it seemed to us, a pretty lonely Christmas day at an English gun-sight.



Arrived home to open our own presents about 5:30 happy Red Cross girls after the most full and glorious Christmas ever.

Quoted below is the first letter of commendation received for Clubmobile service, showing the part that the three pioneer girls played in establishing the service, and that Clubmobile was here to stay.

Headquarters 3rd Bn. 156th Inf.  
Office of the Battalion Commander

APO 871  
6 November 1942

Mr. Harvey Gibson  
12 Grosvenor Square, London  
A.R.C.

Dear Sir:

May I take the privilege of expressing the thanks of the men of this unit in regards to the wonderful way in which the Red Cross has helped the morale of our men.

I have particular reference to your Clubmobile unit and the "Swell Girls" that make such things possible.

I think that Mrs. Hope Simpson, Miss Joan and Miss Camilla Moss deserve special consideration in the manner in which they carried out a new adventure and made such a grand success of it.

Although the strength of the Unit is greater than the normal capacity of your Clubmobile, we find through the skillful and co-operative manner in which your representatives handled the situation everyone was well taken care of, which we greatly appreciate.

It is hoped that, in view of the fact that we are situated in a rural community, and places of amusement are not so accessible to the men, that you will permit in the future frequent visits of your Clubmobile and gracious host and hostesses who accompany it.

Very truly yours,

(signed)                    James L. Melancon  
                                  1st Lt. Infantry  
                                  Adjutant

JLL:jll

## ARRIVAL IN LONDON & ASSIGNMENT

Upon arriving in England, the new ARC girls were given a welcoming speech by the department heads and a brief orientation talk on their new life and work. Then followed two days of "clearing" and much hustle and bustle about London securing uniforms, ration cards, APO numbers, ARC maps of London, and other necessary items of equipment.

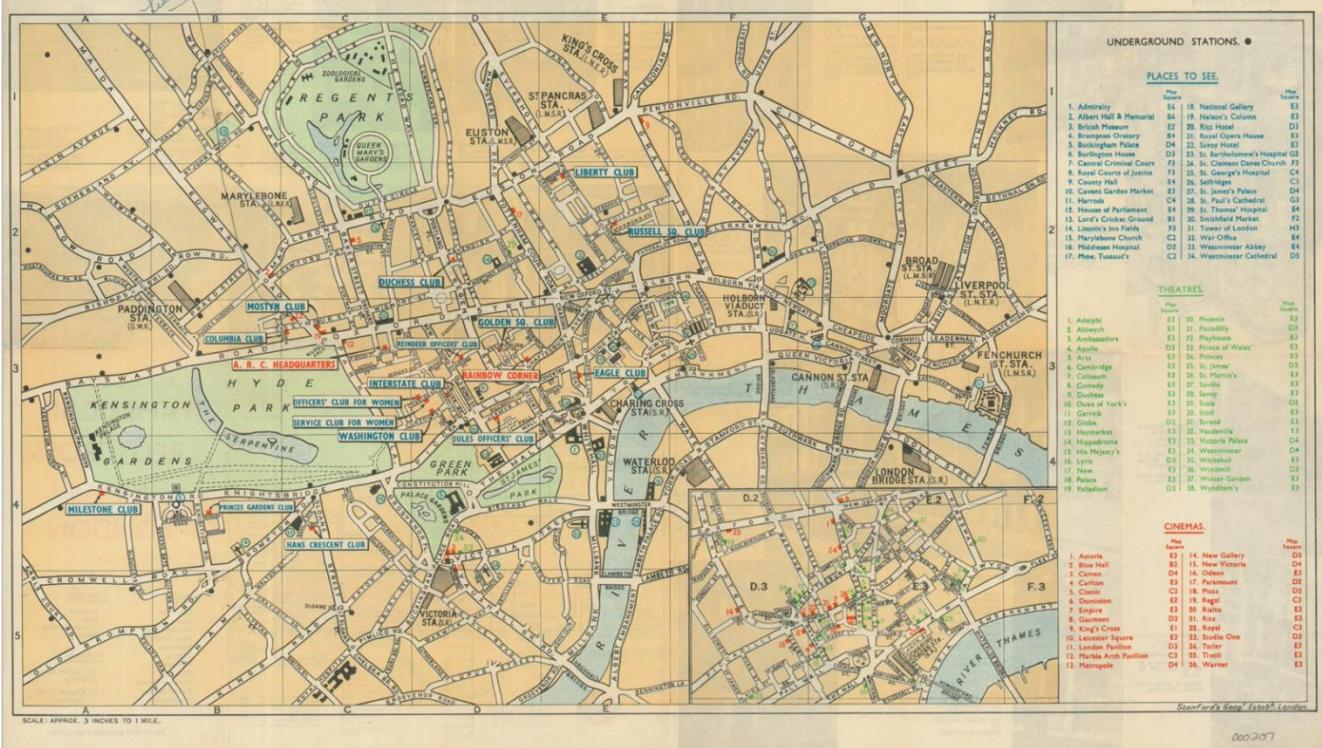
Those assigned to Clubmobile were kept in London for one week of instruction in: Air Raid

Precautions, Fire Drill, Anti-Gas Precautions and Treatment, Respiration Drill, and a refresher on First Aid, Ambulance Work and Stretcher Bearing. The course, which must have been most amusing to the instructors, was on Driving of Right Hand-Drive Vehicles on the Left Hand Side of the Road and included black-out driving.

Last but not least was a two day course in the making of doughnuts and coffee.



**AMERICAN RED CROSS MAP OF LONDON**





AMERICAN RED CROSS

## LONDON ARC LIGHT.



No. 6, VOL. 1

Published Weekly

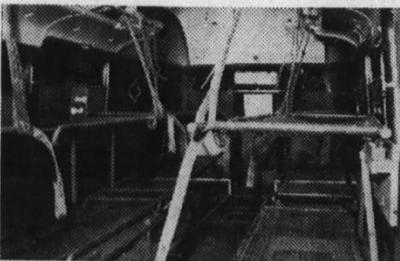
JUNE 5TH, 1943

## "Home Comforts on Wheels!"

The above is just one of the descriptions of the Clubmobile Service of the American Red Cross made by an appreciative G.I. and it is one of the tributes that this branch of the American Red Cross Service values the most. You see, the aim and object of the Clubmobile Units which travel all over the countryside is to reach the "boys in the mud-holes"—those out of reach of the ordinary Club and Aeroclub activities, out of reach of entertainments—just men doing a swell but often unpleasant job whom there is often no other way to reach.

### ISOLATED DETACHMENT

For instance, the C.O. of a small detachment of men and officers whose work lies at Brookwood Military Cemetery recently requested that his men receive Clubmobile Service. They were altogether isolated from other Americans in a small British country hotel, and badly needed a break. Although officially the detachment was too small to warrant such service, circumstances were such that a machine was detailed to run over once a week and if possible more often. The C.O. came in last week with a 5/- donation to the A.R.C. from each man in his outfit and a sincere expression of appreciation for the morale boost that the service had given the men.

*Emergency Ambulance*

One of the main features of the Clubmobile Units, not so widely known as their more obvious activities, is that in case of emergency the whole machine can quickly and efficiently be transformed into an ambulance for ambulatory and other cases. The smaller photograph shows the interior of unit after undergoing this transformation. Medical supplies are kept at the Clubmobile's own base, as well as the usual first aid supplies which travel with the Unit.

Recently the Commissioner of the American Red Cross in Great Britain received a letter from Major-General Eaker of the 8th Air Force, from which we quote the following extract:

"A few weeks ago, I flew down to an air-drome in the South of England to meet General . . . . Shortly after we landed a new group arrived and as all of us rode up the line the first thing we saw was a Clubmobile open for business. I saw those tired, hungry crews' eyes as they climbed from their ship after their long night flight when they saw the American girls serving American coffee and doughnuts. It would have done your heart good."

### A FEW QUOTATIONS FROM JOURNALS

A few quotations from the Clubmobile journals:

"We are still amazed and gratified to see the expression on the faces of the soldiers when we tell them that we accept no money for our food—that it is a present from home." "I fear that after the war the highways of the U.S. will be thronged with Clubmobiles. A lot of the boys . . . have never seen them before. They all like the music and are not averse to food. Those who are gadget-minded are fascinated . . . and get a lot of fun watching the doughnuts pop out. But most of them want to have one of their own and go travelling about. As one boy said, it is the

*Bomb Crews Enjoy Clubmobile Comforts*

coziness that is the most appealing feature. Life in the army . . . is on such a large scale. Everything from eating to sleeping—even recreation—must be done in large groups." "On the Clubmobile, some G.I.s will be in the kitchen, some stacking doughnuts, others eating them. In the cabin some will be listening to Glenn Miller recording—others reading their home town newspapers."

### HONORARY K.P. BOOK

The popularity of the job of helping the girls in Clubmobiles to wash the dirty cups has grown to such a point that "Voluntary K.P." is a highly contested position of honour. The Clubmobiles, in several instances, have placed an "Honorary K.P. Book" which may be signed by anyone who has washed and dried not less than a hundred cups. They now report an impressive number of names, some of high ranking officers who, as the British say (when playing cricket of course!), have "made their century."

Officers and men alike appreciate the Clubmobiles, and on page 2 in this issue are published some verses written by T/4 Phil Cohen, of U.S. Army Engrs., an expression of appreciation which speaks for itself.

It is the hope of the American Red Cross that any outfit which does not receive the benefit of this service will write to Headquarters, and if it is humanly possible, those in charge will do their best to meet the necessity somehow or other.

### You are welcome at these A.R.C. Clubs in London

SEE PROGRAMS PAGE 4

CHARLES STREET CLUB, Charles Street, W.1 (Nurses)

Grosvenor 4921  
Langham 2557  
Ken 8831  
Abbey 5636  
Euston 6084  
Western 4805

MOSTYN CLUB, 17/18, Portman Street, W.1

PRINCES GARDENS CLUB (Formerly Eagle Club Dormitories)  
16, Princes Gardens, S.W.7  
RAINBOW CORNER, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1  
REINDEER CLUB, 6/7, Clifford Street, W.1 (Officers)  
VICTORY CLUB, 15, Seymour Street, W.1  
WASHINGTON CLUB, Curzon Street, W.1

Welbeck 2361

Kensington 1191  
Gerrard 5616  
Regent 6593  
Welbeck 5491  
Grosvenor 4901

**OTRO LONDON ARC LIGHT**

## HOW TO MAKE DOUGHNUTS

(Instructions given in the article below would not be held as orthodox by the Catering Department of Headquarters.)

The first thing to acquire is an Alarm Clock (in decorous circles, it is called "moonlight requisition"). It has to have a sledgehammer attached or otherwise won't be able to drag yourself from the arms of Morpheus at 6:30 A.M.

You **don** the red flannels from Hecht's and the old battle dress, slightly stiffened by doughnut odor, and are reminded again to smile sweetly at the Air Corps for some high octane gas to clean it. After all it is the only one you have. Then you dash out to the Clubmobile and flip on the heat switch on the doughnut machine. If you haven't checked to see if it's grounded, it wont matter, you'll be electrocuted anyway.

Heating will take from 45 minutes to an hour, depending on whether the Clubmobile is actually connected to the generator or you just think it is. As you shiver, you clean up the place. (If you have the Pollyanna spirit, you wash the coffee urns.) Then you

sift the flour. (When taught to make doughnuts by Headquarters, you are told to take the temperature of both flour and water, but you will soon get over that! Also you are told to weigh the flour and water - Ha!—but don't forget to put the scales out on the counter, for one never knows when the Headquarters supervisor will pop up.) Then you heat the water for the mix. If the flour is cold, the water should be likewise; but never mind this; if you follow instructions, the boys will find frozen fingers in the doughnuts instead of just nail-polish chip\*. When you sift the flour, squeeze through all the lumps that don't sift. Those lumps contain the fat, sugar, eggs, and whatever other ingredients are necessary for a good doughnut. For every five pounds of flour, you use two pounds and three ounces of water. You judge the water by the mark on the pitcher! You test the temperature of the water, which should be tepid, the same way you do for a baby's bath. (So don't look for the thermometer.) Just remember that too-cold water causes the doughnuts to absorb too much fat, and too

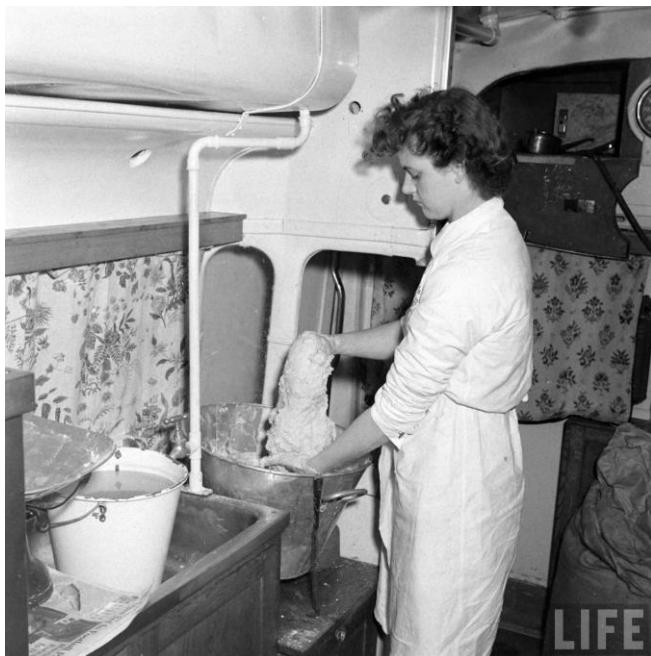
"We weight the water" was the slogan of the "The Sinker", the bulletin published for the Clubmobilers.

In the pic we can see Ruth Davis showing how it would be the correct procedure.



warm water has an even worse effect on them. By now the temperature on your machine is 375 degrees. (The rejects are called 4F's.)

Here's the "Early Bird." You know where he hails from, and he knows where you hail from. He turns on the Victrola. Your hands are in the dough but he cannot find a needle. You wring most of the dough off your hands and elbow the needle box out to him and go back to mixing. Then he can't fit the needle in—it's broken. You are so tired of hearing the scratching that you sigh, you wash your hands and fix the needle. Then you notice that the heat is really up, and the dough not half mixed.



In hurrying you spill half the flour on the counter. You ask your friend to pour the water. He isn't used to handling a large pitcher, so he pours too much hitting the freshly-spilled flour on the counter, making a gooey mess. Finally the dough is mixed, but you discover that you've forgotten to take the pressure clamp off the dough can. You ask your friend to take it off, but he turns the screw the wrong way, tightening the lid. At long last he gets the clamp off, and you tell him to take the lid out and be careful not to let the clamp swing by the air tube. In his clumsy efforts to be careful, he drops the lid into the dough can. Scooping your hands full of dough (at least ten pounds) you juggle the gooey mess, as you dash from the mixing bowl to the doughnut machine. If you are lucky, you won't drop any on the floor. You fill the can while friend is anxiously waiting to put pressure clamp back on. You say, "No, don't bother. I'll have my hands washed in a jiffy." Play "Cow-Cow Boogey". You wash your hands in a hurry and start booking for the lid. It is still reclining peacefully in the bottom of the dough can under some twenty pounds of mix! As you take all of the dough out of the can, retrieve the lid and wash it, smile at the GI who sticks his head at the door and says, "Boy! The Red Cross sure has it easy! 7:30 and no doughnuts!" You're a Clubmobiler!



Above "The dough must be mixed scientifically", says Vera Pitcher, of Bristol, England working in the Green Line Clubmobile "NEW YORK".

Left. Virginia Sherwood, looks not very happy fighting with the dough in the Green Line Clubmobile "NORTH DAKOTA"

Below. One postcard showing how the dough was introduced in the "evil" doughnut machine. Clubmobiler not identified.

Faltan las fuentes



## A DOUGHGIRL'S LIFE

by Eliza King

Two things I've hated all my life are grease and coffee grounds. From the first day I washed a dish until right now, I've always tried to leave the frying pan and the **coffe** pot for somebody else. I thought of that today as I was kneeling down scraping grease, trying to scrub the floor clean. Right above my head hung two wet coffee bags, which I had just washed out and which were dripping gently on my hair. My hands are burnt and cut and rough. My back aches.

At such times I wonder why I love Clubmobile life so. I've never worked quite so hard physically, and on top of that, there's the strain of always being happy and smiling.

But then I remember the grin that breaks through the cement on an engineer's face when you hand him a cup of hot coffee after he has been working for hours in the rain.

A soldier stops to listen contentedly to his favorite record before going back to loading bombs.

A mechanic reads his hometown paper while he rests for a minute from his job of unscrewing all the bolts on the wing of a plane.

Another soldier stands off to one side and just looks at you - stares until you begin to wonder if your shirt-tail is out, but it's just because you are an American girl.

A flyer trudges in after four or five or six hours of dodging flak and enemy fighters, and you hear him say, "Doughnuts! Coffee! Girls! Say, that's alright." And the next time he sees you he asks if you're going to be there to meet them everytime. They tell you it's good to see a familiar face and to have somebody to wave to when they come into town. Some things are worth grease and coffee grounds ...

\* \* \*

It's amazing how quickly you get to feel a part of a particular group of soldiers. We mourn over their losses; we're proud of their achievements. We worry about them from one week to the next, wondering if certain ones have gotten back safely; if others have received their promotions; if this one has heard from his girl and if that one has had news about his baby.

The soldiers accept us as one of them too, one to whom they can tell their news. They become acquainted with our families and our special interests so that the relationship works both ways. We realize that all of us have found in that relationship something of a substitute and a symbol for those lasting, permanent ties that the transciency of war-time living makes impossible ....

\* \* \*

It was the first night landing I had ever seen, and it was quite a sight. In the east a full moon was just coming up over the rim of the landscape, as little pinpoints of

red, which seemed almost like reflections from the moon, began to appear in the west. As they got bigger, the sky seemed to be full of red shooting stars, especially since the wind was blowing away from us, and we could hear no sound of motors.

The flares that went up lit the whole field for a few moments, and the outline of the first planes became clear. They came in like a troupe of dancers, each one making its landing in the spotlight of the moon and then passing back into the darkness as the next one cut through the moonlight with silvered propellers.

## LIFE IS LIKE THAT

by Louise Smartt

It's a beautiful day. At 8:00 AM we arrive at the field to find the usual line of GI's and officers waiting for us, screaming to know where we have been. All they have had to eat for three days has been K-rations, and will we please get on the ball and make coffee and doughnuts. One of the gals rushes to the mess hall to borrow some sugar. The coffee urns are filled on the counter, doughnuts neatly stacked in trays, the juke box working, and we are all set for a big day. We work out a system. Betty Harris is mixing dough for the next batch of doughnuts, a GI squirts milk out of the dispenser and hands the cup to me, which I fill with Chase & Sanborn coffee (the cold water method) and throw to the chow hounds. Another GI picks up the dirty cups hands them to another GI to be washed, who hands them to another GI who hands them to me. The 17 other boys in the kitchen just stand and give us moral support.

Marie Roversi is getting some fat out of the tin can and cuts her hand, so has to be rushed via ambulance to the hospital. I turn around to fix the pressure of the doughnut machine and one of the boys takes over the coffee. He yells out the window to his pilot, forgets to turn off the spigot and we find ourselves paddling a-round in three inches of coffee. The pilot feels it's all his fault and can't he do something to help. June O'Connor tells him to put the flour in the bin and get the sack out of the way. He spills half of it on his furlough pinks and the other half on the floor. We have no mop to get the goo out of the place, so a boy arrives with a brace-and-bit and bores holes in the floor to drain off the coffee. Charlotte Colburn is pouring hot fat in the machine and spills half of it. Now we have coffee, flour and a heavy coating of grease under the feet of some 25 GI's.

At this point we run out of water. The nearest supply is two miles as the C-47 flies. We send an SOS to the water wagon and learn that a B-17 is having a bath but they will be with us soon. We wait, the line gets longer,

and Hope Simpson, our supervisor, arrives to inspect our operation. She stirs the boys around so she can see the condition of things and declares she has never seen such a mess. She's telling us!

We cannot move the bus so I stay and police up the place while the other girls go to the "mess" to eat. Word gets around that the Clubmobile is operating 24 hours when Charlotte comes back to make doughnuts for the next day. The place is jammed, the doughnuts eaten as fast as she can make them. She turns the place over to a Pfc and three full colonels and takes a ten-minute break to grab some chow. We're back on the job making doughnuts until 4:00 AM, then back to town. Soon it starts all over again. Of course we don't get inspected every day by our supervisor, not does our driver get the stomach ache. But, gee, it's great to be a Glamour girl in, the ETO.

### "CLUBMOBILE ASSIGNMENT" (author unknown)

"We old-timers realize that a Clubmobile assignment, like Gaul, is divided into three parts. First, there's the confusion at Headquarters, followed by the confusion of the trip, followed by the confusion of getting settled. After three weeks, one settles down to routine with nothing to interrupt except broken-down doughnut machines or Clubmobiles, arriving at camp to discover the flour has been forgotten, or receiving a telegram from Mr Kline asking about the state of health of the pushrods (when you don't even know where to look for them let alone inquire into their welfare).

But, to get back to the first confusion. Report to headquarters tomorrow 9 A.M. You pack, abandoning cans of juice, peanut butter, jam, and crabmeat. Pay your hotel bill and leave. You did not have to leave your gas mask, helmet and ration card, but you did. And heaven only knows when you'll see your laundry again. You arrive as fresh as last year's brussel sprouts to discover your new Clubmobile, the "KALAMAZOO," isn't at St. George's Yard. Hours later the "WALLA WALLA" shows up, is inspected, and you're whisked to the stores. Here, an LMS truck is unloading, but it will be out in an hour and sometimes is.

Later the luggage of the crew is collected; but there's not room for all the trunks, bags, bedrolls and various packages. By now you are four hours behind schedule, *but* you stagger up the stairs to hear what Mrs. Olds (Personnel Section) has to say. After waiting for fifteen girls just arrived from the States to ask her where Home **Brothers** is, and if they and their best friend can be together, and which is better - a Greenliner or a

Bedford, it's your turn. Mrs. Olds wishes you luck and smiles in such a way that you leave with a sneaking suspicion that she knows something about your new area that she doesn't choose to divulge.

You go to Mr. Ingle, but he's in with Mr. Momand; so you go to Mr. Freeman (Supplies). Mr. Freeman is talking on three phones to six people; but he hands you files, memoranda, the State Register, and advise, which, boiled down, means "Don't take food from the Army and get your reports in on time."

The trip is performed in one of two ways—either by Clubmobile or train.

If you go by Clubmobile, either you get lost or you don't. If you go by train, you either arrive on time and find there is no such thing as the "5:15" or you arrive late and find there is no such thing as a seat. You can't win. But you do arrive and you find your billets are temporary and that you must acquire others in two days. There was to be a lock on your storeroom, but there isn't. Electricity is in five of your seven camps; but, in three of the five something is wrong with it. Your supervisor has to leave. It's up to you to sink or swim. Insurmountable obstacles seem trivial as you overcome them. You suddenly realize you have a smoothly-working schedule, you've got a system, you know the camps and the boys, life is fun and exhilarating, and you're sure yours is the best assignment in England.

Another wire comes, and you're told to report immediately for reassignment. And that's that. You begin again.

### SERVICES TO GROUND AND AIR FORCES

Clubmobile bases in the United Kingdom were usually located at a central point surrounded by many army installations. The schedules were made by the Clubmobile supervisors in coordination with the army. In most cases these were worked out on a weekly basis, that is, one of the Clubmobiles would visit a certain number of camps each week. If a camp were unusually large, they might visit that particular camp twice a week, or two Clubmobiles might be based together. A Clubmobile usually covered twelve installations a week. The boys came to know the girls well and waited impatiently for "their" Clubmobile as the schedule for service was posted at the camp in advance. Most of the camps provided a place for the girls to park the Clubmobile and connect to camp electricity. The boys who had free time delighted in helping make doughnuts or in playing records on the victrola in the lounge. Some just sat in the lounge and watched the girls cook, as it reminded them of Mother back home in the kitchen.

(from Louise Clayton's letters)

I am really thrilled with my first assignment! Marjorie Ann Lee and I sharing a room in a beautiful old hotel, George Hotel, in Huntingdon. We're right in the midst of bomber bases and go out in our Clubmobile every day to a different base and return each evening to the hotel. For about the first time in several months I have been able to unpack and feel somewhat settled.

If you could see me working now I bet you wouln't believe it. Remember when I use to goof off washing just a few dishes at home? Well now I'm washing six big coffee urns under a hand pump in the courtyard. Each urn holds about  $6\frac{1}{2}$  gallons of coffee. And you should see the way we cook. We mix our dough 18 pounds of flour at a time to about 10 pounds of water. That makes 400 doughnuts and as the machine turns them out 7 per minute it lasts about an hour and we mix another batch. Some days we've made at least 2000 doughnuts. When we cook at the army fields though we always have plenty of GI's to help us. Then we make the coffee in the GI mess hall in huge cauldrons that hold 50 gallons each. Each one is set over a fire of hot coals : when they are shoveling the coals around they shout "Hot stuff!" and everyone keeps out of the way. (The English expression for asking you to get out of the way or be careful is "Mind your back.") We use about 55 pounds of lard a day just to fry the doughnuts. When we serve coffee on the Clubmobile we have to keep washing the cups and using them over and over. If we don't get volunteers we're stuck with washing about 600 cups ourselves. On most fields the Clubmobile is so full of GI's you can hardly turn around. They do most of the work and love it, some of them know lots more about it than I do.

One day last week, we served our first mission. We stayed at the field for supper and then when the planes were due back went down to the flight line to watch for them. Almost all of the men have bicycles and they came riding in from every direction to line up and wait, collected in groups, sitting on the grass, leaning against their bikes. Many of them have acquired dogs. Then when the planes come back they count the ones in each formation, and try to decide whether they are ours or returning to a neighboring field. And as they land they are counted by each person. You can hear the men around you counting but it is quite hard to keep track; one will be saying 29 as another will say 31 and it isn't until later that you know whether any are missing or not. And as each plane lands they look it over for damage and signs of flak. The third plane that came in dropped red flares and at sight of those everyone grew tense and those seated stood up. Red flares means that someone on the plane is wounded and the ambulance is sent out to meet that plane immediately. This particular mission was a large and a very rough one. Several planes came in with one motor feathered and they were all shot up with flak. One of our planes was missing, shot down over the target. As soon as they land the crews are rushed into the interrogation room where they are

questioned immediately about the raid. It is in this room that we serve coffee, doughnuts and fruit juice and pass out gum, cigarettes and candy. They look very tired and dirty when they come in and with some their hands shake so they can't hold the cup steady while you pour. I can tell you that we're really glad to see every one of them! If they're a tenth as glad to see us as we are to see them, then our job is worthwhile. They really thank us for coming which makes us feel pretty humble because we were grateful for the opportunity and thought it the biggest honor we could have. It is really something to hear them talk about the raid. And don't think they're not scared!

We got home about 12:00 o'clock, a long day from 7:00 in the morning but we'd serve any and every mission we have the chance to.

### **Griffin, Georgia**

**Dear Marjorie,**

**Guess you wonder who could be writing you from Griffin so I'll try explaining. My husband — James Clark met you somewhere in Germany during the early part of March and wrote me how wonderful it was to talk to a girl from Cedartown, GA, So I thought I'd like to take this way of thanking you for being nice to him. He's so homesick and lonesome too - til I guess he felt he knew you already since you were both from the South. I don't expect you to remember him out of all the thousands of soldiers you came in contact with every day but I want to tell you how much I do appreciate your kindness toward him. He has been overseas almost 2 years and I miss him so terribly.**

**I manage a store here in Griffin and it was thru one of my customers that I got your address. She is one of my regular hose customers so while waiting on her one day she mentioned the fact that she was originally from Cedartown - so naturally I asked if she knew anyone from there with the A.R.C. She didn't but brought her friend in later that did, with your address. She is a Mrs. Barnes (Frank). He is a railroad man. Maybe you know them.**

**Marjorie, Congratulations on the wonderful work you are doing for the boys at the front. I'd like to hear from you if you have the time to answer - if not you may hear from me again anyway because I know what mail must mean. May you and all the other girls and boys be home before so long.**

**Sincerely,  
Clara Clark**

AMERICAN RED CROSS  
Continental Headquarters  
Clubmobile Department  
APO 887, U.S. Army.

November 22nd, 1944.

Mrs. Louise Clayton,  
Clubmobile Group "B",  
American Red Cross.

Dear Mrs. Clayton:

I have pleasure in enclosing herewith copy of a letter which I have received from Colonel Cyrus A. Dolph, III, Commanding, 102nd Cavalry Group, Mecz., paying high tribute to the work of Miss Goodwin, Miss Lee and yourself at the Rest Camp of his Command.

It is most gratifying at this office to receive such a letter of commendation, and it is good for you to know that all your hard work on behalf of the soldiers is so much appreciated.

Yours sincerely,  
James L. Brown,  
Director,  
Clubmobile Department.

C.C. Miss C. Moss.

HQ 102ND CAVALRY GROUP, MECHANIZED  
APO 230 U.S. Army

CAD/JWT/tfl  
November 13th, 1944.

Subject: Commendation

To: Director of Red Cross Clubmobiles, V  
Corps,  
APO 305

1. I wish to take this opportunity to commend Miss Frances Goodwin, Miss Marjorie Ann Lee, and Mrs. Louise Clayton, operators of the Clubmobile "Daniel Boone", for their excellent spirit of cooperation which did much toward making the Rest Camp of this command a success.

2. During their tour of duty with this command, they served eleven (11) units at least once each week and in addition served the men of the rest center every day. This required their working nights in addition to their daily schedule.

3. Their efforts were appreciated by all, and we look forward to having the "Daniel Boone" and the young ladies with this organization again.

(Signed) CYRUS A. DOLPH III  
Colonel, 102nd Cavalry Group

\* \* \* SYMPHONY \* \* \*

Symphony, symphony in blue  
That compels me to see you again.  
Symphony of that eve in spring  
Brings back everything all that is pain.  
Harmony, heady with sweet perfume  
Comes to me haunting my lovely room.  
Symphony, symphony!  
All alone in my reverie,  
It is you I see my symphony,  
Symphony, symphony in blue  
You have brought us together again  
Let me be, do not awaken me  
Stay away dawn of another day.  
C'est fini, c'est fini!  
How it's gone, gone my reverie,  
Gone my symphony, my symphony, symphony!

Symphonie, symphonie d'un jour  
Qui chante toujours dans mon coeur lourd  
Symphonie d'un soir de printemps  
C'est toi que j'entends, depuis longtemps;  
Tes accords ont garde leurs parfums,  
Je revois les souvenirs defunts  
Symphonie, symphonie!  
Je revois los rideaux fanec  
Que pour nous aimer, tu as fermes.  
Dans la nuit, tout comme autrefois,  
Il traime parfois un peu de toi  
Et l'echo et le son de ta voix,  
Maintenant, je le retrouve en moi.  
C'est fini, c'est fini!  
Et j'entends, grande a l'infini  
Comme una harmonic  
Ma symphonie, ma symphonie!

### **"THE SINKER"**

As Clubmobile crews (usually three girls to a crew) were billeted in small English communities and had only infrequent contact with their fellow workers, a feeling of isolation from the department often resulted. So, in August 1943, a Clubmobile newspaper, "The Sinker" appeared. Its primary aim was to bring Clubmobile personnel into closer contact with one another, to acquaint all departments with the interesting and amusing events in Clubmobiling, and to provide Clubmobile girls with a memento" of their wartime service.

Soon after "THE SINKER" made its debut, a request came from Harvard University for a copy of each issue to be placed in the Houghton Library.

Igual habría que explicar que  
después de la guerra se creo otro boletín  
El Sinker Jr



VOL. 1 NO. 1

AUGUST 15, 1943.

#### THE SINKER MAKES ITS BOW

This first issue of THE SINKER is dedicated with appreciation to Mr. Harvey D. Gibson, Commissioner, and to Mr. Lunsford P. Yandell, Clubmobile Director. To Mr. Gibson for having originated A.R.C. Clubmobiles. To Mr. Yandell for having thought of and named THE SINKER.

With the aid and interest of members of the Clubmobile Department we hope to issue THE SINKER regularly. Its aim is to help Clubmobilers get better acquainted with one another; to pass on for the enjoyment of all some of the interesting and amusing incidents of Clubmobile life; and to leave you a record, to which you may refer in future years, of the time when "doughnuts and coffee" (and push-rods!) played a big part in your lives. Best wishes and good luck!

THE SINKER

#### WHERE WE'RE FROM

Twenty-seven states and Washington D.C. are represented by Red Cross Clubmobile girls. New York State leads with eighteen representatives, including twelve Manhattanites. Illinois is second with eight; Pennsylvania has seven; Massachusetts and Washington D.C. six; Ohio and Tennessee five; California, Maryland and North Carolina four; Michigan three. Two girls come from each of the following: Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, New Jersey, South Carolina, and Virginia. And there is one apiece from Arkansas, Colorado, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, New Hampshire, Oklahoma, Oregon, Texas, West Virginia, and Wisconsin. There are also twenty British Clubmobilers. If you would like to know the names and home towns of girls from your part of the States, write THE SINKER.

#### SHAKE-UPS

##### In the Clubmobile Department

Holiday Crews: Priscilla Alden goes in for Elma Ernst at Base 31 this week; Gretchen Schuyler for Helen O'Hara at Base 28; Helen Thompson for Diane Morny at Base 12.

Transfers: The July 26th list of Clubmobile bases and crews is still up-to-date.

Lady Marion Chesham, Assistant Director for Personnel, is getting a well deserved rest at her country home in Buckinghamshire. Clubmobilers hope she will be back with us soon.

Recuperating: Margaret McLeod; Ethel Wilson; Anne Tunnicliffe. Ethel should be back with Clubmobile within two weeks. Anne, daughter of Mrs. Barbara Bellville, Personnel Assistant, has been home with the measles.

#### NIGHTMARE DAY ABOARD THE ALABAMA

By Betty Stanniland

Today is a nightmare. Most of it we want to dig a hole and crawl in. Anne (Jack) telephones Mr. Kline to say Hammond took the day off, and Mr. Kline says why doesn't Anne borrow a driver from the local bus company--which she does. The driver arrives and his name is Mr. Drage, and he is willing and enthusiastic.

A chicken colonel calling on Nell (Morin) explains the gears to Mr. Drage, who isn't quite sure of them, and then Nell gets on, and the Colonel gets off, and we go to our Sunday camp. It's now about noon. Mr. Drage is trying to get in position in front of the mess kitchen and can't get the bus out of reverse. Nell is standing there saying, "Really, Mr. Drage, I think you'd better not try anymore." Anne goes into the mess sergeant's office and who is there but friendly Sgt. Joe of the motor pool and Roddy, a driver of his. They come dashing out and put the bus in position, and everybody is glad.

Then we start to connect the doughnut machine, and Anne rushes to ground it and the wire jerks the plug loose from the boy who is holding it, and the plug drops and breaks. But they manage to make what's left of it go in the socket and blow the fuse. Then we hunt the electricians, and they're not working because it's Sunday but they come anyway and fix us up. We are ready to start making doughnuts, but it's nearly two, and we won't have enough made to drive out and serve at three so we ask to have it announced that we are going to serve in front of the mess kitchen. The batter is all mixed and ready to go in the machine, and we start to put the parts together and find that the cutter sleeve is missing. We look high and low and think we must have left it at the last camp. Anne is in the mess sergeant's office telephoning the Friday camp to see if it's there when there is a crunch and a growl from the loud speaking system and then, "Attention! Attention! The American Red Cross Clubmobile Alabama is here and will serve doughnuts outside the mess kitchen at three."

It is five minutes to three now, and by the time Anne gets out to the Alabama the GIs are starting to arrive. The other camp cannot find the cutter sleeve, and Sgt. Joe has volunteered to take Anne to look for it, and then she finds it behind the doughnut machine! The first batch goes in at four o'clock. Mr. Drage is fluttering around being very helpful and doing a beautiful job of steel-wooling coffee urns and carrying water.

We begin to serve, and the GIs hoop with amazement and shout, "Bravo!" and we serve lots of doughnuts and coffee. Then we clean up the bus and take it home and tell Mr. Drage goodnight, and he thanks us for a very interesting day.

## SPECIAL PROGRAMS IN ENGLAND

In addition to the usual airforce/army base runs, there were several special Clubmobile Operations in England ... Dock Operations, Troop Train Services and "Donut Dugouts."

Hope Simpson reports that, "One day while scouting Cardiff, I met a dock transport officer, who suggested that we have Clubmobiles greet the troop ships. Those dock operations became one of the most worthwhile services, helping cheer up the GI's as they arrived.

In late August, 1943, plans were formulated for the serving of disembarking troops at Liverpool, the second largest port of debarkation in the British Isles. This came partly as an outgrowth of service at import railway junctions. This service was so successful that dock operations were later established in Scotland, Ireland and at all other English ports of importance.

The Clubmobile Director's Report of these first operations to the Commissioner is as follows:

September 22nd, 1943  
SECRET

To: Mr. Harvey D. Gibson, Commissioner  
From: Don S. Momand

Subject: LIVERPOOL DOCK SERVICE

Word was received at Clubmobile Headquarters at about 4:50 p.m. on the 14th September that U.S. Troops would be disembarking at Liverpool, starting at around 6 p.m. on Wednesday, the 15.

Upon receiving the above information it was arranged to send Mr. Freeman to Liverpool on the 5:30 train the same day. Two of our Field Supervisors were contacted in the field and directed to report at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, at noon the following day. Seven newly-arrived Red Cross girls in the midst of training at Headquarters went to Liverpool on the 8:30 a.m. train Wednesday, the 15th September.

The instructions given Mr. Freeman prior to his departure were that he was to take charge of all aspects of the Dock Service. He was told to invite all possible help and co-operation from local Red Cross personnel and volunteer services.

A telegram was sent to the Zone Executive at Liverpool on the 14th September informing him of the arrangements being made to service the arriving troops. A doughnut and coffee kitchen had been installed in the basement of the Mount Pleasant Red Cross Dormitories at Liverpool. The

equipment consisted of a Standard-type doughnut machine capable of producing approximately 900 doughnuts per hour. Instructions had been given to install three 20-gallon coffee urns but, unknown to this Department, two 10-gallon urns and only one 20-gallon urn were installed. This proved to be a handicap and it was necessary to supplement the coffee production of the kitchen by making additional coffee on gas cookers in the Officers' Club.

The Clubmobile personnel working on the operation consisted of:

Mr. E. P. Freeman, Assistant Director in Charge  
Mr. Edward Ingle, Assistant Director  
Miss Joan Bunker, Field Supervisor  
Miss Virginia Ellis, Field Supervisor  
Miss Camilla Moss, Field Supervisor  
In addition there were 12 Red Cross Clubmobile girls

The local personnel co-operating in the service consisted of:

Mr. Robert Sherwood, Field Supervisor (Field Serv.)  
Mr. Al Farber, Club Director  
Mr. Clarence Yonkman, Field Director

Mrs. Croome-Johnson, Superintendent of voluntary workers at the ARC Club, secured a rota of volunteer English women to assist in the operation. This voluntary English staff worked on 8-hour shifts of 12 people on each shift, each group performing only one shift of service during the operations.

The first Dock Service started at 6:15 p.m. on Wednesday, the 15th September, and ended 45 hours later at 3:30 p.m. on Friday, the 17th instant.

During that time 36 trains, averaging 11 coaches each, were served. The total number of men was 19,500 and they were served with 42,300 doughnuts and 22,800 cups of coffee, in addition to the distribution of cigarettes, matches, chewing gum, etc., of which details are given later in this report.

The second Dock Service operation commenced at 9:30 p.m. on Sunday, the 19th of September, and was completed 18 hours later at 3:30 p.m., Monday, the 20th instant.

This operation took care of 7,500 men on 19 trains averaging 11 coaches each. A total of 19,800 doughnuts and 16,200ups of coffee were served. It was possible serve more coffee per man during the second operation as compared with the first because, between the two, additional coffeemaking facilities had been provided.

The following is a total of the doughnuts, coffee, cigarettes, etc. served and distributed during the two operations:

62,100	Doughnuts
39,000	Cups of Coffee
52,000	Cigarettes
25,000	Book Matches
2,000	Life Savers
37,500	Pieces of Chewing Gum
70,656	Necco Wafers
385	Bars of Chocolate
576	Packs of Playing Cards

The total number of men served was over 27,000.

Attached hereto is copy of letter dated 17th September received from Colonel Cleland Sibley, Port Commander at Liverpool commanding the service given to the debarking troops by the American Red Cross.

Apart from the Doughnut and Coffee Kitchen in the Mount Pleasant Dormitories, the equipment employed and the uses to which it was put are as follows:

(a) One Green Line Clubmobile

This Clubmobile was driven on to the Central Station platform where one group of men was being entertained. With music being played by the P.A. System, the men were served doughnuts and coffee in the coaches. No leys were used on this operation as the Clubmobile girls carried the jugs of coffee and trays of donuts into the coaches and served the men there.

(b) 3 specially-designed rubber-tired trolleys, carrying four 5-gallon Thermos urns of coffee and four 1-gallon jugs of coffee, or a total of roughly 440 cups of coffee. It was only necessary to use four of the doughnut trays on the trolley, each holding 120 doughnuts, or a total of 480 doughnuts.

In preparation for servicing a train, one trolley was placed at the end of the train, a second trolley was placed in the middle and a third trolley at the head of the train.

As the men left the boat, they were marched in most cases to the end of the train and entered the coaches. They were given three or four minutes in which to get rid of their packs and settle down.

The girls with the trolley would then start servicing the men and progressed toward the middle of the train.

When the troops entered the coaches in the middle of the train, the second trolley started to operate; and, in turn, the trolley at the head of the train com-

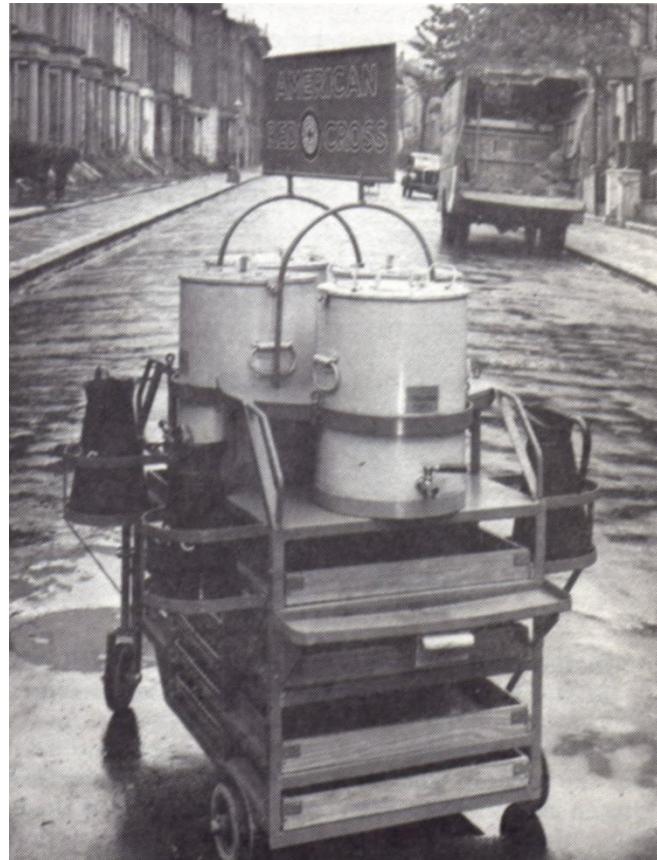
menced operations as the troops reached that section.

There were 400/500 men on each train, and it took an average of about 20 minutes to serve one train with the three trolleys, each staffed with five girls. Trains were loaded and departed hourly.

- (c) A Studebaker motor vehicle of special design, fitted with a number of doughnut trays and coffee urns, operated a shuttle service between the doughnut and coffee kitchen in the Mount Pleasant Dormitories and the Docks, carrying coffee and doughnuts to the Docks and returning the empty containers for re-filling.
- (d) A station wagon was used to transport all personnel, including the voluntary workers, back and forth from their homes to the Docks.
- (e) A large sign measuring 18 feet by 2<sup>1/2</sup> feet was suspended in a permanent position at Riverside Station just adjacent to the Docks, reading as follows:

AMERICAN RED CROSS  
CLUBMOBILE DEPARTMENT  
CANTEEN DIVISION

In future, this sign will simply read "AMERICAN RED CROSS", without reference to Departments.



As a result of the first Dock Service, it became clear that the service could be improved by having a coffee kitchen installed at the Riverside Station at Princes Dock rather than by bringing the coffee by shuttle service from Mount Pleasant.

Mr. Freeman contacted the Authorities concerned who extended cooperation, and with the aid of 38 workmen working under highest pressure on Saturday and Sunday, the 18th and 19th September, a complete new installation of a coffee kitchen at the Station was finished. This included three 20-gallon gas boilers, a rest room for the girls, with all facilities. In addition, at a corner of the station platform near where the trains depart, a shed was erected measuring 18 by 8 feet, which provided shelter for the personnel from the weather and also served as a temporary storeroom for keeping the doughnuts dry.

As the men left the boat, one group went directly to the waiting train and another to a waiting room. Provision was made for servicing the men in the waiting room with coffee and doughnuts. This latter group later marched across the city and departed from another railway station. Most of the men left from the River-side Station, but there were a few services in the waiting room, as mentioned.

In addition to the men, a train left from Lime Street containing 200 nurses and 22 Red Cross girls. Doughnut-and-coffee service was also provided for this personnel.



This still from an Imperial War Museum footage shows two unidentified Red Cross Workers at Liverpool Station with one trolley.

[AMERICAN GIs ARRIVE IN THE UK BY TROOPSHIP \(PART 2\)](#)  
[\[Allocated Title\] | IWM Film \(iwmcollections.org.uk\)](#)

It should be mentioned that the American Red Cross personnel worked day and night on shifts of eight hours on and eight hours off.

In concluding this report, I feel that special mention should be made of the service rendered by Mr Freeman in organizing the Dock Service on the spot and for its efficient execution. During the first  $7\frac{1}{2}$  hours following his arrival in Liverpool, he had only  $7\frac{1}{2}$  hours' sleep, spending the other 64 hours day and night at the Docks and Station, supervising the service and that everything went off smoothly

While everyone taking part in the operation gave the fullest cooperation and did not spare themselves in work or hours, I should like to make special reference to the unselfish devotion to their duties displayed by Mr. Ingle, Miss Moss, Miss Bunker and Miss Ellis. As indicated in Colonel Sibley's letter, the fine spirit of the "female" assistants deserves special commendation. Mr. Robert Sherwood, Mr. Al Farber and Mr. Clarence Yonkman rendered most valuable assistance.

Appropriate letters of appreciation for the assistance given the Red Cross are being sent to the Port, Harbour and Station authorities.

Based upon the practical experience obtained during these two services at the Liverpool Docks, plans will now be formulated for improving the facilities and organization with a view to similar operations in future,

One group of debarking troops were so grateful for the greeting and service of the American Red Cross that a voluntary subscription was taken up by the men in two carriages, and \$28.20 U.S. currency was collected and handed over with the remark, "By God, the American Red Cross is right on the ball!"



Judy Hunter of Chattanooga, Tenn., distributes cigarettes and mints to American Army Nurses just arrived in Scotland.

(signed) Don S. Momand

# The Girls Whose Perfume Is 'Donel No. 5'

**It's the Clinging Odor of Doughnuts and Very Popular With the Boys Overseas**

**By Virginia Irwin**

Of the Post-Dispatch Staff Now on  
Leave With the American  
Red Cross.

AT A SCOTTISH PORT.

**F**AR out in the harbor, shrouded in the Scotch mist, the troop transport that was once a luxury liner rode at anchor. Her guns were fully manned, her engines idling but ready at a second's notice to head for the open sea should there be warning of enemy planes. From a great maw in her side American troops, part of the great invasion force being assembled in the British Isles, had been pouring onto giant tenders since early morning. On the dock the band of the Highland Light Infantry paraded in battle dress playing Sousa's "National Emblem March" and 16 young women worked doggedly but smilingly passing out coffee, doughnuts, cigarettes and chewing gum as the troops left the tenders and were loaded on military trains.

"Geez," a boy with a Brooklyn accent addressed his buddy, "them's American girls."

"We shore are, fellah," laughed Kay Curtis of Chattanooga, Tenn., captain of the crew of American Red Cross girls stationed at this Scottish port to see that our boys from home get something to eat and a tummy full of hot coffee before starting their long train journeys southward into England.

\* \* \*

**N**O matter what the hour or the weather, the Red Cross dock workers are always on hand to welcome our boys when they march down the gangplank. And always the story is the same. The steaming coffee and doughnuts are forgotten temporarily while the men give way to amazement at seeing their first American girls on foreign soil.

"I've had boys pass their can-teens cups through the train windows for their third and fourth cups of coffee and yell for the third and fourth round of doughnuts," says Clubmobile Capt. Kay Curtis in a soft southern drawl that is at strange odds with the executive flair she exhibits for managing these dock operations which often involve the feeding of many thousands of troops a week. "It's not that the boys are so starved for coffee and doughnuts after their ocean voyage, it's just an excuse to get you back to the train window so they can talk to an American girl."

As captain of the dock crew, Kay Curtis leads a rugged existence. So do the girls that work under her. Often they roll out of their bunks at their hostel before sunup; pile back into these bunks around midnight, after serving thousands of doughnuts and hundreds of gallons of coffee in a day.

"But," says Mary Julia "Judy"



**RED CROSS GIRLS SPREADING CHEER AT A SCOTTISH PORT. LEFT, JUDY HUNTER OF CHATTANOOGA, TENN., DISTRIBUTES CIGARETTES AND MINTS TO AMERICAN ARMY NURSES JUST ARRIVED IN SCOTLAND. RIGHT, SCOTTISH WOMAN VOLUNTEER AIDS IN RED CROSS FEEDING OPERATIONS. ARRIVING TROOPS GET DOUGHNUTS, COFFEE, CIGARETTES AND GUM.**

Hunter, also of Chattanooga, Tenn., who gave up a job as a surgeon's assistant to join the American Red Cross, "the thrill of hearing those boys all yelling 'what state ya' from?' is the greatest music on earth."

"And," says Barbara "Bobby" Lewis of Fayetteville, N. Y., who was a practicing architect back home, "when the soldiers march down that gangplank and spy us, it takes a moment for the fact that we're American girls to sink in. And then comes the comedy. They grin and try to tip their tin hats—which is a pretty tough job in case you've ever tried to tip a tin hat anchored under the chin with a leather strap."

Capt. Kay Curtis, who was a reporter on the Chattanooga News Free Press, Judy Hunter and Bobby Lewis, are the "regulars" of the American Red Cross dock crew at this particular British port. The balance of the crew changes every two weeks, but Kay, Judy and Bobby stay on to superintend operations and see that the new crews are initiated into the fool-proof routine that insures every American boy who steps off a troop transport at least one canteen cup of American coffee, two doughnuts, a package of cigarettes and a package of chewing gum.

Life at the "Sinker Club," the hostel where the Red Cross dock workers live while drudging out

their two weeks of dock operations, is something like being confined to a fairly comfortable nut-hatch. The minute a Red Cross gal sets foot in the door, she's handed a nickname, such as the one saddled on "Bobby". Lewis who's called "Spike-head" Lewis because she appeared at meal time with her hair spit-curled on bobby pins. Baggage is strewn about the house, once a Scotch home now under lease to the American Red Cross, and the girls sleep in double-decker bunks in a dormitory on the second floor in what was once the master-bedroom of the house. Attire at mealtimes is anything a gal happens to have on when the mess-gong rings and evenings when there are no dock operations are spent sitting around the fireplace writing letters to the folks back home.

\* \* \*

**T**ECHNICALLY a service of the Clubmobile Department of the American Red Cross, the Clubmobile girls who man the dock crews in stretches of two weeks are known as Rangers.

"But," says Capt. Kay Curtis, "there's no ranging to a dock job. You get up early in the morning to have the doughnuts and coffee ready for the first tenderload of boys they take off the transport and you stay on that dock handing out doughnuts and coffee all day and sometimes far into the night.

There's no place to go in this town anyway if you don't have to work at night, so all the ranging there is lies between the dock and the hostel. And believe me at night the gals are too all in to want to go anywhere anyway."

In the Red Cross, being chosen for two weeks' service on a dock operations crew is considered an honor, the sign that you can take standing on a dock in Scotland with the wind whipping around your skirts, your fingers numb with the cold and your back aching from pouring out hundreds of gallons of coffee. And if you can take all this and still smile to each of a couple of thousand of American boys who ask you in a single day, "Hey, sis, what state you from?" you're entitled to a little certificate issued by Capt. Kay Curtis which identifies you as qualified to wear the official perfume of the Clubmobile girls of the American Red Cross—"Donel No. 5." Distinctly unlike "Chanel No. 5," "Donel No. 5" is best described as having all the allure of stale lard encased in a week-old doughnut.

"Smelling slightly of rancid grease is one of our privileges," laughs Capt. Kay Curtis. "And having some poor homesick kid murmur 'God bless you' when you hand him a canteen cup full of hot coffee is another," she adds soberly.

HEADQUARTERS, PORT COMMANDER  
U.S. Army APO 507

17th September 1943

SUBJECT: Clubmobile Service

TO: Director Clubmobile Dept., ARC,  
12 Grosvenor Sq., London W.I.

1. During a recent operation at this Port your Clubmobile Service, under the personal direction of Mr. E. P. Freeman, served coffee, doughnuts, gum, candy, and cigarettes to troops debarking.
2. This service was rendered for a continuous period of 41 hours during trying conditions of rather cold and very wet weather.
3. The spirit of Mr. Freeman and his assistants, both male and particularly female, during this trying period was commendable. The service rendered helped materially in keeping the morale of the troops at a high point.

(Signed) CLELAND C. SIBLEY  
Colonel, T. C.  
Port Commander

DISTRIBUTION  
Copy to Chief of Transportation

Here is a version of dock operations by a Clubmobiler, as reported in THE SINKER, Feb. 2, 1944.

## VARIATIONS ON A THEME IN C & D

by: Eliza King

The moon's still up at 8 a.m. The Liverpool station is empty and dark except for one little corner where a shed hides the Red Cross stores. Your feet still hurt from yesterday's tramping and your arms have developed new muscles that even a Clubmobile didn't make you know you had. But you try to look pert and gay as you say good morning to the night shift girls and just to prove you really are awake, you start pushing one of the trolley buses over to the coffee kitchen to get it loaded for the first train. You make conversation with the MP's and the R.T.O. boys but not for long because here's the first train. And suddenly out of the blackness a line of soldiers appears.

It's a familiar silhouette by this time - packs on back, rifles slung over shoulders, tin helmets at every angle, but it's still a thrill to see them because they're American soldiers, your own flesh and blood, arrived to do a mansized job.

Watch them as they go by, gay and in their usual high spirits but underneath their casualness, proud to be overseas. You're proud of them too for being here, and you find yourself standing a little straighter and holding your head a little higher because you're one of them.

### Allies All

As soon as they get settled, you grab a pitcher of coffee, a tray of doughnuts or a tray of doughnuts or a tray of chewing gum and cigarettes and follow them into the cars. English volunteer workers know their spots too and are off to welcome their new allies.

There's not time for much conversation. "Get out your canteen cups for coffee ... Yes sir, real American coffee ... Doughnuts'll be here any minute ... I made some of them and the ones I didn't, some other American girl did... That's right, I said American, Atlanta, Ga. Where're you from? How is home? ... You'll like England and we're mighty glad you're here." By that time you're through one car and shouting promises over your shoulder to come back and see them, particularly those from your part of the country.

You rush off to get another tray and start on the next car. There's time for a little visiting but not much before the whistle blows and you hop out and frantically count heads to make sure that none of your volunteers is still on the train. The soldiers struggle with the strange train windows, finally get them down just in time to wave goodbye - and there's just time for us to load up before the next train rolls in.

By this time the rain has begun, as you knew it would. It's a fine steady drizzle that sifts down through the bombed out roof, beats on your hat and trickles down your back.

Those curls you worked on so hard are gone and all you've got to rely on is a red scarf and a smile. So you give your scarf an extra yank and stroll out to wave at the next line of soldiers.

For hours they come and go, soldiers, soldiers, soldiers, tray after tray of doughnuts, pack after pack of chewing gum and cigarettes, coffee pitchers that have no bottom at all, and all the while the loud speaker blares forth "Paper Doll" because nobody has time to pick out a new record.

Smile, gal, smile

Your back aches so and you're in a daze from looking down at canteen cups. Your face aches from smiling and your throat hurts from talking. But pick up your feet gal and smile, smile, if it kills you, 'cause they're more American soldiers come to fight a war - somebody's sweetheart or husband or father. You may have seen millions like him but you stand for home to him, so pick up your feet and smile.

It's still raining at 8 p.m. You don't know which is worse, the cold or the wet, but you're so numb it really doesn't matter. Strangely enough, though, you find yourself just a little loath to turn it all over to the night shift. They're your boys and you want to be sure they're treated right. You're ready for dinner and bed but still, you can't resist walking back and waving to that last line. Even though you are leaving - pick up your feet, gal, and smile.

### "CLUBMOBILES WELCOME POW YANKS"

(From "The SINKER", November 11, 1943)

"As the Americans got off the boat . . . they were well showered with gum by three Red Cross workers - Jane Goodell, of Bound Brook, N.J.; Lucile Houck, of Cumberland, Md.; and Frida Sharman, of New York."

So said "STARS AND STRIPES" on October 27 in telling about the arrival of fourteen American prisoners-of-war from Germany.

Interviewed by ARC Public Relations Director Lindsay MacHarrie on the regular CBS program, "The Red Cross Report", Jane and Frida had a chance tell the folks back home about welcoming the Yanks to friendly shores.

Frida described the hospital ship "Atlantis" anchoring in Liverpool Harbor while a British band played "Pack up Your Troubles", followed by the American one with "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy".

Although all but one of the repatriated Yanks were in British uniform, the girls were able to pick out the Americans even before they spoke. Jane told over the air how they made only two wrong guesses - and those two were Canadians.

The following day Frida visited some of the boys at a hospital, and one recognized her as a Clubmobiler who had served him at his former base. One of the last to see him before he was taken prisoner, Frida was thus one of the first to welcome him back.

The Clubmobilers gave the boys candy, cigarettes, matches, newspapers and magazines. The boys told them that without Red Cross food parcels, their diet in prison would have been a monotonous round of soup, dark bread and potatoes.

### **"DONUT DUGOUTS"**

Clubmobile, with its fluid operational setup, could meet any type of service requirements. So, when there arose a need for a small club in isolated places with so few troops that Club Department did not see fit to open a large club, Clubmobile cheerfully set up a "Donut Dugout". Depending on the number of troops served and available space, the Dugout ranged from one small room with donut-and-coffee bar, a few tables and chairs, to several rooms large enough to include reading and writing facilities, ping pong and lounge. Somehow they always managed to have some form of music - either piano, victrola or radio.

### **"FIRST DONUT DUGOUT OPENS"**

(from "The SINKER", December 9, 1943)

Commissioner Harvey D. Gibson made a flying trip last week to inspect the first in a series of "Donut Dugouts", which will serve troops that would otherwise have no Club facilities. Donut Dugout No. 1, located at Base 40, had been opened Thanksgiving Eve under the supervision of Elma Ernst, Mary Moore, Marion "Sis" McCarthy, and Margaret Scholander, and offers a lounge, games and music - with Clubmobile doughnuts and coffee - from 3 to 11 p.m.

Present for the opening were Mrs. Barbara Bellville, who had located and set up the Dugout, Mrs. Hope Simpson, Area Supervisor, Field Director Eugene White, the Clubmobile crew, and Army officials. Colonel William L. Plummer cut a red, white and blue ribbon stretched across the Dugout's fireplace (not across the entrance due to blackout), and the annex was officially open.

A half hour before the opening, Elma, high on a stepladder cleaning, looked exactly like the proverbial 'sweep'. However, she was ready with a smile to do a grand job of hostessing when the big moment arrived. Mary, "Sis" and Margaret were in charge of the doughnuts and coffee and had prepared a large supply for the occasion.

First GI to cross the threshold was Pvt. William Caldwell, who turned out to be an A-1 guitarist. At first there was no piano to accompany him; but, at a lucky moment Rosa Loader, English actress, walked in, and soon willing GI's were rolling her tiny portable piano down the street from her home to the Dugout.

Pvt. Caldwell's accompanist was none other than Clubmobile Engineer Simon "Shorty" Goodman, who, after a day of scouring the BALTIMORE\*, turned artist and entertained the Dugout audience at the piano. Meanwhile the glistening "BALTIMORE" was on display in front of the Dugout and was inspected during the evening by Women's Volunteer Service members, who will assist nightly at the Dugout.

Over the fireplace hangs a picture painted by Corporal Frank Eggleston, U.S. Army Engineers, that shows the "BALTIMORE" with Elma and Mary inside, "Sis" chatting outside with a G.I.

Special thanks go to Mr. Alan Hall, Director and Lt. Colonel E. Hunter-Fell, both of the ARC Purchasing Department, and Mr. James A. Swaddling, Clubmobile Department, for their splendid co-operation in getting furniture and supplies to the base, thus making it possible to open the Dugout just ten days from the date when the premises were first located.

## More Recruitment

Who were we, the Red Cross girls? Where did we come from? Why did we voluntarily go overseas? One of us put it this way: There are two questions to be asked about every Red Cross girl—Why she joined and why the Red Cross ever took her? I had been passed over after my original interview because I had not supervised a children's playground, had skipped Sociology in college and done nothing even mildly spectacular to recommend me. When the Red Cross discovered they needed to recruit and train many more girls for the new Clubmobile division, they went through their files searching out everyone who had no particular reason for being rejected the first time. I received a telegram to report to Washington in three days. I was very grateful they reconsidered because if everyone was going overseas to win the war, I desperately wanted to go too and help out.

We came from all over—by August, 1943, ninety-three of us from 27 states and the District of Columbia. It was hard to find a common denominator in our experiences and formal qualifications, but one thing we did have in common—each one of us "desperately wanted to help." We shared a sense of history, that no matter how you felt about the war, it would be the most important event of our generation, and we wanted to be a part of it. We shared an idealism that in the midst of war, indeed more than ever in the midst of war, human expressions of friendship, joy, generosity, love of life are important. We shared a basic sense of **partiotism**—our country needed us and we were proud to be needed, and we shared an intuitive understanding that none of us would ever be the same again.

Our experiences in Washington, as we reported to Red Cross headquarters for training and assignment—and waiting, varied in details but they were essentially the same.

The first order of business always was to get the necessary immunization shots and identification papers. The training and orientation program depended largely on the amount of time each contingent had to wait for transportation. Like most training and orientation, it proved to have little resemblance to the real thing. For example, we were told to take with us, in our "foot lockers" enough of everything - clothes, toilet articles, etc. to last two years - in cold or hot climes! When we arrived in England, we found the PX's better stocked than most of the stores at home. We spent a great deal of training time being taught (different from "learning" how to remove a **rotar** button so a car could not to be stolen, how to change a tire and other useful of items maintenance only to find that everywhere we went there were American soldiers who vied for the privilege of changing our flat tires checking our spark plugs. We **were** instructed in cooking delectable meals from **C ratiorg** and K rations, but usually found that the army

cooks or the civilian cooks were already quite experienced in making delectable dishes from short rations and our greatest contribution was to be grateful for them!

We were cautioned about respecting security and guarding against giving any clues as to where or when we might be sailing ... but we checked in by the **dozena** at the St. George in Brooklyn, in uniform and many of us marched in full uniform, complete with helmets and gas masks, to the bus that took us to the dock to board the Queen Mary/Elizabeth.

The following account of one of the Clubmobilers is typical:

"In Washington we were billeted at the Hotel Benedick, 1808 Eye Street N.W., as many to a room as could possibly be squeezed in by adding extra cots and roll-aways. We were given lists of things to buy and shots for every conceivable contingency.

I first met Marjorie Ann Lee when several of us were returning in a taxi from the Pentagon where we had just been shot. Marjorie was planning to take off for a last **fling** weekend in New York and had packed her fanciest clothes in a small suitcase. The taxi drove off and that was the last we saw of the suitcase but the first of a great deal that we saw of each other. My room was switched on Monday and I found my cot wedged in next to Marjorie's. She was perpetually packing and repacking her foot locker as though it were some kind of puzzle that she could solve and eventually get everything in. Each time the things that didn't fit ended up on my cot, hairnets, \$36 worth of vitamins, dry shampoo. "What *do* you think you're going to do with that?" I would demand holding up a hammer, a length of elastic, or a packet of mixed flower seeds.

It's on the essential or the suggested list. "Marjorie would wave a fistful of papers to me. Besides buying everything on both lists, she asked advice from everyone she encountered, always acting upon it. We were not supposed to know where we were going, and of course had no idea, so it was necessary to buy two years supply of warm clothing for the Arctic, two years supply of cottons for the South Pacific and a few odds and ends for the desert.

Interrupted by a knock on the door Marjorie extricated herself, disappeared into the hall and returned, slamming the door indignantly. "That girl is a spy. I know it. She said she was lonely and wouldn't I come and have a drink and dinner with her, Well, she's not going to get any valuable information out of me!" I soon realized that Marjorie was almost as busy catching spies as repacking her baggage.

Every day we sloshed out to the American University for lectures on how to make a nice casserole from dehydrated cabbage, how to set up a checkroom in a Red Cross Club, how to tell a colonel for a corporal. It couldn't have been easy for the few odd army personnel assigned to us to determine what would be relevant to teach to a lot of young girls setting out to help the war effort with coffee and doughnuts. But we learned a lot about Red Tape and interminable waiting in line. I found that it was not easy to become regimented. I was willing and eager, followed the crowd and stood in line, but it was invariably the wrong crowd or the wrong line. I never once raised my hand in class, so did not get navy rank and insignia straightened out nor learn how many men to a battalion, company or platoon.

There were other interesting questions. One girl asked if we should pack evening dresses to wear aboard ship. When told that we could not take nail polish remover as it was combustible, one girl asked if it would be all right to take lighter fluid if it were noninflammable. One lecture was devoted to seasickness, preventatives and cures, and ended with the instructor's impassioned plea that we all cooperate with the army and navy and try not to get seasick.

Every evening we gathered all Marjorie's friends together and went to a different restaurant for dinner, choosing a restaurant not for the quality of their food but for how famous the fortune teller. At the Cafe of All Nations an astrologer told me that we would sail on April 9th and that in May Marjorie and I would be separated, though later on would be assigned together again. Marjorie assimilated this information to her already copious store of things not to be divulged to a spy.

Marjorie was from Georgia, I was from Minnesota, two alien and incongruous cultures. We discussed politics, religion, race, clothes, cooking and discovered absolutely no subject on which we could agree. Between mouthfuls and sentences I surveyed Marjorie. I did not like the way she wore her hair or rolled her stockings, nor her constant state of confusion. I felt sorry for her for living in the South. She made bosom friends of everyone she met (except spies), she was always late because she had to go back for something, and when her shots finally took effect she pretended she was dying and languished in bed. But on the way home from dinner I said, "About that fortune teller—I hope we can stick together. It ought to be interesting."

Marjorie was aghast. But ever since when I was too shy and conforming to even think of speaking up, she would storm offices or raise her hand from the ranks and say firmly, "We'd like to be assigned together."

Finally our orders came through. Marjorie hastily repacked, the rest of us packed and our baggage was carried out and assembled on the sidewalk. We furtively hailed several taxi's to take us and our

belongings discreetly to Union Station where we shuffled our own gear onto the train. Once aboard we shouted, jabbered, giggled, complained, hopped around, dropped suitcases on other passengers and were not noticeably inconspicuous.

In New York we were promptly alphabetized and I was assigned to room 500 at the St. George Hotel, Brooklyn, with several other girls whose last names began with C. One Miss C., whose prolific questions in class had so diverted me, had added to her baggage a large accordion which she did not know how to play and a book on how to tell fortunes with cards. Every morning she would hopefully telephone room service for breakfast in bed and when told that such service was discontinued for the duration she would turn over and sleep through the morning meeting. Every morning we were addressed by a different kind of uniformed personnel and impressed with the importance of being incommunicado, with the result that we all went around casting furtive glances over our shoulders and when we found ourselves loudly discussing our plans in public places we suddenly lowered our voices to hisses which invariably drew everyone's attention. A veteran Red Cross worker from Iceland showed us how to roll a bedroll and reassured us that it would hold everything and anything, including the kitchen sink. We didn't believe her about the kitchen sink but there were many times it would have come in handy. After the morning meetings we all raced for the subway and went into New York for matinees and shopping. We had been told to make ourselves inconspicuous and not congregate in groups of more than two or three. This was rendered impossible by Marjorie's unquenchable friendliness and we were seldom less than twelve.

One day after being alphabetized and lined up we were marched through the streets of Brooklyn and into the subway; paraded through a good many unlikely places and finally deposited in the Brooklyn Navy yards. Here we were led around for quite a long time, stopping intermittently to be re-alphabetized, with one very long delay due to our having hung up our coats without alphabetizing them. As we marched around each picked up a pistol belt, the next time a canteen, then kit, canteen cup, fork, knife, spoon, first aid kit etc. We wasted a good deal of time by exclaiming and **gig-gling** over each item, some ended up with two canteens forgot a knife, or opened the first aid kit to see what was in it.

Another day we took the subway and another long march for gas masks. We were lined up around a small room and told to put on our gas mask. We thought **tehy** didn't fit and individually complained to the corporal. "**Kee-rist!**", he said as he came to check Jackie Sanford's mask. "Now I've seen everything!" Jackie had snapped out her compact and was arranging her dark curls fetchingly against the grey rubber. We were drilled in how to use the gasmasks and eventually led out into the tear-gas chamber for an actual test. It was a raw, slushy day. The tear gas chamber was a small windswept shack in a mire of mud and ice. Small detachments were

led into the shack where we quickly fumbled into our masks, continuing to hold our breath as long as possible. In a few seconds we were led out the other side of the shack where we were told to get down, and smell for gas before removing our masks. Choking, sputtering, shrieking and of course giggling we removed our masks. The corporal was conscientious. Our gesture of getting down smell for gas, partly due to dress uniform including girdle, stockings, and two-inch heels, became a simple nod of the head until he bellowed at one contingent, "Get down, Way down!" This was misinterpreted as "Lay down", and the girls flopped obediently do the mud and slush, ripping hose and splashing copiously.

Another day we were alphabetized and given a last minute physical. We opened our mouths and said "Ah" and we had our nose, throat, eyes and ears peered into. Returning late to her room, Marjorie found that the lock had been tampered with. With the help of the management and an assortment of Red Cross and military personnel, the door was finally opened. Everything seemed in order and her spy had gotten away.

It was April 9th, 1944, Easter Sunday, when we were lined up and alphabetized in the ballroom of the St. George Hotel with all our gear piled around us and then marched onto lighted buses and driven through the streets to Hoboken Shipyards and marched aboard the Queen Mary. We had our **helmuts** and gasmasks for Easter bonnets. We were excited and scared to death to be on our way.

\* \* \*

It is interesting that among all the official diaries and personal papers contributed by individual Clubmobilers to this history, there are no accounts of an actual crossing. This probably reflects the fact that immediately upon arrival, usually in Scotland, we were coached in "forgetting" when we had arrived, how we had arrived, where we had arrived from, or even why we had arrived! The Queen Elizabeth and the Queen Mary, **wich** had been converted into troop ships, both carried contingents of Red Cross personnel, large in terms of total Red Cross personnel but small in terms of the 20,000+ troops on board the large liners. Each contingent had its own story of zigs and zags to avoid submarines, midnight lifeboat drills (in blackout of course), endless card games, seasickness, and much singing particular favorites were "Over There" and "There's a troop ship that is leaving Bombay", adapted to "there's a troop ship that's leaving New York".

While some Red Cross did come in smaller troop ships in convoys, it seemed from casual conversations among ourselves that most of us came over on one of the Queens, unescorted, still able to out run'em all.

\* \* \*

3rd March 1943

Ann Newdick  
American Red Cross

### The Diary of a Doughgirl

"Since no Red Caps meet a troop transport, all of the girls who had come to England to assist the Red Cross recreation program disembarked encumbered with a gas mask, a steel helmet, a musette bag, a large purse with a shoulder strap, a bulging suitcase, plus the numerous vital odds and ends that women accumulate on a troop ship. There is a certain way that all of these must be assembled upon the person in order to make it possible to move at all, let alone walk down a gangplank. The sergeant who put me together adjusted straps and hung things all around. Then he stepped back to survey his handiwork. He sighed.

"Women," he said, "are not built for war."

No civilized person is—but here in Great Britain there are examples on every hand of women adapting themselves to the exigencies of war. Watch the WAAF's handle the barrage balloons if you need convincing. Or listen to an American lieutenant (a cotton farmer from Mississippi, who ought to know) tell of a job that a company of Land Army girls did, when they cleared fourteen acres of land in two weeks. The Royal Navy salutes its WRNS; the Army entrusts even heavy truck driving to the ATS.

Of course, women have always been involved in wars. But despite Joan of Arc and Molly Pitcher and Clara Barton, women have usually been incidental-laundresses, cooks, camp-followers.

The tremendous accomplishments of British women need no elaboration here. But because their industry and valor is so well known, those of us Americans who have come here, the only American women in uniform to be seen in even small numbers except nurses, felt somewhat self-conscious about our morale jobs. The term "Red Cross Glamor Girl" had been bandied about, particularly by newspapers at home, and we fancied we saw disdain in people's eyes. I shall never forget the astonishment of a Lieutenant of the Royal Navy when he discovered that my job was to make and serve coffee and doughnuts to American soldiers, that I had been sent three thousand miles to do it, and that a college education and a varied background were required for the job.

But he should see a group of American soldiers return, whistling, to a muddy field refreshed by a cup of American coffee, a couple of doughnuts, his favorite brand of cigarette, and a smile and a word or two from a girl from home.

After a particularly trying experience with the orneriness of our mobile canteen (nicknamed the Flying Closet because of her **unstreamlined** appearance and her capacity for clutter inside) the results of our labors seem sometimes exasperatingly intangible.

Barbara, my fellow doughnut dispenser, said on one occasion, "I should have stayed at home and got a job in a defense factory. Then, at least, I could count what I was doing."

I told her she could count the doughnuts and she groaned. Because, of course, morale cannot be measured in doughnuts any more than it can in feet or pounds. But it might be possible to measure it in runways laid for the B-17, or planes serviced, or Nissen huts erected, if one had time and scientific inclination.

One cold night I went out in a jeep to a cement mixer where six men were working till dawn to make up a delay caused by a breakdown in the machine during the day. I bounced over the field, deeply concerned with my own misery. I was cold, I was tired, I would probably catch pneumonia, the coffee slopping on my knees was ruining my uniform.

It was a clear, starry night, and the full moon, shining upon the cement mixer and on the huge framework that housed it, gave war and mud and the machine age a strange beauty. At the far edge of the rough *fiel* I could make out a little cottage, snuggling peacefully into its hollow and seeming to pull its thatched roof down as far as possible to keep out the cold, apparently untouched by the upheaval so close by.

But the men were not speculating upon the incongruousness of the scene, they were grimly mixing concrete with dusty, frozen hands. A ten minute break for coffee and doughnuts was welcome.

However, I was not in the mood for morale. I turned on what is known in Clubmobile circles as a doughnut smile." My answering wisecracks were labored.

Suddenly one of the boys asked, "Say, were you ever in Burlington, Vermont?"

I racked my brains.

"Yes, once," I recalled. "I was playing in a show and it was a one-night stand—"

"And you were Cricket!" he finished triumphantly.

Private Sears from Burlington, Vermont, will be cherished in my memory even longer than I have been in his. Not only because it is a terrific boost to the pride of an ex-actress to be remembered as one of a mediocre company in a less than mediocre show, but more than that he made that midnight trip to the concrete mixer a lark. He reminded me that morale is a reciprocal thing. I got as much fun out of talking to those boys as they did to me.

I discovered that another member of the crew hailed from Somerville, Mass., whose high-school and mine were football rivals. I told another boy how much

I'd enjoyed his home town, Chicago, though I'd only been there for a week or two. No matter how far-fetched geographical coincidence is the greatest and the fastest basis for friendship.

As the boys went back to their job I returned regretfully to the jeep that had brought me out, and if I had known a little more about concrete, I'd stayed and helped them mix it.

"You sure did us a lot of good last night," he said. "The doughnuts and coffee were swell. But better than that, you got rid of our jinx."

I stared at him, surprised, here was a new job-witch doctor!

"Yes," he continued, quite seriously. "Before you came out everything went wrong. But when we went back to the job it all went like clock-work. And we got to bed an hour before I expected to."

Maybe I laid a jinx, but I'd rather chalk it morale.

When I first set out to be a doughgirl I was apprehensive. I looked at flour bags which weigh one hundred and forty pounds; I recalled the facility with which nails find their way into tires; I glanced at large drawers full of cups and considered the frequency with which they would have to be washed. And being familiar with New York subways, I underestimated the gallantry of the male of the species.

I am glad to report that an Army camp is a different matter from a subway train. When we pull up in front of a mess kitchen, helping hands appear in abundance, and many a mess sergeant has been seen to scratch his head and comment that never before had he had so many KP's.

When we get stuck—a frequent occurrence, for the Flying Closet is lazy and the mud is tenacious—jeeps emerge from every direction to pull us out. Flat tires are no problem, so long as we have them at the camps rather than en route.

In one occasion when that sinister hiss assailed our ears it looked as though we were in a spot, Army or no. We were serving doughnuts, miles from the repair section; our spare was whole but flat, and we lacked a jack. The Army's ingenuity was not taxed. They pumped up the spare by using the air brakes on a truck, and half a dozen soldiers literally picked up our van while a couple more switched the tires. I kept right on serving coffee and doughnuts during the entire process in spite of dangerous list to starboard when the shoulders went to the wheel.

The whole thing was accomplished in high glee. In fact, the Army greets us most enthusiastically when

we're in distress. They will cure anything from our own bad colds to the maladies of the doughnut machine.

Our Flying Closet was an automobile to remember. It had a personality all its own, an evil one to be sure. Yet with all its obstinacy, or perhaps because of it, we developed an affection for it, as in the days before haughty stream-lined models, one used to feel a personal fondness for the old tin lizzie.

Like the tin lizzie, the Flying Closet is passing into limbo. In its place the doughgirls now ride at ease in converted busses, driven by a man, and containing an actual moderate-sized kitchen and a comfortable sitting room. Not only is the kitchen efficient and well-equipped, but the Clubmobile contains an embarrassment of ritches—a gramophone and loud-speaker, shelves of books, and playing cards and games and even candy bars. When faced with such splendor as this, the defender of the Flying Closet brushes away a sentimental tear and lapses to silence.

Now the doughgirls appear in camp looking as attractive and unharrassed as though they had just stepped out a beauty shop. In other days we emerged from front seat and painfully straightened ourselves out, for it was necessary to sit with our knees under our chins, a foot and a half higher than the girl who was driving. Our noses were red and our hair was dishevelled—we'd broken a window and never had time to have it repaired. We always had a wild look in our eyes—if it were not from a struggle with the ruts of a muddy cow-path, it was because the crashes from the inside of the van had been more deafening than usual, and we feared utter chaos when we summoned courage to open the rear door.

We were nobody's idea of beauty and efficiency, but we appealed to the chivalry in every man's soul. We needed to be rescued a dozen times a day, always to the huge enjoyment of the entire camp concerned. Perhaps it might be said that our function in the great war was to be damsels in distress.

That's an angle that appeals as strongly to the British Army as our own. One evening it chanced that I was driving home alone after blackout. About five miles from home I heard a familiar "whhh—Whssh" in the engine. I crossed my fingers and stepped on the accelerator, but she died. Out of gas again, I concluded gloomily. It was a common enough experience with us since the capacity of our tank was four and a half gallons, and petrol is not easily come by in England except at an Army camp.

Surveying the situation, I decided that my only course was to hitch a ride to the British Army petrol dump which I knew was a mile or two along the road. I stood, drooping disconsolately beside the Flying Closet, in what I hoped was a pitiful attitude. But in vain, for apparently nothing four wheeled ever came along that road. Bicycles were plentiful and there were a few

motorcycles, but no one seemed disposed to take me on the handlebars. Suddenly, however, there was a rumble, and one of the most enormous trucks I have ever seen loomed upon the horizon. I took a firm stand in the middle of the road, feeling that I might as well meet a quick death under its wheels than be a frozen corpse in the morning. The truck bore down upon me and ground to a stop not a moment too soon. As I ran around to speak to the driver, I discovered that I had stopped not one truck but an entire British Army convoy, and all of the same gigantic size.

The British drivers were eager to help. Two or three of them came running to see what the trouble was.

"We're not going as far as the petrol dump," said the leader after I had explained my predicament, "but you can come along with us to camp."

"Do you have any gas there?" I asked.

"No," he replied very seriously, and then seeing my look of dismay he added, "but we might be able to give you some petrol."

He suggested that I hop into the second truck. But I did not hop, I scaled the side with a boost from below, for the seat was about ten feet above the road. However, the British Artillery got me in and out half a dozen times in the course of the evening.

The "camp" turned out to be three streets of suburban houses that the Army had taken over.

"Pretty comfortable for you," I said to Tommy Atkins, thinking of the Nissen huts of American Army camps.

"Yes," he replied, "it's fine and dry. But it would be better if we had some beds."

Together with my escort, which at this point numbered about fifteen men, I stumbled through the dark streets, trying to find the right sergeant. They all listened to my tale of woe and my imprecations against the Flying Closet with the same hilarity that American soldiers do.

When we found the sergeant, he agreed to give some petrol—I made no more mistakes about "gas"—and we sat down to fill out forms. One of the items required was the Clubmobile's license number. I racked my brains, but it was no good.

"Oh," said the sergeant, "that's torn it." He paused for a minute and looked at me as if making a mighty decision. "I'll go back with you and get the number," he pronounced finally. "It's my evening off duty.

My protests were half-hearted, but I'm sure that his mind was made up in any case.

Conveniently enough, my original friend had to drive his truck back to another camp, so it was arranged for us to go in that. The sergeant climbed in the back, with a boost and a shove I gained the front seat, and we were off, with me waving to all my friends and promising them doughnuts the next time we passed through.

Tommy and I were shouting animatedly at each other over the roar of the engine, when I discovered that we'd passed the spot where the Clubmobile was. I confessed my blunder and he looked at me strangely, doubtless making a mental note about the brains of American girls. However, we turned around (no mean no job with that truck) and we finally came to the spot where I knew I'd left the Clubmobile. It had vanished, and to make the matter more mystifying, the keys were in my pocket.

Tommy scratched his head and tried to make up his mind about my sanity; the sergeant began cross-examining me; I kept pointing out landmarks that I remembered had been right here, all the while terrified that I had not been properly mindful of my responsibility. To make matters worse I remembered that I'd stopped at the laundry on the way home and had the week's clean linen in the back.

The explanation was simple enough and soon forthcoming from a Bobby who approached on a bicycle. For reasons to be given later, the Flying Closet had been pushed into the police station yard.

I was overcome with relief, and since the Bobby had my license number on the tip of his tongue, I offered to take my petrol and proceed on foot from there. But Tommy was game to the end.

The snub-nosed little van was surrounded by policemen. I immediately offered everyone a doughnut, which is my automatic response to any situation involving three or more men.

But this met with a stony silence, particularly from a tall, thin gentleman who inquired if I was responsible for the van.

I admitted it. He suggested that I step into the police station. I followed him in, very meekly.

He cleared his throat. He frowned, menacingly.

"Would you like a cup of tea?" he asked.

But it was not as simple as that. We had our tea, and then we got down to business. My crimes were numerous: First, I lacked a taillight (that was because we'd been stuck during the day and almost ripped off the entire rear end getting out); next, the car was unlocked

(I have mentioned above that we were lacking one window); third I had failed to immobilize. The latter is required by British law and consists of removing a small gadget somewhere in the vicinity of the carburetor, whenever an automobile is left unattended on the street. I had been told about immobilization, but I had only a vague idea of what should be removed, even if I had been able to recall the necessity of removing it.

It occurred to me that lack of petrol was one method of immobilization, but one glance at that granite countenance and I stood tongue-tied.

"You are to report to the Court House with your papers within five days."

"Yes, sir," I replied, with what I hoped was a proper mixture of penitence and respect. I made for the door

"And you may not drive your lorry without a taillight," continued the Great Stone Face.

"Oh, but I've got to get home tonight!" I cried.

"Not without a rear light."

Here was an impasse! But Tommy Atkins again to the rescue. The police force would compromise. I might drive the Flying Closet, if the Army truck followed behind.

And thus it was decided. Everyone gathered around and had a doughnut—luckily there were a few left over from that afternoon—and an American cigarette. Even Stone Face turned out to be not such an ogre, unofficially.

The precious petrol went into the tank, and I with my Arny escort set out thankfully for home. When we reached the driveway where I turned off, I tried to tell Tommy how grateful I was for all he had done. The whole affair had taken about three hours, just at mess time, too.

"Don't thank me," he said. "I've had the best time since my last leave. From now on, I'll keep a look out for American girls who need petrol." Then with a broad grin and a faraway look in his eyes, he finished with the ultimate of compliments. "I wish we had doughnuts like that for our tea."

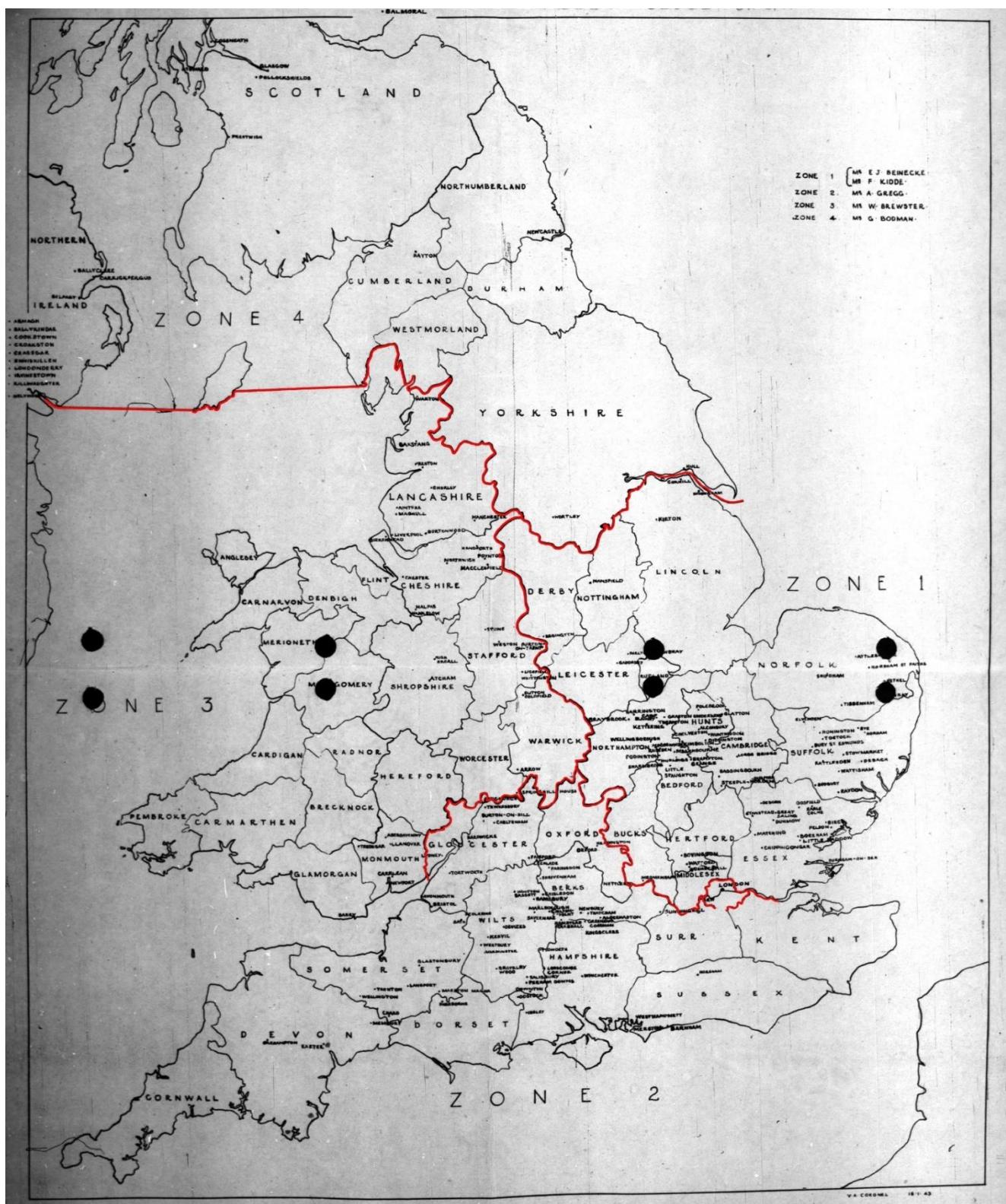
During the few days that passed before I put in my appearance at the Court House, I felt like a fugitive from justice. When the fatal day came, I was relieved to find that I would not be tossed in the jug, nor even required to pay a fine, but I was disappointed that the proceedings were completely routine. Not a curled white wig, nor a black judicial robe did I see. I sat in an ante-room while my papers were examined by an anonymous official behind closed doors. I wasn't even given a cup of

tea, which proves that it was an entirely commonplace affair. In moments of even mild stress, the British nation rushes for the teapot. Doubtless there is and will be forever a blot on my record with the English constabulary, but on doughnut detail I have no time to be uneasy, even if I were included in the rogue's gallery.

SON FOTOS DE ALGUNA PRESENTACION



## PLANNING FOR ZONE V



Great Britain had been divided by American Red Cross into four geographical zones of operation, but it seems London could be considered as a separate Zone because in papers of that time it is not included in any one of them.

It would be a kind of “Zone 0”

This map shows the Zones in Great Britain. Zone V will be the Continent.

## PLANNING FOR ZONE V

Igual se puede meter un comentario sobre el patch ... o meterlo en lo de antes



As early as mid 1943, the Supreme Allied Command began to plan for the invasion of Europe by forces based in England.

General Eisenhower requested of Commissioner Gibson that Clubmobile service be made available to the invasion forces as soon after the initial landing as would tactically possible.

Clubmobile service had proved a valuable aid to the in maintaining morale among the troops stationed in Great Britain. After the invasion, maintaining a high morale among the combat troops would be even more important than it had been in England. Clubmobile service, due to its mobility and fluid operational setup would be the perfect American Red Cross operation to Move along with a highly mobile Army.

Great Britain had been divided by American Red Cross into four geographical zones of operation. The Invasion Zone was designated as Zone V. By the early part of 1944, the Zone V plan that Commissioner Gibson, Clubmobile Director Momand, and Zone V Coordinator F. H. R. McIntosh had worked out with ETOUSA began to take shape. This planning was by no means an easy task for it involved the designing of a new type clubmobile and the amassing of thousands of tons of supplies.

The Army felt that Clubmobile service could reach more men if ARC units were assigned to Army and Corps Headquarters and operated from these bases to serve all thetroops and divisions assigned thereto. Ten Clubmobile Groups, each consisting of eight Clubmobiles, one cinemobile, two cargo trucks, two small Hillman pickup trucks and one jeep, were designated as the nucleus for Clubmobile operations on the continent. These groups were to be completely staffed and equipped, loaded with supplies for a 45-day period, and be in readiness move across as soon after "D-Day" as the Army gave the signal.

Many factors never encountered in Clubmobile operations in England had to be taken into consideration in designing the new Clubmobile. First to be considered was the terrific strain under which the vehicles would have to operate with little time for repairs and no **replacements**. Second, the lack of electricity and water, as the Clubmobiles would be operating in combat conditions with men at war instead

of in the semi-war conditions in the United Kingdom with static installations. Third, the Army could furnish only two maintenance men to each group, so the girls would not only have to drive the vehicles but do first echelon maintenance. Fourth, American Red Cross would have to maintain their own supply transportation on the continent.

The vehicle judged the best suited to all types of Roads was s the 2 1/2-ton CMC of the U.S. Army. However, he Army needed all these "6-by-6's". Finally it was agreed that, if American Red Cross would first convert the trucks into ambulances, then into clubmobiles, the Army would turn over the required number of trucks. Then in emergencies they could be reconverted into ambulances.

The problem presented by lack of water and electricity was met by securing two trailer-generators and a 100-gallon water trailer for each group. A driving and maintenance course was given to all Zone V Clubmobile personnel.

The following is the first article to appear on Zone V in "THE SINKER", issue of March 29,1944.

### "ZONE V CLUBMOBILE INSPECTED BY GENERAL LEE, ADMIRALS KIRK AND WILSON, GENERAL SAYLER ON HAND"

To the click of news cameras Commissioner Harvey D. Gibson recently conducted Lt. General John C. H. Lee, Deputy Theatre Commander, Rear Admirals A. G. Kirk and G. B. Wilson, and Brig. General H. B. Sayler on a tour of Clubmobile equipment especially designed for Zone 5. The inspection was held in Grosvenor Square, and the various Clubmobiles, supply vans, etc. were manned by the following Clubmobilers: Vicki Atkinson, Nancy Brown, Jean Hatcher, Mary Judy Hunter, Pat Hurley, Jean McMillan, Alice Niestockel, Martha Richardson, Virginia Sherwood, Carolyn Stevens and Helen Stockdale.

The ETO Clubmobile, (Greenliner) "BUFFALO", served coffee and doughnuts to the numerous Army and Navy personnel. A small soup kitchen, large and small vans, 100-gallon watertank trailer, electric generator trailer that will supply the new Clubmobiles with power for doughnut-making, etc., and two 2 1/2-ton GMC trucks converted into Clubmobiles were on exhibit."

The new Clubmobiles, unlike the "Greenliners", had no lounge, and it was necessary to insure greater road clearance. They had, however, a complete kitchen with doughnut machine, six coffee urns, doughnut racks, victrola, public address system and record library. The shiny stainless-steel sink was equipped with running water provided by five 35-gallon tanks located at the top and under the body of the vehicle and so connected that water could be transferred from one tank to another by a hand pump. Labor and space saving devices were in evidence everywhere. The 15-gallon water boiler was elevated to sufficient height over a removable fire unit, to enable the six-gallon thermos coffee urns to fit under its large spigot with ease. Also, the fire unit was placed so that it could be pulled out from an outside hatchway, and it was so well insulated and fastened that it could be left burning while the vehicle was under way.

Headquarters settled down to doughnut counting and produced charts which bore the estimated production of Zone V. It was expected that one Clubmobile could supply 150 men per hour with two doughnuts each. 100 doughnut machines working for 10 hours per day could produce 300,000 doughnuts per day. Then this was translated into flour and fat needs for 15 days and produced such figures as 300,000 lbs. of flour and 100,000 lbs. of fat and 2,250,000 men made happy with two doughnuts each and 320 smiles! This was only the beginning of the charts Headquarters was busy on as all the needs of Clubmobile operations for not only 15 days but for months had to be charted. Loading plans had to be worked out showing the gross weight of all supplies. They figured that, when one Clubmobile was loaded and ready for transport - with its barrels of flour, cases of coffee, fat, milk, sugar, cigarettes, soap, playing cards, etc. - its total weight was 17,464 lbs! No wonder only tanks defied the Clubmobiles' "right-of-way"!

So, while Headquarters personnel wrestled with charts and figures, the Clubmobile operators from the field were having the time of their lives taking driving and maintenance course, "Under the Bonnet" ("bonnet" being English for "hood"), at Wimbledon.

## "UNDER THE BONNETT"

by Marjorie Ann Lee

When the telegram came reading "REPORT HEADQUARTERS WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS FOR DRIVING", it was almost as thrilling as being alerted, for it was the first concrete evidence that your name was actually on the Zone V list. You jostled your way through thirty new arrivals at Headquarters and were greeted by Camilla with "What are you doing here?" "I'm reporting for the driving course." "You should have been here yesterday - get out to Wimbledon quickly!"

After a vain attempt to get there via "Underground", you emerge and resort to thumbing.

When you arrive at the dogtrack, you are greeted by Norman, the driving instructor, who throws a pair of fatigues at you. Two girls are already perched on the fenders, and the instructor is standing on the bumper raising the hood - pardon the BONNET!

He points out all sorts of things which you find actually have names other than "do-hickies" and "thing-a-ma-jigs". They are air filters, carburetors, spark plugs and rotors. After you have mastered what's under the bonnet, you crawl under the truck. It sounds easy but involves hitting your head on the axle and getting a faceful of grease and dirt gobs. You not only learn the 32 grease points, you grease them and yourself, too.

This ordeal over, you are set for a two-minute break when you discover that Norman is taking this course too seriously. In spite of energetic flitting of the eyelashes, application of fresh makeup and trying to make yourself appear as helpless as a rag doll, you change a tire!

Not just a tire, but a "ton rubber" that goes on a "6 x 6". This proves to be a minor back-breaking project; but, with the help of several other girls you manage to get the new tire in place - backwards! Dreaming of a day in bed tomorrow, you watch Norman as he replaces the tire the right way.

Next morning those dreams are rudely shattered, and you find yourself dragging your stiff muscles to George's Yard at nine. With much groaning and grunting, you pull yourself up into the waiting personnel carrier. You find some eager-beaver from the class ahead of yours insisting upon driving; and, though you have your doubts, you keep a stiff upper lip as she grinds the gears and takes off with a lurch.

At Wimbledon, three of you are assigned a vehicle and told to drive in circles around the yard, outdoing each other in jerks. This goes on for two days until you feel sure that the truck isn't designed to move in a straight line which you foolishly tell Norman. He then proceeds to explain that it will and takes you out on the street, in the midst of London traffic to prove it. Just as you think you are pretty good, the truck takes a turn to the other side of the road and Norman asks where do you think you are - in the States?" You recover your former position by stopping numerous lorries and causing general confusion. Norman seems to delight in getting you in the heaviest traffic, but you soon realize your truck is a big - if not bigger - than the other vehicles - so what if you do scrape a fender or stall at a light?

Having now mastered city driving (or so you think), Norman tells you that the next day will be spent going over a tank course! You have become an eager-beaver yourself by now so you turn up on time the next morning. You try to look nonchalant as you are faced with a small mountain. The tracks go straight down! You try to remember which way the gears shift, front wheels, rear wheels, brakes, double clutch, and all the

gadgets, then you clutch the wheel and cautiously creep down, marvelling at the mechanical age and the law of gravity. Suddenly a tree looms up in the middle of the path, and you find yourself turning sharply to the right, going off through some bushes and eventually landing right side up at the bottom. Norman wants to know if you think you are pioneering - "the tracks go to the left around that tree." After hours of wheeling through bomb craters, mud, slime, ditches, and over hill and dale, you call it a day and take your weary frame back to 103 Park Street, the ARC billet for Clubmobilers. There, the conversation dwells on what to grease and what not, where that pipe leads and what does the condenser do? And so to a sleepless night with wheels, nuts and bolts revolving in your mind.

Daylight finds you feeling not so sure of your newly acquired profession of grease monkey. You manage to live through Norman's written test of 15 questions. By this time you are chewing your nails over your turn at driving the 6x6 GMC. It comes all too soon, and you and Norman take off smoothly up the hill - you with your fingers crossed that you won't have to shift again to make the grade. You do have to - the gears won't mesh, you forget to "Gas" it, and find yourself stalled. Norman calmly grabs the handbrake and says, "Relax\*\*. With ego now deflated, you stamp on the starter and with much roaring of the engine, take off once more. Twice around the block and down some alleys seems to test your handling ability sufficiently. You hold your breath until Norman, in a doubtful tone, says he guesses you'll get along all right - but don't forget to double-clutch, gas your motor, release the brake, check your tires, stick out your hand signals, etc. You mentally bless Norman and make for home muttering double clutch, gas your motor release the brake...."

**"FIRST TEN GMC GROUPS NOW IN OPERATION"**  
"THE SINKER" of May 26, 1944

May 17th saw the tenth GMC Group assigned - to First Army - with Mr. Harry Ratcliffe as Group Supervisor and Miss Harriette Atkinson as Group Captain. In many ways it was the most impressive presentation, due primarily to the natural setting for the ceremony. The sun came out between showers, and the huge "green", with the typical English buildings in the background - formed a perfect stage for the impressive array of Clubmobile vehicles. The Army band played for the passing in review of the Military Police Battalion, resplendent in white helmets, belts, leggings and gloves.

"K" Group, with Elma Ernst in charge, had had an entirely perfect day for its ceremony. Two highlights were - printed programs and the Battalion Band. As always, Mr. Gibson and Mr. Momand were on hand with the commanding generals, while the girls lined up behind them, facing the battalion.

It was apparent that all ten presentations had certain things in common: the unexpected happened -

in convoy, or cleaning the Clubmobiles - and right up to the fatal hours; but all came off as planned, with no one the wiser as to what had happened behind the scenes. All the girls managed, somehow, to have clean battle dresses, white scarves and gloves, no matter what the weather.

And now we all settle down for a breather, but we bet no one will complain of the monotony!

**"CLUBMOBILE GOES TO SEA"**

author unknown

The crew of the Clubmobile "DETROIT" - Pauline Doll, Evelyn Ames and Eloise Greene - put on water-wings, practiced a few rapid sidestrokes and went to sea. The event was service to the U.S. Coast Guard, waiting with not too much confidence aboard nearby ships. Coffee urns and doughnut crates were stacked in the commandeered launch; and, flanked by two seamen, Bob and Frenchie, and a complement of two beauteous WRENS, the Clubmobilers headed seaward.

The Coast Guard wasn't sufficiently acquainted with Red Cross to take the promises of coffee-while-you-work seriously; and, when the Clubmobile launch pulled along-side the first ship, only one sailor was in sight. Busy painting, he obviously thought at first that the vision of women was merely the result of too much mild-and-bitters the night before. But when WREN Stokes threw him a line -(of rope, not chatter), he dropped his wet brush, yelling "Hey, It's the Red Cross!"

From then on, the tour of ships was a triumphal procession. June, the blond WREN, honked the launch horn to announce its coming. A rope ladder was let down from the ship and up went Paula, up scrambled Evelyn, up shinnied Ellie, up went the coffee urns, and the doughnut crate was tossed aboard. After several trips up and down the rope ladders, the gals became expert, but at first there was a bit of kicking each other in the face. Bob and Frenchie were invaluable in hauling up cargo - urns, crates and girls - though they did suggest using the derrick for Paula.

Serving went on below decks, where women had never been allowed. However, battle dress trousers neutralized the sacrilege, and the sailors allowed their sanctum-sanctorum to be invaded in return for coffee, doughnuts and Yankee gal's smile. Nor was it only the Yankee girls who made a hit. By special request, the WRENS put in an appearance aboard ship. June damped herself in the brine, but was loaned a set of sailor's clothes. The Clubmobilers felt more at ease, knowing that, even for a WREN, the rope ladder had its mysteries.

The moon was just coming up when WRENS June and Stokes and Seamen Bob and Frenchie bid farewell. To Clubmobilers Pauline, Evelyn and Eloise all had happy memories of their first service to the U.S. Coast Guard at sea.

## FOTOS

#### EDITOR'S GAB BAG

Priscilla Alden

Last summer Maxine Preas and her crew arrived at a certain town to open up a new base. They had no place to stay, but a Mr. and Mrs. Coward agreed to let the girls remain with them until they found digs. That was seven months ago, and Red Cross girls still stay at the Cowards! Three weeks ago, at a GMC ceremony, Maxine arrived and went to her old home. One by one there walked in Hope Simpson, Mary Ellis Sturdevant, Pam Reilly, Mignon Harrelson, and Nancy Brown. Which caused Mr. Coward to remark, "First I was asked, then I was told, and now I'm not even consulted!" Later he admitted he couldn't imagine what he and his wife ever had to talk about before they had the ARC girls. Incidentally, the Cowards were the only civilians asked to the GMC ceremony and graced the seats of honor.

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From her sister, who works at the Halloran Hospital on Staten Island, where hospital patients return, Gretchen Schuyler had this message; "...such wonderful kids it tears my heart out sometimes to see what they have gone through, all of which I don't have to tell you. And do they love you Red Cross girls! It would do your heart good to hear the compliments I hear here." Gretchen used to serve the hospital that cared for many of these boys before they were sent home.

+ + + +

Marianne Shallabarger's father's book, "Captain from Castile," is pre-viewed in the April "Cosmopolitan." The book comes out in August and promises to be a best-seller.

+ + + +

One of the new recruits, impressed by the tired, worn, haggard looks of us old-timers, the same looks we have grown to take for granted, suggests we should be given a leave to go home. Unselfishly she feels the new girls would gladly take our place in Zone 5.

+ + + +

Barbie Neil and Gail Wild found themselves in a black-out serving coffee and doughnuts with their gas masks on. No reports have come in from deaths from fright, but we wouldn't be surprised if the sight caused some of the boys to lose their appetites.

+ + + +

The next time you're at a dance and your partner sniffs your hair and says, "Hump! A doughnut girl!" just tell him it's your "dough de cologne." That's the interpretation some of the men gave Maggie Wood and Martie Williamson.

+ + + +

Dorothy Hood, Mildred Cox, Margaret Flynn, and Hazel Goff spent Palm Sunday in a mad mix-up, trying to find each other, their camps, and the men. You'll remember that Sunday was the day time advanced one hour. The girls forgot to set their watches (we bet they weren't the only ones) and never did get caught up with themselves.

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Speaking of Palm Sunday, here's an Easter story (or it could be): Frances Reay tells of how she, Louise Imes, and Edna McCalley were given, by their janitor, "lovely, stately, white calla lilies. They caused much comment and approval by the GIs but frowns from the British, who look upon these blooms as identical with funerals. As a matter of fact, we were a bit suspicious of these lilies as the janitor is also janitor for the church across the street where a funeral was held the day before".

#### HQ COMMUNIQUE

Headquarters has been increasingly disturbed by the number of girls who have not cooperated by appearing in strict Red Cross uniform. From now on, whether a girl is American or British, she may be stopped by an MP if she is not properly attired when in uniform.

+ + + +

Train trips can now be on travel warrants only, providing the warrant is made out for a military fare. In other words, get your warrant from the RTO office (or from Headquarters) and no ticket is necessary. Drivers and others who use public fare, still must get their tickets from the station agent.

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Girls who are with a GMC group who have leaves due them, please speak to your supervisor so that steps may be taken for your week off.

+ + + +

We're reminded that gum chewing and the Red Cross uniform do not go together. Chew the rag with the boys but chew gum in the privacy of your own room.

+ + + +

Rosalie Palmer has been appointed Captain 1st Class.

#### TEACHING ON THE "MAGNOLIA"

By a Teacher

Having been summoned to Headquarters by an obtuse-worded telegram mentioning a four-day assignment, you appear to discover to your dismay that the assignment consists of teaching newly arrived folk the Art of Doughnut Making. Trying not to faint dead away you emit bleats to the effect that there are lots of veteran Clubmobilers who would love to be teachers, but you personally beg to be excused. So the next day you find yourself, four pupils in hand, ensconced in the GMC "Magnolia". Having taken that in your faltering stride, you search for (and eventually find) most of the articles necessary for doughnut making, and your teaching career has begun.

When the fat is heating and the four hopeful pupils have been instructed in oiling the machine, removing the cutter, etc., you realize that now or never comes the great moment of the Mixing of the Dough. The willing pupils sift ten pounds of flour, you take a thermometer from its drawer with a fine flourish, explain to the awe-stricken pupils the miraculous formula of temperature-of-flour subtracted from 156 equals temperature-of-what-water-should-be, place the thermometer in flour and breathlessly await the result. After what seems a suitable passage of time you nonchalantly remove the thermometer, hold it as firmly as possible in your suddenly aspen-like fingers and hopefully scrutinize it. But no amount of scrutiny reveals even one degree of temperature. Each and every one of the pupils scrutinize fascinatedly, with the same result, so you gaily announce that it must be broken and in a "chin-up" manner say, "We'll just have to mix the dough in very primitive fashion by guessing at the water temperature."

(Note: The thermometer was a clinical. Ask the Clubmobile Captain who owns one!)

Wanting to be sure the first batch is a perfect one, you mix the dough yourself with the result that balloon-like doughnuts appear and get stuck under the spider arms, at which point Mr. Weight appears and points out in very plain English that the machine is faultless but the texture of the dough isn't.

(Continued on Page 4, Col.1)



"We weigh the water"

# The Sinker

For American Red Cross Clubmobilers



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+ ISSUED IN GREAT BRITAIN +

MAY 12, 1944.

## RUMOURS OF WAR

The following is copied from the WVS Civil Defence "Bulletin" for April, 1944. It is well for us all to read it, keeping in mind Prime Minister Churchill's statement of March 26th: "the hour of our greatest effort and action is approaching."

"There is an Arab proverb, 'Flies never crawl into a closed mouth,' which is peculiarly appropriate at the present moment, when security is of such vital importance to the success of the invasion of Europe. It is absolutely essential that the enemy get to know as little as possible about the intentions of our Forces, and it is up to every one of us to guard our tongues on all occasions.

"As members of the W.V.S. we have special responsibilities. The enemy would like to know about our Home Defence; he would like to know about new methods of dealing with air raids, and the details of damage resulting from his air attacks. He would like to know details of Civil Defence and Home Guard training, and of the location of vulnerable points such as food stores and other special spots. The enemy wants to know about troop movements also, when and where fresh units arrive; the location of various Command Headquarters and any addition to, or change in, airfields used by bombers or fighters. All these facts we, or some of us, come across in our day-to-day work, so we must be particularly careful not to talk about what we have seen.

"To the general public the idea of German spies in our midst has completely died down since the summer of 1940; true there are a few tattered anti-gossip posters still to be seen in tea shops and hairdressers, but they have come to be regarded as relics of that summer when we looked with suspicion upon every stranger. But enemy agents are with us, and are being caught every week. So far once we women must not use our ingenuity. It is not for us to piece together those little bits of information we come across. Resist the temptation to contradict or supplement what others are saying by giving information that is not common knowledge, even to your closest relatives. Remember that Intelligence is built up by piecing together small items of information like a jigsaw puzzle. What YOU know may be a minute piece, but to the enemy it may be the one piece missing to give the key to the whole picture."

THE RED CROSS DRIVE, whose goal was \$200,000,000 has been topped by an additional \$11,000,000. And money is still coming in! With this evidence of the faith and confidence millions of people have placed in us we have but another incentive to carry on with the ideals and work of our Organization.

## NEW RECRUITS SWELL CLUBMOBILE RANKS TO OVER 325

Sixteen months ago there were a scant dozen girls in the field doing Clubmobile work. Now there are over 325 scattered throughout the U.K. on 78 bases. Fifty-two new girls, still blinking from the bright lights of Broadway, have had their initial training and are now recovering from their first weeks on a Clubmobile. Among these are three colored girls whose presence will be more than welcomed and appreciated by our colored troops.

From New England: Mass: Monica Owen, Boston, Barbara Ballou, Worcester, Margery Lovett, Dover, Virginia Thomas, Brookline; N.H.: Melba Mumford, Nashua; Conn: Esther Walker, New Haven.

From Middle-Atlantic: N.Y.: Marie Ann Basso, Yonkers, Marjorie Hemingway, Auburn, Helen Wolek, Syracuse, Barbara Ridgway, N.Y.C.; N.J.: Viola Aner, Highland Park; Wash, D.C.: Helen MacGregor, Alice Meacham, Helen Zimmerman.

From the South: N.C.: Constance Fagan, Hillsboro; Tenn: Annelle Anderson, Franklin; Va: Pela Hundley, Newport News, Mary Lamb, Norfolk; La: Mary Pearce, Bunkie; Ge: Mary Ann Mason, Thomasville; Marjorie Lee, Cedartown; Kt: Evelyn Beard, Lexington, Mary Barclay, Louisville; Ida: Ida Wood, Somerset.

From Middle-West: Ill: Nancy Bastien, Virginia Larson, Chicago, Margaret Kyle, Jane McMillen, Decatur; Betty South, Watseka; Mich: Elsie Bills, Lansing, Eleanor Banc, Dearborn; Minn: Louise Clayton, Minneapolis, Virginia Weisbrod, Princeton; Ark: Mary Fair, Little Rock; Ohio: Mary Felps, Youngstown, Grace Smith, Cincinnati; Mo: Helen Huff, Kansas City, Marie Philips, Kirkwood, Clare Vollet, St. Louis; Iowa: Geraldine James, Hampton; Wisc: Margery Sell, Madison.

From South-West: Texas: Margarete Moise, Linden; Oklahoma: Elizabeth Sell, Madison.

From the West: Col: Marjorie Saunders, Geraldine Davis, Denver, Ruth Cook, Sterling; N.D.: Georgia Mott, Grafton; Neb: Jean Thom, No. Bend; Wash: Alice Emerson, Seattle, Flonye Young, Spokane; Cal: Betty Britain, Pasadena.

The following girls have transferred from Field Clubs: Lavinia Davidson, Nellie Boland, Jane Goodell, Florence Howes, Miriam de Kika, Gwenyth Jones, Phyllis Jalbert, and Betty Purdy.

These girls have gone from Clubmobile into Cine-mobile: Frances Roughton, Mary Hayden, Peggy Usher, Pauline Tompkins and Ade Wattermaker. Martha Kirks and Dagne Hougstad, who were "on loan" from hospitals have returned, while Frida Scharman has transferred into Rest Homes.

NOW THAT MOTHERS' DAY is a thing of the past, what about Fathers' Day? You'll remember it's the second Sunday in June which, this year, falls on the 11th. No. 9 Charles Street has a gift shop which may give you some ideas, and London is full of interesting prints.

**D-DAY**  
June 6, 1944

Only two diaries were found that told of the location and thought of Clubmobilers on that important day in history, June 6, 1944.

Needless to say all remember that day, and knew that like the soldiers - their waiting to go to Zone V would not be much longer.

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**DIARY FOR D-DAY**

June 6, 1944  
by Eliza King

On D-Day minus 60 our Red Cross Clubmobile, plus 3 others, joined one of the divisions which led the first assault landings on the beaches of Normandy. We came with a few misgivings, from the Air Force to the Infantry. We knew nothing about the outfit except that it was one of the most famous in the army, during this war, and the last, and had been resting in England for a few months after the African and Sicilian campaigns. They were to be "ours" for the duration. We were proud of the assignment. It was an honor - our fears were not whether we would like them but how a tough, fighting infantry bunch would take to ladies in their midst, particularly ladies who had to live down being assigned to the Air Force.

We spent the first week learning that 3 battalions make a regiment, that there are lots of things in an infantry combat team besides just infantry, that serving coffee and doughnuts to troops who are training all over the countryside is quite different from having a regular schedule at an airfield, meant driving through mud to a firing range one day, meeting a company out on a hike the next day, and serving a whole battalion before they started crossing a river on a problem that night.

They never resented us, but there is a reserve and a silent, almost fierce pride about the infantry - at least about this division. They've got to be tough and they know it. They'd never say they were sick of training and needed the Clubmobile to cheer them up. But they'd ask us to come and thank us with a smile and a "When are you coming back".

We had to prove ourselves to them but once they did accept us, they did it wholeheartedly and there was no need for words. We could feel it when we were no longer visitors. We became part of them really and began to share with them the experiences and emotions of men preparing for battle.

When we first joined them, everybody was saying "Wish this thing would get started. What're we waiting for?" Then the preparations began. The practices became more and more realistic and we could feel the tension growing. No one, of course, told us anything - in fact, few knew anything to tell. The signs **tho** were unmistakable. The waterproofing hose on all the vehicles, the absence of blouses, ties and caps - just helmets and combat clothes, finally the restrictions on passes and even on telephone conversations. They knew they were going, we knew they were going, but no one knew exactly when. The reactions to that uncertainty were varied. Again there was a silent giving and taking. A very humble giving on our part, mostly just being there. We were part of home to them, part of what they were thinking about and fighting for and yet part of their new life too. No one except those who have actually experienced it can know what they were thinking and feeling, but we were close enough to understand that searching look in their eyes, that desire for reassurance that all would be well. We were close enough to know that the gaiety of some and the homesickness of others hid the same thing. Those who had been thru it before wanted to get it over with and yet they dreaded it because they knew what to expect. Those who hadn't wanted to get it over with too - and to prove themselves that they could take it.

They went away, group by group, and we were left to serve those who were to be the "ground crews" of the assault troops - the ordnance troops who kept the hundreds of trucks and jeeps and ducks and tanks rolling, the quartermaster units who supplied food and clothes and gas, those who staffed the marshaling areas, the messengers, the MP's, the incredibly enormous "second line".

On the morning of June 6, we were having our breakfast as usual in the dining room of the little hotel where we stayed on one of the Channel ports. The chambermaid had repeated to one of us the Berlin radio report that Allied paratroopers had landed in France.

We discussed it skeptically, in low tones, trying not to disturb the paper reading of those around us. When we went out, the desk clerk told us that the first communique from SHAEF had just been announced. It was true. This was D-Day...

Still no excitement. Nothing in people's action, voices or faces to mark it from any other day. We opened up our Clubmobile as usual and the soldiers began stopping by for coffee, doughnuts and chat. There was a strange quietness about us all. The conversation followed their usual topics and then someone would say, "Well, what do you think?" or "Have you heard any more news." That's all they ever said. They just worked harder and longer, if that was possible.

From that morning on, the convoys that had been moving under cover of night traveled night and day. On our way back from lunch on June 6, we sat on the curb of the sidewalk and waved and cheered those who went by. We were afraid they might not recognize our uniforms from their vehicles, so I put on my field jacket backwards so that the "Georgia" emblazoned on it in red and yellow would let them know that we were Americans too. Their faces looked grim as they came by, but they waved and for a moment smiled back at us - and we were glad we were there.

For the next week, we spent most of our time visiting hospitals where the casualties were coming in and the stands where the troops were waiting to board the ships.

The hospitals welcomed us gratefully. Everybody from the surgeons to ambulance drivers worked night and day, with magnificent calmness and spirit. Many of them could not leave their posts long enough to come for the coffee, so we made the rounds with our trays and cups. We were able to serve some of the patients and visit with many more. No one else at the hospital had time to listen to their stories and answer their questions about the news. Most of them wanted to talk about what they had seen. It seemed to help to tell it to somebody instead of having to lie there and try not to think about it. They all wanted to know how the fighting was going. They all had one thought in mind - to get back. To them we were that curious combination of being a bit of the outside world, not of the hospital or of the fighting, and yet close enough to sense their feelings. When we left a soldier who had been in the very first unit to land, he said, "Gee, it was swell to see you girls. Thanks a lot for coming". I will never forget how I felt, nor will I ever be able to put it into words.

The soldiers waiting to go across welcomed us with cheers. On D-Day we had all been sobered by the enormity of the fact, but after that day, no one could have guessed from their conduct, that those soldiers were going off to actual battle instead of just to another camp. The grins were just as broad, their whistles just as loud,

their greetings just as cheerful. They made you smile back, even if it was thru tears sometimes.

We have watched many a flyer go off on a mission. We've "sweated out" their first ones, waited and listened for them thru a whole tour of operations, waited for many who never completed that tour. But there is something different about sending ground troops off into combat. The airmen have a wonderful, courageous recklessness about them but they are people apart from others. They are flying-crazy, most of them. Their training and even part of their fighting is doing something they want to do. But there is nothing thrilling or glamourous about marching with your back loaded down, sleeping in tents or on the ground, eating K rations or shooting a gun. Almost anybody could do it, just ordinary people like you or me, if it meant shooting to kill before somebody shot to kill you. The true heroism of the ground troops, to me, lies not so much in the romance of the daring and exciting exploits, but in their survival of that hum-drumness of their living and simplicity of their fighting.

We are now eagerly waiting to rejoin our infantrymen in France. I think my most lasting impression of D-Day and D plus days will be one of smiling when my heart felt too heavy even for crying. Several weeks before D-Day, I said to a C.O., "I want to cry when I look at them and realize what is before them, that so many will be wounded and killed". His answer was "You can't think of that. If you do, you'll be no good to us. We all feel that way, but you've got to keep smiling and keep us smiling". That's our assignment - for the duration - and we wouldn't swap it for any other.

June, 1944. Dorchester, England. It was the First Division. When this was written, the place nor the outfit could be mentioned.

from Louise Clayton's letters  
May 31, 1944

We were in London for a week learning to drive the new Clubmobiles, GMC trucks, that will eventually go on the continent. There are so many girls ahead of me who want to go I don't know if I'll ever make it but at least it's a good sign that I'm getting my driving lessons in. And it was fun to be in London and feel the excitement of everyone working toward the second front. In the country everything is so peaceful and quiet you fall into leisurely British ways and think it will never come. It always seems, no matter what the date, that perhaps it will start next week or the week after. It seems funny to think of you all hanging on the radio, and I've finally decided that what we are waiting for is the Red Cross to get all its Clubmobiles ready.

All week we practiced driving in a Dodge weapons carrier. I had so much fun driving that truck around, climbing under it and getting all greasy, changing the tire, and fooling around under the

"bonnet". On Thursday we were taken to the tank testing range, pointed toward what looked like steep, well forested hills and told to drive on! It seemed like a foolish idea to me but the trucks crawled over the hills like nothing and after I'd tried the ones beyond, the first set looked like so many anthills. We drove all over the range trying to find ditches deep enough to demonstrate the boogie assembly driving over stumps and plowing down young trees and bushes. After we finished driving some Canadians gave us a ride in a tank. Going slow it was like a boat, you rock merrily; going fast, it is bumpy! It really does tear up the dust and I looked like a coal heaver when I got out.

Friday I got a chance to drive the heavier GMC Clubmobile for about half an hour, so now have been reassigned to a GMC Clubmobile in Tenterden, Kent to serve a fighter base.

I rushed back to Huntingdon Sunday to pack up all my luggage, arrived breathless at the station, boarded the train, and as it pulled out observed my luggage still on the station platform. The following 24 hours I spent trying to retrieve it. You really need to supervise the loading or do it yourself to make sure it goes and the English people are such optimists and muddlers-through that instead of doing anything about it, say, "Oh, I'm sure it will come along", "At any rate you'll be all right", "Well, there's nothing that can be done about it now, is there?"

from Louise Clayton's letters  
Thursday, June 8, 1944

We arrived just a week ago last night, Sara Morgan, our captain, Betty South, Esther Walker and I. It would have been about an hour's ride by car but it was a real journey by train. We changed twice and the last hour an a half we crept seventeen miles blowing our whistle at sheep and giving right of way to bicycles, etc. Kent is beautiful, rolling pastoral country and Tenterden has a wide main street with grassy stretches and big lovely old trees on either side. Every house has a garden and the flowers are so lovely. We are living in a private home that is in the process of being remodelled; the front part is about 249 years old and the back part about 400 years old. The food is excellent as Mrs. Santorelli has her own big vegetable garden and chickens. Imagine! Fresh eggs, homemade jam and even a cup of fresh milk for breakfast every morning; and we usually had canned orange juice and butter from the mess kitchen.

In this job I work harder than I've ever worked before but it is well worth it! We have a GMC Clubmobile that we take care of ourselves. That means we drive it, check the oil, gas, water, tires, engine, battery, and supposedly grease it and clean oil and air filters and keep the distributor clean. We do all our own cooking which means toting heavy sacks of flour, tins of lard etc., and we clean it ourselves, which means

scrubbing the floor on our hands and knees every day and washing big pots and bowls and I don't know how many hundreds of cups is each day. My hands and arms sting all over from cuts, burns and bruises.

Monday, I had worked so hard and was so tired I couldn't sleep. I lay in bed listening to all the many planes overhead and suddenly I realized—this was it, D-Day! The air was filled, and there wasn't a second that at least one plane couldn't be heard. I dressed and went out to the old-world enclosed courtyard where our Clubmobile was parked to start cooking. Nearby the cuckoos started their insistent, repetitious, but peaceful, morning songs.

We went out to the field and served the ground crews on the line as they "sweated out" the return of their planes and we served the pilots as they came in. It was a cool, windy day with lots of cloud formations, and really exciting to watch those little fighter planes peel off and swoop in for a landing—quite different than the fortresses. We had gotten to know most of the pilots and like the ground crews, felt they were our boys and sweated out their return. That first day they said they didn't see a single enemy plane, that they'd never seen so much stuff crossing the channel and wondered where it all came from. You do wonder, too, as you view this peaceful countryside where it could possibly have all been hidden away. That night we all came back and I cooked doughnuts until midnight and Betty got up very early to start cooking in the morning. We served all day around the field and then went back after supper to meet the returning missions. Boy, were the fellows in my squadron ever excited! One fellow had gotten two German fighters; and another young kid, who had only been here about ten days, got one. None of ours was touched. One fellow I hadn't seen around these two days and was beginning to worry about, returned from a pass to London. Was he mad to have missed those first two days!

Sunday, June 18, 1944

Starting last Thursday we've had a more or less steady stream of pilotless aircraft flying over. They fly quite low and make a sound distinctively their own. The first night we stood at the window and watched them. It is a strangely beautiful sight. The searchlights pick them out and then sprays of red tracer bullets are sent after them. It looks like the fourth of July. Now, though, I pull my blackout curtains at night so that if I'm awake I can lie in bed and watch. The explosions really shake the house. I'm so near-sighted I don't see them too well, but they look like small planes with a small tail of light. When the light goes out the explosion follows in a few seconds. They have been coming over so steadily that every noise we hear we think its a buzz bomb, though there is really no mistaking them. Sunday morning, I went to church in a neighboring town. It was a very old and lovely church, the congregation numbered 17, and during the service a rocket came over quite low. It mis-

sed the steeple. The rockets seem strange and weird to us, but of course their targets are further north. At the field it gets a little rough because of the ack-ack. When the shooting starts everyone grabs his helmet and hits a foxhole, which means that no one gets much sleep.

Churchill has announced that 2750 "fly bombs" have been sent over and about an equal number of people have been killed by them, many more of course, injured. In London the experience of hearing the buzz-bomb come, the motor switch off, and then holding your breath until the crash - the suspense - is nerve racking!

We have a doughnut queen who comes from 9:00 AM until 1:00 PM, finishes the doughnuts and does the scrubbing up, including the floor! Yesterday was my day to get up and start cooking at 5:30 AM and we got home from the field about 8:30 PM so despite all the excitement we have here every night I slept straight through until breakfast and now am sitting on the floor in my pajamas and bathrobe in front of the electric heater. I feel like a lady of leisure with nothing to do for an hour and a half but write letters, wash, clean, iron and mend my clothes, do my nails which are hopeless, and clean my room which is really untidy. Dry cleaning is impossible to get done here. To send anything out is to kiss it goodbye; you never see it again. So last night I cleaned my battledress in aviation gasoline. Hope they don't start shooting any ack-ack today because I'll probably make a bigger explosion than one of these pilotless aircraft.

End of Planning for the Invasion and end of Part I

## FOTOS

Although each Clubmobile had been assigned to a Group and a particular military unit during the planning for Zone V, we did not come together into Groups until we ourselves received orders to report to the Staging Area for embarkation to Normandy.

We heard the news of the invasion, on June 6, 1944, we knew that soon we too would be leaving England for the continent, for a different kind of service to soldiers fighting a different kind of war.

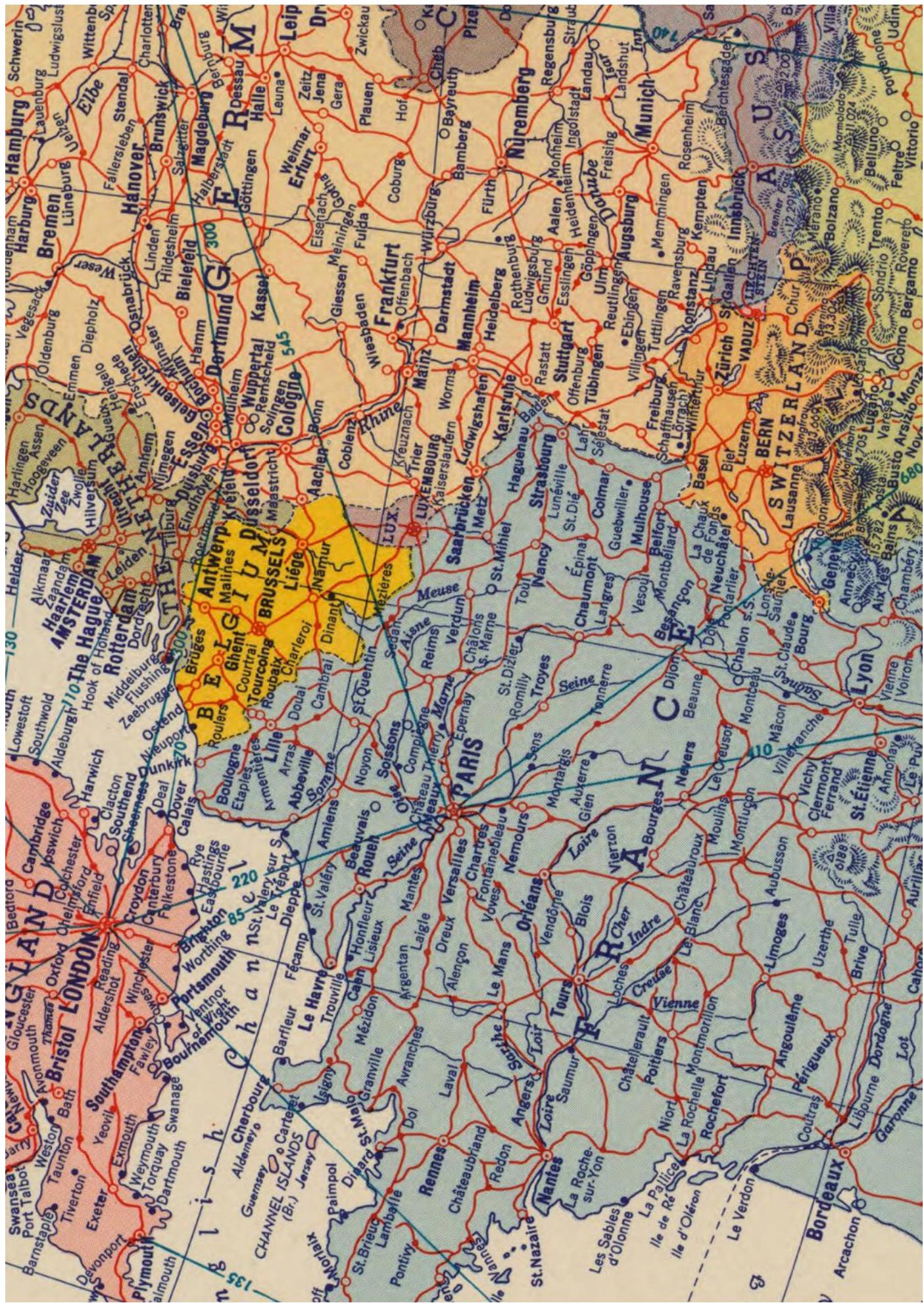
In England, although we had the American military resources to fall back on, we lived basically as civilians in a civilian setting. We went out to military bases but we came home to a civilian billet. We had running water, electricity, beds, meals served in dining rooms. We could change to civilian clothes when off duty. We could take off to London and other famous places for a weekend and spend our own English money. While there was always the danger of air raids and buzz bombs, we lived in a friendly country which had not been occupied by the enemy.

We were going now to live and work as part of a military unit in a combat zone which was still occupied by the enemy. What would it be like? How much danger would we be in? Would we be in the way? Would we be able to really help?

We would soon know.

We waited for our orders.

Poner todos los margenes iguales que esto es un sindios



SINKER

SINKER

## CLUMOBILING IN AFRICA

By Lydia Sherwood

May 1943

Last night we had a late assignment, a fascinating one. We drove over in both trucks to a railroad junction down the valley to meet a very famous division on its way back from Tunisia. I can't tell you how impressive and exciting the whole thing was: it was bright moonlight, fortunately, as of course no other light is permitted outdoors here.

Here was this victorious army filing past us, with helmets and full field equipment. A lot of them had German mess kits and canteens for their coffee. They were all hard and lean and brown and in wonderful spirits, and enraptured to see us, as they hadn't expected anything of the kind, and of course hadn't seen an American woman in many months. The coffee and doughnuts held out miraculously until the last man, and afterwards we had some time to talk to them. The classic questions and answers about "Where are you from in the States?" The stories about places that are now history, Hill 109, Kasserline, El Guettar, Medjez el Bab... Maybe they were rookies when they got here, but they're an army now.

Lately the weather has gotten really hot, at least it's very hot in the middle of the day, and quite chilly at night. When we first arrived, all was mud; now all is dust. A clean white shirt is usually brown and gritty about an hour after you put it on. Anyway the heat is never oppressive, as we are in a high dry valley in the mountains. I don't think I've ever described my present locale to you, but it's perfectly beautiful, a level green plain which is now knee-deep in wheat, barley, oats: sprinkled with scarlet poppies and raggedy brightblue flowers and purple and yellow daisies, surrounded by great bare mountains that acquire the most incredible purple shadows late in the afternoon.

The whole landscape is completely Biblical, this lush valley with flocks of sheep, goats, horses, burros, and an occasional camel: the Arab shepherds (usually children) and farmers plowing with oxen, looking exactly as they must have looked in something or other B.C.: the little Arab villages and farms: and the omnipresent mountains. Against all this Old Testament background is the grim equipment, stationary and mobile, of a 20th Century war.

The actual village we live in contains two streets, one mosque, one Catholic church, some little whitewashed villas (like the one we live in) belonging to the French garrison, one little restaurant run by a Corsican couple and a few dusty little Arab shops. About all they sell is oranges, for which they exact the frightful price of 80 francs (about \$1.60) per dozen.

About an hour's drive from here, over a beautiful but hair-r<sup>ed</sup> raising dangerous road, is a large Roman-French-British-American city where we usually

go on days off: the chief inducement is a real bathtub with hot water that really runs when you turn the faucet. I had a blissful bath last week.

A new service Red Cross runs here is translating love letters the village maids get from G.I.'s who had moved on.

Not long after the invasion of North Africa, requests<sup>^</sup> were sent into Headquarters in London to establish the newly developed clubmobile service in that theater. It was not feasible to send small vehicles, then in use in England, so the department secured two Bedford lorries and outfitted them with thermos urns, record players with loud speaker, cups, spoons, sugar and cream dispensers. The Bedford, which was actually an Army lorry was chosen for it was standard equipment throughout the British Army and, therefore, parts would be available for it wherever there was a British Army Base. The added equipment was all removable so in emergencies the vehicle could be used as an ambulance. Doughnut machines were not installed in the first vehicles as knowledge of the current facilities were unknown, and was the prime factor to be considered in the operating of a doughnut machine. It was judged best to send stoves, pans, and other equipment for the making of doughnuts by hand in a static kitchen instead of in the truck itself. This has proved to be sound judgment as throughout the war in the Mediterranean theater of operation it was never deemed advisable to install doughnut machines on the trucks. (All doughnuts were made in kitchens by either civilians or enlisted men assigned to Red Cross by the Army.)

During the month of December 1942, Mr. William E. Stevenson eagerly awaited in Africa the first two converted lorries from England. Although it was known that the limited operating facilities in England would be considerably drained to send clubmobile equipment into North Africa every effort was made to ship enough equipment and supplies in order that Mr. Stevenson could meet the eminent needs of clubmobile service in actual combat areas. From December to February, the clubmobile department delved heavily into their limited supplies and sent what they could to North Africa until direct shipping could be established between American Red Cross in North Africa and National Headquarters in Washington. After this was done, clubmobile in North Africa which later moved with the Army into Sicily, Italy, and eventually France became divorced from the department in England. This severing of relationship was wise as it let each department work out their own organization development and expansion to meet the need of the Armies which they served. However a few letters from the girls drifted back to thrill the clubmobilers in England with their tales of combat.

Aqui se podrian meter las fotos de la revista del National Geographic que me mando Andrea

# PART TWO

**GROUP A**  
**CLUBMOBILES**

**OLD GLORY  
GENERAL GRANT  
GRANITE STATE  
UNCLE SAM  
PRESIDENT LINCOLN  
KEYSTONE STATE  
MOUNTAIN STATE  
GENERAL LEE**

Group Supervisor - Harry **Ratcliff**

Section Captain - Jean Hatcher  
Section Captain - Ann Ferguson

Edith Hurley  
Katherine Blair  
Sally Craighill  
Louise Smartt  
Marie Roversi  
Virginia Roberts  
Martha Richardson  
Margaret Wathan  
Kathryn Kirkpatrick  
Helen Longshore

Mary Metcalfe  
Mildred Eberle  
Kathleen Crocker  
Cameron Jelliffe  
Barbara Gummers  
Jane Phillips  
Mary Pitcairn  
Elizabeth Chatfield  
Helen Huff  
Barbara Bray

Harriet Atkinson  
Barbara Gummery **?**  
Gertrude Glaps  
Eleanor Campbell  
Nance Krone  
Marie K. Phillips  
Sarah Peters  
Leslie Hart-Fenn  
Barbara Ridgeway  
Marjorie Spence

Cinemobile - Odette Stoddard, Irmay Lappéy

Drivers - Dorothy Dow, Marian Janney

Landed on Utah Beach July 18, 1944

Arrived in Paris August 28, one section and the other section on August 30

Were in Thionville and Verdun at the time of the Breakthrough.

**VE-DAY**

Section One was in Leizpig, Germany with VII Corps

Section Two was in Rothen, Germany with the 9<sup>th</sup> Division

**CORREGIR MARGENES**

**HABRIA QUE METER LOS CODIGOS DE CADA CLUBMOBILE Y ESTARIA BIEN PONER FOTO DE GRUPO, ...  
INCLUSO UNA FOTO DE CADA UNA**

## **ALTERNATIVA**

### **GROUP A**

### **CLUBMOBILES**

#### **Section 1**

**A1/1 GRANITE STATE  
A2/1 GENERAL GRANT  
A3/1 PRESIDENT LINCOLN  
A4/1 OLD GLORY**

#### **Section 2**

**A1/2 KEYSTONE STATE  
A2/2 GENERAL LEE  
A3/2 UNCLE SAM  
A4/2 MOUNTAIN STATE**

Group Supervisor - Harry **Ratcliff**

Section Captain - Jean Hatcher  
Section Captain - Ann Ferguson

Edith Hurley  
Katherine Blair  
Sally Craighill  
Louise Smartt  
Marie Roversi  
Virginia Roberts  
Martha Richardson  
Margaret Wathan  
Kathryn Kirkpatrick  
Helen Longshore

Mary Metcalfe  
Mildred Eberle  
Kathleen Crocker  
Cameron Jelliffe  
Barbara Gummers  
Jane Phillips  
Mary Pitcairn  
Elizabeth Chatfield  
Helen Huff  
Barbara Bray

Harriet Atkinson  
Barbara Gummery  
Gertrude Glaps  
Eleanor Campbell  
Nance Krone  
Marie K. Phillips  
Sarah Peters  
Leslie Hart-Fenn  
Barbara Ridgeway  
Marjorie Spence

Cinemobile - Odette Stoddard, Irmay Lappey

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### **VE-DAY**

Section One was in Leizpig, Germany with VII Corps

Section Two was in Rothen, Germany with the 9<sup>th</sup> Division

DIBUJO RUTA PAGINA 66, no queda otra ... hay que  
escanearlo

## SWEATING OUT THE MARSHALLING AREA

### DIARY OF GROUP A June 29th to July 24, 1944 by Elizabeth Chatfield

It was 8:45 a.m. of June 29, a typical London morning - cloudy, with an alert on (rain and buzz bombs imminent) - when we drove out of Grosvenor Square to the Marshalle areas. Priscilla Alden, Ginny Cook, Maxine Preas and Nigel Sellville waved goodbye from the curb. There was, for once, a moment of silence as we rounded Grosvenor Square for perhaps the last time. Then our thoughts were ably voiced by Louise Smartt as she drawled "Why, theah goes old Grohvenah Squah! It's jes like leavin' a second home!"

Our convoy's departure from Wimbledon was quick, orderly, and quite impressive, with a Pathé News cameraman whizzing up and down the long line of vehicles, filming this history-making event - the first ARC Club-mobiles to leave for France! Our smug and pleased feeling was to be short-lived. On the dot, for once, we arrived at our appointed rendezvous - a vast, barren camp which seemed to stretch for miles over rolling green hills. We double-clutched our convoy - a steady stream of grey, elephantine vehicles with the tiny Hillmans like miniature barrage balloons bringing up the rear - then into the camp past rows of pup tents and army trucks in the process of being waterproofed. The girls jumped down from the Clubmobiles with cries of "Where's the boat?" - "Why, you can't even see the ocean!" Being only too familiar with the "Army way", we collapsed in the sun on a hillside to wait while Harry Ratcliffe hurried off in his Hillman to see if anyone had been forewarned of our arrival. He soon returned with a couple of officers whose bewildered faces showed all too plainly that our arrival was news. "GOSH - WOMEN - What'll we do with all of them?"

The time had now arrived to prove whether or not we were Zone V material and to learn the rules of bivouac - the first of which is - Dig a Latrine. Frankly, I was always under the impression that Latrines grew on bushes, but that is definitely not the case. Let me pass on an important piece of information - always have your latrine screen in an easy-to-get-at location, and not tucked away under a dozen or so barrels of flour! We also learned that bedrolls are no place for civilian clothes, but are ideal for sleeping bags which, oddly enough, you do sleep in and not just fill with extra Kleenex. It was further discovered that the cots placed on our Clubmobiles were not just to add to the clutter but are quite nice to put your sleeping bag on, especially when your shelter is a canvas tent with a grass floor.

To get back to our story, it was decided that, since we were there to stay, we could occupy the rows of tents left by a company which had hurriedly moved off

and that we would be allowed to eat in shifts at the various bivouac messes about the camp. This idea delighted us, and we were assigned a latrine-digging detail, and all of the waterproofing boys came to help us unload our bedrolls and begin camping. In fact, so carried away were we with the camping-out idea that we forgot that Harry had gone on to base section headquarters to report our arrival and that they might have other plans for us. All bedrolls were hauled out, cots put up, Clubmobiles opened and Victrolas turned on full force. Some girls had even reached the bobby-pins-cold-cream-and pajamas stage when Harry returned with the announcement that we were in the wrong place! It was almost too much - we liked it there, and all those boys had been so wonderful in helping us get setup. In fact, they had even dug us a latrine and promised fresh eggs for breakfast. Why, it would be rude to go off like that. However, when the Army says "MOVE", you certainly do, so we repacked our bedrolls, haversacks, cots, etc., and off we departed for our new destination.

Of our new location, the less said the better - in fact, it shall be nameless. According to Army parlance, it was called a "concentration center", and it did not take us long to quickly alter the word "center" to "camp". It was a former British garrison comprised of rows and rows of red brick buildings, our quarters having been occupied by British sergeants and their wives. I pity the poor British brides who were carried over those thresholds, particularly if they were in the same condition which greeted us that night! When we arrived it was cold and rainy, a situation to remain the same during our two weeks' incarceration there. We were mad, wet and tired; so you can imagine our complete despair upon opening the doors to the row of houses which had been turned over to us. It was no scene from "Tobacco Road" - it was the whole three acts! The rooms, all cell-size, were caked with dust and coal smoke. The only furniture consisted of iron cots on which reposed grimy, stained mattresses. The fireplaces were filled with unburned trash. In fact, this "Wormwood Scrubbs Jr." still stank of its former occupants. Tired though we were, few were able to sleep that night. It was squalor with a capital "S" - all you could do was lie there and listen to the bugs crawl.

Came the dawn, and those who, out of sheer exhaustion, had been able to sleep, were awakened with loud hammerings and hangings. Along with everything else, it seemed we were located above a lumberyard.

Each building, which housed about six or seven girls, began its morning the same way - being cleaned. Fires were built, hot water made, brooms, buckets and rags borrowed from Clubmobiles. About noon, everything looking a little brighter, we set out for the

casual officers' mess where we were assigned to eat; and here we met that lovable darling, the mess sergeant. If anybody hated women, he did; and he certainly despised us with all the heart he ever had! Because of our improper dress (slacks), we were not permitted to eat with the other officers but were rushed through a half hour before the regular meal times. If anyone were as much as a minute late, the wrath of the mess sergeant was her happy lot; and, if she had the temerity to take two **piecies** of meat, she also became target for the mess sergeant's invective!

But all of our sixteen days at the concentration camp were not as miserable as they might sound. We never had it so good as far as popularity went. Invitations to five dances a night would be considered a slow evening - we could really pick and choose. "Viki" Atkinson's house became the date bureau, with the front door used as a bulletin board for invitations, messages and other notices. The Fourth of July was celebrated by driving to our first camp and visiting our friends there. Despite all the parties, though, no one was really interested in anything but the one big question - "When will we leave?" and "Have they forgotten us?"

The blackest day of all our sixteen there was the evening we heard the news that B Group had departed for its marshalling area and would arrive in France before us! That was a pill harder to swallow than a doughnut. It seemed like treachery!

AÑADIR FOTOS y PIES DE FOTOS ... y del grupo A  
hay bastantes.



American Red Cross girls and members of the First Battalion  
in Cologne, Germany.







France Dec. 1944







The original members of Group A.  
The Cinemobilers, Odette Stoddard and Irma Lappey are not in the pic.  
Name in red means the identification is not 100% verified

The pic is taken from the book "*Battlestars & Doughnuts: World War II Clubmobile Experiences of Mary Metcalfe Rexford*", written by her husband Oscar Whitelaw Rexford (Patrice Press, 1989)

0 Howard D. Gibson  
 1 Leslie-Hart Fenn Tapscott "Les"  
**2 Marian Janney**  
 3 Kathryn Kirkpatrick Huehl "Kirk"  
 4 Barbara Bray Kratz "Bobby"  
 5 Kathleen Crocker Glidden "Pussy"  
 6 Jane Weir Phillips  
 7 Martha Richardson  
 8 Anne Ferguson Boy  
 9 Mildred Eberle Rothrock "Mid"  
 10 Marie Keeney Philips  
 11 Mary Metcalfe Rexford "Chichi"  
 12 Edith Hurley Roddey  
**13 Barbara Gummere**  
 14 Not identified

15 Helen Lynch Longshore  
 16 Mary Leet Pitcairn Keating  
 17 Cameron Jelliffe von Feilitzen  
**18 Not identified**  
**19 Harriette (Viki) Atkinson**  
 20 Harry Ratliff  
**21 Kathryn Blair Herndon**  
 22 Sally L. Craighill Marcus  
 23 Sarah "Sally" Peters Carter  
 24 Helen Huff Shortley  
 25 Virginia Roberts Gossett  
 26 Louise Smartt "Jack"  
 27 Marie Adele Roversi Tydings  
 28 Elizabeth Chatfield  
 29 Margaret Wathan Nicholson "Margo"

## **GROUP B**

### **CLUBMOBILES**

**TOMAHAWK  
THE CHIEF  
COWBOY  
KIT CARSON  
SITTING BULL  
DANIEL BOONE  
TEXAS RANGER  
BUFFALO BILL**

Herbert Casey - Group Supervisor  
Virginia Ellis – Captain

Eliza King Alice Niestockel  
Jessie Leonard Katherine Spaatz  
Gertrude Bradburn Julia Townsend  
Ann Pasternacki Mary Jane Paull  
Birnelyn Seymour Alice Emerson  
Whitney Bourne Jane Goodell  
Katherine McKay Frances Goodwin  
Nellie Borland Marjorie Lee  
Rhoda Dawson Jeri Jean Ford

Elaine Robertson Louise Clayton  
Doris McAlpin Helen Coffin  
Elizabeth Robinson Rosalie Sell man  
Frances Roosevelt Ruth Hayes  
Virginia Brock Jane Barnes McMillan Virginia  
Sherwood

**ARREGLAR PARA AJUSTAR A LIBRO**

Cinemobile - Evageline "Kay" Boner, Eva "Johi" Johnson

Arrived off shore of Utah Beach July 14,1944 at 9:00 pm and waited to drive the clubmobiles onto the beach July 16,1944

Arrived in Paris August 26,1944

In Eupen December 16 at the time of the Breakthrough

In Pilzen, Czechoslovakia on VE-day

## ALTERNATIVA

### GROUP B CLUBMOBILES

#### Section 3

(or Group B Section 1)

**BX/1 THE CHIEF**  
**B2/1 TOMAHAWK**  
**BX/1 KIT CARSON**  
**B4/1 TEXAS RANGER**

#### Section 4

(or Group B Section 2)

**BX/2 BUFFALO BILL**  
**BX/2 SITTING BULL**  
**B3/2 DANIEL BOONE**  
**B4/2 COWBOY**

Herbert Casey - Group Supervisor

Virginia Ellis – Captain

Eliza King  
Jessie Leonard  
Gertrude Bradburn  
Ann Pasternacki  
Birnelyn Seymour  
Whitney Bourne  
Katherine McKay  
Nellie Borland  
Rhoda Dawson  
Elaine Robertson  
Doris McAlpin  
Elizabeth Robinson  
Frances Roosevelt  
Virginia Brock  
Virginia Sherwood

Alice Niestockel  
Katherine Spaatz  
Julia Townsend  
Mary Jane Paull  
Alice Emerson  
Jane Goodell  
Frances Goodwin  
Marjorie Lee  
Jeri Jean Ford  
Louise Clayton  
Helen Coffin  
Rosalie Sellman  
Ruth Hayes  
Jane Barnes McMillan  
**ARREGLAR faltan nombres**

Cinemobile - Evangeline "Kay" Boner, Eva "Johi" Johnson

Arrived off shore of Utah Beach July 14,1944 at 9:00 pm  
and waited to drive the clubmobiles onto the beach July 16,1944

Arrived in Paris August 26,1944

In Eupen December 16 at the time of the Breakthrough

In Pilsen, Czechoslovakia on VE-day

## GROUP B IS FIRST

Eliza King

From all parts of the United Kingdom - and they seemed far-flung to those of us who had to travel all night to get to London - members of Clubmobile Group B gathered at 12 Grosvenor Square at 9 am, July 12, each with mental lists of many things to be done before H-Hour. After about two hours of saying, "Yes, we have all that. Now may we go?", we all scattered our separate ways - some to load Clubmobiles, some to pack - all to tie up those last strings always left dangling for "the day we leave for France." We were to be picked up at our various abodes and all reassemble at Wimbledon at 1 pm. "Comme ordinaire," it was 3 pm before we all got there, only to find that the trucks were still unloaded. Rumor had it that, unless we reached Southampton by 7 pm, we'd miss the boat and spend ghastly weeks in a marshalling camp awaiting transportation. The trucks arrived at 5, but so did the buzzbombs. However, so determined were we to meet the Southampton deadline, which rumor had now moved up to 9 pm, that, donning our helmets like good combat soldiers and ignoring explosions all around us, we pushed the British workers aside and flung trunks, barracks bags and bedrolls on the Club-mobiles ourselves. By 7 pm the convoy was ready to leave - 8 Clubmobiles, 4 supply trucks, 5 Hillmans, 2 Cinemobiles, 2 generators, 12 trailers and about 20 jeeps and command cars driven by Continental Headquarters staff, who were travelling with us.

With four screaming motorcycles escorting us, pistol belts around our waists and helmets by our sides, we made a grand exit from London and headed south, feeling very conspicuous as we waved goodbye to soldiers we were leaving behind. Everything went fine until our first halt at 1 pm. We were feeling very smug about our good convoy, but then the fun began. No one had thought to check black-out lights on the trucks, and also the batteries on several trucks were run down. A Cinemobile had been running for several miles on a flat tire and was only saved from burning up through the combined efforts of an Unknown Englishman who came out in pajamas to bring pails of water, and Mr. Kammeloler, head of the Cinemobile Department. The latter got out to change the tire in his pinks while helpful ARC girls stood by squirting fire extinguishers on the wheel - and the same pinks.

At about 1 am, we stopped again, innocently thinking it was just another "break", but this time we were lost. Some slept (as best we could with three in the front seat of a GMC), or ate, or visited and speculated. Planes came and went, convoys passed us, but still no Mr. Whitney to lead us on. Finally, at about 3 am, we started out again; and, after several more stops for breakdowns and wrong roads, with the first gray light of the 5 o'clock dawn we arrived - but at the wrong camp! We were only two miles off; but, when someone mentioned coffee in the **messhall**, we took time out for some breakfast and climbed back into our vehicles. We were ready to go again, but the MP who was to show us

the way casually pointed out that one Clubmobile and one supply truck were missing. There was more waiting while search parties drove up and down highways and sideroads, but no signs of the vehicles. The army, completely baffled by such an unmilitary turn of events, led us at a snail's pace to Camp C-5, where the crews of the lost trucks were waiting to greet us. They had lost the convoy but had asked directions and arrived at the right camp.

Exhausted even for Clubmobiles and dirtier than we care to remember, we parked our trucks and managed to stay awake long enough to stagger through breakfast and to the barracks where army cots with straw mattresses were **awiting** us. There were only two kinds of people in the group at that point - those who took a shower first and then slept, or those who went to bed and took showers when they got up about 3 pm! The nicest thing about Camp C-5, next to the straw mattresses, was the hot water and drying room, both of which we used to full advantage. All that afternoon and the next morning people could be seen standing in front of a sink with an armful of clothes, muttering to themselves. They were not practicing French - they were just trying to decide whether to take a chance on washing clothes and hair and risk suddenly being told that we'd leave in a half hour.

Besides washing, we spent the time having our pounds and shillings changed to francs, collecting K-rations, tablets for purifying water, booklets giving the Army version of "So Now You Are Going to France," seasick bags (which proved invaluable for holding rations) and all the other niknacks that the Army gives its departing troops.

About 2:30 pm on July 14, our convoy serial number was called; and, with a great effort to be casual about it all (especially Jeri Ford, who had waited 'til the last possible moment for a shampoo), we started out on our last left-side-of-the-road convoy. Down at the Southampton docks, we were told that we would have to sleep on the ground that night while the vehicles were loaded by crane. However, as soon as the first two trucks were on, the order was changed; and there was a mad scramble to get blankets back on the other Clubmobiles before they were loaded.

For about five hours we sat around and watched our Clubmobiles, with all our possessions aboard, swing through the air like great, awkward elephants and disappear into the hold of the Liberty ship. We couldn't help thinking of how different this was from our other embarkation, in Brooklyn, where Mr. Bauchle had fixed us with his military eye and made us believe that the fate of the Red Cross hung on whether one of us should appear in a blue instead of a white shirt. At midnight we gratefully accepted the invitation of the Captain to come aboard the Liberty ship, "THE FAMOUS AMOS," - the same Captain whose exclamation "Dames - Good God, and I expected tanks!" will rank among famous first words.

There was a choice of sleeping on cots in one hold of the ship, the only entrance to which was down a 20-foot steel ladder, or finding a cozy spot "topside". The majority went below; but about a third chose the fresh air and settled down on blankets, rope and tarpaulins.

We were the first women passengers on the ship, and the entire crew was in a dither. Orders were that we were to stay at our end of the deck, other decks being occupied by the crew and soldier passengers. However, in true Clubmobile fashion, we found ways of overcoming those obstacles. First, sailor friends brought out eggs, steaks, chocolate cake and other Navy delicacies to supplement our K-rations and Clubmobile coffee. We gradually worked our way into the mess, then into vacant staterooms for baths and up to the second deck to the ship's two showers. In the words of the ship's paper, "The Red Cross girls made the place different - white jackets in the galley, flowers in buttonholes and a shave every day."

We actually started on our way at 7 am, July 15, and soon joined a convoy of more Liberty ships and all types of landing craft, escorted by mine sweepers and destroyers plodding their silent way across the blue of the English Channel.

We slept, wrote letters, talked, and most of us saw our first Cinemobile show that afternoon when our two crews entertained the ship's complement and passengers.

We first sighted France - a bit of the Cherbourg Peninsula, at 4 that afternoon, and about 7 we could see ahead of us the beach that was designated by the Army as "Utah." We were too far out to see any of the reminders of the earlier landings on that same beach; and, as we slowly made our way through the water sparkling under the summer sun, the coastline looked like some seaman's mirage, except for church spires which arose here and there out of the haze. It was hard to imagine a more peaceful scene.

The peace, however, was soon shattered by the toots and blasts from landing craft which began to congregate around us, for the word had reached the beaches that the Red Cross was aboard. There was much signalling from other ships to ours - a Canadian cruiser blinked "Welcome to first American Red Cross unit".

At 9:12 p.m. the "FAMOUS AMOS" dropped anchor and we all settled down for another night aboard. The officers were a bit dubious about our staying on deck because of the expected air raids. We promised, however, that we'd keep our lifebelts on and go below at the first suspicious sound. About midnight, those sleeping peacefully in the hold were awakened - not by the sound of bombs or ack-ack, but by the crashes of about ten people trying to make their way down the steel ladder into the pitch dark and to find their Mae Wests, which they had thrown down ahead of them.

There was one near-casualty, Joni Johnson's leg. By the time we all got down the ladder, however, the all-clear sounded; and we started our climb up again, muttering all the while about the officer who had wakened us after we'd slept through a half hour of dogfighting and ack-ack fire above our heads.

Sunday, the 16th, the second day of waiting off shore seemed at least a week long. Ten brave souls went down a rope ladder for breakfast on LCT, but most of us sat around in the sun, watching the vehicles being unloaded on another LCT. We spent part of the time worrying about climbing down the rope ladder with full travelling equipment - helmets, musette bags, etc. - but soon were relieved by the announcement that the gangway, usually reserved for generals and admirals was to be put down for us. However, the ten Clubmobilers who descended the cargo net attached to our ship had to climb back up in order to go down the gangway, quite a feat for the Navy much less untrained ARC girls! The first load of vehicles and personnel debarked around 2:30, the next at 4:30, and those few whose vehicles were below the last load of tanks prepared to stay on board another night. However, as the LCT left from one side, a Duck appeared on the other with Mr. Momand and Mr. Clarke waving a welcome to us. They had been on the pontoon dock when the "DANIEL BOONE" rumbled off the LCT to be the first Clubmobile on the continent!



Identificación de la tripulación de DANIEL BOONE

After much discussion, and just as two of us were enjoying the ship's shower, they decided to take us back to the beach with them; so by 9 p.m. of July 16, all the personnel was ashore in France. We were excited and slightly bewildered, but sobered by the thought of the job ahead.

Although the "DANIEL BOONE" was the first Clubmobile to drive off the LCT, Alice Emerson, of the "BUFFALO BILL", was the first member of our group ashore, arriving in an **LMP** driven by herself.



"DANIEL BOONE" crew members

Frances, Jeri and Louise

Photo: Andrea Sutcliffe. 111<sup>th</sup> Ordnance Company

The second load had to wait for the tide; but, as soon as they appeared, we proceeded to "Transit Area B", a high-sounding name for a large, almost-empty field, where we were to spend the night on the ground. Supper here afforded us an introduction to 10-in-1 rations; which, at the time, we thought quite novel, and a welcome change from C's. The great question for the night was whether to unpack bedrolls and sleeping bags, or take a chance with blankets on the bare ground. One crew thought themselves smart to make their beds on the Clubmobile platform covered with the latrine screen; and, in the middle of the night it rained, forcing them to get under the screen. (Of course those of us who had nothing to sleep on and nothing on top of us still thought they were pretty smart.)

It didn't take much calling to get us up at 6 a.m. to start out on our drive to Cherbourg. Still 53 vehicles strong, we had our first sight of battle-ruins, particularly at Valognes, St. Mere Eglise and Montbourg, and our first real encounter with Normandy dust, which defies all description. By the time we arrived in Cherbourg at 10 a.m., our hair and clothes were stiff, smiles set in our greyish, dirt-caked faces - and our arms were stiff from waving. We waved and waved, and drove with the same hand, as this occasion called for much enthusiasm and abandon! However, we made it safely to the about-to-be-opened Red Cross Club "Victoire", where Marion Hall and staff greeted us., fresh and clean in pressed uniforms and white shirts. (They had flown over two days before.)

Next to a delicious French-cooked K-ration breakfast, our chief concern was baths and beds (next to food, they have remained our chief concern wherever we've been). The water was cold, but it ran from a faucet, into a bathtub; and the beds had no mattresses, but they had springs, which is more than we've had since, except for isolated cases.

Marjorie Ann Lee was greeted by a boy from her home town, and there were a few reunions with friends from England, and stories of the first days' and weeks\* fighting by D-Day veterans. There were soldiers standing in the street with their noses buried in the Army booklet looking up French words, and others who stopped us, saying "Do you mind talking to me a minute? Just say anything - anything in English!" A sudden jolt to our delight was a speech by Mr. Momand explaining that we would not join the units to which we had been assigned in England but would be assigned to 1st Army's V Corps! The next morning we started out for our first base at Trevieres.

There was a slight delay of about three hours in getting off, why, no one has ever known. Our convoy was small this time as we had left our Headquarters staff in Cherbourg. There was much traffic, roads still torn up from fighting, a few breakdowns. The "COWBOY" chose to stop just as Mr. Gibson passed on his way to Cherbourg, and he sent over a message that they needn't stop, as he had no special business with them. They sent back a message that they could not go any farther without the Ordnance Patrol. About 6 p.m. we arrived in Trevieres, dirty again, but with truck cabs full of flowers from the French and hearts full of love and pride in all the soldiers we passed.

We had heard that we were going to live in **Treviers** which had been almost completely destroyed, but none of us was prepared for the ruin there. What had been a town square was now a pile of rubble which the Engineers were clearing away. Even the church steeple was full of holes, and the only building left completely standing was a little hotel, which Civil Affairs and half the Red Cross group occupied. The other half of our group went out to a chateau about two miles from town.

Each billet had its advantages. The hotel rooms were small, especially for three cots and baggage, but those who lived there did not have to worry about driving to meals. There were Army rations cooked and served French style, and there was running water for two hours each morning. The chateau had nice gardens and lawns for evening entertaining; but, in spite of the elegant furnishings, all washing had to be done in a little outhouse with water brought from the Army waterpoint. We occupied three bedrooms and the grand salon. By the time we moved, Madame had seen the wisdom of putting away some of her furnishings; but for a week our washcloths hung from chrystal chandeliers, and nasturtiums peeped out between our toothbrushes on the marble mantelpiece, while ancestors glowered down disapprovingly from gilt frames. At that point we had not learned the art of living out of packed bags and were highly indignant when Madame went to the Army in tears, complaining that *the* rooms were so full they could not be cleaned. We agreed, but what else could you do with boots, fatigues, jackets, helmets, flashlights, towels and cold cream jars, etc. in a "grand salon" but leave them on the floor, tables or chairs? We learned, but we held our ground when she complained that we

slept with our windows open, and the night air was ruining her health!

Our "Place des Donuts" was an open field on the edge of town, about two blocks from the "square" and the hotel. All the trucks had to be camouflaged; and, like good soldiers, we carefully walked on the roads to prevent making new telltale paths in the field. Of course, the Army had to point out to us that other things like putting the laundry out to dry in the middle of the open field were not good camouflage. Furthermore, helmets were to be worn and not packed away in a duffle bag. Here, too, began the long campaign to get us all to wear leggings, a hard blow to our non-military spirits.

We cooked our first donuts in France the morning of July 19, beginning at 5 a.m. The first one came off the machine of the "TOMAHAWK", which, with "CHIEF", "KIT CARSON", and "TEXAS RANGER" went out that afternoon to serve units of the First Infantry Division.

Between the soldiers who came to see us and the units we served, we re-lived every phase of the campaign, from D-Day up to that time. To see people who had just come back from the front yesterday or just a few hours ago was still incredible. We heard artillery fire, which was the real stuff. We saw dogfights overhead. We heard sentries call "Halt!" and knew they meant it. We had all experienced air raids in different degrees in England, but none as close as the one the night of July 27, when the little hotel swayed from the blasts, and the windowpanes at the chateau shattered to the floor. One girl was thrown out of bed, others grabbed helmets and climbed under the covers again. We had our first and only gas alarm that same week.

Late in the evening someone came in with the announcement that MP's were stopping all vehicles and warning people of a gas attack. Helmets we all had, but gas masks were still tucked away in convenient nooks on the trucks or at the bottoms of duffle bags. Those who had them in the billet held them at the ready. All the others could do was vow to get them in the morning. Fortunately for the latter, it was a false alarm. Later, it was learned the grave registration G.I.'s had unknowingly started the alarm by putting on their gas masks as they buried the dead.

We all got glimpses of the front on our serving trips. We never were close enough, of course, to see actual fighting. We would stand on a hill, and someone would point towards a nearby hill, several hedgerows away and say "That's it. That's the Front! On the other side of that hill are the Germans!" It always seemed that the land should look different - the trees should grow upside down, the grass should be red and the sky green. It shouldn't look the same as the next bit of land, where men were not killing and dying. We caught other glimpses of the Front, too - in the eyes and from the lips of those who had moved with it for days and weeks, who looked at us as though we were part of a dream, and then

talked as though some dam inside had suddenly been broken.

One evening two engineers asked a couple of us to go to one of the beaches with them in a jeep they had salvaged. They had landed on D-day and, as we rode along the beach and then inland they tried to give us a running description of the fighting. They wanted to be sure to show us the first American cemetery. One of them, a tough private, an engineer in Africa, Sicily and Italy, wept incoherently, he was so touched by the fact that the French people had put a rose on every grave. He kept repeating it—a rose on every grave. Several soldiers walked slowly up and down the lines of white crosses stopping to look at the dogtags, reading the name on each, looking for their buddies.

At Trevieres, we began collecting souvenirs and our menagerie. Dick Weaton, one of our GI-mechanics, came back from a trip to the hospital with a small dog - half Spaniel, half Dachshund, which had been brought back from the Front suffering from shellshock. He undoubtedly had a French name; but we immediately named him "Sinker", or "Stinker", according to our mood. The next pet to be acquired was Marjorie Lee's white rabbit, "Victor Rear". Many GI's sighed with relief when they found out that "Victor Rear" was real. They were afraid that Calvados had worked its worst on them when they began seeing white rabbits on a Clubmobile.

On July 29th, "SITTING BULL" and "DANIEL BOONE" moved to Cerisy to spend a few days serving the Second Infantry Division. On Wednesday, August 2nd, after much ado about packing, the rest of the group joined them at Cerisy la Foret. There, eight of us took to tents, but the rest moved into an old farmhouse in a field four hedgerows and a turn away from the main road. The front windows looked out on ducks waddling around in a gulley, the back ones on a vegetable garden -no grass for sunbathing either front or back. Inside, the wallpaper was hanging off the walls, and the dirt was a half inch thick. However, no one seemed to mind how many nails we put in the woodwork nor what we left on the floor. There were miscellaneous people about -one woman who seemed to do all the work, two young men who played accordions noisily and whom some immediately took to be German spies.

Our parking and cooking spot was in the famous Forest Cerisy, under a vaulted arch of enormous beech trees where the sunlight streamed through and made stained-glass windows of the spaces where the branches of one tree met another. One story is that Napoleon X ordered the trees planted so that his soldiers could rest in the shade. Regardless of the reason, the trees have given shade to many soldiers, including several Germans who are buried there. In the fields beside the grove, cows, pigs and horses roamed at random -even into the tents pitched there. One day a scrawny turkey pecked its way through the leaves and was promptly annexed, to be fattened up for Thanksgiving. Besides George the Turkey, a kitten had joined the menagerie -

"Minnie", presented to "SITTING BULL" by Second Division.

At Cerissy we saw more of the aftermath of war than before. Roads were like craters from shells and heavy tank traffic, and the fields were littered with dead cows and gliders. The smell of death was in the air. One of the tragedies of the war was evident on every road-groups of civilians going back to what had been their homes—some on foot, some in carts, all carrying pitiful bundles of belongings and usually followed by emaciated dogs, cows, horses and even geese.

We suffered the first loss to our group at Cerisy. Al, one of our soldier-guardians, caught his hand in the generator and had to be sent back to England. One of the boys from the nearby Replacement Depot, who had been helping us every day, came to stay as did three others who came for a day, then couldn't find their camp in darkness and stayed.

Two Clubmobiles, "COWBOY" and "BUFFALO BILL", had gone on detached service to the Fifth Infantry Division; but the unit had moved, and they had to come back, disappointed, but with hair-raising tales of their night in a lonely farmhouse. They had stood by the windows in the dark watching what they were sure was an enemy mine-laying process; but it turned out to be a simple peasant gathering wood! A truck which backed into a stone wall nearby sounded like a bomb explosion at least! When they thought they heard German soldiers, no one would admit to the others how scared she was, but one got inside her sleeping bag and tied the strings under her chin so she would be harder to find!

On August 10, we moved again - our longest hop up to that time - to a chateau south of Campeaux, five low-gear hills and three blind corners past the Vire River, near the tiny hamlet of St. Martin Don. "CHIEF" gave out completely on the trip and had to be hauled to Ordnance for a new motor.

Our home here was a chateau, Pont Belleanger", a 11<sup>th</sup> Century building which someone aptly described as a Walt Disney castle. Surrounded by rolling hills and beechwoods, it stood five stories and many turrets tall. There were large drawing rooms with crystal chandeliers, pianos, old portraits, beautifully-bound old books and antique furniture. The walls were hung with damask, as were the ceiling-high windows. However, the things that impressed us most were those strange objects in the bedrooms on which some people sleep - soft, wide and long. Some were afraid of German germs, but there were enough who were not to fill all the beds. There were chairs, tables and wash basins in each room, but still the water had to be carried upstairs - and dumped out the windows after using. We developed a system of warning those below to keep their heads in and blankets off the window sills during those hours when people were washing up.

The Germans had left the building only a few hours before we got there, and left the Red Cross

designation of their hospital and a pile of bits and pieces of German uniforms and boots on the front lawn. When we arrived, the rooms were as they had been left - drawers open with family belongings trailing out on the floor, closets half-ransacked, draperies torn. The Count, his wife, two sons and daughter were walking through the house ascertaining the damage - an estimated million francs' worth! They had been living out in the woods during the German occupation and had just returned. The Count wore a monocle, spoke English and was named O'Mahoney! Maurice, the elder son, 17 years old, spoke much better English and our girls better French before we left. On August 20 we all celebrated his birthday.

Mr. Momand and Camilla Moss came to see us August 12 and spent the night, but that was the weekend when all but five were away - six of us to the beach near Granville. After the English climate, the sun and beach together were too much for us, and we returned with blisters, fever and chills from sunburn.

Other highlights of our stay at the chateau were boots and Dinah Shore. The travelling PX came to Victor Rear, and we bought paratrooper boots *en masse* to avoid leggings. The size didn't matter, so long as they would stay on; but within the next few days there were several sales of boots to soldiers and sighs of relief at "getting those things off".

For days we had heard that Dinah Shore would stay with us when she came to tour V Corps units. Finally, on the 17th of August, she and several USO satellites arrived - in a sedan! We were prepared to resist her glamor; but, after she had washed her clothes with us out on the lawn, rolled up her hair, struggled to talk with the Countess in her feeble French and cooked eggs on a Clubmobile, we accepted her as just another American girl who was doing what she could to make war a little more bearable for American soldiers - and we wished we could sing, too, instead of just being able to make doughnuts.

About this time we saw Vire, a spot that vied with St. Lo as one of greatest destruction. It had been a city. There had been homes, stores, churches, schools, railroads. Now there were only piles of brick and stone, fronts of buildings with great holes in them - a few like dollhouses, with no fronts, so that everyone could see the furnishings and bathtubs dangling precariously on second-story floors that had little to hold them up. Engineers, stripped to the waist, cleared away the debris from the roads to permit traffic to move, and civilians picked their way through the ruins trying to find a bit of "home".

"SITTING BULL" and "DANIEL BOONE" came back from their second stay with Second Infantry Division, each with a new coat of OD paint, and the latter with a little blonde puppy named "Betty Grable".

At the end of our sojourn in Pont Belleanger, Mr. Casey was called to Headquarters, and we were left to deal with the Army in our own feminine way. On August 20 Dinah left; and the next day we moved south out of the hedgerow country to Sees, a town practically untouched by war.

The trip to Sees was a nightmare - rain, shell-craters, convoys, one-way traffic around a dead horse and overturned cart in the middle of the road, abandoned German vehicles, German graves and French sign "Tombstones for sale here". After our five weeks in the country and our travels through wrecked towns, Sees, with its shops and cathedrals, its normal civilian population carrying on normal civilian activities, was a marvel.

We were **billetted** in what had once been a tuberculosis sanitorium - then a military hospital; and this time we arrived before the Germans left. There were wounded prisoners waiting to be evacuated to U.S. Prison Camps. They've been given so much propaganda about how rough we treat prisoners that they were surprised to be well-fed and cared for. One detail of prisoners was out digging a trench for a latrine. They were scared and crying because they thought they were digging their own graves, and were really happy to discover it was a latrine. Another propaganda lie was that New York City had been bombed by the Germans, and nothing we could say would make them believe us.

We had running water for the first time, but we also had dormitory life - all thirty of us in one big room, where every whisper and every stumble echoed and re-echoed. Days began getting shorter, and there were no blackouts for the windows; but we worked so hard and long that it made little difference.

The 80th and 90th Infantry Divisions had to be served in four days, and we cooked doughnuts and served coffee from sunup to past sundown. These were units which had been fighting in the Falaise-Chambois trap, and souvenirs came a dime-a-dozen. Everyone returned laden down with German belts, cartridge cases, knives, mess tools, guns, a motor bike and even cars. First the "TOMAHAWK" acquired a German Ford V-8 that worked perfectly, once the homemade starter could be made to function. However, clouds of perfume would not take away the terrible smell inside the car. "CHIEF's" car was a dashing touring model "**Opal**", which had a roar like a B-17, but no brakes.

Few advertised the fact, but most of us went up to see the "trap" or "pocket", that area where countless Germans were killed or captured, and material beyond count wrecked. Jeri had arranged for us to go to see "Death Valley". It was another cold, dismal day and the roads were muddy. We drove through a field lined with wrecked and abandoned German vehicles and equipment. We were surprised at the number of horse-drawn carts the mighty German army had been using to haul supplies and ammunition. There were hundreds of

dead horses as well as live ones wandering around standing by, looking at the dead ones. Some of the GI's who didn't find cars or motorcycles, settled for horses and you saw them riding all around. The tents around the edge of the field were Uttered with hundreds of cans of sardines and a great deal of women's lingerie.

We ran into the French Army for the first time at Sees. It was quite a shock at first to see soldiers in American uniforms who, when we stopped to chat with them about home or to ask directions, would start chattering in French or grin broadly and answer, "No English. O.K. Good morning."! Soon, though, we could tell which were French by the way they wore the uniforms - without looking at the shoulder patch. The day the Second

French Armored Division rode through on its way to Paris, we stood on the sidewalks and cheered them on with as much pride and enthusiasm as the French who lined the streets, although we had no flowers to throw at them and felt a little restrained about running up and kissing them!

At this time, Virginia Ellis was promoted to supervise all First Army Clubmobile groups, and Jeri Jean Ford took her place in Group B. Betty Sillcocks and Rosalie Sellman came to fill vacancies on crews, and we acquired another kitten, "Baby Detail Utopie", on the "KIT CARSON".

There have been many triumphal marches in history, but no Caesar could have been as impressed with his reception as we were when we moved from Sees to Sceaux, on the outskirts of Paris on Monday, August 28, just after the first Allied soldiers entered the city on Friday, the 25th.

Our entire trip, from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., was one well never forget. Towns, villages, the country - it was the same. Throngs of men, women and children on both sides of the road cheered and waved, tried to shake our hands and give us presents. We were literally showered with apples, plums, pears and even ripe tomatoes. Occasionally we would spot some French child's hand being slapped down when it was extended in the Nazi salute - no collaboration here - just habit, we guessed. Heaven knows where the flags had been hidden all this time, but all the buildings were bedecked with faded Tricolore and Stars & Stripes, the latter with any number of stars from five to fifty. Many were obviously homemade, as were the signs reading "Welcome, Old Fellows", "Hurrah our Allies" and other greetings in free French-English.

We were part of an Army convoy, which caused excitement enough; but when the people saw us, there were cries of "Vive les femmes Americaines". By that time we were so excited that some of us waved madly at some passing trucks before we realized they were full of German prisoners. (That was after one girl had caught herself waving at a field of **billygoats**!)

The only thing to mar the trip was the refusal of the Ford to start when the convoy did, and it had to be towed off to Ordnance. En route, the FFI ran into it -no more need be said. The Opal, though, made the trip, complete with no muffler and little-or-no brakes.

As if the trip in itself hadn't been enough, we arrived at Sceaux to find ourselves billeted in a real, modern house - with hardwood floors, electric lights and running water • yes, hot and cold!

Tuesday, dressed in our best battledress and boots, or Debenham-Freebody uniforms and white gloves, minus tin hats, we descended upon Paris. Paris, ah, Paris! We were hugged, we were kissed. We were presented with flowers and flags, and we all stood on the Champs Elysses and cheered the American soldiers as they paraded by. Everyone bought perfume. Everybody ran into old Army friends, and those who had been there before looked up old haunts. Helen Coffin, wondering how to go about looking up a French friend, found her at the information desk at the Scribe Hotel, which we, along with all the war correspondents, used as our base of operations. Jessie Leonard and Eliza King went to a French Underground broadcasting station and heard NBC, CBS, and MBS representatives "calling London and New York from Paris".

Just to be sure that our group's donuts were the first served in Paris, we took a box in from "TOMAHAWK" and served some ack-ack crews and the guard at the Arc de Triomphe. What was left we used as a bribe to get lunch at the Scribe, where correspondents had C-rations served on silver platters by white-coated waiters.

Later in the week Ann Pasternacki, Marjorie Ann Lee, Kay McKay and Helen Coffin took "DANIEL BOONE" in to the Arc de Triomphe, where Fox Movietone recorded Clubmobiles in Paris for history.

On September 1 we moved again, through Paris to the little village of Moussy-le-Vieux, about fifteen miles north and east. That morning we had a visit from Mr. Gibson, who talked with us and as usual, made us feel that we should be paying the Red Cross for the privilege of doing our job.

Here we lived right in the army bivouac area for the first time. We had no hardwood floors but each crew had a room in one wing of La Domaine Pour Gueules Casses which served as a hospital for veterans of the last war and a summer vacation place for war orphans. Our gas supply got lower and lower and there was little Clubmobiling done. The Army was so grounded that it was hard to get rides to Paris, as close as it was, but most of us managed to get back at least once. Much time was spent bargaining with the local populace and there were many fried chicken dinners, complete with fresh vegetable salads.

We had our first party here, Sunday night, August 3, in the grand salon of the hospital. "Music was furnished by the famous V Corps Band. The rooms were decorated with fall flowers and white candles. Light refreshments consisted of raw salad, K ration cheese, C ration biscuits and - punch. The predominant color worn by the ladies was a Red Cross blue" . . . There was one evening dress. The men still wore boots and leggings.

We went down in our living quarters by stages, but on September 6, we hit bottom. It is a date to be remembered. We moved to Magny, to tents.

Tents. Tents. Rain. Cold. No heat. No lights. No gas. No Clubmobiling. No towns. No sightseeing. In the middle of the first night one of the tents fell down and had to be held up by half the occupants while the other half tried to tie the ropes back. The drying tent, where there was a fire, became the social center, where the conversation dwelt chiefly on the possible arrangements of six cots in a tent, the virtues of candles versus German lanterns for seeing, whether or not tents really are rain-proof, and cures for backaches that come from having only cots or the ground to sit on. Even the latrine screen blew down one day, but that excitement didn't last long. The mess was a mile of mud away from where we lived and the trucks another mile beyond that. No gas, no mail. Jeri milked one of the cows which roamed the fields to get food for the cats - and still it rained. For four days and nights we settled down to sleep, to sleep, perchance to dream - of The American Standard of Living.

Our rest didn't last too long. On Sept. 10 we crossed the border into Belgium, where our first stop was Carlsbourg, where we settled down in a Catholic school, which a German hospital unit had evacuated just a day or two before. Here we had the luxury of private rooms • they were small but they were our own! And - there were BEDS, and German sheets to put on them.

The other half of the establishment was still occupied by the Belgium Freres, who became unofficial members of the Clubmobile crews for our stay there. We always have had soldier helpers and in many places we have had friendly civilian children to do leg work for us, but it was a shock, even to Clubmobilers, when we first saw blackfrocked monks stacking donuts, with the same concentration and care they gave all their duties.

On the evening of the 12th, V Corps band entertained the Freres with a concert. The program was selected with their tastes in mind, much to the disappointment of the soldiers in the audience, but for an encore and as an example of American jazz, they played "Tiger Rag". The Brothers applauded politely but their expressions were more of bewilderment than appreciation. After the playing of the Belgian national anthem, which most of us heard for the first time that night, the monks gave a cheer, which they had carefully rehearsed but which still had an extra "Keep" in it - "Heep, Heep, Keep hooray".

The next night we had a dance for the enlisted men of Victor Rear. It was a great success, except that just as it started, we were told the band would have to stop at 9 p.m. because we were moving again the next day. And - after we had all dressed up in our best civilian clothes, we were told to wear only uniforms from then on.

The private rooms became a dream as we settled down in tents again, in a dense forest of beechwoods. They were beautiful to look at but they kept all the light out of the tents. They kept the rain out of the tents too but every time we brushed against the low branches, we made up for any of the water that didn't seep thru the canvas.

Marjorie, Frances and Louise tell of their visit to a hospital. "One of the boys from the kitchen came along and helped us serve through the wards, but there was one that was too much for him, and he handed over his tray of doughnuts and hurried out. It is one of the hardest things of all to serve these boys; some are minus a leg, some without both legs, many had head injuries and could only drink the coffee through a rubber tube. There were only a few in the ward well enough to have coffee and doughnuts. It makes us so terribly heartsick and feel so inadequate and unable to think of anything to say. Worst of all is carrying the cigarette and gum tray with the slogan written on it, "From the folks back home." One fellow just read it aloud and shook his head".

This was the time when most of us took our first trips into Germany to serve. The first three to go were Helen Coffin, Virginia Brock and Betty Sillcocks, who came back from an AAA battalion on Sept. 22 with a letter from the Colonel to prove that they had been "in enemy territory". Ginny also brought back a pair of skis, which she thought might help her get through the mud to the mess hall. Being from Alabama, she had never seen skis before - and a little downcast when she was told she would have to wait till there was snow to use them.

Besides the signs saying, "You are now entering enemy territory. Be on the alert", the whole atmosphere of the countryside was different. Instead of shouts and waves of welcomes, we got impersonal looks from the few civilians who were left in that area. And many of the soldiers we served lived in houses instead of fields, houses which had evidently been evacuated at a moment's notice, for there were clothes, household articles, even food left as though the owners were expected back any minute.

Again four Clubmobiles and the cinemobile went to serve the 5th armored division, at Diekirch, where the Red Cross held the right flank and the girls weren't allowed to walk home at night without an armed guard!

Two Clubmobiles and the cinemobile went on detached service with the 28th Division. When the division moved after about a week, the 3 vehicles were part of the army convoy. The crew of the Daniel Boone, Frances, Marjorie and Louise, tell of one experience while driving in the convoy. "We saw a badly bombed rail bridge with two arches blown out. The Clubmobile ahead and the cinemobile had just passed under the bridge when we noticed a commotion and people motioning us back. Then from the arch standing to the left of the road we saw a few stones fall. Then the arch cracked in the center and came crashing down toward us. We backed the truck about fifteen feet and just missed being hit by any of the stones. A Major had passed under a few minutes before, heard pebbles falling and stopped to investigate. It was he who motioned us not to pass under, while waving the others on, and saved our lives. At the last moment he ran under from the lower side and arrived at the truck just in time. We could see the whole arch falling behind him and he had not an instant to spare. We gratefully served him coffee and doughnuts.

"The debris certainly formed an effective blockade, digging a great hole in the road and making a barrier almost twice as high as the Clubmobile. It was extraordinary how quickly traffic was rerouted but one jeep came steaming up the road and stopped at the Club-mobile, the driver exclaiming with disgust, "No wonder there's a traffic jam! You might know there'd be a Red Cross Clubmobile causing it."

Another group "casualty" - Jane Goodell was sent to a hospital in Paris, where she began the long trip back to the U.S.

Four of our group became Red Ball Highway drivers during this time. For about six weeks, they drove truckloads of supplies from Cherbourg to Paris and from Paris to an army supply depot on the Belgian-German border. The praise from General Eisenhower for the work of the Red Cross was pay enough for the aching backs and the breakfasts and lunches of K rations.

Our next bivouac area was about equidistant from St. Vith and Malmedy. Someone came back to tell us about the new spot - "It's a beautiful place", he said enthusiastically. "A house?" we asked hopefully. "Oh, no, but nice trees and leaves a foot deep". As woods and tents go, it was a nice place.

"Another day we went to a hospital clearing station where most of the cases were combat exhaustion. At first it was very hard. We went into a large ward where the floor was covered with litters so that you could barely step between them or over them. Most of the boys were sleeping and upon awakening didn't know where they were. At first they would stare at us with a very dazed look and fumble for doughnuts. So many had developed tics or trembled all over so that they had great difficulty with the coffee and would try several times taking it up, setting it down before they

could get it to their mouths. Gradually they began to talk to us and one fellow managed a weak smile and said, "How about another doughnut, beautiful?" That started the fellows around him into taking a little interest. One was from Minnesota and we talked awhile and one was from Georgia. We spent the whole afternoon there talking with first one group and then another for about half an hour each. I should say, listening, for they did most of the talking. One fellow with a nervous tic so that one hand just kept pounding all the time, laughed sheepishly about it. He said that his buddy used to yell at him to stop shaking and he couldn't, and then that afternoon his buddy was brought in with the same kind of trouble. They sat side by side on the litter, each trembling uncontrollably and kidding one another about it. A couple of fellows displayed helmets that had been pierced by bullets. One kid who looked about seventeen talked a blue streak about his experiences. Another poor fellow trembled and sweated all over and kept muttering, "They're coming back, they're coming back . . ." over and over. Upon being touched he cringed and curled up and muttered all the faster, but after we talked to him about his wife and assured him he was safe because, if he were far enough back for Red Cross girls to be serving doughnuts, he could be sure that no Germans were there. Pretty soon he came out of it, relaxed, blew his nose, turned over and went quietly to sleep. We really felt that that was the best day we'd had as the change in the men from when we came in to when we left was so very apparent."

For the first time on the continent, four of our Clubmobiles went away on assignment with a division, the 5th armored, then stationed in Luxembourg. One Clubmobile, The Buffalo Bill, made history by beating a tank battalion to its assembly area, where they greeted the soldiers before they went into battle. That spot became "Donut Hill", in the records of that outfit and of the Red Cross. They were gone for 3 busy days, but got back in time to move on Sept. 20 to another forest, near Clerf.

This was a forest to end all forests. Before we could move our trucks in, the engineers had to come with bulldozers to clear space for them. Rumor had it that the Belgian government sued the Army for all the trees destroyed. Whether that's true or not, we sympathized with the loss of the trees, because our parking and cooking lots became 1000 square feet of mud, mud such as we had never dreamed could be. Artic boots were no protection - the mud was too deep. In fact, they were a hazard, because it is easier to pull a shoe out of mud than to pull a big boot out.

We felt very luxurious tho' because for the first time we had lights in our tents and stoves. It was a bitter lesson for most of us to learn how to start and keep a fire going in the stoves, but our woodsmanship improved quickly, as the weather got colder. Several times the camouflage nets caught on fire and what we thought was a roaring fire in the stove turned out to be the tent pole burning. The tricks of living comfortably in tents came

to us slowly but of necessity, as our rapid move thru Belgium slowed down and we settled down to the outdoor life.

The visit of Archbishop Spellman to Victor Forward on Sept. 24 was an occasion for us all, Catholics and Pro-testnats alike. It rained that morning, as usual, but in spite of that, as far as you could see, there were soldiers standing with bared heads as they listened to his prayer that the dead whom he had blessed in Germany as well as in France and Belgium "shall not have died in vain".

Our group was augmented this time by a USO troupe, which occupied two tents behind our last row. Clubmobiles came and went from this area - one came back from the 28th and another went to take the place of the other one which had gone from the 28th to the 102nd Recon. Group. Two were assigned to the 9th Division.

For the first time we were visited by General Gerow, Commanding General of V Corps. As we should have expected, it was the day when our Clubmobiles were muddiest and our fatigues were covered with dough. But we were glad to see him anyway,

Again we lost one member of the group, the group captain this time. Jen Jean Ford left on Nov. 6, and Eliza King took her place.

On November 7 we finally left the woods and tents, and joined the Victor Recreation Center in Eupen, a town shown on the 1919 maps as Belgian but claimed by the Germans since 1940.

We were amazed at how difficult it was at first to walk on sidewalks and to go up and down stairs without stumbling, but we soon got back in the groove of civilization, so much so that one night someone complained because the furnace was too hot!

After being scattered in billets all over town for four days, we all moved into one empty building. The first snow came on November 11 and the next day a buzz bomb fell four blocks away and knocked most of the windows out of our building. The next day two new girls, Betty Hitchcock and Katie Cullen, arrived. Busy week!

November 16th found some of us out in the field serving and some in Eupen cooking doughnuts. We were told about the air offensive and warned to take shelter during the time the planes would be coming over, in case any of the bombs fell short. Those in town spent most of ~~tie~~ 45 minutes running back and forth between the Clubmobiles and the basement, trying to decide whether we should stay down in the shelter. Those out in the field were ordered to take shelter, along with the soldiers, who gallantly gave up their most luxurious foxholes for them.

The crew of the Daniel Boone said "We were so disappointed we couldn't take our Clubmobile as it was needed for cooking while we were out serving. Had we taken it, we would have parked it next to the kitchen at Battalion HQ and the men would have been brought in from the batteries in trucks. Instead we had two jeeps and a weapons carrier and went out to the batteries and around to the gun sections of each platoon. Recently orders had been given to fire at all buzz bombs and just as we drove up a buzz bomb came over and the machine gunner opened up. We were watching so excitedly that we drove right into the ditch. We were banged up a bit and had to be lifted out of the ditch. They didn't get the doodlebug. We served an observation point where radar was being used to detect the bombs. Somehow we did a lot of fooling around and were half an hour late getting back to Battalion Hqs. Fortunately, a buzz bomb had just hit there, demolishing one building and completely crushing the wooden barracks. Two tanks were thrown up on a hillside and wrecked. The whole side of tile kitchen was out, the CO's office a mass of debris, and everyone was running around, faces streaming with blood, trying to dig two of the boys out who'd been buried under a building. A very efficient aid station was set up, but some ordnance boys were killed and there were seriously injured ack-ack men. What if we had been parked there, the victrola going, and all the men lined up for coffee and doughnuts!"

On November 18th, the Clubmobile serving the 28th division returned to the group, leaving just the two with the 9th. At about the same time, one truck and crew, The Sitting Bull, was detached completely and permanently to serve aviation engineers.

Thanksgiving we celebrated with the various units we served that day which meant that some people got two turkey dinners and some got none. We also entertained Mrs. Sloan Colt, ARC Deputy Commissioner for the U.K. and Western Europe, who spent two days with us on a brief tour of Clubmobile groups. She went out with the Clubmobile which served the 99th division that day. It was their first Clubmobile and things were a little confused. The water wasn't hot for the coffee when we arrived, and the soldiers had to stand in the pouring rain for an hour or so before we could serve them. Mrs. Colt stood in the rain too, and experienced a little of what Clubmobiling in a combat zone involves.

Thanksgiving also saw the arrival of two more recruits for the group, Sally Gage and Janet Trosch. They arrived unannounced just before dinner Thanksgiving evening. They laugh now at their first impressions of the group, with girls and soldiers and officers of all ranks going in and out of the hall, people arguing about where The New Girls should sleep and who should take them to dinner, others paying no attention to them but muttering things about ARC headquarters sending people out without letting anyone know they were coming. They confessed later that they had been warned in London and Paris that they must be

prepared to find us nervous and ill-tempered after our Experiences at The Front, and for those first few hours they believed the warnings.

The snow continued, the roads got icier, the days shorter, and truck driving more and more difficult. Somehow we got through those weeks without any wrecks.

About this time we began combining some hospital service with our doughnut making. One girl from the crews who were cooking visited an exhaustion center and a clearing station on the edge of town. And speaking of cooking donuts, for three wonderful weeks, we had 13 soldiers to do that for us. One day Maj. Radam, V Corps Special Service Officer, walked in and said, "Do you want soldiers to help you cook? Here they are." We looked out the window and there they stood, complete with rifles, packs and helmets. We soon got rid of that equipment and had them looking like Clubmobile girls, with dough on their hands and flour in their hair. They cooked at night, which meant that we were able to serve every day. But just as suddenly, they were called back to the replacement center, to be sent out to combat units. We sent them away with our blessing, pulled on our fatigues, and went back to being doughgirls.

On December 3 the war returned to us abruptly, in the shape of some German planes which strafed Eupen, including the lot where the Clubmobiles were parked. Fortunately, the shells only hit the wall, and the girls crawled out from under the trucks in time to finish cooking. Rumor told us that these were the first jet planes the Germans had used. One Clubmobile left that afternoon for the 8th Division, and a week later the two with the 9th division came back.

The first Christmas program in Eupen was held on December 10, at one of the local churches, a program of Christmas music given jointly by civilians and members of V Corps. That night, though, the Victor Recreation Center was in a dither over the arrival of Marlene Dietrich, who disappointed everybody by appearing at dinner in a long skirt!

At about 5:45 on the morning of December 16th, we were awakened by sounds which were not buzz bombs and not ackack. We thought at first they were our artillery guns, because even our ears could identify the report of the guns. We couldn't account for the other two sounds, though, the whine of a shell and the explosion when it hit. Much against our will, we agreed that it must be enemy artillery and at breakfast, we learned that we had been shelled by the Germans. That night there was more shelling and some bombing and Sunday morning we learned that some German paratroopers had been dropped not far from town. No one was allowed to leave town and we were told to stay indoors, which we dutifully did, making doughnuts to send to the front.

At 3:30 that afternoon, December 17, we were told to get ready to move in an hour taking only a musette bag. We had been very poor soldiers and allowed ourselves the luxury of unpacking and scattering our belongings all over the building, and there was one wild hour, while each person tried to decide which of her most prized possessions she would take with her. Christmas packages from home, souvenirs - and our new liquor ration - were most in evidence, so we brought those, bedrolls and as much of our clothes as we could throw on two trucks. The convoy of Clubmobiles and other vehicles was ready to leave by 5 but our armed escort, a half track complete with gun and crew, was a half hour late arriving, so it was almost dark when we left. We crept along, with cats' eyes or no lights at all, holding our breath as we passed convoys of tanks with no lights at all. To the north and the east the sky was bright with flares from planes and flashes from guns, and then as we came west, we were blinded by the headlights of vehicles coming from the "lighted zone".

It took us about an hour and a half to make the fifteen miles to Herve, where the 1st division rear rallied quickly from the shock of suddenly having 30 women to feed and billet. That first night most of us stayed in the division rest center, which fortunately was empty at the time. The straw mattresses on the double deckers which lined the sides of what had once been a theater reminded us of the marshalling area in Southampton, but again we were thankful for small things. The next morning we moved to private billets, all over town, not the most elegant houses we've seen, but the lack of heat and washing facilities in the rooms was far overshadowed by the welcome of the Belgian families who took us in. They fed us, they washed our clothes, they got Christmas trees for us, they were as cordial and friendly as the civilians in Eupen had been unfriendly.

We came prepared to stay a very few days, a few days which have now stretched out into two weeks. Since we were told by the army not to bring any of our supplies, we spent the first five days trying to collect our belongings which had been packed so hurriedly.

When we were sure that we would be here for Christmas, we sent back for some supplies and on Christmas Eve cooked doughnuts for a party for the enlisted men stationed in Herve on Christmas afternoon.

Christmas was saddened for us by the shock of the death of one of our group, Katie Cullen. She was sent to a hospital to get over a bad cold on Sunday afternoon, about 15 minutes before we got orders to move. She was to return to the group on Wednesday morning, but at 5:20 a.m., the hospital was hit. She died two hours later, the only person who was in any way injured. She was buried on December 21, in the American military cemetery at Henry la Chapelle, in a casket which was covered with the American flag. The service was read by Father Dempsey, V Corps Catholic Chaplain. Besides the four Red Cross representatives who were allowed to

attend, Virginia Ellis, Ruth Hayes, Betty Hitchcock, Eliza King, the group included Col. R. B. Patterson, V Corps Adjutant-General, Major William Hamlin, Asst. G-1, Major Sol Radam, Corps Special Service Officer, and Capt. Doctorsky, medical officer for V Corps Rear Echelon.

At noon on Christmas day, the entire group attended a mass said for Katie by Father Waters, the Catholic Chaplain of the 1st division.

On Christmas Eve night, about ten of us joined a group of soldiers from the 1st Division in singing carols in the streets of Herve. We rode in style, in a GMC, and everywhere we stopped, we were welcomed by groups of Belgians who came out into the street to listen. The moon and the stars were brilliant, as they can be only on Christmas Eve, and although the flashes in the sky reminded us that a war was still being fought, we felt that for that moment, in this little bit of Belgium, there was peace in the hearts of men.

Besides the party for the soldiers on Christmas afternoon, we had a small party for ourselves that morning, in the courtroom in the city hall which we took over the next day for an office.

We have had many offices, but none so elegant as the room with plush bottom chairs and leather top bar where the justice of the peace presides. Fortunately he did not arrive to hold weekly court on Thursday, because it is now cluttered with baggage such as only the Red Cross can collect, unclaimed laundry, boots, old helmets, and other impediments of clubmobilizing.

We started again on our regular schedule of doughnut cooking the day after Christmas, and although we are not allowed to leave town to serve them, we have been able to send to front line soldiers an average of 10,000 doughnuts a day.

We work and live here on a day-to-day basis, making the best of our rest but eagerly looking forward to the time when we can go out on the road and do a real Clubmobilizing job again.

Louise Clayton tells of some experiences at Trevieres.

#### Foto de la excavadora en Trevieres

Trevieres was very heavily shelled at the beginning of the invasion. When we arrived it looked terrible and the dust was thick. We wondered where there could possibly be a building standing that we would live in. But the soldiers have been working even after dark to clear away the rubble. Bit by bit, the town is coming to life again. Through broken windows and broken walls you can see shops getting ready to open up again and people gradually clearing out their homes. Most of the people are very friendly and smile or wave as we pass by. One day the country people were all in

with their carts and great wicker baskets filled with butter. Of course, fresh vegetables are almost unobtainable as the gardens are buried under rubble. But this part of the country is really the "Bread basket" of France and supplied most of the food for Paris. Since transportation to Paris has been disrupted the people here have a surplus of food while the Parisians are starving.

The Hotel in which we are staying (the other half of the group live in a chateau three miles away) is quite comfortable once we got settled. As we enter through the bar and pass through the kitchen we beg de l'eau chaud, a helmet-full, and carry it through the courtyard up to our rooms over the wine cellar. In the courtyard is a standup toilet. Right now I am feeling luxuriously clean, having just had a bath out of my helmet and washed my socks in the water that was left.

Frances and I have a room to ourselves and feel very fortunate. If another cot could have been squeezed in it would have been. The cots are very comfortable and our bedrolls snug, though recently I have suspected company in mine and am very glad to have insecticide powder.

Right now I am sitting after dinner in the dining room drinking coffee and typing by candlelight. This is a very cozy little room with red checked curtains and tablecloths, red printed wallpaper and copper pots and china hung on the walls. French coffee is infinitely better than English coffee, GI coffee or even Red Cross coffee

There has just been a light interruption. Outside the window was quite a scene. The owner of the hotel was arrested for being pro-Nazi when the town was first taken and was just brought back to rejoin his wife. Now M. et Mme. Aoust have just come inside and are opening a bottle of champagne and are jabbering in French and she is hissing for him to be careful what they say, that I under: stand some French.

Yesterday afternoon Marjorie took me aside. "I think M. and Mme. are spies. Don't you see how they hover around the officers and listen to everything that is said? Well, last night I saw flashlight signals from that little window up under the eaves!"

"I was incredulous. "Come on out into the courtyard with me tonight, we'll just pretend we're going to that awful John, and see for yourself!"

Mme Aoust had been quite a sourpuss, pretending not to speak English though I am certain she understands it very well. We think she's been confiscating a good deal of our food, but cannot understand when we ask about it. The first night for dinner we ate up our rations of powdered eggs with ham so that for breakfast we had crackers, commonly referred to as dog biscuits, and jam. When we returned for lunch after working hard we were a little dejected to find nothing but dog biscuits and minced luncheon

meat. By dinner the situation was better and we had beef and bread. Day by day the situation did improve and we sometimes had fruit juice for breakfast and potato or vegetable for supper. We never, however, got away from the dog biscuits. They were there to spoil our appetite the first thing in the morning, and to fill up on when we finished our dinner, and whenever we're hungry on the Clubmobile and not cooking doughnuts there are the dog-biscuits, never anything else. Tonight Mme. Aoust is setting a table for five officers who are also billeted here. She has put on a special tablecloth, dainty scalloped napkins, wine glasses and flowers. We usually have to wait some time for our food and then it comes only one thing at a time and very little of that; she is too busy hovering over the officers.

So I did see the flashing signals that night. Marjorie had found some real spies right under our noses! Worst of all M. Aoust was such a good chef he was hired to cook in the Officers' Mess at Division Hdqrs. We told the CIC and all the officers we saw but no one was much interested.

HEADQUARTERS  
FIRST UNITED STATES ARMY  
Office of the Commanding General  
APO 230

9 May 1945

SUBJECT: Commendation of Major General Clarence R. Huebner, O4552.

TO: Major General Clarence R. Heubner,  
Commanding General, V Corps, APO 305.

On this day which marks the conclusion of the fighting in Germany, I wish to congratulate you, your staff, and the troops of your command on your magnificent performance.

Since landing on the fiercely contested Omaha Beach nearly a year ago V Corps has made for itself an enviable reputation. After the breakthrough, it was your corps that closed and cleaned out the Argentan-Falaise pocket with such disastrous effect on the enemy. It was V Corps that sped ahead to liberate Paris and moved on without pausing to be the first to enter Germany. During the December counter-offensive your corps held like a stone wall at the Elsenborn corner. The courage and tenacity of your fighting men in that engagement marked a high point in the tradition of gallantry of our armed forces. Under your driving leadership V Corps raced across central Germany to capture Leipzig and pushed on to be the first of the western forces to meet the Russians at Torgau.

Your own tactical ability, determination and inspiring leadership have won the respect of all who have observed you as both a division and corps commander.

I desire to commend you on your outstanding performance and to extend to you and to your fighting corps my personal wishes for continued success. Please let your corps troops and divisions know that I am deeply appreciative of their accomplishments.

COURTNEY H. HODGES,  
General, U.S. Army,  
Commanding.

201.22 (CG)

1st Ind.

HEADQUARTERS V CORPS, APO 305, 18 May 1945.

TO: Commanding Generals of Divisions, Commanding General, Corps Artillery, and Commanding Officers, Corps Troops.

I desire to add my personal commendation to that of the Commanding General, First United States Army. The outstanding combat record of the V Corps is due solely to the individual effort, determination, loyalty, and courage on the part of each and every soldier who has served under this command.

C. R. HUEBNER,  
Major General, U.S. Army,  
Commanding



Siendo B2/2 tiene que ser "SITTING BULL" o "BUFFALO BILL", Naumburg, April 1945

Primer día en Francia. No parecen muy entusiasmadas con la comida



American Red Cross clubmobile girls eat a hearty meal, their first in Normandy, which they cooked in the open air soon after their arrival. Left to right, the girls shown here are: Helen Coffin of Providence, Rhode Island, Jeri Jean Ford of Long Beach, California, Alice Niestockel of Akron, Ohio, and Gertrude Bradbury of Schenectady, New York.



Texto: Doughnuts and coffee in Normandy.  
Private Walter G. Smith of Norwalk, Connecticut, receives his first doughnuts and coffee at an American Red Cross clubmobile in Normandy.  
The smiling server is Birnelyn Seymour.

Fuente: NIOD Institute for War, Holocaust and Genocide Studies

No hay mas datos, ni fecha ni localización concreta. Ni siquiera el autor de la foto. Siendo Birnelyn Seymour (Grupo B) lo logico es que se trate del Clubmobile "THE CHIEF". Se ven las cabezas de otras dos pero resulta imposible hacer una identificación 100% fiable.



Dos de Birnelyn, la de COWBOY, para la de arriba  
hay que preguntar a Jane Healey.

Las cinemobilers de los grupos A y B tocando  
juntas





Watermark For Xab1

Hay que conseguir esta foto. El de atrás tiene que ser "BUFFALO BILL" por las iniciales de la lata. Julio del 44. La de abajo es la inauguración del Club en Cherburgo





Listado de los diferentes CPs en los que debieron estar.

Va ser mas cómodo meter el Scan

# **CORPS MILESTONES**

1. Corps Headquarters sailed for overseas — 6 January 1942.
2. Assaulted OMAHA Beach and established Corps Headquarters ashore — 6 June 1944.
3. Closed the FALAISE Gar>— 21 August 1944.
4. Captured PARIS— 25 August 1944.
5. Captured SEDAN— 6 September 1944.
6. Captured City of LUXEMBURG— 9 September 1944.
7. First into GERMANY and through the SIEGFRIED Line, in the vicinity of WALLENDORF— 11 1805 B September 1944.
8. Held northern section of German break-through in the ARDENNES — 16 December 1944 to 7 January 1945.
9. Captured ROER River Dams— 9 February 1945.
10. Broke out of the REMAGEN Bridgehead and captured LIMBURG— 22 to 26 March 1945.
11. Captured EHRENBREITSTEIN— 27 March 1945.
12. Captured LEIPZIG— 19 April 1945.
13. First American contact with Russians at TORGAU— 25 April 1945.
14. Captured PILZEN Czechoslovakia — 6 May 1945.
15. Escorted representatives of German High Command through PRAGUE to WELCHOW, Czechoslovakia, to deliver terms of surrender— 8 May 1945.

## GROUP "L"

NORFOLK  
SIOUX FALLS  
SANTA FE  
NASHVILLE  
TOLEDO  
RICHMOND  
TAMPA  
EL PASO

Mr. Mortimer Cook - Group Supervisor  
Rosalie Palmer - Captain

Esther Walker	Lillian Bechaud
Doris Phelps	Rhea Shoupe
Pamela Schweppo	Dorothy Love
Phyllis Lawson	Janet Leary
Mitzi Smith	Margaret Wilson
Oriette Schaider	Alvaine Emery
Anne Evans	Anita Este
Betty South	Mary Small
Jean Gordon	Helen Volek
Ruth Kelliner	Cecilia Graham
Helen McCall	Dorothy Hood
Carolyn Stevens	Melba Mumford
June O'Connor	Monica Owen
Margaret Twiggs	Jan Bryson
Mary Kimball	Harriet Johnston
May Pat Austin	Mary Patricia Austin
Loretta McLaughlin	

Loretta McLaughlin  
Mary L. Austin  
Cinemobile

Landed Omaha Beach, August 17, 1944  
Landed Omaha Beach with Group H August 18, 1944  
Breakthrough Luxemburg, Sect. No. 19  
Oberstern 3rd Corps  
V-E Day, Elan gen, Germany

Bueno, a ver si nos aclaramos ...

1º ¿Por qué aparece el grupo L ahora? lo lógico seria el Grupo C pero podria ser porque Marjorie intento explicar cada una de las fases por las que pasaron dando el protagonismo a un grupo en concreto para cada una de ellas  
... o igual no y esta teoria es una autentica chorrada

2º Austin aparece 3 veces y mete a las Cinemobilers con las Clubmobilers.  
Esta lista esta un poco liada

**ALTERNATIVA**  
**GROUP "L"**

**Section 19**  
(or Group L Section 1)

**L1/1 NORFOLK  
L2/1 NASHVILLE  
L3/1 SANTA FE  
L4/1 RICHMOND**

**Section 20**  
(or Group L Section 2)

**L1/2 TAMPA  
L2/2 TOLEDO  
L3/2 EL PASO  
L4/2 SIOUX FALLS**

Mr. Mortimer Cook - Group Supervisor  
Rosalie Palmer - Captain

Esther Walker	Lillian Bechaud
Doris Phelps	Rhea Shoupe
Pamela Schweppo	Dorothy Love
Phyllis Lawson	Janet Leary
Mitzi Smith	Margaret Wilson
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Ruth Kelliner	Cecilia Graham
Helen McCall	Dorothy Hood
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Landed Omaha Beach, August 17, 1944  
Landed Omaha Beach with Group H August 18, 1944  
Breakthrough Luxemburg, Sect. No. 19  
Oberstern 3rd Corps  
V-E Day, Elan gen, Germany

## Group "L" REPORTING

Dear Sally,

Meant to write much sooner, but we've been busy as little bees. So, I'll try to give you an idea of what's been happening to L Group since we left Southampton.

After several days on shipboard, waiting to be unloaded on the crowded beach, we decided that there are channels and channels one must go through, but none like the English Channel. One evening we visited another «hip and were entertained with a rootin', tootin', shootin', Gene Autry film. The Boys were so glad to see us that they whipped up a fresh apple pie and stuffed us with Rich delicacies as pickles and pineapple - strictly dream food after English rationing and Army Orations. As we left, we serenaded them with "Good Night, Sweetheart", our voices ringing clear, if not always true, across the water.

Late one afternoon, we were unloaded onto a **convey-veyance** with the impressive appellation of "Rhino", and headed for the beach. However, night came down so fast that we could not land, so once more we slept with water under us. The trucks were packed so closely together that we had to walk on top of them to get around at all. It gave one an uplifted feeling, and walking on the ground like other humans will never again be quite the same.

Apple orchards are ever so prevalent in France and so are bees. The latter invade doughnut machines, doughnuts and coffee urns. If encountered in doughnuts they are usually mistaken for raisins, thank goodness. Most of the girls were stung in various places, and hardly a day went by without a casualty.

Carolyn Stevenson and June O'Connor were charged with procuring some wooden doughnut racks and also the very necessary piece of furniture present in all wellappointed latrines. However, the Ordnance boys were a bit confused and thought the racks were to be attached to the sides of the throne! After much ado, the blushes faded away and the job was finished.

Louis Bromfield's rains not only came, but saw and conquered. Mud ran rampant, sending us posthaste to the Quartermaster for ye olde buckle galoshes, reminding us of our childhood.

The gypsy life of the open road claimed us, and we were off in a cloud of CMC dust, eating K-rations until cheese came out of our ears. Any day a wire from Walt Disney offering a starring part opposite Mickey Mouse will be some gal's destiny.

Convoy-driving through France has its lighter side, though. The people gathered along the road, waving and offering us eggs, fruit and flowers, until we felt like the great Army of Liberation in person.

A shower here is enclosed by a canvas screen with earth and sky as bottom and top respectively. Terry Bechaud, in the process of disrobing, was slightly surprised and chagrinned when Mary Small accidentally pulled the wrong string, and the screen descended, leaving her revealed to the madding crowd. A quick return of Red Cross poise was required, and Terry covered herself with glory, if little else.

Sometime in the still hours of the night, six in our tent ("We are Seven" usually) awoke simultaneously to discover a "German Sniper" sitting on Janet Leary's (No.7) bed! We called for our guard, but all was silent. We called again and finally a low, distinctly guttural "yes" was heard - that was all! We pictured our G.I. guard lying in a pool of blood outside somewhere! Handicapped by layers of bedding rolls and cold chills running up our spines, we were unable to move. Came the dawn and with it the truth! Our "sniper" was Janet's battle jacket waving in the breeze! Six damsels packed their overworked imaginations in the bottoms of their footlockers for the duration.

Some of the GI's here have named their bright-eyed lapin "Sandwich", because he's half-bread.

That's all for the nonce. Must fold our tents and not so quietly steal away. As ever,

Jan (Bryson)

"A Doughnut for Papa?" queries this American Red Cross girl of the white-vested French landsman on her visit to an isolated U.S. Army ackack unit "Somewhere in France". The children of this neighboring farmer often bring offerings of eggs, fruits or vegetables to the Yanks, a welcome supplement to a K-ration diet. The American Red Cross Clubmobile "Toledo" background); attached to General Patton's Third Army, visited eight of these remote gun emplacements in one day.

Doughnuts are like pennies from heaven to these GI's members of an antiaircraft command post attached to Third Army headquarters "Somewhere in France". Dozens of soldiers sprinted through the shrubs and bushes from pup tents, and lookout posts to greet the "Toledo", an American Red Cross Clubmobile attached to General Patton's Army. Members of the "Toledo" had cooked doughnuts since dawn. By dusk, they had visited eight isolated ackack installations.

First and most immediate job of American Red Cross Clubmobile girls upon arrival at the secret, wooded headquarters of General Patton's Third Army "Somewhere in France" is draping camouflage over their supply trucks and doughnut vans. This blanket of heavy, coarse netting with ragged moss-green strips breaks the straight lines that might attract enemy reconnaissance planes. The "Camouflage Detail" in this picture includes left to right: Katharine McCall, 4 Cambridge Court, Larchmont, N.Y., Carolyn Stevens, San Francisco, Calif, and June O'Conner, 2 South Park Ave., Lombard, ILL.

Commendation from  
W. W. PAUL  
Major General, U.S. Army  
Commanding  
HEADQUARTERS 26TH INFANTRY DIVISION

APO 26, U.S. Army  
10 December 1944.

Mr. Harvey Gibson  
Commissioner  
American Red Cross  
APO 887  
Courier 8600

Dear Mr. Gibson:

For several weeks the Clubmobiles of Group K with the XII Corps and Group L with the Third Army have been serving coffee and doughnuts to members of the 16th Division and its attached units in the field at the front.

I wish to bring to your attention the superior manner in which these groups have operated in my division.

The Clubmobiles do a great deal for the morale of the men and I am always anxious to have the Red Cross Clubmobiles work within the division whenever possible.

Sincerely yours,

(signed)      W. S. PAUL  
                  Major General, U. S. Army  
                  Commanding

He couldn't run away, even if he wanted to! But Cpl. John Craven, Osceola, Neb., doesn't mind all the extra attention his leg is getting him in the least. Following doughnut and coffee service, Dorothy Love, 124E. 40th St., NYC, American Red Cross Clubmobilist, reads comic strips to the patient. Cpl. Craven was injured several weeks ago when a 40 mm gun ran over his leg. As a member of a gun emplacement crew with Patton's Third Army "Somewhere in France" the injury kept him off his feet, but not off the job. In one afternoon Miss Love with two other crew members of a Clubmobile group attached to the Third Army, visited eight isolated ackack crews.

The State Register, carried by all American Red Cross Clubmobiles, draws more GI's than honey does bees. Enlisted men at this antiaircraft command post attached to Third Army headquarters "Somewhere in France" are eager to sign their own John Henry, and thumb the pages on the lookout for buddies from the same home town. In the background is the "Toledo", one of a fleet of eight Clubmobiles attached to General Patton's Army.

Naught but the best

Given a 24-hour fling after 110 days contmuooi fighting these courageous soldiers of the 79th Division flock around three American Red Cross Clubmobfles waiting "just for them" in front line town "Somewhere in Alsace-Lorraine". These man are up against crack German troops clinging desperately to every tree in the Forest De Parroy in their stubborn retreat to the German border.

**Esto va a ser chungo de arreglar pa que quede mono**







GROUP K  
CLUBMOBILES

DALLAS MEMPHIS  
TULSA FORT WAYNE  
DULUTH  
VICKSBURG  
SPRINGFIELD  
LEXINGTON

Group Supervisor Captain - Elma Ernst

Diana Marvin	Lavinia Davidson
Janet Dillon	Patricia Farley
Peggy Bell	Virginia Anderson
Louise Tessier	Mary Jane Cook
Virginia Larson	Joanna Neilson
Elsie Yeager	Helene Deming
Jerry James	Hope Hunt
Ann Wall	Hazel Fletcher
Eleanor Hood	Louise Langdon
Marianne Sheilabarger	Helen Rehak
Charlotte Colburn	Mary Ann Bass
Kathleen Watson	Dorothy Swanton
Clarice Hickox	Ada Wattenmaker
Dorothy Kitterman	Josephine Harris
Mary K. Moore	Aleene Haberffeld
Natalie Fallon	

Cinemobile - Ada Wattemaker, Pauline Tompkins

Landed on Utah Beach August 13, 1944

K Group by-passed Paris

Marianne Sheilabarger, Charlotte Colburn and Kathy Watson crossed the Saar into Germany at Echternach, Luxembourg and served the 80th Division.

During the Breakthrough we were at Morhange, France; then moved up into Luxembourg with XII Corps of 3rd Army

On VE-day K Group was in Viechtach, Germany, near the Czechoslovakian border.

**Aqui va a ser difícil especificar las secciones solo tengo los códigos de 2**

## Red Ball Highway

(from Group K's Diary)  
by Jerry James

When ARC Headquarters in London planned the Clubmobile invasion of the Continent, they sent with every group of Clubmobiles four "drivers". It was a mystery and almost a disappointment to find yourself in this category. What would we do? • Would we work on the Clubmobiles, or what? - In short, where does the fun come in?

### SCANEABLE

Well, they did give us a job, right from the beginning, and a pep talk. Two girls were assigned to each supply truck and instructed not to forget that, without the supplies contained therein, the Clubmobile Group would not be able to function. Yes, we felt necessary, but more like "necessary evils", as we trekked along behind the coveted Clubmobiles.

### SCANEABLE

It wasn't until September that we "drivers" got our break. Oh, we had filled in on Clubmobiles, made doughnuts, and did our share of the work; but it still hurt a little to see the raised eyebrows and quizzical expressions of those who questioned us about our Clubmobile and received the answer "I'm not on a Clubmobile, I'm a 'driver'". Their inevitable flat "oh" was anything but inspiring.

However, one fine day in September, Elma Ernst, my Group Captain, came up to me with the astounding news from Headquarters • "Jerry, you are leaving for Paris tomorrow morning to truck supplies up from the Cherbourg beaches to the Paris Warehouse". PARIS ... the city of lights and indoor plumbing!!! - Or, as a GI friend of mine so aptly named it, "Forever Amber with Gendarmes". Recently liberated, it was the goal of all the girls for a leave, and I was being given a "free" ticket - it seemed too good to be true. My esteem for the undesirable position of a "driver", up to then hitting a new low, went soaring!

The next morning Anne Wall, Clarice Hickox, Jan Dillon and myself took off for gay Paree in our lumbering GMC's, but to us they were the finest vehicle made for we were riding on air and dreaming of getting back to civilization.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, we entered the outskirts of Paris. Jan and I were leading; and as we started down the wide, beautiful street, we were met by cheering throngs of Parisians on both sides. It was quite a reception; but "really, they needn't go to all that trouble for us", we thought. The fact that General deGalle was following us at the head of a large parade was quite incidental.

We had a large map of Paris, yes; but it might as well have been the map of the stars! I was supposed to be assuming the role of Navigator, with Jan as my trusting pilot. However, our line of communication failed to function. I couldn't even pronounce the names of the streets, let alone find where they were on the map. However, by the Grace of God, and Jan's faltering French, we did arrive at Headquarters.

The trucks were bedded down for the night in the garage and we signed in at the Hotel de Paris. "Rainbow Corner" was in its infancy then, and we were allowed to have rooms there. One look at those beautiful soft beds (the first we'd seen since leaving England) and it was "Sweet Dreams" for most until the new day dawned.

Our first Cherbourg assignment followed in two days, one day being allowed for the reconditioning of our trucks - and us. We all loved Paris at sight, and the stores were a delight. We did our share of purchasing frills and furbelows. And, of course, some of us were lucky enough to find old friends we had not seen since England.

The old alarm jangled at 4:30 a.m. on the morning we were to start our first trip to Cherbourg. We picked up our trucks and were given the route we were to follow. We were led out of Paris and were on our way from there. Later we learned that we could leave as late as 8:30 or 9:00 and still make it to Cherbourg for dinner as, with experience came the individual's secret "shortcuts" leaving and entering Paris. What a relief it was to find the "autobahn" the Germans had so nicely built for our convenience, as it was here that any time lost was made up.

The Army was using the "Red Ball" route, of course; but we only took it once, as we found that we could make better time on an English-guarded highway going through Mantes, Everux, Lisieux, Caen, Bayreux, Caren-tan, Valognes and thence to Cherbourg.

I'm sure none of us will ever forget the gas station at Caen - in the midst of that empty and rubble-strewn city! Nor will we forget the roundabout at Bayeux. This was a wide circle of five miles of the roughest terrain we had seen since the Tank Course near London. Mother Murphy's proverbial washboard would not stand a chance in comparison! There were many roads off the circle, but signs were scarce and inconspicuous, so there were many of us who made two complete circles before leaving the roundabout at the right exit. Unfortunately the British MP's were very firm about not back-tracking on the one-way road; and there were some mighty battles of American versus British stubbornness - but the MP's always seemed to win. However, we cooled our wrath with some rather colorful comments on "bull-headed men", men in general, and Anglo-American relations as a whole! Then we would

start on the torturous merry-go-round again, determined to find that highway of ours for sure this time!

There were many surprised faces as we went whizzing by; and, when we took our "five-minute breaks", we usually attracted a few would-be helpers, although we were forced to dent their "Knight's Armor" by telling them that we were not "Damsels in Distress" and please run a-long.

Flat tires? Funny, we did not seem to have any until we reached our destination, and then they would appear all-of-a-sudden. We wouldn't believe we had acquired them a hundred-or-so miles back, and our credible excuse of bad roads - so bumpy you wouldn't be able to tell if you had a flat tire - always relieved our consciences

Food was scrounged for the most part – bumming at various mess halls and K-rations thrown by GI's in passing trucks held us over to the end of our journey. It was when we left our trucks in the parking lot and took off for the ARC hotel and the best food we'd eaten on the Continent that we realized we had caught the wellknown disease of "truck-driver's appetite".

The next day our trucks were loaded for the return trip; and, unless we were needed to drive them to the loading lots, we were free for the day. This wasn't too exciting in Cherbourg, but we were duly grateful for therest it gave us.

Everyone was on her own as to time of starting back to Paris, as long as we made it in one day. However, most of us were up at dawn; and, after a hurried hot breakfast, we would be on our way. Part of the routine was to check for your gearshift knob - often it would take wing during the layover, in which case, another would

be mysteriously **procurred**, and you would roar off in a cloud of dust before confronting the poor unfortunate who had been so kind as to contribute his knob to the "cause".

The return trip to Paris seemed shorter, or maybe our feet got heavier on the accelerator as we dreamed of the day of rest there - two days if we were lucky enough to be due for a 1000-mile check on the truck. Our trucks were running beautifully, and speed was what we cared to make it, as long as we kept an eye out for the MP's.

A couple of girls were unlucky enough to be caught driving 50 m.p.h. with a loaded truck - horrors – and whitout the persuasive powers of coffee and donuts! So it was back to Paris by 4:30 or 5:00 p.m., a day for un loading of the trucks, then off again for another load.

Our tour of duty lasted around a month, when Headquarters decided it was too much for girls, so replaced us with GI's. However, we feminine drivers secretly delighted in the fact that, in the entire time we were driving, we had not one accident. On the first GI trip they arrived in Cherbourg with three minor casualties.

At the time of this writing, I am sure that most of the "drivers", who drove on the "Red Cross Red-Ball", have qualified for the Clubmobile Hall of Fame!

## **GROUP E**

### **CLUBMOBILES**

ALASKA  
BAY STATE  
EMPIRE STATE  
GOLDEN STATE  
WOLVERINE  
AUGUSTA  
NEW ENGLANDER  
OLD DOMINION

Group Supervisor - Harry Pierson  
Group Captain - Elizabeth Schuller

Gretchen Yoffa	Ann Edge
Margaret Hippee	Miriam Minton
Leonore Lindsley	Helen Fries
Barbara C. Lewis	Priscilla Burton
Susan Coolidge	Elizabeth DuBois
Frances Olson	Geraldine Davis
Beatrice Bogert	Lillian Phillips
Helen McGregor	Winifred Small
Virginia Weisbrod	Jane Janzer
Margaret Hemingway	Annelle Anderson
Pela Hundley	Marjorie Sell
Melissa King	Ann Jack
Alice Felty	Renee Worrall
Harriet Brownell	

Cinemobile - Ilse Schluter, Hazel Worden

Landed on Omaha Beach July 27, 1944 after six days waiting in channel.

At the time of the Breakthrough were at Spa, Belgium, section 9 and section 10 was at Hoensbruk, Holland, north of Aachen.

VE-day were at Salzwald, Germany, not far from the Elbe River

During the last week of August Group E moved to First Army Hqs. at Auffargis, near Versailles. Just beyond lay Paris! Longing to get to that city of beauty and charm, we "sweated it out" until permission came late September 1st. Early on the 2nd we took off; one group crowded into a Hillman and another found space inside a Clubmobile. To those of us who knew Paris before she had suffered the humiliation of German occupation, this was a moment of joy and apprehension. How had she survived?

The answer was not long in coming for Paris received us with heartfelt, sincere exuberance. True, the Army which had preceded us, reaped - and rightfully - the hysterical, joyous exhibition of gratitude, yet we too received the same, be it somewhat exhausted. Champagne and K rations rapidly exchanged hands; the sight of a cigarette was sufficient to draw an eager throng, hands outstretched. The spirit of liberated Paris was **infectuous**; your heart lifted as the lump in your throat went down. In words of one syllable it was - dramatic! But Paris, the city, was hurt. Not in any physical aspect; nor was it visible in the spirit of its people for that was high. But, like the clothing its citizens wore - the best they had - it was tattered and torn, threadbare on the inside. Its energies spent, its resources exhausted, Paris was desperately trying to raise its head, to show the world it had survived a bitter blow.

We drove our Hillman around the Arc - down the Champs Elysees to the Place de la Concorde, to the Madelaine and the Opera and then across to Notre Dame, feasting our eyes. Then to a little bar in an old, old hotel on the Left Bank. Yes, Paris was Paris and that song kept running through my brain - "The Last Time I Saw Paris". Yes, no matter how they change her, I'll remember her that way. Stories and music all claim that once you know Paris and learn to love it, to know it intimately and love it, you always will. And they're right!

On the first of September, E Group came together again with A Group at 1st Army Rear, which then had its headquarters at the Rothschild chateau at Auffargis. It was a beautiful spot, and we were billeted over the stables - with plenty of room and running water. Immediately upon arrival, all of E Group that could piled into the Hillman and took off for Paris. We stopped at Versailles en route and arrived in Paris about 5 p.m. Everyone took off in different directions, Renee Worrall to look for her family. Paris was thrilling and stimulating -with FFI, GI's and civilians cavorting and drinking champagne together. We returned to Auffargis next evening much refreshed and ready to settle down to work, which didn't materialize as the generators weren't functioning. We devoted our few days there to taking our trucks to Ordnance for check-ups and repairs and washing our clothes.

On Wednesday, September 6, all of E Group took off in convoy for the north of France - half to 51st Ordnance Group and half to the 52nd. We who went to

the 51st arrived in the evening and found them camped in a woods. We were not expected, but they greeted us royally and threw up a pyramidal tent and a storage tent; and the mess sergeant opened some 10-in-l's to feed us. The Cinemobile girls topped the whole thing off by showing a movie in the storage tent.

It rained and rained! The DUST period was over, and we were started on the MUD period ...the wallow-wallow time. The Clubmobiles were parked in a reaped wheatfield, and our w--w-- time started with the worst mudhole ever. This was before the days of shiny boots, and the GI's waded happily through the mud to come to see us.

The tactical situation was such that we couldn't serve combat troops at the moment; so we served the poor, neglected ordnance companies, who were delighted to see a Clubmobile come especially to serve them and not just to be fixed. The 51st took good care of us, too. Every night we had our GI can of hot water to wash in. In return, we often peeled spuds, opened cans or helped in any way we could, for the kitchen was short of staff.

On September 11 we moved to Thy-le-Chateau, near Phillippeville in Belgium. There we lived in part of a monastery. (Major Beaumont, executive officer of the group, had had considerable trouble convincing the monks that we were the "right kind" of girls.) We had electric lights, hot and cold running water, and a bathtub, to which we had access a few hours daily. We just revelled in our first baths since leaving London.

The Clubmobiles were parked in an orchard, and the Belgians infiltrated from all sides to greet us. The first day the dignitaries and nicest people of the town came and brought eggs, little cakes and lovely flowers.

In the middle of September we moved to Spree, where we stayed in the woods behind the chateau of the Baron and Baroness de Moffarts. They gave us three beautifully-appointed rooms in the chateau, and we drew lots to see which girls would live there - beds with sheets! The Baron and his wife apologized for not being able to entertain us, but the retreating Germans had taken practically everything with them.

We served replacement centers across the road on a ridge - two Clubmobiles going to different sections of the area every day. It was a terrific and wearing job, not only because of the numbers, but because the atmosphere of a replacement center is so depressing. Many of the GI's were bored or bitter; but there were the other kinds, too, like the one who came on the truck one morning and washed three hundred cups, then beamed and said, "Gee, this is just like home"!

We made and served urn after urn of coffee, watching that long, long line stretching out over the field - all the time with that bottomless-pit feeling,

knowing that, when we had served that last doughnut, there would still be a line, and the inevitable GI who would write his mother never to give another dollar to the Red Cross. In the evening we'd limp back to camp, wondering what was the use of trying. But then GI's would start wandering over from the center to tell us how much everyone enjoyed our serving. Again the next day, while we'd be cooking in camp and other trucks serving on the hill, more GI's would drift in and tell us the same thing. They'd do everything they could to help and say they didn't understand why we didn't go crazy, and we'd really think we had. Then we'd realize that it wasn't the bitter ones who were in the majority - they just made the biggest impression.

From here we went to Liege, which was very grim, but the people were most friendly. We weren't there long before we were sent to the Balmoral Hotel above Spa. It was a lovely day and a beautiful drive, and at the end we found our billets were the most marvelous yet. We arrived at noon and had K-rations before settling in. The AUGUSTA had made coffee before leaving in the morning; and, as it was still hot, it served to wash down the K-rations. We had a general feeling of well-being as we stood in the courtyard of the hotel and admired our new dwelling. We had a section of corridor all to ourselves - some of the rooms even had private baths. The hotel, incidentally, used to be one of Hitler's favorite haunts.

On September 25 we went to serve the 3rd Armored, which was near Kornelimunster. It was exciting to drive through the Siegfried Line for the first time. It was so different in Germany. White flags hung from the windows, hardly anyone on the streets, and certainly nobody waving. The town was hardly damaged, but it seemed very dead, as the civilians were not allowed on the streets except on important business.

We arrived at noon, had lunch at Corps Headquarters, then two Clubmobiles went out and served. The Division was supposed to be in rest, but the artillery continued to be noisy, and at one time drowned out the music completely while firing at Jerry planes.

Third Armored was always most co-operative. Special Service would have hot water ready, and every help was given us in cooking and setting up. Because of the proximity of the 88's, we were not based with the Division this time but put in a rear position, where we had our own 240's to bounce us off our cots at regular intervals all night - safe but disturbing. Jerry managed to throw some shells at us one afternoon, and Jane Janzer just missed getting the Purple Heart because the piece of shrapnel that hit her leg had hit too many other things first and did not even tear her trousers.

One day the doughnut machine motors burned out, and we had to cook in the machines by hand, so couldn't give doughnuts to the Artillery that lived all around us and were constant visitors. However, we did manage to keep coffee on hand for them, and they were

very understanding about the doughnuts, even helping us. Some girls cooked in the back room of the little house where we lived; and, since there was a 7 o'clock curfew, this was the gathering place for everyone in the evenings. We'd sit in the blacked-out little room, amid the grease and cigarette smoke, and "Bo Peep" Hundley would keep repeating "Do you think this is the best possible of all worlds?" Then the 240 in the front yard would go off, everyone would jump, and the doughnuts would turn themselves over in the fat.

We were there for five days; then went back to Spa and sent our trucks to Ordnance for a much-needed 6,000 mile check. They were returned in good condition, all beautifully OD'd and looking fresh and new. We then devoted ourselves to serving 72nd Ordnance, which took us into Holland.

For three days we served the 1105 Combat Engineer Group. It was the usual set-up, with one truck cooking all day while the others did the serving, then two or more trucks cooking in the evening to get a head start on the next day. The Engineers were always fun to serve. We seemed to find among them more KP's, victrola-winders, and jitterbugs than anywhere else. One company was moving and had K-rations for chow, which they ate with doughnuts-and-coffee and music while lounging around the Clubmobile.

It was pouring when we served a Negro truck company, so we drove the Clubmobile right into the mess kitchen, which was a garage; and, while we served coffee and doughnuts, the cooks passed us hot buttered biscuits over the counter.

After this we returned to Spa and served some of the more forward elements of the 1105 Group from there. On October 24 we were attached to Master Command and moved into the Grand Hotel, where we had beds with sheets and maid service. Our Clubmobiles were kept in a park grouped around a bandstand, and each truck was assigned a Belgian woman to help keep it clean. It was the most marvelous working and living set-up we had ever had, except our parking lot was soon the usual mudhole.

We remained here until December 11. and it was a marvelous period. The Cinemobile girls showed movies three times daily at the Casino, and the Army was bringing in GPs from miles around for the show. The boys adored the operators; and, every time the machine broke down, they'd shine flashlights on the girls working on it and exchange quips with Hazel and Ilse.

The Clubmobiles cooked by the bandstand and held open house there. We had lots of interesting and important jobs - replacement centers, combat-fatigue and trenchfoot hospitals, etc.

Combat centers were much less strenuous than replacement centers, but made us feel just as necessary.

"The men are treated for combat fatigue by first being given a drug that puts them into a dreamless sleep. They are awakened twice a day and given food, but are so drowsy they do not remember it. When we served them later, they would all swear they hadn't had a thing to eat. After 48 hours they would be transferred to another ward for the waking-up process. They all felt as though they had bad hang-overs and would stagger around drunkenly. From here they would be sent to a rehabilitation ward, where it would be decided whether or not they should be returned to their units or to a rear area for more rest. They all wanted to go back to the front. These GPs were like children when they awakened, and they loved having an American girl to talk to them.

Trenchfoot hospitals (really gas medical treatment centers turned over to this use) required a different type of service. There the GI's would lie for hours -bored, not feeling very sick - but unable to walk because of their feet - and allowed only three cigarettes a day. We'd come bouncing in with a great deal of chatter and foolishness and stay as long as we could. We'd always try to collect as many magazines and newspapers as possible to bring to them.

For several days, the AUGUSTA served the 634th Tank Destroyers near Brand. Virginia Weisbrod's brother was mess sergeant for C Company, and we felt as though we knew everyone there. When we arrived, we served a platoon that was going into the line and then waited for those who were returning. The field Artillery and Ack- Ack boys stationed nearby, as well as the rest of the TD battalion came to see us. In the evenings, the Clubmobile was left in a camouflaged position; then we'd go down to the basement of our billet and listen to the men giving orders to the 3" gun in our backyard. A 15-minute lull in firing would be the signal for us to dash out with coffee and doughnuts for the gun crew.

We moved on to the 7th Armored, which we served for a week, following them from Budel to Maastricht. Then there were two days of serving the 79th Field Artillery Group at Stolberg.

On December 11 we waved a sad farewell to Spa and went to Hoensbroek, Holland, to join the XIII Corps, 9th Army. They had a wonderfully-paved schoolyard for parking our trucks (we were so tired of MUD) and very comfortable billets for us. We occupied the top two floors of a rest home for miners, operated by nuns, who made us feel at home at once. We had tiny private rooms with table, wardrobe, iron bed and a washroom with hot water at the end of each corridor.

The day after we arrived, we cooked all day in the courtyard, and the next day took off for the divisions to which we had been assigned. One Clubmobile served an infantry battalion which had been drawn back for a day's rest. They were in a beaten-up, dismal German town, and the Clubmobile was parked in a muddy courtyard surrounded by ruins and full of debris. GI's flocked

around the truck, but there wasn't any coffee, as somehow the question of hot water had been overlooked. A system was finally devised which wasn't simple but afforded a lot of fun, and it worked. The GI's built a fireplace of fallen masonry and made a fire from the debris. Lister bags were found and filled with water from the water point up the street. We had only one watertan with which the GI's made constant trips to the water point for refilling. We made 60 gallons of coffee that way and had hot water left over for cleaning up. It was open house in the courtyard all day, with the GI's dragging up chairs from ruined houses nearby to sit around the fire, or competing for places on the Clubmobile to help. The one who finally finished washing the floor to his satisfaction said it was the most fun he'd had in the Army! As for Mike, who spent the day faithfully tending the fire, his soot-smudged face beamed from ear to ear.

All the Clubmobiles had similar reports when they returned in an elated mood that night. However, then we learned that E Group was to be split and that Section 9 was returning to 1st Army.

On December 15, Section 9 moved back to Spa, and all next day we cooked for a trip to 4th Division the next day. Then we learned that the line was uncertain to the south, and we could not make our trip to the 4th, so we went out on daily jobs. When we returned that evening, we were told there was a six o'clock curfew! At eight o'clock, we received orders that we were to move back to Master Rear in the morning. The "counter-attack" had begun!

It's going on a year now, and we're plodding along unbewildered, disillusioned and of an indeterminate breed - part civilian, thoroughly GI, military when its convenient and official, and strictly combat. Never in uniform, never out of uniform. Just Red Cross girls, whatever that may mean. Some people think we're wonderful and ask in a perfectly sincere way how conditions are up front. We tell them, for we ought to know - we've been there. Some think we're so brave, but we really don't know enough to be scared. Some people think we're brats - strictly officers' territory - some of us are. Some think we'd be better off at home, where woman's place used to be ... about 200 years ago. Some stare, shake their heads in utter disbelief. Some cheer, some scream and wave - everybody greets us. Some wolf, some worship, some think you're human and some don't. You aren't human, really, you're a Red Cross girl. You're on the chow-and-charm circuit. You're a gripping, kidding GI. You're personality on legs.

You're a little bit of every outfit you've served. You work harder than 90 per cent of the men in the Army. You've had a bird's eye-view that any general would give his front seat in hell for. You're beaten down to a common denominator - everybody's sister, mother, girlfriend, wife. You give yourself to Ordnance, Signal, Held Artillery, Ack-Ack, Infantry, Tanks, Hospitals, Quartermaster, Air Corps, Engineers. You're just as GI

as the average - as beat-up as the infantry back for a rest, as stolid as the rear echelon, as seasoned as a wardboy. You've got a second front as solid as the one the Yanks have built - the thick, deep you that is Red Cross girl, laid like plywood over your real self that nobody wants to know. You're artificial as all get-out and human as a woman - terribly calloused and never quite callous enough.

I don't know what life is like in another branch of Red Cross on this continent. I don't know what Clubmobile is like on another continent. I just know that we were among the first Red Cross over here, that we went through Normandy like the Army went through - fast and in the field. We hit Paris and loved it, like a GI. We stayed in Belgium a long time, and we loved Belgium. But we served the rear-line outfits too much. We were transferred way up here to Holland, and at last we got what we wanted, what we came overseas for. We spent Christmas morning diving into foxholes and serving donuts and coffee between alerts. If there had not been holes there already, we would have hacked at the frozen ground with spoons. We've been up close enough to hear the machine gun fire of the infantry. Sometimes we think we're getting a little combat-happy too.

It's a great racket! Crawling out of the sack at seven and loading the trucks and taking off early to serve in the ruined, rubble-strewn, blasted towns and out among the snowbound gun emplacements. You wheel home, unload, race to chow, dress and go out again. At least I do. I cannot seem to summon the energy to stay home. You smile and talk all day, give with the fast patter and jive around to canned music, which is so much better than no music at all that you sometimes wonder how you can stand life without the late great Glenn Miller. Dance in the snow and mush and on ice, dance with the rain falling or the sleet, or in ruined old stables or in cellars or mess kitchens or on the Clubmobile among the coffee urns, donuts and people, or sometimes in a big hall with a good GI band, lots of native girls and more men and more talk and more smiles and fast patter and dancing until your feet are worn down to the knees.

Red Cross has not done badly at all in picking personnel. Working here is being what you've been all yew life, but disciplined and worn down smooth; so that you smile when you're dying; so that you hear the same : things with a fresh, listening face, so that you disbelieve and take it all in, so that you know how to be not quite human and not quite yourself, but just the way

you want to be up to a certain point. I guess I'm trying to trace or explain the development of the professional out of the green, illusioned experts who set sail. I've seen them develop, and I've watched it myself, and its funny and wonderful and a little frightening. And nobody can teach it. We have changed but all for the good.

What we bring to a job isn't in the stuff we bought. Its in ourselves; and, if we don't have it somewhere implicit within us, we'll never have it in any remote billet wherever the Army may be. We might as well be welders and study charm in the slick magazines.

You learn how to wheel a 6 x 6 and how to make donuts, and anybody can do that. But when you can give and what you can afford to lose, no teacher can ever tell you. I suppose you may as well tell them that, if you get acquainted with them. Be sure and tell them that they won't be coming home for a long time. They'll stay and stick it until their throats are swollen with swallowing, and they're dead beat. They'll stay and they'll love it, and never be the same again. None of us will - GI or Red Cross. But we won't be different in the way civilians say so blithely - well be gentler and a lot more tolerant and very fed - some with monotony, some with suspense - and very materialistic for awhile. We're tired to the core of ruin and devastation, of dealing it out and having to look at it. What we want is our own - the women and the music, the neat little houses, and the fun and the language and peace. If civilians think we've changed, it's merely that we've grown beyond their understanding. They haven't been here, they haven't "had it". Fighting never made any GI bloodthirsty yet, not after he was finished with the battle. They kill because the Germans are rats and because they have to kill or be killed. That's all, Brother.

Give my blessing and love to your classes. I remember so well us, as we were in class, studious, with our notebooks, and meticulous about the brand new uniforms that didn't look as though they quite belonged. Strictly garrison we were. You should see us now.

## **GROUP H**

### **CLUBMOBILES**

TOPEKA  
CHARLESTON  
PROVIDENCE  
OAKLAND  
CEDAR RAPIDS  
OKLAHOMA CITY  
CHATTANOOGA  
SAN ANTONIO

Group Captain - Eve Christensen

Delia Kurtz	Patricia Maddox
Peggy Maslin	Sally Reed
Betty Brittain	Dorothy Bargelt
Micky Flynn	Mary Lou Weller
Flo Nye Young	Betty Holmes
Helen Zimmerman	Milda Shaw
Betty Jane Thomas	Doreen Young
Jean Davis	Oma Ray Walker
Doris Stead	Helga Freeman
Pauline Doll	Ruth Armstrong
Jayne Strickrod	Patricia Beall
Mary Lou Pearce	Margaret Evans
Marylin Watson	Harriet Englehart
Jackie Sanford	Marjorie Sanders
Angela Petash	Betty Liechty

Cinemobile - Margaret Lunn, Joan Cole Leiser

Landing on Utah Beach August 18, 1944 after waiting six days to unload

H Group by-passed Paris and camped at Fontainbleau.  
Some of the group made it into Paris August 29, 1944

At the time of the Breakthrough Group H was at Thionville, France

On VE-day Group H was at Amberg, Germany

## GROUP H FINALLY CATCHES PATTON

By Eve Christenson

Our destination was Cysonville, 35 miles beyond Chartres. The beautiful wooded hills flattened out into dull, stubby fields and plowed ground. We joined our Corps (that is, the 30th Special Service Company) in the drabbest countryside I had yet seen in France - nothing but a barren field with a little brush in which to hide our vehicles from the Jerry planes that were still active in the skies above. Major Ayres (Corps Special Service Officer) met us - feet apart, jaw set - and his first words were an order, "Dig a latrine!" What a letdown! "Dig a latrine!"

After the experience of the night before, there was no question of cover or no cover. We who had pup tents got them up in a neat little row hugging the bushes; and, when the rain started, we smugly thought "We beat you this time". However, we had not counted on what water does to a freshly-plowed field. I had been asleep an hour when I awoke suffocating. Tent stakes apparently do not hold in slimy mud, and my tent had collapsed upon me, and water was running in under the canvas. I struggled out from under the tent and out into the driving rain. In my bare feet I **restaked** my tent, climbed back into my wet sleeping bag and kept my fingers crossed.

We were told that we would move the next day at noon; but apparently all snipers were not yet cleared from Milly, our next scheduled stop. So, after being all packed and ready, orders came to relax and enjoy ourselves the best we could in our sea of mud and ceaseless rain. Our delay was not taken in good grace, but this time there was more to buck than Mr. Davis, who had returned that morning to his group, - the Army was giving orders. It helped that the sun came out in the afternoon so that our wet sacks could get an airing.

The next afternoon we drew into an alfalfa field on the edge of the little town of Maisse near Milly. We did not believe that Patton could possibly keep on moving at his present speed, so this time we planned to stay a-while. Thinking it probably worth our while to put up pyramidal tents, I asked Captain Norvelle, of Corps Special Service, if it might be possible to get a detail of men from 30th Special Service Company (still our camping neighbors) to help us. He answered that he would arrange to have some fellows come over and teach us so we could put them up ourselves! We held our tempers, finally deciding that maybe the Army was really too busy with the job it had to do to bother with a bunch of helpless, adventurous females, which I am sure is what they considered us. Then, too, we had in mind the 200-lb. barrels of donut flour, 100-lb. sacks of sugar, 500 cases of athletic equipment, and our total load of tons of stuff that had to be unloaded before we could hook up our doughnut machines and get into operation. I'll never know why we were so anxious to

start doughnut making, unless we thought the war would be over before the week was out.

On Sunday, doughnut-making started in earnest; and, when we had made enough for Monday's serving, we were informed that the troops for whom they were planned were moving on, which we also must be ready to do. Doughnuts we got rid of easily, but repacking and taking down all the tents was the rub. Tuesday morning we were off again - in the rain. Our destination was Montmirail; but, when we reached Donne Maria, Captain Norvelle stopped us and lead us into a small, grassy lane off the main highway with instructions that we might be there two hours, maybe days - but RELAX. The "TOPEKA" crew couldn't; and, when the aroma of their doughnut-making started floating up and down the highway, everything on the road slowed up and turned into our little lane. The incessant rain and traffic churned that little grassy path into a deep, soft mush; and finally, a whole convoy of "semi's" got stuck coming in.

We had been little aware of the war up to now; but there a sudden commotion next afternoon, while we were still awaiting orders to move. Two German soldiers had been discovered lurking in the neighboring barns. All the 30th Special Service Company grabbed guns and took off in search of prey, with a few cheering girls behind them. Needless to say, no prisoners were taken but it did help to while away long wet hours. Three or four girls wandered into the town of Donne Marie and witnessed the headshaving of a couple of women collaborators; and another, who had a sudden yen to look at the countryside from one of the small British Hillman, ended up in Paris in the midst of the liberation festivities! (And I had been too apathetic to move from the dry spot I had in the corner of my puptent!)

We moved late Thursday morning, destination unknown. It was still raining when we left, but soon the sun shone for awhile. Just outside Epernay, we found Captain Norvelle awaiting us again with the news that he had found a hotel for us.

We entered the city dreaming of real beds, beef-steak and bath tubs, but nothing turned out just that way. The beds were real and comfortable in comparison to the now familiar ground. However beef-steak was stew, and tubs were sinks where the water ran a few hours a day. But that was before we knew about champagne. It flowed in the dining room with fried potatoes, cold beets and stew. It flowed on the tables in the hotel courtyard. It flowed up and down stairs and in all the rooms. Here was more champagne than any of us had ever seen or heard of before and it goes without saying that for once in our lives we freely experimented with its taste and potency.

Our first real challenge to work came next morning. The 7th Armored and 5th Infantry Divisions were stalled near Verdun for lack of gasoline. Now was our first chance to serve coffee and donuts to real fighting troops. Up to date they had been running so far head of us that catching them had been impossible. By 2:00 p.m. we had four of our Clubmobiles unloaded again in a field a few miles out of town. Gasoline was drained from the other vehicles to give us enough to run our generators for the donut machines and to get those four Clubmobiles to Verdun. Donut-making went on through the night until 10:00 the next morning, when the H-one section took off to Verdun, leaving the rest of us behind in Epernay to mourn that there was not enough gasoline for us to go with them.

However, it did not take us long to find other diversions. We were around long enough to begin to absorb some of the local color. To our surprise, that first afternoon we ran into the American Air Corps, which seemed a bit far front. Our surprise turned to a warm, happy glow when we found they were Americans liberated by Americans. After Patton's Army had swept through, the Underground had pulled them out of their hiding places. They were pouring through Epernay in droves on their way back to England, but stopping over long enough for farewell parties with their rescuers. They were clad in anything and everything. They had shed all rank along with their uniforms - officers and enlisted men alike having lived together in hideouts in deserted homes and back rooms.

Through them, we met the Underground personally. We had heard many tales, but now we sat down at tables and talked with them. They took us through their homes, told stories of how they had outwitted the Germans. They were men and women of all ages. We were struck with the strength and sincerity of their faces and marvelled at the parts they had played in the liberation of France.

We had another revelation in Epernay which we took in shocked amusement. The first night Jackie, in a benevolent gesture, tried to get a room for a wandering GI in our hotel. She was told by the manager that "Of course, he can share your room"! The next evening, while I was visiting in one Underground home with an Air Corps bombardier, the ten-year-old son, acting as interpreter, invited us to spend the night and showed us the spare bedroom! The same evening Margaret Lunn was asked which man she was working for. It took us a few days to explain, and the news eventually spread around town, that we were not following the army in that capacity!

The four Clubmobile crews who left us had their first real experience with war. Verdun was still being bombed and they spent most of their first two nights while camping with their Armored Division well dispersed on barren hills a few miles out of town diving in and crawling out of fox holes. It took them a couple of days to get around with the doughnuts they brought with them and when they ran out .they put up shop with the 5th Medics on the side of the windiest hill they could

find within twenty miles. I'm sure it was the muddiest too. There wasn't a tree or bush to hide them from the Red Ball highway, and convoys a mile away could spot them and by the time they drew near had worked up a good appetite for doughnuts. The outcome was obvious. As if life so far for Red Cross girls was not already public enough some ingenious and helpful GI's had placed the latrine flap right in the middle of the circle of Clubmobiles and tents, where it whipped and sagged in the wind until in a last gasp it collapsed and exposed Micky's bare bottom to the whole laughing, unkind world.

It was on this windy, public, muddy hill that the rest of us joined them on Tuesday, September 5. They were screaming for help and almost before we had time to park we were all busy, some making doughnuts, others out serving. We finally had a chance to convince the army we were a working outfit.

They were convinced. Our feeling about the army, or our Corps, at this point was not quite so certain. Every bivouac area that had been found for us had been on rocky hills or on muddy fields. It seemed obvious to us that hot grease for cooking doughnuts acts the same as water and if it isn't level it will run over. Every Club-mobile on this last hill had to be jacked up on two wheels before we could even start operation. At all times it is bad enough to have to entertain a half a dozen GI's while you are making doughnuts in your four by eight feet of space, but when the mud they tracked in on their feet started adding up to three and four inches - and had to be scrubbed out at the end of the day, it became too much for us . The help we had asked for had been reluctantly given. We began to think that maybe we ought to start faring for ourselves. Maybe we were a nuisance and would help the army by being independent.

Dot and Mary Lou in a trip to Verdun had discovered a lovely, hard, flat surface in the courtyard of an old Monastery where the Corps A.P.O. had staked its claim. A chat with the commanding officer made it agreeable for us to remove them. The yard was perfect for our clubmobiles, and there was more than ample room in the spacious empty dormitorys of the old Monastery. I discussed the matter with Major Ayers of Corps S.S.O. and he seemed happy to get us off his hands. That same afternoon, 24 hours after we had landed on that windy hill, we were off again, and this time on our own orders.

New work started in earnest. We made elaborate working schedules. A table was set in the middle of the yard, and long queues of GI's and officers stood waiting their turn to get a Clubmobile for their outfits. Even longer queues stood in back of each of the Clubmobiles busy in doughnut making trying to snow the girls out of doughnuts that were being counted carefully to fill the orders for the big promises we were making at the table.

We had sacrificed food for freedom. The A.P.O. had no Messing facilities and as we had been eating K

rations most of the time anyway even when we ate with the 30th Special Service, our neighbors since Oysenville, we had overlooked this minor item. But hunger for something else besides vitamin loaded crackers and cheese came at long last and everyone had to take her turn at K.P. I never did quite figure out what everyone was trying to do. but for a while imagination went rampant and we got a series of meals of the wildest concoctions ... anywhere from an hour to two hours late. There was creamed tuna fish made with vanilla flavored doughnut flour, apple pie with doughnut flour pastry, K ration cracker pudding with D-ration chocolate sauce, X-ration Welch rabbit, and of course doughnuts for dessert many times. Interest in cooking collapsed just about as suddenly as it sprouted, and had we finally not moved on we all would have starved to death.

L Group with 3rd Army Headquarters had done a little better in selling themselves to their army. At least they seemed to have recognized 31 women's helplessness quicker and an order came through from General Patton that we were to have five enlisted men assigned to the group. After about a week at the Monastery they came to us and we certainly welcomed them. Too, Red Cross came through with the replacement they had promised us until Frank came back.

We were not going to be caught short without a place to live with the next move, and three days after the Germans had moved out of Jarney we had laid claim to the lovely old Chateau de Monsella. The living quarters were not good, but the grounds were beautiful and it was still on our own. We could not move for another three weeks, and when we did we found that the 4th T.D. Group had already taken it over, asking us when we came, "May we share it with you"? Had we not had our sad eating so fresh in our minds we would probably have objected. As it was we gladly accepted the invitation to share, particularly the good old army mess, so that we wouldn't have to cook for ourselves.

Jarny is only about 15 miles west of Metz and our artillery was scattered on all sides of us. For weeks, day and night, we listened to the incessant pounding of guns all sizes shelling the forts around Metz. There were times when the really big guns fired that we felt the windows would break. The German railroad gun running back and forth shelling our area would drop a load now and then into Cenflans, a few miles back of us where Corps Forward was located. Pieces of shrapnel dropped in the yard a couple of times. Even though the army was stymied we were not too restless with the delay for with the noise going on about us we felt close and a part of it was not long, though, until we began to itch to go on.

How 31 women escaped detection for so long is beyond me. XX Corps Headquarters knew, of course, of our existence, but they apparently did not know where we were living. For suddenly one day after seven weeks an order came "Get the hell back, and quick"! We never did quite figure out what the reasoning was unless Corps Forward was a bit red faced at having a bunch of women up ahead of them. Maybe they really did feel the

American man's need of protecting womanhood, which doesn't seem logical, or they would have been conscious of our presence much sooner. Maybe the army was right and we were not safe and their ignorance of us was our own good hiding and our unprovocative nature. Anyway, with the order came the knowledge that our freedom was lost forever!

Our stay with the 4th TD's had been wonderful. During the last week with them there had been all sorts of speculations on the November 8th big push. We knew they were moving out and our itch to be on the move again was decidedly not to move back but forward. With these new orders mutiny came close but we ended in reluctantly moving in with the 8th Armored Group only a half a mile down the road. They graciously made room for us. Our now fast friends, the 4th TD's had slipped off in "well-known" secrecy the day before.

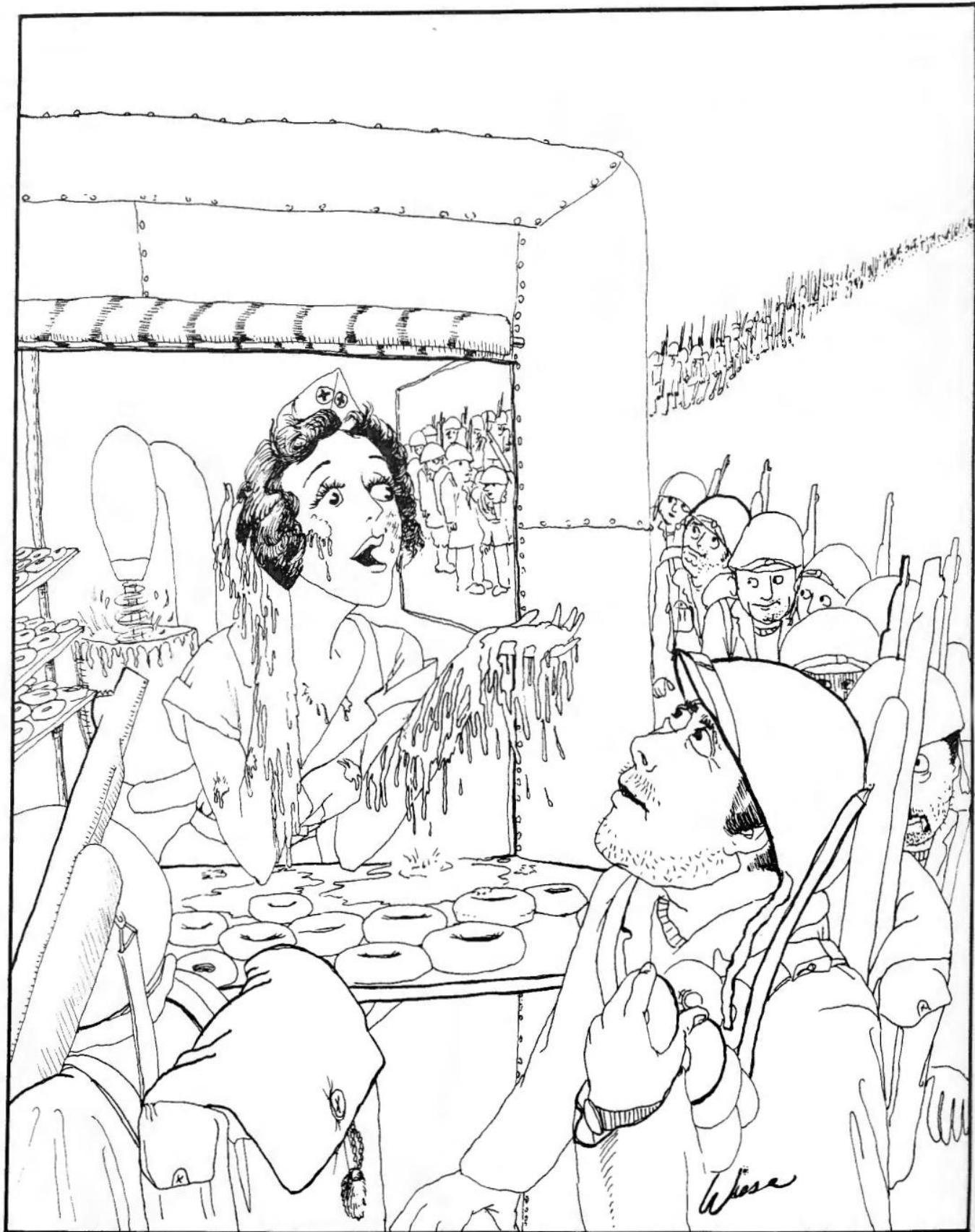
The big push was on, all our regular troops were too busy to bother or think about doughnuts, and we spent our most miserable 10 days in a barren cold school building, trying again to make doughnuts or a muddy "tank course". Our doughnuts we peddled to anyone who would take them even as far back as Etain.

Fortunately bad things end as well as good things. But even so our next move was looked upon with a great deal of doubt. Corps was finally conscious of the fact that they had 31 women on their hands and were determined to do something about it. From now on we would have the protection, help and companionship of Corps Rear and never anything far enough forward to be exciting.

On November 19 we joined them in Briey. Our living quarters with a little fixing would be better than what we had had. Then started one of our local battles. It began and ended with eating. We were, we admit, grateful for once to be able to sit down at tables and not have to sweat out chow lines in the rain and eat standing up or leaning against trees, but we didn't like the order you will eat at such and such a time. "After the officers". We liked even less the proposal to give up one of our already overworked enlisted men to work in the dining room washing dishes and waiting on tables because of all the extra work we were causing. When this news went around all the girls decided "We'll boy cot them", grabbed their mess kits and went through the chow line.

The next day was Thanksgiving. All the girls who were not out serving and our enlisted men all got together in the office for a party and a toast before our Thanksgiving dinner. We had at that time made and distributed close to a million doughnuts to almost half as many Corps troops.

A week after we joined Corps Rear in Briey we moved with them to Thionville. We still were not sold on the idea, but there definitely were many advantages. We had a closed in garage for doughnut making, a grease pit, level ground, better place to live, coal delivered, trash collected and we were beginning to be consoled with our fate. A week or two later when we



You want how many, WHEN?!!!

were not very busy with our infantry it was suggested that we serve Corps Forward whom we tease affectionately about being our back line troops. We fixed up a special little box for the Commanding General, General Walker, as he could never find time to get in the chow lines. The box contained a couple of dozen perfect doughnuts, a sprig of mistletoe and a perfumed note on blue stationery with the note - "Dear General Walker, We'd like to see you more. We think you must be the "ghost" of Twentieth Corps". The box was duly delivered and we shook in our boots for a day to see how it would be received- We need not have worried. Next day Major, now Col Ayers of S.S.O. informed me to cut down all operations for the next day because the General was having a buffet luncheon in honor of all the girls.

We were all ready at the stroke of 12:00 and half of Corps Rear were out to look us over as we climbed into the back end of the 2V& ton truck all wearing Class-A uniform, white gloves, white scarfs, and "legs" for the first time. The General had corsages for every girl, champagne cocktails, chicken salad, ice cream and **alot** of other fancy things. Everybody beamed on everybody else. The 30th Special Service band was out and most of the G's were having their turn dancing. It was considered by all a most successful party and we came back home feeling very gay helped of course by the champagne. But it lasted longer. A few days later we got a full page spread on the Corps daily news sheet and a day after that the Chief of Staff, General Collier, called up to say that now that we were officially a part of Corps we were entitled to the Corps Christmas cards which he sent around with his compliments.

The CHARLESTON and the OAKLAND had about the most exciting day in their Clubmobile careers. They went to Braunau, Austria (Hitler's birthplace) to serve 4500 liberated American and British flying sergeants. Served each man one doughnut and made 475 gallons of coffee. The girls on both Clubmobiles miraculously discovered GI friends they'd known in England, Mary Lou Weller and I, Dorothea Bargelt, on the OAKLAND met two of our friends whom we'd known in the fall of '43 on B-24 bases in England and who, we'd heard, had both gone down with their planes. Some of the fellows had been PW's since the first raid over Germany in '42 and had never seen a Clubmobile. We stripped our Club-mobiles of all extra supplies from 2-year-old newspapers to stationary and even our personal PX supplies. The GI's were grateful for anything, especially soap and writing materials.

When the VE-day announcement came about 4 pm that day, May 7th, it was almost an anti-climax. The fellows all were leaving that night and the next day for home, so they really couldn't get any more excited over the announcement.

## GROUP D

### CLUBMOBILES

PATHFINDER  
TOMMIE GUN  
BEAR CAT  
EVERGLADE  
**TWENTIEHY CENTURY**  
SAGE BRUSH  
MAGNOLIA  
BUCKEYE

Group Supervisor - Pierce Hammond  
Captain - Hope Simpson

Myra Flint	Kitty Smoot
Helen Stockdale	Helen Bolling
Elso Kerlin	Katherine Bruns
Jane Fairchild	Eloise Green
Winifred Nixon	Alice Johnston
Janet Whittaker	Clyde Moore
Gail Wild	Ruth Sherburne
Katherine Marshall	Evelyn Ames
Dorothy Stout	Betty Cornell
Ruth Davis	Katherine Heuisler
Elizabeth Harriss	Evelyn Beard
Janet Diefendorf	Nancy Bastien
Susan Boyle	Helen Potter
Betty Collins	Georgia Carson

Cinemobile - Rota Shaw, Katharine Overstreet

Landed Omaha Beach, July 23, 1944

Reached Paris August 30, 1944

The first clubmobile from D Group to serve in Germany at Roetgen was the Bear Cat. It was the first week in September

During the breakthrough our group was at Aachen

Our group entered Germany at Kornelimunster about September 15, 1944

On VE-day, half of our group, section VII, was at Leipzig, Germany

## COMBAT COOKING

October 17 - In a little town East of the border in Germany, one could find in the early part of October, 1944, a group of 29 women busily cooking doughnuts under a barrage of artillery. You could see them when the air cleared of falling shrapnel and the mist of bomb burstings let up a bit. Between doughnut batches, they would grab their helmets and run for a hole. The nights were spent in damp cellars, a blanket thrown over rotting cabbage, as they sweated out the German shells.

This is the story we will tell our grandchildren, and the little tots clustered about our knees will think to themselves, "No wonder grandma's so queer."

People probably wonder how girls react to shell fire and enemy bombings and strafings. The GI's are always most curious about our reactions. Until we came to Germany, only three girls of the group could tell from actual experience what they would do. (That is, not counting the buzz bombs in London, air raids here and there, and as for washing-machine-Charlie in Normandy, we were all too tired to do anything.) The Twentieth Century with Gail Wild, Kay Marshall and Janet Whittaker aboard was in an area way back in Normandy which was under-going some quick strafing. All three of them piled under the truck. Jan got herself so firmly ensconced that when the planes passed, she found that she was stuck between the wheels. Two GI's skillfully extricated her, and the three jumped in the truck to move on, whereas Kay (driving) ran over a pile of hand grenades. The crowd of GI's dispersed in all directions. "Happily," said Jan, "they were all duds. That was a terrible day. The fat spilled all over the floor, too."

Coming to Germany was a new experience to us in the line of warfare. Susie bruised her hip diving for a ditch from the Jerry Jeep one day. Myra Flint and Jane Fairchild, who spent the month of July sleeping in the basement of the Park Lane Hotel in London on account of buzz bombs, found themselves one day serving a group of men who were on Hitler's list. Shells came in at intervals.

"It was a case of dip and dive all day long," said Myra. "We no sooner got there than we had to scuttle to a fox-hole. Of course, the first time Jane and I did it all wrong, but after the fifth shelling, the boys pronounced us fox-hole experts."

"You should do it this way," said Jane, giving graphic description.

We have matured since the squealing days of the London buzz bombs. One night one of the girls came in very excitedly and asked,

"Is the Twentieth Century back?"

"Yes, it's back."

"We heard the back end of it was shot off."

"It was!" exclaimed Helen Potter.

"How?" "When they were coming back home - a shell or something. The boys in the 9th told us about it."

"For heaven sakes, how awful," said Helen. That after a pause, "It couldn't have, I was on the Twentieth Century."

"You were! Well, what happened?"

"Nothing. We were only strafed," said Helen, as though strafing was a daily occurrence in Wyoming.

Helen went on to describe the afternoon's doings. "When the planes came over, I grabbed my helmet - I don't know why it was there - and the GI's told me to lie flat on the floor. I couldn't possibly have been safer, because the most enormous GI in captivity got down on top of me - the most marvelous air raid shelter you can imagine."

Meanwhile Dottie Stout, running like mad, came into the Clubmobile. There was a cluster of coffee urns in the corner, and ostrich like, Dottie leaned over and put her head down in the middle of them with the rest of her vulnerable to shock and shell. When the danger was over, Dottie came out of the coffee urns, slightly red in the face, the GI picked himself up and Helen came up for air - and serving went on as usual. Nothing happened!

When the group moved into Germany for permanent dwelling, we found our sleep broken by the banging of artillery, which went on through the night in a broken rhythm with Long Toms, 105's and ack ack, etc. at the drums. We soon learned that most of it was outgoing, and trained ourselves to sleep through even the noisiest reverberations or if the window panes, rattling with concussion, fell onto our pillows.

To us it was all outgoing, and until the night of October 16 we didn't know what the boys meant when they said, "You can hear the whistle, and then the bang of incoming mail (other than mortars)." It was then that the Germans decided to hurl some ammunition in our C.P. and for the first time, we left the coziness of our bedrolls to huddle in the basement while we listened to the spasmodic crashings of the shells.

The girls in "the house on the hill" had night callers who were anxious about their safety. It was by sheer force that these self-appointed guardians of their safety managed to get the girls on the ground floor. The Buck-eye crew, deep slumberers all, were brutally awakened and ordered below. Kitty Smoot had no choice. They threw her bedroll over the bannisters, and she had to follow willy nilly. The visitors, having done their duty, left, but within half an hour another shell came in. The night callers returned, this time to seek protection from the Red Cross. "The Wheels", their home, was no more. Everybody settled down. Another crash. "Timber" called a northwoodsman, and all was quiet. We thought for sure, that there wasn't much point in our getting up to make doughnuts the next morning, but we arose at the usual hour prepared to fish odd parts

from the moat. To our surprise, the Clubmobiles were still standing, like eight peas in a pod, just the way we had left the night before.

There was something patiently brooding about the Everglades though, and upon closer inspection, a large shrapnel hole was found in the side flap and an

ugly thing of shrapnel was innocently resting in the catchall tray, just as if it had been flipped out of the doughnut machine. Purple Heart, please, for the Everglades. Enough, Herman, remember the treaty of Geneva!"

## CAPTAIN KERLIN AND HER HILLMANS

Eloise Greene writes:

"There have been many things said about Hillmans and most of them are too blasphemous to print. Anyway they are the English idea of what a utility truck should be, which is our idea of not much of anything at all.

Group D started out with five of these mechanized things, the 1/4, the 2/4, the 3/4 and the 4/4, and the SP (which stands for spare parts, and not just "special", as I used to think. I have never found out what the 4 stood for.) When we started out on the beach, 1/4 belonged to Pierce Hammond, and 2/4 to Hope, the SP was to be used only by the boys (Marty and Mac) for their mechanical work, and the other two belonged to anyone who got in them first.

Since that time the Hillman issue has become definitely confused. Hope still has her eye definitely glued on one (though she says it won't run now that she's taken her footlocker out of it) but the rest have led a rather hectic, if merry, life. The spare parts of the SP have long since been served out with the doughnuts, as have batteries, fan belts and other gadgets on some of the others. We must give credit to the English makers in that these small vehicles will still mosey along, without much vigor it is true, when some of their vital organs have collapsed. The 3/4 did stop, never to go again, because - in the vague terms of Paul and Lewis, our ordnance men - "something crystallized inside". The 3/4 is now used as a trailer and probably will go to Tokyo with us as such.

It soon became apparent that the Hillman was a handy wagon with which to pedal doughnuts to a few, and now scheduled every day are two Hillman jobs. Elsa Kerlin was appointed Captain of the Hillman's and she commands all those who set foot inside any one of them, and especially the one she has set aside for being queen of the fleet, or command car. With all the vagaries of Clubmobile life, it is very difficult for us to remember which is Elsa's Hillman until we find ourselves flying (at ten per) down the road with a red parachute waving behind. Then, as Helen Potter put it, one is aware they are on sacred ground and there is not an easy moment until we get back and tell Elsa how stupid we were to have mixed it up with some other Hillman which wasn't there.

Hillman serving is something else again. For one who is used to the expanse of the GMC and all its equipment and supplies, it is a bit stifling. It definitely is simpler in the long run because there aren't the urns on the floor or the dirty feet to clean up afterwards. Nor do you have chow lines.

You would think that in lieu of a PA system, that one would have to wrack their brains to keep up conversation, but this is not the case. One starts from the very moment one is towed in over the mud explaining:

1. why it isn't a GMC,
2. why it doesn't have a four wheel drive,
3. why the victrola won't play on cern records such as "Solitude" and will play the "Jars Me Blues",
4. why the Americans make better cars than 4the British,
5. why we don't have more cups,
7. why we thuik we need a red parachute,
8. why we will have to be towed out again.

A once proud Clubmobiler faces the crowd almost apologetically - unless the serving is an impromptu affair. or unless you are `near enough enemy fire so that there is a hopeful chance of a stray 88 making for complete crystallization of Hillman. But the steady Hillmanites look upon their service as far superior to regular Clubmobile, just the way they prefer the salon type of entertaining to throwing a bingo party.

Not long ago, October 4 to be exact, I ventured forth with Helen Potter on a Hillman expedition. Our destination was a quartermaster outfit thirty miles in the rear. Now Clubmobilers, like the staff of Stars and Stripes and a few other people of adequate intellect, believe that quartermasters and trucking companies have their definite place in this war. But when it comes to a choice of serving them or going to a combat group on the verge of the front all gallant Clubmobilers prefer the latter. (Probably because they throw us more bones). However, in this case, the quartermaster outfit was a ration depot, and with the cigarette situation having finally reached the butt stage, both Helen and I thought the operation was fraught with possibilities.

Optimistically we set forth tagging the jeep guide as best we could. We arrived and like most bivouac areas in the vicinity, this was seething with mud. The jeep threw us a line and we drew into the camp in the most ignominious manner. Wilbur, the jeep driver, willfully and maliciously towed us around and around round, until everyone was so dizzy they didn't care. He finally led us and dropped us among a herd of grazing cows and there we served. The usual questions arose about where was the big truck, etc., but everybody by that time thought that everybody else was completely and utterly crazy, and nobody was particularly upset. The supply sergeant was hysterically laughing all afternoon, and everybody else approximated his condition, and there was not a hope of delving anything as down to earth as the cigarette famine.

Feeling that we had created diversion for the after-noon, even if it wasn't the cozy folks-at-home type, we left in time to reach the home base for chow. Oozing down the muddy lane, we saw to our horror a GMC loaded to the gills with rations heading for us. There was a good deal of squirming and wriggling in the muddy ditches, and the upshot of the whole thing was that the GMC got irrevocably stuck - rations and all. Holding up the war effort and the life line of supply not being one of our favorite pastimes, we went in search of a cat to drag the unfortunate truck out of the predicament, gave the

driver an orange to suck on while he waited to be extricated, and went on our not too merry way, the hoots and howls of the quartermaster boys still ringing in our ears.

I suppose I should have known better, but when the schedule booked a desultory crew member to go along with Helen the next day to a heavy maintenance outfit, I elected to go. Heavy maintenance spells soupy terrain, and this time we weren't towed in, we were hurled into the camping ground by human derricks, jeering and scoffing with each heave.

The heavy maintainers were far less easy to please than the QM's, and were heartily disappointed that the victrola was such as it was, i.e., forgotten. We made up for it as best we could (with the spritely, as Helen calls it) and then another drawback of the Hillman became apparent. There was an air skirmish with the necessary accompaniment of ack ack and possibility of falling flack. Helen, well used to the

limitations of a Hillman as an air raid shelter, ran for a nearby GMC and huddled under the front fender with the GI's without a second's hesitation. There I was darkly thinking of how muddy it would be under the Hillman, and having decided against it, found all suitable spots under the GMC occupied. Fortunately, by that time, the scare was over, and we went on with our serving, such as it was.

We convinced everyone, including ourselves that we could get home without a guide, and without much more ado, other than being heaved on the road again, set forth. If we had been something more noticeable than a Hillman, someone would have told us that we were going the wrong way, but as it was we were 1/4 mile from the front when a friendly jeep driver suggested that we'd be more comfortable if we tried another direction.

Captain Kerlin, you can have your Hillmans.

## DIARY OF CLUBMOBILE

### OPERATION FROM MAY 1944 TO DECEMBER 1945

My first introduction to Clubmobiling was in London when Commissioner Harvey Gibson mentioned it as a possible field of selection to a group of one hundred and ten green "arcs". After signing for the Club Department, one night of disturbed slumber and imaginative Club-mobile dreams, I went through the embarrassment, which only a recruit could experience, of changing to the Club-mobile Department. Needless to say, I've had no regrets. It's the ONLY Department in Red Cross. If I could be two people, one of me, war or no war, would always be a Clubmobiler.

Mrs. Margaret Simms, charming singer in the Entertainment Department, was instrumental in the setting up of our first base. We recruits were her guests on a tour of Southern England. There we found fellows in dire need of Clubmobile Service. Upon our return to London we suggested that particular area to Commissioner Gibson as a new base. He was most responsive.

Mary Divers, a veteran "Arc", Grace Smith, and I were thrilled beyond words to open the base at Bovey Tracey, Devonshire, England. We were swamped with service requests and social invitations. There was never a dull moment, each morning was full of activity from early morning doughnut-making to evening dinners and dancing in strictly G.I. style. We rapidly became processed and adjusted to riding in all vehicles from Jeeps to Command Cars and driving same, with proper super-vision of course Days never ended in England, there-fore mother nature allotted plenty of time for bicycling, games, candy-making, and other recreational activities with many eager G.I.'s. Off days were used to great ad-vantages for England offers unlimited opportunities to a lover of sight-seeing.

After seven months in Devonshire, I spent one week w:th. Eva Williams and Ida Wood in Bury St. Edmunds, dodging buzz bombs and crouching in a closet under the stars each night at the first sound of the siren, which incidentally was located directly across the street from our billets. Then there were two weeks in Kingsclere with Charlene Wharton, Alees Creasy, and Anna Higgin-botham - a lovely little spot - my first time billited on an Army post. Clubmobile service still held all of its original charm, every day being a new adventure, full of new appreciative faces and much gratitude to the American Red Cross.

Then came our call to the continent in October 1944. The trip, in convoy from London to Paris, was an experience never to be forgotten, all of us driving our own vehicles. Blackout driving of Bedford Model Clubmobiles, nodding at the wheel, sleeping on floors, C-Rations and buckin' chow lines were among our minor difficulties. We can boast of sailing on the first Liberty Ship to cruise down the Seine River - for we docked at Rouen, France after eight days at sea in hold number 3. After a two day trip from Rouen to Paris, (actually a 21/2 hour drive), we sank in all of the luxury that the Louvre Hotel had to offer. We spent two glorious weeks in Paris before receiving our assignment to the 11th Port Headquarters, Rouen, France. There we were heartily welcomed by the Red Ball Highway Truck Drivers, many service troops, Ordnance and Air Strip Depots. Our greatest thrill was servicing bivouac Areas, troop trains and hospitals on special occasions. This we did for seven and one-half months.

Our call to Germany came in April 1945, when we were attached to ADSEC COM Z Headquarters, carrying us to Ingleheim, Wurzburg, Nurnberg and Furth. The 448th Signal Battalion took us under its wing in Furth. Here also, our veteran Captain, Charlene Wharton, yielded to that homeward yearning. Grace Smith and I journeyed to Munich, Germany to serve the 180th Battaion. We were soon joined by Alees Creasy. Our Dugout-Clubmobile combination served as a challenging experience, fully enjoyed by each of us. There are thirty-four companies and three battalions on the post, now under the 514th Quartermaster Group Headquarters. Outside units are also served daily.

Grace Smith and I are now slated to go home, leaving Alees Creasy with a capable civilian staff to carry on. I'm sure another "ARC" will be sent to her aid as soon as possible.

I am leaving with the sincere belief that Red Cross is doing its biggest job overseas in providing that "home away from home". How often have we heard these words coming from a G.I.: "Where's the Red Cross"?

Margaret C. Lamb  
ARC Clubmobile

## THE CINEMOBILERS

Clubmobilers have long had the habit of thinking that any ARC personnage who is not a doughnut maker and drives a wagon to disperse same, is not quite so good as ourselves. (Maybe "good" isn't quite the correct word.) Ever since crossing the channel, however, we have a horrible sneaking suspicion that our position as king pin has been usurped by the Cinemobile girls.

First of all, they have the advantage of being semi-rarities - with a ratio of two to 28. (Or there are four-teen times as many Clubmobiles). Then in their compact little wagon, they have two most comfortable looking bunks thrown in with the piano, victrola, movie equipment, and sink, (all arranged neatly) - which means that they have never had to soil their hands pitching a pup tent, and could spend the time that we were doing same, putting their hair up in curlers in order to be glamorous for the next show. Their toothbrushes are not apt to fall in the lard and they can attend to dental routine with pure unadulterated Squibbs. When they pull into camp, they can spend the night, which if we did it would seem improper, or anyway a darned nuisance. If they arrived too early, they don't have to stand on one foot and then the other - they just go about washing their clothes as if they were home. That's just it. Wherever they go they take their home.

So for the first time in our lives, we secretly think that we'd trade the enviable talent of laying a neat row of doughnuts for that of being able to play the piano or sing. How we crow when a bunch of hungry G.I.'s bounce up to the Broadway to Kathryn and Reta so immaculately groomed, and say "Doughnuts." To which

Reta graciously says (One can still be gracious if you don't have to put the fat on at 6 a.m.). We're not doughnuts, were movies." Well, let's have a movie then."

Movies being something you don't just whip out in the middle of nowhere on the road to nowhere else, we assume that Reta and Kay have that same sort of useless feeling we have when we are doughnutless.

The Broadway, we are positive, has the best show on the road. Their movies are not exactly of our choice, but their own personal antics are Not being a dramatic critic (having a mind whose appreciative tendencies have been trained along the lines of judging the roundness and brownness of doughnuts) we suggest that you go to the nearest camp where the Broadway's show is in full swing. There you can get yourself into a game of truth and consequences and get yourself smugly entangled into a set. of diapers and have Reta tell you how becoming they are Reta takes off Sophie Tucker, and as Kay says, she wonders if there will be a time when Reta will become forever mute after this number. They both play the piano, and then the men come up and join in the show and all is good clean fun even the corny corny jokes.

We are naturally very proud of our Cinemobile, and no longer mind being the group of Clubmobiles attached to the Broadway. The fact that they do not have to depend on production and temperamental generators or sluggish crew members, they have been able to give as many shows of one sort of another as we all put together have given doughnuts.



**CINEMOBILE BROADWAY WITH RETA SHAW AND  
KATHARINE OVERSTREET REACH COLOGNE  
WITH D GROUP**  
By Susan Boyle

The big news is, of course, MOVED AGAIN, or perhaps I should say, "One more river to cross". Since we last wrote a few lines to let you know what we were up to a lot of history has been made, and we'll try to give you the highlights of our very small part in it.

We kept our "Donut Den" going full tilt in Aachen until we moved, and it was such a gay little spot that we regretted sincerely having to close it. It became known not only for coffee and doughnuts, but for impromptu concerts as well. The Press also adopted it as a stopping-off place, and most any afternoon you could find the UP, AP, Reuters, N.Y. Times, LIFE Magazine and a half dozen other publications represented there. Some of our divisions made good use of it when they brought their men back for showers who were just out of the line during the push. Our grand MP friends, whose assistance made the project possible, were faithful and untiring - they even admitted that regular Army duty was a lot easier than being on DS (Detached Service) with the Red Cross! They always provided us with KP's; and from day to day we never knew just who they would designate for the job. We even had a Russian who had been a prisoner of the Nazi's and who was being helped along the road back to Russia. After one day, he made it clear that he would just as soon take the job permanently, and displayed a case of real Russian melancholia when he had to leave. However, we have his address and will be sure to look him up any day now!

On February 28th, the "BEAR CAT" crossed the Roer and served the 237th Engineers on both sides of the river, made a tour of Duren, served our Corps MP's and returned, bragging just a little bit. As far as we know, they were the first Red Cross girls to cross the Roer.

From then on, most of our work was up that way, but even further. A 100-mile round trip over almost im-passable roads was all in a day's work. We would read of the capture of a town the night before in STARS & STRIPES, and the next day we would find ourselves serving there. A long series of scenery comparable only to St. Lo is spread in every direction. Dead animals and uncleared mine fields litter the flat meadows on each side. The enemy left items to attract souvenir hunters everywhere - sort of expensive souvenirs, too, as there are boobytraps attached to all of them!

Betty **Harris** and I went out to serve our "Battle Babies" (99th Div. to you!) and ended up with some honest-to-goodness babies as well. The 99th was bivouacked next door to an orphanage operated by Belgian nuns for the homeless small fry of all nations - including Germany. The boys were so anxious to take us to see the children that they rushed us through our work, help-ed clean up, and we arrived at the orphanage,

willing but breathless. It was evident from the reception they received that the boys probably spent every free moment there. It was really fun to hear the excited shouts of about 25 youngsters in six different languages and to watch the soldiers toss around three or four of them at one time. They were enormously curious about us, but our reputation was firmly established as soon as we produced donuts! The spectacle of children of warring nations playing happily together is something to make one ponder. I suddenly found myself wishing "to gather them all up and take them along, so that nothing could ever happen in the future to interfere with their happy camaraderie.

Our new home on the outskirts of Cologne is really too divine! We have beautiful tile bathrooms, but the water doesn't run. We have elegant chrystral chandeliers, but the electricity "ne marche pas". There is a beautiful heating system, but some essential parts are missing. There are magnificent French doors and windows, but no glass in them. There is a cellar full of bottles; but they're all empty; and, last but not least, something has recently died in the vicinity which not even the OGPU has been able to locate. Some of the girls live in rooms which were actually sleeping chambers, but others of us have converted the "salons" into bedrooms. Myra Flint and Jane Fairchild live in the conservatory. It has taken them three days to figure out how to arrange their cots so that the plaster won't cover them like snow when the guns go off and also keep from getting mixed up with the potted palms and century plant. There is a large marble fountain at one end with a little statue on top. Not only do strange people decorate said statue with all sorts of unlikely objects, but the girls are "sweating out" the day the water is turned on, knowing perfectly well there will be a geyser come forth while they're gone, and they'll spend the remainder of the war wringing out their footlockers. Winifred Nixon lives in the former dining room, which is sandwiched between the conservatory and the library where Kathie Overstreet and I live. Poor Nicky has one endless stream of traffic and is thinking seriously of having an MP stationed there in self-defense. However, there are some charming features of our present abode, one of which is a large garden. Believe it or not, it is full of crocuses and all sorts of other flowers which are just beginning to show promise of flowering. We also have a tennis court which could provide wholesome outdoor entertainment if we could get the two tons of bricks removed. The willow trees are already that luscious saffron color, and we'll all be out on our roller skates any day now!

Something is miming from Section 7 these days - her name is Reta Shaw, the grandest gal fgr our nighty in the ETO. In the midst of a peaceful evening, a call came through with a relayed message from Paris to the effect that Reta could start at once on the long road hark.

It still doesn't seem true that she had gone: but, after her 28 months' service overseas, we reluctantly agreed not to lock her in the bathroom at the moment of departure. Reta's auction sale the day before she left was something for the New Yorker. After paring her luggage down to the allowable maximum, she still had half a ton of miscellaneous items ranging from orangewood sticks to reams of long underwear. Reta herself conducted the auction, which amounted to the first person to scream for an article having it presented forthwith. Reta's own

enthusiastic role as auctioneer carried us all away to the point where we rapturously went off with woolies and bobbysocks just as though we had been shopping at Saks Fifth Avenue. Through-out all the confusion of getting her off, Reta herself was her imperturbably good-natured self, and became in all our eyes the absolute paragon of poise when she played and sang all our favorite numbers right up until train time.

## COUNTER ATTACK

The news of this recent German offensive  
Gives cause for us feeling primarily pensive.  
It brought to an end our white-tinseled spree  
For a mobile Christmas on a GMC.

This season so different from England's last year;  
We wouldn't be able to scatter the cheer  
With sweaters, socks and candy canes  
For problems fought on the Salisbury Plains,  
And no more doughnuts with satin, red bows  
Served in the cockpit of a Fortress nose.  
We wouldn't be shivering at Glasgow dock,  
Or learning to drive 'round Stranford Lough.  
Take Northern Line for Waterloo Station  
Connections direct for boat at Heysham.  
Four flights up at Grosvenor Square  
You're handed a warrent for railroad fare  
To Burton-on-Trent, Swindon or Crewe  
Another assignment for one week or two.  
Hurry operator, give me London trunk  
Four thousand doughnuts or we're sunk.

No, the holiday season is not the same  
As it was in England when Yuletide came.  
The western front is newly ablaze  
With a counter attack and allied maze.  
The rumors are flying around in Group D  
They've just surrounded the corps cp.  
A Jerry landed right down the road,  
And captured our Hillman with doughnut load.  
A Panzer division is trapped on the spot,  
Now it's over, not it's not.

For three months we've lived on soil Teutonic  
Still aiming to keep our loves platonic  
With the cowboy Texans who drive the Shermans  
And Brooklyn's best that shoot the Germans;  
The Georgia GI's at the waterpoint  
And the gruff MP's who guard our joint.  
The artillery crews behind the lines  
And engineers creeping among the mines.  
Mainly the doughfeet without enough clothes,  
But trench foot, Calvados and quelque chose.

But at least this Christmas we cut a tree  
From the Hurtgen Forest to adorn the debris  
Of the shambles we call Tortilla Flats  
Our happy home despite the rats.

You can have your London and Kingston-on-Tyne  
But we'll take the works on the Siegfried Line.

Jan Diefendorf  
Germany, December 1944

## **GROUP F**

### **CLUBMOBILES**

AUSTIN  
MIAMI  
ALBANY  
ANNAPOLIS  
NEW HAVEN  
ATLANTA  
BOISE  
CHEYENNE

Group Supervisor - Ora Hamilton  
Captain - Getchen Schuyler

Bonney O'Brien	Patricia Channer
Alicia Reynolds	Helen Lockwood
Nancy Spaulding	Irene Lyon
Marjorie Weingand	Fanniebelle Allen
Virginia Ford	Ann Gill
Frances Potts	Lois Wisner
Janet Hopkins	Harriet Brazier
Jane Burdge	June Sprau
Grace Burdge	Betty Miller
Hazel Goff	Helen Anderson
Mildred Cox	Jill Pitts
Gertrude Bunce	Phyllis McLaughlin
Margaret Lovett	Margaret Henry
Helen Hertz	Nelle Tumlin
Ruth Frederick	

Cinemobile - Frida Salzman, Deanna Baron

#### Replacements

Barbara Gummery	Phyllis Lawson
Hazel Fletcher	Minerva Abernathy
Helen Chubb	Bertha Koopman
Ruth Milleiz	

Landed Utah Beach July 31, 1944

Were in Brest area until it fell Sept 18, 1944. Convoyed 600 miles and by-passed Paris October 1, 1944.

Went to Bastogne, Belgium, were there through the Break-through until December 19, 1944

Were in Zeulenroda, Germany on VE-day.

**ALTERNATIVA**

**GROUP F**

**CLUBMOBILES**

**Section 11**

(Or Group F Section 1)

**FX/1 AUSTIN  
FX/1 MIAMI  
FX/1 ALBANY  
FX/1 BOISE**

**Section 12**

(Or Group F Section 2)

**F1/2 ANNAPOLIS  
F2/2 ATLANTA  
F3/2 CHEYENNE  
F4/2 NEW HAVEN**

Group Supervisor - Ora Hamilton  
Captain - Getchen Schuyler

Bonney O'Brien  
Alicia Reynolds  
Nancy Spaulding  
Marjorie Weingand  
Virginia Ford  
Frances Potts  
Janet Hopkins  
Jane Burdge  
Grace Burdge  
Hazel Goff  
Mildred Cox  
Gertrude Bunce  
Margaret Lovett  
Helen Hertz  
Ruth Frederick

Patricia Channer  
Helen Lockwood  
Irene Lyon  
Fanniebelle Allen  
Ann Gill  
Lois Wisner  
Harriet Brazier  
June Sprau  
Betty Miller  
Helen Anderson  
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## GROUP F's BATTLE OF THE BULGE

"Bastogne. Christmas, 1944".

They didn't want to be sloppy about it - those thirty-one members of ARC Clubmobile Group F. They just wanted a nice present for their Group Captain, so they had bought a watch in Brussels and had those words engraved on the back. But they weren't in Bastogne on Christmas. The Germans attacked on December 16, and the following day Group F began its biggest adventure.

That Sunday afternoon was cold and sluggish, as the "MIAMI" trundled out of Bastogne to work further up the line. Doughnuts freshly cooked, bounced in their racks. Hot coffee sloshed in the urns. When the Club-mobile reached the town square, it halted, and infantrymen on their way to the front, and medics returning, eyed the familiar gray ghost with interest and hunger.

"Hey, where's the doughnuts at?" they called.

"Coming right up", answered the girls as they expertly propped up the flaps of their Clubmobile and prepared to serve. They set out the coffee and doughnuts, turned on their phonograph. A line of hungry soldiers surged forward, mess cups ready, anxious for hot coffee and as many doughnuts as they could acquire.

For five minutes the line moved up as the soldiers gathered their food and moved on into little groups, eating and talking. Suddenly a mud-spattered jeep, "FETCHIN' GRETCHEN" spun into the square and wheeled a halt beside the "MIAMI".

Gretchen Schuyler's face was serious as she jumped out. The "MIAMI's" captain, Fanniebelle Allen, slipped out of the Clubmobile. "Close up and get back, Junie", said Gretchen. "We've got to be packed and ready to pull out by five. Things are bad".

Sitting in a cafe across the street were two amazed spectators to the scene that followed. They were Group F members, Hazel "Petey" Goff and Mildred Cox, of the "NEW HAVEN". They were returning to Bastogne from a trip to Brussels with the watch that was to be Gretchen's Christmas present. As they sat there, a little smugly, watching their friends at work, they saw the flaps of the Clubmobile go down, heard the music die.

"That was a quick serving", remarked Milly in surprise, and they hurried out of the cafe and across to the "MIAMI". "How come?", a bewildered soldier was demanding of Junie Allen as they approached. "Gosh, you open up so cheery, full of smiles, and then bango! you shut right down. Why?"

"Oh, we have to move up the line", said Junie. "Got to serve another outfit." "Rationing", explained Gretchen. "One smile to a customer".

The girls piled into the jeep and the Clubmobile and sped back to Bastogne. The crews of the "ATLANTA", "ALBANY", and "BOISE" had been making doughnuts in camp when the news came at 2:30, and they were al-ready packing.

All of them had packed many times before, but there was a difference this time. They were not going forward, as they had in August from England to Normandy, or in September from Normandy to Brest. They weren't serving men on the advance, as they had only a day be-fore in Bastogne. They had been ordered out, and back!

There was no confusion as these 17 American girls packed up the Red Cross. They sorted their clothes ex-pertly into their bedrolls and barracks bags; and, when they had finished their own, they packed for other group members away on leave.

Their quarters bare, they went out into the snow-crusted, knee-deep mud to load their Clubmobiles and trailers. Personal goods stowed, they tackled supplies. They weren't leaving anything for the Germans if they could take it. They loaded on the Clubmobiles coffee, sugar, cigarettes, with their G.I. mechanics, Pvts. Charlie Weck and Bill Huber, doing the heaviest work. There was no transport for the Red Cross Field Director's stock of comfort articles for combat men, so they took them, too. They loaded as many cans of gasoline aboard as they could and gave the rest to the hard-pressed Army units near them.

At 5:00 p.m. they were ready to roll, as ordered. Their Clubmobiles and trailers, like a string of big and little elephants, stood outside their messhall.

But they didn't move that night. Instead, they stood around in their messhall as there wasn't any place to sleep. They paced the floor to keep warm. They were scheduled to travel with a Special Service Company, and one of its GI members played the piano while they stood around singing. They sang to keep out the sound of German artillery. Bastogne was being zeroed in.

They were singing when Peggy Henry came in. Peggy was one of the extra driven of Group F; and, for six weeks, she had been running a Red Cross club at a rest center for combat men at Clervaux in Luxembourg.

Everyone crowded around, asking anxiously, "You okay, Peg?"

"I guess so", she answered wearily. "I'm all right, I guess"

She leaned against a mess table, and someone remembered that the "MIAMI" still had its supply of coffee. They brought in an urn and sat around, sipping coffee while Peggy told her story.

"They started shelling us about five Saturday morning", she said, "and we went into the basement of

the hotel and stayed there until eight, when it let up. We could tell they were aiming at the town. Nine-thirty they started again and shelled us for an hour. They told me I was to be evacuated when one of the roads was opened up again. The town was cut off".

"It was quiet in the afternoon", she continued, "and the boys kidded around - said I ought to wear a combat badge. I went back to the club to open up and put out a sign saying 'Of course we're open!"

They listened closely as she told them how the shelling had started again at 5:00 p.m. The soldiers who had come to the rest center for a brief respite from the front took up their rifles and carbines and prepared to defend the town.

They made the lobby of the hotel their headquarters and watched the progress of the Germans on a map as runners came in with the latest reports. Machine-gun fire was increasing; and, when the Americans captured a German, they learned that Clervaux was the German objective for that night!

"If you are lucky, you'll be captured", the commanding officer told Peggy. "Burn papers, letters, anything like that - and quickly. Be prepared for any eventuality". So Peggy burned the letters her family had sent from Pataskala, Ohio, the letters and pictures from her beaux. She put on her coat and helmet and sat there, watching the map and listening to German fire coming closer.

At 2:30 a.m. Sunday, the little party of Americans went into the hotel basement for a last stand. The soldiers had their guns ready, and Peggy was put in charge of five frightened civilian employees of the hotel whom the Germans would gladly have killed. The patrols came closer. At 3 a.m. the Americans decided to run through the machine-gun fire outside and make a dash for the Abbey,

"Ten of us went out on the hotel porch and ran through the fire, one by one", said Peggy. "When we got to the other side, we hugged the wall. The German tanks came in just after we got across".

The gunfire kept up as they made their way to the Abbey, banging into trees in the dark, stumbling and slipping. When the bullets seemed too close, soldiers threw their arms around Peggy to protect her.

The officer in charge of the party went ahead to establish their identity, and the tiny group was admitted to the besieged Abbey. However, they weren't there long. A convoy was going to try to break out of Clervaux. They put Peggy in charge of three pro-American girls of the village who would have been shot if captured, and they started off.

When the Germans shelled the convoy, the soldiers, Peggy and her charges jumped out. By now, the girls were calling her "Mama Peggy". She pushed them into ditches to protect them from the shells.

They stopped several times to let ambulances and trucks get by, and each time the soldiers jumped out and guarded the corners of the trucks. They saw the infantry walking up to the front. Slowly breasting the tide to battle, they made their way back, and finally Peggy was with Group F again.

The Group had nothing to offer Peggy at that point - no bed, no heat, no food. They said they'd rather it had happened to any of them but Peg, and they meant it. They told her not to think about it any more for a while, gave her another cup of coffee and made her join in the singing.

They left Bastogne the next day, with everyone hungry because their K-ration breakfast had melted away and there was no lunch. As they drove along the wind-ing, churned-up road, powerful American guns barked out. They gave way as best they could to long convoys of troops and supplies rushed from the rear to stem the growing danger.

Racing along in her jeep, Gretchen was worried. No one had said much about it the night before because it wouldn't have helped. But this was Gretchen's flock, and only half of them were in the convoy. The other four Clubmobiles had been away from Bastogne on field assignment. They were Gretchen's responsibility, and she was worried. Had they got out? Where were they? The "CHEYENNE" was at Vielsalm, in the breakthrough area. "AUSTIN" was at Wiltz, and the news from there was bad. The "NEW HAVEN", idle while its crew enjoyed a brief leave, had been with an Ordnance outfit. And the "ANNAPOLIS" wasn't even in Belgium, but in nearby Luxembourg at Ettelbruch. Would they find the

Group F Cinemobile crew of "IMPERIAL" at Arlon, where they were running a rest center club?

The first answer came as they drove into Arlon. There, friendly but forlorn, sat the "NEW HAVEN", hastily dumped by the Ordnance boys in the town square. As the Red Cross girls spotted it, they exclaimed excitedly and promised they'd give extra doughnuts to the Ordnance outfit the next time they served them.

They went to the Red Cross club in Arlon and found the Cinemobile girls, Ruth Frederick and Frida Salzman, waiting for them. They were still exchanging stories when the "AUSTIN" crew - Bonney O'Brien, Alicia Reynolds and Nancy Spaulding - came in.

"Hi, everybody", said Bonney breezily. "Have a good trip down?"

Skipping formalities, Gretchen told them they were supposed to stay for a ten-day "vacation" - they were elated. "Good deal!" said they. "But can't we do some work while we're here? There'll be convoys coming through all the time. Can't we feed 'em?"

That was their first thought, and then they remembered the tents in the mud of Bastogne. In those tents were their sacks of doughnut flour. They couldn't cook. Sighing, they made their way to the dining room.

"Wonder what they'll do with the C-rations here"? someone asked. When they were confronted with a hot chicken dinner instead, they were overwhelmed. "We never had it so good"!

They ate silently, intent on the chicken. Suddenly there was a clatter in the hall and the sound of approaching footsteps. There in the doorway stood three rumpled figures, laden with musette bags. "Hi, gang!", hailed the newcomers. "Anything to eat?"

Everyone spun around to greet the "ANNAPOLIS" crew - Harriet Brazier, June Sprau and Betty Miller. "For Pete's sake! How'd you find us?" "Was it rough up your way?" "Did you get everything out all right?" "Seen the CHEYENNE anywhere"?

They crowded around, full of questions, but waited until the "ANNAPOLIS" crew had eaten before demanding answers. When the meal was over, the "ANNAPOLIS" girls told their story.

"Well, you know the kind of setup we had at the castle", began Betty Miller. "A 5-room suite, tile bath - everything very ultra. We weren't working Sunday so stayed in our rooms all day. It probably doesn't sound believable, but we sat around listening to music, all afternoon. It was only when we opened the door to go down to dinner that we found they had turned the corridor outside into a ward. There were wounded lying on one side, dead on the other". "All communication was cut", explained crew Captain Hattie Brazier to Gretchen. "We couldn't get word through to you, but we did get your message to stop operations". "They pulled out all but 20 of the 250 men at Headquarters", added Harriet, "so we gave them a hand. I went down to the kitchen on KP and worked there helping feed them as they came in from the front. June and Betty worked with the wounded, trying to keep the ward clean, giving the patients hot drinks and trying to make them comfortable".

Each supplementing the other, they told the story of the "ANNAPOLIS", which stopped making doughnuts as the Germans approached and turned to caring for the wounded. The civilian workers left the castle Sunday night. On Monday, the hard-pressed turned the running of the ward over to the Red Cross girls completely. They saw only the results of battle there, and helped as best they could the young medics who were undergoing their first contact with the reality of war. All of them, the girls and medics alike, stood up and took it. It was about 2:00 a.m. Monday when a young medic, who had been 18 a week before and was now ageless, looked up to see a Red Cross girl working nearby. "My God, what are you doing here", he asked, but was too busy to wait for an answer. She was giving hot bullion to a wounded soldier.

Early next morning, the girls went to the Commanding Officer to ask if he wanted them to leave. He told them they were doing a job and weren't in his way. They could stay.

So they kept on working until the order came Monday night to evacuate all the patients within an hour. The palace, which belongs to the Duchess of Luxembourg, has more than 300 rooms, linked by a maze of corridors. The three Red Cross Girls and the handful of medics worked feverishly to dress the wounded and get them from the ward on the third floor to the waiting trucks and ambulances below. There was no time to care for the dead. They were left behind, unburied.

"We thought we'd seen war at Brest, but those two days . . .", said Betty Miller, and her voice trailed off.

The girls of Group F stirred. They didn't say anything. They remembered Brest, and they knew what the "ANNAPOLIS" girls had been through.

"Oh, just before we get here, we came across a convoy that wanted to know the road we'd taken", added Hattie Brazier. "They were waiting for someone who knew which road to Ettelbruch was clear"!

"I hope it'll still be open tomorrow when we go back", said June Sprau. "Go back?" asked Gretchen. "Yes", answered Hattie. "We'd better get to bed as we want to make an early start".

"I think you'd better stay with us", said Gretchen. — The Army doesn't want us in there. We'd just be in the way'. She was patient, and they were incredulous, that she would not let them go back. But Gretchen was the boss, so they stayed.

Everyone was tired, and they didn't know what Tuesday might bring. They were supposed to stay in Arlon for ten days, but things were happening fast, and the outlook wasn't good. So they went silently to their rooms for their first rest between white sheets in months.

There was no lunch - luxurious or otherwise – for Group F in Arlon the next day. At 11 a.m. they were told they were to leave for Charlesville. They did not get started until 4 p.m., but were busy until they pulled out. Into their already heavily-laden Clubmobiles, they piled five truckloads of U.S. Army mail. Arlon was getting hot - gas, transportation, everything was short; and unless the Clubmobiles took the mail to the comparative safety of Charlesville, it would have to be burned. The Red Cross girls knew what that mail, however late it might be delivered, would mean to the GI's, so they made room for it.

They lined up their convoy outside the hotel - "ATLANTA", "ALBANY", "BOISE", "MIAMI", "NEW HAVEN", "AUSTIN", "ANNAPOLIS" and the "IMPERIAL". The "CHEYENNE" was still missing, as were some of the group away in Paris on leave. They felt sad at leaving another town where they had worked, knowing that the Germans might be occupying it again.

The people of Arlon, their faces showing despair, misery or terror, watched the American convoy move out. The girls saw a frail old woman standing

beside the road, tears in her eyes: and, as they messed, she made the sign of the cross and moved her hands in prayer.

It was getting dark when they reached their destination and trudged through the snow to their new quarters. "Its all yours, girls", said their GI guide as he showed them in. Before them was a 40-bed dormitory which had been part of a boys' school in days of peace. There were no blackout curtains, so they couldn't show any light after dark. The temperature was approaching 10 degrees below, but there was no heat and the glass had been blown out of the windows.

From their Clubmobiles they fetched bedding rolls and stretched them over the thin straw mattresses of their new quarters. They had not eaten since breakfast, and there was nothing to eat at Charleville until someone discovered a Christmas package. That night for supper the menu consisted of a bit of Christmas fruit cake and a few ripe olives.

If was cold the next morning, Wednesday, December 20, but Group F arose early, as befits anyone who lives with the Army, and wants to eat. The kitchen was operating and breakfast was hot but there wasn't any place to eat. By the time they had settled on the cement steps outside to eat, the food was stone cold, and so were they. They ran around the courtyard to get warm that day, ate when mess was ready, and went to bed before dark.

On Thursday, after Gretchen had talked with the Army Convoy Officer, she announced that it looked as though they were going to be in Charleville awhile. Group F began to look around for ways to make life bearable. They discovered a tiny room with a stove and began to convert it into a day room. Some of the girls went out scrounging for furniture, the rest went woodcutting.

By afternoon Group F had its first dayroom furnished and had a roaring fire in the stove and water heating.

After that, when they were not cutting wood, they spent all their time in their dayroom. They took turns using the driblet of hot water the stove produced. They would wash in their helmets; and, when they couldn't put it off any longer, they would run from their warm little dayroom into their icy barracks and hop into bed.

If they complained at all, it was because they weren't working. It made them restless. They wanted to get back on the job. Gretchen told them there wasn't a chance while the German attack continued, and they had to be ready to evacuate any time. They didn't say any more.

Instead, they began to plan for Christmas. With the soldiers who were stationed in Charleville, they began to practice Christmas carols to go out and sing to the French villagers on Christmas Day. They started plans for a Christmas Eve party for themselves, to which

they could not ask the soldiers, because they had only the little food their families in the States had sent them.

They took off the outer wrappings of their Christmas packages, admiring the gay paper inside and being careful not to tear it. They brought out the cans of delicacies, and someone's parents, remembering last year's injunctions, had sent a special package of Christmas wrappings. Some went out into the surrounding woods and returned with armsful of holly and fur boughs. A GI produced a Christmas tree.

They were up early the morning of Christmas Eve, busy with their party plans. When they were interrupted by chow call, they gathered their messkits and fell into line in the snowy courtyard.

"Hey, Ora", yelled one of the GI's to Ora Hamilton, assistant captain of the Group, "Where's the "CHEYENNE" at these days?" "Haven't heard from them at all", Ora answered. "They ought to be in pretty soon - we hope".

The words were prophetic; for, as the chowline star-ted to move forward, three figures walked wearily up, messkits in hand, and joined the end of the line. The others saw them and waved. "Wait 'till you see our dayroom!" they called.

The "CHEYENNE" crew - Helen Anderson, Jill Pitts and Phyllis McLaughlin - joined them in the dayroom, and, by that time, the news had got around that Jill's twin brother, Captain John J. Pitts, had been killed in action on December 16, just four days after Jill had seen him for the first time in a year and a half. Jack and Jill would not spend Christmas together, as they had planned.

Group F busied itself with making canapes and decorating the dayroom while the "Cheyenne" crew told its story.

"Well, we shipped into Vielsalm on Saturday", began Crew Captain Helen Anderson. "The place was division rear when we arrived, and within 24 hours it was forward command post. It was a madhouse. First thing we heard when we arrived was that the electricity, which came from St. Vith, was cut off, so we knew we couldn't make any doughnuts".

The "CHEYENNE" crew had found a billet on Saturday afternoon, and removed personal belongings from the Clubmobile. They settled down; and, on Sunday morning they went to church. It was after they returned that a Chaplain came to tell Jill Pitts that her brother, an artillery officer, had been killed nearby the day before.

"I was very fortunate in getting to see him", said Jill quietly. "His division arrived in France on December 8th, drove until the 11th, when it began firing. We were close enough - only 45 miles apart - so I went to see him. They were in a little village, and Jack was billeted in the Burgomeister's house, so the boys had started call-ing it 'Pittsburgh'. When I left, I said, I'll be seeing you

Saturday' ". "He was killed just about the time I got to Vielsalm", she concluded. "Two regiments were surrounded. They heard from them last on the 17th by radio. They sent out word because they knew we'd made plans for Christmas".

The girls of Group F said what they could; and, when there was a silence, Phyllis McLaughlin took up the story again.

We made coffee Sunday afternoon", she said, "and they told us there was a possibility we might move, but they thought it was just a flurry of German activity. That night we were completely cut off".

They were busy making soup for the wounded men being brought into the dispensary that night. Monday morning, the situation looked better, and the girls began to clean their Clubmobile. "When in doubt; clean the bus", quoted Helen Anderson, with a grin at Gretchen.

On Tuesday, a Belgian officer came to them, asking if the Americans could take his children, aged 3 and 5, when they went. The girls explained that they were staying; and, if they did go out, they would be walking. Regretfully they told him that he and his wife, who had been tortured before by the Germans, could probably take better care of the children themselves. They spent the rest of the day talking to soldiers in the compound - troops coming back from the lines and men going in. They packed their Clubmobile, gave what coffee they had to the messhall, and left their flour nearby.

Tuesday night they opened their Christmas packages, because it looked as though they might be leaving in a hurry, with very little baggage, and they wanted to know, at least, what their families had sent. They were exclaiming over their gifts when the sheriff of the town came in and handed them an incendiary bomb "To blow up your Clubmobile", he explained, "if the Boche should come".

"Helen was wonderful", said Phyllis. "She said, Oh well, if we're captured, we'll get the Germans to give us some flour, and we'll make doughnuts for our boys, the POW's".

Wednesday morning the mess sergeant came to see them to ask if he could have their doughnut flour, as there was nothing left to eat. They gave it to him gladly; and, from then on, the men at Vielsam ate pancakes made of Red Cross doughnut flour.

They spent their day leaning out of the windows of their quarters, talking to the tankmen, the wounded, the men dazed from combat. That night an order came - "Pack a musette bag and be prepared to leave at a moment's notice". They were supposed to take essentials; but they couldn't bear to leave behind the nylon stockings they'd received for Christmas, the perfume they'd bought in Paris, the fancy soap they'd saved for a time when they might be free for an important date. They packed their luxuries.

While they were sleeping, an armored division and an airborne division were moved in. The place was thick with American troops Thursday morning, and the gunfire was closer. The Germans would fire for ten minutes, then stop to get the range. Then more shells, in closer, and at noon the Germans shelled the chowline.

Friday morning the girls were awakened early and told they were leaving in an hour. They dashed to the messhall, wolfed bread and cheese and went out into the thick, swirling snowstorm and climbed aboard their Clubmobile.

Two days previously a sergeant who had volunteered to go out with a medical unit had been captured and shot because he did not have the proper medical identification, so the Army decided not to put soldiers aboard the Clubmobile. Instead, a jeep with two GI's, a captain and a colonel was to go ahead as guide.

They piled supplies for the Special Service Officer and the Red Cross Field Director into the "CHEYENNE" and off they went. The soldiers were behind every blade of grass as they withdrew. Road blocks were ready to be thrown up as they roared out behind the jeep. They drove fast, faster than anyone should in a heavily laden Clubmobile. They went 16 miles out of their way b-cause a bridge had been knocked out. Men stared as they saw the Clubmobile whizz by.

It grew dark, and the jeep and Clubmobile hurried on, driving with their little cat's eyes. Suddenly there was a screech of brakes, and the jeep veered and dove into a ditch. It had run into a big truck. The girls stopped quickly and ran to the jeep, which had been smashed beyond any hope of further travel. The captain and the colonel were both unconscious, the enlisted men badly shaken. They helped them into the back of the Clubmobile, and Phyllis climbed in and administered first aid while Helen and Jill unhitched the jeep's trailer and fastened it onto the "CHEYENNE".

They drove on until they found an MP who told them there was a tank battle going on just ahead, and directed them instead to a nearby aid station.

"We spent the night there", said Helen. "The colonel had come to by then and wanted to go on, but I thought they ought to be checked over. I was relieved when the doctor made them stay. We slept in the hospital nursery that night - with tanks parked outside".

"The CHEYENNE" crew was awakened early the next morning with the news that they could not go back as the road had been lost. For two hours they couldn't proceed because the colonel's injuries were being dressed. Finally, they got under way, going north, then west, to avoid the battle raging around them. At 5:30 p.m. Saturday, they delivered the colonel, the captain and the two GI's to their headquarters.

They stayed there overnight, going to bed early as they were so cold. After breakfast next morning, the

"CHEYENNE" took off for Charleville and the rest of Group F.

"I think you people should be the first to taste the punch", said June Sprau. "Here, try this". She handed them a messcup brimming with a sparkling yellow fluid. "It's not eggnog", added Bonney O'Brien, "But we have to improvise in the ETO".

Then the Christmas Eve party of Group F was under way. They drank their punch and munched on canapies of anchovy, lobster, cheese and the good things they hadn't had since last Christmas. They sang the elaborate version of "White Christmas" they had been rehearsing for days. When they finished applauding themselves, someone said "Okay, now". They formed a circle around Gretchen Schuyler, and Junie Allen stepped forward, reaching into her pocket. "I've been scared stiff I was going to lose this, Dutch", she began. "Got up in the middle of the night to make sure I still had it, what with all this moving. Anyhow, here it is - from us to you". She handed Gretchen a small package and Group F crowded in. "Do you like it, Gretch?", asked Petey and Milly anxiously. It was the best we could find in Brussels".

"It's just swell", said Gretchen. "Thanks a lot, everybody". They saw that Gretchen was pleased, even though her New England reserve wouldn't permit her to say much. She put on the watch, they all admired it, and the party went on.

That night they entertained the GI's they knew, sharing holiday fruitcake with them. While they were singing Christmas carols a German plane came over, drop-ping a bomb that shook the building. When the ceiling didn't come down, they resumed singing.

At 6 a.m. next morning there was a pounding on the door of their frigid dormitory. "Breakfast at seven", shouted a voice. "Be ready to roll at eight. Oh - and Merry Christmas!" "Merry May-Basket Day!" someone grumbled as they hurried into their clothes.

They hit the road at 8:30 Christmas morning, too busy guiding their Clubmobiles over the treacherous, snow-topped roads to think that it was Christmas. By noon they reached Mount Laurent, a small village with a small chateau, where they ate their Christmas dinner of C-ration, butterless bread and coffee. That afternoon they worked in their rooms, sorting clothes for the fourth time in a week. They tried

to sing, but they couldn't. It was after supper, while they were sitting around, tired and depressed, that Marjorie Wiegand walked in.

"Joe!". they exclaimed. "Any mail? How was Paris?" In five minutes Group F was poring through seven sacks of mail. Everyone received more Christmas packages and letters. Their spirits zoomed as they admired one another's presents, exchanged home town news. It was the most wonderful thing that happened to them that Christmas Day.

They were still opening packages when Peggy Henry suddenly asked, "Did you hear something then?" "Oh, Peg, its nothing, they assured her. "You're just jumpy." But it was a plane, and, as it came in they all hit the floor. It dived and dived, and each time the girls of Group F said to themselves "This is IT." But the plane dropped a few flares and presently flew away.

"That was a break!" they said. "Maybe our luck's changing It could certainly stand it"

They picked themselves up, collected their scattered Christmas packages and prepared, reluctantly, to go to bed. As they opened the door, a weary, half-frozen GI came in.

"Boy, you people sure are hard to find!" he said. "I've got a message for you from the 101st.

"The 101st!" they chorused incredulously. (The 101st Airborne was the division to which they had originally been attached in England in April. They knew the glider boys well and that they were, at that very moment, fighting in Bastogne.)

Gretchen read the note aloud –

"Still here and pitching", it said. "Don't worry about us - we're doing okay. Thanks for the doughnut flour. We captured it from Jerry, and we're eating pancakes made of it. It will probably be awhile before we get this place cleaned up so you can come back, but we're working on it. See you soon - and have the doughnuts ready"

It was almost a month later when the 101st Airborne came out, victorious, from Bastogne. Group F met them with plenty of doughnuts and coffee!

## **GROUP C**

### **CLUBMOBILES**

GOLDEN WEST  
RIO GRANDE  
SOUTHERN BELL  
DIXIE QUEEN  
ROCKY MOUNTAINS  
YOSEMITE  
LONE STAR  
GRAND CANYON

Group Supervisor - Earl M. Monson  
Captain - Katherina Curtis

Margaret Gough	Marlice England
Thora Ronalds	Emma Breyer
Elizabeth Hansard	Barbara Neal
Mary Hunter	Mary Fair
Janet Zimmerman	Barbara Ballou
Dorothy Myrick	Louise Innes
Elizabeth Gross	Mildred Broughton
Martha Stengal	Frances Reay
Elizabeth Wooden	May Phillips
Ruth Gray	Anne Stuart F
Jane Hibbard	rances Bettie
Mary Coleman	Jean Rayl
Margaret Fleps	Helen Chapman
Sarah Morgan	
Margaret Wood	
Marion Rudberg	?

Cinemobile - Mary Hayden, Frances Roughton

Landed on Omaha Beach July 27, 1944

By-passed Paris, visited on September 5, 1944

Were at Heerlen, Holland during the Breakthrough,  
30th Division

Were at Frieberg, Germany on VE-day

**ALTERNATIVA  
GROUP C**

**CLUBMOBILES**

**Section 5**  
(Or Group C Section 1)

**C1/1 RIO GRANDE  
C2/1 DIXIE QUEEN  
C3/1 GRAND CANYON  
C4/1 ROCKY MOUNTAIN**

**Section 6**  
(Or Group C Section 2)

**C1/2 GOLDEN WEST  
C2/2 SOUTHERN BELLE  
C3/2 LONE STAR  
C4/2 YOSEMITE**

Group Supervisor - Earl M. Monson  
Captain - Katherina Curtis

Margaret Gough  
Thora Ronalds  
Elizabeth Hansard  
Mary Hunter  
Janet Zimmerman  
Dorothy Myrick  
Elizabeth Gross  
Martha Stengal  
Elizabeth Wooden  
Ruth Gray  
Jane Hibbard  
Mary Coleman  
Margaret Fleps  
Sarah Morgan  
Margaret Wood  
Marion Rudberg

Marlice England  
Emma Breyer  
Barbara Neal  
Mary Fair  
Barbara Ballou  
Louise Innes  
Mildred Broughton  
Frances Reay  
May Phillips  
Anne Stuart F  
rances Bettie  
Jean Rayl  
Helen Chapman

?

Cinemobile - Mary Hayden, Frances Roughton

Landed on Omaha Beach July 27, 1944

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Were at Heerlen, Holland during the Breakthrough,  
30th Division

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## GROUP C SERVES LIBERATED ALLIED P.O.W

By Marlice England

April 13 - April 21, 1945

Rain was drizzling down on the huge airdrome, a former Luftwaffe base, when the Clubmobile convoy, led by Lt. Colonel George Goodwin, stopped in front of the Command's quarters. There were ten girls and our indispensable G.I.'s, Pfc Andrea Amedia and Pfc. John Yost. As we hopped down from the cabs, we were suddenly surrounded by men coming from all directions. They were the 600 who had been prisoners-of-war only the day before! Most were British, a few Americans, some Indians, but all of them had spent from three days to five years in prison camps.

We arrived at 2:00 p.m. on Friday, April 13. Lt. Colonel Craighill, who was in charge, told us that the men had not eaten since the day before and had no water for drinking, let alone washing. They had no barracks nor blankets, and facilities for registering them as they arrived had not yet been set up. He asked us to do what we could for them. Within an hour after our arrival, doughnuts were rolling out of the machines, and the aroma of coffee was bringing men in steady streams from the far side of the field. We served from 3:00 to 9:00 p.m. that night. We distributed cigarettes, gum and matches. We ran a "personal service" counter for those whose needs we hadn't anticipated. We were amazed to hear some of the requests, but, still more amazing was the fact that we succeeded in filling most of them. We dug into our private stocks of soap - Lucien Lelong, Roger & Gallet, "G.I.", etc.; and we produced towels, toothbrushes, razors and blades, pipes and pipe tobacco. Colonel Goodwin and Mr. Matisse, ARC Field Director, had found a large stock of the last items, and also brought in the much-welcomed toothbrushes. We heated water for them and made tea for the British. We softboiled eggs some of the men had picked up on their trek. Most of the men who had been on the march since January had dysentery from eating sugar beets, potato peelings and raw turnips. We fed these cases warm milk.

From the 600 men who were there to greet us on Friday, the numbers grew to 3,000 by next day. Trucks rolled into camp all that first afternoon and night. As the trucks unloaded, the men would descend upon us en masse. They gasped when they saw American women - then they wept - they shook our hands - they crowded around the Clubmobiles for autographs - they tried to smile and tears rolled down their dusty faces (and ours!) - they blushed and were speechless. Some had been prisoners since 1940 when they were captured at Dunkirk! Some of the Americans were captured in North Africa and had been prisoners in East Prussia until the Russians started their drive towards Berlin. The men were made to march westward away from the Russians for nearly three months. But then, the Americans were closing in

from the west, so they were made to turn around and start eastward again.

On Saturday, we were up at 5:30 a.m. to start baking, and found our water tank had been drained. The men evidently discovered the tank and thought it was provided for their use by XIX Corps! We were able to start serving coffee by 9:00 a.m., however. Saturday night, when the rest of our Clubmobile Group drove through, five girls volunteered to stay on with one Clubmobile. Louise Innes took over the German kitchen and the 10-in-1 rations Col. Craighill had procured. She broke them down and started a soup kitchen. On Sunday she served 800 gallons of soup and 1100 gallons of coffee!

In addition to serving coffee, doughnuts, soup, cigarettes and gum, we had a small infirmary set up in the hall of the building we occupied. We had Andy build a rack for an extra field range upon which we placed a 30-gallon watercan (for washing purposes). We found that the heat from the range warmed the tiny vestibule, so all day long six or seven men would be huddled around the fire. They had been ill with dysentery when they were brought in the night before. As there were no facilities for aiding them, we brought them warm milk to keep them from having chills. One man had no trousers - only a pair of pajamas, a German raincoat and straw slippers. Lou **Innis** produced a pair of woolen slacks and Marion Rudberg a shirt for him. Later, a guard told Marlice of a Quartermaster salvage depot nearby, so we sent over for clothes for him and others who came later in the same predicament.

On Monday, K-rations were flown in so Lou made only coffee in the kitchen. Also, the Army began issuing blankets to the men, registering them and assigning them in blocks to barracks on arrival. Not until Monday did they have water except the small supply we were furnished by XIX Corps Special Services. Monday Lister bags were set up and soon the camp turned into a public bath. Thousands of men scattered over the field were heating water in small cans over individual fires. They bathed, washed their hair and clothes. It began to look like a gypsy camp. One man used a small stick from which hung a K-ration can on a string dangling over the fire. Another had made an oven of two large cans and was happily baking muffins with gingerbread mix from rations! Mr. Matisse fell heir to several cases of Nestle's chocolate which we added to the hot milk for our dysentery cases.

The girls of XIX Corps took up a collection of \$300.00 with which they bought up all the PX supplies to be had and sent them down for distribution. On Friday, Mr Matisse, with the aid of three newly-arrived girls opened a Service Club on the field, where men could play the piano or write letters while waiting for planes to take them out.

Until Monday, the weather had been bad for flying, so we were "bottle-necked" for a few days. Men were coming in, but not going out. However, by Tuesday they were flying the men out in huge numbers. The British were flown to England and the Americans to a port of embarkation, then shipped home.

On Thursday, Maj. General Henry, G-1 of the U.S. Army, from Washington, and Brig. General Erwin, Assistant G-3, flew in to inspect the camp, followed by the Press.

In five days we had served 64,000 doughnuts (or 3500 lbs. of flour), 5,000 gallons of coffee. In one day alone we served 1,285 gallons of coffee! We served at the shower point, at the registration building, and on the air strip where the men were waiting to be called aboard the planes. We gave out 24,000 packs of cigarettes, 15,000 packs of gum. We served fifteen different nationalities, including Americans, British, French, Polish, Russians, Czechs, Greeks, Italians, Chinese and representatives of all the British dominions - Canadians, South Africans, New Zealanders, Indians and Australians.

We averaged 14 hours' work a day, but we found that our day wasn't ended at sundown. We had problems to solve for the men, questions to be answered - "What do the Americans think of the Russians?" or "Will my wife think I've changed too much?" Clothes had to be mended for them, and we even dried laundry for them in our boiler.

We were exhausted when it was over, for we listened to such tales and heard so much. We had so little to say that helped. We felt that, though we worked harder than ever before, it was the most satisfying week we had experienced on the Continent.

[April 21st: On the move at last. We were taken to Hildesheim aerodrome, where we were de-loused, and received coffee \(my diary does not say but presumably real coffee at last.\) and dough-nuts from the American Red Cross. We are now getting army rations.](#) [Robert Bennett Warren BBC - WW2 People's War - Prisoner of the Germans - 5 - The March and Release](#)

RED CROSS CLUBMOBILE UNIT C ZONE 5  
Source – Personal Observation

TRIBUTE TO THE RED CROSS CLUBMOBILE GIRLS

On 26 November the Germans, for the third time, shelled Heerlin, Holland with long range artillery, un-doubtedly a railway gun of 280 mm caliber. On a previous occasion a shell had demolished and burned a house (killing 5 civilians) nearby, and another shell had broken some of the windows of the NEERLANDIA Hotel where Miss Kay Curtis and 30 other Red Cross Clubmobile girls were quartered.

At about 2230 while an informal meeting was in progress in the dining room a shell hit the hotel. Lt. Col. George Goodwin SSO XIX Corps promptly led the girls to the nearby Grand hotel where part of the Corps staff are quartered, there they were loaned clothing and blankets, and in the basement awaited the cessation of shelling. The girls were all clothed in pajamas, robes and house slippers, some had helmets and trench coats none had other than was being worn at the meeting. Another shell hit the hotel immediately after their departure unfitting it, until extensively re-paired for further occupancy.

The girls, without exception, were grand. It was a trying experience but there was no complaining, no confusion, no hysteria, no evidence of fear, they laughed joked and kidded each other. After 17 rounds in 11/2 the firing ceased. Other than damaging the NEERLANDIA hotel, demolishing a house about 75 yards from the Grand Hotel, breaking the glass out of many windows and scattering shell fragments throughout Heerlen the damage was negligible.

Next morning the girls hastily gathered their belongings, sharing clothing and equipment as necessary, and were right on the job as usual.

Watching these American girls we felt a surge of pride. Pride in belonging to a country blessed with such women. Pride in their spirit, their willingness to risk whatever comes in order to do their bit to help win the war

They are a great help. They take doughnuts and coffee as far forward as commanders will allow them to go. They are always cheerful, always ready to laugh even at themselves. They are making a vital contribution to morale.

Our hats are off to them. They are truly representative Americans of whom America can and should be proud. Girls of the Red Cross Clubmobile Group C Zone 5, we salute you!

ALBERT H. PEYTON  
Colonel, Inf.  
Combat Observer

GROUP G

CLUBMOBILES

SPOKANE  
DES MOINES  
WEST POINT  
OMAHA  
SALT LAKE CITY  
ASHEVILLE  
SAVANNAH  
SACRAMENTO

Group Supervisor  
Captain - Maxine Preas

Ruth Kniep  
Jean Overturf  
Maida Riggs  
Genieve Richards  
Jean Kettler  
Jean McCormick  
Mignon Harrelson  
Pamela Reilly  
Phyllis Jalbert  
Shirley Alexander  
Jean McMillan

Lillian Comee  
Patricia Blaisdell  
Phyllis Boyes  
Katherine Harris  
Henrietta Barker  
Mary Alice Grant  
Henri Barnhart  
Jean Bills  
Eleanor Barc  
Alice Garrison  
Margaret Kyle

Elizabeth Purdy  
Jane Johnston  
Pauline Morrissey  
Joyce Farnham  
Bertha Koopman  
Elizabeth Burke  
Florence Swanson  
Pauline McLaughlin  
Mary Alice Sturdevant  
Priscilla Alden  
Jean Kettler

Cinemobile - Judy Underdown, Betty Walters

Landed on Utah Beach August 5, 1944

Arrived in Paris August 30, 1944

Were in Sarrebourg, Alsace at the time of the Breakthrough

Were in Beckum, Germany on VE-day and Salzburg, Austria

**ALTERNATIVA  
GROUP G  
CLUBMOBILES**

**Section 13**

(Or Group G Section 1)

**G1/1 ASHEVILLE**

**G2/1 OMAHA**

**G3/1 SALT LAKE CITY**

**G4/1 SPOKANE**

**Section 14**

(Or Group G Section 2)

**G1/2 SACRAMENTO**

**G2/2 SAVANNAH**

**G3/2 WEST POINT**

**G4/2 DES MOINES**

Group Supervisor  
Captain - Maxine Preas

Ruth Kniep

Jean Overturf

Maida Riggs

Genieve Richards

Jean Kettler

Jean McCormick

Mignon Harrelson

Pamela Reilly

Phyllis Jalbert

Shirley Alexander

Jean McMillan

Lillian Comee

Patricia Blaisdell

Phyllis Boyes

Katherine Harris

Henrietta Barker

Mary Alice Grant

Henri Barnhart

Jean Bills

Eleanor Barc

Alice Garrison

Margaret Kyle

Elizabeth Purdy

Jane Johnston

Pauline Morrissey

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## HIGHLIGHTS OF GROUP G

There are over 80 American Red Cross clubmobiles in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, Holland, and Germany. Most of these Clubmobiles are GMC trucks with all the necessities of a compact doughnut kitchen; doughnut machine, coffee urns, water compartments, cups, plenty of cupboard space, and even a Victrola with aloud speak-er. In addition to eight Clubmobiles, each group composed of thirty girls, has supply trucks, utility trucks, generators and trailers (to give power to the doughnut machines), water trucks, and jeeps. Each group is attached to an Army Corps or Division, taking its orders from the Army and going to serve where the Army thinks the need is the greatest.

Group G is a typical clubmobile group. At present half of its unit is with the XV Corps with Lillian Comme of Wakefield, Massachusetts, in charge. The other half is under Mrs. Maxine Preas of Johnson City, Tennessee, serving the XVI Corps.

The group is typical but its experiences are unique. (All groups' experiences are unique.) Take, for instance, its affinity to the number 3. Its first three billets were in three forests: an apple orchard, a poplar grove, and a pine thicket. (No explanation is given as to why an orchard is called a forest but, no matter which way you look at it, it's still trees). Next the girls were housed in a series of three schools. They started out in a high school; their next move promoted them to college; then they were thrust back into a kindergarten.

The Army soon presented them with three captured German cars to facilitate serving. Most notorious of these was one the girls named "Scared Rabbit" because it was such a fast car. However, the girls were never scared because, in order to go at all, it had to be pushed.

At present, the girls, living in Holland, daily drive through three countries to serve. They have 33 German fur flying jackets. And the group drove in one of the longest convoy treks - over 300 miles.

In the six months since the girls have served coffee and doughnuts to battle-weary, tired and muddy GI's they have moved seventeen times. In addition to tents in orchards and floor in schools, they have lived in bombed chateau's, private homes, and hotels. Usually they were without running water or heat, but always they had the opportunity for coping with fleas, bedbugs, and the hives.

Group G believes it is the only group to have served four armies. It is the only group to have a general Brig. General Charles Brown - act as an escort. When the girls serve near the front, an escort is always sent for them it is too easy for the girls to get on the wrong road and end up where there is enemy activity. Usually, however, their escort is anything but a general.

Jane Johnston of New York City, Jean Kettler of Canojoharie, New York, and Henrietta Barker of Lynchburg, Virginia, will remember Luneville for another reason. Jean Kettler and Henri Barker had a Frenchman drop in at the office and an animated conversation ensued. Or at least the Frenchman carried on an animated conversation. The girls, who couldn't understand a word he was saying, but thinking him harmless would just utter an occasional "Oui" every time he stopped for breath. In the nick of time Miss Johnston walked in on the scene. Understanding French, she informed the girls what they had been agreeing to. The Frenchman had found seven dead Germans and was asking the girls if he could bring the bodies and leave them there.

Everyone on the Continent, seeing a Red Cross uniform, takes it for granted that it is on a Red Cross nurse. A Belgian woman had this typical thought when she asked Elizabeth Purdy of Sarasota, Florida, and Maxine Preas if that was what they were doing. Mrs. Preas, not knowing how to explain the making of coffee and doughnuts in a language she couldn't speak or in a language the other couldn't understand, took the easiest way out and nodded in the affirmative. Whereupon the woman, who had a baby in her arms, exhibited its bottom, covered with sores. Miss Purdy came to the rescue with a tube of ointment which her mother had thoughtfully tucked into her bag. This was administered; three days later the baby was well.

In Sarrebourg the Group acquired two Polish girls. These girls had been in a concentration camp when they were released. Far from home, with no place else to go, they became the "Junior Red Cross girls". The differences in language was a handicap, but for the last two months Group G has had assistance in the care of their rooms and in making doughnuts. In return, the Polish girls receive billets, food, and cast-off clothing.

Of course, Group G has collected its share of souvenirs. In addition to their thirty-three fur jackets, they have all types of German guns, medals, and such. Genevieve Richards of Washington, D.C., has the honor of having the largest single collection. Her cry is always, "After all, I have seventeen nieces and nephews". Bertha Koopman of Providence, R.I., specializes in Army insignias. On her jacket she has sewn the insignia of every outfit she has served. Wherever she goes, the men take pictures of these - and incidentally, of Miss **Koopmen**. It means taking the pictures from all angles, so completely covered is the jacket.

Right now, Group G, complete with loot, Polish girls, et al, has just completed its seventeenth move. As the end of the war gets closer they're sure that "their" men will be advancing faster and faster. What is home today may not be home next week or even to-morrow. But whatever is ahead, Group G is ready for it. They

wouldn't exchange their experiences for any-thing and smugly believe that theirs is the best group in the Clubmobile Department. But as every other group feels that about itself they don't expect anyone to believe them - except Group G itself.

Major-General Wade Haislip was the general with whom the girls worked closely, and in this case were able to do an unusual favor. The XV Corps was two miles from the front. The men were being served coffee and doughnuts but, when not actually fighting, the men had nothing to do. Gen. Haislip appealed to the girls. The girls took over a building. In a day and half, they had their Doughnut Annex in operation. They were reading and writing rooms, a games room with a ping-pong table. From somewhere a piano and radio were scrounged and, of course, there were the inevitable coffee and doughnuts. The Annex was run in addition to the regular daily serving. Several nights the girls also served an incoming Division. In one week their doughnut production was nearly 80,000. All of this helped to keep Group G at the top for the number of doughnuts and cups of coffee served over a three month period.

On their three hundred mile dash after the 3rd Armored Division, the girls were stationed for awhile in Luneville, France. Their additional duties here included

helping in the evacuation of French babies during the bombing of the town. In the house where the girls stayed was a French woman who had had American officers staying with her when World War I stopped. She called upon the girls to help get a letter to one of these. The girls were impressed by her signature; "Your little ray of sunshine." This taken care of, she asked the girls' assistance with a letter to "Mrs. Sears Roebuck." Retreating Germans had taken her copy of "Gone With the Wind" and she was writing for another.

It was while they were in Luneville that the girls had their first experience of being shot at by snipers. The first time this happened, it was dark. Florence Swanson of Fort Wayne, Indiana was helping unload her clubmobile. She realized everyone else had thrown themselves down on the ground as the first shot rang out. But still someone had a flashlight on. She found herself jumping up and down frantically ordering, "Put that flashlight out. DARN IT! PUT THAT LIGHT OUT!" Suddenly she realized she was the only one with a flashlight. It went out and she went down.

## **DOCK SERVICE – Le HAVRE**

by NANCY NICHOLAS

Twelve of us arrived in France from England in February, lugging bedrolls and long woolen underwear, expecting to have what is known over here as a "rugged life", something most of us had been expecting since entering the ARC and hadn't had. (I am speaking, of course, of the Clubmobile girls who arrived in England during the summer of '44 - not of those who pioneered.) We arrived here at LeHavre to find a badly bombed city, dust and rubble everywhere. However, on a hill overlooking the port, we found our nice-looking house with French windows. The Navy had been extremely helpful to the Red Cross girls - painted the house, put glass in the windows and almost entirely furnished it. We had eleven French maids waiting on us, drew our own rations and ate there. We entertained everyone in LeHavre in our big blue living room with its lovely view over the harbor and danced to the Magnavox radio. When spring came, daffodils, primroses, lilacs and hawthorne bloomed in our yard, while wisteria climbed the walls.

From this oasis we would sally forth every morning, afternoon and almost every evening, load one of our odd assortment of vehicles (2 Navy carry-alls, two Clubmobiles, a weapons carrier, a British ambulance known as the "Puddle Jumper", and three jeeps) with doughnuts and coffee to meet the troops. LeHavre was, of course, one of the busiest spots on the continent, and the Clubmobiles were serving every minute. There were ships arriving from the States with new troops - fresh-faced, young and well-disciplined. There were ships from England with casual troops - men coming out of the hospitals, perhaps for the second or third time. Then there were ships from England and the States with equipment of every kind. Ships were departing with leave troops bound for England or sometimes for America, men taken from the air corps or rear echelons to be train-ed as infantrymen and occasionally odd

collections of our Allies - Poles, Czechs, Africans, Indians, French, etc. in costumes ranging from GI clothes to fez or turbans.

Sometimes we fed these men coffee and doughnuts at the docks, sometimes at the trains before they departed, and sometimes at the nearby replacement depot. During the infrequent periods when there were no transient troops for us to serve, we visited the static troops -port companies working at repairing the devastated waterfront, ack-ack units, a tank outfit that had been stuck out in the country for a long time and loved to have a visit from the girls. The attractive little town where leave troops were encamped prior to leaving for England for seven days was also on our list, as well as amphibious "duck" companies which unloaded cargo from the ships in the harbor, and many others.

We would argue as to which men we liked the most - the tired, often bitter veterans of many campaigns re-turning to their outfits after being wounded, the happy men going on leave, or the newly-arrived from the States. Your heart goes out to them all.

Perhaps our most exciting job was meeting newly-liberated American prisoners flown in from Germany. So much has been written about these boys' experiences, how they looked, etc. that I won't go into it here. More than one boy recognized me as having given him coffee and doughnuts in England last year. It is surprising how well these men remember. They see a girl just once, per-haps at an embarkation point; but even after three months' imprisonment, or fighting, or hospitalization, there are an amazing number of men who say to me "Didn't I see you in England at such-and-such a place?"

## **NAUMBURG, GERMANY**

Naumburg is such a beautiful town. It seems untouched by the war All the trees lining both sides of the streets are in bloom, pink white sunny greens, it is spring at its best, a gorgeous warm sunny day! The army has just issued orders that we must visit Buchenwald today and see with our own eyes what these Germans have done there. I had a little two-seater open car scavenged from the German wreckage (painted with the all too familiar Olive drab, brown abstract design). A very charming young fighter pilot, original base in Tenterden, Kent, now moved to a closer base, showed up and asked to go with me. We packed a picnic of K-rations and a bottle of wine, and drove in the open air and sunshine to Buchenwald. There were the ovens, the piles of bones, the barracks, and prisoners still shuffling along the paths There was no way to talk to them, catch their eye, or smile. It was such a different, incomprehensible world. I was stunned, I couldn't talk, picnic, feel, or even begin to understand what I had seen, or to talk about it. We drove back to the base in silence.

## EYES OF TIME

Eyes of time, you have seen the world unknown to many.

Fantastic and realistic! See the jungle yet,  
Incarcerated in the human cerebrum.

Saw the peoples rising with struggling  
Steps from the simian.

Saw their little progress from the Nile,  
To grasp within their hands a culture;  
To throttle it with the Inquisition,  
Saddling the world with sadism.

Baptizing to exterminate. Smothering discoveries  
With insatiable superstition.

Proclaiming the natural wicked.

Paganism strangled to rise from its death.

Incarnated with the church.

creeping toward the light by centuries.  
To find itself lost within the fog.

Rising from the blood-soaked continent.

Bludgeon, but ever dragging races from the mire  
The urge to climb rooted deeper.

Tangents from the hypocotyl  
Shook the world into nations;  
Intensified the desire for power;  
Leashed the throns to hate.

From the cradle of art and science, rose Machiavelli.

Met within his brain; Medivialism and the future,  
Mingling to beget a force strong and crafty.

Nurtured thru the centuries,  
Nations that took it as its prodigy  
Lost its soul within its grip of steel.

But from its seed there sprang a nation,  
Fertile in disgrace and hate.

Nursed its young on propaganda: Teathed it upon a  
ring of lust:

Schooled it from a book of war: Placed within its  
hands a cup of blood.

The evolution of war was parralled.

Over nations nursed their young on truth;

Teathed them on liberty:

Schooled them in justice: Placed within their hands  
the charter of Pacifism.

The two forces have met in greatest of all combat.

The cup of blood overflows: covering all the  
continents and seas

The Peoples hear it thunder: and at that

The World shall shake from its sound for a century.

Be raped of much that is has gained, but

New Nations shall rise confederated in love;

And take their creed from another child.

MAL

(Marjorie Ann Lee?)

## EPILOGUE

### WAS IT WORTH IT?

As we have seen, Clubmobile life was not easy.

In England, the workday usually began at 6 :30 with a long, cold ride out to a camp. The morning was spent making doughnuts. With racks bulging with 2000 or more, "the washing up" done, coffee made and poured into 8 thermos urns, and everything bolted down, the afternoon was spent serving the camp - stop, open up, serve, close up, move on, stop, open up and so on. At an airbase after the ground crews were served, we joined them in sweating out the day's mission; and of course served the fliers when - if - they returned.

Always there were the many tiresome chores - washing hundreds of cups, daily cleaning of the coffee urns, the weekly cleaning of the doughnut machine, which took at least six hours to do properly. Then the endless mopping, and sweeping. Even a certain amount of paperwork was necessary in making weekly production reports, ordering supplies and writing the required official weekly diaries. At night, if anybody was free from cooking or serving, there were invitations galore to dances, parties - the inevitable "we do so want an American Girl there!"

We took all this in our stride and had a wonderful time. The humor which we saw in it all we recorded in our reports and diaries. This same humor, which we used to color and make fun of our menial tasks, the American soldier used to make combat bearable.

The Clubmobile came to be a bit of home soldier, a "corner drugstore" with doughnuts and coffee, music. We were American girls, women who were interested in him, who understood his homesickness, and more than anything knew his language and shared to some degree his experiences. We were waiting for him in the briefing room when he returned from a mission tense, tired and haggard.

On the continent, we lived in tents and under conditions almost as bad as his. We knew long hours in the open, in rain, snow and mud. We saw him wounded in body and mind. We saw him come from the foxhole and helped him to cast off, for a while at least, the ever-present fear of the nearness of death and to forget the dirt- and misery and loneliness of the infantryman's life. We saw him dirty as only an infantryman can get.

We listened to his tales of combat and his worries and joys of letters from home. We looked at millions of pictures of babies, wives, sweethearts and mothers.

We worked hard, but it was fascinating. We especially tried to keep our sense of humor and our ability to wisecrack, for we knew instinctively that this was what the soldier needed to keep up their morale.

OH YES, IT WAS WORTH IT



The members of the Clubmobile Association wish to express our appreciation to Donald S. Momand, who organized the Clubmobile Association, and to all of the officers of the Clubmobile Association who served through the years, and we give many thanks to Nance Krone who served as all of the officers from 1976 through 1982, when the Clubmobile Association merged with the American Overseas Association.

**LISTADO****Aquí hay que revisarlo todo****LLP Localizada en Listas de Pasajeros****LLPB Localizada en Listas de Pasajeros puerto de Boston. No tengo acceso****LOP Localizada por Otra Parte****NL No localizada****Lo que esta en verde ya lo explico mas tarde**

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112TH CONGRESS  
2D SESSION

**S. RES. 471**

Commending the efforts of the women of the American Red Cross Clubmobiles  
for exemplary service during the Second World War.

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IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

MAY 23, 2012

Ms. COLLINS (for herself, Mrs. SHAHEEN, Mr. LIEBERMAN, Mr. NELSON of Florida, Ms. SNOWE, Mr. INHOFE, Mr. COCHRAN, Mr. PRYOR, Mrs. HUTCHISON, Ms. LANDRIEU, Ms. MIKULSKI, Mrs. BOXER, and Mrs. FEINSTEIN) submitted the following resolution; which was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary

JUNE 21, 2012

Committee discharged; considered and agreed to with an amended preamble

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**RESOLUTION**

Commending the efforts of the women of the American Red Cross Clubmobiles for exemplary service during the Second World War.

Whereas, during the Second World War, the American Red Cross was charged by the United States Armed Forces with providing recreational services to the soldiers serving in the war;

Whereas Harvey Gibson, the Red Cross Commissioner to Great Britain during the war, conceived of the Clubmobiles in 1942 as a means of providing hot coffee, fresh doughnuts, and a vital connection to home to thou-

sands of servicemen at dozens of airfields, bases, and camps throughout Great Britain during the buildup to D-Day;

Whereas thousands of young women, from every State in the United States, volunteered to serve in the Clubmobiles, and were chosen after a rigorous interview process;

Whereas, between July and August 1944, less than 1 month after the invasion of Normandy, France, 80 Clubmobiles and 320 American Red Cross volunteers crossed the English Channel and began providing coffee, doughnuts, and a friendly smile to servicemen fighting on the front lines;

Whereas the Clubmobile volunteers saw service across Europe in France, Belgium, Italy, Luxembourg, and Germany, and later in the Far East, touching the lives of hundreds of thousands of United States servicemen until victory was achieved;

Whereas a visit from a Clubmobile, which could serve gallons of coffee and hundreds of doughnuts every minute, was often the most significant morale boost available to servicemen at war;

Whereas 52 women of the American Red Cross, some of whom served on the Clubmobiles, perished during the war as a result of their service; and

Whereas 70 years have passed since the Clubmobiles were founded, and only a few women who served in the Clubmobiles remain to share their stories: Now, therefore, be it

1        *Resolved*, That the Senate—

- 1               (1) commends the exemplary and courageous  
2       service and sacrifice of each of the patriotic women  
3       of the United States who served in the American  
4       Red Cross Clubmobiles during the Second World  
5       War;
- 6               (2) honors the Clubmobile women who lost their  
7       lives during the Second World War;
- 8               (3) calls upon historians of the Second World  
9       War to recognize and describe the service of the  
10      Clubmobiles, and to not let this important piece of  
11      United States history be lost; and
- 12              (4) urges the American Red Cross to publicly  
13      commemorate the stories of the Clubmobiles and the  
14      amazing women who served in them.



