



UNITED STATES ARMY

in a place where capacity would call for one: Three places remind me of the Chicago stockyards. Uncle Sam has assured me of some practical and effective methods of combating the enemy but I refuse to employ such tactics upon my own fellow men merely for the sake of self defense in satisfying a personal craving for a scoop of ice cream or a bottle of pop. I prefer to remain as a non-combatant in this struggle and wrangling of the masses. The building proper is rather spacious and church-like in capacity with the main auditorium floor serving a dual purpose, lounge and reading room or, when chairs are evacuated, a dance floor. The exposed stage supports a microphone and a piano, the microphone connected with the controls ramifying throughout the several adjacent rooms. How wonderful it would be if they could repossess some of this wiring and put it back into the piano so that the act of playing would be just more than striking a few dud keys. An over-attractive hostess occupies one corner of the room and coordinates the activities and programs of the house. On the balcony above and encircling the main room is found further accommodations for reading and writing and is supplied with a library of about a third rate collection of fiction, funny books with superman, and many 'Look' caliber magazines. The choice of literature may satisfy the average army man but seems to fall somewhat short of my own particular requirements, meager as they are. A monotonous cadence of resounding ping-pong and