



The Hill Top Beacon



Rock

May 1942



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MAY 1942

Published monthly for private circulation, by and for the patients of the Literary Club, as an activity of group therapy at the U. S. Veterans Administration Facility No. 78, Fort Roots, North Little Rock, Arkansas.

The HILL-TOP BEACON is unique, in that it is not a news magazine, nor is it a time table, or a program of hospital events, but it is a publication for original articles written by the patients.

Patients of the Literary Club who are not able to make an original contribution select favorite pieces of poetry or prose; as far as space permits these are used. The editors of course prefer original material.

## EDITORIAL STAFF

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Set up and edited in the library by the patients. Articles are printed as submitted by the patients. All copy must be brief due to limited mimeograph facilities.

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FORT ROOTS HONOR ROLL

Employees On Active Military Or Naval Duty

James B. Avence, USA  
Address unknown

James M. Wallis, USA  
Address unknown

Joseph B. Bounds, USN  
Naval Hospital  
Corpus Christi, Tex.

O'Neal R. Dennis, USA  
Camp Joseph T. Robinson  
Little Rock, Ark.

Louis A. Cohen, USA  
O'Reilly General Hospital  
Springfield, Mo.

Harry F. Gault, USA  
Monthan Field  
Tucson, Arizona

Clark G. Gibbons, USN  
Naval Hospital  
San Diego, California

Roy L. Odom, USN  
Naval Hospital  
Pensacola, Florida

James Pickard, USA  
Camp Crowder  
Neosho, Mo.

William M. Pittman, USA  
Address unknown

William G. Kloss, USA  
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L. Dan Owens, USA  
Address unknown

James A. Powell, USN  
Norfolk, Va.

Roy E. Powell, USA  
Address unknown

Grayson Simpson, USA  
Address unknown

James W. Toler, USA  
Address unknown

Lloyd B. White, USA  
Address unknown

John Williamson, USA  
Camp Crowder, Mo.

Lots Of Luck From The Veterans Of World War I  
To The Soldiers Of The Second World War.



QUI VIVI

Corregidor! Thou Art no more  
To hold, and taunt  
A forman bold.

Thy soul hath flown  
To God's height alone  
To stand on guard forever more.

You left behind for us to find,  
Midst the crashing schemes of war.

The price we paid for yesterdays,  
Warnings lost o'er valiant graves.

And your mighty guns,  
Will ever roar

In sorrows challenge, Corregidor!

Stephen L. Olds IO2

The Poet Laureate  
from California.

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The winner of the limerick contest is L. B.  
Wittenbraker on Ward IO2. His limerick is:

They call me a decrepit old chappy  
I may not be very snappy,  
But if they listened to me  
I'd be across the sea  
Bagging a Hun or a Jappy.

Today's nut story has to do with the screw-  
ball who entered a restaurant, and ordered a cup  
of coffee. He put a liberal dose of salt and  
pepper into the coffee. He also poured a healthy  
quantity of ketchup into the coffee.

The waiter watched the customer, his eyes  
popping. The nut raised the cup to his lips  
and took a swallow.

"My goodness!" he cried? "This coffee tastes  
terrible!"

"Well, what did you expect?" he sneered.

"There's nothing in that coffee but, salt, pepper  
and ketchup!"

"Maybe you're right," he agreed. "Pass me the  
mustard!"

Contributed by Chas. Beaver, 63A



ORCHIDS FOR MACARTHUR WORLDS NO. ONE JAP SWATTER  
by F. H. Haley--103

MacArthur belongs to Arkansas first, he is the nation's No. 1 Jap swatter and outstanding hero of the war. The point we would like to make here is, Arkansas must be first to commemorate and honor the fearless general and help to immortalize his valiant and noble deeds, his bravery and courage and his undying loyalty and devotion to Old Glory.

What do you, as a two-fisted American and a citizen of Arkansas, your native state, want to do about it? The suggestion has been offered by a North Little Rock man that Senator Hattie W. Caraway be asked to introduce a resolution in congress providing for the issue of a new war postage stamp, bearing the true-to-life profile of General Douglas A. MacArthur. If for any reason, present laws prevent this, (living persons are never represented on postage) pass special legislation that will remove this hindrance. If the postage stamp is not feasible, why not authorize the minting of a special MacArthur war memorial coin--say a 50 cent piece--then if some killjoy pops up and says it can't be done, what's the matter with starting a fund for the erection of a monument to that man on the beautiful grounds of (the old arsenal where he was born) right here in Little Rock. This great U. S. Army hero of whom we speak, is a shining national figure of world renown and, for this reason, in this writer's humble opinion, the tribute paid him, should be of nationwide scope and significance and we just imagine, the suggestion of a new U. S. war postage stamp or coin, was inspired by such a thought. The big idea, right now is, there is no time to lose. Why not get this business of a memorial to MacArthur lined up pronto--strike, in a manner of speaking, while the iron is hot. Express yourself!

Your Hilltop Beacon has gone highhat--the current edition is being rushed by airmail to General Douglas A. MacArthur and Senator Hattie W. Caraway, both outstanding American heroes.  
Editor...



WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE?  
Blondie Boyd 34

You read in the Scriptures about "the lion and the lamb shall lie down together," but we do not believe any reference is made in Holy ~~Writ~~ to turtles and goldfish becoming chummy and cavorting together in the same pool; now we come to the point of our story and, let us call your attention to the fact, that it is indeed a sorry day when the Fort Roots library detail doesn't do something that is sure to cause many to stand in awe and consternation, to say nothing of wonder and admiration. So it is our pleasure to inform you, through the Beacon, we have here a miniature aquarium, the handiwork of our own expert wood butcher and cabinet-maker, George Pierce--a most intriguing thing, in which you are permitted to behold the most remarkable sight of young turtles and goldfish, living together in perfect harmony and peace--fat, contented and happy the livelong day. It is in the library, where such wonders are performed, in promoting such ideal relations of friendship and sociality among these glamorous creatures of the marine world, is desirous of securing a young alligator as an essential addition to this exclusive society. If some friend, interested in our happiness, will kindly bring us a baby alligator, we shall be everlastingly grateful. There are quite a few who are enthused over this project and, while we are a trifle : timid and shy about admitting it, we believe you will soon be permitted to witness one of the Eighth Wonders of the World, here in the library at Fort Roots. Stand by, please!

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Oh how spunky we all feel when we hear from friends who say such nice things about the Beacon. Mrs. Anna Elderkin writes from Idaho: "I have read it and sent it to the public library--thank you!" Then Mrs. Bessie Todd of New Castle-on-Tyne, England, whom we know through her cousin, Miss Frances Charlton, Oberlin, Ohio, says: "I enjoy the little Hilltop Beacon from Fort Roots, Arkansas." Now, reaching out across the Atlantic, is that not covering territory.

Associate Editor

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MORE VICTORY GARDENS  
by Walter S. Ferguson

Upon a showery night and still, without a word  
of warning,  
A trooper band surprised the hill, and held it  
in the morning.  
We were not waked by bugle notes, no cheer our  
dreams invaded.  
And yet at dawn, their yellow coats, on the green  
slopes paraded.

- Helen Gray Cone.

The Russian Olive, or *Eleagnus Augustifolia*, our largest shrub, a native of Russia, which grows at the sides and rear of Blgs. I and 37, which was cut back quite heavily last fall, is now growing stronger than ever. Their pretty red berries will soon serve as decorations and for a repast for the birds.

The Italian Rye Grass may serve very well for winter, underfoot, if kept in place; but now we are enjoying the *Cynodon Dactylon*. In Australia they call it the Couch Grass, in Virginia the Wire Grass, in other places it is called Scotch or Bahamas grass, in California they call it the Devil Grass, but in Oklahoma, Arkansas, Texas and Louisiana they call it the Bermuda Grass. It is really a native grass of India. Farmers use to try to get rid of it; but now they find it makes very good pasturage and also is fine for soil erosion work. If one will take Bermuda strips and weather them with the aid of lime; mix it up with manure for about one year, it is the finest base for either flower or vegetable gardens. For a twelve inch soil, use 4 parts of the fibrous bermuda that has been decomposed for a year, one part of rotted manure, one of leaf mold, one of peat, and one part of sharp sand, mix well, and this will make a very fine soil content for our garden.

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GET US A RED HEAD

George McRae: "I'm forgetting women."

Wichman: "So am I. I'm for getting a couple as soon as possible."

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IT MAY BE NECESSARY TO  
TURN THE COUNTRY BACK TO  
THE INDIANS.  
(CRI-103)

Last year our Librarian had her doll collection on exhibit in the Fort Roots Library. Mr. George Pierce, caught the fever and it got under his skin to such an extent, that he picked up a pocketfull of hickory nuts on this station which he used as heads and converted the woodshop into a doll factory where he turned out nearly a dozen artistic creations, strictly original Fort Roots Floogies, but they were knock-outs! The chief librarian dressed one to represent the character of "Ozark Annie", but having a number of extras, sent six of the dolls to Mrs. Clara Henderson in Fort Smith, a specialist in doll costuming, sister of Mr. Pierce.

Now two of the dolls, fresh from the Henderson studies, are back in the library at Fort Roots, dressed as Navajo Indians--a brave and his squaw--and boy, oh boy; do they look the part? Their faces are works of art--perfect Indian colorings, hair pasted on the hickory nut heads is of black yarn--very realistic and life-like. The costumes are authentic, including velvet blouses, beads, etc.

The Navajos wear pretty velvet buskins because the first whites they ever saw were thusly attired, being the early Spanish Conquistadors. Can it be that it may yet be necessary to turn the country back to the Indians?

Also with the prized dolls, Mrs. Henderson sent a pretty novelty as a souvenir for the shell exhibit--a cluster of delicate sea shells in which a "Wise Old Owl" is snugly enclosed, a souvenir from the home of the great Arkansas comedian, Bob Burns in Van Buren.

Are we delighted? And thanks a million to Lady Henderson.

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"Any old cat can be the cat's whiskers, but it takes a tomcat to be a cat's paw."

Lucas: Do you believe in free love?

She: Yes, but let's go to the movies first.

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YOU ARE PART OF THE ARMY TOO!  
by Henry S. Scott

This is written for Charles Dellinger, at his request. He has been gone from the Hospital for several years, some of you recall him. He writes that he is still fighting the aggressors, this time by buying defense bonds. Mr. Dellinger was wounded in action in the last war and wears the Silver Star and the Emblem of the Order of the Purple Heart. Along with other heroes' Hardware, and while here, a Little Rock paper gave with his picture an account of his interesting military career.

Charles says we did it before and we can do it again, but he would like very much to know that every man, woman, and child is doing his part in buying defense stamps and bonds.

Now you are part of the army. It is your duty to assist to the limit of your ability to defeat the Axis as speedily as possible. So lets all invest our money for victory by buying defense stamps and bonds.

Every pay day should be Bond Day. The purchase of them may mean the difference between victory and defeat. Buy until it hurts and always remember it won't hurt you nearly as much as it will the enemy. Are you on the honor roll of America's defenders? Buy and you will played your part in bringing about a better civilization. Every bond and stamp you buy helps put a plane in the air. This is your country and it is worth fighting for, so start now by buying defense stamps and bonds!

Hitler has proved himself a master of organization and production for war. We must organize and out produce the Germans. And we can!

The total of War Stamps and Bonds bought at Fort Roots had in March reached almost \$26,000. Save and save America! Keep them Flying! Go on! Go on! And go on!

As I says, a man is like a tack--he can go only so far as his head will let him.

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Buy And Save America!.

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BACK TO THE HOME FRONT!  
(ESF--103)

It could be, becoming an ace flyer, does something to a man which fails to impress just the average, run-of-the-mill, two-fisted, roughneck, who believes that America can lick its weight in wildcats, regardless.

Lindbergh was the first to tell the country that we stood to get h--- beat out of us, because we were not ready, now comes Eddie Rickenbacker, ace bombardier of World War I, with the blunt statement, the "U. S. is getting whipped!"

Arthur Brisbane, deceased, to our nation, one of the world's greatest scribes, said, soon after the armistice was signed in 1918, "the next war," meaning this one, "will be won from the air." Are you listening? These men were not talking through their hats.

Says Rickenbacker: "We shall have to call on 60 per cent of the youth of America, suited to flying careers, to meet the need. These pilots will need 5,000,000 mechanics. In my opinion we must have a new combat spirit, as a nation, to win this war!"

So the gist of the business is more bombers and more men to navigate them and more mechanics to keep 'em flying--otherwise chaos and slavery and after that--darkness and oblivion. Its not a pretty picture!

But listen, you; we are doing things and going places in making bombs and bombing planes, but we're getting awful shy of man and woman power. How are we going to get these men and women needed? Not by enforcing rigid birth control. Not by saying to men and women working for the government, you can't hold this job if you are married to some other person employed on this same setup. Its against regulations for workers on this station to intermarry among themselves. Is that so?

S-h-h-e-e-e! Yes, so-in-so is married to thus-an-so, but keep it under your hat--one or the other might lose their job if it was known and, as for having a baby--oh, heck, that's out.

What the nation's need is boys and men, girls and women--more and more of them--where is Uncle Sam going to find them? They cannot be turned out in mass production from monster assembly lines like airplanes, tanks, cannon and machine guns!

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"From lies of tongue and pen,  
From all the easy speeches  
That comfort cruel men  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Deliver us, good Lord!"



STAINED GLASS  
by Juan Santos

To the four Cardinal points of each Aster there extend greetings to all created things.

What mysterious aggregation did not go towards the making of such liquids as compound-  
ing evolving that slowly transformation then as  
now contributing a multitude of cloaks, poeti-  
cally speaking. But as Tommy Wilson might have  
said early in life, easier for a Camel to crash  
through her window than for a ray of light not  
to dampen the mere man's sourest disposition.  
Talking of "live Wire" men why not consider the  
laborers of the yard.

Her garden is a witness to the glories of  
wise wandering firmaments whose orbits are about  
as fathom as chimera and as prone to be encircled  
as the traditional quadrilateral the angle.

Right here let it be said respectfully that  
in sweat do we harvest. Better pause a moment  
in the arc of kindly light, uninterrupted journey  
we assume the same wise required patient corro-  
ration at least for the curious.

One's children having been taught of course  
there is a here after though variously absorbed  
now in the Wing of Illusion, now again in Philo-  
sophy of the most utterly irrefutable kind. Yet,  
heaven is a place all right.

Although all nature is vibration and this  
latter can as always cover an innumerable batch  
of faults there lies a brook, quite a haven, a  
veritable source of relaxation especially at the  
homes of the well to do (and sun dry localities)  
that is if they are good middle-aged and not over-  
ly tired business man in the study of Painted  
Composition on Church styed glasses. As the rain  
drop of a point in infinity at odds so to speak  
with all the out of doors and meeting just the  
same all comers we, as well as they should with-  
draw from egotistical ourselves to the ever  
cheering uplift of that healthier climate offered  
for the legitimate zest of the sweeter vim of our  
mindas if in Reverie old as exactly we feel;—  
young tho' old.

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Phillipe strolled thru the dim lit street, waving his stick and whistling, possessed of a thousand thoughts and exultations. He had left his brother officers to their social gaieties and prearranged amusements orivided by the town's elite. Strolling out of the beaten path one never knew what one would bump into. A few times he had been unexpectedly amused, delightfully surprised.

A graceful figure floated out of the shadows, slipped her arm thru his, matched his pace. Softly whistling, "There's Something About a Soldier," he patted her hand and drew her closer. "Gracious Lady, whom the gods would destroy they first make merry. I have but to think a wish, and a dream materializes out of moonlight and stardust, and you."

Her gay and pleasing laughter was interrupted by hurried steps and a burly form who seeing whom the girl was with changed a ruder form of speech into a respectful salutation.

"Sir, has this young woman been annoying you? I have orders for her arrest."

The detective had by this time pulled the girl away from the captain, and seemed intent on carrying out his announced purpose.

"Officer, I will thank you to take your hands off this lady. You may have orders to pick up women you see 'accosting,' but this lady is with me at my request. There is no ordinance against the military asking a girl to accompany one on an evening's pleasure. Am going to complain to your chief and to my commanding officer that I and my men have been too frequently interfered with. And, you can thank your lucky stars that it was none of my men you so crudely interrupted."

"How am I so lucky, Captain Brunson?"

"Because it is our night to howl, my friend. The men have less patience. One would have beat the stinking livered daylights out of you, and left the remains to be gathered by the garbage collectors. I now ask that instead of your trying my patience we go over to the 'Drive-In' down the block, have a few beers, then suggest that you prowl for more dangerous citizens." His voice had changed to a persuasive friendliness.



continued

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER

The surly mood of the Detective vanished. "It will be a pleasure, Captain. My boy is in the service, and I wish that he were with you."

"You are lucky, my girl," he continued. "The Captain boasts that he makes a lady of those he contacts,....."

"And she stays a lady," finished the Captain, seizing each by the arm piloting them toward the beer parlor.

"Wait up, t'what ho and wassail," roared a voice from a porch across a small lawn. A running man bubbling over with excitement and unconcealed happiness joined them.

"Lord love you, Phil Brunson, you are just like your Old Man. Had he ever told you of Henry Alexander?"

by W. C. Nowland

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More incidents in the life of Captain Phillippe Brunson will follow. This young man was schooled early in life with the thought of the World War recurring. Because of his earlier schooling he won his promotion at a younger age than his contemporaries.)

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Miss Elna Swanson, who twelve years ago was Assistant Librarian at this station, returned to us as Mrs. Millar's assistant from Sawtelle, Cal., where she was stationed.

We especially welcome Miss Swanson back to Fort Roots, and are glad she is to take over the visits to the wards. It is hoped that she will make morning and afternoon visits daily, and that she will be able to secure more magazines than have been recently donated.

Miss Swanson is supervising the third reading room in the library. One notes that there has been an increase in attendance, and it is hoped that the Wood Shop is in position to supply more chairs.

The Editor...

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HOSPITAL DAY -1942. The P.M. Sports Unit of the A.L.A. served refreshments to the SOFT BALL teams of buildings 37, 1, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135 and 136.





# LIBRARY

FRANCES MILLAR  
CHIEF  
LIBRARIAN

ELNA SWANSON

ASSISTANT  
LIBRARIAN



We would like to have more readers, especially the readers of books. Spring is here now and the days are getting warmer and you will enjoy taking a book outdoors to enjoy the sunshine and your reading at the same time.

There are several kinds of books to read in the springtime. You might read on the birds, trees, and flowers; and some of you might want to read on farming and gardening. Whatever you wish to read, we have an indefinite variety of these books for your use.

We also have some new books. If you like biographies, there is Will Rogers written by his wife. Fitz Odlum has written Lady Sourdough, a story of her early life in Alaska. Alan Campbell Johnson's book "Anthony Eden" is in the library and should be put on your reading list. My recommendation for the month is "Pardon My Harvard Accent" by William G. Morse. If you have not read this book, I urge you to read it.

In order to know what is happening in the world, we have a good number of the late books on current events as well as books about the countries now in the headlines. We have Fleicher's Volcanic Isle (Japan). Gunther's Inside Europe and Inside Latin America are very  
cont. on next page



good reading. Church's book "Bombs Burst Once," is a novel modern adventure and Winston Churchill's book "Blood, Sweat, and Tears" should be put on your reading list today. Between the newspapers and magazines we do not have to go outside the hospital to be authoritatively informed. We also have maps always on display.

If you wish to read for recreation, there are a number of westerns and mysteries on the library shelves. One of our mysteries is "Death On The Waterfront" by Robert Archer. It takes place on the waterfront of New York City. And for a sample of our westerns we have the "Outlaw" by Frank Gruber in which one will find bandits on the frontier of Kansas just after the Civil War.

Miss Swanson, the recently assigned assistant librarian is now covering the wards with regular service. Be ready when she comes to return your old books and get new ones. She leaves the library each day at 9 A. M., before the mails are always ready, special deliveries will be continued as usual to the wards, altho Miss Swanson we hope will have magazines too.

MISS SWANSON'S SCHEDULE OF WARD VISITS

8-9 Daily Medical Library						
HOURS	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
9:30-11	106		106		106	65A-B
10:00-11	58A-B	64A-B	63--B	111	58A-B	

So come to the library to visit, read, and borrow books. We hope you will enjoy yourself as much as we enjoy being here every day.

Andrew A. Alley

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Raymond Collins  
 Building 37  
 Stamp Collector

We are glad to recommend Raymond Collins to our club of stamp collectors who will be pleased to exchange with anyone having stamps to trade.

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THE LEGION LEADS!  
(FHH--103)

The American Legion is notorious for its encouragement of the nation's all-out war effort. Other patriotic clubs and organizations have followed the Legion's lead until now, a jackpot containing more than \$500,000 has been accumulated for honorariums and awards to daring and heroic American aviators, first to bomb the Japs at Tokio. Yank bombers, as well as others, who are first to blast the "son of heaven's" home town will be showered with treasure and riches that are sure to cause the venture-- some pilots who first convert the war bonds and stamps they have been buying into cash, after which The American Legion will select and single out the individual bombers who make up the vanguard in blasting the Jap stronghold off the map, and the prizes will be bestowed upon the bases of outstanding bravery and courage, even beyond the call of duty, in actual combat. These awards will be made entirely free and independent of any official action by either the army or navy. Hooray, for The American Legion!

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LIBRARY, CLUB DONATION TO AMERICAN MUSEUM  
OF NATURAL HISTORY

The Library is in receipt of an acknowledgement dated April 22nd from The American Museum of Natural History for its contribution of Luna Moth Eggs. Our readers of the April issue will remember the item by C. R. Izard about the Luna Moth and its donation by the lovely Peggy Doig.

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THE HOME FRONT!  
CRI--103

Yanks in ranks,  
Fight with guns and tanks--  
Folks at home,  
Fight with Stamps  
In the banks.  
--Say, Mates, Its Loaded.

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ALL GROUNDS RULES ARE OBSERVED

On Saturday, May 9, 1942 on the Fort Roots Golf Course, John Keller, pro-amateur at Fort Roots made a remarkable score of 37, one above par. He says this is the best score he has made since he has been playing on this course. The foursome with which he was playing was composed of John Keller, Tom Aldrich, Arlie Carson, and George McKenna. They are all excellent golf players at Fort Roots. Their score's follow:

No.	Yds.	Par	Keller	Aldrich	Carson	McKenna
1	500	5	4	5	6	6
2	430	4	5	6	5	6
3	395	4	5	5	5	5
4	150	3	3	3	3	3
5	140	3	3	4	4	5
6	355	4	4	6	6	6
7	290	4	4	5	5	5
8	385	4	4	5	6	6
9	540	5	5	6	6	6
	3165	36				
	Net Score		37	45	46	48

If anyone has made a score better than 37; turn it into The Hilltop Beacon at the Library. You must play with at least three players to show that you made the score.

Andrew A. Alley  
Ward IO3

Mother's Day, May IOth has arrived again,  
To gladden our hearts and to realize our love and  
esteem of Mother,  
Many heart' aches, many tears she shed,  
For "You" and "I",  
Yes, we love her, and shall honor her all our  
lives,  
That her days may be prolonged,  
God Bless each Mother that her life and tender  
love abides forever.  
Be ever King and God, will bless you and I forever.

Charles Gregory, Ward IO2



