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Feb 5 44

"Look, Susie—
these words mean
the finest tasting
bacon!"



THE BRAND WITH THE SWEET SMOKE TASTE
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REPORT TO THE

G.I. Ch 5

Romance

I TELL Mike—and I almost believe it myself now—that when that first contingent of nurses arrived last March, my field glasses stopped when they came to her position on the rail. For months G.I.'s leaning over ship rails, so when they looked like Grable.

But we didn't meet until May, when I met Baruch, in charge of the radio network we had. As the program ended, a nurse dashed up and said, "Lieutenant Berger, this is Ensign Car captain introduced us. The next minute she was lieutenant. But Andy got her on the phone the next day.

"Maida, would you mind very much if I call you have dinner with us tonight?" I found out that won. It was my first date on foreign soil, that we opened a five-month-old, hoarded bottle of wine I think, and we went to our first movie.

Courtship wasn't easy. There wasn't any lounge? But that meant 100 men and a girl. I but madame had a sign in the lobby: "Ni cats, no dogs, no women." But fate took a hand. That's when she fell in love, she says. In the "Let's not fall in love," she said, "cause many referred, or we'll move, or stuff; and if we were in love.

Later, in the blacked-out streets, "But, Mike we are together is home until we get back." May when we could go to the beach after coming back. July we decided to ask permission to get married, I wrote a letter to my commanding officer. He saying it was all right with him. Mike wrote, her colonel. In duplicate, I wrote "To whom I desired to marry Maida M. Berger." I wanted to say "I love her," but the services don't go into that months for what they call, over here, "the cool."

"Forward! Marriage"

August: A call from the executive officer. "Come it's all right for you to get married. There is also the expeditionary stations as liaison officer. The

We sat in a parked car and held hands. If we October, we'd marry then. If not—well, the war

Weeks later, in the mountains: A truck started behind ours. We swung far over. I made out another truck. There, on the last seat, as it passed my Mike. We waved to each other.

October: We were at least still in the same In triplicate this time, we requested permission came, "On or after October 27 . . . permission marriage . . . in compliance with the French day leaves. Mike wrote for a trousseau, and

The wedding day We made two friends. The trousseau hadn't all their pretties in came out with six First to the mayor money. A six-foot-six ing a dirty white mess jacket asked "dame?" We didn't fern-decked fireproof sash of office and



consul translated for us: "



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Your first duty to your country
BUY WAR BONDS



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consul translated for us: ". . . and the husba home . . . the wife shall keep it." And everybo

For the religious ceremony, a guard of honor w the tent chapel, at attention and presenting arm looking gunner's mate was playing a pump harmoni Bride. It was strange music, but so sincerely done t Andy fumbled the rings and gave me the wrong one l ain suppressed a smile. Then under the traditional o to the officers' mess, where a cake was waiting, a car top. They toasted the bride, us, the Army, the Nav made of cans of hoarded fruit juice, oranges fro apples and some unidentified fresh fruit.

We cut the cake, thanked everybody. My thr apple. Mike threw the flowers—strong gal—and handful of rice hit the backs of our heads as we lef

—Lt. (J.G.)

(Lieutenant Carson is serving in the Mediterranean)