

Eisenhower Was My Boss—

## Four Generals Stop Dogfight

Patton's Terrier Challenges Ike's  
Scotty; Army Protocol Invoked

INSTALLMENT 32

By Kay Summersby

IN OCTOBER, A MESSAGE from Washington bore the happy news I could join the WAC's.

The electrifying cable climaxed more than a year of anxiety and hope. I had yearned to become a WAC since early days in London, becoming even more restless with my unique position as a civilian in North Africa, in England, and in France.

As the only civilian member of the official family, I caused untold difficulties in the Army world where every breath and movement is dictated by strict regulations.

Furthermore, as one who had gone through the Blitz, a torpedoing, the North African campaign, the pre-invasion era in England, the V-1, the Normandy campaign, the liberation of Paris, and push up to the Rhine—I wanted to get into the war officially, not as a beyond-the-pale civilian only suffered, not welcomed, by the frowning Army. I wanted to become a formal, normal participant in the war, instead of a side-show freak civilian.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT manager was a man of my wartime career, bringing reality to an old, old dream. The only hitch: I could not continue to drive the General. After all my experiences driving Gen. Eisenhower, I was greatly disappointed at this unforeseen development in becoming a WAC. But the achievement and the privilege were worth it. Besides, driving had become, by now, a mere sideline to my duties in the office; it was natural progress.

The newness soon wore off, however, and I fell back into the routine of my job. The Boss worked long hours, which meant I was at the desk from early morning till late at night. Most of the telephone calls and the visitors cleared through my office, for one thing; for another, I had to keep up with the General's ever-increasing "fan mail."

The press mention of his birthday on Oct. 14 resulted in a landslide of letters and gifts, each of which had to be acknowledged. And the days were so busy that I often had to remain in the office at night to catch up with correspondence. The free hours were those after the General left for his house.

ONE NIGHT, I stopped by my desk. "I'm knocking off, Kay. Why don't you? It's late."

I explained that handling his office routine during the day left little time for attending to the "fan mail." "Only time I can get any work done on this stuff is when you're left for the night," I added.

He smiled. "And to think I'd never received even one fan letter when you drove me and Mark Clark that first day in London—now look at you!"

One month after General Eisenhower's birthday I finally got out of the office on a trip. The General was headed for Third Army headquarters in Nancy; Gen. Patton had asked him to be sure to bring me along. I was thankful for the break in routine and appreciative of the compliment, for Blood-and-Guts was one of my favorite commanders. In a moment of impulse, I took Telex along.

OUR VISIT in Nancy was doomed from the beginning. It all started at lunch. Gen. Patton sat at the head of the table, Gen. Eisenhower on his right, Shavetall Summersby on his left, an array of generals and colonels down the table—and Field Marshal Telex under the table. Willie, Patton's white bull terrier, just as tough as his master, was outside.

Suddenly, war broke out at our feet. Willie had wandered inside and found a little black Scottie in the private, holy domain of Patton's feet. He attacked with typical Patton fury. Telex fought back with all the canny courage of his Scot ancestors. The noise was straight from the jungle, loud and wild and deadly.

GEN. PATTON let loose with every curse in his colorful vocabulary. It was classic, that tirade, but I was too frightened to hear it. I was terrified for Telex.

It took four generals, the theater's top brass, to separate Willie and Telex. And even then they had to throw water on the fighters.

Gen. Patton banished Willie to an upstairs room, apologizing profusely.

"This is Willie's home," Gen. Ike maintained. "We should look up Telex."

George Patton shook his head. "No, sir! Telex outranks Willie, so Telex stays right here. Willie is confined to quarters, under arrest. That's Army protocol."

Then he shouted, "But my Willie was chewing out of your little Scottie—rank or no rank!"

THAT AFTERNOON, Gen. Patton came back from an inspection trip and hurried over to the special suite fixed up for Gen. Eisenhower in Nancy's most luxurious hotel. Walking in to propose a before-dinner cocktail, however, he found complete chaos.

The suite was filled with smoke, flames, and a screaming French fire brigade. Gen. Ike stood in a corner smiling wanly as Gen. Patton blew in.

"Nice place, you've got here, George," he said amidst the pandemonium. "Only thing is, they lit the fireplace for the first time in my honor—and it doesn't seem to have a chimney. It's a fake!"

SOMEWHAT CHASTENED, Gen. Patton invited the General and me to a private dinner and immediately launched a warm discussion of old memories he and Gen. Eisenhower shared.

I went on up to my room about 10 o'clock, finding it so cold that

I had to use the rug on the floor as an extra blanket. The discussion below, I knew, would continue far into the night. Gen. Ike always suffered a slight morning-after head following these chats with George Patton.

Sure enough, he was a very grumpy and stern four-star general when he set out on a hospital inspection the next morning.

Tomorrow: The Battle of the Ardennes.  
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## Death of Recluse Is 'Major Mystery'

TEMECULA, Cal., Dec. 2 (UP)—Mystery Writer Eric Stanley

found a 72-year-old recluse near here is a "major mystery" with all the suspense of a best-selling whodunit.

Jens Peter Knudsen's body was found Thanksgiving Day in his Santa Ana, Cal., garage, a bullet wound through his head. But police have been unable to find either the gun or bullet or motive for suicide or murder.

"The lost bullet is much more significant than the missing gun," said Mr. Gardner. The missing bullet gives it the proportion of a major mystery.

## Hirohito Appeals for Democracy, Culture

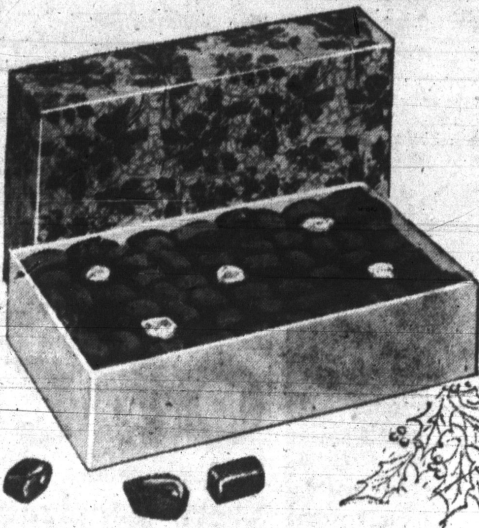
TOKYO, Dec. 2 (UP)—Emperor Hirohito opened the fourth regular Diet session today with an appeal to representatives to redouble their efforts to obtain recognition of Japan as a democratic, cultural country.

Hirohito spoke less than two minutes to a joint session of the house of representatives and the house of councilors.

He said the Japanese people have made "unceasing efforts since adoption of the new constitution toward establishing a democratic and cultural nation called for in the new constitution."

WEIGHS TUCKER ISSUE CHICAGO, Dec. 2 (UP)—Stockbroker Floyd D. Cerr said today that a new \$20 million stock offering is being considered for Preston Tucker's hard-pressed automobile corporation.

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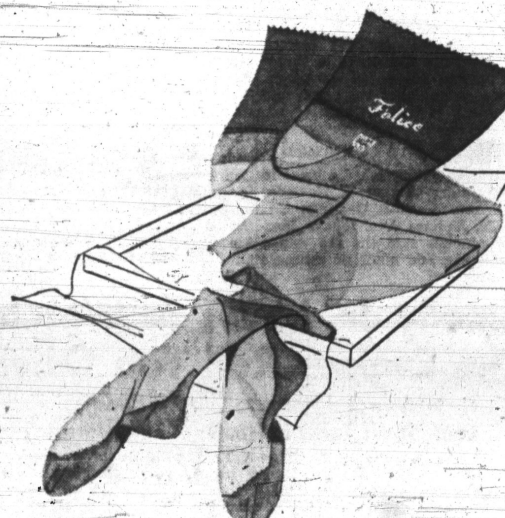
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