

THE BULL SHEET

PUBLISHED SIMULTANEOUSLY IN "BULLTOWN" & "COWVILLE"

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No. 26

"SWING HAO" ROCKS INDIA

Our own *SWING HAO* hepsters "hit the road" last week, playing two shows and a dance at APO 630.

Leaving here late Monday night, the band was greeted at its destination by Chaplain Davis.

The following day was crammed full of entertainment at the British and American hospitals. The entire attendance of more than 450 at the dance anxiously awaits a return engagement.

The Friday night Cowville dance furnished further proof of the band's increasing popularity. Lady Rutherford, charming hostess (and incidentally "hep to the jive") has requested solid-sending *SWING HAO* to return each Friday night.

The orchestra consists of musicians on the post who have voluntarily sweated out many tough rehearsals at night and individual "woodshed" practice, all outside of their regular daytime duties. So, while you're having that beer (?) or seeing a show, remember that they are sacrificing their time in producing a guaranteed morale-builder.

Special Service has been allotted *forty invitations* to the Cowville dance which will be distributed to the unit 1st Sgts. on the post. An effort is being made to increase this number, but in the meantime you will have to take your turn.



SITTIN' PRETTY—It's not easy to balance yourself on those tricky photographer's gadgets but Cheer Brentson, titian-haired lovely of NBC's "Guiding Light," seems to be doing all right. Cheer acts, cooks, is generally a wonderful gal.

"MOUNTAIN RAMBLERS"

ENTERTAIN

GOVERNOR

Last Sunday Lt. CUTLER put "his show on the road". Through the kindness of LADY RUTHERFORD "The Hill-billy" boys packed their instruments and were off to Cowville. Approved by General BERGIN the "Mountain Ramblers" will give shows in Cowville every Sunday.

Their last Sunday's trip covered two hospitals and the Institute. Both hospitals ate the hour show up, the boys were in the mood. They bolstered some much-needed morale for the patients. The last show at the Institute was by far the best ever given. I think we can thank Col. JOYCE, C.O. of one of the hospitals; his refreshments helped tremendously.

There at the Institute was our own Gen. BERGIN, His Excellency the Governor and Her Ladyship. The boys lead by our accordeonist Ben SICKILICI and Joe FONTAINE had the British soldiers clapping hands, stamping feet and yip yip yippin'. The ovation after each number was deafening. Frenchy DOUCET playing Irish and Scotch reels on his violin won the hearts of the crowd as he played encore after encore. Cyril BEACH, our rope expert, came forth with a new act, he built himself a big bullwhip, and had everybody spellbound as he sliced pieces of paper from Cpl. JACOBS' hands and mouth in truly rodeo style. The Ramblers will soon make another tour of Bulltown with new songs and acts.

DARA SINGH RETURNS

The above-mentioned name probably means nothing to the new men on the Post. To the older men who know Dara, his name brings a smile and a lust for inside information.

Before Dara's frequent visits up to the fighting front, he worked with the Special Service as athletic instructor for the Chinese. He also promoted several Anglo-Sino-

American boxing shows.

Dara Singh came out of Burma with "Uncle Joe" and at the present time he is General Stilwell's personal bodyguard. Dara returned to Ramgarh for a short leave and some of his tales will amaze you. He brought back with him booty of war, something everybody would like to take home "a blood-stained Jap flag".

JULY 4th CELEBRATION

Were we home July 4th we'd probably be at a doubleheader picnic, swimming pool or some other place where we'd take advantage of our day off. But we're in Bulltown "nay" day off, but we can still celebrate in some small way. Tuesday evening, after the movie, all members of Bulltown are invited to the Monsoon Inn with their girl friends for a party. Requests for transportation for your girl friends should be made to Lt. BERCOVITZ, S.S.O. The "Mountain Ramblers" will be there to entertain and refreshments will be served. All we ask is you leave the firecrackers home, but come along and have a swell time.

RAMBLINGS thru' GOLD BRICK ROW

by Rex Smith

I done heard this here expression so dern long that I got ter using it myself, and jest this here week I found out what they done mean by it. "That's all, Brother" and me and old Nellie is shore going ter miss all of these here Gold Bricks that I shore have grown ter love ah lot. Yep, seems I'm on my own again and will have ter git right down ter finding some more Gold Bricks which I know can't ever take the place of the ones I'm ah leaving behind, but they done tell me that everything must come to ah end and all I can say is: I hopes I gits ter see yer when this here mess is kinda all straighten out, and we can

talk ahhout tha weather and really have ah excitement story to tell ahhout how hard tha wind blew down my cotton rows and how many peaches done got blowed off of yer trees. Gosh, want that be something!

So ter kinda invite yer down ter see me sometime, I'd say if yer want ter see old Nellie ah really ah prancing ahhound, jest drop by Irving, Texas, which I'm shore yer ain't never heard of, but it's shore on tha map, and I'll be there personally ter welcome yer. Enough said, "That's all, Brother."

The Lyons Den

by Leonard Lyons

Mrs. William P. Maloney, wife of the Federal prosecutor who obtained the original indictments for sedition against the 30 defendants soon to be tried in Washington, went to the House of Representatives to witness a committee meeting. Mrs. Maloney wandered through the hallway, searching for the correct room. An usher tried to assist her. "Oh, I'll find it," Mrs. Maloney assured him. Then, from a room further down the hallway, she heard Rep. Clare Hoffman begin his denunciation: "And as for that terrible, conniving stooge, Mr. William P. Maloney." . . . Mrs. Maloney turned to the usher and said: "Thanks. This is the room."

* * *

A publisher visited Monty Woolley in Hollywood, to suggest his writing a book. Wolley told him that he had been thinking of such a book for many years—that, in fact, he and his secretary had been making notes for two years and he would start writing it as soon as he had the time. "But I've promised this book to another publisher," said Wolley. "He went to school with me, and we've been good friends ever since. I promised him that if I ever wrote a book I'd let him publish it. We have no contract, but I gave him my word, my solemn word of honor." . . . Wolley paused, and then added, "Nothing binding, mind you."

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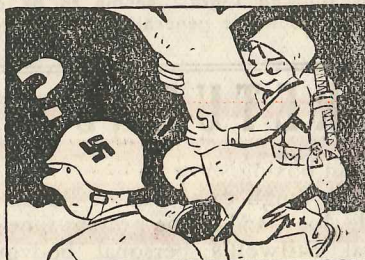
This week there was a luncheon of the Committee for Economic Development. It was attended by some of the foremost industrialists in America. Paul Hoffman, head of the Studebaker Company, introduced

Henry J. Kaiser and the other guests of honor. Hoffman then introduced Al Smith. The guests applauded, and Smith took a bow and sat down. The applause continued and became more enthusiastic. Smith again stood up. "Gentlemen," he told them, bowing, "I accept the nomination"—and then he sat down.

(turn to page 9)



When leaving your observation position always go by a route different from which you came. The enemy may have discovered your tracks and be waiting for your return.



When climbing a tree from which you are going to observe, always climb on the side away from the enemy and hug the trunk closely at all times.

✠ RELIGIOUS SERVICES ✠

CATHOLIC MASS—

Sunday : 7.00 a.m. Chapel, Camp 17
8.15 a.m. Mess Hall, Camp 19/4
9.30 a.m. Chapel, Camp 17

Weekdays : 7.00 a.m. Chapel, Camp 17

Tuesdays : 7 p.m. Novena in Honor of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal.

PROTESTANT—

Sunday Song Service in Monsoon Inn at 10.30 a.m.

Speaker : Lt. Fitts

Evening Worship Hour : 6.00 p.m.

Chapel, Camp 17—Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints.

JEWISH SERVICES—

Friday evening : 7.00 p.m. Chapel, Camp 17

POET'S CORNER

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH

When the evening shadows gather
After all my work is through,
I can't keep my eyes from straying
To a photograph of you.

There it rests upon my table,
Just the way you looked that day;
Oh! it seems it was but yesterday,
When I first heard you say
Words of love that made me happy
And made all my dreams come true
But—tonight I am along with just
A photograph of you.

For one day our country called you,
And you bravely answered "Here".
Oh! I'm so proud of you, my soldier,
Yet—I brush away a tear.

'Cause I miss your cheery whistle,
Miss your footsteps on the stairs,
Miss your strong arms and your kisses
That banish all my cares.

Then I wonder if you're lonely;
Yes, I know you miss me too,
While I sit here dreaming—gazing,
At the photograph of you.

So, I tiptoe to my window,
Kneel and wish upon a star
As I pray to God to keep you safe,
No matter where you are.

Thus my heart is ever with you,
While I wait the long days through,
And the dearest of my treasures
Is that photograph of you.
When the years have told their story,
And the world once more is free,
I'll be waiting for you, darling,
There will still be you and me.

Then we'll build our dreams together
Hand in hand the long years through;
But forever in my heart I'll hold
That photograph of you.

FOREIGN NEWS

News Releases on this Page and elsewhere throughout the Bull Sheet are from the UNITED STATES OFFICE OF WAR INFORMATION unless otherwise credited.

U.S. Bases Built by Largest Chinese Labour Levy in Over 2,000 Years

Washington—James Stewart, former correspondent in Chungking, said in a broadcast that the B-29 Super Fortresses which bombed Japan took off from the "single greatest concentration of American air bases in the world," constructed in Western China in secrecy by a Chinese labour force which at its peak numbered 430,000 men—that country's largest labour levy since construction of the Great Wall of China in the third century B.C.

"Somewhere in China, in an area which a few years ago scarcely had been penetrated by Americans," he said, is the single greatest concentration of American air bases in the world. The bombing of Japan vindicates the great effort used in creating these gigantic aerodromes.

"That the B-29 is unquestionably the deadliest air machine the world has ever seen, that it took off and landed on Chinese bases constructed entirely by hand, is a most fascinating sidelight on the nature of the total war in which we are engaged.

"Specific plans for destruction of Japan by the air from bases in the interior of China were made at Washington in the fall of 1943. General H.H. Arnold, commanding the U.S. Army Air Forces, decided in conferences with the highest Chinese authorities that such bases were feasible. The order went out to the Engineering Corps. It was to select a group of army men who left the U. S. last Christmas Day.

"In the middle of January, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek, through the governor of the province, ordered the single most concentrated levy of manpower in Chinese history since the construction of the Great Wall over 2,000 years ago.

"In 17 days the first 200,000 farmers assembled at the chosen sites. The work was on. Lieut.-Col. Waldo Kennerson was in charge. I visited Kennerson at work early this spring. We stood on one of the largest fields under construction. There, by actual count, 67,000 Chinese

farmers were toiling with their hands, laying the stone foundation which, layer by layer, resulted in the construction of fields that proved up to the test of bearing the weightiest planes the world has ever known.

"No cement was available. There were no machines such as rock crushers or steam rollers. Enough layers of pavement had to be laid to make a 20-foot wide highway 60 miles long. Simultaneously with the construction of the fields, bar-

Westinghouse Co. Brings Out New Plastics

New York—The Westinghouse Electric Co. announced development of three new plastics, one of which can replace rubber in making electrical parts completely moisture-proof.

This new plastic is named "fosterite" after Newton C. Foster, the Westinghouse chemist who developed it. It is in widespread use by military forces and has greatly lengthened the life and service of electrical equipment.

At a recent demonstration, a transformer coated with the plastic was placed under water but continued to pass electrical current to an electric light bulb.

The second of the new plastics is both strong and easy to form into complex shapes—previously plastics were generally either one or the other. The third stretches while hot—an advantage during moulding. —USOWI.

This would be Good for Monsoons

Washington—The War Production Board announced that match manufacturers have developed a new waterproof match that will give a light in fair weather foul, tropical or arctic cold. Laboratory studies indicate the match will withstand immersion in water for a longer period than any yet produced. —USOWI.

Allies Have Fuel Which Burns Without Light

Washington (By Cable)—Dr. Vannevar Bush, Director of the U.S. Office of Scientific Research and Development, testifying last week to a House Subcommittee, said his office developed mass production methods for a new explosive now used by the United Nations to replace TNT.

Bush listed among other developments by his office a fuel which sheds no light while burning, a method for more precise appraisal of damage done by bombing, new rocket projectiles including bombs, and new insecticides which will kill any insect that touches treated materials for weeks after.—USOWI.

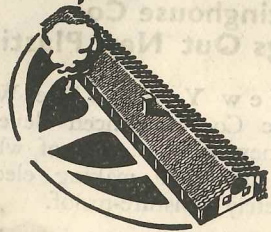
Morning Report



racks and operational buildings for American airmen and ground crews were erected.

"Time was short, building materials scarce. Buildings were of the simplest construction. The American boys who have just carried out one of the great operations of the war are living in the most primitive surroundings of any of our airmen anywhere. They have lived thus with one all-consuming purpose, to bomb Japan and they did." —USOWI.

monsoon inn song service



"Whatsoever things are good..." What a familiar ring that phrase had as Dr. Ralph Mortenson, General Secretary for China, American Bible Society, read it for us last Sunday! The good things of life—how ordinary they seem until they are lost. Half of mankind is still struggling to find them. Spending most of his life since 1918 in China gave Dr. Mortenson a vast fund of interesting experiences on which to draw for his talk last Sunday. Smuggling Bibles—the ammunition of life—from occupied to Free China and the contrast in the life of an American in Hankow before and after Pearl Harbor were some of the highlights of his talk. We appreciate greatly this opportunity of hearing him.

July 2nd brings us Lt. Fitts as the speaker. July 4th brings us—well—July 4th. Come out and hear a man who has that 4th of July spirit every day.

U.S. Invasion Army Geared for Smash

London (CNS)—The troops America sent into France in the first wave of this war's great invasion from the west formed part of the "best equipped Army that ever existed," in the opinion of Brig. Gen. Henry Benton Saylor, Chief Ordnance Officer on Gen. Eisenhower's staff.

"We've got more tools of war, gear and spare parts than any armed force ever had before," said Gen. Saylor.

It was the General's responsibility to build up the vast stocks of guns, tanks and ammunition, trucks and spare parts for the big smash across the channel. This mountain of supplies was stored in warehouses, in bomb-scarred buildings—and in great piles along England's winding country roads.

Gen. Saylor, who helped mount the North African invasion believes that the Allies were much better prepared for crashing Hitler's European Fortress than they were in the African landings.

"We went in cold then," he said, "but now we have team-work and we are able to do our work with a surprisingly small number of men because each man knows his job."

AN OUTSTANDING CHARACTER

by Pfc. David Goldfarb

In every unit of the Army there is an outstanding character. He is clever or otherwise, but he contributes much to the morale of the outfit. It is his actions or what he says, but nevertheless he is very amusing.

It is known throughout Bulltown that a Pigeon Unit is located in their midst. We are proud of our nickname, "The Amazing or Amusing Unit."

We of the "Amazing Unit" claim to have one of the most outstanding characters in the Army. Andrew MUSKARDIN is his name. Some call him "Andy" but most of us of this "Amazing Unit" call him "Hoot". A few prefer to call him "Barracks Bag" for the way he is built and the way he wears his clothes.

Hoot is a great asset to the "Amazing Unit" in the way he builds morale. When everyone is feeling low or tense due to Army routine, you can usually count on Hoot to start reading a letter or telling of some of his experiences with one of his many female correspondents. It used to be "Matilda" who was his one and only. Since Matilda there have been many others. Hoot has been in the Army for three years now, and very often he has a tendency to brag about it. It seems that at first he had been in the Infantry. Now he is a member of the probably most fascinating unit in the Army Service Forces.

Usually at mail call, the men would applaud vigorously when the name Muskardine was called. The mail orderly (Jim Pirak, in Air-Cadet training now) would emphasize that popular name. It finally got to the point where Jim Pirak would announce a letter for Hoot, similar to the way a fight announcer would present a fighter.

I first met Hoot in Fort Monmouth, N.J. I, a civilian and Hoot a soldier. My most vivid picture of Hoot in Fort Monmouth was on one Sunday after a pigeon race. A few of my fellow club members, the late Captain FULTON, Commanding Officer of the Pigeon Breeding and Training Center of Fort Monmouth, and Hoot were indulging in one of the usual chats or Bull sessions about pigeons. Usually the speaker in such a Bull session would single out one of his famous pigeons and tell his listeners about a remarkable feat in which his pigeon won or almost won a race. When one story was finished, another usually would start, explaining how one of his pigeons accomplished a similar flight. This may go on for hours, while a wife or a mother may be waiting with a supper getting cold.

Hoot, on that Sunday stood there in his "Barracks Bag" appearance, talking away in his usual loud fashion. One of his buttons at an embarrassing part of his clothes was unbuttoned. His protruding pot belly, which gave the impression of the bottom of a barracks bag, hung over his half-buckled G.I. belt. All this gave Hoot a very unmilitary look, especially when in the presence of his commanding officer.

It was familiar to see Hoot leave camp on Saturday afternoon to hitch-hike home. The fact that he had to be back in camp by reveille Monday morning, and that Pitts-

burgh was about four hundred miles away didn't raze Hoot a bit, for he was always back in time. The few hours that he spent at home must have meant very much to him.

At times, Hoot may become unbearable to some with his loud manner of speaking. But, those who know him and have been with him, know that there will come a time when everyone is tense and close to a breaking point, when we will be thankful to have Hoot with us. There was such a time when the Third Platoon was in the desert of California, a lot of things became unbearable with the endless Army routine. Hoot would almost invariably begin reading one of his love letters or say something maybe not too clever, but something to break the monotony.

Hoot loved his pigeons, and was in charge of the choicest pigeons of the Desert Platoon. I can remember an incident where Hoot was on a training mission with his pigeons. He hadn't eaten any breakfast that morning, so a bivouaced unit off the side of the road looked good to dogmatic Hoot. A General was among those bivouaced. Whether Hoot knew he was a General or not, I do not know. Hoot ate breakfast with the General and told him about his pigeons.

He tamed one of his pigeons with which he usually went through the motions of fighting with it. The bird would usually respond by slapping Hoot with his wing. He enjoyed carrying his pet on his shoulder and feeding it with his mouth. He finally lost his pet during a short training flight, although it had been trained at long distances. This almost broke Hoot's heart.

It was amusing to watch Hoot forcing his birds to fly. He used a whistle to keep them in the air and a whistle to call them down. His birds seemed to know the difference and would respond immediately. He usually would tie a feed bag to a stick and wave it recklessly in the air shouting, profanely together with that usual whistle at his panting birds when they made an attempt to land. It was also a familiar sight to see Hoot catching up with his correspondence on the roof of his loft while he whistled, waved his flag and shouted at his exercising pigeons.

Now that he's stationed out here where women are not plentiful, it will be amusing to watch Hoot's actions at the Monsoon Inn.

Certainly, a full-length novel could be written about Hoot's army career, and there is probably one being written now. While hitch-hiking from Los Angeles one day, Hoot happened to get a ride with a novelist who was very impressed with his character. She made frequent visits to the Desert Platoon area to get some information for her story. If there is such a story written, I know that we of the "Amazing Unit" would invariably want to read it.

I like Hoot. Many times he'd say "Goldie, you're O.K." and I'd say "You're O.K. too Hoot." I know that I'll see much more of Hoot and am looking forward to enjoy some of his amusing actions. I can honestly say that Andrew is the most unforgettable character I've ever known.



Meet the Gang!



by Swami Rajah

Sees Nothing, Knows Nothing, Tells Everything

BAKSHEESH PRODUCES OWN REPLACEMENTS

■ BAKSHEESH, the little mascot of the Signal Rajahs, started her own production line and came out with the final score of four dog-faces and two wac's. The entire detachment was present to greet the new arrivals, which were ushered in by the Vet. detachment and officially mugged by the photo section. Training will start the minute the newcomers have their eyes open, as Baksheesh is anxious to get in on the rotation policy, having spent her two years in India.

■ The Signal Rajahs bid a fond farewell to all the fellows headed for Shangra-La. We have been together for twenty-eight months, and it is with no regret that we let you go because you're going home. Farewell and a speedy journey.

■ REDELSPERGER returns home from restcamp with a satisfied look on his pan. GRESS won't tell anything on Reddy but every time he looks at him he breaks out laughing. Seems as if Reddy missed a train and was given a ride back to camp by a British Officer who turned him over to RED WALSH in exchange for a receipt that he'd received one each REDELSPERGER in a condition. Then there is La FORGIA, just back from a hectic furlough and looking like a soldier who needs a rest. Next week he'll tell us all about it. TANNER looks pounds and maunds lighter since he went away. Must be that the life on furlough is really something. Lt. STORM is back from a combined business and pleasure trip, mostly pleasure, but we got no dope on what he did after he found a place to do it.

■ Frankie AMELIA goes back to Uncle Sugar. We will miss you, Frankie, and your jokes and laugh. We have been together for twenty eight months and every one of them we enjoyed from way back. We even enjoy it when you snore. So, farewell, Frankie, and don't forget that we won't forget you.

■ ALDRED made the dance at Cowville last week and had a swell time dancing.

■ AYRES, the pride of the Rajahs, will appear soon in his new role as Baritone Sax with the Swing-Haers.

■ KIRKPATRICK was recently seen heading for the paddy fields with his camera late in the afternoon.

■ When it rains, it pours, doesn't it?

SALAAM

BAR-FLY ORDNANCE

What's Cookin' by Pfc. John J.

In spite of the various controversies this scribe has experienced with our neighboring editor of the Old Casual column, last week's edition of his weekly contributions certainly found us in full accord with his opening remarks relating to our own Bulltown Band. And here might we add, we plainly refer to "Why the restriction of Ted ANSELL to be allowed to continue as MC on the Camp Band musical programs?"

It can be admittedly seen, and we undoubtedly know we are not alone in voicing this opinion, that as the result of past performances around camp, the comment has been most favorable, both from Officers and Enlisted Men as well, in regard to Ted MC-ing at the show. It is the consensus of opinion of musically inclined fans that he certainly filled the MC role as good, if not better than any other GI in camp here. Therefore, we are in full accordance with that old slogan, "Even the best is none too good for the GI". Why can't we have the best?

We can hardly blame MC Ansell for the attitude he has taken. In fact we pat him on the shoulder for his stand in the matter. However, we again repeat our little hint gesture of a few past weeks, "that if the musically inclined GI's received the fullest co-operation, then everything would NOW be running according to Hoyle."

It is a known fact that the post is indeed fortunate in having, not ONE, but TWO musical organizations with such contrasting styles so as to satisfy all tastes.

* *

QUESTION OF THE WEEK: What is it that makes Sgt. Howard T. JONES so enthused about Sunday engagements, could it be an ULTERIOR (Mem Sahib) motive?

FLASH — In our local company tonsorial parlor, Pvt. Eugene KILLIAN had his shears in a very influential position during the past week! What was it you said, GENERAL?

* *

News is current around company circles that Steve "Sad Sack" SAKACS is seriously considering entering the ring in the next Bulltown Boxing Show. He wouldn't by chance be thinking of taking on Fred REASONER or Cliff KEIGLEY in a few rounds, or could he mean Gene. HERRING or Bob REYNOLDS? Steve enjoyed the bouts the other week, although he believes that he could give a good account of himself once he gets the gloves on.

Our Traveling Salesman, Cpl. Harry WAGNER, recently visited Big Town as Uncle Jim's personal purchasing agent, to pick up furniture supplies for the recently constructed Company Day Room, located in the rear of the Special Service Building. The grand opening is expected to take place this coming Tuesday, Independence Day, and a full house is anticipated.

* *

THUMB-NAIL DESCRIPTION OF THE FLYS — As interviewed by S/Sgt. Joe CREGON

.. Here is a knock down to an old apple knocker from Catskill, N.Y. Sgt. Leon JEUNE lost his fight with the draft board on March 9, 1942, and was immediately bundled off to Camp Upton, N.Y. for processing and then shipped to Camp Lee, Va. A motorcycle rider in civilian life, Jeune was put through the dispatch riders, course and upon graduation was shipped to Camp Pickett, Virginia as one of the original Bar-Fly Boys.

When the jeep pushed the motor-bike into the background Leon decided to specialize in something else. He then packed off to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, to the Cooks' & Bakers' School in October and came back to the company fold in December with a gold sealed diploma and a keen desire to show the boys what it is like to really eat.

It wasn't long before he was rewarded for his talent with the rank of T/4.

Jeune passed the biscuits until we landed in India, but the C.O. figured a good motorcycle mechanic was more valuable than a good cook. Leon was assigned to the motorcycle bay where he showed his versatility by dividing his time among autos, trucks, wrecker calls and his assigned bay. But enough of that.

Leon us just counting the days until he can return to his family, for a family man he became on March 22 of this year when his wife Betty, presented him with the future champ, Robert LEON. What is he going to do when he gets that slip of paper? He is going to devote all his immediate attention to Betty and Bob. If there are any spare moments, he will do a little hunting, fishing and trapping.

During the regular softball schedule of the local Mudville league, in which the local Bar-Fly Ordnance Boys clinched the second half standing, then meeting the Old Casual outfit for the camp championship, Leon took part in many a game for the Ordnance Boys, playing the outfield position. He also aided the cause along with a many timely hit that indeed greatly aided the B.F. team on to a championship round.

Free Beer in Algiers

Algiers (CNS) — A GI beer parlor, with beer on the house and a juke box that doesn't require any nickles, has opened here to supply free drink and entertainment to servicemen in this area.

Discharged GIs Get \$653,800

Washington (CNS) — The Army has paid \$653,800 to 3,345 honorably discharged servicemen and women or their survivors during the first 12 weeks of operation of the new "mustering-out payment law," the War Department has announced.

MOTOR SCHOOL *Screws*

■ The Motor School was declared the loser in a terrific bout with the Rotation Policy, losing 3 Officers and 15 enlisted men.

■ These fortunate ones will soon be sweating out 21-day furloughs and new assignments in Shangri-La. The best of luck and good wishes to you all:

Lt.-Col. MAIDT
Capt. MELLA
Lt. JERNIGAN
M/Sgt. GOODWIN
T/Sgt. ARMSTRONG
S/Sgt. REECE
T/3 KIMBROUGH
T/3 MORRIS
T/3 SHARP

Sgt. LINDBOE
Sgt. HUMMEL
T/4 CHEKE
T/4 FRANTZ
T/4 MARIN
T/4 NYE
Cpl. HARTLEY
Pvt. OLT
Pvt. ZERBE

■ Around and about the post over the past week-end were various and sundry celebrations for the lucky groups. The party at the Ding Teek Club was a bang up affair with music, liquid refreshments and eats.

■ During the past week Capt. SCHUTT and Lt. MORRISON did not go to or come from Bigtown. This is indeed unusual news. Sgt. SCHATT was in the metropolis tho, rumaging thru the bazaars in search of uniforms for the Swing Hao-sters.

■ The Supply Department has a new super de-luxe, streamlined roadster for the boys to run around in. Its number is 500, and it is strictly for the use of Supply only.

■ Our estimable red head, Fred. A. LINDBOE, arrived back from furlough in a highly nervous condition. Must have been thinking of his approaching trip to the Home Front. But he did bring back some very good snapshots.

■ Congratulations to Major MORRIS on his stepup to head of Motor School. We know everything will function smoothly under his capable management.

■ We welcome a new member to our bunch. Missouri's gift to the R.T.C., better known as Lester DAVIS. Davis, while quite an old timer seems to get around fairly well, and brings a wealth of experience and knowledge to add to our sparkling intellectuals.

■ "Father John" VOGT sans part of his molars. Anyone finding same, please return and receive reward of one (1) bottle Haywards Gin.

■ SIDELIGHTS—The way SPERLING likes to drive we figure he was a cab-driver back in civil life. NYE and HASSMAN engaging in a friendly game of fisticuffs, both turned out the winner. Loser was GARRETT, now sporting a shiner. Cpl. LUNA out of hospital sporting broken arm and some fancy hem-stitching on pate. OSTAPCHUK and HARTLEY back from furlough and sleeping 12 hours a day. REECE counting up to 6 the months he must spend before the Rotation Policy gets him.

■ POLICY—This column is open to all comers. If you want to rib your friend or knife your enemy, write what you have to say on a slip. Slip the slip to SPERLING and he will see that it is duly edited and inscribed herein. Come one, come all and let's have a lot of news for next week. — The PHANTOM

Raleigh, N.C. (CNS) — Rew white liquor is bringing as much as \$10 a gallon up in the North Carolina hills, according to an agent of the state alcohol tax unit. The output would be much higher, the agent added, "if the moonshiners could get more sugar."

"NOW IT CAN BE TOLD"

For a long time the older men of Bulltown having been waiting to see that much-talked-about picture-book telling all about RAMGARH. Yes, there will be a book; it will be out around the beginning of September. Due to the paper shortage there is a possibility that there will be a limited supply. We are trying to get the book to the older men first.

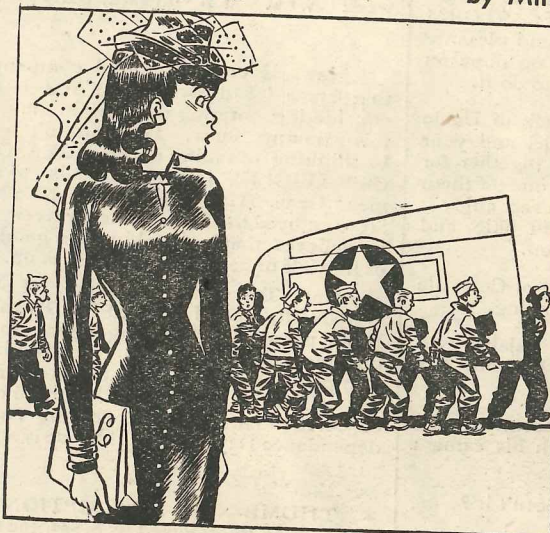
On Monday July 3rd at 19/1 the 1st Sergeant will have applications for this book, and with Rs. 10/- in advance you will be able to get the book called "NOW IT CAN BE TOLD". This applies only for the men in the 19/1 area. Next applications will be for men in the S.O.S. area, then 19/4 will get the chance to order.

Special College being set up for War Veterans

New York, — The New School of Social Research here has announced plans for opening a senior college empowered to confer the Arts degree. The school will be designed to meet educational needs of returning veterans of war who may be reluctant to go back to undergraduate college life.

Dr. Alvin Johnson, director, said thousands of veterans who will have completed only part of their college education, may have married and probably will not care for ordinary college life, still will want to finish their college study at the same time they are earning a living. It is for these maturer students that special courses are being prepared. — USOWI.

Male Call



by Milton Caniff, creator of Terry and



HIT the ROAD

by Sgt. "Teddy Bear" Dobner

■ Maybe the monsoons have started, huh, and in good form too. It's no fun carrying a rain-coat around when the sun is shining, but it's nice to have around You when one of these sudden squalls come up — or rather down. And isn't it wonderful sitting in the rain to watch a show — wet like?

■ Capt. RACHEFF has turned over a new leaf or should I say schedule; he is now doing the day shift. I guess these cool mornings are nicer in bed than out. Malum?

■ Lt. "Flying Tiger" STURM is also having his daily headaches and not from hang overs. Well, you try teaching Indians preventive maintenance.

■ Speaking of Indians, did you ever hear of giving a fuel pump a mud pack? Some Indian mechanic (home made) did just that to a pump on one of our trucks. He said it was cracked, and we think he's cracked.

■ Sgt. "Pani Walla" BROWN, M. is still doing a wrecker service de luxe. He's practising, so he can go into business down Texas way when it is all over over here.

■ Since the good news about going home has turned out to be a reality in some cases, S/Sgt. "Blow Your Top" BROWN is talking more than ever about home. — Could it be he is home sick?

■ "Beetle Nut" GERBER, our super duper supply man, hasn't done anything colossal for several days now, but the beer ration is due next week, so I'll give him time to show his, grab it, ability, and beer, my friends, is something to grab.

■ "Road Test" HIPPI is on the grave yard shift at present, so I haven't a thing on him, and "Tangle Foot" WYERS is so hard to find at any time, I have nothing on him, and "Baby Face" BODNER is basking in the sunlight at rest camp, so I have nothing on him, and yours truly, well, it isn't nice to talk about myself. Soooo that's all from the boys that make with the vehicles. Be seein' you all again. 'Bye now.

MONSOON INN CLUB NEWS

by Esther Ciener, A.C.D.

The process of changing hands and getting acquainted with the past history of Monsoon Inn and some of its old timers, has absorbed our little Staff for the past week. So, if things seem a little bit slow, will you excuse us? We are happy to report that progress has been made on your new On-Post Club. The Engineers have prepared beautiful drawings, and before long we feel that the first ground will be broken for Monsoon Inn No. 2.

On Friday June 23, 1944, we called off our card party, for after all, who could play cards when such a swell card fight was arranged? After the fights, some of our British friends and some of our American boxers returned to Monsoon Inn to apologize for their losing, and to crow about their winning respectively. Human nature is human nature.

On Sunday June 25th, the Signal Pigeon Co. "Sans Pigeons", piled into trucks, and with three of their Officers, MARY JANE, and ESTHER made their way between the rain-drops to visit the Rajah's Palace. Although the downpour continued all day, the fellows' spirits were not dampened, and everyone enjoyed seeing the beautiful palace, growling back at the tigers and taking rides on the "chota elephants". How we would love to have a snap of the girls riding "piggy back" on the elephants.

Alongside the road we enjoyed a delicious supper of Spam, cheese, and peanut butter sandwiches. Instead of the proverbial flies, the rain continued to pour down, the bread was a little soggy and the limeade a little watery but it did taste good.

Although we returned too late to take part in the "Beer Bingo", this was very well conducted by our able assistant Private CONRAD. T/5 ANTONIO shouted out the numbers and the following lucky guys went home with a bottle or so:—

Pvt. KILLIAN, Pvt. HALL, T/5 VASUT, Pvt. Witton SMITH, T/Sgt. E. ADAMS, Pvt. M. MATING, Sgt. HENNON, Pvt. Sidney JACOBOWITZ, Pvt. Wm. JOY, T/5 BAILEY, Pvt. SOLLECCHIO, Sgt. J.F. KICK-LIGHTER, Pvt. J. MORELLO, S/Sgt. ADAMS and Sgt. HEISLER.

GOGGLES AND DUST

(by Courtesy of Homer the Greek)

Well, well, well—bet everyone thought that your ever-loving correspondent had marked finis to a budding journalistic career. But, alas, much to the displeasure of many he is back at his desk again. Due to circumstances beyond control, I, Homer the Greek, was unable to cover our recent dance which was a marked success due mostly to the unrestrained fortitude of Col. WOODS and Sgt. KEAHEY, and partly to the generous co-operation of everybody else in general. Col. BENSON was so enthused with the morning after-effects that he'd like an encore of the same. Red Cross, please note. One LUM CHEW seconded the Colonel's motion, after having secured "Babu" CONROY'S permission. Frankly, I'm stymied by the confusion of it all!

Being that I, Homer the Greek, just about have my own way with what I say in the said epistle, I hereby propose that any man, regardless of rank (be what it may), can submit copy to this column. However, I want good stuff, hot stuff, new stuff or just plain STUFF—Malum? Furthermore, any stuff about us of the armored force is easily secured because we're such stuffy people to begin with, especially right after one of those stuffy old beer rations.

In conclusion may I add that neither FUMO, RYAN, nor Van SANT can rightly be accused of writing this. Reason just take a gander at their IQ's. It seems as though people suspect them of having talent. Take it from me, Homer the Greek, they haven't.

Diverly HOMER THE GREEK.

MONSOON INN PROGRAM

JULY 2, 1944

8.00 p.m. Beer Bingo — Lots of other prizes

JULY 4, 1944

7.30 p.m. Movies at Uncle Joe's followed by July 4th celebration at Monsoon Inn with "Mountain Ramblers".

JULY 5, 1944

8.00 p.m. Quiz Program — Prizes

JULY 7, 1944

8.00 p.m. Bridge and Card Party — Prizes

Come in any time to read, write your sugar reports, play cards, listen to the radio, and get a refreshing drink of limeade (when we have it)! Monsoon Inn is open from 9 a.m. to 11 p.m.

MICROSCOPICALLY SPEAKING

T/4 Mickey Miller & Pfc. Stan Nawrocki

Jack "I got it bad, Doc" RUBENSTEIN between a shave and a storm at the R&D. It took four technicians, a mention of "Gerry" and a little help from lady guanidine to put the chubby boy back in circulation.

Maggie, "Mouse's" heart throb is plenty, plenty burned up about something we wrote in past columns. (all in fun, dear.)

OVERHEARD DEPT.

La FERA Quote: "Quiet you guys, I got a tough day tomorrow."

LAZARE: "It happened exactly at 2:15 a.m. on Friday Feb. 19, 1851 the coldest day of that year."

Beverly SMITH: "I went out with GRAMMER and we didn't have to whistle."

Sam ROMANO: "Section eight material the guys begging to transfer to the medic's."

Phil. PACKARD'S extravaganza was a god-send for moral and everyone of us at the Post Hospital enjoyed the fights. We were also very proud of our two contestants Terry TARANTINO and Bob STEPHENS. They both won their bouts clean and decisively.

MASUTI, BERNARDO and MILICI. A combination of Crosby, Sinatra and Dick Todd.

Joe ZMIJA joins the ranks of gin rummy addicts.

What Lt. was shanghied on a date? All we can say is we're open for a shanghai.

As a parting gesture NELSON put on a show with ETHYL. Boy, what a powerful babe!

Miss ROSENBLAUD is in quest of a name for the hound belonging to ye Sgt. Ed.

Carl MOHR, the latest to hit Emetine Row says, quote: "Now I can write Butch in peace and quiet." (That's what you think.)

HOSPITAL PIN-UP MAN OF THE WEEK: Type "A" DUNCAN the generous type. The first on the blood doner lister.

Lt. NARDONE say's "I don't call them pin-ups I call them cut-outs". (Original, huh!)

Arthur "Chipso Buddy" CHIPPS of "I can see right thru you" fame, has taken up ambulance driving and plan's to give La MARCHE serious competition.

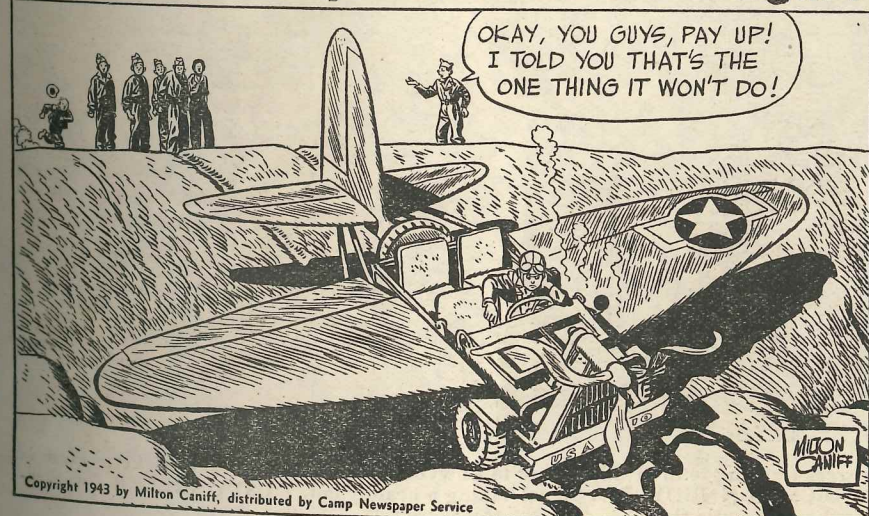
Speakin' of soup strainer's it seems to be the latest fad. There's FINLEY, MARCUM, SMITH, TOTH, LONGEST, WHITE, Mickey MILLER, Madame HELFANT. We think MIRO is raising one too. We shall know in a year or two.

Now that we're back at our own eating palace (ahem) were looking forward to ice cream. We'll even work the freezer for some of that sweet stuff.

DICKSON always wondering when a certain someone is going to write him. Keep your fingers crossed, Dick.

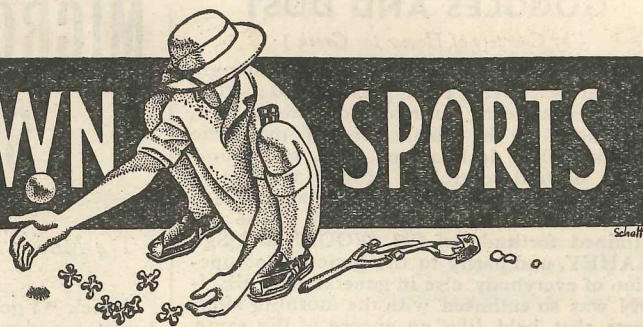
Incidentally, the latter is always doing some publicity work for Hoag. What g oes on here fellers?

Why Don't You Do Wright?



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BULLTOWN SPORTS



By Phil Packard

BULLTOWN WHITEWASHES COWVILLE

About 5 weeks ago after our boxing team was beaten 8 out of 10 bouts at Cowville after that I tried my hand as a sports expert making a prediction, I said if you recall "wait till the next time". The next time came last Friday June 23rd at 8.15 p.m. at the Bulltown Fight Bowl. The greatest crowd ever to witness a sporting event at Bulltown was there. The program was **BULLTOWN vs. THE GREEN HOWARDS OF COWVILLE**. At 8-15 the curtain went up as Gen. **Bergin** and his guests, Brig. Norton & Mrs. Norton took their seats. The crowd was entertained by Lt. **Cutler** and his "Mountain Ramblers" and in the rear "Larry Boy" **Hoffman** was selling ice-cold soda pop. Your reporter acted as MC and the officials were announced: Lt.-Col. Charles **Cunningham**, Capt. Ray **Schultz** and Lt.-Col. **Walton** judges. Col. **Walton** from Cowville. Capt. **Fisher** of the Green Howards and Lt. **Floyd** referees, Lt. **Kessler** timekeeper and Capt. **Mascaro** ringside doctor. We were off.

1st EVENT

Angelozzi — 128 lbs vs. Vacher — 128 lbs
Tent City Green Howard

The opening contest started true to form, fast and furious, both men exchanging blows toe to toe **Angelozzi** started to jab and he peppered **Vacher** with left hand until he brought blood. The crowd yelled throughout, and these fighters never let up. The second round saw almost all infighting, as both men kept close to the ropes. **Angelozzi** fell through the ropes at the close of the second. **Vacher** was bleeding heavily throughout the fight as **Anzelozzi** kept shooting his left. The last round saw both men tired, still throwing leather but you could see they were both arm weary. A good cleanly fought fight, very close and the decision, A DRAW.

2nd EVENT

Shorty Leong — 134 lbs vs. Lt. Ruel — 132 lbs
Special Service Green Howards

In his last fight at Cowville for two rounds **Shorty Leong** looked like Henry Armstrong until he was stopped by his wind

and a Charley horse. That same evening Lt. **Ruel** had taken a close decision from **Terry Tarentino**. This little Chinese boy took his last defeat pretty hard, and he had hoped to meet Lt. **Hines** again and so he trained hard. The story of this fight is still the topic of discussion throughout the camp, a technical knockout in 55 seconds of the first round. **Shorty** hit **Ruel** just 3 blows, and after each right hand show which looked like they came from outside the ring **Ruel** went down. The fight should have been stopped after **Ruel** went down the first time, for when he got up after an eight count he was groggy and rocking. After **Ruel** went down the 3rd time the

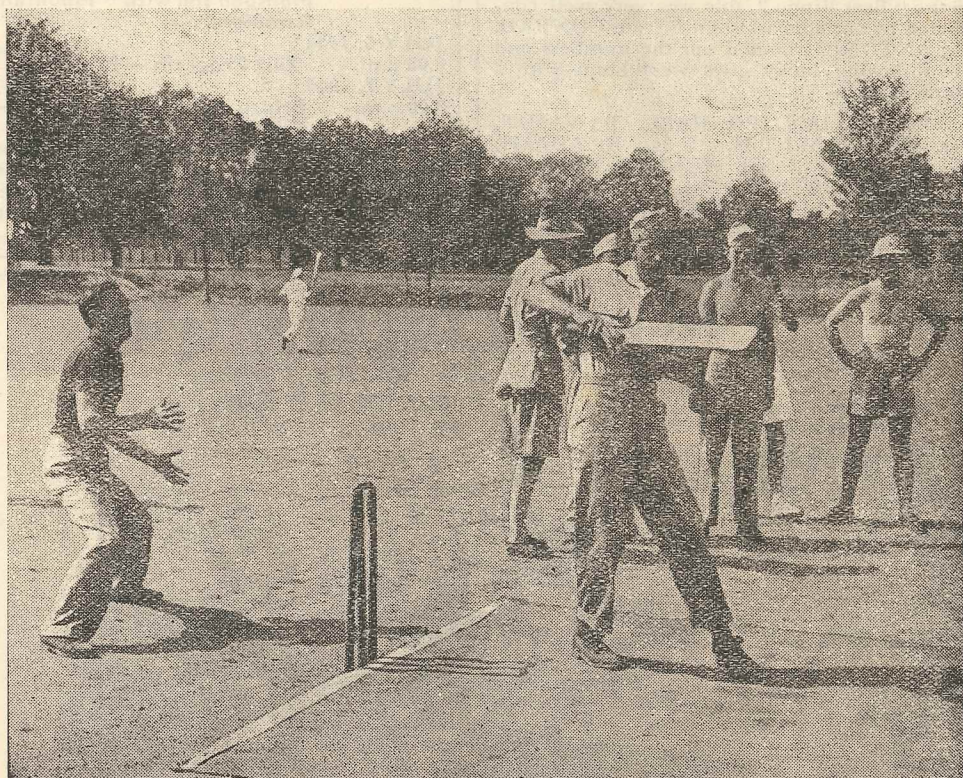
referee called it off. **Shorty** won the hearts of the crowd, and also 50 rupees donated by The American Red Cross for the outstanding fighter of the evening.

3rd EVENT

Bobby Stephens — 148 vs. Lt. Bowmans — 144 lbs
Post Hospital Green Howards

They say looks are deceiving and now we're convinced. Lt. **Bowmans** did have a beautiful build. He met **Bobby Stephens** and the little blond boy from Rome, Georgia had a score to settle for his last defeat in Cowville. I don't know whether **Bobby** was a fool or a hero, he went into the ring with a case of the runs. At the opening bell **Bobby** started to chase **Bowmans** and battered him all over the ring. The first round was a slugfest, both men hammering at each other. Halfway thru the second, **Bobby** had **Bowmans** on the ropes and staggered him with two rights to the jaw. **Bowmans** was dazed as he went to his corner at the end of the second. The 3rd was all **Stephens'**, he kept a barrage of rights flying at **Bowmans** whose nose was cut, and there it was a straight left and a right cross that rocked **Bowmans**; **Bowmans** went down and was hurt. A towel was then thrown in to stop **Bowmans** from taking further punishment. A TKO in 1 minute 40 seconds of the 3rd round.

IT'S CRICKET, BY JOVE



A few weeks ago a group of G.I.'s. went to Cowville to learn how to play cricket. Here is (batsman) **DICK KENNEDY**, Post Signal taking a healthy cut, **DUSTY MILLER** (wicket-keeper) watches the apple rise.

4th EVENT

Terry Tarentino vs. Pvt. Ellis
148 lbs vs. 149 lbs
Post Hosp. Green Howards

In his last fight in Cowville Ellis became a hero as he roughed pushed and bullied McGann all over the ring winning by a TKO all the Cowville rooters counted on Ellis an old hand at the boxing business but they forgot Tarentino was in condition. Ellis started out to knock Terry out and kept swinging haymakers from the opening bell, he looked silly as he kept missing. Terry being just a little too smart. Ellis swung, Terry stepped back then in with a jab, a beautiful boxing exhibition. Terry saw an old scar over Ellis's left eye, loaded his big gun and Zingo a hard right to Ellis's head, hitting the bullseye opening the scar and sending a bad flow of blood, a bad laceration. Captain Mascaro, doctor at the ringside jumped into the ring, and it was all over. It would have been too dangerous to let this fight continue. It took 2 stitches to close the cut. Tarentino the winner by a TKO 53 seconds 1st round.

5th EVENT

Kaye Wachlewicz-158 lbs vs. Lt. Starkie-159 lbs
Post Ord. Green Howards

In their last fight Wachlewicz was not in condition and so he took a licking. This time he had been trained and it was another story. All Starkie has was a left a good one, but Kaye rushed at him for 3 rounds, never giving Starkie a chance to get set. On the infighting Wach got the nod, he was the aggressor throughout. It was a good fight filled with action. In the second Starkie was warned by the referee for hitting low. It was Wachlewicz's fast finish that gave him a decisive victory.

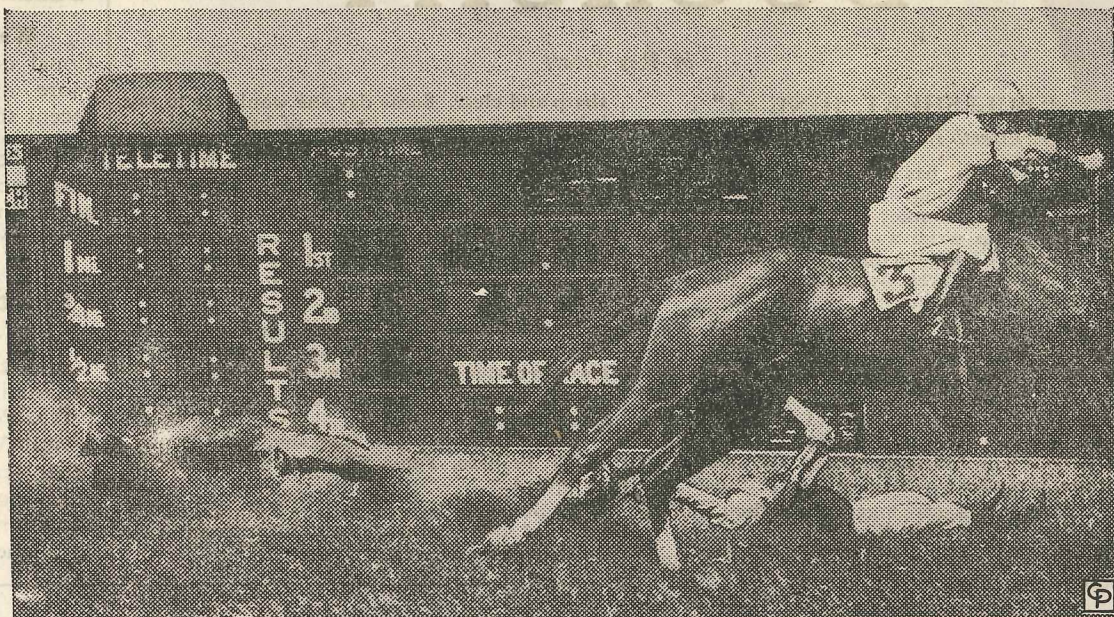
6th EVENT

Sonny Hosler-160 lbs vs. Pvt. Warnes-160 lbs
Tent City Green Howards

The first round started fast, after both men decided they couldn't knock each other out in the first they slowed down. Sonny never stopped leading, you can say he won the fight on the ropes, as each time Warnes got on the ropes Hosler opened up with savage lefts and rights. It was Hosler all the way, Sonny wanted to KO his man and was over anxious accounting for all his missing, but he looked good and is a promising up and coming fighter.

That was the story 6 British-American bouts 5 G.I. victories, 1 draw. After the

JOCKEY SERIOUSLY INJURED IN THIS HURDLE SPILL



JOCKEY J. MAGEE, thrown from his mount, Flying Friar, in this steeplechase race at Belmont Park, N. Y., was seriously injured and had to be rushed to a hospital. (International)

fight Gen. Bergin presented the trophies to the winners and Bulltown scored another sporting victory. It was a great evening and one most thoroughly enjoyed by all. Each contest was cleanly fought and each fighter gave his all.

As promoter of the show I wish to thank Lt. Cestowski and Gene Sachse for the show our boys gave, and to Lt. Cestowski for his never-ending work building the ring along with his 14 helpers from 19/4, to Sgts. Freeman, Jones and Rhodes for the PA system to Lt. Cutler and his "MOUNTAIN RAMBLERS".

The last two bouts were all Green Howards, these men had been training to meet some GI's but due to illness we didn't have the men to meet them.

7th EVENT

Pvt. Phillips vs. Pvt. Ashton
Green Howards Green Howards

These boys went at it tooth and nail swinging fast. They kept missing but gave the crowd a good show. Phillips dropped Ashton in the second with a wild swinging right hand. The winner by a decision — Phillips.

8th EVENT

Pvt. Andrews vs. Cpl. Meeks
Green Howards Green Howards

This was a good show. Andrews, a pretty ring wise fighter, had Meeks missing. Meeks being the aggressor throughout he did lots of missing but never stopped swinging. Meeks was awarded the decision.

THE LYONS DEN

(continued from page 2)

Frank Sinatra who never, as a child, had enough money to fulfill his desire to get an education in Music, is arranging for at least one child each year to receive the training he once wanted. Within the next few weeks an announcement will be made of The Frank Sinatra Award, to be made in the spring of every year. The award will go to a boy or a girl, vocalist or instrumentalist. It will provide a scholarship, covering tuition and expenses, to a conservatory or school of higher education for the full training course in Music.

The story is being told of a psychoanalyst who received a phone call from his patient. The patient asked him: "Do you think I could have some pea soup? I'd love some pea soup"... "No," said the doctor, firmly "... then if I can't have pea soup," said the patient sadly, "how about an oyster stew?" "Yes, you may have oyster stew," he replied. The analyst turned to his secretary and said: "The damn fool. If he had asked for oyster stew first, he could've had his pea soup."

Next week Sgt. Barney Ross will receive his honorable discharge from the Marine Corps. The discharge papers now are being processed.... "What's the first thing you're going to do after your discharge?" Ross was asked... "Well, Father Frederick Gehring, the chaplain who was our hero at Guadalcanal, is coming home this month," said Ross. "The first thing I'm going to do is earn enough money to build a parish church for him."

"BUCKSHY"

by Roy Schatt

"BULLSHEET, JUNE 10"

"Bucksheesh is infanticipating again."

Every camp has at least one pet and most of the time it's a dog. Yes, I know about your parrot and your monkey and your baby leopard, and I plan to write a yarn about each—but this one will be about a dog. So, if you don't like dogs, toss your eyes over to Thru My Eyes and read about wolves.

She was here before I got here and it's a good bet that one of the boys will take her back to the States!

The cryptic remark "*Bucksheesh is expecting*" meant nothing to me when I read it in the "Bull Sheet" quite a while ago. A few guys in serious conversation cleared the matter up for me, however.

Their heads were together and their knitted eyebrows bespoke the Burma front.

"The Doc says she'll be okay, and it won't hurt much," one guy was saying.

"But complications might..." started another, only to be interrupted by "Gosh, the place won't be the same without her. 'If she does pull through, she may not act the same,' someone else put in.

Yeh, that's a lotta concern about a dog and you could tell they didn't want her to have any more pups. From the rest of the talk I gathered she'd had three litters already.

No female ever had so much masculine worry directed her way all at once. No dog, male or female, ever had such a build-up—made me want to see it because of a 'cushion shot' of love that caroomed off an anxious group. I didn't know what to expect—I only knew that many G.I.'s. couldn't be wrong and I was willing to worship alongside them at the altar of this canine queen.

The talk stopped abruptly and that part of the circle away from me fanned out, allowing the lady in question to trot to the center of which I was luckily the heart.

What an entrance!

We all bent to pet the doggiest dog I have ever seen.

She was medium sized. Brownish gray and white intermixed to make the pattern of her coat. Her face represented no one breed. It had a dignity that was unmistakable, and altho she allowed herself to be petted, gave you to understand that there could be too much of a good thing—that the love which existed between herself and her human friends was more mental than physical.

She visited each one of the group in turn making sure that all had a chance to pay their respects. Some would squat and lift her front legs receiving one kiss on the nose, but would ask to be let down so that she could go to the next one. Fickle woman—and yet we knew it wasn't that. Never was there such an understanding of diversified love.

She would be more content if these friends of hers would go on with what they were doing—making those noises with their mouths (some of which she understood), posturing and smoking. She liked the sound of their voices, the way they rose and fell—the way they pronounced her name, and all the love they put into it.

She often wondered about the smoking, but since it seemed to make them happy, it was okay. "Okay," she knew what that meant. Longer words confused her, but this one was

sharp and clear. Some day she would try to say it herself and teach it to one of her puppies—maybe one that was inside her now.

"I wonder what they're talking about. They're looking at me kind of funny—sort of makes me uncomfortable.

I think I'll bark.—There—that changed their expressions. It seemed to change their minds about what they wanted to do and that made them happy.

Now they're petting me a little too much. Sometimes a bark can do the damnest things! I wonder what it was they wanted to do?"

Bucksheesh waddled away with the future spreading her sides.

"There's only one Buckshy," said Danny. Lippy, Frankie, Tony, Gus and all the rest of us agreed.

"Bullsheet", June 25th—"Bucksheesh's litter of three brown, one black and two miscellaneous arrives.

Army Rejections Top Casualties in Battle

Washington—Rejections for educational deficiency by the armed forces are more numerous than battle casualties, a recent survey has disclosed.

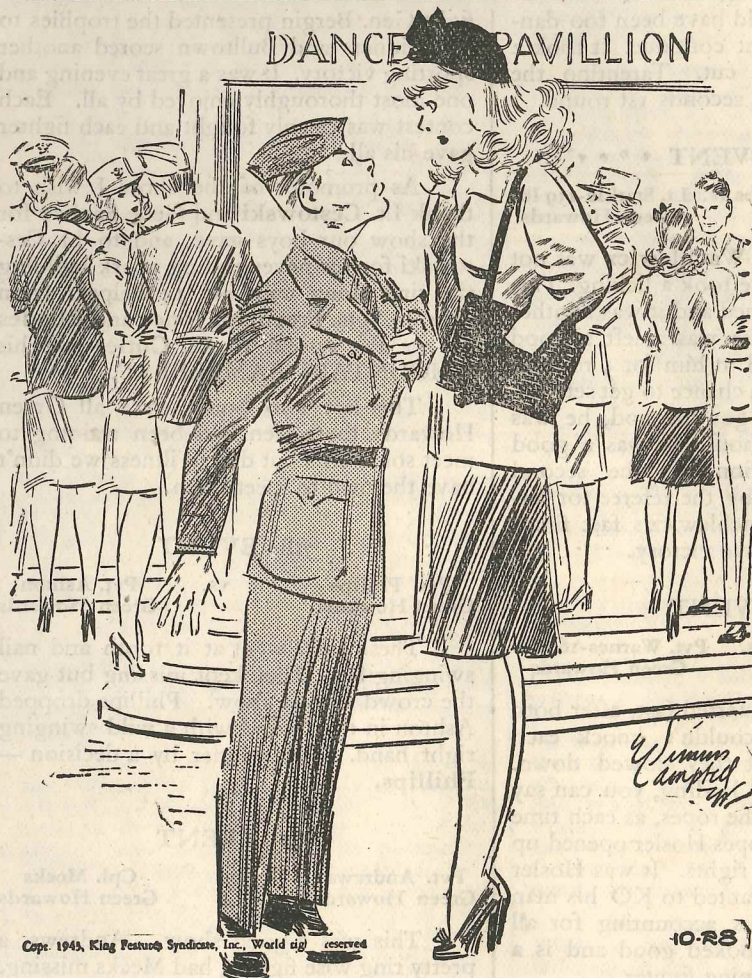
The Selective Service System has announced that educationally deficient registrants numbered 240,000 and war casualties only 201,454.

'Typical GI' Picked

New York—America's typical GI Joe is 22-year-old Pvt. Charles W. Peers, of Louisville, Ky., now serving in the ETO. Peers, who was chosen "the most typical American doughboy" over 250,000 other servicemen, is five feet, nine inches tall, weighs 170 pounds, has gray eyes and brown hair. The contest was sponsored by Eddie Cantor.

CUTIES •• By E. Simms Campbell

Registered U. S. Patent Office



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10-28

Listen, Babe, I'm not too short for the U. S. Army, and YOU'RE not too tall for the WAC's!"

Useful Gift

North Atlantic (CNS)—Lt. - Cmdr. Edward Van Gieson on patrol in this area, received a large package in the ship's mail. It contained his 1944 auto license plates.

Better Late Than Never

England (CNS)—Sgt. John D. Mullaney won the Silver Star for gallantry in action 26 years ago in the battle at Apremont, France, in 1918. But the award wasn't made until the other day when Sgt. Mullaney was given the medal at his 45th birthday party. He has been in the Army 19 years.



JUMBLE JINGLE

by Percy Chandler

For the sake of those who don't know the C.T. & C.C. headquarters has been set up and is in full operation at the 18/3 area. The First Battalion headquarters of C.T. & C.C. remains at 19/4.

Foot-lockers in real army style have been built by some Co. A boys from scrap-lumber. Such luxury!

Pvt. Billy N. JUSTICE of Tennessee informs his Co. C buddies that the President can't be succeeded in office during wartime. Is that what they teach them in their hills, Billy?

Co. C puts up S/Sgt. J.H. "Bull" KELEMEN as its candidate for Mayor of the Rice Paddies.

Tennis players may now check out new rackets, balls and a net at battalion headquarters.

His buddies at the carpenter's shop are asking Pvt. Thomas W. DEAN of Co. B what about that friendly dusky maiden? There also seems to be a cemetery story that followed Dean overseas.

Pfc. Harry FOX Jr. had the boys of Co. B barracks in an uproar the other night. It seems Fox was throwing his arms around in his sleep and pulled down his net. When somebody lit the lantern, Fox was out in the middle of the floor, tightly enmeshed in his net and yelling bloody murder.

"Nobody loves an umpire." But the courageous, patient and good-natured collection of ball, strike and base callers for our league softball play deserve a hand. Among others were the following: Capt. Grant KNUDSEN, 1st Sgt. Waltney LEIS, M/Sgt. Noble F. ADAMS, T/Sgt. Ralph E. WILLIAMS, S/Sgt. S.T. MILLER, S/Sgt. M.J. TURSINI, Sgt. Harry H. CLARY, Sgt. Karl A. MAY, Sgt. Donald RATHBUN, Cpl. Audrey J. FUDGE, Cpl. LeRoy HICKS, Cpl. Clarence HOWMAN, Cpl. William R. HADDOCK, T/5 Joe PRESTO, Pvt. C.J. PETTI, Pvt. Stoy G. WITTEN.

The British dance at Cowville last week gave the following six of our fellows a chance at an interesting and colorful evening: Sgt. Karl A. MAY, Sgt. Louis W. STEINBERG, T/4 Melvin H. ISENBURG, Cpl. William W. HODGES, Cpl. Kenneth G. RICHARDSON, Cpl. Ralph E. SILVERS.

After leaving him out of the column last week, the one and only Stephen CHANN, motorcycle wizard of ex-racing fame, is after us again. It seems that Chann cut a few capers the other evening via cycle in the center of the tent area. Nobody thought about passing the hat for bakshees.

Two trucks made several trips Friday night of last week

carrying spectators from our area to the American-British boxing show. Our G.I. guys report it was a bang-up success, and many of the bouts were relived in our tents and barracks far into the night.

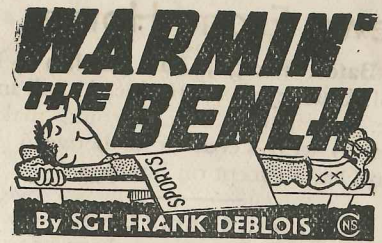
C.T. & C.C. wishes to express its sympathy to Cpl. Hugh R. CAREY and family at the recent death of his father in Portland, Maine.

At our copy deadline time Co. C and Co. D were locked in a terrific struggle for the softball championship of the C.T. & C.C. league with the count at one win each and one draw. The first game of the finals found Co. C leading 1-0 until the last of the seventh when a close decision gave Co. D the tying run, the game then being called by darkness. This 'melee' reflected probably the best softball play of the season. In the second game Co. C found its sights early to blast out a 7-2 win. The third game saw Co. D cracking out two runs in the first and two more in the sixth to triumph in another hard-fought battle. The deciding game was to be played as soon as the monsoon permitted. The championship series became a pitchers' duel from the start, with HOWMAN of Co. D gaining the crown as strikeout king and MOSES of Co. C evidencing amazing control throughout the three games.

In the last C.T. & C.C. softball game of the season previous to the final championship series, Co. C trounced Co. A 8 to 2. Co. C's big inning was the third when 12 were at bat to bring in all 8 runs.



"Well, well!—Th' foist robin! Who whistled?!!"



Capt. Ted Lyons, once the mainstay of the Chicago White Sox pitching staff and now recreation officer of the Fourth Marine Air Wing, would like to put in a baseball diamond and organize a league at a certain base in the Marshalls. But he hasn't got a chance. Mother Nature is pitching for the other side.

The principal islands of the atoll where Lyons is stationed are long and so skinny that Lyons can't lay out an adequate diamond. Any sizable hit goes for four bases because the ball always lands in the lands in the lagoon on one side or the ocean on the other. So Lyons has made the best of a bad deal. Instead of a baseball diamond, he has built a movie theater.

Pvt. Charles S. Whitlock, former "Hot-House Strong Man" of the Bronx and "Sixth Best Built Man in America," says the Army's physical training program is a miserable flop. Whitlock, who used to pose all greased up for physical culture magazine ads, claims he has lost 20 pounds since his induction. He's now stationed with an Infantry division on maneuvers somewhere in Tennessee, where he has worried himself into a sickly, 198-pound condition "because I haven't got the time or equipment to keep myself in shape."

Data Blown in by the Draft

Bob Montgomery and Beau Jack, the country's best fighting lightweights, have been inducted into the Army, but Ray Robinson, who could lick both of them the same night, is out with a CDD. . . . Robinson had been stationed at Ft. Jay hospital before his discharge. . . . Ed Heusser, veteran Cincinnati pitcher, sworn in by the Navy. . . . Buddy Kerr, Giants; George Caster, Browns; and Handsome Harry Gumbert, Cardinals, were called by the Army. . . . Alva Javery, Braves' pitcher, and Bobby Doerr, Red Sox second baseman, were rejected.

News From Home

Baton Rouge, La. (CNS)—Rep. V. M. Deloney has introduced a bill in the State Legislature which would make it illegal to wear a coat or tie between June 1 and Oct. 1 except on Sundays.

Bridgeport, Conn. (CNS)—A cigarette machine in a tavern here bears this printed legend: "Please insert a dime and two nickles." Below it, neatly typed, is this: "Or two dimes." And then, written in a scrawling long-hand: "Or four nickles."

Dallas (CNS)—Just as the sirens signaled news of the Allied invasion of western Europe, a baby girl was born to Mrs. Lester Renfrew in City Hospital. "I'll name her Invasia," Mrs. Renfrew declared.

Harrisburg, Pa. (CNS)—Just before she died last month, Mrs. Esther M. Martin wrote her will on a penny postcard and mailed it to the probate court here. The 14-word will left an estate of \$4,200 to her son.

Los Angeles (CNS)—A police sergeant arrived at the scene of a murder, took down the name of the corpse, dashed to the victim's landlady's house—and rented his room.

Memphis (CNS)—Eleven thousand new homes to meet postwar demands is Memphis' program for industrial expansion in this area, according to the local Committee for Economic Development. "We want plenty of room for our returning GIs and other developments," a spokesman said.

Mt. Sterling, Ill. (CNS)—Robert (Bobbie) Hughes, who weighs a mere 709 pounds, registered with his Selective Service Board on his 18th birthday. He is five feet, nine inches tall, has a 95-inch waistline, and is the chubbiest man of his age on record here.

New York (CNS)—Joe Arcano, a muscle-conscious shipping clerk, chins himself on a doorway of his office at lunch-time every day just to keep in shape. He was chinning away one day recently when his shoes flew off, sailed through the window, fell four floors and knocked out a woman in the street below.

WILL THEY COME BACK?

by Bill Stern

How will the top-notch boxers, now in the armed services, fare in comebacks after the war? That's what the boxing fans throughout the country would like to know.

In my opinion some will be able to come back to a position they held before answering the call to colors, while others will not.

I don't believe Joe Louis will ever again reach the fine edge he held when he

Joe Louis is just another boxer.

This was demonstrated in his first fight with Max Schmeling, when the German para-trooper landed a right hand in the second round from which Louis never recovered. It didn't floor him, but it dulled the edge of the great fighting machine to such an extent that, as the rounds passed, his power decreased, and he was beaten.

And, I think, the inactivity which Louis had been forced into, plus reaching an age when most fighters began to fade, will prevent him from ever again being the man whose paralyzing punch chilled fighters long before they answered the bell for the opening round.

On the other hand, I believe that Billy Conn, who was beating Louis before he got careless in the 12th round, can regain his former touch. In the first place he is Irish, and that race seems to mature more slowly than others. He had just started to fill out when he fought Louis and hadn't yet acquired that razor sharpness which distinguishes a champion from a top contender. True, he was beaten by Louis, but only because he was Irish enough to throw all caution to the winds.

When I say the Irish—especially those who take up boxing as a profession—mature more slowly than others, I base my opinion on several other Irish fighters who did not reach their peak until they were in the late twenties.

Take Mike McTigue, for an example. He was considered washed up and ready for the tank-town circuit, when Jimmy Johnson took him in tow and guided him to the light heavy-weight championship.

Then there is Jimmy Braddock. Jimmy was thirty years old, and had been badly beaten in several fights when Joe Gould took him from the docks in Weehawken, New Jersey, and sent him back into action, which was climaxed with his winning the heavy-weight championship from Max Baer. Jimmy was 100 per cent Irish, too.

So, if the war doesn't last too long, I believe that Conn can regain his former spot in the fistic limelight. But I don't think Louis can.

THE SEASON'S FIND READ ON, BROTHER! READ ON!



So named by R.K.O. Radio Officials was RITA CORDAY when it was discovered she had exceptional dramatic talent in addition to talents revealed by the cameraman. Her recent pictures include "The Falcon out West", "Around the World"

smashed Max Schmeling to the canvas in a single round. While he should be in good physical condition when he is discharged from the army, it is one thing to condition a man to carry a gun, and another to prime him for a gruelling 15-round championship bout.

It is not just a matter of getting down to fighting weight. More important is the problem of restoring reflexes and muscular co-ordination, which enabled the Negro fighter to perfect his timing such as few fighters ever have. And without timing