

SGT. CRAWFORD WINS D.F.C.

Former Operating Dep't. Man
Completes 30 Combat Missions

T/Sgt. EUGENE CRAWFORD, 32, a former member of the Springfield, Ohio Operating Department was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross recently, according to a dispatch from an Eighth Air Force Bomber Station in England.

Sgt. Crawford received the award for extraordinary achievement while serving as a radio operator and gunner on many high altitude heavy bombardment attacks over Germany and German-occupied Europe.

Toughest Mission

Eugene has flown more than thirty combat missions, including several attacks on oil plants at Merseburg, chemical installations at Ludwigshaven and ordnance depots in Berlin.

According to Sgt. Crawford, the bombing attack on a former Nazi airfield near Rouen, France, was his toughest mission. "We had just fin-



T/Sgt. EUGENE CRAWFORD

ished our bomb run when we ran into heavy flak. One burst started a fire in one of the engines - another hit the oxygen bottles causing a fire inside the plane. Then all the rudder controls were shot away. We finally

Continued on p. 7

"TORRID GREETINGS FROM THE TROPICS"

WAC Pvt. Gertrude Blair Writes St. Louis Folks of Experiences
in Combatting the Elements and Other Handicaps in South Pacific

WAC Pvt. GERTRUDE BLAIR of the St. Louis Commercial Department is overseas with the Far East Air Forces. Miss Blair has been stationed in New Guinea for some time and gives us a most interesting description of the life of a WAC in the tropics:

"Torrid greetings from the tropics, away down under! I've not discovered what we are under as yet, other than the blazing sun. Assuming that you are interested in the life of a WAC in New Guinea, I'll attempt to give you a picture of our setup here.

"First of all, contrary to what you probably have been told, New Guinea is truly beautiful. There are heavily wooded mountains of considerable height and the peaks often are obscured in low hanging clouds, while the ranges in the distance are a beautiful hazy blue. The other extreme in terrain is the jungle, inhabited by many varieties of wild life, judging from the sounds emanating from the dense undergrowth, especially at dawn every day.

Undaunted by Downpour

"The seasons are wet and dry and muddy and dusty, if you gather what I mean. We had rain a few mornings ago, and never have I seen a heavier downpour. In a few minutes the water (red like that from the hills of Georgia) was rushing through our tent and my shoes were turning round and round in the center whirlpool. I gathered my duffel bag, etc., upon the cot with me and waited for a rescue, but no firemen appeared. Finally we waded out to breakfast, thence up the long muddy hill to our offices. Our raincoats (utility to the GI's) are the "blotter" type, and when I arrived I wrang out my clothes and sat down to work.

"As you doubtless have gathered, we live in tents, without connecting bath, but there are showers just "over the hill" with cold running water at all times. We put our helmets filled with water out in the



WAC Pvt. GERTRUDE BLAIR

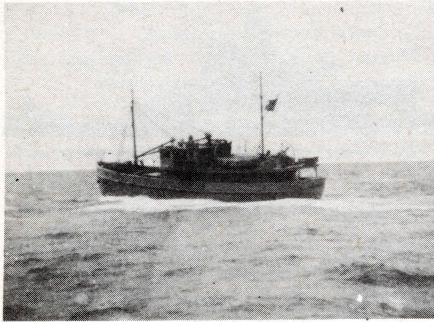
sun when we want warm water for a shampoo, and it works okeh. Our home furnishings are quite meager, consisting of six cots, canvas type, on which we rest our weary frames without benefit of mattress, sheets or a pillow. In addition, there is one medium-size soap box in the center of the concrete floor on which a candle sets, providing illumination by night.

Wardrobe Worries Solved

"The WAC costume in New Guinea is shirt and trousers, no matter what the occasion, as we must protect our legs and ankles from Anopheles - the malarial mosquito. As a further preventive, or cure should I say, against malaria, we take atabrine daily, and in time it turns one's skin a greenish yellow. We were not equipped for the tropics, arriving here with one pair of pants (HBT's to the GI's), and as yet there have been no supplements other than those the fellows have generously donated. I've dated the smallest soldiers that appeared in our Rec Hall on two occasions and

Continued on p. 7

FLASHES FROM OVERSEAS



A seagoing soldier is Warrant Officer VICTOR L. BURT of the Los Angeles Plant Department, and he sent us a picture of his boat to prove it.

Vic says, "on me they did a pretty good job - to date I have not been seasick. I have been on the boat for a year and a half, and am in the fair country of Alaska - of all the places they could have sent us!"

Victor is captain or skipper of his boat, and is engaged in hauling cargo all over Alaska.

S/Sgt. WARREN M. HUFF who left the Kansas City Plant Department in May 1942, is somewhere in New Guinea and is in complete charge of utilities for an Army general hospital, which comprises practically a small city.

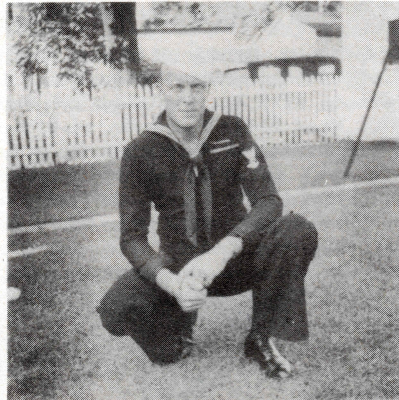
Before going overseas, Warren received training as a meteorologist and fire direction computer at Ft. Sill, Okla.



This snapshot of S/Sgt. MARTIN F. BERTWEIT of the Chicago Plant Department was captioned "Sitting on my-- as usual". This we doubt, of course, since Marty is somewhere in France and probably doesn't even have time to rest on his laurels these days.

After spending most of this year on New Britain, S/Sgt. GARLAND MCGEE advises us that he is now back in New Guinea. "We have a very nice setup here," he says, "but there is plenty of work to do every day. Being supply sergeant of my platoon keeps me plenty busy."

Sgt. McGee has been kept busy in the "Army business" since November, 1941. He sends the seasons greetings to his friends in the Richmond Plant Department.



After many months of service on the Atlantic and on the Caribbean Sea, HAROLD C. BRENNAN R.M.1/C, former Minneapolis guard-operator is now stationed in Key West, Florida, teaching Navy Boots the art of radio receiving and sending.

In this picture, Harold is shown sitting on his foot, but he is a big fellow, weighing 190 pounds and is over six feet tall.

We understand that Harold was married to a Minneapolis girl, the former Miss Earline Evans, on October 24, at the Navy Chapel in Key West. Although Harold likes Navy life very well, he says he will be glad to get into his old A.D.T. uniform again.

ADAM DENNSTAEDT E.M. 2/C of the Baltimore Plant Department is somewhere in the South Pacific. Adam advises us that he was married when he was home on leave last August. Congratulations!

A letter from DICK HAUGH who is a prisoner of war in Germany, to his old friends in the New York Accounting Department, says that he is well and impatiently waiting to return to the States.

Dick says "give all the women my love and all the men my heartiest hand-shake and tell them we are all going on the band wagon when we get back, and I didn't say the water wagon!"



Here is a snappy little snapshot of 1st Lieutenant and Mrs. JOHN M. SCHIBLER. Looks to us as though it may have been taken upon Mrs. Schibler's arrival in Panama for a visit with "Johnny". Lt. Schibler was a member of the St. Joseph, Mo. Operating Department before the war.

Pvt. ROBERT H. KERR (N.Y. Mfg.) has recently enjoyed the thrill of a lifetime. "Do you know", says Bob, "how it feels to get under a hot shower after not having one in over a year? -- To sleep in a spring bed with two sheets? Boy, let me tell you it is really a treat. Something you dream about a million times when you didn't have them."

We don't know just where Bob is, to be enjoying such luxuries, but according to his last letter he is somewhere in the Pacific.

Pfc. EDWARD J. SOPCZAK is somewhere in Italy, and says he wouldn't give a wooden nickel for all of it. He misses Chicago and the American girls.

Lucky Kenyon

When men of the 8th Air Force Liberator Station in England speak of Lt. Arthur F. Kenyon, former Chicago Plant man, these days, they call him "Lucky Kenyon". In September, Art bought a share in a \$1000 war bond and won it. The next day he won a \$500 bond. The third day Kenyon's bomber was reported missing over France, but in twenty-four hours the crew was safely back in England.

Almost out of gasoline, Lt. Kenyon had landed on a bomb-scarred air strip near Paris. His bomber hit a 500 pound bomb the Germans had rigged as a booby trap. Only the detonating charge exploded, but this threw the plane into a ground loop and cracked the fuselage in three places. As the crew piled out, the plane burst into flames and in a few moments the fuel tanks blew up.

Lt. Kenyon arranged transportation into Paris, where all spent the night sightseeing. In the morning, he hitched a ride for the crew on board a Britain-bound transport plane.

Lee A. Hanna

It is with profound grief that the Canton, Ohio Operating Department has learned of the death of one of their most beloved co-workers, Pvt. LEE A. HANNA.



Pvt. LEE A. HANNA

Lee entered the employ of the A.D.T. in May, 1931, and was employed continuously until he entered the U.S. Army on February 7, 1944. He received his training at Camp Blanding, Florida and also at Fort George B. Mead in Maryland, before being shipped overseas to Italy in August of 1944. Pvt. Hanna was a member of the 361st Infantry Division. He was killed in action in Northern Italy on October 9, 1944. The following is an excerpt from a letter addressed to Lee's wife:

"Earlier in the day, your husband's company had captured an enemy-held building. The platoon to which Lee was assigned was given the mission of holding the building as an outpost. While they were occupying the building, an enemy tank came down the road and opened fire on them. Lee was struck by the flying shell fragments and was killed instantly. His body was evacuated and laid to rest in a United States Military Cemetery located in Northern Italy.

"Lee was a good soldier and was deeply loved and highly respected by all the men of his company."

This letter was written by Lee's Chaplain. Lee's wife, Mrs. Virginia Hanna was awarded the Purple Heart Medal posthumously, on December 30, 1944. Pvt. Hanna is also survived by a daughter, Shirley, aged 10, as well as his parents Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Hanna of Canton.

ADDED TO THE HONOR ROLL

WILLIAM SWETLAND	NEW YORK ACCOUNTING	ARMY
RITA J. McMAHON	NEW YORK ACCOUNTING	NAVY
B.R. KLEINMANN	PITTSBURGH PLANT	ARMY
ARNOLD E. YEARGIN	NASHVILLE OPERATING	ARMY
PHILIP JOSEPH MARTINEZ	NEW YORK PLANT	ARMY
HOWARD A. HAAS	EVANSVILLE OPERATING	ARMY
CECIL J. BRAM	SAVANNAH PLANT	NAVY
EVERETT G. SIEBERT	PEORIA PLANT	NAVY
ARNOLD J. MAC DONALD	BOSTON PLANT	ARMY
BERNARD AUGUST	NEW YORK MANUFACTURING	NAVY
FRANCIS E. CAMBRON	PEORIA PLANT	NAVY
JEANNE E. MARKNERS	NEW YORK ACCOUNTING	NAVY
FRANK DAVENPORT	PATERSON OPERATING	ARMY

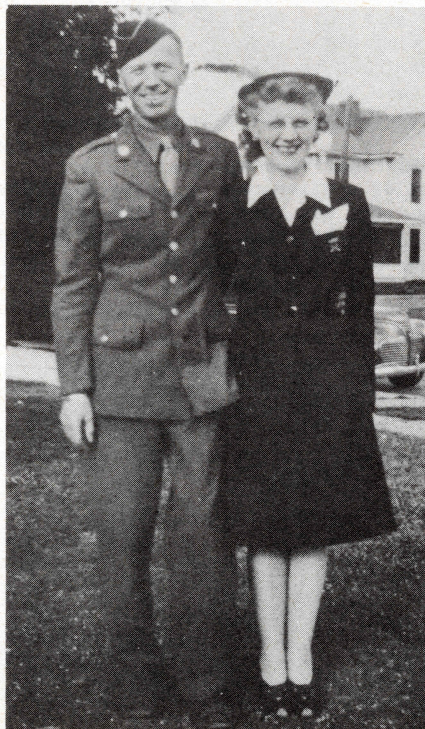
Total A.D.T. Employees in Service to Date - 970

Julian Hostbjoer

With deep regret we learned this month of the death of Pvt. JULIAN HOSTBJOR, a former guard-operator in our Portland, Oregon Office.

Mrs. Hostbjoer was notified by the War Department that Julian was killed in action on October 21, 1944 while serving with the Army in France.

This photograph of Julian and Mrs. Hostbjoer was snapped during their last reunion before he was sent overseas. Julian had been with A.D.T. since June 1939, and was inducted into the armed forces on August 18, 1943. We join in sending our sincere condolences to Mrs. Hostbjoer.



Pvt. & Mrs. HOSTBJOR

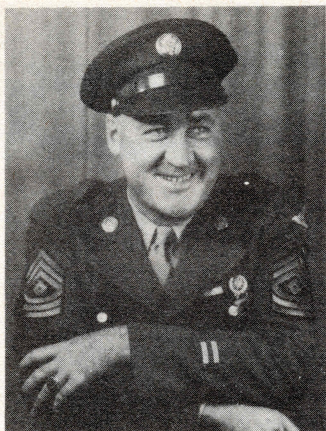
Howard J. Ullrich



More sad news received this month was that of the death of Pvt. HOWARD J. ULLRICH of the New York Plant Department. Howard had been in the Army more than two years and was stationed at Camp Walters, Texas, when he was stricken ill with arthritis and a serious heart condition. While still in a weakened state, Pvt. Ullrich contracted a streptococcus throat infection which ultimately resulted in his untimely death. His body was transported to his home town, New York, where he was buried on December 20.

Although Howard was with us but a few months before joining the Army in October, 1942, he was very well liked by his associates, who are deeply grieved at his passing.

Before he was taken sick, Howard won acclaim for himself at the McLean Prisoner of War Camp, McLean, Texas, when he captured, single handed, two escaped Nazi prisoners after trailing them across the countryside for two days.



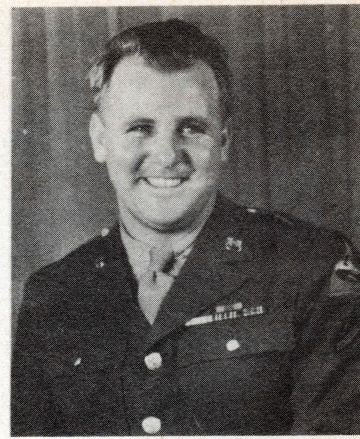
1st Sgt. JOSEPH MCKENNEY



STANLEY J. STELZL S.2/C



CHADWICK T. DEATRICK S.1/C



Pfc. LOUIS PFEUFFER

SERVICEMEN RESPLENDENT WITH OVERSEAS DECORATIONS

1st Sgt. JOSEPH MCKENNEY (New York Operating) a returned overseas hero, headed the list of visitors to the Executive Office this month. Sgt. McKenney has just come home after fourteen months spent on the Fiji Islands. He is temporarily sacrificing his hard-earned stripes to attend O.C.S. at Camp Lee, Virginia. The "Sarge" is an expert on anti-aircraft equipment and was sporting several little bars showing he is equally adept at firing a rifle, Browning automatic or tommy gun.

STANLEY JOHN STELZLS.2/C of the New York Manufacturing Division came in to let us see what a full-fledged sailor looks like. Stan had just completed his boot training at Sampson, N.Y. and was enjoying a seven-day leave in the big city. He has since been assigned to the Naval Construction Training Center at Davisville, Rhode Island.

CHADWICK T. DEATRICK S.1/C, a former New York Engineering Dept. lad came in to see us during his thirty-day leave, after serving for sixteen months on Attu. Chad is a C.R. and has seen plenty of hard work and action during his two years in the Navy. He says he is very anxious to get back to A.D.T. and has full intentions of becoming a "thirty-year-man."

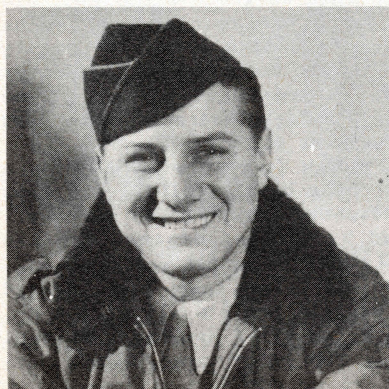
We were mighty glad to see Pfc. LOUIS PFEUFFER who has just returned from thirty-one months of continuous overseas service. Louis was a member of the New York Plant Department before joining the Army. He has been in service for three years and was one of the first boys to enter Rome with the 1st Army Tank Corps. Louis is very modest about his prowess and achievements, al-

though he possesses the good conduct medal, three bronze battle stars, a Presidential citation and the Casserine citation.

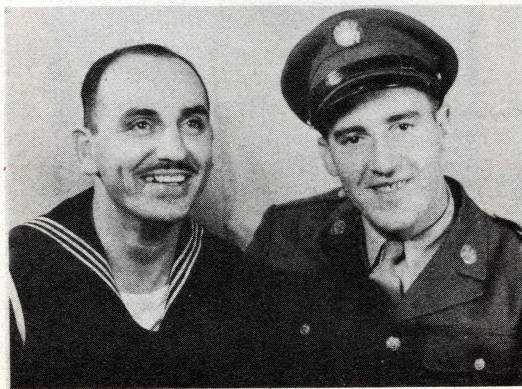
Cpl. VICTOR KISELAUSKAS of the New York Manufacturing Division came all the way from Palm Springs, California to see some good old New York snow. Vic is an aerial engineer with the Ferrying Division of the A.T.C. Vic met one of his former co-workers, Tim Seitz, at Mitchell Field recently. He also told us that he heard from Al Twaskas, another Mfg. Div. boy, who received shrapnel wounds in France. Vic says Al has been in the hospital since November 1, but is doing all right.

The congenial soldier and sailor are ANDY PAULIK S.2/C and Sgt. JOHN R. HANSEN, both of the New York Manufacturing Division. Andy had just returned from eight months of hard fighting, and rattled off names like Africa, Italy, Malta, England, Ireland, Sicily, Corsica and France. Andy took part in two invasions, and the Battle of Cherbourg. He was sporting four bronze battle stars, but was more proud of never having been seasick. Sgt. Hansen is with the U.S.A.A.F. and is stationed at Crystal River, Fla. John is a radar man, and was a recent casualty. He tripped over his tower and was laid up with two broken toes.

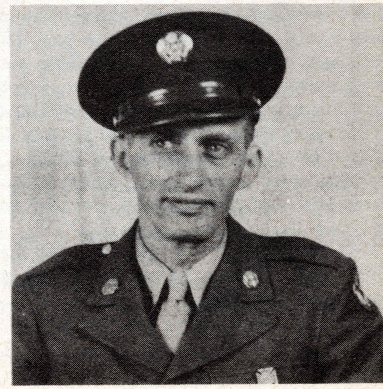
Pvt. AL LUNZMAN, another Mfg. Div. boy, received a fifteen-day furlough from Camp Crowder recently. Al is a wire chief and has been in service for a year and a half. Pvt. Lunzman is an "old timer" with A.D.T. and has a host of friends, everyone of whom was mighty glad to see him again.



Cpl. VICTOR KISELAUSKAS



ANDY PAULIK S.2/C Sgt. JOHN R. HANSEN



Pvt. AL LUNZMAN

On Second Gallon

WILLIAM FITZPATRICK of the Baltimore Plant Department is our homefront hero of the month. Mr. Fitzpatrick has donated nine pints of his blood to the Army-Navy Blood Donor Service. He has become a member of the Gallon Club and the Gallon Club Appreciation Committee has presented him with an honorary plaque bearing his name.

Mr. Fitzpatrick is the first member of the A.D.T. (as far as we have been advised) to become a member of this patriotic club, although many of us have donated one or more pints. How about some of us making a return trip, boys and girls?

Three of our men were killed in action this month. Perhaps a pint of your blood would have saved them -- perhaps not. But in any case let's make sure it's there when they need it!

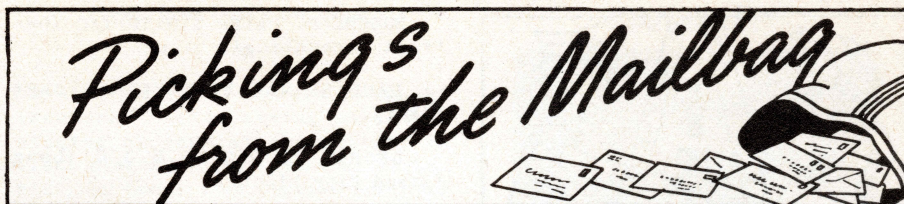
2nd Lt. JAMES W. GRANBERRY a former guard-operator at the Houston, Texas office, has been reported to be a prisoner of war in Germany since February 3, 1944.

On February 29, James was reported as missing in action, and, happily, he has been discovered to be a prisoner of war. Jim entered the Army in November, 1940, and was assigned to the cavalry. He was later transferred to the armored division and received his commission in November 1942.

Last month we were advised by the sister of BILL LA PRATH, Los Angeles plantman, that Bill had been wounded in Italy, that he had lost his right hand and the bone in his arm was shattered. His letter to her was written with his left hand, and he requested letters from his old friends at A.D.T.

Since then, Bill visited Los Angeles on leave from the Utah hospital where he was receiving treatment, and while in Los Angeles had a very unusual experience. Here it is as written up in Matt Weinstock's column of the Los Angeles Daily News.

"A one-armed soldier with a troubled expression was walking along Broadway a few days ago. Suddenly a man thrust a ten dollar bill into his hand and went on before the surprised GI could thank him. The soldier is Pfc. WILLIAM LaPRATH, 5339 Oakland St., on leave from a Utah hospital. He has the Purple Heart and has been recommended for the Silver Star. He lost his hand in Italy. He found a live but defective mortar shell but couldn't get rid of it without endangering men nearby. He held it and it exploded. This is to thank the \$10 man in his behalf. An hour before, LaPrath lost his wallet containing \$60 and he was broke."



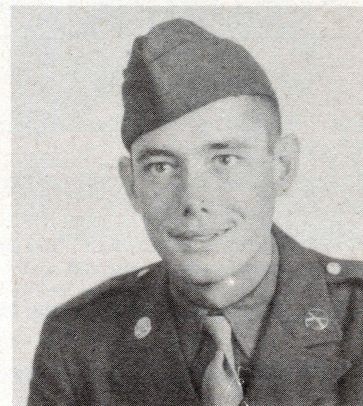
Dear Mr. Letch:

I yam stil in tha yewnited Staites, but I do expect to leeve within tha next weak er soe. I hav bin in tha shippin section fer for daze.

Yer letter got hear yesturdae and waz verry much enjoyed after such a long absence. I realize yer bizy an hav a lott of peepul tu wryt to soe I undurstand tha dee-lae.

We'er havun lowzy wethur down hear and i'v had bronchitis fer tha past thre weaks. It duzint seem to improve ether. Darn it!

They'er drivin us crayzee with awl this trayning az u can sea by my lettur. Best regards to awl, howevur. From J. BLANCHARD.



Pvt. ROBERT B. SHIFLET (Fort Worth guard-operator) writes that he is getting some pretty rugged training at Camp Hood in Texas. He has finished his basic training and is now receiving quite a workout in infantry training. Although Bob is still in his beloved Texas he misses A.D.T.

A former service supervisor of the Los Angeles office, Pfc. MAURICE A. BLACK, is stationed at Lowry Field, Colo. and has been assigned as a radio operator on a B-24 Liberator bomber.

This happy couple are Lt. and Mrs. MARTIN IVERSEN who were married in August when Lt. Iverson returned from overseas after completing 30 combat missions, attacking Nazi targets.

Lt. and Mrs. Iverson were married in Holy Trinity Church in Corona, New York, and Lt. Iverson's pilot, who returned to the States with him, acted as best man. After a short



The military career of Lt. ARTHUR LEGER (St. Paul Plant) reads like a travelogue. However, you will note from the above picture that Mrs. Leger does not seem to have too much trouble in catching up with him, to their mutual delight.

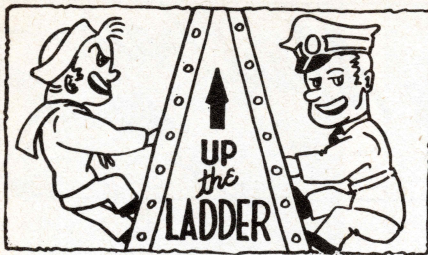
This photo was snapped atop Look-out Mountain, near Chattanooga, when Lt. Leger was stationed at Camp Forrest, Tenn. He has since been at Ft. Monmouth, N.J. and is presently at Ft. Jackson, S.C., his eighth camp.

Our former service supervisor at the Cedar Rapids office, DANIEL A. O'CONNELL S.2/C, is stationed at the Anti-Aircraft Training Center at Pacific Beach, Washington. Dan joined the Navy in November, 1943.

Capt. PHILIP R. DAVIS, who hails from the San Francisco Operating Department, is at Fort Lewis, Washington. Phil says he is still filling holes in soldiers teeth and it seems to be an endless job.



honeymoon in Atlantic City, N.J., Martin was assigned to Ardmore Airfield, Okla. where he is instructing future air crews.



Mostly Sergeants

M/Sgt. FRANCIS R. DARNER (Chicago-North Oper.)

S/Sgt. CARROLL J. DUNN (Springfield, Mass. Oper.)

S/Sgt. ARTHUR E. HINMAN (Kalamazoo Oper.)

S/Sgt. WARREN M. HUFF (Kansas City Plant.)

S/Sgt. GARLAND L. MCGEE (Richmond Plant.)

S/Sgt. HARRY JOHN STENGEL (New York Plant.)

Sgt. HUGH FULLERTON (New York Oper.)

Sgt. ANTHONY E. GUARASCIO (New York Supply).

Sgt. LOUIS J. KING (Flint Oper.)

Sgt. JOHN D. NELSON (Boston Plant.)

Sgt. LOUIS J. ZOTTER (Waterbury Oper.)

New Corporals

T/4 CLIFFORD S. HAWTHORNE (Indianapolis Oper.)

Cpl. JOSEPH G. CAIRS (Newark, N.J. Oper.)

Cpl. SAMUEL CERVONE (New York Mfg.)

Cpl. JAMES ELDER (New York Mfg.)

Cpl. FRANK RESTA (N.Y. Mfg. Div.)

Cpl. ROBERT S. SWINGLE (Canton Operating.)

T/5 ROBERT E. WEBB (Portland, Ore. Plant)

P. F. C. 's

Pfc. HOWARD E. HARTUNG (Chicago Operating.)

Pfc. JAMES P. WHEATLEY (Terre Haute Oper.)

U. S. Navy

Lt. (J.G.) JAMES M. TUBRIDY (New York Accounting.)

JOSEPH A. LYNCH C.S.F.-C.P.O. (New York Plant.)

ADAM DENNSTAEDT E.M.1/C (Baltimore Plant.)

GORDON M. LOMAX R.T.1/C (Los Angeles Plant.)

RUSSEL K. PAYEA S.P.(R)1/C (Detroit Accounting.)

PAUL SEAMAN F.C.2/C (Chicago Plant.)

GEORGE V. RAU Ph.M.3/C (Long Island City Plant.)

JAMES G. SAUNDERS E.M. 3/C (Los Angeles Plant.)

JAMES C. HALL S.2/C (Terre Haute Plant.)

RITA J. McMAHON S.2/C (New York Accounting.)

Poetry from the Pacific

CLARENCE OLSON S.K.3/C, of the Green Bay, Wisc. office is still over in the Pacific. Clarence sent us the following verse about storekeepers, the dears!

Much has been written, some false
and some true
'Bout the breed known as "stores" to
all Navy "blue".
The "left-arm-crow" or "guys of the
keys"
Whom "civvies" call "locksmith" when
battin' the breeze.

These sailors who fight with a pen
and a chit,
Whose work often lasts after others
have quit;
Who order the chow and get it aboard,
Then see it's inspected and properly
stored.

The same gang who sees that the
"eagle flies high"
When the time comes to pay every gob
standin' by.
The boys who must furnish the "gis-
mos" and "gadgets,"
The "gadgets and even the common
"what-is its"

Those unhappy "seat-shiners", who
don't forget-
Order and stow all the clothes that
you get.
They type up the pay list and ship-
ment request.
The chow that they order is only the
best.

There isn't a heck of a lot they
don't do,
That isn't important to all in the
crew,
For they feed you, and clothe you,
and pay you off too,
So stand by the "stores" and they'll
take care of you!

And after all this, Clarence adds
this naive question, "Did you think
a storekeeper really did so much?"
Sure, Clarence, sure, although we
can't imagine where you found the
time to compose such lovely "poem-
try."

And this poetic contribution comes
from BILL BISCOE of the Dayton Plant
Department who is still out in the
Pacific with the Navy C.B.'s.

I'm just a lonesome C.B.
A'wonderin' "What's the score?"
They give us trucks and tractors,
And say "go fight a war".

We grab a ship and "hit" the sea-
Some island is our goal.
We reach our destination, and
Our "stuff" begins to roll.

You see that jungle over there?
That's our next landing strip.
Now hurry, boys, get busy, or
You'll spoil this week-end trip.

We just get started-going's smooth,
A whine comes to our ears -
The Japs are flyin' overhead,
In C.B. souvenirs.

And this runs through a C.B.'s mind,
(It helps him in his work)
He wonders what all he can make,
Of a Zero gone beserk.

That first Jap's flyin' picture frames
Th' second's flyin' rings,
Th' third one's flyin' bracelets,
'N various other things.

And when we have our strip all done,
Completed all our orders
We spend our time in waiting for
The Army - our star boarders.

They're coming to protect us
Those marvelous fighting gents
To show our appreciation
We teach 'em how t'pitch their tents

You're a brave boy, Billy. Some
soldier boy is liable to pitch more
than a tent when he reads that!

**CHAIN OF COMMAND
OR
WHERE DOES THE BUCK GO
AFTER IT'S PASSED?**

The Colonel calls the Major
When something must be done
The Major calls the Captain
And starts him on the run.

The Captain then gets busy
And tries to make things suit
By shifting all the baggage
To a shavetail Second Loot.

The said Lieutenant ponders
And rubs a beardless jaw,
Then calls the trusty Sergeant
And lays him down the law.

The Sergeant calls the Corporal
And shouts how things must be.
The Corporal calls the Private
And that, my friends, is me.

Author Unknown
(probably still a private.)

In the Navy Now



We are "WAVING" goodbye to quite a few of our lovely ladies these days. This is Miss JEANNE ELSIE MARKNERS who until a few weeks ago was a member of the New York Accounting department. Jeanne has joined the WAVES and is taking her boot training at Hunter College, Bronx, New York. Jeanne writes that she is really enjoying Navy life, and the companionship of many fine girls. The food is excellent, reports Jeanne, and so is her appetite, thanks to the vigorous training.

Edmund Szulczynski

Sorrowfully indeed did we read the news this month of the death of Cpl. EDMUND SZULCZYNSKI of the Chicago Plant Department. The Szulczynski family have advised us that they received a communication from the War Department stating that Edmund had been killed in action on November 19, 1944, in the Aachen, Germany sector and had been buried in Holland.

Cpl. Szulczynski was employed as a sprinkler supervisory inspector in Chicago and had been with A.D.T. since April 22, 1929. Edmund entered the Army on April 1, 1941.

Sgt. Crawford Wins D.F.C.

Continued from page 1

got the fires extinguished and through the expert skill of the pilot we landed safely," he says.

Besides the Distinguished Flying Cross, Eugene holds the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters, received for meritorious achievement, and the Purple Heart for wounds received in combat.

He is a member of the Fortress group commanded by Col. Frank P. Bostrom of Bangor, Maine. This group is a unit of a bombardment division cited by the President for its famous England-Africa shuttle bombing of Messerschmitt aircraft plants at Regensburg, Germany.

Torrid Greetings from Tropics

Continued from page 1

have acquired two pairs of khaki trousers. After sewing an entire evening by candlelight putting in cleft pleats, tucks, gathers, darts, etc., by hand, I've reduced one pair sufficiently in size that with the carrying strap from my musette bag serving as a belt, I can wear them.

Adept at Bargaining

"There is nothing here, and I do mean nothing, in the way of towns, other than the native villages. Occasionally WACs are invited to visit them and I hope to see one sometime, but at present they are off limits. Some of the natives have been educated in missions and speak English fairly well I am told. Those I have seen though, could only say 'hello', 'okeh', and through the sign language ask for candy and cigarettes. They were quite interested in my bracelet and dog tag chain, suggesting that I 'give'. They live in thatched roof huts and go about scantily clad, and that's for sure.

Gun-Totin' Escorts

"They are quite strict with us. When we go out on dates, the name of the fellow and his organization must be registered on the sign-out book. We must go in parties of two couples or more, escorts must be armed and furnish transportation which is in the form of a jeep, munitions carrier, ambulance, or army truck. We are not permitted to roam about the countryside on foot, even in daylight. Life is strange and different

"Landed!"

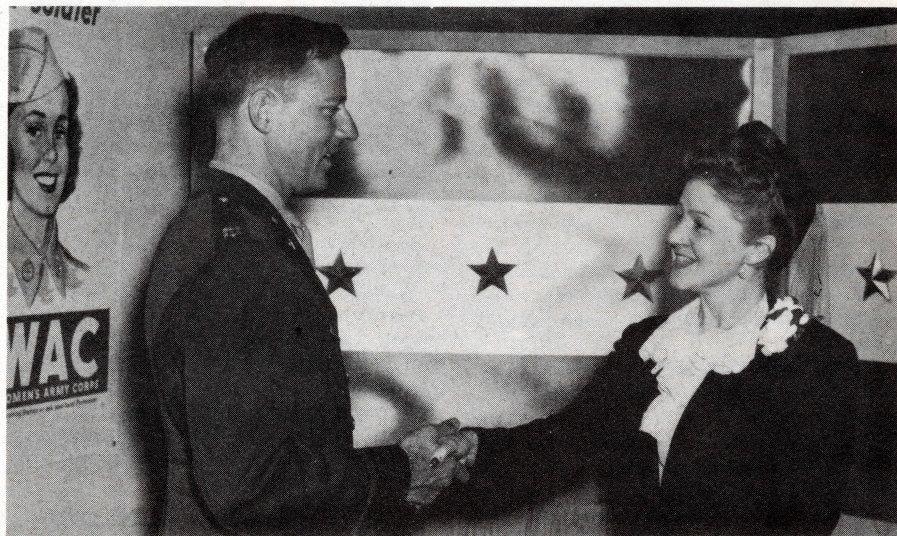


Pfc. EILEEN T. DONALDSON, U.S.M.C. a former member of the New York Accounting Department, is engaged to Corp. Edward E. Erickson, U.S. Army, stationed with the Army Engineers in the South Pacific. Miss Donaldson is stationed at the Marine Corps Air Station at Cherry Point, N.C.

here, but I am well and happy and am taking the warm weather as well as anyone else, so far."

Since writing this letter, Gertrude has moved to the Philippines, and we are looking forward avidly to her next letter from that outpost.

We are all proud of our brave little WAC and extend to her our heartfelt thanks for the wonderful job she is doing, despite the hardships she and her sister WAC's are undergoing with such hearty good nature.



Another of our attractive girls has left our ranks to do her bit for Uncle Sam. This time it's Miss WILMA LIGON, former clerk in the San Francisco Commercial Department.

This photograph was taken October 17, 1944, the date of Miss Ligon's enlistment in the WAC. Miss Ligon was formerly from Greenville, South Carolina. She is being congratulated

by George Schaefer, Captain, Air Corps, who is in charge of the San Francisco WAC Recruiting Office, and who is also from Greenville, South Carolina.

Miss Ligon left San Francisco on November 11 to undergo basic training at Fort Des Moines. She is hoping for an assignment in the Medical Corps.



Dentist: Young man, what kind of a filling do you want in your tooth?
 Boy: Chocolate.

The average soldier calls a spade a spade - until he hits his toe with it.

A gossip is a person who talks to you about others. A bore is one who talks to you about himself. A brilliant conversationalist is one who talks to you about yourself.

The old man neglected to assist his wife into the street car.

"John," she said, "you are not so gallant as when you were a boy."

"No, and you are not so buoyant as when you were a gal."

The three-year-old boy had taken his mother's powder puff and was fixing his face as he had seen her do, when his five-year-old sister grabbed it from him. "You mustn't do that," she said, "only ladies use powder. Gentlemen wash themselves."

Bride: John, dear, let's try to make people think we've been married a long time.

Bridegroom: O.K. You carry the suitcase.

A Navy recruit on guard had strict orders to admit no car unless it bore a special tag. He stopped one whose passenger was a high-ranking officer.

The guard heard the brass-hat order his driver to go through, and calmly said:

"I'm sorry, sir, but I'm new at this. Who do I shoot - you or the driver?"

Colonel: "Your reports should be written in such a manner that even the most ignorant may understand them."

Sergeant: "Well, sir, what part is it that you don't understand?"

Agent: "Don't you want your office furnishings insured against theft?"

Manager: "Yes, all except the clock. Everybody watches that."

"Papa, what is the person called who brings you in contact with the spirit world?"

"A bartender, my boy."

"Name the outstanding contribution chemistry has given to the world?"

"Blondes!"

"The new washerwoman has stolen two of our towels."

"The thief! Which ones, dear?"

"The ones we got from the hotel in Miami."

"What happened after you were thrown out by the side exit on your face?"

"I told the usher I belonged to a very prominent family."

"So what?"

"He begged my pardon, asked me in again and threw me out the front door."

A doctor who had taken up as his specialty the treatment of skin disease was asked by a friend how he happened to select that particular branch of medicine.

"There are three perfectly good reasons," replied the physician. "My patients never get me out of bed at night, they never die and they never get well."

Professor: "What is your idea of civilization?"

Sophomore: "I think it's a very good idea. Somebody ought to start it."



A certain company takes on a number of young men during the summer. On their salary receipts is printed a legend something like this: "Your salary is your personal business - a confidential matter - and should not be disclosed to anybody else."

A new boy signing the receipt added: "I won't mention it to anybody. I'm just as much ashamed of it as you are."

A young midshipman reported to the commanding officer of a battleship for duty. The officer was a gruff old sailor who had worked his way up through the years. He sized up the young man with anything but a friendly air, and said, "Well, young one, I suppose that, as usual, they've sent the fool of the family to sea."

"Oh, no, sir," replied the midshipman, candidly, "they changed all that since your time, sir."

Postcard from a war worker: "Having a wonderful time and a half."

Two days out of Frisco, the young ensign worked his first navigation problem. He presented his calculations to the captain.

"Young man," roared the captain after examining the result, "take off your hat."

"Beg Pardon, sir," replied the puzzled youth.

"According to these calculations," said the captain, "You are standing right in the middle of Westminster Abbey."

Two ghosts were playing poker when a knock came at the door.

"Who is it?" they asked.

"Rigor Mortis-may I set in?"

Out in New Guinea a squadron observer was called in by his commanding officer after an air raid and asked whether he had been nervous during the attack.

"No, sir," the soldier replied. "I was as cool as a cucumber."

"Swell," the CO smiled. "I was afraid you might have been a bit rattled when you called in there were 27,000 bombers coming in at 18 feet!"

Doctor: "So you think you are actually sane now. If we give you your liberty, will you leave liquor and women alone?"

Soldier: "I sure will."

Doctor: "Crazy."

Visitor (to Junior): "My, what a good boy you are, sitting there so quietly!"

Junior: "I always sit quietly until someone puts money in my bank and then I say 'thank you.'"

Jimmy, who had been climbing trees, came in for the second time with his trousers torn.

"Go upstairs and mend them yourself," ordered his harassed mother.

Some time later, she went up to see how he was getting on. The trousers were there, but no Jimmy.

Puzzled, she came downstairs, noticing as she passed that the cellar door, usually shut, was open. She went to the door, called down loudly and angrily:

"Are you running about down there without your trousers on?"

The reply came sternly: "No, madam, I'm reading the gas meter."

Tommy: (with hands over her eyes)
 "If you can't guess who it is in three guesses, I'm going to kiss you."

Kitty: "Jack Frost, Davy Jones, Santa Claus."

Jane: "How can I hold my youth?"

Joan: "Don't introduce him to any other girl."