

# NEWS FROM HOME

Volume 1 — No. 9

WHITINSVILLE, MASS.

July 1943

## A Fight Talk

BY "GENE" KENNEDY

When Captain Eddie Rickenbacker came home after his heroic victory over the Pacific ocean, he made the statement that if the soldiers who were suffering the "green hell" of the South Pacific were running the machines of war production at home our output would more than double. No one could deny the truth of this statement simply because it was true. People began to think into this business of war and their own relationship to it.

This was as it should be because no nation can win a war unless the people behind the lines are conscious, at least to a small extent, of what war means to the fighting men and the civilians at the scene of action. In addition to the increase in fighting spirit among our civilians at home there was a new feeling of cooperation among our officials in Washington. We were a nation with a healthy spirit on the road to victory.

These conditions were what we might call perfect for a nation at war. However, as you well know, the past few months have brought changes. The untimely coal strike and the Nazi inspired Race war in Detroit have caused much bitter fighting, not against our common enemy but among ourselves. These events have detracted from our war spirit have left us wanting. Wanting psychological lift back to our former spirit. This lift must come now. We must not let down for a day or for an hour. Tunis was not the end of the war. It was the beginning and there is a long hard road ahead. We at home must realize now as never before that we were a part of the victory in North Africa and that we also have a major rôle in the struggle ahead.

In the major part of this war that lies ahead we should again look to the battle-front for inspiration. It would be a good idea if each of us would think seriously for a few moments each day about what our own reactions would be, if, by some means, we suddenly found ourselves under the Nazi heel in Greece. It is not easy to imagine suffering, but if we try we might be able to picture ourselves fighting in the gutters of Athens for a scrap of bread, not for ourselves but for our children. We might be able to picture our wives, our mothers, our brothers or even ourselves before a Nazi firing squad to satisfy the drunken whim of a Nazi officer.

If any of us were one of these starving, fear-crazed Greeks and we were given the opportunity to breathe fresh air, to eat good food and to work for the destruction

of the brutes that murdered our family and our friends, would we complain? Would we strike? Would we support a black market? Would we give open aid to our enemies by fighting our own countrymen. No! We wouldn't even think of it. We would be so grateful for our freedom that it would compensate for ten million times the inconveniences we might be caused.

I don't mean for one minute to give you the idea that the home front is going to pieces. On the contrary, it is getting stronger and stronger. It is only a few who spoil the good work of the rest of the nation. To these people, you and I and the rest of the nation must raise a protesting voice, not in the ugly manner of Detroit's Race War but by calm denunciation of all that is unpatriotic or unAmerican.

## Bonus For Men Inducted During Past Year

(By "Scoop" Kennedy)

In an exclusive interview with NEWS FROM HOME reporters, Mr. E. Kent Swift, president of The Whittin Machine Works, announced that all men without vacation privilege who have left the Company to enter the service between June 20, 1942 and June 11, 1943 will receive a Vacation Bonus on the same basis as if they were still on the payroll. Mr. Swift stated that he was very happy that the bonus could be paid to these men and promised that checks would be forthcoming in the very near future.

The bonus will be paid on the following basis:

1. A full week's pay to those in the Company's employ for six months or more previous to induction.
2. A half week's pay to those in the Company's employ not less than three months nor more than six at time of induction.

Men to whom a vacation allowance was made at time of induction will, of course, not be included in the bonus.

A similar bonus was paid a year ago to those entering the service between January 1, 1942 and June 20, 1942.

## Riverdale News

(By Earle Barclay)

Lt. Eugene Laverigne, U. S. Army Signal Corps, is now in Monmouth, N. J., after having won his commission for special technical duties. Gene spent a few days at home last week.

Pvt. Gerald Lauzier, Operations Division, Camp Stoneman, Pittsburgh, California, had quite a long trip across the country, but enjoyed his stay at home. He put in a plug for the railroads when he reported into Worcester exactly on time after this long trip. He expects to attend a school which, after successful completion, will lead to an advancement for him, and we wish him considerable luck.

Woodie Douville, recently of Casablanca, Africa, came in to see us last week, and of course is quite uncertain as to his maneuvers, but one thing is quite certain, that each time he has more than ten hours leave he will spend thirty minutes or more in Riverdale.

Clarence Hayward initiated a new idea recently. He wrote a group letter to a number of his friends in the mill, noting in particular some little incident common between the two. We had the pleasure of posting this letter on the bulletin board where everyone had a chance to read it.

Madam Rumor has reported to us that Oliver Ashton is thinking seriously of sailing in double rig, but that sailing orders were flown too early. Of course we don't believe any of this, but we are just reporting it for Oliver's information. He might not have heard about it.

Appropriately after the celebration of Independence Day, our friend Fritz Eden is returning with his bride and will reside in the same house where he has been living for several years. This will put an end to the week-end trips to New York.

Stanley Opatka's star was this day attached to our service flag, as Stanley reported at Camp Devens for active duty. This brings a total number of stars on our flag to fifteen.

John Blair and Rolph Joeschke have been waiting together until they became of such an age that they could enlist in the Navy. Both of these boys have successfully passed that part of their examinations, which is given in Worcester, and are leaving in a day or so for Springfield to complete their examinations. If they are successful they will go directly to a training station from Springfield.

We were pleased to receive during the last month V Mail letters from Clarence Hayward and from Arthur Gauthier, both of whom, we believe, are somewhere in Africa.



**NEWS FROM HOME**

Issued Monthly

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**Acknowledging Letters  
from the Boys**

(By Lawrence Keeler)

Here is Pvt. Jose DeFronseca, Co. B. 97th Q.M. Bkry. Bn. Dodd Field, San Antonio, Texas. He writes that it is very hot down Texas way. Well, summer's here.

Pvt. Emile Guertin, 126th Cml. Co., 2nd. Prov. Reg't., C.W.S. U. T. C. is at Camp Sibert, Ala. Emile hails from Uxbridge you know.

Pvt. Mike Sereby, D-6-2, F.A.R.T.C., is at Fort Bragg, N. C. Mike is from Woonsocket. He writes that the paper is the only contact that he has had with his friends from the Whitin Machine Works since he left.

Bob Emory, AMM 3/C V.P. B2-2, Box 35, N.A.S., Jacksonville, Fla., writes that "The Navy's the life." He says Haig Minasian, John Bosma, Bob Dion, Dick Malkasian, Dick Allain and Bill Longmuir were at Memphis, Tenn. When Bob got to Jacksonville he discovered Bill Longmuir was in the same Sqd.

Pvt. Pryce Spencer, Batt. A. 112th C.A. (A.A.) Bn., A.A.A.T.C., is at Fort Bliss, Texas. Pryce seems to be crazy about the Army. He writes: "Far away on the horizon you can see the rugged outline of the Franklin Mts., the foothills of the 'Rockies' and I am sitting here half buried in sand. We get two quarts of water a day to drink, no water to wash or shave with. You really ought to see my beard. I am so cute (?)."

Pvt. John Sohigian, War Dep't. Theatres No. 1, is at Camp Gruber, Okla. Jake's

experience at the Star Theatre here in town probably came in very handy at the War Dep't Theatre.

Pfc. Al Emond, 643rd. T.D.Bn., A.P.O., 439 Postmaster Los Angeles, Cal., is on Desert Mnvs. He says, "It looks like we are going to have another Dust Storm." I'll bet those dust storms are something eh?

Here's one from "Mal" Whitten (I used to call him "Fats"). He is with Co. B 2nd Med. Trg. Bn., M.R.T.C. 3rd. Plat. No. 1430, Camp Pickett, Va. "Fat" says, "This country down here is God-forsaken—All mud, rain and temp. ranging from 100 degrees and up—mostly up."

Bob (you know the Kansas City Kid) Conlee, MO MM 2/C, is at the Naval Receiving Stat., Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa. He was home recently and visited the W. M. W. office with his very superior baby. Darn cute kid too.

Pfc. Oscar Asadoorian, Co. C, A.P.O. 512, Postmaster New York, N. Y., is in North Africa. He wishes that he could talk over the old town with some of the "Gang". Oscar has been across nine months and hasn't met anyone from here yet.

Pfc. Bob Levitre, A.P.O. 638, Postmaster New York, N. Y., is in England. He met Stan Solecki before he went across. By the way Stan's address is 11th Airdrome Sqd, Brks. T—220 A.A.F., Chatham Field, Savannah, Georgia. Well Bob, Stan is engaged to Miss Luella Bourgeois.

Cpl. "Joe" Altarmaian (you know he was John Saropian's assistant barber) Hq. & Hq. Sqd., Brks 125, is at Sioux Falls, S. D. He writes, "You know it's a funny thing but when we go to town for a few 'Spiked Cokes' we don't say 'let's go back to Camp' we say 'let's go home'. He says he's known as the "Rooshian" in camp.

Pfc. Jack Fuller, 218B, is at the Academy of Aeronautics, La Guardia Field, N. Y. Jack will tear down engines and put them together again (I hope). Not much like a speeder eh, Jack?

Henry Canty 3/C, c/o Comm. Div. Navy says, "The day is coming when we will all get together in the Men's Room and 'Shoot the Breeze' as they say in the Navy." I'll be there.

Cand. Kay Rosen, Batt. 18 Plat. 3, AAA School is at Camp Davis, N. C. Both Henry Cant and Kay are Maine boys that worked at the W. M. W.

Harry Antorian, R. M. 2/C, is on the U.S.S. Kalk D 611.

Harry compliments the NEWS FROM HOME staff so much that I think we will have to stand up while the bugler plays "On to Victory".

Pfc. "Jimmie" Kane, 416 TSS, Box 1038, is in Gulfport Field, Miss. He is having the time of his life. He hopes to be an ariel gunner. All he has to do is to pass the tests. He writes "You should see the obstacle course they have here. Some of the fellows would put Tarzon to shame the way they swing on those ropes."

John Stone, F 2/C, is on the U.S.S. Charles Lawrence D. E. 53, Fleet Post Office.

He hails from Greensboro, N. C., and had worked on the road for the W. M. W. for six years.

Pvt. Aime Brochu, Co. A.P.O. 36, Postmaster New York, N. Y.,

is in North Africa. He writes, "I was very glad to read that our great little town is doing so much to help in this war effort."

Dick Benner, S 2/C, Storekeepers School, 13th Batt. Co. 1357, U.S.N.T.S., is at Newport, R. I. He says he is still going to school and expects to study two months more.

At last I've caught up with you, Pvt. Wilfred Bilodiou, Clearing Co., 50th Med. Bn., X Corps, Camp Maxey, Texas.

Pvt. Penny Morin, Co. C 158th M.P. Bn., is at Fort George G. Meade, Md. Penny says, "For four months I patrolled the trains and on that assignment I covered the whole Eastern Coast (40,000 miles)." In another part of his letter he says "Sally Jones is a big liar. His fish stories were much bigger when I used to go fishing with him." O. K. "Penny" is wise to you, "Sally".

Pvt. Clayton Durkee, 11052023, 96th. Postmaster New York, N. Y., is in North Africa. He says, "The daytime is hot and the nights are cool." That's O. K. isn't it Clayton?

Pvt. Al Lafreniere, Hq. Co., Hdqs., A.P.O. 759, Postmaster New York, N. Y., is in North Africa.

Cpl. Bob McCallum, Depot, A.P.O. 874, Postmaster New York, N. Y., is in England. "It is pretty nice here in England and it reminds me quite a bit of good old New England, especially the weather which is very changeable."

Pvt. Henry Belseth, A.P.O. 836, Postmaster New Orleans, La., is on some tropical island. "The town smells awful. They say it was worse. The kids run around the street without any clothes on. I haven't got a girl friend yet." Well, Henry, I'd stay away from the gals in that particular place if I were you.

Pfc. Tom Smith, Co. M., 167th Inf., A.P.O. 31, is in Shreveport, La. "The Chiggers have just about gotten the best of me. If you have never had a chigger bite, you have something in store for you. They are itchier and bigger and last longer."

Sgt. Jack Linquist, 56th Bomb. Trg. Sqd., A.A.F. Bomb. School, is at Kirkland Field, Albuquerque, N. M. Jack writes that they are keeping him pretty busy.

Pvt. Harry Davis, 191st Ord. Hq. Bn., A.P.O. 446, is at Camp Chaffee, Ark. Harry says, "may the Victory gardens be blooming".

Pvt. Frank Goyette, Btry. C, 12th Bn., is at Fort Eustis, Va. "I've passed the exams on the 90 M/M Machine gun. This makes me a 2/C gunner. We have only thirteen weeks of basic training, so you can use your imagination as to how they literally throw this stuff at us, and plenty tough too.

Pvt. Ray Ledoux is in the hospital. His address is Ward 36, Station Hospital No. 2, Fort Jackson, S. C. He writes, "Gee, thanks a million for NEWS FROM HOME. It helps a great deal to read it while going through this stomach pumping business. I'll be glad when my stomach gets well again so I can get back to my water-cooled machine gun. I don't care much for goldbricking in the hospital."







## Rockdale News

(By Gerry Gaudette)

As we go to press for this issue, we have just had another Independence Day. I think most of us were inclined to think of this day as the Fourth of July up until the last couple of years. It was very apparent that this year, the majority of people really thought of it as being "Independence Day". It was a strange day for a great many people who have always taken this holiday to go to beaches and visit relatives and so forth. There was very little of that type of driving done this year.

The weather for the past month around these parts have been about average, although we did have a week in June that just blew the top of the thermometer right out. It gave me a chuckle to hear some of the people who last winter were moaning that if it ever got warm they would be happy, now saying that if it would only get cooler. Don't know, but I guess I was one of them myself.

During the last month and over the holiday there were several of the boys who were able to be home, and although I didn't have an opportunity to personally see many of them, I imagine that it felt pretty good to see the home sights. In talking with those that I have seen, they pretty nearly all expressed the same sentiment, that it is swell to be home and see their folks, but it gives them a peculiar feeling to go on the street and see so few of their friends.

Among those who were able to get home was Pvt. Joseph Kroll, who is stationed in New Mexico.

Also home was Chic Lavalley who came all the way from Texas, and really looks in the pink.

Our new 2nd Lieutenant Eugene Lavergne who is home from New Jersey, where he was recently commissioned.

Cpl. Raymond Tatreault was also home, and I understand that he is stationed at the same camp with Lieutenant Lavergne.

Pvt. Ernest Sauve was home for a week-end from Virginia, just about made it and had to turn around and go right back.

Pvt. Lucien Boucher was home for a few days from Sampson, New York.

Henry Christian was home on a short leave from active duty USN, and he has really developed into a big boy. Weighs over two hundred pounds.

Robert Benoit, USN, was also home for a few days.

PFC. Edward Tebo was home from Camp Swift, Texas, where he has been for the last five months, and by Eddie's own admission the Army has done him a world of good. When Eddie walked in on us he put his arms around my wife and gave her a big smack, and both of us almost fainted.

Undoubtedly, there were others able to get home during this time but me and my channels of information did not get to them. I do wish when you boys do get home you would make it a point of letting me know, so that I can have the information.

For some reason or other the letters seemed to drop off last month, but among those received was one from Pvt. Clarence Heywood, who I believe is somewhere in Africa. Clarence and I have quite a bit in common, in that we were both interested in the development and management of the Boy Scout Troop, and it is apparent that Troop 144 is still the apple of Clarence's eye. Hope it will not be too long before you will be able to take the boys out for their merit badges again.

Also had a letter from Pvt. George L. Moussette who wrote me a nice two page letter which all boiled down to one sentence which said, "why the hell don't you send me my copy of the paper?" I am awfully sorry George, but there must be a quirk in your address as we have it, and I shall certainly see that it is straightened out. I could not tell from his letter where abouts in this universe George is stationed, but he did say it was not too bad, and that once in a while they were able to have a little fun.

Also received a letter from Norman Bishop who is a AMM 2nd Class, stationed with the 3rd Fleet Air Wing. Bishop reports that the world is using him tip top, and that he has been getting his copy regularly and enjoys it very much.

I was glad to hear from Eugene Goyette reporting his promotion to Cpl., and is now acting as the Colonel's orderly. He is still on maneuvers in Virginia.

From S/Sgt. Robert Jacques at Seymour Johnson Field, North Carolina, a note informing me of his promotion to S/Sgt. and also the fact that he is applying for an appointment as Flying Cadet. Was sincerely glad to hear from you Robert, and do hope that nothing will happen to prevent your receiving your appointment.

A special to S/Sgt. Edward J. Couillard at Benjamin Field, Tampa, Florida, the addresses that you wanted are Pvt. Ernest Girouard, 851st Ord. Service Company (AVN), Fort Myers, Florida. S/Sgt. Irving Belanger SP, Headquarters Company, 1119th Eng. Gp., Camp Pickett, Virginia.

How is that for service Eddie?

Incidentally, I got a letter from S/Sgt. Irving Belanger reporting his transfer from Fort Pierce, Florida to Camp Pickett, Virginia, and the news of his promotion. Glad to hear from you Whitey, and keep up the good work. Noted in your letter that Emile Tessier was also transferred with you and will see that his address is changed.

From somewhere in England a letter from Pvt. Leo J. Boulanger APO-634. Leo had to fight a battle all of his own in learning the value of English money, although he did say it is just as easy to spend as any other kind. One of the things that impressed me in Leo's letter was the fact that he had just drank a coke which was the first one he had been able to get since being in England, and how much it made him think of home. And in the same mail came a card from PFC Emile J. Aussant from some where in North Africa thanking us for his copy and asking how it feels to have a cold glass of milk. I don't think I better say much or Emile will start swimming for the shores of good old USA.

That about winds me up for this month as I seem to be all out of letters and all other news items that might be of interest to you. Best of luck to all until the next issue.

## Whispers Column

(By Augusta Winchell Lorenz)

Eureka! !! It has happened at last—41 little pigs. Mothers and babies doing very well, thank you. I spent Sunday through Tuesday in the pig maternity wards. I don't know whether I was "Shorty" Damours assistant, or he was mine, but anyway there are 41 good, strong, BEAUTIFUL little pigs, the offsprings of four mammas.

Now I have something to tell you that nearly kills me to tell, but I can be kinder about it than anyone else would be, so here goes. Tuesday night, I went out to the pig pen to see if all was O. K. It seemed to be. I went out again at 1:00 A. M. and 4:00 A. M.—O. K. 6:00 A. M., I counted the little ones and to my horror, two of 'em were missing. I nearly had a fit. Well, "Shorty" came along just then and I screamed at him that somebody had swiped two of our piglets and that I was going to call Chief Cullen right away. "Shorty" said "Maybe she's laying on them", and so we booted mamma up, but no piglets. I waited until 7:00 A. M., and then called the Chief and explained that somebody had swiped two of our pigs. He said "I'll be right up". Chief Cullen and Dan Duggan appeared shortly. (Now that I think it over, I think they thought they were humoring a nut.) After due investigation, Chief Cullen said, "I think a fox got 'em". (I don't think he thought that at all, really.) We stood around and I was fuming mad and shooting off my face as usual and swearing that I was going to find those two pigs if I had to go to every house in Whitinsville until I did. You know how calm and collected our Chief is, and he calmly said, "How many pigs did she have", pointing to the first mother, and I said "ten", and he went along till he came to the next one, and asked the same question, and I said "ten", and then he said "Well, she's got twelve now". The mystery of the two little pigs was solved, and was my face red! Those naughty babes had decided that the faucets next door yielded more vitamins than their own mamma and had taken a trip next door. I have been razzed to death, needless to say, and if our Chief wasn't so much of a gentleman, I bet he would have cursed me, —probably he did when he was out of my sight, because a pig pen is not very pleasant before you've had your breakfast.

Oh, I have something very scathing to say about a certain person on Hill St. A few days ago the temperature hit over 90 degrees, and it was darn hot. The men working on the sidewalk were, of course, very hot and thirsty, and they asked a man if they could have a drink of water from his outside faucet, and he said "NO! that water is on a meter". Can you beat that for cussedness? They got their water next door, of course, as no *human being* would refuse a drink of water to hard working men. If I had my way, I'd publish his name, but I guess I can't.



## News Picked Up At "Austies"

By "Austie" Lynch

Lt. Commander Walter Maguire was a guest at his mother's home this week-end. Walter is stationed in Virginia.

We have another commissioned man in Jim Forsythe of Main St. Jim is a second lieutenant in the Quartermaster Corps.

Jim Quinn of Church St. recently wrote to his mother from Alaska. Jim says that it is the finest camp that he has been in with more for the service men than the camps here in the States. Jim signs his letter with this closing, "Your happy son Jim". If more boys were to write letters home like that wouldn't it relieve a lot of people here at home.

Harold Johnson of the Air Corps has been transferred from Wisconsin to Delaware. Haddo took advantage of the transfer and paid the home town a visit. He is as brown as an Indian and is in the pink of condition.

Archie McCabe was home for thirty days after an absence of nearly three years. Archie has grown two inches taller and is a little heavier. Brother Jim is in the Navy—sister Ann is an army nurse. Charlie recently enlisted in the Seabees, thus we can give the McCabe family 100 per cent all out for their Uncle Sam.

Ray Kelliher of Main St. has arrived in England. Remember when Ray used to play the piano for the local dance bands?

The Kiwanis Club has launched a drive to send cigarettes overseas. So keep your eyes open for these free packages and if you get one let me know.

Eddie Barrit of No. Main is back on duty after a serious arm operation at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Balboa Park, California.

"Fat" Antioian, after spending a fifteen day leave with his parents, is anxious to get back to duty. It seems as though when he pulls into a port, some fella from town has just pulled out. "When stationed in Africa the ship 'Spider' Terjanian was on had just pulled out five hours before we pulled into dock," says "Fat".

He claims he hasn't met anyone from town since he has been in service with the Navy.

## "Shavings" from the Pattern Shop

(By Patrick A. McGovern)

It seems to me that not so long ago some great statesman remarked that we were going back to the horse and buggy days.

Well, boys and girls we are there. If you happened along our old town's main thoroughfare these fine summer days you would find two of the town officials gone all out for that horse and buggy stuff.

Town Counsel Thomas J. Barry and Atty. Stanley C. Gray have acquired horses, buggies, whips, and harness—and for all I know maybe the buggy robes too.

They seem to handle the reins quite expertly. The town traffic law makers will

have to do something about installing hitching posts I should think. It seems to me that there is a row of hitching rings along the wall just beyond the entrance to the voting hall. Gosh! there's a watering trough there too. Don't be surprised if you see a row of Dobbins standing there when you get back. (The owners you'll no doubt find over in Liberty's store—used to be Dudley's in the "real" horse days—standing in line with ration book in hand waiting for what there might be by way of meat, chicken, coffee, sugar, butter or what have you.)

Probably straw hats for the old mares heads will be revived. What about the gadget that supposedly kept the horses from running away? A long piece of leather with a weight on the end? If any of you can locate any of these "necessities for a horse" no doubt the owners will be grateful.

When a horse did run away! Was that something! Everyone ran out waving brooms, towels, or coats—whatever seemed to be at hand at the moment—in fact everything but the kitchen sink in an effort to stop the "run" and at the same time frightening the animal to death.

These days thousands gather and wave the racing sheets to "make" the horse Run for win, place or show. Joy rides via hay ricks and a pair of horses are likewise in order. The Pine Needles Club journeyed to Paul Whitin, Sr. (in Rockdale) for a picnic. Twenty members rode in the wagon. For some reason or other Gussie didn't have enough room and wants to know why they don't put upholstery or at least springs in the bottoms of wagons. Hans Theiler played the part of the coach dog and ran behind.

Another revival of the bygone days is the bicycle. All those who ride to the W. M. W. park the bikes on the piazza of the Annex. It's quite a sight to see a great many married couples riding the trail to work together. The poor young girls are out of luck for all their romantic partners are far away at camps and posts all over this world. Most of the bikes have baskets and the family shopping is done on the return trip.

And now we go from bygone revivals to the ultra-modern! A new sound system has been installed in the W. M. W. You know a "calling Dr. Kildare" type of thing. Only in W. M. W. it's "calling Mr. Lees" or "calling Mr. Gilchrist" or whoever is needed at the moment. Mr. Swift inaugurated it with a little talk to all the workmen. It's a very excellent system.

I can see where it might be a disadvantage to anyone inclined to sleep over and has the habit of being tardy. I can sit on my porch on Granite St. and hear it very plainly.

It's going to be tough on the big shots whose names might be called and all the while they are lying cozily in bed. They'll be grabbing their pants like a fireman for his boots on a general alarm. It might be a good idea if the girl with the charming voice would call each morning "Come now boys, get up for your soft boiled eggs and toast." That would save the little wife from yelling her lungs out—that is if the wind just wafts the sound through the windows each morning. Perhaps a favorite expression will become "If the wind had only blown the other way—I could get an extra wink or two today."

The Home Garden Front has its funny angles. According to reports the crows are raising heck with some of the boys' corn.

One particular gardener got up one fine morning to lie in wait for Mr. Jim Crow. This certain somebody was Mr. Eric Pier-son armed with a shotgun.

Everything was going fine with Eric waiting to see the whites of their eyes—with blood in his own—before firing. The flock appeared all ready to light when who should come over the hill but Bob Brown—and scared them all away. They tell me Eric was so mad he felt like taking a shot at Brownie.

Basil Mitchell was weeding one end of a row of carrots while the rabbits ate the other end.

These are just a couple of garden "laffs". All in all the gardens are wonderful. Everyone will have plenty of vitamins all summer and much to can for the winter.

Just about to sign off for the press when I received a letter today from Jack Moscoffian. That was a thrill! We've all been wondering where he was. We still don't know but we find he's making patterns again. He was torpedoed twice if you remember; swam three miles with \$200 in his hat and made shore safely. He's on the shore now, and what do you guess?—he wants to go to sea again!

## Plummer's News

(By a Ghost Writer)

The reporter from Plummer's went A.W.L. last issue and so I will ghost write for him.

Pvt. Joseph Sova was home for ten days from Camp Hood and was his face red. (From the Texas sun.)

1st Class Seaman John Romanowski also was home and is wearing the insignia for overseas service.

Pvt. John Chichonski has been discharged from the Army and is working at the W. M. W. but expects to be back in the army in six months.

Pete Chiras of the Seabees was home for a few days after serving his boots.

Henry Trajanowski was recently inducted into the army and is at Camp Devens. Dick Wheeler lost another spare man.

Pfc. John Konvent, formerly of the production department of the W. M. W. recently was on furlough but spent it in Texas with his wife.

Robert Brown, son-in-law of Steve Chiras, left June 17th for induction at Camp Devens. (Another of Dick Wheeler's spare men.)

Dick Wheeler will certainly miss his boys because when they weren't helping him they were helping themselves. The best honor system.

Joseph Zayonc has joined the Merchant Marines.

Pfc. Edward Kmietek, of Eastern Coast Line Patrol Duty, was home for a few days leave and at this writing he and John Romonski met at the Polish Club. Joseph Sova please take notice.



## A Letter from the "Night Owl"

(By James H. Jones)

Hello Chet:

Received your card and note what you say about losing two inches from that "aldermanic waist" of yours. When you get through training you will probably have that athletic figure you always craved, and coupled with your nice curly hair, your cherubic smile, beautiful brown eyes, etc., you will be all set to model for me when you come back.

Now Chet, I think it is high time that I told you about Rudy Gniadek (Rudy to you). Rudy, as you know, was drafted into the Navy and he is going to be an A. S. I don't know what that is, but I know there isn't another S. in those initials. Rudy has written to his "Ol Pal" Jake, about his experiences to date and I will quote: "Those ? ! X - X, hammocks! I have fallen out once and I hope it's the last. They remind me of the Kiyak races we used to have—you paddle three strokes and over you go. When I get back I betcha I'll be the champion Kiyak racer with my perfected balance." (Unquote.) Poor Rudy! I'll bet he was surprised when he hit the deck. In another letter he says—Quote "I was talking in the ranks while marching the other day and the C. O. made me keep my cap in my mouth so I'd shut up—not only that I had the hiccups. The kid next to me was the same way, and did he look funny, chewing on his cap, just like me." (Unquote) I guess, Chet, that is one way to "chew the rag." Why don't you drop him a line from your base—I'm sure he would like to hear from you. His address is: Rudolph Gniadek, A.S. — Co. 386, U.S.N. T.S. Newport, R. I.

Lots of news for you this time. One of the items is about the Whitin Machine Works guards. It seems these fellows have a revolver team. In fact, they have more than one (more about this in another letter). So, after making themselves good shots, they thought they were big shots, and entered their team in the New England Police Revolver League. The upshot of this was they got cold feet and became very modest and said to themselves "I guess we had better start at the bottom and work up." The result was they entered the team in the fourth class for competition. Now Chet, it took these birds four weeks to fire a few rounds of ammunition (I don't know for sure, but it was rumored to me they had only one shell amongst them—the Ration Board being very strict had told them that every time they fired the bullet at the target, they had to find the bullet, reload the shell so they could fire at the target again—no wonder it took them so long). As I said before, they had only four weeks in which to finish their shooting and believe me they just did it by an eyelash. If it hadn't been for Capt. Donat Gamelin, Sergeant Parsons, P.F.C. Galeshaw getting their "noggins" together, they would have lost the bullet. These fellows being mechanically inclined rigged up a contraption directly behind the bulls eye to catch that bullet and return it to them so they could use it again without much loss of time, and

believe me, Chet, it worked. It worked so good they finished in second place in the competition. Wasn't that swell? Buzzer Cahill says they ran out of powder on the last four rounds so they borrowed Pa Dean's suspenders to use as a sling shot for that bullet. You have to hand it to them, for they have five beautiful medals to show for it. Buzzer Cahill says they ought to put the medals in the store window for all to see—Pa Dean says they ought to lock 'em up and place a guard over 'em—but Kid Gauvin tops them all by saying "Let's keep 'em in the Guard Room where we can all sit there to admire and guard 'em at the same time". Putting all joking aside, I think Jim Rankine, the Plant Guard Chief, is proud of the boys. He sure has spent many hours encouraging and helping wherever he could so as to make the Guard outfit the efficient group that it is. I say "Congratulations, Jim, and to the boys—keep up the good work." To Donat Gamelin goes the bouquet for being the winner of the individual high score in the shooting match. The line up of the team is as follows: (how many do you know, Chet) D. Gamelin, J. Parsons, C. Willard, W. Galeshaw, G. Coulard, G. Cormack. Nice going, boys.

Now Chet, for dessert I'm going to serve up to you a choice morsel from the Screw Department. As you know, Chet, there are a number of cats that roam through the basement of the shop at night. Well, one of these cats somehow found its way to the Screw Department. It was a friendly kitten, beautifully marked, and had double paws. Jake Feddema, that philanthropist and man of large heart, spotted the kitten and began to call "Kitty, Kitty", and lo and behold, the cat went over to him. He immediately began to pet and feed the cat, and the cat purred and purred, rubbed his fur against Jake's legs and began to make itself at home. Toward 6 A. M., the cat was asleep on a bed that Jake had made for it. Now the problem for Jake was, would he turn the cat out to the tender mercy of this cold and wicked world, or should he take the cat home and brave the storm that was sure to fall around his head? After much deliberation, Jake decided to take it home and give it to the youngest child to play with. Now all that is fine, as far as it goes, but we, of the Screw Department, are not satisfied with this explanation as it leaves us with this problem to debate—"Did Jake give it to the youngest child for a plaything, or did he do something else with it?" Rumors are floating around that Jake has a few more red stamps in his ration book than he had before. What do you think, Chet? I'm inclined to remain neutral in this, as I think Jake is too soft hearted for such a cruel thing as this. You know how it is with these old sailors, their hearts are so big, they have to have a sweetheart in every port to fill it up.

Now, Chet, I have come to the end of my story, but there is one thing more I would like to say—if you are as busy as your insignia looks, you must have grown an extra pair of hands since you went away.

Well, so long.

From Your Pal

JAMES H. JONES

(Alias, The Night Owl)

## Society Column

(By the Society Editors)

It's Westward Ho! for a number of townspeople this month.

Marion ("Mitzie") Kingston is going to Indiana to become the bride of Pfc. Norman Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Foley went to Michigan State College to visit their son A/S Jack Foley. Jack leaves soon for Texas.

Nora Carr will spend her vacation with Doug who is at Chicago.

The Mumford River has been spanned with a new bridge. It is opposite the High School and is for the express use of the members of the Whitinsville Golf Club. Figure it out someone! Thirty-six holes of golf is a "short" walk after you reach the club but the walk over is a heart taxation so it's shortened by a bridge. In case you boys don't know we have an OPA who says you can't drive to a Golf Club. I just hope no one stays too long at the nineteenth hole and can't find the bridge on the way back.

Second Lieut. Margaret Karoty is home on leave from the Fiji Islands. She is an army nurse and has seen seven months service in New Caledonia and the Fiji Islands. Her one hope is to get back in the field. She is on leave because of an attack of appendicitis.

Here are a few more college graduates of last month:

Edith Taft was graduated from Wheaton, Grace Robson from Wellesley, Christine Connors from Regis and Patricia Dunbar from Stoneleigh.

These boys have left for schools under the Navy V-program.

Joseph Murphy is at Brown University; Philip Dundas is at Wesleyan; Philip Meader is at Duke University—under Marine Training.

A miscellaneous shower was held at the Pine House for "Jerry" Mitchell. "Bill" Smith and "Jerry" will take their vows in the very near future.

The Honor Roll, sponsored by the Kiwanis Club, will be dedicated Saturday. We hope to have a picture of it in the next issue.

At last—At last! "Mizzy" Misakean has gone and done it. "Mizzy" found himself a beautiful girl from the hills of Connecticut and cave man that he is, he brought her to Whitinsville and married her in the Methodist Church on Sunday, June 20. A beautiful wedding it was, lots of color and a glorious time afterward. Imagine it—three hundred at a chicken dinner—lots of excitement (Ask Dern Devlin, he knows). The NEWS congratulates the happy couple and wishes for them a long and happy marriage. Keep your chin up "Mizzy".

FOR DEFENSE





## Linwood News from Home

(By J. Harold Baszner, Sub. Editor)

Someday I'll think of something original to start off this column with instead of the same old thing—Here we go again. If I do, folks, don't fall over backward. Nevertheless we all want you to know how pleased we are that everyone is grateful for this little paper of ours. The letters we are receiving every day, make us want to write more, but after all we are a little limited for space so we try to give just the things we feel would be interesting to you.

Pfc. George M. Guertin has returned to Camp Kilmer, N. J., after spending a furlough with his wife and infant daughter, Georgette. Well, George, congratulations to you and the Mrs. You have something additional to fight for now. Good luck.

Sergt. Alfred Laflash has returned to Camp Gordon, Ga., after a furlough at his home.

Pvt. Cajetan R. Vermette of Waltherboro, S. C., is on furlough at the home of his parents.

Sergt. Theodore Bisson, is on a furlough at his home.

Chester Farrar did a very nice thing this month and I want him to know how much I appreciate it. Pfc. Raymond Pelland of Linwood, who is stationed in Alaska, was home on furlough. Chet knew that I didn't know Ray at all because I'm very new here in Linwood, so he brought him over to the house to introduce me. We had a wonderful chat, with pictures of Nome, Juneau, and other points in Alaska shown me by Raymond. Of course he couldn't show any shots of the places he has worked in, because in all military circles, that isn't Cricket, but he had some of his officers, and his buddies who are with him most of the time. I wish I could meet and talk with all the boys when they come home on furlough, because in that way I get to know them and can write with a more personal feeling and be able to picture them as I write, just the way I feel when I write about Raymond. I'm very proud to have met you Pfc. Raymond Pelland and it was darned decent of you to give me an hour of your valuable time when home on leave. Keep those bridges spanning the rivers Ray. Thanks again Chet, it was swell of you.

The following boys were home on furlough the past month: Pfc. Henry Roy of Fort Houston, Texas; Pvt. Leonide Pelland of Fort Wadsworth, N. Y.; Aviation Cadet Philip W. Morrell, who is a student in advance radio at Yale University; Corp. Clifford Rivet, of Elgin Field, Fla.; Pvt. Walter Pouliot of Fort Wright, N. Y.; Pfc. Marial Boileau of Camp Forrest, Tenn.; Pvt. Leon A. Gauthier of Camp McCoy, Wis.; Pfc. Willie Boileau of New Boston, N. Y.

William Courteau and Robert Pouliot, who were recently inducted into the Navy, are stationed at Newport.

You baseball fans from Linwood, will be glad to know the L. A. C. won by a score of 5 to 4 over the North Uxbridge All-Stars in the first game of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. William Rivet have received word that their son Henry Rivet,

stationed at Tinker Field, Okla., has been promoted to Sergeant.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph St. Pierre have received word their son Roger, stationed in England, is promoted to Sergeant.

The following men reported for pre-induction on June 30th: Gerard Peloquin, William Levesque, Constante Plant, Lionel Henault, Rene Pelland, Albert Guertin, Jr., Louis Courteau, Valmore Yargeau and Romeo Arpin.

Mrs. Constance Gauthier is visiting with her husband, Pvt. Kenneth Gauthier at Chanute Field, Ill.

Roland Heroux has joined the Marines and is at Parris Island, S. C.

Pfc. and Mrs. Raymond Berube are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son yesterday at a Fall River Hospital. The father is at Kellogg Field, Mich. Congratulations and Best Wishes from all of us.

Mrs. Renee Malo of Highland Park is spending several months with her husband, Pvt. Renee Malo, at Camp McCoy, Wis.

Miss Bernice H. Beedon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Beedon of 10 A street, Whitinsville, and Severin J. Laliberte, seaman second class, U. S. Navy, son of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Laliberte, Elm St., were married this past month at St. Patrick's Church, Whitinsville. Severin was the young man that I wrote about a few months ago when he was at the Frisco Naval Hospital recovering from wounds received at the battle of the Solomons. He came in the shop to see me two weeks before he was married to say hello and to extend his thanks for receiving the NEWS FROM HOME. It was quite a thrill for me to see him, for I used to see him quite often when he worked for Wilfred Vallee on the Packing Jobs and kid him about different things, most of them I'll admit I made up to get him going. He is a splendid example of our fighting men. Still has that cheerful grin, and sense of humor, after all he has gone through. Of course like every civilian I wanted to ask him a million and one questions, but I knew that he would close up like a clam if I started, so we spoke just of general things, and only of the battles that everyone knows about and are history. His big regret is that he can't be in on the finish when our Navy wipes up the Nip Navy, and I really believe him when he says they'll do it too. Severin is a very modest fellow and doesn't say anything about himself. But this I do know. He gave his place on a life raft to somebody else and took his chances with the elements, and himself seriously wounded. He remained in the water eight and one-half hours before he was rescued. Now he's back again in the good old USA and we want to wish him the very best in good health, success, and happiness and may he and his wife receive God's blessing on their married life.

I'll be seeing you again next month fellows, and I hope it will be a very interesting issue. If there is anything you know of that would add to this column please write it in, for that's what we want to do at all times, make it enjoyable and with as much news as space will allow. I'll try to get caught up on my correspondence as soon as possible, so please be patient with me.

## War On The Home Front ! ! ! !

(By Tillie Marker)

I don't believe you boys in the service have any idea just how much you are being missed by all the girls back home. Just to show you what I mean, I'd like to re-tell you a story just as it was told to me by a lonesome gal in the office:

"You know, Til, there comes a time in every girl's life when she has a very grave decision to make, and last Saturday night found me sitting dubiously in my room, weighing my problem over and over again. Should I go to the movies—? or should I go to the movies? ? 'Cause I had forty-eleven other things I *could* do, such as reading or bowling with the gang, but at the moment a good hot, rip-roaring Cowboy serial at the Prospect looked darn tempting. (Pardon me while I cough!)"

"So, after much thought, I ran to the telephone, dialed my best girl friend's number, and made exciting arrangements for the evening! About a half hour later, Sally and I were scurrying up the street out of breath and worrying for fear we wouldn't get a seat! Ah me, we just couldn't wait to see good old Gene Autry once again. Well, anyway, you know how it goes, Til, *finally* the show was over and we sauntered along to Lynch's for a 'coke'. Incidentally, we had to pay for this one ourselves! After making our drink last just as long as we could—we had to get our nickel's worth of gossip in—we reluctantly left the 'corner drug store' and headed for the center of town. Church Street was mobbed with people (Oh yeah!) and everybody had pulled in his sidewalk for the night—you know what I mean—wound the cat and put the clock out! Well, we finally reached the 'Congo' church and our hearts began beating faster. Would we see some fellows sitting on the bank wall tonight? But, alas! as we approached that once-busy spot, our hearts returned to our shoes and we glared with anger at the forty odd girls sitting expectantly on the wall waiting to whistle at all the 4-F's as they walked by."

"I turned to 'Sal' and I said, 'You know, kid, we might just as well face it. We'd just better stick to our 'Knittin' for Britain' and our 'Fats for the Rats' 'til this bloomin' war is over.'"

So there you have it, boys. You see, they can't get along with, and they can't get along without you!

Grace Taylor Watson is the mother of a son, born in Greenfield, Mass.

Orlando Holland is now a lieutenant in the Army Air Corps.

Dick Cunningham is entering the Army on July 14 and Arthur Broadhurst joined the Seabees on July 9. A joint stag was held for them at the Riverside A. C. John Romasco had charge of the affair and from all reports it was the best stag that had been held for many a year.

Lieut. Elizabeth Spence of the WAAC has been on recruiting duty in town. She has a booth set up in the Post Office and is waiting for the rush to the service. She sure can recommend this branch of the service.



## Sports Column

(By Harold Case  
Pseudo Bill Cunningham)

Hi Fellows:

If I am going to write under a pseudonym using Bill Cunningham's name I'll have to change the content of the column. The past month or more he has been getting away from sports and delving into the problems on the home front. I guess he hasn't too much in the way of the sports to write about. He seems to love a good old fashioned feud and he has been getting into some corks with prominent figures in Washington and around Boston. I will leave that stuff to him and stick to safer subjects. This crawling out on a limb and then having it sawed off isn't so hot. Remember I told you he did that when he said B. C. could take Georgia any time and then B. C. proceeded to get the pants beaten off them by Holy Cross?

The big leagues are going merrily along with neither the Cards nor the Yanks too far in front for any kind of coasting. The Yanks had a nightmare the other day when the Cleveland Indians, scoreless up to the fourth, sent sixteen men to bat and with ten hits, three walks and an error push over twelve runs to win 12-0. The Yanks got three singles, two by one player. Anyone got a saw handy? I don't think the Yanks are going to be in the money this year. It's rather early yet but I just have a hunch they are going to get knocked off the American League throne before the series are played.

The four minute mile is still safe so far. Hagg, (his name has been spelled Haegg and Hagg — does that have a familiar ring to it? — but this time I am using the latest newspaper spelling) has beaten Greg Rice and Gil Dodds decisively. A fellow countryman of his, Arne Anderson, came very close to 4 minutes the first of this month when he clipped two seconds of Hagg's time, posting 4:02.6. There is some difference in this time and the time set by an Englishman in 1884 when he was clocked in 4:18.4. I don't suppose that the human race is growing to be supermen but better tracks, running shoes, and certainly more intelligent training and diets have done a lot to keep athletes lowering records, which when set, seem impossible to be lowered any more.

I am listening to the day's baseball scores right now and the Braves took both ends of a double header at the expense of Pittsburgh. Pittsburgh had a tough game in Boston a couple of days ago. C'est la guerre. Transportation being what it is, held the Pitt team up and they came on the field a half-hour before game time and didn't get in any pre-game fielding and batting practice. That's the story going around to support their loss of the game—no warm-up.

Right about here is where the "I see by the papers" department begins. Did you know that the Quartermasters' Corps has bought hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of all sorts of sports equipment? Thousands of baseballs, bats, gloves are being stored away, some being specifically tagged for use in a red hot ball game in the biggest stadium in Berlin.

I understand that the tickets have been printed and will go on sale as soon as possible. You fellows get in for free. I don't imagine I will be able to go but will somebody send in the box score? Other sports equipment bought included footballs, basketballs, soccer balls, lacrosse rackets and even spears for underwater fishing. Mike Marker and I have been fishing twice and both times I have missed a bass THIS BIG and if I don't get him next time I am going to see about getting hold of a spear. Did I hear Sally Jones laughing?

Speaking of sports equipment, has any one got one of those jiggers that an umpire uses to tally the balls and strikes? If you have one that you would spare, send it C.O.D. immediately to Gussie Winchell Lorenz. Her baby porkers zipped around from one pen to another so fast that she has to have considerable help in counting them—even police aid.

Last month Gussie was in training and now another member of the staff is going into training. The hard way too. Austie Lynch has rigged up an outdoor gymnasium in his yard which he states is for the children but I have it on good authority that Austie is going to use it regularly every day. I offered to help him learn how to do flyaways, etc., from the flying rings but he thought I had an ulterior purpose up my sleeve and not just personal interest. He is right. I had it all figured out that if Austie could do all that fancy stuff I could get rich quick by selling tickets to a neighborhood circus starring Austin Lynch, the Druggist on the Square. What a golden opportunity.

While I am at it I might as well finish the job of riding Austie. This is really too good to keep. He has a very neat idea. I was in the store last night and a pretty girl came in and ordered a box of ice cream. Austie filled a ten cent box and handed it to the girl and asked, "Do you want a spoon?" The girl fooled him and said, "No—I'll pay the ten cents for the ice cream."

After doing this to the Square Druggist I'll think I'll blow town for a few days. So long.

## Fish Stories

(By "Sally" Jones)

Here is fish story No. 1. You boys all know Bob McKee, the fellow who can talk fishing better than he can fish. Well his wife bought him a new fly rod for his birthday. Mac prized the rod very much so thought he would try it up at the Northbridge Brook. Things went well until Mac heard a noise away from the brook. Now perhaps you boys don't know it but Mac is a regular Daniel Boone when he is fishing or hunting so he thought he would see what was going on. So he laid the rod down carefully and went where he had heard the noise. After a while he returned to where he left the rod, but sad as it may seem he could not find where he had laid it down. He looked until he had to use matches to find his way out but could not find it. Now they say that Mac is in the dog house. Here is an idea, Mac, why didn't you take the old Fox Hound out

the next morning. Perhaps he could have hunted the rod down.

Received a letter from Archie J. who is deep in the Heart of Texas. J. things are very quiet at the old boat house. Weeds and blackberry briars are growing around the old place.

Heard that George Bonoyer is taking lessons in horse back riding over there. You will have to train down quite a bit George if you want to ride the ponies at Suffolk Downs.

I met Walter Oolovgian, better known as "Dillinger", the other day. He was looking swell with Sarge Stripes on his sleeve. Walter had a swell record in World War No. 1, and it begins to look as if he was doing even better in No. 2.

Harry Kazarian has finished his study period at Williamstown and will start flying in Virginia. "Kazar" was the prize jitterbug of his barracks. I wonder if he jitterbugged to his own whistling. He says its a great day when NEWS FROM HOME arrives. He received the June issue at a time he was supposed to study. He dropped everything and the next thing he knew he was two hours late with his studies.

I have a letter from John "Gunga" Bodoian, he has taken over that good old southern accent.

Armond Cournoyer from C Street has just received his Aerial Gunners Wings at Fort Meyers, Fla. The school at Fort Meyers is the third school that Armond has graduated from.

## The Pictures in This Issue

1. Nice huh?
2. This is one of the modern ways of travel in Whitinsville now.
3. What'll you have on 'em?  
I hear that Art Litke is having "Tick" trouble.

It is very nice to report that Mr. Harry Mitchell has been made General Superintendent of the W. M. W. and that Harry Lees has been made Supervisor of certain jobs in the shop. Congratulations to both of you.

