

NEWS FROM HOME

Volume 1 — No. 8

WHITINSVILLE, MASS.

June 1943

Ramblings of a Pill Roller

BY "AUSTIE" LYNCH

Service men, the time has come for me to write my "Editorial". Needless to say, I am glad to be able to write to you all through the medium of NEWS FROM HOME. Those of us associated with this paper consider ourselves fortunate to be favored by our presence on the staff. I have no definite theme, as you will quickly notice, but you men will remember me as a pill roller, and not as a newspaper correspondent.

Your little town is still the same, insofar as material appearances are concerned. It has, however, changed considerably in its "Status Quo". By that I mean the War has made many changes in the individual and the families. Everyone is overworked, but there is little complaining. Rationing of food and various items has made many articles more plentiful. The children still have ample ice cream. Candy and gum can always be found at some store in town. The only people that complain are those we might consider "newly rich", and they are a very small minority. There is no need for any boy in the services to be concerned about his folks back home as far as privations are concerned, because there is plenty of everything here for all.

At this writing, Winston Churchill and our President are planning more action against the Axis. This is their third meeting, and as you men will remember, the first was known as "The Atlantic Charter"; the second was the "White House Conference" at Casa Blanca. It is a surprising fact that out of the Atlantic Charter came a revelation to the American people. Both of these famous men drafted the four freedoms. I, personally, believed that the Atlantic Charter couldn't hold water, because they forgot the most important freedom—the "Freedom of Religion". Such an oversight could raise havoc here at home, not to mention the effect on other countries of the world. I mention this as a warning to you service men to be always vigilant of the cause that carries you onto foreign soil. Of course, the error has been rectified, and we, as Americans, can now truthfully say "Live the American Way". We Americans sometimes believe ourselves to be inspirational for other nations,—if this be true, we have a lot of

housecleaning to do at home. We cannot convert the world to our way of living unless we teach and not force our way into their daily lives. We simply have to practice what we preach.

This present World War has taught me the blessing of living in a country so far from the turmoil of Europe that we cannot become contaminated with their "isms". The Creator has placed distances too great for the hordes of mad men from across both oceans to reach us without our knowing it. Our war factories are running day and night without being molested. Our children are free to play in the way in which they have been accustomed. We have and always will have pacifists, but what we need more is the fist on the end of that word pacifist. In every war there are those boys who are left at home. I mean boys who, through no fault of their own, are not suited for service. Many of them have tried to enlist in the Red Cross Ambulance Corps, only to be turned down for some defect. When you men come home on leave and you see some of these boys, remember that they are the unfortunate ones that had to stay at home.

Guadalcanal Veteran Honored

(By "Cookie" Barnes)

Sgt. Leroy Drinkwater, U.S.M.C., a well known Whitinsville boy, who has returned from far-off Guadalcanal, had a very high honor bestowed upon him recently.

Sgt. Drinkwater, as you all know, was one of our first boys to enlist in the Armed Forces of the country. He selected the Marines, and after his ups and downs in training, he finally found himself in a landing party at Guadalcanal, which was, after all, what he had been working for.

After several months on the island in which he saw all of the action, Roy was sent home as a casualty. Both of Roy's legs needed treatment, so he was sent to a California hospital, where an operation put him in first class condition once again. After a long period of convalescence, Roy arrived back in Whitinsville sometime in March. After a furlough at home, which was especially appreciated by his fiancée, Roy was assigned to duty at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Shortly afterward, he married this very pretty girl from New York,—and who could blame him? Now he is an active Marine once more.

And now for the thrill that comes once in a lifetime. Called before one of his superior officers, Sgt. Drinkwater was told that the officer had to pick a Marine for a very special duty, and had chosen our Sergeant. Ha! Whitinsville again!! Orders were to get cleaned up, polished up and quick, and to be ready for immediate duty. Rushed in a government car to the barber and then to the tailor, Roy soon looked ready for a ball. Dressed up with a forty-five for sidearms, the Sergeant was rushed to the docks and into a boat for a ride up the river and out into the ocean. By this time, the Sergeant was getting pretty confused as to what was going to happen to him. He was surrounded by Government and F.B.I. men, soldiers and sailors, all heavily armed. Asking an F.B.I. man what was in the wind, the reply was "You know just as much about it as I do. Make up your mind, however, that it is something big."

At last in open water, there was a big boat of ocean going calibre. Our home town boy was rushed aboard to receive his orders. "You will report to stateroom No. so and so. Then you will report to Winston Churchill to be his orderly while he is in New York."

Was there ever a prouder Marine? Well, I guess not! His parents, his wife and all Whitinsville are proud of this boy who had such a splendid opportunity. Keep up the good work, Roy, and good luck from all of us at home.

Acknowledging Letters

(By Lawrence Keeler)

I will not dwell on the war news, but the attack on Attu and the bombings in Europe look pretty good to me. Now for the letters from you fellows and gals.

Cpl. Harold Guyette, 312th Stat. Hosp., Camp Rucker, Ala., has just gotten himself married. Well, well! Ain't love grand! The girl is an Alabamian. I wish I would fall in love. Ah, me!

Claude Bolduc, Q.M. 3/c Brks. 5, U.S.N. A.S., Atlantic City, N. J., certainly travels around, his last address was Florida. It looks like he is coming North for the Summer. Did the Navy think of that, Claude?

Carol Long, LaGarde Gen. Hosp., New Orleans, La., writes that she is doing physical therapy work down there. What's that, Carol, bones?

Pvt. Pete Prymak is in the 249th Stat. Hosp., Camp Phillips, Kansas. Pete, how about some news from you?

P.F.C. Alex Lavallee, Co. B, Maint. Bn., 14th A.D., APO 446, Camp Chaffee, Ark.,

The Pictures

Guess who?

Memorial Day Exercises.

Sunday A. M. at the Corner Drug Store.

NEWS FROM HOME

Issued Monthly

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City, Okla. He is in the Instrument Specialist teaching end. Pvt. Arthur Warren, 22nd Air Depot Gop. 97th Repair Sqd., is at Tinker Field O.C.A.D., Oklahoma City, Okla. Why don't you two get together and find one of those WAVES. We have no record of any WAVE from here being out there.

Virginia Phipps has been promoted to Chief Nurse, Lt. (J.G.). Congratulations, Virginia. Her address is U. S. Navy Sec. Base, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Mike Johnson's address is Sig. Corps, A.P.O. 868, New York, N.Y. He says "There are plenty of girls here, but to tell you the truth, I prefer my girls white, so I'll just wait 'til I get home, and then girls, watch out!" Does he really mean it?

Cpl. Abe Asadoorian, 3rd Serv. Sqd., A.A.F. Serv. Cent., Leesburg, Fla. Abe says after the war he never wants to see another glider, or an alligator, rattlesnake, cottonmouth, water moccasin or coral snake. Boy, I'll keep away from that neck of the woods!

Pvt. Gerry Oppewall, 31075384, Co. H, 3rd Bn., 126th O.M.B.S. Regt., A.P.O. 460, P. M. Los Angeles, Calif., is in Pamona. He writes that he had a "Coke" with "Red" Skelton, Rita Johnson and Jack Benny. Well, at least they are at the Night Club.

Cpl. Ovila Courteau, 31082292, Hqs. & H.Q.C.D. Staying Area, S.O.S., A.P.O. 883, P.M. New York, N. Y., is in India. He says it is very hot. He was quite shocked with the poverty there.

Cpl. Camille Barnabe is in Hq. Btry., 223 A.A.A., S.F. Bn., Fort Brady, Mich. Did you notice that he has been made a Corporal? Nice work.

P.f.c. Nick Jegarian, 352 Bomb Sqd., A.P.O. 520, New York, N. Y., sends his regards to all the boys. I don't know where Nick is.

Ens. Laurence Fuller, U.S.S. P.C. 623 Fleet, P.O. New York, N. Y., is having himself a time. Jack Fuller and a friend met Laurence in Florida, and from what I gather they had quite a blowout. I wish I had been there, too.

Merrill Keith, C.M. 2/c, 90th Batt., Co. B, Plat. 5, Camp Peary, Va., is a See Bee. Quote—"We are all tired of the dust or mud, heat or cold of Va. and are anxious to find out if we can build a reputation equal to the See Bees that have gone before us." Sure you will, Merrill.

Here's a guy from Uxbridge, Pvt. Einar Holt, Hq. Btry. 398th A.A.A.R. A W. Bn. (Sp), Camp Edwards, Mass. He says he enjoys reading about all the different fellows that have written to me, and also says "It was surprising how many fellows are in service that I didn't know about."

Pvt. Del Tremblay, 31715007 Co. E, 118th Inf., A.P.O. 612, P.M. New York, N. Y., is from Oxford and worked in the W.M.W. He writes "We have good clean beds, a good bath house to keep the 'cooties' away." Thank goodness, Del for the bath house.

Pvt. Henry Martin is in the C.A. Brks. 434, 7th Q.M. & N.G. Regt., Camp Lee, Va. Thanks for your letter, Henry. Kind of hot down there, isn't it?

Pvt. Maurice Henderson 32304253 Hq. Co., 3rd Bn., 145th Inf., A.P.O. 37, P.M. San Francisco, Cal., is on a Southwest Pacific Island. Maurice, tell Charles Sohigian to keep that spinach on his chin so we can see it when he comes home.

Pvt. Bernard Lemieux, Co. F, 126th Inf., A.P.O. 32, San Francisco, Cal., is in the Southwest Pacific somewhere. He received February's NEWS FROM HOME May 4th. Not bad, eh?

Cadet Harry Osterman, U.S.N.R., Room 116, Essex Hall, Navy Pre-Flight School, Georgia University, Athens, Ga. Harry has been selected for a Torpedo Bombing Sqd., and he thinks he will see plenty of action. Boy, and how!

Cpl. Edmund Okemiewski, 31067643 Co. E, 116th Inf., A.P.O. 29, P.M. New York, N. Y., is in England. I've heard your name, "Oakie", but I've never met you.

Cpl. Steve Yerka, Co. B, 643 T.D. Bn., A.P.O. 439, P.M. Los Angeles, Cal., is in the Laguna Desert, Ariz. Boy, it is hot out there—135°, sandstorms, no rain, and the soldiers are allowed only one canteen of water per day.

"Sammy" Adams, M.M. 2/c, is at Naval Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I. (Yardcraft). He wants to know if the boys in the "Silver Rhythm Club" orchestra have a chair waiting for him as a trumpet player when the war is over. If they haven't, he says, they had better start running.

P.f.c. Aime Henault, Hq. & Hq. Sqd., 38th Air Depot Grp., A.P.O. 528, P.M. New York, N. Y., is in North Africa. His home is in Linwood.

T/Sgt. Evans Bedigian, 31078702 Co. A, 61st Q.M. Bn., A.P.O. 3660, P.M. New York, N. Y., is also in North Africa. He got a big kick out of the pictures in the last issue, and also chuckled about the smoking ban being lifted in the shop. He remembers sneaking down to the foundry for a smoke now and then.

Pvt. "Teddy" Gozych, 31097684, Co. E, 344th Engr. Regt. (GS), A.P.O. 700, P.M. New York, N. Y., is enjoying Army life. He, also, is in North Africa.

Pvt. Harry Agnesian, 408 Basic Trng. Grp., Sqd. 2, Flight G, A.A.F., T.T.C. 4, is in Miami Beach, Fla. He worked for Mr. Benner at the W.M.W.

P.f.c. Ray Badagian, 31082562, 54th Serv. Sqd., A.P.O. 627, P.M. New York, N. Y., is in China. Nish Oolovgian and Ray are the only two fellows that I know of who are in China. He says that he is gaining weight, but from what I know about Chinese food, I doubt it—rice, rice, and MORE RICE.

Well, here is the last, but not least, for this time.

Brig. Gen. Crane, Allied Force Hdq., A.P.O. 512, New York, N. Y., is in North Africa. He writes: "As you can imagine, we of the Allied Forces in North Africa are feeling better these days than we were two or three months ago. It is a good feeling to know that you have the upper hand at last and that the end of a hard campaign is in sight. Our people have learned a lot and done some fine work, so you can be proud of them." I think so, too.

Larry.

says to thank all concerned that make this paper possible. Thanks for the compliment, Alex.

Don Duquette, G.M. 1/c, is in the Fleet Air Wing, Seven Hdq. Sqd. Fleet, P.O. New York, N. Y. Don is managing a boxing team which he claims is the best team afloat. Want a fight? I don't.

Sgt. Joe Baskowski, 31004854, 57th Sig. Bn., Co. B, APO 306, P.M. New York, N. Y., is in Africa somewhere. He writes that they are very well equipped with anything from a deck of cards to chess, baseball, horseshoes, etc. Anybody wants his ears boxed—we've got the gloves. Uncle Sam sure takes good care of his boys.

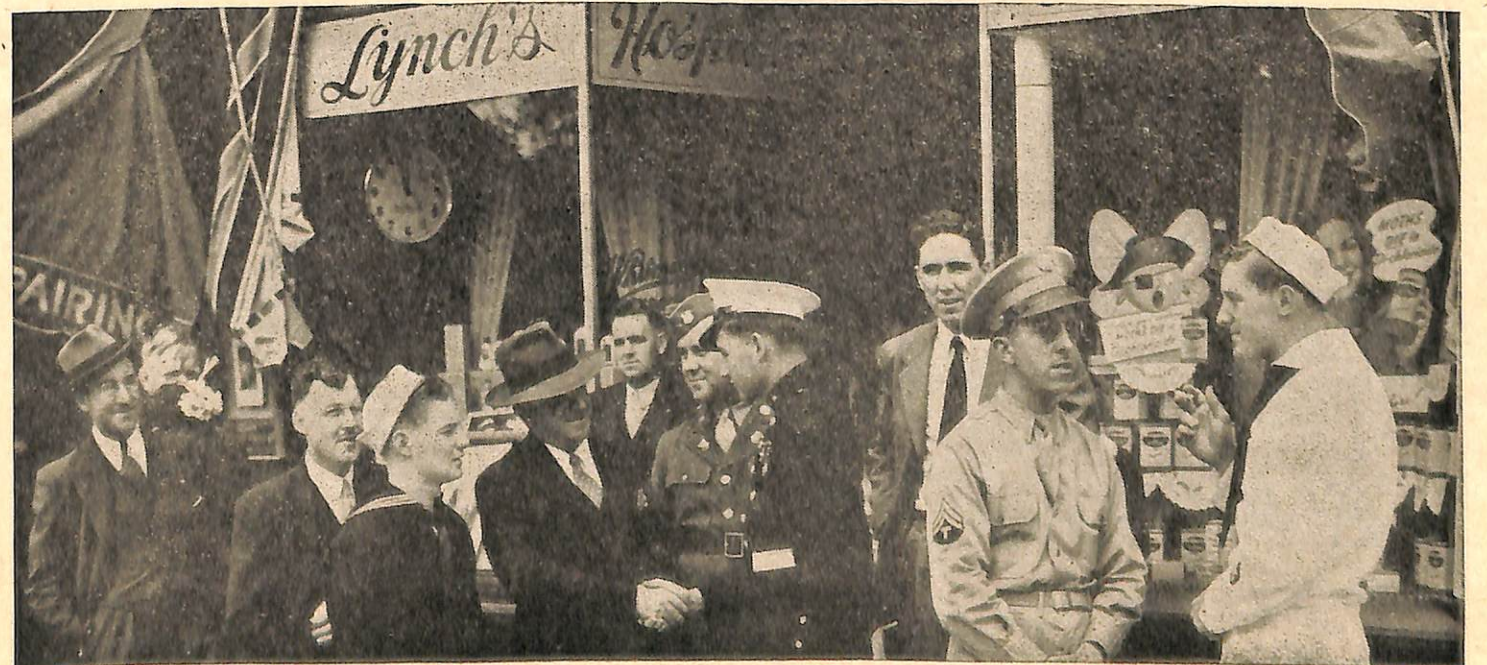
Pvt. George Ferry, 31079080, Hq. Det., 1st Bn., 128th Ord. M.S. & Regt. A, APO 700, New York, N. Y., is in North Africa. He says "Sure would like to be sitting in on some of the 'Sunset League' games." Sorry, George, but there are no games this year.

George Thompson, U.S.S. St. Louis, 1st Div. Fleet, P.O. San Francisco, Cal., has been on his ship for three and one-half years. Boy, that is something! George is a Gunner's Mate 2/c.

P.f.c. Gordon Thompson, 8th T.S.S. Brks. 280, Chanute Field, Ill., is in the Army Air Force. I gather that you were a pattern maker in the shop, Gordon. Am I right?

Madolyn Bassett, Y 3/c, is living at Room G-119, Waves Quarters B, West Potomac Park, Washington, D. C. Don't rush, boys! I'll bet the President "Waves" his hand at Madolyn. Oh my gosh, ain't I a card!

Cpl. Kenneth Daubney, 674th Bomb Sqdn., is at Will Rogers Field, Oklahoma



Riverdale News

(By Earle Barclay)

During the past month we have had a sort of home-coming week. All of the boys who have been in this part of the States and nearby Atlantic seem to have been able to make us a call.

Emil Merchant has been advanced to the rank of Staff Sergeant. Together with his little, but big, Boy Scout brother, they led father and mother a merry chase in and about the big city of New York, and thence back to Linwood, where, after spending several days, the boys returned to their respective camps.

Earl Blair made the port of Riverdale for a few days call, and thence on to his new station in Oklahoma.

Oliver and Lawrence Ashton both came in with a fair wind, and like the other boys who have seen parts of Europe and Africa, found the place deserted in the daytime, emphasis on daytime. They kept the household on the dog watch.

Ray Gauthier, who has been commuting between the American ports and the Mediterranean, is spending ten days with us.

Dick Hayward reports to his family that he hasn't been able to go to town for a couple of weekends because he hasn't found a tailor who can sew his P.F.C. stripes on exactly right, and, of course, he can't go until he gets them on properly.

Leo Boulanger, in a letter reports that "all the ladies of England round came down to London town and shouted about the castle wall to hell with the British Crown" when they found Leo had usurped the throne. We appreciate the time out for the letter.

Arthur Gauthier reported in by letter and is quite proud of the fact that he is a finished interpreter for the American Expeditionary crowd and the free French. His father thinks his French is quite free.

Jimmy Blair felt like a thousandaire when, after a very pleasant yacht ride to North Africa, he was able to go ashore with more than three grand and then some (francs).

Emil Bisson had a few days leave which he spent mostly in the Capital of North-bridge, except for a short visit to his friends in the mill.

Ray Douville, now a Sergeant in this man's Army, is home on a short leave, and feels that he was so out of touch with the proper places that his big brother Eddie is taking his vacation at this time in order to chaperone his visitor.

Now back to the home front. Newton was caught planting in his Victory Garden by flashlight. Red Perron works his garden by night only. During the last weekend we had sunshine, which has been somewhat unusual, and Billie Feddema without a shirt looks very much like one of Gloucester's boiled lobsters.

Everybody in the six-family tenement has something to augment their rations. If it isn't a garden, it's chickens, and if it isn't chickens, it's pigs, but they are kept at a safe distance.

Very shortly there will be an end to Eden's weekends in New York, as the weekend will be in Riverdale, and again we would like to know, which end of the week is the weak end?

Whispers Column

(By Augusta Winchell Lorenz)

I am slowly going "whacky"—or maybe I should say "whackier". The pigs are overdue, the chickens ain't so hot, the garden's full of bugs of all kinds and description, and a d— woodchuck ate my cabbages, broccolli and cauliflower for the second time. I dig, I weed, I build and clean pig pens, and I want to say now that a farmer could charge triple his prices and I would not kick.

Enough of me and my farming experiences. I think I'll throw a few bouquets—Take that man Mr. Magill of the printing office and his assistant, Mr. Metcalf. They should get medals for their patience with this newspaper staff. In fact, the other day Mr. Magill said to me "When do you want the paper, yesterday?" You see, I'm always rushing him.

The Pythians of America ought to get a rousing cheer. That organization gave enough money for 11 field ambulances to the government.

Mrs. John W. Lasell is doing a grand job, I hear. And by the way, young "Johnnie" is back from school and is going to work at "Castle Hill" this Summer. Swell guy, Johnnie. As long as I'm on the Lasell family, let's give a great big hand to Elizabeth Lasell. Boys, she's got her hands full and is doing a nifty job of it. She is in charge of the Sectors, etc. To all the women of Whitinsville, I take off my hat.

The high school kids are doing all right, too. Working very hard. In fact, I haven't anything bad to say about anyone. Too bad—it always makes for better reading when you can say something "bitey" now and then. Maybe someone will make me mad next month. So long.

"Shavings" from the Pattern Shop

(By Patrick A. McGovern)

I had the honor and very great pleasure of meeting recently one of our home town boys, now an officer of high rank in the Navy—Lieutenant Commander Francis ("Champ") Blouin. If you think back you will remember "Champ" as a star athlete and he still looks as if he could toss the basketball easily through the hoop.

During the course of the evening as we sat around the fireplace at Dr. Bouvier's farm, he talked about his school days here with "Luke" Driscoll and the doctor.

It struck me that the simplest little things of life brought the biggest smiles to their faces. First it was about where they could pick the most blueberries—then about a trip to Maine in a "borrowed" automobile which had the happy faculty of needing gas and oil very frequently while their funds kept sinking. I wasn't here in those days, so I thoroughly enjoyed their tales.

The Lieutenant Commander scarcely mentioned the "big" things he had accomplished in the last fourteen years—four of them at Annapolis and the rest in the service of his country. Every trend of thought was toward Whitinsville and the things he did here.

He told us NEWS FROM HOME has meant a closer contact with Whitinsville than he has had since he went away. He eagerly looks forward to each issue, he says, and is terribly interested in "Gussie's" pigs.

He is now with the Navy Communications in Washington and as I sat enjoying the pleasant evening I thought it was very well spent—listening to a man who has gone so far and yet can humble himself to talk of the small things of life and get such a laugh out of them.

It's really getting to the point now boys, that if a fellow pulls out a piece of cake from his Mayo's tobacco lunch box, that the little wife packs so carefully for an "energy pick-up" in the shop, he is hopped on like an old-time horse thief—if it has frosting, you're taken over the hurdles on this particular phase of patriotism. If you happen to drive your old jalopy down to get a prescription filled at the corner drug store or maybe to the delicatessen store to try and scrape up a few cold cuts and potato salad, your next door neighbor looks at you as if he never saw you before and you feel like a skunk at a lawn party.

Edgar McCarthy, S2/c of the Coast Guard, came in to visit us last week. We were both in the same First Aid class a couple of years ago. He looked like a "fair sex dream" in his whites. He formerly worked in the shipping department. His home is in Manchaug.

"Jamie" Kane, who carried the shop mail, is doing all right for himself in the Army. He is Pvt. 1st/c now. He sent a picture home which reminded me of the old-time ballad "Down Beneath the Sheltering Palms My Honey Waits for Me." If "Jamie" lives up to his Dad's record in World War I he'll have plenty to write home about.

Rockdale News

(By Gerry Gaudette)

If it were only possible to write this column and hoe potatoes at the same time I would then be doing both of the things I had planned to do this evening. However, I just couldn't figure how I could do both, so guess the potatoes will have to wait. We amateur farmers are having a real time with our Victory Gardens. It seems to be the prevailing topic of conversation and to stand back and watch a couple of people talk, you'd think they were using sign language as they describe the size, shape, and contents of their garden. I have no idea what the harvest is going to amount to, but if it is comparable with the labor involved the recent food conference will turn out to be an unnecessary gesture.

During the past month we have had the rainiest weather I ever remember. I don't believe we had a 24-hour period in which it did not rain and during not a few days it rained the entire 24 hours. No floods or

severe damage in this section, but just a lot of rain. The weather has now cleared away and beautiful spring is apparently here.

During the past month a few of the boys were able to get home for a few days or so. John Beauregard was home from New Jersey to visit wife and family. John had first opportunity to see his new-born son. Also home just in time for arrival of his daughter was Pete Roberts, all the way from Arizona.

Binney Blette home for a weekend and leg is O.K. now.

Naval Air Cadet Charles (Chic) Adams was home from Emmitsburg, Md., for a few days and reported back to Chapel Hill for advanced flight training. Incidentally, Chic's brother Ray reported for induction last week.

Raymond (Speed) Millette was home from Ohio and on his return took and passed the examination for Pilot and now starts his schooling. Good luck, "Speed".

Cpl. Paul Lavallee was home from Camp Hood, Texas, for a few days—a special treat for me—and now has reported back to his Tank Destroyer outfit.

Had a very pleasant visit the other day when Coast Guardsman Herbert Ferris dropped into my office for a chat. Herbie has been on patrol and convoy work in the North Atlantic and when he left me I had a new and profound respect for his particular branch of the Service.

During the past month the letters have piled in and would like to acknowledge some of them.

A "V" mail from Alfred Laferiere, who is in North Africa and reports that so far he likes it over there. Also a "V" mail from Johnnie Potaskie, who is somewhere in England, reporting he is hot on the trail of Jesse Laperiere, whom he hopes to find through the Red Cross. Hope you find him, Johnnie, and will remember what you told me.

Also from Cpl. Lorenzo Noel from out California way, reporting everything O.K. and from Albert Laflash, AMM 2/c, that he is still in Memphis and is on the receiving end of this paper.

Again from North Africa a card from Emile Aussant acknowledging his copy of the paper.

From Jimmy Spratt in Chicago, a note informing me that he graduates shortly from Radio School and after that he says he knows not but hopes he can go on to gunnery school. If you wish it, Jimmy, so do we.

Charlie Lawrence, who is in the Medical Corps out in Tacoma, Wash., writes he is well and likes his work very much.

Got a nice letter from Gerald Lauzier from Camp Stoneman, Cal., who reports he had opportunity of seeing several Rockdale boys as they came into his camp before jumping off. Will see that corrected addresses you have given me will get on the mailing list.

Also from Emile Tessier word he has been transferred to Fort Pierce, Fla., and except for the sand flies and mosquitoes likes that part of country very much.

Emilien Beland from New Orleans dropped me a line telling about his new life and admits it is not too bad, especially as long as they have their baseball games. He's still in there pitching and apparently not doing too badly.

Was very pleased to hear from my friend Dan Noble, who has been transferred to Lemoore, Calif., where he is going through his second period of flying training. Dan would like to have any Rockdale boys from that section look him up. He is in class 431, squadron No. 5. Keep up the good work, Danny, and let me hear from you again.

So long for this month.

Remember When —

Buddy Oliver, Louie Gilroy, Dick Garabedian, Hickey Healey, Mack McCool, Arch McCabe, Bunny Howard, Floyd Gudanowski, Pukker Kane, Fred Tattersall, Jack Ratcliffe, Mickey McKinley and Johnny Fitzgerald cavorted around Vail Field and made a name for Clark's Independents in baseball circles around Worcester County.

By the way, talking to Mr. Clark Memorial Day, he informed me that at present, he was writing to forty-six of the boys in the service. Quite an undertaking for any man!

In other years, the shop baseball league would be functioning in full blossom three nights a week. Vail Field is a forlorn looking spot these days.

Lynch's "corner" would be well populated from six any night to an indefinite hour. Last Sunday night, there were only Buck Belanger, Louie Gilroy, Jack Trinnier and myself, chewing the fat and watching general humanity (very little of it) go by.

Heard Archie McCabe was coming home after being away about 30 months. It's about time the Olivers, Buddy and Harold, were coming home. They've been kicked from goal post to band box for close to three years now.

Received word that Roy Bohn had an experience in Panama. While flying a P-40, coming in from patrol, his landing gear stuck. He called the field and was told by his C.O. to bring the plane in—not to bail out. When he hit the field there was a big assembly of fire trucks, ambulances, etc., but much to everyone's surprise, Roy walked away from his wheels up, crash landing.

When Joe Hickey would stroll downtown with the inevitable cigar and Homberg hat.

Mrs. Schlums tells me Anna is all enthused over the WAVES. She's stationed in New York.

Saw Peg Basset of the WAVES and Rita Rice of the WAACS—looking real nice in their respective uniforms.

Now that "Chooey" Lucier is pitching for the Red Sox, do you remember the time he pitched against Johnny Goriczynski for the County Championship? That was the day I pinch-hit and struck out—as usual.

Until next month we're all trying to remember what a potato looks like.

Jim Duggan.

News From Home Meeting

(By Scoop Kennedy)

The best part of our paper is getting it ready for press. Books could be written on the meetings, because everything will happen sooner or later. To give you an idea of what goes on, I'll take a typical meeting and try to show you, step by step.

8:00 P.M. Starting time—everyone on deck and ready to go.

8:05 Editors rattling papers and general preparation going on.

8:20 Hot foot by Earle Barclay.

8:33 Lawrence Keeler tries to get meeting to order. Am a bit drowsy.

8:39 "Sally" Jones starts a story and "Jerry" Gaudette edits the Rockdale News. Awful drowsy.

8:48 Everyone tells "Jerry" it's good—"Cooky" Barnes now asleep.

8:51 Harold Baszner reports Linwood is still wondering what happened to Hoover. "Pat" McGovern signals to "Gussie" that Baszner has swiped some of his news.

8:56 Six people claim the item about "Susie" Glutenheimer's engagement for their own column.

8:59 "Sally" goes on and on about the "big one".

9:13 "Gussie" reports pigs are overdue and Tom Marshall blushes.

9:19 "Cookie" and "Ray" Barlow arguing about the day Schuster took his team off the field.

9:21 "Mike" Marker and "Casey" arrive.

9:27 Gertrude McGovern reports for the society editors. All men now betting on the Dodgers.

9:52 Dozed off, I guess.

9:53 Earle Barclay doing card tricks while "Casey" reads sport column.

9:59 Lawrence tries to get order.

10:12 John L. Lewis seems to have come up for discussion. Can't understand it.

10:19 "Sally" still trying to land one. Seems to be in a nervous sweat.

10:20 "Austie" sure picks up the news.

10:25 All news items edited. Well, all the items we can print. There ought to be another edition anyhow.

10:26 "Cookie" wants to have a party. Is promptly sat on.

10:32 "Gussie" announces refreshments and three people get stuck in the door in the rush.

10:33 Happy smiles after a nice lunch. I think John L. Lewis is coming up again.

10:38 He's up. Lawrence thumps the table. I am wide awake now. Swell fight.

10:39 Harold Baszner still wants to know what happened to Hoover. Someone please tell him.

10:42 "Sally" finishes his story and everyone is relieved—but he starts another one about the last trip to Boston to get a pint of blood.

10:53 "Austie" suggests that we go home. Everyone tired out after a hard evening. All agree.

11:29 "Tillie" Marker pulls "Mike" away from the story-telling group.

11:35 Everyone gone. Am mad because I didn't get a chance to read my column.

... It seems quite a mess, but we are proud of what we send out to you each month.

A Letter from the "Night Owl"

(By James H. Jones)

Hello, Charlie:

Received your letter appreciating the NEWS. Glad you enjoyed the excerpts from the Screw Job.

Now Charlie, you don't mean to say you regretted the early training you received from Pat and Jake—it doesn't seem possible that they failed in the rudiments of the "Broom Stick Drill". They sure are martinets in that "Art"—you ought to know, for you swept up a good deal of flooring for the jokes you pulled on them. I noticed that you developed quite a physique (please don't read it "physic") in the training and it ought to keep you up on your toes for the guard duty that you like (Oh, yeah!).

Well, let us get down to a little "news" for you. If you will remember, we had a gentleman by the name of "Nick Honyenga" on the job. Now "Nick" has got quite a fever on for "Photography", he attends regularly the sessions they have at the "Camera Club", and from some of his prints he has shown to me, he is doing all right for himself. I enjoyed seeing him taking some pictures of the "School Children" during the exercises for Memorial Day inside the fence that surrounds Memorial Hall. There he stood with his camera to his face, squinting through the view finder, while the teacher put the children into place. Sure, the picture turned out fine. Now if any of the boys on the job wants their picture taken to send to you, that will be O.K. by me.

Another pal of yours, P.f.c. Dave Buma, has been transferred to Tennessee. The story is "He travelled by Jeep". Now, Dave has been quoted as saying "The Whitin Machine Ice Truck is a feather bed compared with the 'Army Jeep'"—and this is how it came about. Dave was riding along in the "Jeep" in great style one day—the driver being in a "slow driving mood", when for no apparent reason he suddenly put on the gas, and that "Jeep" went over the road in leaps and bounds. Unfortunately, on one of those leaps, the "Jeep" stubbed its toe on a large boulder and Dave left his seat very quickly and headed straight out for parts unknown. Now the "Sergeant" in charge didn't like to see Dave desert this way, so for the honor of the Squad, he took his life in his left hand and grabbed hold of Dave's belt with the other, and went along with him. They sailed through the air with the greatest of ease and landed with a beautiful three-point landing within easy reach of the rescue squad. For a minute it looked like a practice parachute jump,—but you know Dave is not air minded. "Now, I'm not going to take any responsibility for this story, so like the movies say, "Any reference, etc., is purely fictitious".

I hear P.f.c. Ernest Lawson is way up in the wilds of Alaska. Let's all give him a big hand for the fine fellow he is.

Rudy Gniadek has just been drafted and of all things, he put him in the Navy! He ought to make a swell sailor. His rating is A.S.

Chester McQuilken was called at the same time as Rudy, and Chester was put

in the "C.B." (See Bees). Now how in the deuce they expect to make a "First Class Fireman" out of him, I don't know. They are going to have to reduce him considerably before he can crawl into a firebox so as to clean out the flues. Or maybe that C.B. means "Chester's Big"—I wouldn't know.

Time is getting short, and I have to go to work, so for the last piece of "news". You know Fred Goyette, who worked on the job with you? Well, a miracle has occurred. He is recovering from the shock that he had a year ago. Fred was on the job the other week and he looks fine and says the doctor told him "that if he keeps on improving the way that he is, he will let him go to work in about six months". Swell, isn't it?

So the "Night Owl" will have to sign off until the next issue.

Society Column

(By the Society Editors)

Did you know that

—Dan Cupid is quite busy?

—Miss Harriette Parmenter of the Junior High faculty and Ralph Howard of the Senior-Junior High will be married in July?

—Dorothy O'Neil and S1/C Ignatius J. Tomczischia were married May 22nd?

—Audrey Noble and Frank Bloem will be married June 16th?

—Mary Sutcliffe and Albert Ames will be married this month?

—Pauline Brown of High Street and Anna Schlums of Leland Road have joined the WAVES?

—Dr. Harold V. Williams and Dr. John J. Bouvier have bought farms in East Douglas?

—Ray Mills, Chief of Police Cullen, and Jimmie Mullaney have been trying to shoot a woodchuck for weeks in Victory Garden defense?

—Oliver Chute bicycled somewhere on Memorial Day and was last seen pushing the bike—he on the hoof, upon the new road—on the hill near the Millbury line?

—Albert West, Alvan Dillaber, Sidney Buma and Hakka Wallace have all joined the Air Corps?

—Mr. and Mrs. Herman Buma had a family party for Sidney and gave him a furlough bag?

—Northbridge High School will have its 76th Commencement on June 11th?

—For the first time in the history of the school boys in the armed service will receive diplomas?

—These boys are Louis Bertone, William Boyd, Edward Fournier, Joseph Osifchok, Jr., Norman Remillard, Irving Pichette, Charles Simmons and Malcolm Whitten?

—Two students will return from a half year at college to get their diplomas?

—These students are James Cassidy and Marjorie Fleming?

—Barbara Duple was graduated from Oberlin College and Marilyn Flagg from Marjorie Webster Junior College?

—Pvt. and Mrs. William Campbell have a new daughter?

—That everyone in W.M.W. is getting a week's pay bonus?

Clicking the Maples

(By Tom Marshall)

The bowling leagues in town have all finished up their season, yet there is still quite a bit of activity going on. You can still hear the sound of the ball rolling down the alley and the crash of the maples, or the ping of a chop, as you walk by the alleys on Church Street. Friday and Saturday nights are the big nights on the alleys.

The prizes for the highest three-string total for the men and highest single for the women given each week by the different alleys is an inducement for the better bowlers in town to shoot at. Jim Marshall and Norman Spratt are pretty evenly divided in winning it on the Pythian Alleys. There is generally a total on the board someone has set up at the beginning of the week but unless it is a good one, it doesn't stay very long. Eva Barnes has been getting high single-string prizes quite regularly on Seropian's Alleys this season.

The Shop League had their banquet at the Whitinsville Golf Club House last month, where a good feed was enjoyed along with the talks by E. K. Swift and F. E. Banfield, Jr. Henry Crawford was the master of ceremonies. Although the Bolster Job won the cup, the Card Job team members sure cleaned up on prize money. They were bobbing up and down all night collecting. After the banquet five teams were made up from the individual averages for a sweepstakes roll-off for the excess money in the treasury. The team made up of Norman Spratt, Henry Kooistra, Emile LaClaire, Red Kortecamp, and Richard Sanderson, Sr., were the winners. Bill Hall was away off his usual form and hit around 237 in the sweepstakes. For myself, well, I hit 62 the first string and not too much higher in the next two.

The Grange Bowling League finished their season three weeks ago. It is a small league, made up of four teams, Red, Gold, Blue, and Orange. The Red team won the first half and the Gold the second half. The roll-off was won by the Red team. These teams were made up of a number of new bowlers, and though they didn't hit many high strings they had a lot of fun. The Red team members are Eva Barnes, Capt.; Claude Rogers, George Williams, Doris Stimpson, Bob Stewart, and Frank Bosma, who is now in the Armed Forces.

On the blackboard at Seropian's Alleys I noticed that Eva Barnes holds the all-time high single for women—124. Also that Clarence Sampson, who manages the Alleys—an all-time high of 382.

Well, I can see where Dutton Alden is going to be real mad if I don't mention the Spare Time Alleys, but I'll save the news of the leagues there for next month.

Linwood News from Home

(By J. Harold Baszner, Sub. Editor)

Let me at this time thank everyone for their grand co-operation in the success of this paper. Really it warms the cockles of my heart to receive such wonderful letters from the boys in service. In the past month I received more cards and letters than at any time since this paper has been printed. It's certainly wonderful of all of you, and I want you to know how much I appreciate it. The people here at home are all doing a fine job in assisting us gather news items and the latest addresses of the boys and girls serving their country. The following to you fellows, wherever you are: The letters and cards you send to me are red and re-read. Please write me every opportunity you get, because your letters are most interesting and want to hear from all of you.

Mrs. Diana Briere and Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Letourneau spent the weekend in New York with Private Briere.

Lawrence Bowers of the Army Signal Corps, stationed in Boston, spent the weekend with his wife and daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Plante have received word from their son, Edmund, now stationed with the Army Air Forces in Africa, that he has been promoted to Sergeant.

Donato Vincent has been promoted to First Lieutenant at Boston.

Pvt. Cajetan R. Vermette of the Army Air Forces has returned to Greenville, S. C., after spending a furlough with his parents.

Mrs. Henry Miller has returned from spending the past month with her husband, Pvt. Miller of Ocala, Fla., and Camp Shelby, Miss.

Some of you sportsmen from Linwood and others who knew him will be interested to know that your friend and mine, Earl S. Liberty of School Street has accepted a position as accountant with the Mohawk Cotton Mills, Utica, N. Y. We're going to miss Earl quite a bit, for no one was more active or had so many friends as he did. We all wish Earl the best of good luck in his new position. We all think that the Mohawk Cotton Mills has made a fine choice. It wasn't long ago when Earl used to throw that baseball across the plate and I used to try and catch it in that big mitt, when the batters broke their backs going after his hook. Hope he visits us once in a while, for we hate to lose him so suddenly from our midst.

Mr. and Mrs. Felix Courteau have received word from their son, Ovila J. Courteau, now in Africa, that he has been promoted to Corporal.

Pvt. Ralph H. Fantini, stationed at Camp Maxey, Tex., is on furlough at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Varieur.

A farewell party was held for William Brouillette at Belval's Cafe, prior to his induction into the Army at Fort Devens May 6th.

The following group left for induction on May 6th: Paul E. Guertin, Henry

Houle, Arthur Pulin and Hector Courte-manche.

Bernard C. Conlee has enlisted in the Navy and left May 5th for Naval Training Station in Sampson, N. Y.

Pvt. Ovila Lafamme has returned to Arizona after a furlough with his sister.

The following is of special note, for we have one more family to add to our list of those having five sons or more in the service. Mr. and Mrs. Onesine Pouliot of Maple Court have five sons in the service as follows: Pvt. Alfred, stationed in Yuma, Ariz., Pvt. Emory at Nantasket, Pvt. Donat at Portland, Me., and Pvt. Rene at Westover Field, and last but not least, George, who enlisted in the Navy and has reported for assignment. I think everyone in Linwood should be proud of this fine record. We all at this time send our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Onesine Pouliot. May the hand of Providence guide them through everything to a triumphant return.

The following men reported for induction May 28th: Dores Dion, Leo and Wilfred Courteau, Herman DeHass, Richard St. Andre, Joseph Carrier, Robert Pouliot, and Robert Pouliot, Jr., of Union St.

Pvt. Raoul Poulin of Fort Williams, Me., is on furlough with his wife and daughter.

Donat Pouliot, stationed at Portland, Me., is on furlough at the home of his parents.

Staff Sgt. Emile Merchant, stationed at Camp Barkley, Texas, is on a 15-day furlough with his parents.

Walter Merchant has returned to Camp Hancock, N. J., after spending several days with his parents. They were very fortunate in having both boys home at the same time, and we're all very happy for them. No doubt this was a special treat for them.

P.F.C. Joseph Letourneau, stationed at Los Angeles, Calif., is at the home of his parents.

P.F.C. Raymond Marshall of Atlanta, Ga., is on furlough with his parents.

Second Lieut. Louis E. Gregoire, Bombardier, has returned to Deming, N. M., after spending a furlough with his folks. I was hoping to see Louis, but he was so busy with his relatives and school chums we weren't able to make connections. Well, here's hoping I have better luck next time. By the way, Louis, if you get a chance, please drop me a line.

P.F.C. Philius Remillard has returned to Camp McCall, S. C., after a furlough of a few days with his parents. I had a nice chat with him Memorial Day and I was more than impressed at his sincerity and that feeling he leaves with a person that he is only one of a large group of men that can do nothing without every man's co-operation. He certainly is the example of the true American Army boy. Keep 'em moving, Philius.

Mrs. Vera Huddleston has returned from spending the past several months with her husband, Lieut. Col. Rowland O. Huddleston, stationed at Fort Bliss, Tex.

I received a splendid letter from one of my dear friends, Eddie Gorman, this past

week. For his friends' information, Eddie is on very important work and he tells me that he likes it very much. He is somewhere in the Pacific, and for his information we have a good idea where he is. He of course didn't tell us because he can't do it, but his friends have tried to dope it out and I believe have been successful. Of course the Pacific is a big place, and we could be wrong. No matter, he likes it and is very proud of what he's doing. So, good luck, Eddie. It was wonderful of you to write and I'm going to answer your letter as soon as possible. Keep 'em flying, Eddie.

My cousin, Pfc. Raymond Peloquin, sent a letter to me from across the water. I was happy to hear from him, for it has been a long time since I've seen or talked with him. I'm going to quote a few lines from his letter so that all of you can appreciate what he had to say as much as I did. Quote: "I received \$2.50 from the Northbridge Service Men's Fund Committee and with it was a note at the end of which read: 'This is in appreciation for the hardship and sacrifice you are undergoing'. Well, all I can say to that is, It is not a sacrifice or hardship to serve one's country, but an honor to do what little we can to perhaps make this a better world to live in for you, yours, mine and myself." Unquote. If anyone can say it any finer or with more simplicity than the few words above, I would like to hear it. So now I'll send this message to you, Raymond. For any of us to read your few lines without feeling a great big lump right in their throat, well that person is not human. We can never imagine what you and the rest like you, are going through. We want you to know we're all behind you, and yet those words seem so futile, our actions so trifling that sometimes we feel so abashed when we meet you because you are all doing so much. Oh, we know that you men have to have the machines working back home, and the men to do the paper work and all the manual and mental labor it takes to keep such a splendid fighting force on all fronts going, but we can't help it if when we see you, and all the men in the uniforms of the Army, Navy, Marines and Air Corps, we get that feeling down inside that you're doing more than we will ever be able to do because you're where the actual fighting is taking place and the victories won. All in all, we're so proud of each and every one of you that there is never a day goes by that we don't ask God to bless and guide all of you so that soon we may be all together in happiness and everlasting peace again in the eyes of God and man.

So until next month let me say, "Congratulations to all the United Nations on their grand victory in Africa. Your teamwork and co-operation is the talk of the nations. The handwriting on the wall is becoming plainer to the near-sighted Hitler. May he soon trip over it and knock out his front teeth, if you know what I mean. I'm sure you do." Good luck, all!

FOR DEFENSE



Sports Column

(By Harold Case
Pseudo Bill Cunningham)

The referee says time is in, so here we go again on this and that. Did I write in a previous column that Holy Cross would not field a baseball team this year? If I did it was an error, because at the last moment the powers that be up on the mount decided to play two games just to keep alive the sixty-seven years of the sport at the college. The games were played with Boston College and Coach Barry turned up some surprisingly good ball players among the recruits. The games ended with H. C. on the long end of the 7-4 and 11-0 scores. The first game was played on Pitton Field and the other at Boston.

Here's an interesting baseball item. As of May 17th the American League is represented in the various services by 154 players, with Detroit and Chicago topping the list with 25 players each. Fifty-seven of the total are pitchers but there won't be a lot of .400 hitters, as among the remaining ninety-seven are Joe and Dom DiMaggio, Williams, Reiser, Mize, Young, Henrich and Slaughter. These eight batters poled out 144 homers last season.

Dick Garabedian came in for a few moments and reports that his base has a red-hot ball club and are going to take on a few of the nearby service teams. One of the games will be played at Yale against the West Point Cadets. Dick says that one of the players used to play in the Southern Pacific League and can really toss 'em in. Dick, by the way, no longer holds down the hot corner but has switched to second.

I don't know whether any of you fellows ever heard of Gunnar Haegg or not. He holds seven world's records from 1500 to 5000 meters and has just arrived from Sweden. He will compete in a number of track meets between now and September for the benefit of the Army Air Force Aid Society. When asked the inevitable question about the Four-Minute Mile he said he felt that he didn't have the equipment to make a four minute mile. Haegg, however, holds the record at present, having lowered the time to 4:04:6 less than a year ago. Right now he looks like the best prospect around to lower that if anyone does.

I am being seriously interrupted while typing this column. Soup Gilroy and Dick Garabedian are in the office and riding me about my second-hand stuff. I have been checking Haegg's time out of today's *Telegram* and they accuse me of swiping all my stuff from the papers. How true, how true. Jim Duggan is also in here rapping out a column on another typewriter. Gilroy, after watching Jim bat the keys for a minute told him he ought to sign his name "Speedball" Duggan. Dick favors Bob Considine or Whitney Martin for a by-line. Soup says he is going to write a letter and tell all you fellows how we are trying to beat the deadline every issue and wondering where in the h— we are going to get anything to write about.

I have been saving this item as the "piece de resistance" and have crossed my fingers in the hope that Gussie Winchell will not see it before it hits the presses. Did you know that she has been in very serious training for track and cross-country? It all started unintentionally on her

part but one afternoon she had to chase a pig all over Worcester County before the porker would cooperate and get back into the pen. You would have split your sides to hear her tell about it. She came into the gym in a gorgeous lather and started to berate the ancestors of that pig all the way back to the tenth generation. If she had gotten her hands on the pig's throat I believe the pig would have died of strangulation. Can't say as I blame her, after scrambling through briars, muck, over and under fences, and in and around the old mulberry bush. All I can say to Gussie is, that the pig ought to taste awfully good after all the training they both went through.

Just to finish up this column I would like to ask a question. I saw in the paper the other day that the Quartermaster Corps bought several thousand pairs of dice and when reporters inquired what they were for the answer was that the Army boys loved to play parchesi. Is that the new name for an old Army game? If it isn't, I will award fur-lined bath tubs to each and every one of you who can write in, giving me the rules as to how to play a good fast game of parchesi. So long, Gang.

News Picked Up At "Austies"

We have had so much rain at home lately that our shoes no longer say "Squeak, squeak". The new tune is "Quack, quack."

Harold O'Connell, stationed at Asbury Park, N. J., will be operated on this month for a hernia. Thus Harold will have a beautiful scar to show his grandchildren, of the battle of Asbury Park.

You boys that knew our globe trotter, Chupper Veau now holds the rank of Tech. Corporal. The Chupper expects a Sergeant's rating at the conclusion of his furlough. I asked the Chupper how long it took him to hitch-hike home and he told me in strong language that he came home by rail and as he said, I paid my own freight.

Roland St. Andre, U.S.N., who enlisted before Pearl Harbor, wishes to be remembered to his buddies. I think Roland has chosen the Navy for his life's work.

Dick Gonynor, one of our boys present at Pearl Harbor, is now in the thick of the fight again at North Africa. Dick received a smashed ankle in the Pacific and lost no time getting back into the fight when he got well. Dick met Charlie Harrington from Hill St. out there. Small world, isn't it?

A friend of mine from a neighboring town was recently rejected at Devens. He asked the doctors what was wrong with

him and they gave him seven different ailments to which he answered, "Will you please call the undertaker to come after me?"

The location for the Service Men's Honor Roll has been well chosen. The town officials have granted the use of a site directly opposite the bank. It will be between the two large elms to balance the landscaping. Plans are completed for a beautiful flagstone walk, with shrubs and evergreens to set the board in excellent surroundings.

It was just two months ago that Lt. Ann McCabe enlisted in the Army Nursing Corps and now she is on her way overseas. Ann will be a blessing to the boys who need attention because she sure radiates sunshine.

Charles Gibber Burke of Pine Street has been stationed in Oran and very recently has been sent into the African scene.

Master Sgt. Thurston Brown is still going up. At present he is on his way to officers training school out at Mississippi State College. I hope you make it, Thurston.

Fish Stories

(By "Sally" Jones)

Not much fishing this month. Everyone is working a garden, so there is no time for fishing. I must admit that I am slipping when I let a ham fisherman like "Larry" Keeler trim me. We went fishing last week and he beat me 21 to 15. He also caught the largest fish and "Gussie" was a poor third. Just wait until the next.

Received a letter from Stuart Hay. "Red" is in North Africa and he likes NEWS FROM HOME very much. Good luck, "Red", and we will have a rabbit hunt when you come back.

Joseph Gamelin is home from the Navy on leave. "Joe" is one of the old "Wharf Rat Gang". Has not been home for three years, and was at Pearl Harbor when the Japs hit. He is on his ninth year in the Navy and has a swell record.

You boys read "Pat McGovern's" article about the zipper on a certain pair of pants. Well, the pants had another accident. The owner, who happens to be Past Commander of the Jeffry Vail Post, A. L., Wilfred Whitney, started downstreet one noon on a borrowed bicycle to buy some shaving cream. Everything went fine until he met Tom Dorsey's little black dog. The dog took a look at "Whit" and decided his leg would make good gnawing, so he started right in. "Whit" fell off the bicycle and started to kick at the little dog, who, in turn, got his tooth caught in "Whit's" pant leg, making a big rip in it. It is about time you got a new pair of pants, "Whit"; and don't blame the dog, because "meat" is very scarce.

