PRESIDENT'S PERSONAL FILE

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Gifts C
Mar.-Apr. 1944

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March 1, 1944

My dear Mr. Curtis:

Thank you, in the President's behalf, for your courtesy in sending him a copy of the booklet "HEY, MAC!". He appreciates your kind thought and I have pleasure in conveying his good wishes to you.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

Arthur Curtis, Esq.,
Box 421,
Athens,
Georgia.

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SAILORS' SPECIAL EDITION

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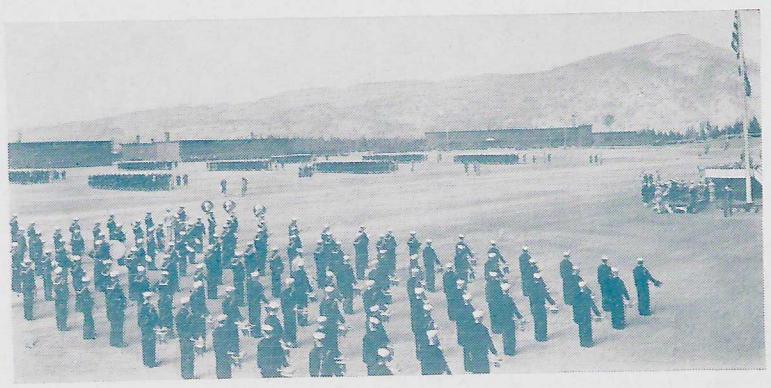
"Hey, Mac!"

A Story of Boot Training in the U. S. Navy



This is a view of the command review given at Farragut Naval Idaho Training station, largest in the West, during visit of Rear Admiral Randall Jacobs, USN, chief of the Bureau of Personnel.
OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO.

By ARTHUR CURTIS
Ex-Apprentice Seaman, U. S. Navy
and
SAM FOX
Chief Specialist, U. S. Navy

"THE GRINDER"



Each of the six camps at Farragut Idaho Naval Training station has a mammoth drill hall like the one shown above.
OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO.

To Franklin Delano Roosevelt, President of the United States
our most illustrious alumnus
with best wishes, Admiration, and Respect
from Arthur Curtis
class of '43

"Hey, Mac!"

Boot 421
Athens, Ga.

A Story of Boot Training
in the U. S. Navy

DEDICATION

This book's for Recruit Company 269
(A helluva bunch, but it was mine);
And for our commander, a real Fox
Who eased us over many knocks;
And for any other happy nut
Who's run the course at Farragut;
For every gob who gets his gravy
In Uncle Sam's amphibious Navy;
And also for the U. S. A.,
For which we fight each single day.

A. S. C.

By ARTHUR CURTIS
Ex-Apprentice Seaman, U. S. Navy
and
SAM FOX
Chief Specialist, U. S. Navy

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INDUCTION

"You men will have a choice to make as to the branch of the service in which you will serve in this war—Army, Navy, or Marines! Only one man in four in this room, at a maximum, can go to the Navy, under the present law. And the Navy does not accept all who apply. Only those who come up to the standards set by the Navy will be taken."

A ripple of murmurs ran through the room.

"I want the Navy," said one man to the man beside him, "so I can take that machinist's course they have. How about you, Mate?"

"I want to get into the aviation corps, and do weather work. The Army is bigger . . . "

" . . . But not better," interpolated the first speaker, "There's a lot of opportunity in the Navy."

"That Commando force in the Marines sure looks good to me," a burly youngster of seventeen was saying, 'I got Pop's consent last week, and Mom went along, so here I am. I won't be eighteen until next month, but look's there." He flexed a huge bicep. "I gotta buddy training at the Farragut, Idaho, Naval Training Station, under a Chief named Sam White, who was an All-American football player."

"Whadda' you gonna' do mate?"

"Aw, I don't care. I'm still mad at my draft board," griped back an answer.

The men were all seated on benches in a huge room in a reception center awaiting final induction. A sailor came out and announced that the final physical examination would begin immediately.

"Line up in single file, men, and march upstairs. You will get your final physical examination. If you pass, you are in the service. Some of you will fail this examination. Come down and see me immediately after you have this news. Now everybody line up, strip from the waist up, and march upstairs. Don't get out of line. You will be checked by about fifteen doctors each. Remember that these men do nothing but check men, and they know their business. If any of you have any complaints afterwards, please see me then."

The men did as directed. A single line wormed its may through the fourteen reception rooms in which the various parts of the physical examination were given.

"Any broken bones?"

"Ever have a hernia?"

"Ever had a venereal disease?"

"Sit down and read all the letters on that chart with your left eye."

"Numbers 11, 13, and 21. Have those molars taken care of when you get to camp, fellow."

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen, sir."

"How long did you go to school?"

"I finished high school last week, sir."

"Have any trouble there? What do you want to do?"

"No sir, I did not have any trouble. I stood fourth in my class. I want to go into aviation."

"See your selection officer after you are inducted. Any insanity in your family? Ever had a nervous breakdown?"

"No, sir."

"All right. Move on to the next room. Next man! Now, let's see, your name is Brown? Your papers say you went to Harvard College. Is that right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hmmm." A ten-second pause, then, "What do you think of Yale? That's all right, don't answer. Ever had any insanity in the family?"

The line was working its way around through the battery of rooms, numbered one to fourteen in big black or red letters on cardboard cards, to the selection benches.

"You want to join up with the Navy, eh? How old are you?"

'One week to nineteen, sir. Graduated High School last fall, and worked as a printer's apprentice until last week, when I was drafted. I would like to do printing for the Navy."

"Even been in jail?"

"No sir."

"Ever had venereal disease?"

"No sir."

"Do you owe any money?"

"Ten dollars due on my saxaphone. I play in a band."

"Married or single?"

"Single until next August."

"Your medical report says you're all right. The Navy accepts you. You will be sent to U. S. Naval Training Station, Farragut, Idaho, for Boot Training, and at the completion of your training, if you qualify, to a trade school or other school for specialized training. If you do not qualify for further training, you will probably be given leave and then assigned to sea duty. If you are certain you wish the Navy, hold up your right hand and be sworn in."

The oath of allegience was administered.

"All right, come back after dinner, and complete your papers. Then you will have a seven day leave (if you wish to take it) to clean up your affairs. Next week at this time you will be on the train for

Boot Camp. Have a good meal, mate, and here's a meal ticket to eat with. Be back here after lunch."

"Thank you, sir." The recruit Boot-to-be walked down the stairs and out the door. He passed the Griper, who was saying,

"The Sawbones turned me down; he says I have a distemperate disposition and high blood pressure. What's the matter here, anyway? Say, let me into this; who wants to be a civvy any more, anyway?" There's a war going on!"

EN ROUTE

The long train sputtered its way through the Rockies, and Nature unrolled her many marvels in this stupendous gallery of exquisite art.

"Look at that one. It's got snow on it 'way at the top. I'll bet that snow is there all the year round."

"Did you see that herd of antelope early this morning? They certainly did run when they saw the train."

"How long before we get to the diner again? I'm hungry, and those dollar train meals are certainly good. We won't be in Farragut until tomorrow morning."

"These Pullman coaches certainly are nice. I slept like a log last night. Two nights on the train! Boy, this Idaho certainly is far enough away from old Iowa."

"This is a big country, Mac."

"It sure is, and I'm at one end and my gal is at the other. I wonder if Idaho is anything like New York City, at all? I changed induction centers and went in at Chicago."

"Idaho is like New York City in one way mainly; they are both inside of the U.S.A."

"Pipe down, wise guy."

"All right boys, one more round of "Annie Laurie," and then we will all go to dinner."

A porter was coming through the train, and paused on the platform of this coach to answer a question.

"Ah knows yo' is hungry, suh. De Service comes fust, den de rest ob' de train. De boys in dis' train comes fust, suh, dey is goin' to whip de pants offn' Hitlah, Mussoloney, and Herohito!"

* * * *

"Quiet, men! In thirty minutes you will all be in Farragut, to begin your training. You might want to know something about what you can expect."

The car became quiet, and the transportation specialist, whose job it was to cart men from induction centers to the camp, continued.

"You will hear a lot of rumors about what is going to happen to you. Most of it is just plain scuttlebutt, so forget it. You do get shots in the arms, but only as medical prevention. One of those shots may save your life. There is no such thing as a square needle six inches long which is shot into the fleshy portions of your hind seat.

"Now, every one of you has a name of his own now, but in fifteen minutes that will stop. For the next several weeks, everybody here is going to be called 'Mac.'

"You men are going to wash your own clothes, make your own beds, and clean your own bathrooms. You will be under the toughest training period in the Navy. But everybody who tries will come through it O. K. And most of you will weigh twenty pounds more, and be feeling better than you ever felt before in your lives.

"Now if you have any personal belongings, get ready to mail them home. The Navy gives you everything you need. And when you are spoken to here, don't answer 'O. K.' The correct form of address to a superior is 'Yes, sir!'

"There is only one thing more you men need to know about being happy in training. That is the gem of advice, a pearl of wisdom snatched from the ripe hands of old Mother Experience. In the Navy, men, if you want to get along, there are two rules to remember above all: Keep your mouth shut, men; and keep your bowels open! That's all!"

SAILOR, GET YOUR CLOTHES

"Line up over there, men."

The men filed out of the huge busses which carried them from the depot to their point of final induction. The huge room into which they filed was soon filled. A sailor began a spiel about personal belongings, repeating in detail what had been told on the train.

"After you pass through your medical exam you will get your clothes and then your present garments and possessions will be sent home for you. The Navy gives you everything you need, men, except a safety razor, and beginning next month the recruits will get that.

"Now file into that room, strip to the waist, take off your shoes, and go through those doors for your physical.

"You men are going to get your shots today. Yeah, your first shots. Every sailor here has taken them, mate, and it's your turn now. Don't be surprised if you don't feel them. Our shot-givers are artists. We've

had many disappointed customers who expected to be hurt and weren't. Fall in, men, through that door."

"The same exam we got in Denver, we get over. That's to make sure that no flukes get by the local draft boards, that's all. One or two get through in every hundred men, I hear, and then they catch them here. Well, here goes my shirt, so let's go!"

"Is that the needles up there, Joe? Oooh. Go ahead, you're next, get your arms swabbed, then take one in each arm. It doesn't seem to hurt much, does it? Look, that guy didn't even know he was stuck."

The line filed by and came to the clothing outfitting in due time. This mass-production organization fitted a man out from head to toe in ten minutes.

"Step up; and that's all. No, that's all, you're fitted! Next! Move, mate, we got your size all right."

"Open the bag, and throw these shoes in after you try them on."

"Try this jumper on, and then take it off. Put it in your bag and move on. Next!"

"What sa' matter, mate, hat too small? Try this'n."

"This is your Pea Coat, mate. Put 'er on."

The line led back to the reception center receiving room, and now all the men were lined up in Navy clothes.

"All right, men," said a tiny sailor with a booming voice, "pipe down! I'm going to teach you how to fix your clothes for stamping your name on every garment. Now your clothes are all in that mattress cover. Lay the mattress cover on the deck and lay your clothes on it. All of you! The deck, mate, is what you used to call the floor. Put 'em on the deck!"

BARRACKS 4A13

The hundred and twenty recruits, flush with color over their new uniforms, piled out of the bus and entered the wooden barracks. Up the stairs they went, and found beds—upper and lowers.

Each man was laden with a long white bag about five feet long, containing all his clothes and personal belongings.

"Hey, Mac, help me get this stuff into my sea bag. The barracks bag goes under the mattress."

"Hey, Mac, does anybody know what time we go to sleep? There's a sign up there outside that says lights out at 2100. What time is 2100?"

"Hey, Mac, what time is 2100?"

This question rippled through the room from one end to the other.

"2100 is nine o'clock," said someone, "and it's five of nine now."

"Wow! Hey, Mac, help me put the stuff in my sea bag will you?"

"Lights out!"

"Hey! Turn 'em on!" A chorus of voices took up the call.

"Pipe down!"

The voices ceased.

"In the Navy, once the lights are turned off, they are not turned on, except in case of emergency," said the temporary guard, opening the door so that the beam of entering light showed him swinging his club.

The room was quiet for a moment, then after the door closed a tremor of nervous prattle went out over the darkened room.

"Well, Mac, we're in the Navy now."

"I wouldn't say this bunk is better than my own at home."

"Hey, Mac, you're not at home now; there's a war going on. You're in the Navy now. This bunk is plenty snug."

"PIPE DOWN!" from the temporary guard.

"Aw, sign off."

"WHO SAID THAT? THE NEXT GUY WHO PIPES UP CLEANS THE HEAD UNTIL 2400!"

The room was quiet instantly. One by one the men began dropping off to sleep, and the sounds of their slumber belabored the ether.

"Haw-haw-haw-haw-pfffooo . . . ," snored one.

"Pfftt-pfftt-pfftt . . . "

"Chooee-WAHHH . . Chooee-WAHHH . . Chooee-WAHHH . "

"FSSS-OOhhh . . FSSS-OOhhh . . FSS-OOhhh."

"Bzzzz-Ooeeeee . . Bzzzzz-Ooeeeee . . . "

The lights went on suddenly.

"HEY, WHO LIVES IN THIS PIGSTY! HIT THE DECK! C'MON, HIT THE DECK!"

"Hit the deck! C'mon, Mac, Battalion Guard is here and says we've got to clean up this place right away. There's a goldbraid on the rounds tonight. C'mon, Mac. Out of bed!"

"Hey, Mac, out of bed. Hit the deck."

"Hey, guard, this guy won't get out of bed."

"He won't, eh?" The guard walked over to a fire bucket and picked it up, half full of water.

"WHO won't get out of bed?"

Splash!

"Hey, who the H-- do you think you are?"

"Who the H-- do you think YOU are!?! C'mon, Mac, out of bed. Hit the deck! You clean all the commodes in the Head. On the double, or it'll be all the latrines, too."

THE GRINDER

"Hit the deck! Reveille, men, rise and shine!"

"Hey, what time is it, anyway?"

"It's 0530."

"They certainly don't wait for the chickens to come out around here."

"Hit the deck!"

"Hey, get the water!"

"Get the waa-tter!" laughed a chorus of voices.

"On with your clothes, men, and outside. Line up outside in single file, according to size. That means the big men in front."

A man in brown khaki uniform, with a ship's anchor on the front of his cap, was speaking. In short while they were all outside, with a Chief Specialist addressing them again.

"How many of you have served a hitch in the Navy before? How many have had some military experience? Step forward, and stand over here. The rest go back to your barracks on the double, and straighten out your sheets, then report out here at 0600."

He turned to the remaining men, and questioned each about his experience, then appointed officers and alternate officers.

"You're the Recruit Chief Petty Officer—C.P.O. is your title. Now, your title will be M.A.A. or Master at Arms. You are the Company Yeoman. Now you, C.P.O., you are my alter ego. When I am not here you run the company just as if you were I. You are the Master at Arms, and that means every spot on the deck must be clean enough to eat off of. Every bucket must be in place before and after using; every swab must be free of lint—a swab is a mop; no spots of any kind must be on the deck or any place else; if there is, then you may go before the Captain's Mast. And you over there, you're the yeoman. You keep records of everything, and see that everything that has to be done by the company is done on time. You're known as the Company Stooge."

He paused, and cleared his throat.

"Now, when anybody in the company addresses me, he says 'Sir.' That goes for every other officer in the camp, too. That's the first lesson you learn here.

"It's 0600. Line them up for marching. Two squads, ranks of four, according to size. Let's go! We've got a war to win!"

* * * *

"Forward—march!"

The line moved forward like a snake unraveling itself from a deep sleep.

"When I say march, I mean MARCH! Get some snap into it! Move your feet there, or you'll wish you had. C'mon, *left*, right, *left*, right, *left*, right, *left*. . . "

"Count for them, recruit C.P.O."

"Left, right, left, right, left, right, left. . . "

An advanced company passed them on the grinder, and their recruit C.P.O. was singing in rhythm, "HIP, right, HIP, right, HIP, right, HIP. . . "

The rookie took up the hint, and marched the men down the grinder under his new power.

"HIP, right, HIP, right, HIP, right, HIP–HIP, right, HIP, right, HIP, right, HIP. . . "

"Aabbooouuutt . . FACE!" shouted the regular C.P.O.

The company moved in all directions at once. Some looked each other in the eye, some tried to pass others, some marched off in one direction, some in another.

A string of words issued from the mouth of the C.P.O. which cannot be printed here.

"Back to your original places! Now you're all going to learn to do that command right now, if we all stay here and practice it until the war is over. Now: right foot six inches back of the left foot, then turn on the soles of your feet, and end up with your heels together and your toes facing out at a forty-five degree angle. . .

"Hey, you over there! You, yes, you! Fall out and come here. Now you stand right here, and stomp your left foot, saying, 'this is my left foot'; then stomp your right foot, saying 'this is my right foot'. Now do that for these boys fifty times on each foot. At ease, men, for the performance."

The performance was given, then the drill continued, with the following words:

"Tenshun! Now, let that be a lesson to all of you. The next man who shows he doesn't know his left from his right will be sent up in front of Battalion Headquarters to give a full hour's performance! Foorr-warrddt–MARCH!"

The company moved forward again, appearing from the side of the grinder like some huge centipede, and marched until morning chow.

"Line up over there and have chow, men, then form ranks and march back to the barracks to clean the place up. I want every man in his right place beginning and 1300 for afternoon drills. See you at 1300, men."

The men marched over to the mess hall. From all sides came voices

brimming with the sentiments of curiosity, or else carrying the prods of jibes.

"Hey, Mac, what company?"

"Hey, Mac, where ya' from?"

"Hey, Mac, anybody from Minnie-sotaa?"

"Barber bait! Barber bait!"

"You'll be sorry!"

"Hey, Mac, what's yer' company number?"

"Did you say you've got some from Missouri? Any from Jefferson City? What's his name, and what barracks are you in?"

Inside the mess hall was a big sign, which read, "Welcome to the Best Fed Navy in The World."

The line moved on, each man picking up his plate and coffee mug and soup bowl, and collecting his silver—a knife, a fork, and a spoon—and soon a distribution line of considerable respectability was reached. Half a dozen men on a 'ready, aim, fire' line put something on each man's tray as he passed, including a double order of coffee. The line wound out and found seats on the benches in the huge mess hall.

"Hey, this food is OooKkk! You certainly do get enough!"

"Hey, Mac, what's this stuff here?"

"Why it looks like rice."

"Yes, but it doesn't taste like rice."

"Put something on it, and see what that does. Here, I just put some salt on it. That makes it taste O. K."

"Wait, put some pepper on it. I just did that, and that makes it taste fine."

"Hey, Mac, it tastes O. K. with sugar, too!"

"Anybody figured out yet what it is?"

"Naw, it's good, that's all, so we're eating it."

* * *

"C'mon guys, fall out, and let's get the barracks cleaned up. A Goldbraid is going to inspect us today, sometime this morning. If we get back in time, we can have a morning smoke. Let's go."

* * *

"Boy, this was some day!"

"Let's hope this first day was the hardest one we'll have."

"Boy, does my bunk feel good. I wouldn't move for anything. If the Captain came by here now, I'd simply say, 'Captain, come back tomorrow. I'm too tired to salute you now.'"

"Gosh, I'll bet we marched ten miles today. There isn't a spot on that grinder I didn't cover."

"I'm too tired to undress before a little snooze. I'm too busy to see anyone, boys, if anyone should come."

A recruit came in with four letters in his hand.

"Pipe down men! Quiet! I'm mailman for the rest of you. I've four letters in my hand for all hundred–odd of you. . . "

A rush from the bunks followed which would have done credit to the Boston Cocoanut Grove fire or any other life-and-death stampede.

"Hey you guys, there are just four letters altogether. Let's see –they're all for the same guy."

"Aw, heck! Dunk him in the showers!" yelled someone in disgust. No such action was taken. The men dragged themselves off to bed, and soon the lights went off.

The same sonorous sounds began to penetrate the air as had penetrated the air the previous night, but this time with minor additions.

"Hip-right, hip-right, hip-right, hip . . . " said the platoon leader in his sleep.

"OH, God," said the Master at Arms muttering to himself, "It's still dirty, Mac! Some day when you say it's clean they're going to bring your food over here, and make you eat off that spot on the deck. Don't argue, Mac, use some elbow grease!"

"There aren't any files, or boxes, or clips, or anything. . . " said the yeoman over and over, tossing in his bed. . .

"Brown, sir, Brown is here, sir!" said another between snores.

A sailor-to-be in an end bunk was reciting a little poem in his sleep. . .

"A centipede was happy quite
Until a frog in fun
Said, "Pray, which leg goes after which?"
This wrought him up to such a pitch
He lay distracted in a ditch
Considering how to run. . . "

NAVY HAIRCUT

"Hit the deck! C'mon, hit the deck! We all get our hair cuts this morning."

"Saa-ay! I got a hair cut two days ago!"

"Well, you get another one now. A Navy cut. And you'll remember it the rest of your life."

The men lined up outside.

"Men, we all will be haircutted today at the barber shop in Ship's Service. Ship's Service is the name for recreation hall. It's over there about one hundred feet away. The haircut is part of our medical stuff. Now line up, march over, and four men get into the chairs. The rest wait in line. It takes exactly two minutes maximum to get the complete haircut, so all can be finished up before chow. 'Tenshun! Forward–march!"

The company marched up to the barbers, and four men sat down in the chairs.

"Haircut costs a dime, men. It goes into a fund for dependents of sailors. Get your ticket at the cashier's."

"Boy, look at that!"

"He just runs the clipper down the center of your head down to the scalp, then trims 'er off on both sides down through the bottom of what used to be a sideburn."

"Get up, Mac, you're all done. No, we don't have any mirrors here. We cut according to regulations. You're done, Mac; I know you just sat down. You're done; go back to your barracks and see whether you've got anything else to cut off, and if you want some more cut off, I'll pin a ribbon on you myself. NEXT!"

"Hey, is that you, Joe? Boy, what a difference that makes!"

"Gosh, I hope nobody sees me for a month!"

"Don't worry, Mac, nobody 'll see YOU for sometime. We're in detention for at least three weeks, until we get our shots and see whether we break out with something. Then, if we break out, we get quarantined, and nobobdy sees you for a week after that! And don't worry about that appearance. That's the way the Navy wants to see you, and just to prove it, we're all going and have our pictures taken for our I.D. cards! You wear the I.D. around your neck as long as you're in the Navy!"

CHIEF SPECIALIST SAM WHITE

"Hey, you guys, line up over there. C'mon, line up! You, you big stiff, take that cotton out of your ears, or I'll knock your block off. Now sit down on that grinder, I'm going to make a little speech. Yeh, sit down! On that hot grinder, yeh! Yeh, you lug, what kind of a guard duty do you have tonight, you? You don't have a guard? Well, you do now. You're on inside guard from 0200 to 0400 tonight; that's two a. m. to four a. m. Inside! If it were cold out I'd give you outside, but it's hot, so you take the inside guard. Any questions?

"Now, you guys are mine for eight weeks. You may be wondering who I am, yeh, who I am.

"Well, you'll find out soon enough.

"My name is White, yeh, White. But that's just my name, that's all. Yeh, some of you guys will be saying my name should be Black, because my heart is black, but that's nobody's business but my own. I've got a reputation in this camp for being a tough guy, yeh, a tough guy. Anybody who thinks that reputation is a phony, meet me in the gym at any time. That goes for you, you big lug over there! Yeh, you, you! Wanna' test my reputation? Well, keep quiet, then, I'm still making a speech.

"Now, I'm here to make sailors out of you. Looking you over, I think that as a whole you're a pretty likely-looking bunch. Ninety per cent of you are really going to know your stuff when you get out from under my heel. And the other ten per cent is going to wish you did know it.

"Anybody who sasses an officer or recruit officer is going to have his hat put in his mouth and wear it there for forty-eight hours. Anybody caught with dirty boots is going to wash the boots of every man in the company. Now, there is a rule here in this camp that all washing must be done by 2100, which is nine p. m. to civvies, but for a man caught with dirty boots, I personally will make an exception and let him stay up until every boot in the whole company is washed. If it takes all night, that's his business. And whenever that happens, I personally will come over the morning after and inspect every boot, and if one is dirty, he will wash them all again the next night. That's the way you learn ot keep boots clean in the Navy.

"Now some of you men may like to swear. Well, go ahead, if you want to. But any man I hear using profanity will never forget it. Now, for your first offense, I want an essay of 100 repeat sentences, saying, 'I do not use profanity in the Navy'. This essay is written on

head paper, and must be signed in your own name. For second offenses, 500 times on head paper. For third offenses, a public performance on the grinder, reading an essay of 1000 sentences at the top of your lungs. Now, does anybody here use profane language? . . . Good, I though nobody did.

"Now, what goes for boots, goes for towels and sheets and blankets. Keep your own clean and you won't have to wash everyone else's in the company.

"Now, you tough guys! Anybody caught picking on a littler guy answers to Sammy White, personally. He has a choice of taking on somebody from the camp boxing team his own weight, or taking on Sammy White. And for anybody who doesn't know it, Sammy White is advisory boxing and wrestling coach for this camp. You tough guys remember that.

"Now, you Goldbrickers! There are four or five of you in every company at the start of training. Yeah, four or five at the *start!* But there was never a Goldbricker who graduated from a class of Sammy White, and I'm making no exceptions for this company. In about a week, I'll know who lays down on the job, and boy, then you Goldbrickers better watch out! We'll have midnight marches, and special cleanup work, and permanent head duty. Anybody who excuses himself too many times to get out of marching by going to the head, will be made master of the latrines. He will stand and turn the water on and off every time there is business there, for three days. Anybody who runs over to sick bay every morning to get out of marching to colors will be kept on till the last week and then transferred to a buffer company to repeat the whole eight-week schedule.

"And that's just a taste of what you might get from Sammy White. Ninety per cent of you will think I'm one of the greatest guys who ever lived, and write me letters once a month, but I'm not interested in you guys. Right now I'm talking to the ten per cent who are going to look for me afterwards on dark street corners!

"Now just remember, men! Anybody who shoots square with Sammy White will get more than a square deal. But if you don't your body and soul better belong to God!"

SHOTS AGAIN

"Whew! Shots again! Every time we turn around we get some. This is our third set, isn't it?

"Yeah, we've got one more."

"Ouch! Hey guy, practice on somebody else!"

"Pipe down! You're the only one who's squawked,—and if you hadn't pulled your arm away just before I plugged the needle, you wouldn't have gotten that in the wrong place."

"Hope this one isn't as bad as that second typhoid. Boy, the reaction from that one really was something."

"Yeah, but that was the only one we felt. And that shot may save your life some day; whereas otherwise you might die from typhus."

"I'm not complaining."

"Oh, no. The same guys always do all of the griping."

"Move on, Mac, we've got lot's of sticking to do, and we don't stick some where they ought to be stuck, for their own good."

SCUTTLEBUT

"What's that hole they're digging over in front of Ship's Service?"

"If it were in any other part of the country, I'd say there was another filling station going up. That's always a fifty-fifty bet."

"The Chaplain is digging a hole down so he can tap the Devil on the head and end the war."

"Pipe, down, wise guy, The Chaplain is a great fellow. He's a regular guy."

KNOTS

"Men, one thing every man in the Navy has got to do is learn to tie knots. There are all kinds of knots, each with a special purpose."

A hush fell over the men crowded into the rigging loft at Regimental.

"Now this is a square knot. It's about the simplest knot in the Navy and the most useful. This left end is known as the Standing Part. This end on the right is called the Bitter End. Now, right end over left end and then the next step is left end over right. Now, the finished product is a square knot."

The instructor, a seaman second class, made a dramatic pause.

"Now I want every man here to tie that knot. Then I'll run over the other fifteen knots before the day is done."

Each of the recruits took the two ends of a rope in his hands and with determination set diligently to work.

SHIP'S SERVICE

"Undress Blues tonight, men! You all go to Ship's Service at 1830."

The C.P.O. was quiet a moment.

"Mr. White, how often do we get to go to Ship's Service?"

"Monday and Saturday while in Detention, the other five days after you get out."

"But that's only so long as you do everything all right. The last company I had went once to Ship's Service in the first four weeks."

A ripple of murmurs began to make themselves audible.

"No talking in ranks! 'Tenshun! Now I want everybody immaculate by 1830. Clean skivvy shirts, clean undress blues, clean boots, shoes shined, everybody shaved. Fall out, men, and return to your barracks. Be back from Ship's Service and in bed by 2030."

The rookies scattered like chicks running to be fed.

By 1830 a long line began filing out of the barracks, and into the several entrances of Ship's Service went members of Company 269.

"Company number, Mac? Let's see . . . yes, that's on the list. Detention company. Go ahead . . . company number, Mac? Let's see the name and number on the back of your jumper . . . "

The men filed by the guards and broke up into friendship groups of fours or fives. One group went on a sightseeing tour.

"Look, there's a bowling alley! About a dozen alleys, too."

"There's where we take our shoes once they get torn. Somebody said we march the soles right out of these new shoes in just three weeks."

"Say. Ice cream sundaes! I'll bet that line takes an hour to get through."

"Let's get in line and get some now."

"Naw, let's see what the rest of the place is like, then come right back."

"Say! Do you see what I see? Isn't that apple pie? And ain't them things hot dogs?"

"Boy, this is some place!"

"Hey, you guys, look, they sell about a bucket of milkshake at the other end of this long counter for a nickel! It's a big paper cup about twice as big as any glass you ever saw."

"And that's not all. Right across from the milkshake counter is a candy counter."

"Yeh, I see it. They've got a lot of doo-dads. Anchors and gold-embroidered stuff with "U.S. NAVY" on it. They've got shaving cream, and all kinds of current magazines selling at special service men's rates. "Reader's Digest" sells for fifteen cents."

"Say, what's that way over there?"

"Why, pool tables, and ping pong tables!"

"Boy!"

"Hey, there's a coca cola machine! I haven't had a coke since I left Des Moines."

"Hey, Mac, lookit that Movie Juke box. You just drop a dime in 'er and see a talkie. It's like going to a movie."

"Well, what should we do first, now that we've walked all around the place?"

"Let's get some milkshakes."

"Let's get some sundaes."

"Let's get some hotdogs!"

"Let's sign up at those tables over there."

"Why not look over the top deck first, and then work our way from one end to the other. They might be *giving* this stuff away upstairs for all we know."

"Aw. . ."

"O. K., sounds like a good idea."

The group of five climbed the stairs and found themselves on a second floor given over to a libary, table games, and lounge chairs.

"Say, Mac," said one of the five to a library attendant with a tone of sophistication in his voice, "How many books do you have here?"

The attendant held his foot over the counter and said, "See any boots on that leg? *You* are *Mac*, so long as you have boots. You call me *Mate*. I graduated last Tuesday. I'm Ship's Company now."

"Ooh . . uh . . uh, excuse me! I didn't know there was any class distinctions in Boot Camp. C'mon, men, let's get that ice cream. . ."

* * *

The sightseers were now sitting at a table downstairs on the main deck, watching a talking movie on the movie juke box screen, and they were all eating ravenously. In the hands of the chubbiest were two hot hogs (left hand) and a huge chocolate milkshake (right hand). On the table before him were two pieces of apple pie. The talking stopped for a moment, and as another dime was being inserted in the movie juke box the gourmand said: "Gosh, what I'd give to be back

home. I mean to be able to go into a drug store, sit down, and have some pretty waitress bring all this stuff to us instead of having to wait in line for it."

He moved a fat hand to his mouth with the delicacy of a butcher throwing meat on the scale, bit into a hot dog, then swigged it down with a gulp of milkshake, and just before the new show on the movie juke box began, added, panting, "People back home don't realize what we go through here!"

* * *

"Twenty hundred. Twenty hundred! Ship's Service is closed for the night!"

The last of the stragglers were going through the door. It was a little group of three men. The guard at the door was frisking each man thoroughly as he left, running his big hands over their chest, trousers, and back.

"Here's a candy bar, Mac. Step back in and get rid of it in one minute or I'll have to throw it away. No perishable leaves Ship's Service. Medical order."

"Say Mac," growled the offender, his voice laden with sarcasm, "What's your ambition in life, anyway?"

"Here wise guy, gimmie that candy bar! Now scram, before I turn you in!"

The guard began running his hands over the chest of the last of the stragglers and added as a parting shot, "My ambition in life, Mac, is to get to do this kind of work in the WAVES!"

CAPTAIN'S INSPECTION

"'Ten-shun! Tomorrow we have Captain's inspection. Today is Friday, and it's Field Day."

The C.P.O. paused a moment and looked his company over from one end to the other. Not a man in the company moved his head.

"Does anybody know what that means? Well, you only think you do. But by tomorrow noon when it's over you'll have full knowledge! That means you'll know all you need to know and some to spare.

"Now, first of all every single article of personal gear has got to be washed and dried and rolled up in the right place in your sea bag by o8oo tomorrow.

"Every man here takes two shaves—one tonight and one tomorrow. Every man except Toots over there who doesn't shave yet, and my orders are for him to cut that hair off with the scissors tonight, and then go through that same motion again tomorrow.

"Now, you all have a set of undress blues that you haven't worn yet. Well, that's what you'd better have, because that's what you're all going to wear tomorrow.

"And you know that new pair of oxford lows that you haven't worn yet? Well, that's what you put on your feet tomorrow.

"And your boots better be scrubbed so clean they look like new because they've got to look like they've never been worn before, too. You can hang them on the radiator to dry after washing, tonight. That's an exception for Captain's inspection.

"Your hats have got to have that pearly white appearance. Anybody here who doesn't have a new white one had better produce one by tomorrow that looks like new, or else tell Sammy White why! And Sammy White doesn't take any excuses, because there are no excuses in the Navy!

"You'll all wear hats and that special black neckerchief tomorrow. Anybody here know why we wear that neckerchief? Well, I'll tell you tomorrow when you put it on.

"Now this much concerns only yourselves. We've got the barracks to think about too. That barracks is going to be gone over twice tonight and once in the morning. And if I find a dirty spot, one dirty spot anywhere on any one of the three inspections I'm going to make that man will never forget it as long as he lives. He will scrub the whole deck in the barracks with his tooth brush . . .

"First platoon, you have from now until 1600 to wash your clothes, and then from 1600 to 2000 you will be cleanup detail. Dismissed! On the double.

"Second platoon! Squad leaders fall out. You be in charge of the windows, with your squad as workers.

"You, be in charge of the barracks deck. That means brushing, wet swabbing, dry swabbing, and base boards. You, be in charge of everything in the head–commodes, latrines, paper, mirrors, windows, wash bowls, deck, everything! You, take over the shower room and the company office. The yeoman will tell you what needs to be done if you have any doubts. And your squad will also do the ladder then go outside and straighten up the rocks and grounds around the barracks.

"Now, as soon as each squad finishes its assigned task, report with your squad leader to the platoon leader, leaving one man behind to guard and see that no one messes up your work. You, platoon leader, are assistant Master at Arms for this cleanup. You don't lift a finger, except to see that everybody works, and I mean works! Because if the work isn't done when they get through, you personally and the squad leaders are going to do it yourselves.

"And if you find any goldbricking, report it to me personally! I've got a special Chamber of Horrors for goldbrickers on Captain's Inspection clean up.

"Dismissed! On the double.

"Platoon leader, I'll be back at 1600 to inspect. And everything better be in shipshape."

CAPTAIN'S INSPECTION (II)

"'Tenshun!"

"Well, it's 1600. Here I am. . . .

"Everything shipshape, platoon leaders?"

"Everything shipshape, sir!"

"Well, we'll see. Yeoman, get a pad of paper and a pencil and come here for inspection. Put down everything I say."

"Yes sir."

"Under showers, put the following: soap spots on the deck of the shower room. . .

"Water dripping from shower heads. . . .

"Windows not uniformly lowered for ventilation in shower room...

"Now put the following down under Head: lint on floor . . .

"Spots on mirrors. . .

"Washbowl stops not uniform. . .

"Dirty washbowls. . .

"Water running in latrines. . .

"Commode seats not raised. . .

"Irish pennants on commode paper. . .

"Now put this down under barracks . . . Lint on deck. . .

"Bunks out of line. . .

"Dirty windows. . .

He rubbed his finger over one bunk and it came away dirty.

"Dirty bunks. . .

"Water in fire hose. . .

"Bluejacket's Manuals not uniformly placed in shelves. . . "

He was back now to the barracks entrance from which he had begun. He took a white kerchief out of his pocket and rubbed it across the top of the door sill at the entrance.

"In case you don't know it, this is what they used to do to the Captain when he was at Annapolis. . . "

"Dirty door sills. . .

"Yeoman, give the platoon leader that list and let him post it on the bulletin board, after he reads it over. The squad leaders are going to help him read it because it's such a difficult piece of literature.

And if the platoon and squad leaders don't understand it by tomorrow morning, they're all going back in ranks. . . .

"Now this is just a dress rehearsal men, the real thing comes tomorrow. But just to show how important a dress rehearsal is in the Navy, I'm going to punish just one man. Who cleaned those commodes?"

"I did, sir."

"Well, you're not fit to clean commodes. So I'm going to make you Master of the Commodes for one week. That means you will be on duty in the morning, noon, and evening, sign everybody in and out, and pass out head paper.

"Everybody else here get the idea of what I want? Well, good. Tomorrow is no rehearsal. It's the real thing. Everything has to be perfect. I mean PERFECT! That means everything we just went over, plus clean bedsheets and pillowcases, blankets properly folded, clean towels, and personal appearance perfect. Everybody got it? Well, prove it tomorrow.

"You begin washing clothes in one hour. Get some bunk rest until then. Up at 0400 tomorrow!

"Dismissed!

"Yeoman, stand by. Be here at 1900 tonight so we can go through this again."

"Aye, aye, sir."

CAPTAIN'S INSPECTION (III)

"Ten-shun!"

Good Morning, Mr. White. We've just finished cleanup. Everything is shipshape for Captain's inspection this morning."

"Good work. AT EASE! Platoon leaders, squad leaders, master at arms, and yeoman fall out. Yeoman, get your paper and pencil and follow me. Platoon leaders, and others, fall in behind me. I'm going to have a final inspection this morning before the Captain comes.

"Ten-SHUN!"

He began a systematic coverage of the room going from stern to bow down to starboard side and beck on port side.

"Slade, dirty towel. Put that down, yeoman. Slade's squad leader tend to it and see that a clean one is up immediately or none at all. Penalty, two hours night guard duty, 0200 to 0400. . .

"Gerbinski, dirty shoes. . .

"Jones, towel improperly hung. . .

"Kelley, blankets incorrectly folded. . .

"Otherwise, not bad! Two hours night guard duty for each of

those men, yeoman. Squad leaders, see that those things are taken care of immediately, within the next five minutes."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Now, men, what's our black neckerchief for? . . . Yes, you, Chitford."

"It's mourning for the death of the great English Admiral Nelson who saved the freedom of the seas."

"And who is Charley Noble?"

"The smokestack on the Galley," came the reply.

"And what's an Irish Pennant?"

"Any loose end which is unnecessary. . . "

"Not, bad, not bad!"

"And what's a Scotchman? And what's a Norman Pin? . . .

"What, doesn't anybody know? Well, you'll all find out next week in your lectures.

"Now, you remember how I taught you to salute? Forearm raised from the horizontal to touch the forehead just above the right eye, wrist straight, fingers and thumbs firm—Hand, SALUTE—two!

"Good Again! Now don't get nervous when the Captain comes in. If we give a good salute, he may turn around and walk out because he may think we are all on our toes. Remember, don't salute till the signal is given.

"Now, who is your Company Commander? . . . Good. And who is your Battalion Commander? . . . Good. And who is Regimental Commander? . . . Good. And who is in charge of the whole station? . . . The Captain, good.

"Well, they'll probably be here in ten minutes. Remember, your eyes straight ahead. Don't watch the Captain. End of shoulder even with the bunk. At ease! Master at Arms, grab a swab and do the ladder again, because when the Captain comes up it from the lower deck, it's got to sparkle."

"Yes, sir."

"On the double, not more than five minutes altogether. Platoon leaders, help him out. Post one sentry on each window to tell us when the Captain is approaching the grounds. . . "

"Sir, several cars have just pulled up outside."

"Good work, sentry."

"Back to your bunks, all. You too, sentry! Everybody but the inside guard."

"'Ten-shun! Now at ease. Next time attention is called the inside guard will call it and it will mean the Captain is here." . . .

"'Ten-Shun!" shouted the Inside Guard, then saluting, he said, "Good Morning, Captain. Apprentice Seaman Ralph Brown, Company 269, inside guard, ready for inspection Captain."

"Carry on, Guard."

The Captain, followed closely behind by a comet of Lieutenants and other officers, cleared the top of the ladder and began entering the barracks doors.

"Hand, SALUTE!–Two!" Shouted the Master at Arms, and as with one hand the company saluted.

The Captain acknowledged the salute, and paused inside the door. He took a white kerchief from his pocket, ran it across the top of the door. It came away clean.

He paused to look at each man standing stiffly at attention, then turned to the Chief Specialist.

"How long have you had this company, Chief White?"

"Almost two weeks, Captain."

"Well, then there is no point in my inspecting this morning. I've seen you work before. Both you and your companies deserve a lot of credit. I'll probably see you when you win the medal for company marching, if you win it again as you have in the past."

The Captain and his train–lieutenant commanders, lieutenants, and ensigns went down the ladder to continue the morning's inspections.

"At ease, Men! Well, now you know what Captain's Inspection is like!"

"Whew," breathed the men.

"That certainly was a thrill!" whispered one rookie.

"DISMISSED!"

Captains' inspection was over.

MAGGIE'S BRITCHES

"Ready on the Right!"

A hush fell over the huge rifle range.

"Ready on the Left!"

A few marksmen moved uneasily.

"Ready on the firing line!"

The marksmen lifted their rifles into their shoulders. The head coach raised the whistle to his lips and put his eyes to his watch.

"Whee-e-e!"

Ping! Ping! ping! ping! went the sound from many rifles firing 30 calibre shells.

The rifle fairly flew off the shoulder of marksman 31 as he fired.

"Some kick! Sir, what happened that time?"

"Nothing happened, I think," said his coach, and turning his head shouted to the head coach, "Mark thirty-one!"

The head coach whispered into his telephone mouthpiece, and in a moment a red flag waved once at the butts.

"What did I hit?" repeated the marksman.

"You hit Maggie's Britches. That red flag means you missed the target completely. Take another shot. The first two are practice."

The marksman fired. Two hundred yards away the target went down for marking at the butts, and came up with a marker just inside the last circle.

"What happened that time?"

"You just barely hit the target."

"Well, I'll get some bulls eyes for you before I'm through."

"I'll be surprised if you get them that way."

"Why, what did I do that was wrong?"

"You jerked your trigger finger just before you squeezed. That sends the muzzle of the rifle out of sights and makes you miss. Squeeze 'er easy so that you don't know when it is going to go off. Take in the slack in the trigger first."

The marksman went through a few mock squeezes, loading an empty breach.

"How's this stance?" he inquired cautiously.

"It's swell for banging into Maggies' Britches, but not if you want to hit the target. That right arm should lie around that butt near the shoulder like it was born there. The elbow of your left arm should be the base of a firm rest and form a straight angle of about 90 degrees. Remember that on your next shot."

"Ready on the Right!" shouted the head coach through the public address system, and began a series of commands which set the marksmen on a series of 30 volleys. . .

"How did you make out?" said the marksman from target thirty-one, first relay, as he marched down to the butts to mark targets for the second relay.

"Well, not as good as on the indoor range," came the reply from his neighbor. "Those targets at 200 yards don't look any bigger than a dime. How about you?"

"Oh, I did better at the end of the 30 rounds than at the beginning."

"My shoulder's sore," came a complaint.

"That's because you don't stick 'er up there right," came a marginal comment.

"Whatsa' matter with your lip, Mac?"

"Aw, I stuck my finger over the top. . . "

"Just like they told us not to. . . "

"Yeh, but I did it anyway, and caught the kickback."

"Well, that's one lesson you won't need to learn again."

"Say, this guy just broke the station record."

"Who broke the station record?" came a dozen questions at once.

"This new kid who just got out of the hospital and came to our company yesterday. Says he never fired a 30 calibre before, either."

"How did he do it then? Hey, there you are! How did you do it, Mac?"

"Why, I was surprised myself. I just remembered the instructions we got, and every time the target came up I said to myself, here goes another Jap!"

NAUTICAL LORE

Dear Joe:

I'm certainly glad to hear you passed your physical, and that the Navy has accepted you. And it's one good break to be coming to Farragut.

I guess you will be dissipating this seven days on your pre-entry leave. Well, go ahead. Believe it or not, I haven't any desire any more for cocktails or tobacco or night life. Of course this sense of abstinence may change as soon as I get a liberty, but not having smoked a cigarette or touched a drop or been on a bender for three weeks makes me feel a lot better than I have since we began that stuff in high school.

You asked me to dig up something for you to read before you got here that would help, so I got you the best thing. It's not "on the market," so money can't buy it. It was compiled especially for Yard Birds by our company commander, and is called "answers to pertinent questions about the Navy." If you know everything on the enclosed pages you will know a lot that most people don't get in the Navy for several years.

I sure will be glad to see you when you get here.

Your bosom buddy,
Ed.

P. S. Address is: Edward Paul Johnson, A/S
269-43; Camp Hill, U.S. Naval Training Station,
Farragut, Idaho.

ANSWERS TO PERTINENT QUESTIONS ABOUT THE NAVY

(Compiled especially for Yard Birds)

Q. Why might a sailor have a pig tatooed on his foot?
A. It is considered a charm against drowning. Tradition has it that a pig will not sink easily.

Q. Give the sailor's way of saying the following:
(a) Stairway; (b) Floor; (c) Wall; (d) Kitchen; (e) Hospital.
A. (a) Ladder; (b) Deck; (c) Bulkhead; (d) Galley; (e) Sick Bay.
Q. Who is second in command of the U.S. Navy?
A. Secretary of the Navy Frank L. Knox. The President is Commander-in-Chief.
Q. What is the significance of: (a) The three white stripes adorning the collar of a sailor's dress uniform? (b) The black tie worn with the uniform?
A. (a) The three white stripes are a carry over from the British Navy where they were worn to commemorate the three great battles in which Lord Nelson took part; namely, the battles of Copenhagen, Trafalgar, and the Nile. (b) The black tie is worn in mourning for Lord Nelson who died in the battle of Trafalgar.
Q. Why were the white sailor hats of enlisted men designed as they were?
A. So they could be used for bailing water out of small boats in an emergency.
Q. When is Navy Day?
A. October 27.
Q. A grain of powder used in a Navy big gun is the size of: (a) A particle of dust; (b) A pea; (c) A man's thumb.
A. A man's thumb.
Q. In time of war which is used for communication between ships; signal flags or radio?
A. Where possible flags are used, because a radio signal might give the ship's position to the enemy.
Q. What is the oldest and most distinctive piece of nautical equipment?
A. The Boatswain Pipe. There is a record of its use in the Crusade of 1248; it is also mentioned by Shakespeare in "The Tempest."
Q. After what are the following types of ships named? (a) Battleships; (b) Crusiers; (c) Submarines.
A. (a) States; (b) Cities; (c) Fish.
Q. When are baths mandatory in the U.S. Navy?
A. Just before battle to reduce danger of infection.
Q. If the starboard is the right side of a ship and the port the left side, which is the larboard side?
A. The larboard side also means the port side. Due to the similarity between larboard and starboard the name was changed for the sake of clarity.
Q. What two Admirals in the U.S. Navy history had the same first name?
A. David Farragut and David Porter.

Q. In which of the following places would you search for the ship's magazines: (a) Far below the top deck and well protected; (b) In the Captain's portfolio; (c) in the ship's record room.
A. (a) Far below the top deck and well protected because the ammunition is kept there.
Q. What change has been made in the U.S. Coast Guard since war was declared?
A. The U.S. Coast Guard became a part of the U.S. Navy since war was declared.
Q. Why are the sailor's pants bell bottom in shape?
A. In order to facilitate rolling them up for climbing in rigging and swabbing decks.
Q. What is the origin of saluting the quarterdeck?
A. In ancient times idols and images of gods were located there, and the sailor used to pay homage to them with a salute.
Q. When was the American Flag first carried around the world?
A. In 1790 Captain Robert Grey sailed with a cargo of guns to China and returned to Boston on August 10, having carried the thirteen stars and thirteen stripes around the world for the first time.
Q. Which of the following is a "bos'ns chair?" (a) The chair that the boatswain sits on when on watch; (b) The piece of board on which a man working aloft is swung; (c) the chair at the head of the chow table for the boatswain to sit in.
A. (b) The piece of board on which a man working aloft is swung.
Q. What is the difference between a "Line Officer" and a "Staff Officer" in the U.S. Navy?
A. A "Line Officer" is an officer trained to give commands in all fighting divisions of the U.S. Navy whereas a "Staff Officer" is trained in one special division and gives commands in only that division.
Q. What is the most famous historical ship of the U.S. Navy, and how did she get her nickname?
A. The "U.S.S. CONSTITUTION" which was nicknamed "Old Ironsides" because during a battle in 1812, with H.M.S. Guerriere, several shots fired at her were said to have hit the sides and bounced off into the water.
Q. The American Flag was flown over the British Parliament Building on one occasion. What was the reason?
A. In celebration of the United States' entry into the World War, April 20, 1917.
Q. Who are–or what is the "Black Gang" aboard a ship?
A. Members of the engineers force who work below decks and in the old days got very dirty.

Q. What determines the height, breadth, and length of a U.S. Warship?
A. All ships must be able to pass under the Brooklyn Bridge and get through the locks of the Panama Canal.
Q. Is the Captain of a ship always a captain in rank in the U.S. Navy?
A. NO. The commanding officer of a ship is always known or designated as the captain of that ship whether or not he is a captain by rank.
Q. What is the meaning of Navy Day?
A. Navy Day is dedicated to better understanding between the people and their navy. October 27, 1944 is the 168th birthday of the U.S. Navy, and it is upon this date that Navy Day is celebrated.
Q. What was the death flag of the pirates?
A. NOT the skull and crossbones which meant, when flown, "Hand over your cargo and go free." A solid red flag meant Death.
Q. What is the meaning of the term "balling the jack?"
A. It means the ship is making good speed or going fast. The British flag is called the "Jack", and when the ship was making good speed the wind caused the "Jack" to "ball" or wind around its staff; thus the term "Balling the Jack."
Q. Everyone has heard of a "Booby Hatch." Where did the term originate?
A. It is a wooden covering for a small opening at the back or stern of a ship.
Q. In what year was the U.S. Marine Corps founded?
A. The U.S. Marine Corps was founded in 1775, prior to the origination of the U.S. Navy.
Q. What is the only flag ever flown above the national flag on U.S. Naval vessels?
A. The Church Penant is flown above it during religious services aboard ship.
Q. Which is the greater distance; a nautical mile or a statue mile?
A. A nautical mile. It is 6,080.27 feet. A statute mile is 5,280 feet.
Q. What type of cloth is used to contain an explosive powder for guns of the U.S. Navy?
A. A raw silk sack a little larger than a woman's stocking.
Q. What is the difference between a heavy and a light cruiser?
A. The difference is in the armament, or size of the guns, not in the weight of the ship.
Q. What is a "lucky bag" on board ship?
A. A locker for storage of lost clothing found lying around the ship. It is opened every so often and a man is "lucky" if he gets his things back.

Q. Why are medals and decorations worn on the left breast?
A. It was the custom of the Crusaders to wear the badge of honor of their order near their heart. Also, the left side was the shield side of the Crusader, and so, the shield protected both the heart and the badge of honor.
Q. How many gun salutes is the President of the United States given when he comes aboard a ship?
A. Twenty-one.
Q. What is meant by the following terms: (a) Weather-breeder; (b) Weather-eye; (c) Weather-bound; (d) Weather-side.
A. (a) A clear day but with evident signs of approaching bad weather. (b) To keep a weather eye is to keep alert. (c) Detained in port by weather conditions. (d) Weather side is the windward side.
Q. What does a sailor mean when he uses the following expressions: (a) "Handsomely now;" (b) "Smartly now;" (b) "Bear a hand."
A. (a) Do your job slowly and carefully; (b) Do your job quickly and efficiently; (c) Help do this job quickly.
Q. What types of ships do the following refer to? (a) Pig-boat; (b) Tin-cans; (c) Mosquito boats.
A. (a) Submarines; (b) Destroyers; (c) Motor torpedo boats.
Q. What form of punishment was inflicted upon men in ancient times when they slept on watch, third offense?
A. They were placed in a basket which was hung from the bowsprit by a rope and were supplied with a can of beer, a loaf of bread, and a sharp knife. They had the choice of starving to death or cutting the rope.
Q. What is a fathom?
A. A nautical unit of measure equal to 6 feet.
Q. Who was the first Naval Officer to become an admiral?
A. David Glasgow Farragut, July 25, 1866.
Q. You have heard the expression "Casting oil upon troubled waters." What kind of oil is used to calm rough seas?
A. Organic oils such as vegetable and animal oils are used to form "slicks" upon rough seas. Only a few gallons are needed.
Q. What is meant by the word knot and how did the term originate?
A. A knot is a measure of speed and was so called because the distances were measured by knots tied in a line.
Q. When hoisted on a vessel what do the following symbols indicate? (a) A blue flag with four white stars; (b) A basket; (c) A broom.
A. The admiral is present; (b) Fishing vessel engaged in fishing; (c) Victory or success has been achieved by the ship.

NAVY SLANG

AA–Anti-aircraft.
Aye-aye–I understand and will obey the order.
Bail out–To jump from a plane.
Boilermakers–A military band.
Boot–A raw recruit.
Break out–to take out of storage for use.
Bubble dancing–Dishwashing.
Bulkhead–A wall.
Butt–A cigarette.
Chief–Chief Petty Officer.
Chow–Food.
C. O.–Commanding Officer.
Company Stooge–Company clerk in recruit training.
Covered wagon–Aircraft carrier.
CPO–Chief Petty Officer.
Deck–Floor.
Ditty Bag–Where a sailor keeps his small articles.
Dog Tags–Identification tags.
Field Day–Cleaning day, Friday.
French Leave–Unauthorized absence.
G. I.–Government Issue.
Goldbraid–A Commissioned Officer.
Gold-Brick–A slacker–one who shirks work.
Grinder–Drill field.
Grinders–Teeth.
Gripe–To complain.
Hash-Mark–Service stripe.
Hellcats–Drum and bugle corps.
Hitch–An enlistment period.
Hit the silk–To jump from a plane.
Hold it down–Be quiet–shut up.
Java–Coffee.
Jo Pot–Coffee pot.
Jump–To lecture harshly.
Leave–Time off above 48 hours.
Liberty–Time off, less than 48 hours.
Liberty Hound–One who always wants time off.
Live Ammunition–Ball ammunition fully charged.
Lower the Boom–To deliver a knockout blow.
Medics–The doctors, Medical Officers.
Mosquito boat–PT of Patrol Torpedo Boats.
Mike–Microphone.
Mill–Typewriter.

Non-Com–Non-Commissioned officer.
O.D.–Officer of the Day, or Officer of the Deck.
Old Man–Commanding Officer or Captain, Skipper.
On the Carpet–Called for disciplinary action.
Over the Hill–to desert.
Padre–Chaplain.
Pig Boat–Submarine.
Pipe Down–Be quiet.
Pounding the Brass–Sending radio signal with hand key.
Punk–Bread.
Radio Shack–Radio operating room.
Recruit–A navy newcomer.
Red Tape–Official forms and routine.
Rise and Shine–Wake up and get dressed.
Runner–Messenger.
Saw Bones–The doctor.
Scuttlebutt–An idle rumor.
Sea Bag–A canvass bag used in transporting belongings and clothing.
Shoot–Go ahead and talk.
Shots–Innoculations.
Sick Bay–A small, compact hospital and first aid station.
Sick Call–A call for the sick to report for treatment.
Soft money or folding money–Paper currency.
Sparks–Radio operator.
Swanks–Dress blues or best clothes.
Take off–To get very angry.
Three Striper–Commander.
Tin Can–Destroyer.
Throw the Book at Him–Give maximum penalty in discipline.
You're Gigged–You are reported for violation of a rule.

HERE'S HOW TO PUT IT IN EFFECT

Boy, what a morning! The Chief yelled, "Rise and shine" at 0500 and I hit the deck. I broke out my swanks and got pretty to go on liberty. Just then the company stooge came up with some scuttlebutt about my being gigged and having to go on the carpet. Now, I'm not one to goldbrick so I wondered what I'd done. Well, the O.D. made it official and I went to see the Old Man, thinking he'd probably lower the boom on me. Did he throw the book at me? Not on your life. That three striper said I did fine by going out in that Mosquito boat and rescuing the pilot that hit the silk the other day. The Padre was there and he shook hands with me. There wasn't one gripe. So while my mates have field day and go bubbledancing and deck swabbing this Liberty Hound is out to see the lights.

LIBERTY (I)

"Hey, boy! Liberty today!"

"What time is it, Pete?"

"Let's see. It's five o'clock in the morning. What is that in Navy time? Yeh, 0500."

"Well, we go on liberty at 1300."

"Where are you going, Spokane, Coeur d'Alene, or Sandpoint?"

"I'm one of the four fish going to Coeur d'Alene. Reasons are strictly economic. The fare to Spokane is forty cents more, and that means two hot dogs and two beers."

"Hey, what about non-swimmers? Do guys who haven't passed their swimming test still have to pass it before they go on liberty?"

"And how!"

"Well, that leaves me out. I couldn't swim at all when I came here, and can't do more than twenty yards now. I can't do seventy-five."

"Well, try 'er anyway."

"Say Joe, why don't you and Harry change places, and let you take Harry's test for him?"

"Sure, you both look pretty much alike. . . "

"And with these haircuts, who could tell the diff . . . ?"

"That would be sticking out my neck pretty far, wouldn't it?"

"Now look, Joe, if you can do it so I get my liberty, I'll make it right for you. I'll stand every night guard for you for the next week!"

"Now you're talking! I've got four eightball shifts next week, all boiler watch, 0200 to 0400 in the morning. Take those over on the Q.T. and I'll pass that swim test for you."

"Boy, if you get caught, White will just eat your A–right off the bone."

"Well, it's worth a chance."

"It's a deal. The non-swimmers are being marched over at 0900 by the athletic manager. White is on the Rifle Range. Take my test for me, and I'll do all your guard duties for you."

"It's a deal."

"Shake."

"Non-swimmers fall in for your test to see whether you get liberty!" yelled the athletic manager, a boot of about nineteen summers. He held a record sheet in his hand. About thirty men fell in. They all marched to the drill hall to take their telltale swim.

* * * *

"Jump in men, about six seconds after the next man, and do your seventy-five clear around the pool. Jump!"

"There I go!" said the first, and his young body, in its birthday suit, broke the water.

"Next!"

And so in went the swimmers, five seconds apart.

At the finish line those who made the whole distance came up one by one, mentioned their names to the recorder, and went in to shower, dress and return to barracks.

* * * *

"Hello, Joe. How did it go?"

"You passed. You get your liberty."

"Wheee!"

"Pipe down. It was a close squeak."

"It was? Why?"

"Well, in the first place, guys who never swam more than ten feet in their lives jumped into that pool and went over the course like fish. At least half of the whole crowd passed. That's what a liberty means.

"But that wasn't the close squeak. What do you think happened? As I whipped around that path with the "no running" sign on it, I ran right into none other than a lieutenant commander! Right smack into him."

"Gosh! What did he do?"

"Why, after he got his breath back he said, 'Why so fast?'"

"Sir,' I said I'm going to catch the liberty bus to Coeur d'Alene.'

'You are?' said the goldbraid, 'well, don't tell me about it! On the double ,or you'll miss it. But don't ever let a rookie company officer catch you running down this pathway!'"

"Whew! That sure was a break."

LIBERTY (II)

The four men sat on the special liberty bus going to Coeur d'Alene. The bus was almost empty since most of the men had taken the train to Spokane, and other companies were not represented on this bus. The driver spat in disgust.

"I thought I would get a load today. Almost didn't get enough to pay for the gas on this trip. Now next time your company has liberty they'll all go to Coeur d'Alene and there won't be room in here to breathe."

"This sure is pretty country."

"We think we have a nice state here. Of course it takes people time to get used to it."

"Well, we think it's all right. What's Coeur d'Alene like?"

"You'll see when you get there."

"Aw, cmon, tell us. Is there anything to do, or not?"

"Well, they've got one of the biggest U.S.O. outfits in the area. And they have dances every night or almost every night, for the sailors. Then there are the boats. Lake Coeur d'Alene is really big. It's miles long. You can get a boat and travel around. Then there is room for lots of long walks. What more do you boys want? I wish I could do the town myself."

"Do they have any beer?" asked one cautiously.

"Yeh, they've got liquor too."

"Are there any gals in town who aren't afraid of sailors?"

"Well, lots of sailors never spend a liberty any place else."

"Hey!"

"There is lots of Navy Police there too, so look out you don't get into trouble. You boys probably know that the regulation here is the man who swings first gets fifteen days on bread and water, and the man who is foolish enough to swing back gets ten days. Also, if you go A.O.L., you get Captain's Mast and thirty days on no pay, minimum. Have all the fun you want, sailors, but don't get into trouble."

* * * *

"Coeur d'Alene!"

"C'mon, men, let's go! We've got twelve hours here."

"Boy! This is the first town I've seen for about five weeks. Say, I wonder what the population here is anyway."

"Oh, about ten thousand without sailors and twenty-five thousand with."

"Well, let's look the town over."

"Naw, let's get a beer."

"O. K., let's get a beer then split up for a while with two of us going scouting and the other two drinking beer if they want to. I don't care for more than one glass. We all meet at this tavern at 2100 at all costs." . . . .

"Say, this is a good sized pond," said one of the two sailors on the scouting tour.

"You said it. It looks like those two boys in the tavern might have as much fluid inside them by the time we get back as there is in there, at their present rate of performance."

"Let's go down to the lake and get a boat."

"Hey, mister! Is it worth a nickel to know where some pretty girls are?" asked a youngster with a grin.

"Well, well, buddy. You're a pretty big fellow for your age! How old are you?"

"Seven, sir."

"Well, you really are a big fellow for your age. But you know, buddy, it's unpatriotic to ask a sailor for money just because of something like that. You know that by this time, don't you mate? Now what do you want to tell us?"

"O. K. There is a whole gang of girls in from a senior sneak in the park near the U.S.O."

"Spoken like a man! You'll grow up and be a good sailor some day, mate. Goodby," said one as the two sailors started off almost on the double.

"A little fellow like that is worth his weight in gold," said one to the other as they went down the street, and the other nodded in affirmation.

As the two men walked down the street they nodded to one set of sailors after another, although they had not seen them before.

"Look, we're part of a community here. Every sailor is sort of a cousin to every other one."

"Oh, sure. Haven't you heard that the Navy is a home away from home? But just get a pretty gal, and see how thick that bond it. Any sailor who doesn't try to steal her hasn't really gotten used to the Navy!"

Two young misses walked down the street. The sailors kept eyes front until they had almost passed, then one said,

"'Scuse me, have you got the time?"

The girls walked on.

"My, it's awfully cold here," said one sailor to another, "That reception was cold enough to be considered below 32 degrees fahrenheit."

Two other misses walked coyly down in their direction. Undaunted, the sailors tried again.

"It's 2:30 p. m.," said one, and both paused.

"Do you know anything worth while doing in this town at this time?" said one of the sailors.

"Why, that's just what we were thinking about," came the reply.

"Well, in that case, there may be some advantage in looking together. You know, eight eyes are better than four, when you're looking for fun."

And such is the bond of understanding which exists among young people that without another word the four together went down the street.

SCULLERY DETAIL

"Say! This is the second time we got a week on scullery!"

"We're practically the official scullery company for the camp."

"There certainly is a complete collection of unwanted jobs there."

"Yeh. There is the spud locker. You simply knock eyes out of mechanically peeled potatoes until you get blue in the face."

"Then there is the meat locker. Rookie butchers, watch your thumbs!"

"That galley detail is one hot spot too. I swabbed the deck there last time until every muscle ached."

"Well, boys, just keep me off that scullery! I washed a thousand coffee cups a meal three times a day all the time I was there."

"I did those trays, and, boy! they really do demand attention."

"Somebody kept sending guys to us for their tray numbers. Some of the kids from those new companies think they need tray numbers to eat."

"Then there is the Captain of the Head."

"Say, that's the best job in the place. All you've got to do is keep the boys from smoking in the Head."

"Men, but you've got to be born right to get that job. It always goes to the strongest guy in the company."

"We should invent a new Cadence—S-C-U-L-L-E-R-Y. Scull-r-ry, scull-r-ry."

"Say, that's not bad, not bad."

"At least we'll get a new yell out of it."

"It's a good yell. Yeh, it a good yell."

* * * *

Dear Ma:–

I worked in the Spud Locker today, in the Mess Hall of our Camp. Spud in this case is not the name of a person but the name for potatoes. We have an automatic potato peeler, but we still have to knock the eyes out of the potatoes after they come through the machine. We also handle all vegetables. Here is a list of what I helped do today in the Spud Locker . . .

BREAKFAST

	Pounds
Strawberries	72
Fried Spuds	
Spuds	2000

DINNER

Celery Soup	
Onions	80
Celery	120
Cabbage and Apple Salad	
Cabbage	400
Apples	400
Mashed Spuds	
Spuds	2000
Boiled Spinach	
Spinach	1000

SUPPER

Pick-Up Salad	
Cabbage	400
Carrots	150
Celery	150
Onions	75

Your loving son,

Homer.

P. S.–I don't care if I never see another Spud again.

P. S. S.–I didn't know why brown beans are called Navy beans. but it's no mystery to me now.

SQUARE KNOT ADMIRALS

"Come on in, boys. We've got another meeting of all stripers in the office. Same lineup as last time. Just take any seat you want–on one of those four chairs, or on the table, or on the floor. Hey, you! Not that chair, that's Beck's, he's the recruit company commander and he's chairing this meeting . . . Yeh, c'mon in, hurry up, we begin in about a minute . . . "

A stream of discontinuous conversation was going on among the twenty-two officers of the recruit company.

"Did you know that White was an All-American football player from Ohio State?"

"Boy, you sure can suspect it when he goes over that obstacle course."

"He sailed over that seven foot jump like a bird."

"Pipe down! Pipe down! How many do we have here now?"

A hurried count was made–twenty. Two were absent.

"Staley is over at the gym on guard," volunteered someone.

"And Smudge is pounding the feathers in his bunk," said another.

"Well, go roll Smudge out of bed. Tell him to be here on the double."

A runner ran back into the barracks, and shortly returned with his man.

Without a word of reprobation, but not without sour glances from all sides, Smudge sat down and the meeting began.

"Everybody know why we're here," began the recruit C.P.O., balancing his supple, slender body on the balls of his feet and speaking in a slow, clear voice with a slight nervous pitch.

"Tomorrow begins our last week of training. We want to make sure that nothing happens to block our graudation. . .

"Every recruit officer in this company is here with the exception of one man on special guard duty, the athletic manager.

"I want every man here to get up and tell something about his problems over the last week. And whenever a problem is spotted, we'll have a five minute bib on what to do about it. That's only for real problems, though.

"Let's start at the top of this organization, and work down. That means I say something first, and also, since I'm not going to say much, I'll try to draw it together at the end.

"Now, frankly, I think we really are making progress, but we just aren't getting ahead fast enough. We were the best drilled company

on the field yesterday, but we should have been after the first week. We still had the same old problems yesterday. There was talking in ranks. There was horseplay. Three or four men had dirty boots. Some forgot to shave this morning. Some of those men haven't brushed their clothes and apparently never will, unless someone gets after them. And that last applies to one or two men right in this room, you who are supposed to be an example for the others. I could mention a long list of things, but you men all know what they are, and there isn't time."

The recruit company commander sat down, and there was a slight murmur throughout his audience. The leader of the first platoon stood up, and waited for attention.

"What Beck has said goes for platoon. I know it has come along since we organized seven weeks ago, but there isn't any doubt that there's still room for improvement." He paused, and glanced over the gathering, and his squad leaders fidgeted uneasily.

"When the leaders of my squad report, I want them to give specific reasons why these conditions still exist."

The leader of the first platoon sat down, and his squad leaders stood up one by one.

"The trouble in my squad is still the same as before. It's those four screwballs. One of them always has his foot in his pocket when we march, another one is always ready to do him a horseplay dirty trick, and the other two are all set to begin kibitzing. Those four guys are an awkward squad all in themselves."

The chairman stood up, and said,

"Anyone here have any suggestions as to how to treat this case?"

There was a moment of silence, in honor of this recurrent problem.

"Why not break them up and put one in one squad and one in another."

"That would be like distributing rotten apples through a barrel," said the squad leader affected.

"Give them some more penalties."

"That doesn't seem to do any good. They have already had everything in the book. There just doesn't seem to be any good in those kids, and they can't seem to learn. You can't give them any assignment without having to add two men to watch them to keep them from goldbricking."

"Last time the company ran the obstacle course, the yeoman found one of them in the washdeck, hiding from it all. The other three dashed off to practice for the Happy Hour, screaming that it was a regimental order."

"Every time we do something hard, those four dash off to practice the Happy Hour, dragging their harmonicas behind them."

"But every time we go to Ship Service or on liberty, those four are the first ones through the door."

"If those two Donald Duck imitators spent half as much time practicing to march as they do trying to learn how to sing like Donald Duck, they would be the best two marchers in the whole company."

"Last time one of those harmonica players was put on the night shift on the boiler watch he ran over to Regimental as fast as he could and came back with a note to excuse him so it wouldn't hurt his throat."

"The same guy refused to sweep the ladder today. He loafed around all day, and when I sent his pal to run an errand, they both said they were sick and had to go to sick bay."

"There isn't a thing wrong with one of those guys. They're all goldbrickers, that's all."

"What's going to happen when those four get into the regular service, after boots?"

"They'll have to make them awkward admirals and give them a ship of their own, otherwise they'll mess up the show. Just give them a ship, and it will never get into trouble because it will never be able to keep up with the fleet, and of course if they get into a battle, they will probably shoot each other instead of the enemy."

"Knock it off! We want constructive criticism, not random comments!" the chairman said, somewhat angrily.

The leader of the first platoon stood up.

"Why not give another squad leader a crack at this awkward squad, and shift this man to one where he can enjoy life for a while."

A murmur of approval came from the gathering. The chairman stood up.

"Beginning tomorrow, that's what we'll do. . . ."

And so the meeting went on. Suddenly the chairman snapped to attention, and shouted.

"Ten-SHUN!"

A goldbraid had just stepped inside the door, and he looked the gathering over from head to foot, with interest.

"What are you Square Knot Admirals doing here all in one gathering at this time of the night?" he asked.

"Sir," said the Recruit C.P.O., "we are discussing the problems of the week in a meeting of officers."

"That's not a bad idea. Be sure to knock it off before taps. At ease, men."

The officer stepped outside the door.

"Well, let's finish it up. It's five minutes to taps, and this office must be shipshape by taps. We will continue this the night after tomorrow, at 2000, if things don't get better. Good night, men."

SCUTTLEBUT

Two men were walking across the Grinder, returning to barracks from evening chow.

"Did I tell you what happened to me last time I was in a coast town?"

'Naw."

"Well, I walks into a nice hotel and askes for a room. The clerk looks me over and says, 'Yes, sir,–' and hands me a pen.

"Then, just as I gets almost through writing my name, a bed bug walks across the register half way then dashes back.

"So I says, 'Clerk, I've changed my mind. Your hotel has bed bugs.'"

"Oh, every hotel in town has bed bugs," he replies.

"'Yeah," sez I, "But there's bed bugs and bed bugs. The kind that comes out while you're registering to see what room you're getting is no kind to pick trouble with." So I puts down the pen and walks out."

BATTALION WATCH

"Well, Battalion Watch again."

"I don't see why only officers can stand this watch!"

"You wouldn't. It's because it's so full of responsibility."

"Wonder whether anything is going to happen tonight? Our battalion has four companies in O.G.U., so we're pared to the bone."

"But two of those companies don't leave until morning."

A knock came at the door of the Battalion office.

"Come in!" yelled the Telephone Watch, taking his finger out of his guard belt, and his foot off the desk.

The door opened, and a recruit entered and stood at attention.

"What's on your mind, Mac?" said the Telephone Watch.

"I'd like a pass to go to Regimental."

"Well, your company yeoman can give you that after 1630 and on week days. Carry that message back to him."

"Yes, sir," the recruit departed.

"Some of these rookies don't know any more than we did when we came here months ago."

"When did White say we would graduate?"

"The 25th."

"That's what it says on this board."

"Get out of the Ensign's chair. He walks in sometimes, and if anybody is sitting in it, fur begins to fly."

"Yeah. So I've heard."

"Well, get out then, and empty those ashes in the G. I. Can outside. And wipe those footprints off his desk."

"Yeah, guess I'd better."

The Telephone Watch began thumbing through the Battalion Watch Log.

"Say, when did we get here?"

"April 22nd."

"Look, Company 156 was on that day. They say they made us clean up our barracks. Remember how they got us out of bed?"

"Say! They leave tomorrow on O.G.U."

"What barracks are they in anyway?"

"Nineteen, upper."

"Well, you just watch me give them their last going over in Boot Camp. Those boys are going to scrub their barracks tonight, unless they are absolutely spotless."

"Boy! wait till the boys hear this!"

"Just snoop around on this watch, then on my rounds after taps, we'll lay it on 'em."

"O. K. See you when I get back."

Thewith, one of the two men took the nighstick, adjusted his guard belt, and went to make the rounds.

"What did you find out about Company 156?"

"It sure is a nice night out. I hated to come in. Oh, 156 is really Up the Creek. Those goldbrickers haven't cleaned up anything! They plan to leave that barracks looking like a pigsty until their last cleanup tomorrow morning."

"Boy! Say, why not go back and get our M.A.A. He should be the boy to do this. Remember how he crawled out of bed with his knees knocking like fury, and began to muster us out for the cleanup! See you later."

In a moment he came back with the tall Master of Arms.

"Hello, yeoman. I hear there is a good batch of rotten stew cooking tonight."

"Well, we wondered whether you would like to give it a stir."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure."

"Well, relieve Toots, and about 2300, give it a stir."

* * * *

"How did it go, Bris?" asked the Telephone Watch of the tall returning guard.

"Never had so much fun in all my life. You remember that sassy screwball who woke us up? Well, he and three others were smoking and playing cards in the office."

"Guess they were all glad to see you."

"Oh, yeah! As soon as he saw me, he said, 'What the H—— do you want in this office?'"

"So I said, 'Why, I just wanted to make sure the lights were out according to Regimental Order; and that there was no gambling, according to Navy regulations; and did I hear you swear at the Battalion Guard?'"

"Then he just gulped, and said, in a tiny voice, 'No.'

"So I began looking around, and said, 'Do you boys expect to leave here tomorrow with your barracks like this tonight?'

"And the screwball said in a scream, 'I guess you think you're going to make us clean it up.'

So I said, real soft-like, No, I'd never do a dirty trick like that. That's what you made our company do. I wouldn't do a trick like that. I'm going to ask the Regimental C.P.O. to come over here to do it. I'd never do you boys a dirty trick myself.

'Furthermore," I said, 'if you boys want to begin right now, I won't even call Regimental, provided the place meets my approval. But that's only on condition that that Screwball over there does the office floor with his toothbrush. Now, if you boys want to risk your leaving this place tomorrow morning, just don't take that nice little offer, and force me to turn you over to Regimental.'"

"Boy, Bris, that's a scream!"

"Those boys are all out there working their heads off. We rolled about a dozen out of bed, and used about six pails of water. I'm going to stay on this for a couple of hours. You know, yeoman, when you're a head cleanup man in the Navy, you've got to be a hard man to satisfy."

COMPANY OFFICE

The yeoman came through the office door, sat down in a chair abutting the round table, cocked his leg up along its face and tilted his chair back.

The morning cleanup crew began walking in, to clean up the office. The first man began a slow rhythm across a small area with a swab.

"Say Mac, that's a deck, you know, a whole deck. At that rate you'll be here all day."

A second man came in and handed the other a clean swab, taking the dirty one. The assistant yeoman entered and took some papers out of the shelves, and he and the yeoman began going over them. A second swab was handed the swab man.

"At that rate, Kit, they'll be all day."

"Well, if they finish this up too fast, the boys might have to do something else." The yeoman began a gentle chiding to inspire the cleanup men to greater activities.

"Do you boys have a man back there on the swab bucket?" asked the yeoman beginning a gentle sarcasm to get the men to wake up.

"And a man on the spigot for the bucket?" added the assistant yeoman, taking his cue.

"In a little while we will have a man pass you each a cigarette."

"And another man come around and light it for you, boys."

"And then we'll have another man to sweep up the ashes after you boys flick them on the floor."

"Well, the big bosses are on the job again, warming their britches as usual," said someone, peering in the door and then pulling his head out to begin his own little stream of comment.

"That screwball is always ribbing somebody."

"He and one of his buddies throw each other over bunks and everything else all evening. They sleep right next to me."

The swab man and his helper finished up and left. A third man came in and began doing the baseboards.

"Now if we had this man in here all the time, the baseboards would really be clean."

"Those other two weren't lousy, but if they tried hard they could be."

"Remember that Goldbricker Weyer who came into our company from Sick Bay and left about ten days afterward when we finally gave a night boiler room watch to him? That kid had lain around in bed so long he couldn't get out of the habit."

"He spent more time in this office than with the company."

"Remember the time he came in and tried to tell us how to run the office?"

"Oh, he tried to tell the M.A. how to run daily cleanup."

"He tried to tell the platoon leader how to run his platoon."

"His bunk was the dirtiest in the barracks. He never washed his sheet."

"Were you in here the day Bris was teaching me the Manual of Arms?"

"No. What happened?"

"Why he tried to tell Bris how to teach it to me. So I handed him the rifle, and said, 'go ahead.' He turned pink and shifted the rifle around, and said 'Oh, I guess I've forgotten it in spots!'"

"Every time the company went to drill, he went over to sick bay."

"And every time we put him on guard duty he went over and got an excuse of some kind from the pill rollers at sick bay."

"The thing that finally finished him off was that night shift on the

Boiler Watch from 0200 to 0400 in the morning. When he saw that posted on the Bulletin Board, he turned green around the gills, went over to sick bay, and never came back."

"Just the thought of that shift knocked him out."

"Fall out!" yelled the Recruit C.P.O., and the company went down the ladder to the grinder.

"Inside Guard!" called the yeoman.

"See if anybody is in bed or in the Head. The company has all gone to drill on the grinder haven't them?"

"Yeh. There's one man in bed, McSweeney."

gone to drill on the grinder hasn't it?"

In a moment the guard came back, and reported the man still in bed.

"Roll him out," said the yeoman, "and tell him we're making up the boiler watch now and have some openings at night. That will bring him in."

The guard left, returning in an instant with the straggler, in skivy shirt and shorts.

"Who says I'm on boiler watch?" blared the undressed.

"Nobody did," said the yeoman softly, "but that doesn't mean you won't be in about ten seconds. . .

"What are you doing in bed?"

"I'm sleepin', that's what."

"Didn't you get up this morning?"

"Sure I got up."

"Then what are you doing in bed while everybody else is on the grinder? What did you do when you got out of bed?"

"I took a shower and then went back to bed."

"Well, Mac, I hate to shock you like this, but you know you're not at home now. This is Uncle Sam's Navy, and we're fighting a war. How many battles could we win with a platoon made up of feather pounders like you?"

"I'm sick, that's what!"

"Well, we'll send you to sick bay then."

"I'm not that sick."

"Then we'll put you on the boiler watch."

"Well, I'm sick then! I've got a crick in my neck."

"How did you get it?"

"I got it in bed. That's why I didn't get out."

The inside guard had crept up behind him, and suddenly he clapped his hands together. McSweeney turned his head with alacrity and jumped out of the way.

"Well! Kit, make out a sick bay slip for the gentleman. Put down that he suffers from a feather injury on the neck. And reserve that

boiler watch for four hours beginning at 0200, unless this gentleman brings back a real medical excuse."

The recruit departed, leaving the door open.

"Hey!"

The recruit returned to the office.

"If you were born in a barn, leave the door open, otherwise, close it."

The recruit went out, closing the door slowly behind him.

"That boy is a professional goldbricker."

"Or pretty close to it."

"He really is an artist."

A few seconds elapsed, and both continued working.

"This is the first time we've had the office cleared of men for a long time."

"Yesterday I came in here and had to sit on the floor. All the chairs were cluttered up with office loafers."

"It took us two weeks to get the boys to close the door whenever they came in or out."

"And they still come in and smoke when they shouldn't."

"I caught Fats flicking his ashes on the floor after one of those weighty statements, and guess what he said?"

"What did he say?"

"He said I was wrong, and that he hadn't. There wasn't an ash tray anywhere around, and his cigarette was half gone."

"Maybe he swallows his ashes."

"He certainly doesn't swallow his words. He sits around here and practices his radio voice on us. He just drools and drools until he bubbles over."

"He's a charter member in our hot air league."

"Yeh. 'Ten-shun!"

Both yeomen leaped to their feet as the regular C.P.O. walked in.

"At ease men. Anything new this morning?"

"One notice for you to attend a meeting of officers at Regimental at 1400."

"Good. I'll be there. What are you men working on?"

"We're checking the pay chits over."

"Good, we'll probably be paid tomorrow. I'll be back at 1300. I'm going down to march the company to Colors. Carry on, men."

The commanding officer departed, and the yeomen continued their work.

"Ninety-eight per cent of these men are really swell. But the other two per cent certainly do give us a lot of pain in the whoozis."

"Well, that's a better average than you find in everyday life almost anyplace else."

"Oh," sighed the yeoman, "to be back in Cambridge and at Har-

vard. After all, you know, Farragut is not Harvard, Coeur d' Alene is not Cambridge, and Sandpoint is not Yale."

The assistant yeoman chuckled inwardly, and the two men went on with their work.

SONGS

The two platoons went marching along the road to the boats.

"Company sing 'Anchors Aweigh!' One, two, three, sing!" yelled the commander.

"Anchors Aweigh, my boys, Anchors Aweigh!" . . .

A chorus of bass voices with a small sprinkling of baritones and tenors took up the chant. A thrill of exhilaration swept over the ranks.

"Now, 'Stout Hearted Men'—One, two, three, sing!"

"We are the men of the great U.S.N." . . .

The men polished it off with a flourish.

"Now, 'Marching Along Together.' One, two, three, sing!"

"Marching Along, Together, sharing every smile and tear . . . "

A slight ragginess began to creep into the voices of a few of the men with blare trumpet voices, who had sung too loud at the beginning.

A smile spread through the ranks as they sighted the lake.

"Now let's have that scullery cadence you all learned those two weeks in the scullery. Scullery Cadence, count!"

"S-C-U-L-L-E-R-Y. Scull-l-l-ery! Scull-l-l-ery!" laughed the company.

"Now let's have that song the yeoman made up and set to the Star Spangled Banner. Sing!"

Farragut, Farragut
In your mountainous bower,
Where true men discover
That knowledge is power.

Where the men of a land
Make this nation grow great
In the spirit of justice
Which has long been our fate.

May Farragut triumph in its trying task
So that this mighty nation
Will survive to the last!

"Now, there's time for one more. Navy Cadence, count. . . . "

"N-A-V-Y, N-A-V-Y, Naa-vvy, Naa-vvy."

The boats came into view bobbing lazily on the immense lake.

"There are the boats, men. Now, 'Anchors Aweigh'—for the last time."

"Anchors Aweigh, my boys, Anchors Aweigh. . . . "

The company marched along. Light of heart if heavy of foot, the men took up the chant. The rhythm of this great Navy song lifted their feet up and placed them ever nearer to the docks.

BOATS

Like a divine gift to the men of Farragut from the Prince of Heaven, Lake Pend Oreille lay like a blue gem set high in the crown of rugged, surrounding mountains of Western Idaho. Behind the rich, clear blue of the deep glacial lake the sturdy pine which scattered over the mountain sides and crowded into valleys and ravines formed a background of velvety green. And over this majestic panorama of green and blue the Maker had set a sky of special blue speckled with tufts of white clouds. And across the immeasurable vault of sky a brilliant sun moved in an immense arc, shedding on the world that golden glow which is rightly found only in the palette of Nature. It was a scene such as only the far Northwest knows, and which travellers never forget.

Company Commander Sam White marched his men to the edge of the freshly painted docks and commanded them to halt.

"At ease, men, and catch your wind," he said.

Another CPO left a shack at the far end of the long docks and approached Company 269. Behind the wooden docks, a scattering of houses smelling of fresh white paint lay like a doll town.

"Attention!" said CPO White as his visitor approached.

"Men, is there anyone here who hasn't read his Bluejacket's Manual on boats?

"Good. But just in case you might have forgotten it, Chief Johnson here who is in charge of these docks will help refresh your memory, before you go on the boats."

With these words he turned his company over to Chief Johnson.

"Men," began Chief Johnson, "boats are a lot of fun. But they are most fun if you know how to handle them right. And it's also true that boats are a lot of work, but they are less work if you know how to handle them.

"So pay attention to what I have to say, and you'll get the most possible out of the next few hours.

"A boat is handled by thirteen men, twelve of whom pull oars. The thirteenth is the coxswain, and he thinks for the rest of you. A good coxswain often means a good performance. He will give you commands for shoving off, he will count strokes for you, and will bring you into dock. You must obey every command he gives to the best of your ability.

"Now the twelve oarsmen are counted off in pairs. Pair number one sits at the bow of the boat, on the port and starboard sides, pair number two one position closer to the stern, and so on to pair number six which is right in front of the coxswain. The coxswain sits at the stern of the boat and guides it by means of the rudder. When you enter the boat, let pair number six enter first, then pair number five, then four, then three, then two, then one, then finally the coxswain.

"Now, every man must sit as close to the gangway as possible, because only by doing that will you get enough room to give a good account of yourself on the oars, and not get in each other's way.

"Now, when the coxswain says, 'Stand by the oars,' every one of you will take his oar by the handle and see that the blade of the oar is in the clear and not touching or interfering with any other oar.

"The second command is "Up oars!" When it is given, you will toss your oars quickly to a vertical position with the handles of your oars resting on the bottom of the boat. Your outboard hand should be even with your chin and your inboard arm should be steadying the oar from farther down.

"The third command is 'Shove Off.' Your bowmen and coxswain will execute this command.

"The fourth command is 'Let Fall.' This means simply that you drop the blade of your oar in the rowlocks. Your inboard hand stays at the handle of the oar. The oar is still out of the water.

"Now on the command, 'Give way together,' you begin rowing. Now here is where your coxswain and your starboard stroke make a difference. Your starboard stroke sets the pace, and you others simply keep your eye on his oar and stroke simultaneously with him. The coxswain will step it up or slow it down, and work out all the strategy.

"Men, there are three main things to remember. First, take a full stroke! You get more power and waste less energy that way.

"Second, pull a strong steady oar, quietly. A boat goes best if the flow of power which moves her, is even. A jerky flow of power disturbs her rhythm and makes it impossible for the crew to work together well. And only the coxswain talks on a boat.

"Third, feather your oars. Now that means simply that when you bring the oar back, let the flat side of the paddle skim over the sufrace of the water. Feathering your oars helps steady the boat and helps retain the power which you put into the stroke.

"Now when you stroke, there are three things you must not forget. You must not forget that your oars belong in the water only three quarters of the distance of the blade, that is, one quarter of the blade head should remain above the surface of the water. That means you sort of paddle along on the surface of the water, or skim along to be more descriptive. Second, pull with your backs first, then your arms. You get most power that way. And third, drop your wrists after every stroke because that helps relax the muscles.

"Now after that, you men are on your own until you come back into the docks. It's just a question of team work out there on the lake, that's all.

"When you come into the docks, your coxswain says, 'In bows,' and that means that you put your oars inside the boat. The bowmen will take the boat hooks and secure the boat to the docks.

"Now, any questions?"

"Sir, when do you use 'Point Oars?'"

"You never use that command on this lake. It is intended for shallow bodies of water, where a boat runs onto a sandbank, and then the coxswain uses it to get the boat free. Incidentally, this lake is a survival of the glacial age. It is several thousand feet deep in parts, and drops sheer from the shore here many feet. So when you each get your lifebelts, put them on. And no horseplay. We haven't had one boat capsize yet, and don't expect to have one today.

"Now form into groups of thirteen. You men who have had experience with small boats step forward, because we need a coxswain for each crew . . . "

A crew of thirteen stood in front of one of the boats under the new roof of the boatdocks.

"Our platoon leader is going to be our coxswain. He knows something about boats."

"Yeh, let's hope so. Say, these boats are practically new!"

"So is the whole dock. The whole camp is only a year old."

"Well, they certainly did a good job on these docks."

"They certainly did a good job on the whole camp."

At the coxswain's order, the men filed into the boat in pairs, shoved off, and began to stroke. A thrill of exhiliration shot through each man as his oar touched the water, and the boat slid out from the docks under the power of their oars.

"*Stroke* . . two . . three . . four . . *Stroke* . . two . . three . . four . . " yelled the coxswain, his powerful young voice eager to perform his task.

"The oarsmen fumbled their first few strokes, and their oars appeared from the docks like the rear paddle on a river steamboat whose athwartship beam was followed each second by a later one dipping behind it into the water.

"When I say stroke . . two, I mean pull that oar! and when I say three . . four, I mean feather that oar. Now let's get going! *Stroke* . . two . . three . . four . . *Stroke* . . two . . three . . four . . "

On the docks, Chief Johnson was talking to Chief White.

"These men really do take to water. They are natural born sailors. It's really surprising. Now take that crew over there with your platoon leader as coxswain. This is the first time in a whaleboat for all of them, and the first time rowing together. See those first few strokes? See how hesitant they were? Now watch them smooth it out! In ten strokes they catch on and row with a rhythm like a trained team. These boys are really born to the boats!"

"Yeh, I know. You should have heard them singing on the way to the boats. This is the one day in Boot Training when they really enjoy getting blisters on their hands!"

CAPTAIN'S REVIEW

The men poured out of their barracks in streams and clustered around the edges of the huge grinder.

It was Captain's Day. There was to be a parade and contest between the best companies of the whole station.

The reviewing stand was decked with bunting and for this special occasion an additional reviewing stand was added, to seat civilian visitors.

Bubbles of conversation rose and burst under the warm June sun.

"This is really going to be some show."

"What school are you going to, Mac?"

"Quartermaster's."

"What did you get on the General Classification Test?"

"Ninety-eight."

"I thought so. You've got to be tops for that school."

"I'm going to machinist school. I sure like machines."

"What time is it?"

"Fourteen forty-five."

"Look, here comes the regimental guidon bearers."

A column of four men came down the center of the grinder. One carried the Stars and Stripes, the second carried the deep blue flag of the Regiment, and flanking these on either side was a guard with a rifle. These symbols of allegience and power brought the spectators to a hush.

A murmer rose through the stands as Lieutenant Knight, the Regimental Commander, came across the grinder, and unfurled both flags. He retired to a position just in front of the stands, waiting.

Honor Companies from all battalions began marching onto the grinder and served to form regiments each of which would represent a camp in the intra-station contests. They lined up, the band at the extreme right, three companies deep, ten rows across with the regimental flag bearers in the center facing the reviewing stand.

A bevy of officers walked across the grinder and mounted the stand.

"How many stripes has he got, mate?"

"Four. That's the Captain. He runs the whole Station. He's got a commander with him and two lieutenant commanders, and the rest are lieutenants."

"That certainly is a lot of goldbraid."

Some of the officers left the reviewing stand to begin checking the companies present. The company commanders (C.P.O.'s), meanwhile, had brought their men to attention. Turning on their heels to face the reviewing stand, they reported to their ensign that all were present and accounted for.

The ensigns exchanged salutes with the commanders, and reported to the regimental commanders that all were present or accounted for. The attendance check then flowed up to the bevy of inspecting officers, who worked their way from one end of the grinder to the other. Each lieutenant, ensign, and C.P.O. sounded off as the officers approached.

A recruit looked at his watch. It was 1515. In the extra reviewing stand there were now seated several doughty dowagers and a scattering of persons in civilian clothes.

The trumpet sounded, and all else was still.

"Para-a-de–Rest!" Came a command from the central stand.

The command flowed down the chain of command of each regiment from one end of the grinder to the other.

"Fourth Regiment, Parade . . . !" said the Lieutenant.

"Fourteen Battalion, Parade . . . !" sang the Ensign.

"Company 269, Parade . . . " shouted the C.P.O.

"Company 274, Parade . . . "

"Company 89, Parade . . . "

"Fifteenth Battalion, Parade . . . "

"Company 381, Parade . . . "

"Company 386, Parade . . . "

"Company 390, Parade . . . "

"Thirteenth Battalion, Parade . . . "

"Company, Parade . . . "

"Company, Parade . . . "

"Company, Parade . . . "

"Twelfth Battalion, Parade . . . "

"Company, Parade . . . "

"Company, Parade . . . "
"Company, Parade . . . "
"REST! shouted the Regimental Commander.

As one man the whole regiment moved from attention to parade rest. The officers smiled.

"Fifth Regiment, Parade . . . "
"Sixteenth Battalion, Parade . . . "
"Company, Parade . . . "

Like the sun moving across the earth, the command traversed the grinder, until it reached the western end.

"Sound oo-f-ff!" said the Station Commandant, and his order was carried out.

The band began to play. Its dozen drums and thirty-three bugles brimmed over with sound. The band marched down the field and back again, led by its skillful drum major.

A series of commands for rifles were now given.

"Port . . . "
"Fifth Regiment, Port . . . "
"Port . . . " from the ensign.
"Port . . . " from the C.P.O.
"Port . . . "
"Port . . . "
"Arms!"

As one man the regiment executed the command.

The station commandant now came to the manual of Arms.

"Silent Manual . . . "
"Silent Manual . . . "
"Silent Manual . . . "
"Silent Manual . . . "
"ARMS!"

Without a sound, the command flowed down through each regiment and moved from east to west, across the grinder.

The command reached Company 269. The men counted silently to themselves.

"One . . . left hand on stock, rifle vertical, muzzle sight even with nose . . . "

two . . . right hand on barrel . . .
three . . . rifle changed to forty-five degree angle, left hand on leather sling and stock . . .
four . . . right hand on butt . . .
five . . . rifle to right shoulder
six . . . left arm at side . . .
seven . . . rifle stock dropped into left hand
eight . . . the right hand shifted up from the end of the butt

nine . . . the left hand was on the butt at left shoulder
ten . . . the right arm drops to the side
eleven . . . the right arm grabs the rifle at small of stock
twelve . . . port arms
thirteen . . . the right hand rises and grips the rifle at the pistol grip
fourteen . . . the rifle comes down to within three inches of the deck and hangs there
fifteen . . . the left hand snaps back to the side
sixteen . . . the muzzle of the rifle tilts forward, the left foot goes sideways, left hand to small of back.

The sixteen count manual ended. From the review stand came a murmer of approval. "I have *never*," said a doughty dowager, "*Never, never* seen anything better than that performance. They were as one man!" The others nodded an assent, and an English guest adjusted a monocle and said softly, "Upon my word!"

The command flowed on, until every company on the grinder had carried it out.

"Attention!" shouted the Station Commander, then, when the command had been carried out,

"Prepare for Physical Drill!"

The band began to play.

Dum-bum—Platoons in each company faced each other.

"Dum-bum!" two notes again came from the band.

Without a word, the men spaced off from one end of the grinder to the other, in unison.

"Dum Bum!"

The men stooped and placed their guns on the grinder, and remained bent over for at least ten seconds.

"Dum Bum"—the men came up.
"Dum Bum"—stepped six inches to left of rifle.
"Dum Bum"—down went the men again.
"Dum Bum"—up came the men, semaphore flags in their hands. They had drawn them from their boots while bent over.

"My word," exclaimed the English guest, "It's a pantomime drill.'"

The band now took up an arrangement of the Humoresque, to which all on the grinder did the semaphore drill:

A; B; C; C; D; E; F; G;
H; I;
J; K;
L; M;
N; O;
P; Q; R; S;
T; U; V; W; X; Y; Z
U.S. NA-V-Y!

"Dum Bum!" Went the Band.
The men bent over.
"Dum Bum—came up without flags.
"Dum Bum—men stepped back to rifles.
"Dum Bum"—men reached for their rifles.
"Dum Bum." They straightened up, their rifles at order arms.
"Dum Bum"—rifle raised to shoulder.
"Dum Bum"—rifle lowered in two hands to waist.
"Dum Bum"— rifle brought up to chin level in both hands, at the same time spreading the legs as at the position of parade rest.

The physical drill with rifles began. Each man held his gun in two hands, under his chin, horizontal with the deck of the grinder. Each command was repeated sixteen times.

"Out! Chest! UP! Chest!
"Down! Chest! Out! Chest!
"Up! Back of head! Over head! Chest!
"Right side! Left side!
"Right foot out! Left foot out!
"Over head! Right foot out! Chest! Foot in!
"Over head! Left foot out! Chest! Over head!
"Sweep to toes! Over head! Chest!
"Butts forward! Muzzles forward! Butts; Muzzles!
"Down to waist!
"Right side, left side!"
Rifle brought vertical to right shoulder—down to order arms.
The men now came to the end.
"Parade Rest!" came the command . . .
"Officers, center!"

To the tune of Anchors Aweigh, each C.P.O. with his guidon bearer marched to the receiving stand to report, and then returned to his company.

An air of tension swept over the grinder.
"Pre-e-sent . . . "
"Present . . . "
"Present . . . "
"Arms! . . . "
"PASS IN REVIEW."
This was a highlight of the days' performance.

The band filed out to lead the procession past the reviewing stand. Its drum major twirled and tossed his flashing stick as if his life were at stake, and after him, following along at a steady pace, came his hide and brass band, playing Officer of the Day.

A regimental Commander and three men, one bugler, one messenger,

and one lieutenant, followed next in line. The commander faced the reviewing stand and saluted in passing.

Next came an ensign, shining in the glitter of Annapolis polish, and following him a line of company commanders followed by their companies. The commanding officer of each unit turned and saluted in passing. The guidon bearer levelled his flag horizontally so that the pennant bearing the company number fairly touched the ground.

Company 269 passed in review. White turned his head, saluted, walked on. The guidon bearer lowered his flag exactly horizontal. The company marched past, head and eyes to the right, arms horizontal from the elbow, guns steady on shoulder, marching as a single man.

A murmur of content came from the audience, and the officers in the reviewing stand smiled their approval.

One by one the companies left the grinder and took their place in the line, forming on almost endless procession around the track of the grinder.

As the Stars and Stripes passed, the galleries rose and stood at attention, in respect to the speck of garment around which the fundamental loyalties of a mighty nation had rolled for almost two centuries.

The leading company went twice around the grinder, then took its old position on the field. Other companies fell into their previous places. Soon the grinder was full, and the track clear. Only the band, which had marched to the right of the reviewing stand, was in a new position.

"The Drill Prize goes to Company 269!"

Silence reigned as Chief Specialist White advanced to take his honors, and returned to his company.

The reviewing officers and their guests left the stands. The companies began to disband to return to their barracks.

The show was over.

"Never in all my days have I ever seen such a military performance," said the Englishman, "and I've seen many military performances in many countries."

"What did he say?" asked one recruit of another as they passed their distinguished guest.

"He sez it was some show."

"Yeh. It wuz."

GRADUATION

"Hit the Deck! Rise and Shine!" roared the voice of Chief Specialist White.

One by one the men awoke and repeated the command.

"Men, it's 0200. That's earlier than you have gotten up so far, but this is a special day. A *very* special day.

"You men know that when Sammy White says he's going to do something, he does it. When I asked you whether you wanted to give those drill rifles back and you all said 'yes,' I gave them back.

"Now, I want to ask you this: How many would like to graduate, right now?"

"Here!!" A roar rose from the men in the barracks.

"All right men, then you graduate! I'm going into the office and in fifteen minutes I expect you all to be dressed, your bunks shipshape, and each man at parade rest. I'm going to give you men a valedictory address and a graduation exercise."

* * * *

"Well, here I am men. This barracks really looks shipshape.

"Now I promised you men a valedictory speech. Men, I'm no college president, but I believe I can make a little speech none of you will ever forget.

"You have all completed your training now. You are part of Uncle Sam's Navy, and men, that's the best thing to be a part of in the whole wide world!"

He paused for a moment of dramatic silence.

"Attention! You will now stand at attention for one hour. That's your graduation exercise!"

The hands of the clock moved slowly around. Five, ten, twenty minutes. Not a man moved an eyelash. Thirty, forty, fifty minutes. Fifty-five, six, seven, eight, nine minutes. An air of suspense hung over the barracks.

"One hour! At ease men. . .

"Now you men take off your boots. You've graduated. From now on you call each other 'mate." You're all second class seamen now. The bus will be here at 0500 to take you to the station so that you can begin your leave home.

"You can do anything you want to your boots, except throw them away!"

"Whee-e-e-e!" the men took off their boots, and one yelled, "I know what to do with these boots!"

He threw his boots on the deck and began stomping upon them. The others followed his example.

"Wheee-e-e!"

"Hey, mate, can't you just see the folks back home meeting us at the station?"

"Hey, mate, did I show you the picture of my girl? We're going to be married as soon as I get home."

Hey mate, if you see a streak of lightning going by, that's just me going back to Sioux City, Iowa!"

A group of four men went to the stern side of the barracks. Two took the recruit C.P.O. on their shoulders, and two took White. They began a procession around the barracks.

"We are the men of the great U.S.N. . . . " began a chorister.

Slowly the sun rose over the rugged roofs of the surrounding mountains. The morning mist covered their tops in huge puffs of greyish cloud and stretched in broken formation down the mountain sides to envelope the thick forests of trees which for thousands of years had climbed ever higher towards the mountain peaks.

In this magnificient expanse of natural beauty all was quiet. But on the wide encircled valley, where a forest of trees had been cleared and the camp now lay, one barracks was lit.

A celebration was going on in 4A13, topside.

Boot Training was over.

ABOUT THE AUTHORS:

Ex-Apprentice Seaman ARTHUR CURTIS left his classes at Harvard College to enlist in the Navy program. He has since received an honorable discharge. For a time he was at the U. S. Navy Intelligence School in the Japanese Language at the University of Colorado. He has taught school in Massachusetts and Connecticut, worked in Washington, D. C. with the U. S. Department of Agriculture, and is now teaching History and Political Science at the University of Georgia. Smiles he, "My part is the only book or part of a book written on guard duty in the history of warfare!"

SAM FOX, towering Chief Specialist, U. S. Navy, is an Ex-Ohio grid star at Ohio State University. He has served as a U. S. Navy Training Specialist at Camp Farragut, Idaho where the book was written, and elsewhere. At all camps together he has trained over 5,000 men. He is now an instructor in the V-12 program at Berea College, Kentucky, where he is also head basketball coach.

* * *

"The Commandant of this Station has read the manuscript and wishes to commend you and the Co-Author,
Arthur S. Curtis, A. S."

Public Relations Officer, United States Naval Training Station Farragut

TRAVELERS BY LAND, SEA, AND AIR

(This Hymn is Sung at the Close of All Navy Religious Services)

1. Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointment limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

2. O Saviour, whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

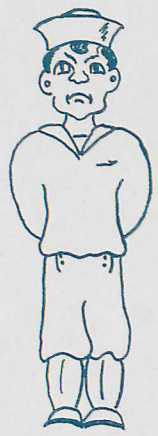
3. O sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st it's angry tumult cease,
And gavest light, and life, and peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4. O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go,
And ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting, 1860

5. Lord, guard and guide the men who fly
Through the great spaces of the sky;
Be with them traversing the air,
In dark'ning storms or sunlight fair—
O hear us when we lift our prayer
For those in peril in the air.

HEY, MAC!





To Whom It May Concern:

I have had the pleasure of reading in manuscript form "Hey Mac!", the Arthur Curtis story of his personal experience in "Boot" camp at Farragut, Idaho.

It is a breezy, authentic, well-written narrative of the life with which the author is entirely familiar through his own training period there.

Farragut is 50 miles from Spokane and I have visited it frequently and know the background the author presents. I believe *the book will prove interesting to all Uncle Sam's sailors and their kin folks and* believe it *will be eagerly read*. He writes well, and has a thorough training for the job from a literary standpoint as well as his personal experience in the nation's second largest navy training center.

Sincerely yours,
W. W. HINDLEY,
Sunday Editor,
The Spokesman-Review.
Spokane, Wash., U.S.A.



PPF 9-C

March 2, 1943

PERSONAL

My dear Mr. Wein:

The President has received the very unusual watch which you were good enough to send him from "ardent and grateful admirers". The four other watches which you asked be given to James, Elliott, Franklin,Jr., and John also have been received and I assure you that they will be distributed in accordance with your wishes.

I will undertake to do this and shall tell each of the four mentioned that they came from you as an official of the Crawford Watch Company.

The President is grateful to you as I am sure his four sons will be when they receive your gifts.

Your offer to send the President for distribution to worthy members of the Air Service, Army, Navy and Marine Corps some seventy-five of your watches is deeply appreciated. After careful consideration, however, it is felt that this offer of yours should be made direct to the heads of the services mentioned, i.e., the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, etc.

I need not tell you that if the President undertook to give some seventy-five of these watches to deserving members of the Armed Forces, word of his action would be passed quickly through the commissioned and enlisted ranks of the various services and be known to the several millions of men who make up these services. The President could not give to one and refuse another, and there would be thousands of deserving men. For this reason and others equally as obvious, it is felt that the plan you propose would not be practical for the President to undertake, nor fair to all of those in the services who would be deserving of such a gift from the Commander-in-Chief.

I suggested that your offer be made direct to the heads of the services, but I do not know whether they would undertake to

distribute the watches. As a matter of fact, I doubt whether they could do it for the same reasons that prevent the President from accepting your offer. However, there is no harm in trying.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace Tully
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Mr. Alex Wein,
Crawford Watch Company,
15 Maiden Lane,
New York, N. Y.

STE:mb

ford Watch Company

E SWISS WATCHES AND MOVEMENTS

CRAWFORD WATCHES

W YORK TELEPHONE BEEKMAN 3-0396-7

ALEX WEIN · S. SCHECTER

February 27, 1943

anklin Delano Roosevelt,
nited States,

:

an 18-karet, 17 jewel gold Chronograph Wrist
eg you to accept as a small token of our ad-
s the first of a lot of one hundred of the
finest watches ... has been our good fortune to secure.

With it, you will receive four equally fine stainless steel, waterproof Chronographs, with special pilot's dial, from a lot of one hundred and ninety six. Please give these to James, Elliott, Franklin Jr. and John.

As a small contribution to our war effort, we have put aside twenty-five of the gold and fifty of the stainless steel watches. These we would like you to distribute to those members of your personnel, the Air Service, Army, Navy and Marine Corps who, in your good opinion, are worthy of a personal gift from the President.

The balance of these watches will be held in reserve for sale to members of our Armed Forces.

Will you be good enough to advise us if we may ship the additional seventy-five Chronographs mentioned? We will consider it a great honor if permitted to contribute these superlative timepieces for Presidential distribution.

With profound admiration, we take the liberty of signing ourselves,

Respectfully yours,

CRAWFORD WATCH COMPANY

A. Wein

AW/dl

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

ompany

TCHES AND MOVEMENTS

EPHONE BEEKMAN 3-0396-7

February 27, 1943

His Excellency, Franklin Delano Roosevelt,
President of the United States,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

You will receive an 18-karet, 17 jewel gold Chronograph Wrist Watch, which we beg you to accept as a small token of our admiration. This is the first of a lot of one hundred of the finest watches it has been our good fortune to secure.

With it, you will receive four equally fine stainless steel, waterproof Chronographs, with special pilot's dial, from a lot of one hundred and ninety six. Please give these to James, Elliott, Franklin Jr. and John.

As a small contribution to our war effort, we have put aside twenty-five of the gold and fifty of the stainless steel watches. These we would like you to distribute to those members of your personnel, the Air Service, Army, Navy and Marine Corps who, in your good opinion, are worthy of a personal gift from the President.

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With profound admiration, we take the liberty of signing ourselves,

Respectfully yours,

CRAWFORD WATCH COMPANY

A Wein

A. Wein

AW/dl

Crawford Watch Company

IMPORTERS OF FINE SWISS WATCHES AND MOVEMENTS

15 MAIDEN LANE · NEW YORK TELEPHONE BEEKMAN 3-0396-7

ALEX WEIN · S. SCHECTER

February 27, 1943

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President of the United States,
Washington, D. C.

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Will you be good enough to advise us if we may ship the additional seventy-five Chronographs mentioned? We will consider it a great honor if permitted to contribute these superlative timepieces for Presidential distribution.

With profound admiration, we take the liberty of signing ourselves,

Respectfully yours,

CRAWFORD WATCH COMPANY

A. Wein

A. Wein

AW/dl

February 2, 1944.

Dear Mr. Wein:

I dislike bothering you about one of the watches which you were kind enough to send to the President's sons. If it is not too much trouble, I would like to forward to you one which has never worked. As you know, it is very difficult to get any repair work done these days and I always feel that people who make watches can repair their own better than anyone else.

Will you be good enough to let me know if you feel you can repair this watch?

With many thanks,

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

Alex Wein, Esq.,
Crawford Watch Company,
15 Maiden Lane,
New York City, N. Y.

February 7, 1944.

Dear Mr. Wein:

Ever so many thanks for your nice note of February fourth. I am delighted that you can repair the watch and I am sending it to you under separate cover.

With many thanks for all your trouble,

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

Alex Wein, Esq.,
Crawford Watch Company,
15 Maiden Lane,
New York, N. Y.

Crawford Watch Company

IMPORTERS OF FINE SWISS WATCHES AND MOVEMENTS

15 MAIDEN LANE · NEW YORK TELEPHONE BEEKMAN 3-0396-7

ALEX WEIN · S. SCHECTER

file

February 4, 1944

Miss Grace G. Tully
The White House
Washington, D. C.

Dear Miss Tully:

By all means return the watch which does not work. We will gladly have it put in condition. Due to the scarcity of skilled craftsmen, it may take a bit longer, but you may be assured that we will give preference to regulating this timepiece.

Our only regret is that the watch did not give service. We thank you for bringing the matter to our attention.

Yours sincerely,

CRAWFORD WATCH CO.

Alex Wein

Alex Wein

AW:DL

BB - Jan keeping the box the watch came in - as it was rec'd in bad condition & the P. O. are investigating what held it up since it was mailed on the 16, + rec'd the 24 — M —

sixteenth, and want to apologize for the delay in writing to you about the watch which you so kindly repaired and returned. It seems that the package was damaged in transit and was held up by the postmaster pending an investigation to determine the cause of the bad condition of the wrapping. This, of course, involved loss of time and the necessity of rewrapping the package and we did not receive it until today.

We felt that you should be told of the circumstances which have caused this belated acknowledgment. Please accept thanks for your kindness in the matter. I can assure you that it is deeply appreciated.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

eb

A. Wein, Esq.,
Crawford Watch Company,
15 Maiden Lane,
New York, N. Y.

given by Crawford

February 25, 1944

My dear Mr. Wein:

I have received your letter of February sixteenth, and want to apologize for the delay in writing to you about the watch which you so kindly repaired and returned. It seems that the package was damaged in transit and was held up by the postmaster pending an investigation to determine the cause of the bad condition of the wrapping. This, of course, involved loss of time and the necessity of rewrapping the package and we did not receive it until today.

We felt that you should be told of the circumstances which have caused this belated acknowledgment. Please accept thanks for your kindness in the matter. I can assure you that it is deeply appreciated.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

eb

A. Wein, Esq.,
Crawford Watch Company,
15 Maiden Lane,
New York, N. Y.

Crawford Watch Company

IMPORTERS OF FINE SWISS WATCHES AND MOVEMENTS

15 MAIDEN LANE · NEW YORK TELEPHONE BEEKMAN 3-0396-7

ALEX WEIN · S. SCHECTER

February 16, 1944

Miss Grace Tully
The White House
Washington, D. C.

Dear Miss Tully:

The Chronograph Watch which you recently sent to us for repair is being returned to you today.

This watch is now in perfect working condition and we sincerely hope that it will give completely satisfactory service.

We thank you for having given us the opportunity to serve you.

Very truly yours,

CRAWFORD WATCH CO.

A. Wein

AW:DL

Thank him very much
and say while the President

PPF
9-C

GATES, H. C.
J. W. Speaker Corporation
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Mar. 1, 1944. Ackd. 3/7/44.

Let. to Mr. Early stating that they are sending, under sep. cover, for the President and Mrs. Roosevelt Compact Cookits and Heatabs. Given to GGT.

SEE: PPF-9-S

lok

Thank him very much and say while the President appreciates his kind offer very much, this type of model does not fit into his collection.

GGT

March 10, 1944

PPF 9-C

My dear Lieutenant Clark:

Permit me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of February twenty-fourth to Mrs. Roosevelt and thank you for your friendliness in writing. While the President appreciates very much indeed your kind offer, he does not care to avail himself of it as the type of model which you describe does not fit into his collection.

The President wants you to know that he is especially grateful for your thoughtfulness and for your prayers. He has asked me to extend to you his very best wishes.

Very sincerely yours,

xPPF
9 M
x fire fighting apparatus

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

Lieutenant L. N. Clark,
29 Richardson Street,
Newton 58,
Massachusetts.

rg

I

that can be done now

There is no real hurry and I

Staff Room

Thank him very much and say while the President appreciates his kind offer very much, this type of model does not fit into his collection

GST.

2. 24. 44

acke 3/10/44

FEB 28 1944

Could you please tell me what type apparatus the President was assigned to on the Hyde Park Fire Department and number.

I make models of horse drawn fire apparatus and would like to make him one of the type he served on if it was horse drawn. I could not finish it up now as the metal shortage will not allow it, but there is much of the wood working that can be done now

There is no real hurry and I

2. 24. 44

ack 3/10/44

Mrs E. Roosevelt
White House
Washington D. C.

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

FEB 28 1944

Could you please tell me what type apparatus the President was assigned to on the Hyde Park Fire Department and number.

I make models of horse drawn fire apparatus and would like to make him one of the type he served on if it was horse drawn. I could not finish it up now as the metal shortage will not allow it, but there is much of the wood working that can be done now

There is no real hurry and I

appreciate what ever information you
may be able to supply.

I am a fireman and do this as a
hobby and understand that the
President is interested in fire and
fire fighting.

May God Bless you both now and
forever more.

Sincerely

Lt. L. M. Clark

29 Richardson St.

Newton 58 Mass.

LINDEMANN, Leo
Lindy's Restaurant
New York, N.Y.
Ackd. March 11, 1944.

PPF 9-C

Sent box of candy to the President; in Miss Tully's office.

SEE: PPF-9-L

lok

series B

7 PPF 9-C

March 27, 1944

Series B

My dear Mr. Connell:

The President is most appreciative of your kind thought in sending him that interesting Shillelagh on the occasion of his Thirty-ninth Wedding Anniversary. He wants you to know that he is delighted to have it and that he is grateful for your good wishes.

× PPF 9-S
× PPF 190

Very sincerely yours,

B

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

Daniel A. Connell, Esq.,
4554 Greenwood Avenue, ×
Chicago,
Illinois.

mgs

grams.

* Genuine 1874-Importation from a tree grove in Ireland.

4554 Greenwood Ave.
Chicago
Illinois

March 27, 1944

My dear Mr. Connell:

The President is most appreciative of your kind thought in sending him that interesting Shillelagh on the occasion of his Thirty-ninth Weddin Anniversary. He wants you to know that he is delighted to have it and that he is grateful for your good wishes.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

Daniel A. Connell, Esq.,
4554 Greenwood Avenue,
Chicago,
Illinois.

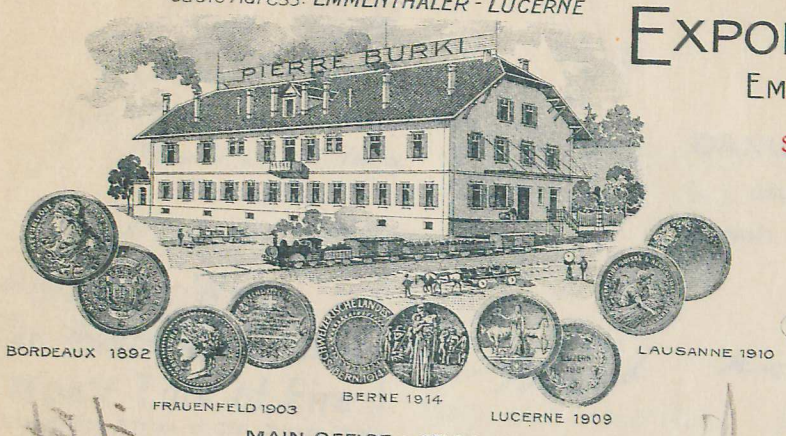
mgs

grams.

* Genuine 1874 - Importation from a tree grown in Ireland.

4554 Greenwood Ave.
Chicago
Illinois

A.B.C. CODE 5th EDITION
Cable Adress: EMMENTHALER - LUCERNE



MAIN OFFICE & STOCKS
INDUSTRYSTREET 9

OFFICE OF
DANIEL A. CONNELL
REPRESENTATIVE
160 N. LA SALLE STREET
PHONE STATE 3740
CHICAGO ILLINOIS

EXPORTATION OF SWISS CHEESE

EMMENTHAL AND SBRINZ (Swiss Parmesan for rasping)

SPECIALITY: SWISS GRUYERE DESSERT CHEESE
„THE LION OF LUCERNE"

Pierre Bürki

Lucerne,
SWITZERLAND

Chicago, March 18th 1944

Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt - President
White House
Washington D.C.

Dear Mr. President,

President Wears St. Patrick's Green; Won't Talk of Eire

Washington Bureau of The Chicago Sun.

Washington, March 17.—President Roosevelt, who claims that one of his ancestors was an Irishman, wore the green for St. Patrick's Day today. The President wore a green tweed suit with a brilliant green carnation in his lapel. On his desk was a pot of growing shamrocks, surrounding an Irish clay pipe, and a second pot of artificial shamrocks.

He refused at a news conference, however, to discuss the "Irish question," observing that the issues with Eire are controversial and asserting that the Irish in the United States are never controversial.

This was also the President's 39th wedding anniversary. As Mrs. Roosevelt is touring Army bases in the Carribean and South America, the day was observed by an exchange of telegrams.

"what no #Shillelagh"?

Please accept with best wishes for many future happy anniversies, to you and yours.

Very Respectfully
Daniel A. Connell
4554 Greenwood Ave.
Chicago
Illinois

Genuine 1874 - Importation from a tree grove in Ireland.

LIPPMANN

Pierre Bürki
Exportation of Swiss Cheese
Cable Adress: Emmenthaler Lucerne
Main Office and Stocks:
Industrystreet 9
A. B. C. Code 5th Edition

Lucerne,
(Switzerland)

file

OFFICE OF
DANIEL A. CONNELL
REPRESENTATIVE
160 N. LA SALLE STREET
PHONE STATE 3740
CHICAGO ILLINOIS

Dear Miss. Tully
Many thanks for
your kind note
of acceptance and honor.
It is greatly appreciated.

President Wears St. Patrick's Green; Won't Talk of Eire

Washington Bureau of The Chicago Sun.

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"What no # Shillagah
Genuine 1874 Importation
from
"A tree grows in Iceland"
Easter greetings
Daniel A. Connell Esq.
April 9th 1944.
A whisper
And now no
"Shenanigans"

White House Thanks.

A long time ago when Daniel A. Connell was born, relatives in Ireland cut a shillelagh from an old tree near their home and sent it to Connell's father as a gift for the new baby.

Connell is now 70 and lives at 4554 Greenwood av. He still had the shillelagh when he read about



the shamrocks and green cat gracing the desk of President Roosevelt on St. Patrick's Day.

So he sent the President the shillelagh, tied with green ribbon and bearing a note explaining its origin. Yesterday Connell had a "thank you" note from the White House—and he is prouder of that than he was of the shillelagh.



d import quota, in accordance with their individual par-
Swiss cheese. Word has come from the Swiss cheese
however, that the quotas are not arranged on an individual
are matters between the respective governments. That
in accordance with our own idea, but on the other hand
l had rather definitely understood through his contacts
Swiss Consul in Chicago that the purchases of individual
taken into consideration in connection with the amount
ich such firms might be permitted to export to
d. Therefore, Mr. Connell would like to have an
heck-up so to speak on the information he has received
Swiss principal.

He is also interested to learn whether the quotas are based on tonnages or values of products. We would like to receive any details you have as to whether there has in fact been an arrangement which amounts to exchange of cheese for lard or other animal products. We have had some information on the quota system but it pertains entirely to quotas against products from the United States, but we have had no data covering an exchange situation such as mentioned in the foregoing. Please advise at your earliest convenience.

E. R. Stutsman
Chief, District Office Section

Robert Sevey
Acting District Manager

LIPPMANN

Need of More Than Amends To the Swiss

By Walter Lippmann.

FOR the tragic accident in which the Swiss town of Schaffhausen was bombed by our air forces, the regret of this country is heartfelt and universal. We cannot, alas, make any reparation which will bring the dead back to life, or even make fully good the material damage. But what can be done to show our feelings, and what can be paid to restore the city and to compensate the Swiss, our people will certainly want to see done in the fullest possible measure.



Walter Lippmann.

It is possible to do more than that. This would be a fitting occasion for the President to order a review and reconsideration of those policies of economic warfare affecting Switzerland which many think have been carried beyond the bounds of law, reason, and military necessity. The President himself cannot know, the public has no means of judging, whether the regulations do not in many cases do more harm to the Swiss than they do good to the United Nations. There are grounds for suspecting that many of them may be excessive, that overzealous subordinates, intent on the total exercise of their powers, may often be failing to distinguish between the Swiss, who are true neutrals, and nations satellite to Germany.

* * *

NEUTRALITY does not arouse much sympathy in nations who are desperately at war. But the neutrality of Switzerland is a very special thing, indeed unique. Only Switzerland in all of Europe has made no military concessions. Surrounded by the Fascist world, its neutrality has been more than a policy of staying out of war. The Swiss have maintained intact their democratic liberties because they hold them dear and because their hearts are stout. That is a great *contribution to mankind. Through the darkest days of the war, when Hitler seemed about to sweep all Europe before him, the moral resistance of the Swiss has assured us that once a nation has known liberty it will never willingly surrender it.*

Their example should never be forgotten, and if there is anything this government can do to express not only its regret for the Schaffhausen bombing but its appreciation of the part Switzerland has played, it should do it. It should take the risks of giving the Swiss the benefit of the doubt between the judgment of some official here and their honest representations. We shall be amply repaid if we come out of this war with the confidence and friendship of the Swiss nation.

* * *

LET us not forget the indispensable part which Switzerland has to play in the healing of the nations. By long historical tradition, Switzerland is the seat, so to speak the capital, of mankind's works of charity and of mercy. We shall need Switzerland when the war is over. It will stand there, firm and free, in a sea of misery and hatred. We shall need the Swiss because they alone, perhaps, will be able to go everywhere, feared by none and trusted by all.

Realizing all that, we shall be wise if, jolted by this terrible mishap, we go beyond the obvious regrets and indemnities to larger actions which express our moral solidarity with this admirable people.

OPINIONS

So that the readers of The Chicago Sun may have the benefit of a wide variety of viewpoints on important issues of the day, the signed columns of leading writers and commentators appear each day on this and other pages of this newspaper.

Often these viewpoints contradict one another. They have no connection with the editorial policy of The Chicago Sun, and some, in fact, may represent exactly an opposite opinion.

COPY

OMMERCE COMMERCE
OMESTIC COMMERCE
Washington, D. C.
July 24, 1934.

July 18, 1934

18-EU

To:

From:

Subject:

Mr. Danie
Swiss cheese e
information on
cally, it has
ties of Swiss
Chicago meat pa
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exporter, howev
basis but are m
opinion is in a
Mr. Connell had
with the Swiss
firms were take
of lard which s
Switzerland.
official check-
from his Swiss

He is a
on tonnages or
details you have
which amounts to
We have had some
entirely to quot
have had no data
in the foregoing.

sion

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ns on Lard.

an representative of a large
his office today for detailed
e Swiss quota system. Specifi-
ractice to import large quanti-
has been sold to the various
s, Armours and others. It
report back to his Swiss
he different houses, it having
ckers would be given concessions
nce with their individual pur-
ome from the Swiss cheese
are not arranged on an individual
espective governments. That
wn idea, but on the other hand
nderstood through his contacts
at the purchases of individual
in connection with the amount
ermitted to export to
ll would like to have an
e information he has received

arn whether the quotas are based
We would like to receive any
has in fact been an arrangement
for lard or other animal products.
quota system but it pertains
from the United States, but we
e situation such as mentioned
your earliest convenience.

Robert Sevey
ting District Manager

* on a national basis

COPY

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
BUREAU OF FOREIGN & DOMESTIC COMMERCE
Chicago

July 18, 1934

To: Foreign Traffics Division

From: Chicago District Office

Subject: Swiss Quota Regulations on Lard.

Mr. Daniel A. Connell, American representative of a large Swiss cheese exporter, called at this office today for detailed information on the operation of the Swiss quota system. Specifically, it has been Mr. Connell's practice to import large quantities of Swiss cheese which in turn has been sold to the various Chicago meat packers such as Swifts, Armours and others. It has been Mr. Connell's practice to report back to his Swiss principals the quantities sold to the different houses, it having been his understanding that these packers would be given concessions on the lard import quota, in accordance with their individual purchases of Swiss cheese. Word has come from the Swiss cheese exporter, however, that the quotas are not arranged on an individual basis but are matters between the respective governments. That opinion is in accordance with our own idea, but on the other hand Mr. Connell had rather definitely understood through his contacts with the Swiss Consul in Chicago that the purchases of individual firms were taken into consideration in connection with the amount of lard which such firms might be permitted to export to Switzerland. Therefore, Mr. Connell would like to have an official check-up so to speak on the information he has received from his Swiss principal.

He is also interested to learn whether the quotas are based on tonnages or values of products. We would like to receive any details you have as to whether there has in fact been an arrangement which amounts to exchange of cheese for lard or other animal products. We have had some information on the quota system but it pertains entirely to quotas against products from the United States, but we have had no data covering an exchange situation such as mentioned in the foregoing. Please advise at your earliest convenience.

Robert Sevey
Acting District Manager

C
O
P
Y

BUREAU OF FOREIGN & DOMESTIC COMMERCE

Washington, D. C.
July 24, 1934.

18-EU

To: Chicago District Office

From: Division of Foreign Tariffs

Subject: Swiss Quota Restrictions on Lard.

I refer to your letter of July 18, requesting on behalf of Mr. Daniel A. Connell, information regarding the Swiss quota restrictions on lard and also information regarding the reported possibility of obtaining a larger quota for lard by purchasing larger quantities of Swiss cheese.

The Swiss import quota restrictions on lard were established on March 1, 1934. The quantities to be permitted importation from various countries are not made public by the Swiss authorities and it is not known here whether the quotas are based on weight or value.

It is our understanding that in a few instances the Swiss authorities have indicated a willingness to increase quotas for a particular firm if that firm increased its purchases of Swiss products. It has been reported that some American automobile manufacturers have obtained larger quotas as a result of using certain Swiss parts or accessories in the assembly of their cars. It is possible that American firms might be able to ship larger quantities of lard to Switzerland under the quota restrictions if they can show increased purchases of Swiss cheese or other products, but any arrangement of that sort would necessarily have to be worked out with the Swiss officials by the firms concerned.

Homer S. Fox

Acting Chief, Division of Foreign Tariffs

Forwarded:

H. R. Stutsman
Chief, District Office Section

February 28, 1944

P.P.7
9.C

X20

MEMORANDUM FOR HONORABLE GEORGE T. SUMMERLIN:

Will you not be good enough to have an appropriate note addressed to Mr. Maurice Clough acknowledging the receipt of the copy of his booklet if, in your opinion, an acknowledgment is in order.

Please return the booklet to this office when it has served its purpose.

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

dd

X

Charles Baeyertz,
I, Carmel Court,
18, Chepstowe St.,
Randwick,
Sydney,
Australia.

X

Book: The Fighting"Ninth"and other poems by Maurice Clough, A.I.F., Inscribed "To President Roosevelt with the author's compliments and good wishes, Maurice Clough."

X P.P.7
9.B
X 6 16 C

BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

P
Y

I, Carmel Court,
18, Chepstowe St.
RANDWICK.
SYDNEY,
AUSTRALIA.
4/1/44

President Roosevelt,
White House,
WASHINGTON, U.S.A.

Dear Mr. President,

Herewith a copy of the latest Australian war book, on pages 45, 61, and 63 of which the Author makes eulogistic reference to yourself for whom, I know, he holds the greatest personal esteem.

"Yanks Down Under" (page 60) is, in my opinion as a newspaper critic, a very fine piece of work, typically characteristic of both the writer and your Fighting Men.

"The Fighting Ninth" is the sequel to my young friend's first book -- "We of the A.I.F." which has created a literary record in Australia by running into Four Reprints within nine months! Maurice is the grand-nephew of Arthur Hugh Clough, the distinguished English poet so often quoted by Mr. Churchill. He is turning his attention to an American epic founded on some very deep and rare friendships he has formed with your Fighting Men in New Guinea where he took part in the Lae and Finschhafen engagements.

Withing you, my dear Mr. President, a very successful and constructive New Year in the strenuous and difficult Office you hold,

Yours very sincerely,

C. BAEYERTZ

(Charles Baeyertz.)

Enclosure:

Book, referred to.

Miss Grace G. Tully,
The White House.

BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

...CIAL COMMUNICATIONS TO
...E SECRETARY OF STATE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON

March 11, 1944

In reply refer to
PRO

My dear Miss Tully:

In compliance with your memorandum of February 28, 1944, I am returning herewith the book of poems entitled The Fighting "Ninth", sent to the President by the author, Mr. Maurice Clough, of the A.I.F. in New Guinea.

The appropriate American consular officer has been requested to convey to Mr. Clough a suitable expression of thanks.

Sincerely yours,

G. K. Summerlin.
Chief of Protocol

Enclosure:

Book, returned.

Miss Grace G. Tully,

The White House.

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

SUMNERLIN, G. T. - State Dept.
Washington, D.C.

P P F
9 - C

RODRIQUEZ, Jose,
Bronx, N.Y.
undated (ack. 3-11-44)

He and friend, Juan Sierra Santiago, have made a wood carving in the form of a "V" for victory and would like to present this handwork to the President. He says a commission designated by Pres. could view work at 981 Fox Street, Bronx, N.Y.
(First part of letter referred to Veterans Administration.)

Miss Tully on 3-11-44, advised Mr. Rodriquez that the carving he offers the President is much appreciated, but he does not have enoughtroom for the many articles his friends want to give him.

See P.P.F.9-R

br

PPF
9-C

SUMNERLIN, G. T. - State Dept.
Washington, D.C.
March 6, 1944.

Let. to Miss Tully attaching copy of note in translation dated 2/15/44 from the Mexican Ambassador at Washington transmitting for the President, at the instance of His Excellency the President of Mexico, 3 volumes of a work by Mr. Romulo Escobar entitled "Enciclopedia Agricola y de Conocimientos Afines." On 3/7/44 GGT returned above to Hon. Sumnerlin with memo asking him to prepare draft of word of thanks for the President's signature to the Pres. of Mexico. Draft and 3 volumes returned to Miss Tully 3/10/44. Orig. of draft signed by the Pres. and returned to G. T. Sumnerlin for forwarding to His Excellency General Manuel Avila Camacho, President of the United Mexican States.

Book and carbon of a note in translation, 2/15/44, from Mexican Amb. sent to Franklin D. Roosevelt Library, Series B.

lok

SEE: PPF-1075

PPF
9-C

MEMORANDUM FOR MRS. BOETTIGER
FROM: EDITH HELM
March 1, 1944.

"Pursuant to your request, I telephoned to the Belgian Embassy to say that the President will be very glad if Mr. Andre Cauvin will bring his film after dinner on March ninth to show to the President and his guests. Mr. Cauvin will arrive about eight-thirty. The film will be sent from the Belgian Embassy the morning of March ninth."

SEE: 73 iok

Attached to above file is memo 2/16/44 re the Belgian Ambassador's call about the film. Also memo of 2/24/44 to Miss Tully from J. Romagna saying that the Ambassador says he has invitation from Mrs. Boettiger to attend the dinner with the President on evening of March 9 and to show the picture after the dinner.
vsd

On 3/11/44 Mr. Cauvin sent thank-you let. to the Pres. for the opportunity to show above film. Sent album of photographs taken in the Belgian Congo. To Study.
iok

March 16, 1944

Gentlemen:

Permit me to acknowledge the receipt of the copy of the book WORKS OF ART, SILVER, AND FURNITURE, BELONGING TO THE CENTURY ASSOCIATION. The President is most appreciative of your courtesy in sending the volume to him.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

The Century Association,
7 West 45rd Street,
New York, 18, N. Y.

mgs

P.P.F. 9-C

SKINNER, William,
Rochester, N.Y.
3-13-44 (ack. 3-17-44)

Sends piece of needlework to the President. (T.A.) (cloth)

See P.P.F.9-S

br

MEMORANDUM FOR MRS. MARY EDEN:
FROM: E. W. GROSHON,
March 18, 1944.

O.P.F.
9-C

Re gift for President.

Says on 2/18/44, a 16 oz. bottle of Jaro Cleaner (for cleaning optical lenses, frames and jewelry) was received from the U. S. Detergents Co., New York City; the sender's name is copied from the returned addr. on the parcel; no corres has been received by Mr. Groshon in connection with gift.—The cleaner was sent to the U.S. Secret Service to be analyzed and was then sent to Commander Fox. 3/20/44—Note of thanks to above Company for sending the bottle of their product, to the President.

See P.P.F. 9-U

fmf

P.P.F.
9-C

TWIGG, Mr. Elza H.,
Cumberland, Md.
3-6-44 (ack. 3-13-44 & 3-21-44)

Writes to the President he has a 12 gauge shot-gun, given to his wife's father, who was Mr. Warren Delano's stableman and driver, Says his wife died several weeks ago, and it is his desire to give this gun to the President. Says he also has two linings out of General Braddock's brass cannon, and a cannon ball. Offers to send these items to the President.

On 3-13-44 Miss Tully wrote to Mr. Twigg, saying the President would love to have the shotgun which his uncle Warren Delano gave to his wife's father. Suggests that he give the linings of General Braddock's brass cannon and the cannon ball to the local or county historical society. Miss Tully also writes that the President is indeed sorry to hear of Mr. Twigg's wife's death and sends his deep sympathy.

On 3-21-44 the President wrote to Mr. Twigg, expressing his gratitude for presenting him with the shotgun, and saying it will make a fine addition to the family collection in the Library at Hyde Park.

(Shotgun, together with correspondence sent to "family collection" library.)

See P.P.F.9-T

br

CLARK, Borden
Old Authors' Shop
Ottawa, Canada
March 12, 1944.

PPF
9-C

Let. to the Secretary to the President re Private Library of the late Japanese Legation at Ottawa. Parts of collection have been sold, and now Mr. Borden suggests that documents be gathered together and studied. Enclosed copy of "Japanese National Hymn Kimigayo Ordhestra Score and Parts by Hidemaro Konoye" which he hopes the Pres. will accept as souvenir of his Ottawa visit; also copy of book entitled "A Study of English Word-Values Statistically Determined from the Latest Extensive Word-Counts" for the President's private secretary.

Referred by memo, 3/22/44, to Dept. of State for action.

SEE: PPF-5051

iok

March 25, 1944

PPF
9-C

My dear Mrs. Rice:

Thank you very much for sending along with your note, a copy of the periodical, CATHEDRAL AGE. I shall be glad indeed to place it before the President calling his attention to the article you mention and I know he will appreciate your friendly thought of him.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

eb

Mrs. Stuart A. Rice,
Editor,
THE CATHEDRAL AGE,
Washington Cathedral,
Washington 16, D. C.

March 24, 1944

[illegible]resident

[illegible]r issue of the Cathedral
[illegible]nclosing, there is an
[illegible]he Postage Stamps of
[illegible]hich I believe the
[illegible]lude in his stamp

[illegible]ncerely yours,

Sarah Alice Rice

Mrs. Stuart A. Rice
Editor

SAR:mgc
Enclosure

[illegible]
New Jersey.

vmt

Cathedral Age
WASHINGTON CATHEDRAL
WASHINGTON 16, D. C.

3/25/44

Thank you ⑤

March 24, 1944

Miss Grace Tully
Personal Secretary to the President
White House
Washington, D. C.

Dear Miss Tully:

In the Easter issue of the Cathedral Age, a copy of which I am enclosing, there is an article "Cathedrals Adorn the Postage Stamps of Many Different Nations", which I believe the President might like to include in his stamp material.

Very sincerely yours,

Sarah Alice Rice

Mrs. Stuart A. Rice
Editor

SAR:mgc
Enclosure

New Jersey.

vmt

PPF 9-C

xPPF 9-B

March 27, 1944

PPF 9-C

My dear Mrs. Clark:

Many thanks in the President's behalf for your kindness in sending him that little book which accompanied your letter of March twenty-third. He is deeply appreciative of your friendly thought in presenting it to him.

xPPF 9-B

I have pleasure in extending the President's best wishes to you.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

Mrs. Nellie Clark,
7 Rutgers Avenue,
Jersey City,
New Jersey.

vmt

N

sey City
Thurs. Mar 23/44
ackd
VMT
3-27-44

Study
We

sending
the book

eeches of
ton thought
like it —

from —

Mrs Nellie Clark
7 Rutgers Ave
Jersey City
N.J.

P.S —
Please let
me know
if you receive
it —

8.7.

9-C

sculptured models of a blue
man, inmate of
Mr. Coleman was head
rior to his conviction.
eat personal interest
the President for disposition.

i.ok

Jersey City
Thurs. Mar 2
ack'd
WHT
3-27-44

Pres Roosevelt -

Dear Sir:

Jersey City
Thurs. Mar 23/44

Book ~~attached~~

ackg'd
VMT
3-27-44

Pres Roosevelt -

Dear Sir:

Am sending
you this little book
it is the speeches of
Geo Washington thought
You would like it —

from —

Mrs Nellie Clark
7 Rutgers Ave
Jersey City
N.J.

P.S —
Please let
me know
if you receive
it —

PPF
9-C

sculptured models of a blue
leman, inmate of
. Mr. Coleman was head
prior to his conviction.
great personal interest
the President for disposition.

lok

GEIST. Irving

PPF
9-C

GABRIELSON, Dr. Ira N. - Director
Fish and Wildlife Service - U. S. Dept.of Interior
Washington, D. C.
March 28, 1944. Ackd. 3/29/44.

Let. to the President enclosing miniature sculptured models of a blue marlin and sailfish, at the request of Arthur J. Coleman, inmate of Illinois State Penitentiary, sculptor of the models. Mr. Coleman was head curator of the Indiana State Museum in Indianapolis prior to his conviction. Mr. Coleman's gift was inspired by the President's great personal interest in deep-sea fishing. Models given to GOT to show to the President for disposition.

SEE: PPF-223

iok

GEIST, Irving,
New York, New York,
February 8, 1944 - (ack. 3/27/44).

O.P.F. 9-C

Let. to President, encl. a silver clip as a remembrance of his birthday, together with two one dollar checks, ($2.00) for Infantile Paralysis; encl. clipping re Kenny Treatment for I.P.----------Contribution sent to I.P.F. and silver clip given to Miss Tully for the President.

See P.P.F. 9-G

fmf

IRVING, Mrs. Nettie W.,
Phoenix, Arizona,
March 25, 1944 - ack.

P.P.F.
9-C

Ack. of thanks to Mrs. Irving for sending the President a card of Valentine Greetings, together with the handmade chair set.--------Gift given to Miss Hales, Telephone Room.

See P.P.F. 9-I

fmf

FOUR ACE CLUB,
Kansas City, 6, Missouri,
March 25, 1944 - ack.

8.8.7.
9-C

BPF
9-C

The President's best wishes go to
you with this little note.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

eb

William L. Chenery, Esq.,
COLLIER'S,
250 Park Avenue,
New York 17, N. Y.

FOUR ACE CLUB,
Kansas City, 6, Missouri,
March 25, 1944 - ack.

Mrs Eben

No disposition

Mr Swaney ltd

to

eb

souri,

P.P.F.

PPF
9-C

March 29, 1944

My dear Mr. Chenery:

The President asks me to convey his hearty thanks to you for your kindness in sending him that interesting chart and booklet. He is especially pleased to have them.

X773

XPPF
9-B

The President's best wishes go to you with this little note.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

eb

B

William L. Chenery, Esq.,
X COLLIER'S, X
250 Park Avenue,
New York 17, N. Y.

...ssouri,
...k.

O.P.7-
9-C

...p, thanking them for sending the playing
...—T.A.

fmf

...ier's *The National Weekly*
William L. Chenery
Publisher

January 7, 1944

Here, attached, is the Collier's "World Map of Raw Material Sources" which I promised to send to you.

William L. Chenery

William L. Chenery

FOUR ACE CLUB,
Kansas City, 6, Missouri,
March 25, 1944 - ack.

P.P.F. 9-C

Miss Tully wrote to the Club, thanking them for sending the playing cards and pin to the President.--------T.A.

See P.P.F. 9-F

fmf

7

March 27, 1944

COALE, Lt. Com. Griffith Bailey
U.S.N.R.,
c/o Navy Dept.
Washington, D.C.,
March 24, 1944.

The President wrote that he was very pleased to receive the copy of Lt. Commander Coale's book, "Victory at Midway". The President said he considered it a fine piece of work from both the writing and painting angles and he was sure that it would be enjoyed by many, as it was by him. The President said Lt. Commander Coale's present trip sounded interesting and he hoped would result in another work such as this book.

P.P.F. 8731
AS

P. P. F.

9-C

7

March 27, 1944

SUMMERLIN, George T.,
Chief of Protocol, Dept. of State,
Wash., D.C.
3-29-44

P.P.F. 7
9-C

Encloses to Gen. Watson, copy of a despatch dated March 14, 1944, which has been received from the American Consulate at Casablanca, Morocco, transmitting a communication addressed to the President by the Pacha of Marrakech, thanking President for autographed portrait. Also enclosed a copy of a despatch dated March 14 from the American Consulate at Casablanca concerning a gift (some kind of Morrish curio), which the Pacha of Marrakech desires to present to the President. Mr. Summerlin would like to know whether the President wishes to accept this gift.

Penciled notation - "telephoned Mr. Summerlin - yes."

See P.P.F.8648

br

7

March 27, 1944

Storeroom
PPF
9-C

My dear Mr. Carlson:

Your letter of February fifteenth has been received and noted with interest. It was indeed kind of you to send the President the sketch to which you refer and you may be sure that the friendly thought which prompted its presentation is appreciated.

×PPF9-S

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

George H. Carlson, Esq., ×
Assistant Director,
United Service Organization Club,
28 North Pine Avenue,
Sharon,
Pennsylvania.

cd

×4384-Mis.

Store room
G.G.T.

UNITED SERVICE ORGANIZATIONS, INC.

Member Agency — The Young Men's Christian Associations

Shenango Valley U.S.O. Council
G. A. Harshman, Chairman
C. W. Harpst, Treasurer
Ralph E. Johnston, Secretary

Advisory Committee
Dr. William L. Wishart, Chairman
Rev. Ira LaVigne, Vice Chairman

ADDRESS REPLY TO:

U.S.O. CLUB
28 North Pine Ave.
Sharon, Pa.
Phone 2-3621

archyd 3/27/d

February 15, 1944

Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt
President of the United States of America
White House, Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. President:

Some months ago one of your local admirers and a talented young artist, Danny DeBonis, did the enclosed pencil sketch of you, apparently from one of your published photographs. When I saw it I asked if I might send it to you, and he consented.

He and a group of Shenango Valley artists are doing portraits of soldiers from Camp Reynolds at our U.S.O. club every Tuesday and Friday. This service is greatly appreciated by the service men and their families back home.

Your acceptance of this sketch will bring delightful satisfaction to Mr. DeBonis, I am sure. He lives in Farrell, Pa., a suburb of Sharon, at 1115 Bond St.

Respectfully yours,

Geo H Carlson

George H. Carlson
Asst. Director U.S.O.

GHC/c

HAMBURGER, J. M.,
HILBORN - HAMBURGER, INC.,
New York, 10, New York,
March 20, 1944 - (ack. 3/27/44).

P.P.F. 9-C

Let. to President, sending him under separate cover, a framed chart of ribbon bars pertaining to the Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard and Merchant Marine, designed to give information re above.------Chart and copy of letter sent to Dranklin D. Roosevelt Library, Series "B".

See P.P.F. 9-H

fmf

TURNER, Mrs. Clara,
El Cerrito, California,
March 27, 1944 - ack.

P.P.F. 9-C

Note of thanks to Mrs. Turner, for sending the President, hand crocheted dogs, as a birthday remembrance; card of birthday greetings attached.------Given to Mr. Groshon.

See P.P.F. 9-T

fmf

SCHUH, Nellie Gulick, (Mrs. Harry W. Schuh),
Baltimore, 14, Maryland,
March 30, 1944 - (ack. 4/1/44).

P.P.F. 9-C

Let. to President, sending him a little cross as an Easter gift.——
Given to Mrs. Bonsteel by Mrs. Eben.

See P.P.F. 9-S

fmf

ED. KENNEYS DRUG STORE
Homer, Ill.
Ackd. April 4, 1944.

PPF
9-C

Sent capsules to the President; T. A.

SEE: PPF-9-K

iok

M

P.P.F. 7
9-C

CONDICT, Alden S.,
New York, N.Y.
4-10-44 (ack. 4-18-44)

Encloses to the President a photostatic copy of an old book inscription dated 1834, and signed by the President's Great Uncle Franklin Delano. Offers to send the President the original two volumes - both identically inscribed - for the President's Library at Hyde Park.

Miss Tully replied to Mr. Condict on 4-18-44, saying the President would be delighted to have the two volumes he offers to send.

See P.P.F.6399

br

TURNER, B. R.,
New Orleans, Louisiana,
April 6, 1944 -ack.

P.P.F. 9-C

Note of thanks to Mr. Turner ~~for sending~~ the President a one pound box of candy.--------Given to Mr. Groshon.

See P.P.F. 9-T

fmf

April 8, 1944

My dear Mr. Carroll:

This will acknowledge the receipt of your letter of April first to the President. What you say regarding your desire for a commission in the Marine Corps has been noted and is being referred for the consideration of the Secretary of the Navy.

It was indeed thoughtful of you to offer to present to the President the Naval picture which you forwarded under separate cover. Unhappily, he does not have any more room for items of this kind and it is felt, therefore, that you should not be deprived of this picture which you have had for so many years. I do want to assure you, however, that your friendly thought of the President is nonetheless gratifying.

The picture is being returned to you under separate cover.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

Arthur J. Carroll, Esq.,
1632 North Argyle Avenue,
Cincinnati 23,
Ohio.

hms

NAVY: Wants commission in the Marine Corps.

x PPF 9-C

Picture returned 4/11/44

Reg. letter #8420

In view of his request, this letter has been prepared with the thought that it might be best to return the picture WJ.H.

for you to do with as you think best

M Eben

PPF 9-C

...e recovery of Sgt. Santiago Sanhueza, of Chilean Air ...f Penicillin, tells of receiving expression of appreciat... ... of the entire Air Corps and sent the President some ...named "Franklin" made by Sgt. Sanhueza which he wishes ... with a scroll of parchment of presentation. General ...xes, not so important.
... wrote Mr. Bowers that the President will be ...ip model by Sgt. Sanhueza.

emc

Mr Hopkins - One
for you to tack
up with photo?
What to do with
M Eben

DEPARTMENT OF STATE

P.P.F. 9 - C

ecovery of Sgt. Santiago Sanhueza, of Chilean Air
nicillin, tells of receiving expression of appreciat.
the entire Air Corps and sent the President some
"Franklin" made by Sgt. Sanhueza which he wishes
a scroll of parchment of presentation. General
not so important.
Mr. Bowers that the President will be
del by Sgt. Sanhueza.

emc

See P.P.F. 223

Mr Hopkins
I believe you're
right
MLE

PPF 7.9-C

recovery of Sgt. Santiago Sanhueza, of Chilean Air
Penicillin, tells of receiving expression of appreciat-
of the entire Air Corps and sent the President some
ued "Franklin" made by Sgt. Sanhueza which he wishes
th a scroll of parchment of presentation. General
s, not so important.
ote Mr. Bowers that the President will be
model by Sgt. Sanhueza.

See P.P.F. 223

emc

PPF 7.9-C

DEPARTMENT OF STATE

...e recovery of Sgt. Santiago Sanhueza, of Chilean Air
... Penicillin, tells of receiving expression of appreciat.
... of the entire Air Corps and sent the President some
...med "Franklin" made by Sgt. Sanhueza which he wishes
...ith a scroll of parchment of presentation. General
...es, not so important.
...rote Mr. Bowers that the President will be
...p model by Sgt. Sanhueza.

emc

See P.P.F. 223

4/7/44

Framed photograph (7½" X 11") "The Atlantic Fleet, Guantanamo Bay".

The above photograph is being held at the ...rage Mailroom.

Groshon

BOWERS, Claude G., Hon.
Ambassador of the United States
Santiago, Chile.
April 3, 1944 - (Ack. 4/11/44)

PPF 7-C

Letter to the President re recovery of Sgt. Santiago Sanhueza, of Chilean Air Force whose life was saved by use of Penicillin, tells of receiving expression of appreciation from General Tovarias in behalf of the entire Air Corps and sent the President some presents, the outstanding a yacht named "Franklin" made by Sgt. Sanhueza which he wishes to have the President accept along with a scroll of parchment of presentation. General Tovarias also sent two cigarette boxes, not so important.

On above date Miss Tully wrote Mr. Bowers that the President will be looking forward to receiving the ship model by Sgt. Sanhueza.

emc

See P.P.F. 223

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON

April 4, 1944

In reply refer to
PR

P17
9-C

MEMORANDUM FOR

HONORABLE GEORGE T. SUMMERLIN: x20

Will you not be good enough to have an appropriate note addressed to Mrs. Ada Carter acknowledging the receipt of the patriotic token sent to the President.

Please return the gift to this office when it has served its purpose.

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

mgs

CARTER, Mrs. Ada, 9 Brock Crescent, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, 3/30/44. x48-B
x Sends bookmarker, duplicate of which sent to Mr. Churchill made of x48
woven bead ends of American and British flags attached to red, white x48-A
and blue ribbon.
x282

x P179-B

B

BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

FFICIAL COMMUNICATIONS TO
E SECRETARY OF STATE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON

file
Pres rpt
bookmark
GGT

In reply refer to
PR

April 12, 1944

My dear Miss Tully:

In compliance with your memorandum of April 4, 1944, I am returning herewith the bookmark sent to the President by Mrs. Ada Carter of Toronto, Canada.

The appropriate American consular officer has been requested to thank Mrs. Carter on behalf of the President for her courteous gift.

Sincerely yours,

G. S. Summerlin.
Chief of Protocol

Enclosure:

Bookmark, returned.

Miss Grace G. Tully,

The White House.

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

In reply refer to
PR

April 12, 1944

My dear Miss Tully:

In compliance with your memorandum of April 4, 1944, I am returning herewith the bookmark sent to the President by Mrs. Ada Carter of Toronto, Canada.

The appropriate American consular officer has been requested to thank Mrs. Carter on behalf of the President for her courteous gift.

Sincerely yours,

LJB

Chief of Protocol

Enclosure:

Bookmark, returned.

Miss Grace G. Tully,

The White House.

MAYES, James H.,
Martinsville, Virginia,
March 29, 1944 - (ack. 4/15/44).

O.O.F.
9-C

Let. to President, encl. cigarette holder which writer made with pocket knife. ---- Given to Mr. Blake to give away.

See P.P.F. 9-M

fmf

April 10, 1944

MEMORANDUM FOR

Honorable Stanley Woodward:

Will you not be good enough to have an appropriate acknowledgment made of the copy of the book THE FIRST LADY OF CHINA.

Please return the book to me when it has served its purpose.

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

mgs

HSIA, C. L., Director, Chinese News Service, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, 20, N. Y., undated. "We take great pleasure in sending you herewith a copy of "The First Lady of China," an illustrated record of the visit of Madame Chiang Kai-shek to the United States in 1943. The book was prepared by the International Business Machine Corporation of New York and a specially bound copy of this beautiful book is being sent to Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

"We wish to express our appreciation of the splendid gesture which Mr. Thomas J. Watson, President of the International Business Machines Corporation and his associates have made, through this book, to the people in China."

BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

F STATE
ON

April 18, 1944

My dear Miss Tully:

In compliance with your memorandum of April 10, 1944, addressed to Mr. Woodward, I am returning herewith the book entitled The First Lady of China, sent to the President by Dr. C. L. Hsia, Director of the Chinese News Service, Inc., New York, New York.

An appropriate expression of the President's thanks has been addressed to Dr. Hsia.

Sincerely yours,

Chief of Protocol

Enclosure:

Book, returned.

Miss Grace G. Tully,

The White House.

FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

April 1

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON

In reply refer to
PR

OFFICIAL COMMUNICATIONS TO
THE SECRETARY OF STATE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Department of State

BUREAU
DIVISION } PR

ENCLOSURE
TO

Letter drafted 4-17-44

ADDRESSED TO

Miss Grace G. Tully

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE 1—1023

Miss Grace G. Tully

ADDRESSED TO

Letter drafted 4-17-44

ENCLOSURE TO PR

Department of State

OFFICIAL COMMUNICATIONS TO THE SECRETARY OF STATE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON

In reply refer to
PR

April 18, 1944

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Sincerely yours,

Chief of Protocol

Enclosure:

Book, returned.

Miss Grace G. Tully,

The White House.

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

PPF
9-C

April 15, 1944

My dear Mrs. Cromie:

Many thanks, in the President's behalf, for your friendliness in sending him the socks and handkerchiefs which accompanied your card of Easter greetings. You may be sure that your kind thought of him is deeply appreciated.

× PPF 9-S
× PPF 9-H

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

Mrs. A. S. Cromie,
7829 Germantown Avenue,
Chestnut Hill,
Philadelphia 18,
Pennsylvania.

vmt

B



7-13-44.

May He who gives
the truest gifts
Grant happiness to you
An Easter filled with
all that's glad
And special blessings
too!

Mrs. Annie S. Cronie

7-13-44.

7-13-44.

"Great
us tusk
ring was
ent to Hyde

fmf

BB -
the lavender hand
made socks are being
given to the P to give
away + the 2 hankies
go to P. valet
at the house
MZ

ack'd
VMT
4-15-44

From -
Mrs. A. S. Cronie +
Mrs. A. S. Cronie
7829 Germantown Ave.,
Chestnut Hill Chila. 18
Penna.

PP 7.
9-C

To
President

x PP 7-9-S
x PP 7-9-H



From-
Mrs. A. S. Cromie
7829 Germantown Ave.,
Chestnut Hill Chila. 18
Penna.

PP 7.
9-C

Ack. Give to me
G. G. S.

ack'd
VMT
4-15-44

INSURED
No. 551324
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
GERMANTOWN, STA.
APR 6 1944

METERED MAIL
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
APR 6 '44
POST OFFICE
U.S. POSTAGE
.29

To
President Franklin D. Roosevelt
Washington
D. C.

x PP 7-9-S
x PP 7-9-H

GORDEN, Olaf,
Seattle, Washington,
March 23, 1944 - (ack. 4/17/44).

P.P.F. 9-C

Let. to President, accompanied by an ivory carving of the "Great Emancipator" - (Abraham Lincoln), It is carved from a piece of Walrus tusk obtained from the Aleuts of St. Paul and St. George Islands; the carving was done by writer. ——— Ivory carving and copy of writer's corres. sent to Hyde Park Library, Series "g".

mf

See P.P.F. 9-G

MEMORANDUM
4-29-44

P.P.F.
9-C

Memorandum from Mr. Latta to Gen. Watson that pouch leaving today includes steaks which are being sent at suggestion of Mrs. Roosevelt, who thought the President might enjoy them. They are from Amon Carter and were received through Harry Crookes, Maryland Casualty Co.

See 200-3-0

br