

# STAR-TELEGRAM JR.

THIRD YEAR, NO. 10. FORT WORTH, TEXAS, NOV. 17, 1943.

WORTHLESS.

## Native Son Defends Arkansaw's Fair Name

"If you zoom over a house and the people run out the back door and the pigs run in the front door—that's Arkansas."—Colonel Dyess at Albany.

BY JOHN N. PARKER.

They ain't a pig in Arkansas that would run from an airplane unless it were from the scent of any Yankee aboard, which always has been offensive to the nostrils of Arkansaw hogs.

Furthermore, no Arkansaw pig that I know of would be so ill mannered as to enter a dwelling without first hollering "hello" at the front gate and wiping the mud off his feet on the top rail.

The story is a fabrication from start to finish, which becomes apparent the moment you observe Arkansaw—especially South Arkansaw—architecture. Residents do not run out of their back doors. They ain't no back doors—just a hall, in which women shell peas and dogs scratch fleas, and it is open on both ends.

Besides, if there was a back door no native white Arkansawer would run through it because if he did he would trample to death a dozen or so nigger children assembled there for whatever largesse might be forthcoming from the kitchen about supper time.

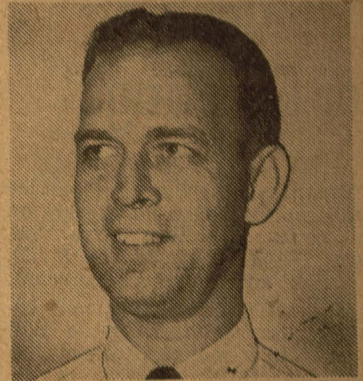
I resent such stories. I believe any Arkansaw buzzard, in fairly good physical condition and not too tired to flap a little, could rout from the air above the property any ordinary Yankee aviator by the mere expedient of holding one foot over his mouth.

The Oracle of Pigdom has spoken . . . if anyone is an authority on the homelife of Arkansaw pigs it's John N. (Arkansas) Parker.—Ed.

### SLIGHTED.

Rotund Jack Butler looked over the names on new third-floor paste pot left on his desk and read: Charlie Boatner, Judge Wilson and W. L. Redus.

"Jees, I ain't even got a pot to paste in," he wheezed.



THOMPSON.

## Dick Thompson 'Chief Heel'

R. E. (Dick) Thompson, 36, Star-Telegram and Star-Telegram Jr. engraver for more than three years, last month became the 100th person to leave the plant for military service.

The Navy needed Dick, so he's out at San Diego. Already a master at arms ("Chief Heel"), he likes it swell, "but it's hell," he wrote his wife, who's a typist-clerk at the Fort Worth Army Air Base now.

Dick's departure left the Engraving Department in a sad condition. Wan Thawp moaned more loudly than ever. It even began to look as if Ox Culver might have to go to work.

### DRAMA IN PACIFIC.

Scene: A church in Brisbane, Australia.

Time: Oct. 21, 1943.

Army man, walking up to Navy man: "Your face is familiar—aren't you from Fort Worth?"

Navy man: "Yes."

Army man: "So am I. I was with The Star-Telegram there."

Navy man: "So was I."

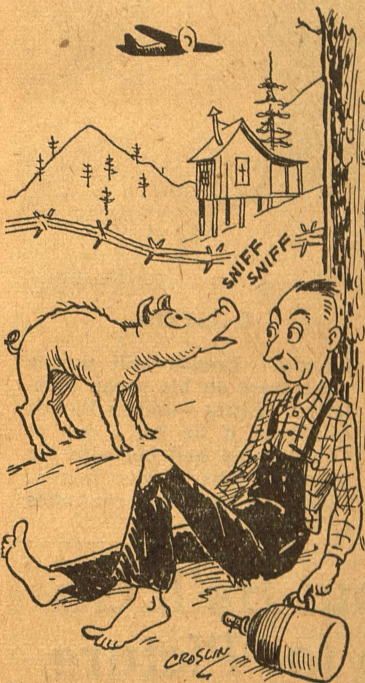
Army man: "My name is Phil North."

Navy man: "My name is Jake Smith."

Army man: "Fine! Come up to my room and let's pick the old sheet to pieces."

Navy man: "OK."

We all got talked about.



HAWG & FRIEND.

### Best Seller

A "Star-Telegram book" is a "best seller." It is "I Give You Texas: 500 Jokes of the Lone Star State," written by Boyce House, who was on The Star-Telegram's staff for five years; illustrated by Winston Croslin. "I Give You Texas" reached its fifth printing in seven weeks.



# Five Mailers Are Looking for Greetings

BY GUS BARTHOLET.

Breaths of the Selective Service gentlemen last month were hot on the necks of Mailers Clive Timmons, Wyatt Logan, T. M. Myall, C. Littig and your correspondent.

Meanwhile, this department enjoyed more visits and more mail from fellow workers already in uniforms.

Max Neal, who used to work here as office help, has red hair now instead of black. He was in the Medical Corps and some acid got on his head in the lab, and that, with the help of plenty of sunshine, wrought the transformation.

E. Barker also was around. Was in the paratroopers, but because of a bad knee is out.

The youngest Millican brother (a mailer who worked on the Fort Worth Record), was in on a furlough and got to see some of the oldtimers he knew—Cooper, Gee, Lindsey and others.

J. C. Koppe now is taking it easy in the hospital, but isn't very comfortable, he says, with that compound fracture of his arm. Lonnie Wells, Lindsey and Logan got sick over the accident. Lucy Self beat all speed records turning the switch to shut off the motor.

Some news that Corp. J. B. Logan won't enjoy hearing is that of the destruction by fire of the Silver Dollar, his favorite stop.

Dopy Bateman still trying to run somebody else's business . . . Gilmore says let's start all over—especially Saturday night . . . Pappy Wolfe now has to have his car worked on.

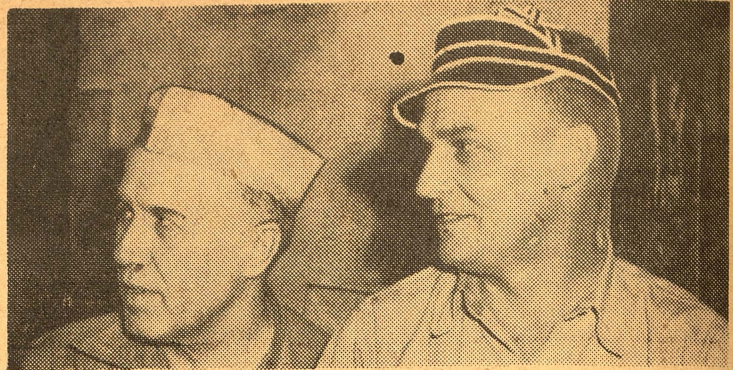
### Something Added.

The boys doubtless still will make passes at Ruth Mahaffey, who wears glasses.

### Enjoys Chat.

Walter Forbes enjoyed a chat last week with the editor of The Tarranteer.

And it is Photo BY CAPT. TOMMY DILLARD now. 'Nuff said?



H. H. FRENCH.

BILL KEITH.



S. W. BLAKESLEE.

C. LITTIG.

The mailing Room has no pretty girls, but there are several passable male profiles down there, and four of 'em are presented here, just for variety. Keith longs for another hunting trip to Mason

County. French still nurses prize trees on his pecan plantation. Littig wonders how it would be if he got a job at Convair and had his wife for foreman (she works there). Blakeslee, the Supt., continues efficiently.

## Dub Is Short but He'll Go to Any Length for Picture

Dub McPhail, camera-clicking papa, just don't like to get up off the ground.

In fact, he don't like height so much that he quit a good construction job once when the building scaffolding got above the third floor.

So you can appreciate the fact that Dub will do anything to get a picture for Senior when you learn that he climbed up on top of the radio booth, which is on top of the press box, which is on top of SMU's Ownby Stadium, to get a football shot.

Getting down was simple for lit-

tle Dub. He simply waited until the flag was out of his way, then grabbed the flagpole and slid.

### Louis Reid on the Job (Pl.)

Louis (I also write for detective magazines) Reid is also holding down a salesman's job in the sporting goods department at a cash and carry general store located near the courthouse square. He was one of the town's first volunteer part-time job volunteers.

### Gunn Power Added.

Able Stanley Gunn currently is filling in on Sunday's Copy Desk.



# Richhart, Late for Cocktails, Is Philosophical

Richhart managed to console himself after arriving at the big-wigs dinner too late for cocktails:

"I guess it'll be nice to get up in the morning feeling good instead of going to bed tonight feeling good."

# Sidelights Are Where Y'Find 'Em

"Roz" Graves, afternoon side reporter, swears the place to get sidelight stories on football games is the little girls' room.

At least that is what she declared when seen ducking in and out of all of them during the TCU-A&M grid clash.

Personally, we can't ever remember hearing a printable story in the little boys' room.

# Here 'n' There

A pin adorned with the picture of an Eskimo rowing a canoe received by Pat Mann of the stamp desk, from her Seabee correspondent in Alaska . . . Pat ill, off a spell . . . Grace Popejoy, want-ad-phone solicitor, back at work after a trip to the hospital for an operation . . . Virginia Price, assistant to Bertie Lyles, absent from work a week to rest up a bit, but the office manager did her work. Bertie did not say this—he told us.

## AUTUMN.

The frost is on the pumpkin  
And the fodder's in the shock;  
The ice is in the alley  
And a hole is in my sock.

The frost is on the pumpkin,  
Oh I feel it in my joints;  
The steak is in the meat shop  
And I'm nearly out of points.

I like the Autumn pumpkin,  
But the pumpkin isn't mine;  
If prices keep increasing  
I'll just leave it on the vine.  
—G. E. V.

# WACs Want Frills, Hearts Yearn for Fluffy Things

(Bess Stephenson, former reporter on the Fort Worth, Texas, Star-Telegram, is a lieutenant in the WAC, stationed with the 8th Service Command at Dallas. She dropped in at the Associated Press Bureau in Dallas the other day and Bu-

reau Chief Frank H. King asked her why somebody didn't write a story about what the WACs want for Christmas. So she did. Since writing this piece Lieutenant Stephenson underwent an appendectomy in Ashburn General Hospital.)

BY LT. BESS STEPHENSON.

DALLAS, Nov. 4 (AP).—Christmas shopping for a WAC?

Listen! Lay off that military stuff and buy her a white satin petticoat with deep bands of lace on it. Buy her fine, white, hand-embroidered handkerchiefs so fragile they'd blow apart in one good, healthy sneeze. Buy her a nightgown so soft and thin that she'll wear it on cold nights at the risk of double pneumonia. Buy her the rarest and costliest cologne in the range of your budget and buy her a red lipstick.

Surprised?

You shouldn't be. WACs still are women and some of them have been in uniform for more than a year now. Since Sept. 1 they have been in the Army of the United States. That means they must stay in uniform for the duration and six months thereafter.

Being in full uniform means being in khaki-colored rayon panties and khaki-colored rayon slips. These (ask any WAC) are the items of clothing that bore them most. They're of wonderful quality. They last forever. The slips



fit better than most slips on the civilian market. But —

There comes a time in the life of every WAC when she wants to go out and squander all her pay on a few frilly underthings that would lift her morale and wouldn't show up at formal inspection. No sir, there's no rule against wearing such things.

Christmas would be a nice excuse to save her the yearning.

The general rule in Christmas shopping for a WAC is to remember that she has everything she could possibly need. Just go ahead and buy her some fluffy something she doesn't need—but would cherish. That's a good rule for pleasing any gal. WACs are gals.

## "Once Upon a Time."

Miss Patsy Sims, who lives out Forest Hill way, is a recent addition to Thurmon Berry's efficient staff of "Proof Girls." It is said that her gracious way and pretty smiles get a quick O. K. on most proofs—a valuable asset to the department we would say. Miss Sims is a niece of Mrs. Velma (Sis) Guinn of the National Advertising Department. "Sis" says she was as pretty as Patsy "once upon a time."





# JUNIOR SIX POINT

LAWRENCE MORROW.

**DEFINITION**—A genius is person who can read Mark Burrowes' handwriting.

**CONGRATULATION**—To a pair of swell fellows: GEORGE M. WOODMAN, mechanical superintendent, and HORACE JEWELL, composing room foreman, on completion of a very successful first year in your present positions. May all the others be likewise.

**HAVE MERCY**—All you fellows whom Mr. Spencer writes about in the Junior—please go easy on him when you read it. After all, with his age, he can't be held responsible.

**HEEL! HEEL!**—One night the galley boy asked which one of the admen was William P. Ferguson. When Bill was pointed out to him the galley boy remarked, "Oh, you mean the one with the mustache and the hair that hangs down like Hitler's."

**HARD LUCK**—Frank Gorsuch dropped and broke his glasses recently and had to lay off three days. Frank said it wasn't the loss of the three days that bothered him but the fact that he couldn't go out with Ole and Shorty Jackson.

**SORROW**—I am sure that everyone who knows Homer Holliday joins with me in expressing sympathy in the loss of his brother-in-law.

**PARTING THOUGHT**—"Heed you the sins of the world for you are partly to blame."

## McAulay Is a Patient Man—Up to a Point

Photographer Joe McAulay listened patiently while the dowdy woman raved and primped.

"I just never look pretty in a picture," she fussed. "I can't see why a photographer does me that way . . . etc. . . etc."

Finally Joe got enough.

"Listen, lady," he busted out, "all I can do is get what's there."

## Nix Rheumatism Would Set Record

A touch of rheumatism for Linotype Op. Nix? Nope, just his imagination. Too bad. We could have claimed the biggest case of rheumatism of any paper in Texas.

Nix started ailing about the time he bought that ancient Dodge. In it one day, under it the next. That's the way it has been. An A book is plenty in this case. Sad. That 1940 Ford he traded in is only a fond memory now. In it he could run out to the farm on his day off with his family. True contentment. Now they have to go along just to hand him the tools.

### Can Be Persuaded.

Walter Forbes is an authority on the Navy and if you'll twist his arm he'll talk about it.

### Taylor Tale.

When y' gotta, y' gotta, says Sid Taylor.

1	G	2	R	I	3	F	H	A	R	4	T
5	R	E		U							R
6	A	P		D		7	O				I
8	S	O		D							N
9	S	S		Y				10	P		I
	0	E		D				11	B		T
				U				12	A	13	I
14	W	O	O	D	M	A	N	S			S

## Operator Oels May Enter the Hot Dog Trade

Linotype Op. Ed Oels, the future hot dog king, is seeking a promoter to sell stock in his business. He has purchased the land—adjoining the bomber plant. Capital for the building is the main problem. The air castles he has built cover more than an acre.

None of us would have suspected that Oels had been planning such a big undertaking if he hadn't been talking about it for the past several years. His motto will be "Credit to All Printers." Friends wish him success. Opening date will be announced in due time (long future). There is no reason for his not making it a go, if you consider Atty. Louie Howard's success in getting his friends into trouble when they come to him for legal advice.

### Financial Report.

Donations for the purchase of presents to fellow employees in the Armed Forces amount to more than we spent by about \$34.45. Who'll decide what to do with it? The amount paid in to Nov. 1 is \$178.20, and the cost of 98 boxes of air mail stationery, and 99 sewing kits amounts to \$123.95. Additional cost for postage is estimated at \$19.80, though this may not be exact. Total cost \$143.75 from \$178.20 paid in leaves the said \$34.45. The money is in the company till.

## Some People Have Pride

Op. Dan McCarty's hobby is collecting black bow ties. Never misses a sale. Buys them by the dozen. All exactly alike. His stock ranges into the hundreds—kind already tied and with elastic and snap. He isn't lazy. Says the tailored look of a factory-tied tie is becoming to him—makes him more "impish." The only time he does not wear one is while he is performing his day's labor on the linotype machine.

At all other times a smart black bow tie adorns his No. 11 neck. In Sunday or everyday shirt, pajamas, bathing suit or nude that tie is neatly in place.

Dan thus is unlike Frankie Wells, who claims he has never worn a tie of any description. Seems that some people just don't have any pride, while others have it all. Such is life among printers.



# Bill Ferguson as a Plumber Is a Fine Ad Compositor

BY R. Q. SPENCER.

William Ferguson, without any undue praise, is one of the best ad composers in Fort Worth. His friends are numbered up in the 'teens. But his ability as a plumber or electrician is doubtful. Painting and carpentering? Still worse.

His landlord noticed a leak under William's house. Without calling his attention to it he wangled William into buying. Not looking for work and having his usual tired feeling Bill didn't investigate. He thought owning his home would be a bed of roses.

It didn't take his better half long to find the water waste. No plumber available. William said HE was no plumber. The Mrs. insisted. Bill's reply: no tools. Mrs. F. attained plenty from neighbors. No flashlight. The five-year-old daughter came forth with one.

Bill claimed the house was too low on the ground. More persuading in strong manner. Estimating the clearance at 38 ems, and knowing his height to be well over six feet and width 36 ems, including his mustache (which hasn't grown any in the past five years) Bill crawled under, only to discover the flashlight battery dead. More trips to the neighbors for extension cords. Under he went again, only to drop all tools, light and himself into the two-foot soft mud caused by the months-old leak.

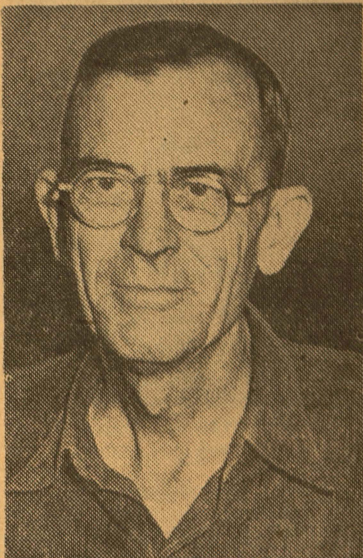
Bill signaled for the light to be turned on. A short in the socket caused him to come up through the living room floor. The baby, not recognizing him in his coat of mud, called out: "Mother, here's that man again."

The Fergusons are now in the market for the services of a plumber, an electrician and a carpenter. Can someone help them out?

## Operator Pruitt Departs

Op. M. H. Pruitt left us to take a job on the Abilene Reporter-News. A capable, conscientious worker, Pruitt will be missed.

Op. Derden, who switched to the night side for a short stretch only, was heard to mutter something about "deuces wild." All work and no play makes Jess a dull boy, eh Jess?



No, gentlemen, this is not this month's war map. Nor is it the latest addition to Forest Park Zoo. It's your old pal Nathan Dollphus Petty, the Mexia man, "Kid Dusto," labor leader, politician, etc.

### WINDOW-RAISING MAMA.

(Attributed to Si Summers; dedicated to Pearl Binkley.)

Put that window down, mama!  
Put that window down!  
Window-raising mama,  
Put that window down!  
Turn 'at radiator off, mamma!  
Turn 'at radiator down!  
Radiator turn-uppin' mama,  
Turn 'at radiator down!  
I'll tell Chairman Brown, mama!  
I'll tell Mr. Brown!  
I'll tell old Papa Brown,  
mama,  
If you don't put that window  
down!

# Vetter, Better, Back at Work; Freddie Frets

ALSO BY R. Q. SPENCER.

Monotype Operator Lawrence Vetter, his health much improved, is back on the job after three months. Tony Hunter, for one, was not himself during Vetter's absence—things were too peaceful. Until he can find a house, Lawrence has his flock sheltered in one of Tom Prickett's Lake Worth cabins.

Wanted: One house for Fred Hutmacher. No joke. His agent, Rasco Morrow, is looking intently and running down each rumor of a vacancy. Every night the two confer.

Fred even worked for a man a couple of days in hopes he would leave town so as he could get his house. It was only a hotel room. His landlord already has given him notice to vacate. His cows, dogs, goats, chickens, ducks, mule—no, the mule left—plows and other farm implements, not to mention his family, are a big problem. Don't worry, Fred. There is always a way. The sheriff will act when he gets good and ready.

Fourth Floor visitors last month included Lt. Johnny Van Dyke, now in pilot training at San Antonio; Corp. Marion Butcher of Tarrant Field and Civilian Flight Instructor Doyle Alexander—all looking fit.

### TO "DAGO" JOE REISER.

Remember, if your job is small  
And your rewards are few—  
Just remember that Mr. Andy  
Was once a flunky, too.

—R. Q. S.

# Riggs Has Luck--All Bad

Night Composing Room Foreman William Riggs had a double portion of tough luck last month. For his swollen blue-black nose various reasons were advanced; car wreck, kicking cow, honky tonk brawl, butting goat. But the one

Bill favored most was "fence—the night was dark."

And with the bad case of poison ivy on his hands and arms, accumulated while gathering pecans, Bill was forced into something to which he long has been unaccustomed—keeping his shirt on.



ACROSS THE BLUE PACIFIC.

Dear Junior:

You may not remember me very well . . . I've been gone since April 4 of '41. And I worked at the radio station instead of the Senior. I've been receiving you, though, and I always look forward to your arrival. While in the States, I did a lot of moving around and you had trouble keeping up with me. Then . . . I got in a boat, a big boat, and took a little trip across the unbelievably blue Pacific. The highlight of that trip was not an attack or anything like that. We had a very peaceful, uneventful voyage. One night, though, I was standing watch. It had been raining . . . I looked off to the west where a piece of moon was shining. I looked again, rubbed my eyes. I didn't believe what I saw. I went forward and asked the guard if he saw what I did. He did. Out there to the south was a perfect double rainbow . . . beautiful . . . the first time I had ever seen a rainbow caused by the moon.

We finally arrived in Australia and spent three days there. I hope to get back again for various reasons. First, we were in quarantine, so we didn't get to see any of the sights. Second, they have the most wonderful beer in the world there.

We piled back on the boat then and took off for (censored). I have been here since then and have seen a great deal of the place.

My first assignment was the best . . . in the mountains . . . nice and warm in the daytime . . . at night it got three blankets cool. We lived in native-built grass huts and traded with the natives. For a spoon of salt, an old razor blade or maybe a box of matches, we would get new potatoes, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, cucumbers, onions, cabbage, lemons, limes, bananas, paw paws, new corn and on one occasion fresh eggs. And that's not bad! The only point system we had was when I would point and say: "Me tradum."

The natives speak a pidgin English . . . Interesting. We are called white master. Since I was in command of the unit I was No. 1 White Master. When we were through trading I would say, "All Pinis?" The answer would be "All pinis. Me go now." "Now tas all" says the same thing.

One interesting thing I picked up was the Lord's Prayer in broken English . . . similar to the pidgin. "Fader you belongs me pella. You stop along. Heben. Kingdom belongs you I come. All I hear in talk alonga you, longa ground, alla same alonga Heben. Give me kai kai (food) alonga day. Forgive wrong belongs me pella. Me pella alla same forgive wrong belongs other pella. Take away umtin (something) no good belongs me pella. You no bringum me pella alonga other pella. You pella belongs kingdom come, same power, same glory, alla same, alla same time. Amen."

Junior, tell Margaret Smith hello for me. And Mr. Hough and Mr. Campbell . . . and those that I knew particularly there. My work here is one of those things the censor doesn't permit my talking about. Margaret or Frances Campbell can tell you what I was doing back in the States. I'm still working with it here . . . fascinating.

By the way, Junior, you're getting some beautiful women in your staff. Save one of them for me. If you get over to the radio station, tell Mr. Cranston and all hello for me. (And drop around again soon. THAINE (Lt. G. T. ENGLE).)

BERT OUGHTA KNOW.

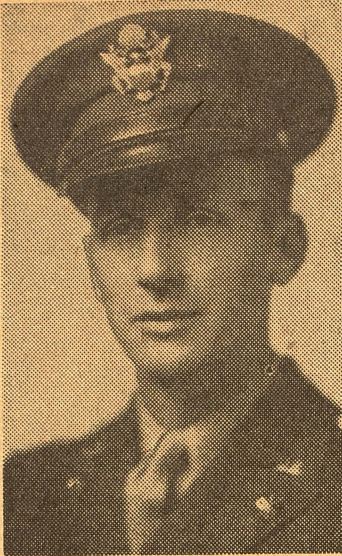
Dear Al and Anyone Else:

I got through my first week boot training still intact.

It's not too bad. We are kept busy.

The food is good and plentiful. The barracks are clean. I ought to know—we keep them that way. Regards to all.

BERT (Bert Ford, A. S.)



LIEUTENANT ENGLE  
A Rainbow Was a Thrill.

BILLMAN "SOME SALT."

Hello Everyone.

Wonder if you remember a fellow named Byron? Well, I'm still circulating, wondering what will happen next.

Just returned from sea . . . really had a tough time. The sea was clocked at 60 miles per hour and for a fellow who lives on the plains, they looked like tall mountains kicking us in the face. The captain tried his best to get the men sick, but failed. We were all in top shape and the weather didn't bother at all—some salt, don't you think?

Guess all of you are working pretty hard. I can just see Miss Mary at the adding machine and Billye and Anabert keeping the ball rolling. All of the district managers slinging the bull and the boss planning his next move. Well, anyway, the entire gang is the best in the West and I'd give anything to be back.

I wish someone would write and give me the latest dope. They say Doug is with the fleet. Can you answer this question? I have received the last opus of the Junior and really it's swell. Give them my address.

Falres, I met Bill Garrett at Long Beach about three weeks ago and he said tell you and all of his friends hello. He really looks good in his Ens. uniform, and I'll just bet he's a damn good filer.

Goodby for now. BYRON.  
(Wm. B. Billman).

SEEING AMERICA FIRST.

Dear Mr. Record:

In a year have covered a few thousand miles here in the U. S. Looks like the Army wants me to see America first, or maybe I am just a "dry land soldier" . . . sure hard to realize I have been in nearly three years.

I am asst. P. R. O. officer, Hdg. 4th Air Force (In San Francisco), very interesting work, but I still say a good line soldier is going to seed on a desk job.

Still get Junior each month and sure enjoy it. Velma does a fine job keeping up with our addresses . . . Junior also keeps that warm feeling of fellow Star-Telegram people intact . . . guess we fellows should write more often, but frankly, to me a letter is a hard assignment.

Give all the Star-Telegram folks my kindest regards. Hope to see you all in next couple years.

GEORGE.  
(1st Lt. George R. Addington).

CLARK HAVING A TIME.

Ira-Duddy:

Just a line to let you know that Pvt. Clark is still "among those present." "Louie"—Lord Louis (Mountbatten)—and me are "somewhere in India" doing our part in winning the war.

I'm not sure just what "Louie" is doing right now or whether he is enjoying his work, but Pvt. Clark is an operations clerk and is having a hell of a good time. I must say, however, if I had my choice, I would have picked a more pleasant climate than this hell-hole. Somewhere between 7th and 8th Streets would be more to my liking. India is all right for people who like snakes, insects and lousy food, but with due respect for all concerned, it is my unbiased opinion the Indians can (language here too strong for Jun.or.—Ed.)

Army life over here is pleasant enough, though. The natives do all the dirty routine work such as k. p., laundry, cleaning up the barracks, etc. And I have about the best job in the whole army—it's very interesting and the hours are short. The first week I saw two generals, "Louie" and the first WACs to reach India, and I took my first plane trip. Honest, I hate to take money for this.

Here's an item you might give to Van Fleet. The operations officer—my boss—is Capt. "Jo Jo" White, who played some damn good football for A. & M. I met him at Stinson Field, where he tried (or rather asked) to get me in his outfit as clerk. I wasn't too anxious to go "over" then, so I turned it down. Now, five months later and 12,000 miles away, I'm working for him. He's a hell of a swell guy and still looks like a football player.

You might like to know, for research purposes, that the whisky situation over here is putrid. They have two kinds: One brand makes you blind eventually, and the other tastes like wine strained through a dirty sock. But, it's cheap enough.

Which reminds me, today is pay day, so I better go pick up my rupees. Hello everybody for me. P. S.—Tell Mr. Burrows I said "pftt." WARREN.

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG.

Dear Fred:

Just received your letter of Aug. 4 and enjoyed it very much . . . first letter from any of the gang I worked with . . . Get the Junior sometimes, but haven't received it since June.

This leaves me in good health . . . spent three weeks in LaCalla and certainly had a grand time . . . did very little work but a lot of swimming, fishing and wine drinking . . . plenty wine, women and song. Of course the songs were a little hazy, but everyone enjoyed them. Went to several dances, but couldn't get along with the French girls as well as those at the Hawaiian Paradise. Tell Eldridge he can take over out there for the duration, but "our Hammie" will take up where he left off there and at Chicken Inn. By the way, do you ever see the Blond?

It is pretty damn cold here at night, but I'll have to pick out a country like this to have a war in or Louisiana for maneuvers, unless it is to make you appreciate a good place. HAMMIE.  
(Pfc. Lee H. Thompson).

GORE A MECHANIC NOW.

Dear Gus:

We are here (at Camp Pickett, Va.) for special training. Don't have any idea how long I will be here, but this is supposed to be our last stopping place . . . sure like to see all you boys before the day comes for me to leave . . . I am a mechanic now instead of tank driver. I am glad, for that is the hardest job I ever had. I still have to drive, though. I drive a tank with a crane on it—called the recovery vehicle. I go get the ones that are knocked out in action or that quit running for some reason or other.—GORE. (Corp. James A. Gore.)



TIM GOES A-FISHING.

Dear Gang:

Say Frankle, the fish sure do bite down here in Florida. Here is a picture of two that we caught last week down at St. Petersburg. Show this to Mr. Record for he has never caught one so big! Joe Quince and the rest of them fishermen anglars need any advice about fishing I am the one who can supply it. How is Mudcat Tom Shivers doing with his fishing? Is Lardo Gouldy in the Army yet?

Now a little about the Florida weather, which is supposed to be the best. Boy, oh boy, we liked to have frozen the last three nights when the temperature went down to 45 and this damp weather mixed in with it. I guess if Deany was here he would have his earmuffs on, and would have been warm. We have coal stoves and it takes them so damn long to get fired up. When my wife gets down here I will live off the post and come in every morning and go back in the afternoon around 5 o'clock. But the outlook is getting darker as the days go by, for many may be gone out by Christmas. We get up here in this company when we get ready which is about 7 a. m., and go to work at 8. No retreat or reveille, so I think it is too good to be true.

How is Horace J. making it these days on the big S-T? And Al Weatherly and his letter writing? The Junior looks better every issue with them gals spread all over the pages and that picture of Dinty and Herb, now that was two Aces (pardon the spelling) of the makeup. The Bills, Smith, Van Fleet and the rest of them? That Eddie Schmidt better practice up on his golf for I am going to play and practice with the big boys this Winter here when the weather gets warmer.

Well, will let you know how things go down here when I get some more data and stuff. Say, is there anything to drink there in pints? We looked Tampa over the other night and nothing but qts., and they were 5.95 and up.

I remain your old pal and makeup,

TIM.

BALLOONS ARE A SIGHT.

Dear Miss Mary:

... off maneuvers three weeks. Now near Paris, Tenn.

This is a balloon barrage training center ... they have these balloons up all around the camp. They must have several hundred here and sometimes they put up as many as a hundred at a time. A very interesting sight, too. They up them at all different heights. They would really stop a plane.

The weather here is beautiful. We are really doing some training and are getting accustomed to a bunch of new weapons. They keep us busy from early until late at night.

Had a nice package of stationery from The Star-Telegram. Can really use it. Surely appreciate the papers, too. Give everyone there my best regards. I hope George Jobe does all right on No. 4. Tell Anabert, Bill, Faires and everyone else hello for me. Yours,

BOB.  
(Corp. Robert L. Wright).

CLIFFORD'S MORALE HIGH.

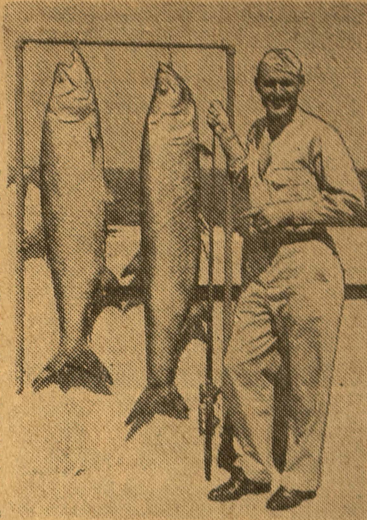
Dear Editor: I got my copy of the "Jr." yesterday and my morale jumped plenty.

I showed some of these Yankees (at Camp Wallace, Texas) that plp of Ira Cain and his hog. I have everyone of them believing that we grew hogs that big in Texas.

But when I told them the truth about how much Ira ate, they wouldn't believe it. Gad, but these Northerners are dumb.

So Warren Clark's in India! I hope he has better luck with the girls over there. I know he used to have more worries than Tommy Manville.

I don't expect to be down here in the swamp longer than one more week. But I'll let you know the new address, so keep those "Jr.'s" coming.—CLIFFORD KING.



PRIVATE M'COY AND FISH.  
(Probably a Catch to This)

DON HAS EYES ON ITALY.

Dear Mom and Dad:

... Today was almost gone before I remembered it was my birthday. Can you imagine how it is spending a birthday in North Africa? It actually was a very uneventful day ... a lot of things take place these days that you never dreamed could happen before.

Personally, I've seen about all of this country I want to see. I'm ready to move on to greener pastures—to Italy, I hope. There's never anything to do over here and when I get a day off I just sit around.

I met Eddie Lundberg that one day, but since have been unable to contact him for certain reasons. He is still around though and one of these days I'll write him a letter and make arrangements for another meeting. It's nice having someone over here you know.—DONALD. (Sgt. Donald C. McDaniel.)

MARTHA MAKES A SPEECH.

From Martha Williamson Letter: Well, I've been launched on a new career. Last week I made my first appearance as a public speaker.

It was in Mason City, Iowa, population about 30,000, and it so happened that there was a tremendous WAVE recruiting drive on in full swing, but I accepted the competition calmly and did the same bit for the WAC. After the meeting I looked up the hangout for the local belles and talked myself blue in the face. Don't know whether it helped or not, but I enjoyed it.

Still think the Corps is missing a lot by not sending me out on recruiting.

MARTHA.

STOKES IS SALTY MARINE.

Dear Jr.

Four months is only a short span but it seems a lifetime since I CIRCULATED with the best people on earth at the best place on earth. I miss having coffee with Hal Phillips and shaking hands with Alvin Menzing every morning, not to mention Mr. Carter's quarterly bonus.

I feel like a salty Marine (and I hope I look like one) now that I have been out of "boot camp" over two months.

I have been assigned duty here in the Public Relations office. I have forsaken circulation for the duration at least and am devoting my humble talent to selling the Marine Corps to the public.

I find my work interesting. I interview pilots (fighter and transport), navigators and aerial gunners. I put their exciting stories into straight news or feature style (some of the news can't be released until we defeat the Axis) and send them to Washington, D. C., where they are released for publication. (If they are satisfactory.) After a few months experience here, I expect to be sent into the war zone as a Marine combat correspondent.

For a night of unthought-of pleasure, I recommend the Hollywood Canteen. Its structure reminds me very much of the Pioneer Palace of Casa Manana days. It's just the place to organize a lonely hearts (for men) club. Eddie Cantor was terrific as M. C. Jenny Sims was a swell dancing partner as well as a delightful singer. Oh, yes, I couldn't think of overlooking the delicious plate served by Hedy Lamarr. The food was almost as good to eat as Hedy was to watch. I for one wholeheartedly endorse the Canteen to any lonesome soldier, sailor or Marine.

Well, Jr., another day and another \$1.27 earned from Uncle Sam for the duration. It may be a little early for the expression but not for the wish, so here's wishing you a merry, merry Xmas.

It's lights out for me so I say good night as I hit the sack. CHARLES (Pvt. Chas. Ray Stokes, Hq., Personnel Group, M. F. A., W. C. M. C. A. D., Mirama, San Diego, 45, Cal.)

ADMIRAL OF THE GRAVY BOWL.

Hi, Lawrence and Warren,

... We recruit petty officers were dishing out the food. I had to put gravy over the dressing. I dished out about 15 gallons of it at about 1 1/2 ounces a plate.

... Wish Thorpe was here and they would show him they CAN do that to him. DICK (Richard E. Thompson).

(Ed's Note: The heading over this letter was Thorpe's suggestion.)

MITCHELL LIKES OREGON.

Hello, R. V. and the rest ... In barracks (at Corvallis, Ore., Army Air Base) now. It sure feels good to sleep on beds after sleeping out on the ground so long ... sure good to read the news in Junior ... Oregon is a swell State—a lot better than California.—ROY. (Pvt. Roy L. Mitchell.)

So Long, Son--Good Luck

Just what is there for a dad to say

When duty calls one's only son away?

What bold fronts we make  
In this parting handshake!

All turmoil within, yet outwardly gay—

Each knows the other wants it that way.

Dad knows well 'tis a man's part you play;

You must do your duty—all the way.

And to these moments we grasp

In a last hearty handclasp  
That's more than words, as we only say:

So long, Son, good luck, until another day. —DAD.



# Circulation Is Proud of Knox; Nestor Booted

BY BILLYE MILLICAN.

Circulation's Knox Scott came in from Memphis, Tenn., on a visit, looking more like an ensign than on the last trip. He has just finished the acrobatic stage in his flying training, and when he returns from his furlough he will be graduated. Not a single down-check so far.

## Pay to Advertise?

Mr. and Mrs. Grace have decided it doesn't pay to advertise a shortage of paper. Subscription applications have been pouring in by the hundreds.

Lena Goerte is looking for someone rich enough to take her to lunch. Those 50-cent bean dinners are getting her pocketbook down.

Nestor Pavles is the No. 1 optimist in Circulation. He went down and bought a lot of new clothes, including a handsome pair of cowboy boots. Since he is in his early twenties and has no dependents except "Jerry," his wire, Uncle Sam should be sending him his "greetings" any day now.

## Dub's a Gentleman, Admired and Respected

Clipped from the Stephenville Empire-Tribune:

This great moral and metropolitan weekly is under obligations to Corp. Dub King, now stationed at Camp Wolters but prior to his induction was a staff writer for The Fort Worth Star-Telegram. The corporal is a great boy; a sportsman from the ground up and a gentleman admired and respected wherever he goes. One of these days we'll invite him down to eat fish, quail or duck—if Lindsey Phillip will do the killing.

### Where?

Who knows George Reese's address?



Sitting or kneeling for a picture at Circulation's dinner-dance were, left to right, Charlie Tingle, Fain Reynolds, Ford Savage, B. B. Boyd, Haywood Tucker, George Jobe, A. A. Thor, Charlie Keenan, W. W. Lamberth, Corp. Leon Smith, Marvin Osborne, Nestor Pavles, J. H. Lamberth, Glen Elkins, T. J. Huffhines, Faires Kuykendall, Bob Cayle,

Bill Griffith, Frank Maddox, Mmes. Ford Savage, Anabert Wood Tucker, B. B. Boyd, J. H. W. W. Lamberth, Marvin Osb Felder, Billye Millican, Margie Bill Matkin, and Misses Ellen F.

# Speeches Are Plenty Few at Circulation Dept. Party

On Thursday, Oct. 28, the City Circulation Department had its yearly dinner-dance at Steve's Place.

The ladies introduced their husbands after dinner, but the unusual thing about the whole affair was the fewness of speeches. Outstanding ones were made by Messrs. Fain Reynolds, C. W. Smith and Faires Kuykendall.

Since Bill Matkin and Faires Kuykendall are leaving for the service this month—the office wanted to have a "get-together" for the benefit of new and old members of the department. The only one missing was Mr. Harold Hough—a previous engagement interfering. Clyde Millican and "Poochie" got there, but too late for the picture above.

## Q and A Stuff

Q. What night news editor of The Star-Telegram (senior) has the "cut and droop" of a poor East Texas farmer?

A. See Ira L. Cain Sr. of Midland, for the answer, or, better still, ask Mark W. Burrows Sr., the butt of a joke that involves the loss of a portrait that bobbed up in a book sent to West Texas.

Moral: Don't ever have your picture "took" cutting a birthday cake.

## Chatless Sunday.

Walter Forbes must have been feeling bad Sunday. It was his day off but he failed to drop in for a chat with the boys.

## Pun-of-the-Month

During the dinner party, she related, De Visdelou started coughing and went to his apartment, upstairs in De Marginy's cottage.

"I went with him," she said.

Same old formula: Inviting her up to see his retchings.

For this clipping and comment we are deeply indebted to Oomie Redus-hart.

## Along Seventh Street.

Glimpsed on West 7th Street—Irene May swinging along in a nut brown ensemble and hat, looking like a sophisticated Autumn leaf.





x. Standing, long row, were  
rt Cannon, George Jobe, Hay-  
J. H. Lamberth, C. W. Smith,  
Coborne, Nestor Pavles, Gene  
Margaret Smith, Charlie Tingle,  
n Freeman, Betty Vickers, Mrs.

T. C. Brown, Mrs. Stokes and Mrs. Bill Griffith, and Bill  
Matkin, T. C. Brown, Gene Fielder and C. W. Smith. In  
the back were Mmes. Paul Huffhines, Falres Kuykendall,  
Bob Cayle and Frank Maddox. (This extraordinary group  
photo was made by Dub (The Dauntless) McPhall. Note  
absence of blurs. Dub got there early.)

# Lauder Offers Timely Advice on Keeping Fit

BY J. H. BULLOCK.

Stanley Lauder, the athlete with the iron muscles, gives the following advice on how to keep physically fit: Eat light, drink plenty of water, sleep in the open, take a cold shower every morning, exercise a plenty and have pure thoughts. To prove his point he will be glad to let you feel his biceps. That bump on his jaw is caused by an oversized chew of tobacco.

I. E. McWhirter has talked so much about the "Big Ones" he has caught at Possum Kingdom on various trips to that fine lake, that he actually got Elmer Ingle, of the Elmer Ingle Advertising Poster Service, to accompany him there this week, Ingle furnishing the transportation, ration points and all.

Jimmy Leonhart, in charge of the ad proof service, has received his Army call for Dec. 15. If Jimmy is as efficient as a soldier as he has been in the ad proof service he will be more than OK.

### Could It Be?

Mr. Walter Forbes was seen last week looking up some words in the dictionary. 'Bout to run out of 'em, Walter?

### Promoted.

Heard that Joe Cranshaw's a Pfc. now.

### It Could Be Worse

When to the table you go to eat,  
And your wife says there is no  
meat,  
Not even anything sweet,  
And your gas is running low,  
And your tires about to blow,  
And your shoes are all worn out,  
And 10 per cent for bonds  
they're taking out,  
PERK UP BUD, and don't be  
blue,  
'Cause no \_\_\_\_\_  
is shootin' at you!

## Five Recent Red Letter Days in Business Office

### FRIDAY, OCT. 22—

Miss Jan Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bush Jones, made her Star-Telegram debut in the Business Office, and was very cordially received. Miss Jones, attired in a dainty white frock, with shell pink jacket and matching beret, entered on the arm of her father. Musical selection chosen for her entrance was "Ohs" and "Ahs" by the Business Office gang.

### MONDAY, OCT. 25—

Sparkling-eyed Ruth McMullen dipped into the office on her way to Kansas. She was spotted by one of her ex-customers who demanded that she take his ads. Ruth "dood it."

### And Such a Business

Business for November promises to be mighty good, that is the business of trying to keep customers from running ads in the paper, or becoming subscribers to it. Ask Homer Belew and Jim Grace.

### MAN OF ACTION.

Mild-appearing? Maybe. But to those who know him best it's "Ol' Bud and Guts" Camp.

### THURSDAY, OCT. 27—

Navy Day Parade—Business Office members who reviewed the parade glimpsed Eudell May and Russell Lee Vinson marching with their respective companies.

### FRIDAY, OCT. 28—

Fay Furche Linnstaedt's bridal shower at Hotel Texas, complete with Bride's cake, gifts and a host of Star-Telegram Girls.

### TUESDAY, NOV. 2—

Juanita Addington and John Holmes, newest Addington, left to join Lt. George plus a 6-room furnished apartment in San Francisco, Cal.

### Room on West Remodeled

The room adjoining the circulation department on the west has been remodeled, and will be used as headquarters of Golden Gloves activities.

### Wishful Hearing.

"What's that you say, Burr-s-s— you've got a highball for me?"  
"Naw, Pat—I said 'I've got my eyeball on you'."



# How to Write to a Friend in Germany

BY CLYDE ANDREWS.

In case you have been wondering or felt inclined, here's how you may send a letter to Amon Jr.: Write on plain paper, one side only. Send the letter to Mrs. Deakins and she will see that it is properly addressed . . . Remember, the enemy reads it too, so no home front information . . . Also disobey that impulse to say what you think about Hitler's heathens.

Don Fox is dickering with the Marines about a job, while keeping an eye on the Seabees . . . Of course the best bid will be accepted . . . Things are tough when Forrest Withers can't get a price reduction . . . Auto mechanics have stopped bidding for jobs so the Withers can won't get those needed rings until competition becomes keener . . . Virgil Hauser claims to have the best crew on earth, but Mark Burrowes says the word is phew, not crew.

Otto Bordenkircher is the happiest when trying to explain a makeover to Gunboat Smith . . . Neither one understands . . . Aubrey Stewart's love for Poly Hi didn't influence his betting when Poly played North Side . . . Poly lost but Aubrey didn't . . . Ask Calhoun, Addington, Quince, Gover, etcetera.

Oscar McCash has stopped eating cigars . . . He spits out the remains and complains that this country still needs a good five-cent cigar . . . Lindy says this country needs a good cigar period . . . At this writing Lindy is out of the doghouse.

## Melvin Griffin at Work

Melvin Griffin has been having to work as hard as he says he works, for the past week. His chief helper was drafted, and the white hope he employed lasted only two weeks, so Melvin unloads the cars, and hauls to the press room without any help most of the time, and challenges anybody in town to ask him for a job.

# Where to Write Them

FIRST LT. GEORGE R. ADDINGTON, P. R. O. Office, Hdq., 4th Air Force, 180 New Montgomery St., San Francisco (6), Cal.

WARREN K. AGEE, Y 1-C, Coast Guard Base, Galveston, Texas.

PVT. EDWARD D. ALEXANDER, 470th Service Sq., 1st Prov. Glider Sq., Laurinburg-Maxton Army Air Base, Maxton, N. C.

C. A. BARNES, S. C. 2-C, 15th Spec. U.S.N.C.B., Hdq. Co., Camp Parks, Cal.

WM. B. BILLMAN, Cox., U. S. Perseus C G, Care Postmaster, San Francisco, Cal.

PVT. BEN BOWEN, Transient Unit, Bks. G., Air Transport Command, Morrison Field, WPB, Florida.

JACK W. CAMPBELL, Pho. M 1-C, 41st Bat., Naval Const. Reg., Care of Fleet Postmaster, San Francisco, Cal.

LT. ROBERT CRANSTON, 0-1588498, APO 7294, Care Postmaster, New York. N.Y.

LAWRENCE W. CULVER, Av. Cdt., V-5, USNR, 35th Bat., I Co., Plat. 1-B, Room 116, Essex Barracks, Navy Pre-Flight School, Athens, Ga.

LT. WM. B. DOUGLAS, Army Air Base, Hobbs, N. M.

LT. G. T. ENGLE, 01633001, 710th Sig. AW Co., APO 929, Care Postmaster, San Francisco, Cal.

CORP. ROY FALLS, 38045763, 59th TNG, GP, Sqd. 598-1, Keesler Field, Miss.

BURTON FORD, Co. 43-433, U. S. Naval Training Station, San Diego (33), Caln.

PFC. LLOYD E. GARREN, 38437977, Student Co. A.E.S.S.R., Fort Belvoir, Va.

CORP. JAMES A. GORE, 38285988, Co. A, 746 Tk. Bn. (M), Camp Pickett, Va.

PVT. W. Z. HARKER, 38528353, 17th Tr. Group, T.A.S., Fort Knox, Ky.

PFC. ROBERT L. JAMESON, 18126823, Sig. Sta. Complement (USAFCC), APO 694, Care Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

FRED LEONARD, Pool Rec. Sta., Acorn Training Detch., Port Hueneme, Cal.

FRED LEONARD, SK, 3-C, U.S. Navy Base, Personnel Dept., Care Acorn and GROPACS, San Bruno, Cal.

CORP. EDGAR O. LUNDBERG, 38222527, 60th Sta. Hospital, APO 63, Care Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

SGT. R. F. MICHAEL, 4009 Lovell, City.

PFC. W. H. M'CASH, 18123730, Barr. 435, Sqd. C, Class 43-46, Tyndall Field, Fla.

PFC. W. H. M'CASH, 18123730, Br. 435, Sq. C, Class 43-46, Tindall Field, Fla.

PVT. CHARLES W. M'COY, 38435301, G. O. Co. E, 552nd SAW Bn., Drew Field, Tampa, Fla.

H. R. PAYNE, USNR, N. Div., USS Indiana, Care Fleet P. O., San Francisco, Cal.

PVT. FLORINE PEARMAN, A-809144, W. 19, 21st Reg., 3rd WAC, T-C, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

LT. EDNA B. STEPHENSON, 1608 Virginia Place, until Dec. 10.

RICHARD E. THOMPSON, A. S., USNR, Co. 43-463, US NTS, San Diego 33, Cal.

PVT. ROBERT B. THREATT, 20th Combat Mapping Sq., 4th Photo Grp., APO 4757, 18083701, Care Postmaster, San Francisco, Cal.

LT. MARTHA WILLIAMSON, P. R. O., Army Post Branch, Fort Des Moines, Iowa.

R. E. A. M. WOODFORD, USS Altamaha, Care Fleet P. O., San Francisco, Cal.

CORP. ROBERT L. WRIGHT, 38424010, Co. G, 476th Qm. (Trk) Reg., Camp Tyson, Tenn.

J. V. YOUNG JR., Co. 43-421, U.S. Naval Tr. Sta., San Diego, Cal.

# Poet Fitzgerald Uses Ol' Bean, Too

There's a pressman who claims he always makes use of his head—makes every move count. He has laid such stress of this so many times that Fitzgerald has pulled up and penciled a piece of poetry to prove that others, too, use their heads. Here 'tis:

A woodpecker pecks out a great many specks  
Of sawdust, when building his hut:

He works like a nigger to make the hole bigger—

He's sore when his cutter won't cut.

He doesn't bother with plans ahead;

But there's one thing can rightly be said—

The whole excavation has this explanation:

He builds by using his head!

# McMullen Clan Split by Poly-N. Side Game

Big Jim and Little Jim McMullen, who incidentally is nearly as big as his sports-writing pa, were in the press box at the Poly-North Side game.

Big Jim rooted for North Side because he bet that way.

Little Jim rooted for Poly because he felt that way.

Big Jim lost his dough. He gave too many points.

Little Jim lost his voice.

Mrs. Mc probably lost her patience with both of them if they took their argument home with them from the game.



# Famed Sayings Are Recorded for Posterity

BY RED GRIMES.

Of interest to many will be the following collection of famous sayings by (?) workmen:

F. S. B.—“Wish I had a million dollars.”

R. C. B.—“Now I have a good proposition.”

A. A. B.—“Work time, fellows.”

A. E.—“What, Shay.”

Bodie—“Another day, another dollar Big Xmas.”

J. W. B.—“ so I finished the bottle to get rid of the cold.”

L. E. F.—“Can't make it, I got a statement.”

R. H. G.—“I turn, too.”

B. McC.—“Just don't seem to be able to satisfy my sheeps.”

R. McC.—“I appeal, I missed the bus.”

A. L. M.—“Unconstitutional and irrelevant, besides, I over slept.”

E. L. McV.—“I'll take coffee.”

E. E. M.—“'bout, FACE, I'm out.”

R. F. M.—“That's the LAW as I see it, gentlemen.”

E. C. S.—“Tain't fair, there's finagling going on somewhere.”

G. W. S.—“Gosh! Another Ock”?

H. S. T.—“I need a secretary.”

F. W. T.—“Now down in Chatanooga—”

Traveling Pressman — “Gimmie back my ‘traveler’—they can't freeze me HERE!”

## Lady, Take That Gum Out When You Talk!

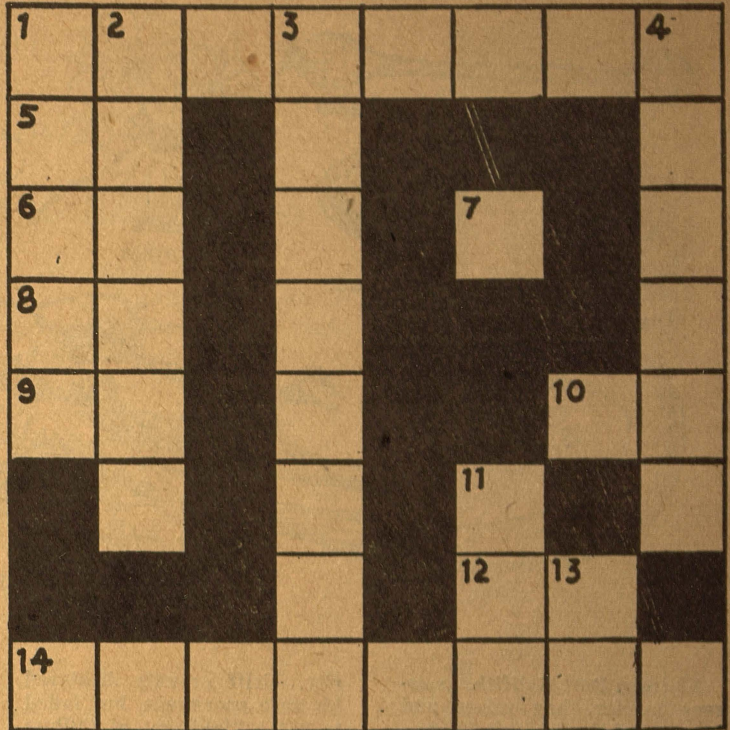
Hal Phillips got a phone call from a lady asking, “Your soldier drunk yet?”

“What?” asked Hal.

“Your soldier drunk yet?” she repeated.

“I haven't seen any drunk soldiers today,” he replied.

“Oh no, have you sold your trunk yet, that you advertised?” she explained carefully.



**HORIZONTAL.**

1. Hybrid-named, naked-skulled rustic.
5. First two initials of a bunch of rubes.
6. Lines den of McDaniel.
7. What slot men are worth.
8. What?
9. Insert 7 horizontal for distress.
10. Wells & Co. makeup.
12. Three-toed, Richhart-type of animal.
14. Kind of man of the world, found locally on 3 (pl.)

**VERTICAL.**

1. City copy before drying and baling.
2. State of all city editors most of the time.
3. An afternoon copy desk head.
4. 6-7 of what canal will give the S-T a ship-news editor?
7. Slot men's I. Q.
11. Noise made BY certain livestock and AT long, long stories about livestock.
13. What everybody hopes JRR a good humor is.  
(Answer on Page 4.)

## Divided Vacation Plan Works Well

Upshur Vincent, the fisherman who can't find enough time to wet a line, could take a lesson from Judge Bullock in getting away from the office.

The honorable promoter of the Monday morning industrial page simply divides his vacation into a jillion short periods, scattered through the fishing season.

When the judge failed to appear at a conflag of the ad men the other morning, it was reported that he was out at the lake, taking 4 hours, 17 minutes and 32 seconds more of his vacation.

**Back in Minneapolis.**

“Silent” Forbes, they called him back in Minneapolis.

## Faye Reveals How She Got Her Man

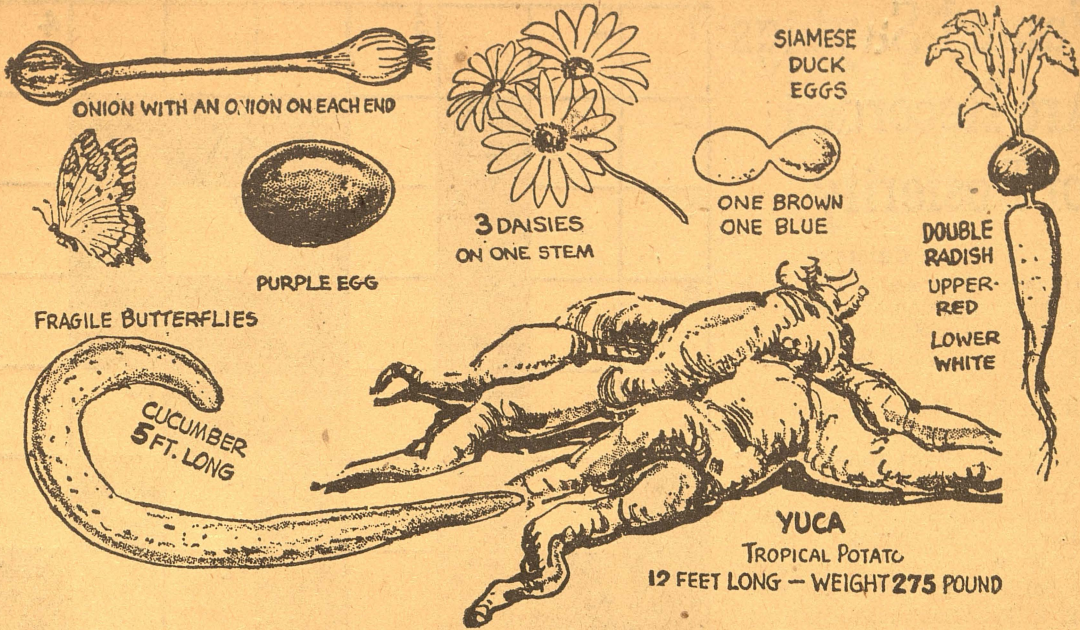
Overwhelmed by presents of variety and splendor, Mrs. John Linnstaedt (the Faye Furche that was) broke down and made a confession at the shower recently given in her honor by Velma Marlin, Helen Simmons and Edith Fleener. “I owe it all to borrowed perfume—‘Tiger’ by name,” she avowed modestly.

Twenty-five guests had a wonderful time oohing and ah-ing over bedspreads, silverware, tablecloths, rugs and cooking utensils, munching luscious angel food cake and sipping punch. (Rumors are that the latter grew stronger as the evening wore on).

**On Job Again.**

Good to see Phil Edwards back.





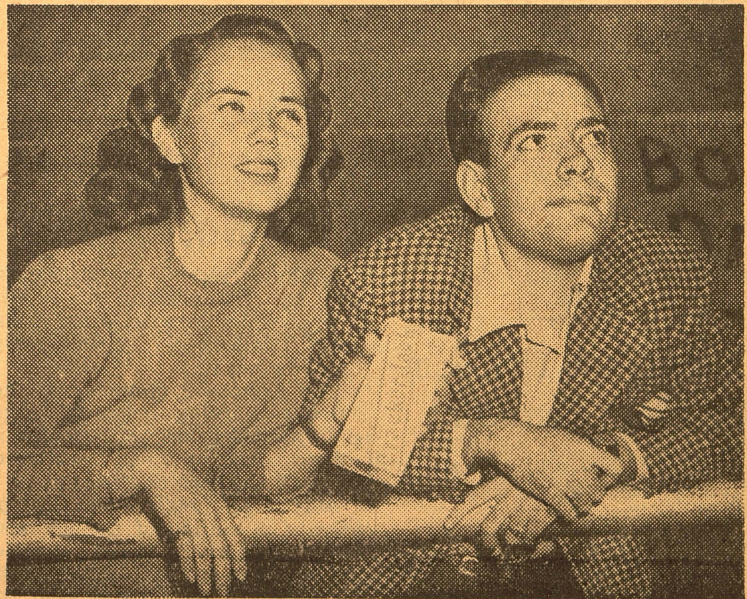
Slotman Bert Griffith, grass-root farmer, hog raiser and eggman of the Smithfield community, outtripped Ripley recently with the above collection of rarities produced on his acreage northeast of the

city. Griff proudly displayed his rare specimens, but failed to get a "fall" out of Cullum Greene or Sam Kinch. So Senior turned him down. Persistent in his efforts, Griff prevailed upon Artist Croslin to

turn out the above sketch of his oddities for Junior. Griff is keenly interested in freaks from victory gardens and believes the newspapers of the country should give such rarities wide publicity.



Mailer Kemp downs quart of coffee, slurps orange and reads paper in effort to forget that minor case of surgery.



Mark W. Burrowes Jr., up-and-coming cub reporter, took pretty Mary Jo Shepherd to the circus. When the strong

man slid down a 400-foot wire suspended by his hair, Mark was wide-eyed, but Mary Jo could hardly bear to watch.



## Sgt. Don Sets Fine Example

Dear Editor:

... to express my thanks for the copy of Junior which arrived (in North Africa) today (Oct. 16). It was the Aug. 26 edition ... later editions probably are on the way.

My address has two changes, and to assure quick delivery of Junior here they are: My APO is now 520, and the title is now Sgt.. Thank you.

By the way, I met Eddie Lundberg and spent the day with him about two weeks ago. After landing here in North Africa, I wrote him a letter and we both did some checking up and found we were stationed only five miles apart. The big Swede is the same as ever, although he has lost a few inches around the mid-section, to his advantage. We sampled a few of the local vinos (wines) and, in all, spent an enjoyable day reminiscing.

I'll close for now. Keep those Juniors coming and tell all the Third Floor gang to drop me a few lines in their spare time—especially Fuddy-Duddy Cain. As ever,  
**DONALD.**

(Sgt. Donald Q. McDaniel, 38428300, 301st Sig. Co. Wing, APO 520, Care Postmaster, New York, N. Y.)

(Good ol' Don! His, of all the service men's letters, rates eight-point this time and that's because he sets a fine example. He lets us know promptly his change of address and rank. Junior Circulation Manager Velma Marlin says that's wonderful, and hopes the practice will spread).

## Introducing Those 3 New Business Girls

BY VELMA MARLIN.

Amber-eyed Lucille Nickell is the newest newcomer to the Business Office. She has been here a month and likes it fine in the Credit Department. Loves to go to shows and football games with her husband, Roy, who is stationed at Tarrant Field. She's pulling for the war to be over soon so Roy can come home for keeps.

Meet Elizabeth Young, a member of the Business Office staff since Sept. 11. Once her hobby was golf; now it's keeping up with husband Thomas, a 'Lt. (jg) in Uncle Sam's Navy. In absent-minded moments, Elizabeth is likely to promote her brother from Major to Lt. Colonel when addressing letters to him.

Wilma Gemmell, the serious young lady from Nebraska, has been helping preside over the Want Ad counter since Sept. 6. Her hobbies are reading and collecting postcards. Outside of business hours, Wilma is a student at Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, where she is taking a course in Religious Education. Her ambition is to be a church secretary.



LUCILLE.



ELIZABETH



WILMA.

Nice Going, R. L.

Junior's circulation manager has been receiving "Ferry Tales" regularly. "Ferry Tales" is published "somewhere in Canada" with Pfc. Robert L. Jameson as editor. Nice, nice work, Editor Jameson.

A Little Too Quiet.

Things were so quiet on the copy desk last week you could hear Walter Forbes.

## Private X Falls for Roz

Private X came up to get his picture in the paper, but the love bug bit him and he forgot all about that.

It happened when Ruth Castillon (who knew X at Texas U.) introduced him to Rosalyn Graves.

A date the next night and lunch the following day (so that Roz could meet his mama). Return to camp, period.

Roz hardly remembered his name, though he was a likeable young man. Just a date, you know. But wowie!!! Since then she has received three long distance calls, about 18 letters (airmail) and two

dozen postcards, three telegrams and numerous packages. The latter include a shoebox full of assorted chocolates and "sweetheart" hankies—one red, one yellow; a maroon (?) table scarf with "U. S. Army" imprinted in gold on it; more chocolates and—a rattlesnake! A real honest-to-goodness plaster of paris Texas rattler!

In his letters (none of which she has found time to answer) the love-smitten private has him and Roz practically married, no less. Plans on coming back to her and such.

Roz is so startled she hardly knows what to say.



# Two Gals Will Have Somethin' to Talk About

It would be amusing to listen in on the next conversation that Ida Belle Hicks and Lt. Bess Stephenson have.

They'll probably get around to telling one another about their operations. They had 'em the same week.

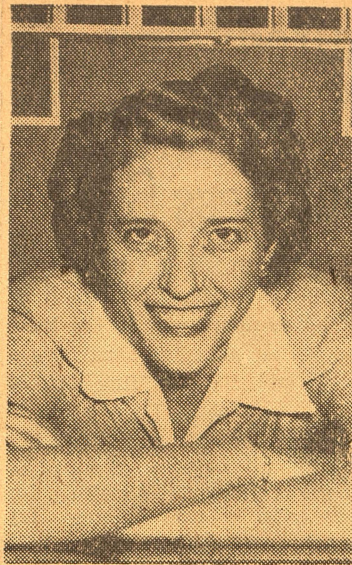
Each got along fine—Ida Belle at Harris Memorial Methodist and Bess at the Army Hospital in McKinney.

# Getting Nowhere Fast

Third Hoss McClendon, subbing on the Copy Desk for Earle Clark on a Saturday night, commented wearily to brother Homer, emergency slot man, "Looks like I'm not getting anywhere. When I came to work here 18 years ago you were in the slot and I on the rim. Just 18 years for nothing."

### Just Practicing.

Walter Forbes enjoyed a long chat with Mr. Duff recently but the joke was on Walter this time.



Know what makes Lucy's teeth so white—milk. Milk, says Lucy, is the staff of stuffing. And Lucy's stuffing on milk because she's tired of being streamlined. A quart a day the boys will sway, eh, Lucy?

# Even Half a Chance Would Be Sufficient

"Putting two 1/2-column cuts in one column means just one more chance to make a mistake," comments Sam Kinch.

"And all we need is one chance," observes Mark Burrows.

# Helpful Hint Department

A lady perturbed by those stories about the newsprint shortage called up to ask if we wanted old newspapers returned for re-use.

### It Could Happen Here.

If Walter Forbes doesn't watch out he may start a chat with Royce Yancey some day and he won't win that one we betcha.

# 'Mule' Tired Out

"Mule" Lattimer, ex-S. T. pressman, came over from the Press to fill out the crew Saturday night. Along about 3 a. m., Mule very confidentially whispered: "Red, I don't think I will make it to Sunday School this morning."

# Junior Isn't Bothered About Paper Shortage

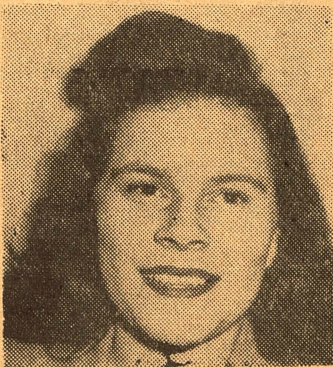
Junior's staff just laughs and laughs when folks ask how the newsprint shortage is affecting or will affect the size of our little monthly.

Junior is printed on the waste (which is unavoidable) from the huge rolls that feed Senior's giant presses.

Before this space is filled we must mention Mary Sears' trip to New York, where she saw the lights go on again . . . the possibilities of Lorin McMullen's departure for overseas duty . . . Harold Brown's boy's safe arrival in the Pacific theater . . . Eleanor (Ickey Poo) Wilson's fondness for coffee . . . and Herb Schulz' unconcern about his recent operation. That's all behind him, says Herb.

And, Capt. George M. Woodman Jr.'s recent short visit to the plant. George, just out of advanced officers' school at Fort Benning, Ga., has returned to his post and is awaiting assignment.

And THANKS, everyone, for your delightful contributions.—J. S.



No "reference, please" needed when you call on Ann Fite, newest addition to the reference room, above. Ann, daughter of Mrs. Chester Fite, 2201 Pembroke, formerly attended "Texas" and is a member of Delta Gamma. She is "just crazy" about her work—and is an earnest brunet with a collegiate atmosphere.



Welcomed in the Society Department: Flo Beheler, 22, blond with gray eyes and a sprinkling of golden freckles; former teacher of horseback riding in girls' camps, she hopes some day to write "the great American Novel." Native of Fort Worth, Flo lives at 1614 Sunset Terrace. She is a graduate of TCU.