

Climax News

-

1944

**Unofficial Publication for the
Benefit of Climax Employees
Now in the Armed Services of
the United States**



UNITED STATES
ARMY



UNITED STATES
NAVY

CLIMAX NEWS



UNOFFICIAL PUBLICATION FOR THE
BENEFIT OF CLIMAX EMPLOYEES
NOW IN THE ARMED SERVICES
OF THE UNITED STATES



UNITED STATES
MARINE CORPS



UNITED STATES
AIR CORPS



SPEAK UP!

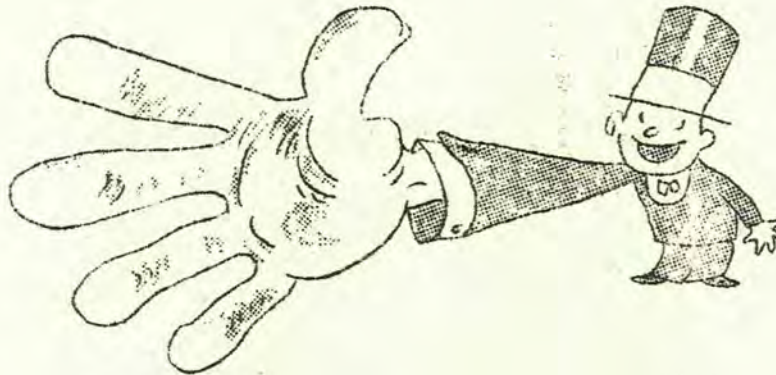
Freedom is not given a people by a benevolent Government - it is something we must work to get and work to keep. Freedom of Enterprise has made America the world's most powerful and prosperous nation in both peace and war. Here we have the highest wages paid in the world, here we have developed the highest standard of living. Here we have not been subject to the repressions of a state-controlled economy, but have been free to develop individualism and self-reliance. Let's keep it that way.

We believe our returning soldiers will prefer a job with private industry where the "Sky Is the Limit" for their advancement - in direct proportion to their individual initiative, skill, and ability. Our system of Free Enterprise makes this possible, for it creates the vast volume of American production so necessary to attain and maintain high levels of employment.

In planning for the future, what can be more vital than to combat many plans that seek to abandon the system that has made this possible, Free Enterprise. Continuance of Free Enterprise, plus native American industrial skill and ability, will avoid the gaunt spectre of mass unemployment after the War.

But - unless we are willing to trade the time-proven Free Enterprise system for some substitute which will nullify individual initiative, progress, and freedom, we must speak up. We must explain its principles and advantages to those who may not understand them, because appreciation comes only from knowledge and understanding. If we fail to do this, the failure will be ours.

We must all speak up! There is no power like the voice of the people.



HI SOLDIERS, SAILORS AND MARINES!

We have a hunch you fellows made some New Years resolutions. And one was to write Climax News more often! Did you? Anyhow, just to start the New Year off with a Bang, we're going to introduce the first issue of 1944 with a real up to date AWOL list -- just as a reminder that we haven't heard from some of you for so long we fear the address we use is wrong, and that we are throwing good U.S. greenbacks into the dead-letter-office. Some of you may be surprised to find your name listed, but unless we have missed a letter, here is how the record stands:

WHERE-OH-WHERE BOYS ? ? ?

J. Sweder - No letters
 Latzo - No letters
 J. Saver - April
 J. Cook - April
 A. Hallahan - June
 B. Kowalewski - June
 J. Pusateri - June
 G. Sherockman - June
 E. Yandrich - June
 Pappas - July
 G.S. Chastulik - August
 S. Zabetakis - August
 D. Dimit - September
 Lasobeck - September
 J. Yandrich - September
 Rago - September
 Avialotis - September

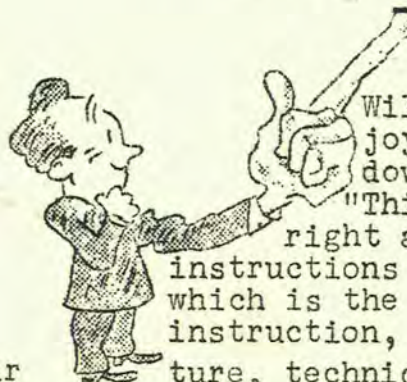
Some others have kept their

records clear by calling on us while home on furlough, but we do like to hear from them between visits. Also, the list was longer when first compiled, but we removed a few names due to the nice Christmas cards we received, all of which are acknowledged in this issue. But, we'd like to hear a little more from you, so as to be able to pass on something to your buddies. How about it? Can you help us out on future issues? And, not to be partial, we have a few Ex-Climaxers we'd like to hear from, in fact anybody who receives copies of Climax News pays for it by writing Ye Editors a letter once a year at least. How about it? Let's hear from all you Exers, and any others who may care to join the "30 for 1" club.

And now we'll hear from our roving correspondents.

----- EXCERPTS FROM CAMP GOSSIP

Pvt. Ernest Williams is still enjoying the sunshine down South, where, "Things are moving right along. We have had instructions on our main weapon which is the 57 mm gun. By instruction, I mean the nomenclature, technique of fire, track-



ing of targets and putting the gun in action. All this is preparing us for the range where we will fire sub-calibre ammunition through a special mount perfected for that purpose. We will stay on the firing range until Christmas which will almost complete our training; only leaving the bivouac period which starts in January and lasts two weeks. It can't get over too soon for me. I am looking forward to the day I can get back to show you what a real Infantryman looks like". Ernie adds this postscript: "Are you still having trouble keeping Tom away from the girls in the office?" The answer is YES. We also have a Christmas card from Jap.

We start with exactly three cards from Seaman Rennison Malone, who started writing before he arrived at Sampson for boot training. Renny and John Saska are in the same company and "everything is swell here. It's been very easy so far; a little drill, exercise and so on. No beer though, and no payday for seven weeks. Tell everyone I said hello and to answer loud enough so I can hear them up here. I miss the whole gang." A fourth card from Renny says, "I think I'll like it here as soon as they get tired of shoving us around. We are getting along well and working hard to get the "Red Rooster". We can win a ten hour pass if we get first place in our unit."

Cpl. Anthony Pusateri is in with a short letter saying that he has been getting the News on time and buck and is finding use for both. Tony also contributes a copy of the Camp Hood Panther, another swell service weekly. There is no mention of any Climaxer by name but there are several references to the 660th (Climax) T. D. Battalion. We also have a Christmas card from Tony.

The V-Mail Christmas cards were everyone cleverly designed and appropriate to the occasion and the circumstances. We wish we could reproduce them all, but our printer says no. Sgt. Austin Studa's brings greetings from the Army forces in China, Burma and India, and bears a soldier and the three Wise Men following the Star of Bethlehem. CM Ab. Kerner sends an old fashion church and snow landscape. Joe Dogface in a foxhole amid bursting shells, asking, "What the hell is merry about this?" comes from Pvt. Emanuel Sergakis. Pvt. William Nicola's shows a soldier holding a well shredded letter from which all is cut except "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year." Fireman Eddie Jackson's says, "Merry Christmas from one of the Wolves," and shows the insignia of his outfit: a wolf in sailor garb riding a torpedo. PFC Carl Harris almost beat his greeting home, but didn't know he was coming when he filed it on November 19th. It shows a Marine under a palm tree and the star shining over a battle wagon off shore.

All in all you fellows gave us a pretty heavy Christmas mail. Cards from the following are acknowledged with thanx: PFC Jim Sarracino, S.F. Martin Revay, Cpl. Gene Sprando, PFC F. Rozmus, (who's new address is c/o Provost Marshall. Hope you didn't spend Christmas in the jug, Frank. You could have, for all we know.), SK John Hallahan, Cpl. Mike Skarupa, PFC Frank Shuble, Cpl. Caesar Grossi, Cpl. Joe Kucic, A/C Bob Morgan, Cpl. Dave Kuritz and Cpl. Andy Laurich.

Here's a V-mailer from Andy Pescho, who is now a sergeant: "I should have written sooner but I've been moving around so much that I wound up somewhere in North Africa. I left my camp

and went to another and from there to a POE and took a ride that I thought would never end. When we reached land, I knew I was in Africa. I don't expect to stay here long. The people around here are mostly French and Arabs. Plenty wine and women over here and the wine sure has a kick to it. Tell Docco this is the place for him. I receive the News every month, and it feels good to know what is happening back at the plant. I've been looking around lately hoping to find a few boys from back home. There isn't much to say, so I wish the Company and workers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Keep up the production fellows, and we will end this war as soon as possible."

Also via V-mail comes a letter from Pvt. Anthony Longo. "This is the first letter I've written you from England and there is so much I could write about that I hardly know where to begin. I've been here over a month and as yet I haven't seen much of England. The little that I have seen is very interesting and historic. The automobiles and roads are very small. Some of their cars are even smaller than our Willys, so you can imagine how small they really are. Some of the homes, on the other hand, are huge buildings. They are also beautifully landscaped. The scenery here now is wonderful and they say in the summer it is more so. For some people it may be alright, but for me, I'll take the States any day. It seems it will be ages until I see the Lady with the Torch again, but I hope it won't be too long. In closing I want to wish you all a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year."

After being in the hospital for his first two weeks of his Navy career, Seaman Nick Hallahan spent two weeks in the induction

area of Camp Peary before moving to the training area to start his boot training. "I believe I'm tough enough to take this training, because they had us out chopping and sawing logs for the past week and, Brother, I really did feel it. Quite a change from working in the office." In a later letter, Nick says, "I finally got started on my boot training and have taken the old needle three times. Am really on the ball every second. I never knew minutes to be so valuable or time to go so fast." Nick has been working in the office again and has hopes of getting a Yeoman's rating after boot. Nick sends us the Camp Peary "Bee-Lines" each week as a substitute for writing. If that's all we get, that's what we'll take.

Matt Donovitch has graduated from the Diesel school and is "feeling fine and waiting to be assigned to one of the landing barges they have here. This is strictly an amphibious training base and they sure are putting out a lot of men. I have been here six days and haven't done a thing. Have been down to the pier to see the barges go through their workout. The living conditions aboard these small craft are rather nice, but I have noticed that all must be capable of doing other work. They all work together regardless of what there is to do. There is only a short training period here and then they send them right out. Liberties are few and far between. If we are here three weeks, we get a 73 hours pass, but with my luck I will probably be sent out the day my time is up." Don't be such a pessimist, Matt.

George Kraer is still hard at work at the Great Lakes sheet metal school. "The course we are taking is quite extensive.

It includes welding both arc and gas, blacksmithing, copper-smitting, sheetmetal work, mechanical drawing and math. So you see we are getting quite a lot. I like the welding very much and I don't think I do so bad with the baling wire they call welding rod out here. We only have about two hours out of the day to ourselves. All our school is at night from 16:00 to 24:00 and we're up at 08:00 in the morning. So, by the time we get to the barracks and wash up, we get about 7½ hours sleep." George made it home for Christmas, and from his looks, the routine isn't hurting him any.

PFC Leo Kopacz writes, "We are out here on the West Coast and you can guess what for. It really is nice here. We had a nice time on the trip here. I'd like to tell you all about it but the censor doesn't allow. We did go to Denver and were mighty close to the Moly mine at Climax. It may be a long time before I see you again, but I am sure you will keep things rolling." Good luck to you, Leo, and to all your outfit. How is Doodlebug taking it?

Pvt. Alden Farner thinks he gave us the wrong impression in his last letter. "I thought we were going about as fast as we could and here we take off and go a hell of a lot faster. They even have the searchlight outfits turn their lights on for us so we can go at night. Our work is becoming more interesting as we go. I guess we are a smarter bunch of Joe Jerks now and that makes a difference. We have passed all our inspections so far with superior ratings. I see where Jap has made a few short hikes. We have a record for them to shoot at if they want to try. We made a 25 mile hike in six hours with full pack. Rolling

right along. Am I the only Climaxer in the Airborne? Why don't some of those guys get into a tough outfit?" Alden has been hearing rumors about furloughs and hopes to get his in January, but we don't know why anyone wants to come to this cold country from a place where "kids go to school in their bare feet in December. We have been feeding up on pecans here. When we go on a field problem we load up with them. The pigs eat these too, but they don't have a chance with us."

From somewhere in the South Pacific, Cpl. Mike Harris writes: "I'm wondering how the Climax is. I sure would like to get a look at it. It seems as though I've been away from the place for years. So far, I've received two copies of the News. It takes a long time for mail to get here, but I am thankful for what I do get. I guess you wonder where I am, but I cannot tell you. I have seen Sydney and Brisbane, Australia, both very nice cities. I had some swell times there. There are a lot of natives in the place I'm in now. They wear very few clothes. We have a lot of bananas and coconuts and the fellows go out and pick them by the dozens. The weather is very hot and it rains just about every afternoon. Give my regards to all the boys."

Poor Mike Sabatasse got left when his gang was shipped from Armed Guard School. "About 20 guys from our barracks were put in the mess hall for no reason at all. My gun crew left and all my pals from around town left and I'm here all by my lonesome. Boy, I wish I could have gone with them. I don't know how long I'll be here. Not more than two months, I hope. All I do is serve my shipmates. After they are through eating, the day is mine."

Here's a note from Cpl. Willard Keating: "Well boys, I'm stationed somewhere in England. This is a swell country. I like it. I want to say hello to all the boys at the good old Climax. So long, until we meet again, Bozo." You mean, until you write again, Boze. We also have a V-mail Christmas greeting from Boze.

S/Sgt. Lee Walker moves around more than Tip Richey. His copy of the August News came back after going to every post in Texas including his present station. Hope this one reaches him in better time. Lee writes: "Dropping you a few lines to tell you that I have been moving quite often and am due to move again at any time. I have been all over every state west of the Mississippi. Have been getting in quite a little bit of stick time. Tell all I wish them a Merry Christmas."

Rudy Chastulik announces his promotion to T/3. "Sorry I didn't write sooner but was busy moving. I was in charge of loading and moving detail and now I am deep in the heart of Texas. I sure wish I was back working, but not until this thing is over."

Here's a V-mailer from Cpl. Frank G. Russell: "Have been receiving the Climax News regularly but haven't had much time to write. I suppose by this time you have heard where I am. In case you haven't heard, I am somewhere in England. The weather here is plenty cold and damp; typical English weather, we understand. England is quite different from the U.S. Bicycles here are as common as automobiles in the States, and they drive on the opposite side of the road which is rather confusing at first. It's really remarkable how the English people have kept such high spirits during the war.

They sure have gone through a lot and at that they still seem happy. We are situated on an old English estate which is about six hundred years old. The owner, no doubt, had a lot of money from the looks of the estate. Well, Climaxers, keep up the good work and Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all." Thanx, Doggie, and the same to you.

First word from Seaman John Saska is addressed to Mr. Downer, but the News uses any source it can get. John says: "I'm doing OK so far. This boot training is much easier than crushing ferro or turning metal. The only hard part of it is that we have no liberty and no beer. I guess we will do better in that respect after our boot training is over, which will be about January 25th; how are the boys at the plant getting along with their work? Tell all of them I said hello. Just imagine me looking at a nice lake through the barracks window everyday, and not being able to fish in it. I'll have to wait until the war is over; then will go for a real fishing trip."

December was old home month on the West Coast for Martin Revay. "Gerald Hays came out to Camp to visit and looks like the same old Climaxer. He and I then met in Oakland with the intention of seeing another hometownner but just missed her. Yes, a 'her'. Then last week as I stepped out of a store, I met Frankie Bender of Langeloth. He and I then went to the Marine Depot and met her. It was none other than Lt. Pauline Dodds. Then, as I was awaiting a bus one day, Carl Harris' brother, Mike, spotted me and we too had a little talk. I also met Richard Rossy here but he has since been transferred to another battlion of CB's." Martin was thankful to be spending Xmas

in the States for a change. You will remember that he spent the last one up near Santa Claus' home. Lately he has been on the rifle range tuning up for an expected trip to a new Island X, but is hoping for another leave before going.

Cpl. Mike Skarupa wrote to us when he was C.Q. and not enjoying it. "Here it is Xmas Eve and I'm tied up like a dog. This is the first time I ever spent Xmas Eve even staying in. But I guess I have it a lot better than a lot of the boys who are doing their duty for the Stars and Stripes, so I guess I'm not so bad off after all. Let's just hope we all can spend next Xmas at home. We have new Howitzers now and they sure are beauties. I guess it won't be long now. I hope!" We all join in that wish for Christmas, Mike. Christmas and war just don't go together.

AMM Bill Metz tells of a very interesting flight. "I was in a plane that was towing a target for the other ships to shoot at. I'm glad they were shooting at the tow target instead of the ship I was in, because the target came back pretty well beaten up. When I returned from my leave the place had changed a little. We have a lot more planes now so naturally there is more work. Had a hometown friend visit me a couple of days ago. It was Joe Danek's brother John who is a B-17 pilot. We took in some horse races. It's always good to see someone from the district."

Add to the Christmas card list Gerald Hays who is still out on the Coast as noted by Martin Revay.

Eddie Wilgocki dropped us a card from Chicago enroute to boot camp at Great Lakes. Later comes an address card which shows that Eddie arrived OK.

Another V-mail Christmas greeting comes from MM Alex Stetar. It shows a half snow-covered cabana with a background of mountains. Old Glory flies in the foreground flanked by a marker reading "68th Seabees."

Jay Meneely's V-mailer requires no editing: "Received last month's News and the buck. The boys in my billet all wait in turn to read the News. They can ask more questions than a college professor. I keep the bucks for a month and then change them for a pound which comes in mighty handy. I'm in a different part of England now; going to school, instruction is under the English. They are all vets and really know their stuff. I'm hoping to get back to my outfit for Xmas. On the way down here I met Mike Vernillo, Tech's brother. He's been here for a long time and knows the ropes. He certainly gave me some good tips. I had intended to send a 'Stars and Stripes' but, since this is an English outfit, I haven't seen one for some time. If possible, I'll send one when I get back to my outfit. I hope I get to make that Xmas dinner. Well, Cheerio and all that. Here's wishing you all a very Merry Christmas. Say hello to all the boys and to one little blonde in the Rust office."

We have added Pvt. Robert Purdy of Langeloth to our mailing list and he responds with a fine letter from the not so soft under-belly. "Italy is some place. During the winter it rains most every day and is a little cold. I have visited Naples and it must have been an amazing place at one time. It is very lively now, but in different ways. The people have had it tough and are out to make up their losses as much as

possible. I am in action and it is much different than I thought it would be. It is tough in ways but could be worse."

Marine PFC Joe Murray has moved out in a hurry. We no more than had him tied down in Miami then we received the following: "I am now overseas and the life is okay. The chow is good, the weather is hot and there is a swell bunch of guys. What else can you ask for except women. I am sorry I cannot tell you where I am but you know the rules. I am sorry I didn't write sooner, but I would only stay a week in one place and then be moved. Tell the boys I wish I was still working there with them, but am doing a bigger job."

Cpl. Gene Sprando worked hard all through Christmas week, if you GI's call it work. "We played for dances every night so far; a broadcast Tuesday and, today being Friday, we play Xmas carols and play carols again Saturday morning with a broadcast Saturday afternoon presenting the 70 piece military band, and then our 17 piece dance band plays for a dance Saturday night." Gene hopes to get to see us sometime this month, after the rush is over, so we are looking forward to a visit.

Did you men know that Pearl Allison is no longer true to the Army and Navy? We just found out about it at Christmas time, but it seems that she has been Mrs. Matt Stetar for several months now and that is why nobody is receiving mail from her any more. Anyway, we are indebted to her for a letter from Ab Kerner who hadn't heard the news when he wrote. We were surprised to learn that Ab has moved to England and has a new address. "We've been here for a little over a week and like it pretty well. I was

sure glad to get out of Africa. It is more like being at home here. You can get some beer and ale, which doesn't amount to much, and also a little whiskey. You can talk to the people too, and go dancing, which I don't do. I guess I'd better stop before I tell too much." Next time you'll have to tell it to the News, Ab. No more letters to Mrs. S.

Cpl. Orrin Miller sends a card to give us his new address and adds, "I am down here going to Flexible Gunnery school and will be here for a couple of months. The weather is usually pretty warm but does get cold enough to wear an overcoat now and then. Here's wishing all the employees of Climax a prosperous New Year."

Another addition to the non-Climax mailing list is M/Sgt David Tunno who responds with a fine letter. "I've been on the move for a few months now. However, here's some news: I met Dick Monasterio of Langeloth and Lou Maselek of Racoon before I left Miami and then met Charlie Turach of Bulger up here. He is expecting to go overseas soon. I myself have volunteered to go back again. I had a hard time getting to, but finally made out pretty good. They are going to give me my choice of airplanes (of course I took the Liberator) and a furlough before I go, so I'll see you fellows again." Dave requests Jap Williams' address, so we are printing it in the back of this issue for his benefit. We also have Dave to thank for a nice Christmas card.

We expected the extra buck for the first copy of Yank to be won by one of the overseas boys but, no, the award goes to Pvt. Joe Invernizzi of La., who

followed it up with a visit. The prize for the first copy received of Stars and Stripes is still unclaimed at this writing, however.

Pvt. Edwin Taylor sends a card from Miami to let us know he is standing that Florida climate. "I'm just getting started into basic training and am looking forward to a little walking. My hotel is right on the beach and the view of the ocean can't be beat. We have P.T. daily and top it off with a swim in the surf." What a life!

Last, but not least - - - - -

We wind up this issue with a long awaited letter from Al Hock: "I have been receiving the News, but not very regularly. Sometimes I receive two at once but, as it stands, they are all up to date now. I won't try to say what I have been doing. I can say that the Navy is still treating me A-1 and every word is true when they say 'Join the Navy and see the World'. I am now a shell-back and what little hair I did have hasn't grown back yet. I want to wish all the Climaxers all the luck in the world and good hunting."

THE EYES OF CHRISTENDOM ARE UPON US,
AND OUR HONOR AS A PEOPLE IS BECOME
A MATTER OF THE UTMOST CONSEQUENCE TO
BE TAKEN CARE OF. IF WE GIVE UP OUR
RIGHTS IN THIS CONTEST, A CENTURY TO
COME WILL NOT RESTORE TO US THE OPINION
OF THE WORLD; WE SHALL BE STAMPED WITH THE
CHARACTER OF POLTROONS AND FOOLS. PRESENT
INCONVENIENCES ARE, THEREFORE, TO BE
BORNE WITH FORTITUDE, AND BETTER TIMES
EXPECTED.

- Benjamin Franklin



SIDE GLANCES -

than, "We couldn't go, but we paid your way", taken from The Houghton Line. And from the same publication: "Strange world -- all the civilized peoples are at war; the savages are living in peace."

As we go to press, we find the home front starting a new Bond drive. We can think of no better motto for bond buyers

And before we get started on things here at Climax, let us remark again that no one has called our hand on that extra

\$1.00 for a copy of the "Stars and Stripes". Jay Meneely does mention that he had the notion to send us a copy, but didn't. Well, we still want a copy, and the offer stands -- an extra frogskin, for the first copy received.

We have been reporting the last few issues that construction work is fast drawing to a close here at Climax. Like all construction work, the tag-ends seem to require more than the main part of the work. But, the size of the crew employed by Rust is nil -- our extramen are doing the finishing touches.

Outside of some brick and lead work at the bottom and the finishing of the top, the stack is complete. We needn't tell you that this stack is a landmark around this section of the country. Several of you men have asked, if and when we were going to send a picture of the stack. We wish we could do so now, but restrictions are such that we are not allowed to take a picture of the completed stack. When the ban is lifted we promise to enclose a picture with one issue of the News.

The new water lines are nearly completed. Except for going under the iron ore pile at the east end of the warehouse, the lines encircle the plant. No water is in the new tank, as West Penn has not extended its lines up the hill, but our end of the line is in place. The new 6' water line extends into the ferro department in order to pick up the new "dunking" tanks being installed. In connection with the new water lines encircling the plant, there are a number of fire hydrants and hose houses about the yards -- just in case -- and some outlets inside the buildings as an extra precaution should our fire extinguishers prove inadequate.

The new hydraulic-lift bridge across to the warehouse is in place and in use. The warehouse track has been raised, and new steel (rails) have been purchased to rebuild the track on the plant side. When this track is laid all three of our sidings will be new. This should eliminate the trouble of having the switch engine off the track -- experienced occasionally during the past year.

Before we forget it, let us correct an error or omission we made in the last issue. We didn't tell you that Henry Pirih was married while home on furlough. That accounts for our not getting to see him, perhaps. Anyhow, its lots of good luck to you Henry -- and even though married don't forget to drop us a line to keep the record straight.

Are any of you Sgts. having a tough time with the draftees from the 3A class -- those married just aren't afraid of anything, you know.

And that reminds us that we have ~~lost some married men recently.~~ Perhaps we've mentioned these names before but here are the most recent additions to your ranks from Climax:

R. Malone
J. Saska
Ed Wilgocki
J. O'Donnell
J. Kenndy
G. Fulmer
G. Ravella

The Ferro department is now on one shift. It won't be long until one of the new crushing lines is in operation -- a few more safety guards, some water for the new cooling tanks, and we'll be all set to try out the new south line. Did we tell you that we are now using the new track on the north side of the Ferro building? It is quite

a contrast to the days some of you will recall when all loading and unloading traffic was through the one door on the South. Remember?

Bytheway, Jay if Mr. Carroll should forget to mention it, we followed your instructions and called on the little blond to deliver your message. Incidentally, we now have a reciprocity agreement with her -- for every letter of yours, we let her read, she lets us read one in exchange. So!**! We had the same agreement with Pearl Allison, too, but somehow her letters from Al Hook, and Ab Kerner never reached our desk ----- thats just about all these reciprocity agreements amount to, all one direction, so don't stop writing us, Jay.

This is supposed to be a true Washington story: A young Ensign took a directive into one of the brass hats. The Admiral signed it and it was duly posted on the bulletin board; it read: "All officers wishing to take advantage of the stenographers in the pool, will go to Room 801 and show evidence of their need."

And then there was the moron football player who had the football field flooded so he could be a "sub."

We have one furnace in production now -- No. 6. The Sodium Molybdate plant is still swinging along, and repair and maintenance work is being done on the Pure Oxide plant looking forward to the day when it will again go into production.

With outside construction work virtually completed, we are slowly getting around to better house-keeping. The yard north of the fence is cleaned up -- all steel and flues are now inside the plant fence, and waste lumber, etc.

from Rust Construction work has been scrapped.

A new storage platform has been laid behind the Chemical building, and all scrap steel from the reconstruction work has been concentrated there for storage.

You fellows might be interested in knowing how we arrive at an AWOL list. You see, Ye Editor keeps a "batting-average" on each man in Service since May 1942 when the first issue of the News came off the press. Letters and visits are credited. Of those who have been in Service for "months", Gene Sprando holds the record. Since May 1942, Gene has missed one month, November 1942. Others who are close behind him are J. Meneely, Martin Rvay, Paul Kovach, J. Bezusko, J. Metz and W. Wysocki. Some who have been in Service only a few months have perfect records, but its the long pull that counts. The AWOL list indicates who is at the other end of the record. Keep 'em rolling in!

We regret to report that O. Fullmer was confined to the hospital in Steubenville, Ohio. He has reported for work as of the 17th.

Also, we are sorry to report that we have another hospital inmate. Tommy Tomlinson was taken to Mercy Hospital on Sunday January 16th with Plural pneumonia. The Home Front has taken it on the chin lately. The old Flu bug has been around. Mr. Downer was under the weather for a week, and others sorta grunted a few days, but by hitting the old flu poison a few times have avoided being among the missing. Here's hoping there won't be any more.

-- TID BITS --

Ike: "I like him less and less."

Mike: "Why?"

Ike: "He's the type that when he pours you a drink and you tell him to stop --- he does."

If you want to learn how big a man is, just observe the size of the things he gets mad at.

And then there was the gal in our office who said "I'm taking off another year"...as she replaced the 1943 calendar with a 1944.

Judge (to couple): "Caught on a park bench, eh?...What are your names?"

Soldier: "Ben Pettin. "

Gal: "Ann Howe."

Voice from hotel room: "Hey you muggs, quit cussing in there, I've gotta woman in here."

"Bill shouldn't have married Irene. Why in 6 months she made him a pauper."

Bob: "Wow! boy or girl?"

Leon: "Do you think your father would say anything if I told him we were to be married?"

Leona: "I'm not sure, but I imagine he'd say something if you told him we weren't."

Soldier: "Sit down, you're rockin' the boat."

Gen. McArthur: "Can't."

Soldier: "Why?"

Mac: "Pants are too tight."

So they painted him standing up.

The biggest trouble about getting old -- is getting old.

"I am going to show you," said the flying instructor in mid-air, "that I've got complete confidence in your flying ability." He threw his stick out of the plane.

"Oh, that's how you do it," re-

marked the student pilot, --- and threw his stick out too.

- VISITS -

We note that after Bill Metz's visit last month we didn't have a Service visitor until the 14th when Joe Gruber came up to visit the plant, and see his old buddies. Joe looked in fine condition and while Ye Editor didn't get to see him, others on the staff welcomed him. Write us more often Joe, and good luck.

And the Packing room Kid, C. W. Truax, did get that fur-rough mentioned in previous issues. Clyde doesn't seem to have missed many square meals since being in Service. He looked fine, and reported everything going along nicely.

Ivo Bertini was another caller about the 20th of the month. Ivo came in from camp at Ft. McDowell in California where he has been stationed for most of his training. He reports Calif. to be OK, but like most he'll take a bit of Pennsylvania now and then.

And another visitor, who pulled himself off the AWOL list was John Dowler. John had last been heard from in June, so we were just a bit worried. John is one of the boys from Texas, and reports everything under control. John, how about a letter now and then. June to January is quite a long time.

We never hear from Red Ingram via the mail, but Red doesn't fail to visit us every month. That isn't quite keeping his record clean, but it is doing mighty good we think. Red, with his basic training behind him, seems to think the old Army life is getting a little more

interesting -- at least it is a little more practical, eh Red?

And we had our usual interesting visit with A/S Sausser who says he is still grinding away down at Franklin & Marshall College. He looked fine and says the Navy is tops.

We have had several nice visits from Carl Harris, our Marine from Guadacanal and other points west and south west. Carl has had some wonderful experience -- which must await retelling, but rest assured he can "swap" stories with any of you. Carl looked trimmed down a bit too much, but rest, some home cooking and a little cooler climate will help a lot. Carl, we hasten to add, lost little time in getting married. The News says "good luck" to Carl and his bride, and hopes there are many happy days ahead for them here in the good old USA.

Another of our out-of-the-country-visitors was none other than Joe Bezusko from down Panama Way. Joe is home on a nice furlough and reports he has been relieved and will be assigned to a new station. Lets hope it is nearer home, Joe, and that your visits will be more frequent. Anyway, keep up your record of writing us often.

Stanley Rozmus, not having been heard from since August pulled himself off the AWOL list by a visit on Jan. 3rd. Stan is down in Texas. Says he is near Austin, and not too far from Ft. worth and Dallas, so he is doing fine. Stan looked like old Sol had been bearing down on him -- nice healthy tan.

Mike Sabatasse reported in from Camp Shelton, and was up with Stanley Rozmus to visit the plant. Mike still appears to have had no trouble eating Navy chow. If they took anything off him in one place, they must have put it on in another

Mike looked tip top and says things are all on the up and up with him.

Anthony Pusateri was also in to see us on the 3rd. Ye Editor must have been out for we didn't meet up with Anthony, but the staff reports he was looking fine. Keep us informed, and up to date in your address.

Joe Pusateri, last heard from in Juen, and who, if he visited the plant, didn't sign the register, was home on furlough. He was then in school at Fargo, N. D., and says things were going along nicely. He is now at Seamour Johnson Field, N.C. Joe looked mighty fine -- and changed a bit for Ye Editor almost passed him up when we met. Good luck Joe, and keep up the good work, and write us more often -- we enjoy hearing from everybody.

Sgt. Henry Pirih was in from Camp Atterbury, Ind. to say howdy to everybody. He reports things all OK, and says his camp is the finest he has been in since entering the Service.

Matt Denovitch, who has been in training school down in Va., had a few days at home on his way through to the Great Lakes training base. Matt looked all ship shape, and reports having had a little shake down cruise on which he upheld the honor of the Navy by not feeding the fishes.

One of those whose name we removed from the AWOL list was Elmo Martin. He was one of three we have never heard from. But he walked in on us as we were finishing the list, so he just escaped. Elmo looked fine, and reports that he has been too busy to write, we hope with his training completed, he will find time to keep us in line on his latest

address.

missed seeing him. Better
luck next time!

Avialotis is another of our
"no-see-boy" since last
September. He was in the
plant while home on furlough a
few days ago, but most of us

So, now for the list of new
addresses:

- NEW ADDRESSES -

1. Lt. Raymond G. Adams
Btry. D, 395th AAA AW Bn.
Camp Haan, Calif.
2. Pvt. Jack Aivalotis, 33685204
Co. A, PMGS Det.
Ft. Custer, Michigan
3. Frank Bernatonis S 2/C
LST Pool Unit L, Tent 29
Camp Bradford, Norfolk 11, Va.
4. T/3 Rudolph J. Chastulik
173rd Sta. Hosp.
Camp Barkeley, Texas
5. PFC Roger W. Darke
APO No. 1, c/o PM, N.Y.
6. Pvt. John E. Dowler
327 Eng. Bn., APO 102
Camp Swift, Texas
7. PFC Andrew Geffert
APO 9026, c/o PM, San Fran.
8. Nicholas Hallahan S 2/C
Plat. 3373, Area D-11, Br. 116
NCTC, Camp Peary
Williamsburg, Va.
9. Cpl. Michael Harris
APO 928, c/o PM, San Fran.
10. Pvt. Guthrie Ingram
Batt. A, 363rd SL Bn. AAA
Camp Davis, N.C.
11. Edward W. Jackson MoMM 2/C
Ward 13, USN Mobile Hosp.
No. 6, c/o FPO, San Fran.
12. Cpl. Willard Keating
APO #651, c/o PM, N.Y.
13. James Kennedy A/S
Unknown
14. A. A. Kerner, CM 2/C
81st Naval Const. Battl.
c/o FPO, N.Y.
15. PFC Leo Kopacz
APO # 9026, c/o PM, San Fran.
16. Cpl. Joe Kucic
Camp Pendleton, Calif.
17. Cpl. Dave Kuritz
Kecaughtan Hosp. Det.
Kecoughtan, Va.
18. Pvt. Anthony A. Longo
APO 253, c/o PM, N.Y.
19. Sgt. Gaylord L. Malone
APO 638, c/o PM, N.Y.
20. Rennison Malone A/S
Co. 175, C16U
Sampson, N.Y.
21. Cpl. Orrin C. Miller
Pool Sq.
Tundall Field, Fla.
22. A/C Robert H. Morgan
Class 44-H, Sqd. 72
San Antonio, Texas
23. Sgt. Geo. L. Murray USMC
c/o FPO, San Francisco
24. PFC Joseph T. Murray
Navy No. 38, c/o FPO, N.Y.
25. Attilio Napolitano
c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif.
26. Pvt. Wm. J. Nicola,
APO 874, c/o PM, N.Y.
27. Pvt. James O'Donnell
Unknown
28. Sgt. Andrew Pescho
APO 398, c/o PM, N.Y.
29. Pvt. Joseph P. Pusateri
716 Trn. Grp.
Seymour Johnson Field, N.C.
30. PFC Frank Rozmus
c/o Provost Marshall
Gulfport Field
Gulfport, Miss.
31. Cpl. Frank G. Russell
APO # 30, c/o PM, N.Y.
32. Mike Sabatasse S 2/C
Armed Guard School
Camp Shelton, M.C.
Norfolk, 11, Va.
33. John Saska, A/S
Co. 175, C16U
Sampson, N.Y.
34. Pvt. Albert Sprando
APO 9026, c/o PM, San Fran.
35. Alex C. Stetar MM 2/C
C.B. Det. No. 1018
c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif.
36. Pvt. Edwin M. Taylor
404 TG, AFTC #1, BTC #4
Miami Beach, Fla.

37. S/Sgt. Lee R. Walker
115th Liaison Sqdn.
Brownwood, Texas
38. James M. Westlake S 2/C
Naval Rec. Bks., Sect. 4
Treasure Island, San Fran.
39. Edward F. Wilgocki A/S
Co. 2020, Great Lakes, ILL.
40. A/C Geo. L. Williamson, Jr.
14th AAFSTD, Sq. 14, Class 44E
Polaris Flight Academy
War Eagle Field
Lancaster, Calif.
41. Pvt. Ernest Williams
Co. C, 220th Bn., 68th Regt.
IRTC, Camp Blanding, Fla.
42. A/C Stephen Yandrick
Class 44G, Bks. 3, Rm. C
301st AAFSTD, Corsicana, Tex.
43. PFC. Bradley Yanni, USMC
USN Hosp, Ward E.
Memphis, Tenn.
44. George C. Zellars S 2/C
Armed Guard, c/o FPO
New York
New York

*Best of luck
always*

f Editors

*and
staff*

- THAT OLD FROGSKIN -

Yes, we know what you are looking for. No need to turn another page for it just "ain't" there. Let us explain. This is just as much a disappointment to Ye Editors, as it is to you who have been so accustomed to peeling off that old frogskin from the front of each issue of the News. We know that \$1.00 helped -- even the smell was something to those of you who are now using foreign money. Some of you probably "soaked" it away just to look at, and some of you had a few extra beers when such were available. But, we regret to report the Frogskin Special has been derailed; its off the track, and this is the reason why.

Starting from scratch most of you will recall that the idea first was to send each Service man a carton of cigarettes each month; the money to be contributed by those here on the home front. Do you recall the list of contributors on the Bulletin Board? Some were always paid up months in advance; some kept up to date; others lagged. As more went into Service, the amount needed grew until the Coco-Cola fund was taken over and devoted entirely to the Frogskin Special. This method finally proved inadequate, especially when construction work and our own employment began to decline, resulting in lower profits from the Coca-Cola machine. Finally, a pool was formed by selling chances at .50¢ each; three fifths for frogskins, and two fifths for prizes to be drawn each month. With construction work now complete, and low employment still with us, the money isn't at hand to allow Ye Editors the pleasure of attaching the familiar greenback to your issue of the News; - - - That, frankly, is the Why & Wherefore of your not finding the Old Frogskin clipped to your copy.

To say we are sorry is putting it mildly. We can only promise to keep an eye on the fund, and when it equals the number of men in Service, to again clip a \$1.00 bill to each copy.

We entertain the hope you may still enjoy reading what we find available to print, and that you will continue to be our roving correspondents. However, this may be the test of Mr. Coffey's gag observation months ago that "who wouldn't read it for a dollar." Anyhow, it was nice while it lasted, and let us hope we can revive the fund very soon.

So, Adieu, Adios but not 30 to the Frogskin!



HI SOLDIERS, SAILORS & MARINES! ! !

Well fella's, we got our wish, expressed in the last issue. From way down under - Australia, we think -- Walter Wysocki, M.P. came through with a fine copy of Yank magazine. And from across the Atlantic - England - Jay Meneely furnished us with a copy of Stars and Stripes. Believe it or not Jay's issue of Stars & Stripes was printed on January 8th mailed on January 11th and we were reading it on January 19th. Not bad eh? Walter's copy, of course, was not delivered in such quick time. But, we had a fine time reading both copies and looking at the pictures - especially in Yank. Just to make things even-stepen, we are sending Walter a \$1.00 since his was the first Yank to come from a foreign land. Now we have on file in the American Legion records all three copies. Incidentally, all copies were passed around among the "oldsters" at the post meeting. Memories?! Thanks, Jay, Walter & Joe. -- And some more copies - one from Frank

Russell, the Stars & Stripes and a Yank from Kopacz came in second best. What we can't understand is how Kopacz sent us a copy of Yank bearing his Camp Edwards address, unless he carried it with him and mailed it back, or did it catch up with you Leo, and then you sent it back to us - anyhow, a much travelled paper.

And this is what our roving correspondents have to say: "

- EXCERPTS FROM
CAMP GOSSIP -

This is V-mail month and the big little letters have been rolling in so fast that we'll have to forego our usual practice of printing them straight. Condensing makes more work for the editors but the printers say the space must be held down.

First for this time is PFC Andrew Geffert who left the bleak

New England shore for a warmer climate. "I have arrived at my destination in the Pacific after a nice trip. I saw some beautiful sights along the way as we went through 16 states. It was a nice routine from the regular routine. I got a little seasick but soon was all right. We are now sleeping in large tents. The weather is nice and warm and the air is nice and clean." Albert Sprando, Leo Kopacz, Don Dimit, Bennie Kowalewski and a number of other local boys are in Andy's outfit.

We have two V-mail letters from PFC Leo Kopacz and the second is a two-pager, no less. Letter No. 1 was written "on a boat somewhere in the Pacific Ocean. I wouldn't make a good sailor as I was really seasick the first day. You should have seen the boys the first day out. They would go for chow and ----!" In letter No. 2, Leo claims he is more of a sailor than his buddy Bill Metz who was in the Service first and in the Navy at that, "and as yet hasn't had a boat ride. I hear some of the sailors calling the Naval Air Corps boys shallow water sailors. Would it be fitting for me to call Bill one? One thing Bill hasn't got on me is the climate. The weather here is really nice and the country is very beautiful. I'll even put it up against good old Pennsy and that's some place to compare with. I am also doing some swimming and getting somewhat of a tan while you people are freezing." And how! We also want to thank Leo for a copy of Yank. It doesn't win the dollar but we enjoyed it a lot.

MM Tilly Napolitano drops " a few lines to let you know that I am well and doing fine as can be expected under these conditions. First off, I want you to know of my change of address (published last month). I don't know why,

as I am still at the same base. In the future we may be enlightened as to what is in store for us. Stetar and I are still together except he works nights and I am on days. You can see why we hardly ever get together to throw a little scuttlebutt. Best regards from both of us to the staff and fellow workers."

A very full V-mailer also comes from Sgt. Gaylord Malone, who is, "now located in Merry Old England and enjoying it quite a bit. The only drawback is their money and it sure has me up a tree. The people here treat us swell and I think between all of us we will finish this thing up pretty fast. I am going to try to see Bill Weaver and my brother Don while here. How is everyone back at the plant? I know the good old Climax will be in there pitching and we sure appreciate it out here in our business. I receive the News right along and we certainly are thankful for news from home." We also had a card from Mrs. Gates keeping us posted on his latest address. Thanx.

CM Ab Kerner apologizes for not writing oftener. "But there isn't a lot to write about. Also, I've been on the move quite a bit lately and it was almost impossible to mail a letter." Ab didn't know when he wrote that we had lifted a letter from Pearl A, for last month's issue, as he hadn't received the last three numbers. "I'm in a new outfit now and there are only a few of the old outfit with me. I like England much better than Africa, although it is pretty wet and muddy. And I wouldn't trade the parking lot in front of the plant for everything I've seen." Ab has run into a Colorado Climaxer and has heard some very interesting things about the mine.

Next is Marine Sgt. Geo. Murray,

who says, "I haven't much news about myself except I have made another rating and have a new address. I am doing fine. I hope you are all well at the plant. Give all the gang my best regards and lots of luck to the boys on furlough. What are those things anyhow? There seems to be some changes made. I won't know the old place when I get back, but it should prove interesting to look it over. Give Buzz Yanni my quickest recovery wishes. Also my congrats to Pete McMahon on his wings. I still have hopes of putting my name on that visitor's book before this is all over." Let's hope its soon, George.

Modesty prevents our quoting what Tuck Jackson has to say about the News, but it sure makes us feel good to have it appreciated that much. Maybe being confined has something to do with it. "I am now in a rest camp and it's really a swell place. We get plenty of rest and lots to eat -- sweet milk and sunny-side-up eggs. This is the first time I have tasted stuff like that for several months, and it really goes down easy after living on dehydrated foods for so long and sometimes not that. When I leave here, I will probably be plenty fat. I noticed you had a small drawing of a PT boat in the November issue. They are a swell craft and sure are doing their part out here in the Pacific. Lots of luck to all and tell Beck and Dud Wilson to keep things going. Also, tell Paul Wiegmann and Cap Johnson I said hello."

Aviation Cadet Geo. Williamson has moved and advanced a step in his flight training. "We are here for basic flying and this is a wonderful field, as much as I've seen of it so far." Bud also promises a letter soon, and one of these days we're going to call him on that.

Seaman Frank Bernatonis has followed his boot mate Matt into the "LST" branch of the Amphibious Force. "We are up here in the woods at a place they call Camp Bradford. About a foot of snow on the ground and sleeping in tents. Never dreamed that the Navy would sleep in tents. At present I don't know too much about this outfit. We handle these flat bottom boats that put the tanks ashore during an invasion." Looks like Blacks is going to see some action after all. Eater Blacks writes, "I have been assigned to Radar school. It's only a four week course but what a course! You would have to be a quiz kid to learn what they have mapped out for us. Besides Radar and various other subjects, we have to learn the Morse code and be able to send and receive messages. Trying to knock a little electricity into me too. Should have Bill Young here to explain ohm's law and all it's theories to me." We won't quote what Blacks thinks of Norfolk as we don't wish to be sued by the Chamber of Commerce, but he did go there one Sunday and ran into none other than Merchant Seaman Pat Jackson, who still hasn't made his second voyage, we understand. Blacks has been appointed Group Leader and "the first day of school the Mustering Officer told me to take the fellows down. Hell; I needed someone to take me down. I have only 8 men. One is in the brig, one is over the hill and the rest are in quarantine. We are now living in huts. We have an oil stove and a fairly decent place to stay. There are supposed to be 14 men to a hut but there are only two of us. Me and a Rebel. Makes it pretty nice for studying purposes!"

Seaman Aldo Lemmi was still on the Coast when he wrote, but was aboard ship and has probably been to sea by now. Aldo's card mere-

ly says, "I received the News and was glad to hear from you." At least, that's all we can print.

Seaman Nick Hallahan is still bombarding us with Beelines, the Camp Peary weekly. It's a good paper, but we haven't found Hallahan's name in it yet.

Later comes a card to inform us that Nick has "moved to advanced training area. Rec'vd the News and thanks. Am fine and still on the ball." And finally we get a letter which makes up for a lot of past negligence. "My boot training was completed some time ago. I'm in advanced training and have been assigned to a special draft. My training has been mostly on guns. We had a week on the carbine and I qualified as marksmen. This week we are going to study the tommy-gun. Our schedule calls for three days of study of the function of each part then 2 days of actually firing. I can't seem to get into my line of work. In this special draft we will be trained mostly for combat. (Ed. note: Well, isn't a machine gun called a type-writer?). I am getting accustomed to the daily routine of Navy life and I like it. The Seabees are a swell outfit, and I'm glad I'm a member. The Marines are considered Junior Seabees, but don't tell them I said so. (Of course we wouldn't tell). This bunch is getting it's recognition now and is just as important as any other military branch. We are taking most of our training under Marine instructors so we have to be on the ball. These fellows know their business."

Another V-mailer comes from Pvt. Joe Zdybicki. "Am feeling fine. I have been to different places in Australia and now am somewhere in New Guinea. This place sure is rugged, but I figure if the Japs can take it, I sure as hell can also. We are

busy as hell working, but it keeps a fellow's mind off home. Tell the gang hello and to stay on the ball."

From the Naval Hospital at Memphis, PFC Bradley Yanni writes: "I'm still recuperating from that fracture of the left fibula. I've been here three months and am glad to say that I am well and running around. My leg is still a little weak, but has been out of the cast since a week before Christmas. The Red Cross is really doing a fine job for the wounded here. The hospital is packed with veterans from the battle zones of the world and there really is a lot of tough fighting going on from the way some of them are wounded. I guess it will sort of be hard for me to leave the hospital and resume my studies but I guess I can get used to it. The thing I'll miss is the good chow and also these beautiful nurses and Wave Corpsmen we have here. They are really nice, but don't get me wrong; they are strictly on the job." What else? Buzz has paid us a visit since his letter and really looks fine, although he does favor that leg a bit.

A card from A/C Stephen Yandrick says: "My long promised letter must wait. Please accept my apology and maybe I will have better luck at this base. I am in Primary and quite busy." OK Skeets, we'll wait a little longer for that letter.

We lifted a letter to Mr. Hamill from Seaman James Westlake who is still hanging around waiting for his ship. When the ship is ready, "we go out for two or three weeks to test it. We will come back for a good going over and then we will go out hunting. Hope we have better luck than Jack and Dennis had." Jim also sent along a copy of The Masthead,

a very swell slick-paper weekly published at Treasure Island.

A card from the same source indicates that Jim's ship has arrived and that he has gone aboard. How about writing all about yourself, Jim?

Pvt. James O'Donnell has landed "way out in the sticks, 10½ miles from a town," but really isn't very far from home, as his address is still Pa. But it isn't much like home. "We have to do things in a hurry and also neat. I have to get up at 5:45, wash my hands and face and be in line in 20 minutes. You only work eight hours a day at the plant, but here we work fifteen hours when on KP. The Army life isn't so bad if you do your work right and march correctly. There sure are a lot of steps to learn, but I guess I will make it. We haven't got our rifles yet but I think this week we will get them."

T/5 Donald Dinit sends a V-mailer which brings us up to date on his outfit except for Doodlebug and A. Sprando. "I haven't received the News for sometime, but suppose it takes a little longer for the mail to come through when there is a few thousand miles of water to cross. We are somewhere in the Pacific which seems to take in quite a bit of territory from what I have seen of it. The climate here is very nice; warm in the daytime and cool at night with no mosquitos so far. They have been stressing the importance of swimming so maybe we are going to swim back after the war. We are living in tents and use candles for lighting. I see Doodlebug every now and then and he is just buzzing around as usual."

Pvt. Alden Farner has been "busier than a jaw crusher with four men feeding it. I hope we slow down a little in the near

future. Our planes are expected to be in any time now and that means plenty of work, but it should not be new to us as we have had plenty of mock-up work; loading and tying our equipment in place. Spent some time in school recently and kind of enjoyed it, but missed my outfit. Have I said that the Airborne is the toughest outfit there is? Anyone who can't take it here is sent to the Paratroopers or Rangers. We run five miles before breakfast." Alden has now postponed his furlough hopes to March, and we are expecting him then. In the meantime he, Ex-Climaxer Howard Brabson and Bill Donati are "beating it out together."

At last report Seaman Mike Sabatasse was "Ok and can't kick (got a sore leg). I expected to shove off but we got delay orders and don't know when we will go. I hope soon. I spent the last weekend with my brother at Ft. Eustis (Army) and felt like a Boy Scout there. I also took a ride to Camp Peary and met a neighbor from Slovan. I tried to find others but didn't have time. That's a big camp."

We don't have a letter from PFC Walter Wysocki, the Sydney slicker, but he did send us a much appreciated copy of the Australian edition of Yank. Thanx very much.

A promotion is recorded by Doggie Russell, who, as Sgt. Frank G. is sweating the winter out in England's negative sunshine. Doggie has been getting the News on time and "The dollar bill looked plenty good as we seldom see good old U.S. currency. The English money is rather confusing but I'd like to bet Bill Morris a floren and a sixpence that I have finally mastered it. I haven't seen Jay Meneely yet

but by luck I might run on to him. The location of outfits over here is a military secret so it will be only by luck that I will see him. We haven't been doing too much as yet, but what they have in store for us is to be seen. We no doubt will be kept plenty busy later on, but we don't mind. Anything to get this mess over with." Doggie also sends a copy of the Stars & Stripes but Jay was first and gets the buck. Thanx anyway, we always enjoy any of the Service papers.

Pvt. Joseph Pusateri apologizes for being a bit slow with the letters on the ground that "the Army keeps you pretty busy. Since last writing to you they have moved me around quite a bit. I have been to San Antonio, Texas Amarillo, Texas, Fargo, N. Dakota and now Seymour Johnson Field. While at Fargo I spent some time at N. Dakota State College and completed training for Air Force Administration work. Here at Seymour Johnson I'm waiting to be assigned to work with some squadron." Joe adds congrats on the third E and a nice compliment for the News.

Cpl. John Vernillo writes from a POE: "The most I can tell you is that we expect to go overseas real soon, so I imagine my next letter will be via V-mail. I have been getting the News and geetus steadily and you can't imagine how much it really means to me. I know I'll appreciate it that much more when I get across. I don't relish going overseas, but if the other boys can stick their neck out for me, I don't see why I can't stick mine out for you folks at home. Geo. Saska is still in the outfit and we both made T/5 before Xmas. Regards to all, and may God reunite us real soon." We're with you on that, Tech.

We have no word directly from Seaman James Kennedy, but Mrs. K. has kindly dropped a note to the effect that he is at Great Lakes for boot training and wants the News. We are glad to oblige but would like a contribution to same.

Seaman Hubert Meneely is getting the News a bit late, as the Nov. issue was the latest he had. "I have made another trip over and back. Am down in the Rebel country now and find liberty pretty good. Everything is OK with me and hope it is the same with everybody back there. Keep up the good work." Hubie asks all to note his new address.

A card and a letter informs us that Geo. Revella is already busy learning to be a merchant sailor at Hoffman Island. "Here we are on this rock putting in our boot like the ones who came here before us. We are kept very busy which is a good thing as it keeps our minds from wandering back home too much. It's quite nice here and a grandbunch of men. Give all the boys my regards and tell them to take a drink for me." A drink of what, may we ask? And where are we going to get it?

A card from PFC James Sarracino bears "just a few lines to let you know that I am fine and am still in Florida. Am still in the motor pool and learning more every day. Am having a good time down here, speaking ironically. (Ed. note: ?). The weather is just like Army regulations: changes everyday. Good luck and best regards to all." Imagine complaining about the weather in Fla. or any warm place!

The following comes from Cpl. Willard Keating via V-mail. "Hello boys. I finally found time to give you my new address. We were up in England but now we are down

here in (censored). Boy, I hope next time we will be in Berlin. Tell all the boys to do their best and we will do our best over here." OK, Bozo, but don't wait until you get to Berlin to write again.

Boze didn't wait long to write. Just one week after the above V-mailer says that he is still in England after all "or just about all over England. We do a lot of travelling and I have had five changes in APO. I hope to keep this one. I am getting along just fine and weigh $15\frac{1}{2}$ stone. Tell all the boys I said hello and keep 'em rolling." Bill Morris tells us that $15\frac{1}{2}$ stone is 217 pounds, which is quite a gain since Boze left here.

PFC Joseph Cikovic is "back in a camp after two months of maneuvers. It's nice to sleep in a bunk for a change. I'm not sure how long we are to stay here or where we are going when we leave, but I don't think we will stay here long. This is a better camp than the last one, at least it looks better. Say hello to the boys for me. I hope to be paying a visit soon if nothing comes up." Another swell Army paper comes from Joe. It is the Camp Livingston weekly, The Communique. Many thanx.

Marine PFC Stanely Zdybicki is still at Quantico and has "received the paper and appreciate it very much. Am feeling fine and hope everyone is the same. Life here is pretty rugged but I think I can get along all right. Am getting a lot of useful training. Tell everyone to keep up the good work."

To Sgt. Ludwig Stetar it "seems like most of the boys are overseas. After 30 long months of Service, I'm stuck here in Kansas. The next few months will tell us more about our chances of going anywhere. Until then, I'll be fighting this Kansas breeze. We

don't get a chance to fight here but there's plenty of work. Haven't had a day off since Xmas. Twelve to fourteen hours a night for seven nights a week is plenty rough. We get plenty of over time and double time and if we aren't careful we get more time!" Lud has some trouble trying to explain Moly to some of his buddies and wants a few booklets to "save me a lot of gum-beating, advertise the product and help educate the Cotton Choppers, Orange Pickers and the Danyankees who have never been to Langeloth." Well, we don't have anything at hand but will see what the Sales Dept. can offer, Lud.

One of those Form No. 204 cards comes from Sgt. Henry Pirih indicating that he is on his way somewhere. Best of luck to you Henry. Let us hear from you.

Pvt. Paul Kovach is "getting along fairly well and keeping busy most of the time. I read the News everytime I can and it sure is swell to read about the boys in the Service. The weather we're having here is terrible. I've had a cold for two months now and will have it till July if this keeps up. (Ed. note: we have bad weather and colds here, too, Paul.). I'll close now with best of luck and health to all. I'll keep 'em rolling while the nen keep the furnaces going." Paul want's a letter from his old friend and working buddy, Steve Kuritz.

Another V-mailer comes from Capt. Bill Weaver who thanks the local Post for the American Legion card and us for the News. "The Xmas issue was very nice. Many of our flyers have returned to the States, yet too many of my friends are in P.W. camps in Germany. I expect Gates Malone over here soon. Keep the Moly running."

Another report from the Hoffman

Island Maritime base comes from George Fulmer but from his address appears to be in a different section, than George Revella. George says, "This is a nice clean place and a nice bunch of officers and men. We have one female on the island-- a bulldog. We're living out of seabags this week but get lockers next week we hope. The trouble with seabags is that everything you want is on the bottom. I'm not sure how it gets there but it always does."

We are about due a letter from S/Sgt. Paul Ryan, but all we have is one of those address cards which indicate that Paul has made a slight move but still hasn't gotten out of the state of La.

Fireman Matt Donovan wrote to us while en voyage down the Ohio toward the sea after boarding his ship in Indiana. Before that, he had a week or so at Great Lakes where, "I had some very good training. The day I left I went to see Eddie Wilgocki and we had quite a chat. He sure looks a lot different with all his teeth out and has about the same opinion of the Navy as I did my first 2 or 3 months. I am still not in love with the outfit but will be in there pitching with the rest hoping that we all get back home soon. This has been a very nice trip so far and the weather very beautiful. I sure hope it stays that way as I sure like warm weather and might get some where we are going. We don't know where that is until we get there as we have sealed orders that won't be opened until we are out of port."

Pvt. Stanley Zabetakis gives "pure laziness" as his reason for neglecting us so long and that's a pretty good excuse as well as being good for the soul. Stanley promises to do better and makes good with a swell letter.

"Since August a few things have happened to us 810 boys. Right after maneuvers we took the overseas Army Ground Force test and passed it with a rating of Excellent. There, while we were expecting things to happen 810 gets broken up and scattered to the four winds. Al Marcucci, being Company clerk, managed to get us Burgettstown boys sent to the same camp. So now we are down here with 612 deep in the heart of Camp Swift. One weekend, while on our way to Austin, Joe Rash, Al and I bumped into Jack Dowler. Boy, was he surprised and vice-versa."

Cpl. Clyde Truax reports from the deep South. "We have taken our unit training test and passed with a fairly high grade. Since coming back from my furlough, we have spent a good bit of time in the field. We were out last week firing our carbines. That is surely a swell rifle." Bud ran into Bob Boehming, the former Rust Engineer who is now in Uncle's Engineer Corps. "I saw him today in the P.X. and we recognized each other at once. His outfit is located here repairing some of our very bad roads. I was sure glad to see him."

It looks like Pvt. Robert Purdy is going to be a valuable addition to our mailing list. Here is his second fine letter. "The weather over here isn't bad. It is usually warm enough that an overcoat isn't necessary but it rains quite a bit. The pup tent life isn't too bad. Once in a while we find a house to sleep in and have it pretty nice; the best place to sleep is in a fox hole of some kind. What little excitement that happens, we can't tell about. I have visited a few towns. Most of them are small. The people sure live in terrible places.

Maybe they brought a lot of it on themselves. I don't have any feeling for them. When the Germans were here they were 'bonna' and now they're bad since we came in."

Cpl. Orrin Miller is in his third week of aerial gunnery school. "I believe I'm through the worst part of it. I have taken my blindfold test on disassembling and reassembling the .50 cal. machine gun. If one tries, as I have found out, he can do many things he never thought himself capable of doing. In all the tests here a student must make 100 to pass. If he doesn't pass the first time he is given a recheck. If he fails them, he is washed out. They keep us busy all the time. I have a class practically every night and have dental appointments at 10 or 11 PM. We get up by 4:45, have four hours of classes in the morning and four afternoon; mail call and announcements at noon; and an hour of physical training before supper and two hours of night classes. I have three weeks to go and most of the time will be spent on the range. This is the best part of the school as most of us like to shoot. We have skeet shooting, moving target, moving base, town range and air shooting and the students are pretty good shots when they leave here, and the government isn't spending this money for fun, but for a much more serious business. We have a hard flight ahead of us and I hope the majority of the people are beginning to realize it and are getting down to serious thinking. The sooner we recognize the job and the effort we each have to put forth, the sooner it will be over. It is all right to be optimistic but being optimistic won't win the war. I believe those boys over there in those foxholes could convince us of that."

Pvt. Ernest Williams informs us that he is still "able to get around with all the younger men after a 25 mile hike. About 30 men from our company fell by the wayside, but I completed the hike suffering only a few blisters and a couple of tired legs and was able to take the obstacle course, the following Monday. I have now finished one week of NCO school and have three weeks to go for completion of the course which will prepare me as an assistant instructor here at the IRTC, as well as a rating. I hope that comes soon as I can sure use the cabbage."

Mrs. Tip is down South with PFC Clifford Richey and that is Tip's excuse for not writing quite so regularly. "Am still with the 392 squadron working in the ordnance garage. We repair everything from jeeps and weapon carriers to tanks. They are also starting a school where we will learn machine guns, pistol, rifle and all gun repairs. I have just learned that ordnance covers most everything." (This sounds like Tip at last is getting to do some work that comes natural to him. It never did seem right for him to be patching glider wings, etc.). "I bumped into the first fellow from back home last week; Slim Visnich from Slovan. He is with the Airborne Engineers who have just moved in here. The weather for the past few days has been like Spring, which gives me the fishing fever. Hope to get a furlough in April and do a little trout fishing this year. Tell Bill Morris and Joe Yanovich to get a bunch of worms educated for me."

Thanx for the News comes from another of our non-Climax subscribers, PFC William Allison, whose name was put on the list by sister Pearl before she left

us. Bill is "doing all right down here in the South Pacific. Am now going to school learning radio and communication. We don't work too hard; just enough to keep in shape. That's on account of the climate. There is plenty of swimming in the ocean but the scenery is lousy (Ed. note: What? No native beauties?). Just coconut trees and mud. But I'm not complaining. I know we have the worst to yet come."

Next is S/Sgt. Joseph Bezusko who was missed by your sub-editor on his (Joe's) recent furlough. "Well, getting back to the States really isn't bad, but being situated out here in the desert doesn't suit me by far. Perhaps you have heard the expression 'Sunny California' but we have not seen any of it. As a matter of fact, it is as cold here as it gets back home. As for the barracks, I'll go back to Panama any day. Perhaps there really is a shortage of oil for we are using oil stoves and have not seen any oil for weeks. (Joe is Supply Sgt., too!). The camp in itself is truly different from any I have been in before; so scattered it's really hard to get to and from the place. The nearest place (town) is 40 miles and just a small place at that. We are getting our share of training and perhaps have another trip ahead of us. Who knows?"

From AMM William Metz we have two letters, a copy of Sky Writers the Miami NAS organ plus a ration card that we would love to publish in the paper if we had nerve enough to even show it to our typesetter. We are saving it for Tommy, but don't think he ought to have it until he is fully recovered from his recent illness. Bill is now 2/C which means "a little more cabbage each month. I'm feeling fine and getting a nice sun tan. Wish I could send a little of this sunshine up to

Penna. No doubt you could use it. (Ed. note: Censored!). We're kept very busy but no one is kicking. Maybe this Miami liberty makes up for it all." The paper is very interesting, Bill. All these five Service papers make us feel like the rankest amateurs, which of course we are, but we have a hell of a lot of fun and you fellows seem to like it.

One of these days we are going to write that Cpl. Gene Sprando has had a really rugged detail, but the time is not yet. Just listen to this. "The hardest working guy in the Army reports a tough week gentlemen. (He calls us gentlemen!), a very tough week. Only 3 dance jobs and lots of bunk fatigue. Life here is fine; eat and sleep. Our band has a broadcast Thursday and a dance job Friday, and Saturday, a review and another dance job. This Army is getting to be a racket." Huh! Getting to be!!

"A note from one of the boys" comes from Pvt. Robert McGraw who has been in this Army for quite a while now and still hasn't been stationed outside of Penna. Like most of you, Scotty would like to have a picture of the completed stack. "I've done my share of bragging about it, and I need a little proof. Most of the boys think I'm just fanning the breeze." Well, you'll have to bring 'em to see it, Scotty. Pictures are out for the duration.

Pvt. Ivo Bertini is "fine and hope you are all the same. Since I came back from my furlough everything seems to have changed here. It was like starting all over again. But I am still doing the same old thing: driving a truck. I go to town pretty often and we sure do have a good time. Frisco is a pretty

nice place, but I'll take Pittsburgh any time."

We hear indirectly that Lt. Peter McMahon is busy learning to dodge mountains out West in a P39, which he expects to trade in on a new P51 before long. All we have from him personally is his new address, which you will find listed in the back.

A card from Fireman Stephen Latzo hopes "everything is all right back there. I am learning to be a fireman, I hope. I get three more weeks, then I go out. It is swell up here, I mean the town. But there is 6 inches of snow. It sure keeps me busy cleaning this room. I like sleeping in a room instead of a barrack."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN ONCE SAID

"Be Ashamed to Catch Yourself Idle." Did the immortal Ben mean that we should rush about our work 12 or 14 hours every day? Of course not! Any biography of Franklin will tell you that such a viewpoint was far from his philosophy of life. But, he did mean that we should thoroughly abhor any waste of time.

Time is the one thing that is granted to all of us in equal allotments from day to day. The accomplishments of one man as compared with another are largely dependent on how he uses those daily allotments of time -- not merely his working time, but all his time.

Some time can best be spent in sleep -- obviously -- and other hours are needed for physical necessities. But the most important single allotment must perforce be devoted to the job of making a living for oneself and family.

An ill-spent dollar may be regained by extra effort or good fortune, but a wasted hour is gone forever. So remember Wise old Benjamin Franklin said:

BE ASHAMED TO CATCH YOURSELF IDLE!!!



-- SIDE GLANCES --

Two years ago when we launched this amateur publication, we needed only to look about us -- just a side glance or so to find an abundance of things and happenings to write about. Yes, many interesting things were happening here in the plant, and to the plant. But for the present, at least, those days are over. What a difference it makes with no construction work going on. You are correct, it hardly seems like home anymore -- no rivet guns going, no air compressors just outside our window, no paving busters banging away at the hard rocks, no carpenters and electricians, no steel beams and equipment being mounted. Nothing! Just Rube and Jimmy finishing up the tag ends. --- But, this "all quiet on the home front" has other advantages than the unusual quietness. And the principal advantage is that of being able to smooth and cover over the few remaining plots of ground within the plant area; to make the plant look better. Considerable of this work has been done. Most of the construction buildings have been torn down, and accumulated refuse hauled to the dump. The scars are slowly being changed to level plots, and were it springtime one might imagine we were preparing beds for seeding, except that it is black cinders we are using for top soil. Anyhow, it looks much better, and while at the moment old man winter has us stynied, when Spring comes, we can do a still better job of house cleaning and keeping.

You'll be interested to know that "Greetings" are being received by quite a few Climax employees -- mostly married men. A new system is now in vogue. No more do they hold preliminary, or screening physical examinations at Hickory. A man gets his 1-A Greeting, is called direct to Pittsburgh, and his 1-A status verified or rejected. If accepted, his name enters a pool of men ready for induction within the usual time limit set on the physical examination. A rough check on our present personnel indicates that we have some thirty to forty employees within the age limit. Come to think of it, we better remind you again that you training Sgts. may find these hen-pecked inductees a bit difficult to handle -- they may try to turn over a new leaf when they go to work for Uncle Sam. So beware!

Horace Mann has enlisted in the Navy, and is awaiting call. Horace capitalized on his varied experiences, and was given a boatswain mate rating to start with. Nice going and lots of good luck, Horace!

These Seabees seem to be going places -- Nick Hallahan contributed his camp paper, and from it we lift the following:-- "When we reach the Isle of Japan, with our caps at a jaunty tilt; we will enter the city of Tokyo on the roads the Seabees built."

In Ye Editor's day AWOL meant absent without leave. They say in this war it means "After women or liquor", or "A wolf off leash." Tat! Tat!

At last we can report that all work on the stack has stopped. A few tag-ends on the stoker are being held in abeyance until Spring. As noted elsewhere, a general clean-up around the base

of the stack is now in progress. The fence is being extended on down to the railroad, with two gates to allow trucks to get to the warehouse loading doors.

Not only are we now able to do a little better outside house-keeping, but also better inside the buildings too. A new piece of equipment to assist in cleaning the nooks and corners within the plant building is a portable plant vacuum cleaner. This, with the necessary tools, will allow much dust and dirt now on beams, etc. to be removed with ease. But even so, Dud and Frank maintain there will still be considerable broom pushing to do as usual.

Did you hear about Mr. Goofus the bridge expert, being the father of twins?

"Yes, looks like his wife doubled his bid."

The new crushing equipment in the Ferro is being tuned up. Some metal has been put through, and a few of the "bugs" eliminated -- some belts too speedy, a few bolts loose, but nothing unexpected.

The new slag treating plant equipment, also, is being run idle to wear it in, and discover any faults in its operation. Current slag production will first be used since the outside crusher cannot be placed until it is released from the old Ferro crusher line.

Some time ago we estimated it would be Spring before water was delivered to our new water tower. Based on the rate of progress shown at the start of their ditching, the estimate wasn't bad, but they have "gone-to-town" during the past few weeks, and we can report the line is laid up to our pump house. So, its up to us now

to set the pump and fill the tank. Before doing so, however, it will be necessary to pour the pump foundation, and floor of the pump house. Also, the matter of electrical power to run the pump is yet to be taken care of by West Penn, but it is scheduled and probably will be done before we are ready.

We are glad to report that Tommy Tomlinson is back on the job. He came home on Jan. 28th and took some time to gain back his strength. You see, when us old ducks get kicked in the pants, with something like pneumonia, we can't get up and trot off like a young colt. Of course, Tom won't admit his years, but we know Tommy's joints creak just like Ye Editor's do, so it must be age with both of us -- But in spite of his age he was calling his nurse "Pitty-Pat" when we went to bring him home, so just maybe he's still in his foolish forties -- in mind only.

We are certain you-all will be interested in the progress of the 4th War Loan drive - locally at least. Well, the local area Burgettstown, Smith, Independence, Cross Creek, Hanover and Jefferson townships are way over the top. The motto has been "double-or-nothing", and as we go to press the standing is reported to be as follows:

	<u>Quota</u>	<u>Sales</u>
Burg.	25,975	187,250
Smith	75,050	127,725
Cross Crk.	20,750	12,100
Independ.	21,125	23,675
Jefferson	19,450	26,075
Hanover	19,700	50,675

The above does not include any bonds sold to the industrial companies. Well, many of us can't go to Tokyo and Berlin with you, but we can help pay your way -- and war bonds are the tickets you use.

**Did you hear the one about the

English and American sailors who were in an argument about the ships in their respective navies? The English sailor said their flagship was so big the captain goes around the deck in his car. "Hell," said the American, "our flagship is so big the cook uses a submarine to go through the Irish stew to see if the potatoes are cooked."

A good-looking and shapely gal from Smith Twp. joined the WACS and in due time she arrived in Britain. On her first week-end leave she started on a cycle tour. It was one of those hot, moist August days -- unusual in England. The further she cycled, the more impossible it became to continue, yet she had gone too far to cycle back . . . Perspiration was dripping from every pore.

As she topped the next little hill, there lay a little pool with several short, unusual, stubby trees around it--with not a house nor a soul in sight! Would she, or would she not..She would! Off came her clothes and she waded in water cool, clear and refreshing.....Suddenly a captain comes over the little hill.....There is no time to dress, so she dashes madly behind one of the short stubby trees... For what seemed ages all was silent...then she heard the captain's voice: "Camouflage platoon, dismissed".....and all those short stubby trees walked away. (Lifted from the Growler).

A story current in Norway is that a Norwegian bull gored a German soldier to death, whereupon in reprisal the Germans lined up 10 innocent cows and shot them.

And, before we forget let us report that "speed" Dennis and Jim Reed have gone out of the chicken business. We don't know which one invoked the dissolving clause in the contract, but when we inquired about the profits from

Jim, all we got was "profits hell!", so we didn't press the question.

And who was the PFC who asked his Sarge for the weekend off because his girl was going on a honeymoon, and he'd like to go with her.

Ed Viloski was around the other day with smokes. A baby girl! Congratulations!!

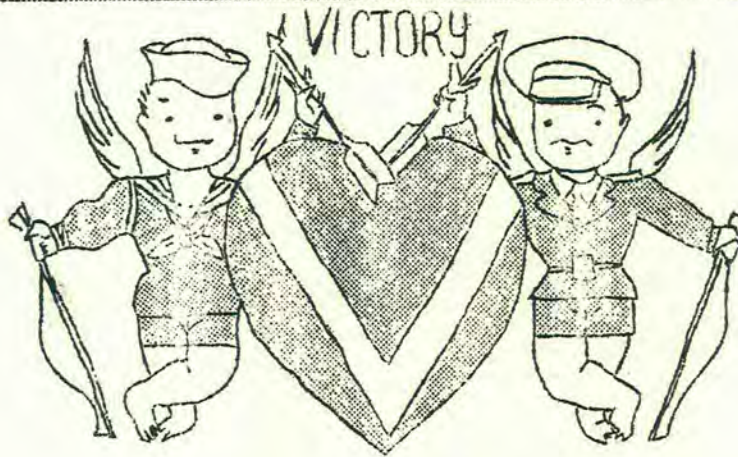
Did you ever stop to think that we may know everything about life except how to live it?

A westerner entered a saloon with his wife and 5-year old son and ordered two straight whiskeys. "Hey, Pa", said the kid, "ain't Ma drinking?"

Speaking of drinking reminds us that noone of you fellas in England has said much, if anything about the "Pubs." We seem to recall that when we were in England everybody headed for a "Pub" when he got to the city. How about it? Do they compare favorably with our brass rails? Jay, you should be able to enlighten us on this question.

And speaking of England brings the thought that some of you Climaxers just might get down around Ye Editor's old training ground in England. Should any of you be in and around little old Warsham, Dorsetshire, thats the spot. And you might find out if the same Bobby is stationed at the main corner. Its funny the things one can remember, but anyway you may tell that Bobby of World War I that he was a mighty good fellow.

The Pure Oxide fce. is in production again. It is a little more pleasant to operate in the cooler months. The Sodium Molybdate plant has been closed down for the time being.



- VISITS -

Uncle Sam was none too generous with those furloughs during the past month, or else we just didn't rate a visit, for the names on the register are few and far between.

Although we noted last issue that Joe Invernizzi was in to see us, we should report that we didn't pay Joe for his, the first copy of Yank magazine received by us. We just attached an additional \$1.00 to his copy of the News, and sent it to his camp address. That way, he was sure of having \$2.00 when he hit camp after his furlough. Joe was about as usual, and says things are going along smoothly at Camp Polk.

Before returning to camp, Skeeter Martin paid us another visit. Skeeter is fortunate in that he is in the same camp with his brother Dr. Lee Martin who was formerly associated with Dr. McKee in Burgetstown. Write us a note sometimes Skeeter.

Strange as it may seem, the Navy comes inland at times to go aboard ship. On his way to do just that, Matt Donovitch spent several days here enroute, as we noted last issue. Matt was in good spirits and looked fine. As Mr. Carroll has recorded elsewhere in this issue, the last we heard from Matt he was sailing down the Mississippi just like

Huckleberry Finn, and Tom Sawyer. Good luck Matt and keep us informed of your travels.

Although we didn't see Louis Darras on his visit on the 23rd, we did see him when he was again home on Feb. 9th. Darras looked fine and says things are going along nicely for him. This, we believe, is Louis' first visit home -- at least it is the first we recall having recorded. Write a little more often Louis -- that's how we can keep in contact with you.

Another of our far-away boys got a good break and while "on-duty" managed a nice furlough at home. Caesar Grossi from out Oregon way had an assignment to one of the midwestern states, so he just "hopped" over into Pa. Caesar reported a little change in his status.

Our prize letter writer, and almost prize visitor (except Jay Meneely's fancy record) Gene Sprando was up for his usual round with the boys. Same old Gene, living the life of Riley, and still thumbing his nose at the Bugler. Come to think of it wouldn't it be something if Gene became one those "can't get 'em uppers" some day. Perish the thought, Gene, but does your lip fit a bugle?

One of our latest sailors,

John Saska got home on furlough by being pushed out of camp by incoming inmates. Johnny was just about the same, when he came, but a little the worse for wear when he left. You see, he and his automobile lost an argument with the switch train at the RR crossing near the High School. When you get that boat Johnny you can bring her home and run all the engines out of the Burg. yards, just to get even. Good luck and let us hear from you more often.

PFC Bradley Yanni, our Marine whose training was interrupted by an injury, broken leg on the obstacle course, was finally released from the hospital and was home for a few days. Buzz looked fine, and reports that when you get in the hospital they really hang on to you until they know you are all knitted back together again.

Another of our far-away-boys Henry O. Utah of the coast guard was visiting the plant on Feb. 2nd. He gave us the low-down on this coast guard business. He is stationed on the West coast where he patrols the beach with dogs, horses and, once in a while a boat.

A real seasoned Service man who was home for a nice visit was up and spent some time telling us of the ways of a sailor. None other than much travelled Al Hook. We can't tell you where he has been but Al's been there. Al looked fine, altho' a bit trimmed down from what you-all may remember. Write us when you can Al, and we hope the News keeps up with you, even if you do roam around the world a bit.

We didn't see "Zip" Morgan, but the record says he was here, and that makes it so.

An Ex-Climaxer we met outside the plant was Lt. Junius Parham

Junius has moved about a little since joining the Service. As his address indicates he is with the Infantry down in good old S. Carolina. Junius is among the "put-on" boys -- just how many pounds of Army chow has stuck to his ribs we don't know, but he has certainly filled out since leaving for Service.

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- NEW ADDRESSES -

1. A/C George M. Atherton
Flt. H-1. Class 44F
Cochran Field
Macon, Ga.
2. Frank Bernatonis, S 2/C
LST, Unit E, USNATB
Camp Bradford, NOB
Norfolk, 11, Va.
3. S/Sgt. Joseph Bezusko, Jr.
33078490
Postal Unit, No. 2
Camp Cooke, Calif.
4. PFC Joseph Cikovic, 33423459
APO No. 450
Camp Livingstone, La.
5. Matthew Donovanitch, F 1/C
c/o FPO
New York, N.Y.
6. George Fullmer
Hoffman Island
Staten Island, N.Y.
7. Pvt. Joseph Gruber, Jr.
Co. A, 661 TD Bn.
Camp Claiborne, La.
8. Nicholas Hallahan, S 2/C
Co. C, Plt. 3, NCTC
Camp Peary
Williamsburg, Va.
9. Cpl. Willard Keating
APO No. 134, c/o PM
New York, N.Y.
10. James Kennedy, A/S
Co. 2038, USNTS
Great Lakes, Ill.
11. PFC Leo Kopacz
APO No. 953, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.
12. Stephen Latzo, F 2/C
Hotel Somerset
Boston, 15, Mass.
13. Cpl. Andrew Laurich
Co. B, 661st TD Bn.
Camp Claiborne, La.

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| <p>14. Aldo Lemni, 2/C S
c/o FPO
San Francisco, Calif.</p> <p>15. Rennison Malone, S 2/C
Armed Guard School
Camp Shelton, Norfolk, Va.</p> <p>16. Pvt. Al Marcucci
612 TD Bn.
Camp Swift, Texas</p> <p>17. Pvt. Elmo B. Martin
Med. Det., 2512 Serv. Unit
Ft. Myer, Va.</p> <p>18. Pvt. Robert J. McGraw
Valley Forge Hosp.
Phoenixville, Pa.</p> <p>19. Lt. Peter J. McMahon, Jr.
505th Sqd.
Rice Army Air Field
Thermal, Calif.</p> <p>20. Hubert Meneely, S 1/C
c/o FPO
New York, N.Y.</p> <p>21. Cpl. Orrin C. Miller
Bks. 414, Tundall Field, Fla.</p> <p>22. PFC Joseph T. Murray
Navy No. 38, c/o FPO
New York, N.Y.</p> <p>23. Pvt. James E. O'Donnell
Btry. C, 384th AAA AW Bn.
Washington, (25), D.C.</p> <p>24. Sgt. Henry Pirih
APO No. 30
c/o PM, N.Y., N.Y.</p> <p>25. John G. Revella, A/S
USMIS, Hoffman Island
Staten Island, N.Y.</p> <p>26. S/Sgt. Paul Ryan
APO 258, c/o PM
Shreveport, La.</p> <p>27. Mike Sabatasse, S 1/C
Camp Shelton, Norfolk, Va.</p> <p>28. cpl. George Saska
APO No. 9473, c/o PM
New York, N.Y.</p> <p>29. Sgt. Ludwig D. Stetar
821st BFTS
Coffeyville, Kansas</p> <p>30. George Sugick, S 1/C
Armed Guard, c/o FPO
New York, N.Y.</p> <p>31. Cpl. Clyde W. Truax
APO No. 20-A, c/o PM
Shreveport, La.</p> <p>32. Pvt. John P. Vernillo
APO No. 9473, c/o PM
New York, N.Y.</p> | <p>33. James M. Westlake, S 2/C
c/o FPO
San Francisco, Calif.</p> <p>34. Cpl. Maurice L. Westlake
APO No. 20-A
c/o PM, Shreveport, La.</p> <p>35. Pvt. Ernest Williams
IRTC School
Camp Blanding, Fla.</p> <p>36. Cpl. Robert Yolton
APO 9330, c/o PM, N.Y., N.Y.</p> <p>37. Sgt. Stanley Zabetakis
Co. C, 612 TD Bn.
Camp Swift, Texas</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Best of luck
always
So long
for awhile</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Ye Editors
and
staff.</i></p> |
|---|---|

CLIMAX NEWS

UNOFFICIAL PUBLICATION FOR THE
BENEFIT OF CLIMAX EMPLOYEES
NOW IN THE ARMED SERVICES
OF THE UNITED STATES



FRONTIERSMEN

Here in America, we are quite familiar with "frontiersmen," and with their characteristics. Many of you may have had as ancestors one or more frontiersmen of the Daniel Boone type. These men possessed daring, steadfastness of purpose, ingenuity and, above all, courage. And these are the qualities needed by explorers of the ever-appearing frontiers today.

Of late, there have been people who have tried to persuade us that the frontier no longer exists -- that it's passed -- beyond recall. They say we can't have business prosperity without the stimulus of a Western frontier. They say that our civilization has "matured" and that life today calls for other qualities. Calls for dependence rather than independence -- for restrictions rather than a will to climb over barriers -- for stress on security rather than opportunity.

Those who claim that there is no frontier today refer, of course, to the geographical frontier, which is not, by any means, the only kind. - - - - - America is a nation of frontiersmen, and the pioneering spirit of the frontier did not die with our advancing civilization. Our political theory is based on the concept of the education of the individual and keeping him free from that kind of regimentation which saps the driving energy of men. Whether he wears a coon-skin cap, grimy overalls, or the suit of a businessman, the American is always a frontiersman ---- pushing forward toward the horizons of tomorrow.

----- R. T. Haslam, Director
Standard Oil Company, N.J.



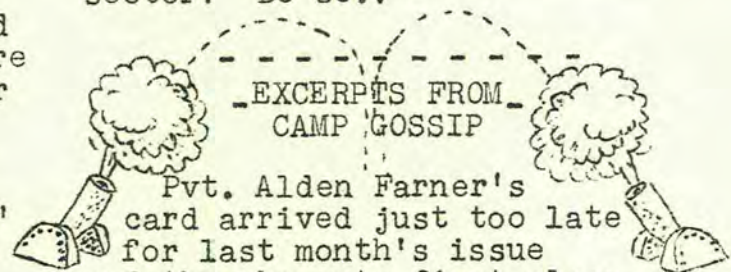
HI SOLDIERS, SAILORS & MARINES ! ! !

The February issue of the News was something of a Mutt and Jeff edition. It was short a cover sheet, as well as the welcome greenback, and it was long overdue when it was delivered to you. You see, the old printing press sorta broke down. Pushed for time, we planned to reuse an old cover sheet, but the stencil wore out, or refused to reproduce, or something, so, since we didn't have enough for all copies, we didn't attach a cover sheet to any. Sooooooooo! We were "long" on delivery because other plant work came in at the right time to cause a delay in mailing. Anyhow, we all have our blue Monday's, or off days, so perhaps we rate an issue now and then that gets off to a bad start.

And being late with one issue brings the following one on deck rather more quickly than is expected. And that's the position we find ourselves in on this the 13th day of March -- Time to go to press with the

galley's empty except for the usual fine assortment of letters from you and your buddies.

So, let us see where they are, and what they are doing, and thinking. Have you written to tell us the happenings in your sector? Do so!!



Pvt. Alden Farner's card arrived just too late for last month's issue and thereby gets first place this time." Sorry I don't have time for a letter. Will try to get on off soon. Hope to see you all in March. Still no rest for the wicked. Tell the gang hello." For fear that his wife might see this, we won't say what was on the other side of Alden's card.

A form No. 204 informs us of Pvt. Joe Gruber's latest address, which was published last month but not acknowledged.

S/Sgt. Emil Yandrich calls us to task for an error on our Jan. AWOL list. "You have me down on AWOL since June, but to the best of my knowledge, I've only been missing since August for I had a furlough in July. But I guess AWOL is AWOL no matter how long it is, so I'd better leave well enough alone before I really get in dutch. We had a twister down here the other night and it sure played hell. I've never seen anything like it. The air was full of flying cans, drums and loose pieces of airplanes, and it must have rained tumbleweed. Two of the boys were out working on a plane and when the storm hit, they started for the hangar. When one of them looked up and saw the hangar was rocking he said, 'this damn hangar is going down, but I'm sure as hell going to be in her when she goes.' Emil is still hearing rumors about overseas duty, but nothing definite yet. A copy of Bomb Blast, the Childress AAF weekly was enclosed with Emil's letter, to remind us again what a good paper is like.

From the island of Oahu, PFC Leo Kopacz writes: "Everything is just fine here and the weather can't be beat. I like it much better than Mass.; the only difference being that while in Edwards I had hopes of visiting home occasionally, but here I don't know when I'll get back. This is the island the yellow _____ bombed once but we dare them to try it again. We sure as hell aren't going to get caught with our pants down especially now that our outfit is here. We sure will give them hell if they get funny. I have visited Honolulu, Pearl Harbor, Hickam Field and the famous Waikiki Beach. Honolulu is a town like Steubenville, if you get what I mean. Most of the people here are colored: yellow, black, brown,

tan and all shades in between. Half of the population is Japanese. They sure are small people. I'd swear I'd be able to tear two of them up at one time. Not bragging or anything. It might be jungle fever working on me as we had a week of jungle training several weeks ago." Leo enclosed clippings from a Honolulu paper describing the training course, and the pix make it look like the real thing. "It really was something to experience. If a soldier had several months of this training he would be able to tear up a bear and that's no kidding."

In another letter, Leo states that he received the January issue, but didn't find the several letters he had written. We think he will find that corrected in the February edition and this one. In that January issue we asked for news of Bennie Kowalewski and here it is. "Doodlebug is still complaining about Army life but I believe his main trouble is that he is always broke. He can't stay away from those bones on payday."

A form 204 card gives us Cpl. Andrew Laurich's new address, which was published last time.

We have a fistful of cards from Seaman Rennison Malone, addressed to just about everybody around the place. Renny is hard at work at Armed Guard school and can't find much time for writing, he says, but it looks like he can write often if not at length. And he doesn't offer any excuses for it either. "I ran out of excuses trying to cover up things I do wrong here. There is lots of hard work here and I mean WORK. We're so busy shoving the big ones home, I'm

too tired for anything. Liberty here is about like a Fireman's parade. It will be some time before I get to come home so good luck to all."

At last we have a letter from none other than Pvt. Elmo Martin. Skeeter is located at Ft. Myer, Va., just across the Potomac from Washington. "I am working here in the hospital and the work is very interesting. I'm getting along fine and hope you all are as well. I have been receiving the News regularly and want to thank you very much for it. If I am still here in the States I hope that I will have the opportunity to see you on my next furlough."

From somewhere, Marine PFC Joseph Murray drops us a line "to let you know that I received the news and enjoyed it a lot. I am still down here and still like it okay. I'm learning a lot about airplanes and get to fly quite a bit. Yesterday we went on a hike over a mountain for 20 miles and that was the first marching for 3 months and, boy, were we sore. Tomorrow, we are going again and I can hardly wait -- like heck."

Cpl. Clyde Truax is still at it down South, but the weather hasn't been up to par. "It has been pretty cold here for a couple of days. It is raining now and it's hard to tell what it will do next. We fired our carbines on the transition course last Wednesday. Made a score of 21 out of a possible 24. Friday we went out and fired the rocket launcher, a new anti-tank weapon." Bud indicated that he was about due for a move, so conditions may be a bit different for him by now.

A V-mailer from Sgt. Frank Russell comes from somewhere in England where "we saw something today that is very seldom seen over here. Snow. No kidding,

snow. It really looked good. Most that is seen over here is rain, dampness and fog." Doggie inquires about that Stars and Stripes he sent, and guesses correctly that he didn't win first place with it. As you all know by now Jay Meneely's was in first and got the prize. "I'm sorry I don't have much news this time. And what little we do have must be kept to ourselves. But these few lines will let you know that I haven't forgotten the good old Climax.

Lt. Peter McMahon "came to this field the first of the month and can frankly say I was very disillusioned. I guess California is nice in places but we are situated out in the desert about 40 miles from the nearest town, which is about as big as Eldersville; we live in tents and our food is not too good but we more than make up for that with wonderful flying conditions. No one bothers us much and we really raise hell. I'm flying the P-39 now and it is really suited to this terrain. We have been practicing dive and skip bombing, aerial gunnery, formation flying and simulated strafing attacks on ground and tank forces on maneuvers here in the desert." Pete expected to be changing address and airplane soon, and we see via Form 204 that the change has already taken place.

Next to report from the land of the pineapple and the hula is T/5 Andrew Geffert who tacked on that second chevron as of Feb. 1st. Andy is basking in all that sunshine and "day by day I'm getting a nice tan and it won't be long till I'll be sunkissed. (Ed. note: Is that all?). The weather is warm and the temperature never changes more than 15 degrees the whole

year. I get a pass once a week and have been to Honolulu and Pearl Harbor." Andy has eaten so much tropical fruit that he is beginning to feel like a pineapple, but if there is anything in the Paradise of the Pacific like the native (?) girl pictured on his stationery, it would take a long, long time to get tired of that.

Marine PFC Carl Harris has been moving around at a fast pace since we last saw him but has settled for a day or longer at Treasure Island. "It's all right with me if they keep on moving me around. At least I can say that I have been around even if I don't accomplish anything. While I am here I sure am enjoying myself. Lots of liberty and a swell place to spend it. I can see now where I have been missing a lot in the last two years. When I hear a service man complaining about conditions here, I just say to myself, 'that guy doesn't know any better.'" And Kite can speak with authority after what he has seen. Another advantage of his present location is that his brother is around when his ship is in. He also ran into Jimmy Westlake as well.

Last minute flash! After sailing all over the Pacific in the same task forces and never seeing each other, Carl and Al Hook finally got together in Frisco. We are in receipt of a photo taken in the Dawn Club early in what must have been a wonderful evening. They both look swell.

Here's a card from PFC James Sarracino who is sweating it out down in Fla. "Am feeling fine and hope you are all the same. It is very warm down here but I would rather be in Penna. any time. (Ed. note: Any time?). Best regards to all."

A form 204 card informs us that PFC Howard Miller is heading for

parts unknown at this writing. Good luck to you Howard, and let us hear from you.

After a long wait we have another of those nice long letters from Pvt. Joseph Rago, and are very sorry to note that his news is not of the best. But let Joe tell it. "I finished CTD training at Maryville College on Dec. 31st. Then, when we moved over to Nashville we bumped into sad news. Classification set the standards up about 35% and that really makes it tough to qualify. The best deal I could get was a place on the earmarked list as pilot or bombardier. The only way to cut down on cadets is to wash them out at Classification. Maybe in the future, standards will go back to what they were several months ago, so they are keeping some of us (who almost qualified) earmarked. Now that I've moved into Radio School, the same condition seems to prevail in the Technical Schools -- too many students. This Air Corps is pretty tough to get much out of anymore. I'm finding that out." All of Joe's news isn't bad, however, as he likes his present post especially the entertainment, provided by "professional attractions nearly every week. As soon as school starts I will be busy with radio and code seven hours each day, but if I get along fairly well, I think I can find time to keep up with my correspondence. So long everyone. And best regards to all the Climax workers."

News of A/C George Williamson comes via Miss Virginia Reed, who is visiting out that way. "This is really the life out here: sunshine every day and seeing Bud every weekend. He is night flying now and doing fine too. We ran into Jimmy Westlake and Pete McMahon the other night. All is

fine. Tell everyone hello for us."

Later comes a letter from Bud himself, no less. "I've been getting along fairly well in Basic so far and am hoping it keeps up. We have just a few more weeks here, and then on to advanced to finish up. I have just completed my night flying and getting started into formation flight, so I've had about all there is in Basic."

Cpl. John Vernillo reports via V-mail that he has arrived in England. "It's OK but I'd still rather breathe U.S. air. If you want to get a good laugh get around and see these boys shoot dice with pence, shillings, pounds, etc. It got so bad making change that now they lay down a coin and tell you to put the same kind down; then they'll shoot. Before coming here I was under the impression that England was old-fashioned and behind the times; but, for a country that has been in the war for almost 5 years, I can say they're pretty much up to date. A few things look odd but after all each country has it's own customs and traditions. My regards to all the boys. Hope it won't be too long until we're back again. 'Cheerio' as they say here." Thanx for a fine letter Tech. How about making George Saska write the next one.

Another V-mailer brings news of Sgt. Andrew Pescho who has been moving around too fast for the News to catch up with him. We last heard from Andy from North Africa, but he is now with the Fifth Army in Italy where most of the European fighting is going on just now. "You have read in the papers what the Fifth Army is doing, so you can imagine what I am doing. It's tough here. I'd rather be back working at the Climax. I've been trying to find Sergakis, but as yet haven't

had any luck. Italy is so bad a country. Plenty of wine and women. The only problem I have is that I can't speak Italian. The country is mostly hills and mountains and colder than hell. If you fellows keep up the production, I don't see how this war is going to last much longer. So long and the best of luck to you all."

Our other correspondent in Italy, PFC Emanuel Sergakis seems to be getting the News regularly and, in return, sends a copy of Italian edition of Stars and Stripes, the only one we have received actually printed in a combat zone. But Em still likes the News. "It is just like receiving a letter from each one of the boys. I have been away quite some time now and am surprised at the changes that have been made there. I probably won't know the place when I get back. There isn't much I can say about the doings here, although I am getting along fine. Before many more months we will be back taking up where we left off. My sincere regards to all."

Sgt. Willard Keating is getting to be one of our most frequent contributors. And, Bozo also likes the News. "I received my copy the other day and sure was glad to get it. You don't know how it feels to get the news from home and to see all my old friends names in it, especially when so far away. Say hello to all of them for me. This sure is some country over here. It has it's pretty spots but is almost always raining and foggy. Back in the States you really don't know there is a war going on. Even when I was in the Army back there I didn't realize it. But I do now. Uncle Sam takes good care of us though, because we get plenty of good eats and clothes. So long for

now, and here's hoping to be back with you all soon."

We have three copies of the Mediterranean edition of Stars and Stripes weekly, sent in by Pvt. Joe Pusateri who picked them up in Washington, D. C., which proves you don't have to go overseas to get one. However, Joe does seem to be shoving off. A form 204 gives us his APO.

Pvt. James O'Donnell is "right across from the Capitol. This is a nice town down here. There are a lot of WAVES, SPARS and WACS, and that helps a lot. I don't have much to kick about. Just so I get three meals and a bed to sleep on. That's enough for me. I am taking it easy today. But we had a class on the .50 calibre machine gun and that fixed me from getting a weekend pass or I would have been home this weekend. Am going out on a gun position next week. That .50 calibre gun will take care of those Japs, and there are a lot more guns, but we can't learn to fire them all at once."

Pvt. Charles Havelka's new address comes via Form 204, and that's all we have from him. Let's hear from you when you get located, Chuck.

Marine PFC Bradley Yanni is finally back on the job at Naval Air Technical Training Center. "It's been a very long lay off, but I guess I can manage to keep up. My leg is in fine shape and I doubt if it will ever bother me again. It sure felt good to be home on leave and I was glad to see everyone. I didn't miss many. Tell all the fellows hello and tell the blonde stenog to drop a line." About that last, Buzz, the Seabees will have to be kept out of town. (See: visits).

After quite a long silence, Marine Cpl. Joe Kucic comes through

at last with his usual fine letter. Joe has seen a bit of country and a lot of water since we last heard. But let him tell it: "From August to November it was the same old routine. Then came maneuvers and after that I doubt if I spent two weeks at the base. We left the States early this year and took part in taking the Kwajalein Atoll. (Ed. note: Now that's what we call making a long story short). I am now at the rest camp. It really is a beautiful place with all kinds of weather: wind, rain, sun and even snow on the mountains. There are plenty of natives around and they are civilized." Joe wonders if his friend Lipnicky is enjoying himself. "Guess those English girls are giving him a good run. He should work out this way and perhaps we might run across each other."

Seaman Frank Bernatonis is "Still down here in the Virginia woods", but doesn't expect to be there much longer." "Finished my schooling and have been assigned to a crew. Our time during the last two weeks has been taken up with classes concerning the operation of our type of ship. We are scheduled to go aboard our training ship and will cruise around the Bay for about a week then will come back to an adjoining camp. (Ed. note: Look up Renny Malone when you get there, Blacks). We hear all kinds of rumors of what will take place after our training cruise. Some say we will get delayed orders until time to pick up our own ship. Others say there will be no delayed orders for the first six crews. I'M not going to cry about it because I want to be the first across." Blacks adds that any of the new Climax boots going to Sampson should look up his friends in the Receiving Unit.

He mentions Ken Woltz, Bill Bobb, Red Evan and Slim Schroder, "and a few more whose names I can't remember. Most any of these fellows will be a big help."

Mr. Coffey to the contrary, MM William Metz still likes the News, dollar or no dollar. "I'm still enjoying life down here. Last week I went to Hialeah. Enjoyed the racing and the beauty of the place. Had a little beginners luck too. Kopacz is right about me: sixteen months in the Navy and never had sea duty. There are 'sailors' with 4 and 5 years of service in Naval Aviation who have never been to sea. Nevertheless, I think it's tops and don't believe there is any other branch of service I'd rather have. Each month I fly a few hours. I'm not an aircrewman but we ground mechanics get to fly if we want to." Bill enclosed a replacement on that certain ration card for Tommy. Tom took it for a friend. He does have six or eight punches on the first one, which is pretty good for an old man just recovered from pneumonia, if true.

Seaman Mike Sabatasse leaves a gap in the story of his travels. We last heard from him at Camp Shelton and now: "I'm not feeling so hot, because we were detached from our ship and sent back to Brooklyn. This place is a hole compared to the life we had on our ship. I'll be here a few weeks to wait for my records from the West Coast." Have you been on the West Coast, Sabby?

Merchant Seaman Walter Lipnicky's card doesn't tell us what Joe Kucic wants to know, but it does indicate that he was in New York not long ago.

PFC Clifford Richey almost lost a bet, after telling a buddy there would be a dollar with the News. But the other fellow wouldn't bet;

the paper didn't cost Tip anything although he says, "I'd be willing to send you a dollar for it, if it was necessary to keep the News going." Well, it isn't necessary but we sure do appreciate the sentiment. Tip seems to be a bit happier in the Army now that he is doing his own kind of work. "I'm still working with Ordinance in the motor repair shop. This week I work from five until twelve. I just got in for chow at noon, so you see I can thumb my nose at the bugler. Of course, I miss breakfast, but, who wouldn't to stay in the old sack." Tip is still looking for that fur-lough and now hopes to be home for Easter. The welcome sign is out.

We have Cpl. Lou Darras' latest address on Form 204. Those cards ought to have room for a message.



- SIDE GLANCES -

Last issue we introduced "Side Glances" by recounting how quiet it was on the home front, so far as the usual

construction noises go. We said, "Just Rube and Jimmy finishing up the tag ends" -- Well, here's where we have to eat our own words. Darned if Rube hasn't had his old rock buster going again, a concrete mixer is back in the plant area, and Rust is at it again -- believe it or not. But not on such a grand scale as before. This time it is just a small addition to the Chemical Building at the rear where the scrap iron etc. was stored. This building is to be used in connection with development and research work.

As we mentioned in the last issue greetings are coming to more of our oldsters. We warned you they were getting down among the married men and that you drill masters had better take to the woods for these hen-pecked husbands might go on a spree and turn over a new leaf. Here's the proof that Climax is contributing its share of married men to the Service. From our ranks the following have been accepted:

Speed Dennis	-	Navy
Greeny Scopel	-	Navy
Pete Malone	-	Navy
Tom Fischer	-	Army
Mike Krezsock	-	Army
Mike Bihum	-	Army

Bernatonis, in his contribution this month, mentions the names of some of his buddies at Sampson who are on the receiving line for rookies when they arrive. We have a hunch Frank would like to back at Sampson to extend greetings to those of the above list who may be assigned to that camp. And Eddie Wilgocki says he is ready to do the honors at Great Lakes. Do these rookies or boots get a real welcome? We recall with derision and cat calls we were welcomed at Jefferson Bks. Mo. in World War I. Do they still

dish it out? ----- And that reminds us, that some on the above list have already completed their boot training, about the quickest on record. You see, when they were accepted, their papers were marked "Navy" but when their cards came back they found themselves in the good old Army. Some went to investigate, but as usual they found Uncle Same was right and they were in the Army. So, as Tom Fischer remarked, "our boot training was completed in record time."

As yet Horace Mann has not been called to Service. As he puts it, "he saw active service from Pgh. to his home" and then went on the inactive list until called.

Do you know that our women are making sacrifice in various ways not connected with Service. It is estimated that limiting women's hairpins and bobby pins to two inches has already saved about 5,700 tons of steel -- and do you know that Barbary apes on the Rock of Gibraltar received excellent care as certain British soldiers believe that as long as the apes remain, Britain will hold the Rock - - - The first locomotive headlight was a pine knot fire in a bed of sand on a flat car before the engine - - - The average human heart, weighing about 8 ounces, generates enough energy in 12 hours to lift a 65-ton tank car one foot - - - Approximately 350 cigarets are made from one pound of tobacco leaf?

Well boys we've been talking a lot recently about the new crushing line in the Ferro Dept., and telling you it soon would be in operation. We weren't making false reports, but it wasn't just a matter of pushing a button and saying "thar she be."

Not so easy as that. But there weren't too many bugs to be ironed out once we began testing the various pieces of equipment. We can now report she is in full swing two shifts per day, and doing a fine job of it too. Those of you who have visited us recently, or are among the last to leave, will recall there are two large crushers in series followed by a belt to carry the crushed metal to a cone crusher from which a belt and vertical elevator take the metal to a high screen where $\frac{1}{4}$ " ladle size and powdered metal are separated and fall into closed bins. The bins have swinging gate valves at the bottom through which the metal can be drawn into cans. That sounds a bit technical, perhaps, but its just about as simple as that. Heave the chunks into the first crusher and it ends up in the correct bin -- almost in the can -- without further ado. Those of you who recall the ball mills will be interested to know that the new crushing circuit, provides a bin into which $\frac{1}{4}$ " can be diverted. From this bin an electric vibrator feeds a second cone crusher which is set up tight like Mothers old fashioned coffee mill. (Ever grind coffee for your Mother?). This mill produces ladle size which is conveyed to the elevator mentioned above, and then over the screen again -- no more noisy ball mills we hope! ----Wish we could report that the $1\frac{1}{2}$ " ferro went to a bin from which it could be drawn into cans, but alas, for the time being we must run it out into a big pile on the floor and then shovel it into cans as of old -- But Rome wasn't built in a day, so we may get around to solving that problem some day if it proves too troublesome.

And, too, we've been talking recently about the new slag plant. We can almost say "thar she be,"

but not quite. Enough test runs have been made to convince everybody that this addition to our recovery system will prove very interesting. Here again, once the slag enters the first crusher it doesn't stop until it is crushed, screened into five sizes, and dropped into separate bins. From these bins electric vibrators feed the sized material to air tables which separate the metal from the slag, the latter going out to the dump and the metal into production. That's rather brief, but it will be more pleasant to show it to you as you visit us on furlough.

Here is one for all you old salts to ponder on. Do you know why submarines never cross the equator? Being a \$64. question we will have to tell you what our card says: According to Navy custom submarines always dive under the equator. Can any of you who may be in that branch of the Service verify that as being true?

New Jerseyites should look to their honors for it is reported that a refueling crew in the Solomons put 100 gals. of gas in a big mosquito before they found out it wasn't a Liberator.

We had a funny one in the plant last evening. At least one side was a bit odd, altho' Sam Pusateri may not agree because he was the victim---- You see Sam was working on the midnight shift and he drew the assignment to unload silicon. It was snowing or had snowed during the early evening hours, and the night crew didn't spot the car until near shift change. Sam got all hitched up and had worked some little time when he noted something was pulling his hose out of the car. Sam grabbed the hose but to his astonishment

he found the cars were moving and his hose was pulling him out of the car. Sam got out with a few scratches and a bruise or so, and the derail set the car off, with no damage to the new double track gate. Was it a spooky feeling Sam when that hose started to walk out the door? Next time we'll have to check on how well the crew blocks these cars on snowy nights, eh Sam?

Any of you witnessed this phenomenon? An astounding phosphorescent rack which glows so strongly at night it can be seen a hundred miles, is to be found in Algeria. How about it?

Most of you know that next to fishing for trout (with worms) Bill Morris loves best to bet on -----well, most anything. Anyhow, Bill put his neck out the other day, and drew it in without his head. Yep, the boys took him. No doubt about it! Seems Bill had a sure thing and invited the boys to take a ride. They did! Montgomery won! ---- But, the boys better make the most of it, for its 10 to 1 when the final accounting is made on these bets, Bill will not be using red ink.

We are having a bit of a change-over in furnace operations. In order to try out a differently constructed multiclone dust collector than that now used on #6 fce., we have started up the two old furnaces -- No. 1 and No. 2 -- and will stop #6 when the smaller ones are charged. Since all oxide is now going to either the ferro or pure oxide, this will give us a bit of flexibility in handling the tailings from the pure oxide operation.

Brown was inducted and sent to a camp that boasted a WAC contingent. After completing his basic he was given a job as

janitor in a WAC barracks. Months went by and one day he was summoned to the finance office. -- "Brown", said the officer in charge, "where have you been for the last four months? You haven't drawn your pay in five months."

"What," asked the soldier, "you mean I get paid too?"

"Where can I get some silk for my settee?"

"Lingerie, next aisle over, miss."

The struggle in the Pacific is a tug of war, because there are Yanks on one side; jerks on the other.

Another indication of how the local community is contributing manpower to the Services, is the constant enlargement of the honor roll at Burgettstown. Since its erection two new panels have been added, and plans are now afoot to add two more. George Swanik reports the arrangement of the names is to be changed, in that they will be in alphabetical order, and that instead of being printed flat they are to be on small panels -- George finds he now has better than 525 names turned in, and there may be others to come in later, as well as new inductees. ---- Speaking of local honor rolls it occurs to us we haven't mentioned our own Clinax honor roll for some time. You will recall we already have two filled, and George (who incidentally, seems to be the community's keeper of honor rolls) informs us we now have names to fill the third, and it should be in place soon.

Here is a little problem to help kill time. Write the numbers 1 to 9 inclusive so that:

1. The first three will be one third of the last three, and
2. The middle three will be

equal to the result obtained by subtracting the first three from the last three. ---- Try it. It's the \$64. question. We know four answers -- are there more?

Doc's telephone rang, arousing him from a peaceful slumber. It was a regular patient, a man in a wild state of alarm. "My wife, doctor," he shouted; "it's her appendix. You'd better come over and see her at once." Doc sighed and told the man to go back to bed. "Give her some bicarbonate or ginger ale, and I'll look in tomorrow. She hasn't got appendicitis."

The husband then became wilder, insisting that she did have appendicitis. "Well, she can't have", replied Doc. "I took her appendix out three years ago; I never heard of anyone having two appendixes."

"Ever hear of anybody having two wives", the man replied bitterly.

Wife: I suppose you've been to see a sick friend--holding his hand all evening.

Hubby: (absently) If I'd been holding his hand, I'd have made money.

MORE?

OK

Girl to Policeman after accident: "How did it happen? He refused to release his clutch, that's all."

'Twas just the other evening,
In a fortune-telling place,
A pretty gypsy read his mind
And then she slapped his face!

Fellows in England note:

Nurse: "Mr. Verdome, you are the father of quadruplets."

"What! Them things that run around on four legs."

JOKE?***!?!?!!**

The diner was reading the latest sensation in the morning paper and looked up to talk to the waitress.

"How would you like to be buried in a snowdrift for 18 hours with your sweetie?" he asked.

"Say if me and my sweetie was buried in a snowdrift we'd be swimming in 20 minutes."

Wife (heatedly): "You're lazy, you're worthless, you're bad tempered, you're shiftless, you're a thorough liar."

Husband: "Well, my dear, no man is perfect."

"For peace and contentment I ask
no more

Than a square of sunlight on a
polished floor

Flowers blooming on the window
sill;

A distant view of a shadowy hill;
Children to care for, and work
to be done;

Faith in our God; A new day begun;
A cheerful word and a ready
smile -

Things like these make life
worthwhile."

Father: "Mary, who was that man
I saw kissing you last night?"

Daughter: "What time was it?"

Policeman: "Miss, you were
doing sixty miles an hour."

She: "Oh, isn't that splendid? I
only learned to drive yesterday."

Judge: "And you shot your
husband with a bow and arrow?"

Widow: "Yes--I didn't want to
wake the children."

Bess: "Is that course in English
that your boy friend is taking
helping him any?"

Tess: "No, he still ends every
sentence with a proposition."

DO ME A FAVOR FELLOWS -- LAUGH!



- VISITS -

Uncle Sam seems to have become a miser all of a sudden. When we inspected the register this month we found the names of only four service men who had visited the plant since last issue. We later found that a few that had failed to sign so we add their names.

From Great Lakes came Jim Kennedy to report that his boot training was finished and that he was on his way to his first assignment.

A real salt, in the person of Mike Revay, was our next visitor. Mike is another of the boys who has been places. Mike looked fine, and we wish we could on to you the little he could tell us, but suffice to say Mike is contributing his share to the war effort on the sea.

Joe Cikovic was over pronto to visit us as soon as he landed in Langeloth. Joe was in fine spirits, and shows the effect of the good old southern sun -- write us more often Joe!

While we didn't get to welcome the next visitor we did get a peep at him as he dashed by in an Auto. Joe Rash was in from Camp Swift, Texas and all reports are that he was looking fine. Next time Joe we hope you stop long enough to say Howdy -- or did we just miss you. Good luck!.

And our next visitor we think should be called on the carpet. We had to write his name in our register -- and he is none other than Eddie Wilgocki, who used to have all you on furlough sign up. How come Eddie?! Anyhow, it was good to see Eddie, even if he did forget. He looked fine even if he had just come out of boot and dental clinic as well. Eddie, you didn't tell us about it, but we hear you found out there are 60 minutes in an hour, and that it pays to shave before inspection. You know, we found that out too, so evidently the old routine is the same. Pushing that old rifle up -- way up high -- is lots of fun, isn't it? Let us hear where you are shipped, and write us often -- if you don't we'll get Frankie's letter to excerpt.

George Fulmer, who has been home on flying furloughs, several times finally found time to drop in on us for a minute. George looked tip top, and says he is learning to cook and bake or something to do with food. That's a good place to be, George, right next to the old food bag. Make your visit longer next time and tell George Revella we'd like to see him the next time he flies in. Keep us posted if you ship out.

The boys tell Ye Editor that George Kraeer was here, and they even say we talked to him, so perhaps we did but d---- if we remember doing so. His name

was not on the register, so we add it and leave it to George to set us straight on whether we saw him if and when he was here the last of February or March. The boys say he has finished his sheet metal training at Great Lakes, and was on his way for assignment.

Also, that old Woman-hater and ex-office Lothario Nick Hallahan was in on furlough and paid us several fine visits -- did we say visit or visits; just couldn't keep him away. Up to his old tricks of eating all the stenog's lunches, and, if rumor is to be believed, one would think the Sea-Bees were encamped on Miners Hill. How about it Nick old boy -- Nick looked fine, and he is having a real experience -- with more to come. Good luck Nick and write us as well as sending us the camp paper -- we know you have plenty to tell, if you will

tell all about it.

Speaking of the Hallahan's, reminds us that Alex Hallahan has been released from Service and is now back at his old job here at Climax.

That's all for now boys, so keep on writing - - -

NOW FOR THE

* - - - - - *

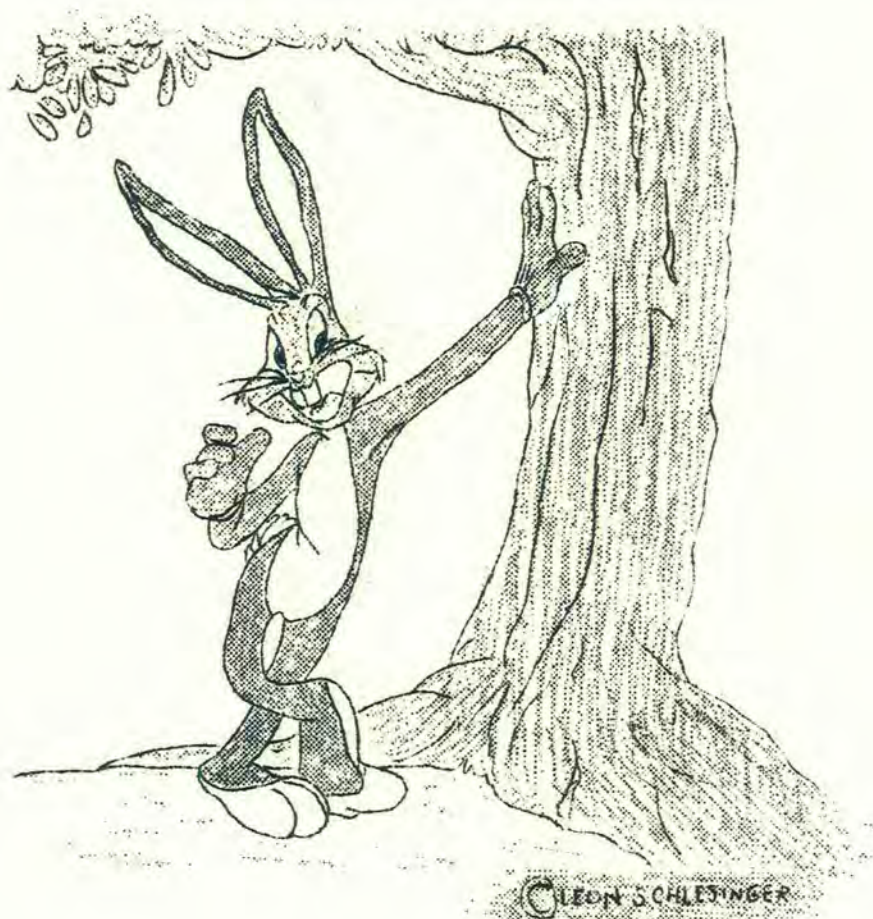
- NEW ADDRESSES -

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Frank Bernatonis, S 2/C
LST, USNATB, Camp Bradford
NOB, Norfolk, Va. | 11. Pvt. Joseph T. Rago
11th TSS, 4th Area
Scott Field, Illinois |
| 2. Cpl. Louis L. Darras
APO #20-A, c/o PM
Shreveport, La. | 12. PFC Clifford W. Richey
Base Ord., LMAAF, Maxton, N.C. |
| 3. Cpl. Andrew Geffert
APO 953, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif. | 13. Mike Sabatasse, S 1/C
52nd St. & 1st Ave.
S. Brooklyn, N.Y. |
| 4. Pvt. Charles W. Havelka
APO No. 9616, c/o PM, N.Y. | 14. John Saska, S 2/C
USNSS, Great Lakes, ILL. |
| 5. Cpl. Joseph Kucic
c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif. | 15. Pvt. Emanuel Sergakis
APO NO. #, c/o PM, N.Y. |
| 6. Walter Y. Lipnicky
Bull Steamship Co., c/o PM, N.Y. | 16. Pvt. John P. Vernillo
APO No. 387, c/o PM, N.Y. |
| 7. Lt. Peter J. McMahon, Jr.
APO 9680, c/o PM, N.Y. | 17. PFC Bradley Yami, USMC
Mar. Avia. Det., Bks. 24
Naval Air Tech. Trn. Center
Memphis, Tenn. |
| 8. PFC Howard R. Miller
APO 9023, c/o PM, San Francisco | |
| 9. Sgt. Andrew Pescho
APO 251, c/o PM, N.Y. | |
| 10. Pvt. Joseph Pusateri
APO 12909-C, c/o PM, San Fran. | |

Bye now
Ye Editors and
staff

CLIMAX NEWS

UNOFFICIAL PUBLICATION FOR THE
BENEFIT OF CLIMAX EMPLOYEES
NOW IN THE ARMED SERVICES
OF THE UNITED STATES



HI FELLAS!

WE WANT A WORLD

WITHOUT WAR

- - - - -

Until Pearl Harbor we said it with fine phrases.
From now on we should say it in four-letter words backed
by bombers, battalions and battleships.

To promote permanent peace we must first put all we have
into winning this war.

After Victory, we should cooperate with other peace-loving
nations to preserve peace while maintaining a strong Army, Navy
and Air Force for our own security.

No Army is stronger than its reserves; our reserves should
be a million young men and women trained for military service
every year.

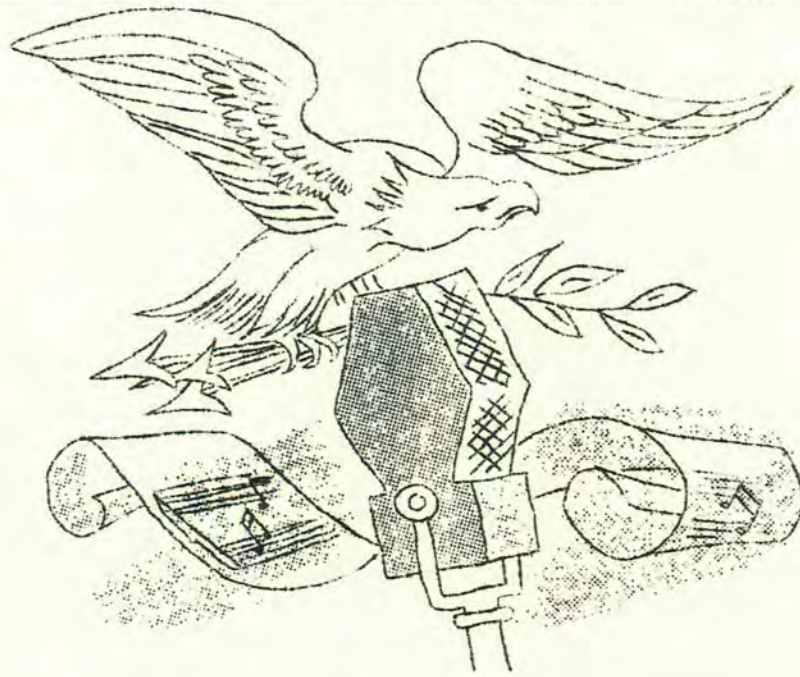
Future citizens will value their citizenship more highly if
taught to assume the responsibilities of citizenship as well as
its privileges.

Discharging the common burden of national defense by train-
ing shoulder to shoulder in the ranks is the essence of democracy;
the young men and women of tomorrow who, together, stand and
salute the Stars and Stripes as the sun sinks, will have a deeper
loyalty to God and Country.

No nation that wants peace need fear a strong Uncle Sam.
Those who want war must be made to fear him. - - - - -

- - - Warren H. Atherton

National Commander,
The American Legion



HI SOLDIERS, SAILORS AND MARINES!

"Buck or no buck, send me the News" seems to be the concensus of those who have written since we discontinued attaching the welcome Frogskin. Needless to say Ye Editors are pleased to hear such kind words. - - - - - And that leads us to comment on a suggestion one of our correspondents sent in. "Bill" Sausser came up with the idea of sending the \$1.00 only to those serving outside the U.S.A. Fine idea, but it has its limitations too, since it may be only a question of time until so many will be overseas that we'd be in the same position we find ourselves in now. And too, we aren't always sure when a man goes overseas. An APO doesn't always tell the story, not until we actually hear from you are we certain in what quarter of the globe you are wandering. But, we will give Bill's idea some thought. And thanks to you Bill for thinking first of the boys who are taking the rap on foreign soil.

Since we last printed a full list of addresses, we have had

requests for the address of individual service men. Perhaps there are others who have lost contact, or have not kept the partial lists each month, so you will find with this issue a complete address list -- as we have it. Kindly check it over and if you find any that are incorrect, please advise us, for by so doing you will help some buddy receive his News.

And here is what you and your buddies are reporting ----

- EXCERPTS FROM - CAMP GOSSIP



Seaman Henry Utah reports that he is "back out here on my old lookout job again. My bud and I are taking turns at a constant lookout. We are on for six hours and get off at 1800 tonight. Then for a little liberty. We have no kick coming when you stop to think that those poor guys over there don't get liberty or have any place



to go. Things look a little better for me. I might get out of here and get to do some work. This sitting around sure gets me down. Just sitting and walking--there I go again." Just to make Bill Morris and the other creek beaters happy, Henry adds, "how would some of you like to do a little fishing out here. The steelheads are just about to start hitting now. They are large trout that have gone to sea for a few years and returned to fresh water. With those rods you use back there, you would get just one strike. You wouldn't have any rod for the second. It sure is nice fishing."

Form 204 informs us that PFC Frank Shuble is en-voyage for parts not known at this writing. Good luck, Yank, and let us hear from you.

Sgt. Henry Pirih V-mailer was written en-route to wherever he is. "There is not much to say other than that I am riding the waves. If you happen to see waves in the lines it is because the sea is a little rough. Where am I? Well, the place looks the same every day. All we can see is water and more water. So far, I have not gotten seasick but have a good idea of what it's all about. Best of luck to all the boys at the Climax." Same to you, Henry. Keep those letters coming.

Seaman Frank Bernatonis is "back on terra firma after a short and uneventful trip. Was in the bottle of the Chesapeake, but I don't think they have campaign bars for this theatre of war. Am now only a stone's throw from my former camp and can't say Shelton is much improvement, but by the time you receive this, I'll be on my

way again. Am not in Radar any more. I'm an acting Coxswain and hope to be rated as soon as we pick up our ship. The deck force is divided into three sections and I call muster and arrange the watches for the Third Section. We are staying in barracks at present and one of my jobs is to see that the men roll out of their sacks in the morning and swab the deck. A good many of the men are resentful toward me. I realize it doesn't seem right for a second class seaman to be giving orders but I was selected for the job. I get my orders from the Lieutenant and try to carry them out to the best of my ability. I have at least twenty rated men in here with me and if I tell them to get a swab they have to do it. How would you like to be a Seaman 2/C in my position?" We understand, Black, and some day we'll tell you just how we do sympathize.

Ship Fitter Martin Revay reports an advance to 2/C and that's something in the Sea-bees where new ratings usually come only with hash marks. Martin is enjoying California. "It's really beautiful out here and I've already got a start toward a good suntan. For the past several weeks we've had lots of rain but it's sure nice now. I see snow on Mt. Diablo and it looks strange to see snow at the same time cherries and apricots are blooming and the fields and hills are all green as a velvety lawn. We're doing Station Force details now. It seems like maintenance and operations work. I am on new work myself; putting in plumbing fixtures, steam and fire lines. We still have to drill and also have P.T. which we call Physical Torture." Battalions are coming and

going pretty fast and Martin figures he'll be off again soon. Scuttlebutt has it that there will be leaves first. Let's hope so.

Cpl. Gene Sprando is still the hardest working man in the Army. "As usual, I'm doing nothing but music although we did a detail of spring cleaning around our area. Making the band work a little for their money. They call us the morale builders." Our question is: whose morale is being built? We admit, however, that Gene is enough of a G.I. to gripe a little. "This is Wednesday our half day off, and couldn't go to town because it's raining cats and dogs. Busy every night and when we get a break the weather goes bad." Now don't let our quotes give the impression that Gene is downhearted or anything. "Man of the hour, that's me. -- Every hour I get awakened by somebody."

Seaman Mario Alouise has made his second round trip across the Atlantic and this time it seems to have been just a routine job. Last time he stayed in the Mediterranean a while and saw quite a bit of action off Sicily and Salerno. "I was home on a short leave and wanted to come up and visit but just didn't have time. I want to say hello to all the boys at the plant and also to tell them to keep up the good work. Hope to see you all real soon." Same to you, Mario.

Fair play is our motto, so Seabee Nicholas Hallahan uses us to explain that little note in the last issue about camping on Miner's Hill. "I was only looking over the scenery in Langeloth and perhaps I did stay there some time but it is a nice place for a Seabee to spend a few hours, don't you think?" All we know,

Nick, is that we agree on the scenery. Nick moved to a new location, and it now looks like he's headed for office work after all. "I will soon be training for Yeoman. Yes, I finally made it and will take a course in Navy procedure, typing and shorthand. Upon completion I'll become one of the many 'Feather Merchants' of the Navy. I like this area. No G.P., guard duty, boiler watch or head detail. This is a Goldbrick's heaven. I am also taking a course in public speaking. I hope to better my speech and am sure I will learn a lot." At least it ought to help with your private speaking on the Hill. Nick is also still sending us Bee-Lines, the C.B. weekly.

PFC Raymond Kirkpatrick notes that nearly all the Climaxers, except himself, seem to keep on the move most of the time, while he is "still at the same place and still getting a lot of training; living in the field most of the time. It sure has been plenty wet and muddy here. Seems as though every time we go out we get our vehicles buried in the mud." Maybe that's just practice for amphibious operations, Kirk. (Joke). "Am always glad to get the News and read the letters the boys write. It sure will be a happy day when we can see all of them again. Hope that day is not far away." Don't we all!

Seaman Aldo Lemmi's letter was cut a bit but there is enough left to tell us he has been places and done things in the Pacific and the censor's deletions just add emphasis. "At the moment we are in port somewhere in the Pacific. I am aboard an aircraft carrier and she sure is a honey. I can't mention the

last place we went but there was plenty of action." He did mention some places but that's what was cut out. Aldo received his mail recently and it brought him the sad news that his brother Albano, whom many of you knew, was killed in a tank accident in Ireland.

Aviation Cadet George Williamson has moved again and is now in his last stage of flight school. "This is a twin-engine advanced school. I'll be here about two months with graduation in May. After that, I'm looking forward to getting home for a few days." We'll be looking for you Bud, and so will someone else, we think. And thank you for being one of the many who still want the News even without the green stuff.

Like everybody else, Aviation Cadet Robert Morgan has been busy and still is. Bob is in Primary at Stamford, Texas and "It's not the best place in the world, but who am I to complain about that these days. I ran into Skeets Yandrich at San Antonio a few months ago and he promised to write. Ask him where the letter is." All right. And where's ours, too? Bob also asks for the addresses of George Murray and Jake Yandrich and they are reprinted for his benefit. However, we are certain Jake's isn't quite correct. How about a note on that from Jake?

A well-shredded letter comes from PFC Leo Kopacz, who usually has the censor under his thumb. This time the whole second paragraph was censored. We suppose those fellows have to keep their scissor fingers active, and he didn't hurt the rest of Leo's letter. "Bennie, Al Sprando and I are doing nicely here. The three of us are on the same gun crew so you can see why we are such a crack outfit. Three

Climaxers make a powerhouse in any outfit. There really isn't much to say except that I hope everything is running smoothly back there. Keep the production lines rolling and I'm sure that by July of 1945, we'll all be home again. Say hello to the gang and tell Docco to write to me."

Sgt. Michael Harris hasn't received a copy of the News since the November issue and we can only guess that we didn't keep up with his address well enough. The paper is probably following you around the South Pacific, Mike. Hope they have caught up by now. Mike says: "As for myself, I can't say a lot. I'm well and feeling fine. It's been raining here for a week straight. When the sun comes out it sure gets hot. As for a good time, we don't know what that is although we do have a show once in a while. Washing clothes in a creek is a habit and I haven't seen a white girl for so long I'll probably run away when I do. Nothing but natives on this lonely island." Well, some say those native girls don't look so dark after a while, not that we mean anything by it.

A valid excuse for not signing the guest register comes from Seaman Edward Wilgocki. It seems that Horace Mann and Speed Dennis kept him so busy with questions about the Navy, that he didn't have a chance to sign. Eddie is now "at Little Creek which is an amphibious base. I am going to school here for eight weeks and then will be assigned to an LSM boat. I haven't seen one of them yet but there are some LST's here. Tell all the boys hello. I will be seeing them one of these days. "

And Harry Dennis is getting a chance to try out Eddie's advice, for he landed at Great Lakes and says, "Eddie wasn't kidding about Navy life. I don't say anything but I think to myself. Will tell you more when I get back. There is a bunch from Pittsburgh and some from Louisville, Ky. in our company and I have talked to fellows from almost every state. Tell the gang we are acting good and get lots of sleep."

Seaman Mike Sabatasse clears up our question about his travels and promises to keep us posted in the future. "From Shelton I was sent here to Brooklyn. Then I went to Boston and from there to Treasure Island, California. I got a snip there and sailed back to Boston to get loaded. But the ship needed a lot of repairs and was put in drydock. I was then detached and sent back to Brooklyn. I hope I get a nice new ship in a week or so." Earlier cards from Sabby say that he ran into Renny Malone, George Zellars and a few more home town boys at the A.G. center.

Form No. 204 informs us that Cpl. Mike Skarupa is headed for parts unknown. How about one of those long letters from the other side, **Mike**. Good luck.

V-12 William Sausser makes a suggestion about the buck which may find support among others. "Perhaps you have enough on hand to send a buck each month to the fellows overseas. We at home would be only too glad to see them the beneficiaries." Well, how about it fellows? Bill is still in school and still plugging away. "At present I am struggling through calculus, navigation, astronomy, chemistry and physics to try and make a Naval officer of myself. My

schooling will soon be complete and then I will be ready for my commission if everything goes well. Best wishes to everyone."

A 2-page V-mailer from Sgt. Frank Russell who, "finally ran on to one of the boys from back home the other day; George Dugas from Slovan, who is a 1st Lieutenant in the Air Corps. It sure is swell to see someone from the old burg. We are having some swell weather here now. (That is news). The past few days have really been warm, and maybe you think we don't appreciate it and how. We were out on the rifle range the other day with the carbine and I qualified as sharpshooter. That carbine is a real weapon. From what I read in the News you are losing quite a few of the married fellows. When Uncle Sam calls there is no choice, I guess. The sooner this mess is over, the better for everyone."

A card bears Pvt. Alden Farner's new address and this: "At last I have a new place to run in. Don't know much about it yet." Well, neither do we know much about it, but will learn when you write again, Alden.

Via V-mail comes a new address and a short note from PFC Howard Miller. "I have arrived safely overseas and am on an island in the South Pacific. I am feeling fine and enjoyed the trip very much. The weather is very nice and the eats so far have been good. There sure is a lot of work to be done over here yet. I haven't met anyone from back home." Watch out for Sailors and Marines, Howard. We don't know of any Climax soldier in your area although there could be some.

Cpl. Clyde Truax is moving back to barracks after a stretch of maneuvers. "I have found it very interesting and these past weeks have really gone fast. We have lost a good many hours of sleep and sometimes we had to move really on the double. When you get ten minutes to be ready to move out on a blackout drive you really have to bustle around. One thing I will never forget is all the pigs that run wild through the maneuver area. Spring is well advanced here. The trees are all out in leaves and the groves of pine trees are really something to see. The only part I don't like about field work is the rain. The swamps here are terrible." Bud is looking forward to a furlough soon and the welcome sign is out as usual.

Sgt. Henry Pirih is almost up to date on the News, having received the February issue despite his move. "As you can see by the heading, I'm in England now, and, in my opinion, not on a sightseeing tour. I'm here not because I want to be but because I have to be. This place is like Slovan, a pub in every other building. As for the money, I'll take dollars and cents. Driving on the wrong side of the road is no joke either, and I'll never learn that bloody accent." Well, Bill Morris learned it, Henry. Why not you?

We haven't heard from Cpl. Joseph Pappas for a long, long time, but good old Form No. 204 brings news that he is leaving our shores. Let's hear from you Joe.

From PFC Walter Wysocki comes another copy of Yank-Down-Under, which is greatly appreciated, but we could stand a letter too. How are you getting along with that Aussie slang, Walt?

Seaman Hubert Meneely writes this time from an Army Post Office some-

where. "We arrived at this port a few days ago and will be here just long enough to unload. This place is unusually rugged. Just wish I could tell you what its like. The people are really interesting but sometimes a fellow needs a pretty strong stomach. We get liberty every other day and it's dungaree liberty at that. You wouldn't any more then get off the gang-plank and whites would be dirty. There isn't much to do but we can go to the Army camp and their movies and canteen. We are allowed one bottle of beer and one coca-cola each day and it really tastes good. There are plenty of soldiers here and Pennsylvania is well represented. I haven't met anyone, I know as yet but did meet several from neighboring towns." One bottle of beer might be enough for Hubert, but how would brother Jay get along on such a ration?

AMM William Metz hasn't much news but is "still kicking. Everything is OK here as usual. I wish this war would get over so I could go back and hear the Climax Quartet (Doggie Russell, Lee Jackson, Bill Friday and Swanik or Kraeer). Every time I hear some sailors trying to warble out a tune it reminds me of them. Every lunch hour we'd hear Dear Old Girl, Sweet Adoline or On a Chinese Honey-moon. Maybe all of you have never heard them but they were good." Well, only Swanik and Friday are left of that gang but somebody still does some singing now and then in the locker room about 4 PM.

From Cpl. Mike Williams we have an 'Easter Greeting from the Front', showing a lily over a crossed cannon; another copy of Stars and Stripes, and a nice V-mail letter. Mike is another who is willing to read

the News without getting paid for it. "It is OK with me because I can not spend the dollar over here. The one you sent is blue seal and we can only spend gold seal dollars (The special invasion dollars). The plant must look a lot different than the last time I saw it, and by reading the News I can just about picture it. I can not tell you how we are doing over here, but I think you know more about it than we do by reading the papers. (In some ways, yes; in other ways, no). If Speed Dennis and Jimmy would like to raise rabbits they should come over here. I have not seen a rabbit since I've been here." Well, Mike Dennis is now following another occupation and Jim Reed won't speak to anyone who even mentions rabbits.

A note from Bosn's Mate Horace Mann informs us that he is settling into Navy life at high speed. "I am well taken care of. (You can say that twice). This is a very nice station; I have a good CO and the chow is very good. I am due to leave here May 2nd and not for home, but to a ship base. Our training here is pretty intensive, although it omits some of the regular routine such as kitchen duty." That last sounds like your Naval experience won't be quite complete, Horace. We also have a copy of the Bain - bridge Mainsheet, another swell weekly.

Fireman Matthew Donovitch sends a card from New Jersey which indicates that his friend Blacks will find it tough if he goes through the same training.

Ex-Climaxer S/Sgt. Jack Pollon sends V-mail "Greetings from Merry Old England. Conditions, other than the weather, haven't been too bad. Personally I think this Limey climate is Hitler's secret weapon. As you know, Jay

Meneely and I are in the same Division but in different units. He's located a short distance from here but I've only seen him once since we arrived. He must spend most of his free hours pubbing. (Defend yourself, Jay). Recently I spent a furlough in Glasgow and Edinburgh. Enjoyed it very much. The ale was good, the Scotch was fine and the girls were lovely. Need I say more?" No more, that's plenty.

Another Great Lakes report comes from Seaman Warren Malone who thinks the war will soon be over now that he, Dennis and Greenie Scopel are wearing (and singing) blue. "We have been getting shots and vaccinations the past few days and our arms are rather sore as the shots aren't from a two ounce glass. Some things they do here just don't make sense to me. First, they cut off all your hair and give you a comb. Then they pull all your teeth and give you a tooth brush. Several fellows have asked what I did in civilian life and I said I worked in a Moly plant. That is where I learned my lesson. Now I just say I was a laborer. This explanation is vague but it saves a lot of explaining. "Pete adds a new story: "A sailor chased a skirt for several blocks one night and when he caught up he found he had followed a Scotchman in kilts. He was so mad at this discovery that he almost let the Scotchman go."

Cpl. Orrin Miller is putting the finishing touches on his combat training. "Am flying in a B-24 which is heavy bombardment. Most of our flying is at high altitude. Our training here consists of three phases

- SIDE GLANCES -

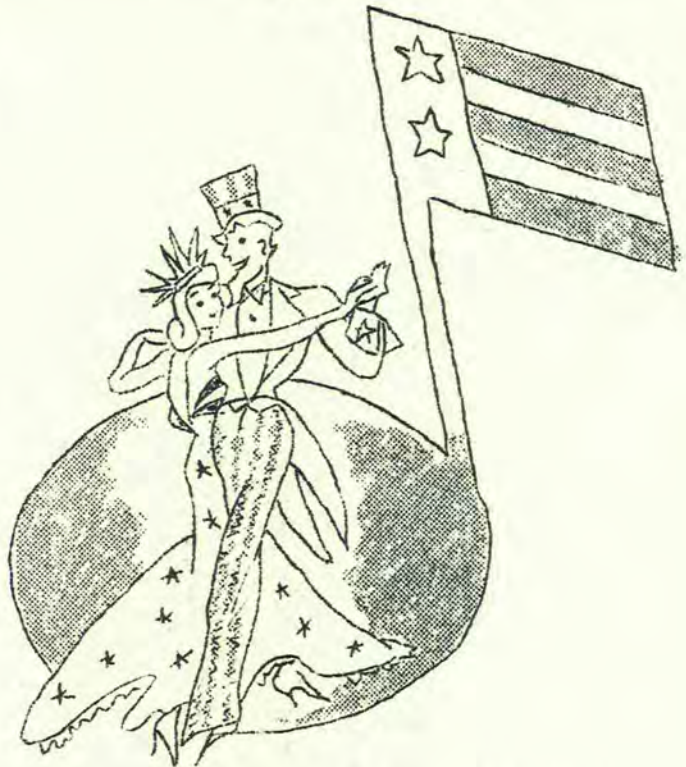
each lasting about a month but they are cutting it down and we don't know just where we do stand. I sleep in barracks with the rest of my crew so that we are mostly always together. We are anxious to get over. In gunnery school I studied the Martin turret but here I am Sperry ball turret man and am also the armorer on my crew. I had never been to armorer school so besides my flying missions I go to school at night. Before coming here, my training was more or less individual, but here we work together as a crew or team. We are six thousand feet above sea level and can see Pikes Peak from the base. We fly over it quite often and have also flown over the Grand Canyon. (No doubt over Climax mine also). The CO of this base says that if we can fly successfully over this country, we can fly any place in the world."

A last minute card from MoMM Edward Jackson reveals that he is "back in the United States but still in the hospital. Don't know when I will get home. Soon, I hope, as this place is like a boot camp, really strict." Now if any of you fellows put in at San Diego, please go to see Tuck. He has been away a long, long time and we are sure he would appreciate a visit. And to you, Eddie, we wish all kinds of luck and a speedy return home.

- - - - -

A democracy is only as secure as the individual citizens who comprise it. If there is no individual economies security, there can be no genuine prosperity for the nation. The laws of economics are as immutable as those of mathematics. There is no way to get something for nothing.

-- Louis Bromfield



Some of you will recall that our old playboy Tommy never could let an April 1st go into history without pulling one on somebody. Well, he hasn't grown up yet for he was at it bright and early on April 1st this year. But he didn't get too far. You see he has competition now in the person of Mr. Noy, so he soft pedaled his activities a little. He was so suspicious that we almost had to drag him into the office to answer a phone call. We hope we are as coltish as Tommy when we reach his ripe old age.

From all reports your home-front folks have again come in at the head of the list. The Red Cross drive which has been in progress for some time - and we regret to say-lagging in too many sections of the country-- has been completed locally with this district being the first to complete its quota.

Since last reporting about the activities around the stack,

some further work has been done. Clean-up around the immediate base of the stack is complete except some further work has been done. Clean-up around the immediate base of the stack is complete except for smoothing down a bit.-- The electrical work is now so far completed on the stoker that the elevating equipment has been in operation long enough to make adjustments. Stoker coal will soon be placed in the storage bin, and when the draft control equipment is ready, the stoker will be tried out. In case some of you may be questioning what is the purpose of the stoker, we might briefly explain that it is used to keep the stack hot so it will draw -- just like you may have burned papers in a chimney to get it to draw.

And we can report that water has been pumped into the new water tank from the Burgettstown water mains. The new line into the tank was first flushed out, and the tank tested for leaks. The water was then turned into the lines leading to the Ferro Dept. to use for cooling purposes, and several days later into all the plant lines. Unless bad leaks develop, the old lines will be disconnected, and as soon as the weather permits the permanent connection between the old and new systems will be made. -- And speaking of water reminds us that we haven't reported the installation of a recirculating system, for the water used to cool bearings on the Multiclones. Formerly, this water was run to waste -- remember the open trough down the track past the Ferro plant? This water now comes down to a tank on the lower floor and then is pumped back to a head tank atop the roasters for another trip through the bearings -- thousands of gallons of water are thus saved.

Operation of the pure oxide plant continued apace, until the 14th. It was closed down in order to use the manpower elsewhere. As of the 15th the furnace had been producing for 60 days. Except for some difficulty with the shaking mechanism on the bag house, little trouble was experienced.

We mentioned last month that Rust Engr. was on the job once more. The brick work on the addition to the Chemical building has come along nicely during the past few days of good weather, and if luck continues Rube will have it all housed-in very shortly.

Another fine addition to the new Ferro crushing department has been authorized. When the two crushing lines were designed no provision was made to collect the dust from the various units. After being in operation for some time now, it is quite evident when the dust will originate and the necessary piping and dust collecting units (bag filter) have been ordered. These units should be installed by early summer or late spring if all goes well. In fact, work on the placing of supporting steel for the collectors has already started.

Some additional tests on the slag treating plant have been made, resulting in minor changes being found necessary. These are being completed as fast as time and manpower will allow. To complete this department, it was necessary to return our old south-line Ferro crusher to the manufacturer for rebuilding and installation of an automatic oiling system. When this unit is returned and is placed in the circuit, the plant will be complete.

Perhaps some of you have heard this one, but it will stand re-

telling:

"In order to prepare for Churchill's first visit to the White House, a list of the Prime Minister's peculiarities was sent to the White House staff. One habit, however, was forgotten -- Churchill's penchant for leaving his work at any hour, climbing into a hot tub, and then walking around his room in the nude for a half-hour or so.

On the second day of his visit, Churchill did this, and while he was circling the room, there was a knock at the door and he called out heartily, "Come in, come in." President Roosevelt entered and, startled at Churchill's nakedness, backed out hastily. But Churchill quickly threw his arms out and boomed; "Come in, Mr. President ---You see, I have repeatedly told you that we British have nothing whatever to conceal!"

We heard a rumor the other day that one of our sailor boys is about to jump the gun and join the ranks of the benedicts. It is reported that Miss Helen Elias has announced her engagement to Mike Revay. ---Mike, old boy if this isn't correct you can set us straight by writing us full particulars for our next issue.

And speaking of next issue, reminds us that with the coming of May the News will have a birthday -- believe it or not -- almost old enough to be in the Derby.

Our three sailors recently inducted -- "Speed" Dennis, "Greeny" Scopel and "Pete" Malone have all been assigned to the Great Lakes station for boot training. We haven't heard from "Greeny", but "Speed" and "Pete" both broke out pronto with letters which

are recorded elsewhere,

Horace Mann who has been awaiting call for some time left on the 3rd for Bainbridge, Md. for his short course in boot training, and then on to other fields -- News from him is recorded elsewhere.

Joe Hemphill has received a Lt. (jg) commission in the Navy and will leave on the 22nd for his training at Hollywood Beach, Fla.

Fisher, Krezsock and Bihum are still awaiting the call of the Army. The following Climax employees passed their physicals and are now in the pool for future induction:

John Rash
Joe Jelovich
Bud Adamson
Queenie Filipponi
Chuck Mader

The rules governing induction of married men seems to change about every day, so the status of the above employees is questionable.

A soldier was being given a blood test by an inexperienced young nurse who jabbed half a dozen times with the needle before contacting a vein. When the operation was finally completed, the soldier made no move to go. "Well, what are you waiting for?" demanded the nurse impatiently. "The Purple Heart", replied the soldier.

Some of you kid us once in awhile about the fine weather you enjoy in the southern camps. We've had a none too agreeable winter (or is it our age), and yet compared to some here in Western Penna. it's been rather mild. Just as we were thinking of hot beds and early gardens the other day, and not having to

buy any more coal, old man Winter ups and takes another crack at being nasty. The kids were out on sleds, overshoes were in style again, and everybody agreed it was a short summer.

We were doing a little research the other day on a coming AWOL list. For some reason we don't seem to hear from ex-climaxers and other service men who are on our mailing list. We'd like to know if the News is getting through and if not, why not. Few are returned to us, so they must be already delivered, or you-all are moving mighty fast. Just a card to say you are receiving each issue would help us out. How about doing it tonight?

Another Climaxer we learn has joined the Navy. Bill Finney who was one of the janitors was accepted after being released from the hospital. Good luck Bill and let us hear from you.

We reported last issue how the wolves "took" Bill Morris on the Montgomery fight some time ago. Just as we figured, Bill didn't stay in the Red too long -- Anybody, want to bet Bill won't catch the first trout out of Kings Creek? He can't miss for he has been feeding his worms all Winter, and we heard him remark how many trout had been planted already in the local fishing streams.

Ye Editor had a phone call the other day from a Mother of one you Climaxer's. Her call was the result of an item in a recent issue (Feb.) of the News. We had jokingly referred to our hitch in the Army, our stay in England, etc. and had asked if any of you found yourselves down around little old Wareham, England to say "hello" to the bobby on the corner. Apparently, its a small world for Jack Avialotis' Mother

reported Jack had written and told her to call Ye Editor and say he had seen the bobby. So we had a little talk with Mrs. Avialotis, and she now knows where Jack is or where he was at least, for Jack is an MP. Small world! Good luck Jack, and did you get out to old Corfe castle, and down to Lulworth Cove? --- And now for another fishing expedition -- We wonder if any of you English Climaxers ever get into good old Bournemouth. You won't believe it, of course, but we had the fun of helping to put on a show at the Wintergarden in Bournemouth for the benefit of wounded Tank Corps men. It was a honey, as you can well imagine. Anyhow, if any of you get to Bournemouth go to the Hotel Metropole and have dinner in their main dining room - and if you're half cocked at the time, Ye Editor will be with you in spirit, at least. Show or no show, we had one heqq of a time -- our first and only furlough in England.

We had a new one the other day. One of the men recently employed called as usual to see when he worked. He was told to come in at 4:00 o'clock. 4 o'clock came and he was absent. The usual shifting around was done to make out the crews, and the matter was forgotten. The midnight shift came, and still he didn't report; about 4:00 PM he came in, already to put in his shift. Needless to say he won't repeat that mistake again.

Have we told you about the new storeroom? We are rather proud of it. Everything is properly catalogued and listed so that most anyone can find his way around. It occupies the whole lower floor; the passage formerly leading to the Ferro

dept. has been incorporated in the stockroom. To reach the Ferro dept. one goes through the lumber room or down the back way past the old power sub-station; also, we have another addition to our storeroom facilities -- a new tool room, with Zip Morgan presiding. This room is next to the Foreman's room, which is now the storeroom office. The foremen use the old storeroom office, as their special sanctum, sanctorium.

Who was it that said "Often it is easier to do a good job than explain why you didn't?"

And that

A civilian writing his draft board should end his letter: "Eventually yours."

Too many people itch for something.

Too few are willing to scratch for it.

Signs of the times: We ate lunch the other day in a large dining room. Noting that our watch had stopped, we asked a waiter for the time. "Sorry," said he, "this ain't my table." My, oh my! Perhaps that accounts for the notice in one hotel dining room. "Be good to our waiters, we can get new customers."

Success is getting what you want.

Happiness is wanting what you get.

Most of you men are keenly aware of the place Canteens, USO's, YMCA's, special service and other organizations play in your life -- not only in camps here at home, but abroad and right up to the fighting front. Some day this war will be over, and you-all will return to civilian life to assume your rightful place in community life.

Already, there is afoot in many communities a movement to provide you and yours, as well as the teenagers with facilities comparable, or at least similar to the recreational services of the organizations mentioned above. Every community with any spunk can and should provide decent, properly sponsored, placed where you and yours can gather to enjoy wholesome recreation. Is your hometown community counted among those sponsoring such a movement? The Burgettstown community needs nothing worse than just such a place. It can, and we hope, will provide such facilities. What do you think about it?

Is it ever permissible to fly the US flag up-side down? The answer is Yes. When?

Horace Mann sent us the Bainbridge Mainsheet from which we lift the following:

Wee Willie Winkle
Ran through the town
Upstairs, down stairs
In his night gown.
Air Raid Warden, probably.

We note this because we had an alert last night, and our coltish Tommy reported this morning he just turned over and went back to sleep, said he wasn't going to be a Wee Willie Winkie. Just picture Tom in that role!

And in the same issue, Horace sent us, there appeared that game "Battleships" or Salvo or Wahoo, or whatever the kids call it. Anyhow, Ye Editor soon found Mr. Carroll, Mr. Noy and Maurice Johnson right in the middle of the darnest Naval battle you ever heard of. Battleships, Light cruisers, submarines were being snuck all over the place. Horace, if you'd

cut out the games in all future issues you send in, there won't be such a battle royal around the offices. Admiral Nimitz better look to his laurels.

In our everyday life we too often fall victim to the habit of criticizing those who make mistakes without a full realization of the attending circumstances. It is so easy to point the finger, and still easier to forget that "The



man who never errs is too often a man who never tries." Think it over! "A man who never tries can't make a mistake." Then too, there are guys like Hitler who evidently forgot to think, of the great bird across the waters, when he started making mistakes.

-VISITS-

The old gent with the whiskers was quite generous during the last month with furloughs. We find a good many names on the register, and as usual about a half dozen slipped through without visiting the office, or they were in after hours, or something, for none on the staff had the pleasure of greeting them.

And there may have been some who were here and didn't sign up.

Anyway, we'll just lump together those who signed, but were not seen by any of us pencil pushers. They were as follows:

F. Bernatonis
Skeets Martin
M. Sabatasse

Lt. Ray Adams looked tops we must say, and he must feed at a good table. His parents need worry no more (if they did) about Ray getting his vitamins. He's getting all of them for sure.

We see that A. Farner, of the airborne service was our very first visitor. Alden gave us the low-down on his branch of the Army. He looked the usual well fed service man, with that color indicating good old southern sun. Keep us informed, if you start hopping from place to place A1.

Our next two visitors came in together -- Dowler and Jimmy Sarracino. The latter is still placing his feed under the same table we are sure, for he hasn't lost a pound. Dowler, too looked fine and both boys reported everything under full control.

Pat Jackson was home for a nice visit and found time to come over and say "howdy" to everybody. Pat has a fine baby boy to keep him interested, so we were fortunate to even see him. He has had another trip abroad since last visit. He reports all went well on his trip, he looked 'spic and span' as our merchant marines always do. Pat, they tell us you had a bit of hard luck on arriving back on the job. The best place to keep such things is on your feet and under your belt.

And while on the merchant marines, we may as well report

that Walter Lipnicky paid us a fine visit and fed the boys the gossip of the sea. Walter was all decked out in a different uniform than we've noted before. Perhaps it was his Easter outfit. Anyway, it was new to this land-lubber, and he filled it up too. Walter hasn't missed any meals, either, since entering service.

Two more merchant seamen came to see us on the 10th. Fulmer and Ravella who are about at the end of their training period were both home at the same time. Geo. Revella reports he is going through the grind to become a ships carpenter, and Geo. Fuller is helping to dish out the chow or food or beans or whatever it is the Mariners eat. What ever it is it is good for the boys looked well fed.

Raymond Kirkpatrick, looking all ship shape paid us his usual visit while home on furlough. Kirk looked fine and reports things going along nicely down in Tennessee.

Our only marine visitor this month was Staff Sgt. Medved, from Cherry Point, S. C. Hobert looked fine sporting his staff sgt. stripes. Good luck Hobert and keep us informed of your travels. Bytheway, we called your father to get your latest address, and we were a little bewildered by all the abbreviations. If it isn't a military secret just what do all those letters stand for.

Another of our "long-time-no-see-hear" boys called to see us on the 12th. None other than Joe Cook. Joe admits to being a poor correspondent, but says he enjoys the News and has been receiving it regularly. He promised to keep his subscription paid up from now on in. Joe has a good many hours in the air to

his credit, as an engineer. Says he likes it fine. He looked tanned from that good old South western Sun. It would be nice if we could have a bit of that warm sun here in Penna. if you-all have too much of it at your camp Joe. We'll be looking for that letter!

We had another visitor from overseas a few days ago. While he isn't a former Climaxer he paid us a fine visit and we were glad to see him. Some of you will remember Robert Flaherty from Langeloth, former A.Z.& Chem.Co. employee. Bob has been overseas, somewhere in Iran, for a good many months and is now having a much earned furlough at home with his family. Bob has been places and seen things since leaving Langeloth. He looked fine and says he is enjoying the change. Good luck Bob!

- - - - -
-ADDRESSES -

1. Lt. Raymond G. Adams
Hq. Btry., 395th AAA AW Bn.
Camp Haan, Calif.
2. Pvt. Jack Aivalotis, 33685204
Co. B, APO No. 871, c/o PM
New York, New York
3. Mario J. Alouise, S 1/C
c/o FPO, New York, N.Y.
4. A/C George M. Atherton
Flight H-1, Class 44 F
Cochran Field
Macon, Ga.
5. Cpl. Andrew J. Bayus, 33423481
APO 813, c/o PM, N.Y.
6. Frank Bernatonis, S 2/C
USNATB, Camp Bradford, NOB
Norfolk, ll, Va.
7. Pvt. Ivo Bertini
Det. TC, Ft. McDowell
Angel Island, Calif.
8. S/Sgt. Joe Bezusko, Jr.
Post. Unit #2, Camp Cooke, Calif.

9. S/Sgt. Joseph R. Carlisle
APO 450, Shreveport, La.
10. Cpl. Geo. S. Chastulik
APO 869, c/o PM, N.Y.
11. T/3 Rudolph J. Chastulik
173rd Sta. Hosp.
Camp Berkeley, Texas
12. PFC Joseph Cikovic, 33423459
APO 450, Camp Livingstone, La.
13. Pvt. J. G. Cook
1118th AEFTS, YAAF
Yuma, Arizona
14. Pvt. Walter Cramer, 33423507
APO No. 5, c/o PM, N.Y.
15. PFC Roger W. Darke
APO No. 1, c/o PM, N.Y.
16. Cpl. Louis L. Darras
APO 20-A, c/o PM
Shreveport, La.
17. Harry C. Dennis, A/S
Co. 708, USNTS
Great Lakes, ILL.
18. Cpl. Donald C. Dimit
APO No. 953, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.
19. Matthew Donovanitch, F 1/C, c/o
Fleet Post Office, N.Y.
20. PFC John E. Dowler
Co. A, 327 Eng. Bn.
APO 102, Camp Swift, Texas
21. Pvt. Alden E. Farner
Batt. F, APO 333
Camp Mackall, N. Carolina
22. George Fulmer
Sec. 4A, USMTS, Hoffman Island
Staten Island, N.Y.
23. Cpl. Andrew Geffert, 33675805
APO 953, c/o PM, San Fran., Calif.
24. Cpl. Caesar J. Grossi
33306250, Ral Det., SCU 1920
PWC, Florence
Coolidge, Ariz.
25. Pvt. Joseph Gruber, Jr.
33685153, Co. A, 661 TD Bn.
Camp Claiborne, La.
26. John Hallahan, Sk 1/C
USCG, Ellis Island, N.Y. (4)
27. Nicholas Hallahan, S 2/c (y)
896-38-06, NCTC
Camp Peary
Williamsburg, Va.
28. PFC Carl Harris, USMC
Marine Bks., Treasure Island
San Francisco, Calif.
29. Sgt. Michael Harris, 33301838
APO 503, Unit I, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.
30. Pvt. Charles W. Havelka
33423516, APO 9616, c/o PM
New York City
31. Gerald B. Hays, S 2/C
Oakland, 14, Calif.
32. Albert D. Hook, S 1/C
S Div., c/o FPO
San Francisco, Calif.
33. Pvt. Guthrie Ingram
Batt. A, 363rd SL Bn. AAA
Camp Davis, N. Carolina
34. Pvt. Joseph A. Invernizzi
MP Sec., 1880th Ser. Unit
Camp Polk, La.
35. Edward W. Jackson, MoMM 2/c
USN Hospital, Ward 134 South
San Diego, Calif.
36. Patrick Jackson
Langeloth, Pa.
37. Sgt. Willard Keating
APO No. 134, c/o PM, N.Y.C.
38. James Kennedy, S 2/C
Unit X, MAM, NOB
Norfolk, 11, Va.
39. A. A. Kerner, CM 2/C
c/o FPO, New York City
40. PFC Raymond E. Kirkpatrick
APO 444, 20th Armd. Div.
Camp Campbell, Ky.
41. PFC Leo Kopacz, 33675741
APO No. 953, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.
42. Pvt. Paul Kovach, 33398057
APO 516, c/o PM, N.Y.C.
43. Pvt. Bennie Kowalewski
APO No. 953, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.
44. George S. Kraeer, F 1/C
c/o FPO, New York City
45. Cpl. Joseph Kucic,
c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif.
46. Pvt. Albert F. Kuntz
APO 708, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.
47. Cpl. David Kuritz, 6890267
Kecaughtan Hosp. Det.
Kecaughtan, Va.
48. Stephen Latzo, F 2/C
Hotel Somerset
Boston, 15, Mass.
49. Cpl. Andrew Laurich
Co. B, 661st TD Bn.
Camp Claiborne, La.
50. PFC Walter Lasobeck
APO 44, Ft. Lewis, Wash.
51. Aldo Lemmi, S 2/C
c/o FPO, San Fran., Calif.

52. Walter Y. Lipnicky
Atlasburg, Pa.
53. Pvt. Anthony A. Longo
APO 253, c/o PM, N.Y.
54. Sgt. Gaylord L. Malone
APO 638, c/o PM, N.Y.
55. Raymond G. Malone, S 1/C
c/o FPO, San Fran., Calif.
56. Rennison Malone, S 1/C
c/o FPO, New York, N.Y.
57. Warren Leslie Malone, A/S
Co. 720, USNTS
Great Lakes, Ill.
58. Horace K. Mann, BM 2/C
Co. 3195, Bks. 320U
USNTS, Bainbridge, Md.
59. Pvt. Al Marcucci
612 Tnk. Dest. Bn.
Camp Swift, Texas
60. Pvt. Elmo B. Martin
Med. Det., 2512 Ser. Unit
Ft. Myer, Va.
61. Pvt. Robert J. McGraw
Prof. Sec. DMD
Valley Forge Hosp.
Phoenixville, Pa.
62. Lt. Peter J. McMahon, Jr.
APO 9680, c/o PM, N.Y.
63. S/Sgt. Hobert J. Medved
1st MAWG - 3rd MAW
FMF-AWS-8MACAS
Cherry Point, N. Carolina
64. Hubert Meneely, S 1/C
c/o FPO, New York, N.Y.
65. PFC Jay Meneely, 33153670
APO 253, c/o PM, N.Y.
66. William J. Metz, AMM 2/C
VSB-5, Master Airport
U.S. Naval Air Sta.
Miami, Fla.
67. PFC Howard R. Miller
c/o Ser. Command
APO 502, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.
68. Cpl. Orrin G. Miller
Bks. 237, 214 CCTS
Peterson Field
Colorado Springs, Colo.
69. Pvt. Robert H. Morgan
APO 79, c/o PM
Camp Phillips, Kansas
70. A/C Robert H. Morgan
Class 44-I, Sqd. A
Stamford, Texas
71. Sgt. George L. Murray
USMC, c/o FPO
San Francisco, Calif.
72. PFC Joseph T. Murray, 898110
c/o FPO, New York City
73. Attilio Napolitano, MM 2/C
c/o FPO, San Fran., Calif.
74. Pvt. William J. Nicola
33685196, APO 874, c/o PM, N.Y.
75. Pvt. James E. O'Donnell
33714645
Btry. C, AAA AW Bn.
Washington, 25, D.C.
76. Cpl. Joseph Pappas, 33398074
APO 9860, c/o PM N.Y.
77. Pvt. Donald Patrino, 33418369
APO 957, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.
78. Sgt. Andrew Pescho
APO 251, c/o PM, N.Y.
79. Cpl. Mike Pescho, 33301827
902nd AM Co., Det. 8
Wendover Field, Utah
80. Sgt. Henry Pirih, 13039196
APO No. 30, c/o PM, N.Y.
81. Cpl. Howard F. Potts
33306251, APO 836, c/o PM
New Orleans, La.
82. Cpl. Anthony J. Pusateri
33685192, Co. A, 660th TD Bn.
Camp Hood, Texas
83. Pvt. Joseph P. Pusateri
13171647, APO 12909-C, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.
84. Pvt. Joseph T. Rago
11th TSS, 4th Area
Scott Field, Ill.
85. Pvt. Joseph Rash, Jr.
33418384, Co. A, 612 TD Bn.
Camp Swift, Texas
86. Martin Revay, Jr. SF 2/C
Camp Parks, Calif.
87. Michael Revay, EM 2/C
c/o PM, New York, N.Y.
88. John G. Revella
USMTS, Hoffman Island
Staten Island, N.Y.
89. PFC Clifford W. Richey,
33675807, Base Ord., LMAAF
Maxton, N. Carolina
90. PFC Frank Rozmus
c/o Provost Marshall
Gulfport Field, Miss.
91. Pvt. Stanley Rozmus, 33685193
Co. A 660th TD Bn.
Camp Hood, Texas
92. Sgt. Frank G. Russell, 33423491
APO 230, c/o PM, N.Y.
93. S/Sgt. Paul Ryan, 13060272
APO 258, c/o PM, Shreveport, La.

94. Mike Sabatasse, S 1/C
52nd St. & 1st Ave.
Brooklyn, 32, N.Y.
95. PFC James Sarracino, 3398099
4th ESB, Camp Gordon Johnston
Florida
96. Cpl. George Saska, 33685168
APO 9473, c/o PM, N.Y.
97. John Saska, S 2/C
USNSS, Great Lakes, Ill.
98. William R. Sausser, A/S
SV-12, USNR, Rm. 33, 560 James St.
Lancaster, Pa.
99. John Saver, Jr. AEM 3/C
c/o FPO, San Fran., Calif.
100. Vernon E. Scopel, A/S
Unknown
101. Pvt. Emanuel Sergakis
APO No. 3, c/o PM, N.Y.
102. Pvt. George Sherockman
Co. C, 661st TD Bn.
Camp Hood, Texas
103. PFC Frank J. Shuble
33167049, APO 77, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.
104. Cpl. Mike Skarupa, 3306279
APO 83, c/o PM, N.Y.
105. Pvt. Albert Sprando
APO 953, c/o PM, San Fran. C.
106. Cpl. Gene Sprando, 33153645
APO 257, c/o PM
Ft. Benning, Ga.
107. Alex C. Stetar, MM 2/C
c/o FPO, San Fran., Calif.
108. Sgt. Ludwig D. Stetar
821st BFTS, Coffeyville, Kan.
109. Sgt. Austin D. Studa
33264006, APO 465, c/o PM, N.Y.
110. George Sugick S 1/C
c/o FPO, New York City
111. Pvt. Joseph Sweder, 3370114
63rd Divl, APO 410,
Camp Van Dorn, Miss.
112. Pvt. Edwin M. Taylor
AAFTC No. 1, BTC No. 4
Miami Beach, Fla.
113. Cpl. Clyde W. Truax
287th FA, Obsn. Bn.
Camp Polk, La.
114. Henry Utah, S 1/C
US Coast Gd. Sta. Bx. 959
Marshfield, Oregon
115. Pvt. John P. Vernillo
33685150, APO 887, c/o PM, N.Y.
116. S/Sgt. Lee R. Walker, 13040757
115th Liason Sqd.
Brownwood, Texas
117. James M. Westlake S 2/C
c/o FPO, San Fran., Calif.
118. Cpl. Maurice L. Westlake
33688792, APO 20-A, c/o PM
Shreveport, La.
119. Edward F. Wilgocki, S 2/C
ATB, LSM, 323, Div. 9
Little Creek, Va.
120. Pvt. Ernest Williams
33701077, IRTC School
Camp Blanding, Fla.
121. Cpl. Mike Williams
33167028, APO 464, c/o PM, N.Y.
122. A/C George L. Williamson, Jr.
13171630, Ava. Cadet Det.
DAAAF, Douglas, Ariz.
123. PFC Walter Wysocki, 33281576
APO 923, c/o PM,
San Francisco, Calif.
124. S/Sgt. Emil Yandrich
Hq. 79BTG, AAFBS
Childress, Texas.
125. John Yandrich S 1/C
Armed Guard Center, USN
New Orleans, La.
126. A/C Stephen Yandrick
33677577, Class 44G, Sqd. 4
Bks. 3, Rm. C, 301st AAFFTD
Corsicana, Texas
127. PRC Bradley Yanni, USMC
Mar. Ava. Det., Sec. M-24H-U
Bks. 24, N.A.T.T. Center
Memphis, Tenn.
128. Cpl. Robert Yolton, 33418396
APO 9330, c/o PM, N.Y.
129. Sgt. Stanley Zabetakis
Co. C, 612 TD Bn.
Camp Swift, Texas
130. Pvt. Joseph M. Zdybicki
APO No. 928, c/o PM
San Francisco, California
131. PFC Stanley Zdybicki
F.A.T. Batt. MT
Quantico, Va.
132. George C. Zellars, S 1/C
c/o FPO, New York City

- EX-CLIMAXERS -

1. Pvt. Howard W. Brabson
2nd Prov. A/B Bn.
Camp Stewart, Ga.
2. Sgt. Fred R. Kirschner
Camp Crowder, Mo.
3. S/Sgt. Jack R. Pollon
APO 253, c/o Pm, N.Y.

4. Pvt. John Shrockman
33698374, AAATC Btry.
Camp Stewart, Ga.

5. Capt. William Weaver
APO 634, c/o PM
New York, New York

- - - - -
- TID BITS -

Waiting for the rest of the knitting party were a smart modern miss and a stern lady of uncounted years.
"Have a cigaret," said the girl, politely offering her case.
"Me!" snapped the other. "Why I'd just as soon kiss the first man who passed!"
"So would I," agreed the girl, blithely; "but have one while you're waiting."

A Customer: "Why do you have an apple as your trade mark? You're a tailor."

Tailor: "Well, if it hadn't been for an apple, where would the clothing business be?"

Husband: If a man steals, no matter what, he will live to regret it.

Wife (coyly): You used to steal kisses from me before we were married.

Husband: Well, you heard what I said.

A court official, after explaining the history of the American Flag to a group of aliens seeking citizenship papers, asked one of them: "Tell me--what files over the city hall?"

The alien blinked a minute.
"Peejins!"

"Your girl's spoiled, isn't she?"

"No, it's just the perfume she's using."

A buck private and his girl were riding out in the country on horseback. As they stopped for a rest the two horses rubbed

necks affectionately.

"Ah, me," sighed the private.
"That's what I'd like to do."

"Well, go ahead," answered the girl, "it's your horse."

Mountaineer: "Doc, I want you to look at my son-in-law. I shot him yesterday and took a piece out of his ear."

Doctor: "Shame on you shooting at your son-in-law."

Mountaineer: "He wasn't my son-in-law when I shot him."

On the assumption that love will soon be rationed, we venture a forecast on point values. 48 points to a person per period.

Wink, 9 points; smile, 5 points; squeeze, 11 points; one arm around, 7 points; two arms around, 18 points; kiss, 32 points.

Never trust a girl who says she loves you more than anybody else in the world. It proves she's been experimenting.

Salesman: Can I interest you in an attachment for your typewriter?

Executive: Nothing doing! I'm still paying alimony because of the attachment I had for my last one.

Hollywood motto: Marry in haste and repeat at leisure.

- - - - -
So long for now —
Ye Editors
and
staff

CLIMAX NEWS

UNOFFICIAL PUBLICATION FOR THE
BENEFIT OF CLIMAX EMPLOYEES
NOW IN THE ARMED SERVICES
OF THE UNITED STATES



BASICALLY AMERICAN

Our forebears turned their backs upon a life where serfs were bound to the land, where rigid rules of rank suppressed the genius of the common man, and a state church oppressed dissenters.

They braved a rough and unknown sea in cockle-shell boats. They endured cold and hunger and want.

They created a nation dedicated to justice, freedom and democracy.

Protected by the bulwark of the Constitution, our fathers and mothers subdued the forests, climbed the mountains, traversed the plains, and gave us the United States.

Log huts have changed to homes. The canoe has given way to the steamboat, the train, the auto and the plane. Herb doctors have been supplanted by medical science. Filth has bowed to sanitation; ignorance has yielded to education. We enjoy the highest plane of living in the history of mankind.

Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Monroe and Lincoln gave political guidance in forging a way of life in which equality was the framework.

Whitney, Fulton, Morse, Bell and Edison paced progress toward plenty through mass production.

Our advancement was not planned by supermen. It was not accomplished by regiments of citizens assigned to this or that task. It was not obtained by masses of people thinking thoughts prepared by master minds.

Our progress is the sum total of the free and independent action of millions of individuals on farms, in blacksmith shops, in stores, in factories, in schools, on the highways and byways of this great land.

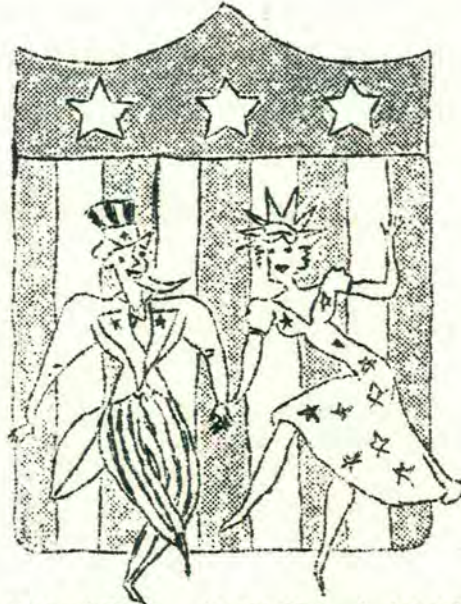
Each thought his own thoughts, planned his own future, tried his own experiments, and worked for whom and where and how he pleased.

A system of free enterprise rewarded each according to his ability, industry and merit.

We have made living better here, we have aided the afflicted of other nations, we have become the world's defender of democracy and its last hope for peace on earth and good-will among men.

This blessed way of life was "made in America".

- - - - - Warren H. Atherton
National Commander, The American Legion



HI SOLDIERS, SAILORS & MARINES!

Just so you won't think we're trying to make you envious by picturing a good home-made cake on our cover sheet, let us hasten to explain. You see, we thought it might be nice to have a cake on the second birthday of the News, so we had one. But, the linotype operator thought it wouldn't be right to enjoy it all ourselves, so in went a whole cake on your News so you could celebrate too. - - - And the two candles represent the two years during which you fellows have been so good about sending us the material that makes it possible to keep the News going. We'd like you to know how much we appreciate receiving your letters and cards -- the meat of the News. Did they not come in to us day by day, and week by week, we couldn't carry on. So, we celebrate two years with this issue, and start the third year confident that your end of the reporting will be kept going. We can only promise that the Staff here at Climax will continue to do its best to pass on to you the happenings in the plant and news of your friends. So its a Happy Birthday for the News, and Happy Landings to each of you.

We know you may be surprised to find the welcome greenback or frogskin attached again to your copy of the News. It probably will take longer to build up the fund this time for we start from scratch, but the summer months should start the old Coca-Cola machine in high, so maybe we'll be back sooner than we think. Let's hope so.

NOW FOR - - - - -

- EXCERPTS FROM
CAMP GOSSIP -

We believe a good many of you fellows are in the act of changing your address or have already completed the task and haven't had time to report to us. You see, Mr. Carroll reports a minimum of mail this month. Our usual full quota is not at hand. In any case, here is what you and your buddies have to report from here, there and everywhere.

After a short lapse, S/Sgt. Joe Bezusko returns to the fold with two fine letters, the first of which arrived just too

late for last month's issue. Joe doesn't like his present station too well. "The weather out here has been unfit for man. Just yesterday we had a terrible sandstorm. Going without hot water for the past two months has been unpleasant also. But we have a great deal to look forward to, and perhaps there are many who would change places without an argument." Maybe it isn't too bad, though, for Joe has had one trip to L.A. where he saw Earl Carroll's show and Rudy Vallee's crew put on a swell performance at his camp. You will note from Joe's address that he is now with the Signal Corps. That is, "I'm really not in the Signal Corps, but am attached for duty and rations. And I must admit they are keeping me busy. Have charge of 300 men and that's plenty for any man to handle. There are still a few of my old buds left but most of the old gang is gone. Where to next, is anybody's guess."

Next comes PFC Leo Kopacz who has Honolulu under control. "This town is just one big carnival. I received one of those ration cards from Bill but am afraid I can't even spend that measly allowance. It's pretty hard to believe that Tommy has made all those punches on his card. If he really has he's a real man for his age. Doodlebug is still kicking and doing fine although he still has his financial worries. Sprando is also doing fine and I see Dimit occasionally, as he drives for the Bn. and comes to our location. Haven't seen Geffert for some time now but, all in all, we Climax men are doing fine here in Hawaii. Say hello to the gang and Aloha."

After beating the beaches for so long, Seaman Henry Utah has at last made a change. "A couple of weeks ago, I was transferred

to a telephone line crew. I was hoping to go to sea but this is at least a change, and the work is much more interesting although it is much harder. For example, we set 64 poles and completed a line in 3 days with a 25 man crew. That doesn't leave any time for anyone to be loafing. Right now, we are waiting for a 50 mile job. This is one part of the Coast Guard that could be in the C.B.'s." By golly, the C.G. covers everything. Let's have more in your next, Henry.

Seaman Nicholas Hallahan of the Seabees is still sending us the Camp Peary Beelines every week and an occasional letter. His latest contains the following: "A little wabbit fell asleep in the Westinghouse plant and was awakened by the guard who asked what he was doing there. The wabbit asked, "This is the Westinghouse, isn't it?" The guard had to admit it was, then, "Well," says the wabbit, "I'm westing." Nick was also the first to answer our query last month about the flag. "I'm sure every sailor and soldier knows that the flag may be flown upside down as a signal of distress. I have been moving around to different areas waiting for assignment. From the latest scuttlebutt I believe I'll be moving out soon. Peary will no longer be a N.C.T.C. after May 29th, but a regular training center."

Sgt. Andrew Pescho sends a V-mail Easter greeting from Italy, which the censor allowed him to date "Anzio Beachhead." The drawing is unsigned but evidently by Mauldin and shows an unhappy G.I. in a foxhole being eyed by a curious Easter Bunny. Andy appends, "That's me in a foxhole." A nice beard, if true, Andy.

On the ground that a short

letter beats a 204 card, Pvt. Edwin Taylor proceeds to write a nice long one for which we are most grateful. "I shipped from Miami in March and landed at Scott Field in a heavy snow. It was quite a shock after living in the land of sunshine. It seemed strange that our whole shipment was wearing everything they had while others here were wearing light jackets. I'm taking a twenty-two week course in a Radio Operation Army Airways Communications System. So if you see the abbreviation ROAACS you'll know what it is." We will know, Ed, and we'll use it, too. Damned if we'll write all that out again.

A card from Seaman Frank Bernatonis was evidently written on board ship and found Blacks feeling fine and enjoying good weather. A long letter follows, however, which paints it different. Blacks is now back at Bradford and not liking it a bit. "When I left Shelton I landed at Great Lakes for a week of anti-aircraft gunnery and then to Chicago. That was the place. Sack duty all day and then liberty. Chi is a swell liberty town. From there to a little town where we were rushed about our ship and pulled out about an hour after arriving. They caught us with our pants down as very few of the men had cigarets or even soap. (We have to omit the details of the shakedown cruise except --) That tub sure did rock when we got up around Hatteras. It was nothing new to me, but plenty of the boys fed the fish. We had to leave our ship at Baltimore and come back to this hole. Our crew was split up and I have been placed in another crew and am now waiting again. Matt mentioned something about tough sailing ahead for me. If you see this, Matt, I've had some. I had charge of a section while aboard ship and

it was some job. If you're a good fellow some of the men take advantage of it and do practically nothing. If you get tough, I guess you know what you're called." We know!

Pvt. Joe Gruber's card reports a change of address and "We just finished maneuvers and the six weeks seemed a morale booster more than a drudge on us. We came through fine and had many commendations. We now occupy the same barracks that Joe Rash and other Climaxers had before they moved out."

PFC Walter Wysocki is getting the Hallahan habit and is sending us Yank-Down-Under every week. We enjoy it a lot and want you to continue, Walter, but we are still hoping for that letter. (Ed. Note: And so is Fred Perko, says he).

We told you some time ago that Pvt. Charles Kirsch of Langeloth is on our mailing list. Chuck now pays off with a fine letter. "This Southwest Pacific is not what it's cracked up to be in the magazines and movies. No beautiful women dancing in grass skirts; no Ukelele; no night that you can enjoy a full moon. To put it easy, there is nothing. What we see the first day when hitting an island is exactly what we see till we leave; just Yanks, jungles and Japs. The sun is blistering hot but it manages to rain every afternoon and cool off to about seventy-five in the evening."

Here's a V-mailer from Pvt. Paul Kovack who never forgets us for long. "I am well and getting along fairly good. The weather is not bad here now. I am pretty busy most of the time, but if I have a chance I will go and locate Tech. He is not too far from me. It would be swell if we could meet up with

each other. There is plenty of beer here but it's not too good. I keep on drinking it just the same. I have seen a few different places here but they're all the same to me. Best of luck to all." Well, there's one place we know you'll be glad to see again, Paul. Let's hope its soon too.

A V-mailer address card comes from Lt. Peter McMahon who is now flying over English skies and perhaps over the continent as well. Best of luck to you, Pete.

Next comes the following from Sgt. Henry Pirih: "I was in town last week and visited a Red Cross Canteen; went through the register book and saw the name of Peter McMahon from Pittsburgh. Whether that was Pete, Jr. I don't know. (Could be.). One of these fine days I'm going to check some of the nearby air bases. Have heard that Frank Rozmus is on this side. Just as soon as I get his address I'll find him if he is in England. About all there is for pastime here is to go to a movie, or the pubs. In the evenings we always have a couple of good softball or football games." You'll find address for Frank and Pete in this issue, Henry. Look 'em up.

We have Dud Wilson to thank for a swell letter from Motor Machinists Mate Edward Jackson. Tuck is still laid up at Dago but is feeling better and thinking about the future. "I sure will be glad when this is all over and I can return to work again. I received my last Climax News when I was in New Zealand and that was in March. I have been moved around so much that mail has a hard time catching up with me. Maybe some of these days this mix-up will be over and we can all get back to good old civilian life. But, although the going gets tough sometimes, the Navy is still a great outfit and a fighting bunch. They are giving the Japs hell over there in the

Pacific. I was doing OK until one night I got too close to a Jap depth bomb and it really messed me up. But I am feeling better every day. I am raring to go again before long as I have some scores to settle over there."

Another non-Climax correspondent in the Southwest Pacific pays for the News with a fine letter. PFC William Allison is out where the weather is so hot the Army only demands half his time but demands that at too great a distance for commuting from the states. "A half-day of drill or training then the other half to ourselves. We usually play volley ball. Each platoon has a team and there is some tough competition. Then in the evening before dark we play horseshoes, and some of these hillbillies throw them like the mule might be still attached. In the Feb. issue you asked about the island beauties. At the time I last wrote there were none here but, since then, I am sorry to say they brought some. I'm enclosing a picture so you can see what beauties they are. How would Ye Ed. like to do the Big Apple or Congo with something like that?" The picture shows a bevy of buxon black babes who are undeniably female, but that's all, brother, that's all. Ye Editor declines without thanx.

Here's one from PFC Joseph Zdybicki who is also on a far island and one where they have no half-days off recently. "I am feeling fine and hope everyone at the Climax is the same. I am in the Admiralty Islands and it sure is hot here. I mean the weather. I can't tell you much but we will throw the bull when I get

home so, till then, keep the old plant rolling and we will keep those yellow rats backtracking." We're counting on that last, Joe. Just hurry up about it.

Marine PFC Bradley Yanni has been "pretty busy catching up with all the work I lost while in the hospital. I still have a few more weeks of mech school and then I don't know where I'll go. I'm beginning to like school more because we are actually working out on the planes." Buzz notes that most of the boys leaving the plant are going into the Navy. "I've been at this Naval base so long that I'm beginning to look like a swabbie, myself. I also hear that H. Medved is a S/Sgt. Tell me how he does it; I'd like to get the formula." (How about it, Hobert?).

Cpl. Clifford Richey is full of apologies for not getting to see us last time he was home and we forgive him with a reservation-conditions that he pays us several visits next time. Tip is "Back in camp again and wish I could start another furlough. They changed the field around some while I was away and my address has changed a little. We are still doing the same work but are not Ordinance anymore but Supply Section. We have a new C.O. and he has his own ideas. Say hello to all for me and I'll be sure to see you the next time." You'd better, Pal.

At long last, we have that letter from Gunners Mate John Yandrich and all those who asked for his address may find it in this issue. Jake has been "doing quite a bit of travelling. Once in a while we have a little excitement but not very often as yet. I can't tell you where, but I am somewhere overseas. I sure wish I was back there. Them were the good old days, but I guess they have to wait until the war

over which I hope is soon. Tell all the boys I said hello and keep up the good work." Jake also requests a letter from Walter Lasobeck. So do we.

Cpl. Andrew Geffert sure has nice looking gals on his stationary. There's a hula dancer this time. Leo Kopacz was complaining about not seeing Andy often, but that situation has evidently been corrected. "I'm still plugging along here in the Hawaiian Islands and am in good shape. I see a few of the Climax boys now and then and the last couple of weeks I seem to run into Leo Kopacz quite a bit. I noticed his letters in the News and I'm inclined to believe he found a home here on Oahu. I don't see how he can compare Pennsy with this island but all in all he's a swell hometown friend to have around." Maybe you'd like it better if you had one of Bill Metz' ration cards, Andy.

February's quote from Ben Franklin: "Be ashamed to catch yourself idle" really paid off. Hold your hats, men here's a real treat. None other than PFC Frank Rozmus comes across with that letter we've been expecting for so long. When Frank read old Ben's words he "felt sort of guilty, and in order to clear my guilt I'm taking some of idle time for a good investment; The Climax News. I have been in England about three months. Have seen a good deal of it and it's a nice place. Right now I'm with the famous Ninth Air Force you have read so much about, and they are really doing the things you read. About the good old English Pubs: the beer or bitters is not worth a damn. Scotch is hard to find but, being in the league, we old

timers (3 mos.) find the places that have Scotch. The pubs are nothing like our fancy beer gardens. They are divided into at least five compartments and each compartment has a separate entrance. All these places are fed from one bar in the middle of the place. After about 20 pints you ask for a map of the joint to get out. You are not allowed to sing, dance or gamble. The beer is served hot, directly from the keg or case. I learned how to pay for it the first night out. Found out how fast the pounds can leave a man and not make him any lighter. Women are plentiful and beautiful but, being an old married man, I stick to beer." Thanx for a swell letter, Frank, and let's have many more.

A card from Merchant Seaman John G. Revella reveals that he has "finished my training and am shipping out as of today. My forwarding address is home. Good luck to all and adios." Bon voyage to you, George.

From Seaman Rennison Malone comes "Greetings. Oh where have I heard that word before? I've had quite a ride since I saw you last and it wasn't exactly a schoolday picnic either. Sorry I didn't get to the plant on my last leave. You have probably heard all the excuses under the sun so if you close your eyes and pick one out it will do for me. Tell all the fellows I said hello and to hold the fort until I get back. Tell Ralph I'm the best buttermilk drinker outside of Bozo I've ever met." We don't understand that last but maybe some of you will. Good fishing, Renny.

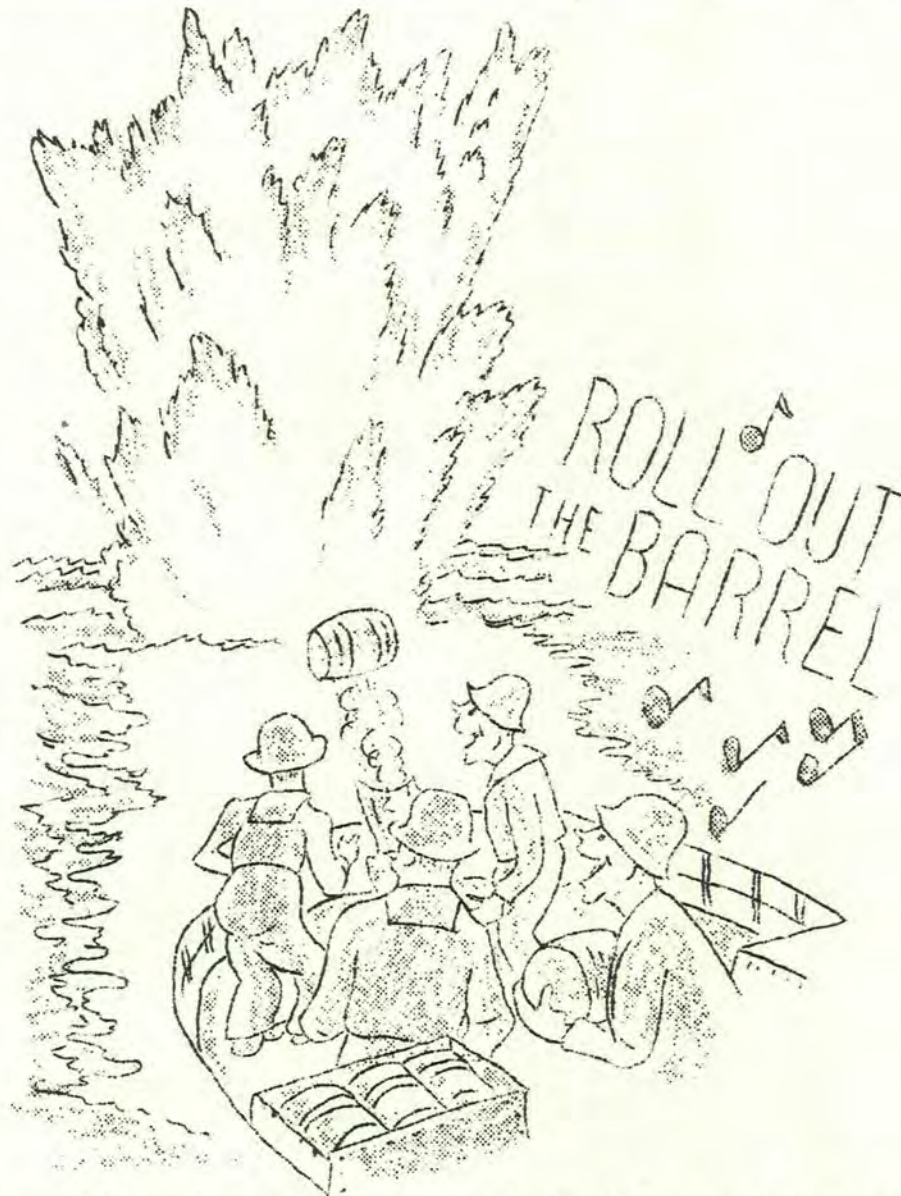
A slight change of address is recorded by AAM William Metz. "Since you last heard from me I've been moved to the main air station and am working in the

Engine Overhaul Division of A&R (Assembly and Repair). I'm doing the same work I used to do in Norfolk: overhauling magnetos. Sqd. work appeals to me but our old sqd. broke up and we had to go somewhere; I heard from my old pal Buzz Yanni today, seems funny that he came to Memphis before I left and that 9 mos. ago. He's really been stuck there." Buzz agrees. Bill hopes to get home before long if he's not shipped first. We'll be expecting him.

We owe an apology to Corp. John Vernillo. He and Geo. Saska made T/5 before Xmas but our records still showed him as Pvt. Anyway Tech is nice about it. "No offense so long as I get the News. I think it's so good that I send it on to my brother Mike to read. I haven't met him as yet but, if fate will give me a chance, I'll run into him soon. England is about the same. I don't care much about the weather, though. We had our first ice cream since being over here today and it was delicious. Saska is still with me and is doing fine. We talk about the Clinax often but end it quickly as we don't want this outfit to have two AWOL's."

BM Horace Mann's card brings his change of address and a little News. "I am working at the Boston Navy Yard with civilian riggers. Have liberty every night and from 5:10 PM Saturday until 7:15 AM Monday." What do you do with all that time, Horace, old horse? How about using a little of it to write to us?

Last under the wire for this time is Sgt. Ludwig Stetar who is in a state of change, he hopes. Lud passed through on his way to Greensboro and seemed pleased at leaving Kansas at last. But now: "I don't know how long I'll be



here but I hope it's not another day. We are getting lectures and movies on stuff we've seen a million times. Regardless of rank we march from place to place just like recruit days. I'm doing fine in spite of the rough treatment but how long I'll last is just a guess. But you take care of the production and Ike and I will take care of the war. Someday we'll meet for a grand party. Until then, so long and the best of luck." That goes double for you, Lud. Let us know how you come out.

-- SIDE GLANCES --

We aren't sure just how we should

start this month's Side Glances section; while it isn't really a side glance, a good story has filtered back to us from Great Lakes which involves our honor graduate "Speed" Dennis. Perhaps, we had better pass it on -- you old salts will appreciate it more than us land lubbers. --- You will all recall Speed's habit of having his front pocket filled with pencils, pipes, cigars, notebooks; lottery tickets, candy, chewing gum, bolts, nuts, tools, punch boards and some things best not mentioned. Well, so the story goes, Speed started the same racket at training camp and got caught. Can't you picture

the front of Speed's blouse being disgorged of all those trinkets, and just what the Chief may have said. We didn't get the full story, but one can just imagine. Anyway, Speed old boy, we here in the office are betting by hook or crook you won- even if you had to do mess duty, or scrub the decks for a week. How about it? And what is this we hear about you having charge of the gear room. Rumor has it that the gear room contains all the brooms and mops. Could it be you got a perpetual assignment to scrub decks.

Speaking of the Navy reminds us that "Chuck" Mader is off to join your ranks, as is "Bud" Adamson. And Tom Fischer received his Army call. Bud and Tom reported on May 7th and Chuck on May 11th. Also, Steve Kuritz was called to report on May 11th. Steve drew the Army.

The following Climaxers have taken their examination and will soon know where they stand in the pool at Hickory:

Mickey Malone
Eugene Brown
Bill Craig

About the latest development at Climax is the formation of a ball club. Believe it or not. And it should be a good one too, with all the talent we have to draw upon. At this writing Mgr. Mooney has not reported the men who have taken interest as yet.

Their first game (practice) was with Burgettstown High which has a WPIAL team that seems destined to go places this year, having won their first contests. We picked up a quartet of High School players after their practice game (called after one inning due to rain) and they felt they could "take" the Climaxers. They were a little suspicious, however, of

our pitchers, asking questions to whether he worked at Climax at all. We haven't learned whether the pitcher was Tonny Tomlinson or not, but we'll wager that old youngster will be in there pitching (something) before the season ends. Just try to keep him on the side lines! **!?!*-!

In past issues we have been reporting that as soon as weather permits we would start relaying the tracks with heavier steel. You'll recall we often had the engine off the track especially at the switch. The old rails - some had been in place when our main building was a zinc oxide baghouse - had just about served their time. Anyway, Louie and his gang of Zinc Company trackmen have been spending their spare time laying new 100 lb. rails. Already, the plant track is relaid up to the cross-over bridge leading to the warehouse. The same heavy type of rail will be laid from the switch up to the corner of the warehouse on the the warehouse track. When this is completed we will have one of the strongest sections of track on the hill. And we hope we'll hear no more the five whistles indicating an engine off the track - especially on our property.

FOUND: Woman's bag left in my parked car. If owner will pay for this advertisement she can have it. If she will tell my wife how bag happened to be there, I'll pay cost of advertisement. Telephone Jefferson 8100 - the quicker the better.

And an optinist, friends

is a man who thinks his wife has stopped smoking cigarettes when he finds cigar butts around the house.

We reported last month the water system had progressed to the testing stage. Well, that stage passed without too much trouble, and we have been feeding the whole plant from the new tank for several weeks. The six inch pipe circling the plant has one section yet to be completed thru the Ferro plant to connect onto the leg which comes along the south side of the warehouse. This will be started soon -- in fact the preliminary work of moving part of the iron ore stack pile has been done, to clear the way for the excavation work.

We've had a change in the position of some of the staff recently due to Tom Fischer's and Horace Mann's going into the Navy. To replace Tom, Mitch Lewishas been moved from the stockroom to a position as guard. Mitch assumed his new duties on May 4th, and drew the graveyard shift first thing. -- Mr. France, who was assistant stockroom man, has taken charge of the storeroom, and Bill Truax has accepted the position of assistant storeroom man.

The new experimental, or pilot plant, building attached to the east end of the chemical building has been virtually completed. In fact, it was used on May 4th for the first time, when a demonstration heat was made in the firing chamber. Considering the weather, we have had, since this building was started, Rube just about set a record in speed of construction.

Most people outgrow their bad habits -- when such habits aren't fun any longer.

Boss: "Say, what does this mean? Someone called up, said

you were sick and that you couldn't show up today."

Employee: "Ha! Ha! The joke's on him. He wasn't supposed to call up until next Friday."

Do you know there are now as many Climaxers in Service as there are employees at the plant -- not counting the staff. In fact, there are more for we are nailing this issue to 138 former employees now in Service, while there are but 123 on the payroll. That's a fairly high percentage - above the normal we are sure. If we add our ex-Climaxers we'd step the percentage a few points higher. And, if you have noted the address list and excerpts from month to month, you'll find Climaxers are pretty well scattered over the face of the earth.

Last issue we mentioned the need for a Community Building in Burgettstown. We excerpt the following from the May 4th issue of the Burgettstown Enterprise:

A representative group of civic minded, forward looking Burgettstown men have been holding a series of meetings with representatives from the Executive Board of the Burgettstown American Legion to discuss ways and means of securing a Community Building for Burgettstown.

Burgettstown Am. Legion Post No. 698 has been recently incorporated so that when plans materialize it will be in a position to assume responsibility for the erection of the building and the completion of the project ---It is the hope and aim of the Executive Board of the proposed Community Building Project that money will be freely given by public donation and by whole hearted support of the money raising projects now being planned by the Committee. ----- To provide such a building is truly a practical application of

the American Way. Washington, Pa. is already in the midst of a campaign to enlarge its' Community Building, and expects to spend \$500,000 if necessary to provide an adequate home for their project. - - - This Committee has been considering suitable locations for such a building and, acting on the advice of the Site Committee, composed of W.P. Miller, T. C. Linn and C.S. McCormick, has taken an option on the Falconer property, corner of Bridge and Main street. This will permit the Committee to explore this land to determine the possibilities of the depth required for a foundation, etc. The lot is 60 by 165 by 120 and is the corner opposite the new Bell Telephone Building. The Committee has announced that as plans and discussions continue on the proposed project, full reports will be made through Enterprise columns.

If any of you Service men have any ideas as to what you think should go into such a building let us hear from you. We need and welcome advice on such a project.

During the recent eruption of Mt. Vesuvius a Doughboy - one of a group of the touring party remarked: "That stream of lava looks as hot as hell." An English soldier, also in the same party overheard the remark and mumbled under his breath: "These Americans have been everywhere." - - - And then there is one about the hen being immortal because her son never sets.

If we could put head lines on the News, this issue would have one in letters 6" high. And it would read "THE SMOKE IS GOING UP THE STACK". Believe it or not, its the truth. Several days were spent in getting t he feel of the stoker, and feeding it the

proper coal to bring the stack up to temperature. Then on May 8th, the furnace fumes were turned into the stack. Its been clicking ever since. What a pleasing sight (and feeling too) it is to see those fumes billowing forth 500 feet above the ground, and then see them be carried away, never to reach the ground level, at least not until they are so diluted they won't be detected. With these pungent fumes gone from the plant area perhaps some of us can find relief from irritated throats --and best of all, we won't have to answer the question "when are you going to let that smoke go up the stack?" so often asked by the local populace. We hope we can continue to "point with pride" from here on out!

Joe Cikovic sent us a copy of his camp's Communique from which we excerpt the following: Privates Joe and Peter were sent out to reconnoiter. They were given a cows hide and told to graze toward the enemy lines. Pete took the front end, Joe the back.

Suddenly Pete heard Joe whisper "Psst, Pete, let's scran!" "What's the matter?" asked Pete. "Matter. My gosh here comes the farmer's daughter with a milk pail."

Signs of the Time: Last evening Ye Editor and Bill Young had the pleasure of doing a bit of dismantling that speaks for itself. You'll recall that Burgettstown area had two observation posts for spotting planes. They have been inactive for months, altho' they were kept fully equipped -- phone service, lights, etc. Well, permission was granted to dismantle and remove them from private property. Bill and Ye

Editor put the final touches to the light and phone service. The post building itself is to be used by the Community Scouts as a camping headquarters. ----- Let's hope there never will be an occasion to use it for its original purpose!

Even though the summer months are just ahead of us, it looks like the Pure Oxide plant will soon be in operation. The plant is being made ready and supplies are in --- only the starting whistle is needed.

The rebuilt crusher for the slag treating plant has been returned to us and is now in place. As manpower is available the current slag will be run through the crushing circuit into the bins. We should soon have sufficient of the various sizes of crushed slag to enable us to make a full size test on the air tables.

- TID-BITS -

And did you hear the one about the Idaho potato who married a prize Sweet potato and had a very beautiful daughter, who, after long deliberation, decided she wanted to marry Lowell Thomas? Her parents objected because he was a common-tater. As Mortimer Snerd would say, "Ain't that awful!"

Too many honeymoons are over when he discovers that he wouldn't have been drafted anyway.

A little city boy who had been in the country was describing to another boy friend the big pig he had seen. "It was in a pen," he said, "and it was afraid of the little pigs! They would chase the big pig around the pen and after he fell down with exhaustion, the little pigs pounced upon the big pig and ate the buttons off

his vest!"

The father of the family is in the Service and has been overseas for more than a year. His two small sons spend most of their time praying for a baby sister, and their mother can't talk them out of it. The boys insist: "It would be such a big surprise for Daddy when he comes home."

- VISITS -



Visits were at a low again this month -- at least not many signed the register.

Joe Gruber was in to see us on April 21st followed on the 26th by Andy Laurich. Both boys looked fine, and showed signs of having been out in the wide open places. They had nice healthy tans which comes from indulging in plenty of sunshine.

Our next visitor - on the 29th, was missed by Ye Editor. Sgt. Stetar paid us a visit, so the register says, and Mr. Carroll

reports having seen him. The Sgt. is on deck with a good letter for this issue also. Keep the old chin up, Lud!

Jimmy O'Donnell pulled in on May 6th and again we missed seeing him, and none of the News staff seem to have seen him either; better luck next time Jimmy!

Johnnie Saska, came in to say howdy even though he was sorta stretching a short pass home. Johnnie looked taps and reports the Navy is OK. He agrees that when the orders say 12:00 midnight, the don't mean 12:01 AM, so evidently the Navy is the Navy the world around.

We had another quick visit from Sailor Eddie Wilgocki who was home on a short furlough, so short that he and Mrs. Wilgocki who had been visiting him at camp, flew to Pittsburgh. Eddy was all tanned from the southern exposure, and we think he was a bit heavier, but the old Toledo scales proved us wrong. Anyhow, we think it was a bit more evenly distributed than formerly.

Cpl. Maurice Westlake was here at the plant on the 9th to tell us about his training. Seems Maurice has branched out a little since he was here last, and reports he has been through some interesting training.

Jap Williams finally pulled away from his Winter resort in Florida and came home for an overdue furlough. We think it was pretty nice timing to spend the ugly months in Florida and pick the opening of spring to visit home. Jap is all trimmed down, and as he puts it, "the best --- soldier in the U.S. Army." Anybody want to argue? Anyway, he looks fine, and well trained even if he was frequent beach-hound. He brought a souvenir which we are shining up for presentation to

the American Legion Post at their next meeting. Thanks, Jap!

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- NEW ADDRESSES -

1. Frank Bernatonis, S 1/C
LST Crew 4441
ATB, Camp Bradford
Norfolk, 11, Va.
2. S/Sgt. Joe Bezusko, Jr.
Postal Unit, Camp Cooke,
California
3. Pvt. Joseph Gruber, Jr.
Company A, 661 TD Bn.
Camp Swift, Texas
4. Nicholas Hallahan, S 2/c
Area A-9-152, NCTC
Camp Peary
Williamsburg, Va.
5. Rennison Malone, S 1/C
923-16-92, C/O FPO, N.Y.
6. Horace K. Mann, BM 2/C
Army & Navy YMCA
Charlestown, Mass.
7. Wm. J. Metz, NHM 2/C
US Naval Air Station
Miami, Fla.
8. Lt. Peter J. McMahon, Jr.
APO 637, c/o PM, N.Y.
9. Pvt. Donald Patrino, ASN
APO 952, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.
10. John G. Revella
Langeloth, Pa.
11. Cpl. Clifford W. Richey
Supply Sec., AAB
Maxton, N. C.
12. PFC Frank Rozmus
APO 149, c/o PM, N.Y.
13. Cpl. George Saska
APO No. 308, c/o PM, N.Y.
14. Sgt. Ludwig D. Stetar
3503 AAFBU, ORD
Greensboro, N.C.
15. Cpl. John P. Vernillo
APO 308, c/o PM, N.Y.
16. John Yandrich, GM 3/C
c/o FPO, New York City
17. PFC Bradley Yanni, USMC
Bks. 23-Sec.26-E-Sqd.33
Memphis, Tenn. (NATTC)
18. PFC Joseph M. Zdybicki
APO No. 322, c/o PM, San Fran.

See long for now - Eds. Staff.

CLIMAX NEWS

UNOFFICIAL PUBLICATION FOR THE
BENEFIT OF CLIMAX EMPLOYEES
NOW IN THE ARMED SERVICES
OF THE UNITED STATES



AMERICANISM

"Americanism is the recognition of and the unequivocal tendency to a glorious and sacred heritage exemplified by the manners of the individual, the habits of the group, the customs of the community, as such are observed in the home, the school, the church, and other agencies of human endeavor for the material progress, the cultural development, the spiritual advancement of America. It is knowledge of the hardships and the fortitude of the colonists, the discomforts and courage of the pioneers; it is sympathy and understanding for those less fortunate within our shores; it is appreciation for the contributions of all men regardless of previous nationality, religious conviction, political affiliation, social or economic status. Moreover, it is adjustment to the inheritances of a great nation, reverence for the American Flag, respect for tradition, spiritual enrichment. Americanism represents untarnished Truth, unrivaled Charity, unconquerable Faith, unhyphenated Loyalty. It is the right of the individual to live in peace and harmony with his fellow-man, and to enjoy the benefits of Justice, Equality and Liberty. It is his duty to transfer to posterity the ideals of Citizenship, Service and Sacrifice, and to meet his responsibilities towards God and Country in such a way that America will be a better place because he has lived here."

---Alexander F. Balmain,
Lecturer in Education,
Fordham University



HI SOLDIERS, SAILORS & MARINES!

It didn't occur to us when we issued each of you a whole cake on last month's News that we would hit someone's birthday. But, believe it or not, we did. As recorded elsewhere, Pete Malone tells us his cake arrived on his birthday and that he enjoyed the whole cake himself. So, you see our pastry cook did a pretty good job, and was well repaid for her efforts.

The cover sheet on this issue is to remind all of us of our obligation to 137 Climax men now in Service. You will have noted that the "take" from Climax has lessened considerably in recent months. That doesn't mean Uncle Sammel has forgotten us by any means for we do have a few names among those forming the pool at Hickory. Recent visitors to Pittsburgh for classification included Frank Moore. This is quite a change from the number usually called up from Climax during the early days of the War.

So, here's to all of you who make up the 137 stars on our Service flag, and this is what some of you have reported from various stations around the globe:

- EXCERPTS FROM CAMP GOSSIP

As we sit down to write the radio is blaring forth news of the invasion of France. This makes our mail, especially the letters from England, seem long out of date. So, please remember that when we use the present tense it applies to the time when the letter was written and not when you receive the News.

And, to all of you who are now storming ashore and those who will follow, we at home can only say God Bless and Keep You and bring you safely home again.

First report for this month comes from S/Sgt. Rudolph Chastulik who wrote from England May 5th. "I am feeling fine but the weather sure is funny here. It gets pretty warm in the day but it sure gets cold at night. I am wearing my G.I. long-handles for the first time since I've been in the Army. Also, I am having a hard time with English customs and money. I guess I can lose it just as fast in a crap game." Well at least

the bills are larger in size if you get any bills. Let's hear more from you Rudy.

Also from England, comes word from Lt. Peter McMahon, who swung into action soon after landing. Pete is now flying a Mustang and "the odds are in our favor, but let me tell you it surely is no picnic yet. Missions are nearly as long as a shift at the Climax. I've been over France, Belgium, Holland and Germany. I haven't gotten any Huns yet but I sure figure on a few going down through my gunsight. Their fighters are hard to find and I saw my first just the other day. Everyone is too eager and we really tear after them. The worst thing, and it scares hell out of me, is their flak. You never know when it's coming up. I'm glad I'm here but will be much happier when I start home." And so will we all, Pete.

Apprentice Seamen Charles Mader and Stephen Kuritz have been writing ever since they hit Bainbridge. Chuck does most of the writing but Steve does his bit also. The boys are taking the Navy by storm or vice versa. Here are a few samples. "Arrived safe and sound. Our place is swell and will like it when the first week is over. They feed us fine and we only work 18 hrs. a day. (Later) We are doing fine and have a little freedom now. Our commander is really tough and says he is going to make us as tough as he is. When we came in today our shoes were smoking." The boys also got a slight haircut. Says Steve, "I threw my cap up and when it came down my hair was off. Tell Mickey the needle they shoot you with has a propeller on the end." Chuck has also been sending us the Bainbridge Mainsheet which we have missed since Horace left there. Charlie's latest report says:

"Let the soldiers tell you their training is tough. Then tell them they are making Naval Commandos of us. We land, take about 2 miles of beach and then wait for the Marines!" Steve gets in the last word. "They haven't killed Charlie and me yet but they sure weaken us. Our company is on service week and Gabby (Mader) is cooking coffee for the chief officers. One sent Gabby for sugar and he brought back salt instead. Charlie got extra duty but he is still the same Charlie."

C.B. Attilio Napolitano says some nice things about the News which we are too modest to quote. Other than that, there is "not much to write from this end. Alex and I are still together and are both anxiously looking forward to our furlough which is due in a few months. Best regards to all and a cheery hello for the shop gang." OK Tillie, and make Alex write that letter he's been promising.

Raymond Malone is now addressed as Coxn. "During the past month I have been carrying the rate of 3/C P.O. and I must say life isn't too bad if you can live and bear it." Other than this personal note Ray is a little short on news but pleasingly long on nice compliments for the News. He is another who can take it without the buck. "It isn't the green-back that carries the news of our buddies and it doesn't tell us the happenings back there at the Climax." Thanx for them sentiments, Ray. We'll try to keep deserving them.

Pvt. Alden Farner has changed camp a couple of times since we saw him and has also forsaken his old Battery for Battalion Hq. "I am doing mostly radio work and find it very interesting

but a pretty hard nut to crack at first. We have had quite a bit of flight training in both planes and gliders. The planes are not so bad and I guess the gliders are all right too because we have all come back in one piece so far although some of the fellows failed to bring back all they went out with. The gliders are very rough while being towed and the safety belt is useful. When you are cut loose, hold tight! Sometimes you are hanging by your belt looking straight down at the fellow opposite you or vice versa. Stand on a strawberry basket with a window shade around you and there you have a glider. But I'll ride the tow-rope if it will help bring this thing to an end. Even the mascots around here take their training. The black bears are just so many more soldiers. The one with the Paratroopers has his own special harness and makes his jumps along with the men. The bears sure are a lot of fun when they get a few beers in them. You don't dare set your beer down because they are not a bit particular about where they get their next drink." Alden is only 25 miles from Tip Richey's station and is trying to get in touch with him.

From Oahu, PFC Leo Kopacz writes, "I am still kicking and getting along fine. The weather continues warm, in fact it gets too hot during the day for me. The evenings are cool and fine for sleeping if you have no holes in your mosquito net. It's still the same old story every time I write, as very little and what little does happen here, and we can't write about the little that does happen. I see that a lot of the boys are overseas. It shouldn't be too long before this mess will be over. I am still waiting for my chance at those yellow ----- Aloha."

Via V-mail comes another letter from our non-Clinax correspondent of the Pacific, Pvt. Charles Kirsh. "The blood plasma you at home contribute is really doing wonders on this forsaken island. It is given to our wounded right on the front line. Our mission on this island is just about completed from the military viewpoint. Will sure be glad to leave here and see some kind of civilization."

Lt. (jg) Joseph Hemphill is taking his indoctrination down in Hollywood, Fla. "This truly is a beautiful spot but beauty has been replaced by a truly Navy atmosphere. They really keep us Snafu." Joe hopes to be home late in June and we are looking forward to seeing him.

Pvt. John Adamson has landed at Camp Blanding and says, "Boys you should be down here if you think its hot there. I fried an egg on the ground this morning." KP already, eh? If Jap is still at Blanding, we hope he is looking out for Bud. In a later note, Bud says, "I got a suntan the first day. All we do is drill and then drill some more and get a lot of hell from these Southerners."

That long awaited letter from Sgt. Stanley Zabetakis, comes at last from England. "I'm not sure if I wrote lately, but if I haven't, I presume you can see why not. It's really a beautiful country here; plenty of nice scenery, but one can easily see where some of the bombs fell a couple of years ago. And of course they have a few customs which are quite different from ours. We Clinax boys in this outfit are still together. Last night Rash and I were out riding bikes. Boy, I didn't know there were so many steep hills in any country. Tell all the boys to

keep the ball rolling and we will do the rest."

Marine Sgt. George Murray writes again from somewhere that he has been "receiving the News minus the frogskin, but that's all right. It is just like a bad habit, hard to forget. Due to censorship, I can't say what I am doing but I am fine and in good health. I am sure going to enjoy going through the plant when I get back. It'll be like a new place. I guess some of the boys I used to work with have it rough. But, to me, anywhere in the States would be like heaven. Give all the gang my best regards. Would like to hear from Bob Morgan." We join you in that last, George. Bob is on our missing list.

"Hello to all the Clinax," writes Cpl. Donald Dimit from the Paradise of the Pacific. "I have been receiving the News and really enjoy getting it. From recent issues, improvements and construction are coming along nicely. Was talking to Major Hindman and Major Paul Lawther last week. It feels pretty good to see familiar faces from the old home town. The old faces at the plant must be getting scarce. So old Tom is up to his usual tricks, huh? I remember very distinctly the time he handed me the fake snake. More power to him." The old man hasn't changed a bit, Don. He still talks like 21.

Storekeeper John Hallahan says, "things have really been buzzing in New York. I've seen as many as 300 men come and go in one day. It certainly keeps us on our toes, getting their pay accounts to follow them." (and that's important, too). John spent 29 days in the hospital with a skin infection and had a 5-day leave afterwards but didn't get to see us. "Things in the office seem

to be slowing down a little, but that may be my imagination. I've only been back at work two days and haven't got the feel of things yet." John hopes for a regular leave soon and promises to see us then. We're waiting.

Merchant Seaman Walter Lipnicky is at sea, as usual, and at last account was heading for warmer climes. "There isn't much to tell except that there's water and more water. The sun keeps getting hotter and hotter every day. I wonder what the women are like in the unknown destination. I hear they have a lot to drink down there and that sounds good. We have whiskey on board, Canadian Club, but I can't get to it." Well, there's liquor in Penna. too, if you can get to it.

A card from Marine PFC Stanley Zdybicki reveals that he is still at Quantico and "still firing away those bonds in the artillery. Getting plenty to do and don't think I'll last much longer over here. Hope to see foreign service before too long. Tell everyone hello, and keep the old place going."

Cpl. Clyde Truax apologizes for not seeing us on his furlough on ground that he stayed over in W.Va.; only got into this section once and didn't have time to stop. Since "I have been back in camp, they have really been keeping us busy. We had a big I.G. inspection and it was really rough. Our outfit is just a year old and we celebrated by quitting work at 3 PM instead of 5:30." Bud enclosed a copy of the Camp Polk ARMOREADER another swell Army paper. A 204 card comes later, indicating that Bud is heading for Tokyo. Good luck, kid.

A 204 card informs us that Pvt. Joe Invernizzi has finally moved after spending his entire Army career at Camp Polk; His new address is Camp Beale, California.

Pvt. Ivo Bertini writes from a hospital but doesn't seem to be very sick. Just some boils on his leg but it gets him breakfast in bed. "I am fine and hope everyone is the same. I am still driving the same truck but it looks like I will be shipped out of here soon and it's about time. We now have some WAC's here and some of them are really good looking girls. Only I don't feel like fooling with them. We can't anyhow because they have guards posted around their barracks all day and all night. (Sour grapes, eh?). I sure would like to be at the Climax now. I never did like to hear the ball mills but I'd give anything to hear that music now."

"If anyone asks you, we are in the best outfit in the best camp in the U.S.A. and that's not kidding," says Pvt. Thomas Fisher in his first letter. "Of course all we have is hot weather and sand. I find that I am in a communication outfit and will have classes in same. There is not much more to say as we have not really started out training as yet. Will give you further advice as to progress later." We know you'll get along, Tom, in the Army or anywhere else. Keep your promise about writing.

Cpl. Anthony Pusateri sends in his change of address, which adds up to quite a transfer. "Since last writing, I have changed from the Tank Destroyers to the Infantry. I'll never get used to all the walking. From this camp we are within a few miles of the Rocky Mountains. We can see Pike's Peak and the Will Rogers Shrine, and the Climax Mine isn't very

far from here. If I ever find time, I may go over and have a look." Do that, Tony and write us all about it.

Seaman Edward Wilgocki has been cruising the Chesapeake and finds bay duty not so bad. "They are breaking us in gently. A few of the boys got sick and fed the fish the first few days but after that it was all right. Tell all the fellows hello and maybe I'll see them again before shoving off. Have been at the helm of the ship today and, so far as I know, she didn't go aground, so I guess I did all right." All you have to do is to, throttle way down, Eddie; put over a line and catch a few stripers. That would make all that cruising worth while.

The last issue, with that unheralded buck reached Seaman Warren Malone on his birthday (21st, he adds!). Pete noted with interest that our new "totem pole" is now in action and, "shortly after reading about it I made a few laps around the grinder. After progress a few laborous yards I was forced to stop for a much needed blow and thought I detected a familiar odor in the atmosphere. Tell me, is the new stack so much of a success as to emit SO₂ this far from Langeloth?" We don't know about that, but we haven't seen any come down in this community. Maybe it is going to Great Lakes. Pete was scheduled to graduate on June 3rd and did. (See: visits). He continues, "Did you notice that Dennis and his cookie duster became separated during his boot. He made rapid progress in being appointed Supt. of the gear depot and on the completion of my term, I expect to receive stripes as

Captain of the Head. I knew after I left you'd be forced to operate the chemical dept. in order to produce oxide comparable to that which I formerly turned out in number six." Come to think of it, Pete, No. 6 hasn't roasted worth a damn since you left, and we are shutting it down in favor of No. 5.

Another report from Hawaii comes from Cpl. Andrew Geffert, who says, "I am in good health and hope the boys are all fine also. Everything here is just the same old routine. I see Kopacz, Kowalewski, Sprando and the other Climaxers quite often and exchange greetings. The news was fat and interesting this time and I was glad to see a complete reprint of the addresses of the boys in Service." We would do that more often, Andy, except that it is sort of pointless in that we can't print the ship or station of Naval personnel or the unit designation of Army men except those in training camps in this country. We repeat our offer, however, to forward any letter one of you fellows wants to write to one whose complete address we can't print. The Army says that letters bearing the addressee's serial number and proper APO number will be delivered.

Bosn's Mate, Horace Mann is still in Boston and learning more every day. "This work is very interesting to me, being such a landlubber. But now, whenever I get atop a mast, working on the rigging, I feel quite salty. From a mast one can get a wonderful view of the shipping. I see ships which I have heard of for years and they are very interesting to me. And the rigging loft is fascinating. Every kind of rope and wire-rope work is done there. The men I work with have almost all spent quite a few years at sea and any of them will show me anything I ask about. One has spent 39 years

at sea." Mrs. Mann spent a few days with Horace recently and he also spent a nice evening with Dr. McKee, his daughter and son-in-law. But he does complain that no Climaxer is stationed near him.

Form 204 informs us that it is Westward Ho! for Cpl. Maurice Westlake. Good luck, Powerhouse, let us hear where you land.

Wars may come and go. The Navy builds men. The Marines make 'em or break 'em. Battles change the map and the very face of the earth. Nothing will stop the Army Air Corps. And nobody will ever change Harry Dennis, and maybe thats a good thing - for Harry. Speed is training in gunnery for the Armed Guard Service and, "I was going to write sooner, but knowing I would be moved, I waited to make one letter do two jobs. We are on the ball most of the time and what time we do have to ourselves, we don't want to be writing all the time. There are other pastimes and sights to be seen and down here at this time of the year, it is pretty warm and a shade tree comes in handy. Then, while you are resting, you swat at mosquitos or take time to pick off a few ants which we have in large quantities. I only expect to be here a few weeks, then off to sea. They say it is doubtful if we get a leave. About that article you had in last month's News, I believe you were misinformed about the duties. All I did was to give the other fellows the tools then watch them work. Don't get the idea that I have slipped enough that I did the work. Seventeen years in the business and I am going to get caught. You know me better than that. Laying jokes aside, this is a serious business and don't

let anyone tell you different. The best I can tell you is to keep your eyes and ears open and your mouth shut." That last stops us, but we think no comment is needed.

It is like old times: getting a nice long letter from S/Sgt. Paul Ryan. Welcome home Paul, you've been missing a long time. "Every time I planned to write, something or other came up and like most dog faces, I just let it slip by. I am now stationed in South Camp Polk and it's a pretty place. About my only kick is that for over two years I've been in that States doing nothing but train men for overseas duty. I was always the guy who stayed behind. I'm still trying to get on the next list for combat duty, so wish me luck. No doubt if I do get over I'll wish many times I was back in the States, but I'm willing to take that chance. I was stationed out in the desert for a while, and it's a great place. Plenty of room for everyone. I visited Juarez in Old Mexico and, believe me, that is some place. I thought I had seen about everything, but Juarez changed my mind."

PFC James Sarracino sends a 204 to inform us that he is shipping for the land of the setting sun. Let's hear from you, Jimmy. And keep those nice high boots dry.

Cpl. Mike Pescho apologizes for not seeing us on his last furlough on ground that he got married and didn't have time, which is a very good excuse although we would like to have met the bride. We'll have to complain to his old man about this. Mike is still out in Utah where, "things are still the same. I am still in the good old G.M. Corps and it's a pretty good outfit. I received last month's News with a nice green frogskin attached. Thanks a lot, it sure did come in

handy." You'll really learn the value of those things now that you are married, Mike.

Sgt. Ludwig Stetar stayed in Kansas a long long time, but it sure didn't take him long to get away from North Carolina and Lud writes this time from California. "Am in the Air Transport command and going to Air Mechanic's School. After 16 weeks we will be full fledged Mechanics, ready to keep 'em flying. We were destined to go overseas from N.C. but they picked a group of us and decided we were to go to school. Can't say much yet as we are very much confused and crowded for time. We are on the go for twelve (12) hours a day and, brother, I mean going. I'll explain the situation in detail when I know more about it. So long and good luck." And the same to you, Lud.

Seaman Mike Sabatasse has "been around some since you last heard from me. I'm aboard a tanker and right now we're getting loaded and ready to shove off again. I've got a pal on board with me from Atlasburg, Frank Malick, a former Zinc employee. We go ashore together and have swell times. The girls, mostly Mexican, have been treating us pretty good. Most of them are real dark like I am getting. (Blacker than the Ace of Spades). Right now I'm on the top deck with nothing on but shorts. Last night when we pulled into port I was sleeping up here and the minute we dropped anchor the mosquitos came at us in squadrons like dive bombers. One good thing about sea duty is that we never have flies or mosquitos, but, a port is a port, mosquitos or not."

Seaman Nicholas Hallahan continues to send the Camp Peary paper every week and a letter is

a nice surprise. Since we last heard from Nick, he has had a change of status. "After doing mess duty for four weeks I wondered what my future held. But I heard about a new unit starting and, you know me, women or no women I always get myself into trouble. I volunteered and, within a week, my transfer came through and after going through a lot of red tape, I found out what it was all about. I landed in the Recruit Training Command with an office job. Yep, right behind a desk again and feeling right at home. I'm doing Yeoman work and have charge of the Guard Mail Room. I route correspondence and have charge of a mimeograph. I have a boot to run the machine and he does all the dirty work. I really don't know if I'm still a Seabee or not. This is no longer a Seabee base and everyone here is supposed to be regular N.R. but I hear we are just loaned to help set up the command and won't be here longer than 90 days. I'm starting my eighth month and if I ever leave Peary I'll have to shake the barnacles off my shoes."

AMM William Metz is such a regular correspondent that it wouldn't seem right to go to press without a letter from him. And, sure enough, Bill beat the deadline. "Everything here is under control. I'm still working in the magneto shop. They are hiring all available civilians down here and putting them in the shops but there aren't enough to release us for squadron work. At this station they seem to be slow in sending men to sea. We tell the WAVES they'll be going before us. Incidentally there are three WAVES in the magneto shop. Some duty, huh? I note in the paper that the temperature is usually higher in Pittsburgh, than here. Florida is a nice place but it lacks something. I

guess it's just those Pennsylvania hills and the atmosphere of home. The boys are seeing beauty spots all over the world but I guess none of them amount to anything compared to home."

First letter out of England since the May 10th freeze is Matt Donovan's V-mailer. "Having seen something of this country, they sure won't have to worry about me staying here any longer than I have to. From what I can see, it never was anything to compare with the States and this has eliminated not only a lot of buildings, but personnel as well. I'm thankful it never was brought to our homes. As for myself, I am getting along fine. Have swallowed my heart a few times but can't complain. Am sure looking forward to the day when I can change this uniform for a good locker at the Climax and I hope it's soon. Tell the boys hello and I hope before long I can tell Bill Morris what lousy tea these Englishmen have. The meals are sure swell aboard ship compared to what we can buy on shore. Best of luck to all." And the very best to you, Matt. We guess you are right in the middle of things now and everyone here is pulling for you.

Another late report from England is sent by Pvt. Robert Morgan. Zip has received the April News and "Boy, you don't know how glad I was to get it. Due to all my moving around, I hadn't gotten one for a long time. I like it here in England. I'm stationed on a golf course and that's about all I can say about where I am. Wish I could say more for I know some of you have been here or near here." Give 'em hell Zip, and that goes for all of

you in the European Theatre. Get your job finished and come home!

- TID BITS -

A man is born, reared, and either becomes a success or a failure before passing away. He is laid to rest in an appropriate grave, the regular 6 x 3' type. His body decays and becomes what we call fertilizer. From this fertilizer, green grass grows. Along comes a horse and eats the grass.

The moral of this story is: Never kick a horse biscuit--it might be your uncle.

Sgt.: Well how do you like the Army by now?

Rookie: I may like it after a while, but just now I think there's too much drilling and fussing around between meals.

Didja hear the one about the drunk who after walking around a lamp post several times stopped and remarked: "Well sno use I'm walled in."

Definition of a fox: A wolf who sends flowers.

A lonely gal dreamed that a big brute of a man came to her bed side, picked her up, carried her down to a chauffeur-driven car, placed her in the back seat and got in beside her. They drove out into the country and on a dark road the car stopped. Finally finding her voice the girl asked: "And now what are you going to do?" And the man answered: "Its up to you, lady, its your dream."

A Navy recruit was taking swimming lessons and made extraordinary progress with the breast stroke until he was slapped in the

face by a cold wave. ---

Caller--Is your mother engaged?
Little Boy--I think she's married.

- SIDE GLANCES -



We've often wondered who among the Climaxers would be the first to turn up with some kind of a decoration. You fellows, of course, won't toot your own horns so we have had to keep our eyes and ears open, but not until recently were we rewarded, and then only indirectly. A little investigation has disclosed that a Clinaxer has won the Air Medal. Since he hasn't written to tell us about it, we'll have to pass on the information second hand. Mr. & Mrs. John Kuntz of Slovan report that Al has been awarded the Air Medal. We have only a few details, but maybe Al will loosen up and give us the news first hand. The announcement was

carried by the Pittsburgh papers under dateline of May 10th. We have only Al's address to indicate that he is in the Pacific area somewhere. He was decorated along with a large group. May we offer congratulations to you Al, and lots of good luck. We recall the last shift Al worked at Climax. We heard he was entering Service and asked what branch he had chosen. Al was a little confused himself for he wasn't sure whether it was the Army or Navy.

Now if Al isn't the first to receive a medal, speak right up and correct us, for that is the only way we'll ever find out.

And we've been advised (June 8) that Lt. Pete McMahon has just marked up his first German plane. We haven't details but Pete's last letter indicated he was in the thick of things over the channel, and that he had an itchy finger. Since it must be, here's good hunting to you Pete.

We still "point with pride" at the stack. Running as smoothly as one of Tuck Jackson's Packard Engines, the furnace gases continue to exhort at the top of the stack, and drift away into the distance. -- One peculiar feature of the smoke coming out the top is its tendency at times to form a perfect V. For some reason two spirals of smoke emerge, and then drift apart forming two distinct columns - a natural V. Perhaps, its a good omen. Let us all think that it is anyway, and that each of you will soon be here to see it.

We've had some interesting pictures on the guard house window during the past week. We are indebted to Mr. & Mrs. Purdy of Langeloth for a copy of some pictures Bob sent home from the Cassino front. Bobby, you know, is on our mailing list and is one

of our regular contributors. Well, Bob did some good shooting with his camera. We have to admit he doesn't pull his punches or pass anything up. He "wowed" us all with his shot of the Cassino version of an out door chick sale. That was a fine southern exposure Bob. Who was the subject? Anyway, there were two good pictures of Bob, and more of the countryside, including what we think may be a picture of the old Cassino Monastery before being erased by bombing.

Once you get up momentum, keep working, because you can do twice as much in half the time when you're in the mood - or groove.

And did you hear about the 79 year old optimist who married a woman 80 years old, and then asked the real estate dealer to find him a home near a school?

We've been taking on a few new employees since High School is out. Buzz Yanni will be glad to know his brother is working for us now. Other High School boys who have put in a few shifts recently are:

M. Martinez	J. Fernandez
W. Cowden	P. Yanni
W. Fletcher	L. McClurg
A. Garcia	M. Castellino
J. Horovitz	

By the time we go to press, the Pure Oxide should be in full swing again. Everything is in readiness for the buttons to be pushed -- even the hot weather is on hand.

Last issue we tried to get the low-down on Speeds lack of a hairy lip, and his experience with the mops. But, as we noted, the office staff was betting 2 to 1 he'd win out by hook-or-

crook. Well, as Mr. Carroll records elsewhere, we guessed correctly. Speed owns up to issuing the broom and mops to others, but claims he has been around too long to wield one himself. Some of these days, Speed, old boy, you're lucks going to run out and you'll be on the working end of one of those instruments used to swab the deck. You just can't be an all-round sailor until you've done your turn.

Four-F-er: Whatever happened to those old fashioned girls who fainted when a boy kissed them?
The Gal: Whatever became of the old fashioned boys who made them faint?

And then there's the one about the cackling hen -- she's either laying or lying.

The Ferro Dept. is still knocking along on two shifts. The second new crusher line will soon be ready to go. All power lines are in and circuits tested. The installation of Farval systems for proper greasing is going ahead nicely. When completed the crusher bearings can be run-in, and then we will have a spare crushing circuit to take care of emergency breakdowns - which do happen as you well know.

We just note in reviewing the May issue that for some reason we placed Steve Kuritz in the Army, even though we recall having asked Steve where he was going. Steve, as you may know, is down with Chuck Mader in the good old Navy. -- And that reminds us, should Mr. Carroll pass it up, that Chuck and Steve report it pretty tough down their way. Seems they drill the officers too, and that must please the boys no end. Don't be too tough on them Chuck, you'll be going to sea one of these days - and then -----.

It isn't often that any of you Service men get married, and give us home fronters a chance to sit in on the happy occasion. But on May 28th, we had the pleasure of witnessing a wedding at the U.P. church in Burgettstown, in which Climaxers were the principals. Virginia, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. James J. Reed, and our own "Bud" Williamson were united in marriage at a very pretty wedding ceremony. Uncle Samuel played a very cute trick on Bud. Gave him about three days furlough for the affair after his graduation, and then set him off to camp. When he reported, they informed him he was assigned to duty at Syracuse, N.Y. and that he could have another 10 days or so as a stop-over furlough. So Bud was back for a few more days and paid the plant a visit and said "howdy" to the boys. Needless to say, Lt. George Williamson, just plain Bud, looked tops. He thinks he will be in the transport service when assigned. Heres wishing Virginia and Bud good luck and happy landings always.

Just how well you fellows keep us informed - not to mention how effective is our news-nose, we had to wait until Mike Pescho came in with a letter from Wendover Field to learn that he was married recently. We don't know who the young lady was for Mike didn't give us any details, but we rise to ask are there any more in our audience who have taken the fatal step and kept the secret from us? Come on, 'fess up! Your buddies would like to know, and so would we!

FLASH! FLASH! NEW SECTION OF THE NEWS GOES TO PRESS - - - -

- SPORTS SECTION -



Last issue we announced that Climax was to have a ball team under the managership of Mac Mooney. So that we may have the sports gossip hot off the home plate we've acquired the services of a Sports Editor - none other than Mike Bihum. Starting with this issue, Mike is to furnish us with the team standing and results of all games as well as the highlights of the games played. He promises to pull no punches in reporting miscues, wisecracks, and alibis. So, here's introducing Mike on his new assignment -- everybody on the home front give him a hand in reporting the little interesting sidelights that will make the games of interest to the Climaxers on the fighting fronts.

Well fellows, it looks like we have a real contender in our Climax Moly Nine. With only a few work outs and one practice game under their belts, Manager Mac Mooney's proteges stepped out and set their hit and run machine operating to drub a highly touted Jessop Steel Nine of Washington, Pa. 9 to 3. Behind the tight pitching of Moe Dowler

who allowed 7 hits and the power house slugging of Babe Vernillo, Guio and Kuzior who each smacked out home runs with a man aboard, the Moly's successfully opened their schedule on Jessop's home grounds.

In the first inning of this game, a high fly was hit to second baseman Koke Jelovich. He lost the ball in the sun and did he put on a show trying to locate it! And when it did come down, if he hadn't juked, he would have got it square on his head. He did manage to get his gloved hand on it, and then came the juggling act! Yes sir, he was clever in his artistry, yes, you guessed right, he finally dropped it!

Peg Williams has come to the conclusion that he must lose a little weight (little?) around his mid section, if he wants to continue baseball. A ball was hit directly towards him along the first base line, along the ground. Peg stooped, arose, and made a throw to second to catch the runner going from first, but alas! The ball was in right

field! In stooping, Peg didn't get close enough to the ground and missed the easy roller. Before going on a diet, he is shopping around for a longer glove and if successful, will forget about the diet. All in all, it was one swell ball game, especially when we won.

JESSOP STEEL 13 - CLIMAX 7

Climax Moly's got the jitters and blew the game to Jessop as they opened their schedule before the home town rooters. Out hitting the visitors, 16 to 12 showing that they still have the power, but trying too hard to make an impression, the Moly's miscued the game away. Malone started the game and allowed 7 runs on 5 hits before Dowler came in to silence the visitors bats in the 5th, but, still more miscues and Dowler was reached for 6 runs on 7 scattered hits. Jelovich was hit in the mouth, before game time, the ball knocking out his bridgework. He played 4 frames and Mgr. Mooney had to juggle his line up, when Koke left the game. Vernillo led the hitters getting a double and two singles. Muscara and Guio each got a single, and double and Williams hit 3 out of 5; everyone hit, but too many errors were made. The boys sure weren't nervous at the plate, but out in the field! Oh My!

Climax Moly's game at the Wash Hi Stadium with East Washington, June 1st was called off. Since censorship of weather conditions is lifted, we can tell you that it rained like heck that day.

SUNDAY - JUNE 4TH CLIMAX MOLY SWAMP COUNTY LEAGUE LEADERS, TEN TO FIVE

Washington Mould, the league leaders, came to McCormick's field, Sunday, figuring on taking the Moly's easy, (they heard

about last Sunday's game, too!) but left for home on the short end of a 10 to 5 score.

The Climax nine, revamped and rejuvenated by Mgr. Mac Mooney's strategy in placing his men, both in the field and at bat, at the right spots, played like champions and got in the groove at once; for in first inning they reached pitcher McCombs for 3 hits and 3 runs; Fernandez hit with a pitched ball, reached first; then Muscara was also hit; and Guio hit the first ball pitched to him for his second 4 pleyer of the season. In the fourth frame; Mgr. Mooney issued a call for insurance runs, the Molders having scored once in the second. The boys obliged; Martinez walked, Fernandez singled, and the mighty Babe(Vernillo) sent out a screeching triple. Angry that it wasn't a home run, he stole home to score. Then Guio singled and scored on William's double, for a total of 4 runs on 4 hits. Then came the fatal 5th for pitcher "Mopey" Kressock. Fooling the Molders with his nothing ball for four innings, issuing 1 run on 3 hits. The night life and hard work in the Ferro plant began to tell on him, when he gave up 4 runs on 4 hits including a triple with the pillows loaded. (Ed.note:- Mike, how about those balls that went thru the infield? Tommy said in his day he'd have stopped them with one hand. You scored them "too hot to handle, eh?). Mickey Malone relieved him with two out, and proceeded to fan the catcher for the third out. Mopey was credited with the win, giving up 5 runs on 8 hits, fanning 4 in 4-2/3 innings, Malone pitched excellent relief ball in pitching 4-1/3 innings, issuing 1 hit and naking 7 fan

the breezes. The Molders were two runs behind, and too close for Mgr. Mooney's comfort, at the end of the fifth, so again the run machine was put in operation, this time in the sixth when Vernillo singled, stole second, stole third and scored on William's long fly. Again in the eight, for 2 runs; Fernandez singled, Vernillo got on by interference from the catcher, and Muscara scored both runners with a single. Totals - Climax Moly 10 runs - 10 hits - 1 error; Wash Mould - 5 runs - 8 hits - 2 errors.

Mopey put on an act in the fifth inning. An easy grounder was tapped to him and keeping his eyes on the runner, tried to field the ball. First he would pick it up, then drop it, then grope around for it, like a blind man, hearing a coin drop, falls to his knees and starts groping around for it. When Mopey did get the ball, the runner had already pitched camp over first base.

Babe Vernillo, always playing like a veteran, both at bat and in the field, dashed across left field for a foul ball, hit a stone and down he went, turning a beautiful somersault. The girls in the crowd chorused "Poor Babe, oh Babe! He's hurt." Did he leave the game? No sir! He just picked himself up, shook his head a few times and was ready for play. (I don't know about the stone, but I do know that his girl was there! Any connection?).

Peg Williams really labors getting to the bases when he gets a hit. When he comes trundling down to first, people look over to the tracks to see if another troop train is passing by. On the double that he hit today, he barely made it. Then called time and pretended to tie his

shoe laces.

INVASION DAY, calling off all sports for a period of 24 hours, postponed the Climax Moly's trek to Washington for their game with Washington Mould.

JUNE 8TH

Climax Moly, after spotting McWreath Dairy three runs, came from behind and defeated them, 6 to 3.

Kazarrack, second man up for McWreath, homered. In the second frame, he again homered, this time with a man on. This one should have been a putout as Fernandez lost the ball in the sun, came up on it, and the ball sailed over his head. Repole, who was catching, walked to the mound and said to Moe Dowler, "Hey Moe, let's have no more of that, these boys have enough runs." Well, Moe shut their tap off. Under Repole's skillful direction, Moe really bore down and fogged them in, allowing only four more hits, striking out nine, and walking no one, for his second straight victory.

The Mooney managed nine bided their time, but the innings were wasting away. Then came the sixth and the merry-go-round started! Vernillo led off with a double. The third strike was called on Capt. Muscara, and did he squawk! (You see, he and his his nephew, Babe, have a bet on who gets the most strike outs between them). Well, the umpire didn't alter his decision, even after Pete almost drew a blueprint of where the ball came across. Out number One. Guio then sent out a hot one that the second baseman juggled and he was safe. Peg Williams sent out a ball good for two bases, but he got his usual single on it and Vernillo scored. Kuzior bounced one down to third and was safe when it was ruffed,

filling the pillows. Jelovich sent one through the box scoring Guio. Bases still full. Repole forced Williams at the plate. Did you ever see a guy SLIDE into home with bases loaded? Well Peg slid! Did I say slid? He came stomping down from third, put one foot on the plate and laid down! Beautiful huh? Out? Heck yes! The catcher had already touched home and had thrown the ball to the pitcher while Peg was picking out a soft spot to fall on! To continue, Dowler smacked one to third which was bobbeled, and scored Kuzior, knotting the count 3 all. With the hassocks full of Moly's and two out Fernandez smashed out a clean bingle to score Jelovich and Repole, putting the Climaxers out in front five to three.

McWreath threatened in their half of the sixth. Dowler put Sallina on when he hit him with a pitched ball. Doak singled him to third and then stole second. Tying runs in scoring position and none out. Dowler was really in a hole. Sallina took just a little too much lead off third, when Moe pitched and "Reep" whipped the ball down to Jelovich and picked Sallina off, so pretty! Koke was spiked on the play and retired from the game. Fernandez took over third base, Kuzyck went into right field. One gone, still a man on second. Then he strayed a bit too far when "Zip" went ball from Repole to Guio this time and Doak was a dead pigeon! Two away, and Dowler was out of the hole. What an arm that boy, Repole has! Then Barrow retired the side when he went out Dowler to Williams.

The Climaxers scored an insurance run in the seventh, which they didn't need; Guio singled, Williams bingled him to third, and when Shultz let go with a

wild pitch, Guio scored. Shultz went all the way, giving up 6 runs and 8 hits.

The Climax Moly Nine swamped the Washington Red Wings 15 to 7 on McCormick Field; Sunday the 11th.

The Moly's, with their war clubs blasting away at three Red Wings pitchers, turned the game into a rout and wound up on the long end of a 15 to 7 score. The Mooney managed men have won 4 out of their 5 games to date, and defeated the best that Washington has put on the field. They certainly are mowing down their opposition, and by comfortable margins too. The leading hitters are; Guio - 500; Vernillo - 381 and Capt. Muscara - 368. Pitching - Dowler, won two lost one. Mopey - Two wins and no losses, and Malone is set down with the only loss.

Scoring; the Red Wings jumped on Pappas quickly; getting two runs and the bases loaded, with none out, when Mgr. Mooney sent in Mopey to relieve him. Mopey put the Queenus on them retiring the side one, two, three. They scored two more in the second, and Mooney began looking for a suit to put on and go into relieve Mopey. But, Mopey quickly settled down and shut their tap off. By this time, Mooney had a rut worn in front of the bench, from worrying about that four run lead. Capt. Muscara said to Mooney, "Don't worry Mac, now that we are even, we'll blaze away." Mooney asked how could they be even when they were four runs behind. Pete said, "that spot evens us up." And blaze away they did in that half of the second; the mighty slugger Guio led off, blasting his third

round tripper in five games. Kuzior walked, Malone walked, then Repole bingled, scoring Kuzior. Mopey sent one through the box to score Malone, and Fernandez scored Repole with a single. Vernillo walked, and with all of the stations occupied, Capt. Muscara smashed out a tremendous double, and everyone came home for a total of 7 runs. Red Wings came back with one in the third, and the Moly's retaliated with two scores on a single, a walk and two errors. The Reds scored again in the fourth, for one. Too close for comfort, so again the war drums sounded, and the Climaxers came out of the fourth with four more runs. -- Williams singled, Kuzior walked and Malone doubled them home; Repole reached first on a miscue and both runners scored on the shoddy fielding of the Red Wings. A rally was started in the 5th frame by the Red Wings, a double, then a single, for a run, the next three men loaded the bases with none out, when Mickey "Fireman" Malone, our ace reliefer, was called in from right field, Mopey going to the showers, and Kuzyck taking Malone's place in the field. "Fireman" Malone quickly put out the threatened rally by striking out two and making the third bounce out pitcher to first. The "Fireman" gave up only 2 hits for the balance of the game, and fanned 6 of the Red Wings. The Moly's garnered two insurance runs (as if they needed them!) in the fifth, Williams walked, Kuzior sent him scurrying (scurrying?) home with his 2 base clout, and scored himself when he was forced in by 3 consecutive walks. Three Red Wings pitchers tried to silence the Moly's war clubs, but the way that they were clouting them today, no one could have silenced them. Mopey was credited with the win.

Mgr. Mooney has secured a suit, and we expect to see some of that tough pitching of his, (at least he said he used to be tough). Capt. Muscara is planning to put all of the players in the outfield the day he pitches. I don't know if we can get enough, in the outfield!

WELL BOYS, DO YOU LIKE THE NEW ADDITION TO THE CLIMAX NEWS?



- VISITS -

First on our list of visitors are two hang-overs from last month. Scopel and Dennis were here last month but failed to sign the register -- in fact Dennis was here the day we went to press. He had been home for several days, but Mrs. Dennis kept him pretty busy for awhile, so he couldn't pay us an official visit earlier. Both of these visitors from the Great Lakes looked well taken care of. Greeny was anxious to get back to camp to stay with his company, and did so but we hear since that the whole outfit was transferred

to the Sea-Bees. Speed seems to have drawn gunnery school down in good old Mississippi.

Pete Secco, a seasoned sailor, was our non-Clinax visitor. Pete has been places during his stay in the Services. We were glad to welcome Pete.

We find Geo. Fulmer's name next on our visitors register. We seem to miss Geo. on most of his visits. He doesn't seem to get extended furloughs. Perhaps, after a few trips he will get a longer stay and then can pay us a real visit.

Mike Revay was in to see us on the 29th. Mike missed seeing Martin whose furlough ended before he arrived home. -- Mike is another of our seasoned sailor boys having several trips abroad under his belt. Martin, for your information, your little brother hasn't shrunk up any since we last saw him.

Red Ingran, who hasn't been seen around these parts for some time rolled in to see us on the 24th. Red has been sojourning down in Jap William's territory-- Florida. Red is still willing to sell his share in the Army any old day.

Another non-Clinax visitor was Lt. Paul Gretskey of Langeloth. He had just finished his training as a bomber pilot, and was home on his after-graduation furlough.

Johnnie Saska was in June 2nd to see everybody on a stop-over furlough. Johnnie looked fine and reports the Navy is OK.

Tuck Jackson - another of our sailor lads who has been places in the Pacific theatre of operation - is home on a well earned furlough. Tuck came in and spent a pleasant time renewing old acquaintances. Tuck looked fine,

and reports he is returning to the West to become an instructor and take up some schooling on his own. Good luck Tuck and keep us informed of your movements.

Hubert Meneely, Jay's brother, a sailor lad with some trips to his credit was through the plant with Tuck. Hubert seems to have filled out since eating Navy chow, or was it our imagination Hubert?

Another visitor - Lt. Bud Williamson whose doings are credited elsewhere, found time to come up and look the plant over.

Another Clinaxer who was home on furlough, but who didn't pay us a visit, at least his name didn't appear on the register, was Frank Bernatonis. Seems they are shipping Frank around a bit. He tells us the story of having the M.P.'s or shore patrol out looking for him when he was back on duty from his last furlough. Some error in his papers had Frank AWOL, but its all ship-shape now.

And "Tip" Richey kept his promise too. He called at the plant and had a real visit with all of us. Tip was sporting two stripes indicating his start up the ladder. He informs us he is now in Ordinance. Tip looked fine, and from all reports he had a bang-up time while on furlough.

We thought the Marines had passed us up for this issue, but not so. Stanley Zdybicki came in to see us on the 10th. Stanley is still stationed at Quantico, and he looks fit as a fiddle which would seem to indicate he is getting three square meals everyday.

W.L. "Pete" Malone from Great

Lakes was home during the first week in June. Pete was in fine condition, and says all is going along nicely. He hasn't been assigned but hopes to get into something interesting when he returns to camp.

- - - - -
- NEW ADDRESSES -

1. Lt. Raymond G. Adams
APO 5389, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.
2. Pvt. John Adamson, 33938492
Co. A, 197 bn.
Camp Blanding, Fla.
3. A/C George M. Atherton
13133806, Sqd. No. 1
Class 44F, Napier Field
Dothan, Ala.
4. T/3 Rudolph J. Chastulik
33398060, APO 519, c/o PM
New York City
5. Harry C. Dennis, A/S
Co. B, Bks. 81, GunCrew 1966
Gulfport, Miss.
6. Pvt. Alden E. Farner, 33698356
Hq. Det., 153rd Air. AABn.
APO 333, Camp Mackall, N.C.
7. Pvt. Thomas H. Fischer,
333938963, D-10-4, FARTC
3rd Plat., Fort Bragg, N.C.
8. George Fulmer
Langeloth, Pa.
9. Cpl. Andrew Geffert, 33675805
APO 244, c/o PM, San Fran. Calif.
10. Cpl. Caesar J. Grossi, 33306250
Hq. Det. 302nd QM., SVBn.
Camp Anza, Calif.
11. Nicholas Hallahan, S 2/C
896-38-06, Unit C-2-114
Camp Peary, Williamsburg, Va.
12. Pvt. Joseph A. Invernizzi
33153672, Co. F, 4th Bn.
ASF - PRD, Camp Beale, Calif.
13. Edward W. Jackson, Momm 2/C
SCTC, Roosevelt Base
San Pedro, Calif.
14. PFC Raymond E. Kirkpatrick
33688801, Co. X, APO 15323
c/o PM, New York City
15. Stephen Kuritz, A/S
Co. 4292 Bks. 414U, USNT Cntr.
Bainbridge, Md.
16. Charles Mader, A/S
Co. 4292, Bks. 414U, USNT Cntr.
Bainbridge, Md.
17. Pvt. Robert H. Morgan, 3398049
APO 79, c/o PM, New York City
18. Sgt. George L. Murray USMC
c/o FPO, San Fran., Calif.
19. Attilio Napolitano, MM2/C
c/o FPO San Fran., Calif.
20. Cpl. Anthony J. Pusateri
33685192, Co. G, 201st Inf.
Camp Carson, Colo.
21. Pvt. Joseph P. Pusateri
13171657, 8th Ftr. Sq.
49th Ftr. Gp., c/o APO 713
c/o PM, San Fran., Calif.
22. S/Sgt. Paul Ryan, 13060272
Co. A, 36th Tank Bn.
c/o APO 258, Camp Polk, La.
23. Mike Sabatasse, S 1/C
c/o FPO, New York City
24. PFC James Sarracino, 33398099
APO No. 5306, c/o PM
San Frans., Calif.
25. Vernon E. Scopel, A/S
Co. 708, USNTS
Great Lakes, Ill.
26. Sgt. Ludwig D. Stetar, 33109205
4126 BTSTTA, SBAAB
San Bernadino, Calif.
27. Cpl. Clyde W. Truax, 33688775
Hq. Batt., 287th FA Obsn. Bn.
c/o APO 5375, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.
28. Cpl. Maurice L. Westlake,
33688792, APO 5375, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.
29. Sgt. Stanley Zabetakis
33418386, APO 230, c/o PM
New York, New York

- - - - -
*So long for now
fellas - Best
always -
Ye Editors
and
staff.*



UNITED STATES
ARMY



UNITED STATES
NAVY

CLIMAX NEWS



UNOFFICIAL PUBLICATION FOR THE
BENEFIT OF CLIMAX EMPLOYEES
NOW IN THE ARMED SERVICES
OF THE UNITED STATES



UNITED STATES
MARINE CORPS



UNITED STATES
AIR CORPS

EVEN-STEVEN

That's the way kids do business. Each wants something the other has, and they swap -- "even-steven" -- and both happy. Which is essentially the way America does business.

A man swaps his work for goods produced by the work of others. A farmer swaps his produce for what steel workers make, just as the old village cobbler, blacksmith and wheelwright exchanged their wares for cord-wood and hog meat. Few see any money except what's in a pay envelope, and they rarely get more than a quick glance at that.

It's all pretty much on an even-steven basis. Maybe some get a little more merchandise than others because they work harder or are smarter, luckier, in better health, stronger or more skillful. But by and large the exchange is fair. Some get more fun and less in the way of things. Some swap a few years of living in order to live fancier while they last.

One home is much like another. There's usually a bathroom, light, warmth and running water. Millions listen to the same radio program. A ripple of chuckles sweeps from coast to coast when Charlie McCarthy pops off. In summer, the same announcer barks his commercials through every open window in the neighborhood. A great orchestra in Boston fills the air of California with the mystic beauty of music.

Those big bags in a super market all contain about the same stuff -- the same fresh vegetables and fruit, same canned goods and pork chops, the same good coffee, butter and soap.

Clothes all look about alike -- a farmer's daughter is just as chic as girls in village or city. An office boy is more apt to set the styles than the president.

Literally almost nothing is made in quantity in this country that is beyond the reach of the average wage earner. There just isn't any profitable market for luxuries for the wealthy, barring a few jimcracks that nobody really wants.

Any movie house puts on a better show than any night club. The finest spectacle you can see is a ball game -- or maybe the circus. Almost every family owns a car and can travel anywhere in peace time. Anyone who wants to can hunt and fish. There's plenty of land and scenery for those who want to live in the country and keep chickens, plus bus service to get back and forth.

The truth is that America isn't a rich man's country. It isn't organized for idle living or putting on the dog. Those who try to be exclusive usually wind up by simply being lonesome. The whole layout -- homes, schools, hospitals, roads, transportation, beaches and parks, hot dogs and public utilities -- is a sort of even-steven swapping -- a pooling of national effort to create good living for all.

Let's ponder over that for a minute. The heart and soul of America is an eagerness to produce what millions want, so that millions will produce what you want. What is our national wealth? Not hoarded money. Not loot we've stolen. Our wealth is a new idea in economics. It is our enormous daily production to satisfy enormous daily demand for everything -- for good food, leisure, happiness, health and courageous outlook. Our wealth is good living -- and individual opportunity to create it and share it.

Now suppose that for some reason or other a considerable number of us should stop producing. They'd have nothing to swap and would have to get along with less. That would throw millions out of jobs, for you can't run a factory without customers. A vicious downward spiral like that could become quite a mess.

The American way is for all to work hard and live well. If we stopped working, we'd stop living well. If we stopped living well, we'd stop working. It's as simple as that.

From "Good Living"
By Courtesy
Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Co.

May we call your attention to the above quoted editorial, and recommend a second reading? It seems to us to boil things down into a nut-shell. "Even-Steven, it's as simple as that." Had you ever given serious thought as to how ones daily efforts are translated into the "Good-Living" we enjoy? ---- And we like to think this Even-Steven philosophy is broader than just America. For after all isn't it essentially the way the World does business too? You Service men are spread to the four corners of the earth. Can you not look about you and see how this philosophy applies to many items of commerce we enjoy here in America? Is it too much to hope that the World eventually will go Even-Steven on a grand scale -- do business the kids way.



HI SOLDIERS, SAILORS AND MARINES!

We don't mean to make any of you country lads envious, but since Tommy Tomlinson insists Ye Editor keeps small gravel stones in his shoes so he'll feel at home, we just have to remark on how fine the small grain crops looked on a recent trip out to the middle west. All of which reminds us that on June 21st we silently slipped from Springtime to Summertime, and did we have some real blistering days -- real farmers delight. And it almost put Ye Editor out just "observing" the field work. Some of you lads know how old Sol can really come down in an open harvest field. --- And we must also observe that our Natal day, July 4th, has come and gone for another year. Time may seem to go slowly for you Service men, but it seems to fly for us. As you all can imagine July 4th was just another work day here at Climax, except for extra work

which was held to a minimum. We just wonder how each of you celebrated July 4th. Like most national holidays, it is difficult to get people of another country to be enthused. Perhaps, some of you celebrated in your own way. We hope you did, and that you didn't wake up with too big of a head. Let's hear about these celebrations! --- And here we go around the world with our roving correspondents: -----

EXCERPTS FROM - CAMP GOSSIP -

We start with a 204 card from Lt. Raymond Adams who seems headed for Pacific duty. The old man informs us that he also has no further word. One of us should hear soon and, meanwhile, best of luck to you and your colored boys, Ray.

A card from Seaman Henry Utah says: "I'm on the move again."

Am now on my way to Electrician
Mate school at Boston. Just
one more step toward sea duty."
Congrat's, Oliver. We are
waiting for further word and
a new address.

We have a new address for
Ex-Climaxer, Wendell Brabson
who has joined Alden Farner at
Camp Mackall.

Here's a poem, contributed
by Sgt. Henry Pirih, which needs
no explanation:

"THAT'S ENGLAND"

When the heavenly dew slips
thru the breeze,
And you walk through mud up
to your knees,
Where the sun don't shine and
the rain flows free,
And the fog is so thick you can
hardly see,

THAT'S ENGLAND

Where you live on Brussell
sprouts and spam,
And powdered eggs that aren't
worth a damn,
Where in town you can purchase
fish and spuds,
And kill the taste with a mug
of suds,

THAT'S ENGLAND

You hold your nose when you
gulp it down,
Its hits your stomach and it
makes you frown,
For it burns your throat, makes
your tongue feel queer,
Its rightly named Bitters,
Its sure as hell not beer,

THAT'S ENGLAND

And those pitch black nights
when you stay out late,
It's so bloody dark you can't
navigate,
There's no transportation so
you will have to hike,
And get your tail knocked off
by some damn bike,

THAT'S ENGLAND

Where most of the girls are
blonde and bold,
And think Yanks pockets are
lined with gold,
And the Piccadilly Commando's
with faces painted allure,
Know how to get your money,
That's for sure,
THAT'S ENGLAND

This little isle ain't worth
saving, I think,
Cut loose the ballons and let
it sink,
I ain't complaining but I'll
have you know,
Life's tough as Hell in the ETO.

Our first letter from Normandy
also comes from Henry and speaks
for itself. "Just a few lines
to let you know that I'm now in
France. I've had my second boat
ride and I hope the next one
will be back to the States.
Had a few exciting nights on
the boat and spent one night on
a ferry. I wish I could tell
you more about this place, but
I've said plenty already. Now
that we pass on the right side
of the road, it seems more like
home, but It's not the side we
drive on; it's the center, not
taking any chances. The wine
here is not bad at all. Time
is short now so I'll close
hoping everyone the best of
luck." Same to you Henry.

M/Sgt. David Tunno is back
in action again after his stay
in the States. This time Dave
is flying from Italy. "Things
are pretty tough over here.
I've had quite a few tough raids,
eleven this trip. Of course,
don't tell the old man, he
worries. (Ed. note: The old man
knows, Dave. Somebody spilled
the beans shortly after your
last visit home). This Italia
isn't what the old Ginzo's say
it is. It must have changed a
lot. I'm back near the outfit
I was with over here before; am
in the outfit I was in during

peace time. I intend to be home in a few more months if I don't have any more trouble. I've had a slew of close ones this time. Tell everyone hello."

Another in our "impressions of England" series comes from Cpl. Mike Skarupa, who writes: "The country is beautiful but I'd take the States any day as we have beautiful places too. In fact better than here. The towns I have visited so far are awful; not enough rooms and the pubs are worse. They are something like the dives back home where you have to cut your way through the smoke. I don't imagine this country is so bad after you get used to it, but I'd have a hell of a time doing that. I hope it doesn't last much longer or I'd go nuts here." Like most of this month's letters from England, Mike's was written before June 6th. We feel that we are out of date on all you boys in ETO and hope to be much more timely next month. In fact, most of the May letters should have been in last month's issue but didn't get here.

Sgt. Frank Russell writes from England (May 21st) that "We aren't doing much at present, but I think we will before long. I hope it's soon, for the sooner this thing is over, the better for everyone." It was soon in starting Doggie, but there's still a long road for you Engineers to build. Doggie remembers the old quartet that Bill Metz mentioned. "How well I remember those good old days. Does Bill Friday still sing baritone?" We don't know offhand, but somebody can sing awful loud in that locker room.

The next letter comes from the opposite quarter of the compass, where Cpl. Andrew Geffert read the birthday issue, "by the light of the silvery Hawaiian

moon. The picture of the cake looked good enough to eat." The original was! And we thought of you all when we ate it. Andy is "getting along fine and hope all the boys at the Climax are doing fine also."

Ship Fitter Martin Revay writes from California: "Our seabags are already aboard ship so it's just a moments notice to shove off. We sure are ready. You've never seen a group as anxious as we are to get at those little boys again. Our hut seems empty and haunted but the boys are all happy. They are singing and playing cards and making those dominos come seven and eleven. What a happy crew! I sure enjoyed my leave. It was swell seeing lots of the boys I used to work with. Hope it won't be too long until we are all together again."

Seaman Charles Mader insists that he is "still alive and likes the Navy better every day. I hope you and the gang feel as good as I do. So far I have gained 12 pounds and feel fine." Charlie sends the Bainbridge Mainsheet as usual and we feel like old subscribers to that paper. Since his letter, Chuck has finished his boot and you should see him. He really looks like a new man. Back at Bainbridge, Chuck writes: "I am still in one piece but all alone and lonesome as hell. They sure busted up a swell gang. I just came back from mess and ran into Steve (Kuritz). There was a shipping tag on his shirt and he is leaving soon. I made Shipfitter but don't know when I will be shipped. I have a pretty soft job now. They made me MAA over a detail taking care of four boilers. But I

don't know how long it will last."

Next report from England (May 23) comes from PFC Jay Meneely. "It is impossible to tell anything of what we are doing over here, but I believe that Hitler is plenty worried. You spoke of the hotel Metro-pole in a certain city. I've been there a couple of times but didn't see it. An Englishman told me it had been rebuilt into a place called the Pavillion. It's sure a honey of a place. I have also heard of the Winter-garden but didn't see it. If I ever get back there, I'll make a special point of looking the place up. At the time, I was on one of those short passes where you spend most of your time trying to figure out the English transportation system. Of course, I spent some time exploring pubs. A pleasant pastime."

Pvt. Thomas Fischer complains that the News has no addresses of men at Fort Bragg. We believe you are the only one there, Tom, but Tip is at Maxton and Farner at Mackall. Tom is "glad to hear the stack is working. We need a stack like that for our barracks for they are hotter than the roasters. I hear the weather is pretty cool up there. If it is too cool, let me know and I will send a little of our heat up your way. This Army life is the real thing, especially the Field Artillery. But we don't get much time on guns. Most of it is on communications with the guns as a sideline. Tell Cookie that I have made a reveille bunk three mornings in a row and haven't been caught yet. He is the culprit who told me how."

Left alone when Farner and Brabson pulled stakes, Pvt. John Schrockman is "still in Georgia and it's hot as hell here. We have been on alert to move out quite a few times, but I am still

driving and working in the garage a lot of hours. They are changing our AAA into Infantry and it won't be long now. Give my regards to all. Keep the good work going and I'll keep them rolling."

Seaman Frank Bernatonis finds "this dump little better than Norfolk as a liberty town. Don't know how long we will be here but I don't think it will be many days. I hear scuttlebutt that we are scheduled for Pacific duty but nothing is definite in the Navy. I really don't care where we go, but I think Europe would be better. Chances are I could run into my friend Matt and have a few mugs of that dishwater. How are things over there, Matt? I hear you are official wash-woman aboard ship." Blacks is a Radar man again and "I've had things pretty easy the past month or so. On the training cruise I spent my time playing pinochle. At the Lakes for gunnery, I spent the day walking around and, coming down the river, I stood no watches but did have to do a little work."

PFC Raymond Kirkpatrick writes from a POE. "Have moved around since my last letter but am still in the States, though it may not be for long. I like it OK here. The camp is nice, the chow is good, lots of entertainment on the post and plenty of good beer at a nickel a throw. Hope everything is fine at the Climax. Keep the Moly rolling so we can put those guys out of commission soon, for I like working there a lot better than this business." Kirk's father hasn't heard from him since we have, so it's a safe bet he is on his way. Best of luck to you, kid.

Our very first post invasion

letter from the European Theatre was written by Lt. Peter McMahon on D-day plus two. Let Pete tell it. "The invasion we have been sweating out finally came and I've been going like bloody hell since the first hour. I flew from 3 AM on D-day until 9:30 AM safeguarding our fellows in every way possible. It was quite some sight when day broke and we saw the terrific armada of boats in the Channel and so many other planes in the sky. I know I'll never forget it. I flew again in the evening and really found myself. Two of us were buzzing over France shooting up locomotives and Jerry tanks when we saw German planes flying right on the deck. We broke into them and suddenly I was right on the tail of one. I gave him a good burst and he went right in burning. Right, then another turns up about 300 yards ahead and I took a deflection shot but missed. Then I went head-on into him and got solid strikes on his canopy and tail. I turned as soon as I passed him and he went burning into a pasture and rolled over on his back. I mean those burning crosses look good. So I have two Jerries to my credit on D-day. We were strafing and dive bombing yesterday and today. I have over 80 hours of combat flying now." We hear from other sources that Pete got two more on the 8th, the same day he wrote. Also that he is now a First Lt. and wears the Air Medal.

Our letter from Fireman Matt Donovanitch was written May 28th, so we don't know how he fared on D-day. But he was the same old Matt when he wrote. "I sure got a laugh out of Frank Rozmus' description of the pubs, and he didn't miss a thing when he told you about this beer. My biggest trouble is trying to figure out the money. The first few times I went out I had enough change to fill a calcium bag. I think

before very long we might give some of our boys a ride which I know they'll be glad to get as it will mean an early return to the good old States. Tell George to save a screwdriver and wrench for me as I sure will be glad to work for him again." Later comes a letter from Matt (June 26) which is his second attempt since D-day. "I wrote you one a few days ago and the censor cut over half and handed it back to me. So far they are treating us very good considering what we have to do and so far everything has turned out fine. The last few days we have had liberty but it doesn't last very long and we are soon back at our same old duties. Every chance I get I try to find some of the boys from home but this is one hell of a big place and there are sure a lot of men over here. If I don't find any of the boys, I guess we can celebrate when we get home. I see where some of the boys are enjoying nice leaves at home. I wouldn't know what to do with a leave over here, for I'd have to come back to the ship to get something to eat. You can't get fat drinking tea and I am sure glad I'm in the Navy as we at least get three squares a day and a place to sleep. I sure couldn't stand what the Infantry has to go through. It's no pushover."

Seaman Warren Malone's card says: "Here I am, way out west in Kansas. Have been assigned to Naval Air Transportation and expect to become a flying orderly (similar to a freight conductor) in a few weeks." Please write more, Pete. You are our first in that branch.

We continue to receive the Camp Peary paper every week from Seaman Nicholas Hallahan, but this time there is no letter to

supplement it. Come across, Nick.

We have two V-mailers from Seaman Rennison Malone which we received on the same day. Renny must have been in a writing mood and it sure suits us. "I have been in my height of glory since the boys on my ship heard of Moly. Some thought it was a woman, some a drink and others a work of magic. I have them fairly well straightened out and all of them would like to see it made. Now if someone will tell me what it is, my own curiosity will be satisfied. Our officer was formally a chemistry fiend so I had to pull the damper on the breeze when I talked to him about it. You can tell Bill Morris that I saw that tight skinned man. Also tell Jimmy Reed I certainly miss cutting for the Fire Dept., but will make up for lost time when I get back." Renny's second letter (June 4) is mostly filled with praise for the News which we are too modest to print. "What interested me most was that we have more men in uniform than we have employed. I doubt very much if there are many plants that can say as much. Believe me, I let the boys know about it. One more thing of interest was Tommy's intent to play ball. I recall that he played when I was a youngster some 20 years ago. It was time then for him to hang up the gloves due to old age. Of course, we all feel the effect of a nice spring." Ain't it so?

Pvt. John Adamson received his special compensation check while "out on the firing range and have more pals now than I ever had. They all want a little chicken feed for the weekend. Went to Jacksonville last weekend and had a swell time. The only trouble is that there are too many sailors around town and the poor Infantryman doesn't have a

chance. We had a couple of speed marches and I found out how many steps there are in four miles. Tell Mitch, Doe and all the boys hello."

Last time we heard from Pvt. Charles Havelka, he was on the California desert. Now we don't know where he is but it's on the other side and didn't even need that greenback on the May news. "I'm doing all right for myself these days and feel like I've been in the Army for years, but am still a rookie. I'd sure like to be there to try out for that baseball team. I've been out of the game for two seasons now and it sure hurts not to even see a game. Maybe the boys can win a game for me. There's a bigger game going on over here and I don't think this one will end in a tie because our team looks mighty good to me. Best regards to all." And to you, Chuck; we hope you are back on our list of regular writers.

Marine PFC Bradley Yanni takes pen in hand to say, "My school days are over and I'm putting the knowledge gained to good use. Last week I went to Vermont for a week of turrets at Bell Aircraft and it really was swell. I lived like a civilian in a hotel and bought my own meals. It was really great, just like a furlough, and the sweetest part, all on Uncle. I'm now in a B25 Billy Mitchell Bomber squadron as a plane mech and sorta like the work. Give my regards to Tucker." Tuck has gone back to duty, Buzz, but he'll see this and know you thought of him. Bytheway, your kid brother worked here a while before going into Service. Remind him to write to us when you find out where he is.

The only thing wrong with AMM William Metz' leave: "It went too fast. When I returned I found a lot of my shipmates had left. From all indications I'll probably go soon myself. I'm ready. I've been pretty lucky staying in the States these 20 months. I'm sorry I didn't get to see everyone when I was at the plant. I hope we can all be seeing each other for good before too long. I got lost when I went into the new office. I opened a door and found myself in a sort of a lounge but there was no one there. (Ed. note: Said lounge is the new ladies room!). We got two civilians in our shop so there must still be a few men available. We get Waves in but it seems like they get married and then it's usually a discharge shortly after. That's one way of getting out." Now Bill, you know why they are given those discharges. Don't you try it.

Pvt. Alden Farnar found time for his usual fine letter and his usual plug for his outfit. "It took the invasion of France to prove the worth of the Airborne. They are now receiving the credit due for a long time. It gave all of us a funny feeling to listen to the radio and hear about outfits that were here with us not too long ago. Our turn is coming and we intend to give a good account of ourselves. I know there were plenty of my buddies and your buddies in the step into France and I just can't think of words to express my feelings toward the excellent job they have done. The most of us have earned our Glider wings and feel as though we have paid a pretty good price for them. Now all we need is the pay. We made a 300 mile flight some time ago. It was all double tow; 21 planes and 42 gliders. Our plane and gliders were the only ones not to get back. Our plane was running short of

gas so cut his corner short and we ended up in a storm. The gliders were forced to cut loose and land, then the plane landed in the same field. Riding a jeep over rough country was nothing compared to that flight. We are still here and I guess that is all that is necessary." Yep, they say any landing you can walk away from is a good landing.

Down South isn't the only place it gets hot these days. Sgt. Orrin Miller writes that it has been around the hundred mark in Nebraska, of all places. "I have completed my combat training so far as this country is concerned. My next stop will be a POE. We have our own ship and will be flying across. Of course, as yet I don't know where I am going, and couldn't tell you if I did, but it's too bad Speed Dennis can't be with me to get me out of the hot spots. They are really raising hell in Europe, and it's OK. This thing can't end too soon for me." Good luck Chicken; we'll be looking for that APO address.

Fireman George Kraeer is another who was moved to action by that "Be ashamed to catch yourself idle" quotation. Old Ben Franklin is getting us lots of mail. George apologizes for not seeing us on his latest 48 hours at home, and his excuse is a good one. "I didn't know these new family additions could demand so much time. (It's a girl!). I see where Climax organized a ball team. That's the spirit. I only hope it lasts until I get back. I still think I can lay a few fast ones over the plate. So Speed got caught with his blouse down. I figured that was going to happen. He couldn't resist having a handful of papers and pencils in his shirt or vest

pocket. But from the June issue, I guess I'm wrong about Harry. He still has plenty on the ball. The Burgettstown community building is a swell idea and I have one suggestion to make. Just reserve me a nice soft chair in a corner so that I can just sit and relax with no one to yell to 'hit the deck'. No G.Q. and no abandon ship drills. Boy, that would be something."

From way out in New Guinea, Sgt. Michael Harris writes that he has just received a copy of the News and, "Was more than glad to get it. That was the first reading material I have gotten in a long time. That is, something from home that one really appreciates, especially on this lonely island. I can say one thing for this place; we have movies every night. Our pix aren't the latest, but for a place like this they'll do. There must be a big change in the plant. I sure will be glad to see the place again. I used to think eight hours was a long shift, but the Army has more than that and I don't think I'll ever complain again. It seems funny, but so far I haven't met anyone from the plant. I'M sure some of the boys must be here." Several of the boys are out your way, Mike, but of course we don't know exactly where. Just keep looking.

Here's that long-awaited letter from Andrew Bayus, who we note is now a sergeant. He has been receiving the News a couple of months behind schedule due to frequent moves but, "everything is in tip top shape with me. I am no longer with my original company in Ireland. I was transferred sometime ago to another unit here in England. We were stationed in southern England at first and had an opportunity to visit London and other cities.

Some of the famous buildings I saw are Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey, St. Pauls Cathedral, The Bank of England and many other interesting sights. My work is completely different from what I did in my old unit, but I'm managing to do fairly well." Thanx for a nice letter, Andy. Let's hear again and often.

Another report from England comes from Cpl. Gene Sprando, a fairly recent arrival there. Gene is preparing to play the Victory Polka on Unter den Linden, and meanwhile, "Had a wonderful trip across. England is a swell place; the country is really beautiful. Our dance band has played a couple of jobs and the people responded very well." The rest of Gene's letter is taken up with nice words about the News which is music to us but we won't quote it. We can only say what we always say: You fellows really write this paper, so, if it is worth anything, come across with more material.

Pvt. James O'Donnell is "OK, and still in Washington, but for how long I can't tell. We have been to the beach again doing some firing, and it sure was hot this time. We got to go swimming a few times, and did fairly well with our firing. There is still a bunch of Waves and Wacs here. You never get tired of this place. The only thing I see wrong with the Army is that they won't pay a man enough to stay here. You can't go out for nothing in this town. (Show us the town where you can) I suppose the plant is still rolling along with the production. That's what we need to win the war."

Seaman Stephen Kuritz has left his old pal Charlie all

alone at Bainbridge. Steve has "just made a jump and a big one, but the bigger jump will come in a few days. I am now at Portland, Maine and it's a swell place; plenty of good chow and liberty. I am assigned to a destroyer, but hope I don't have to go aboard until after my Saturday and Sunday liberty. After, that, I don't care if we head straight for the Nazis and Japs. You fellows stay in and pitch and we will do the catching and chasing." Good luck, Steve, and don't forget those good writing habits.

From the Southwest Pacific, Pvt. Joseph Pusateri does a bit of catching up on his letter writing. Joe says, "They have assigned me out here to work in the Intelligence office of our squadron. The work is very interesting as we are always in contact with the pilots and their activities. Yesterday, I enjoyed my first ball game of the year via short wave. It was between Brooklyn and Philadelphia. Here's hoping I catch a Pirate game one of these days. Tell all the gang at work I said hello." Joe adds that he hasn't received the News for quite a while. A copy should be catching up with him soon.

Gunners Mate John Yandrich is another who has to apologize for not getting to see us last time he was home. We forgive all such offenders who take the trouble to write. Jake has been reading about our ball club and "They are doing all right. I only wish I was there playing with you, but I'll be over here pulling for you fellows. I can't tell you where now, but will tell you all about it on my next trip in. I'm all right and getting along fine. It's kind of tough to write a letter when you can't say what you want. So I'll just say so long, fellows; keep up the

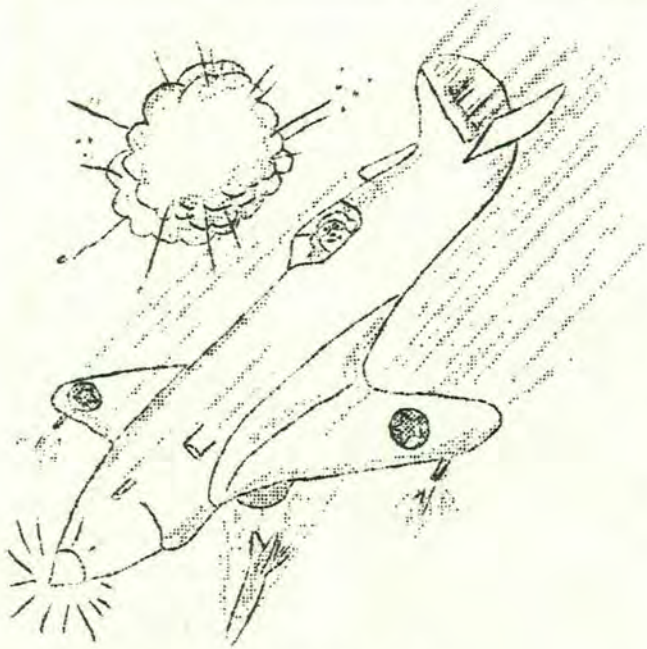
good work."

To close the list this time we have a letter from a certain party who asks us not to print it. That's a pretty hard thing to ask especially since it has been several months since we heard from this certain medic, who wears the Air Medal but since he put it the way he did, the ethics of the press won't allow us to tell his name. At the same time, we wouldn't be serving the best interests of our subscribers if we didn't quote a few lines. "Time is sure flying out here. It doesn't seem like it has been eighteen months since I left the old country. I will soon be a vet. The ball club is the best news I have read for some time. What are the chances for a fellow when he gets back? I guess you fellows wonder what the hell is the matter with me because I don't write to you at least once a year. Here is the skinner on that business. To start off with my secretary has been drafted (or dafted) and, as I am an old man (almost 24) things are a little hard. The way I figure things, they must have rationed the Clinax fellows down here. Tell Cap I said hello. As you will note, I have a new APO number. Hope to change it soon." Now, men, have we told you anything?

- TID BITS -

I have a pain in my abdomen, said the rookie to the Army doctor. "Young man", replied the medico, "officers have abdomens, sergeants have stomachs; YOU have a bellyache.

"So you complain of finding sand in your soup?" "Yes sir." "Did you join the Army to serve



GIVE IT TO THEM!

your country, or complain about the soup?" "To serve my country sir -- not to eat it."

You don't make foot prints in the sands of time by sitting down.

What did women do before there was war work -- and who does now what they used to do?

Our problems:

Some we solve easily;
 Some we solve with great difficulty;
 Some we work out through sheer perseverance;
 Some die;
 Some vanish in thin air;
 Some are solved by events;
 Some are worked out for us by friends or associates;
 Some we solve quite by accident;
 Some we discover to have existed only in our own minds;
 Some are solved by Time;
 Some are never solved; we have to live with them.

--- By RRU - Private Wire

Liquor may be slow poison -- but who's in a hurry?

We can't tell whether some girl's dresses are too short, or if they're in them too far.

Even though every enemy is destroyed, we'll lose this war if the American way of life becomes a casualty.

When a man reaches the time when he can afford to sleep late, he's so old he can't help but wake up early.

- - - - -
 - SIDE GLANCES -

THE INFANTRY SPEAKS

"We're as Tired as You - - - - -
 But We Keep A-going!"

Lt. James Eldridge O'Dell of Catonsville, Md., picked up a scrap of paper bearing this poem on a New Guinea beach - - - - -

"So you're tired of working, mister, and you think you'll rest a bit.

You've been working pretty steady and you're getting sick of it.

You think the war is ending, so you're slowing down the pace.

That's what you may be thinking, sire, but it just ain't the case.

What would you think, sir, if we quit because we're tired, too?

We're flesh and blood and human, and we're just as tired as you.

Did you ever dig a foxhole, and climb down deep inside,
 And wish it went to China, so you'd have some place to hide.
 While motored "buzzards" packed with guns were circling overhead
 And filled the ground around you with hot, exploding lead?

And did you ever dig out, mister, from debris and dirt,
 And feel yourself all over to

see where you were hurt,
 And find you couldn't move, though
 you weren't hurt at all
 And feel so darned relieved that
 you'd just sit there and bawl?

Were you ever hungry, mister --
 not the kind that food soon gluts,

But a gnawing, cutting hunger
 that bites into your guts?
 It's a homesick hunger, mister,
 and it digs around inside,
 and it's got you in its clutches
 and there is no place to hide.

Were you every dirty, mister,
 not wilty-collar kind,

But the oozy, slimy, messy dirt
 and gritty kinds that grind?
 Did you ever mind the heat, sir,
 not the kind that makes sweat run,
 But the kind that drives you
 crazy 'til you even curse the sun?

Were you ever weary, mister;
 I mean dog-tired, you know,

When your feet ain't got no
 feeling and your legs don't want
 to go?

But we keep a-goin', mister, you
 can bet your life we do,
 And let me tell you, mister, we
 expect the same of you.

As you shall see "Side Glances"
 are going to be few and far be-
 tween, as the old saying goes.
 Seems all is quiet on the home
 front -- too quiet, as a matter
 of fact. There is little to
 record in the way of happenings
 in and around the plant this
 month.

As this is being written (week
 of July 2nd) construction work
 and electrical installations are
 at an end. Slim Elliott and his
 electricians pulled out their
 tools on July 8th. This ended a
 long stay at Climax for Mac
 McKean's men. Something like
 two years this last hitch.

The final wind-up of the electri-
 cal work found Mac's men install-
 ing the lines and switches to run
 the new dust collecting system
 on the Ferro crusher lines. This
 dust collector (one on each
 crushing circuit will set up on

the level of the new high screen.
 Thus, all metal dust caught is
 conveyed direct to the 80 mesh
 bin without further handling.
 Dust lines run down into the
 basement and, as nearly as could
 be determined, all points where
 dust originates from crushing,
 are covered by a suction box
 or hood. This, we hope, will
 eliminate or greatly minimize
 the dust conditions which have
 existed since the new crushing
 circuit went into operation.

We noted above that all con-
 struction was ended -- perhaps
 we should have said all major
 construction work is ended. Rube
 is still doing odds and ends to
 get the decks cleared. Those
 of you who have worked in the
 Ferro plant will be interested in
 one job Rube is slowly winding
 up. A new floor is being laid
 in front of the sand pits. To
 keep from stopping production
 preparation for pouring this
 floor is done on the off night
 shift, and then on Sunday when
 this department is idle Rube
 gets the old mixer going and
 by Monday morning we have a new
 section of floor to walk and
 work on. About half of this is
 completed. Also, the concrete
 bases for the old crusher lines
 are being removed on the night
 shifts. This will give much
 needed elbow room in and around
 the area of the mix hoppers.
 The ballmill bases, and mills
 are still in operation, so you
 who have formerly listened to
 their sweet music will be glad
 to know they are going merrily
 on. However, for the most
 part they are automatically fed,
 so that helps some.

And at last we can report that
 the rebuilt crusher is in place
 for the crushing of slag, and
 that we have had it in operation
 on accumulated pot cleanings.
 So far, it has worked smoothly.
 There has developed a dust prob-
 lem, of course, but now that
 we know where this dust

originates we can install the necessary exhaust fan to eliminate it.

POEM FOR THE WEAK

There ain't no justice
 In this here land.
 I just got a divorce
 From my old man.
 I laughed and laughed
 At the court's decision,
 For they gave him the kids,
 And the kids ain't his'n.

A hobby is something you go
 goofy over, to keep from going
 nuts about things in general.

And a gentleman is nothing
 but a worn out wolf.

And that reminds us, --- Little
 Red Riding Hood couldn't have
 been a modern girl. She met
 only ONE wolf.

Ye Editor has made a couple
 of fishing expeditions via the
 News which have been quite
 successful. You all will recall
 that Jack Aivalotis took the
 first bait; reported he'd seen
 our mythical "bobby" friend on
 the square at little old Warham
 England, indicating that he was
 in and around our old First
 World War training grounds.
 Anyhow, we fished again by re-
 marking that if any of you
 fellows ever got to Bournimouth
 England to go to the hotel
 Metropole, get half corked and
 have a good dinner in their main
 dining room -- and we'd be with
 you in spirit at least. - - -
 Well, believe it or not, the
 other day, Jack's mother called
 and said Jack had written her
 and asked that she call Ye
 Editor and report he had done
 just what I asked many times, -
 that is - had many meals there.
 (We're sure Jack didn't get
 half-corked). So you see it is
 a small world. We just wonder
 Jack if you ever took the time

to go out to old Corfe Castle
 some miles out of Warham? It
 was quite an old historical
 spot, and no doubt is still
 open to visitors. I've for-
 gotten my history, but it seems
 one of the early English kings
 (was it a King John) was killed
 there. And then we used to
 visit down by Lulworth Cove
 on the coast -- a quaint little
 place as so many of the small
 English towns were.

And we note Jay Meneely came
 through with a letter dated
 May 21st saying he too had been
 to that "certain city" we
 referred to, but he didn't see
 our hotel, and was informed
 it was now called the Pavillion.
 (How about it Jack). Also, that
 he had heard of the Winter-
 garden. It was a nice place,
 Jay, but the years do make
 changes you know. Let's hope
 they were for the better, and
 that your short pass was en-
 joyed.

We're tempted to make another
 cast. We wonder if any of you
 had the pleasure of entering
 England via a canal. We did
 back in 1917. It was more in-
 teresting than the usual harbor
 to train to camp entrance, as
 is the usual method. For some
 reason our transport put in at
 Liverpool, stripped her masts and
 funnels (how the gossip or
 scuttlebutt did fly while this
 was going on), and then was
 towed into the Manchester canal.
 For two days we slowly passed
 through the English countryside,
 amid many scenes of wild wel-
 coming, on our way to Manchester
 where we unloaded and went on
 our way via those funny (so we
 thought) side entrance coaches.
 Come to think of it Jack, how
 about a line or so from you --
 perhaps you could tell us a
 thing or two about the old
 camping grounds!
 FLASH, FLASH, FLASH, --AWOL'ers!!

We haven't had an official AWOL list for quite some time. We won't go to the trouble to check the score this issue, but we believe we can peel off a few names that haven't been heard from for a long, long time. If we err just write us and tell us about it. Anyway, where are the following GI Joe's:

Dutch Studa	J. Hallahan
D. Kuritz	R. Darke
J. Cook	Al Hook
Gates Malone	Bob Yolton
J. Saver	Al Sprando
W. Cramer	G. Chastulik
B. Carlisle	G. Sugick
Ab Kerner	S. Latzo
J. Potts	J. Rash
S. Sergakis	J. Aivalotis
D. Patrina	R. Walker
B. Kowalewski	S. Yandrich
W. Nicola	A. Longo
G. Sherockman	Lasobeck
J. Sweder	

to name only a few! We'd like to hear from you fellows. Have you enjoyed hearing from and about your buddies. Well, they'd like to hear from and about you. Let's have that letter or card for our next issue. Remember, that's the only subscription price. And where are our Ex-Climaxers. Let us hear from you TOO!

We know a number of you have been on the Italian front for quite some time -- and from reports we know some of you have been to or through Rome. One of the boys here at the plant, Leo Sans, is very anxious to hear from his mother, from whom he has not heard for a number of years. She lives or did live very near Rome, and he has asked that we run this note in the hope that some of you Climaxers might look her up and report to him. Her address was as follows: Rosa Frioni, Patrica, Province of Frosinone. Leo tells us that this is just outside Rome a few miles. How about some of

you taking time to look this up for Leo. Thanks!

WAC: "You should have seen the wolf holes we had to jump into."
 Civilian: "You mean fox holes."
 WAC: "No, the one I jumped into had a wolf in it."

Judge: "Why did you steal that fifty thousand dollars?"

Accused: "I was hungry."

- PLATTER CHATTER -
 by Bihum



We note from letters passing over our desk that those of you who have had time to read and reply to our last issue found our Sports Section of interest. You'll note Mike has named his section "Platter Chatter - by Bihum". That latter sounds like the famous quotation "By God, and By Jesus" from Tobacco Road. In any case Mike is doing a fine job in keeping score and recording the incidents during the games. And, it's been Ye Editor's observation that he does a pretty good job of heckling from the bench. He doesn't confine his heckling to the opposition either. We

saw him taking a gander at Mgr. Mac the other evening by threatening to substitute himself as pinch hitter. We aren't sure yet whether he was trying to show contempt for the opposition by intimating he could play in their clan, or reflecting on Mac's choice of pinch hitters. Anyway, Mooney just waved him aside and the game went on. So here's --

June 13th

CLIMAX MOLY'S 4 RUN SPURT IN THE 6TH TIES PENN CLEANERS 7 TO 7 ON THE WASH HI STADIUM.

Pappas again started on the mound for the Moly's and again he was blasted right off of it, when he gave up 5 runs in the first two frames. Captain Muscara found this boy in a lumber yard, and praised him very highly. From the way the opposing batsmen paste his offerings, Pete had better take him right back, or else, send him to the Moly farm in Eldersville for some experience. This county league competition is much too fast for Pappas. Brezinski finished the game and pitched swell ball to allow 2 runs on 3 hits for 5 frames. Fernandez is taking care of the lead off position pretty well. In today's game, he and Mickey Malone each hit two out of three. But Mickey was the "Man" today, for he snacked out a double with the sacks loaded to tie the score, and with two out too! Repole played second, and made a double play unassisted. Then, when Brezinski went to the hill, Repole went behind the mask. "Beep" strongly protested the "Umps" decisions on balls and strikes, and was chased in the 5th for using words that were never heard in Sunday school; they were really Lulu-Lulus! Mgr. Mooney gave warning, that the next time something like that happened, someone was going to be fined! Nearly all of the players are

married, so where in the heck will they get the money to pay a fine with??

June 18th

CLIMAX MOLY 14 - MCWREATH DAIRY 4

This McWreath club is leading the county league, so it just goes to show you how tough our boys really are. "Ace" Dowler was in truly great form today and won his third consecutive game. He allowed 10 hits but kept them pretty well scattered, and was in trouble but once, when in the third, he was touched for 3 markers, then eased up a bit to permit another run in the 6th. His dipsy-doodle was working swell for 14 Dairymen bit the dust via the S.O. route.

"Babe" Vernillo's girl praised his baseball ability so much to her family, that they all turned out today, to see the "Babe" perform! And perform, he did. Besides making two sensational catches in the field, he had a booming day at the bat, getting, a single, a double, and a home run to drive in 3 runs, out of 4 trips. He was really wined and dined in Cherry Valley tonight!

Mgr. Mooney cleaned the bench in an effort to hold down the score, sending in everyone but yours truly and the water boy, but the Moly's were in a hitting mood, and kept piling up the hits and runs.

F. Kuzyck's arms are hurting him from swinging the bat so much, and never hitting anything! He really fans the breezes! He accuses someone of putting holes in his bat. (Ternites maybe, huh Frank?).

Mgr. Mooney is seriously considering moving the games to Langeloth. Oh, the collections are OK, but the losing of balls really put a crimp in the finances, an average of 8 balls a game are lost on McCornick's field. So a move is very much in order.

June 21st

FERNANDEZ SPARKLES THE MOLY'S TO A 9 TO 8 WIN OVER AVELLA WITH HIS LAST INNING SMASH WITH 2 ON.

He was certainly putting it on for the Langeloth fans today; he was on the front of two double plays, worked Brezinski for 2 free passes, poled out a double, and in the last frame, smashed out a hit good for 3 sacks, but only touched first, as the tying and winning runs came across.

Brezinski pitched the distance for Avella, and was reached for 9 runs and 9 hits, to be the losing pitcher.

Pappas was brought in from the Eldersville farm to start this game. Yep! The usual happened! In the first, his offerings were pasted for 3 hits and 2 runs. In the second, he allowed only one hit. But, in the third frame, it was a nightmare, Avella hopped all over him and scored 4 runs before Mgr. Mooney took the blanket off of his dark horse, Kuzior, and sent him to the hill. With none out and 1 on Kuzior pitched like a major and retired the side without further damage. But in the fourth, Avella hopped on him for 2 runs, before he settled down and started to bore them in again. Kuzior was the winning pitcher, giving up 3 runs, 3 hits and fanned 6.

Pappas played L.F. after he was bounced off the mound and gave Mooney heart failure when in the 4th, bases loaded and two out, a fly was hit to him, he came up on it, ran back, came up again, then ran back again, to finally make the catch. That almost finished our manager.

June 22nd

CLIMAX MOLY DEFEATS WASH REDWINGS IN THE STRETCH 5 TO 4.

Capt. Muscara was given the hero's medal when he pulled today's game out of the fire.

The Moly's trailing the visitors 3 to 4, loaded the pillows in the last inning, 2 were gone, up came our captain, he worked the count to 3 and 2, then got a hold of the next pitch and sent it into right field to score the tying and winning runs. The "Best" was pitching for the Redwings, none other than Billy Sams. He allowed 5 runs on 8 hits and made 13 Moly's fan the breezes only to lose the game. The Redwings Mgr. called Mooney before the game and said to prepare for a loss, as he was out to get the Moly's this trip. He needs more than Billy Sams to defeat our Moly's.

In the home half of the last frame with the score 3 to 4 against us Koke flied out, Dowler, pinch hitting, drove out a single, Kuzior singled, Repole flied out, Tepsic again was intentionally passed to get at Muscara, Bases F.O.M., Muscara up, and in a story book finish, he poled out a liner to win the ball game. Oh my, two thrillers in two successive days, and winning them both too. A real inaugural of Langeloth field, put in swell shape through the fine cooperation of the American Zinc, and our own plant, the Climax Company.

I hear that F. Kuzyck has quit the club, leaving wide open, the position of strikeout king. Yep, Frank, it's sure tough trying to hit 'em when you can't see them. Try croquet ol boy!

June 25th

PENN CLEANERS SEND CLIMAX MOLY TO THE CLEANER VIA A 13 TO 4 SCORE.

Six errors coupled with 17 hits gave the Penn Cleaners a 13 to 4 game, sent Ace Dowler to the showers for his first loss; and put a few more grey hairs on Mooney's head. It was a sad day for our Climaxers; Mgr. Mac wanted to send the whole team to

the Eldersville farm, but the ration board wouldn't allocate the gasoline.

"Tommy" Tomlinson tried out at third before game time and was almost killed by the ground balls hit to him. When Mooney did drag him off the field, his 'ol legs were pretty well bruised up by the balls he missed. He did get two easy rollers though, and on the throws to first! Oh, what a "candy" arm! The ball didn't go past the mound! Then he alibied, saying that's where he meant to throw. (Note to Ed: I don't think Tommy ever played ball, but if he did, it was sure a long, long time ago!). (You're right Mike, and we've spent 10 years trying to find out how long ago it was.).

Mgr. Mooney, backed up by Manuel Garcy, had some heated discussion with the Ump, Dewey Russell. Garcy was kinda mad too, but he was careful to stand behind Mooney to do his jabbering. That's what they call "standing behind your back until your belly caves in."

June 30th

THE MOLY'S DEFEAT A STRONG CECIL
NINE 7 TO 6.

The Climaxers jumped on 3 Cecil pitchers and tallied seven runs in the first 3 frames. It was a good thing too, for in the last 4 frames they were able to garner only 2 hits. Dowler was on the hill for the Moly's and gave up 5 runs, on 5 hits until he was relieved by Mopey in the sixth, who gave up 1 run on 1 hit in 2 frames. A very nice crowd of Moly boosters came around for this game to add their moral support, and a great exhibition, as their favorites battled to win 7 - 6. One of the Clockmen (Cy Boles) had a bet on Cecil and you would have thought that he was from Cecil the way he was rooting for them. And did he cry, when the game was over! Oh my! It serves him

right! Next time he'll know better. (Mike, did you ever check up on how Bill Morris is betting? You never can tell, maybe Cy has been influenced).

July 2nd

MOLY'S TROUNCES AVELLA -- 12 TO 2.

Avella, calling the Moly's "lucky" in winning the last game 9 to 8 came to Langeloth for a return game and left satisfied that Climax is the better club. Brizinski, who started for Avella was then slapped for 4 runs followed by Hlavac who gave up 3 runs before Brizinski came back and silenced the Moly bats, allowing only 2 hits in the last 3 frames.

Tepsic started for Climax and pitching beautifully allowed 1 run on 1 hit in 5 frames, to get credit for the win. "Blinky" Donley, the clever young high school star went in the sixth and kept the Avellaiers handcuffed, allowing only 1 run on 1 hit. The Moly's had on their hitting clothes and fattened up their averages. And what do you know, Peg Williams went 3 for 3! Sure, all singles, how fast do you think he is? Vernillo doubled, and singled, in his 2 trips, then saw his girl in the stand, and feigned sickness to Mooney, asking to be relieved. He must of recovered rapidly, for when I looked over to where he and his gal were parked, he looked like and ad for Sal Hapatica, the very picture of health. Oh, what love can do for a fellow! In the sixth, the Hassocks, F.O.M. mighty Jelovich came up, looked the field over, took three swings at the ball, then came back to the bench. Yep, Mighty Koke, struck out! Orchids to Manuel Garcy for the way he has been handling the collections. Getting Tommy Tomlinson to kick in at every game too! Garcy is really a hustler and reports fine cooperation from the fans. (Mike, whats this we hear about

has a letter on its way to us. Perhaps we will have more details for our next issue. -- In any case we wish Ab lots of good luck. And if you haven't written to us Ab, do so and give us a report on your activities for the past few months.

- - - - -
- VISITS -

Before we examine the visitors register to see who is who, let us remind those of you who sign our book and then fail to see any of the staff, that we'd appreciate it if you would leave your latest address with the guard or in the book. Make it complete in any case. It will help us get your copy of the News going in the right direction, even though we don't get to visit with you.



We note our first visitor has a familiar name, Geffert, but we can't believe it was our Geffert. His name appears along with that of Metz' and it looks like Bill's handwriting, so maybe it was a friend of Bill's, altho' no one seems to remember. Any light on the subject Bill?

We also note Eddie Jackson paid us another visit about the 14th of June. We have learned since that Tuck is back

out on the coast after a fine furlough home. As we reported last issue Tuck looked fine, and was anxious to get back to his Packards. Wherever you go Tuck keep us informed, and don't be too fast about getting a second stretch started. Take advantage of a well earned rest if it comes your way.

Another non-Climaxer visitor was Lt. Ray Donelli, F.A. We learn he is the son of our Donelli whom you all know. We are glad he paid us a visit and sorry we didn't get to meet him.

Three Climaxers were in the plant on the 16th and 19th, but we didn't get to see any of them. They were Meneely, Hays and McGraw. Make it a point to see some of the staff when you call. We like to see how Uncle Sam is doing by you.

Merchant Seaman John Revalla was in to see us while visiting his family on the 20th. Revalla has been out so he knows all about it now. We were just thinking what a coincident it would be if Speed Dennis should be assigned to a gun crew on Revalla's ship. Stranger things have happened. Those two would re-drive a lot of nails we're thinking.

And none other than Chuck Mader was here on the 24th. Believe it or not boys, but Uncle Sam hung 19 lbs. on Chuck's frame. He looked as chipper as a spring chicken and we think he felt that way too. We note from Steve Kuritz' letter that he thinks Chuck is still in prison, compared to the Camp (Steve) was assigned to. Don't crow too soon Steve, Chuck may turn up yet as a J.G., on your ship and make you eat "them words."

Stanley Roznus, who was called home on the death of his father, was a visitor on the 24th. He looked the fine soldier we know him to be, and says everything is going fine at his camp.

Joe Henphill returned from his training in Florida to report that he learned they meant business. He says they threw everything but the kitchen sink at him. But Joe looked tip-top in spite of his strenuous training. He has been transferred for further training, as the address list will indicate. Good luck Joe, and if you get any Climaxers under your wing, be good to them, because you'll have to live with 'em after this thing is over.

On the 29th Joe Invernizzi walked in on us. As usual, Joe looked well fed and quite well taken care of. Joe came from out Texas way, so he had a nice cross-country trip, if such is possible these hot days. Joe seems to get kicked around this man's Army a lot. He'll know the manual from A to Z in all branches of Service if he keeps going.

At the end of the month Steve Kuritz blew in to tell us all about how he and Chuck Mader made the Navy sing at their boot camp. As recorded elsewhere Steve moved on to another camp, but Chuck remained in prison. We don't know the details of this prison business but it seems to have agreed with both boys for each looked fine. We hope you get going soon Steve and lots of good hunting for you and your shipmates.

G. Scopel was in on the first of July, to visit the boys and tell them all about a seaman's life. Greeny signed the register but didn't leave any address for us to use. If we can't dig up a late address he may not receive his copy of the News. How about keeping us informed Greeny, of your latest movements, and write us a line or so.

We had a fine visit with Walter Lipnicky on the 3rd and have seen him floating around the community

a number of times since. Walter, we thought, looked fine, and he reports everything about as usual in his branch of the Merchant Marines. He has a good many trips under his belt, and feels he has really seen a few places of interest altho' shore leave does not always come too easy. Good luck Walter always and especially if you find new fields to explore.

Paul Ryan, who has missed us on several previous furloughs was here on the 6th and gave us the dope on his camp life. Seems Paul is still hanging around good old Camp Polk. Unlike Joe Invernizzi he sticks pretty close to one type of service.

George Atherton who has been tied down by pilot training was home on his first furlough and visited the plant on the 7th. George reports their training was really intensive and that he is now going on into navigation work, where he knows he'll be tied down for another long grind. George looked the part of a well trained soldier, and when his navigation work is completed, he'll be an all round flying man. Here's the best of everything George and keep the old chin up.

Another Sailor lad, who is our last visitor for the month, was George Kraeer. As recorded elsewhere George has a mighty fine daughter to welcome him home, so we can expect him everytime the old ship touches shore. The best of everything George and if your furloughs aren't as frequent as indicated above, write us from the old focastle or wherever it is a Sailor writes from. Anyway, keep us up to date.

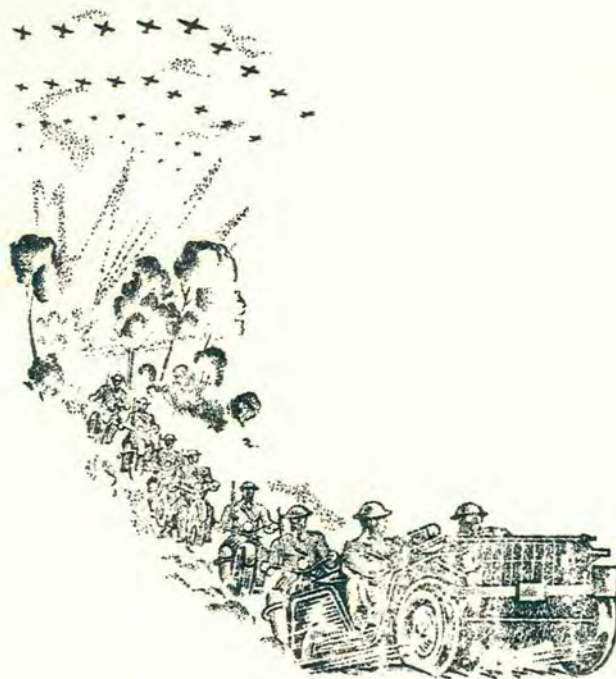
- NEW ADDRESSES -

1. Pvt. Albert F. Kuntz,
13108478
APO 709, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.
2. Edward W. Jackson, WT 2/C
USN Hospital
Ward W-7
Long Beach, Calif.
3. A. A. Kerner, CM 1/C
c/o FPO
New York, N.Y.
4. William R. Sausser, A/S
SV-12, USNR
Rm. 524, LCA
Franklin & Marshall College
Lancaster, Pa.
5. PFC Joseph T. Murray
898110, VMSB, Sqd. 932 FMF
Eagle Mt. Lake
Ft. Worth, Texas
6. Pvt. Charles W. Havelka
33423516, APO 403, c/o PM
New York, N.Y.
7. Stephen Kuritz, S 2/C
Rec. Sta. Bks. 2, Casco Bay
Portland, Maine
8. Pvt. Joseph P. Pusateri
13171647, APO 920, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.
9. A/C George M. Atherton
13133806, Bomb. Nav. Pool
Moody Field
Valdosta, Ga.
10. Cpl. Gene Sprando, 33153645
APO 257, c/o PM, N.Y.
11. Charles Mader, S 2/C
OGU - DHO, Bks. 127
USNTC, B. inbridge, Md.
12. Sgt. Andrew J. Bayus, 33423481
APO 176, c/o PM, N.Y.
13. Sgt. Michael Harris, 33301838
APO 565, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.
14. Cpl. Orrin G. Miller, 33286513
Sec. K, 273rd Base Unit, AAB
Lincoln, Nebraska
15. Pvt. Joseph A. Invernizzi
33153672, Co. A, 124th
Armd. Engr. Bn.
Camp Bowie, Texas
16. PFC Bradley A. Yanni, USMC
VMB 623- MAG 62
Cherry Point, N.C.
17. Pvt. Stanley Rozmus
33685193, Co. G, 201st Inf.
Camp Carson, Colo.
18. Warren L. Malone, S 2/C
NA Sta. VR3, Trans. Dept.
Olathe, Kansas
19. John Saska, S 2/C
LST Ind. Grp. ATB
Camp Bradford, Norfolk, Va.
20. Lt. George L. Williamson, Jr.
112 Victoria Place
Syracuse, New York
21. Frank Bernatonis S 1/C
LST 701, c/o FPO, N.Y.
22. Edward F. Wilgocki, S 1/C
c/o FPO, N.Y.
23. Cpl. Joseph G. Cook
3711th AAF Base Unit
6600 Ellis Ave.
Seattle, 8, Wash.
24. Martin Revay, Jr. SF 2/C
c/o FPO, San Fran., Calif.

*So long for
new boys
— best of
luck — ye عزیز +
Staff*

CLIMAX NEWS

UNOFFICIAL PUBLICATION FOR THE
BENEFIT OF CLIMAX EMPLOYEES
NOW IN THE ARMED SERVICES
OF THE UNITED STATES



LET'S ASK FOR THOSE BASES

We are giving our all to secure peace on earth and good-will among men.

Sons, daughters, husbands and wives, steel, oil, food, medicine, ships, planes, tanks and guns are being poured into the fight without stint. We will continue to give until the victory is won.

Victory will be ours because at every crossroads of the world there is an American sea base, air bases or land base.

Our fleets sailing from these bases are choking the Hun and the Jap into submission. Our planes flying from these bases are blasting Nazism and Shintoism from the face of the earth. Our men fighting from these bases are driving Hitler and Tojo back into their cesspools. Because we have these bases and the ships and the planes and the men and munitions, the war will be won. When the war has been won, the peace must be kept. Those same bases which make victory certain will be needed to insure peace. Our cruisers of the air and of the sea must have these bases through which to exchange American good-will and American goods for the friendliness and the merchandise of the people of the world.

We are paying in blood, in material and in money to establish these bases. Now is the time to assert the right to use them forever in the interest of commerce and good-will and peace. It's a fine thing to help the other fellow win this war. It's a fine thing to help the other fellow to get on his feet. It will be a better thing to make sure that we stay on our own feet.

We have built bases in Trinidad, in Greenland, in Iceland, in Caledonia and in Africa. Americans are fighting and dying and paying for them today. The Americans of tomorrow should have the right to use them for Americans' benefit and Americans' security.

Let's stop being schoolboys, ashamed to speak up for ourselves. Marshal Stalin has made it plain that he is for Russia come hell or high water. Mr. Churchill said that he did not become Prime Minister to preside at the liquidation of the British Empire. Let us say to the world in plain words that we are first of all for America and that we expect to use the ports and bases and sea-lanes and airways, established by the sacrifice of American lives and American savings, for the benefit and protection of America!

By Warren H. Atherton
National Commander
The American Legion



HI SOLDIERS, SAILORS AND MARINES!

Here we are starting the August issue of the News, and our calendar tells us it is only July 20th. As matter of record we just mailed the July issue a few days ago. But you see there is a good reason for this early start. The lino-type operator is about due for that annual vacation, and it will be well for us to get as much stencil cutting done as is possible before that vacation starts. If Ye Editors had to pick out "tack-hammer fashion" on the typewriter all the following pages, we are sure it would be Christmas time 'ere we went to press. And that might not be so good.

We were tuned in on our radio the other evening listening to a speaker. His subject escapes us for the moment, but he did say something that ties in with the theme song of so many of your letters. He made the point that to appreciate our good land we had to absent ourselves from it for a time. We are all prone to criticize things in general, and do a lot of grouching, but we have noted as you boys get scattered to the four corners of this old

world the good old USA stands out above them all. This feeling, expressed by you in so many different ways, and often between the lines so to speak, is something over and beyond the normal desire to be in your homeland. There is a growing knowledge among all of us that we really have something here in America that is the envy of the world, and that it is up to us to keep it. Hence, we think it is to the point for us to show our appreciation of this our good land. As Commander Atherton so aptly puts it in the preceding editorial "Let's stop being schoolboys, ashamed to speak up for ourselves ---- Let us say to the world in plain words that we are first of all for America--!"

So, here we go to visit with a bunch of real Americans for the moment scattered to the four corners of the world. This is what you have to say: - - - -

- - - - -
- EXCERPTS FROM CAMP GOSSIP -

From the Virgin Islands
Marine Pfc. Jos. Murray has
moved (via Burgettstown) to
Eagle Mountain Lake, Texas.
"I don't know whether I'll like

Texas or not, but guess I'll have to. I am still in a S.B.D. squadron and still like the dive bombers. Climax is still the same but there are very few of the old guys around. There was a lot of new high school kids and I know they can do their part well too."

V-12 Seaman William Sausser is "beginning my last three months of training and will be glad of a change. My subjects now include psychology, spherical trigonometry, integral calculus, analytical geometry, analytical mechanics and celestial navigation with qualitative chemistry for a breather. I am well pleased with Mr. Coffer's pet, psychology and am only sorry I can't take more courses in it. Best wishes to all at the plant." Don't forget to let us know if any changes, Bill, and keep that midnight oil burning.

Seaman Nicholas is still sending us Peary-Scope and across the top of one issue was typed: "Still busy. Nothing new. Feeling fine. Still on the ball. Nick" That's all until we get more --- And when "more" came it was another Peary-Scope without the typed line across the top. Nick, old boy, is it possible you are that busy! And on the second of Aug. another Peary Scope. This time instead of a typed line on the paper itself, Nick kidded Uncle Sam a-bit by typing in the stamp corner of the envelope "Strictly on Uncle Sam-Free USA." Nicky, old boy, don't get too frisky with the old boy with the whiskers or he may up and slap you down. Any way Nick is right where he was. Come to think of it just where could our Sailor boy, John Halahan have gone to. Lets hear from you Sailor Boy!

From somewhere in France comes

a two-page V-Mailer from Sgt. Frank Russell who says, "Everything here is going along quite favorably. I'm not allowed to tell much. About all I can tell you is to read the papers. We have seen numerous sights over here. Some of the French cities are completely demolished, but the people seem more than glad that the Yanks have moved in. Of course that can easily be understood. Our trip across the Channel was OK. We all had a peculiar feeling when we first left England; not knowing for sure what we were getting into. But after we were on our way we didn't mind because, the sooner we get this mess over with, the better for everyone. We all think it will end soon. That boat ride home will be the most enjoyable trip I have ever made. We are living in tents and eating K and C rations which aren't bad at all although not like a nice juicy steak. We get cigarets, candy, gum, etc. free here in the field. So you can see they are taking pretty good care of us."

W. T. Edw. Jackson was put back in the hospital after his leave which didn't please him at all. "I sure am getting tired of these hospitals. They have me here now for an operation on my spine and say I will have to stay here a couple of months. They say I am no good for duty the way I am so I guess I will just have to stick it out. I sure did enjoy my leave back home and my visits to the plant. I was suprised to see how the place has expanded. Its a changed place and there are a lot of different fellows since I worked there. But it is still the Climax to me and I think a lot of it." And we think a lot of you, Tuck. Hospitals do get tiresome, but you just stay in there until they fix you up right. Don't

worry about getting back to duty. You've had your share and have the rest of your life to live. Your first duty is to get well.

Pvt. Anthony Longo writes: "I never imagined at my last writing that my next would come from France. I wouldn't be surprised if my next one is from a still different country. At the rate we are going that isn't as far fetched as it sounds. When passing through the captured towns, one can see that the Yanks have hit. One in particular was leveled to the ground. Remnants of what were once inhabited buildings are now but a heap of ruins. The engineers are still cleaning the debris from the streets. Just before crossing I met Yap Dubich of Slovan in a line of vehicles alongside of me. All the time in England he was stationed a few miles from me but that was the first time I saw him. Here in France I ran into one of the Harris brothers from Langeloth." No matter what country you write from, make it soon, Tony.

Sgt. Henry Pirih sends us his "thoughts of the day" from the Normandy front. "I am now lying in my slit trench waiting for something to happen as it has in the past. I hasn't been long that I've been here and what I've seen, I can say is Hell. I keep wondering just what will happen; whether the shells humming overhead will hit somewhere near. To myself I keep saying they won't. I'm not at either end but in between it all. These thoughts ramble through my mind again and again; over and over until the day ends and it is dark everywhere. Then I lie down and look at the dark blue sky. The man-made thunder and lightning and the humming shells continue far into the wee hours of morning when once again I pick up my thoughts of the day." We are also indebted to Henry

for Volume one, Number one of Stars and Stripes Continental Edition; the very first American newspaper printed on French soil in this war. Also comes another letter from Henry, praising our new sports section. "I never did care too much for baseball, but this is different. Knowing most of the boys that play, I understand it better. Mike Bihun as editor is doing a swell job. Keep it up, old boy. Now that I've seen action, I remember that I kicked about this and that and how tough things were in training. Now I know why. By the way some of the boys brag, their outfits are the best. I agree 100%, or we would not be where we are today."

Pvt. John Schrockman is still in Georgia and not liking it any better but has a new address. "I am transferred to another outfit now. This makes the third outfit I have been in and I have to take basic training all over again right here in Georgia. I just can't get out of these damn swamps. I am in a Searchlight outfit and like it. We work at night with the lights and train and drill during the day. I sure could go for some good beer. We drink panther extract and it really makes me sick. When this is over we can all drink together. Give my regards to the boys."

Seaman Stephen Kuritz evidently is on his ship but neglected to give us his address on either of his two cards from Boston, where he was "on my liberty and sure am taking advantage of it. Am having a swell time at the beach." Steve admits to getting seasick on his first cruise but adds that he is now doing fine.

Seaman Hubert Meneely is back at sea after his leave and, "certainly did have a swell

time and hated to see it end. Burgettstown is a swell place to come back to even if there are very few fellows left. I am aboard a new ship and will be sailing one of these days to see some more of the world. I am still in the same outfit but most of our old crew was split up and sent on different ships. Three of us got together, so I guess we can consider ourselves lucky although I would have liked to ship out with the old gan again." What we are waiting for is the day when all the old Clinax gang will ship home again for good.

First letter from Pvt. Wm. Craig comes from down in the nice warm state of Alabama. Bill says, "Here ah is. Way down in the sunny South and it sure is living up to its reputation. So far, we are waiting for new men to come in to make up our battalion and then we are supposed to start our training. I am pretty lucky as I made special school as a field linesman, thanks to Bill making me an electrician???? They asked me what my last job was and here I am. I get 7 or 8 weeks of basic training, then 9 weeks of wiring, radio and code. After that, your guess is as good as mine. Tell Mickey not to worry about the needles as they back you into most of them. (Just where did they stick you, Bill?) I have just finished my first day at K.P. and am sort of tired.

Latest word from Hawaii comes from our latest arrival there, Cpl. Clyde Truax. "I am located on the island of Oahu, which is sometimes called the Island of the Rainbow. They have some very beautiful flowers here and the mountains are nice to look at. I especially enjoy the large pineapple fields. We get very little pineapple to eat and a fellow feels like going out to steal some, but it's a \$50 fine if he's caught. We are living in tents and sleep-

ing on cots. Since we have no lights we usually go to bed as soon as it is dark. I have had a chance to visit Waikiki Beach, but didn't see anything too beautiful about it. Have also been to Honolulu and the Royal Hawaiian Hotel which is a very beautiful place. The scenery around it is something I will never forget. Tell all the gang hello. And good luck to the ball team." Keep up the good work on those fine letters, Bud, even if you have to write them by candlelight, and if you get a chance look up Corp. Joe Collins from McDonald, Pa., he is with the F.A. Obsn. Bn.

Pfc. Jay Meneely's V-nailer was written in Normandy on July 4. "received the June News yesterday, and it sure was welcome. I especially like the new sports section, and believe you have found one in a million in Little Mike for editor. Hope the team can keep building up the win column. I can't tell anything that has happened here, but I hear that one writer compared this part of France with California. I can sure say he's wrong, for it couldn't rain this much in California. Sort of miss the English bitters over here, but have found a substitute in cider. All I have to do now is learn French. Keep up the good work back there, and lots of luck." And more than luck to you, Jay. We expect you home for Christmas.

Pvt. Alden Farnier is having it pretty nice as Mrs. Farnier is spending the summer at Southern Pines. "It is quite a rush to get into town each evening, but I do not have to return to camp until 7:30 in the morning. I also spend from noon Saturday until Monday morning with her. I see by the News that Tom Fischer is at Fort Bragg. Say Tom I have had some very tiresome rides in

those C-47's at Pope Field. Come over some time and see how the Airborne lives and we can argue about who has the best outfit. Our new T. O. has put the finger on communications and made us a little heavy there so I am now the Battalion Mail Clerk and play with the other when not busy here. I have done just about everything but track down Japs and I guess that will come soon." Alden also asks Red Ingram to take care of the old stamping ground and suggests that Red look up Schrochie who is still at Stewart.

From France, Cpl. John Vermillo keeps up his good writing record. "Here I am over here throwing the French lingo to these foreigners, and the year of French I had in high school comes in handy. It seems like the government want me to see the world and the shells going off in the background make a perfect setting for letter writing. So romantic-like! Especially sweating out the rain in a pup tent. My brother Mike is over here and in the first few weeks won the Bronze Star for meritorious service. He's a gunner on the 155 m.m. howitzer. Sure hope we can meet up soon. Regards to all, especially to Ralph and Cap." Thanx for a nice letter, Tech. Is Geo. Saska still with you?

Here's one from Cpl. Jos. Zdybicki who doesn't mention that second stripe. "Things are running pretty smooth now but were plenty rough for a while. I am not in the Admiralties now, but on a different island. We don't stay long in one place, but that's the way I like it. I sure appreciate the news. I read it over a couple of times then pass it on to my buddies. I see the old plant is still producing, but the service seems to get most of the fellows. How are my old buddies Owen and Ernest doing?" The "boys" are doing fine, Joe, Pearl keeps them on the ball.

Cpl. Clifford Richey is "enjoying the best of health that the Southern States provide. It is nice and cool here now as the rain has brought the temperature down to 98. It is also very peaceful except for the flies, gnats, snakes, toads and mosquitos. It has advantages though, as we can gett all the watermelon and cantaloupe we can eat. I had a promotion with no raise in pay last week. I'm in charge of a base motor pool. Not much work but lots of forms, reports and Army red tape. I'm keeping my nose clean and have needle and thread ready any time they want to burden me with an extra stripe. Today I am celebrating my birthday. I don't feel that old but my mother tells me she looked on my beaming countenance just 39 years ago and I guess she knows. I'll stop on my way to work and get a bottle of 3.2 to celebrate. Wish I were there to take part in the ball games. If Tommy still has such ideas a mere younster like myself might have a chance. You all (there goes my Southern accent again) keep the stack rolling and we'll keep 'em rolling and soaring." Tip hopes to get enough of a pass to make it home soon and promises a visit when and if.

Seaman Sabatasse has just received his copy of the February news which must have done some travelling to catch up with him. Sabby is "still sailing along pretty well; lying around in the sun and standing watch. My pal from Atlasburg was taken off the ship for some reason and I sure miss him. Before, my watches would fly as if they were no hour instead of four as he always came to my post and kept me company. There is a rumor about the ship and I hope it is true. If it is I may be sailing in to see you all soon. So long and keep them rolling." Sabby also sent a copy of the Armed Guard paper, The Pointer,

which adds another to our collection of fine Service papers.

Sgt. Ludwig Stetar is still in school and has eight more weeks to go in California. "And then it's anybody's guess. Since I've been here I've met a few boys from Slovenia. First it was Clinaxer Ceasar Grossi. He was stationed a few miles from here and came to visit one evening. It was quite a surprise. We spent one weekend together but I believe he has moved again. I also saw Mike Yahsie and just last week ran into one of the Barnish boys. This state has them all. The News is growing mighty fast. Mike does a great job with the sport page so take a bow, Mike."

Here's a V-mailer from Marine Cpl. Joe Kucic in the far Pacific: "It seems that the only time I get to write is after an operation. There's just too much work to do before and during one. My last letter was after the Marshall Is. campaign and this one after Saipan. I landed here in the assault wave and that's when the trouble began. The first six days were like being in the very bowels of hell. The other day we were on the outer edges. We still have a few Japs hidden in caves but it won't be long for them. I still can't say where I have been but I have seen quite a few of these South Sea Islands, this being the sixth. Had a ship go out from under me to join Davy Jones. Other than that and this operation, I have had a fine time. Had a few minutes chat with Sal Durst the other day and he was doing all right. Got the news last week right up in the front line. I have now a dollar and one cent. I came ashore with the copperhead. A few nights before D day, I donated a few hundred to the good old game of cards. Tell Lipnicky to hold on a little longer and I'll write him. My regards to all

the fellows at the plant and to those who have left." This is what we call a very fine letter, Joe. Many thanx and the very best of luck to you.

And our "don't quote me" friend Yush is right in there pitching ball again this month with a June letter dated July 20. Says Yush "Just dropping you a few lines to let you know that I am doing fine, and also feel the same. I guess the old Clinax has changed a wee bit since I last saw it. By the way, do the boys still have a ball team? I hope so ---I haven't received a paper for a couple of months--delayed enroute a bit perhaps. Tell Bill Young I said thanks for the card he sent me. We play a little ball now--pretty good team; won three--lost one. As far as news is concerned there just isn't any--the same old stuff and faces day after day. Does "Cap" Johnson still have that Christmas coat his wife gave him?" We don't know whether "Cap" has the coat or not, but we can ask "Cap" to write and tell you all about it.

Skeets Martin writes us from his new camp. "Just arrived in camp a few days ago. Still in the medics. Very beautiful here, and we have Mt. Ranier as a background overlooking the camp." We believe there are some other Clinaxers at Ft. Lewis so you better get together.

Sgt. Orrin G. Miller writes to give us his new address and to say "I am now stationed somewhere in Italy. Was at French Morocco and Tunisia before landing here. We live in tents, water is pretty scarce, but when it rains there is plenty of mud. It gets hot during the day but cools off at night. Plenty of fruit and the soil looks rich. We are not allowed to buy anything to eat or drink in the towns. Houses are built of stone and cement and are close

together. Fresh eggs are 20¢ apiece. An Italian boy picks up our laundry, and they do a good job on it." We remember in the last war what a pleasure it was to get the French to do laundry, so we can appreciate what it means to you, Orrin to get laundry work done up nicely. Orrin continues "I'm a ball turret gunner in the air force. Have been on long missions in B-24's and am looking forward to the time I can return to the States." So are we all Orrin, and may that day be hastened.

T/4 Howard F. Potts from APO 836 writes to tell us he made T/4 a couple of months ago, and is now assigned to the record section of his outfit. He adds "I'm just fine and have been receiving my news every month and appreciate it very much. They are keeping us busy. I was to go home on furlough in May but it was cancelled, altho I had arranged for Army Air transportation both ways. Don't know whether they are going to give us furloughs or send us back to the states for reassignment. I'll have two years down here on Nov. 4, so I'm hoping something comes up soon." Howard says he is out to get those "sons of hell" after Germany is finished. Maybe you'll get your chance, Howard, and we hope you get that furlough if your reassignment doesn't come through. We'll be looking forward to a visit in any case.

We reported to you last month that Lt. R.G. Adams was on his way, indicated by a 204 card we received enroute. Ray was quick to come through with a V-mailer from somewhere on the Northern coast of New Guinea. Says Roy: "V-mail is very short so I'll just jot down notes rather than attempt a letter. Arrived in New

Guinea July 6 in a downpour. Have since put up pyramidal tents altho its raining now and this one leaks. Customs here: Drive on left side of road; use Australian currency; Natives;--Average 5' tall, friendly and speak English. Present duties--Mostly building up our area-lumber and gasoline not scarce. Most things are acquired by moonlight requisitioning. Trip over: Most quick except for Neptune ceremony on crossing Equator; Skipping Wednesday on crossing international date line. Sights: Just water and occasionally entertained by flying fish. That's about all". Good luck to you and your boys, Roy, and give the Y.B's hell for all of us.

We have a good air mail letter from Robert Purdy of Langeloth who has been busy pushing the Eytees up the Italian Boot. Bob writes "No doubt you have seen some of the pictures I sent home. There aren't many of much interest, altho I took some of the Abbey (at Cassino) a few hours after it was bombed. That bombing was a beautiful sight--We left Cassino before it fell and came to the beachhead (Anzio).---Thought I might get to spend some time in Rome. I was pretty close to being among the first in, but we kept right on going.--Did get back later to see the historic buildings--really beautiful. Now I am far away on the other side of Rome and looking forward to seeing Florence.--Northern Italy is a big improvement over Southern Italy. The people seem more normal, but of course, they don't have many of the finer things of life. We get eggs off them once in awhile and it's like having chicken on Sunday at home. We have a couple of chickens that stay with our truck, and when food gets short

we will use them." Nothing like looking out for yourself, Bob! And we too hope to see you long before Xmas '45 however. Good luck and thanks for the fine letter.

And from a mysterious Island X we hear from our good friend "Buck" Martin Revay. Martin didn't write us a line but he sent us a copy of his Bn. newspaper, The Black Cat. We can only guess where Island X really is, but from some of the items we judge "genuine Hawaiian hula girls" came from a certain section of the world. And that's where Martin finds himself. Martin we don't know who is responsible for your Bn. paper but it's a dandy and you fellows must enjoy it. We know these mimeograph sheets mean work for somebody. Write us next time too Martin.

Still in "prison" (according to Steve Kuritz) but about ready to break out "Chuck" Mader floods us with mail for this issue. A card to the shop gang, a camp paper to us and then a letter says "Just a few lines to let you and the gang know that I am well. But I think the Navy has caught up with me for last night I was to go on liberty at 8 P.M. and they put me on draft at 6 P.M. to be shipped out to some other base. (Lock-out Steve). I received the News and was glad to get something from home to read. Hope you and the rest can keep up the good work. The boys at home don't know what a little news from home means. (Home fronters please note. Ed.) Maybe I will get my chance to shoot some of the Moly I made in the Ferro Dept. If you can, send me some of those bad buttons I made, so I can hit the Y.B's. with something

real hard." Chuck indicated he might be gone from Bainbridge by August 3, so we may have a change of address for him before going to press. Good luck Chuck, and keep your letters coming.

Mr. Kirkpatrick allowed us to excerpt a V-mailer from Raymond who writes from somewhere in France: "Have travelled around quite a bit in the last few weeks, and have moved again since I last wrote to you. Am now somewhere in France doing fine and feeling fine. Had a very nice trip over and really enjoyed it---Have seen the results of some of the war--some places have really been torn up--have had no excitement myself as yet. The climate is much better here than in England, but the people seem to be in pretty bad shape.--The Germans seem to have taken everything with them. Things are "looking up" for us now and we seem to have most everything under control--we have air superiority in a big way at the moment". Lots of good luck Kirk and we hope that superiority continues and mounts in all branches of the service.

And from the beach head at Miami, Fla. we hear from Bill Metz as of July 29, that he is still sweating it out and "this is one outfit you can't figure out, at least their next move. However, everything is OK with me, and I am still in the engine overhaul division. This division has mostly "sandribs" (civilians) but a few of us sailors seem stranded here." Bill says he didn't add the strange name of Geffert to our visitors register--in fact he confesses to not even signing it himself--just a ghost writer it seems. Bill enclosed a copy of his camp paper from which we hope to lift some joke for our Tid-Bit section. Bill closes with some kind words for the News, for which we thank him, and then adds "Let's hope the next shot at Adolf doesn't miss"--

--to which we all say Amen!

After scratching around to get Bob McGraw's address for last issue, he send us a quickie card to keep us straight. Mailed from Ft. Lewis, Washington, Bob writes "Uncle Sam does things in a big way for me--he finally got me out of good old Pa. and sent me out here. Basic training all over again but no rookies--everybody has had one years service---I met Skeets Martin, who arrived about a week after I did. It's really beautiful country, but I believe I could stand some smoke and I'm willing to go back to Penna. any old day. Tell the boys hello and keep the Moly rolling."

John Yandrich regrets he could not get his letter in for the July issue, since he was writing on July 30, and adds: "I haven't received any News for over two months--We are moving around too fast for our mail to keep up with us. I am writing this letter from somewhere off the coast of France, and have been to the invasion beaches. Tell Walter Lasobeck to drop me a few lines--or send me his address.(Ed--We'll put Walters address among those printed this month, so both of you can write).

We take the liberty to excerpt a quickie card from Bill Craig to Fred Perko which passed over our desk. Bill says he is in the midst of 7 weeks of Infantry training, and expects 9 weeks of special wire school to follow. He advised Fred to look for him around Thanksgiving time. Keep us informed Bill of where Uncle Samuel sends you and good luck in your special schooling--- And then under date of Aug. 4, Bill writes us: "Today we really received a big shock--our Captain lined us up for what we supposed was going to be another lecture, but lo & behold he informed us that beginning Monday all tech-

nical training will be discontinued. So, it looks like yours truly is destined to become a foot soldier. Tell everyone hello for me". In any case, Bill you'll be in the outfit that really wins these wars. Keep the old chin up.

F 1/c Matt Llonovitch writes us that they (his LST) had a part in the invasion and " a very good view of things that day (D-day we assume)--in fact a few times during the night I thought it was going to be our last look, but everything turned out fine, and our luck has held up very good ever since.---Enjoyed the last copy of the News which I received about a month ago--no mail since, for we seem to be moving around so much, and with no mail from home it's like being a man without a country. About three weeks ago, I had the pleasure of seeing Bud Williamson's brother, Dale. He is on an LST too; first home town boy I have met and same for him. We met a few days later over on the Normandy beach. I hope the next time we meet will be in his back yard." (So do we Matt). Matt hasn't fallen for this warm beer he gets while on shore leave. He finds the girls in England are doing their part in the War effort, but he adds he has seen enough of England and is ready to settle down to a civilian life again. We hope you are right Matt and that your work is more nearly complete than any of us know. Lots of good luck to all of you.

And believe it or not, our chief musical GI, Cpl. Gene Sprando, is still tooting that old sax over in good old England. "Music and more music" is the way Gene puts it. "Our division has a fine show called 'Hi Ya All'. It has played in London at the ScalaOpera House and went over terrific." Gene adds that they play at different hospitals as

well as dances, parties and concerts, so we can see "I'm not loafing anymore". We never thought you were loafing, Gene; music is essential and you are doing your part. Just keep tooting that old Sax to tighten the hearts of your buddies.

And the prize letter of the month is the second from our correspondent Cpl. Clyde Truax, from somewhere in the Pacific. Without meaning to do so, for he assumed we home fronters knew all about it, he spills a real scoop on the desk of Ye Editor and we can't use it at this time. Wish we could! You really had a thrill Clyde, eh, what? Clyde reports having just completed a field problem--the rain three-fourths of the time. He reports some other Climaxer's in his area, but so far hasn't located any of them.

As of July 22, Paul Kovach writes "I guess its about time I write to you. I have been busy lately and do not have much time for myself. I am well and getting along fine. I am somewhere in France and like it pretty well--The French girls are pretty but it doesn't do me any good, for I can't speak French, but I may learn if I stay here long enough. Come, come, Paul don't let a little like language stop you, and good luck to you!"

While we can only guess we think Charles Havelka is writing from somewhere in France. He writes: "I may be a little late in dropping you a few lines, but please excuse me. As a matter of fact I owe quite a few letters. I'm doing fine as usual and hope the gang at the plant is the same. By the reports I have received, the ball team is doing alright. Maybe it won't be long before we'll all be able to play again." How soon we hope that may be, Chuck! And thanks for your good wishes and lots of luck to you

and your buddies.

As of July 24, T/5 Donald Dimit writes us from Saipan Island. "I suppose you folks have been reading. About the invasion of Saipan--yes, this is it; sunny Saipan with plenty of rain, mosquitos, flies and what not. A very beautiful island about sixteen miles long and eight miles wide. Not much excitement now as compared to a while back when you had to hit your foxhole about dark as Washing Machine Charlie made his visits pretty regular. Aside from some snipers left in the caves, I guess that is about all. Tell the ball team to keep on the ball. How is T. Tomlinson?" Don enclosed a copy of The Saipan Post-Dispatch, a newspaper for enlisted men published by Army Garrison Force; and dated July 22. Its a dandy paper Don--seems to cover the field from A to Z. You'll note from this issue that Joe Kucic was on Saipan with you and so was Lt. Durst son of Clyde Durst of Langeloth. But you no doubt know this since it is rumored John Durst is with you. Good luck to all of you.

Mickey Malone was quick to inform us that he was at Bainbridge, Md. for his initial training. He things--"The May is swell--but when you get guard duty two nights in a row at four in the morning 'till eight o'clock at night, and the next day from 12 to 4, boy, that's tough. I have not quit playing ball, we won 4 to 2 the other night." We passed on your letter to the team, Mickey, but we think Mike Bihum has enough to do to score the Clinax games, so you better not count too strongly on Mike joining up to become your official scorer. Mickey adds: "You know we have between 8 to 10 weeks of boot training, so I'll see you all when I get home.

And I suppose that will be the longest 10 weeks of my life, and the shortest 9 day leave--if we get it. But I'm not thinking of that yet." Good luck, Mickey, and keep on taking a good cut at the old ball no matter what kind of a game you are in.

"Here I am again writing to you because today (July 26) I received the May edition of the News" writes Cpl. Joe Pusateri from somewhere in the Dutch possessions, for he adds: "The greenback is again clipped to the issue I see, and it's really great to see American money. At first we were getting paid in Aussie money and now its Dutch money. It was bad enough learning the Australian system let alone the Dutch--keep the News coming with or without the dollar. Give my regards to Bill Morris and the gang."

Another letter from Chuck Mader to explain why he didn't make the plant on his last visit as noted elsewhere--and to add-- "I went down to see Mickey Malone last evening, and boy, the gang would sure get a kick out of his haircut. He is taking it very good, however, and will get to like it I am sure. I am glad someone from home is here for I know what it means now to be alone (you see, Steve, he misses you even if you did say he was still in prison) for all my buddies have been shipped out." Chuck says to tell Howard Richey that "Mickey is sure dry. I was telling him about the beer at home and he told me to keep quiet." You fellows would have something to really grouse about if you all had to drink Jay Menecelys bitters, eh, Jay?

Elsewhere in this issue we print a fine letter from Cpl. Joe Kucic. We have a last minute V-Mailer from Joe which speaks for itself:--"Quite surprised aren't you in receiving two

letters from this wandering soul so quickly. I know I am in writing it. Thought that last letter was good for at least a month, but fate crossed me up. After the battle of Saipan was over, I know we were headed for Tinian Island. Thought maybe my stay there would be almost as long as the other place, but as I mentioned, fate stepped in and took me out of the action the second day. Unlike the skin wounds at Saipan these floored me and for awhile I'll stay that way. The Japs did a neat job of slicing the flesh off my hip, but they were not very thorough. I can still move my leg, and no bones broken. The other wound in my neck was just a speck of shrapnel. All this happened in the counter-attack of the second morning. They had everything with them. I don't know whether it was a tank or knee mortar shell that hit me. In times like that it makes little difference. I'm going better than I had expected. This medical attention I'm getting on this hospital ship is working wonders. Well, I'll close with my best regards to all the boys at the Clinax and in the other services. So long for now. Sincerely, Joe." And lots of luck to you, Joe. We admire your attitude, and keep us informed now that you may have some extra time on your hands.

A last minute letter from Raymond Kirkpatrick to his father is too late for excerpting in this issue. We wish to note however, that Kirk tells his father he was wounded, which confirmed a rumor we had previously heard. Good luck to you Kirk, and we hope you do get a crack at a few live ones 'ere this thing is over. We'll start with your letter next month.

And now for the Side Glances--

---SIDE GLANCES---

"A limitation on the production of the individual is pure waste. There never has been a greater fallacy than that if one does more work he takes work away from someone else."

To those of you who haven't already peaked there is a pleasant surprise for you a few pages ahead. In any case we believe it will be a pleasant surprise. You see, many of you have requested that we enclose a picture of the new stack. As we

LET'S GO!



at present allowed to photograph the stack, and send the pictures out. Some fine pictures have been taken by Mr. Coffey for record purposes, and as soon as a release is given we trust we may be allowed to enclose one to each service man. But to get back to this surprise (we know you've all taken a good look by this time) Mr. Coffey came out to one of the games recently (Clinax vs Homestead Millers) to take pictures. It occurred to us that this picture would do as a

substitute for a stack picture. So, through the efforts of your good sports editor, Mike Bihun, who took up a collection to defray expenses, we are able to attach this picture as an introduction to this month's Platter Chatter. We hope you like it?! We are sure you will recognize most of the players--their names are included to refresh your memory and to introduce the new comers. We might add the team is ararin' to go, so if any of your outfits want to tangle, just drop Business Manager, Manuel Garcy a letter and we are sure he'll be glad to put you on Clinax's schedule. Again, hats off to Mike and his Platter Chatter, and thanks for the nice things you have said about Mike and his sports section.

We have been reporting to you in recent issues, the progress made each month in the matter of installing two bag house dust collectors on the new crushing lines. Most of the progress so far reported has been of our own making--that is--preparation of the steel for supports, and building of the platforms. Well, this month we have some real progress to report. The installation of the collector unit on both lines is well under way. Perhaps by the time we bring this one may be in operation. We hope it is for we have great expectations of just what this bag house will do in dust elimination. Of course there may be the usual number of bugs to be ironed out, but they shouldn't prove too difficult once you have the basic equipment with which to work.

Some of you may have heard indirectly something about the

new system we follow in taking on new employees. On July 1, the new rules went into effect. No longer are we supposed to hire any person between the age of 17 and 65 unless they have been referred to us by the USES (United States Employment Service) office. Our USES office is in Washington, Pa., so when someone comes to the gate for work, we tell him to go to Washington for his referral card. When he gets to Washington, if he hasn't thought to bring along his release from his last job (if he has one) they send him back for it. When he finally gets his referral card then we can consider giving him a job. We hope this travelling to Washington can be eliminated by getting ourselves appointed as a hiring agency--or something--so all these prospective employees (they are few and far between) won't use up all their "A" stamps.

Speaking of "A" stamps reminds us the report is out that restrictions on "B" & "C" stamps are going to be tightened up some time around August. More share the ride and auto pools are going to be the fashion--we hope.

All you that worked in the Ferro Dept. recall that we reported last month that Rube was putting in a new floor in front of the sand pits. We can report the job finished this month. And what an improvement it is! Actually, one is able to walk up along the sand pits without stubbing his toe. In fact, one could almost have a -"Bocce"Alley.

Those of you who have visited the plant since the completion of the stack, or better, have viewed it at night from a distance know how the red warning lights flash on and off. We remarked quite some time ago what fun it would be for someone when

those top lights failed. Well, they failed the other evening, and who do you suppose scaled the heights? You're right, none other than our own Bill Young, accompanied by Slim Elliott. Bill reports he took thirty minutes to get to the top. When he got there he had only one hand to work with--the other hand was kept busy hanging on. You see, the old wind was blowing quite a gale, and too, the gases coming out the top sorta lapped down the lee side making it impossible to service the complete ring of lights until the wind changed direction.

In the last two issues we reported the success of Lt. Pete McMahon in knocking out a few enemy planes. We regret we must announce in this issue that Pete has been reported as missing since July 11. Seems that Pete got a late start on a mission and did not catch up with his flight. He has not been accounted for at this writing, but it is possible that engine failure may have landed him in enemy territory, and that he is now a prisoner.

We note we have a new sport here at Climax. The laboratory is working up a horse-shoe pitching team. We are waiting until they get in trim, and then the plant will pick-up a team for a real contest. It has been observed that they employ various kinds of pitching. Some use the toe hold, some the flip-flop, and others try the one and a half turn. If this sport gets going Mike will have his hands full covering and reporting the games. If his baseball column is "Platter Chatter" what will he call his new column? Any suggestions?

Those of you who have had occasion to climb the series

of stairs up to the top of the Ferro building know it to be quite a climb if repeated several times per shift. Consideration was given a number of years ago to installing a vertical elevator—especially to carry repair parts to the top. This idea was dropped when war conditions put such installations on the restricted list. Conditions now seem to have eased a bit, so the suggestion has been revived. Application is soon to be made for the permit and if granted, work may start as soon as the elevator can be built and shipped.

Sometimes a person whom you dislike turns out to be a good ally, a valuable friend, and a pretty decent sport all round.

From time to time we have reported about the new 6" water line encircling the plant for fire protection and service lines. The plans called for several outside fire hydrants—one behind the Chemical building, another at the south end of the locker room, and the third on the south side of the warehouse. Joe Martin has just completed laying the brick, and Rube has the roof slabs all poured of red colored concrete to match the red brick. Real fancy and latest design double doors which, when opened, make the hydrant readily accessible, with all hose and other equipment on racks inside. These outside hydrants, and another connection on the track side leading to two auxiliary hydrants on columns inside the warehouse, and a like set-up on the storehouse floor of the main building, and two hydrants inside the Ferro Department completes the fire protection, so far as water supply is concerned. Of course, we still have the usual number of fire extinguishers, and two wheel chemical tanks at strategic points within the plant.

Most of the great discoveries which have been beneficial to mankind were discovered accidentally. Climax has just been favored by one of these accidental discoveries. Mr. Noy, while indulging his curiosity as to the reactions of a cornered rat, learned to his sorrow that though small and helpless looking, they can still defend themselves. The result of the experiment was that Mr. Noy got a punctured finger, and the "gang" got in a lot of good natured ribbing. Just to be safe the Doctor's advice was obtained, and while we aren't certain just what he prescribed, we feel sure Mr. Noy knows now that a rat can bite as long as he is alive. Or was it just a mouse, Mr. Noy???

- TID-BITS-

"Pomes For The Weak"

Mary had a little swing
It wasn't hard to find
'Cause everywhere that Mary went
The swing was just behind.

Of all the tings that I might be
I had to be a lousy tree
A tree that stands out in the
street
With little doggies round my
feet
I'm nothing else but this,
alas!
A comfort station, in the grass.

The best place to look for a
helping hand is on the other
end of your own arm.

I love such mirth as does not
make friends ashamed to look
upon each other next morning.

Navy bridegroom: "With all my
worldly goods I thee endow"
His father: "There goes his
sea bag and fountain pen."

- VISITS -

"No free government or the blessing of liberty can be preserved to any people but by a firm adherence to justice, moderation, temperance, frugality, and virtue and by a frequent recurrence to fundamental principles."

From Virginia Bill of Rights

The man with the whiskers has been stingy before with furloughs but never so much a miser as this month. Believe it or not just four visitors are signed up on the register.

Chuck Mader was in on July 17, and we hear that he was back again on Aug. 6, but couldn't find time to get up the hill. Perhaps Chuck got one of those 24 hour passes and stretched it to cover Burg.

Mike Revay, EM 2/c called on us on the 21st. Seems Mike was on his way for more schooling of some kind. As we recall it he thought he was headed for Syracuse University. If we aren't correct Mike, you send us the full details for next issue so your buddies will know where you are. Incidentally, Mike looked fit as a fiddle.

The Marines paid us a visit too. None other than Bradley Yanni came in on the 31st, and he was still here on the 6th. He and Lipnicky, who was still home on furlough, were teamed up for the Old Timers ball game. Walter acted as third base ump and did a bang up job. Of course, the old timers grouched a bit, but when they looked Walter over and noted he was backed up by "Brazz" Yanni, they folded up. True to form the Marines had everything well in hand.

Ivo Bertini was our visitor on the 7th. Ivo was being transferred via Chicago to Florida

for amphibious training, and received a stop-over furlough enroute. He looked fine and says he has been in motor transport work of some kind.

Our final visitor, with a big surprise, was none other than Skeets Yandrich --our long-no-see-no hear from rich boy. Skeets just walked in in a nice new officers uniform of the Flying Corps. Yep, 2nd Lt. Stephen Yandrich, if you please! Needless to say Skeets (we aren't used to saying Lt. as yet) looked tip-top. Said he drew assignment to B-24's. His new address for the moment is Terrin Field, Ft. Worth, Texas, so you fellows just drop him a line of congratulations!



Now Emil, wherever you are, maybe you can manage to make come true a thought we expressed in the News a long time ago--how fine it would be if you were assigned to Skeets ship when he becomes a flying officer. We might then have another Waver Act--big poison and little poison--and you two can decide which is which.

- PLATTER CHATTER -

By Bihum



GREETINGS TO THE BOYS IN SERVICE
- FROM -

"Uncle Pete" Muscara; Dewey Russell*,
Matt Kuzior; "Palooka" Martinez;
Netto Guio*; "Peggy" Williams;
"Tony" Papas*; "Moe" Dowler*;
Mgr. Mac Mooney; Bus. Mgr. Manuel
Garcy; "Blinkey" Donley; Joe
Tepsic*; "Bannas" Fernandez;
"Mopy" Krezsock; Dave Vernillo;
"Reep" Repole*; "Platter-Chatter"
Bihum.



	R	H	E		R	H	E
Climax Moly -	19	14	5	E. Washington	5	7	2
"	3	10	4	Cecil	13	16	1
"	9	14	8	Wheeling Steel	10	12	4
"	4	5	8	Stuebenville Legion	13	11	1
"	5	8	3	Wheeling Steel	3	5	0
"	11	13	0	Cecil	7	7	1
"	6	9	2	American Zinc	3	4	3
"	10	10	9	Old Time All Stars	9	12	5
"	9	10	2	Homestead	0	3	4
"	7	9	4	Avella	6	5	2
"	7	6	5	American Zinc	1	0	4
"	7	8	3	Old Timers	4	5	2
"	5	6	6	American Zinc	12	9	2
"	8	11	2	Moundsville Pen	10	6	1
"	12	14	4	Wash. Co. All Stars	11	9	6

10 Wins

5 Losses

- RECORD TO DATE -

20 Wins

8 Losses
Pct. .714

1 Tie

The Moly's really blasted away and fattened their batting averages in the E. Washington game. The visitors commanded a lead of 5 to 3 up until the 4th frame when we scored 5 runs. The game was turned into a rout in the 5th when we tallied 7 runs with 4 more added in the 6th. Extra base hits were garnered by: Kuzior, a triple, and doubles by Tepsic, Kuzior, Malone and Vernillo (2). The high light of the game was when Mgr. Mooney went in to pitch the last frame. He called all of his out fielders in and placed them just behind the infield. The first man, popped to Pappas, playing behind first base. The second man went out the same way. The third out was a slow roller to second and over to first to retire the side on eight pitched balls. Mac. Mooney didn't show up for work the next day. When he did come to work, he looked in bad shape. His neck and shoulder was all stiffened up. He looked like a master on the mound though, now one of these days we'll see what he does at the plate.

The Climaxers got their ears pinned back in the Cecil game 13-3. Mopey was blasted off the hill for the second straight time (looks like he's after Pappas' record). Martinez tripped, Vernillo and Tepsic doubled while Capt. Muscara got 3 for 4. The Cecilites were really on the beam and just couldn't be stopped. Mooney went to the hill in the 7th and gave up 1 run on 4 hits in 2 frames. He did get a chance at the plate and poled out a mighty double to deep center, but just made it to first. Yours truly went in to run for him and really showed some speed in going down to second, but was left stranded there. It sure would have been something if I should have had to slide in home, but no one gave me the opportunity.

The Moly's lost a real 11 inning thriller to Wheeling Steel at Steubenville. They got off to a fine start, 3 in the 1st and 3 in the 2nd. But they weren't used to a 6 run lead, so proceeded to blow it. Donley was pasted off the mound, being reached for 4 runs in the second. Malone went to the rubber, and Wheeling Steel tied it up 6 all in the 3rd. Climax went in the lead when they tallied twice in the 4th and the Steeler's got one of them back in their half. Score 8 to 7 Climax. The Steeler's tied it in the eighth. Then in the 9th Moly went ahead 9 to 8. Malone proceeded to load the pillows with Steeler's and had no one retired when Tepsic went to the mound. Tepsic fanned the first man, Repole threw the ball to Guio at first, Guio walked to the mound to hand the ball to Tepsic, but hid the ball in his own glove and walked nonchalantly back to first to tap the Steeler who was taking a big lead off. But the runner on third base was a little wiser than Guio, he saw what was going on, and when Guio turned to go to first base, he took off for home and scored before Guio could make out why everyone was shouting at him. When he did realize what was going on, the man from second was going to third, so he threw the ball there and retired the runner. The side was retired when the next man went out pitcher to first. No one scored in the 10th. In the 11th, it was 3 up and 3 down for the Moly's. The first man up for the Steeler's singled, and went to second when Tepsic lost his control and threw over the back stop. He struck out the second hitter and the third man sent out a fly to Pappas in L.F. which he misjudged (he said that he lost the ball in the sun, but the sun wasn't shining!). When he did retrieve the ball, he threw wild to third and the runner scored

with the winning run, ending the ball game. The Moly's committed eight miscues, which aided the Steelers cause.

Climax Moly took a sound trouncing from a group of 17 and 18 yr. old boys, sponsored by the American Legion of Steubenville. The Moly's took a 4 run lead right away, but the Legionaires got at Donley and Dowler for 9 runs in the 4th. Donley the starter was blasted off the hill in the bombardment. (Since Pappas quit the hurling staff, Mopey and Donley are fighting it out to set a record of most times pasted off the mound). The Moly's had a nice chance for a bushel of runs in the 2nd when bases were F.O.M. and the giant, Williams, came up to bat. Two runs were already across, and a huddle formed on the mound. Whether to walk this man or take a chance on him, as two were out. The order came through to pitch to him, the outfielders played way deep, the infield went back 10 ft., and the giant got a hold of one and drove it to the pitcher. (Was it hit hard? Well, the pitcher picked it up in his bare hand and tossed to first for the out!). A ball was hit into R.F. to Jelovich. He took out after it, just as it was coming down he took a beautiful swan dive to reach it before it hit the ground, he hit right on his stomach, and off came his glasses. He couldn't see where the ball was because he lost his specs and he couldn't find his specs because he didn't have glasses on; oh, but he was in bad shape! Capt. Muscara's boss witnessing the game from center field came to his rescue, found his glasses, and showed him where the ball was, but the hitter had already crossed the plate. In the 4th, a ball was hit to Peg Williams on first base; it came hopping along nicely towards him; he set himself for it, the ball hit his

glove, hit his stomach and before he retrieved it, the runner was safe. Mac Mooney went to the rubber in the 7th, and showed some of his old stuff in fanning two and making the third pop up to short. He has a beautiful hook that fools the best of them. Looks like he should be a starter.

The Moly's evened the count with Wheeling Steel at one apiece. Displaying their best game of the season, behind the masterful 5 hit pitching of Moe Dowler they defeated the Steelers 5 to 3. Climax took the lead in the first 3-0. The Steelers made it 3-2 when they tallied twice in the 3rd. Climax came back with one in their half, and once more in the 6th to make it 5-2, while Dowler was breezing it past the Steelers. He did ease down in the 9th, and the steelmen reached him for 1 run. Tepsic singled in 3 straight trips, and struck out the 4th time, trying for distance. Babe Vernillo singled and doubled in 4 trips. Yours truly, took a few days off from his labors and missed this game and the one with Cecil, but am back on the ball and will tell you *zackly what I see on the diamond.

Babe Vernillo started at the plate with his triple and 2 homers in 4 trips in the defeat of Cecil 11-7. Donley was blasted off the mound (what? again?) in the 4th when he gave up 6 runs after Climax had a 3-0 lead. Dowler relieved and permitted only 1 run on 1 hit in 3 frames. He was the master and Cecil couldn't do anything to his offerings. Dowler pitched with only 1 day rest, but looked very strong in mowing down the Cecilites. Tepsic doubled and singled in 5 trips, while Muscara got 2 for 4.

Tepsic's war club was the

feature of the game with American Zinc. Out of 4 trips to the platter, he singled twice, tripled once and rung out a tremendous 4 pleyer that carried to the community hall. "Toar" Williams also poled out a swatt good for 4 bases, but his legs wouldn't carry him past second. He had to go to third on Kuzior's hit, but just couldn't make it and was tabbed out. This was Mickey Malone's last game for the Moly's for the duration, as he accepted Uncle Sam's kind request to play on the best and toughest team in the world. Mickey is the first player to enter the services, and if he performs as well on the big team as he has with the Moly's, all of you fellows will be home very soon, as he was one of the real stars of our nine. Good luck Mickey! And the same to all of you boys.

What a ball game! The Old Timers made Climax hustle to win, and only by the skin of their teeth at that. Mopey started on the rubber for Moly and the oldsters really banged him around for 10 hits and 7 runs to send him to the showers in the 5th. Mopey could get to the showers blindfolded now, for he has made 4 trips there already. Donley, the other "shower boy" relieved and was the victor only because of darkness. Moly led 10 to 9 in the sixth, the Old Timers came up in the seventh and tallied 2 runs, but the "ump" called the game because of darkness, and only one was out at the time. The Old Timers ranted and raved arguing "if we can see to hit the ball, Climax should be able to see well enough to get us out." There's certainly logic in that. A return game will be played as soon as the Old Timers recuperate and rise from their beds. T. Tomlinson took a turn at 3rd base and quickly left it when he heard Muscara order all players to bunt down 3rd base line. Old Tom knew what he was doing! His legs are

shakey now, and his "candy arm" wouldn't stand too many throws to first. Old Timers that participated were, Delapino, Praedo, Donick, Samloff (who got 3 for 4) Scrupi, Tomlinson, Nice, Osmick, D. Russell, "Cut" Whalen, Riddle, Ramsey, Darras, Mooney, Orrick and Donlli.

Climax won their first shut out 9-0 over Homestead. Ace Dowler was on the mound and pitched hittless ball up until the 7th. Tepsic and Vernillo led the Climax hit parade, Tepsic homered and singled in 4 trips. Vernillo poled out 2 doubles in 5 trips. Vernillo accounts for about 10 spectators a game, for he cruises around before game time and picks up all the girls he can find. He is one guy who carries hiw own rooting section.

Climax made it 3 in a row over Avella, winning 7 to 6. Tepsic started for the Moly's but couldn't do a thing with the Avellaers. This Joe Tepsic is about the fastest man ever seen around these parts. He runs like a scared deer, and is the cuase of Muscara leading the R.B.I.'s. Muscara follows him in the line up, and whm Tepsic is on base, almost any kind of a hit plates him. He doesn't like to stand on the base paths and tries to score, so he can rest on the bench.

Ace Dowler came through with a no hitter to defeat American Zinc 7 to 1. Tepsic again showed the fans his power at the plate and speed on the base paths. He got a toe hold on one of Sonnen Berg's fast ones and sent it to the community hall for a round tripper, then doubled out of 3 trips. Tepsic stretches most of his singles into doubles, as he sure can cover ground in a hurry!

Well, the Old Timers recovered

but the Moly's sent them down to defeat and back to bed 7 to 4. Kuzior pitched and gave up 4 runs on 5 hits. The Old Timers went into the lead in the first stanza, by 1 run. 2 tallied in the 4th, and 1 in the 8th, while the Moly's marked up 2 in the 4th, 3 in the 6th, and 2 in the 8th. This game was widely advertised and attracted nice crowd, all rooting for the old timers. Peg Williams made a great stop of a hot liner, Kuzior ran over to cover first and yelled to Peg to throw the ball; Peg didn't catch what it was all about until he looked in his glove, there was the ball that he thought he had missed. Well, he threw in time for the out. Vernillo had his usual crowd of gals rooting for him and he obliged by a double and single for 4 trips.

Climax, because of an 8 game win streak, were upset by American Zinc 5 to 12. They were taken by surprise by the underdog Zinc nine and never recovered, as the boys from across the way were out to make the Moly's pay for the no-hitter administrated them in their last game.

Climax lost a thriller to Moundsville Pen inmates 8-10. The inmates, playing the Homestead Gray's style put on a great show and tacked Moly with their second straight defeat. The plant was reluctant to see the team go to Moundsville due to manpower shortage! Too close scrutiny by the powers that be at the institution might have resulted in an increase in their population. As it was, we bid Mgr. Mooney goodby, but he got back safe and sound. However, three of the Moly's Donley, Martinez, and Fernandez didn't put in an appearance for work for several days. How they talked themselves out we don't know. It is reported that several days after the game Mgr. Mooney received a

call from the prison suggesting that an error had been made. They thought their team should have been let out and ours kept in as they came up short several pairs of shoes, some gloves, and other pieces of equipment. We hear talk of a return game on the 25th, but we imagine a vote of the Moly's will have to be taken to see how many want to take another chance. We also hear that some of the crowd accompanying our team got jittery and had to bring something home as a peace offering. One finally settled for what he called a dog. We are sure no one in his right mind would put out good money for an overgrown rat with elephant ears. Since Downer, and Docco were in charge of Tom, we suppose they all went into a huddle before the dog was purchased, so just maybe all three of them were seeing things double. Anyway Tom has the dog - so called.

Vernillo put Climax back on the Victory trail with his last inning smash to top Wash. Co. All Stars 12 to 11. Climax was trailing 10 to 11 in the last stanza, 2 on and 2 out when the mighty "Babe" came thru with a smash into center to plate both runners, and become the hero. His private rooting section went wild with glee when their "idol" turned in the Horatio Alger finish. Mopey again was blasted off the mound. Vernillo also singled and tripled for 3 for 5. Tepsic homered and doubled, Muscara beingled twice as did Guio.

Due to lack of space and because we wanted to send you a print of the team, we were unable to include the box score this month as we promised. We will try to squeeze it in next month if it is at all possible to get it on one stencil sheet.

And now for the new addresses—

- NEW ADDRESSES -

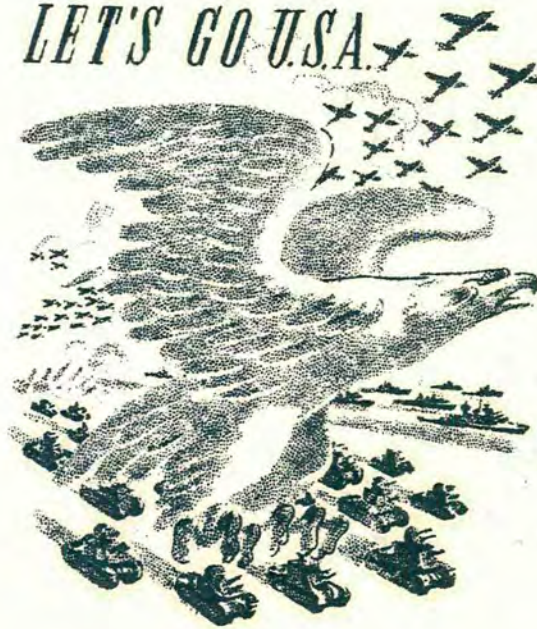
1. Lt. Raymond G. Adams
APO 322, c/o PM, San Fran.
2. A/C George M. Atherton
13133806, 44-47N-5, AAFNS
San Marcos, Texas
3. Pvt. William D. Craig
33951420, Co. D, 15th Tr. Bn.
IRTC, Ft. McClellan, Ala.
4. Cpl. Louis L. Darras
33698451, FO 292, c/ PM
San Francisco, Calif.
5. Harry C. Dennis S 1/C
923-99-68, c/o FPO New York
6. Cpl. Donald C. Dimit
33675737, APO 244, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.
7. John Wm. Finney, S 1/C
c/o FPO, New York, N.Y.
8. John Hallahan SK 1/C
USCG, Air Sta., Floyd Ben. Fd.
Brooklyn, New York
9. Nicholas Hallahan, S 1/C
896-38-06, Unit C-2-111
Camp Peary, Williamsburg, Va.
10. Pvt. Charles W. Havelka
33423516, APO 339, c/o PM
New York, N.Y.
11. James Kennedy, S 2/C
c/o FPO, New York, N.Y.
12. PFC Raymond Kirkpatrick
33688801, APO 508, c/o PM
New York, N.Y.
13. Pvt. Paul Kovach, 33398057
APO 350, c/o New York, N.Y.
14. PFC Walter Lasbeck, 33437743
APO 44, c/o APO
Camp Phillips, Kansas
15. Cpl. Andrew Laurich, 33685178
Co. B, 661st TD Bn.
N. Camp Hood, Texas
16. Charles Mader, S 2/C
OGU, Bks. 640, USNTC
Bainbridge, Md.
17. Walter A. Malone A/S
Co. 1457 Bks. 132L, USNT Cnt.
Bainbridge, Md.
18. Pvt. Elmo B. Martin, 33695004
Co. D, 151st MT Bn.
36th MTR-ASFTC, Ft. Lewis, Wash.
19. Pvt. Robert J. McGraw, 33688848
Co. C, 142nd Bn., 1st Plt.
33rd Med. Trn. Regt.
Ft. Lewis, Wash.
20. Hubert Meneely, S 1/C
c/o FPO, New York, N.Y.
21. William J. Metz, AMM 2/C
Box 12, USNAS, Eng. Overhaul
Miami, Fla.
22. A/C Robert H. Morgan, 33286460
Class 44-34-222, HAAF
Harlington, Texas
23. Cpl. Howard F. Potts, 3306251
APO 836, c/o PM, New Orleans, La.
24. Vernon E. Scopel, S2/C
TTUI-OGU, Hut 87
Camp Parks, Calif.
25. Pvt. Albert Sprando, 33675766
APO 244, c/o PM, San Fran.
26. Sgt. Ludwig D. Stetar
33109205, 507th AAFBUTTA
Sect. B, Flt. G, SBAAB
San Bernadino, Calif.
27. Pvt. Joseph Sweder, 33701114
APO 15325, c/o PM, New York
28. Cpl. Clyde W. Truax, 33688775
APO 235, c/o PM, San Fran.
29. Henry Utah, S 1/C
USCG, Hotel Gresham
26th Chandler St., D-4, R8
Boston, 16, Mass.
30. S/Sgt. Lee R. Walker, 13040757
163rd Liason Sqd., Coxfield
Paris, Texas
31. Cpl. Maurice L. Westlake
33688792, APO 235, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.
32. Lt. Stephen Yandrick
Terrin Field
Ft. Worth, Texas
33. Cpl. Joseph M. Zdybicki
33685170, APO 322, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.

*So long for a
little while
Ye editors
and
staff.*

CLIMAX NEWS

UNOFFICIAL PUBLICATION FOR THE
BENEFIT OF CLIMAX EMPLOYEES
NOW IN THE ARMED SERVICES
OF THE UNITED STATES

LET'S GO U.S.A.



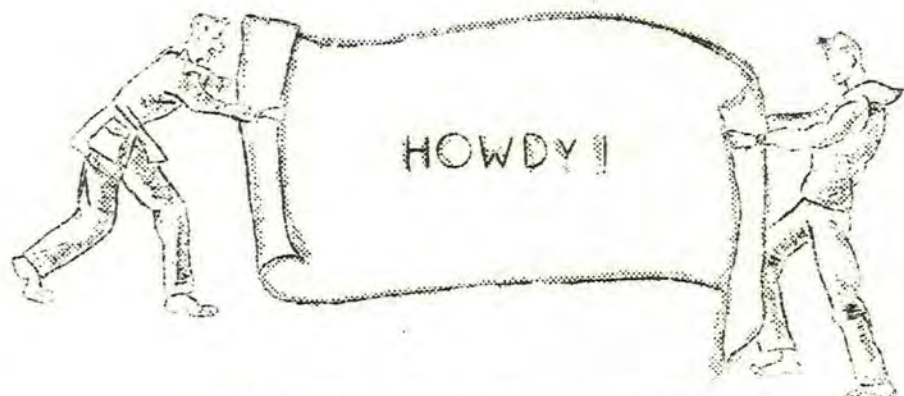
THE GENESIS OF EMPLOYMENT

Markets are not developed or production justified by promises that are in conflict with the fundamental law of supply and demand. If the full employment planners would come down to earth long enough to see that consumer demand must occur before useful and profitable employment can ensue---and that violent and destructive fluctuations in employment can only be dealt with by cooperative effort in industry to foresee and forestall these fluctuations, and not by mere exhortation to industry to operate irrespective of demand---then we shall understand where to apply our efforts in developing a sound economy and a healthy social structure.

The real problem is one of making the most intelligent and efficient use of all our national resources. In dealing with these post-war problems, we shall find that there are many things that can be done better by voluntary cooperation than they can by individuals or by government directives. It is easy to put the brakes upon industry. But industry goes ahead as a result of incentives--and not by repression or compulsion. The unemployed cannot be put to work--or kept at work--in any other democratic way.-----

Manufacturers themselves do not make employment, except as they bring out products acceptable to and desired by their customers. It is in this element of consumer demand that we find the genesis of employment.

By George A. Sloan
President of the Nutrition Foundation, Inc.



SOLDIERS, MARINLS AND SAILORS!

Perhaps we should start by remarking that in spite of good intentions and an extra early start on last months issue, we just didn't follow through with an early mailing date. Of course, to a lot of you fellows who are always a month or two behind on the receiving end, this late mailing date doesn't enter the picture -- a few days more or less makes little difference. In any case, for your information we didn't hit the mails until August 24th, due to unavoidable events. When we did get the presses rollin' we had to 'blue pencil' some stuff to keep the sheet within a size we could staple. As it was, we had to call on Tom for one of his stapling machines -- some of you will have noted the heavier staples. --- All of which leads us to propose that in order to catch up on Father Time we cut this issue short, and thus get back on schedule. Do you mind? Thanks! -- So here we go!

Oh yes, did you note that frog-skin attached? You didn't?!* We don't believe it! There's a story back of this months frog-skin and we may as well spill it right here and now. You see, we slowly build up this fund from the Coca-Cola profits. As we explained once before, cur-tailed employment and only a

few contractors on the job, cut the 'take' pretty low, so it requires some time to accumulate the \$150. necessary to cover the field. Well, a couple of fellows here in the plant, Jim Reed and 'Cooky' Cook, got a little impatient, took the bit in their teeth and did something about the matter. They printed some raffle tickets on a god old War Bond, and Cooky took them on one of his 'clock-punching' rounds. They went so fast he was sold out pronto. Tom Dubich won the bond (lucky stiff), and the fund went over the top and you fellows each get the welcome frogskin. ---- And that's just half the story. They turned out with another set of tickets, same procedure, and Frank Laurich had a War Bond to fatten his roll, and we have a fine start toward another frog-skin to help you buy a few beers, or get a fresh start in that crap game. -- Anyhow, its thanks to Jim and Cooky for the sudden appearance of the greenback.

Speaking of greenbacks recalls to memory a fellow we had in our outfit who salted away every piece of U.S. folding money he could lay his hands on. After he arrived in France and was introduced to their paper money, his pocket book and money belt was filled to overflowing -- and he wouldn't part company with a single

dollar. Do you fellows salt away these frogskins for a rainy day? They smell good, don't they?

The linotype operator just reminded Ye Editor, it was time to start the excerpts from camp gossip, so here goes; read what your buddies have to report while we scratch around for a few items to complete this short issue.

EXCERPTS FROM
CAMP GOSSIP

We can now add to our report of last month that Pvt. Raymond Kirkpatrick was wounded and taking his ease in England after a brief trip to France and back. In letters to his Father and to the News Kirk writes: "Have been taking life easy the last few weeks. Got nicked a little; just enough to catch up on my goldbricking. Am walking around again now and will be good as new before long. The country is real nice where I am and the weather has been fine; hardly any rain at all. Was very fortunate to get to fly to France and back. Sure would like to fly back to the States. I can say one thing for this war business: you don't lack for excitement while you last. Was not on the front line very long, so did not see much action, but will try to do better next time. They sure do not lose much time in giving medical attention to the wounded. Seems as though the aid men are right there, which is a wonderful thing and saves lots of lives." We have seen Kirk's Purple Heart which is a very beautiful medal but one we hope few of you receive.

Cpl. Mike Skarupa writes from France that he has been doing a lot of fast travelling lately and, from the papers, we judge that he is still at it. Like all of

you, Mike wants to make just one more trip, "and that will back to the good old States. I hope I get back as fast as I got here. Am sorry I didn't write sooner, but we've been kept pretty busy with these Jerries. The rats can't last much longer and it can't be over too soon for me. There is a lot I could say but don't know where to start. A guy could write a book about this stuff. Keep up the good work. It can't last forever."

We have a new non-Climax correspondent who is stationed in Hawaii with Powerhouse. Since Power almost never writes, we welcome Sgt. John Earnard who writes. "Powerhouse passes the NEWS along to me and it is really appreciated by us fellows far away from home. I think congratulations are in order for the Editor and Staff, and Mike is really doing a good job with the sports. I read this section twice to check the batting averages of my uncle Pete and cousin Babe. I know there is a battle on between these two to see who ends up with the highest average. Keep up the good work and best wishes to all." Thank you for the kind words and see if you can get Power to write us a line or two.

Seaman Charles Mader's first letter comes from Bainbridge "to let the gang know that Mickey and I are doing fine. I was down to see Mickey and got him off of a lot of work for I had a pass from my chief to see him as long as I wanted. I stayed 2 1/2 hours and helped him wash some of his clothes. He was assigned to a cleaning detail and didn't do a good enough job to suit their chief. He restricted them from smoking for a week and they have to stay in barracks after drill. Mick says it is damn tough, but I think he will live through it." The next two letters from Chuck

come from Indian Head, Md. and it looks like the Mader is doing OK by himself. "I got a big kick out of what Steve Kuritz said about me being penned up. I think very few sailors have gotten the breaks I have. At this place we do not have inspections or do any drilling. I work six hours a day burning lead and the other eighteen hours are my own to do as I please. And after each nine days of work I get 80 hours and can come home. I am now Seaman 1/C and orders have been sent in to Washington for a P.O. rating. We can get all the beer we want and there are plenty of WAVES to keep us company. This is a wonderful place. I am helping to make some of the powder that will send the Y.B.'s. to kingdom come. If Steve think's that is being shut up, I will ask for a transfer to his station." Charlie also sends a copy of Smokeless Flashes another first for our collection of papers.

After a long, long wait, here is one from SK John Hallahan, writing from Floyd Bennette Field. "No, I'm in the CG Air Corps yet, but give a guy a chance to get settled first. When the opportunity comes along I'll let you know what happens. I'm doing the same type of work here that I did at Ellis Island. Just a Storekeeper in the Pay office, working on pay. All in all, I like it here. It's a small unit and you have a chance to learn more. At Ellis Island a SK learned pay and that's all he knew. At this unit you learn and work pay; can study commissary, supply and purchasing and storeroom work. In case something turns up and you are the only man around you can take care of it. Working on pay here is so different I almost had to learn all over again. At the Island we had one type but here we handle three different types. Also, we pay everybody

from Commander down. At the Island it was only enlisted men. Best regards to the gang." Now that the ice is broken, let's have more of the same.

From Brother Nick we still get only Peary-Scope, which at least shows that he thinks of us once a week. Across the top of one copy Nick writes, "Am no longer a Seabee. Am now officially General Service and may go to sea soon. WAVES are taking over here in a week or so." That's all.

Pvt. Albert Sprando was on the AWOL list a long time, but when his letter did come through it was swell. "We are on Saipan and have seen action. We've been bombed, shelled and strafed. On my birthday we got our share of Jap planes and it really felt good getting our first one. We just got set up and that night they came over and we really gave them hell. Hearing those bombs come whistling down didn't make us feel any too good for they weren't far away from us. That night we were all laying around the gun smoking, laughing and fooling around when a plane came over. One of the fellows said, 'that sounds like Washing Machine Charlie', but the rest didn't think so for we didn't get word to fire. But a few seconds later we did get the order, and that's when it all started. You should have seen the sky. I don't see how a plane could possibly get through all that flak. He didn't. There was more than one plane and we were going from seven that night until two AM. The Marines and Infantry were giving the Japs hell on the ground. Boy, do they hate those planes. And when we open up, you should hear those Marines give us a cheer. The Island is pretty safe now, and we haven't had a

bombing raid for a long time. We are getting tired waiting for them. There are still plenty of snipers on the rock, but we don't worry about them. These damn flies and mosquitos worry us more. Tell all the fellows I said hello. I hope Mike Sabatasse and Scotty McGraw will drop me a line." Thanx for a very fine letter, Al and keep throwing that flak.

From the coast of Normandy, Seaman Rennison Malone sends us a 5-Franc invasion note. "I'm loaded down with them and am about to visit the back room to rid myself of a few by means of seven-come-eleven. I saw the grand opening here and, believe me, I didn't have time to think of sending any news at that time. I've been around some of your old stamping grounds, and am still trying to look up some of the boys over here. It's like looking for a needle in a haystack. The new addition to the NEWS is a stroke that only the home boys could think of. I can hardly wait to see that team in action. Tell all the watchmen, Ralph and the other foremen and all the boys I said hello." For further news of Renny, see "visits."

From the same general locality comes a letter from Seaman Hubert Meneely, who admits, "It wasn't your imagination about me putting on weight. I have gained a good bit in the past few months, but am sure I could stand a little more. Maybe if I stick around the Navy a while I will get it, and I don't need to worry about sticking around. I am OK and feeling fine. During the past few weeks I have been on the water, but am now in another foreign port. This place is no good for liberty although I understand there is a nice place a few miles from here. This port held the headlines sometime ago

and it certainly does look it." Hubert is a good bit heavier than he was, but still has a way to go to catch up with brother Jay.

Our two letters from Cpl. John Vernillo certainly do give our Sports Editor a fine plug. "Immediately upon noticing the Sports Section, I just had to read it and then broke down and wrote you a letter before reading the rest of the paper. Mike is doing a fine job. Oh, what Grant Rice would give to have him as an understudy. I'm glad to see that Brother Babe and Uncle Pete are really peppering that ball. I hope you fellows have a team in peace time. I'd sure like to try out for it. My regards to Mac Mooney for his fine managing. I don't know him but, if he is an old hand at the game, that's good enough for me. Tell Mike I like the way he's giving Peggy the heat. I've seen Lombardi play and can imagine Peg. I am fine and hope to remain that way. Everything is going great and we have really got the Germans on the run. I can see now where they get their great runners on the Olympic teams. Each night is still like the Fourth of July and a prettier picture couldn't be painted. It shouldn't be too long now. Willie Haughton from Langeloth saw Zip Morgan, but I'll be damned if I can see anybody I know. So long or, as the French say, 'Au Revoir'. Keep the Platter Chatter coming my way." Don't worry, there'll be a place for you on that post-war team, Tech.

We asked Seaman Warren Malone to tell us more about the Naval Air Transport Service since he is the only Climaxer in that branch so far. Pete replied with quite an essay, beginning with Kansas. "It has been too

hot to write, but during the past few days we have enjoyed several Kansas twisters and rainstorms which have assisted considerably in alleviating the intense heat. (If this sounds familiar, remember that Pete used to work with Pat Patterson. It evidently affected his literary style.). Last night I had to use blankets for the first time since coming here. Kansas is a prairie state, so there is usually a good stiff breeze blowing, although it frequently feels like a blast of hot gases from the roasters. NATS was inaugurated in December, 1941. The operating unit of the Service is the transport squadron. The one to which I am attached is mainly used to service the Southwest Pacific. The purpose of NATS is to provide the Navy with an independent and efficient system for transporting men and vital war materials as an aid in advancing the war program. In October, 1943 ten units were operating in the Atlantic and Pacific areas. Thirteen units are now operating. A new one in Australia was recently started, making a final connecting link for round-the-world service. I am now working in an office under the heading of "Flight Statistics"; My work doesn't consist of any hard labor or strenuous exercise, so I'm afraid I'll be getting like Jim Reed before long. I eat like a horse, sometimes four or five times a day. We do have a large swimming pool and gym where we are required to spend two hrs. a week, but all this does is make me hungrier. I would rather be located where there is a little more excitement but I guess this too is necessary in winning the war. And, after seeing the hospital planes coming in with badly wounded men, I guess I don't know when I'm well off. For the most part though, while I am helping to carry them off the ships, they seem very jocular and happy-go-lucky, but I am in-

clined to believe they are acting a part in a too-true tragedy. When I sat down to write this I didn't have much to say. "!!!" When we tell you that we cut out over half of Pete's letter, you will realize what a missive he epistulated, to corn a word. We also thank Pete for our first copy of Flying Jayhawk.

The NEWS hasn't caught up with PFC Leo Kopusz since the May issue which he recently received. However, his buddies have been receiving theirs and sharing with him. "When I received the May issue, the battle here was still going on and the paper was blood-soaked. I guess all of you have read about the battle of Saipan, so you probably have an idea what we experienced here. It was a tough fight but, as usual, we Americans were on top when it was over. When we came ashore, the battle was really hot and we had to hit the foxholes until our guns came in. That night the enemy was dropping bombs rather freely and we also experienced some shelling. Once our guns came in, the enemy didn't find it so easy to try to bomb. We really gave them hell. It was a pleasant sight to see Jap planes crashing and to know it was our lead which brought them down. It sure gives one a funny feeling when he is in action for the first time, but it makes one feel good to know that he did his part in winning Saipan. It is rather rugged living here at present, but conditions are beginning to shape up a bit. We are bothered with quite a few flies and mosquitos and the flies do everything but take off with my mess gear when I sit down to eat. I met a Marine here who is a cousin of Mickey Malone, and he asked me to say hello for him. His name is Bill Crawford. Sprando, Doodlebug and I are still on the same gun crew, and

we recently added another local boy when Joe (Dode) Bruce of Langeloth was added to our gun. We have already received one pay on this rock, but money doesn't mean a thing here because we can't spend a cent. You should have seen the games on payday. Doodle was a bit lucky for a change, and took in some cash."

After a short lapse, a letter now comes from our CBI correspondent, Sgt. Austin Studa. "There isn't much to report from this side of the world. I find it just the same old routine day in and day out. I might add that I'm kept plenty busy, but I don't mind that so much because I find time passes much faster when I'm busy. Believe me, the time has really passed in a hurry. It is hard to realize that I have 18 months of foreign service in. We are told that the rotation plan in this theatre is very much in effect. The policy is that all men go home after two years. I am hoping and keeping my fingers crossed. It will mean about 6 more months and then probably sweating out another two or three months and waiting for transportation. We are in the midst of another rainy season and, boy, am I sick of it. I don't mind the rain so much, but the mud that goes with it is what I don't go for. I sincerely hope I don't have to spend another summer over here. Gosh, but it does get hot. Right now I am covered with prickly heat. Have tried all the cure-alls but have failed to find anything that does much good. The only sure cure is not to sweat and that is impossible." Dutch encloses a Rupee note with the suggestion that we start another collection. As Mr. Wheeler will tell you, that is just what we are doing. So it is now time for you fellows to start sending us some folding dough.

Another non-Climaxer pay for

his subscription to the NEWS with a fine letter. Cpl. John Durst writes: "I received my first issue of the paper and sure did enjoy reading it. I find that the fellows I used to know are all over the world and it sure is good to hear what they have to say. I am on the Island of Saipan and that is about all I can say for it isn't worth talking about. It is good to know that Langeloth has a hand in sports again. Will drop you a line as often as I can, and hope to tell you more in my next."

This issue is getting to be a Saipan special. Here are two V-mailers from Cpl. Andrew Geffert. "Saipan is my new home since I last wrote to you. I'm getting kind of settled now and have seen my first movie. Even though I had seen it a couple of times before, it was very enjoyable. It's nice to hear that I visited the plant and didn't know about it. I'd like to really do it soon. I had the most horrid dream the other night and just have to tell you about it. I dreamt I was asleep and was awakened in the middle of the night by a terrible noise as if two tanks had crashed into each other. I grabbed my M-1 and went outside and, guess what I saw. There stood a ball mill. I poured about three clips into it before it quit operating. All is now quiet on the Pacific front so I'll close until my next. Luck to the ball team for more victories."

PFC Joseph Cikovic, Jr. almost but not quite got shipped out of Livingstone: "As you might say, I had one foot on the train when I was taken off and sent back here to camp. We just got off 2 weeks of maneuvers and we're not expecting to stay here much longer. A rumor has it that we will be out of here in September; where to, I don't know." Well, just be sure you let us know if

and when you get there, Joe.

Seaman Harry Dennis sends "just a few lines to let you know that everything is OK so far. I am on my second run. Have been pretty fortunate; not seasick as yet but I get damn lonesome to shoot the breeze with someone I know for a change. I have seen some pretty scenery and have had some damn disquieting moments thrown in to boot. Of course that is all in the game, so why crab? It could have been worse. I really can't say where we have been or where we are going, but you can tell Bill Morris I know what thrupence is and spent quite a few of them before I found out what they were worth, which isn't much. Tell old Tommie that I said hello. I heard that they are arguing about his age again. He might as well tell the truth: 56. (or is it 65?). I am on a tanker and we really get good eats and plenty of them. If I stay on this for six months, maybe I won't want to become a taxpayer again. We eat, sleep and stand watch every so often, then take time out occasionally to clean our gun and run through a few drills. Our motto is: 'Always ready means longer life.'"

Our letter from Seaman Frank Bernatonis is a bit too personal, to be printed here, but you will note his change of address. Good luck to you in the Pacific, Blacks.

Pvt. Albert Kuntz now admits that he is the author of that letter we weren't supposed to print but did. But he forgives us, we hope, and doesn't even remember why he asked us not to print it. YUsh writes: "Just a few lines to let you know that this medic is still in the great business of figure it out for yourself. That ball club is doing alright. Hope they can use a lefthanded hurler for I can throw a few hooks. Our ball

club is doing a lot of hard work, and having a lot of hard luck. We lost our last three games, 5-4, 5-4, and 1-0. I am still waiting for Cap to send me that block of ice, or is that rationed too. I see by the press that Gene Sprando is in England. Sure wish I was there. I also see where some of the boys really made a name for themselves. Hope to meet them after this is over, then we can try to snow each other under. Tell Bill I am fishing and catching big ones to boot. I bet I can top his fish stories now. Best of luck to that ball club." YUsh also notes that he has passed 19 months overseas, which is putting it in. Hope that 2-year rule applies to you Al.

"Somewhere off the coast of France" Gunners Mate John Yandrich "received the NEWS after not receiving mail for three months, and was glad to see the Moly's are holding their own, and that everything is getting along fine at the Climax. I ran into Bernard Griffith from Langeloth and we had quite a long chat together. He is getting along fine. I am trying to locate Chuck Havelka and Henry Pirih. Henry's poem about England really hit the nail right on the head. That's the best description of England I have heard and I have heard a lot of them." Jake signs off by wishing the Moly's a lot of luck.

The non-Climaxers are with us in force this month. To tell the truth, we hear from PFC William Allison oftener than from sister Pearl who deserted us nearly a year ago. Bill writes this time from New Britain. "A lot has happened since I last wrote. One thing is the change in my location. Another is that life isn't quite so easy here as it was at my last station. Here we have 8 full hours of work; not hard work, of course, but just sweating out this tropical sun is enough. And once

again I find myself in the class-room with pencil and paper working that mind of mine. I am still studying communications, only this time it is much more advanced and complicated. One complication in particular is the Morse code and, wow, did I find it complicated at first. But, after one gets the knack of it, it's smooth sailing. We are supposed to be able to take 25 words per by the time we finish the course. Other than going to school, I'm taking Army life as one should."

Here's one from Seaman Aldo Lemmi, who has really been covering the Pacific: "I've been to Kwajalein, Eniwetok, Saipan, Guam, Rota, Tinian, Espiritu Santo, Hollandia, Aitape, Tulagi, Manus Island, Purvis, Guadalcanal and many other places. Where I am now things are pretty well under control. I am in port, but can't say where. There are plenty of natives here who can speak a little English. All they want from us is money and all we want is souvenirs. It usually ends up that no one gets anything." Aldo adds that he has seen no one from Climax since he left the States a year ago. But he has certainly been to a lot of places where other Climaxers have been or are now.

Fireman Matthew Donovanich tried to get to Ye Editor's old stamping ground on a recent liberty, "but could not make train connections back. It seems over here that everything runs one way. I sure hope they didn't figure that way with me as I sure as hell want to get back and it can't be too soon. As I have often said, they can't show me enough of this life to make me like it. I am glad now that I had a part in the invasion and have made many trips since. But I hope they don't rub it in and drag us around the world. From our last news report, things are sure moving fast over in France, and by the looks of

things it won't take the boys long to get this job done. I have noticed this evening that something is going to get loosened up just by looking in the air. It puts you in mind of a bunch of birds going south for the winter. And I think these birds will drop their eggs in the right places tonight. It sure is swell to think how much help they gave us from the first day up to now. They sure deserve a lot of credit. Give George and the rest of the boys my best."

Seaman Mike Sabatasse had about the shortest leave on record. But let him tell you: "I just got back to the ship not feeling so hot. I was on leave and when I got home I found a telegram to report back immediately. So I guess we are shoving off again. I was all set to enjoy a nice leave, but fate was against me. I hope to see you all one of these days though. I got one trip to my credit and hope to make a few more. So long and good luck to all." Sabby pasted a stamp-sized picture of himself on his letter and, while it is a good likeness, it is labeled "Jimmie." Can you explain this, Sabby?

From S/Sgt. James Clarence Wolfe comes the biggest Service weekly we have received. It is the 16-page Fort Bliss News, for which we are most grateful. But how about that letter?

After hanging around Washington all this time in the AAA, Pvt. James O'Donnell now has a new outfit and a new station. "Here I am in the Engrs. It isn't the construction outfit; it's the Combat Engrs. This outfit does everything. We haven't started building bridges or roads yet, but it won't be long. I was in an outfit that was going overseas and had to get out of it for I didn't have my training in the

Engrs. Before I get out of here I will have eight or nine weeks. All that moving around seems dumb, but I guess the Army is what you make of it, so you might as well do your work and like it." Jim is hoping for a furlough after that eight or nine weeks, and promises to tell us more about his work when he finds time.

AMM Wm. Metz is "still on the beach head at Miami waiting for a sandcrab to take my place. Sandcrabs without a job are scarce, although there's no use telling you that since you know it better than I. (You said it!) The Climax boys are really out there dishing it out except for me and a couple more. The reports of the boys overseas are very good. Thanks a lot for the picture. Like all the rest I enjoy Bihum's Platter Chatter. I have to laugh everytime I think of Mike's description of Jelovich trying to retrieve the ball in that Steubenville game. As there is no action here I can't report any news. So long and the best of luck." Bill adds a few nice words for the NEWS, for which tanks!

S/Sgt. Henry Pirih hadn't received the NEWS in France when he wrote but was looking for it "to find out if any of the boys are here. I met one of the Alonzo boys from Langeloth at a very exciting moment and didn't get to talk to him long. I've told you about the wine, but that is out now that the boys have found Cognac. When I say it's powerful I believe everyone here will agree with me. Cider is put up in 250 gal. kegs with not less than four kegs to a barn. (Ed. query: If 250 gals. go in a keg, how much does a barrel hold in that country? Or a hogshead? And where do they keep their cows?) I can't tell you as much about what we are doing as you can read in the papers. Talk

about rumors: I thought they were bad back in the States, but here I've heard everything. You've read about the Normandy hedgerows, but you never know what they are until you see one. The boys would sooner go over a hill. To Frank Rozmus: I'd like to see him. If he's afraid to come up to see me, I'm not afraid to go back to see him." That last sounds sort of like a challenge. Henry adds that if Frank is in France he will find him.

S/Sgt. Paul Ryan reports himself a casualty, and takes advantage of having time on his hands by writing us that long awaited letter. "I'm really taking life easy now. All I do is lay in bed and read or write letters. Sunday morning I kinda met up with an accident and got myself a good collection of second degree burns on my face and neck. One of the nurses told me that I look like a boiled potato and I sure do. My face is coming along OK, although I'm having a little trouble with the other burns, but all in all I really can't kick. They are trying to keep my face from being scarred and, to tell the truth, I kinda like it here in the hospital. My battalion is going to have a months training with the Infantry and the question is now whether I'll be out of here in time to go with them. I believe I'll make it but I sure don't intend to worry about it. Tell all the boys I said hello and best of luck to all." And good luck to you Paul. We hope to hear soon that you are completely recovered.

We've been waiting a long time for that letter from Sgt. Robert Yolton and it finally came, just as we knew it would. Bob writes: "It's been a long time since I wrote to you. My intentions were always good but something else

would come up. I enjoy reading about the ball club. Some of the old boys sure surprised me. They seem to be doing OK. By the looks of the round trippers you have some sluggers too. We had a softball team before we left England and won fountain pens in the finals but we lost some of the club since we came to France. Damn those Germans. I hear the air corps giving them hell now. They sure sound good when you know they are your own."

We don't have a letter yet from Pvt. Donald Patrino, but we do have proof that he hasn't forgotten us. Don sends a copy of 7th AAF BRIEFS, another first for our collection. Many thanks. But you do owe us a letter, Don.

We've had a whole flock of cards from Fl/C Steve Kuritz, but didn't have his address until he finally came across this month. Steve encloses a page from the Roto section of the Providence Journal describing the battle of Casco Bay, which seems to have been mostly a verbal battle between rival lobstermen who accused each other of stealing lobsters and the pots they catch them in. Steve says; "here is a battle we saw, and I hope it's the only one I ever see. I am at sea here, there and everywhere, and am not having any more fun. This can of ours does lots of tricks. The weather is cold and the sea is very rough. We may go south soon, I hope."

That long letter from Yoeman Nicholas Hallahan finally came in. And Nick really catches up on news of himself. "A long time ago I told you about being sent to Yoeman school. That was 6 months ago, then I was transferred to the service unit from which I went to the Recruit Trn. Command. While here I went to evening school to qualify for Yoeman 3rd. I passed the test and was very disillusioned when I didn't get

the rate. Then a week ago I took another test and passed it, but this still didn't seem to mean anything. Then on Sept. 1st I was advanced to Seaman 1st. That made my morale rise and finally I got official notice that I was rerated to Yoeman 3rd. I found out that because of my vision I could not qualify for sea duty, but now that RTC is going to dissolve, I soon may be moved. It was rumored that the WAVES would be taking over the clerical work here but they never did arrive. I believe the officials decided this camp was too rough for the delicate females." !!! And now, men, here's the payoff: "About 3 months ago I joined the ranks of the doddling men. Yes, I'm proud to say that I got married. You remember all those calls to Pittsburgh? She was the one, the former Frances Devalkeneer. My wife is employed in Richmond and has set up headquarters there. So, you see, the office Lothario is no longer a Casanova." This is the kind of thing that breaks an editor's heart. It's far too much that Nick held out on us, but the worst is that our own typist-printer knew about it all the time and has been sitting on the scoop of our career for 3 whole months. What a way to run a paper!

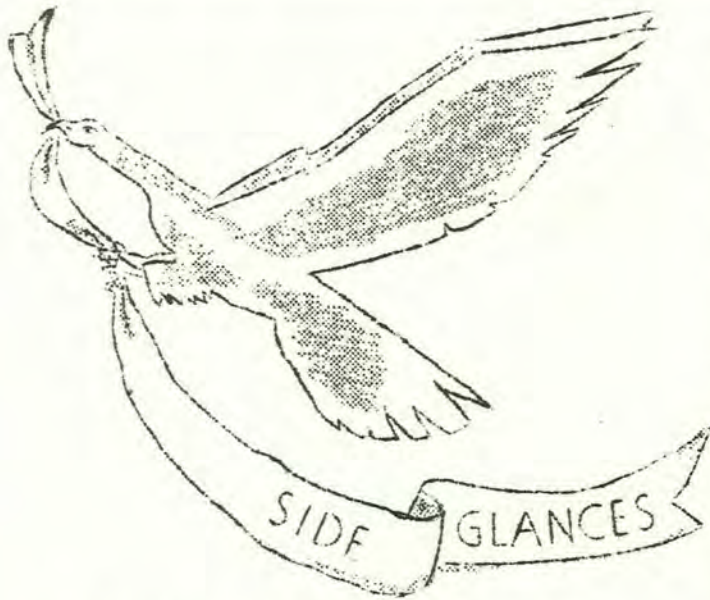
- - - - -
- TID-BITS -

Why is it that a man who hasn't kissed his wife for a year, wants to shoot the fellow who does?

A politician is a man who stands for what he thinks the people will fall for.

Cook: "Yep, I cooked for two yrs. in World War I, and was wounded twice."

GI: "You're a lucky guy. It's a wonder they didn't finish the job and kill you."



Let us remember, there are no jobs without employers -- no employers without risk capital -- no risk capital without incentive -- no incentive without Freedom -- and no Freedom without fighting for it.

C. D. Dallas
Revere Copper & Brass Co.

A couple of fellows have started something you might be interested in. Renny Malone and Dutch Studa each sent us specimens of money. Rennie's was invasion money (printed in Philadelphia, so he says) -- a paper franc, and Dutch's was a rupee or Indian money. So, we are going to start a collection and have them framed for the boys to see. You fellows are pretty well scattered. How would you like to join up by sending us a low denomination piece of the currency of the country in which you are stationed, or which you visit?

No need to ask if you liked the picture of the baseball team. Of course, you did! And we know the boys were happy to send it to you. When we wrote in last issue that we would send

out a picture of the stack as soon as it could be released, we didn't know how soon that might be. To make a long story short we hope to be able to attach a small snap-shot with the next issue. It's not a promise, but if we can induce Mr. Coffey to print them from one of his negatives, we'll try to get them ready for the October issue. You see, there's a bit of work attached to printing so many pictures, and Mr. Coffey does this in his leisure time at home. So we are entirely at Wally's mercy.

One of the boys had quite a wreck the other morning while driving to work. Frank Walti, who shares his car with several coming up from Slovan, and another car, tried to round the corner at the foot of the old fair ground hill, on the same side of the street. Result was that they met near head-on. Several were pretty well shaken up and considerable damage was done to both cars. One of Frank's riders, John Halvon, didn't make it to work, and his injuries necessitated a doctor's attention.

Boys, the horse-shoe pitching gang is growing. Since last reporting it has developed into a two court affair. Or do you pitch horse-shoes on a court? Well, in any case, two games are usually in progress every lunch hour. We note a new type delivery has been introduced. Our Chief Excerpter, Mr. Carroll, has a side-arm motion all his own and what a wicked shoe he tosses -- at times. He was a bit wild at first, but he soon got the range. We note too, that some get out after working hours and practice up a bit, so you see they are taking their game seriously.

We told you last month some-

thing about the restrictions placed on the hiring of new employees. We can report that these restrictions have been eased up a bit on us. We can now do gate hiring so long as we demand and file in our records a release signed by the man's last employer; of course, the joker about all of this is 'where are the men coming from.' As we said before, they are few and far between.

Speaking of manpower reminds us of the boys we lost by virtue of their returning to school. Some 12 to 15 of our minors are now back, in high school. But we haven't lost them entirely. They are still allowed to work over week-ends, that is, Friday evening through to Sunday morning, if work develops beyond what our regular extra men can handle.

We regret to report the following concerning S/Sgt. Orrin G. Miller. You will recall his letter in the last issue noted he was in Italy and had been on several long missions in B-24's. The Washington Observer dated August 11th reported as follows: "Sgt. Orrin G. Miller, missing in action over Hungary since July 27th. Ball turret gunmen on the B-24 Liberator named 'Organized Confusion'. Seven missions completed five days before, and his last flight believed to be his 10th. On July 27th, five hundred bombers are reported to have cracked down on the Manfred Weiss Steel Works, at Budapest, Hungary."

We have nothing more to report concerning Lt. Pete McMahon, previously reported missing on a mission to Munich.

Fred Perko had an interesting experience the other evening. While sitting outside the gate house and looking up to the top

of the stack he thought at first he was witnessing a parachute jump in the distance. The floating object sailed out over the plant buildings in its decent, and landed on the roof of the electrical shop. Fred's curiosity had to be satisfied, so he climbed up and found only the mogal base of one of the large electric lights from the top of the stack. It later developed that a spare bulb had been lashed to the walkway at the top, and the wind had finally broken the rope, so there was nothing else for the bulb to do but roll off and float to earth with the heavy base hanging down parachute-like.

Some of you fellows have been on the radio - indirectly, that is. The Washington Pennsylvania radio station WJPA has had a program, called "Voice of the Service." This program concerns Servicemen, and is conducted by the reading of letters and other news items about Service Men and Women in Washington and Greene Counties. We sent in several letters and later, copies of the News, from which numerous of your letters were read. We recall hearing Joe Kucic's, A. Longo's, Kirk's, Jay Meneely's, Matt Donovan's, "Tech" Vernillo's, Clyde Truax's, Henry Pirih's, and Frank Russell's.

We had a flood in the Ferro Dept. the other evening. About five thirty on Labor Day (Sept. 4th) the heavens opened up and let a real water spout hit the plant. The run off on the concrete drive ways was so heavy that the drains and catch basin became fouled and overflowed. The result was that about six inches of water rolled into the new addition to the Ferro Dept. Things got pretty damp needless to say.

Isn't it curious that thousands

of years ago a man with the best iron sword won all the battles --- while still today the nation with the greatest supply of iron and its alloys, steel, for its weapons, is still dominant in warfare? And Moly makes steel better.

Tonight (Sept. 6th) as we pencil a few items for the News, we are tuned in on radio reports announcing that General Patton's and Patch's armies are about to meet & close the trap on all of Southern France. One reason for our interest is that reference to a map leads us to think the meeting of the two armies may be above Dejon France, and that is another of our old stamping grounds. Our camp was at Langres. We just wonder if any of you will pass that way. --- We also note Gen. Patch's army came up through the south via Grenoble. What fond memories we have of that city. There is where we spent our one and only furlough while in the Service. We couldn't get to Nice, so we chose to be sent to Grenoble. It all seems like a dream now, but it was real while it lasted. Did any of you pass that way?

Did you ever stop to think that even though every enemy is destroyed we'll lose this war if the American way of life becomes a casualty?

Just as we had hoped, the new bag houses on the Ferro crushing lines are working fine. Not too many bugs arose, and they are being remedied. Little or no dust is noticeable on the top or working floor. Some additional hoods are to be installed in the basement to care for spillage, and then they will be complete.

Another Climaxer has been awarded the Purple Heart. Word has been received by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Meneely of Burgettstown that their son, T/5 Jay A. Meneely who is with the Infantry, was

slightly wounded in action in France August 9th. The telegram was received from the War Dept. last month, August 22nd. Jay received shrapnel wounds in his left leg and is now convalescing in an English hospital.

We hope to hear from Jay before we go to press, but if we don't, here's lots of luck to you Jay, and let us know how, when and where.

We know how easy it is to let the days slip by, especially those of you who are doing the pushing on the active fronts, without writing to anybody. We haven't heard from some of you for a long, long time. It sounds trite to ask if you are receiving the News, because if you aren't you won't read this request. But those of you who do read this and haven't written recently, will you do so? Even a post card to bring our addresses up to date will be most helpful. Your buddies may be right next door to you -- a good way to find out is to tell us and them where YOU are. Do it today!

We haven't mentioned the operation of the Pure Oxide Dept. for some time. The fact is, it is operating so smoothly with only normal operating difficulties, that there isn't anything to report. The outlook seems to be that production will continue for some time to come.

Well, boys the linotype operator says if we don't quit scratching around we're going to have another big issue, as the letters are rolling in, and Mike hasn't come in yet with his Platter-Chatter, --- So being at the end of a page we'll just stop.

And, as Mike would say, with the bases F.O.M. and Uncle Pete at bat, let's play ball - - -

* PLATTER - - CHATTER *

By

Bihum

Here we go with the pitch
to - - -



Uncle Pete

Climax Moly 17-12-6; Steuben.
Am. Legion 11-8-5.

The Molys, remembering the 13-4 shellacking administrated them by the Legionaires evened the count at one game a piece when they returned the drubbing 17-11.

Ace Dowler won the hurling assignment and pitched his usual masterful game. He twirled 6 frames and gave up 2 runs on 5 hits then left the game as Climax had a 15-2 lead. Mgr. Mooney had the game in the bag and he wanted Dowler to have a well deserved rest, But Mooney forgot to tie the string around the bag and before someone ran over to the Calcium machine at the plant for string and bring it back, the Legion Nine tallied 9 runs, and on 3 hits too! Errors? Well, only 3, but errors weren't the cause

of the 7 run rally in the 8th, it was the pitching. Donley allowed 1 run in the 7th, and in the 8th he gave up 3 runs on 4 walks and a single. Pappas relieved and gave up 3 runs on 3 walks and a single, then, Fernandez pitched and gave up 1 run before the side was retired. Vernillo got mad because he didn't get to pitch and threatened to quit. But "Uncle Pete" took him in hand and whispered a few magic words. Yep, Babe finished the game in the outfield. Guio led the hit parade with 2 doubles and a single in 5 trips. "Casey" Pappas was next with 2 out of 4 to drive in 3 runs.

Mac Mooney was sure frantic when the visitors put on their spurge; you could just see his hair turning grey. His boy will probably not recognize him as this ball club sure added a few years to his life. Tough grind, huh Mooney? Oh yes, Capt. Muscara went 0 for 5!

Matt Kuzior tore a ligament in his ankle sliding into 2nd base. He now is going around with a cast on it. This is our 2nd serious mishap of the season. Remember when Kokomo got his teeth knocked out? The ball club is holding a raffle for Kuzior's benefit.

Climax Moly 21-15-7; American Zinc 6-6-7.

The Molys certainly humiliated the zincers trouncing them 21 to 6. Everyone in the Moly line up garnered at last one hit to make it 3 out of 4 over their rivals. The game went only 6 frames too! You can imagine what the score would have been in a 9 inning fray, as our Molys were really blasting this day. Mac Mooney said "Pour it on boys!" and pour it on they did, as darkness came to the Zincers rescue and halted the slaughter.

Mooney gave the mound chore to our "shower kid" Mopey. The Zinc

players smiled and grinned when they saw Mopey going to the rubber, as they heard of Mopey's 'Rep' and thought to themselves, "Oh, ain't this gonna be sweet!" But ol' Mopey crossed them up and allowed only 6 hits! Can you imagine! He also slammed out 3 singles, twice when bases were FOM to drive in 5 runs. He was certainly the man this day!

Koke drove a mighty slow rolling bunt down the 3rd base line to score Pete from 3rd in the 2nd frame, and I just wish that you could have seen Koke racing down to first base! How that youngster can run! Yes, he was safe! (Bad decision on the Umps part) I hear that Koke treated the Ump after the game for that one.

Tepsic got on base every trip to the plate. 3 walks, a single and a triple. Capt. Muscara drove in 4 runs with his 2 bingles and triple in 5 trips. Vernillo went 1 for 3 and Casey Pappas drove in 2 tallies with his bingle. The fellows really relish playing the Zincers as they sure boost their averages during these games. Climax' big inning was the 2nd when 14 men came to bat. The Zincers had 4 men at the most to face Mopey in any one frame as he was really bagging them in. (Fogging?).

Climax Moly 6-10-1; Moundville State Pen 3-3-3.

The Moly's evened the count with the inmates at one a piece as Moe Dowler set them down with a 3 hitter. Climax got off to a flying start as they scored 3 runs in the 1st on singles by Vernillo and Williams, and doubles by Tepsic and Muscara. 1 in the 6th, Muscara bingled, Williams forced him at 2nd and then what do you think happened? Peg stole 2nd! Yes he did! Then scored on Palooka's single. 2 plated in the 7th, singles by Dowler, Fernandez, Vernillo and

Muscara. Old Moe Dowler was really on today and had a one hitter up until the 9th when he tired and was reached for 2 more bingles. He fanned 9 and walked 2 for the victory; his 12th in 15 starts. That's pitching ain't it? Our infield helped considerably in his 3 hitter as they fielded sensationally! Especially Palooka at 2nd base, and Fernandez at short. They made plays that you read about but seldom see.

Capt. Pete was on 2nd and Williams drove a ball deep into center field in the 1st frame, Pete trotted home while Peg had to labor getting to first, but he stole 2nd in the 6th so all was forgiven. Well, on this particular play, Peg went to 2nd when Pappas got on by an error. One away. Palooka flied deep to center and Pappas took off to try to score from 1st. He passed Peg between 2nd and 3rd, on the way home. Mooney kept shouting at him - "Come Back", "Come Back", but Pappas was on his way! He did finally turn back as the center fielder caught the ball and threw it into the infield, and Pappas was tagged out trying to get back to 1st base. Heads up ball huh? Oh, did Mooney lay it on! Then to top it off, bases were FOM in the 7th, Pappas at bat and fanned at three straight pitches over his head. That was when you should have heard Mooney! He's sure from the old school!

The inmates had their band there and serenaded the ball players wives who came along with several other carloads of Moly boosters. The inmates really put on a show for the fans and the entertainment which they offer is well worth the trip. A double header on a Sunday is in the making and if Moe Dowler can pitch both games, we'll add a couple more wins to our record. Vernillo got 2 for 5, while Muscara went 3 for 4 to lead the

hit parade. Pappas, Vernillo, Fernandez each went out twice via the strike-out route.

Climax Moly 15-17-3; American Zinc 5-12-4.

Winning 4 out of 5, Climax took the series and championship between them and the Zinc Co. and I'll bet that the Zinc Co. is glad that its over because they sure suffered some awful drubbings by the Molys. Donley started on the mound in this game and was hastily removed by Mgr. Mooney when he began paying more attention to the girls in the stands than to his pitching. This Donley must be a Romeo all right. Fernandez took over the mound job and earned the victory as he mowed the Zinc hitters down. Again, everyone boosted his averages. They were smacking the ball to all corners of the lot and were fagged out from running the basepaths. Oh, what a game!

We were going to include the averages in this month's schedule but as there are only 2 or 3 games remaining on the schedule, we thought it best to wait until they were played then we'd have the season's averages for you in our next edition, OK? Standing to date is 24 wins, 8 losses and 1 tie for a pct. of .750.

A LITTLE STUFF OFF THE CUFF!

Cy Boles, one of the clockmen, has made 3 bets against the Molys and has lost all three of them. I wonder who got all this easy money? No, he won't bet anymore, he's cured! Glenn Nicholls has made a few wagers against us too, and he's also cured. Dutch Muscara took care of him.

Orchids to our "team physician" Don Downer for the fine work administered in our behalf. He attends every game and keeps the

ol' men in shape. Kicks in, in the collection hat too! Gee tanks Doc!

Docco (Speed) our gateman turned in several masterful umpiring jobs. Behind the plate or on the basepaths he calls them as he sees them and says that he never called a bad one in his life. (You didn't do bad in the "Green Moon" in Moundville either Speed, you sure have fine taste and good eye sight).

You know, that fans enter the ball park at Moundville 2 hrs. before game time just to be entertained by the Dixie Land Band, orchestra and speciality acts composed entirely of prisoners. They sure can put on a show. They want to schedule the Climax Club next year, so when you boys come home and make up next year's club don't forget that. Oh, they'll all be there all right! They'll be there for years and years according to them. You'll never have any better time as they all are swell sports and all around good guys. Ask Pete, for he's in pretty thick with them. Several Moly boosters have made the trip there and enjoyed it very much.

Tommy Tomlinson also officiated a couple of games, but it has been decided that he does better as shipping clerk at the plant. From some of the decisions he has made on the diamond, we are wondering where some of the Moly he sends out from the plant ends up. (Note to Ed. We discovered that Tomlinson played ball 30 yrs. ago, how old does that make him?).

When Pappas started with our club he always carried matches in his pocket. Since he returned from the Eldersville farm, he doesn't have them any more, so we investigated. Here's what we discovered - he carried the matches because he always kept

one in the toe of his shoe when pitching. He would raise his leg and sight the plate by the match in his shoe, then he'd throw. We always wondered why his leg was raised so high before each pitch! He's a clown, this Pappas boy. He certainly keeps us all alive by his antics. Mooney wanted to put him in a clown suit as an added attraction, but he balked at that one.

The American Zinc picked up a team and played Moundsville and beat them 4-1. But, ol Ace Dowler and P. Muscara pulled that one in for them. Dowler pitched and although lacking the support of Moly fielding behind him, twirled another masterpiece, which should have been a shut out. Muscara played center and banged out 2 hits. Dowler sure has their numbers!

Last but not least fellows, gee 'taps for the swell letters, but you're much too liberal with your compliments. (Ed's note and staff: This is just Mike's opinion, we think the same of his work as you fellows do!).

- GRIDIRON GOSSIP -

August 28th, Ray Ronco resigned the head football coaching job at Union Hi to accept the position of head basketball and football coach at Pitcairn. Basketball Coach Ed McCluskey stepped into the vacancy left by Ronco.

BURGETTSTOWN 31 - AVELLA 0

The Blue Devils of Union Hi successfully opened their 1944 gridiron season under the lights of the Union Stadium Sept. 8th, when they steamrolled over little Avella 31-0. The juggernaut of Union was much too much for the small band of Avellaiers. Avella made 5 first and tens, all in the first half to 11 for Union. The nearest Avella got to pay dirt was when they recovered

a fumble on Union's nine, and on 4 plays couldn't make an inch as Burgettstown's line continually charged into their back field. The locals looked pretty good in their first game, blocking and tackling hard all the way. Union although having a pretty stiff schedule should pull thru nicely and have a successful season as they have the speed, size, experience (12 lettermen are on the squad) and enthusiasm for a tough and rugged eleven, which will be hard to beat.

Union operated out of the T formation pretty well, but they sure brused up Melton when they had him plunging, plunging and plunging from his full back post. On defense they used the 5-3-2-1 setup and were fooled several times by the Notre Dame Box shift used by Avella.

Union's four pretty cheer leaders really had the rooting section yelling their hearts out. Who could refuse to yell for such pretty and lovely maids? (Tut, tut, Mike!).

The Band led by several "slick-chicks", majorettes really picked em up and laid em down in going thru their maneuvers. Their high stepping and baton twirling looked really neat. The Majorettes themselves weren't bad either! (This is a football game, isn't it! Linotypist would like to make certain).

Scoring - Union marched 72 yds. in a sustained drive for the initial score early in the 1st quarter. Melton plunged over from the 9. "Palooka" Martinez converted the only one of his 5 extra point attempts.

Second Period - Boni capped a 52 yd. advance with a 3 yd. buck. Then, seconds later, Fernandez completed a 45 yd. heave to Palooka for another score. Third Period - Garcia ran back a quick kick to Avella's 25 to set up another score. Melton again plunged over into pay dirt, this time from the 8.

The final score was the highlight of the one sided affair, Gonzales intercepted a pass and stepped high wide and handsome for 66 yds. and a touchdown. Burgettstown had Martinz, Cappozzoli, Diamond, Gonzales, Campos, Dowler and Maropic on the line with Garcia, Fernandez, Boni and Melton in the backfield. McGraw, Stanish, Friday, Buckwalter, Stiak, Curtis, Coleman, Markus, and Pensak also broke into the game.

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- MORE TID BITS, OK? -

A young married woman wanted her new maid to be pleased with her position. "You'll have an easy time of it here," she explained sweetly, "because we have no children to annoy you."

"Oh", said the colored girl generously, "I'se very fond of children, so don't go restrictin' yo'self on my account."

Recruit: How far is it to the place we'll have maneuvers?

Sgt.: About 10 miles as the crow flies.

Recruit: How far is it if the crow had to carry a pack and rifle and walk?

"I hear Nick's barber shop started an advertising campaign and is jammed to the doors." ... "Yeah, he put a sign in his window reading: 'Army Haircuts Repaired.'"

The Colonel was outraged. He stopped his jeep in the place gardens at Caserta. "That sign has no business there!" he snapped at the MP. "Yes, sir." The MP removed the sign, "SLIPPERY CURVE", from around the neck of the Greek goddess. The Colonel's jeep roared off--and promptly skidded into the ditch. "Shall I replace the sign, sir?" inquired the MP.

One Way to double your money is to fold it and put it in your pocket. But a better plan is to make \$6.25 interest on an \$18.75 investment in USA Preferred.

There's no disgrace in being knocked down, so long as you are up again before the referee counts you out.

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- VISITS -



We're tempted to limit the report on visits this month to "Chuck" Mader exclusively. When Steve Kuritz consigned Chuck to prison he just didn't know how he was leading with his chin. Why, Chuck is just rolling in clover while Steve is or was anchored out at sea, or someplace. Chuck has a fine setup and reports he is going to take one of his boys down and put him in a school to learn to be a machinist. Believe it or not, Steve they have furnished Chuck a bicycle to ride back and forth to work and to lunch. So, you see he isn't doing badly at all. He just commutes between

Burgettstown and camp about every week-end. Right Chuck?

Steve Kuritz was in on the 12th of August to tell us about his experiences -- same Steve!

Then we had three visitors -- James O'Donnell, A. Pusateri, and Stanley Roznus -- who, it seems, missed seeing us, or is our memory slipping. The last two we feel quite sure we didn't see, but something tells us we did see Jimmy to say hody. Did we or didn't we, Jimmy?

A. Farner was home for a nice furlough, and visited the plant as well as the baseball games. Farner looked fine, and reports the airborne troops are about tops. Anyone want to argue with him? We don't!

One visitor came home and stayed with us. Geo. Fulmer, of the merchant marines found out he could come back to work, so he just cleared with the Selective Service and the USES and here he is back on his old job. It's good to welcome George back among us.

Ivo Bertini whose furlough carried over into this month, came in to say so-long before leaving for camp.

Andrew Laurich was in to sign the register on the 22nd. He made several trips into the plant during his furlough. Andy looked fine and says things are about the same as usual at camp.

Raymond Malone, who came home on furlough about the time we mailed last months issue, was in the 23rd to sign up and visit with us. Raymond has been places in the S. Pacific and has had quite some experiences.

And the other half of the Malone family of Service boys, Rennie

back from the invasion beaches of France to tell us all about it. Rennie seems to have been tied up with the British, but he had fun anyhow (if you can call it fun, eh Rennie!), and had some fine stories to tell us, and some souvenirs to display. Rennie looked fine.

Our last visitor was Tom Fischer. Tom said they sorta picked on the old fellows at first and he lost several lbs. but was picking them up again. He looked lean and well trained and he reported he didn't mind it at all. Maybe Tom will just work up to Top Kick and make a lifetime job of it. How about it Tom?

P.S. Ye Editor, surely went out on a limb when he said this was going to be a short issue. We tried to get the linotype operator to use smaller sized type, but she said we could just stew in our own juice, so here we are with 22 pages, and its so long for now and good luck to you all.

- NEW ADDRESSES -

1. Frank Bernatonis S 1/C
Care of/FPO
San Francisco, California
2. S/Sgt. Joseph R. Carlisle,
33423532, 86th Signal Co.
APO 450
Camp Livingston, La.
3. PFC Joseph Cikovic
33423459, Co. F, 343rd Inf.
APO 450
Camp Cooke, California
4. Pvt. Joseph Gruber, Jr.
33685153
Co. A, 1286 Engrs.
Camp Rucker, Ala.
5. Nicholas Hallahan, Y 3/C
Recruit Training Command
Office, Ship's Company
Camp Peary
Virginia

6. Pvt. Charles W. Havelka, 33423516
APO 339, c/o PM
New York, New York
7. PFC Leo Kopacz, 33675741
APO 244, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.
8. Pvt. Bennie Kowalewski
APO 244, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.
9. Stephen Kuritz, F 1/C
c/o FPO
New York, New York
10. Charles W. Mader, S 2/C
Ordnance Batt., U.S. Naval Powder Fact.
Indian Head, Md.
11. Pvt. Elmo B. Martin, 33695004
374th Sta. Hosp.
Ft. Lewis, Wash.
12. Pvt. James E. O'Donnell, 33714645
Co. B, 291st Engrs. C. Bn.
Camp Pickett, Va.
13. Pvt. Donald Patrina, ASN 33418369
APO 235, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.
14. Edward F. Wilgocki, S 1/C
c/o FPO
San Francisco, Calif.
15. Lt. George L. Williamson, Jr.
2020 Graesemere Drive
Louisville, Kent.
c/o L.D. Smith
16. Sgt. Robert Ylton, 33418396
APO 436, c/o PM
New York, New York

Bye now!
Le Editors
and staff.



UNITED STATES
ARMY



UNITED STATES
NAVY

CLIMAX NEWS



UNOFFICIAL PUBLICATION FOR THE
BENEFIT OF CLIMAX EMPLOYEES
NOW IN THE ARMED SERVICES
OF THE UNITED STATES



UNITED STATES
MARINE CORPS



UNITED STATES
AIR CORPS

- THE PRICE OF FREEDOM -

"No free government or the blessing of liberty can be preserved to any people but by a firm adherence to justice, moderation, temperance, frugality and virtue and by a frequent recurrence to fundamental principles."

The roots of American liberty are sunk deep in philosophic and religious soil. They go down to those far off days in ancient Greece when men sought to discover the requirements for living a good life; to that great period in history when the free men of ancient Rome explored the possibilities of a self-governing republic under the rule of law; and to those brief days of Christ's ministry in Judea proclaiming the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. The common philosophy on which American freedom rests holds that there is a vital relation between freedom and reason; that freedom, in other words, is intelligent behavior. Thus emphasis is placed on understanding and on the development of reason and intelligence, and our society has been organized on the basis of a meeting of minds and of mutual respect. - - - - -

If we are willing to pay the price of freedom, we will take the advice of the Virginia Bill of Rights seriously and examine every new proposal of government to see whether it fits soundly into the fabric of our system. Precise definition of the terms we use in our political discussions, clear thinking based on sound understanding, willingness to take a large measure of responsibility for our own physical welfare, self-restraint, courage, along with justice, temperance, moderation, frugality and virtue---these are the coin in which the price of freedom must be paid yesterday, today and forever. As Somerset Maugham said: "If a nation values anything more than freedom, it will lose its freedom; and the irony of it is that if it is comfort or money that it values more, it will lose that too."

H. W. Prentis, Jr., President
Armstrong Cork Company



SOLDIERS, MARINES & SAILORS!

Since this is the 'eve of our National elections, and most everybody has made up his mind how he is going to vote, (or has already voted) perhaps, it won't be out of order to introduce the October issue with a couple of non-partisan jokes -- or what have you. -- It seems that Hitler, Dewey and Roosevelt have passed on to the next world, and the latter two became fast friends. One day they met Adolph. In the course of their reminiscing Adolph got back in his old rut of bragging. "Boys," he said. "I don't like the way things are going in this world, so I've decided to blow it up." "OK" chorused Tom and Franklin, "we'll pay for it." --- And then there's the one the magazine Life prints in its Oct. 2nd issue. You all have heard the old saw "Youse pays your money and takes your choice." Life says this election question for the Independent voter has boiled down to "hold your nose and vote for Roosevelt, or shut your

eyes and vote for Dewey." -- and finally, there's the one --- but why go on and on, the above is enough to tell you fellows in which direction this old political campaign is going (or went). Nice and dignified?!**! Yep, just like good old Iowa black mud, and brothers, that's the blackest mud there is, believe me. But its fun to listen to, especially for the Independent voter, altho' its pretty tough on the strictly party man, yes-siree. -- All of which is what makes our Republic great - mud and all. We can say what we think and wear no mans collar.

Now that we've helped you-all decide how to vote (or wish you'd voted differently) we'll pull in our neck and pass the pencil to Mr. Carroll to record where you are and how the rest of the world is treating you. So, thirty and over, to Mr. Carroll ---

EXCERPTS FROM CAMP GOSSIE

The move that PFC Joseph Cikovic expected for so long finally came through. In fact, it turns out to be two moves, duly reported via 204 cards. Lets hope Joe finds lots to write about in his new station.

A short note from Yoeman Nicholas Hallahan gives us his change of address. Nick is also still sending Peary Scope every week and, after last month's letter, we'll let him get by with that for this time.

Nope, we're wrong. At the very last minute comes a note from Nick after all, with word that the buck we sent him served a good purpose; it being contributed toward the train fare of a sailor who had to go home on emergency leave and was broke. Nick adds: "Nothing new here, but it is without a doubt that within a few weeks we will be reassigned. Where, I don't know, but the change will do me good. About the only excitement that has happened to me lately was last night in Richmond. My wife and I were walking along the street when there was an explosion and a fire broke out just three buildings from us. That was the first time I ever had a front row seat at a fire."

Cpl. Clyde Truax writes again from Oahu and we feel sort of complimented because he did it on his own time. "I came into Honolulu on pass this morning and am writing this in the Army-Navy USO. It is rather a large place and some activity is going on practically all the time. This is a very busy town -- service men everywhere you look. Army life is still going on as usual. I am not in love with it, but am satisfied for the time being. Haven't received the paper for some time now. Our mail has been pretty mixed up of late and comes in bunches. Tell all the gang I

said hello." Hope the NEWS catches up soon, Bud.

Fireman Steve Kuritz has been finding things a bit slow and has even had time to do a bit of fishing. "I made some good catches. Once I thought I had a wildcat on my line. It was a 31-inch sand shark and sure gave me a fight. I love to fish but I'll trade some of you fellows that fish for one in 3-inch creek. What ya say, Chatter? I'm tired of being anchored way out here in the sea doing nothing. I wish they would make up their minds either to pay the Y.B.'s a visit or go to a good port." Steve closes with a threat to hitch-hike to the nearest town for a beer. The hitching might be all right but that water must be getting pretty cold for hiking this late in the season. A late card indicates that Steve finally realized his ambition and is now in Florida.

Frank Bernatonis finally got that rate he has been striking for all these months and should now be addressed as Radioman 3/C. "It means a little more dough but I can't use it here as well as I could have while I was still in the States. This dump is nothing to brag about but I guess there's no use griping. It won't help matters in the least, altho' about the only thing a fellow has to look forward to over here is a little mail and sometimes something to drink. Mail has been slow but may catch up to me some day. Had a letter from Matt and I guess he's getting pretty salty even tho' he does gripe a little. Says his run is now just like riding the bumper out of Pittsburgh. Chances are good that I may be meeting some of the Climax boys over here someday." Let's hope you do that, Blacks. Good luck!

After hearing from him via

Blacks, here is our own letter from Fireman Matthew Donovitch. "Things are about the same. We have been very busy since D-day but once in a while have a few hours liberty here tho' it isn't much of a place to enjoy yourself. They don't have much to offer after being in war so long. But I think they have done wonders considering what they have been through. I am sure glad none of our folks at home have to go through it. A fellow will go and fight anywhere as long as he knows that his loved ones are safe at home and getting plenty of nearly everything. I am in the best of health but, like everyone else, I get homesick and disgusted at times. All in all, I'm getting along as good as can be expected. Hoping that I can see you soon, but guess your guess is as good as mine as to when that will be."

So far we haven't received our usual long letter from Pvt. Alden Farner. But, to prove he hasn't forgotten us, Al sends a new weekly for our collection. It is The Thirteener, official organ of the 13th Airborne Division. Many thanx.

Last month we reported that Pvt. Robert McGraw had moved to Fort Lewis. And now from Atlanta comes: "Hi Editor: I hope you can keep up with Sam. He moves guys fast as you can see. I'm going to another Med. Tech. School now. Tell Swanik I'll be seeing him to get me an M.D. sign after the war. I'll really be a doc when I get out. How about a job as first aid man for Climax? So long for now." There may be competition for that job, Scottie. In the meantime, lots of letters won't hurt your chances.

Coxn Raymond Malone worte promptly after his leave, which is the right way to start a new voyage. "There isn't much I can write

about for I haven't been doing much of anything lately except catch up on some of this beer I had to do without for so long. I still haven't found a place that serves beer as good as (no plugs, please). I only wish I could spend 14 more days at home like the last ones for I really had a swell time. I'd like to be back there working at the Climax again. After seeing all the changes that have been made, all I can say is, you have accomplished a lot since some of us were home and I don't think there's a man in Service who wouldn't enjoy working at the Climax again." Ray hopes to see us again soon and promises to keep writing in case he doesn't.

Here's a V-mailer from Gene Sprando who is now tooting that horn somewhere in France. "Sorry I haven't kept up on my letter writing like I used to. I'm pretty busy these days. You know the busy Band! I like it very much here; much better than England. These French girls really have it and I do mean IT. I can't speak French too well but I'm learning. Can't miss. I'm getting along fine and hope to be home soon. Luck to all."

Another letter from Gene (Sept. 14th) finds him still "getting along fine. Have made a lot of friends among the French; people treat us swell; plenty of cognac for the boys. Right now I'm sweating this war out, hoping with millions of others for it to be over soon."

We've been waiting for this one from Pvt. Jack Aivalotis. Like the rest of you Jack feels somewhat restricted by the censor but manages to fill out several pages. "I'M somewhere in France sitting here trying to think of what I can tell you. But there isn't anything except that I'm feeling fine outside of this

homesickness that seems to grow on everyone when the news is good and Jerry's end grows closer (Ed. note: We know which end). You usually have some sort of a poem in the paper so here's one most of the fellows in our outfit have seen and liked:

Heavenly father up above,
Please protect the girl I love.
Help her to know; help her to see
That I love her and she loves me.
Help us now; help us forever
To be loyal and always together.
Grant me this and I'll be content
And thank you, Dear Lord, for
the girl you sent."

When EM Mike Revay was here en-route to Syracuse for more electrical training, he promised us faithfully to write as soon as he knew his address. He didn't quite live up to that but, after finishing up and moving on to still another school at Miami, Mike is redeeming himself in our good graces. Maybe it's that Florida sunshine. Anyway, we now have a crad, two letters and a photo of Mike and Bill Metz. "I am still thinking of the old gang. Syracuse was a tough school and they kept us busy. We were there only a short time and the time went fast. It looks like I will be an electrician before I get out of the Navy. We have a few weeks here before being assigned to a ship and while here we are going to school again. It looks as if all I do is go to school. This one isn't as tough as the one at Syracuse." Later Mike writes: "You will be surprised to hear from me so soon but I had to let you know that I've met the first boy from home since I've been in service. I spent all yesterday afternoon with Bill Metz and we sure did have a swell time. We weren't drunk when the picture was taken but you should have seen us later on. We were still on the safe side of course but, as old friends

meet they just can't resist having a few."

Cpl. Robert Morgan apologizes for not seeing us on his recent short furlough, and since he wrote us a letter, we'll forgive him this time. Bob writes: "I was transferred to this field to await assignment to our combat crew. There has been a rumor that they might send us engineers out on the line to work with the ground crews for a few weeks. At present I am working with B-24's and don't care much for it. I bummed down to L.A. with a friend last Sunday and we were lucky enough to get a ride with two girls from San Francisco who took us all the way. All I can say is that I enjoyed the ride very much."

The NEWS takes a bow for bringing two more Climaxers together. Seaman Henry Utah writes: "Horace Mann was able to find me in Boston. It sure is good to see the boys from back home. Our schooling here winds up this month. We are a class of 75 who will graduate and all hope to get a leave. We will end up sometime next month on LCT's, LST's or DE's. I'm hoping to get on a DE. We had a little excitement here last week; a little thing called a hurricane. We knew it was coming and had to just sit and wait for it. For once we didn't have to stand in line to wait. It didn't do so very much damage but did wreck a few small boats. Well, it's time to get back to my books. A person must keep right on the ball here or he'll find himself out in the cold. Hope to see you boys again very soon."

PFC James Sarracino writes "a few lines to let you know that I am fine and still sticking it out. I received the NEWS and was very glad to get it. I see that the plant is running pretty well, but

you must be pretty short of labor there; having to hire high school boys. (You said it, Jimmy!). I am still with my old truck, driving the dusty roads of New Guinea. It's a great experience being here and seeing things we have never seen before, especially these fluffy-haired natives. They are a funny lot but they are not as dumb as they look, especially when it comes to trading. I hope that you are all fine. Best regards to all."

A card from Pvt. William Craig says "Our training doesn't seem to be getting any easier but, to listen to some of our officers we have it pretty soft. So far we have taken up operation and firing of the M-1 rifle, carbine, rocket launcher, .30 cal. heavy machine gun, 81 mm. mortar and .45 cal. pistol, besides drill and bivouac." (Ed. note: oh, to be in the Infantrreeee!). Bill writes later that "our training isn't so rough as it was in the beginning. Instead of an hour of p.t. exercises we have 50 minutes of double time, rain or shine. And instead of 2 or 3 mile hikes it is 25 miles and we are out from one to nineteen days." Bill adds a plea to Wally to hurry up with that stack picture. "Because I have been bragging about it ever since I've been down here and I think some of the fellows don't believe me. Tell him to put the actual height on the picture and have it notarized. When I told the boys the height, they just laughed."

A slightly shredded letter comes from Ship Fitter Martin Revay, who is still looking for friends, no matter where he is. "I notice there's quite a few of the boys here on Oahu and I'll try to get a chance to look up some of them. I just missed Leo Kopacz, Don Dimit and several others as they pulled out just before I got around. Honolulu and Waikiki

Beach are just like Frisco and Norfolk. With all the Navy in whites it looks like snow in town. It's nice in lots of ways but I've seen my share already. Since I've been here I've tried some fruits unknown to me before, such as papaya which looks like a gourd but grows on a tree. It's yellow when ripe and tastes much like a muskmelon. The cactus pear is purple when ripe; is filled with seeds but is really sweet. I've also tasted one something like an apple and another like a pear with flesh like a plum but, gosh what a taste! Guess I'd starve if I was to go native. I can sure go for the pineapples and coconuts though." Martin really beat us to the punch on the matter of a stack picture. In his letter from Hawaii comes a swell Kodachrome shot taken from Wakefield's on Buck's last leave. Thanx also to Martin for The Black Cat, his battalion paper.

Our latest from Eddie Wilgocki comes from the Coast, where his ship paused en route to Tokyo. "I have travelled quite a few miles since you last heard from me; about 5000 in fact. We laid over in Panama a few days and I can see now why Joe Bezusko never liked it there. Some of our travelling wasn't so smooth but as yet I haven't gotten seasick. I thought the ball club picture was real good but it lacked old Tom's face. Maybe when you take a picture of the horse shoe team he will be in it. That is more his speed since he is at least 36 years old."

Sgt. (Note that new chevron) John Verrillo writes again from France: "Here I am still over here in the land of Napoleon sweating out this damn war. Victory seems just days away but that Hitler just won't give up -- yet. I am fine and in good health and my luck has changed

to good as I've finally met my brother, Mike. He's close by and I have seen him a few times since last seeing him 30 months ago. He came in on D-day and sure has some stories to tell. Saska (George) is still around and, altho' he is quite busy, he manages to keep in the best of health. We sure talk about Moly when we're together and are looking forward to getting back shortly." Tech adds the best of luck to all. We sure hope his optimism pans out.

The new leaf which S/Sgt. Paul Ryan turned over while in the hospital is still paying off, as he writes again only one week after getting out. "The last time I wrote we were supposed to go on maneuvers again but the schedule has all be changed and I don't think I'm giving away too much of a military secret when I tell you that we are now ready to move overseas. When it will happen or when we are going I can't say. I do wish I could tell you all about the new tanks we have. I can say that they are really honeys and all the tankers have fallen in love with them. I got out of the hospital last week all well and rested up. The skin on my face and neck is still tender but a couple of weeks of this Louisiana sun and it will be OK. It's time for me to shut off my motor for this time. I'll be wishing all of you the best of luck and so long." Many times the same to you, Paul. Let us hear from you no matter where you land.

Seaman Charles Mader sent a note and another copy of Smokeless Flashes and promises: "May later send a picture of the gang I run with if I can get them all in the same place at the same time. Will send it as soon as you send a picture of the stack so I can show these rebels that there is something tall in Pa."

Besides tall stories, we presume. That picture arrived, and we are not showing it to Charlie's wife.

Here's one from Pvt. John Adamson that speaks for itself. But writes: "I'll bet you all wonder what happened to that guy who went to Camp Blanding and only wrote one letter back to the old Climax. Well, it is a long story. I was so damn busy with this training that I only had time to keep in touch with my wife. I guess you understand that part. I received the last NEWS out on bivouac and, as we didn't get much time off to write, I figured I'd be home on furlough and drop in. But, what do they do but keep me here to train a bunch of green-horns? It looks like I am stuck here for another training cycle but I am sure hoping they change their minds. I hit this outfit at the wrong time. It moves out on bivouac this Sunday and that means another 25-mile hike. I am one of the only five men in Camp who went on bivouac twice in one month and I sure pity my feet. I see that we still have a pretty good football team in Burgetts-town. I'd like to see them win all their games. I've got a five spot bet on the Trinity game. The sucker is from Washington, Pa., and we have different ideas as to who has the best teams. Hope to see you all soon. Tell the gang in the shop I said hello."

From Norfolk, BM Horace Mann sends "Just a line to give you my new address and tell you that I am counting on getting home for a few hours at least within a short time. I was sent here to be assigned to foreign service and don't know how long I will be here. Not too long, I hope." Be sure you see us when you do make it home, Horace.

Sgt. Ludwig Stetar has moved

again. Lud is really getting to see the Southern and Western parts of these United States if he never gets anywhere else. "Left California last Tuesday night and arrived here Saturday morn. Haven't gotten completely settled yet, so can't give much of a story. Received the NEWS today, forwarded from Berdu. Haven't had time to read all of it but thought I'd better get my change of address off as soon as possible as I want my copy to come through without delay. Could write a book on how much its appreciated but it all boils down to the one six letter word: thanks, which covers plenty. Until I get organized this short note will have to suffice. Complete details will follow later. A big hello to the gang." Thanx to you for them kind words, Lud, and good luck to you.

The following comes from S/Sgt. Henry Pirih who says, this article appeared in the -- Corps paper, published by and for the officers and men of the -- Corps. "Here it is:

- Impression of Belgium -

In years to come when we old soldiers get together in our World War II uniforms which no longer button across the stomach and swap yarns about the great pursuit, it will be interesting to note which of the many incidents of past weeks stand out clearly.

For our hosts, the French and Belgians, most vivid impression of American soldiers be probably be that of thousands of jeeps loaded with thousands of soldiers rushing in all directions over all roads like a colony of cockroaches disturbed on a kitchen shelf.

For some of us it may be the cheering groups in small villages; the old farmer and his wife holding glasses and bottles of cider

to passing troops; the cobblestone streets or the quaint houses. It may be any one of the pictures which have flashed by in kaleidoscopic procession as we roared along after our broken enemy.

Here are just a few impressions which will stand out most clearly to us:

(1). The German artillery horses lying dead along the road with their four legs neatly sawed off at the rump and shoulders by thrifty peasants who appreciate a good cut of horse meat.

(2). The well-scrubbed, rosy-cheeked, pretty little girls of three or four years, among the most beautiful children in the world. But whathappens to them when they grow up?

(3). The blonde on that bicycle a few miles back. There's one that grew up!

(4). The knocked out and abandoned German vehicles, every one stripped clean of wheels and tires by the natives almost before the engine has stopped turning over.

(5). The sordid little procession through the village of four or five Belgian girls who had been too friendly with the Germans. their hair clipped close to the scalp by the rifle-carrying mob which jeered them down the street

(6). The piece of chewing gum in our K-ration. This screwy country of ours thinks of everything. No wonder we are the best equipped army in the world.

(7). The homemade American flags, neatly stitched behind closed doors while the Germans were still here, to welcome the American Army. Some have nine stars, some fifty; some have six stripes, some fifteen; but they are red, white and blue and they reflect the deep sincerity of the Belgian welcome. These Betsy Rosses in wooden shoes have given us a new insight into the richness of our

heritage, the free America symbolized by our flag. (8). The mayor of a village who appeared at our bivouac in his Sunday best with an offer to feed the troops. 'Your army has come far and fast. We have potatoes, some meat and fruit. We will feed you. We do not want pay; this is for Belgium.' Well, we had plenty of rations and we thanked him. But it kind of got us."

This is very swell, Henry. Thanx for the opportunity to print it. We hope your paper won't mind.

Also, here's a V-mailer from Henry, dated: Somewhere in Holland. "Once again I can say that I'm in another country and still going strong. To us it is just another field; it looks all the same. I've told you of the cider we used to get. Later we could get cognac, champagne and wine. Now we are back to beer which is a lot better than the bitters we got in England. What next, I don't know; sauerkraut, looks like. Did get something that tasted like whiskey the other day for 275 francs, about \$5. of our money. Tell all the boys I said hello. Hope to see them soon."

AMM William Metz tells us more about that visit with Mike Revay. "Mike dropped me a card and I looked him up last Sunday. I hardly knew Mike because he has gotten so big since the last time I saw him, twentyfive months ago. Mike will probably send you a picture we had snapped. In spite of how we look in that picture, we weren't drunk in the least bit; not at that time anyhow. (They both insist on that point). It surely is good to see someone from back home. Mike is the third Climaxer I have seen since in the Service. So long and the best of luck for now."

Bill adds some kind words for the NEWS, especially the Sports Dept.

Here's one from Seaman Harry Dennis which we are going to keep for his grandchildren. "Just a few lines to report everything OK by me so far, except a few added gray hairs. Everything that read and you listened to about that hurricane in the Atlantic is true. I should know because we were helpless for about 24 hrs. and I mean helpless. The wind was terrific; it reached a peak of 90 to 100 miles per hr. The waves were close to 50 ft. high. We thought we were goners several times. I was petrified and I don't mean maybe. I would sooner take an air attack, because then you can fight back or duck. I will take mine behind the plow anytime as compared to a storm on the ocean. I will tell you more about it when I get home. I don't know how all these boys get port leaves. We are lucky if we get ashore for a few hours when we dock. Tell George Kraeer that we spend more time standing G.Q. and cleaning guns than anything else. I average 4 to 5 hrs. sleep a day sometimes. I haven't learned to swab the deck yet, but I sure buzz when I am Captain of the Head." Harry encloses a dinner menu from his ship, which makes it easy to understand why he has gained 15 lbs. in the last 3 months.

A 204 card informs us that S/Sgt. Joseph R. Carlisle has moved to California. Congrats on the loop; we hadn't heard of it before.

Pvt. James O'Donnell has now been in the Engrs. long enough to get acquainted and, "My basic so far has not been too hard on me but we are supposed to go on maneuvers soon and how that will

come out I don't know. If it keeps on raining like it has been and gets as cold at nights, it won't be so good in tents. I have heard that this outfit is as hot as the one I was in at first. That doesn't sound so good but I guess if we have to go across we will have to go. I will know more about the Engrs. than I did when I almost went before. We still have to build a bridge to finish our basic but I guess we will do that this week. Tell all the gang I said hello and hope to see them soon."

Another ETO report comes from Cpl. Mike Skarupa, who finds, "Everything here is getting along pretty good so far. I only hope it stays this way and soon comes to an end. France is a nice place but the lingo gets me. They say France has beautiful women and I believe it but if you can't speak french it's just too bad. (Ed. note: All you have to learn, Mike, is to understand 'oui, oui' and ignore 'non'). I have paid a visit to one of the churches, and believe me, I've never seen anything like it. I only hope I get to see some of their bigger churches. I got a letter from Leo Kopacz telling how he is hitting the foxholes. He doesn't know I am here and will be surprised to hear that I haven't slept on top of the ground for quite a while. Too long to suit me." Mike wrote on some very fancy blue French stationery which is rivalled only by Gene Sprando's cerise.

Pvt. Albert Kuntz found a use, if not a good use, for the dollar attached to last month's NEWS. "I had a bet of a dollar with some rebel and as usual, lost. I see where Al Sprando is having himself a time on Saipan with an ack-ack outfit. I hope to meet him sometime in the future. (Ed. note: But not in a business way,

we hope). I also noticed most of the boys are interested in the ball team. Who wouldn't be with such a hot outfit as that? A lot of credit goes to Mike for doing a grand job with the sport news. Was sorry to hear about Wipy Waltl having a car accident; hope everything is OK with him. As for me, everything is in the pink. We have a volleyball game every night and boy, is that a sport! I almost break my back jumping. The climate down here has been pretty hot lately. The boys and I sure could use some of that Pa. snow." Personally, we'd be willing to send you all the snow, Al. But then we'd have to send you Cap's coat.

The censor subtracted quite a bit from Seaman Mike Sabatasse's letter and the loss was double for Mike wrote on both sides. We'll reconstruct as well as we can. "Here I am in another port and got mail for a change, including the last two copies of the NEWS. I celebrated my 20th birthday here and was fortunate to be in port at the time. This is my second birthday in the Navy and I really enjoyed myself. All the gun crew found out it was my b.d. and started to bang hell out of me with pillows. Later they took me ashore and threw a party. I thought sure I'd have to get aboard by means of a cargo net, but I managed. That 'Jimmie' on my picture stamp is what a smart Yeoman in boot camp gave me for a middle name." Sabby wants to remind Al Sprando, Stanley Rozmus and Sailor-Bill Metz that they all owe him letters.

Our very first letter, to the best of our knowledge, from the southern end of the French invasion comes from Cpl. Mike Williams who hasn't graced these

pages in a long while. Seems we missed Mike on the last AWOL list, and we must say that his honest confession is good for our soul. "I know by reading the Climax NEWS that you have not got me on the AWOL list but I should have been on it for this is my first letter in a long time. I have a new APO and am in Southern France. I can not tell you the day I got here but will give you three guesses and the first two don't count. You boys must have a fair ball club. By reading the NEWS I keep pretty well posted on the other boys and the ball games. Tell Koke to get some more batting practice. I always hate to read about him making so many K.O's, in the lineup. And Tommy will have to quit trying to play a young man's game. Some of the boys tell you about the pretty girls in England but I'll tell you there are plenty of pretty girls in Southern France and are they friendly! It makes one want to forget all about the war and you know a pretty girl can do that to most boys."

Another long awaited letter comes from MM Alex Stetar who has served a long stretch among the Aleuts. "The time is nearly finished for us up here and we are soon coming home. I see most of the fellows are in the thick of it and are doing a bang-up job. We may get our chance next trip; who knows? Nap is still with me and we are busy planning our trip home etc. All the fellows are ready to come home and I guess the Navy thinks likewise at last." The rest of Alex' letter is taken up with kind words for the NEWS. They are music to us but we won't bore you by repeating. Alex even says that he and Tillie can get us a campaign bar! Thanx, Alex and let's hope the next time we hear from you it will be in person.

PFC Leo Kopacz just beat the deadline with his late report from Saipan. "Just a few lines to let you know that Doodlebug, Al and I are getting along as well as can be expected on this Rock. There really isn't very much happening here now. We aren't even bothered with any more snipers, altho' some are still active. It continues to be too damn hot even tho' it does rain practically every day. The mosquitos are really plentiful and can really make a fellow miserable. There have been a few cases of dengue fever and the 3 of us have had a tough of it; really nothing serious. It may interest some of the fellows to know that we met up with Bill Kovich of Slovan who is in a C.B. outfit stationed here. I read about Joe Kucic being wounded in the action over on Tinian, so he must have been here. (Joe was there, as Leo will learn when the NEWS catches up with him). Life is still pretty rugged and dull but conditions are beginning to shape up somewhat. We get to see a movie occasionally and also boxing bouts which are held weekly. If it weren't for this and mail call I believe my morale would be so low you couldn't step on it. We now have part of a PX set up. They sell warm beer and fruit jices. I am still waiting for the day when I'll get a cold coke or even a glass of ice water. And I'm also anxious to tear into a nice thick steak. This hash and stew diet gets monotonous.

- TID BITS -

Proud mother boasting about her small son: "He doesn't want to grow up to be president. He's perfectly satisfied with Roosevelt."

AND NOW FOR - - - - -

- SIDE GLANCES -

This is rather a novel experience for Ye Editor. You see, we're writing, or at least starting these side glances here at the plant. Heretofore, these scratchings have always been done at home as pleasant evening hours of visiting with you. Needless to say thoughts do not come in the same groove here as they do at home. Perhaps, we won't get too far anyway. So!

The past month we've been particularly interested in watching the maps unfold picturing the progress of the various armies,

- SIDE
GLANCES -

and other service forces. One gets envious! Of course, you'll give us the "razzberry" on that statement, but generally speaking its true. Most any of us would give a lot to retrace and relive the incidents of the first hitch we had in Europe. Of course, we'd be rank amateurs but we'd have some fun out of it -- and we'd grouse just as you do and as we did years ago. Come to think of it we've noted only one letter indicating its origin was Southern France. Mike Williams apparently went into France via the underside, and just possibly, as we noted before, he hit Grenoble, Langres etc. which was our old stamping ground. And, as we can attest, Mike has every-

thing under control, and seems to be finding the old places true to form. "Just like Paducah, eh Mike? --- But, this is about you and not about what has happened here. So - - -

Well, frankly, there hasn't been much happening here the last month -- just about the same old sixes and sevens, -- eat, sleep and turn out the Moly. About the most important thing these days is finding enough hands to get the work done. Its scratch and stretch and stretch some more to get one 24 hrs. production out of the way before the next is on top of us. To the uninitiated it may seem odd why we do (or have to do) some of the things we do to keep going, but the Moly must roll out so you boys will have something real hard to heave at the Ysobs. At present we get thru the week by virtue of the help we get from some 12 or 15 high school boys who work here on Saturdays. This allows us to use more of our steady full time employees during the early part of each week. So you see we do have our problems, but its a pleasure to keep our end going for the home front can not do too much in view of what hell you boys are enduring.

The Pure Oxide department has been knocking right along not missing a stroke now for some 6 months. We did have to shut down a few shifts during this period to change to a new set of globar heating elements, but production was soon in full swing again. But the old manpower shortage caught up with us so that to gain employees for other departments, we had to curtail operation in this department October 14th.

We can now report both new lines of crushers in the Ferro Dept.

have been operated. Also, the dust collecting system on each line is doing a fine job. We did have considerable spillage under the conveyor belts in the basement, but spillage hoppers, each vented to the dust collectors, were installed and they too are helping a lot. Of course, these can't be 100% perfect, because once pieces of Ferronoly will roll, and once they start down the belt incline they usually end up on the basement floor.

You'll be interested to know that our water and fire protection system has been inspected and found to meet all specifications. We know it throws a real stream of water, but we hope we never have to use it -- for a fire we mean.

We regret to have to report the death of "Mitch" Lewis whom some of you remember as our Store Room Clerk, and later as one of the guards. Mitch was ill but a short time, a day or so in his room and only a day or so in the Washington Hospital. "Mitch" will be remembered by all Climaxers as a fine, good fellow -- a friend of everybody.

A recent issue of the Washington Observer, we believe, carried a news release about our own Climaxer S/Sgt. Andrew Pescho. Andy hasn't written us anything about his exploit, so we'll just pass the story along to you:

A German machinegun helped S/Sgt. Andrew Pescho, Burgettstown, chase Germans from a house on the Fifth Army front in Italy and capture them. As Sgt. Pescho advanced with his squad of First Armored Division combat infantrymen, they were fired on by Germans who were dug in, in the front yard of a farm house. Pescho's squad returned heavy small arms fire and the jerries ran to the safety of the house, leaving a machinegun and several grenades.

The Americans surrounded the house, turned the captured weapons against it and drove 22 Germans out to surrender.

Congratulations Andy!, and may the next roundup be 2200 instead of 22.

While speaking of news items from the Italian Front another of our contributors is mentioned in recent Army releases. Bob Purdy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Purdy of Langeloth is reported to have had quite an experience with a single German soldier. The report says Bob came under heavy shell fire, and took cover quickly in a foxhole, just beating a German soldier to first place. When they came out the German was Bob's prisoner. Nice going Bobby if we may speak so lightly of such grim business as war.

Another service man, a Climaxer, has been returned home and is back at work. None other than Eddie "Tuck" Jackson. Tuck, you will remember, was in the South Pacific for quite some time and then was hospitalized home. He is now one of our guards. We know standing guard at Climax is child's play compared to standing watch on a PT boat, but Tuck has struck his blows for all of us and we are glad to welcome him home again and see him placed where he can continue to do his bit. Welcome home Tuck from all of us!

Advice to a PFC: When arguing with your first sergeant be sure you are right -- then let the matter drop.

When the war is finished; when we have flown our flags above bomb-wrecked Unter den Linden, we shall still face our real problem: the penetration of the German mind.

Jeep: A cocktail shaker with three speeds.

HERE IT IS!



the blow fell via Martin Revay. On September 30th we received a nice letter from Martin, and enclosed was as fine a kodachrome film picture of the stack as you'd want to see. And darned if it didn't come all the way from the Hawaiian Islands. So, Martin just blew our alibi into a cocked hat. Nice going Martin, and we appreciated the film; thanks a lot.

The horse-shoe addicts are now quite proficient. We note one of them, Nick Suica, has mastered the one-and-a-half-turn, and his shoes go into the peg with the open end in the right position to straddle the peg for a ringer. And his aim is good too. But, there are others who push him, using the old flip-flop or what have you. Its a good lunch hour game, but old man weather will soon put in his oar, and the shoes will have to be stored until Spring.

We haven't the list here at home, but do you know there are some of you that we haven't heard from for so long that we really feel our address must be wrong. We hate to think any good American frogskins get into the dead-letter office, or otherwise lost due to incorrect address. How about mailing us just a postal saying you are receiving the NEWS regularly, and give us your new rank and full address. How

And we hope you like it! And its thanks to Wallie Coffey for spending midnight oil and loss of sleep in finishing the number of prints necessary. There's a little story connected with this picture. Martin Revay just up and rubbed salt into our wounds in this picture deal. You see, we've been telling you boys we'd include a stack picture just as soon as we were allowed to do so. And we weren't kidding you either. As per last issue we felt pretty certain we'd make it for the October issue, and Mr. Coffey agreed to have them ready by the 15th. And then

do we know but that most of you are S/Sgts. instead of PFCs -- And the above goes for all you Ex-Climaxers, too. How come you-all are away behind with your subscription?

We mentioned in a recent issue that Ab Kerner had been hospitalized home. Well, we have still better news for this issue. Ab has been given his discharge and will soon be back at his old job in our shops. Ab certainly looks fine, and is sporting the red stripes of a Carpenters Mate 1/C. Welcome home Ab!

Also, we learn indirectly that "Bobby" Yolton has been wounded. We have no particulars. How about a line or so when you find time, Bobby? And lots of good luck to you too!

And boys heres the latest on "Speed" Dennis. We reported quite some time ago how "Speed"

was making use of the ample front of his blouse for storage purposes. We learn now from our New York correspondent that Speed had requested a jewelry catalog be sent him. Now just what use can a jewelry catalog be to a sailor on the high seas? Speed, we think, that rates some kind of an explanation! How about it!

- TID BITS -
- AGAIN -

Home on furlough the soldier was surveying his sweetie whom he hadn't seen in months: "Slimmer, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, "I've lost so much weight you can count my ribs."

"Where," asked the GI with a gleam in his eye, "do I start?"

"Darling, you are the seventh wonder of the world."

"Well listen, soldier, don't ever let me catch you out with the other six."

Irate Mother, at 11:30 p.m.:
"Young man, do you think you can stay here all night?"
Soldier: "I don't know. I'll have to call my C.O. first."

"Where's the 1st sergeant?"
"He's over in the barracks hanging himself."
"Did you cut him down?"
"No -- he wasn't dead yet."

Cpl: "I'm going to see the medico about my wife. I don't like the way she looks."
Pvt.: "I'll go along. I don't like the look of mine either."

GI: "I'm not feeling myself tonight."
Sue: "You're telling me."

The girl who complains she's never hugged can usually blame it on the fact she's always talking some poor guy's arm off.

- VISITS -



Well boys here's our old friend Chuck Mader right in the front lines again. Why not call him Commuter Chuck. And he seldom fails to visit us when he hits Burgettstown. He reports this time he's set for the duration on the Eastern shore.

George Kraeer was an early visitor this month. He says the family grows like a weed. George looked fine and reported everything going along nicely.

Our long lost sailor-boy John Hallahan didn't fail us. He came in a little too late to meet brother Nick, and was up to say Howdy to everybody. John reports he is still in the groove and doing fine.

Another of our long lost boys who was home and came over for a visit with the boys was Red Ingram. Same Red, and he reports about the same training routine.

Another long lost Climaxer, who has been places since leaving for Service, came up from down Midway way. None other than Mario Alouise! Mario certainly

looked fine. We thought he had filled out, and was heavier but he said he was about his usual weight. Mario brought his friend Pvt. Elias with him to visit the plant.

We note the Burgettstown Enterprise carried an item saying Greeny Scopel was home to visit his family, but we don't find his name in the register. If he was in to see the boys we didn't get to see him. Write us Greeny!

Ceasar Grossi who was called home due to the serious illness of his mother, came up to say he was still at the same old job of interpreting. Ceasar looked fine.

Two other visitors we seem to have missed were George Sugick and Ivo Bertini. Ivo is in Chuck Mader's class, we find his name on the register several times to indicate visits recently.

And our former office Lothario, Nick Hallahan, who recently joined the ranks of the married, was in to see us on October 7th. He was on a flying 3 day furlough from his base near Richmond. Nick was sporting a red stripe, and says he hopes to be up for his second soon. He brought Mrs. Hallahan home on furlough too, since she is employed in Richmond.

On one of Chuck Maders visits he said he was going to send us a picture to prove that he really was rolling in clover down on the Eastern shore. Well boys, he did just that. The picture shows Chuck in the thick of things (girls) at a USO. Right in the front line between two beauties sits Chuck. How about tagging him "Shiek" Mader? We have the picture framed for all to see that he wasn't fooling us about his happy home. Nice going Chuck!

NOW FOR THE -----

- NEW ADDRESSES -

1. Pvt. John Adamson, 33938492
Co.D, 194th Bn.
Camp Blanding, Fla.
2. S/Sgt. Joseph R. Carlisle
33423532, APO 450, c/o PM
San Luis Obispo, Calif.
3. PFC Joseph Cikovic, 33423459
APO No. 450, c/o PM
San Luis Obispo, Calif.
4. Pvt. William D. Craig
33951420, Co. A, 31st Bn.
3rd Reg., IRTC
Fort McClellan, Ala.
5. PFC Walter W. Cramer, 33423507
APO No. 115, c/o PM
New York, New York
6. Pvt. Thomas H. Fischer
33938963, Co. H, 125th Inf.
2nd Bks., Camp Maxey, Texas
7. Pvt. Charles W. Havelka
33423516, APO 463, c/o PM
New York, New York
8. Joseph Horovitz, S 2/C
Plt. 361, USN Air Station
Jacksonville, Fla.
9. PFC Raymond E. Kirkpatrick
33688801, APO No. 9, c/o PM
New York, New York
10. Horace K. Mann, Bm 2/C
9237039, Div. 4, Rep. Dept.
ATB, Little Creek, Va.
11. Pvt. Robert J. McGraw, 33688848
Co.E, 2nd Plt. MDTs
Lawson Gen. Hospital
Atlanta, Ga.
12. Cpl. Robert H. Morgan, 33286460
461st AAF BU Sqd. T-12
LAAF, Lemoore, Calif.
13. PFC William J. Nicola, 33685196
Btry. A, APO 339, c/o PM
New York, New York
14. Michael Revay, EM 2/C
Alcazar Bks., Room 1021
Miami, Florida
15. PFC James Sarracino, 3398099
APO No. 503, c/o PM
San Francisco
16. Alex C. Stetar, MM 1/C
c/o FPO
San Francisco, Calif.
17. Sgt. Ludwig D. Stetar
33109205, 54th AFTC Eng. Sqd.
Municipal Airport
Memphis
Tennessee

18. Henry Utah, EM 3/C
Co. No. 43, USCG
Man. Beach Tran. Sta.
Brooklyn, New York
19. Sgt. Ernest Williams, 33701077
Co. C, 220th Bn., 68th Regt.
Camp Blanding, Florida
20. Cpl. Mike Williams, 33167028
APO 758, c/o PM
New York, New York

Bye for a little
while

Ye Editors
and Staff.

CLIMAX NEWS

UNOFFICIAL PUBLICATION FOR THE
BENEFIT OF CLIMAX EMPLOYEES
NOW IN THE ARMED SERVICES
OF THE UNITED STATES



- FREE FOR ALL -

Not everyone can win in this country, but everyone can try. Stripped of vagaries, isn't that what the noble word "Freedom" really means --- free for all?

Winning isn't so much in itself. Would anyone play golf just to win a bet?

Take a look at almost any business organization. The facts will vary, but you'll find something like this. The president started as office boy. The office boy is setting his sights for the presidency. The sales manager worked in the stock room and then made good on the road. The treasurer was a bookkeeper, and so on.----

In a broader sense, the same condition applies all up and down the line of American life. There's an almost universal progress. The core of American character is this feeling of confidence that individual advancement is possible. Virtually everyone is counting on getting a better job, a better home and a better car. He knows he'll get his teeth into a beefsteak again. His kids will receive more education than he did---for better or worse. Many even hope their golf will improve.

Some foreign thinkers don't approve of this restless American spirit of uncontented striving to push ahead.- - - To put it bluntly, these un-American thinkers don't want opportunity to be free for all.

But you can't have it both ways. If postwar freedom were to be cautiously rationed according to a plan, the essence of American spirit would evaporate.

While we are on the subject, let's take this freedom idea apart and find out what makes it tick. Of course freedom is relative. We can't expect to be as free as a pioneer living beyond the frontiers of law and social responsibility. We've got to pay some attention to the rights and crankiness of neighbors. We've got to pay our share of what it costs to keep things running---and to keep Adolph and Tojo on the run.

Freedom is a spiritual something inside of you---what you might call the heart of your buoyant zest for growth and living well and fully.

It pumps self-reliance and fearless, proudful purpose into your soul. It breeds respect and tolerance for others, for they too are free. It assures you that win or lose, you are your own boss and the captain of your destiny.

It is this sense of individual freedom which lets us work together, fight together, live together, and plan together for a great future.

Freedom isn't granted to you in judicious doses---it's part of you or it isn't anything. You are all free or not free at all. - - - - -

From Good Living
Allis-Chalmers Mfg. Company

THANKSGIVING



HI MARINES, SOLDIERS AND SAILORS!

When you Service men start to write us a letter one of your problems is to say nothing the censor will feel compelled to use his razor blade on. And you'd be surprised how few letters we get that have been trimmed. So, you see you do a good job of self-censoring. All of which indicates how much all of you have to write about -- if you were allowed. - - - - - How different it is with us when we set out to send you greetings each month from the home front. We have no censor (except the linotype operator -- and how she trims some of our jokes is something to write home about,), and yet we sit, with more than our usual blank look, for an hour trying to find a proper introduction to each month's issue of the News. Getting started seems to be half the story. The other half is to find something,--anything to write about.

We note the many kind words all of you pass on to us in appreciation of our efforts to send you the News with an occasional frog-skin. When we say "our efforts", we mean those of the whole staff who have their fingers in the pie. You see, there is a little more work connected to the News than just pencil pushing. Pounding

out the stencils from which the printing is done is a real job. Then, there is the turning of the crank on the old Mimeograph machine, some 6000 times for a normal 20 page issue, done by most anyone who has a strong arm. The assembling of the issue is a community chore. Anyone from Mr. Murphy down to Tommy who comes into the office during this period gets in line and round and round we go until all copies are stapled and ready for mailing. Now, the above isn't a bid for more kind words, but just a reminder from Ye Editor to the effect that Your News comes to you because of the combined efforts of the members of the staff, and is made possible by the many fine letters and cards we receive from you. Have you one in this issue? Let's ask Mr. Carroll!

EXCERPTS FROM
CAMP GOSSIP

Latest advice from Henry Utah finds him passing through Manhattan Beach, presumably on his way to other parts. Hope the address will still reach you,, Henry, and don't forget to pay us that visit when you get the chance.

A card from Pvt. Alden Farner

finds him "Just back in camp after maneuvers and busy as hell trying to get caught up to where we left off. Plenty of chigger bits but, outside of that everything is OK." Last time we saw Alden he was expecting a move to other fields at any moment and apparently he still is. Anyway, he promises to write no matter where he goes, and we have to admit that he always has.

The September issue sent to Pvt. John Shrockman came back to us in the same mail with a letter from himself giving us his present address plus a bit of news. "I finally got out of Georgia and into S. Carolina and the Infantry. And I mean its rugged; Anti-Aircraft was a snap compared to this. We are taking six weeks of advanced basic (again!) and then will shove, we are told. At least it's a better camp than Stewart, and only six miles from Columbia, the state capital. Tell Alden Farner I met Red Ingram at Stewart. I was assigned to his outfit for two weeks before I met him altho he was right across the street. It sure was nice to see him but I moved out two days later." Now that is very tough stuff, Johnny, but at least you got that move.

Cpl. Gene Sprando writes twice, the first time from Sunny (?) France. Anyway Gene is sunny as usual. "The baseball team must be terrific. They looked really rugged in the picture. And, in my opinion, Mike is the perfect batboy. Reading the NEWS I was amazed to see how many of the Climax boys are on this side. But to my disappointment I haven't seen any of them. Every time our band plays I look up and down the dance floor to see if I can see any of the boys, but no go." Later (Oct. 8th) Gene sent a V-quick which says, "I am now in the Land of Windmills

and Wooden Shoes. Don't like this place as well as France but it will get along. What I'm waiting for is the big day when we'll all go back to the States." Aren't we all?!!

News comes that Bradley Yanni is now a Cpl. after 15 mos. as a PFC. "I guess that isn't so bad after all, as this is a tough outfit for rates. As I told you on my last visit, I am a crew chief or an engineer as the Army calls them. In our squadron we are known as plane captains. Our squadron is completely trained in bombing, strafing and also checked out on the 75 in the nose. All we need now is our navigator which we will get soon. The Marines are forming a mess of B25 squadrons and more are to be formed. So you can see that the Mitchells will play a major part in destroying the strength of the Jap Airforce." Buzz apologizes for missing us on his last leave, and since it was only a 3 day pass, we'll forgive him especially as he promises we'll see him next time.

Pvt. Thomas Fischer is "Down here in Texas but not quite deep in the heart of it. We are just about 10 miles from the Oklahoma line and that isn't very far for an Infantryman. The man who said the Infantry was tough was never in the Artillery. Of course, it may get a lot tougher in the near future, but after what we went through at Bragg this is a vacation. Most of the men here have been in the Artillery and we speak the same language. We have a very nice camp here and all the officers and non-coms are pretty good men and really treat us fine." Tom continues that he is pretty well satisfied but has to admit that he doesn't want to make the Army his career.

We have 3 cards to show that Seaman Steve Kuritz it seems to be having a swell time as all were written ashore. Here are some samples: "Florida is a swell place. I'm getting along fine and hope to be seeing you all soon. I guess you all are getting ready to do some hunting. I'm doing lots of fishing. I'M sure having a swell time here but we have to be off the streets at midnight and that's bad."

PFC Leo Kopacz writes from the Marianas that "Everything seems to be under control here and running as smoothly as possible. We continue to see a movie every now and then, and also a boxing show once a week. But the best morale builder is mail call. I was speaking to Don Dimit yesterday for the first time since we hit this rock. He seems to have an accident with his truck some time ago and is no longer a Cpl. Somebody stole his truck but it was found later in the ditch just where he had left it. Don has quite a few souvenirs, since he travels all over the island." In a later letter Leo says, "All of us Climax boys are doing as well as can be expected. Say hello to the gang and keep those lines rolling. It looks like we have the Japs on the move again." Enclosed with Leo's second letter was a Pacific Air-mail edition of Yank. The first small size Yank we have received.

Since he hit the continent, S/Sgt. Henry Pirih seems to be heading for the all time letter writing championship. This time we have two typed V-letters from him plus a copy of Stars and Stripes containing letters in answer to an editorial of a previous issue which Henry also enclosed. Many of you probably saw that editorial, titled "So you Want To Go Home, Eh," it berated some of you Joes a bit for being homesick, but the

answers really nailed that editor to the door; the consensus being: "Sure we want to go home BUT only when the job is done." We'll have to cut Henry's letters quite a bit as the Ye Ed. and the printer have been yelling about the volume of this dept. Here's number one, dated Oct. 2nd: "Having some time tonight, I thought this would be a good time to write as it is nice and quiet. That is, it's quiet in one sort of way, as noise doesn't bother me anymore. It's what the noise causes that worries me most. The best part of it is that we have roof overhead, straw to sleep on and stove to keep us warm and to cook on. The question is how much longer it will last." Letter number 2 was written 15 days later and says in part, "An allowed to tell a little of where I've been and what I've seen. As you know, one of the first places taken was St. Lo. If a town was ever levelled to the ground, it was. You also read about the break-through at St. Lo and the bombing we did. Well, I was there. We spent some time around Mortain and that is another place I'll never forget. We crossed the Seine at Mantes and made a mad rush for Belgium. We were the first troops to enter Belgium and Holland. Tournai is another place for me to remember for I believe I can say that I was the first to enter the town. Two others and I were looking for the company and went on through the Infantry. We met the British coming into town from the west and they wanted to know how in hell we got there. I've seen happy people but never like those Belgians in Tournai. As we entered a street it would be dead but the minute they saw we were Americans, the street was filled with people." Thanx, Henry, for a very fine report.

We have a letter from Chuck Kirsch of Langeloth, who is on our mailing list; written to his family, but good copy for the NEWS. "We just finished building our tent. We made a wooden frame with a floor all of 1x12x16 mahogany lumber. Some of the uprights and most of the 2x4 joists are solid mahogany. Tomorrow we will screen it with netting. I guess that is an advantage of jungle fighting; you stay in one place long enough to build up, especially when fighting is nearly completed. The other day we were building pill-boxes for the infantry and built them for a rush job -- in the wrong place!. Then our tanks came along and blew them up just for practice. We hear a Japanese lady broadcast from Tokyo. We call her Tokyo Rose. She was educated in the States and speaks good English. She plays all the latest records and tells us about the strikes back in the U.S. She also tells about sports and other good times going on back home. It is all designed to make us homesick and it does, a little, at times." Many thanx to Chuck for a fine letter, and to Mrs. Kirsch for passing it along to us.

Cpl. Clyde Truax writes from aboard ship en voyage to a military secret: "I am now one of the ship's guards. My post is in the mess hall and really it is an enjoyable place to be as one advantage of being a guard is that you don't have to buck the chow line. We are getting some pretty good chow too and I am not losing any weight. Time goes pretty slow for us. Our only recreation is playing cards and reading. I see by the News that a lot of the boys are on (censored) I might get to see some of them one of these days. Who can tell?" We judge by the papers that Bud (and Powerhouse) have arrived at their destination and we don't think it was the one the censor

wouldn't let him tell. However, we'll hear more about that later, we hope.

Another Marianas report comes from Cpl. Andrew Geffert who "Received the NEWS this morning and was very glad to see a frog-skin attached. Once again it comes through in the clutch. I enjoyed the contents immeasurable and it's good to see the win column of the baseball team increase. I noticed letters from Sprando and Kpacz in the NEWS. They must have had quite a few hectic nights early in the campaign. Regards to all the boys and keep the Moly rolling." Thanx for them kind words, Andy. But how about your own first nights on Saipan?

Here's one from GM Rënnison Malone. "I have been over here where the Irishmen sing about the Wild Irish Rose and talk about the Blarney Stone that they kissed before they left. Darned if I can find it. Maybe you can find someone with a wee bit of advice as to where it is. I'll bring back a piece, so help me. Seriously, it is a beautiful country, and you ought to see the scenery. Next time I get back, do me a favor and send a guide to go through the plant with me. Unless I saw it, I wouldn't believe the many changes that have been made in the old place." Rennie wants us to relay his apologies to the many he promised to see on his last trip home. The four days just weren't enough to make the rounds; and, for your info, Rennie, the Blarney Stone is in Blarney Castle in County Cork, just 5 mi. NW of the City of Cork on the Great Southern Railway. But we don't think you need to kiss it, for one of your ancestors must have eaten a chunk.

Pvt. Robert McGraw adds to our collection of service papers, a

copy of Lawson News, published at Lawson Hospital, Atlanta, where Scottie is now stationed. Many thanx.

The first Climaxer to see action in this was is at it again, and we are glad to learn that Marine Pvt. Carl Harris hasn't forgotten us. "As you can see, I am back over here again. Just can't seem to stay out of this war. Have to get another crack at those Japs. I was on Saipan for a while but am no longer there. Can't tell you where I am now, but no matter where I go, I seem to get by all right. I am still in the best of health and doing fine. I see by the NEWS that some of the Climax boys are around but as yet I haven't run into any of them. Maybe it is because I move around so much. And I really do move around."

First letter for some time from Pvt. Robert Morgan finds him back with his outfit after a month in the hospital. "No, not what you think. I had to have an operation and am very glad to be back with the outfit. I'm waiting for that picture of the stack to show the boys. They don't seem to believe it can be so big just for smoke. I've been in France 4 mos. and have only seen one guy I know. It's a big place." If we remember correctly, that meeting was reported by Tech Vernillo altho it wasn't Tech who saw Zip.

Yeoman Nicholas Hallahan is still at Peary, with the moving scuttlebutt even thicker than usual. It looks like the real thing now, however as Nick has been assigned to O.G.U. (Outgoing-unit to you Army guys.). "All we do is muster at 0730 and load the rest of the day. If our name is on a draft to go out, then we get processed for transfer. The following is quoted from a Navy magazine and I know it is true for most married Navy men.

It is a marriage ceremony for Sailors:

"Wilt thou, Mac, have this woman as thy wedded wife, to live together insofar as the Bureau of Naval Personnel will allow? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, take her to the movies and come home on all 48's. I will."

"Wilt thou Mackie, have this sailor as thy wedded husband, bearing in mind liberty hours, ships schedules, watches, sudden orders, uncertain mail connections and all the other problems of Navy life? Wilt thou obey him, serve him, love, honor, and wait for him, learn to wash, fold, roll, and press his uniforms at home? And keep the smoking lamp lit for him at home?" I will."

"I Mac, take thee Mackie, as my wedded wife, from 5P.M. to 7:30 A.M. as far as permitted by my Commanding Officer, liberty hours subject to change without notice, for better or worse, earlier or later, and I promise to write at least once a week."

"I Mackie, take thee Mac, as my wedded husband, subject to the orders of the Officer of the Day, changing residence whenever the ship moves, to have and to hold as long as my allotment comes through regularly, and there I give my troth."

"Then let no man put asunder what GOD and the Bureau of Naval Personnel have brought together. By virtue of the authority vested in the Navy BUPERS Manual and the latest BUPERS bulletin concerning matrimony, you are now man and wife, by the direction of the Commanding Officer."

Here's a V-letter from Sgt.

John Vernillo who is giving Henry Pirih a tussle for the writing championship. "I am in France no more, but now in Belgium. Some of the places I have seen in France are Coretan, Montebourg, St. Saviour, Doll, Divan, Rennes, Versailles, Paris and Brest where I met my brother Mike. Boy, you ought to see Paris. It's wonderful city. I didn't stay long but enjoyed what I saw. Glad to see the Moly nine have such a good baseball record. Pete has been writing me the fine points that Platter-Chatter didn't cover. I hope my next letter will be from Germany., as I want to get this fracas over with." Tech also sent us a French post card that we would like to reproduce, altho it isn't the kind you are thinking of.

A note from Charles Mader brings the word that Chuck is now to be addressed as MMS 3/C and is already striking for a second stripe. Charlie is also still sending us Smokeless Flashes every week and coming home almost that often.

The NEWS wouldn't be complete without our regular letter from Fireman Matt Donovitch who starts by saying he has nothing to write about and then proceeds write a nice long one. "Have been following the ball team very close and hope I can be part of the regular audience at the opening game next year. But, one thing is sure: we can't be on both sides of the pond at the same time. I am sure proud to be part of this great Navy but I hate the idea of staying here so long. This war is like everything else: it can't last forever even if it does seem like an awful long time. And I hope this war will end such things for future generations as a couple of damn fools have caused plenty of heartaches throughout the world. I am sure glad that we have started a real

drive against the Japs. If things keep going well there, I might not have to pay Blacks a visit after all and, next time we meet it might be back home. I sure hope so, not only for myself, but all concerned. War is hell."

Just to make sure we didn't miss it, S/Sgt. Paul Ryan sends two (2) 204 cards to give us his new address whic, after many long months on this side, is now c/o PM, New York, N.Y. Good luck, Paul and let us hear from you.

Seaman Harry Dennis writes this time from the Naval Hospital at Portsmouth, where he is confined with the old stomach complaint that he concealed at his induction exam. "When we last pulled into Norfolk, I went to the doctor, hoping to get X-rays made and the report forwarded to N.Y. Instead, they detached me and here I am. I sure hated to lose my ship and shipmates, as they were a good bunch of fellows and most of us had been together since Gunnery School in May. I sure would have loved to go to the mountains for birds this year. Did Rube go along? They sure have good times up there. Naturally you have to prepare for snake bite." We don't think Rube went, but we hear whispers that some who did go had the snakes drinking for fear they would get bitten by a man. Harry is trying to get in touch with Horace Mann and we hope he is successful as they are not far apart.

Pvt. Peter Cherenko sends "Just a line to let you know I am in the Army. So far it isn't bad, altho I haven't started to do any training. I sure miss the gang I worked with but can't do anything about that."

Another card locates Seaman

George Yanovich at Sampson. George says, "Hello friends. Navy life is fine, all but the chow." Don't worry, George, you'll get used to the chow.

Pvt. Donald Dimit warns us not to be too surprised at getting a letter from him. "As I surprise myself sometimes. I sure enjoy the NEWS for it keeps me posted on the rest of the boys. And the ball club is really one to be proud of. 20 wins and 8 losses is good in any league. And Platter-Chatter Bihun does a bang-up job. I don't think I am as young as Tommy and wouldn't be much good on the diamond but could really give 'em hell in the cheering section. Tell Tom to keep up the good work, as one is only as old as he makes himself. Hope I get the stack picture soon. I'll bet the top of it is as close as Bill Young will ever be to heaven."

That buck with the September issue came at just the proper time for Marine Cpl. Joseph Kucic, who is still recuperating from his Tinian wounds. "My funds had reached a new low as I hadn't been paid since May. Don't have much use for the stuff nowadays, nowhere to go, on the wagon and steering clear of the pasteboards and dominoes. I'm sorry I haven't written for so long. It takes a little more than time. Up until a few weeks ago I was pretty much on edge with my neck wound festering. And when the hip started healing, the nerves began tying themselves together and that left me a little shaky. I thought it could be done but I now agree with the lady, Portia, in the Merchant of Venice about the pound of flesh. It's a hell of a way to find things out and learning the hard way costs a guy something but, in the end he's a little wiser. (Joke: In the end is where you got it, eh Joe?). Sorry I didn't have the addresses

of the Climaxers on Saipan. Could have looked them up those last few days there. You might think they are kidding about those flies and mosquitos, but they are everything they say and more. The flies are the dysentery type, as large or even larger than the American horsefly. Those AA boys sure did a damn good job of shooting the Nips out of the sky and keeping them away from us. It is a beautiful sight to watch that solid wall of lead going up at the enemy and setting him afire. He goes along for a while on an even keel, then dives into the sea. Heard some crew near the airfield got two bombers with 38 rounds. Maybe it was those Moly makers." Joe adds that he would like to see our ball club in action, "especially Peggy trying to steal a base."

From Miami AMM Willian Metz sends "A few lines to let you know I am still here, and everything is still going OK with me. I saw Mike Revay a few days ago and he's looking fine. Thanks for the stack picture. Like the rest of the boys, I have a little proof about that stack now. Today makes 2 years in this outfit for me and also just. Oughta get drunk for a double anniversary but I gotta work tonight. Enclosed is a clipping from a Miami paper of early October. I tried to see Dave but he had already left when I got there." Here's that clipping

M-Sgt. Tunno Seeing Sights:

MOST DECORATED ARMY FLIER AT
REDISTRIBUTION STATION. ---

The Army's most decorated man for his age, 21 year-old M/Sgt. David A. Tunno of Pascagoula, Miss. is now seeing the sights of Miami. He arrived at Army Air Forces Redistribution Station No. 2 Miami Beach, Monday, wearing the following decorations: Silver Star Distinguished Flying Cross,

Soldier's Medal, Air Medal, Purple Heart Medal, Presidential Unit Citation with cluster, Good Conduct Medal, and ribbons from the Middle East, American and Asiatic theaters. On top of all these decorations he has bronze stars for four major campaigns.

He participated in the bombing of the Italian fleet as it was about to attack an Allied convoy. On another occasion nine enemy fighters jumped his Liberator, killed a waist gunner, wounded a top turret gunner, and silenced all except the tail gun. Tunno, according to an official citation, transferred ammunition to the one remaining gun and knocked down 2 enemy craft. His machine crash-landed with 23 holes in the tail turret.

A B-24 crashed into a building at Tunno's Palestine base. Ignoring exploding ammunition and blazing timbers, he rushed into the building and rescued 10 men, his Soldier's medal citation states.

Flak got him over Austria last May, and the Presidential citation came for his unit's participation over the Ploesti oil fields. The clusters were earned in aiding in routing the German Africa Corps.

Tunno has been overseas 16 mos. during which he flew 96 missions.

Officers said they were going to see to it he gets a good rest.

We have here a 2 page V-letter from Cpl. John Durst who is on our mailing list. His subscription is now paid up in full. "I had a couple nice experiences over here, (Saipan), and I mean to tell you I will never forget them. One night I was asleep in my foxhole and when the fellows began shooting. I grabbed my rifle and started looking around. I thought there was a y.b. in the area. Then I looked up in the sky and saw two Jap planes come down to old Mother Earth. It sure was good to see them hit the ground hard. They bother the

devil out of you dropping those eggs, but they aren't very good at it. I've been plenty scared on this island a couple of times but I soon got over that. My pal Mester has sure had it tough. (Ray Mester of Langeloth, twice wounded and now reported missing in Italy). I tried to even the score up for him over on this side."

Sgt. Ernest Williams is another who has made good use of the NEWS. "I was able to locate Bud Adanson and spent a few hours with him. He is right in the grind of starting a brand new cycle of training and expects to make Cpl. soon. And any man training recruits surely deserves that much and more. Also talked a few minutes with Everett Orrick from Langeloth who is in Bud's Bn. He was in the midst of drilling some new men and that was at 8 P.M., so you can see what the training cadre here has to put up with. Last night in Jacksonville someone called my name and there was a boy named Hutchinson who worked for Rust at the plant in 1943. He has been here 8 weeks and finds it rugged." Jap also has a new bunch of recruits and is headed for another 17 weeks of hard work, but is hoping for a furlough first. We hope so too.

PFC James Sarracino reports that he is "still in sunny, dusty New Guinea. I don't have much to write about except that I am still driving my old 6x6 and having one hell of a time pulling my wheels and repacking them after driving off a landing barge into shoulder high water and then onto the beach. The salt water sure plays hell with the brake drums and rusts everything it comes in contact with. And there are ten wheels on my truck. It's not all work here. We have a little recreation

every now and then; going fishing and swimming and attending the open-air movies. On Sundays I attend church at the 'Palm Beach Chapel', a very picturesque place. We also have some good fighting matches and sometimes a few Hollywood celebrities to entertain the boys."

Tech Vernillo has kept us pretty well informed about Cpl. George Saska, but this time George speaks for himself. Maybe the dollar had something to do with it, for: "It certainly felt good to have one of those in my hands again. I just can't wait until I can lay one on a counter or a bar and call for what I want instead of pointing it out and talking with my hands. I have picked up a bit of the French lingo and get along quite well now. In time, I believe I could speak pretty good French but I'm ready to come back and be satisfied with the good old American talk. I would have liked to stay in Paris a while but someone had other ideas and that's why I am in Belgium. So long and the best of luck to all. May we meet again soon."

Seaman Walter Allen Malone made doubly certain of getting his news into this issue. First comes a nice note from Mickey's wife: "At the present time Mickey is busy in school and doesn't have much time to write. He thought 'so much' of boot camp that he is right back in it again, training for the Amphibs. They are trying to make a motor mechanic of him but he doesn't know how well they will succeed. When his schooling is finished he will be going out on an L.S.T. for practice at sea." Then the Mick himself writes: "Here I am way down in Fla. stuck on an island called Ft. Pierce. They decided to make amphibious men of us and I don't know whether I'm going to like it or not but there isn't a damn thing I can do

about it. Just the same I'm going to try to like it. I thought boot training was tough but I could eat it up now and ask for more. We go out on these attack boats and, boy, if you want a ride come on down and I think just one ride will cure you of the Amphibs. When we leave here it's not going to be any good. But all we can do is our best, because the sooner this thing is over the better I'll like it. Toll Downer if he wants to fish, they have all kinds here and you don't even need bait." Many thanks to Mrs. Malone and to Mickey for a good letter to end this issue.

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- TID - BITS -

The demure young bride, her face a mask of winsome innocence, slowly walked down the aisle clinging to the arm of her father. As she reached the platform before the altar, her dainty foot brushed a potted flower, upsetting it. She looked at the dirt gravely, then raised her large childlike eyes to the minister and said, "That's a hell of a place to put a lily."

He: "I see your husband has been promoted to a master sergeant. I suppose he's brilliant and knows everything."
She: "Don't fool yourself. He doesn't suspect a thing."

A city and a chorus girl
Are much alike 'tis true:
A city's built with outskirts
And a chorus girl is, too.

Wisecracker (boarding motor bus):
Well, Noah, is the ark full?
Bus Conductor: "Nope, only one jackass so far. Come on in."

Then there's the woman who confided at her club that her husband's average income was about midnight.

- SIDE GLANCES -



Well, boys the mighty hunting season broke over Climax like those 50 ft. waves Speed Dennis experienced in that storm off the East coast. Seems everybody pulled out for the hills come first of November. And what a scramble there was for the necessary ammunition. A box of shells was a prize equal to half the gold at Ft. Knox. And, if you didn't know someone on the inside of this shell business, you were lucky to have half a box. We think that is why Leo Sams kept his rabbits tied up all summer so he won't need any shells. Anyway, they were out bright and early on the first day. Reports have it that Bill Morris bagged 4 bunnies and one ring-neck, and Leo had to be satisfied with the one he tamed all summer. Couldn't hit 'em was his excuse. And we hear Docco Suica aimed at a ground hog and found later he had killed a grey fox -- believe it or not. Now his wife will get that fur coat-- or what ever it is they use grey fox pelts for. --- And those who hied to the mountains for grouse weren't bragging too much when they returned. Perhaps, Speed, they got the "buck" like they tell on you when you saw your first deer -- or was that a

true story or just fiction? -- If anyone should ask you, these bunnies taste mighty good.

Those of you who have worked in the Ferro Dept. remember the sheet metal room where there was a coke burning salamander to warm by. It was necessary to remove this room to furnish a place for two new drying pans. A new room has now been erected over in the center of the building next to the small wash room. It is of brick construction and will be gas heated and have a table and benches for lunch purposes. Its to be called Hotel Ferro so Mr. Downer announced. -- And those of you who have experienced the real cold in the warehouse will be interested to know that a small brick shanty will soon be erected to house the shipping department. It too will be gas heated. Its been suggested that this room be called Hotel Tomlinson.

Our money collection from you fellows has grown to four pieces. We have a rupee from India; an invasion franc from France; a 5 yen piece from the japs; and our latest, a ten shilling English note from Bill Finney. Bill really stepped on the gas when he sent us that 10 shilling note. Thats real money Bill! You must have been flush. Your Mother didn't quite understand why we should be the recipients of so much good money, but we explained our collection, so she knows the "why" of it now. Any other contributions? How about Holland, Belgium, Italy, not to mention germany and the other far off places some of you Climaxers find or will find yourself in.

This money collection might lead to a real souvenir collection for the plant. We note now that that a good many souvenirs are beginning to show up in many families. How about starting

one for the plant? Anybody interested in sending us something to post on the bulletin boards for us homefronters? Who'll be the first contributor from abroad? Chuck Mader contributed a small black charge for a rocket pistol. --- And just before press time Henry Pirih came through with four nice pieces of metal money from up in Holland which we added to our collection. And, as if in answer to our suggestion Henry had the same idea -- only better. He says in effect if we will furnish him some postage he'll send us some souvenirs. That's just what we are doing for Henry in this month's issue. Anybody else want to send us a little souvenir? and need some postage? Just remember "Speed" we can't accept battleships or anything in that class.

"Go West Young Man" was the advice of a great American a long time ago. A good many of you boys, we feel sure, followed (not from choice perhaps) that advice a few weeks ago, and pushed on West into the far Pacific. We haven't any knowledge except a good hunch, but we'd gamble that some who have been anchored out in the Pacific are, or soon will be, on your way to back up McArthur's return to the Philipines and give those y.b.s. a taste of their own medicine.

H.W. "Herb" Cramer reports that his son Walter, a Climaxer, was slightly wounded in the leg in action in France on Sept. 21st. Walter was reported in a hospital in England. We haven't heard from Walter for quite some time, so we may be due for that letter soon. Good luck Walter!

Caesar Grossi, who recently returned to camp, found his third stripe waiting for him. Its Sgt.

Grossi, now! Congratulations Caesar!

We learned from Rube Taylor that Harry Dennis has been detached from his ship and is now in the U.S. Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, Va. You should have some leisure now Harry, so perhaps you will find time to write us all about your travels. Lots of good luck and keep us up to date on your new address when you move out.

For close to three years we've been writing about the things we thought you might be interested in. Why we never took a "Gallup Poll" to find out what you'd really like to hear about is the \$64. question. So here goes! Just what would you like to have in or on these pages. Speak up!

Mr. & Mrs. Peter J. McMahon have been notified by the Government that Pete who has been reported missing in action since July 11th is now reported as killed in action. No definite details are available at this time.

Also, we regret to report that the Government has notified Mr. Kirkpatrick that Raymond was killed in action somewhere in Germany on October 15th. Kirk, as you will recall, had been wounded in action, but had returned to his outfit after a short stay in the hospital in England.

In the VPIAL there was a 3-way tie -- Glassport, Stowe and Burgettstown, in Class "A". On the 11th McKees Rocks eliminated Stowe leaving Glassport and Union High in a tie. On the point system Glassport is supposed to be leading, but it is reported that when two are in a tie, not having lost a Class

"A" game, they play off the tie on a neutral field. There are five part time Climaxers on this Union team, and its a smooth running outfit that can give a good account of itself too. Now just maybe these Climaxers absorbed enough Moly this summer to make them extra tough. Anyway, the following part time Climaxers are on the squad: A. Garcia, J. Melton, M. Fernandez, R. West and M. Martinez. If there should be any news about the play-off before we go to press we'll add a note. --- At the WPIAL conference on Monday November 13th, it was agreed to play off the tie on the Burgettstown field Friday night November 17th. Glassport was guaranteed \$500.00 or 50% of the gate if it goes over \$1000.00. If we can get the score and hang it onto this issue before mailing, we'll do so.

Last issue we gave all of you some non-partisan (stories) advise as to how to vote. Well, the tu mult and shouting ended last night - or early this morning, (11/8/44) when the Republican entry conceded the election to Mr. Roosevelt. --- We heard another rather clever non-partisan political story which can be told either way. Perhaps it will help some of you who voted to drown your political sorrows! and others to rub it in a bit. So here goes: "Seems Mrs. Dewey met a little girl with a basket of kittens. When asked what she called her kittens she answered "Republicans!" Mrs. Dewey asked her to come to see her husband the next day. She came the next day to Mr. Dewey's office and he asked the same question. She answered "Democrats!" "How is that," said Tom. "Yesterday you told Mrs. Dewey they were Republicans." "Yes", thats right", said the little girl, "but today they've got their eyes open!" ---So perhaps thats why Mr.

Roosevelt won. In any event, he was elected our President by a majority, but we are certain he'll always keep his guiding eye on that healthy minority vote rolled up against him by Mr. Dewey. All of which is in the American Tradition. The campaign oratory is over; the professional politicians have had a fine time. They now move off the stage, and another breed -- the American people take over to carry on -- to join hands with you fellows to keep faith with our country, our flag, and the dreams that makes America great.

We haven't reported for some time as to new Climaxers being called to or joining the Service. The following former employees are now in training:

P. Yanni	E. Massey
M. Malone	P. Cherenko
F. Muskevich	G. Yanovich
F. Certich	E. Meagher
J. Horovitz	

making a total of 147 in the Services.

And to you new men in Service, keep us up to date on your address. When ever you move send us a card - a letter would be better!, as soon as you arrive at your new camp.

And that reminds us - "WHERE - O- WHERE" are the following:

Atherton, Bezusko, Cook, Dowler, Hays, G. Chastulik, Darke, M. Harris, Hook, R. Chastulik, Darras, Havelka, Horovitz, Keating, Kennedy, Kowalewski, D. Kuritz, Lasbeck, Latzo, G. Malone, Marcucci, Medved, Walker, J. Westlake, M. Westlake, Williamson, Wysocki, Zabetakis, Zellars, P. Yanni, Certich, Massey, Muskevich, H. Miller, Geo. Murray, J. Murray, Nicola, Pappas, A. Pescho, M. Pescho, Potts, A. Pusateri, J. Pusateri, Rago, Rash, Ravella, (more)

F. Rozmus, J. Saska, Saver,
Scopel, Sergakis, Geo. Sherockman,
Shuble, Sweder, Taylor.

How about a New Year's resolution to write us more often. We need your correct address, and we'd enjoy hearing from you, and so would your buddies.

And we can report just a few light flakes of snow on Sunday, November 5th. Br-rr-rr-r!, how we hate to think of old man winter and all that furnace firing. Getting old, eh what?!

You fellows who have had the job of wheeling iron ore into the building, especially in foul weathers, will be interested to know that we have now in storage within the building some 1000 tons against the rainy, snowy weather immediately ahead of us. Just like the squirrels who lay up their winter supply of food.

The other day Dud Wilson brought up a letter that Dutch Studa had written to Mrs. Studa. It was a masterpiece! Dutch, that was real earthy prose and we swear you missed your calling if Yank or Stars & Stripes ever discover you, we are sure you'll be their feature writer. You should try your hand sometime at pushing the pencil. Who knows but that you may be another Ernie Pyle.

A last minute letter from France brings us 3 more pieces of money for our collection. None other than Mike Williams came through with two 5 franc pieces and a 10 lire piece from Italy. The latter is a sample of invasion money -- Allied Military Currency. The two from France are "Banque de France" issue, and remind us of the paper money we threw around during the last war. --- And Mike also tells us that he was in Grenoble, our old vacation ground. Right you

are Mike, we had a fine time there too. And did you get to Lyons and on up through Dijon and Langres? Our camp was out of Langres, a few kilometers on the road to Dijon.

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- MORE TID - BITS -

Reporter: "I've got a perfect news story."

Editor: "How come? Man bite dog?"

Reporter: "No, a fire plug sprinkled one."

We lift the following from Nick Hallahan's Peary-Scope:

A man with a purpose in life is the Navy sailor who retired to civilian life recently after 30 yrs. in the Navy with a tidy sum of \$51,000 in savings. He managed this herculian feat by careful investment of his earnings as a petty officer, and as a result of the death of his uncle who left him \$50,995.

The best way to make dreams come true is to wake up.

A new outlet for women's emotions physicians say that since women have learned plant language and started swearing they don't burst into tears so easily.

When you question your wife's judgment stop to remember that she married you.

In the obstacle race to Berlin, its like the old swimming hole -- last one in is a sucker.

What this country needs is a good-scent cigar.

A definition of a gentleman is a patient wolf.

- VISITS -



Uncle Sam really drew the purse strings tight on the furlough bag this month. We find only four on the register, we hope more sign up before we go to press.

First off, we missed Chuck Mader's name. We trust Charley didn't take too seriously our kidding about his commuting from camp to Burgettstown. We did hear he was in town, but couldn't find time to call. As noted elsewhere he sent us a small souvenir for display.

Our first visitor was Horace Mann. As we have reported before Horace is now at Norfolk. He was of the opinion that he might be moving soon. Horace reported things going along smoothly, and in about the same old routine.

W.A. "Mickey" Malone was in on the 18th of Oct. to pay us his first visit since joining up. Mickey looked fine and none the worse for the wear Chuck Mader reported he was getting.

C.W. "Tip" Richey came up to see everybody on the 30th of Oct. "Tip" is still in maintenance work, says they repair everything from A to Z. Needless to say Tip looked fine, but admits he yearns

for return to civilian life.

Our next visitor was Marine PFC Stanley Zdybicki. Stanley is still in training at Quantico. He thinks he may be on his way before long. Stanley looked bronzed and fit as a fiddle.

And then we had a visitor who came as far as the gate, signed up, and then pulled out without saying "howdy". Emil Yandrich is the G.I. who did that. How come Emil? Its been quite some time since we last saw you. We also hear that "Skeets" was here ---???

-ADDRESSES-

1. Pvt. Robert Purdy, 13132681
APO 34, c/o PM, New York, N.Y.
2. Pvt. Carl Harris, USMC, 318509
c/o FPO
San Francisco, Calif.
3. S/Sgt. Paul Ryan, 13060272
APO 258, c/o PM
New York, New York
4. Harry C. Dennis, S 1/C
923-99-68, Ward C-2
U.S. Naval Hospital
Portsmouth, Va.
5. Pvt. Ivo Bertini, 3368809
204th Tng. Co. T.C. BMTR
Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.
6. Pvt. George Yanovich, A/S
Co. 518, Bks. G-9-L
U.S.N.T.S.
Sampson, New York
7. Pvt. Peter Cherenko, 33894099
Co. B, 33rd ITB, 1st Plt.
Camp Croft, S. Carolina
8. Walter A. Malone, S 2/C
Flotilla 5, Group 195
Div. 6, Camp I
U.S.N.A.T.B.
Ft. Pierce, Fla.

9. Pvt. Felix Muskovich, 33893043
Btry. B, 54th ART Bn.
Fort Bliss, Texas
10. S/Sgt. Andrew Pescho, 33685175
APO 251, c/o PM
New York, New York
11. Pvt. Joseph Gruber Jr, 33685153
Causal Tng. Det., 5th Det.
Sp. Trs., 2nd Army
Camp Rucker, Ala.
12. Pvt. Alden E. Farner, 33698356
Hq. Det., 153rd Airborne AA Bn.
APO 333
Camp Mackall, N. Carolina
13. Nicholas Hallahan, Y 3/C
ABS Tng. Unit, Area A-7
Camp Peary, Va.
14. Cpl. Anthony J. Pusateri, 33685192
c/o PM, APO 15609
New York, New York

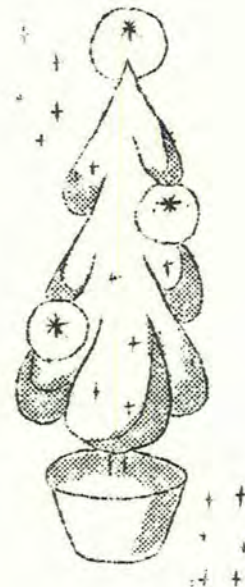
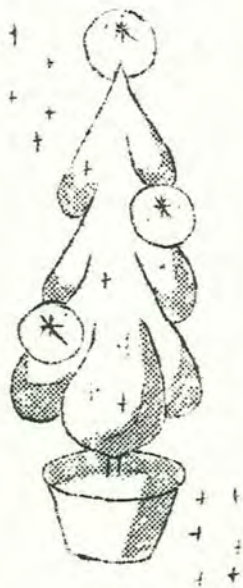
Best o' luck!

Bye

*4/2 Editor
11/16*

CLIMAX NEWS

UNOFFICIAL PUBLICATION FOR THE
BENEFIT OF CLIMAX EMPLOYEES
NOW IN THE ARMED SERVICES
OF THE UNITED STATES



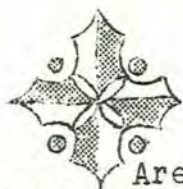
- CHRISTMAS 1944 -

Christmas 1944 will find most of you fellows a long way from home, hard at the job of fighting Japs in the jungle or Germans in the mud, plying the seas with the stuff of war, flying combat missions to important places, or perhaps in some obscure but essential post without the excitement of action and with only routine work to do. But wherever you are you will grow nostalgic with the thought of Christmas' past or look forward to the next one perhaps at home. But the one this year -- well it won't be much.

I want to believe that this can be your best Christmas. Here at home it is still obscured to most people by commercialism, and the tinsel and gayety of our No. 1 Holiday. You fellows have the chance to think of what it really is -- a Day of Remembrance of the coming of One who means more to the world than anyone else. For Christ gave to men the first clear picture of what God was like in His matchless life, and made possible our acceptance with God through His sacrificial death. After He came, men could not be satisfied with an Evil world.

Not one of you would want to come Home with the job out there undone -- because a world built on cruelty and greed is not your idea of a world. It was Christ who fixed in you and all of us that Ideal. Make Christmas this year be a day of reverent respect for Him who makes us fight against Wrong. Make Him your partner in every assignment in the New Year.

Leslie Van Inwegen, Pastor
Langeloth Community Church



KEEPING CHRISTMAS

Henry Van Dyke

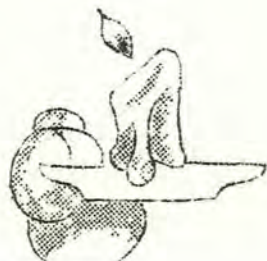


Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you, and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow-men are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness -- are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

CHRISTMAS DAY

Alexander Smith

There is one more good thing about Winter -- he brings Christmas. Through the bleak December the thought of the coming festival is pleasant -- like the reflection of a fire on our faces. We taste the cake before it is baked, and when it is actually before us we find that it is none the worse for the fond handling of imagination. Christmasday is the pleasantest day in the whole year. On that day we think tenderly of distant friends; we strive to forgive injuries -- to close accounts with ourselves and the world -- to begin the new year with a white leaf, and a trust that the chapter of life about to be written will contain more notable entries, a fairer sprinkling of good actions, fewer erasures made in blushes, and fewer ugly blots than some of the earlier ones. And to make Christmas perfect, the ground should be covered and the trees draped with snow; the bleak world outside should make us enjoy all the more keenly the comforts we possess; and, above all, it should make us remember the poor and the needy; for a charitable deed is the best close of any chapter of our lives, and the best promise, too, for the record about to begin.



From Good Housekeeping
December Issue, 1944



" HI "



SOLDIERS, SAILORS AND MARINES!

Believe it or not boys, its that time of year to dust off the old familar greeting "Merry Christmas", and start it on its way to the four corners of this battle scarred world. Writing this, as we must, soon after Thanksgiving Day, leaves us feeling something like "Yush" says he felt when he received Christmas gifts in October with old Sol and hot weather making life miserable. Even with an early start at pencil pushing, and (we hope) an early mailing date, too many of you will be looking for Spring, perhaps before this Christmas issue is delivered to you. But, whether it reaches you a little before Christmas, if you are still in God's Country, or several months after Christmas, if you are abroad, it brings you the Yuletide greetings of all your old friends here at Climax.

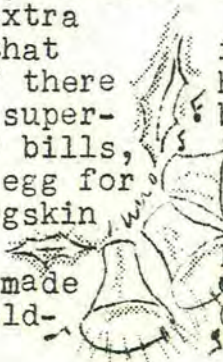
And, to add to our Merry Christmas we are attaching an extra dividind in the form of that famous two-spot. Now, if there be among you any who are superstitious about two-dollar bills, just return it as a nest egg for the fund for the next forgskin special.

This extra dividind is made possible by means of ye-old-

raffle. Through the efforts of Jim Reed, who discovered some nice wrist watches, and with the help of Guards, Perko, Suica, Malone and Jackson acting as super-duper-salesmen (we could almost say macemen, because you couldn't get by the gate without having a raffle ticket as a pass port), the old frogskin fund was built up until we had enough to care for two issues. But, we thought it would make a nice Christmas gift if this frogskin was a two-spot, so there it is for you to do with as you want. It comes to you with the best wishes of everyone here at Climax. We wish it were more but, small or large, it isn't the gift that counts, but rather the spirit in which it is given. And, we know that when we say Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to each and everyone, we are expressing the thoughts of the whole Climax organization.

And now over to Mr. Carroll to find out whats going on along the highways of the world where you boys are temporarily bivouaced.--

- EXCERPTS FROM CAMP GOSSIP -
We just have to give first place in this Christmas issue to our feature correspondent in Germany, none other than Sgt.



"Hank" Pirih who has found time to write us four times from somewhere in Germany, which we guess to be in the Aachen area. As we mentioned last issue Hank promised us some souvenirs if he had postage to cover, so we sent him some. Henry had written us on Sunday and "the only reason I knew that it was Sunday, was that I had gone back to the hospital and saw the people going to church." Otherwise "one day is just another day here." And the following Hank received a copy of the News to which we attached the last frog-skin. Says Henry, "I'd like to thank Jim and Cooky for what they did to help make it possible --- and as to currency from different parts of the globe, I have a few different kinds so I will enclose some in different letters, so keep your eyes open for them." And Henry did just that, and we've quite a collection marked to Hank's credit. Hank answered one of our questions as to where the French keep their cows. He says now he knows his Dad wasn't spoofing when he told him about hard times in the old country, and working cows and oxen. Hank believes it now because "I've seen it myself and more besides. Somewhere in Belgium I saw a cow and horse hitched up together, one in front of the other." Henry can't say much for his section of the front, adding, "it has no comparison to the States, which is 'The Onlyest Place'" as one of the boys in his company puts it. And in a later letter Hank sent us the first propaganda sheet we've received from any of the fronts. And it's a honey which we won't attempt to describe, since most of you fellows have been subjected to the same thing one way or another. We'll keep this for you Hank or turn it over to John if he thinks best to take it home. And many thanks for sending us all the money. And in Hank's last letter he reports

being at a recreation center where "I met Buxton, so most of the time was spent talking ole times over. The best part of it was the meals, ate out of plates, slept on beds that actually had mattresses and white sheets." And Henry adds "with all that I could not sleep, kept rolling all night." He said his outfit "is set up in a building with lights and radio --- not very busy with all the boys writing or playing cards, etc. --- between the noise outside and in here, it sounds like someone is celebrating the 4th of July. Outside the sky is full of fire from planes down to the smallest gun. I wonder how those damn krauts stand it." And with this last letter Hank attached a copy of an official order some G.I. Joe wrote as a take-off on the real thing. In effect it is an instruction sheet for GI's going home on furlough. Some of us old timers got a real belly laugh out of it Hank. Sorry we can't run it here, but we'll pass it around, and excerpt a few from it for our "Tid-Bit" column in future issues.

S/Sgt. Michael Harris sends us a pile of Japanese money, and one Australian pound note from the S.W. Pacific area. Mike reports receiving an issue of the News (he doesn't say what month -- we wish you'd all say what is the latest issue you have received) and an attached frogskin, which altho' late "I am so very glad to get it and the dollar.-- I've seen all kinds of money, but there is none that looks as good as the old USA greenback." Mike reports in his company there is a Pete McWreath, son of the owner of the McWreath Dairy, who always was talking about his Dad's ball team. Mike had great fun razzing him after Climax took them to the cleaners. Mike adds a note to tell us the pound note was worth \$3.20. We'll save it

for you Mike, as a nest egg to go in your best girls hope chest. OK?

Cpl. Andy Geffert is reporting again from out in the Pacific. He is "in fine health and getting along swell. I received the News and picture of the baseball team--" Andy notes new faces on the team, and remarks that its been some time since he left Climax for he has had nearly one year's service overseas. He reports a bit of luck the other day, "I met Kowaleski while on detail and exchanged a few opinions about this war."

And from Sgt. John Vernillo we received a greeting post card from somewhere in Belgium. Thanks for the good wishes Tech and the same and more of them to you.

A quickie card from Stanley Zdybicki tells us he is on his way for Calif. and points beyond (he hopes) and wishing us lots of luck, all of which we return with interest. Keep us posted Stanley on your movements.

And our first Christmas card came from Cpl. Joe Kucic wishing all Climaxers the seasons greetings. Same to you Joe and we trust you are or soon will be on your feet again.

"Chuck" Kirsch greets us from down under where he is "sweating it out here in the S.Pacific.-- but this heat is tough on a guy. I've been in this sun for 13 solid months, and still burn once in a while. Am anxious to get a little farther north where it is cooler, but hotter, if you get what I mean." We do, Chuck, and lots of good luck wherever you go.

A nice V-mailer from Frank Russell as of Nov. 14th informs us he is receiving his News and

enjoys same, "as well as the welcome frogskin which is making its appearance again." He reports being busy in engineering work, in the rain and mud which is "terrific." Frank says he was in the city of Luxemburg a few days ago. "Its a very nice place, with plenty of American cars, which looked pretty good." Bill Friday was sent special greetings, by Frank.

We find we have erred, but it is too late to correct it now. We thought Hank Pirih was champion correspondent, but we were wrong. We find Nick Hallahan is on deck with seven contacts since last issue. All are not letters, but cards etc. keeping us up to date on Nick's movements. First he writes as of Nov. 10th that he has been reassigned. Nick is a Y3/C and was expecting some rugged training. Then a card on the 15th finds him in an Advance Base Supply Training Unit. And then finally on Nov. 27th he writes "busier than hell learning Navy Personnel Administration and Supply procedure. I am already assigned to go out so wish me luck." We sure do Nick old boy, and good sea-legs to you if you go aboard ship.

As of Nov. 5th and from the P. Island area Cpl. C.W.Trux reports "it is really warm around here. The natives gave us a real welcome, and they certainly needed food and clothing. Some speak fairly good English, and all will do most anything for an undershirt or a can of rations. We have a good time talking to the native girls, and some of them, as we say, are on the ball. We had a nice boat trip to the P.I. via the Marshalls and Admiralty Islands. Met a lot of nice sailors." Trux enclosed a handful of Japanese P.I. money which was quite interesting, and has been added to our collection.

Being on the move has prevented Sgt. Joe Zdybicki from writing us. He received the News, "and sure was glad to get it. I met Mike Harris on my last move. He is in good shape after being in the jungles for a year." Joe sent his best wishes to Boyles and Vieard, his Eldersville pals and admonished them not to let the green ore get them down. He says there isn't much doing in his jungle camp and he signs off with good luck to everyone. Same to you Joe.

Another island hopper to report as of Nov. 5th was Frank Bernatonis. Frank says he finds little time to write at any stops his ship makes, and he finds the Pacific is a lot of water with few stops where shore leave is given. The weather makes Frank offer five bucks for three bottles of cold beer, regardless of brand. Frank confesses he expects the war to get bumpy "a lot rougher than some people at home may think it is. You have to see things to realize what a tremendous job the supply situation alone is." Mail is the most welcome thing to Frank and his shipmates, rather than packages. On board ship they have things at hand in contrast to the soldiers. The question is not so much getting money for a liberty, but finding a place for a liberty to spend your money.

Another, "Hello, Ye Editors" from somewhere in Germany comes from Al Marcucci and Stan Zabetakis who finally found a few moments to write. "We receive the News regularly, enjoy reading it very much, and the Sports Section is great. Tell Uncle Mike to stay on the ball." They have done a lot of travelling and have seen quite a bit of the war torn country. They found Paris a "nice spot, Oh boy, what a place." They met Bob Yolton during the battle of Brest and

a few other local boys with whom we "spent a few hours talking about close calls we have had and how nice it would be to be back at the Climax." Al and Stanley sent regards to all the boys and asked that the Moly be kept rolling so they could keep the krauts running.

Bob McGraw found time to write us from Memphis, "still a different address. These fellows never seem to want to leave a guy alone -- always on the move. The next one is home on furlough, I hope, and I'm really looking forward to it too." Bob is at another hospital -- the biggest one in the states. Bob asks that we request Sprando to write him. (Nuf said, eh Sprando?). Yes, Bob, Lud Stetar is down in your neck o' the woods and you probably saw him. Too bad you didn't make contact, for he'd have been equally glad to see you.

Chuck Mader is on deck with his contributions, one of which is a USO program, and believe it or not, our boy Chuck is right in there pitching as the fourth number on the program. He is billed as "Paper-Doll", so we'll just let Chuck explain it when you-all meet him. He writes as of Dec. 2nd that he has learned his brother Lewis is at Bowling Field, so he is planning a spree when they get together. Chuck be careful about that WAVE you marked for our attention in the Copy of Smokeless Flashes. That's bad business -- and by the way, old boy, is that what the Paper-Doll business led to?

Al Hook jumped right off the AWOL list as of Oct. 31st when he writes that "the News comes regularly now but I didn't receive any for three months, and then all came at one time. Thanks to the ball team and Mr. Coffey for the picture." The News of the games is great stuff to

Al, and he asks for more. By reading the past issues Al thinks "a great number of the local boys are near me", but since he can tell no one where he is, it is difficult to meet up with any old friends. Al looks forward to the day when the shooting ends and some great sea stories can be told, or as he puts it, "we shall make history now and explain it later on."

Jimmy Sarracino has left New Guinea and finds himself in New Britain where "the climate is a little better and the food better because of the fresh steaks they get once in a while". Jimmy enjoyed the trip from N.G. to N.B. partly for the good food aboard ship, which "wasn't dehydrated, Thank God." its a rugged life says Jim, "but I don't mind it; its fun at times." Jim finds the natives quite similar to those on N.G. and reports open air movies as being their only recreation. He still drives on the left side of the road which "I still think is a lot of nonsense."

Mike Sabatasse says he was glad to get the picture of the stack. Says he had bragged about the Climax so big and so much that some of his buddies still doubted the stack was real. He even admits he "bragged about the place like it was mine". (Ed: That's the old fight Mike). And Mike came through with a fine piece of currency unlike any we have received. It is a Russian ruble which Mike asked us to keep for him. OK Mike!

From Netherlands East India, Al Kuntz reports receiving the picture of the team and likes it and the team averages. Al is now working in a swamill, and while rather tough he likes it. Al hasn't met any of our boys, and wants to know where Climaxers are usually sent. (Ed: To the

four corners of the world, Al). Baseball season is over for Al's team and volleyball is in full swing. "What a game," says Al, "it surely looks funny, but it is a lot of fun." We hope the News and the stack picture arrived in due time, Al and that you liked it.

Our old standby is right on the line this month after his official AWOL from the News. From Camp McAckall, N.C., Farner writes he has been going through that "packing and unpacking" period so he didn't find time to write. He has been on maneuvers and reports, using various kinds of airborne transportation "with his Bn. coming out in very fine shape" and the division "won the 'little war' we had here in the sand hills." Al thought he would have a quickie pass home for Thanksgiving and another in December. We didn't see him at T.G. but we hope for better luck if Al gets home this month.

Indirectly, we heard from one of our long-no-see-no-hear from boys. Bozo Keating sent us a note via Henry Hutchinson. Says Bozo, "Well boys I guess you are drinking lots of good old beer, and having fun. Just don't drink too much, and keep her booming until I get back. I'm working almost day and night somewhere in France. It is pretty darned hot here some times. I was awarded a Silver Star and was in the Battle of Brest. There was a hot time in that old town and there'll be a still hotter time in Berlin!"

From Luxemburg, Cpl. Mike Skarupa reports receiving the News and the frogskin, the latter being a surprise. Mike says "I'm going to see if I can bring them back to the states in person and get a few good drinks." The drinks, according

to Mike don't seem to be as good as they were in France. Yep, Mike, some of us know all about that red stuff put out in France, and the beautiful girls too, didn't talk our lingo, either. Mike took part in the battle of the hedgerow and "what a battle. I hope I never see anything like that again, but who knows, there may be worse yet to come. We fired day and night, and we looked worn out. Then July 4th came and it was warm, and believe me that is one day I'll never forget, for from then on it was tough going until there were no more Jerries in Normandy." Mike sent us some money for our collection, too, for which we send our thanks.

And who but our good friend Gates Malone writes us from Belgium. Gates has moved far and fast listing Cherbourg, St. Lo, Caen, Caratan, Feliece, Chateau Thierre, Paris etc. as being on his itinerary, and he's probably made Brussels and points beyond by this time. With all his travels he says he'll put his dough on the good old USA. Gates is now a S/Sgt., which speaks for itself. The News, frogskin and picture of the team, arrived safely for which Gates sends his thanks, and congratulations to the boys for the energy put out to make the team a success. Gates says he did some shopping in Paris and found their stores in general like our own.

Eugene Brown is one of the latest additions to your ranks from Climax. Gene made the Navy and is at Sampson, N.Y. He reports he has 10 weeks ahead, and "thats too long for me. The food here is not very good. I expect all the men at Climax are still working. I wish I were still there. A man never knows when he is well off." Ain't it the truth Gene? And then Gene dates his next letter "Feb. 2nd", which we think is a bit previous for we

received it Dec. 4th. Anyway, he's working in the Bn. office, but is thinking of quitting since they roll him out at 6:00 AM and work him until 5:00 PM. Well, Gene that is a bit different than working at Climax, and just maybe being with your company would be more agreeable. Lets hear how you make out the next two weeks -- ten weeks will go pretty fast if you are busy.

Rennie Malone says writing for the News is a habit, that makes him think of the boys back home at least once a month. Rennie says the stack picture was right down his alley, for he had something to brag about. He sent greetings to Tuck Jackson. He joins Steve Kuritz in his friendly argument with Chuck Mader, because "us old salts haven't much to do with those 'dry land sailors', who don't know what they are missing." Renny asked us to spill the story on Chuck about the "handful of how Chuck knocked off an imaginary deer." Thats one Ye Editor never heard about, so spill it Renny, if you think Chuck hasn't a good one on you, too. We hope you get in for the holidays, but you are right "everybody in the Service can't get home."

Bill Metz is still holding down his job at Miami, altho' he "can't see how they have kept me here so long." Bill is now aviation machinists mate 1/C. Congrats Bill! And he hopes this war is over before he is eligible for the next rating. He reports having seen Mike Revay recently and that he was looking very healthy.

After a years silence we hear from Cpl. Andy Laurich, who promises to stay off the AWOL list from here on in. Andy

received both pictures, and says the one of the stack backed up his bragging too. Andy indicated he may be on the way soon, and promised us a big picture of his tank. OK, we will frame it for all to see Andy.

Another long lost friend reports from "somewhere in the Marianas. Bennie Kowalewski, who has been AWOL for some time, tells us he is in the best of health. Bennie says they throw up a lot of lead when the Japs come over, and he thinks that "may be someday these Japs will wise up, and when they do, honest, they'll make millions of people happy and I'll be the happiest one of them all." He doesn't have much respect for the Japs and their equipment for "it looks like to me that the Japs are at least one hundred years behind the times, but they are really rugged fighters on the ground. Boy, oh boy, if you only saw how these Japs lived and what they ate, --- they are a stupid race of people and to think the yellow rats thought they were the Master Race." Bennie learned some Japanese and practiced on the Koreans who helped him with words. We hope Bennie it isn't years before you'll be seeing us, and we trust your News will come in on schedule after you get the south and central Pacific under control. Write us often, Bennie we enjoy your letters just as you do the News.

All we have from Seaman Harry Dennis this time is The Courier, organ of the Portsmouth Naval Hospital., where Speed is still confined. And, since he has paid us a visit, we will accept this addition to our ever growing collection of papers as Harry's contribution for this month.

To save space we are lumping the 204 cards this month. We do

appreciate them (next to letters) as it shows you like the News well enough to want it to reach you promptly. 204's this time come from: Joe Cikovic, Tom Fischer, Bud Williamson, Tony Pusateri, and Jap Williams, whose new addressed you will find elsewhere.

Cpl. Gene Sprando is "getting along fine here in the land of the Dutch. After having life easy for the past few months, we are getting our instruments back in shape and will be entertaining the boys once again. As you know, thats right down my alley. Glad to hear everybody is getting along well at the Climax. Let's hope this mess is over soon so we can all see each other again." Nobody can argue with that last, Gene.

Pvt. Edwin Taylor reports a move to new, if not greener fields. "I left Scott on the 10th and ended up down here in Oklahoma and expect to be here about a month getting assigned to a squadron. There are very few trees here; instead there are oil wells by the hundreds. This field is 10 miles from Okla. City but this country is so level, that we can see the city hall (10 stories)." Let us hear about that new assignment when you get it, Ed.

Sgt. John Eannace, who we placed on our mailing list in order to hear from Powerhouse, pays for the News with another fine letter; this time from the Philippines. "Things here on the island are going fine, and it shouldn't be too long until it will all be ours. The Nips caused a little trouble in the opening days of the campaign but are being well taken care of now. The ball team sure ended up with a good record altho' its too bad Moe couldn't pitch every

game. Now that the season is over, I hope Mike will let Peggy up."

A Christmas card from G.M. John Yandrich comes from Egypt of all places. Since you are (or were) so close, Jake, lets hope you get to see the place where the first Christmas was celebrated.

They finally got PFC Stanley Zdybicki out of Quantico but, so far, he hasn't found Pendleton much of an improvement. "They got me out in the mountains where civilization is pretty scarce. The nearest town is 15 miles and only a small burg at that. The camp itself isn't such a bad place but I've been in better places, Quantico for instance. I had a swell trip across the country altho' it got sort of tiresome after the first couple of days. At present I'm not doing anything at all, and don't expect to be here long."

S/Sgt. Paul Ryan writes from England this time and thats something of a novelty as most of the Climaxers in ETO have now left the Merrie Isle for other parts. Paul says, "Like all the rest, I found the money hard to get used to and this driving on the left side of the road really beats me. It rains all the time here and I'm beginning to find out what mud is. There's nothing like it around home and thats for sure. We are really doing all right over here altho' everything is rationed. Cigaretts are especially hard to get and that is especially hard to take. (Ed. note: We know something about that too). But I guess things could be a lot worse than they are so I won't complain too much." Paul wishes luck to the deer hunters and we wish him good hunting also.

Pvt. Ivo Bertini writes from Florida that "the outfit I was

supposed to be with is now in New Guinea. I wish I could have gone with them but the Army had a different idea. Now they have me driving a truck again and am kept busy all day and at night sometimes. I drive a 2½ ton 6x6 and we really have to keep them clean. Also, they are really strict on the speed limit. Boy, it sure is getting cold down here. They tell me it doesn't snow but it sure looks and feels like it sometimes. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all."

We have still another letter from Yoeman Nick Hallahan, reporting a new address and something about his doings." I have graduated from that Naval Adm. class and am now being instructed in the actual operation of heavy equipment. We have operated those huge cranes which unload heavy supplies and also smaller machines called truck-lifts. We even operated cats and bulldozers." Now that is something we would have to see.

We also have a repeat from Seaman Mike Sabatasse who has evidently been cruising in warm waters. Sabby said a few things the censor didn't like, but we can make out that he has been doing quite a bit of fishing: "with some white cloth tied in strips on a 5 inch fish hook. We have fresh fish on our menu regularly now. We catch dolphins, red snappers, tuna, sharks and baraccuda. We tow our lines at the stern and the white cloth locks like a fish spinning through the water. The dolphin is a very beautiful fish. It is a deep blue in color and as it is taken off the hook it changes to a bright green and later red. (Ed. note: Thats a new one on us). Tell Bill Morris if he wants some real fishing he ought to join the Navy."

We close this time with a story

that tells how long the arm of coincidence can be. It's one of those one chance in five million things that are next to impossible, yet happen with surprising frequency. But let S/Sgt. Rudy Chastulik tell it.

"I am still at the same hospital (England) and still working in the operating room. We started to operate before D-day and have sure had a lot of wounded go through. I always look at the records, but never saw a name from the old burg. Then one day one of the boys came down from the receiving office and said, 'your brother is here.' I sure turned pale. We were almost finished on an operation, so the doctor made me go up to see him. There he was with a shoulder cast and a leg cast. It was the first time I had seen him since he left for the Army 2½ years ago and that was some reunion. But I have seen some worse and a lot worse. We operated on him the next day. Put traction on his humerus (bone of the upper arm) to get it in line. He stayed in traction (ie. with weights attached to the arm to draw it straight and to full length) about 4 inches and then we operated again; opening his arm to the humerus and putting in a silver plate so the ends of the fracture were together and in line. Then the shoulder and arm were put in a cast so he can't move it. His leg turned out fine after a few operations and a few shots for there was no fracture there. Now he is walking around, sweating out a ride home." When we first read Rudy's letter, we thought it must be George who was wounded, but learned later that it is another brother, Robert, whom we do not know but hope to meet when he gets home.

- TID-BITS -

From Henry Pirih's instructions to GI's on furlough:

"It is not proper to go around hitting everyone of draft age in civilian clothes. He might have been released from Service for medical reasons. Ask for his credentials, and if he can't show any, THEN go ahead and slug him. "

"Beer is sometimes served in bottles. A cap remover is usually available, and it is not good form to open the bottle by the use of one's teeth."

"Always tip your hat before striking a lday."

-THE FIVE AGES OF MAN-

"Daddy, I know how to do everything," said the little boy of 5.

"What I don't know isn't worth knowing," said the young man of 20.

"Well, anyway, I do know my own trade from A to Z," said the man of 35.

"There are very few matters, I am sorry to say, that I am really quite sure about," said the man of 50.

"I have learned a bit, but not much, since I was born; but knowledge is so vast that one cannot become wise in a short lifetime," said the man of 65.

Some of the buses are so crowded these days you even see men standing up.

Little Red Riding Hood was lucky, -- she only met one wolf!

A lot of things contribute to the trim manly appearance of the men in uniform, but outstanding are regular haircuts, shaves, baths and shoeshines.

If you think it's easy to reduce your std. of living, try it.

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- SIDE GLANCES -

Last issue we thought we might include the results of the Class A WPIAL football game in which Burgettstown Union gridders were



contenders. But, as it turned out, the game was postponed due to bad weather, and finally was held at the Washington High School stadium. As you recall the game was with Glassport. Well, to make a long story short, Burgettstown dropped the game 25 to 13. The Glassport team was just a bit the best that night. Union scored first, and held a 7 to 0 lead for some time, but were trailing 13 to 7 at the half. The game was played on a wet field, with a light rain falling in the latter part of the game. Fumbles were frequent, but not to the extent that the game was marred in any way. Union played a fine game and have nothing to regret because of the loss. Melton and Diamond have been placed on the 1st team, Standish on the second, with Garcia and McGraw receiving honorable mention.

On December 5th the Union High School squad were guests of the Burgettstown Business Men's Association at a banquet held in

the First Presbyterian Church. Coach Henry of W&J was the speaker. The guest list included the cheer leaders and others who helped make this year an outstanding success for Unions football team. The boys were complimented very highly by Coach McClusky for their excellent team work. One who has witnessed the games can say Amen to that for the boys did have excellent team work. All concerned are to be highly complimented on the high standard of the team.

Burgettstown's 6th War Loan has just closed, and as usual with flying colors. Burgettstown received National recognition on the morning of the opening of the drive by reporting its quota doubled. Most of this was due to the efforts of one super salesman, Frank Pappas, whose exploits as a bond sales man were spread on the front pages of the leading newspapers from Texas to Maine to California. Recently, Mr. Pappas was awarded a medal by the American Legion for his efforts in the 5th War Loan drive. Needless to say the community is proud to be counted 100% in bond sales, and to have one of its citizens a leading salesman of the nation. Mr. Pappas' total for this drive alone was over \$100,000.

While not a Climaxer, but the son of an employee, we regret to report the death of Steve Mudre, son of Mr. & Mrs. Peter Mudre of Slovan. Steve was in the Pacific area aboard the USS Samuel B. Roberts which was reported sunk near the Philippines. Steve enlisted in March 1943.

Burgettstown Post 698 sponsored the collection of Christmas Gifts for wounded and sick GI Joes and Janes. Many boxes and packages were on display at Fulton's Hardware up until Dec.

11th when a big wrapping party was held and the gifts started on their way to the distribution center. This activity, on the part of the local Legion Post, was a part of a National drive to provide Christmas cheer for the hospitalized and disabled Service men and women. Pennsylvania's quota was 50,000 packages, and if the response elsewhere in the State was comparable to that of the local community, we are sure no one was giftless on Christmas day. At this writing something like 750 packages have been turned in and close to \$75.00 in cash contributed.

You boys who have been active in the Aachen area will be interested to know that our Mr. Noy was a resident of Weisweiler for a number of years while employed at one of the Metallurgical plants in that area. He is quite familiar with the region and we here at Climax have enjoyed some first hand advice in our arm chair strategy. Needless to say we need it, for our map interpretation is rather questionable we can assure you.

We have had quite a display in the guard house. It was partly due to a Climaxer. Babe Vernillo furnished us with the material. Some of it from Tech to his Mother and some from Mike Vernillo, also sent to his Mother. One interesting piece is a helmet taken from a sniper who is reported to have killed the Lt. of Mike's outfit. Other items in the display are a pilot parachute, German tobacco and cigarettes and a pair of souvenir wooden shoes.

We thought this hunting season would produce a prize hunting story, but it never occurred to us, that it would take place right here in the Burgettstown area. But it did, and here's how --- It seems Frank Bailey was kidding some of our experts

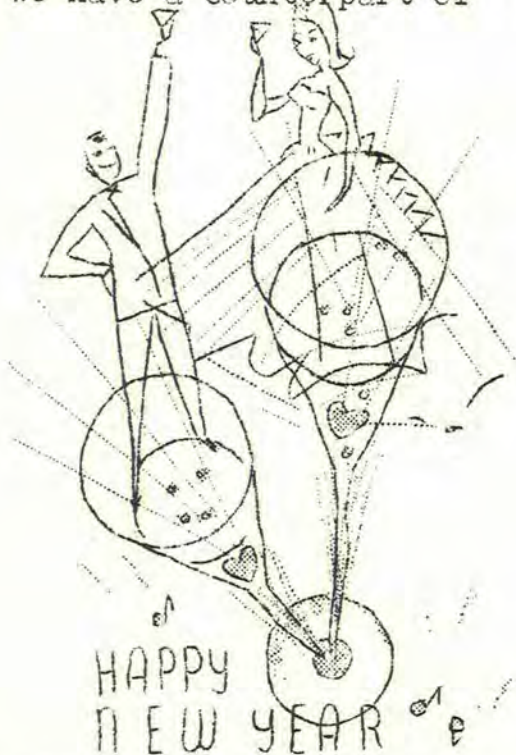
about going to the mountains for birds, and other game. Said Frank, "Why, I can go out in my back yard and knock out a mess of game any time I want to do so." Well, being from Missouri, some of the lads decided to sample Frank's brand of hunting. Manuel Garcy, Fedorsin and others went to Frank's place one evening, and after proper preparation started out across the field adjoining Frank's home. They hadn't gone far when Manuel blazed away through the woods. Bang! Bang! "Did you get him, did you get him", yelled Frank, as he came running. "Sure," said Manuel, "what do you think?" "What is it?", asked Frank. "A black cat," said Manuel. "What!", screamed Frank, "that's my cat, and to think I sat up nights feeding that cat from a bottle." And so ended a great hunting expedition. There is no record of who helped who drown their sorrows.

Again we have the unpleasant duty of reporting the loss of another Climaxer. Mr. & Mrs. John Pescho have been informed that their son S/Sgt. Andy Pescho was killed on November 5th, in the Italian theater of operations. You will recall that we recently announced that Andy and his squad had been cited for action against the Germans early in October of this year. Andy had been overseas one year, and in Service eighteen months.

Elsewhere in this issue we print a Christmas contribution from Rev. Leslie Van Inwegen of the Langeloth Community Church. In addition to being Pastor of the Langeloth Church, Rev. Van Inwegen is a Climaxer too. He is one of the sample men in the Laboratory and Research Depts.

You fellows all have heard about the boat builder who assembled his boat in the base-

ment of his home and then found he had to tear the house down to get it out. Well, believe it or not, we have a counterpart of



that fellow right here at Climax. And he's none other than Bill Friday. It just seems these fellows who work with measuring sticks all day long, fail to use them at very critical times. You see, Bill was asked to build a cabinet for the laboratory the other day. He made all the necessary measurements, selected our finest plywood, and fashioned a nice looking cabinet with all the trimmings. Grover trucked it around to the Laboratory door, and then what do you suppose Bill discovered? The cabinet was too big? No, not the way Bill tells it! He says the damn door was too small! And, Frank Russell, we'll let you guess what tune was heard in the Carpenter shop that day.

We hear reports that John Rash is bragging about another big baby boy. So, Uncle Joe Rash better hurry up and get home to greet this new Nephew.

- VISITS -

We have another Climaxer who came to see us, and stayed. Another merchant mariner home on furlough, or whatever it is a merchant mariner gets when he leaves his ship, found he could come back to work, so he just cleared the decks through Selective Service and the USES and here he is back in the Climax family. Its nice to welcome George Ravella back among us. He is now on the oiler and greaser crew.

We certainly have two long-no-see boys on our visiting list this month. From that far away outpost of Uncle Sam, Attu Island, comes Alex Stettar and Tillie Napolitana after some 16 months Service outside the continental United States. Both boys look fine, even tho' as they put it, they've been in a fog for a year or more. They are enjoying a 30 day leave after which they plan to return to Camp Parks, Calif. for re-assignment. Mrs. Stetar and Mrs. Napolitano and daughter are returning to the pacific coast with the boys.

Another visitor who had a little hard luck, in that sickness kept him from moving out with his outfit was visitor this month. Jack Dowler, just getting over a case of pneumonia, called on us on Nov. 25th. Jack looked good, altho' a little pale from his recent sickness. He reports to Ft. Belvoir after his furlough for reassignment.

Another visitor was Flight Officer George Atherton. George was graduated as a navigator and commissioned a Flight Officer on Saturday, Nov. 18th at San Marcos, Texas. Needless to say George looked spic and span in his new outfit. He reported to Lincoln,

Nebraska after his furlough.

We can report two more Climaxers returned from Service, and back in harness here at the plant. Ab Kerner reported on Dec. 11th and is now back at his old stand in the carpenter shop. --- Joe Gruber, after 22 months of Service in this country returned to work on Dec. 18th. Joe has sorta spread out a bit, but he admits gaining only four pounds. Joe took a place in the shipping department.

We find our weekly commuter's name on the register two times this month. Chuck signed in on Nov. 6th and 24th and reported everything under perfect control. As noted elsewhere, Chuck is sorta branching out a bit in his activities. What next, Chuck?

We see that Emil Yandrich did come in and sign up on the 7th of November, but not brother "Skeets". These short passes home don't give you fellows much time to get around. After the family and relatives are all taken care of it is usually time to head for camp, or wire for an extension, and the latter is sometimes difficult to put over. We are reminded of the PFC who wired for an extension because his wife was expecting a baby -- and he added a P.S.: "It ain't my fault." So you see, it can get complicated at times.

O'Donnell and Taylor are on the register, but Ye Editor didn't get to welcome them.

Bill Craig was a visitor on November 19th. Bill was certainly looking all aglow. They took some off of him in certain regions and put it back at other points. All of which is to say that Bill is in good shape.

Steve Kuritz, Chuck's old friend of early Navy days, called

on Nov. 27th. Same Steve all set and rarin' to go. And that reminds us we haven't heard from Steve's little brother Dave for a long time. How about it Steve, can you send Dave a reminder when you write him next?

Cpl. Adamson spent a nice furlough with his family and was in to see us on the 30th. Bud looked fine and reported he was getting his share of bivouac work. It is reported that he was presented with a fine baby boy before leaving for camp.

Speed Dennis, before being re-assigned from the hospital was furloughed home for 10 days. He was in on Dec. 1st. Harry looked good considering his stretch in the hospital. He was reassigned to a cargo ship when he reported back to camp.

Another Climaxer, who has been places and seen things in the Pacific, was furloughed home on Dec. 4th. Jimmy Westlake looked OK considering the tough service he has had. He was in the Philippines fracas among others, so he has plenty to tell the boys.

Our last visitor was H.K. Mann who is still awaiting orders to move out some place. Horace looked OK.

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- NEW ADDRESSES -

1. F.O. George M. Atherton
T-137617, Crew #10108
Bigg Field
El Paso, Texas
2. Eugene J. Brown A/S
Co. DP #25, USNTS
Sampson, N. Y.
3. PFC Joseph Cikovic, 33423459
Co. F, 343rd Inf.
APO 450 c/O PM
Camp Cooke, Calif.

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|---|--|
| <p>4. T/3 Rudolph J. Chastulik
33398060, APO 63 c/o PM
New York, N.Y.</p> <p>5. PFC John E. Dowler, 13109674
D7-ASFTC
Ft. Belvoir, Va.</p> <p>6. Pvt. Thomas H. Fischer, 33938963
AGF R. pl. Dept. #1
Ft. Geo. Meade, Md.</p> <p>7. Nicholas Hallahan, Y3/C
AV-Tire Recap Unit #1
Area A-10, Bks. 191
Camp Peary, Va.</p> <p>8. Sgt. Michael Harris, 3301838
APO 926, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.</p> <p>9. Patrick W. Jackson
c/o FPO
San Francisco, Calif.</p> <p>10. Sgt. Willard Keating, 33687497
APO 322, c/o PM
New York, N.Y.</p> <p>11. Pvt. Albert F. Kuntz, 13108478
APO 920, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.</p> <p>12. Cpl. Al Marcucci
APO 339, c/o PM
New York, N.Y.</p> <p>13. S/Sgt. Gaylord L. Malone
33286515
APO 595, c/o PM, New York, N.Y.</p> <p>14. Raymond G. Malone, Coxn.
USNAS, Bks. 16, Box BL
Whidbey Island, Wash.</p> <p>15. Pvt. Robert J. McGraw
33688848, Det. A, Bks. 3
Kennedy Gen. Hosp.
Memphis, 15, Tenn.</p> <p>16. Cpl. Robert H. Morgan, 33286460
Sqd. T-1, AAF
Walla Walla, Wash.</p> <p>17. Pvt. Joseph P. Pusateri
13171647, APO 72, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.</p> <p>18. Pvt. Joseph Rash, Jr.
33418384, APO 339, c/o PM
New York, N.Y.</p> | <p>19. PFC James Sarracino, 33398099
APO 40, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.</p> <p>20. Sgt. Austin D. Studa, 33264006
APO 465, c/o PM
New York, N.Y.</p> <p>21. Pvt. Edwin M. Taylor
33707860
Det. 105th ACS Sqd.
Will Rogers Field, Okla.</p> <p>22. Sgt. Ernest Williams
33701077
Co. B, 137th Bn., 35th Regt.
Camp Livingston, La.</p> <p>23. Lt. George L. Williamson, Jr.
O-780107
APO 17712, c/o PM
New York, N.Y.</p> <p>24. Sgt. Stanley Zabetakis
33418386
APO 339, c/o PM
New York, N.Y.</p> <p>25. Sgt. Joseph M. Zdybicki
33685170
APO 926, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.</p> <p>26. PFC Stanley Zdybicki
35th Rep. Draft, B Co.
Camp Pendleton, Oceanside
California</p> |
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*Best Wishes
Always!
The Editor
and staff*