



ON THE JOB FOR UNCLE SAM

A Corner For Our Boys in the
Armed Forces.



Yes, We Have No Bananas!



Uncle Sam's boys certainly won't lack for fruit, judging from the above photo of Corporal Garland Cook "somewhere on an island". Over here, bananas are almost totally unknown. In a letter to The Mill Whistle, Corporal Cook enclosed several copies of "Daily Force", a newspaper published by the soldiers. It was started on the ship going over and continues daily—the only paper published in English on the island.

Dear Sir:

I received The Mill Whistle. I enjoy it a lot, as I can hear how my friends there at home are getting on, also the other boys in the service. I wish every one back there a lot of luck and prosperity, also the boys of the service.

My mail has been going to Ft. Eustis, and it is late getting here, so please send it here. Thanks a lot. Just one of the boys.

SGT. JESSE N. WHITLOW.

Btry. H, 245th C.A.
Ft. Hancock, N. J.

Dear Sir:

Just to inform you that I am safe and well. I received my second copy of your very fine publication the other day and you can bet that it was really enjoyed. Sorry I cannot disclose our location at this time, as censorship forbids it, but we are satisfied with it.

All mail for me should be addressed as follows and nothing more:

Lt. James A. Martin, ASN 0-403099,
Hq. Co., 3rd Bn., 118th Infantry,
APO 612, Care Postmaster,
New York, N. Y.

Yours truly,
JAS. A. MARTIN.

Mr. J. U. Newman, Jr.,

We are having Indian summer weather today and it is very warm. I have read many articles from different boys in the service that were put in The Mill Whistle. I enjoy reading the paper very much. I don't have much to write about in this letter. I did get a surprise last Monday morning. While helping to service a fortress, I was invited with three other men in our crew to go for a ride. I needed no more urging, so I hopped in. The plane took off so easily that I could hardly feel that we were in the air. The plane rose to about 2,500 feet just under the clouds. Ever so often we ran into an air pocket and the plane seemed to drop a few feet, but soon recovered its height. I was taken into the radio room by a second lieutenant and given a set of head phones. I could hear the pilot talk to the man in the control tower. The room in the plane was very warm, being heated by the plane's motors. I could look out and see the city of Syracuse, the lakes and surrounding countryside. Now and then we were above some clouds and then we ran into rain and sleet. We were up over two hours just flying around to get in flying time. When the plane landed I could hardly tell that we were back on solid ground. I enjoyed every minute of my ride.

Yesterday and today we gave the plane its second inspection. We went over the ship and gave it a thorough checkup. That is rather hard work, but I am beginning to like it.

We are supposed to get paid today, so I better finish this letter and find out what time we will get paid.

Keep sending me The Whistle so I will know what is being done there.

PVT. HOWARD P. MILLS.

5th Service Sqdn, Army Air Base,
Syracuse, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Newman:

I have received all the papers you have sent to me, and I have enjoyed reading every one of them. I want to thank Marshall Field & Co. for making this paper possible for all us boys in the service, and I hope to receive every issue. The Mill Whistle has just the news that all the boys like to read; things about our friends back home. I am looking for the next issue. So long for this time.

Yours truly,

CPL. GARLAND R. SAMUELS.
385th School Squadron,
Eglin Field, Fla.

LOOK OUT, JAP'S!

Despite the smile, Pvt. George Mundy appears ready and fit for duty. Where the picture was taken is not known, but wherever it was it is a good sample of the millions of boys who are ready and able to defend their native land against anybody, anywhere.



Dear Mr. Newman:

I have just received one of The Mill Whistles and I enjoyed it so well until I just had to congratulate you, because it really does make me feel good to receive mail from home, and this is much better than a letter because I can also see how the whole Tri-City is doing. I truly believe the other boys that receive it, enjoys it just as I do. Thanks.

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT J. SMALLS.

Q.M. Det. Col.
Camp Shelby, Miss.

Dear Mr. Newman:

I wanted to do the correct thing and head this "Dear Editor," but knowing that you are responsible personally for my receiving that swell little rag of which you are the editor, and my regarding you as a close and dear friend, I compromised between "Dear Dummy" and the correct salutation.

"The Mill Whistle" is a very informative and interesting little publication for the natives of our Tri-Cities and those responsible for it should be highly commended for their essential war work. Should many of the boys fail to get their copies, their morale would be definitely lowered to some degree.

The Mill Whistle is a medium for the lads in the service to keep up with their old friends in and out of the service. Those little things mean a lot to the boys thousands of miles from home; little things such as who is now a weaver, so and so enlisted in the navy, what's-his-name just got married, et cetera, et cetera. Believe me, I'm a long ways from Draper and soon will be yet farther away. I'm one of those in the position to know.

I've received letters from many of the boys who didn't know where I was, because one of my letters was pub-

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