



BOYS IN MILITARY SERVICE

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Pvt. Z. Cecil Smathers, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Smathers of Canton, has graduated as an airplane mechanic from Keesler Field. Pvt. Smathers has just completed the 17 weeks' course including specialized training in maintenance, hydraulic systems, engines, electrical systems, fuel systems, structures, instruments, propellers, and inspection. The last phase of the course is a training period under simulated battle conditions in the open. The graduate must know how to apply what he has learned in school, how to camouflage his plane and even provide his own shelter against attack as no buildings stand in the training area.

A recent Brevard visitor was Staff Sgt. Clifton Moore who is now stationed at the Greenville Air Base. For a time he was stationed at Scott Field in Belleville, Ill., where he attended radio school, and at Tyndall Field, Panama City, Fla. "Coot" was formerly on the Cleaner Crew at Ecusta and has been in the service for over two years.

Kenneth Roberts, S1/c, was Machine Tender at Ecusta and left here for service in February of 1942. He took boot training in Norfolk and was assigned to sea duty out of So. Brooklyn shortly thereafter. Kenneth spent a short furlough in Brevard this month and we were very happy to be included in his visiting list. During his comparatively short assignment to sea duty, he has seen and heard some interesting tales to tell. Good luck to you Kenny.

Cpl. James C. Dixon left Ecusta in October of 1942 and was a recent visitor here. He was Office Clerk before entrance into the service. He was stationed at Fort Jackson, S. C.

where he took his basic training and was later transferred to Camp Sibert, Gadsden, Ala., where Cpl. John Gribbin, also of the office force is now stationed. Jimmy is now an instructor in Chemical Warfare.

We had a letter from Larry Dixon who worked in the greenhouse lab last summer and who is now in the Air Corps Technical School at Keesler Field, Miss., studying to be an airplane mechanic and gunner. We were surprised to learn that that once sturdy bulwark has diminished by some 20 pounds. This is somehow difficult to imagine but he seems none the less interested and enthusiastic about his new job with Uncle Sam. Best of luck Larry, and keep us posted.

Chief Petty Officer Jack Alexander, former Athletic Director at Ecusta, and his wife, Thelma, who was employed in the Champagne Office, were visitors at the plant recently. Jack has been stationed in Norfolk, Va., since his enlistment over a year ago. Thelma, who joined him a few months after his induction, is also a war worker at the Naval Base where she issues orders for shipments of supplies to all U. S. Naval Bases.

Phil Riddle, who left us early this year, has completed boot training and came in to see us the other day. Phil is S 2/c and is stationed at Bainbridge, Md. Upon his return to Md. he expected to be assigned to ship's company, to be sent to school or to sea. Good luck, Phil

We are pleased to welcome "Whitey" Russell and Jack Wilber back to the employee ranks. Both men have completed their Army Air Force training at Hinds Junior College in Raymond, Miss., and have returned home to await further orders. In the meantime they are getting in those extra licks in the beater room before taking off a second time for a destination as yet unknown.

Lyle W. Merrill, Ironer in Endless Belt left us in October of 1942. He is now in the Quartermaster Truck Regiment Division of the Army at Fort Custer, Michigan.

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In Pacific Area



Pvt. Frank R. Carson, formerly an electric trucker in the Pulp Mill, left us to enter service in August of 1942. No news from him except an overseas address % Postmaster, San Francisco.

Bricklayer: "Hello, Bert. Where's that helper you took on—the chap that used to be an artist?"

Second Bricklayer: "Haven't you heard?" Soon as he laid a couple of bricks, he stepped back off the scaffold to admire his work."

After a certain age you seem to spend more time at the dentist's than you do at the barber's.

Do not lay things too much to heart. No one is really beaten unless he is discouraged. — Lord Abernethy.

Staff Sergeant



Staff Sergeant Edward H. Mackey has recently been transferred from Fort Bragg to a camp at Greensboro, N. C. He received his present rating after having been at Greensboro only three weeks. Before entering the Army in June of 1941, Edward was Beaterman at Ecusta.

Finishing Touches
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grudge, maybe? . . . Where are all those letters coming from, Katherine? OK then, I won't tell! . . . Jeanne really struts those stripes. Sure, they're on a soldier but she was strutting the soldier around so what's the difference? . . . Nita went to H'ville. That all? She doesn't say much, ya know, so I don't know much, ya see. . . . Could anyone tell Lucille where she lost her belt? She just knows she lost it, that's all . . . Gosh! Jessie with goggles! But we like you with or without . . . Ever give it a thought? Lessie and Nancy come around, slow us down, punch holes in our paper, make marks all over our bobbins and get paid for it! . . . We're glad to have Fred back. Bet he missed us. Anyway, we missed him . . . Bye now—think I'll go read the want ads.

—Snoopy

SEVEN WILDCATS

There were seven brand new "wildcats"

Parking on a flat top's deck,
Gassed and ready, waiting,
For the 1-A final check.

The C. O. barked his orders
Mechanics now did move,
And the Pratt and Whitneys rumbled
Hitting solid in the groove.

Out the speaking tube came orders
"All you flyers hit the deck,"
At attention did they cater
While the C. O. made his check.

Brown and Robins, Hendricks, Olson,
Mayfield, Journ, and Shook,
And they snapped again to attention
As the C. O. closed his book.

You men have had your orders
And your navigation's true,
Here's good luck with a handshake
And I hope you all come through.

You all have had your ships gassed
Here's your ammunition too,
But before you leave this flat top
There's one thing more to do.

You remember Jones and Bartell,
Minnesota and Texas Jim,
So before you leave this decker
Offer up a prayer for them.

I hope all you boys come back here
With your buddies safe and true,
But it's possible that someone
Won't return from o'er the blue.

Check ignition, raise the wing flaps
Clear the deck, we're coming through
Yes, we're Seven Hellish Wildcats
With a mission now to do.

There's the flagman at the corner
And he's signalled, "open decks,"
There they go, they're not from Georgia
But they're "seven rambling wrecks."

Out they sail and up they climb there
Out and up into the blue,
Check gun buttons, clear your sights there
And make each burst quick and true.

Here they come, a flock of Zeros
Here they come from out the sun,
"Tallyho," says every fighter
Peel off now and watch your guns.

In the next ensuing minutes
While all hell is breaking through,
Montana lead is spattering
Here and there throughout the blue.

See the flame there, and explosion
Bullets singing close and true,
Now the dogfight is all over
They reassemble in the blue.

Now they're heading toward the flat top
And their navigation's true,
See the numbered planes now landing
One and four, six and two.

There were seven when they started
Seven Wildcats, all brand new,
Only four are yet returning
From their venture in the blue.

As they scramble from their cockpits
With a sympathetic look,
The C. O. calls the roll now
As he checks them off his book.

Robbins and Hendricks
Mayfield and Shook,
"Sorry boys" he murmured
As he checked them off his book.

As the flyers left the tarmac
Through the tube there came a yell,
"How many did you get boys
Of those yellow sons of Hell?"

Only eighteen whispered Robbins
Only eighteen bit the dust,
Only eighteen of those devils
Bred on hate and death and lust.

All the pilots sat so solemn
While the C. O. had his say,
Let's forget this little incident
There'll come another day.

But our boys are not forgetting
They're remembering and true,
As each day they wait for Zeros
On patrol out in the blue.

—Jim Newbury.