

IN A D E R

PUBLISHED "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

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23 August 1944 (DELAYED)

BE'S WHACKS

SEABEES HOLD SUB-CONTRACT IN WAR PROJECT

By LT. T. W. OLIVER

Warrant Officer PERSKY has adopted a baby pigeon as a pet and mascot. He says he does not know for sure if it is a homing pigeon or not, but if it develops that it is, he is going to train it to fetch his mail - he says he might get it faster that way.

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If the chicken dinner you had last Sunday may have seemed a trifle water-logged it was probably because JOHNNY TISO had to prepare the chickens out in the rain. Yeah, it's really a tough war, Johnny!

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L.V. SMITH has always been an obliging sort of fellow, and he could always be depended upon to do a guy a favor. He is still an obliging person, but he draws the line at stopping his truck downtown so his passengers can buy postcards. He says: "I just got my wings back and there will be no postcard buying for at least the next three months."

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Then there is the sad case of PHILIP STEWART, the very efficient yeoman in the personnel office, who lost his "Ever-sharp" pencil into the camp cesspool and moaned so long and loud that "SNAKE-EYES" McCLELLAN finally took pity on him and rescued it for him. Now STEW is happy and smiling once again.

* * *

ROBERT M. (RUSSIAN) SOLOVIEFF is a tender-hearted soul, although it has not been generally known until now. One of the local gamins approached him the other day while he was on guard duty at the main gate, and asked him to shoot a big German shepherd dog which he had in tow. The kid explained that the German soldiers had left the dog behind them when they surrendered, but he had become bad, and had bitten several people, including the kid's mother. "RUSSIAN" said that he did not have the heart to shoot the dog, but Germans - that's different!

* * *

LOUIS V. LEONARDI is a handy man with cutting tools of all descriptions and he

There exists at the present stage of the war, a condition which is perplexing many of the men in armed forces serving the nation. It is quite simply set forth by an example:

Let us consider a specially selected unit, highly trained for a particular type of operation, which is the rule, rather than the exception in this modern type of war. Many of these units at this stage of the game have not felt that their capabilities and potentialities have been 100% utilized, and they have thereby suffered an apparently considerable setback in morale. In other words they have not fulfilled the high purpose which prompted them to enlist, and under which they were trained.

It serves no useful purpose to use the words of the poet, and say to such as these: "They also serve who only stand and wait." These men are all practical men, and they want a practical answer. Most of these men have been in large contracting organizations and enterprising companies at home in normal times. Therefore an explanation from the contracting angle is the only one easily understood by them.

Our Government has taken a contract - that of destroying the evil that is Nazi Germany and Japan. This is in the nature of a large general contract, and for convenience and proper execution it has been broken down into various sub-contracts, which in turn have been "farmed out" to the various agencies of the Government. Of course, the most important of these are the armed forces.

Now, under normal operations at home, the main factors to be reckoned with are materials, labor and weather. Also under normal conditions but in operations outside of the United States, labor and transportation become more important. Under war conditions, and a war waged

(Continued on Page 3)

(Continued On Page 4)

Chaplain's Corner

(The following excerpt from a famous sermon by Harry Emerson Fosdick is reprinted in The Invader with a two-fold purpose in mind: (1) "The Second Mile" gives beautiful expression to the cheerful and willing spirit that animates the 146th Battalion, and (2) to suggest a bit of inspiration and courage to the "one-milers", if any. -- J.P.C.)

"THE SECOND MILE"

One of the most important things every man has to decide is how he shall meet the "musts" of the world - what shall be his attitude and spirit as he faces life's inevitable compulsions.

Jesus said there is only one right way - and that is to do more than you are compelled to do. He stated it dramatically: "Whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him two."

It must have startled His audience, for it brought up a concrete and hateful picture. A Roman soldier, under his military law, could compel a Jew to carry his burden for a mile - a defiling business. To hear this new Rabbi say that under such compulsion a Jew should be willing to go two miles must have clashed with the Jewish temper, as it would with the American. This sounded like gratuitous surrender of a man's just rights. But let us see; Jesus' words are either stark nonsense or supernally divine sense. We, too, as we trudge our chosen paths, meet a courier at every milestone who impresses us into service. The body says "must", business says "must", social life says "must".

Underneath every other practical necessity is the elemental "must" of the breadwinner. Now this compulsion may be faced in one of two ways. If he will, a man may accept it doggedly, skimpingly perform the bare requirements, and bitterly trudge that one scant mile. Thousands of men work that way, with their eyes on the clock. Or a man may welcome the necessity of work, recognize the dignity of honest toil, and in that way go the second mile, translating duty into privilege. Work, greeted like that, loses the frown of compulsion and begins to smile. When a man works that way he feels that it is his meat and drink, wishes there were more hours in the day than 24, and dreams of Heaven as a place where a man can work all the time at his best and never be tired. All the slavery of work has vanished for such a man.

The way to avoid the slavishness of

(Continued on Page 6)

ABERNATHY LEAVING FOR OFFICER'S TRAINING

Elton M. Abernathy, WT2c, has just been notified that his application for a commission in the Naval Reserve has been accepted and approved and he will return to the United States on the first available transportation.

Abernathy enlisted in the Seabees in September of 1943 as a carpenter's mate, third class.

His home town is Ruston, Louisiana, and he attended high school at Brownwood, Texas, after which he enrolled at Abilene Christian College where he was granted his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1932. He subsequently went to the University of Iowa, where he was granted his M.A. and Ph.D. degrees, completing his courses there in 1942.

He taught high school for several years in various Texas communities, and spent four years as assistant professor of speech at Louisiana Tech.

Prior to enlisting in the Seabees, he had one year of military experience with the Air Force enlisted reserve.

When he heard the good news, Abernathy said: "I have made many good friends in the 146th, and I really hate to leave and I hope that the next organization I am assigned to will be made up of the same fine type of personnel."

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DIVINE SERVICES

SUNDAY, 27 AUGUST 1944

- Our Lady of Equerdreville -

0700 - Mass.

0930 - High Mass.

1100 - Mass for American services.
Confessions before and during 1100
Mass. Confessions Saturday, 1900.
Daily Mass, 0700.

- Maritime Hospital -

1000 - Protestant service.

1930 - Protestant service.

Ship's Salvage

1400 - Protestant service.

28th Battalion

1715 - Catholic service.

1900 - Protestant service.

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The INVADER

Published "Somewhere in France" by the 146th Seabees. We invite exchanges with the publications of other Seabee battalions and are grateful for contributions. Edward H. Gessner, Comdr. (CEC) USNR, Publisher; Erwin S. Hein, Y2c, Editor; Brendan P. Mulready, SF2c, Managing Editor.

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SEABEES ON FOREIGN DUTY NEAR IRISH HOMES

It is very seldom that sailors on foreign duty find their assignments close to their homes. But such was the case recently with some men of the 146th Battalion when they were assigned briefly to the Londonderry base in North Ireland.

The men were Bart Butler, CBMA; Thomas Kennedy, MM2c; Edward Daly, MM3c; and Brendan P. Mulready, SF2c, all of whom were born in Eire, and have parents or close relatives residing there now.

Of this group, Mulready was the most fortunate in that he was able to obtain thirty-day leave and a passport from the American embassy in London, which enabled him to travel in civilian clothes to the Irish capital to see his mother there.

According to the U.S. State Department he received the only authorization granted by it to an American sailor to travel in Eire since the war started.

Daly managed to spend a little time with his people at the Ulster-Eire border, and Butler spoke with his mother on the telephone from Belfast.

Kennedy did not have time to make a contact with his family, as he was only a few days on leave and the border was closed, as it still is.

James D. Shea, SF3c, is another member of the 146th, who came from Eire to make his home in the States. He, like Butler, was born in the city of Cork, and his mother still lives there. He did not join the battalion until it reached England, and had no chance to see his folks.



"IT'LL BE A TOUGH OPERATION, SIR. POOR JOHN WOOD HAS GROWN FAST TO HIS BUNK!"

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THE TUNSTON COOPER NOW FOR MORE WAR BONDS



"WHY DON'T YA GIVE THAT LADY YOUR SEAT?"

*** ** * ** *

BEES-WHACKS----- (Continued from Page 1)

is especially proficient at the art of knife throwing. Another skill with which he is familiar is the solving of ventilation problems. His methods are unorthodox, to say the very least of them, but they are very effective.

FRANK WHEELER had been visiting near Bristol, and he said that the girls were so plentiful there that even the Army officers had girl friends.

The blacksmith shop at Camp Efford has been working all kinds of overtime recently, turning out materials for Task Force "F". STEPHEN VINSKY is responsible for most of the good work being done at the present time there. It has been reported that IRVING KOSOWITZ is planning to cancel his war bonds or else go to work in the barber shop or laundry.

Chief "RED" HOOD is not so anxious to make bets these days. He has done nicely lately - up until the time he bet Chief MCAULIFFE that he could not ride a bike uphill from the Laira Inn to camp. "MAC" won, and "RED" is out a pound note now.

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"What is conscience?"

"Conscience is the thing that hurts when everything else feels so good."

SEABEES HOLD SUB-CONTRACT IN WAR PROJECT
(Continued From Page 1)

overseas, away from our homeland, all of the above factors must be reckoned with. In addition the contractor (Armed Forces) must take into account the presence or absence of enemy action. Where the weather at home, well known generally, is the greatest uncertainty for normal contracting, now we have two greater uncertainties: unfamiliar weather, and, even greater and more unpredictable, enemy action.

In peacetime, if the contractor underestimates the job, all that happens is that he takes a little longer to finish the job, or perhaps as an individual, he goes broke. But in the case of this contract of ours (this business of war) if the job is underestimated, and not enough of men, tools and material is set up for the job, even say only lacking 10 %, the materials and tools are taken by the enemy, and used to his advantage, while the men are made prisoners of war or are killed. Therefore it is not fair to the men involved in the operations to underestimate the job and have too little on hand.

Remember also that fortune is fickle, and if a sudden emergency arises, it

would be all over and just too bad, by the time a battalion could be enlisted, trained, equipped, and transported overseas to the aid of their mates in distress.

A contractor would not use his painters for pouring concrete, nor would he send a brick foreman on a structural steel job. Many different types of men comprise the various units of our armed forces, and in like manner, each individual must be used to the best advantage, according to his abilities. The important thing to remember is that the job, not the man, is the paramount thing.

So far, all the comparisons drawn between civilian contractors and our government as a contractor have stressed similarity. But there is one point upon which there is a very marked difference. When the job is over in the States, if the contractor does not have another contract, then the workman walks the streets of his home town in search of work, of a new job. Perhaps he may even have to set out in the family jalopy for a distant state, in search of the wherewithal to keep body and soul together, and shoes on the feet of his children. In between jobs, his expenses go on just the same, and no money comes in. But when the contractor is the government and the sub-contractor the Navy, and the job that of war, then during a temporary slack period the food remains as good as ever, and pay and manifold other benefits go merrily on, as before.

If each will, therefore, cease to look at things from the petty viewpoint of the individual, and consider all from the larger pattern of the scheme of things, a much healthier attitude of mind will be the result. Then it will be easy to realize that an excellent job of overall planning has been done. The very fact that all units have not been 100 % utilized proves this beyond all doubt. Meanwhile, the execution of the contract, that of smashing down the Nazis, is proceeding successfully and without hitch.

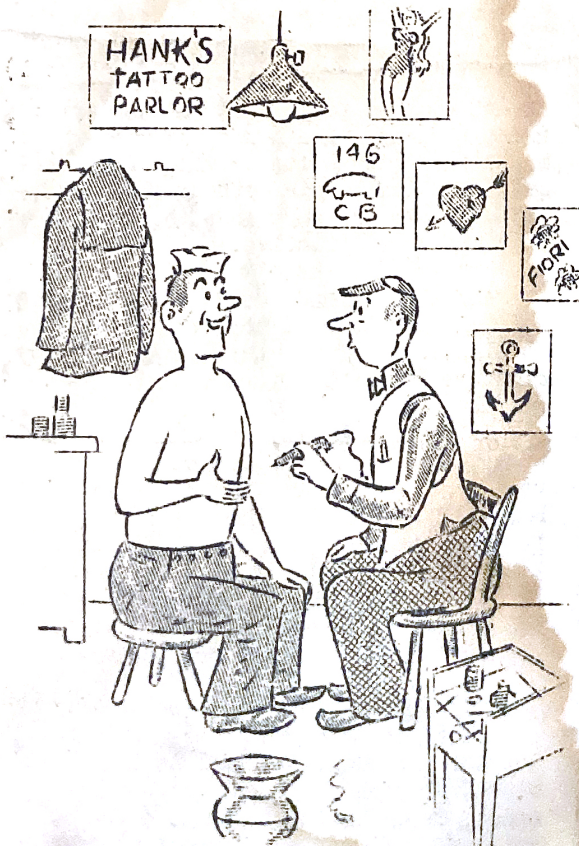
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CINCINNATI OFFICE WORKERS ENJOY 'INVADER'

Employees of the business department of the Board of Education of the City of Cincinnati write that they very much like reading the copy of The Invader which is sent to them regularly by one of the men in the Battalion. The copies are read by the whole staff, and many of the stories have been copied, and sent to friends in other branches of the service.

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SEE ENSIGN COOPER NOW FOR MORE WAR BONDS



"I WANT A BIG 'I LOVE YVONNE' - AND HOW ABOUT USING SOME OF THAT DISAPPEARING INK -- GOOD FOR A COUPLE OF MONTHS, MAYBE?"

Non-Sensered

By "PANAMA HATTIE" SMITH

Tops among service publications these days is the Seabees Coverall. It adds to the happiness of Seabees in the advance base receiving barracks at Camp Rousseau, Port Hueneme, California. Just to prove that I'm not kidding, every item on my page today is taken from the Aug. 3 issue of The Coverall.

A patient in a lunatic asylum insisted he was Adolf Hitler.

"Who gave you that name?" asked a visiting doctor.

"God gave it to me," the patient replied.

"No, I didn't," answered a voice from a neighboring bed."

"YOUR WIFE GAVE BIRTH TO AN EIGHT-POUND GIRL BABY THIS MORNING," read the telegram to the new father.

Attached to this message was a sticker reading: "WHEN YOU WANT A BOY CALL WESTERN UNION."

Golf pro: "Now use your brassie."
Girl: "But I don't wear one in hot weather."

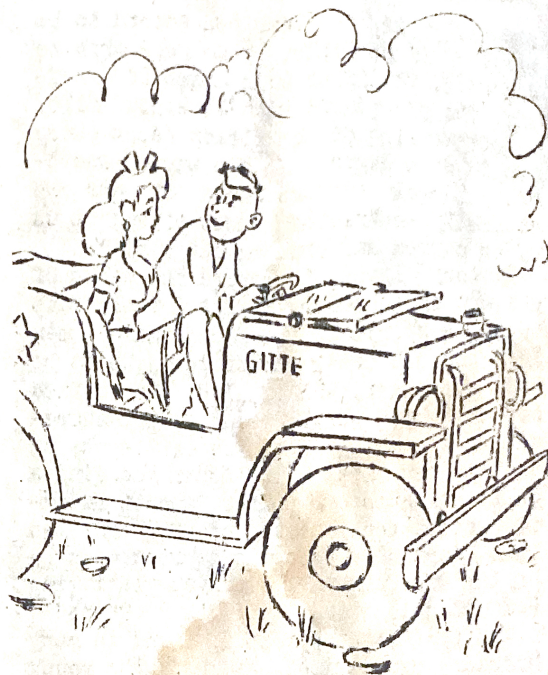
A beautiful army hostess thought she could take a nude swim in the lake at the army camp while the boys were drilling and nobody was nearby. But a rookie on KP duty came down to the lake to scoop up some water and saw her clothes on the bank. He sat down and watched patiently. The water was pretty chilly, and she got colder and colder...but she stayed submerged to her neck.

Finally, with her teeth chattering, she found an old dishpan, half buried in the mud. Digging it out, she held it in front of her like a shield and marched ashore. Indignantly, she cried to the rookie: "You wouldn't look so pleased with yourself if you knew what I'm thinking."

"But I know what you're thinking," said the rookie. "You're thinking that old dishpan's got a bottom in it!"

To kiss a Miss is awfully simple,
To miss a kiss is simply awful;
Kisses spread disease, it's stated,
So kiss me, kid, I'm vaccinated.

After an afternoon of bombing, in a small English town, a doctor opened the door of an air raid shelter and called: "Are there any expectant mothers in there?" After a pause, a feminine voice



"ISN'T IT GREAT, WHAT YOU CAN DO IN A JEEP?"

*** *** ***
answered, "Not yet, we've only been here a few hours."

If you can smile when things go wrong
And say it doesn't matter;
If you can laugh off cares and woe
And trouble makes you fatter;
If you can keep a cheerful face
When all around are blue;
Then have your head examined, Bud -
There's something wrong with you.

For one thing I've arrived at -
There are no ands or buts;
A guy that's grinning all the time
Must be completely nuts!

Sign in back of car carrying newly-wed sailor and his bride:

"CARELESS TALK CAUSED THIS."

There was a girl from St. Paul
Who wore a newspaper dress to a ball;
Now the dress caught fire
And burned her attire -
Front page, sport section and all.

"Pardon me, may I cut in?" asked the young surgeon as the operation began.

'Neath the spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy squirms;
He's been eating chestnuts
And they were full of worms.

Observation: Most sweater girls are observed in the best places.

CHAPLAIN'S CORNER (Continued From Page 2)

necessity is of your own accord to be willing, if possible, to do more than is demanded. The first mile alone is drudgery. The glory comes with the second mile.

Another kind of compulsion faces every man in some degree. In one way or another, external circumstances or our own naturally restricted powers often shut us up to narrow and obscure activities.

History loves to record the names of men who conquered the malice of their fate by this spirit of the second mile - men like the old Greek chosen in a joke to be town scavenger, who filled the office with such high serviceableness that thereafter in all Greece the office was an honor; men like blind Huber becoming a great scientist, or blind Fawcett becoming postmaster-general of England; men like Cervantes using an imprisonment to begin "Don Quixote", or Bunyan glorifying Bedford jail with "Pilgrim's Progress".

And this same spirit is found in many humbler expressions, as when the young woman wrote her friend out of her invalidism: "At first I thought somehow to make the best of it, but now I am planning to make the most of it." These folk of the more abundant willingness travel with us the first hard mile of compulsion, but they make it beautiful with the second mile of consecration.

In our family relationships there are certain necessary duties, and some households do just as much as they have to do and no more. They are run in the spirit with which a miser pays taxes. Any overflow of spontaneous love, and volunteering of surplus kindness, is unknown. The members of the family keep the letter of the law, and look for a home to come of it.

But it is the unnecessary courtesies, the unexpected presents, the uncalled for thoughtfulness, the surprises of kindness over and above what can be required - it is this superabundance that makes a real home. Here the difference lies between progeny and sons; between a housewife and a mother; between a breadwinner and a father. And the crown of all human relationships is the two-mile home, where always "the cup runneth over."

This principle of Jesus, then, divides a man's conduct into two parts, the compulsory and the voluntary, the things he must do and the things he chooses to do, the first mile and the second. It says, moreover, that only as the voluntary overspreads and saturates the necessary can life cease to be slavery and come to its full meaning of dignity and value.

The roll call of the world's spiritual heroes reveals not a single one-mile man. They have all gone the second mile.

146th SEABEES MEET OLD FRIENDS IN FRANCE

Frederick C. Murphy, SF3c, was really surprised when he disembarked at a port in France recently to find his old boyhood friend, Ray Alberg, on the shore.

Ray and Fred grew up together in St. Paul, Minnesota, and when they were in their 'teens they played baseball on the local high school team together. It is three years since they last met and since then Murphy joined the Seabees and is now a member of the 146th Battalion while Alberg is with a Navy salvage unit operating on the French coast.

* * *

William Ferrari, MM3c, was reunited with his brother-in-law, Pfc. Eugene Toher, whom he had not seen for two years. Ferrari knew that Toher was in England somewhere, and he had looked for him in several places there but had missed finding him, and then when he came to France he had given up any idea of finding him. He was on French soil no more than a few hours when he heard that Toher was in a quartermaster unit nearby, and he had no trouble in finding him immediately.

Both Ferrari and Toher came from The Bronx and they spent a pleasant afternoon talking about old times.

* * *

Louis J. Sudsky almost met his brother when he arrived here a few days ago with the 146th. The brother is a member of the crew of an LST, and when the ship carrying the 146th arrived at a French port that particular LST was pulling out in the opposite direction. They met a few months ago in England, for the first time since they entered the service.

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HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

Horace J. Swinland SF2c	25 Aug.
Harry T. Ketchum CM3c	26 Aug.
Earl A. Alcorn CM2c	27 Aug.
David J. Evans BM1c	27 Aug.
Richard N. Rudicill SF2c	27 Aug.
William Ferrari M3c	28 Aug.
Robert Garside MM3c	28 Aug.
Henry S. Helverson SF1c	28 Aug.
John G. Todd MM3c	28 Aug.
Mark M. Fleming BM1c	29 Aug.
Billy G. Moffatt SK3c	29 Aug.
Walter R. Bailey SF1c	30 Aug.
William L. Evans MM3c	30 Aug.
Joseph Lang Flc	30 Aug.
Henry M. Peterson MM3c	30 Aug.
* * *	* * *
	* * *

Oh, let's not park here!

Oh, let's not park -

Oh, let's not -

Oh, let's -

Oh -



We Seabees have no private lives.
Our privacy is nil.
We're stripped of clothes and modesty
At any Medic's will.

I can not give full details,
I'd blush if I'd begin to,
But nothing's sacred in this life -
Each item is gone into.

Cold prying eyes and instruments
Seek out each nook and cranny.
We stand in line as bare as eggs
From head to toe to fanny.

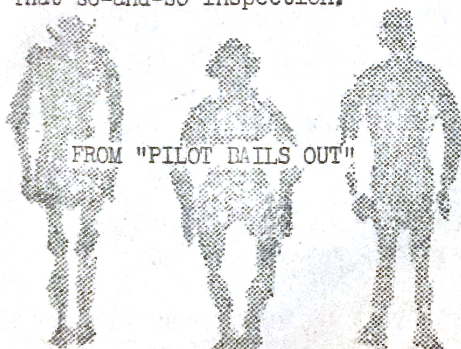
It does no good to shrink and cringe
From spatulas and tweezers.
We "take 'em off" as we are told
Like masculine strip-teasers.

We're stabbed with needles in the arm
And scratched with blades unfeeling.
We mutter "ahhh" and gurgle "erp"
Until our brains are reeling.

And when the outside has been viewed
In summer heat or blizzards,
The X-ray seeks the inner man
And photographs our gizzards.

Our teeth are scanned with closest care
For cavities that rot 'em.
Our ears, our eyes...oh, everything
Is searched from top to bottom.

We Seabees have no private lives
(A fact to cause dejection)
We never know when we must face
That so-and-so inspection.



HERE'S SOME FRENCH FOR YOUR NEXT LIBERTY

So you're going on liberty tonight and you don't know French. And it won't get you much, just moaning "je ne parle pas francais" all evening.

What you need is an emergency lesson in French - and here it is!

You're going out of camp with your tongue hanging out, and you'll turn in at the first likely spot for a drink. "How much for a drink of Calvados?" In French it's "combien pour un ver de Calvados?" It sounds like this: KAWM-BYANG POOR UHN VARE DEH CALVADOSE?

Watch the price! Fifteen francs isn't bad, but don't let 'em soak you more than thirty. If you want to debate, say "your price is too high" - "votre prix est trop chere." Pronounce it VAWTR PREE AY TROW SHAYR.

Some of the girls aren't hard to meet - unless you're choosey - and you already know the stock greetings. Sooner or later you'll want to say "what is your name?" So you'll say "comment vous appelez-vous?" Say it: KAW-MAHNG VOOZ-AP-LAY VOO?

You may want to ask "how old are you?" That's "q'uelle age avez vous?" Or, the easier way: KEL AHJE AH-VAY VOO?

To introduce yourself, like "my name is John Doe," say "je m'apelle John Doe." Here it is: JUH MA-PEL JOHN DOE.

For "what are you doing tonight?" you must say "que faite-vous ce soir?" And you make it sound like this: KA FET-VOO SUH SWAH, or something of the kind.

"Would you care to go to the show?" It is "voulez-vous aller au theatre?" which is VOO-LAY-VOOZ AH-LAY O TAY-AHTR?

Just to make conversation, you might say "what things do you like?" or "quelle choses aimez vous?" That's about like: KEL SHOSE AIM-AY-VOO?

"May I take you home?" is a bit tough, but try it: "Me permettez-vous de vous conduire chez vous?" or MUH PER-MET-TAY VOO DEH VOO COND-WEER SHAY VOO?

Before the evening's over you're bound to say "je vous aimerai toujours," which means "I will love you forever." Well, if you must, it's pronounced JUH VOO-ZAIM-ERAY TOO-ZHOOR.

Some other sometimes useful lines:

"How big is your husband?"

"Est-ce que votre mari est gros?"

ESK-KUH VAWER MAHREE AY GROW?

"How soon will he be home?"

"Quand sera-t-il a la maison?"

KAWNG SERRA-TEEL ALLAH MAYZAWNG?

"Where does this window lead to?"

"Ou ce dirige cette fenetre?"

OO SUH DEER-EEJ SET FEN-AY-TR?

But it's much safer to stick with "je ne parle pas francais" - JUH NUH PAHRL PA FRAHNSAY - which means "I speak no French."

Dear Folks —

How are all you people back home this week? I guess you know you are still in our minds even if we have not written as often as usual this past week.

Well, they've really got us on the ball over here since the last letter we wrote you. Our day starts at 0545 and Taps is at 10 o'clock at night. We are getting liberty every fifth night from about 5 o'clock and we have to be in by 10. Even at that, we are getting a pretty good break because the boys in the outfit who came over here first didn't get any liberty, and they had to work a lot harder and longer than we have to now. We have a movie show four nights weekly, too, and that also is more than they had, so I guess for now one night in five will be all right with me.

There is not great deal to do on liberty night except maybe go around to the local "bistro" and have a glass or two of Calvados or cider. That is about all the variety they have around here at the moment so you see the chances of getting into trouble along that line are slim.

Calvados is an alcoholic drink that retails variously at from 15 to 25 francs for a thimbleful. You may be able to buy a quart bottle of the stuff for seven hundred francs. Twenty francs is forty cents American and seven hundred of them make fourteen dollars so that seems like a pretty good scheme on the sellers' part to insure an even distribution to all of the customers. The stuff tastes like Prohibition rotgut and by American standards should sell for about a nickel in any bar room back home.

The cider they sell over here is a non-alcoholic beverage and it is quite palatable. It is not quite so sweet as our cider back home and it tastes like a fair dry wine. Frequently it is watered, too.

Good "vin rouge," the Frenchman's standby from time immemorial is almost impossible to obtain and so also is cognac, so that leaves only the choice of cider or Calvados.

Despite the ready availability of liquor, there is almost no such thing as drunkenness among the gang. Most of the men are working pretty hard and they appreciate the chance of fellowship with the civilians, and about the only place to meet the French people outside of their homes is in the local cafes or "bistros". The "bistro" to the Frenchman is the same as the local "pub" is to the Englishman, or the neighborhood beer joint is to the American.

That's about all for now, so "so long" until next week.

USO STAGE SHOW COMES TO TOWN HALL SUNDAY

The USO show, "On the Beam," will be presented Sunday, 27 August, at 1400 in the Town Hall.

This is a "live" show featuring Freddie Lightner, master of ceremonies and comedian; Maxine Turner, dancer; Jerry Lawton, comedy juggler; and songs by Dolores Anderson, with Charie Burgess as piano accompanist.

Tickets for the show may be obtained at the MAA office and men of the battalion will be permitted to bring civilian guests. The uniform will be undress blues. Get your tickets early!

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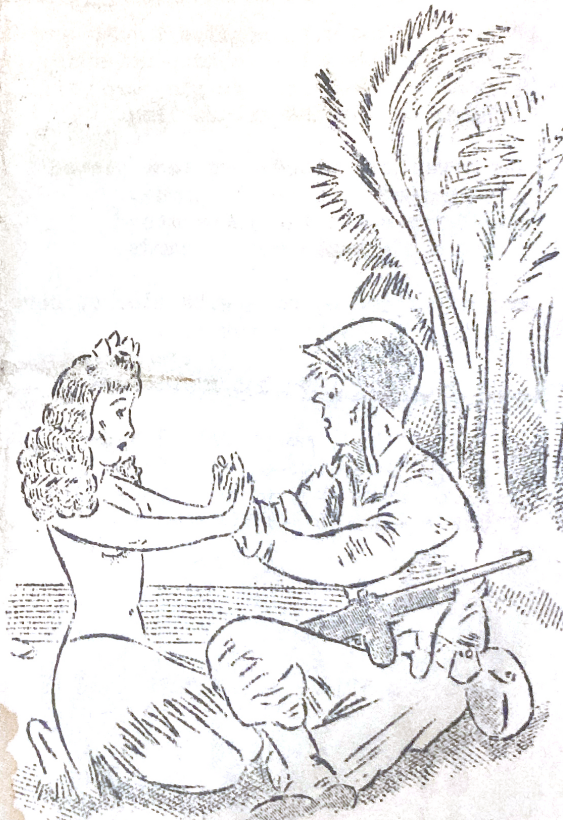
NEW LIBRARY AND GAME ROOM NOW AVAILABLE!

An attractive French home adjoining the camping area of the battalion has been obtained for use as a library and recreation building for enlisted men.

Approximately 500 books have been secured as an initial stock, arrangements are being made to procure more.

T.F.X. Smith, CMLc, is in charge of the building, and the supervision of Chaplain Cowan is lent to the establishment. The Chaplain's office also is set up there.

Writing and game rooms are provided.



"IS THAT ALL YOU LEARNED FROM THE SEA-BEES - JUST PATTY-CAKE, PATTY-CAKE?"