

Pacific Pulsator

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THE PACIFIC PULSATOR

U.S.C.G., Honolulu, Oahu, T. H.

Volume 3 JULY 15, 1949 Number 7

REAR ADMIRAL E. A. COFFIN

Commander 14th C. G. District

KATHE BREDOW

Editor and Director, Special Services

Dedicated to the purpose of eradicating red tape and improving the lot of 'Pulsating Pete' and his Logistics supporters on the lonely reaches of the Pacific.

From Fair French Frigate

Dear Kathe,

Getting time for our logistic vessel to come rolling out this way, so thought we would get a letter in, and keep you posted on the doings of the island of paradise, French Frigate Shoals.

There has been a turnover of personnel out here lately, and last month Winters, Wm. T., EN3 went home. George Van Nostrand ET3 (z) was transferred to Niihau. Also leaving were John W. Sober, ET2, and Emile Jordan, SN, who is on a well earned vacation in Honolulu—we expect him back on this ship.

Now for the ones who are staying here to fight the battle of FFS:

W. O. Henry, Lt. (jg), C. O.; Joe (Tin Can Lights) Anson, ET1; Harold Hester, EN2; Jesse, Black, CS2; Reginald Marlow, RM2; Louis Parker, HM2; Charlie Polby, EN3; Raymond Abate, SN(ET); Louis Haueter, SN(ET); Bilby Demmon, SN(ET); Ernest White, SN; Clifford Hampton, SA.

Taps sounded in May for two of our pets, the first being our only cat, who lived under the Bos'n locker in fear of dogs. The dog caught her out one morning and ran her into the ocean!

Next was our dog "Scopie", whose greatest thrill was to run with the truck, and he died doing just that when he stopped momentarily, and the truck ran over him. We all miss him, but I think if we could have the sentiments dogs have, we would know that his playmate "Grumpy" misses him even more . . . and if there's a heaven for dogs, and there's a gooney bird there for him to chase, "Scopie" will be happy.

Guess that is about all for now.

Sincerely,

Louis Parker

One Every Second

Seems like everyone is going to a psychiatrist nowadays. We even know a psychiatrist who is going to a psychiatrist. It's not that there has been an increase of insanity or anything like that. It's just that so many people are beginning to discover that they have a mind. Take the man who rushed into the psychiatrist's office. "Doctor," he cried, "is it possible for a man to make a fool of himself without knowing it?"

"No," said the doctor. "Not if he has a wife."

Kwiz Kwestions

Or is Your I. Q. Showing

After long and serious thought and consultation (with myself), it has been decided that instead of making you wait a whole month for answers to the quiz questions, hereafter, and beginning right now, the answers will appear in the same issue. That is so I may do my share in keeping your problems (mental) down to the minimum! Considerate of me, yes?

So here goes with the answers to last month's quiz, followed by this month's problems, followed by this month's answers, on another page.

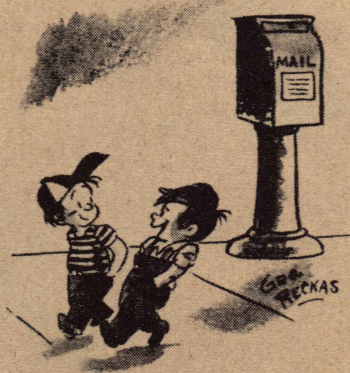
Answers for Last Month

1. Walter Winchell
2. Gasoline Alley
3. His son's name is P. K. Wrigley
4. Pulaski
5. Maple
6. The first battleship of the modern type, a British ship, was named "Dreadnaught".
7. Yes, by John R. Cobb, in 1947
8. Library of Congress
9. England (probably)
10. Pittsburg and Cleveland, respectively

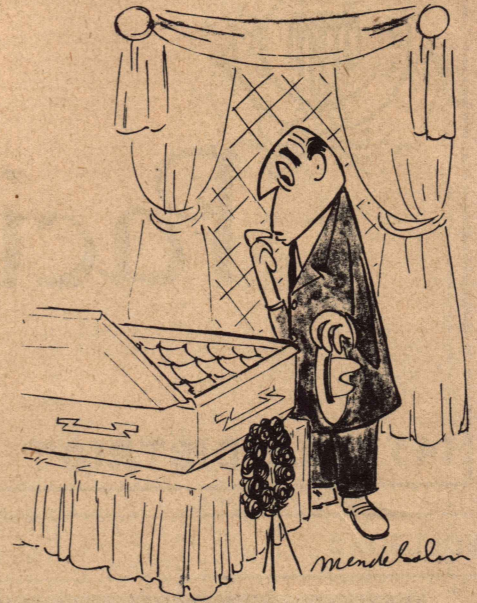
New Questions

1. What German dirigible caught fire at Lakewood, N. J.?
2. What manufacturer publishes ads about Elmer, Elsie and Beulah?
3. For what is S. S. an abbreviation?
4. What is the minimum alcoholic content of bottled-in-bond whiskey? (ed. note: and let's not try to prove it by sampling.)
5. Which has the largest area, Canada, the continental U. S. or Australia?
6. What president of the U. S. survived an attempted assassination?
7. What record did Lou Gehrig take from Everett Scott?
8. What was Reggie McNamara's sport?
9. What war took place in 1936 to 1939?
10. By what other name have the Brooklyn Dodgers been called?

See page 3 for answers



"I didn't put any stamps on the letters. I just slipped them in the box when no one was looking."



"Gosh, Phil . . . when I heard you were sick, I rushed right over."

What's Your Pet Peeve About Loran Duty

Whassa matter, you scared, or something? Here I expected to be snowed under by mail from all the corners of the Pacific, and be up to my ears in complaints. And all I get is a lot of silence! Look, you don't even have to sign it, if you don't want to—just let us know your pet peeve, and that's all. Therefore, I shall run last month's article again, rather than strain myself and be original, and say again—please, let's hear from you all—and if you've no complaints, well, write anyway. The mail this month has been a little on the thin side.

Now, here's a subject which should cause a little controversy, and you'll do Ye Ed a big favor if you'll give me the word, on your Pet Peeve about Loran Duty, at least the way you see it. Write and say just what you do think—I'll remove the more censorable language, if necessary!

Everyone's got beefs, whether they're in service or civilian life, and so let's you relieve your active little minds and overflowing hearts. Maybe something can be done, maybe not, but lets see "wha hoppens." And if you think your C.O. is a swell lil ole darling, and life is utterly charmin' on your island bower of loveliness, say so, too. I want just loads of reading material with which to keep occupied during these long summer days ahead.

Come to think of it, why doncha make two lists, a long one about "The Things That Make Me Oh, Soooooo Mad, I could SPIT," and a brief list of "Why I Think Loran Duty Is Just Peachy-Keen."

After all, it might do some good, you never know about these things. So sharpen your pencils and your vocabularies, dust off your typewriter, limber up your fingers and the grey matter, and let's all remember this is NATIONAL LET'S WRITE AND TELL KATHE ALL ABOUT IT WEEK, right about now!

Element 93

Women—symbol Woe—is a member of the human family. Accepted atomic weight is 120, although a number of isotopes have been observed with weights varying from 100 to 150.

Occurrence—is abundant in nature, found both free and combined, usually associated with man.

Physical properties—A number of allotropic forms have been observed. Their density, transparency, hardness, and color vary with in wide limits. The color exhibited by some specimens is a surface phenomenon and is usually due to a closely adhering powder. It is found that an unpolished specimen tends to turn green in the presence of a highly polished one. The boiling point of some varieties is quite low, while others are apt to freeze at any time. All varieties melt under the proper treatment.

Chemical properties—Absorbs seemingly limitless quantities of expensive foods. Many naturally occurring varieties are highly magnetic and in general the magnetism varies directly with the square of the valence and inversely as the density, size, and the cube of the age. The ionic migrations vary widely. All varieties exhibit a great affinity for Au, Ag, and Pt, and for precious stones both in ring and chain structures. The valence towards these substances is high and its study is complicated by the fact that the residual valence is never satisfied. Many stable and unstable unions have been described. Some varieties, being highly explosive, are dangerous in experienced hands. In general, they tend to explode when left temporarily alone by man. The application of pressure to a woman produces such a variety of results that they defy the Gas Laws (Hot-Air).

Uses—Highly ornamental. Wide application in art and domestic science. Acts as a positive or negative catalyst in the production of fever, as the case may be. Useful as a tonic in alleviation of sickness, low spirits, etc. Efficient as a cleansing agent. Equalizes the distribution of wealth. Is probably the most powerful reducing agent (of incomes) known.

Contact Process—KIS 2) is a conjugate salt, the reaction taking place more rapidly in the absence of light. KIS 3) has a sweet taste and an ethereal odor. When taken in small quantities it produces a nauseous effect. It is soluble in distilled moonlight and is best precipitated in the absence of humanity. The presence of a catalytic agent such as love increases the speed and also the temperature of the reaction. Therefore it is exothermic in the presence of the above-mentioned catalyst.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ

1. Hindenburg.
2. Bordens.
3. Saints.
4. 100 proof—about 50% alcohol.
5. Canada—3,694,000; United States—3,026,000; Australia—2,948,000.
6. Franklin D. Roosevelt.
7. Continuous games played (in baseball).
8. Bicycle racing.
9. Spanish Revolution.
10. The Robins. (What, dem bums wuz onct boids?!)

From Saipan, The Poor Man's Paradise

Dear Kathe,

Greetings and stuff from the old C. G. Loran Station on Saipan.

It seems that everyone else is getting into the act, so we figured we might as well get a word in along here some place.

Since the last time you heard from this happy rock, we have had a complete change in personnel, with the exception of Lt. (jg) W. L. Monks, our commanding officer.

Perhaps you would like to meet the fellas, so here goes:

W. L. Monks, C.O.—“Shutter bug”—with all due respect.

M. Miza, ET Chief—Dah, Dah, Di, Dah.
L. Loper, CS2—Tex.

T. J. Hoffman, ET2—Lover Boy.

J. R. Alford, ET3—The Thin Man.

R. R. Simone ET3—censored.

J. A. Harrigan, ET—Little Einstein.

P. H. Van Hooft, EN3—Hch!

C. G. Range, SA—Light Fingers.

W. G. Price, SA—Punchy—and I almost forgot—C. M. Morris, ET3, a short timer.

Bouncer—the only female hereabouts, and Blackie, the other canine.

By the way, Blackie and I were talking the other day, and he said, when is he due for rotation after all four years on one rock is all a guy can stand.

I think before long Saipan will be hitting the air waves with a brand new ham rig, that is if the chief can get the darn thing together. It will be a converted TC-127, plus what he can steal.

By the way, we are losing Alford tomorrow. This place has been like a hotel

lately, we don't even get to know their names.

Chief Mize submits an article forwarded to him by his wife, entitled “Rough Duty”. Thought some of the boys would like to know how the other half is making out.....

“COAST GUARD STATION WILL HAVE NEW CHIEF.”

The shore station of the United States Coast Guard here at 1600 N. Lincoln Memorial Drive, will have a new commanding officer beginning June 7. Boatswain Charles I. Carpenter, who has been in charge of the life saving crew for more than three years, is transferring to recruiting duty at the federal building. His successor at the station will be Boatswain Francis H. Caron, now on duty at the Straits of Mackinac.”

Ah, Summer is here—ain't it wonerful, well, ain't it? The grass is growing (dam it) and there's been a fella around here handing out paint brushes complete with paint and bucket; now I'm not going to mention names, mind you, but his initials are M. Mize, so we have been having a lot of parties (work) while he's looking.

We are getting our recreation hall in shape. The Air Force gave us a swell pool table, we had a ping pong table, and we just received a new refrigerator, courtesy of the CGC KUKUL. Say, Kathe, do you happen to have a picture of Rhonda Flemming around? We'uns out here would appreciate it if you would decorate the front of the P. P. with it.

Well, Kathe, until the next time, we all would like to say so long to the nicest gal in the Pacific, and even Van Hooft, just woke up and said “Hch”. Oh, well, maybe he will have more to say next time, so till then I bid you adieu.

Sincerely,

Ralph R. DeSimone



Talampulan-by-the-Sea, popular resort in the Philippines, as seen from the air—as good a place as any from which to see it.

From (ugh) Attu

Loran Transmitting Station
Theodore Point
Attu, Alaska

Hi Kathe,

I know you will be surprised to hear from us way up here on Attu. We are so little and so few up here, we just didn't think anyone would be interested in our daily occupation. But what happens, one day we read an article in the P.P. about your wanting to hear from us; and to tell you the truth, we were very pleased and amazed. But mostly pleased to know that someone is at least thinking about us, and we would like to express our greatest appreciation. Thanks Loads.

As you must know our main occupation up here is keeping in sync with Amchitka which we seem to do nicely. The station itself is a good station, and you couldn't ask for a better crew. We had quite a few beards on the island at one time, but at present we have but one; and Johnny Johnson persists on keeping it until he is rotated. Insults and threats are to no avail, the beard stays. Oh yes, our preacher, McNew has a vague image of what he calls a beard. One hair here and one there, but he's proud of it.

They hadn't been able to make a hiking trip to Massacre Bay since the station was commissioned; and it was stated that it was impossible to hike from Theodore Point to Massacre Bay (Navy Base). But we proved that it could be done. Some of the fellows that were here when I arrived last summer made the first trip. They were Oley Olsen, Ed Kistenmacher, Ace Esperson, P. M. Allen and six dogs. Most of these hiking parties are made in the summer for it is very dangerous in the winter. And believe me when I say it's a rough trip. I made it twice and I know. It's only twenty miles; but the roughest twenty miles I've ever seen . . . Over mountains, ravines and rivers; and the rivers are no joke, they're cold.

Mail is very scarce. However we were lucky to have some of our neighboring Navy and Army friends drop us mail by plane a couple of times. And also one of their sea going tugs (The Abanki) brought mail to us on Theodore Point.

We have been very lucky this winter with our mail. We never went for more than a month and a half without that welcome letter from home. In times past the station has been without mail for as much as four months.

To add to our assets we ran out of cigarettes about the middle of February and the situation wasn't relieved until 12 March. Talk about a hectic time, we had it. There are about two fellows up here that don't smoke, but the rest of us would have given our right arm for a good cigarette. One man had a few old cigars and we broke them up and rolled our own. Have you ever inhaled on a rolled up old newspaper??? Well don't the after effects are terrific. We called them the cigar-eettes. Of course we looked high and low for butts. We found a few here and there, some soaked in oil, etc., but it was tobacco and we smoked them.

The reason we ran out was because new men reporting up here came without bringing any with them; consequently the old fel-

lows had to supply the new and we ran out. A word to new lorangers, order at least a year's supply of toilet articles and cigarettes. We have no canteen supplies up here. We order a year's supply of everything.

August of '48 was the last we saw of a doctor or dentist. Graciously supplied by the Northwind. Another word to the wise—be sure and have all your dental work taken care of before reporting to a loran station. Nearest doctor or dentist is 260 miles, and almost impossible to reach from here.

Aside from the fact that this is isolated duty the only thing that worries us is the wind.

Speaking of the wind, that little fellow is a devil. At 120 per he almost took our loran hut away. We had all hands out cutting sheet metal and nailing down the ends of the hut; also we had to lash down the east end of the hut to keep it from being blown away.

That was only once, another time at approximately 100 per, six sections of sheet metal were torn off the office hut and apparently blown over the 500 foot hill northeast of the station, we still haven't located those sheets. Of course our C. O.'s and first class engineman's quarters are in the office hut . . . it didn't take them long to vacate the office. (Nasty little fellow isn't he???)

Considering the station itself, I think the enclosed picture is a good one. Our loran hut is over to the left. The station is built on a point 250 feet above high tide. In the rear and on both sides of the station is nothing but mountains. We climb them just for recreation. As you can see we have no smooth ground for out-door recreation, such as baseball, etc. We don't do much boating as the sea is usually too rough.

Our quonset huts are set up in an "H" formation. Let us start at the right of the picture. For a cook's tour the building in the right foreground are the commissary storeroom, galley and mess deck; followed by a passageway straight through to the recreational room where we have a pool table, library and small organ. Following that we have our engine room where we have three generators which of course supply power for the station.

Going toward the rear of the picture we have another hut which forms the bar in the "H." It contains our reefer, water tanks and wash room. Also we have a dark room for budding photographers which no one uses much.

Behind this hut is another passageway going to the office and crews quarters. The office and a small storeroom is in the right rear background. Our C.O.'s and first class engineman have their quarters there. The crews quarters in the left background are very comfortable.

The loran hut of course holds all our electronic equipment and stuffed away in one corner is my radio room. It has four walls and room for one man and two dogs to turn around in. The two dogs are supposed to belong to me but I only claim one. Yep, you guessed it, I got the female. Her name is Miss Gilda. The Miss is to show respect for the only female on the station.

To the right of the "H" (out of the picture) is our winch house which houses our winch. (I didn't think I was going to get that on paper.) Anyway the winch is used to haul our cart up and down the hill. At the bottom of the hill is where our supplies are

landed and are hauled up by the winch and cart to the top of the hill. Not a very smooth landing at that. All rocks.

This picture itself was taken up by an old army observation hut which is used for a storeroom now.

Hunting is at a minimum since the Japs killed all the caribou, but fishing is very good. We had twelve dogs on the station at one time . . . hunting got scarce and we now have seven (one female).

We captured four baby fox at one time and were trying to make pets out of them, but we made the mistake of building a pen for them outside and they got their freedom about four days after we put them out there.

We are going to be active on amateur circuits this coming fall. One of our ET3 (Bighorse) has a class B license and has applied for a class A. I myself have just applied for class C license. We are not able to go on the air due to not having a station license.

You hams will probably hear from us just after we move to our new station, Murder Point.

We would like to make a little request, at present we do not have a picture of you. If you would be so kind as to send us one we would be very pleased. Thank you.

The present residents of this Pacific Perch are as follows:

David Jenkins, Lt (jg) (The Old Man)
Newberry, G. C. EN1 (New Comer)
Beckwith, F. E. ET2z (Porky)
Hutchings, R. L. CS2 (Cookie)
Bighorse, J. A. ET3 (Joe-Joe)
Madrid, E. ET3 (Arguello)
Huhtala, A. A. EN3 (Hoot)
Lutz, D. W. HM3 (Third Class Handy-Man)
Johnson, J. H. SN (Johnny Johnson)
Carruthers, R. E. SN(ET) (Curt)
Calhoun, E. P. SN (Crank-Shaft)
Thorsen, J. E. SN (Momma Thorsen)
McNew, R. C. SN (Preacher)
Bollinger, R. F. SN (Happy)

And last but not least is your favorite reporter—Gallagher, R. P. (Peter 2).

UR's trooly,

R. P. Gallagher RM2 (P2).

Nasty Pastor

A middle-aged couple was taking a vacation at a Pacific resort. They were in the cocktail lounge when the wife said, "Look, Henry, isn't that the pastor of the church we used to go to sitting over there? Why don't you go over and find out?"

So, Henry went over to the gentleman's table and asked, "I beg your pardon but aren't you the pastor of the church that I used to go to?"

"What the blankety blank do you mean by bothering me with your blankety blank questions. Get the blankety blank out of here or I'll call the blankety blank manager."

So Henry went back to his own table and his wife, asked, "Well, was he the pastor?"

Henry answered, "He wouldn't tell me."

Camera Hints

(For the snap-happy)

Make It Sharp!

Sharpness, or, clarity in pictures, is like patience in a growing child—a quality which is to be very highly desired. So let's consider the matter of sharpness. How can it be achieved? What factors in picture taking control the clarity of snapshots?

There are several possible answers to those questions. To get sharper, better, snapshots you must learn how to hold your camera steady—learn how to choose a shutter speed which will stop movement in the subject—and how to focus your camera properly.

Focusing the camera, of course, is the easiest of all those points. It's just a matter of estimating distance correctly, and of working within the limitation of your lens. For instance, if you own a box camera or one of the simple folding models, you're more or less limited to picture taking at distances between six feet and infinity. Some box cameras can be focused for subjects as close as five feet from the lens, and a portrait attachment can be slipped over any lens to permit picture taking at even closer distances. But for general outdoor snapshots, the first rule for sharper pictures is—don't get too close to your subject. If you get closer than your lens will allow, you'll get fuzzy, out-of-focus pictures.

Focusing

With cameras on which the lens can be focused at different distances, the important point to remember is that you must focus get fuzzy, out-of-focus pictures.

from camera to subject is changed. To do that just glance at the subject and estimate the distance between the subject and the lens—then focus the camera accordingly. If you're working with a large lens opening, which, incidentally, won't give much depth of field or range of sharpness in the picture, you'll have to be pretty exact in judging the distance. But if you're working with a small lens opening, don't worry if your estimate isn't exactly correct. An error of a foot or so won't make too much difference unless you're shooting close-ups. But in close-ups, and when working with large lens openings, your lens should be focused rather critically.

Steadiness

Now for the matter of camera steadiness. What is the best method of holding the camera absolutely motionless when taking pictures? Experienced photographers have learned that first of all you must feel comfortable when you're taking pictures—whether the camera is held at waist or eye level. If you feel tense and uncomfortable, camera movement will be almost impossible to avoid since nervous tension will be so great.

The second rule for camera steadiness is to brace the camera whenever possible. In waist-level snapshots, for example, you can brace your camera by holding it lightly against your waist—so that your body will steady it as much as possible. While in eye-level snapshots you can steady the camera considerably by holding it lightly but firmly up to the eye. By bracing the camera with either of those methods you'll go a long way toward getting sharper, better, pictures with ordinary snapshots exposures. How-

ever, don't forget that when using exposures slower than 1/25th second, or "time" or "bulb" exposures, the camera must be placed on an absolutely motionless support. For long exposures always place your camera on a tripod, or some other firm support such as a table or chair.

The final rule for steadiness in hand-held picture making is to hold your breath momentarily when making the exposure. Take a light breath and hold it for just a moment—and then you'll eliminate the chance of any body movement jarring the camera during the exposure.

Remember

To sum up, you'll get better pictures if you focus the camera properly, and don't work too close to the subject. You'll get sharper pictures if you feel comfortable when you're holding the camera, if you brace your camera in one way or another, and if you use a shutter speed which is sufficient to stop movement in the subject. And, finally, you'll make sharper and better snapshots possible if you squeeze or push the shutter release gently rather than punching at it. Good luck, and good picture taking!

Last Request

El Belcho is dying so he asks his wife if she'll grant one last request. She says sure so he asks her to put on her black lace lingerie and jewelry and come back to his bedroom. So she does this and comes and sits on the edge of the bed and asks: "Honey, I'll do anything for you but I'm curious. Just why did you have me dress up like this?" "Well, darling," he says, "I figured if the devil seen how beautiful you look maybe he'll take you instead of me."



Read all about it, across the page. It's the charming Loran Station in Attu, Alaska, reminds one of the poem "A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever, It's Loveliness Increases—"

Department of Beautiful Prose

(I came across the following gem of literature while looking at some photos of you Loraners. This is a press release attached to the pictures to be sent to your home town newspaper. The remarks in parenthesis are, of course, those of ye ed.)

Ever dream of a tropical island, the kind you see so often in the movies, complete with friendly natives and golden beaches (watch out for the coral, fellas) washed by a warm, rich blue ocean? (And where they have to build the C.G. station "up-wind" from the village, because of the stench of rancid coconut oil.) There is such a place—Bikati, a tiny island in the Gilbert group, where the Coast Guard aids air and surface navigators by the magic of Loran—an Electronic device which, by the flicking of a few switches and a comparison of Loran charts with waving lines on a television-like screen, quickly locates the position of the ship or plane. (Oh, sure, just flick a switch, and then sit back and let the native boys fan you—so simple.)

Bradner C. Wood, Commissary Man 1, USCG, whose wife Gertrude and daughter Ladire, 7, live at 8 Bell Avenue, Paterson, New Jersey, and the 13 other men at the station live in the midst of this near paradise and fully appreciate it (we'll give a prize to the best letter on "Why This Near Paradise Stinks") though they still long for home as their recreation room and the signs they have tacked up on the palm trees throughout the station suggest.

Coconut Grove (the recreation room), to which most of the signs point, occupies roughly one half of a large Quonset hut and is entirely the result of the men's off-duty labors. Homemade couches with seats covered by native mats, clusters of coconuts hanging from walls and ceilings, the soft drink bar over which coke is served and the homemade atmosphere—providing indirect lighting all contribute to the impression that here, thousands of miles from home, is a little spot of the States (a little spot the size of you-know-what!).

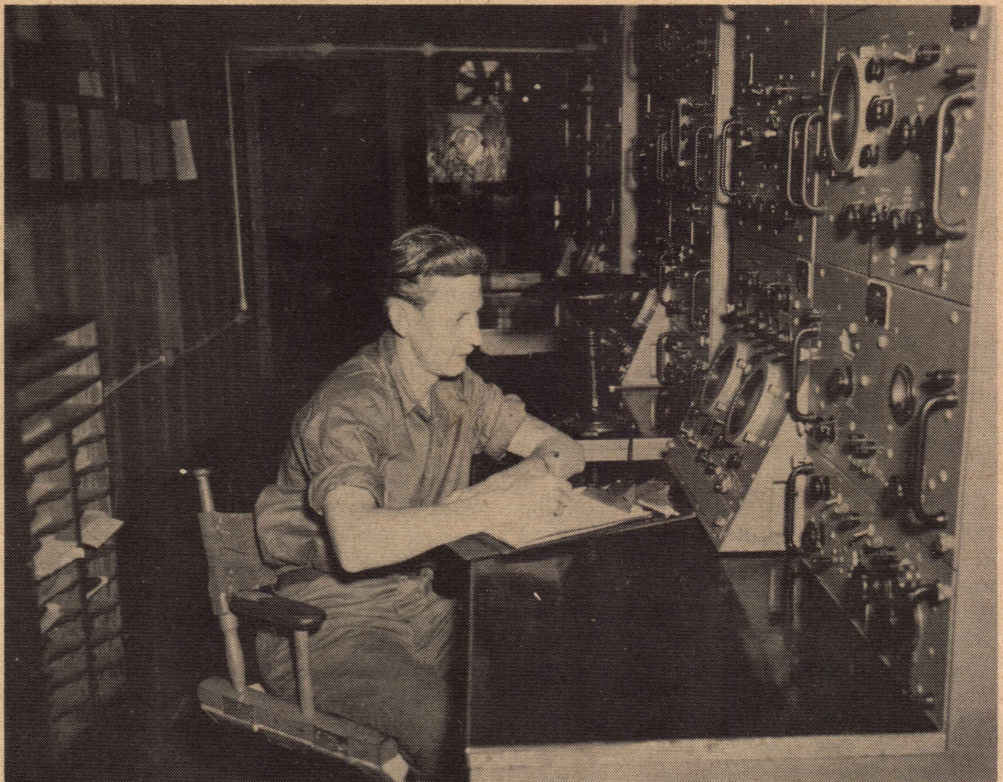
Off-duty hours during the day are spent swimming, spearing fish in the surf with natives or writing letters. At night there are movies at which all the natives are guests. Books and records help fill time also (as does counting the months, weeks, days, hours and minutes till rotation time rolls around).

However it's not all play. The Coast Guardsmen are there for a purpose and there is plenty of work to be done. Loran transmitters must be manned 24 hours a day, buildings must be maintained, generators kept in top running condition and the evaporators which supply pure, fresh water from salt water must be guarded from corrosion.

Though it's a beautiful island, this wild place, almost untouched by civilization, can charm a man away from home and loved ones only so long (ain't it the truth). When his one year tour of duty is completed Wood will collect his 30 days extra compensatory leave as a bonus for isolated duty and head for Paterson, New Jersey (and as fast as is humanly possible).

You can bet he'll have plenty to tell about this near paradise but he'll also tell you he'd much sooner be home. (Amen to that.)

The above was attached to the adjoining picture.



At Roguron in the Marshall Islands where he is serving on a Coast Guard Loran Station Harry L. Meeks, Seaman, USCG, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Meeks of Wadesboro, North Carolina, "stands" a Loran watch. See story entitled "Department of Beautiful Prose".

The Girl Who Wouldn't Kiss

I don't know how the rest of you feel about this matter of kissing girls goodnight after a date, but me—I've got certain fixed ideas on the subject.

Take the date I had the other night. I was escorting a young lady of much charm, much joie de vivre (French for "I can toss down more shots in one minute than you can in ten"). She seemed genuinely interested in everything I had to say. Especially when I was ordering her dinner. She looked at me out of languid eyes and her lips were moist and parted like in the movies. I figured the meal would be worth the dessert.

Twenty-five dollars later, I took her home. As we got to her door, she turned full face to me, fluttered her long eyelashes and breathed, "I've had a wonderful time, Bob."

That kind of stuff is fine for the deodorant soap ads, but not for a \$25 spender, I thought. Now was the time for dessert. I put my hands caressingly on her shoulders and said, "Come here, dear, I want to kiss you."

"Kiss me?" she said suddenly, like I had leprosy. "Why I've only known you two months, Bob!"

"How long am I supposed to wait?" I complained. "Till the Athletics win a pennant?"

But she meant it. "Why, Bob, if I were to kiss you, I'd have to kiss every boy in town."

That was all I could take. I grabbed her, tied her to the door knob, and gave her a great, big kiss. Then I ran down the street to round up the other guys in town.

After all, why keep a good thing like that to yourself?
—Bob Rowe.

COVER GIRL (front)

This luscious looking number is, of course, Ava Gardner, the gal who's got everything, and seems to be going places with it, especially when it comes to appearing in bigger and better pictures.

COVER GIRL (back)

Being a civilian has evidently ruined our staff artist, Dick Braff. Ever since he returned to San Francisco, there has been a complete lack of cover girls, in his inimitable manner, so last month, we used one of his earlier ones, which most of you hadn't seen before. End of long sentence, also end of Braff, I guess. Anyway, we are repeating another oldie, and perhaps a new artist will turn up—anyone like to draw? All contributions gratefully accepted. Sorry, I am not in a position to mail the necessary models to the forward areas. Use yer imaginashion!

Your Slip is Showing

Here are a few choice selections from a little volume entitled "Dear Mr. Congressman" . . . straight from out of the files on Capitol Hill.

Representative H. Buffett
The House, Washington
Dear Congressman:

My friend's husband is a doctor and she was telling me about all this new fangled stuff they are doing with artificial insemination to make women pregnant.

Please you should pass a law to stop this—the old way was so nice.

Mrs. Franz P.

Housing Committee
House of Representatives
Gentlemen:

Please do something about our House—the roof leaks.

I was having dinner during the storm last night and the roof leaked so bad I finished my soup three times.

Yours truly,

Norman E.

Seantor Chavez,
Washington, D. C.
Dear Seantor Chavez;

Since my uncle die his widow's farms gone dry, useless. Can government man irrigate my aunt?

Jezebel Y.

MADAM
Congress Houses
Washington, D. C.

I'd like to get employment in either of your two houses. I need a change as I've been working out here in a house for a long time.

Mary D.

Congressman L. mendel Rivers
The Capitol
America

My Piano is in no good shape. Music stor say no got felt. I thot Congres had elaminated all shortuge. I havent got felt for a long time. Can I get felt now?

Yours hopfully,

Carlotta W.

Honorable Emory Price
Jacksonville, Florida
Dear Sir,

My Club, the Adelphi Women's Morning Club, voted at its last meeting to appeal to Congress to pass a law to establish a home for stray cats in each state.

The motto of our Club is "Let's have a Cat House in every State."

Your Constituent

Viola R.

Recruit vs Colonel

The green recruit ambled past the Colonel without saluting. "Hey soldier," snapped the red faced Colonel, "Come back here. Do you know who I am?" "Nope," said the recruit. "Well," snapped the Colonel, "for your information I am the top man here at this base. What I say goes. I give the orders around here." "Look Bub," replied the recruit, "lemme give ya a little advice. Ya got a good job, keep yer mouth shut. Don't louse it up."

Love at First Knockdown

The other day Junior asked me how mummy and I met, fell in love and got married. "Well, O.K., Junior," I said, "but I warn you it wasn't anything out of the ordinary. It was just a typical romance—like the kind you see in the movies.

"In keeping with the formula, we weren't formally introduced. In fact, we met on Route 39, just outside of Blairstown. I ran over your mother-to-be on the highway, smashing three of her ribs. I got out of the car at once, of course, and roared, 'You stupid little fool! Why don't you look where you're going?'

"She was nearly unconscious, but I could see that she'd taken a shine to me when she groaned, 'Well, of all the fresh, nervy, conceited, wise guys I've ever met, you certainly take the prize!'

"I then drove off and left her there, not wishing to seem unduly forward. But your mother wasn't going to be put off that easily from getting her man. She took my license number and subsequently had me put in the jug for six months.

"Our next meeting was by chance in a fashionable restaurant. The moment I saw her I took her in my arms—yes, I did Junior—spun her around my head three times, and heaved her under the table. You see, I was beginning to love the girl.

"I asked her for a date. 'Not on your life!' she said. So I went to her house, broke down the door, and had a friendly chat with her father. 'You're a narrow-minded black-guard,' I told him in firm but gentle terms. 'You've made a fortune by crooked lobbying and the operation of cartels,' I suggested. 'And as a father, you're an utter flop,' I ventured to say. 'Your daughter has grown up to be a spoiled, pampered, luxury-stuffed brat.' For a minute I thought the old guy would agree to my last remark.

"You might think that that would be the end, Junior, but of course you know it isn't. Within a week, your mother once more proved her love for me by getting me fired from my job. I retaliated by spanking her right in the middle of Times Square. That did it.

"She melted into my arms and sobbed, 'Darling, I loved you from the first moment I set eyes on you.' To which I replied, in a tender voice, 'That goes double for me, my precious flower.'

"And so, Junior, we've lived happily ever since.

"What's that?

"Your mother told you to ask me about this?

"She did!

"Our what?

"Anniversary?

"Oh gawd!"

—Tracy Perkins.

Arthur Godfrey

Arthur Godfrey tells about a friend's daughter who came home from Sunday school confused about the stories of the creation of man. She took the problem to her mother, "Mommy, is it right that man was created from dust?"

"That's right, dear," her mother answered.

"And when people die do they turn back into dust?"

"That's right. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I looked under my bed this morning," the girl replied, "and there's someone down there either coming or going!"



At Bikati, a tiny island in the Gilberts, where the Coast Guard maintains a Loran Station, Bradner C. Wood, Commissary Man 1, directs Daniel, a native cook, in the preparation of noon chow.



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