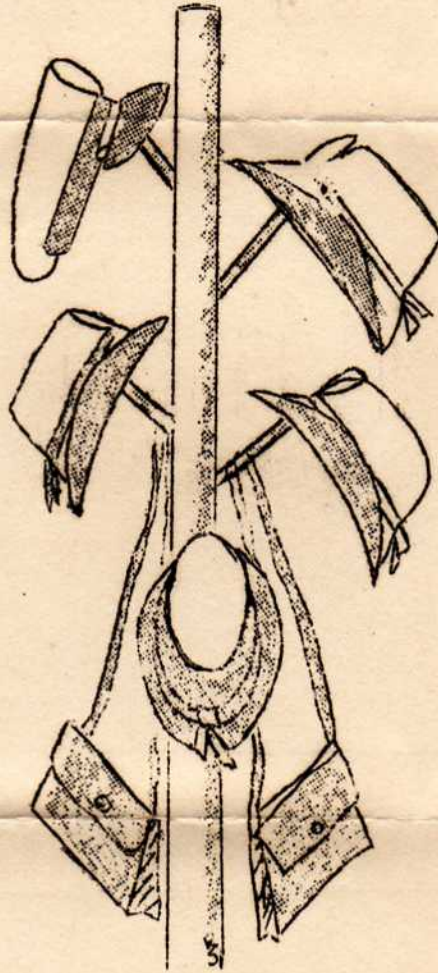


NYWASH COMMUNICATION BULLETIN



VOL. 1 NO. 3
MARCH 1943

NYWASH COMMUNICATIONS BULLETIN

VOL. I

MARCH, 1943

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THE DISTRICT COMMUNICATIONS OFFICE, NAVY YARD, WASHINGTON.

Lieutenant Commander Ivan H. Loucks, USNR, Commanding Officer.
Lieutenant Edwin J. Manz, USNR, Flag Secretary.
~~Lieutenant Robert R. Brown, USNR, Executive Officer.~~
Lieutenant (jg) Charles W. ~~Stewart~~, USNR, Engineering Officer.
Ensign William L. Turner, USNR, Editor.

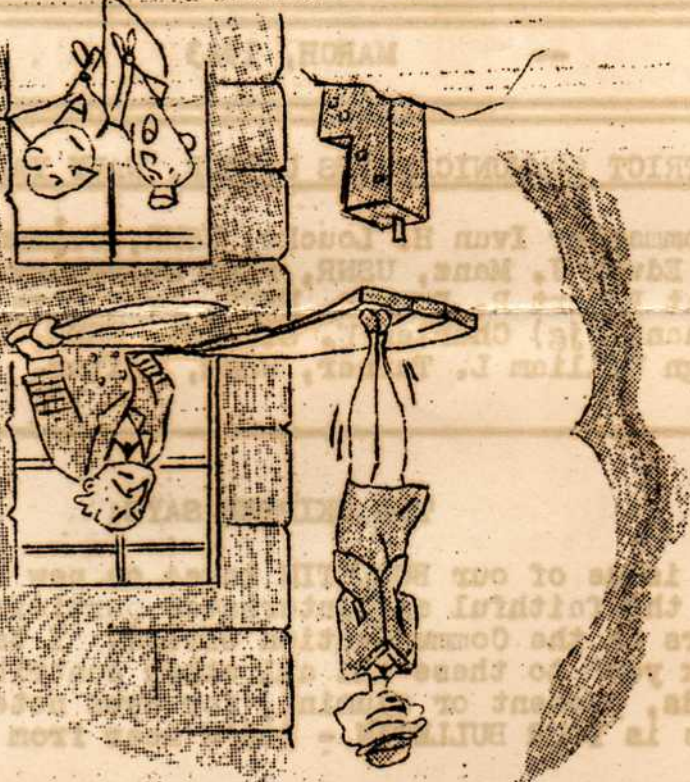
THE SKIPPER SAYS:

This issue of our BULLETIN takes on new format and new life by virtue of the faithful and interested participation of our new WAVES officers in the Communication Office. I take this opportunity to say "Thank you" to these and all other contributors, and to plead with all hands, present or alumni, for news notes of interest to the others. This is YOUR BULLETIN - let's hear from you!

Something New Has Been Added since the last issue of the BULLETIN. On 20 January, a strange and (at that time) unusual sight met our eyes when nine WAVES officers reported in and were started on a special two-week forced-draft communication watch officers' training course. Suffice it to say, all nine survived and came up smiling. They were then divided into watches and poured into the hopper at UGLY to put their learning (and patience) to a test. From latest reports all are doing famously, and are even able to hold down the Rayburn watch alone, excepting of course Ensign Brown who was drafted for a special billet in BuAir before she became well started here.

The "mortality" rate among the male officers at UGLY has been exceptionally high lately, due of course to the orders on replacement by WAVES. Since additional info. on this is contained elsewhere in the BULLETIN, I will not give all details here. Most of the men left for duty they had already requested. We hope they will keep in touch with us and feel sure that they will uphold the UGLY alumni tradition of "Not a Misfit in the Outfit".

"The Captain doesn't like 'Aves' -- says they're bad luck aboard."




P.S. - While other things are being changed, we might as well change the name of the place from UGLY (which couldn't possibly refer to the present inmates) to LOON (which probably better describes us) or even to WREN (which sounds better). All in favor say "Aye".

G. A. Fowler

With this issue of the BULLETIN we welcome into full participation (as component parts of the Comm. Office) the other communication department activities within the Yard. In case any of the UGLY alumni need enlightenment, these include the Yard Navy Post Office, the Yard-Mail Messenger Service and the Yard Telephone Exchange. The latest count of noses in the Comm. Dept. shows a total authorized civilian and military personnel of (about) 78. How many of us can remember when "Communications" meant three people and one room? (ANSWER - only those three remember of course!)

I would like to write individual letters to alumni who have written to me, and will try to do that later, if (and when) things settle down a bit. At present the work of the Comm. Office and D.C.O. continue to increase by leaps and bounds, with no relief in sight. The C.O.'s office now contains five people, the RPS Vault three or four, and the Message Center, Code Room and Radio Room are all bursting the walls. More space (and more duties) are rumored but not promised.



NYWASH
COMMUNICATIONS ALUMNI

LIEUTENANT W. WRIGHT ESCH, USNR, USS DOHERTY, c/o FLEET POST OFFICE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

The happiness of Mr. Esch at being at sea was quite apparent in his last letter. "She is a great ship," he says, "and I am sure we will see plenty of action." All of us who knew Mr. Esch knew how anxious he was to get on truly active duty - on the first front of the Navy, so to speak. And it requires little imagination on our part to see him at the present time in his glory. As Communication Officer and Senior Watch Officer, Lieutenant Esch says he is kept pretty busy - and this we can readily believe. He exemplifies the spirit of the men who leave family and home for the sea with the inspiring words "This is War, and I have a job to do!" Mr. Esch has the good wishes and Godspeed of the NyWash Communications Office.

CHIEF JAMES A HENSLEY; ARMED GUARD ATLANTIC, RECEIVING STATION, 1ST
Ave. AND 52ND ST., SOUTH BROOKLYN, N.Y.

"Chief Dupyh" was one of the early members of the NyWash Comm. Off. personnel - and because he was one of the first to leave its happy confines, he is unknown to many of us. As one of our illustrious alumni; we are glad to hear of his present duty and activity. "Well, Boss", he says in his letter of January eighth, "I have crossed a lot of water since I left the good station known in those days as UGLY. Have been at sea one year the eleventh of this month doing transport duty and you could get jobs that are by far tougher and harder than this. So cannot complain too much." Nywash Comm. Office evidently is looked back upon with pleasure by the Chief. Here's hoping he gets his wish to be back with it sometime, as he says, before he quits for good.

ENSIGN HAYES G. SHIMP, JR., USNR, 315 RIVERSIDE DRIVE, APT. 14-E,
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Hayes, as many of us know, left our office last November to attend basic indoctrination school and, later, the School of International Administration. An interesting letter to Mr. Loucks revealed that he covered the usual 90-day program of naval indoctrination in a record-breaking 23 days. This took place at Columbia University. Then, apparently, ensued the real work. "During the first six weeks of school we had 35 hours a week in class - 15 of

which were devoted to 'pidgin Malay'.....We still carry 9 hours a week of Malay which will terminate in March along with International Law, Anthropology, Economic Geography and Political Institutions which started in December. After that, we pick up 'pidgin English', several advanced courses in Economics and Banking and begin some project work in developing Occupation Manuals for the Navy Department." This will give some idea of the subjects Hayes is studying. But, as he says, the Department appears to feel that it has chosen a group of 30 supermen for the school, and has no compunctions working them 16 or 18 hours every day. "Personally", he continues, "I wouldn't swap training at this school for anything the Navy has to offer except six months leave twice a year."

LIEUTENANT (JG) JOHN C. RAYBURN, USNR, A.P.O., 811, c/o POSTMASTER, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Another interesting letter from Johnny arrived last month giving us a good picture of Norm Shorb's and his life at their new station. "This weather here is almost perfect. We go swimming almost every day, for that is our chief sport. We have bought an interest in a small sail boat and we find that that is a lot of fun too.....All in all, we have one of the best posts in the area. The food is good, the climate is perfect and the pay is not equalled anywhere." John and Norm evidently think pretty highly of this station now that they have become adjusted to their new surroundings.

LIEUTENANT (JG) JAMES H. FORT, USNR, LEAMINGTON HOTEL, MIAMI, FLA.

To make a digest of Squire's latest letter to the office is no mean task. So lengthy and interesting was it, there is difficulty in knowing just what to leave out. Suffice it to say that Squire is really learning the art (if it is an art) of subchasing. He says, "Since I've been here I've studied everything from the theory of gyroscopes to medicine. I believe we've studied nearly every subject in the Navy." Squire presents a good idea of his training and the male Ensigns of the office were particularly glad to receive the "dope". The lady Ensigns were amused at Squire's remarks that Commander Loucks must have a headache from being worried with the WAVES. By the time this issue appears, Squire will probably be a papa --- here's hoping that he received his leave to attend the launching.

STRACHAN, JAMES, USN, NAVY 1110, c/o FLEET POST OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Strach is attending a Material School out in San Francisco where they had him on Treasure Island for four weeks giving him the works - with class rooms and experiments. "Miss all you fellows a lot, and I mean it!" he says in his latest letter to Chief Fulham. "This is really some outfit. Lots of surgeons of every description. Couple thousand Army men and Marines will probably join us when we leave - expect that to happen in no time at all. We don't know where we will end up - we think it will be the South Pacific

somewhere." Yes, Strach, we miss you around here too. But the best of luck wherever they send you.

CH. BOSN CLARENCE A. FULHAM, USN. CAPT. OF YARD'S OFFICE,
NAVY YARD, WASHINGTON, D.C.

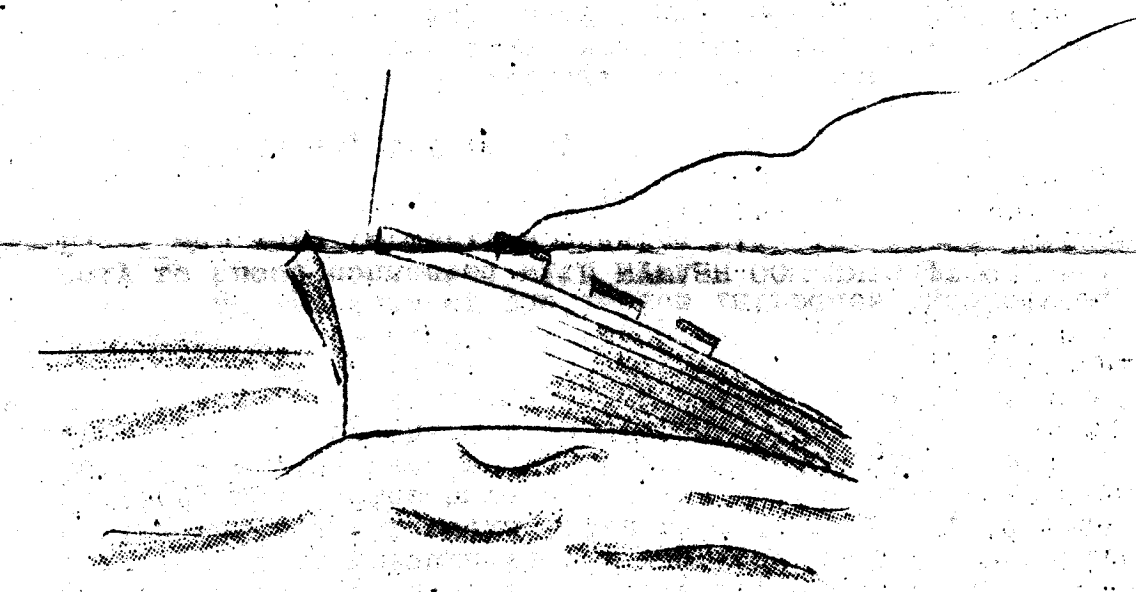
Chief was recently put in charge of the yard cafeterias with the title of Cafeteria Officer of the Washington Navy Yard. His new quarters are just down the hall - and although we see him now and then, we still have to consider him as one of the "Alumni."

LIEUTENANT (JG) WILLIAM H. CLARKE ENSIGN ROBERT M. ARMAGAST ENSIGN ROBERT L. BELL	}	NAVAL AIR STATION, PATUXENT, MD.
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On the fifteenth of this month, these three officers were detached from the Navy Yard and took up their duties as Communication Watch Officers at this new naval air station.

ENSIGN EDWIN L. COMBS
ENSIGN STEWART RICHARDSON
ENSIGN ROBERT JOHNSON

These three officers were detached at the end of February for probable duties in the Southwest Pacific. At the present time, their addresses are unknown.



SCUTTLEBUTT had it for many months last year that sooner or later the WAVES would descend upon the Washington Navy Yard Communication Office. When they would arrive, nobody seemed to know. Then suddenly, one morning in January word came through that a contingent of WAVES was forthcoming and several weeks later they forth came. At this writing, the ladies have been performing their communication duties - having received a thorough indoctrination course before taking up the duties of the office and having undergone a period of training after arriving. Since it has been the policy of COMMUNICATIONS BULLETIN to introduce all the newcomers to the staff, it behooves us to abide by that policy and let each of the ladies introduce themselves, not only to those connected with NYWASH COMMUNICATIONS, but to those who were formerly connected with the office and are now on sea or foreign duty. So here they are.

Gentlemen, the WAVES!

My name is MARY CAWLEY. Everybody here in the office kids me about having come from Staten Island - and they even pull that old chestnut about Henry Hudson sailing past the place and asking: "Staten island?" In fact, I was born in Bayonne in the state of New Jersey. They call it the "Garden State." I can't say that Bayonne is exactly exemplary of the nomenclature. Still, I was born there and won't go back on the old place. After a few years, however, I migrated to Staten Island - "The Beautiful Isle of Somewhere", as some poet has said. (I have reason to believe that S.I. wasn't in his mind at the time. But I like to think it was!) Well, like Topsy, I "grewed and grewed" and finally took steps toward acquiring a little book learnin'. Brooklyn College became m'proud Alma Mammy - and every day I set sail for the Isle of Brooklyn. To date I have 4,320 sailing hours to my credit. Hence, when the Navy called for lady seadogs, it was only natural that I with my seagoing background, should volunteer. So here I am!

I answer to the name of Ensign VIVIAN BONO. My home is here in Washington. Ordinarily it wouldn't be an important place, but Georgetown University, my Alma Mater - Maryland U's - old rival, did produce one good thing. A hospital. And at that hospital I was born some odd years ago. The years were odd, that is! Well, after an assorted cutting of teeth, learning to walk, talk and grow more freckles, I went to a lot of schools, including Western High, Temple Business, and finally threw in a few years at college. My major was con-

glomerated with history and physical education. It is safe to say that my best contribution has been to the alumni dues. 1940 saw me leave for wider and wilder worlds. Various and motleyed jobs led me to the U. S. Engineer Office. But naturally an ARMY office lacks "that certain flavor." So came the war and with it, Women in War - and I got in the Navy. Now the Navy has got me - here. Seriously, things are pretty satisfactory, except that we wish the boys we came to replace could stay too.

Am I next? Well now, let's see! I am ROBERTA STOCK from Siou City, Iowa, where I was born, reared and educated. If it weren't a bad pun, I'd say I came from hardy stock - but at least you don't catch me saying I'm from Iowa where the tall corn grows. I attended Iowa State College in Ames and graduated with a B. S. degree, a fair understanding of Art which was my major, and a Kappa Delta sorority pin. Armed with these, I set out for the big city of Chicago where I soon became Iowa's gift to a large utility company. Here my artistic bent was utilized in becoming a Home Lighting expert. It was all very interesting and before I knew it I had branched out into the field of Vitamins which I advocated with vim, vigor and vitality. I worked with my home lighting and vitamins-when the war broke out. When the WAVES organization appeared, it looked mighty good to me - and I decided to become one of them. So off I shipped to Northampton where they made me what I am today. From Iowa to NYWASH in one hop. That's me!!

Ensign Stock isn't the only one from the wild and woolly west. I was born in Grand Forks, North Dakota and christened HILDE MARIE CHRISTENSEN. Of course you don't have to guess twice at my ancestry. My forebears worked their way westward only to have me undo their efforts and take up a trek eastward. My primary education was had in Chicago, ~~my secondary schooling in Boston and my advanced learning~~ in Washington, D. C. where I graduated from the University of Maryland. My unexplainable interest in Botany led me to specialize in that field at college. And I studied for years in an endeavor to learn why a rose by any other name smells as sweet. Needless to say, the mystery is still rampant after all my toil. Well, Botany wasn't exactly feeding and clothing me and I hid myself right into the Civil Service where they tucked me away snugly into the Division of Press Intelligence. I just know this Division was looking for a good Botanist! Came the war, came the WAVES, came my application. I waived aside both my Botany and the D. of P. I., waved farewell to my family and went to Massachusetts to become a WAVE.

The name is RUDD HARRIS; the natural habitat, the Atlantic coast line; distinguishing marks - long feet, longer conversation, and a natural taste for cameras, animal stories, and elaborate leisure. I was born in Miami, Florida, but claim on occasion home in West Virginia, New York City, or even Washington depending on the time of day. A happy combination of the wanderlust and an errant family had taken me to a fair part of the globe including slices of northern Europe, Central and South America, but when the war is over I am going to better that story and reach Ankor Wat before I die. In school I majored in Philosophy and Playwriting (not autobiography, alas!) and here at NYWASH my specialty is the RPS vault where daily I battle with such occult forces as the filing "system" and Malnutrition Row (or Ulcer Gulch as we call it in the trade). I am noted in ~~communications chiefly~~ for being the only person who VOLUNTARILY stayed in the vault when escape was offered. At the moment I yearn for amphibious duty or if I can't get that, I'll settle for a short trip on a mine sweeper down the Anacostia River - or a well lit, airy room in St. Eliz's..

BOULGER is my name. MARY THERESE. Born and bred in California I was - and never been east before in my life. Guess people in the office here think I talk a lot about California. But then people from that state are pretty proud of it ... and if the sun rises somewhere in the East, the chances are it sets just beyond California. I grew up doing the usual things in the usual way - attending various schools and finishing at Immaculate Heart College. Like many girls, I worked my way into stenography; and upon graduation from college, I worked as a private secretary for a specialized legal firm and then for several months as secretary to the commanding officer at a Naval Station in Los Angeles. Like the old rockin' chair that gets people, the Navy "got" me. Having worked for the Navy, and with almost an entire family in the Navy, it was inevitable that I should join the WAVES when the Navy decided to let women have a finger in its affairs. And by the way, I must set BUPERS right geographically. I applied for duty on the west coast - and where do I arrive. NYWASH!

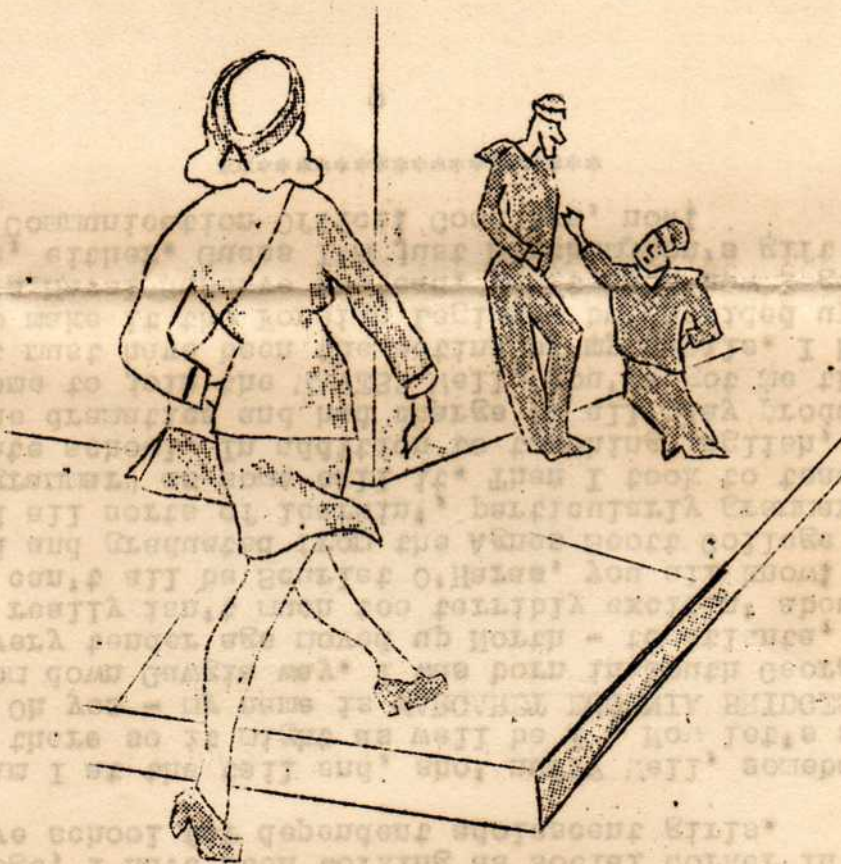
I'm MARY ELLEN O'CONNELL. First off, who wants to play a game of golf next Saturday? Gosh, do I like that game! I'd almost rather play golf than eat, - and since we are rationed on almost everything, I guess it is just as well that I would. Frankly, my interests center around athletics - and when I have a day off I literally go up in the air. You see, I do a little flying, too - and tear about a bit thataway. My whole life seems to be centered in and

around Washington. I was born here, attended secondary school here, left here to go to Barnard College and then came back to a job in the Navy Department. Well, Ensigns began to appear in droves around the Department, and I decided I would like to run around the Department in a little gold braid. So I joined up with the WAVES and was shipped to Northampton for a bit of indoctrination. From Civilian to Midshipman to Ensign in three short months - that was me! Now I am stationed here in Washington - and the prospects seem to be pretty much in favor of my spending many, many more months in the town of me chee-ildhood days.

I'm JANE CHAUNDY LOWRY and I've only been here a couple of days - having replaced Ensign Brown, I believe. I was born in South Britain, Conn. Received an A.B. degree from the University of Pennsylvania and studied further at the Pennsylvania School of Social Work. Since graduation from college, I have been working as social worker in a progressive school for dependent adolescent girls.

Am I at the tail end, sho' nuff? Well, somebody has to be there so it might as well be I. Now let's see - who am I? Oh yes - my name is MARGARET EUGENIA BRIDGES and I hail from down Gawgia way. I was born in South Georgia and at a very tender age moved up North - to Atlanta, that is. There really isn't much too terribly excitin' about my life - we can't all be Scarlet O'Haras, you all know! SO - I attended and graduated from the Agnes Scott College - where I acquired all sorts of learnin', particularly grammar, "Georgia grammar" as some call it. Then I took to teaching in a private school. In addition to teaching English, I coached the dramatics and had charge of all play production. How'd I come to join the WAVES? Well, you've got me there! I guess it must have been the acting of my pupils. I had thought to make it the Foreign Legion - but decided upon the Women's Naval Reserve instead. Don't know how I got to Washington, either. Guess I'm just Northampton's gift to the Navy Yard Communication Office! Good bye, now!

OUR DAISY JUNE FOR THIS ISSUE



"SHALL WE SALUTE - OR WHISTLE?"

Sentry: "Halt! Who's there?"

Voice: "An American."

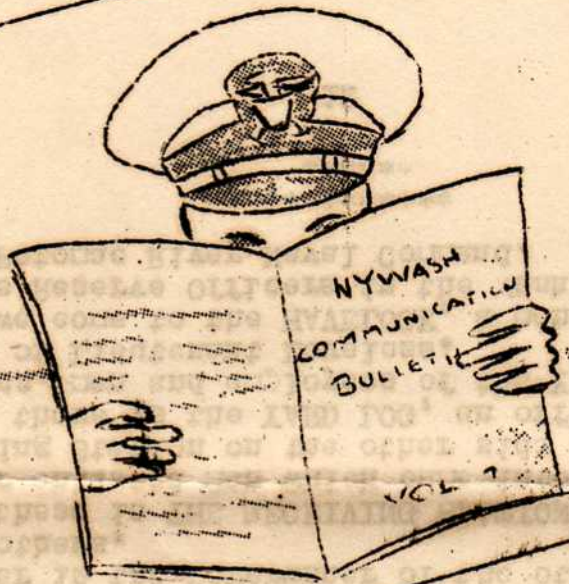
Sentry: "Advance, American, and
recite the second verse of
"The Star Bangled Banner."

Voice: "I don't know it."

Sentry: "Proceed, American."

LaRocca: "Who was that lady
I seen you out wit' last
night?"

Wellington: "What makes you
think I can outwit a
lady?"



NYWASH—BYGOSH!

This is your ole Nywash scuttlebutting reporter coming to you again with all the latest dope and stuff concerning the Comm Off and believe you us is it dope and stuff.....First off, concern is being felt for Commander Loucks. The personnel is changing so rapidly these days that in addition to his daily inspection of the Radio Room he must look over his personnel to see just who is working for him now. Here today and gone tomorrow is an expression that never had so much meaning as it does au moment present.....Chief Fulhan, f'rinstance, was swiped by the Captain of the Yard to supervise the management of the Yard Cafeterias. We are all hoping the Chief has the power to work miracles (75¢ lunches for 30¢, for example)Well, Life is like that!.....Who used to say that?And don't ask Lieut. Manz if he has any good telephone numbers.....Talk about "All Hail the Thane of Cawdor!" - how about all hailing the new squire of the Comm. Off. Yes sir, Charlie Stewart came through his bar exams with flying colors and the news of his passing almost coincided with his birthday. If that double celebration wasn't a time to make whoopee, we

don't know of a better one. At any rate, the girls of the office - excuse us - the WAVES officers presented him with a super-duper birthday cake. Again we say - all hail the new squire of the Comm. Off.....Overheard on a recent Evening Watch: "I saw the darlinest evening gown today, I've been looking for one like it for years - and now that I've found it I can't use it.....T'aint like the old days at NYWASH, is it?.....Oh Doctor!Scuttlebutt has it that NYWASH Communications are going to move into bigger, better and brighter quarters.....Or at least, if Mr. Brewin's planning and draftsmanship hold outthey'll be just that.....And then there is the new Coat-of-arms of the RPS vault which catches the eye upon entering the vault. It is a bunch of red tape rampant on a shield of blue, surmounted with a huge question mark and the motto underneath: "Nous ne savons rien!"....."Steady Men" Anderson was higher than a kite the other day. A friend of his and an Army Bomber took him there, and Andy returned kindly disposed toward flying.....Now don't tell us you are going to get the flying bug, Andy.....It's bad enough with all the Yeomen thataway.....And moreover, you and Jones and Turner are the only three male Ensigns left in the office... ..We think a better title for two of our WAVE Officers would be "MerWaves." They lured one innocent M-ensign to the Ambassador Pool with that old gag Do-teach-me-how-to-dive. Upon arriving, he witnessed the "merwaves" in the process of performing beautiful Swans and Jack-knives. And such swimming, too! He has been self-conscious of his doggy-paddle ever since .. Proper appreciation is rendered Ensign Roberta Stock for her assistance to the Editor of the BULLETIN by way of proofreading and sketching.

NYWASH - BUCOZHI

NYWASH COMMUNICATIONS BULLETIN is now one of four official publications of the Washington Navy Yard. Inasmuch as our little paper is the forerunner of the other three, let us introduce the others.

First of these is THE RECEIVING STATION BULLETIN, a weekly publication for enlisted men which came into being along with the new Receiving Station on the other side of the river.

Secondly, there is the YARD LOG, an official publication for the officers, men and employees of the Yard produced under the editorship of Lieutenant Lovelless.

Finally, we come to the HAVELOCK, a monthly publication for the Women's Reserve Officers in the Washington area - published by the Potomac River Naval Command.

12

THE OLD NAVY GAME

It's a game that they play in the Navy
It's a game where I never have luck;
And it's known down the length of the Navy Line
As the pastime of PASSING THE BUCK.

It's the Admiral that starts the game going,
When he comes to inspect the old boat;
You can tell when he's going to begin it
By the way that he clears out his throat.

As he stops with his hand on a turret
And he squints at the gun with his eye,
Then - "Captain," says he, kind of gruffly,
"This gun needs a little more eye."

Then the skipper turns red as a poppy,
And he bawls out the poor Exec.
The Executive finds the Lieutenant
And pretty near burns up the deck.

Then the Lieutenant turns to the Ensign,
And the Ensign loses his smile;
The Ensign hunts for the Boatswain
And abuses the Boatswain a while.

Then the Boatswain grabs off on a Coxswain,
And the Coxswain just looks at the sea
Until the old Boatswain's through talking,
Then the Coxswain starts looking for me.

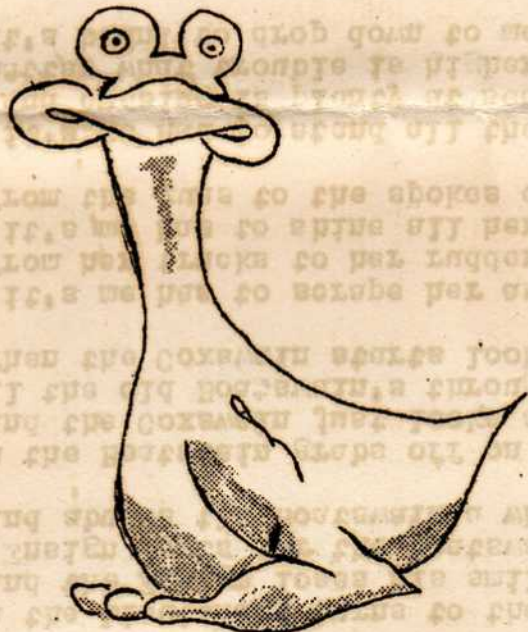
For it's me has to scrape her and paint her
From her trucks to her rudder and keel,
And it's me has to shine all her brasses
From the guns to the spokes of her wheel.

And it's me has to stand all the cussing
(And cussing is plenty at sea)
No matter what trouble is higher;
It's bound to drop down to me.

So the game keeps a passing and passing
Till it gets to the lowliest one -
Which is me - there ain't nobody lower!
When the game gets to me, it is done.

As a game it may do for the strippers,
They play it whenever they can.
But it's something I haven't no use for -
For I'm the unrankinest man!

A number of strange birds which have been seen in and around the Radio Room, and also some which have not been seen but have been known to be present, have been identified by appropriate reference to technical publications. These feathered and unfeathered friends are described below for the benefit of all hands, should they be again encountered in future travels.



1. THE WORRY BIRD

This strange creature has no wings and, as a result, is unable to fly away from any danger, real or imagined. Because of this physical deficiency, he spends his entire time worrying over his troubles and, since he usually does not have enough of his own, is quite happy to take over other people's worries at the same time. He also is unable to sleep and so sits up all night worrying awhile and can safely be entrusted with the worries of all hands who need a good night's rest.

2. THE DODO BIRD

According to all eminent authorities, the Dodo bird is extinct, but his ghost apparently still goes in and out of the Radio Room door. This bird also has no wings, no legs, no feathers and really has nothing except his reputation for no brains. All hands should be very careful not to entrust their important work to Dodos other than themselves.

3. THE FILLILU BIRD

The Fillilu Bird chiefly inhabits the air in and around Naval Air Establishments. This bird has wings and no tail feathers. Instead of tail feathers, he has a large tuft of feathers on his head to act as a rudder and flies backward to take advantage of that peculiar construction. It is said that this characteric was developed through long years of flight in a reverse direction, which is occasioned by his complete lack of interest in his destination, coupled with a very considerable concern as to his point of departure.

WHY NAVAL OFFICERS GO NUTS!

Excerpts from Official Naval Correspondence:

"It will be noted that reference (b) of reference (a) was quoted by reference (b). Reference (c) of reference (a) merely reiterated the Department's position as expressed in reference (b) of reference (a). Reference (a) of reference (a) is the contractor's protest with respect to the decision contained in reference (b) of reference (a)."

Shortly afterwards the Cost Inspector was observed quietly tearing out his remaining hairs, more in sorrow than in anger.

The above reference to the attached references is referenced to the referenced. Codes with the request that references to references such as request in the referenced reference referencing references to referenced references therein. Take due note and govern your references accordingly, please.

Anderson: "So there, Son, you have the story of your Dad and the great war."

Son: "Yes, Dad, but why did they need all those other sailors?"



The Flying Bug seems to have hit the Radio Room and its sting has aroused desire of flight in much of the enlisted personnel. The new bird-men are (in alphabetical order): Griffith, Halpern, Levathes, McGrath, Sieber and Webb. Let's hope the laws of gravity aren't too forceful, at least while they are in the air. Levathes is working on a sky-anchor, used to grapple at clouds when in a state of anxiety. The boys have all stopped drinking so they won't be making any "three pint" landings.

Since reading in Esquire that "Latins are Lousy Lovers," the Wellington twins are heading the South American Way. However, till they leave, we are all clearing the decks for action when they meet on a watch for the first time.

We don't remember whether or not we mentioned in the last BULLETIN the first poker party thrown by Fred Sieber. Like the perfect host, he lost steadily - until the last half-hour when, after adjusting the table, he managed to make up his gas and light bill. Although the ante was a penny, Levathes kept shouting to lower the stakes. Anyway, with all the profits in the last deal, and with income tax falling due; Fred decided to have another shufflefest. History repeated itself, and the first installment was met without difficulty.

"Preview" Webb, telling everyone about his party at the Hotel Statler, was much perplexed when he found that the said party was held before the Statler was open to the public. However, he rallied with the retort that he was on the inspection committee. I'll see ya, Doc!

The versatile Joe "Bicycle Bill" Dechert, exhibited yet another interesting facet of his character. That of income tax expert. It was only through his valiant efforts that the boys found out what a noble character Sam Webb was. He had contributed extensively to many charitable organizations.

Fred Carl has been more or less the quiet type since returning from his leave, enjoyed in Kansas City. Although he casts a sly glance around him now and then, there is, as yet, nothing of a hint that he doesn't wish the distance to Missouri wasn't so great.

Since McGuffog says he is no longer "fouled-up" and has shown signs of learning the code, there is nothing we can say on that score. By chance it was learned that he has employed artificial methods to attain that salty air to his so-called hat.

"Doc" Stone is thinking seriously of going through with his plan for an in"doc"trination school to keep the boys in spirits. O'Donnell's is the locale of his serious drink....we mean thinking.

Since visions of wings have entered Carl Griffith's dreams, he has been plugging away at mathematics in earnest. So far, all his problems have been a cinch. Next week he is going to try multiplication.

"Short Circuit" Halpern, after eating one of his victory garden lunches, sneers at the ordinary restaurant-eaters with that at-least-I've-got-my-health-look.

MEMBERS OF THE POST OFFICE CREW

Bob Faulstich, our boss is fast becoming an expert in the art of washing diapers. Combining this with his culinary ability makes him a wonderful daddy.....Bert Drott recently sprained his wrist. Claimed he did it working. Ever hear of the fellow who ran his eye into a door?.....Did you ever see Lannie Bufkin come to work in his powerful little car? Few people appreciate the qualities of a car like Buff does..... If you want any poetry written, see Bill Baker. There is a ladies man if you ever saw one.....And Joe Hand, our outside contact man, is second only to Bill as a Casanova.....Watch out! Get out of the way! Here comes Joe! There he goes! (He had to catch a train in.....) And finally, Ralph Monk - or Corporal Clarence as he is affectionately known in these parts. If you have any extra candy, see Monk. Six bars a day isn't anything!.....So much for our introduction to COMMUNICATION BULLETIN.

COMMUNICATION OFFICE

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER

LOUCKS, Ivan H.

LIEUTENANTS

BALDWIN, Edward F.*	ESCH, Winthrop W.*
BREWIN, Robert R.*	MANZ, Edwin J.
ENGLISH, Edward H.*	SHARPE, Melvin O.*

LIEUTENANTS (JG)

ASHLEY, Harmon H. Jr.*	MCDONALD, James E.*
CLARKE, William H.*	RAYBURN, John C.*
DUNN, Cyril E.*	SHORB, Norman W.*
FORT, James H.*	STEWART, Charles W.
JERMAN, Harold L.*	TURNER, Eugene L.*
MANDEL, Max A.*	

ENSIGNS

ANDERSON, Robert E.	HARRIS, Helen R.
ARMAGAST, Robert M.*	JONES, J. Russell
BELL, Robert L.*	JOHNSON, Robert *
BONO, Vivian E.	MORELAND, William J.*
BOULGER, Mary T.	O'CONNELL, Mary Ellen
BRIDGES, Margaret E.	PROCTER, William A.*
BROWN, Julia G.*	RICHARDSON, Stewart *
CAWLEY, Mary I.	SHIMP, Hayes G.*
CHRISTENSEN, Hilde M.	SNYDER, Leopold J.*
COMBS, Edwin L.*	STOCK, Roberta M.
DAVIDSON, Robert H.*	TRIPP, Robert C.
	TURNER, William L.

CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER

FULHAM, Clarence, ChBos'n *

WARRANT OFFICER

STRACHAN, James T. Rdo. Elec. *

CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS

ENGELS, Vincent A. -CRM*

HENSLEY, James A.-CSM*

YEOMEN

CARL, Fred D. -2c
DECHERT, Joseph A. -2c
GRIFFITH, Carl -2c
LEVATHES, Louis -3c
MCGRATH, Edward J. -2c

SIEBER, Frederick J.-2c
STONE, Edward E. -3c
WEBB, Samuel G. -2c
WELLINGTON, Benjamin -1c
WELLINGTON, Peretz -1c

RADIOMEN

HALPERN, Harold K. -RM3c
LA ROCCA, Michael F. -RM3c

MCGUFFOG, Clinton F.-RM3c
PELLEREN, Peter P.-RM1c*
POPELARSKI, A.F. - RM2c

MAIL SPECIALISTS

BAKER, William A.-Spec.(M) 3c
BUFKIN, Lanniè O.-Spec.(M) 3c
DROTT, Bert M.- Spec.(M) 2c

FAULSTICH, Robert C.-Spec(M)1c
HAND, Joseph -Spec.(M) 3c
MONK, Ralph -Corp.USMR, Class 4

* Officers and men no longer attached to the Communication Office.