

CIVIC theatre

FARMINGTON ★ Latest News, Local, Sat. ★

Friday-Saturday August 13, 14

"HIT PARADE OF '34" with John Carroll and Susan Hayward
and "QUIET PLEASE MURDER" with George Sanders
Cartoon Latest News Thrill Serial

Sunday-Monday-Tuesday, August 15, 16, 17

"RANDOM HARVEST" with Greer Garson and Ronald Colman
Plus "EAGLES OF THE NAVY" in technicolor

Wednesday-Thursday, August 18, 19

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"RHYTHM OF THE ISLANDS" with Allan Jones and Jane Frazee
and "EYES IN THE NIGHT" with Edward Arnold, Ann Harding

LOCALS

Sunday morning to join her husband who is stationed near Los Angeles. She was accompanied by Mrs. Verne Turner who will stay about three weeks.

Mrs. Jennie Melow of Plymouth spent Sunday with her sisters here.

Miss Dorothy Davis is spending her vacation in Essex Fells, N.J. Mr. James Glickert of Pontiac spent Thursday at the home of his son, Mr. Clarence Bickley.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Pike enjoyed a surprise visit Sunday from their niece and nephew, Mr. and Mrs. John Murray of Pleasant Hill, Calif. Mr. Hillard Dewey of Alhambra, Calif., U.S.N., and Mrs. Pike's sister, Mrs. B. T. Cooley and Mr. Cooley of Clarkston.

Mrs. Martha Williams of Kalamazoo has been a guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Johnson for the past two weeks.

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Service Notes

North Africa
July 16, 1943

Dearest Mom:

Here I am working on the "Grave-Yard" shift, and since I don't have anyone to do the "Ghost" thing, I am going to dig up a few bodies around our camp, and give you the low-down on them. That is, I am going to pick out a few of the rare characters of the new outfit I am in, and try to describe them to you.

First of all we have the "Sad Sack" who towers the ground two feet and six inches while standing in his four foot deep fox hole. Why such a name was tacked on him, no one seems to know as he is a very jolly fellow, with always a grin from ear to ear, and a snappy remark for anything thrown his way. He has a very unique manner of getting around, and it seems to be a fact that he has just about all the pretty French and Arab girls wrapped around his little finger. Since he isn't exactly the same, always giving out with it sometimes amazes us the way he keeps everything in tact. He has a sense of humor which is identical to Herb's, so there is no need to go into that part. He is crazy about the English shorts, as obtained by the British, giving an English soldier a few cigars in exchange, I think he looks better smoking cigars.

Next we have Able, a little Jewish boy who reminds me of Yonnie Yonson of the Kaltenberger kindergarten program we read about in the paper. He is a kid. He can't pronounce his "v's", or I should say he gets the "w" sound instead of the "v". Usually at night when we are working under the regular black-out regulations, we turn on the fan as the building is rather warm when we don't have direct ventilation. Every time we turn the fan on, he comes running over yelling, "Wat ya got the fan on for, don't ya know it takes too much of my voltage?" He is about the busiest fellow on the grounds, always with his go, and a very conscientious worker. He talks exceptionally loud (like me) and although he works some distance away from us, we are continually calling him up and asking him to lower his voice to a shout, so we can hear what is going on in our room. A well kid, and endless entertainment.

Then there is Johnny who stutters something fierce, and is always getting himself into heated arguments because everyone claims he exaggerates so much. He starts out to tell you about a hundred of this or a thousand of that, but by the time he stutters it out, some one is yelling, "now just a minute, just how many are there?" The greatest delight the fellows seem to get is pretending that they are supposed to be checking spellings of names, or getting names for detail; so, naturally he gets the work. When he is through spelling his name, he is asked, "how many r's in your name, three or four?" "One," he says. "Well, why didn't you say so in the first time?" "I did." "O.K., spell your name over." That starts the old cycle again. He gives up! Now we will take the farmer of the outfit. Quite a fellow! He stands out for his horseshoe pitching. He is usually up like a Bob Feller, and gives you the impression that he is throwing the horse with the shoes, but believe me, when he is through pitching, that old stake has a lot of metal wrapped around it. AND what a romantic G.I., he is—corresponds with some gal he has never met, sends her most of his paycheck each month, and intends to marry her after the war. Somebody is going to be in for a surprise! An interesting case I would say.

The glibber rumor had is next on the scandal list—see all here all, knows all. He is usually so busy trying to hear what every one is talking about, that he only gets a small proportion of each, but man-alive, what stories he can build out of them. He believes everything a person might tell him, so he really passes on some hot tales at times. A couple of weeks ago, the Sergeant told me at supper that I was going on Detached Service to another section of the country for a short time, and they (that's what we call him) not hearing the name of the place I was to go to, asked, so the sergeant said, "He's going to Casablanca, and incidentally, you'll be going back in a couple days." Tiny rushed back to his tent, packed his things, went to Sergeant G. O. and asked if it would be possible for him to leave for Casablanca the next morning with me.



PITTSBURGH, PA.—Senate sub-committee here to investigate bureau of mines plant to convert coal into gasoline gather around car that is running with synthetic gasoline. The toy size hydrogenation plant here in the bureau of mines is the only one in the western hemisphere. They have been working eight years on the experiment. Left to right—Rep. Grant Furberg, Senators J. C. O'Mahoney, Alex. Wiley, Dr. R. R. Sayers, Rep. Randolph Jennings, Senator Chan Gurney, Rep. Theo. Scanlon. (Man in rear outsider).

as he was sure the trip would be much more enjoyable if he had someone along he knew. WELL, after that was straightened out, he's just as good as ever.

But the one who really takes the cake is Ditty, the little English boy who is attached to our outfit. He has a distinct Brooklyn accent, when he doesn't chop his words completely in half. Every time he says something, one of the gang always pipes up with "I translate it into English." He always has two greeting expressions when he sees you coming. It's either "Hi ya Colly (Curly)" or "Hi ya Bobs (Boss)". He has two hobbies, arguing and boxing. The gang always intentionally flirts with him with the English, just to get him going. He argues like the devil, and if he can't win that way, he wants to box it out. Just a little bubble of TNT.

There are others, but time is growing short as is space, so I think I will call it a halt for now. I hope these last couple letters haven't been too corny, but I just have to write about anything that comes into my mind since our writing is so limited. At least it lets you know I am still in one piece, and having the time of my life in this wonderful country. I am sure am seeing a lot of it.

Good night, mom, or should I say, good morning, as that is what it really is.

Your most loving son,
B.H. Schulkins.

August 7, 1943

Dear Editor:

I'm writing to let you know that I'm receiving your paper. I appreciate it very much and wish to thank you. I have been very busy here at Great Lakes or I would have written sooner.

I like to read your paper as it makes me feel closer to home.

Great Lakes is a large place and we have a large group of recruits. I'm looking forward to graduation which will be coming soon. I'm thanking you again for your kindness in sending me the Enterprise.

Sincerely,
Richard D. Bedson.

August 8, 1943

To the Editor:

I've been receiving the Farmington Enterprise for several months. It seems swell to hear something about the old town, and to read about the other fellows in the service. I'm now stationed at Navy Pier in Chicago. I'm receiving training in Aviation Mechanist. I'll be stationed here until November.

I want to thank you again for sending the paper.

Sincerely,
James H. Youngblood S 2/c

Thursday, 7:00 a.m.

Dearest Mom and Dad:

Well, here I am in Maryland. Left camp Custer Monday. Had

GASOLINE FROM COAL



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an awful trip. We transferred at Pittsburgh and then at Baltimore. The train we got at Pittsburgh hadn't been used since the Civil War, I believe. There was coal dust in everything we ate or drank while on that train. I never ate so much dirt in all my life. We all felt like coal miners before we got to Baltimore. As a matter of fact, when we arrived at Aberdeen, some one said "Look! Here comes the new colored troops!" That's how dirty we were from that train ride. On top of that, the train was not air conditioned and he really suffered from the intense heat. I finally got to Aberdeen, though at 6:30 p.m. Tuesday.

I am in the Ordnance Department. Briefly its function is the supply and maintenance of the Army's fighting equipment. It is composed of those men that run the big stores of their Army general classification test. Next week I shall start on four weeks of basic military training. After that I shall go to school for nine weeks. Then I get a crack at a promotion. (I hope).

I am in quarantine for my first two weeks here. That is, I have to stay in my barracks without duty (actually I'm never off duty), but where I work I can go all over the place. Yesterday I spent the day digging ditches. I never thought I'd come to that. I've been interrupted twice since I started this letter by a whistle making me fall out to do this and do that. It is now 6:00 p.m. I have been swinging a sledge hammer all day. This is really work around here. Tomorrow I have to get up at 4:15 a.m. for some kind of work. I know not what. Please forgive my handwriting. I can hardly hold a pen because my hands are so very blistered from that sledge hammer. They are still shaking from the shock that passed through them every time I swung that hammer—just like Charlie Chaplin in that picture "Modern Times."

I just came back from show. It was good tonight. Nothing fancy, you understand, but good. We had rice and meat pie. The only thing I miss is milk. I get one-half cup at breakfast and that's all. How can I grow on that? Gie whiz! It's now 8:00 p.m. It takes me all day to write a letter. I write for ten minutes, then I have to do some work and then I repeat the procedure. Have to shine my shoes

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and do some washing. I just found Michigan as the destination, and out that I have to arise at 4:15 a.m. Saturday too. We are going port. He returned again on Sunday on the rifle range.

Please forgive me for not writing sooner. It really wasn't my fault. Blame the Army (Now don't phone Washington, mom). Don't worry about me. I am fine.

Private Gordon Nelson.

July 27, 1943

To the Editor:

Want to thank you very much for sending the paper. Sure seems very good to get the news when so far from home. We are doing a good job over here. Our food is very good, for our cooks and bakers do a wonderful job. Had the pleasure of meeting one of the boys from Farmington over here. Thanking you again for sending me the paper, and best regards to all my friends.

William Gregor.

Corporal Kenneth Schweizer of the Altus Army Air Base at Altus, Oklahoma, surprised his wife and parents by paying them a visit on Sunday. Corporal Schweizer was on a cross-country flight, with

John B. Hulet, son of Mr. and Mrs. Max Hulet, has volunteered for induction into the U.S. Navy. He will leave Monday, August 16, for Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

Peter Dobie, who has been stationed "somewhere in the south Pacific" for eighteen months, was recently promoted to Staff Sergeant, and writes that he is "Still hoping to bump into someone else from Farmington."

August 6, 1943

Dear Sir:

Just a card to thank you for the paper and send my change of address. I sure do enjoy getting the paper. As yet have not run into any boys from Farmington, but I may before the show is over. Thanking you again for the paper, I remain,

Very truly yours,
Richard Carlson,
Albany, Georgia.

ANNOUNCEMENT

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