

Queries on Bond Buying Answered

(By Camp Newspaper Service)

There are some things about war bonds which soldiers in the field don't understand. This isn't surprising because there are some things about war bonds that aren't very simple.

One thing that mystifies soldiers is the discrepancy in the dates that appear on the face of the bonds. The bonds carry two dates. One is the date of the bond itself, the other the date of issue. Don't let the difference in the two confuse you.

You see, it is the policy of the Army war bond office to issue all bonds within the first 15 days of the month following completion of payment. Ordinarily, the subscriber is given the benefit of 30 days interest, since his bond is dated the first of the month although payment is not completed until the end of the month.

Sometimes bond purchasers start to worry when they do not receive the bond they've been buying on the day they expect it. The reason for these delays is that sometimes complete information is lacking by the war bond office. However, if your bond is more than 15 days late you should make inquiry at the war bond office so that the records may be checked.

Uncle Gives Out Booze to Airmen

How're the Jerries gonna bring down an American plane now? For it isn't likely a pilot is going to dally around over Berlin after his mission has been accomplished. He'll blow up the factory, or smelter, or shipyard, or railroad track—and streak for home before the Germans even know what came over.

In a copyrighted Chicago Tribune dispatch, correspondent John Thompson reveals that for the first time in history, American combat crews are receiving whiskey at the expense of the government as part of a medical experiment to relieve "pilot fatigue." The whiskey, administered in two-ounce shots, is given to each member of a crew on returning from a combat mission.

Unfortunately, this fine new custom doesn't apply to ordinary GI's. The bourbon's strictly for airmen. A dogface can dream, though.

Los Angeles (CNS)—Mrs. Madge Wilson lost a small fortune when she failed to attend the funeral of her father, who had made that stipulation in his will.

SHE'S SECURE ALL RIGHT!



Should the rigging slip, this trainee negotiating the rigging application course at Camp Abbot would suddenly find himself on the bosom of Mother Earth some 20 feet down below wishing he'd "learned the ropes." Like the parachutist jumping with the 'chute he's packed himself, the Engineer soldier learns to tie his knots properly to guard against risking life and limb.

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New Course Tests GI's Knowledge of Rigging

"Tougher than any obstacle course" is the generally held opinion regarding the month-old application rigging course, which attempts to test the trainees' ability to tie and use knots, hitches, and lashings learned during 17 hours of instruction.

It doesn't take long for a trainee to discover whether he is passing the course or not. If he fails to tie a knot properly and securely he stands to take a fifteen to twenty foot drop. In a sense, he wagers his own unbroken bones against his ability to make the right hitch.

Not a new idea in engineer training, the course at this post is unique in one respect, Lt. David J. MacKnight of the training division pointed out. At Ft. Leonard Wood and Ft. Belvoir the trainees are told what knots to make as they approach each problem. Here they are told what they must do, but not how. Selection of the proper knot is their own responsibility.

The rigging application course is run by each battalion. The 54th Bn. was tested this week—approximately their 13th week of training. Before a group is brought out, the cadremen are put over the hurdles to familiarize them. It takes the average soldier four times as long to go over the five stations of this

course as it does to run the obstacle course.

The field is divided into nine lanes, with five stations on each lane. The trainee progresses from one station to the next down the lane, which is 40 feet wide and 300 feet long.

At Station 1 is a light pontoon, equipped with anchors and lashings. The soldier must demonstrate his ability to moor a boat to a post. The trainee boards the stern of the boat, secures the anchor to a cleat, and then proceeds to the bow of the boat, where he snubs a line from the boat to the dock mooring post.

At Station 2 there is a three-span log trestle sixteen feet high. Snubbing posts and a log are placed in each lane. The job is to raise the log two feet off the ground and secure the free end of rope to the snubbing post.

The next three stations are twenty foot towers. It is here that the casualties occur. At Station 3, the tower has a single block on the front side and separate lashings. The job of the soldier is to take a sling to pull himself up to the top of the tower.

There he finds a single one-inch rope. He secures it to a steel eye in a spar on the platform and lowers himself hand over hand to the ground.

Station 4 is a problem in ascending to the tower with rope ladders of different sizes. When the top is reached, the trainee must join two lengths of one-inch rope and one length of 3/4-inch rope to descend to the ground.

The last station is perhaps the most spectacular test. The trainee ascends to the platform on the tower by tying ropes to the spars to form alternate rungs. On top, he picks up a one-inch rope, secures one free end to the hook of a single block, makes a sling, and secures it to a 120 foot cableway which extends in a long slope from the tower to the ground. He rides this cable down, propelled by the weight of his own body, holding to the rope below a block.

Frankfort, Ky. (CNS)—A local butcher hung this sign on his shop window: "Unless it's bologna, we ain't got it."

'Maneuver Shots' In New Panoram

In addition to being the "most complete" pictorial ever published at Camp Abbot, the third edition of Panoram will have as special features three pages covering the newly-introduced unit field problems and a full page photograph of the Post's own "Pistol Packin' Mama," Dale M. Vincent, post photographer and publisher of the magazine, disclosed this week. The second feature will represent Mr. Vincent's first local contribution to the pin-up trade. Printed earlier this week, the magazine is scheduled to go on sale at post exchanges Tuesday.

won
By men who train like a son-of-a-gun.
So I suppose if a guy's got the stuff
It will be found out soon enough.
—E.C.

In the soft and fading twilight,
Of a weary weary day,
I was in the attic searching
An old bureau stored away.

For years it had laid there hidden
Safe away from frost and dew,
And my curious nature tempted me
To search it thru and thru.

Faded pink and yellow ribbons,
Laces half a century old.
I came across a package
Bound up with a thread of gold.

Something tempted me to untie it,
Which I did right then and there,
And unfolded to my vision
Lay a lock of golden hair

Oh! What memories crowded over me
As I gazed upon that curl,
How it brought to me remembrances
Of a sweet and lovely girl.

One, who, though now dead and gone,
Changed my life of joy and gladness
To a being
Old and worn.

Tenderly I rebound the package
And the tears came down like rain.
Silently I replaced it
Where for ages it had lain.

Strange how such things do affect us
And make our spirits sadly droop,
But how mad that hair would make us
If we found it in our G.I. soup.
Corp. Milton Beck
Co. C, 59th ET Bn.

New Orleans (CNS)—Working his first day on a new job, Bartender Harry Mills didn't like the attitude of an argumentative customer, so he threw him out. Later he discovered the man was his employer's father.

In Our Poets Corner

(Note: The following poem was contributed anonymously via the idea boxes placed in companies throughout the Post.)

Now I've composed a little verse
It's not so bad; it could be worse.
Now read these lines and please take heed,
And I'll give my ideas of what we need.

I like to train, and I'm glad to be
In the land of the brave and the home of the free.
So when I work, I like to eat,
'Cause we have some very tough guys to beat.

And I'm glad to have the chance
To prove I don't have ants in my pants.
But after the working hours are done,
I like to get out and have some fun.

I think that to follow the period plan,
Is plenty of proof that a man's a man.
But the non-coms, it seems to me,
On lots of these points do not agree.

So if I could on the cadre be,
And training new men was up to me,
I'd work like hell to be sure I knew
What to teach the men, in detail too.

For I'm very sure that wars are

