

# THE MILLVILLE ARMY AIR FIELD

# Thunderbolt

Vol. II

MILLVILLE, N. J., SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1945

No. VI

## "MY QUEEN" CONTEST BEGINS

### SERVICE CLUB OPENS THURSDAY EVENING WITH ALL-STAR REVUE

A galaxy of Broadway and Hollywood stars—their names a military secret until opening night—will feature the gala dedication ceremony of Millville Army Air Field's "million" dollar Service Club, Thursday evening at 8:30, according to an announcement by Lt. Charles F. Neary, Special Service Officer.

As the Servicemen's Club Committee, headed by Maj. Waldo C. M. Johnston, were feverishly working to make the premiere the most outstanding occasion in the lives of the enlisted men while at this installation, it was learned that the famed Ft. Dix Band, composed of 16 music makers would supply the rhythm. Hundreds of Cumberland County beauties will be on hand for the GI coming stag, and Capt. "Mike" Bass, "maitre-de" of the affair, has been ordered to purchase mountains of food and oceans of drink for the occasion.

Lt. Col. T. H. Watkins will deliver the dedicatory address and officially turn the recreation hall over to the Base enlisted personnel. S/Sgt. Walter Snelberger, director and producer of "Prop Wash," the GI show that made the Club possible, will make the acceptance speech in behalf of GI Joe of Millville Army Air Field.

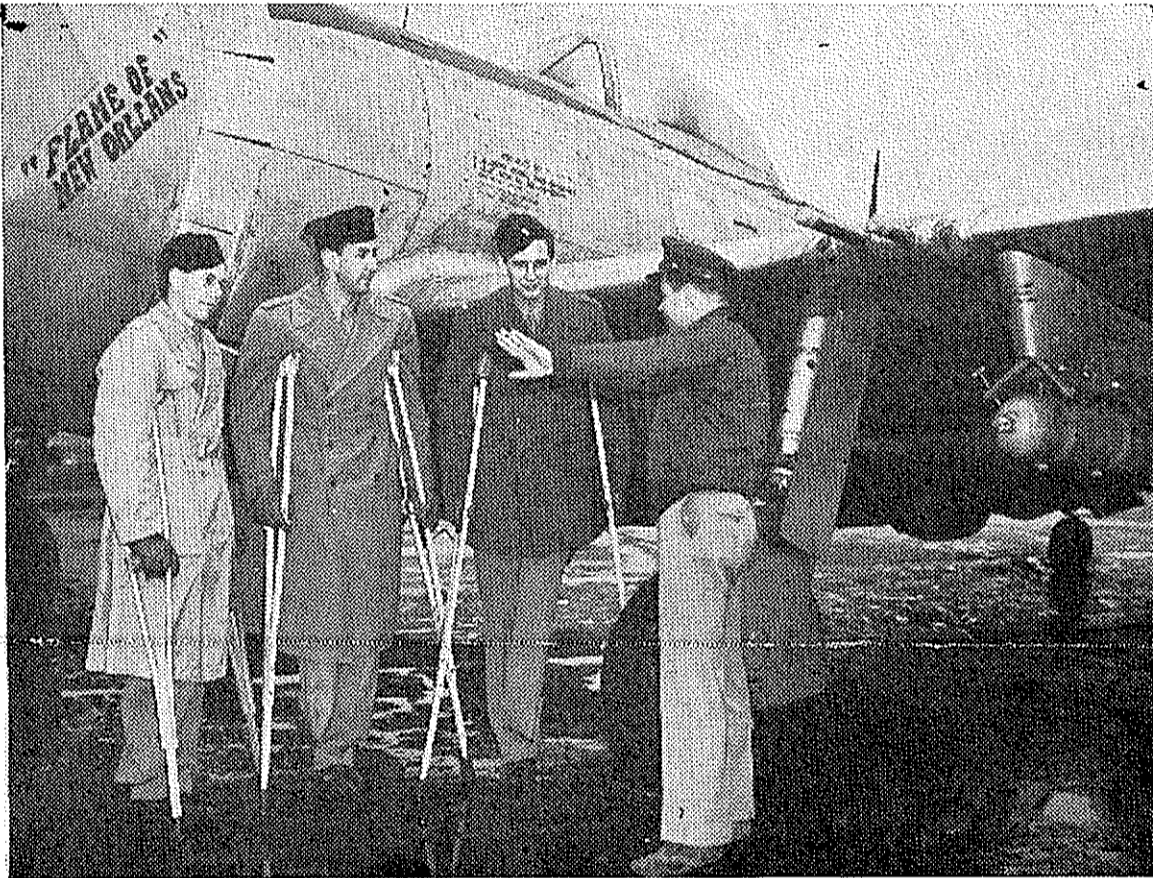
### NEW SQUADRONS FORM BASE UNIT

In compliance with a directive from the 1st Air Force, and in a move designed to streamline the administration of Base unit activities, the year-old "section grouping" of personnel was changed this week to "Squadron control."

Though the conversion was affected quietly, and did not immediately affect the individual soldier, Capt. William R. Davis, Jr., former Unit Commander, explained that in the long run there would eventuate from the shift "closer cooperation and understanding between the enlisted man and his Squadron CO." Here is how it works:

Section "H," "G," and "I" will be known as Squadron "H," "G" and "I." Lt. Ralph I. Buck will be CO of Squadron "G," or Base Officer Section; Lt. D. G. Peterson will assume command over Squadron "H," or administrative and service personnel, and Capt. P. J. Ziegler will direct the administration of Squadron "I," or line personnel. Lt. Col. Watkins, as Base Commander will, in fact, have jurisdiction over the entire unit. Capt. Davis will act as Lt. Col. Watkins' Executive Officer, and supervise the policies of the Base Commander.

### GETTING THE LOW DOWN ON A MIGHTY FRIEND OF THE QUEEN OF BATTLE



To Millville Army Air Field from England General Hospital in Atlantic City, several wounded Infantry Officers paid the Base a courtesy call this week. Taken on a tour of inspection by the Base Commander and his staff, the soldiers told of their experiences in the bitter ground fighting of the European Theatre. Pictured here is Lt. Col. Watkins describing some Thunderbolt techniques to (L/R) Capt. T. W. Noon, Lt. James Berman, and Lt. James H. Gilmore.

### Vet Infantrymen Laud P-47; Tell Of Combat Team Work

As a wet, howling wind swept across the Millville flight line last week, a group of wounded, battle-hardened Infantry officers fastened their eyes upon a long line of sturdy P-47 Thunderbolts—the fighter planes that had served them as an aerial umbrella in many months of gruelling warfare.

The veteran ground soldiers, who had campaigned from Kasserine Pass to Salerno and the beaches of Normandy listened intently as Lt. Col. Watkins and his staff explained the training program of Thunderbolt pilots here, and pictured their combat function as the "aerial counterpart of the Queen of Battle." Notes were exchanged by the ground and flying officers. Lt. Col. Houck discovered that he and Lt. James H. Gilmore, of General Hodges' 1st Army, were in the same sector at the same time when the Yanks broke through the German lines at St. Lo, France.

**Nazi Cruelty**  
Capt. Theodore W. Noon, Harvard graduate, and former rifle company commander, told of the comforting feeling infantrymen have when they go into action accompanied by swarms of Thunderbolts. "Those P-47s did a magnificent job at Minturno, Italy," the Captain declared. "Too bad they weren't around later when the Jerries

staged a counter-attack, and a Nazi officer indiscriminately shot wounded GIs as they were writhing on the ground in pain. When he approached me I was in agony. A hand grenade had ripped off my foot. The Nazi pulled out his revolver and was about to plug me. With my last bit of strength I hoarsely pleaded with him. He replied by pumping three shots at me. Two missed, but one pierced the nape of my neck. I played dead and he left. Later I was picked up unconscious by litter bearers."

**The Gothic Line**  
The officers recounted how they as "ground grippers" felt about the Air Forces, and particularly the work-horse of the fighter-bombers, the P-47s. Lt. James Berman, of Plainfield, New Jersey, an English teacher in civilian life, pointed to the Thunderbolts lining the strips and said, "If we had more of those babies on the Gothic line in Italy, we'd be across the Alps by now."

### PX OPENS NEW HOME WHILE PROFITS SOAR

For the first time since July, 1943, profit totaling \$1,709.78, a dividend for last month, was declared this week by the Post Exchange Council. In a simple ceremony at Base Headquarters, Lt. Melvin J. Treister, PX Officer, presented the check to Lt. Col. Watkins, who accepted the money in behalf of the Post Trust Fund.

Simultaneously Lt. Treister revealed revolutionary plans for the new PX which had moved lock, stock and barrel into the abandoned "Ili" Mess Hall. Here is a blueprint of our general store's future shape:

A consolidation of the beverage-cafeteria section with the dry goods department. An outdoor beer garden, where the constant strains of the latest recordings will add to the pleasant atmosphere. Flowers and shrubbery will surround the patio. "Our intention," Lt. Treister declared, "is to make this PX the garden spot of Millville Airfield."

### "Three Graders" Club To Be Remodeled

M/Sgt. J. J. Gardner, President of the "First Three Graders" Club, announced this week that the "Wheel House" will soon undergo drastic renovations. A new bar, drapes and tables are planned.

### VALUABLE PRIZES; CINDERELLA BALL FOR BEAUTIES

The editors of Thunderbolt, eternally inquiring into the human side of the Millville soldier, announce today the official start of "My Queen's Picture Contest—a search for the most beautiful wife or sweetheart of Base personnel.

Open to officers and enlisted men only, contestants are urged to submit to the Base newspaper, in Bldg. T-22, portrait photos or clear, sharp snapshots of their spouses or best girl friend.

The following information must accompany each photograph:

- 1). The name, rank, and hometown of the soldier entering the picture in the contest.
- 2). The name, hometown, and occupation of the "little lady."

In addition to having each photo printed in Thunderbolt, three "Queens" will be selected by the judges. The winners will receive valuable prizes donated by local merchants, and will be the guests of honor at a Cinderella Ball to be held during the month of May at the Officer's Club or Servicemen's den. Arrangements are being made to provide for transportation and housing of the Queen, in the event she lives in a remote part of the country.

The judges, Captain Arthur L. Billin, M/Sgt. John J. Gardner, and Miss Katherine O'Connor, will choose the most beautiful of the "My Queen" pictures by May 5, 1945.

### FACE-LIFTING CONTEST TO USHER IN SPRING

An all-out drive to beautify the Base, with prizes, passes and parties to be awarded the section whose artistry is judged the most valuable contribution, was announced this week by Maj. Waldo C. M. Johnston, Director of Administration and Services.

Each department was urged by the Major to start working immediately on the areas that bound their section. At a later date the Base Commander and his staff will inspect and judge the improvements.

### WACS TO HIT CEILING AT POST THEATRE

A bevy of beautiful, talented GIs, the all-star cast of "Ceiling Wacs," will present a musical extravaganza at the Post Theatre, Wednesday evening, March 21st, at the Post Theatre. The 40 lovely soldiers, hailing from the Atlantic City Redistribution Center, sing, dance, and carry on with a lusty repartee for almost two hours of thespian gayety.

# THE MILLVILLE ARMY AIR FIELD Thunderbolt

MILLVILLE ARMY AIR FIELD  
Millville, New Jersey (Phone 1100, Ext. 71)  
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LT. COL. T. H. WATKINS, Commanding Officer  
LT. SYDNEY R. NEMAROW Editor  
SGT. W. B. URQUHART Sports Editor  
PFC. J. J. HANRAHAN Research  
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## TMT IS TNT

A few weeks ago a number of soldiers were advised that they were "alerted" for possible transfer. Since then, the Base Intelligence Office has been the recipient of several complaints from men on the list. Lack of information security hit them smack between the ears. One soldier's apartment was almost rented out from under him; another soldier's insurance man hot-footed after him for a forwarding address, and still another had his milkman call for payment prior to the due date of the weekly bill.

**WHERE IS THE LEAK?** Question the landlady, the insurance agent, the milkman to trace the leak and you wind up in mid-air. Because that's where the information comes from—thin air. Rhots discuss their training, planes equipment at the Polar Cat. GIs tell their girl friends at the Black Falcon, confidentially, that a large group of men are shipping. And sound waves, bound only by the laws of nature, travel in all directions . . .

**WHAT MAKES SAMMY TALK?** Plenty has been written about the cunning Nazi spies who are trained to pump Uncle Sam's nephew's dry. Still the jabber jabber continues. Soldiers who are dull conversationalists, show off, misguided, bewitched and bedeviled sound off just for the sake of hearing themselves talk. In others the wine drips in and the truth leaks out . . .

**HOW CAN IT BE PLUGGED?** Persuasive pleas, persistent prosecutions, education . . . these are the methods of Military Intelligence. But, in the final analysis individual self control will pay off the dividends. Let us be men, not menaces. Let us not air our tongues and bare our secrets. Let us remember that TMT—Too Much Talk—is as explosive as TNT! . . . and it is apt to blow up right in our own faces!

\* \* \* \* \*

## The New Service Club

When Base enlisted men invite friends and relatives to their new den after Thursday night, they can rightfully point to every bit of furniture, murals, pictures, and say, "that was made possible by the G.I. of this base." No Servicemen's Club anywhere, except here, can boast of a recreation project conceived and executed by the vision and talent of its own personnel. To the enlisted personnel of this Command we wish many hours of joy and pleasure.

## FROM THE PULPIT

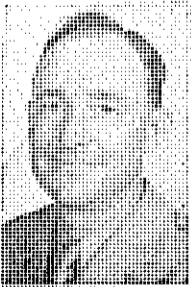
By Chaplain Horace M. King

### "Dramatizing Religious History"

When Passover and Easter come into the focus of our religious interest and behavior, we feel anew the satisfaction, the value and meaning of some of the great religious experiences of our forefathers.

An artist paints with pigment, throwing deftly upon the canvas the contrasts, the highlights, the over-all perspective and in it all, if he is a real artist, the warmth and feeling of his own soul.

By dramatization we use the pigment of human deportment and grace to reveal the fervent hopes and faith which have alerted souls to new life through centuries, and which stir our hearts now.



### Spring Holidays

Passover and Easter are outstanding and effective dramatizations of religious worth and worship. They portray depth of meaning and bestir new devotion. Men always stand in need of that renewing grace and spiritual power. If in any year such a need were manifest, it must be this year. Daily the prayers and purposes of a new civilization are blended for the remaking of our world, and for peace and good will. The days of opportunity are upon us. Shall we use them to the good of our souls? Shall we lift them off the calendar of holidays and make them for us, "holy days."

### The New Chapel

The new chapel will be in use by Easter. It is receiving the investment of our work and interest. The next issue of Thunderbolt will carry full announcements and the story of this new sanctuary and friendship center.



Dear Editor:

It occurred to me the other day that the name Millville Air Field was unfair to all the good folks of the neighboring communities. In your recent story about the Servicemen's Club, you state that the project was made possible by the people of Cumberland County. Does it not strike you as a logical conclusion that this field be renamed Cumberland Air Base?

T.L.L.

Dear Editor:

I'd like to think that this business of being able to send in only 25 pieces of clothing to the G.I. laundry is ridiculous. I use four handkerchiefs a week and wear as many socks. I won't bother enumerating the other stuff such as shorts, etc. If cleanliness is supposed to be next to Godliness, are they trying to make me an atheist?

Old Dutch Cleansor

Dear Editor:

Thanks for the build-up in the last issue of the rag. May I add a couple of changes or corrections? The song has already been copyrighted. Anyone interested may get a copy at the Stat Office. What is more important—the song is not entitled "I'll Trade a Kiss For a Command," but vice-versa—quite a difference you see. Incidentally, it would be nice if we could get as many of the old "octette" together for the opening of the Service Club, to sing the ditty. I didn't mind being called the "Bard of the Gowanus," although one of my alleged pals thought the first word should have been spelled "b-a-r-r-e-d." You may be interested in learning that I wrote a new poem last week, but Maj. Johnston's pup chewed it up, so I guess you might call it "doggerel."

Sgt. Ted Hirschberg

## HEADS WE WIN . . . . . TAILS YOU LOSE



Universal's "Salome—Where She Danced" gives them their first movie roles. Left to right, Barbara Bates, Kerry Vaughn, Karen Randle, Daun Kennedy and Poni Adams.

## "I'LL TRADE A KISS FOR OD'S"

By Sgt. Ted Hirschberg

(A parody on "I'll Trade a Command For a Kiss"—as it might be sung by S/Sgt. Maurice B. Goldstein or any other dogface approaching his thirtieth year in the army).

Altho I'm having the worst, the army comes first,  
And I'll tell you right now if you please,  
Tho the food tastes like hell, the pay rings the bell,  
I'll Trade a Kiss for OD's.

You can wear your green ties and look at blue eyes,  
But listen to this as a tease,  
When payday comes round, my cash makes a mound,  
So I'll Trade a Kiss for OD's.

I want to lounge around in khaki, and tho you think I'm wacky,  
Take a look at my sleeve,  
I get lots of fogey, so git along little dogie,  
I'd make a zebra grieve.

So while you wear those black shoes, and guzzle bad booze,  
I'll be at Millville shooting the breeze,  
But wherever I roam, the army's my home,  
I'll Trade a Kiss for OD's.

## News From Home

**Atlanta (CNS)**—The Georgia State Senate has passed a bill barring dogs from hotels. Reason for the bill, according to Sen. Peyton Hawes, is that "a lot of wome nthink more of their dogs than their husbands. They would be willing to leave their husbands outside at night, but not their dogs."

**Chicago (CNS)** — Hugh Greer Carruthers, known as the Cum Bum of Lama to a number of cultists, has been convicted on charges of obtaining \$289,000 through mail frauds in connection with his cultist activities. "He had a mystic way with money," said the State.

**Dedham, Mass. (CNS)** — Grounds for divorce: Mrs. Laura Grimm sent her husband out to look for a job. He found one, all right—for her.

**Howard County, Ind. (CNS)**—Farmer D. D. Duseley traded a 2-year-old colt for 15 cartons of cigarets. "It was worth it," said he with a hacking cough.

## Personal Affairs



### Tomorrow's Job—Plastics

The Plastic industry was born shortly before your neighbors began selecting you, and even though it was young it went to war and grew old doggone fast. Plastics have spent their wartime childhood outgrowing the gadget stage.

Plexiglass makes strong, transparent noses for bombers. It will soon form parts of automobile bodies, or give you an unimpeded view of the nearby nudist camp or sun-worshipping girl schools from the air.

### Bleacher Hawkers

Mass production of chairs and other furniture is not crystal gazing, but just as sure as two bucks used to be on Sea Biscuit's nose.

Plastics is a large scale chemical industry, but small plastic or plastic-treated objects can be formed with inexpensive machinery. When the usual cloud-burst breaks loose during a World Series, and it starts to rain on your civilian clothes (which can't stand it), paper hats and raincoats treated with plastic will be sold by the same joker who sells hot dogs.

### Infant Industry

With one good idea, and a few hundred dollars' worth of machinery, you can start a business getting technical advice from the big producers. It's no skin off their plastics. They look at you as a small customer who may turn into a big customer. You'll buy more materials from them. A GI Loan will supply the necessary cabbage. The idea? USAFI (Note to the editor: That means United States Armed Forces Institute) Course J-412 on Plastics is the fertilizer which makes ideas grow like mosquitos in Millville (only smaller).

A lot of you are now going with girls who work in nearby Glass Companies. Learn about their work. Make an evening's conversation interesting. Next week for all concerned with lifting their girl from the glass blowing rut at the local glass houses we will discuss "GLASS."

**Male Call**

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"



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**Briefs for Observation Mission**

**INFORMATION**  
\*  
**CLICKS**

**QUESTION:** How do you spend most of your money?

**Answers:**

**Pfc. William C. Lloyd**, (Springfield, Ohio), Sheet Metal Shop.

"What money? I'm married and after the deductions are taken out and I give my wife her house money I have about a dollar to squander. My wife does the budgeting, and we are able to buy a war bond a month. It costs plenty to live during these times, so I don't have too much money to spend foolishly."



**Pfc. John Wheeler**, (Baltimore, Md.), Target Marker.

"Well, as you can see by my rank, I'm not making a fortune in the Army; but I do save what I make. I have a wife and two children who get by on my allotment, so I'm saving the rest for the future. I have the foundation built for my home, but I guess the rest will have to wait until after the war."



**Sgt. George A. Levitsky**, (Malden, Mass.), Crew Chief.

"Foolishly! I invest some of my dough in the game of chance, but others profit by my bad luck. Of course night life, which is very important to me, costs a pretty penny. Then I would say, I spend my earnings on the sweet vices of life, two here . . . two there."



**Pfc. Raymond L. Nickerson**, (Hampden, Maine), Base Motor Pool Office.

"I guess I'm in the same boat with all the other guys who are married and have families. Most of my dough goes for the necessities, such as soap, smokes, etc. The rest is sent home."



**FORMER WHITE COLLAR WORKERS IN SURE-FIRE BREAD AND BUTTER JOBS**



Had anyone told S/Sgt. Bernard Gallagher (left), S/Sgt. Henry Pemma (center), or S/Sgt. Wally Snellenberg (right) before Pearl Harbor that they would some day have aspirations of doing manual labor they would have haughtily snubbed their refined noses at them. Today, after years of technical schooling at AAF schools, and "on-the-job" training, these men vow they will never return to their pre-war occupations.

**Post-War Trades Learned In Army**

While the Army Air Forces were being forged into the mightiest weapon in the history of warfare, thousands of its citizen-soldiers were learning technical skills that will undoubtedly result in an industrial revolution of post-war America. From the days before Pearl Harbor, and still continuing, farm workers, lawyers, teachers, and academic students received training in the variegated elements of aeronautics which will open new economic frontiers when the last shot of the war is fired.

**Survey Findings**

In a recent survey of Base personnel it was found that approximately 40 percent of the men working on the line had never handled tools prior to joining the AAF. One leather-faced GI, who had tilled the soil on his father's farm, declared, "there will be no back-to-the-land movement for me after this shooting match is over. I learned the tricks of the aeroplane business, and I'm sticking with it."

S/Sgt. Bernard Gallagher, a high school student in Lancaster, New Hampshire, before his soldiering days, was trained by the Army as a machinist. He heaped praise on the technical schools, and expressed gratitude at being given a chance to learn a chance to learn a trade. "I know the market value of machinists," he said. "Uncle Sam has given me the first real break of my life."

**Indian and Opera Singer**

The welding sparks were dancing wildly as S/Sgt. Henry Pemma calmly answered questions about his mufti days. Henry stated that he is a full-blooded American Indian, a member of the Wisconsin Menominee Tribe. He attended a junior college in Lawrence, Kansas, and was pursuing a liberal arts course when he was "selected." "I learned how to weld at Chanute Field," he revealed. "I haven't any oil wells in Oklahoma, so I'll use what the Army taught me to earn a living."

The most amusing case of how Pearl Harbor changed a man's life is the story of S/Sgt. Wally Snellenberg, who was found hammering away on the wing of a plane in the metal shops. The Sergeant declared that he was an opera singer in civilian life. Asked if he thought that he was properly classified, he chuckled, "maybe not, but if I can't hit a high C someday, I'll always be able to earn a buck an hour."

he walked back to camp, Sgt. McGann says that he dreamed of the day that he could walk up Fifth Avenue chanting "Erin Go Bragh."

**The Peripheral Road**  
By Cpl. Joe MAAF

**Reveille In Mosquito Hollow**

A Major in one of the aircraft warning units on the coast was radioing directions to a fighter pilot, who kept replying to his commands with "R-r-roger dodger." After a few times the major said, "Roger will be sufficient." In spite of the admonitions, the R-r-roger continued. Finally the major picked up the mike and bellowed, "This is Major Lane. I said 'Roger' would be sufficient." The voice from the plane replied, "R-r-roger dodger, you old codger. I'm a Major too!"



The grandpappy of Millville Air Field, and the oldest active second looney in operation, Lt. Willard D. Harris, 47, of Lexington, Ky., finally emerged from brassy obscurity this week when he learned that his gold had changed to silver. After almost two years of being a shavetail, the venerable Lt. Harris thanked God that his two sons in the service didn't get a chance to outrank their pappy. When last heard from he was busy working in the Engineering warehouse singing, "Silver Threads Amongst the Gold." . . .

Is it true that T/Sgt. John (Clark) Gable is carrying an acetelyne torch for a Bridgeton honey? He is reported to have approached the catalytic agent for cardiac reaction (the goll), and said, "Pardon me, Miss, I'm a stranger in town. Can you direct me to your home?" . . . Before leaving on furlough Pfc. Jo-Jo Williams assured his buddies in the new hangar that he would not get married. Alas and alack he met a Miss Lillian Kosbela, formerly with the OWI in Washington, D. C., at the Treasure Island Night Club in the capital. After a whirlwind romance the female news hawk succumbed to Jo-Jo's entreaties, and she is now Mrs. Jo-Jo. . . .

**BLUNDERBOLTS:** It is reliably reported that Capt. P. B. (Doc) Young is going to be visited by the stork very soon . . . Who is the pilot that went duck hunting in his P-47? . . . Cpl. Walter D'Aquino added a pretty muchachita and an extra stripe to his collection last week. The baby was born on the third month, the third day, and thirty-third minute of this year . . . The bells tolled for S/Sgt. Lester E. Williams last week . . . **FOR SALE**—Officer wishes to sell two pair of 2nd Lieutenant bars (slightly worn) for small sum. If interested, call 1st Lt. Donald G. Smith, Tow Target . . . We still don't know the answer to who hit Nellie in the belly with a flounder . . .

**St. Patrick's Day Celebrated With Plenty of Blarney**

No shillalals will be twirling, no Hibernian banners will be waving, but every khaki-clad son of Erin at Millville Air Field will solemnly or otherwise, celebrate the birth of St. Patrick today.

Long into the night, with the wail of the banshees increasing, will they spin the blarney about the O'Higgenses, O'Briens, Walshs' and Mooneys. Even as their voices thicken, and their eyes begin to glaze, so will reminiscences of how some of them spent the last year's celebration of the patron Saint of Ireland fill the air.

**In Guadalcanal Fox Hole**

Snub-nosed Cpl. Barth McConaty, who ekes out his daily bread and beer in the Electrical Shop, was in high spirits mixing a brew of raisin-jack in a fox hole. After drinking the concoction he discovered a native wearing the dogtags of one McCarthy. "I properly baptized him," says the jovial New Yorker.

Red of face as a shamrock is green, Pfc. Bill McGuire says that he was on a hospital ship bound for the States last St. Patrick's day. The menu called for corned beef and cabbage, but reports the GI Harp, "it was mostly cabbage that filled me cavities. I was in a black Irish mood for the rest of the trip."

**In Naples**

Wending his way through the narrow streets of Naples last year, Sgt. James B. McGann, Air Corps Supply, visited the famed Cathedral di Napoli on St. Patrick's day, and paid homage to the spirit of the man who brought Christianity to Eire. At night he attended the opera, and heard Aida sung. As



**MAAF-SPORTS LOG**  
By Sgt. Willis B. Urquhart

**As The Ice Thaws**

The pre-Spring season lull hits sport's scribes like the bucket shops hit the "margin boys" on Black Friday. Its tough enough dishing out verbal hokum on the activities of the muscle benders when times are good, but in this period, man and boy, one has to do some fancy verb-slinging to pound out a sentence with an understandable subject and predicate. It was in this black mood that we sat down near our pot-bellied stove to do some musing.

\* \* \* \* \*

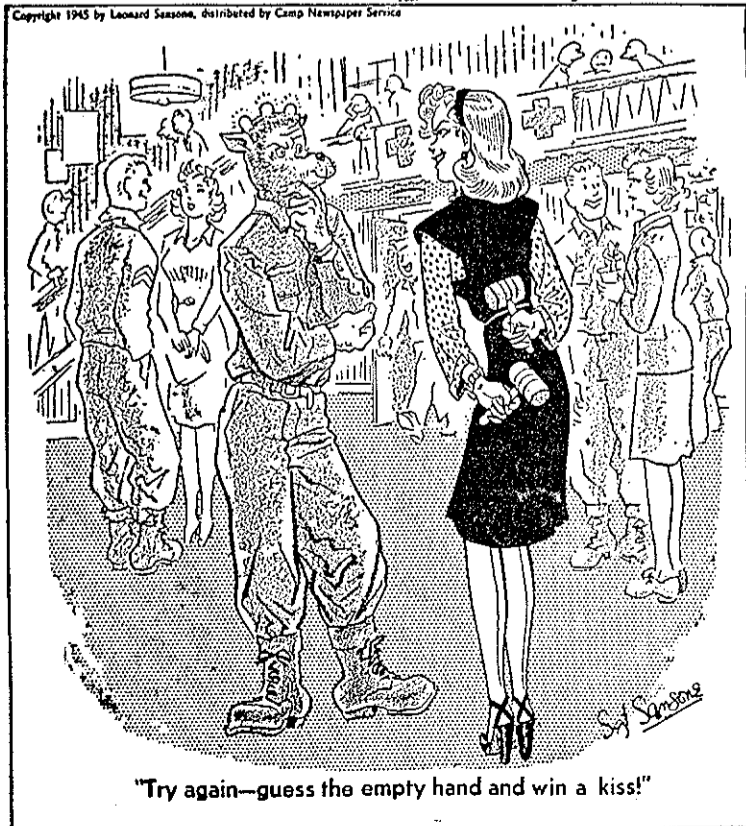
Suddenly it occurred to us that things weren't so rough after all. A brilliant thought crossed our cerebellum. "How about a girl's softball team?" we softly pondered. Then the thoughts came swiftly. We'd get all the civilian gals to abandon their rompers and don the vestments of this popular game. We'd lay the ground work, book games, prod on the timid souls, and get some local angel to give the bloomer girls some prizes for their efforts. As an extra consideration we can always dream up some statistics on how much the average lady uses in weight during a normal softball season. So, folks, the die is cast. We're going out next week to do some missionary work on the first all-girl softball team in these parts. We may return with bobby pins in our hair, but never will it be said that THUNDERBOLT let a woman down.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Paddle Board," an offshot of handball, is quickly becoming the rage at PT classes. Everybody and his younger brother wants to learn the game. We're bugs on tournaments, and even money has it that before the next edition we'll be going to print with some facts and figures on what's in it for the boys in a league . . . Speaking of handball reminds us that for enthusiasm, consistency, and durability the hubs of HQ, Capt. David I. Walsh and his Boswell, Lt. John I. Gunkelman, should get the Oscar. They have taken some severe beatings from some hot combines, but they always manage to come back and nail their foes to the wall . . . The PT lads, sparked by Pfc. Gruver, are beating their fine, red gums asking for Department heads to submit rosters of their Softball teams. So far the section chiefs have been about as responsive as the old Indian heads in front of a cigar store . . .

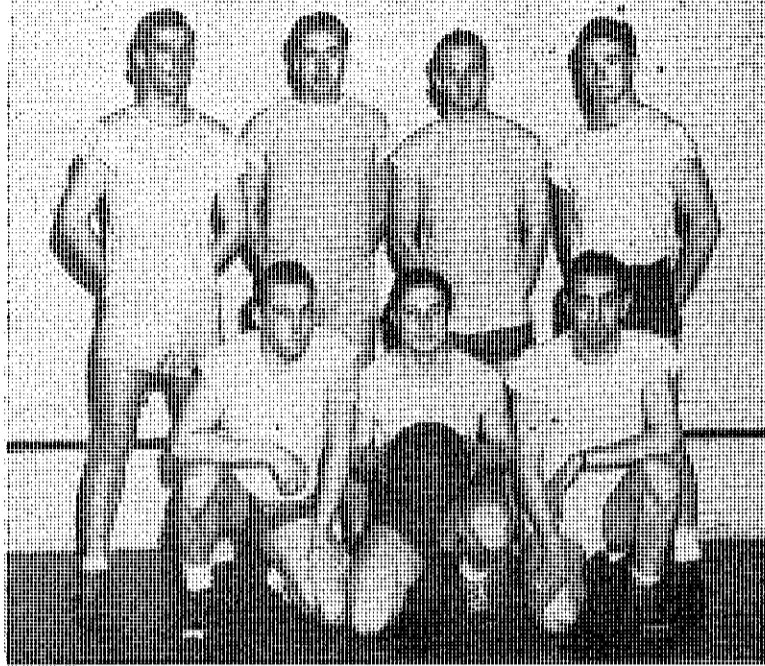
**The Wolf**

by Sansone



"Try again—guess the empty hand and win a kiss!"

**THE WINNAH!**



Winning the Intra-post Basketball Tournament, the Communications quintet were crowned Base "Champs" last week. The "Dots and Dashers" won nine straight tilts without a single defeat to cop the coveted title. Members of the team are: L/R Sgt. J. McCorkle; Sgt. E. Byer; Sgt. J. Roddick and S/Sgt. J. Bell. Front Row L/R Sgt. E. Rassaert; T/Sgt. A. Liberato; and T/Sgt. J. DelVecchio. Not shown in the photo are: T/Sgt. H. Veale and T/Sgt. H. Rohrer.

**Golden Gloves Champion To Conduct Boxing Classes**

Pfc. Herbert "Buzzie" Hanigan, 28, of Fairmont, W. Va., had the boxing bug in his views even before he was able to lift a two ounce glove. His father, Patsy Hanigan, was World's Featherweight Champ back in 1916, and when "Buzzie" was old enough to walk, his Pop began teaching him the tricks of the cauliflower trade.

While in high school Hanigan proved his ability as a leather pusher, and was the outstanding fighter on the boxing team of Fairmont High. In 1933 he entered the Golden Gloves Tournament which was sponsored by the New York Daily News. Backed by the Sports Writers Association of Huntington, W. Va., Buzzie fought his way to the finals in the bantam weight class, but was beaten in the main event. This defeat by no means discouraged him. In 1934, just one year later, he came back to win the National Amateur Championship by finishing off his opponent, Mickey Bruno, in the third round before a capacity crowd at Madison Square Garden.

**On Card With Billy Conn**

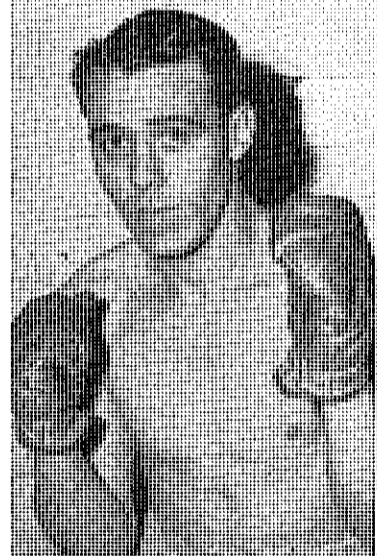
Hanigan remained an amateur until early spring of 1935. Then he and his father formed a Father and Son combination. He turned professional when he fought on the same card with Billy Conn in his home town.

"The fight ladder was tough climbing in those days," Buzzie recalled, "and it took plenty of hard training for me to get into condition for a good bout."

In 1938 he was booked against Freddy Miller, who was World's Bantam Weight Champ, in a non-title 10 round contest in Cincinnati. After a bitter tussle, with neither man giving ground, the judges called the match a draw. "It was a moral victory for me," Hanigan stated, "Cincy was Miller's home town."

**Hanges Up Gloves**

Returning to the Garden in 1939, Buzzie won decisions over



Young Kid Chocolate and Tony Esposito. It was in that season that he gave Mickey Bruno his second licking, by knocking him cold in the third round.

Pvt. Hanegan, now a member of the Guard Section, will hold boxing lessons in the Base Gym on Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights between 7 and 8 P. M. He hopes eventually to form a boxing team and engage in interbase competition.

**"Flyers" To Play All-County Team In Benefit Game**

To complete their prosperous 1944-45 basketball season, the Millville "Flyers" will play the Cumberland County Scholastic All-Star cagers next Tuesday night at the Bridgeton High School in a benefit game.

The contest is being sponsored by the Sports Writers Association of Cumberland County, who call the event "the biggest basketball attraction ever to be staged in these parts."

**Big Program**

Coach Cosh of Vineland High will be head mentor for the evening, and will have 12 of the County's outstanding schoolboy stars on his squad. Athletic Director Ray Welsh of Bridgeton has arranged a program for the early comers, starting at 7:30 P. M. There will be a preliminary game, boxing and wrestling, and colorful intermission features. Lt. S. R. Nemarow, Base Public Relations Officer, will "EmCee" the affair, and introduce both teams to the audience. Base officials and Count ycvie leaders will also be present at the game.

**EM To Enjoy Profits**

Del Brandt of the Vineland Times-Journal declared, "Every cent received from the sale of tickets will be utilized to help the servicemen at MAAF secure athletic equipment. The game is solely for that purpose."

**Baseball Club Being Organized**



With spring around the poetic corner, a young man's fancy usually turns to love, but for our athletes its baseball that's humming in their hearts. Last year our base had a strong team, and although no records were set, we did show the local denizens that we were more than bushleaguers.

Lt. Pishioneri, coach of the club in '44, will be at the helm during the 1945 season. The Lieutenant has sounded a call for all men who have had any baseball experience to stop in at the gym and sign up. "Everything will be furnished but the ability," he stated.

During the past week, the PT staff have been busy booking games for the coming summer months and a terrific schedule is in the offing.

**BASE THEATRE PROGRAM**

- Sunday, March 18 . . . . . KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY  
Lana Turner, Laraine Day, Susan Peters  
Community Sing No. 7 . . . . . I'll Walk Alone  
RKO Pathe News No. 57 . . . . . Weekly
- Monday, March 19 . . . . . BETRAYAL FROM THE EAST  
Lee Tracy, Nancy Kelly  
Birthday Blues . . . . . Leon Errol  
Screen Snapshots No. 7 . . . . . Memorial to Tom Mix,  
Will Rogers
- Tuesday, March 20 . . . . . THE GREAT FLAMARION  
Erich vonStroheim, Mary Beth Hughes  
Two Local Yokels . . . . . All Star Comedy  
When I Yoo Hoo . . . . . Blue Ribbon Merrie Melodie
- Thursday, March 22 . . . . . I'LL BE SEEING YOU  
Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple  
Army-Navy Screen Magazine . . . . . Issue No. 48  
RKO Pathe News No. 58 . . . . . Weekly