

long into a speeding locomotive. (Freling Foster in Collier's) Another painless way to end it all is for them to run afoul of the U. S. Marine out in the Solomon Islands.

### JSA BARRACKS GOSSIP

The cast of the JSA Follies made an extensive trip to the inner-most part of the island and put on their laugh-provoking revue for the Army a short time ago. This ended their tour on the road and everyone who saw the show agreed that it was the best of it's kind. After all, can you make a chorus girl out of an over-balanced welding foreman?

The darling of the cast, the little hill-billy gal who had lost her man, has returned to the dull business of weighing spuds, and his thumb with meat orders, back in the Commissary. Isn't it the proper thing for one to retire from the public eye and take up domestic duties after a time? Yeah, Alice Faye did it and now Phil Harris is the proud father of an heir.

Dame Rumor has it that when the boss, Senor J. Sweeney, was spending a few days in bed at the new dispensary, he sent to his office for his field glasses. Somehow or other, the boys working over on Project #10 heard that he had them up there so he could lay in bed and check up on the job. Consequently, they hung a large sign on the roof of said project that read thusly: "Good Morning, Boss!! How Do You Feel Today?"

Speaking of the boss reminds us of a story told by one of the labor foremen. One of the natives on his job stood watching one of the big bulldozers pushing down a small-sized hill and cutting through rock as though it was so much sand. Turning to the foreman he said, "Chief, this is a funny world. Fus' God made the world, then he made Mr. Sweeney. Now Mr. Sweeney don' like the way God made it so he tear it down and build it to suit heself".

Elsewhere in this issue is a poetic contribution by John Henderson, Jr. We never knew Johnny was of the poetic type which just goes to prove that you can never tell what lies under a sunburn.

Joe "Second Front" Thompson hangs his shirts in the darndest places. The other day "Doc" Jennings, the Privy Councillor, came by towing one of his FHA bungalows and there on the roof hung Joe's shirt. What next?

We never knew until the other day that Bill Bailey acted as Chaplain and Adviser of the barracks keepers. They place the utmost confidence in "Sahib" Bailey and come to him with all their troubles.

### ABOUT THIS AND THAT

Lee Scoggins

Howdy Fellows:

Though I've been in the service ten years I'm practically a boot on this station, having arrived about a month ago. Would be glad for any of you to drop around to the Personnel Office any time if you think your record needs looking into, insurance, allotments, etc. Don't let that stern, busy look on the yeoman's faces stop you. That is just a defense mechanism, front, you know - just to impress the Personnel Officer! (P.S. I look the most stern).

Most of you saw "Wake Island" Sunday night - how did it im-

press you? You know, I wonder how most of us would react if some one asked us suddenly, "Why are you fighting?" "Well, I'm fighting for-- we're all fighting for, --uh!" It wouldn't really be so easy to bat out an answer to that question right off hand, would it? There is an old saying that no one knows what he really thinks until he tries to put it into words. I think most of have joined in this fracas, more or less, from instinct alone. There is a surging pressure within us that caused us to take up arms even before that instinct was transmuted into rational thought! Instinctively we know that all we hold dear is at stake, and we don't have to be told to throw water on a fire!

That same instinct is the driving force that has made America what it is today and any person who does not have it does not deserve to be called an American. However, this inner urge cannot suddenly change us from a peace loving citizen into a highly trained, efficient fighting man over night. We have learned in the Navy that in order to be a real sailor we must be trained from the ground up. All those hard grinding days at boot camp gradually molded our thoughts into reflex actions; when just to hear an order was to obey it - obey it without thinking that we must hold a gun in just so many positions before we have executed "Right shoulder, Arms". That primary training must go further back still, for there was one branch of fighting that our instructors did not possibly have time to teach us:- To fight with more than our minds and bodies! Both of these can fail us in times of great stress. When a man is badly wounded, unless he has magnificent control, all reflex actions, except those of self-preservation, cease to exist and we think only of our pain and danger. It is at this moment that the question of "What are we fighting for" is answered! If we have entered the service more or less for adventure, for travel, or any dozen reasons that are only half-formed in our minds, pain and physical danger in battle will cause our minds to do a "black-out", and we cease at this point to be of any value to our country and to the service.

There is one thing that will enable us to keep on going though, no matter how great our danger and suffering. If we can hold the thought of those we love most dear being subjected to slavery for our enemies; if we can vision our dearest ones tortured and tossed from one prison cell to another; if we can see our homes in flames, and all this land of our being taken over by the enemies, then we will cease to feel pain, and the only danger we will know is that we will not be able to get up again and man a battle station, or carry ammunition, or help some shipmate who is more seriously wounded than we! If we can recall to mind, in one flashing instant, all the men that have gladly died for America, and see the hard-ships suffered through the years by our forefathers, that one flashing thought will animate our bodies even if our legs are gone! Bitter toil, suffering, sacrifice, and the facing of a million dangers is the price our people have paid for OUR America. So, you answer the question - Is America Worth MY Life? Is the opportunity to love, to worship God and to think as they please for our children, and all children in America, worth our lives? This is how one Great American and a great soldier answered it: "No man is worth his salt who is not ready at all times to risk his body, to risk his well-being, to risk his life, in a great cause".-Theodore Roosevelt;

BASE BUILDERS;  
John Henderson, Jr.

## I

So you're working on the Bases?  
Do you know what Bases are?  
They're our most efficient Weapon  
In peace as well as war.

## II

We furnish troops with shelter.  
Sometimes for only a day.  
We feed and clothe and house 'em.  
Sort of start them on their way.

## III

We see that they have bullets,  
And we 'tend those that are sick.  
New uniforms, they expect from us  
To keep them looking slick.

## IV

A place where they can gather  
To hear or tell a joke,  
Shoot craps or see a movie,  
Or just sit and have a smoke.

## V

Or write a letter, send a card  
To loved ones way back home.  
A place for them to gather  
When they feel they're all alone.

## VI

But that's all superficial;  
It means much more than that.  
For a Base just like we're building  
Keeps our forces standing pat.

## VII

We build the piers so ships can land  
When their groceries are lean.  
And we fill their tanks with water,  
Oils, Gas and Dieselene.

## XV

America is in your hands  
Your work, we know ain't fun.  
Just keep your shoulder to the wheel,  
And let "God's will be done".

## VIII

We load 'em up with clothes & food  
Shells and torpedoes too.  
Bombs, guns and depth charges  
And a personnel or crew.

## IX

We load the transport up with men  
Equipped from our supply.  
And give them tanks, trucks & planes  
Before we say 'Good-Bye'.

## X

Those boys don't question orders.  
They go where they're sent.  
For they feel we'll take care o'  
On the ships or in a tent. (them,

## XI

That stuff, Bill, you're mixing,  
Ain't just ordinary cement.  
It's to bind the hearts of million  
For that reason it was sent.

## XII

And the steel that Red is tying;  
It's to reinforce the soul  
Of a Nation undivided  
With Victory for it's goal.

## XIII

And Jack, we need your pipelines  
And Eric, you've a job.  
Watch your electric wiring, Ed!  
We can't bungle this job.

## XIV

Can't you see just what a base is  
You ain't working just for pay!!  
Your brain and brawn together  
Is your country's life today.

## SPORT'S TALK

By Graber

Well, after a little rest and re-organization we go to press again, attempting, in our own little way, to keep 'youse' fellows informed as to what is going on in the world of sports. The news, as we get it down here, may be a little old but it is still news from home and we cherish it no matter what it's age.

In the limelight this week is football and football, in it's present situation, is in a terrific mess. About 2 weeks ago Boston College, Georgia Tech and U. of Ga. were tops on the Atlantic Seaboard. Then came a resounding CRASH!!!! Holy Cross lowers the boom on Boston College; Auburn's little band of Plainsmen do likewise by Senor Frankie Sinkwich and his cohorts and then Ga. Tech lost a Thanksgiving Saturday game to U. of Ga. This brings up a question??? Who's the best team??? The American public must have a "best" team. See if you can pick it.

However, Texas U. has sent an invitation to Ga. Tech to play them in the Cotton Bowl on New Year's Day (incidentally, Texas U. is Southwest Conference Champ). In the Big 10 Wisconsin and Ohio State were the stand-outs with Ohio winning the title. However, if you're looking for a well-balanced team and you are willing to take ye scribe selection, then look no further than William and Mary. Look at their record!! They downed Navy, Harvard and Dartmouth all within a month.

Baseball news isn't so plentiful but here's what we have: Branch Rickey is the new manager of 'De Bums' replacing Leland Stanford MacPhail (Larry to youse guys) and Leo Durocher has just been relieved as manager while Dressen was let out. Mort Cooper was easily voted the most valuable player in the National League and those "carpet-bagger" Yankee newspaper writers voted Joe Gordon as the best in the American League. Speaking of newspaper men - the New York sports writers have been "alibi-ing all over the place" since the Cards showed the Yanks how the game should be played. The Cinncy Reds sold Goodman to the Cubs and Bill Terry has resigned from handling the Giant's farm system.

Our own station softball team is coming along very well - they have won 2 and lost 1 in Army League competition. We have some good players in Lucas, Bishop, Stillman, Metz and the other boys. Our basketball team took the trophy and have the title safely tucked away.

Bowling is a terrific attraction on the base now. Leagues are already formed and they roll three nites a week - sometimes four. If anybody rolls a 300 score the Exhaust will get out an extra. The gym is open afternoons and nites and a goodly assortment of athletic equipment is on hand.

A call has gone out for hard-ball players (pitchers and catchers at present) and any of you that used to throw rocks at stray cats come down to the gym and loosen up that soupbone.

RANDOM BITS: We have just learned that Ensign Cavette, Supply Officer for the Birdmen, is a former star end and punter deluxe from Georgia Tech. Maybe you knew it but, the dope just got here that Trinidad has a golf course. The fact within itself is not so strange but it is the first golf course we have ever heard of that had coconuts and lizards for hazards. Now it's up to some intrepid American to train an iguana to act as caddy. Henry Armstrong, in a recent comeback, gained a decision over Frankie Zivic. Sorta hard to take, don't you think???

---

#### LOST AND FOUND DEPARTMENT

A bank deposit book, issued by the Corona Branch of the Fidelity National of New York, and bearing the name of C. P. Discolo, Account Number C-9681, has been turned in to the Exhaust Office. It will be held until claimed.

I DON'T CARE IF SHE IS YOUR NO. 1 MOPSIE LAUNDRY QUEEN - DELIVERY SERVICE STOPS AT THE GATE!!



(MAKE UP YOUR MIND BOSS I WALKED SEVEN MILES ONLY)



### BILLY GILBERT AND FAMILY ENTERTAIN

It was our very great privilege and pleasure to be entertained by the famous comedian, Billy Gilbert, and other members of his troupe. We learned later that 'the other members' were none other than his immediate family with the exception of the assisting Army talent.

Billy was in great form last Saturday night and kept up a never-ending stream of jokes, tall stories and pantomime in his own inimitable manner. The skit in which he hires out as a cook and gets into a terrible argument with his boss (Mrs. Gilbert) is one that will never grow old. No one could possibly distort the English language as does Senor Gilbert and still leave you enough around the edges so you will get an idea of what he is talking about.

Taking an equally high spot in the show was Fay McKenzie, a gorgeous, delectable morsel of red-headed oomph!! During the program it was brought out that Fay poses for some of the pictures in Esquire and a peek into the December

(Con't in center of next page)

## LAST MINUTE SPORTS

### Navy Boxing Team To Be Started.

We're out to have a boxing team! The Army has several and so can we. It is the plan of the Recreation Department to sponsor a team to meet the various teams in Trinidad as well as box in Smokers on the Station. Everyone interested in joining the team or learning how to box is urged to come out for the first meeting to be held Monday nite at 1900 on the balcony of the game room of the Recreation Building. No experience is necessary. Lieutenant (jg) A. De Judio, "Biff" Holstein and other former professional boxers will coach the team. The Recreation Department has just received boxing gloves, trunks, punching bags, light and heavy, and punching gloves.

Remember: The time - Monday, 7 December 1942 at 1900.  
The place- Balcony by the game room of the Recreation Building.  
The Sport- Boxing!!  
Who - - - Anybody in the Navy or Marine Corps.

### Tumbling Group Started.

A tumbling group has started working out at the Recreation Building under the instruction of Ensign R. Korsgaard, Naval Operating Base Recreation Officer. Anyone interested in joining the group may do so by contacting Ensign Korsgaard at his office in the Library or by showing up for practice. Beginners as well as old timers are welcome.

---

### BILLY GILBERT (CONT'D)

issue of Esky reveals a Vargas model that is an identical image of the little lady.

In addition to the above acts we were entertained by the former arranger and piano thumper of Kay Kyser's orchestra. The Sarge ran the gamut - everything from sweet swing to boogie-woogie. Another high spot of the evening was the drummer who began his career by practising on the transmission of a jeep (this was gleaned from a statement made by Miss McKenzie) and now he whacks away at everything in sight and reach.

The sixth member of the party was an accordion player, now in the Army, whose digital dexterity was something to behold. After a whirl at some especially fast rhumba music that should have left his fingers tied in square knots, he held up two perfectly good hands and proceeded to give forth with several more familiar tunes, the last being "Beer Barrel Polka" in which Padre Gilbert lent the dulcet tones of his voice to lead us in a little community sing.

Thanks a lot to all of you, Mr. Gilbert and company. We thoroughly enjoyed the show and deeply appreciated the efforts you expended in order to give us an evening of real enjoyment.

---

DON'T FORGET, FELLOWS!! THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE EXHAUST IS DUE OFF THE PRESS ON THE 27TH AND ANY IDEAS YOU MAY HAVE FOR CARTOONS OR ANY SUGGESTIONS FOR ARTICLES WILL BE GREATLY APPRECIATED. IF YOU CAN'T GET DOWN TO THE OFFICE THEN ADDRESS YOUR CONTRIBUTION TO THE "EDITOR, TRINIDAD EXHAUST" AND DROP IT IN YOUR BARRACKS MAIL BOX.