



Oliver

SHOREHAM

SHOREHAM, L.I., N.Y.

AUGUST 12, 1944

SHOREHAM'S CHILDREN



Lt. Randall Warden, Jr. U.S.N.R. Wounded.

Word has been received by Mr. and Mrs. Randall Warden from the Navy that their son, Lt. Randall Warden Jr., U.S.N.R., has been wounded in action. No further details were given. Lt. Warden was commissioned in the Navy several years ago. He was stationed in this country for some time, but recently went overseas and took part in the invasion of France.

NEWS OF FORMER SHOREHAMITE.

Mrs. John Madigan writes the following news: "I thought you might be interested in hearing what little news there is of a former Shorehamite - Loraine Nye. She married a Frenchman in 1938 and has been living in France ever since. I heard from her father that after Pearl Harbor she was arrested by the Nazis but was soon released through the efforts of her husband. Mr. Nye heard from her a year ago February via the Red Cross that she was well and was expecting a baby in August. He has just received another Red Cross message dated Jan. 11th, 1944, in which she said that her baby "Darlane" was born last July in the same month that she received a Doctorate from the Sorbonne. She sounds mighty energetic to me. She is living south of Paris in Casne."

LITTLE RAFT IS LOST.

In the strong north-east wind of last Monday, August 7th, and the attendant heavy sea, the little raft off the Shoreham beach broke from its moorings, washed ashore where it was badly battered, and was finally swept down to Rocky Point Landing. Monday evening, Patrolman R. Griffiths, Buddy Sherman, Laddie Perenyi, Sonny Nulty, Haskell Frei, Rene Laurencot, and Bo Hopkins worked on the beach until 9 o'clock attempting to save the raft. It was lassoed and tied to three anchors buried in the sand, and an attempt was made to turn it over to empty the water in it; this was unsuccessful due to its weight. Wally Bull of Port Jefferson chained the raft at 10 o'clock, but the surf which reached Channing Pollock's bulkhead and floated the life boat tied to the beach steps destroyed all moorings. Lifeguard John Mealy and Patrolman M. Sherry discovered the raft Tuesday morning at Rocky Pt. Landing in a condition that did not warrant salvaging. Three small rafts were put out Wednesday to replace the larger one. The wind storm which caused the damage was a typical "north-easter", and is not usual in August. The beach also suffered considerable damage with erosion caused by backwash of the waves. The steward at the club, Mr. Henry Gebhart, filled in several of the ruts and it is hoped that calm weather will restore the usual appearance.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT DANCE.

The jam session of the Hep-cats was really groovey this week. The slick chicks and tomatoes jitter-bugged to the new hot records. Pidgeon Grace Ann Nulty was Junior hostess and drape-shape Laddie Perenyi Junior host with Mrs. Kerr as senior hostess. For the contest all sorts of comic characters showed up, but the judges decided that Cookie Jane Cooper as Raggedy Andy and Haskell Frei as the Brow were the sharpest. Refreshments and rug-cutting for all followed.

Sue Miles.

Edited and Published Weekly
by Peggy Haslett.
Address Shoreham, N.Y.
Telephone Shoreham 2327

Subscription Rates \$1.50
per season; \$.20 per issue;
Adv't Rates on request.

EDITORIALS

There is always something wonderful about a beginning. The unfolding of the unknown, with the attendant anticipation, the surge of hope or even the small tingle of fear, holds an unequalled fascination. But of all beginnings, surely that of a life holds the greatest wonder of all. That most miraculous of unfoldings, of the body to awareness and the mind to comprehension can happen in Shoreham so fully and with so little fear.

Here, in the slow and growing discovery of things there is the first acquaintance with warm yellow sand, with the mobile transparency of sea-water, with the touch of a spray (See, it tickles if you hold it very close!). The untold possibilities of a rock (But I won't hit anybody, Mommie, and watch, it can fly!) are explored. Here is the golden feel of sun on bare shoulders, the rough brown texture of bark beneath small palms and between small knees. The hazy smell of early morning, the sociable chatter of Katy-dids in the blue of early night are here, and the liquid beauty of bird-song.

And as the mind unfolds, there is the wonderful expression of its findings. In this beginning here, the bars of convention are still too low to be of great hindrance. The candid eye perceives, the attentive ear listens and the unfettered tongue speaks. The gems of unchecked reaction - that Biblical wisdom - can glimmer here untarnished.

This is a benign place for a beginning and a growing. Later, when rocks have assumed their proper mundane proportions and Katy-dids are orthopterous insects, when the cloak of custom has settled heavily on the shoulder and the events have unfolded, it will help that the

EDITORIALS - Continued

early perceptions of the mind and body were formed here. For, though the memory of childhood in Shoreham may be hazy, it will be evoked by sunshine in the morning, cool greenness, tall trees and the beauty of all, free things. It will always be available in times of trouble and in it will be the seed of hope for new beginnings.

SHOREHAM'S CHILDREN

This summer there are, by official tabulation, nearly one hundred children under the age of sixteen in Shoreham, and nearly sixty of that number are under the age of ten. The traditional pebbles of the Shoreham beach are near out-numbered and have assumed a new importance as tooth-cutters. A complete assortment of size, height, breadth and width is on view for anyone with anthropological tendencies, and the unassailable charm of small growing things is available for esthetes. The water runs a close second to the air for a medium of existence, and one eight-month-old shows unmistakable signs of being a channel swimmer in a few years.

We would have liked to do a year-book on Shoreham's Children with the pertinent factors of age, coloring and outstanding characteristics, but there is a paper shortage and our vocabulary of adjectives won't stretch that much; piquant, solemn, wistful, pert, venturesome, wise, sassy, cuddly, self-reliant, exasperating, charming, huggable, dreamy, inquisitive, exhausting, inexhaustable, adorable, daring, knowing (but very!), fearless, imaginative (to the nth degree!), shy (?), into-things, out-of-things, irresistable - and that's only twenty-five. Multiply it by four, add plenty of health, salt well with boundless energy and pepper with mischief and you'll have a small idea of Shoreham's children.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor:

In comparison with Rabbit Fever (Tularemia), Desert Fever (Valley Fever of the War Camps) and Parrot Fever (Psittacosis), a disease known locally here on Long Island since 1913 can hardly be called new, but Tick Fever (Rocky Mt. Spotted Fever) interests us for several reasons: (1) its dramatic transfer to Suffolk County from Wyoming, (2) its recognized carrier, the dog tick, and (3) its severity and occasional tragic ending.

The stricken individual is uncomfortably, seriously and sometimes dangerously ill. Onset is abrupt with headache, fever, pains in muscles and joints, and tenderness of the skin and underlying tissues. A chill may initiate the disease. The patient is unusually irritable and restless: at times dull and lethargic.

The eyes are red with congestion of the conjunctiva and the patient avoids all light: the sick room is in Stygian darkness. These eyes remain red for 7 to 10 days, sometimes longer, but there is no discharge as in measles or pink eye. The fever varies but is usually high - 103 to 105. Drinks are desired but often vomited. The tongue is red, swollen and often coated. The throat is reddened and there is at times a slight cough.

On the 2nd or 3rd days, sometimes not until the 4th or 5th, a spotted rash appears on the ankles or wrists, and soon spreads to the feet and legs, the head or forearms, and then to the body. This is the characteristic rash of the disease: rose red spots $1/10$ to $1/8$ in. in diameter, at first disappearing on pressure, later unaffected by such pressure; at first level with the skin, then slightly elevated. Their number increases rapidly; 20 on one finger, 8 to 10 on the top of the toe, dozens on the palms and soles of the feet, and then hundreds, thousands and more on the arms legs and trunk and face, neck and even the scalp in some instances. The spots enlarge and often coalesce. Sometimes the color becomes purplish and occasionally hemorrhagic areas appear. Such hemorrhagic changes are ominous, as local gangrene may develop, and this often marks the failure of the patient to recover.

The rash persists throughout the three weeks of the disease and may be identified as faint brownish spots long after convalescence has been established.

During the first two weeks of the disease, the fever runs a variable course of 102 to 105 and even 106. The patient is profoundly ill, very weak, often unable or unwilling to raise the head from the pillow, turning in bed only with assistance, resisting attempts to force nourishment, and drowsily disinterested in everything. Weight loss is rapid and considerable. The spleen is enlarged early and throughout this period of the disease, and the blood count is that of an acute infection. The liver is sometimes enlarged and tender, there is marked intestinal torpor, and the kidneys are severely affected.

The circulation is a cause of great anxiety in the weakened state of the patient, the pulse rapid - from 110 to 140, and the heart sounds weak. The blood pressure is low. During the convalescence, the pulse rate may continue high, reflecting the weakened state of the heart muscle. Activity must be restricted as long as the pulse is high.

All kinds of complications may develop; hemorrhages, acute Bright's disease, persistent hiccoughs, pneumonia, convulsions, confluent ulceration of the skin and coma.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. (CONTINUED)

The diagnosis is not difficult to one who has seen the disease: The combination of temperature, conjunctival congestion, rash and kidney irritation sets the disease apart.

No case is trifling. The course of the disease is often stormy and convalescence may be extremely slow in some cases.

The disease on Long Island has been of especial interest to residents of Suffolk County. Its transfer by a drove of Western horses sent to Gardiner's Island has become a matter of medical history, and the bulk of the cases in New York State are reported from this county. The death rate has been as high as 20%: more recently 10% with the newer treatments.

To avoid the disease, one should try to limit tick infestation. All ticks on the body should be immediately removed, without crushing them with the fingers, which further endangers the individual attacked. Rubber gloves or rubber fingers are advisable. Any ticks which are attached should be removed and the wounds touched with Tincture of Iodine, Mercurchrome, or a toothpick dipped in strong carbolic acid solution.

Spotted fever vaccine given every year is protection. This is the Army practice.

In the treatment of the afflicted patient, absolute bed-rest, quiet, fluids freely, frequent sponge bathing, alkalies and aspirin for pains are valuable. Intravenous medication with Neo-Salvarsan has been of great help in the cases at the Mather Memorial Hospital. Special serum in bold dosage has also modified the severity of the disease in some cases. Good nursing is of great help. No resource in treatment should be neglected.

Frank Bethel Cross
M.D.F.A.C.P.

TO the Editor:

In Mr. Montgomery Lewis's letter about Civic Pride (purportedly) in the July 8th issue of the Shorehamitem, I hope his phrasing was only thoughtless, and not deliberate. For, while New Dealers are accustomed to being accused of many odd things, this is the first time I have ever heard them linked with our enemies, the Germans and Japs.

However, it is a pleasant sign of national unity that even such fantasy as this can be printed without anyone being much disturbed. And it remains happily true that in Shoreham and in all the thousands of communities like Shoreham all over the country, a man can vote as he pleases - which, by the way, is one very good foundation for building civic pride.

M. R. D.

LAST STURDAY NIGHT'S DANCE.

The dance at the country club last Sturday night was a very successful one. There was a large crowd present with several guests augmenting the members. Songs from Oklahoma were sung by a chorus of ten, and there were specialty duets by Mr. and Mrs. Mervin Pallister, and Mrs. John Bates and Mr. A. W. Barnhart. Mrs. Gilbert Frei was the soloist for the performance, singing "I Can't Say No". After the dancing, the crowd gathered for informal singing.

COMING EVENTS

The informal gathering to be held at the Shoreham Country Club this Saturday will feature an Italian Dinner with Italian wines. Mr. Frank Gaias will cater for the affair. Dinner will be served at eight o'clock on the beach. All are requested to bring their own forks. There will be singing later in the evening. It has been announced that several new records have been purchased by the club, so that dancing may also be enjoyed. Any desiring to play poker are asked to bring cards and chips. It is hoped that a large crowd will turn out for this affair.

The Sunday Evening Song Service will be led this week by Mrs. Kenneth Kerr. Master Rukin Kerr will sing and will be accompanied by Miss Jeanette Sarkany. Mrs. Geysa Sarkany will be at the piano.

Hostesses for the Wednesday night Dancing Classes next week will be Mrs. A.J. Sackett and Mrs. K Hopkins. Thursday morning Mrs. Elvin Jensen will be in charge.

The dance next Saturday night will again have the music of Mr. Fuller's Port Jefferson Orchestra. This dance will be enlivened by head-dresses, and it is requested that all attending bedeck themselves accordingly. Prizes will be awarded.

RED CROSS MEETINGS

Mrs. William Van Arnam reports that the attendance at the Red Cross meetings held each Tuesday morning at 9:00, at the Club is markedly lacking. Everyone who can sew or knit is urgently requested to come.

FIRE IN ROCKY POINT

A fire which was started by the

PORT JEFFERSON THEATRE

Fri. & Sat., Aug. 11-12
Matinee Sat. 2:30 P.M.

Fredric March and Alexis Smith
in

ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN

News.....Cartoon
1st Eve. show at 7:00 P.M.
2nd Eve. show at 9:05 P.M.
Feature shown at 2:47, 7:00, 9:22

Sun., Mon., Tues., Aug. 13-15
Matinee Sun., 2:30 P.M.

Jimmy Durante & Van Johnson
in

TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR

News.....cartoon
1st Eve. show at 7:00 P.M.
2nd Eve. show at 9:04 P.M.
Feature shown at 2:47, 7:00, 9:21

Wed. & Thurs., August 16, 17.

Robert Watson & Victor Varconi
in

THE HITLER GANG

also

William Boyd & Andy Clyde
in

FORTY THIEVES

News.....cartoon
1st Eve. show at 7:00 P.M.
2nd Eve. show at 8:00 P.M.
Hitler Gang shown once at 8:17 P.M.
Forty Thieves shown at 7 & 9 P.M.

burning of brush close-by caused considerable damage to Bohack's store in Rocky Point Landing last Saturday, August 5th. The North Shore Beach Fire Department and the Rocky Point Fire Department were called out. The damage was increased by the water that was necessary to extinguish the blaze. The store is again open to business and few of the effects of the fire are visible from the outside.

DON'T THROW LIGHTED CIGARETTES
OUT OF CAR WINDOWS. AVOID FOREST
FIRES.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Mr. and Mrs. R.W.Erskine, their daughter, Helen, and son, Wallace, of Massepequa, L.I., are visiting at the home of Mr. Erskine's sister, Mrs. Helen E. Hughes.

Guests at the home of the A.W.Barnharts last week-end were Mr. Barnhart's sister, Mrs. Muriel Graham, and Mr. Chauncey Graybar of New York City.

Mr. Brian Brady was a guest at the home of the George Beattys last weekend.

Mrs. Florence Brandon has been a recent guest in Shoreham at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Barnhart and of Mrs. Frank Koch.

Miss Paula Stone of New York City and Lieutenant Jack Gregory, at present stationed at Mitchell Field, will be the guests of Dr. and Mrs. F.W.Finn this weekend.

Miss Jane Cooper of Brooklyn is visiting Miss Mary Varian this week.

Mr. R. C. Autiema will be a weekend guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. King Hopkins.

Miss Dorothy Westhead of New York City is to be the guest of Mrs. William Hagenah this weekend.

Miss Page Michie of New York City has been the guest of Mrs. John Varian the past two weekends and is expected this weekend.

Miss Carroll Fitzgerald of Bronxville is visiting the H.R.Turnbells. Mrs. Peggy Poe and her daughter, also of Bronxville, were guests of the Turnbells last weekend. Master Billy Sanford of the same village is visiting Ruddy Turnbull.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Edwards and their son Clipper, of Montclair, N.J., are guests at the home of Mrs. Clifford Edwards. Master Ramsay Simpson is also staying with his grandmother. Mrs. John Simpson is expected shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Britton Busch of New York City and Colonel and Mrs. R.J. Quigley of Florida will be guests this weekend of Mrs. W.R.Callender. Miss Mary Jane Cassidy visited Mrs. Callender last weekend.

Missess Jane and Claire Laurencot are visiting in Westhampton Beach for a week.

Mrs. John Wahl Queen of South Orange, N.J., is visiting her daughter Mrs. J. T. Miles.

Mr. John Bates will be in Shoreham for his vacation the next two week

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Newell of Huntington and their young son, Tucker, are expected as guests this weekend at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Spontowiz. Guests last weekend at their home were Mr. and Mrs. Dean Brink of Huntington.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF G. I. JOE.

Private William Heard was a guest in Shoreham last weekend. He is the proud father of a baby boy. Private Heard is at present stationed in Stormville, N.Y. and has returned there after his furlough.

Frank MacKinnon, an officer in the Merchant Marine, visited his parents Dr. and Mrs. Thomas MacKinnon for a few days last week. He is a survivor of a recent sinking, and expects to go back to sea very shortly.

Private Herbert Frei is now in France. He is anxious to obtain the address of Loraine Nye, a former resident of Shoreham.

Private Edwin Barnhart is now in Mississippi, stationed at Keesler Field for his basic training.

York Breitung, a frequent visitor in Shoreham, has been called to active duty in the Air Corps. He will report this Monday, August 14th.

NEW ADDRESSES OF SERVICEMEN.

Private Edwin Barnhart
A.S.N. 112089808
3704 A.A.F. B.U.
Sec. U. (54) Class 57
Keesler Field, Miss.

Private H. G. Frei
A.S.N. 12149066
Hq. and Hq. Co.
36th Hv. Sig. Const. Bn.
c/o Postmaster, New York City

P.f.c. Richard Casey
A.S.N. 12127096
6811th Signal Det.
A.P.O. 887
c/o Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

Pvt. Edwin Barnhart writes his family:

We arrived at Keesler Field on August second just as the orders said we would. It was the dirtiest train ride we had ever experienced. We will be here at least six weeks and if the letters aren't too frequent it is because we have no time to write. We get up and dress at 4:30, clean the barracks, and then drill for three hours. We will sleep out later on and also learn how to handle rifles and pistols. We aren't allowed on the field at all, and we won't see a plane as long as we stay here. The food here is great, but the heat is terrific and each of us has to take six salt tablets a day. We have a nice sergeant this time and he told us bluntly that the next six weeks would be the hardest of our army life. I'm glad I'm here though because by the time Bud and York get in we will be well on the way to being finished with basic and the quicker we get done with it the better I'll like it!

NEWS AND VIEWS OF G. I. JOE.

Capt. Hagenah enclosed the following verse that was written in the area where he is stationed. He thought it might amuse the Shorehamites.

Somewhere in the Pacific
Where the sun is like a curse
And every day is followed
By another a little worse;
Where the coral dust blows thicker
Than the shifting desert sand,
And a white man thinks and dreams
Of a fairer, cooler land.

Somewhere in the Pacific
Where a woman is never seen
Where the sky is never cloudy
And the grass is always green;
Where the Goony birds do chatter
And the maid is always late
Where the Christmas cards in April
Are considered up to date.

Somewhere below the equator
When the nights are made for love
Where the moon is like a searchlight
With the southern cross above.
Sparkling stars are bright and many
In the beautiful tropical night
It's a shameless waste of beauty
Since that certain girl is not
in sight.

Somewhere in the Pacific islands
Where the frigates moan and cry
And the lumbering deep-sea turtles
Come up on the beach to die!
Oh, take me back to Shoreham
The land I love so well,
For these God-forsaken islands
Are a substitute for hell!

Capt. William Hagenah writes to his wife, Mary, from the South Pacific:
July 24th:-

They tell of an interesting rescue made from Guam recently. An American working as a radio operator for Pan American fled to the mountains when the Japs invaded, living there until a few weeks ago, when seeing U.S. warships coming in to bombard the island, he sent them a message from the hills by blinker light. A few nights later, he was picked up off a pre-arranged point by a U.S. destroyer. He had much useful information. . . . The other day a hospital ship stopped off here. Eight nurses came ashore as soon as they were spotted, someone dug up a ten piece orchestra, roped off the middle of the "O" club, and for the next 2½ hours Roseland would have had a tough time competing. What jive! About 300 officers and eight nurses, they would dance about three steps then cut the next man took over, and no holds barred. I'll bet every inch of their bodies was black and blue, but the gals took it all in the days work and seemed to have a swell time.

From Maj. Erskine to his mother:-

July 29: I'm writing this letter on the porch of a hospital where I'm immobilized by a broken toe! (It's a damned dangerous war!) We have all sorts of warning booklets and leaflets about the poisonous fishes. But the men never bother - all they need to know is that there may be something in the water not quite nice. Then before they dive in they chuck in a few hand grenades and take a chance. Japs are the only things they are cautious about. They are so firmly convinced that no Jap is safe until he is dead that Intelligence is seriously considering sending for the F.B.I. to capture a few prisoners. All the interpreters sent to ~~the front~~ to question prisoners of war are getting so lonely for someone to talk to that they're training parrots to talk Japanese.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF G.I. JOE
(Continued)

Lt. Col. John Varian writes his wife Elayne from France:

July 20th: We are making some slow progress in our cider barrel, but otherwise life is very quiet. I am sending you another copy of Stars and Stripes which gives an idea of the foxholes or slit trench situation in Normandy. You have probably seen some air photos of the area showing how many holes have been made in the fields; it's almost unbelievable when seen for the first time.

The Germans have been seen to use certain churches on their side for OPs and our civilian reports having worked on a gun emplacement inside a church. One of them suddenly caught fire yesterday without being fired on at all which indicates that they were probably using that one, which had been designated as a national shrine on which we were not permitted to fire. We have been avoiding the use of such specified shrines and I doubt if churches are used for anything but OPs or hospitals.

Our beach head is becoming so crowded that hospitals are being badly crowded by airfields and munition dumps. Undoubtedly the Nazis will hit a hospital on some of their sporadic bombing missions against other points.

Today we got a distribution supposedly from the German Tunnel at Cherbourg - one bottle of wine and one of liquor per officer. I distributed mine by lot, but won a real D.O.M. Benedictine and a bottle of Burgundy. We had real Cointreau also - eight bottles - and Noilly Pratt Vermouth (French). Most of it was marked for German military only.

Lt. Jack Hughes writes his family:

July 18th: -----talking about books, I was amused at a situation that often appears. I was at OP alone, and the weather was too foul to see much so I was squatting under some sandbags to keep out of the rain as much as possible and avidly reading chapters on the bloody life of combat in "And a Few Marines", particularly interested in the effects of German shelling. Every now and then Jerry would start shelling where he thought our OP still was, almost 200 yards away. Soulfully cussing the interruption, I would have to clamber to the instrument and try to locate where it was coming from. At the time I never saw the humor of the situation, being mad as a wet hen at being torn from the excitement of reading of battle cause I was being shelled (200 yards is not far away for a shell and you never know where the next will be!).

What do you think about this; some shells were coming in the other day and a guy in the next battery made a dive for his hole, but a large shell (dud) beat him into it. Poor guy didn't know what the hell to do - didn't want to go in, didn't want to stay out - he hadn't been trained for that. Funny thing, the entrance to the dugout was away from the enemy, but the shell bounced off a tree and whanged into the hole anyway.

July 29th: Just realized in spite of all I've hit since I've been here I've yet to raise a shovel "in anger" (to dig a foxhole). This is due mostly to my never being in the same place long; when the Battery is not moving, I am. But it's a must where we land - every

NEWS AND VIEWS OF G.I. JOE

(Continued)

man not only makes a hole for himself but covers it over with sand bags, and half of them sleep in 'em.

Cross is over here. Told me he passed (in letter) very near to where I was June 20th but couldn't stop - too bad - am keeping an eye out for him.

The men are absorbed in the operation of an elaborate electric train set they'd found, right in the middle of the roughest position we'd hit. Typical.

As has always been the case with the 1st in combat, issued equipment (always meager) is being well supplemented by Jerry equipment, repainted and operated right along with our own, everything from mess gear and weapons to autos and trucks (two of the vehicles are within 20 feet of me now). A lot of it is considered superior to ours by many, and numerous items are considered prizes by virtue of their usefulness, not as souvenirs. Some of our stuff is so well copied from theirs (despite our boasts) that it's hard to tell which is which. Jerry is very ingenious. Also a lot of us acquire extra stuff of our own, for instance, I picked up an M1 (Garand) for OP use - provides that feeling of security - lot of us that go forward sport them.

Slept one night in a rather lavish boudoir, full of perfume and feminine effects of well-to-do wench - must have been wealthy collaborators for they lacked little - first decent house I've seen - as I sprawled over fancy sheets on a super soft bed I made a big concession, took my shoes and helmet off. Went to sleep amidst almost forgotten feminine smells, dreamed of the days when.

Regarding my mustache, no comment has come from 52 - comment from Fort Smith unfavorable. But since I've got the damn thing I want to hang onto it till I get home, then, once you've looked, I'll whip it off if need be. Looks much better now, after much playing with it, but it is still a light gold.

You know, here, the days of the week mean nothing, and we seldom are aware of them, only of the date because necessary for military reasons. There is no Sunday, and, strangely, you never miss it. And we work 24 hours a day, but at the same time the "work" is just living, moving and bits of technical work. We loaf and play along with it, and rest and sleep when we can, which is reasonably often, though at irregular intervals. For instance, at the moment the job calls for poring over maps, exchanging info on phone at intervals - I don't consider that work - rest of time I'm living or loafing.

SUNDAY EVENING SONG SERVICE

The song Service last Sunday evening was led by Dr. F. W. Finn and was devoted entirely to selections by the audience. Mrs. Gilbert Frei, Mr. Albert George and Mr. and Mrs. Mervin Pallister sang a quartet. Mrs. Geysa Sarkany was at the piano. The service closed with the singing of "Now the Day is Over" and the repetition of the Lord's Prayer.

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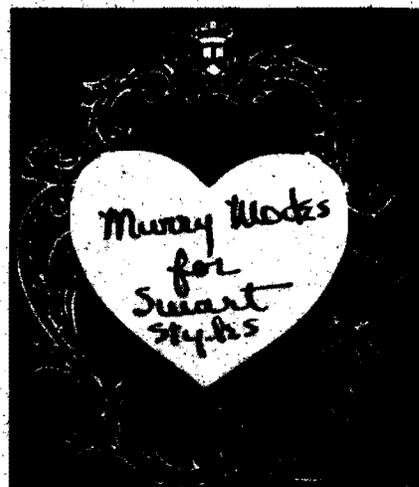
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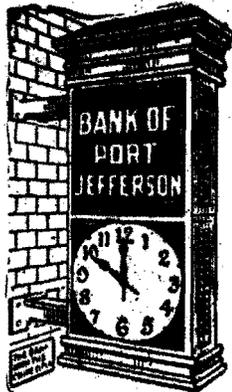
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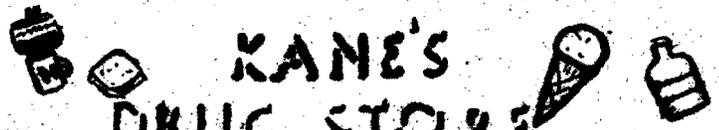
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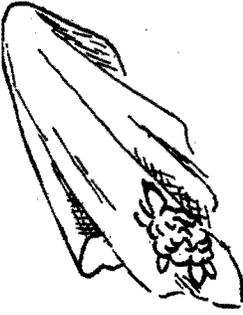
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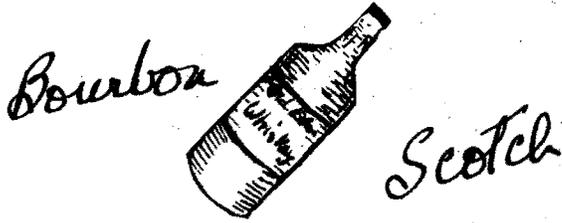


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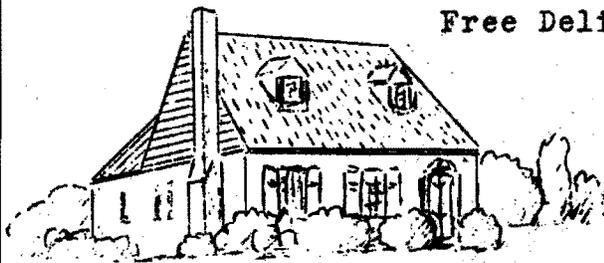
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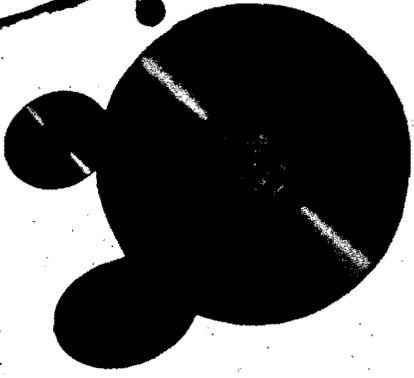


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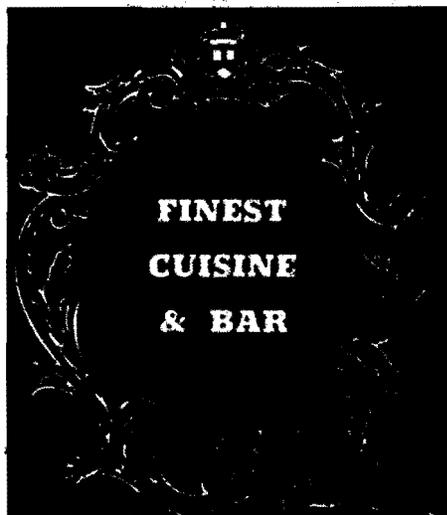
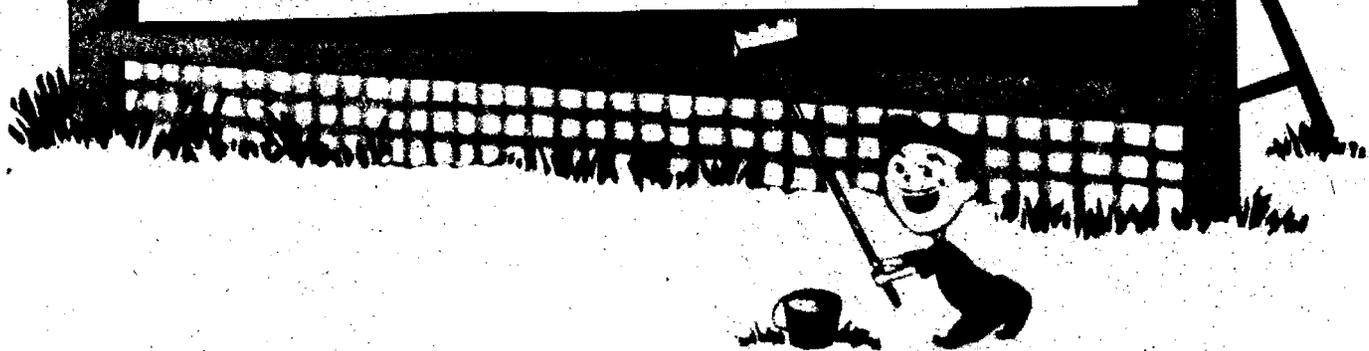
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