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ATTORNEY GENERAL'S

SERVICE MEN'S

BULLETIN

May-June 1945



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ATTORNEY GENERAL'S SERVICE MEN'S BULLETIN

Issue No. 27

May & June, 1945

By--Ewie Chambers

OLYMPIA---THE SUMMER WHITE HOUSE

Well, just now as I glanced out of the window the President and the Governor were strolling down the path toward the power plant down over the hill toward the bay. The President had on a brown suede jacket and was bareheaded.

Of course, you've all heard about his visit here over the radio and through the newspapers, so there's not much use in going into all that. But the Temple is really quite a ringside seat and we can see him wandering around, surrounded, of course by the ever present secret service men. Every corner of the grounds is being policed by members of the State Patrol--thousands of them, literally. They stopped Jennie the other morning when she parked her car in back of the Temple, telling her she couldn't go in. JENNIE: "Oh yes I can, brother, I work here!" There was no argument.

Yesterday morning when he left for the mountain some of us ran down and across the campus and stood on the curb waiting for his car to pass. Governor Wallgren was driving in a convertible with the top down. We called: "Have a good time." President Truman grinned broadly and, holding his hat in his hand, called back "Well, I have a poor chauffeur, but we may make it." It was fun--sort of a little private interview--no pomp or circumstance.

We all feel quite proud that Olympia has been honored by having the President choose to spend a week here, and to have the Summer White House right in our own yard.

A. G. PARTY

Honoring JERRY HILE and GRACE HATTENBURG to the office we threw a large affair at the Country Club, June 6. The only thing that was lacking was the presence of all our men and gals in the services----I'd have given a dollar to have had the whole gang crash in during the evening. Never mind, we'll have another party for all of you when Johnnie comes marching home. I hope that's soon.

Dolores and Fran Halstead and Yours Truly made the arrangements---a round or two of refreshments before a buffet dinner, which, by the way, was marvelous. The guests, eighty in all, seated themselves at three long tables set in the main lounge of the Club and ate by candlelight. After dinner the tables were removed and everybody danced and danced.

We were honored by having Mrs. Hile down from Seattle for the party, and in addition to that were very proud of having Governor and Mrs. Wallgren there. The easiest way, I guess, is to just give you the guest list---so here goes---I hope I haven't left anyone out:

Mr. and Mrs. Hile, Mrs. Grace Hattenburg, the honor guests, Governor and Mrs. Wallgren, Mr. & Mrs. Gus Moen, Mr. & Mrs. Phil Richardson, Mr. & Mrs. Paul Tjossem, Mrs. Smith Troy, Mr. & Mrs. Bernie Johnson, Mr. & Mrs. George Wilkins, Mr. & Mrs. Joe Lavin, Mr. & Mrs. George Downer, Mr. & Mrs. Bill Breuer, Mr. & Mrs. Hollis Fultz, Fred Lordan, Naomi Krater, Mr. & Mrs. Simon Wampold, Jr., Mr. & Mrs. Paul O'Brien, Mr. & Mrs. Hugh Dressel, Lt. Col. and Mrs. Richard Hutchison, Mrs. Alice Spiller, Lt. Com. Don Cary Smith, Mr. & Mrs. Rudolph Naccarato, Mr. & Mrs. Harry Parr, Mrs. Ada Gallagher, Reatha Chance, Mr. & Mrs. Paul Ravelle (Dir. of Transportation), Mr. & Mrs. Art Garton (Dir. Cons. & Development), Mr. & Mrs. Pat Hurley (Liquor Bd.), Max Turner (Examiner, Pub. Util.), Mr. & Mrs. Harry Foster, Mr. & Mrs. Herbert Algeo (Chief of State Patrol), Ed. Donnelly, Maxine Fite (Governor's ofc.), A. J. Simmerman (Dir. Public Util.), Miss Jerry Sagestrom (Pub. Util.), Mr. & Mrs. Jack Ballew (State Personnel ofc.), Mr. & Mrs. Harold Kriedel (Asst. Dir. Veterans' Affairs), Mr. & Mrs. Oliver Malm, Mrs. Lela Butcher, Mrs. Fred Martin, Capt. Pat Winston and Mrs. Winston, Mr. & Mrs. Rogan Jones (Dir. Finance, B. & B.), Pat Heneford (Tac Comm.), A. C. Baker, Mr. & Mrs. Harry Halstead (Fran), Mrs. Edna Braun Oredson, Bessie Lambert, Alice Slay, Margaret Koval, and Evelyn Chambers.

I know I've left out some, so I here and now make my apology and want you to know it was not intentional---merely the scarcity of time to check.

From all reports everybody had a whale of a good time. Rudy acted as bar tender and, of course, was about the most popular man there.

PAT GUIMONT stopped in the other day---he is up north again on a furlough. Pat says he put in for subsistence when he was in Bremerton and the Marines discovered he was there---so, they immediately transferred him to Camp Pendleton near Oceanside, Cal. He had a good tan---his face and suit were practically the same color. He says there is nothing for him to do down there---I guess nobody gets into trouble any more---so he and the Major sit around and play tic-tac-toe. I asked him if he'd ever heard of playing cards, and he said they'd never tho't of that. My, my, the Marines can't be slipping that much!

JERRY KUYKENDALL broke down and wrote me a nice long letter about what he is doing back there in DEE-troit. I'm so pleased when anyone writes to me--it's so seldom. The way I figure is that this Bulletin is my letter to all of you.

Dear Evie:

* * * I hesitate to endeavor to write anything about what I'm doing, as I know it would sound awfully dull when there are so many others from the office who really have something to write about. About all I can say is that I'm really working hard--six days a week, with an occasional night on duty also--once a month or so. There appears to be no possibility of my having any other type of work---particularly since I was sent to a school for a month to become trained in this contract termination business (the school I mentioned that I attended in Wash. D.C. in January---or did I mention it before?) Anyway, it was an Army school held in the Pentagon---the Army Industrial College---and the course given pertained to contract termination. Jane and the kids joined me in Washington for the last two weeks, and we had a lot of fun there. All in all, that month was the most pleasant of any in my brief Naval career.

Both Jane and I eat up the Attorney General's Bulletin [Jerry and Jane, we thank you--a very deep bow/ when it comes, and wish it were possible to turn it into a weekly publication (and still maintain the present high journalistic standards, of course). I gather you have quite a hand in editing it /Isn't this wonderful? I'm blushing, but this is what the man really said/ and I hereby do now bestow upon you my own personal commendation for your work.

If anyone wants to know what I'm doing--just tell them I'm a skipper of an L M D (Large Mahogany Desk---only it really aint mahogany).

Pat Myers, a former lawyer in Seattle, is now a lieutenant in the Army Air Forces and is stationed here in Detroit. We see him every now and then. I imagine that a number of the lawyers in the office know him. He is a stalwart Republican, but called me up last fall to tell me that he was voting for a Democrat--Smith Troy for Attorney General.

Was much interested in reading the letter from Norm Schaeffer in the last Bulletin, as I believe he got in this Navy about the same time I did, and he's out where I thought I'd be by now.

I see that you knew that I saw Frank Baker when he was here. He certainly has the ideal frame of mind about his injury. If all wounded persons had his attitude there would be no problem at all in regard to disabled veterans. Haven't heard, but surmise he's married by this time. Best regards, and say hello to every one for me----

JERRY.

FRANK BAKER and Jean Miesse were married May 11 in New York City at the Little Church Around the Corner with a reception afterwards at the Hotel Roosevelt. Ace Baker went back to New York for the

wedding and festivities. Quite a number of Frank's buddies from the hospital went up to N.Y. for the celebration--they called themselves the Crutch and Cane Brigade, or some such thing, and I guess caused quite a sensation, especially when they insisted in forming an archway for the bride and groom with crutches---that was squelched. Frank and his wife are now in Olympia where they will remain until the Fall term at the University of Washington where Frank will matriculate, pursuing his law studies.

SOME MORE ABOUT THE ORGAN----

I dropped over to the Legislative building the other day to talk with Phil Raboin, the organist. According to Phil we are really getting quite a reputation for our organ recitals. He plays every noon from 12:15 to 1:15 and there are usually around 50 people there every day. On Sundays the throng numbers around 1500, and the Governor is usually among those present.

The music is really beautiful, and as I was walking along the corridor on the floor level with the Governor's office Raboin was playing Brahms's Lullaby---it was really something. It sounded like a huge pipe organ---cathedral music. He says that from different points of vantage in the building one gets different sounds; that the building is really a cathedral turned on end, and that if one stands high up in the rotunda the sound is almost unbelievable. He explained to me that in the Mormon Tabernacle the reputation is built upon "resonance," which is the same to every note, while our music in the Legislative Building is merely "reverberation," caused by the nonabsorption quality of the marble. This, together with the huge air space in the building, makes the music sound as tho' a monstrous pipe organ were being played.

The organ is a small Hammond electric---which, by the way, is Raboin's own (at least he's still making payments on it, he says). While I was there he played a pipe organ record, amplified through some system, which fell far flat of the music from the little Hammond.

They are making transcriptions for the men overseas---all one has to do is to send in their name and the title of their favorite selection and the record will be forthcoming and sent to the person sending in. They also broadcast over KGY during the week from 10:30 to 11:00 p.m.

As I understand it, the bus company has arranged for stop-overs for patrons going through Olympia on Sundays, so that they may stop in to hear the organ music. When travelling facilities are better Olympia should be quite a Mecca for music lovers---we should feel very proud to have here music of a tone heard nowhere else in the world.

JOHN SPILLER wrote the following to Jess Rosenberg. This is the latest we have on Jack, and it may be that he is far from these shores by now.

Dear Jess:

Your nice letter of March 27 caught up with me today. * * * Intended to write you before this and tell you that I shipped over with a good friend of yours and Si Wampold's----Stan Blumenthal--- who is a war correspondent with the Navy, and for a while we will be stationed here in the Islands---I've seen him once since we debarked---we had planned on the boat to drop you and Si one of those sumposiums, but what with our standing lookout watches--two hours on and eight off--and him doing his little chore on the way over, our wakin g hours didn't seem to coincide, and our great plan never materialized.

You'd like this place, Jess, the flowers and trees and shrubs produce a variety, shape, size and color of bloom that defies description--the weather is wild, ranging from 71° to 78° Fahrenheit, winter and summer---the rain is not bothersome, though it can come down like the bottom of the clouds were ripped off---you get soaked to the skin in a block, the water being warm, almost tepid, but in the 3rd block the rain stops and in the 5th you're dry again---the term "liquid sunshine" originated as a Hawaiian reference, the fact being that the sun can be shining full blast in a downpour---you see, the cloud raining on you may be the only one in the sky and the sunlight can surround the small area that happens to be wet. The natives (or rather, the hodge-podge of Japanese, Chinese, Javanese, Korean, Philippino, Hawaiian and world sailor that currently passes for native) are a colorful lot. The youngsters, male and female, are handsome in a dozen types and shades, and the oldsters are a happy, carefree, comfortable, lazy looking lot. While, of course, I'd much prefer to be continuing my tour of duty at home, the fact remains that the average stay here is 24 to 30 months, so it looks like I'll become quite familiar with the Hawaiian scene before I turn back to a more desirable residence.

The work I do is routine, not too uninteresting, and undeniably simple---the food is excellent (roast /this is rank mutiny, Jack---I can hardly bear to write it/ meats, chops, steaks or cold cuts twice a day---butter by the two-pound cubes in a cereal bowl on the table before us---and no limit on your helping, save that it's bad form to take more than you can eat)---and the only real inconvenience is the compulsion in the matter of the white Little Lord Fauntleroy suits that we launder ourselves---one a day---brother, is that a chore! /Jack, right about here Alice says:"See what I mean?"

Sincerely, JOHN

SAM ROBINSON, 21 year old son of Judge and Mrs. Robinson, has just recently received his commission as 2nd Lieut. in the U. S. Marine Corps after completing officer training at Quantico, Va. He is now awaiting assignment to a combat unit or to a specialist school. IRVING ROBINSON, the other son, is attending Yale---was just home on a short vacation before returning to attend summer school.

Letter from FRANK FOLEY to George Wilkins---a little bit old now but it's good to hear from Frank at long last:

Dear George:

A lot has happened to me since I last wrote to you, and incidentally, since I last heard from you. I have seen a lot of this country and haven't got outside of it yet. In fact, I have practically ceased predicting my departure. I am beginning to believe that I hold the record for being on overseas shipments and then having something happen as it did the last time.

At the last moment I was sent to OCS at the New Orleans Army Air Base, and spent a delightful, if rigorous, winter here in the South. I know now what maneuvering in the swamps of Louisiana is and I certainly don't envy the boys in the Pacific who do it day in and day out. Approximately 40% of those who started down here finished and one never knew just who was to be the next to go. The emphasis here was on field work and combat training and leadership. The days were long from 5:30 A.M. to 9 p.m. and later, but I thrived on it, gaining 10# during the process. They had regular La. weather, wet but warm---I wore my overcoat only once all winter and then didn't really need it.

I am now on a 10-day leave which did not allow me time enough to get home, so Betty came down here. We are visiting my brother Bob who is stationed at B_____ Field, Austin, Texas. We intend to go back to New Orleans tomorrow and find a place for Betty to live for the time I'll be here. How long is anybody's guess.

New Orleans is some town with the French Quarter and all the gay spots. It is a port of embarkation and debarkation and as a result everyone is celebrating something, either coming or going. * * * This is a training camp and my duties for the time being will be to train men. Slightly different than anything I have done before, but interesting, and I think I'll like it. * * * This makes Betty's 3rd trip across the U.S. in one year, so she is becoming quite a well-travelled young woman, and will probably turn into a lecturer on the fun and follies of being a camp follower. * * *

FRANK.

TED RYAN spent the best part of a week a couple of weeks ago taking the bar examination in Seattle---I guess he won't hear from it for some time---by that time I doubt if Ted has any fingernails left--what with chewing and drumming.

ARCHIE STEWART, of the Supreme Court Clerk's office, took a week's vacation fishing around Kamloops, British Columbia. He said he caught plenty of Kamloops trout---which are plain Rainbows to you. They packed in on horseback and, according to Archie, it wasn't his idea and he could have very well done without that part of the trip. Their itinerary took in Lak LeJeune, Peterhop Lake, Face Lake and Wise Lake.

PAT GUIMONT dropped us a letter the other day from Camp Pendleton in California---We want to announce that Pat has at last arrived---he is now PFC Guimont!

Dear Evie:

Well, I am on my way somewhere but I don't know where it will be. Last Thursday I was transferred to Camp Pendleton at Oceanside, California, and am now assigned to the 2nd Inf. Training Command. I have been assigned to take over the duties of the Acting Legal Assistance Officer who is leaving the end of the month for OCS. I don't know just what the work will consist of but I expect to find out before this chap leaves. He has been in the corps since Dec. 1, 1944, and is still a private, but apparently is going to be commissioned sometime this year.

The Marine Corps is sending everybody overseas, so it looks as though I'll be on my way before the year is out * * * I can't complain though because I did have wonderful duty at Bremerton for 6 months. When I finish my service career I should qualify as an expert on military discipline and military law.

This camp is really something. It stretches for miles and miles and it takes about an hour's ride to get off the base and into the little town of Oceanside. We are in the hills, and although the sun shines all day, the evenings are cool and comfortable. There is absolutely nothing to do except work all day and hang around the barracks at night. They are not like anything at home, either.

Best regards, PAT.

TED LITTLE: Here's a short-short from Ted, but at least he keeps in touch. And Ted, I want to know what kind of a pen you use---I'm serious---I want one just like it--it'll help my letter writing immensely---EVIE.

Dear Olive:

How swell to see you and the gang again. Was sorry my stay was clipped short and we didn't get our private chat. (Did we dish out the dirt over the clam feeds you used to bring me!)

How soon do you think Smith will return. I think he could get relieved now with the developments in Europe. Do hope so.

I may be in San Francisco for an indefinite period---I don't see an assignment in the immediate future, but it might come tomorrow. Meanwhile, please list my address as see end of Bulletin. Be good---keep as sweet as you always are, and write one a letter. I'd be thrilled!

Luff, TED.

COL. LACEY V. MURROW: This was clipped from a local paper the other day---I'm sure you will all be interested in hearing about Lacey:

"Col. Murrow of the U. S. Forces Transportation Board, handled the transfer of \$15,000,000 in Chinese currency which was flown from Chungking to the battle-front in southeastern China to pay for repairs to roads recently recovered from the Japanese. Murrow was formerly director of the Washington State Highway Department. His wife is a sergeant in the WAC stationed in the Mediterranean Area."

DON CARY SMITH has been in Olympia a number of times lately (and looks as handsome as ever), having been on a 30-day leave before taking up his duties at Sand Point, Seattle, where he will be in the Operations Section as Staff Commander of the Pacific Aircraft Fleet. Don has never been in the legal end of the business since being in the Navy. He was first with a torpedo squadron, from where he was practically shanghaied into staff work at Pearl Harbor, which nearly broke his heart at first, but he managed to stay with it for 25 or 26 months.

Don says he enjoys the Bulletin very much, even though he is one of our most unfaithful correspondents, and he has saved every copy. We love that, Don, and it certainly builds up our faltering ego, no end.

PHIL GALLAGHER took his pen in hand about a month ago and wrote to us about his activities. Phil is in Norway---the first of our gang to get up that way, and although we haven't much dope yet at least something new has been added.

Dear Jerry & Gang:

I have a rather bashful feeling as I start this, so it must be from a guilty conscience---probably caused by my failure to write any of you for some time.

Jerry, I'm very glad to see you in the position you are and I'm sure you are happy to help Smith carry on the office in his absence. I think he has had his share of the trouble and has done enough to entitle him to assume his other responsibilities at home by now---whether he will decide to do so is something else. Anyway it was nice to see you take over and I'm sure you will like the old gang that are still left. There are probably some that I don't know, so you can judge them better than I can.

Perhaps a word of explanation will satisfy or be in order for the absence of my letters. Since the first of the year I haven't been stationed anywhere for a very long period of time. I have almost been commuting between Scotland and London and had a trip to France and Belgium in between.

After reading Smith's last letter in the Bulletin it would seem that we probably were in London the same time when he was there. I've never had a bit of luck in meeting him since we came over here, and now I'm afraid even the possibility is gone.

I expect to leave in a few days for Norway. Now I can tell you why I've been on this side so long. There was no chance of going there until an invasion or surrender took place, and now that the latter has occurred we can start on the job we've been trained for---I feel it will be quite an experience and I'm looking forward to it. Going at this time of the year is quite a break and we probably will see the midnight sun at its best. Even in Scotland we have 18 and 20 hours of daylight from now on. I have no idea how long we will stay there, but in view of the fact that it is an allied country it shouldn't take too long to get things straightened out. The big problems will be food, supplies, refugees, displaced persons and a few legal problems. Where we will go from there is something to think about later on, but I'm hoping it may lead us back to the States.

The Bulletin has been most interesting as it still is the only means we have of learning about the activities of the rest of the gang. Evie [I'm taking a bow, Phil] has been doing a swell job and I for one shall be happy to see her at the Elks Club for a little relaxation when the time comes that we can do that. That also applies to all those who have helped on the Bulletin.

I had quite an interesting time while I was on the continent and rather enjoyed my stay in Belgium---particularly Brussels and V-Bomb Alley (Antwerp). The latter was a hot one, but so was London several times I was there.

How is Harry Parr, Harold, Gus, Rudy, Jennie, Olive and all the rest of the old guard. I think Rudy must be plenty busy as I haven't heard from him for some time. I have had no late news from either Smith or Shirley, and I suppose they may be getting a chance to calm their nerves a little, but as Smith said---they probably can't get used to the quietness over there now. * * *

There isn't much news just now, and when I reach my new destination I shall try to give you a picture of that country. Give my best wishes to all the gang, and Jerry, you have my very special good wishes for a happy and successful administration.

Very sincerely, PHIL.

DON SIMPSON, according to the Judge, has received two promotions in short order. First to senior warrant officer, and then to second lieutenant. He is in the Judge Advocate General's Department.

The following is a letter from DON SIMPSON to Edna Millican, secretary to Judge Simpson. Edna was kind enough to let us publish it---it's very interesting:

(Written on Goering's stationery, 14 May 1945)

* * * See that stuff at the top? Well, that's the sort of stuff they speak around here, but since we can't fraternize, there's no use to speak it even if I could. I've tried to get hold of a sheet or two of old Adolph's letter paper, but I've not as yet succeeded. This was around the building here, and since it's Army stuff and not civilian, it's probably trophy material and you don't get prosecuted for looting if you take it. It belonged to Herman Goering. He once lived in this joint---it is said to be his hunting lodge. 'Tis located just outside the little town of Berchtesgaden. The "hunting lodge" consists of a group of 6 or 7 buildings, one-story affairs, brand new, and built for both offices and living quarters. Our building is low and long, a corridor down the center, offices on both sides, and a suite of offices and living quarters at the end. The JA occupies the suite. Until today I've had a room to myself; but today I get a roommate for good or for bad. We have two good-sized rooms for our offices, with French doors opening out onto a concrete porch. Just off the porch is grass and a bunch of planted trees of all descriptions. Down the basement is a hot water heater; and we have finally been able to get clean. Just behind the building is a ravine with a fast-running little stream coming down through it, right out of the mountains. A week or so ago someone nosed into a cave in the ravine and found Herman's store of paintings, tapestries, and gold and silver he had looted from the other countries. For two days they were hauling the stuff out of the cave. I would like to have had a picture of the GIs carrying off those old paintings under their arms and carting the gold and silver stuff down the trail in a wheelbarrow. Over on a railroad siding, about three miles away are nine boxcars which were filled with the loot; we inspected them last night, but most of them have been unloaded and only a few statues and paintings were left.

This country is wonderful for living. The sun is hot in the daytime, and it's cool at night. All around are wooded hills and show-capped peaks. Nothing around here quite measures up to our few peaks in the Cascades, but the general nature of the terrain is more like the Rockies. We're right in the foothills of the Alps. I can see why Adolph picked this spot for his mountain hideout. One of these days when the elevator gets fixed, I'm going up there to give it the once-over. Down the road a little ways is a lake---there are plenty of them in this area---but this one is being taken over as a rest spot. I have few hopes of getting there to rest; but this whole section of the country is restful. I just can't see why the Germans wanted to go elsewhere.

You ought to see the costumes of the local gentry. Yesterday Joe Noonan and I took a little walk up a road up a hill, and down the hill came a couple of old gents, dressed in green shorts and green caps with feathers---reminded me of the hats in Paris. Of course the shorts have suspenders and the old guys were smoking long curved pipes. Houses are stuck all over the hillside. Most of them

have a plaster or stucco outside which might be white, cream, light blue, light green, or any color. It might have a painting on it, it might be studded with antlers, but it's sure to have a balcony off the second floor, made of wood. The balcony, too, might be of any color.

The whole thing is refreshing, to say the least, and it's hard as the devil to match what you can see with the stink of the concentration camps not so far away. I haven't been to see any of them, but only yesterday I read a report on one. * * *

DON.

FRED E. LEWIS sent in the following announcement to the office the other day with this notation: "Dears: Well, here goes, and dam'd if I'm rich yet. Hope you're all OK. Drop in sometime. Best to all of you---FRED."

"FRED E. LEWIS
Announces the opening of a Law Office
810 Paulsen Building
Spokane, Washington

Formerly Deputy Prosecuting Attorney of Spokane County
and Assistant and Acting Attorney General of the
State of Washington

Phone --- MAin 1620"

HAPPY LANDINGS, FRED, AND THE BEST OF LUCK!

REATHA CHANCE was practically top man on the Totem Pole not long ago at a horse show held south of Olympia by the Olympia Riding Club. They had quite a show, and horses were brought here from all over the state. They held a parade down town the day before (Saturday) and Reatha's Lord Jo pranced sideways, keeping perfect time with the music, all the way up Capitol Way. Reatha wasn't very happy about it, but she sure looked elegant; withall, and for my money took the prize in the parade. She didn't get the coveted cup which she has won the last two years---and which would have been hers to keep this year---because they made them switch riders and mounts. The man who won the cup won it by virtue of riding Lord Jo. However, Reatha placed first in the open 3-gaited against all comers, the judging being for conformation, soundness, style, manners, and general way of going. Good going Reatha, and maybe you'll get the cup next time---we hope.

COL. BILL FULTZ, it was learned from a Chicago paper a few weeks ago, is, or was, in command of an anti-aircraft battalion stationed near Malabang Air Strip on Mindanao, which is being rebuilt.

The BOND DRIVE has been getting under way, and I am in the enviable position of Inquirer into Personal Matters. They all hate to see me coming---Typhoid Evie they call me. I'm so used to asking personal questions that I now, when visiting peoples' homes, look into their cubboards and under beds---also pick up any personal mail that's lying around. It seems as though the State of Oregon has challenged our state in bond buying, so we must do something handsome to show our neighbors on our southern exposure. I haven't taken inventory for the Atty. G's office yet, but I think we will show up veddy well.

PHIL GALLAGHER again. Ada just told me that his last letter to her stated that he was in Norway, north of the Arctic Circle, land of the midnight sun, where it is daylight all night at this time of year. He said it had been snowing, then it would rain, melting the snow in town but leaving the hills white. Phil took an American flag with him and put it up over the Northern Norway Area. Said he has eaten whale steak and says it is something like our hamburger. Also, that there is quite a mixture of nationalities where he is. He was unable to give any details of the nature of his work there but said it was very exciting and would be really something to remember.

LT. JAMES A. COBLE, husband of Betty Fultz, has been awarded the Bronze Star Medal. His citation reads that he received the award for remaining at a forward infantry observation post within 800 yds. of the enemy lines until he was surrounded on three sides by the enemy before leaving his post. Lt. Coble is an artillery officer in the 79th Cross of Lorraine Division, which, together with Smith's division, spearheaded the drive across the Rhine.

LEONA HOYT just returned from spending the month of May with her husband on furlough in Chicago where their parents live. Don't get too optimistic, but I think we have a convert---after all the dirty, nasty things she has said about Olympia and the State of Washington in general, she comes back saying that she's tickled to death to get back here. In the first place she said it rained constantly back there, and besides, they just haven't any meat in Chicago or points north, west, east or south of there.

OLIVE AND IRA have bought themselves a new home---right next to the Bill Breuers. Between buying new rugs and furniture and supervising the color of the walls Olive has been practically out of her mind. She says they are living like a couple of sharecroppers, what with no bathtub and no kitchen stove-----I guess all they have so far are a lot of swell ideas of the Little Dream Home, and a bed and a sink for the ultimate in sheer comfort.

From the Spokesman-Review:

LT. COL. LYLE KEITH has arrived in Spokane from the Pacific Theater on a 30-day leave. He has been in the Army since April, 1942. He has no idea what his future assignment with the Army will be or whether he will be sent overseas again.

LT. COL. SAMUEL M. DRIVER, who has been stationed in the same area as Keith, is now in full charge of the Judge Advocate General's Department for the Pacific Ocean Areas. Heretofore, he was second in command.

STAN FOSTER, who is stationed at Colorado Springs, has recently received his majority-----MAJOR Foster will be home on a 2-week leave, arriving around July 20.

EVELYN FOSTER was in Salt Lake City a short time ago for about two weeks to attend the funeral of an uncle. Stan met Evelyn there.

FRED LORDAN has been appointed to the staff of assistants. Fred was drafting bills during legislature. He was with Public Service as examiner for years.

Another new arrival to the force is BARBARA NETTLETON from Vancouver, Washington. Barbara is our glamour gal---you boys had better come home soon.

RUDY NACCARATO's brother ANGELO wrote to Rudy telling him that he had been seriously wounded in the stomach. He has had three operations and seems to be improving but I guess isn't out of the woods. However, he told Rudy that although the Japs got him "he cleaned them out and obtained his objective and didn't let his pals down." Apparently they had a tough time saving him but he will be all right in time.

HERBERT SPRINGER of Spokane, a graduate of Gonzaga who passed the Bar examination last year, is one of our newer members of the A. G. staff.

MRS. LAUGHLIN, wife of Col. Laughlin, who has been staying with Dolores Troy during the winter, has left for Seattle to be with her daughter who is attending summer school at the University of Washington.

JUDGE GRADY'S two sons perhaps crossed each other's path recently. JIM was recently shipped to the Marianas for duty there, and THOMAS, JR., who has seen action in the South Pacific for nearly three years, was chosen from thousands to attend Officers Training School at Ann Arbor. I think there were only four of them chosen--- one of the fellows was picked right out of a fox hole, literally by the nape of his neck, and shoved right aboard a plane headed for the States. I'll bet that sure made them mad!

BESSIE LAMBERT has joined the crew of stenographers, coming over from the State Highway with Harold Pebbles when he moved over to the Temple.

I should like to inform all and sundry that from now on you are supposed to walk three paces behind me and call me Miss Chambers. I made the---well, not the front page, but at least got honorable mention and a yellow ribbon in a flower show held the other day--- exhibited a rose, and with the competition I had, I shore done good.

PHIL RICHARDSON, by the way (here jealousy raises its ugly head), walked off with a BLUE RIBBON, but then he didn't have the competition I did, of course, and I don't care how you address him.

IDA McCOY, secretary to Judge Blake, has finally found her destiny. She has been working out a deal in the Seattle P. I. whereby one's fortune is told daily. Ida's came out the other day "A Secret Love." Well, I declare, Ida, by this time I should think you'd come right out in the open about it---believe me, I would.

HAIL AND FAREWELL!!!!

HAIL to the new member of the GUS MOEN family---another boy--born June 27, 1945, so Gus again made with passing out the cigars and candy.

FAREWELL to GUS himself because the A.G.'s office is losing him the 15th of July to the firm of Kerr, McCord & Carey of Seattle. We hate like the dickens to lose Gus, and the place won't seem the same. He has been with the office since the early part of 1941, and in these changing times that is practically a lifetime of service. Cheerio, Gus, and we all wish you the best of luck!

HITS AND MISSES

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There's an office problem-----we're very perplexed--
We've alphabetized, and how we've indexed
The voluminous laws of the '45 Session,
It's been weeks now and we haven't made an impression.

We say ABC's and juggle small cards,
We're nuts and we're crazy---but still without guards!
We've fought and we've argued---nobody's a friend---
Many beautiful friendships have come to an end.

So you see what I mean---we're civil, but cool
From the front of the office to the Steno's pool---
We're edgy and bitchy and easy to vex,
All it takes is for someone to mention "INDEX."

Well, summer is here for a while, we hopes
May and June were terrible, vile--the dopes.
Just clouds and rain and a furnace fire---
It left a lot for us to desire.

With the wood all gone and none to be had
The situation was pretty bad.
You can't get oil and there aint no coal---
(I've got my eye on the Totem Pole.)

This doggerel!----I should write iambic pentameter.
For my brain I really need an examiner---
Psychiatrists they call them---they've nothing to lose
In examining me-----but that's no news.

The President had scarcely left the ground
When I went to the window to look around,
And there from the famous West Portico,
Where Truman and Wallgren were want to go
For a private bit of conversation
Or maybe settle affairs of the nation,
Was the good old regular Monday washing
Strung out on the line---and I'm not joshing.

Evie.

HITS AND MISSES

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