

"Dear Blabby"



Dear Reader,

We head home this month. With this in mind I have devised something sure to boost morale. What, you ask, has he in mind? A contest, to determine the girl Benn sailors would like most to return home to. Just send your picture to FIO, with the regular mailing address, and the top six "Girls To Return Home To" will appear in the homecoming issue. Blabby

Dear Blabby,

I am 17 years old and am in love with a girl who is 38. I know this sounds a little peculiar, but please try to understand that I am very mature for my age. I'm certain it's true love, and so is she by the way. Anyway, my (or should I say our) problem is this: no one will believe us. They just laugh when I tell them. What can we do? We plan to get married when I retire from the Navy, and this just can't go on.

Mature child

Dear Child,

They laugh? Wellllll isn't that strange. Har Har. Friend, you should have written to "Dear Abby," not yours truly. However, since you have chosen my shoulder, etc., I shall give you my sincere advice. Under the conditions that prevail, with the wind blowing from the northwest, I have but one suggestion.... drop back ten and punt.

Dear Blabby,

I have heard all about you and your helpful column. I know you endeavor to help the forlorn, brokenhearted, and lovesick. And now could you please try and help me, a Midshipman. I have been on board for about a week now, and since the first day I have been lost. I realize this sounds silly, but it's true. After three years of naval theory, I come aboard my first ship and what happens? I get lost. And that's not bad enough, I stay lost. I found myself, about four days ago, in a dark compartment with no hatches or scuttles or anything, except for one small crack in the overhead, and that's where I put my letter to you. Anyway, there is water splashing around my waist, and I'm starting to get a little chilly. Sure wish I was back on the campus again, please help.

Lonely Middle

Dear Lonely,

I am ashamed of you. Not for getting lost, ahem, but for thinking I could help you. First of all, I know where you are, but hesitate to tell you because you might be unhappy when you find out. Secondly, I don't know how to get you out. And third, even if I did know a way for you to get out, how could I get the Bakster with instructions down to a WORD. Cope, guess it slipped. Might as well go ahead and give you instructions on how to get out. If by some slim chance you do get this Bakster, here's the way. The first thing to do is.....gee, sorry Lonely, looks like I'm all out of space, anyway, keep your head

the



leatherneck log

Due to promotions, Corporal M.D. Maxwell has been relieved as writer of the Leatherneck Log by Lt/Cpl. Nick Majersky.

Illness this month made it necessary to have Sgt. Edward Gaytan sent to the U. S. Army Hospital, Ryukyus, on Okinawa, and Pfc. Tommy L. Carroll Jr., to the U. S. Naval Hospital at Cubi Point in the Philippines. All the Marines here join together in hoping for a speedy recovery for our fellow Marines.

The highlight for this month came when the Bennington Marines "saddled up" (put their packs on) and headed into the jungles of Subic Bay. Four days were spent living in the jungle and getting some much needed practical application in "counter guerilla warfare." We traveled as light as possible. "Live off the land" was the word of the day. The only food taken per man was a sockful of rice and a sockful of raisins. For this reason it was quite evident that the reason was for the sharp loss in weight. Barring a few thousand mosquito bites and some blisters here and there, the exercise was a big success.

We learned a lot from our native guides on survival in the jungle, not to mention from our own experiences. Speaking for all the Bennington Marines, I think I can say that although our little trek wasn't exactly what you might call a picnic, we brought back with us many good memories. The most important thing brought out of the jungle with us, however, was a better outlook on guerilla warfare and a lot of good knowledge that may well come in handy someday in "who-knows-where."

For all those interested, photos of the Marines exercise in Subic Bay are posted on the bulletin board in the passageway near the Marine compartment.

BUY U S SAVINGS BONDS