

34TH BASE HQ. & AIR BASE SQUADRON  
GRENIER FIELD  
MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

IN REPLY  
REFER TO

October 24, 1942.

Bryant Service Club  
Bryant College  
Providence, R. I.

Hello there!

It looks as though someone, somewhere slipped up on the detail. Yes, I would recommend KP for a week.

The folks at home forwarded to me a card which was sent out by Bryant Service Club stating that the last package sent was not acknowledged. I received it in excellent condition, and was very grateful for it. In fact I sat right down and answered it, but didn't mail the answer to the Bryant Service Club, but to one of the faculty. I reckon it was at a busy time and slipped someone's mind.

Since that date I have been promoted to First Sergeant. It is a job with many headaches, but a job that presents many interesting problems in dealing with men, both good and bad. I find it extremely fascinating, and hope that somewhere along the line I do some good. However, being the "Mother" of a squadron surely keeps one very busy. For an example: Last week the Major, my commanding officer, suggested that I handle the painting of the mess hall (130' x 30') and choose my own color scheme and do just what I pleased just as long as I kept within a prearranged price limit. It was fun planning colors, buying drape material, and actually supervising the making and painting. One of the cooks, a natural cartoonist, has put several sketches of the mess personnel on the walls, and I await with eager anticipation the inspection by the Base Administrative Inspector on next Tuesday. It is the only mess hall on the field that has been painted on the interior, and he should be extremely surprised. However, that detail is but one of many in the course of a day. I feel qualified to take charge of anything from minding babies to being best man at a wedding; from simple plumbing difficulties to very complex status reports on personnel. Oh yes, I am a right hand man to Dorothy Dix, only she doesn't know it.

On the 21st of next month, one of the leading banks in Manchester will have on display some of my work in clay. The theme is "Don't Talk.", or the "Civilian Quizz Program". I have completed a soldier seated, and am making about eight civilian figures, all apparently asking questions. From each figure will be a runner with the question on the end of the runner. The figures stand about eight inches high, and it is quite a bit of work, but I enjoy it as a hobby in my room after work of the day is

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through. There aren't too many evenings when there is free time, for the unexpected is always coming up.

The people of Manchester have treated most of the soldiers very cordially, and well they might, for we spend almost all of our money in town, and have brought a mild degree of prosperity to the townsfolk, in addition to the current boom. I have been entertained a good deal, and several of my boys have found the "right girl", have settled down to an almost normal life. How long it will last, I don't dare guess.

Incidentally, my present home address, for the records is c/o Mrs. Louis J. G. Martelle, 75 Pequot Road, Pawtucket, R. I., and any mail you may wish to send can be sent there. I receive the Bryant Alumni regularly, and quite often see an item of some former classmate.

While at Bryant, I travelled with William Gavitt of Cranston. Bill is now a Captain in the Marines, somewhere in the Pacific according to the latest reports from his folks.

All for now, it is way beyond my bed time, and inasmuch as I haven't done very much typing since I became 1st sgt, this workout has really taken me over the coals.

Very truly yours,

  
LOUIS C. MARTELLE,  
1st Sgt,  
34th Base Hq & AB Sq.