

802ND TECH. SCH. SQUADRON

PFC Weiss looks fine and dandy since he returned from his furlough. Weiss is a Brooklyn man but he has a fine viewpoint on women. He says that a guy's best girl is always his mother—since you can always find a sweetheart. Pretty good idea....coming from a Brooklyn man.

A few of the barracks have been getting softball teams together and are now seeking competition. If enough squadrons set up softball squads, an intra-squadron league will be organized. "Babe" Whelan has a team in Barracks 603 and is spoiling for a tussle. Any team wanting to start the ball rolling should play them first.

PFC John H. Sweeney has proved himself a poet of note. Since he's been on the field, he's written a number of poems and some have made the Aer-O-Mech.

Our boys may not realize it, but there is going to be a tidy amount of grass-cutting this summer. It's hidden right now, but the shots are just waiting for a good rain to spring up to cutting proportions.

The squadron's population was increased this past week by the arrival of some new men—all sporting that famous Florida tan. They seem to be straining at the bit and want to start school as soon as possible.

791ST TECH. SCH. SQUADRON

By PFC B.L. HILL

PFC Hugo Decutiis, self-appointed head of the Order of Dalmatian Destitutes and Siberian Asps, for some time now has been looking for some fellows named Rossini, Verdi, Puccini and Lagannini. If anyone knows the whereabouts of these lads, kindly notify Hugo.

He says that he has created a gigantic new rack in his castle on Delancey. He is quite willing to take anyone there if he should desire to have his feet changed from size 14's to 8's. Uncle Sam would be saving on leather and rubber for as Hugo says, "they could easily get both feet into one shoe after I get finished with them." Methinks, Hugo needs a furlough—but bad!

Each day, our Day Room rings with the glorious melodies of "Ama, Goodman, Dorsey and Miller. The boys complain that it is hard to write when the tables are jumping. Would they concentrate better with brothers Bach, Beethoven and Brahms? Ah music, what charms thou doth possess. Dig me!

Other musical notes of interest: Johnny Burgess beats out with the drums for the boys on their way to calisthenics and drill. The boy is really hep when it comes to cadence...."Fappy" Kuhns plays a mean mandolin and other instruments. When he gets together with his Kent-

ucky hillbilly cronies, grab your partners, one, two, three! George Boken sounds like another Harry James when he goes to town on the trumpet. Is there a harpsichordist in the house? PFC's Dick "aallfield" and Sol Krantz go well together when dancing at the PK. The boys say they are practicing up in hopes of some day again meeting a Brooklyn gal. Or did they say "goil"?

Happy holiday to Corp. Papa-george who has left on furlough.

795TH MORSELS....

By Pvt. Howard H. Breitwisch



Considerable interest was aroused this week when the Squadron Sweetheart was selected. Miss Mary Ann Stevens, girlfriend of Pfc Julius Lightman, was the winning candidate. The contest developed in a duel between Miss Stevens, backed by Permanent Party men, and another contestant backed by students from Rosecrans Field. Appropriate awards are being made to both Pfc. Lightman and his winning candidate.

The prize winning dumb stunt of the week was pulled by Sgt. Donald A. Dowse. Sgt. Dowse, who is the Squadron housing clerk, recently announced that he had housed 40 men in Building 1224. A little later Sgt. Dowse learned, much to his chagrin, that 1224 is a latrine.

Pfc Herman Weiner of Brooklyn, N.Y. celebrated his 24th birthday recently in real style. His mother Mrs. A. Weiner, made arrangements with the Goldsboro USO to have a huge three layer birthday cake delivered to Herman on the date of his birthday. Mrs. Weiner should be complimented for originating this very swell idea.

It isn't necessary to hold a contest to find the champion "chow hound" of the 795th. Pvt. William J. Kilvington has held that title ever since he arrived on this field. At the rate he is going, no one is likely to give him any close competition for quite some time to come.

Apparently Pfc Howard R. Crawford lies the atmosphere in the newly equipped Dayroom. Almost any night of the week he can be found lounging in one of the big upholstered chairs and reading or listening to the radio. Incidentally the Paratrooper who was seen roaming around the field was the younger brother of Pfc Crawford.

797TH TECH. SCH. SQUADRON

PFC BERNARD W. MAXWELL

That Command Inspection and Parade last week held a double treat for Pfc Angelo "Little Flowers" Disalvo who after 4 months in the Air Force finally marched his first parade and saw his first Army plane take-off.

Tough luck befell Pfc Ott Connors recently when his wife came down to visit her soldier-husband and took ill the day after she arrived with an appendectomy. Connors rushed her to the hospital where she is now recuperating after the siege.

Jumpin' Jive was the main course the other day at dinner at Mess Hall #1 when the fellows downed a perfectly good GI meal to the rhythm of 4 boggie-woogie beaters from Band Squadron. We don't know exactly who to thank but dinner music has it's points. Let's have some more of it.

Wedding Anniversaries are always good for a little celebration and so the boys of Barracks 406 are looking forward to the not-so-far off day when Pfc William "Dad" McNeill celebrates his 20th year of matrimony with the Missus.

Sgt. Tony Arduino received a letter of thanks from Pvt. Morton Krebs for the fine job he did on the arrangements of Krebs' hit, "The Song of the Ground Crew." Krebs is now stationed at Boca Chico, Florida.

Pfc Arthur Schimmel is still getting compliments from the Dental officers up at the hospital for his unequalled record in getting men up there on time for the ordeal. Knowing the oracles of dentistry, Schimmel's batting average of 1.000 for past 8 months is something just short of a miracle.

And now that summer is here, Barracks 409 has blossomed out with a rock garden under the watchful eye of Pfc Herb Libas who has all the instincts of a farmer with the heart of a New Yorker.

(EDITOR'S NOTE) Bernard Maxwell, Scriber of this column has finished his school here and is moving to places unknown. The Air-O-Mech extends it's many thanks for the swell job done. Cpl Julius Yellen, will write the column in future issues.

HEADQUARTERS & HEADQUARTERS

S/Sgt. Sobel

Maybe it's just coincidental, but I don't know—I mean about Barracks 207 achieving that coveted Honor plaque during the two weeks

that Tours Truly was on furlough. Ah-hoo, I resent the implications thrown at me by my barracks mates.

A few nights ago Pvt. William McCready, in our barracks, awoke during the night screaming "Air Raid!". We finally cooled him down sufficiently to explain that what he mistook for a diving Zero was only Pvt. Richard Duffy deep in a sound (and I do mean sound) asleep. That boy really puts his heart soul and vocal cords into his snoring. He starts out with a slight wheeze and ends up in a rasping crescendo that causes the windows to rattle.

The only way we can get to sleep is to get to bed before he starts his slumbering serenade— But, here's the rub—Duffy usually retires around 9 PM, so, what to do?

Tough break about S/Sgt. Roland Dion getting a mangled leg in a tussle with a G.I. bike. Sure hope you're up and around soon, Roland. We'll miss your prompt service in getting out our office supplies.

Now that Cpl. Joe Butera is back from a two weeks sojourn into the wastes of Norristown, Pa., the Aer-O-Mech should really go places. He's the cub newshawk of this paper, you know.

It appears that Hq. and Hq. has bought quite a chunk of that P-40 th at the field is purchasing. Nice going fellows—but this is no reason to stop buying those stamps and bonds. Our P-40 isn't going to end the war, you know.

That was a pretty swell dance we had last week and quite a turnout. It's highly gratifying to see the whole squadron display such an interest in our affair. I know for a fact that quite a few fellows voluntarily broke dates and other appointments just to attend the dance and make it a success.

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Sgt. Bill Spencer

Well, Cpl. Carl Melvin has a new nickname, now. "Dimples" is the name, fellows, and it's on the level. If you ask him to show you a clipping he carries in his pocket about his promotion, you will read his name as Cpl. Carl "Dimples" Melvin. Believe me—I saw it.

Congratulations go out to all the boys in the squadron that made the recent list of promotions.

Easter time sure brought plenty of candies and hard boiled eggs. Apparently eggs aren't rationed judging from the amount the boys got here.

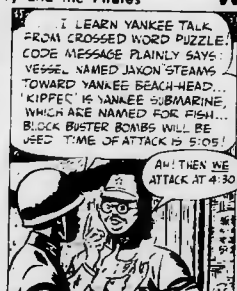
Well, I never realized the power of the press nor the distance that this paper covers all over the country till after the issue of the Aer-O-Mech in which I mentioned that a girl named Margaret had taken the place of another girl named Julia in the life of one of the members of our squadron. I got a letter from a girl named Margaret who wrote that any girl named Julia couldn't give a girl named Margaret any run for her money. Ladies, please, don't fight!

Male Call

by Milton Caniff Creator of Terry and the Pirates



Hugs, Johnny One Stripe! Just to let you know the steam is still turned your way—Action, James! In staying out from under the apple truck—and I don't want to hear that you reached like a leech for some lunch on a beach. Kipper the Nipper till it's MUR-der. Meantime, a nation of the pups in their parts—but when the push is come shove I say. Stay away 4-F's come around I say. You have to be under arms before you get into mine. Finish that thing and get back. There's something about you that makes my joints jump. your 5-pit 5—like us a tree



Wrong Jive—Take Five