

Column Write



Every Dog Has His Day And Oh Boy What a Day

By SGT. JULIUS YELLEN
Came time for the mess attendant roll call. There was Sgt. Henry Camp (time out while you casuals...)



going on MA too! To the Casuals it was like a dream come true. How often they had wished the drudgeries of mess attendant on him, and at long last their prayers had been answered.

"Fuehrer" is taking the ribbing sans comment, and seemingly enjoying the dubious honor.
Say, that was some birthday cake. Pfc. Edward Mangelt received the other day. It was beautifully decorated with two American flags and an eagle. Ed says the cake tasted delicious according to what his barracks mates told him.

Observed in Town: Pfc. George Rubin in company with his father from New York. And Pop listening very attentively to George talking all about "this man's Army."
Now that his wife has gone back home, improved running shall be the order of the day for Pfc. Frank Ellenbogen, Wing Hq's sergeant, time runner. While wife is away was availing Frankie just couldn't concentrate on his running.



Teach 'Em and Feed 'Em Is Motto of the 4th AC

By SGT. JOSEPH A. ARENA
The boys who teach the students here at Seymour Johnson Field, N. C. are now doing something else for them. They are now doing Mess Attendance. The first man to do this MA was all Sgts., Robert Adams, Myer Alper, William Armstrong, Joseph Schreiber and last but not least your reporter who last pulled MA just one year ago to the day.

(follow to know when he is not smoking his cigar. (What an aroma...)
M-Sgt. Roger Wood and Cpl. Ace Wardle are still looking for easy two players on the field to seat them in a game of pool in their own day room. So if you are any where near Bid 311 drop in and try your luck. Pool cards are 50 cents this is one way that tickets could be sold.

794th Attains Highest Mark

The winning of the Excellence Award was announced to the members of the squadron this past week by the Commanding Officer Major James D. Malone. In winning this award it is believed that the squadron received the highest mark ever attained at this field.

Friday nights continue to be Sports Night in the squadron. The squadron boxes under the direction of Sgt. Joe Hartman stand ready to have an inter-squadron tournament with any outfit on the post.
The baseball team has progressed so far along now that it hardly looks like the same team that started out in the league. The boys are really playing some top notch ball.

The past week brought two new Officers into the squadron. Lt. Joseph F. Gallagher, and Lt. Alick Mitchell. The Officers expressed their happiness in being assigned to the 94th squadron with its fine reputation. The Officers and men of the squadron welcome the new Officers who we are sure will en-



joy being with us.
The night that Sgt. Pasotki and Cpl. Mike Hrynuk were forced to spend the night here in Ye Old Squadron was quite a night. First it had to be proven that they couldn't both fit in Barracks 440 and 1-3 which is the mess barracks. Secondly they had to prove that they hadn't forgotten the manly art of G. Ling up their backs in the morning. After much deliberation they were allowed to stay on the say of Pfc. Jackson Armstrong.

"I'll be frank with you," said the soldier, "you're not the first girl I've kissed."
"And I'll be frank with you," she replied, "You've a lot to learn."

Open Letters From The 791

By PFCs JOE MARTIN AND OTIS BROWN
THE 36th SQUADRON: Congratulations! You did a swell job. But take good care of that Excellence Banner. We who take it back next month we don't want to find any wrinkles in it. Signed—The 791st Squadron.
YOUNG MAN WITH THE HORN PLEASE, please don't fix that horn in "Taps" anymore. Sometimes you can make it sound so blue and beautiful in the dark it makes a guy shiver. Signed—Man With Horns.
FATHER TIME: C'mon, boy, get busy!—Signed—The New Studs.
PVT. MIKE STANTON: Did I pay you that two bucks! Signed—Pfc. Joe Martin.
PERMANENT PARTY OF THE 791st: Okay! We didn't go around full of laughter. Giving those mess-assessory mess attendants a hard time can't you make a little at breakfast. The "serving line" looks like the receiving end of firing squad. It spoils our appetites. SIGNED—The Boys in Barracks-362.
TO THAT RED HEAD STANDING IN FRONT OF THE GOLDEN-BROWN HOTEL LAST TUESDAY: WOW!!! Signed—Any G. I.
TO LT. GEORGE ROBERT: Your O. G. trick of carrying your gear stuffed in your sock is a good one. We don't like bulging pockets either. Signed—O'h a in smoke.
TO THE SAC: Definition of a girdle: Something used to keep the wares out. Signed—Cronch Marz.
TO B-SHIFT BUDDIES: That's wasn't the first time I heard someone sing a hymn for a full hour the other evening. That, chum, was us. Signed—The Boys in Barracks-362.
TO THE STUDENTS: Next time hard-boiled Sgt. Bert Charlie says "beats you" please, try to get some Artie Shaw music to

his ears. The "licorice-a-stick" genre can make him coo like a baby. Signed—Tipster.
TO CPL. OLLIE (MAIL-ROOM) SNOW: Please, it's pronounced NAW-POL-E-L-OLLIE Signed—Pfc. Joseph Napier.
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Will somebody send an accountancy-engineer over to the squadron area? We can't understand why the P. A. system insists upon about the "where" before the "who" whispering in another. Signed—The Boys With The Tired Ears.
S-SGT. RAY DUPUIS: When we've heard you had gone home on a furlough all we could think of was "you're home to Boston" "Lucky guy. Have a good time. Signed—Home Sick.
SGT. GARROLL SHUREKIP: Look, we like you but don't go to town again on the eve of the Air-O-Mech deadline with your news - items in your back pocket. SIGNED—Joe & Otis.
TO PVT. MERT SMALL—Went to bring your hot-rod's back! The squadron is proud with it but Mr. Goodman. Signed—Music Lover.
TO ADLOPHEE MENJOU: You'd be given with envy if you saw the new GARARDINE "aliquotes" the Aviation Cadets are wearing. They're one piece, too. Signed—Beau Brummel.
TO THE WEARY OLD WORLD: Take it easy, pop, we'll have you back like him in no time. Signed—The AAF.
Then there is the one about the girl who stole her mother's corset and didn't have the guts to wear it.
A man killed in the last minute of the war is considered as one killed with the opening shot—
BUY BONDS AND END THIS WAR AS QUICKLY AS WE CAN

The 10th Academic came out on top at inspection walking away with the Excellence Banner over the 9th and the 11th and according to Capt. John Marpan CO of the 10th, he says (Quote) "We will keep on winning it every week!" (Unquote). The 10th is very proud of Sgt. Eulindo Salano who went up to the Sports Arena and brought back a victory. The Sgt. is a very clever fighter and he hopes to bring back more victories.
The last thing that could happen here is about to happen. Lt. Sgt. Robert (Sleep & Eat) Dix is going on furlough. The boys will miss his calling their name on the A. System, Sgt. Dix is another Bill Stern.
Cpl. Vincent Donato Penna pride and joy and A-1 Spaghetto Bender is now willing to serve this wonderful dish to any one who has the place and time and most of all the spaghetti. Vincent is better known to his buddies as Wimpy. He sure would make some girl a very happy WIFE if he could serve like he can cook.
The man of the week for the 9th is Sgt. Max (Portie) Mastal who works in the personnel office. The reason he was picked is that Max has been taking care of discharges and we think that it is brave of him to see all those discharges and not type one up for him self.
Sgt. Vincent (Disappointed) Especially has something hard to explain to the fellows about two weeks ago. Air O Mech said that he was going home to be married. Well, he came back to camp all right but poor Vince was not married. So now the boys must give back the cigars...
Cpl. Edward (Old Lt.) Moore has just come back from a well-earned furlough which he spent with his wife. Cpl. Moore's nickname just came to him a few weeks ago when he passed the O. C. S. Board.
Private Earl (Judge) Peak who works so diligently in his little messroom. Center has disallowed the Judge or the Deacon. Every time he leaves the office to go to the different offices on the field he carries with him a brief case. His own balance and a big mess of 27 cent cigar. The judge is a real

The Wolf by Sansone

