

COLUMBIAN Write

FINAL NEWS FROM YOUR SQUADRON

791st Holds First Outdoor Service

By PFC JOE MARTIN and PFC BROWN

We're not trying to over-dramatize this but we think, sincerely, everyone who passed the 791st Sunday and witnessed Chaplain John Reaves conducting the first outdoor Protestant worship service to be held in a Seymour Johnson squadron area, felt as we did as we watched. We felt a slight catch in the throat. There's something about the sight of a body of men in prayer that makes you want to give civilization another chance. The homo sapiens seems to forget for a moment his clamorous self-worship. Maybe it was just the organ music, the way it sounded when the wind caught it and carried it toward the cold, blue sky. Maybe the gentle, almost forgotten words of that "The Rosary" sung by Pvt. Lindley Hill stirred something in memory. It might be been the impassioned plea of Chaplain Reaves reminding the men that God has survived a mad, bigoted, war-torn world many times. Whatever it was, it was good.

Proudly we hail the staff of the

people? Rago bought himself a car. He's wondering now where he'll get the gas to feed the eight-cylinder glutton.

G. I. Gossip - Pfc Johnny Napoleone is ready to take-off for Capdet Training. T-Sgt Harold Budding just missed the "Autumn chill. He's O. C. Sing at Miami. Let's Try Again Dept: Those recordings by Mr. Benjamin Goodman sure could take the chill out of Wing Headquarters these mornings. . . We know this is the country of a "flea but we hope the rumors of a "flea between Pfc Mike Stanton and Mert Small are untrue. . . Sgt. Howard "K. P. Carpenter has been transferred - across the street - to the 76th. We miss his tables of small-time political intrigues back home. When and where did Lt. John Kley learn to throw a forward pass? Even a few of the squadron's muscle-boys admitted he's good and when they admit it. . . We're waiting for the reaction of the "B Shift to the proposed plan to awaken each barracks with a whistle-blowing runner. . . Remember those super fire songs in Atlantic City that almost shattered window-panes along with your nervous system? . . . "Button-nose is back behind the cafeteria soda-fountain. Had an over-dose of sinburn. . . What Pfc didn't think it funny when an instructor was overheard to tell a class of youngsters. . . the first thing you do when a plane lands is to remove and replace gunner. The guy must have developed his sense of humor in a morgue. . . Most of the kids dream of becoming Gunnners. That dream of new arrivals are really All-American. Represents almost every state in the country. . . Obviously, one of them sounds like good-cop. Has eight months in Africa in back of him. . . Short Story: Once upon a time there was a G. I. walking outside Highway No. (censored) outside the town of (censored) with a field pass in his back pocket. He waved his magic-thumb at a shiny black car coming down the censored highway. The car stopped. Out stepped four M. P. O. I. still has a back-pocket but no field pass. . . Ask Barracks Chief Rudy Helmer why the G. I. call him "str. . . S-Sgt. Ray Dupuis is a man who has the right idea. Went home on a furlough and brought his wife back with him. . . Pvt. Bill McKinney knows what they mean by "combat conditions at 1-4. Dashed out of his tent the other morning into the frozen dusk and handed head first in a "fox hole. . . How did Sgt. Jimmy Page ever get the "A and "B shirt confused at 1-4? Had his "A flight out of bed, dressed and in formation two hours ahead of time? . . . And how did Sgt. Har-olde Rago make the same mistake



Personnel Department. They should be proud of the Inspecting General's official commendation of the "efficiency" and "up-to-date methods" utilized in the operation of their department. G. I.'s if you should be bruised by any of the buttons popping off their shirt fronts, forgive them, theirs is an arduous job.

The after-dinner-athletes can't wait for the completion of the squadron's new basketball court. They go tripping and scrambling over ends of lumber and hills of soil nightly. The same genius who dream of committing mayhem on their callisthenes instructor. Such are the ways of Man.

Sgt. Charlie Pappageorge isn't talking to himself these days. Ask any 1c reader. He's counting the minutes until he gets a reply to his application for Armorer's School. In the meantime he's hoping his No. 3 ambition will "take wings." My, ain't we ambitious?

G.—Why is Pvt. Paul "Scourry" Rovey the Most Popular Man time? . . . And how did Sgt. Har-olde Rovey make the same mistake

The Wolf

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"I love the backstroke, don't you?"

by Sansone



Fer Goodness Snakes:

Snake Charmer of 711th Seeks Girl Who Loves Reptiles

By SGT. A. D. FALEY

Major John T. Noak, Commanding Officer of this group announced last week that this organization will soon have four day rooms in operation. New furnishings have been purchased and plans are under way to bring a little bit of home to the area.

Lt. John O. Nobles Jr., Special

detail expedition to Central America as well as Ecuador, and Quilico. He has a collection of over 307 different species and his favorite pet is an Indian Cobra. Sgt. Kincaid's life ambition is to find a girl not afraid of snakes. In the meantime he is ready to go snake hunting again, this time for Uncle Sam.



S-Sgt MARSH KINCAID

Service Officer of the group has already started classes in the art of self defense as part of the fall recreational and educational program. That these classes will be popular has been demonstrated by the interest shown by all members of the group.

That chubby fellow running around the area day and night with a shovel over his shoulder is none other than Pfc. William Beyers, known to his many friends as Buffalo. Bill is the chief engineer in this unit, and his main concern is seeing that hot water is always on hand for his buddies. Because of his thoughtfulness and consideration, Bill is one of the most popular men in the group.

What all the men on the combat front want to know is what sergeant who holds a major job in the organization has to carry a carbine because he can't reach the trigger on a rifle? Of two guesses we might make it would have to be one or the Hunter!

S-Sgt. Marne F. Kincaid who holds an attentive audience around here when he relates a few of his interesting experiences in civilian life.

As a Herpetologist (the branch of zoology that treats of reptiles and amphibians) Sgt. Kincaid has traveled all over the world. He was associated with the United States Society of Zoology in research and educational work. In his search for some of the twenty five hundred different species of snakes he has wandered through England, Sweden, France, Spain, Algeria, Italy, Greece and Central America. In Italy he traveled as a member of the Ken-

M-Sgt. William Braden is quite amused at the members of the group who talk and act like old timers. A neat record of nineteen years in the service as a member of the Tank Corps, Motor Transport Corps, Ordnance, Coast Artillery, machine gunner, and finally a dope and fabric worker for the AAF has acquainted the Sergeant with the workings of the organization. He is looking forward to the next eleven years in the service and feels that by 1954 he will be ready to retire.

12th Mess Has Picnic

By PVT. MEYER W. FOSS

The long anticipated Picnic of the 12th Mess Group took place last week at the Baseball Park. Both the Officers and the Enlisted Men let their "hair down," and a grand and glorious time was had by all. Ice cold drinks, chicken, potato salad, and soda was the "chow" for the day — and delicious it was!

Baseball games held the sport spotlight — and were played with keen interest and good natured rivalry. Lt. Carper starred for the Officers, and Lt. Gillespie amazed everyone with his speed! Sgt. Rakovsky and Pvt. Naggy were the fielding and hitting stars for the Enlisted. Pfc. "Tony" Donovan's unerring hand the boys laughing for sometime. He maintained that the "ump" was always right — and if the boys objected to his decision — he would send them to the showers! This "threat" proves the democratic principle of our sports where a Pfc. tells the Officers, and Lt. Gillespie announced that he was earned one — can we have more of them?

The Music that is played weekly in the different Mess Halls comes from the "Hochbushers Band" led by Capt. Chuck Mackler. They feature the electric guitar, vibraphone, saxophone, piano and drum. "Living is the thing with Chuck and his band" — and popular music as well. They receive the wre earned one place from the G. I.'s.

Pfc. Stanley Gieseler was caught in shower of confetti tape from skycraper

Medics Win 17th Game

By PVT. E. B. VAN BOOK, JR.

The Medics' ball team won its 17th victory in 19 games Thursday afternoon, when they defeated the 12th Mess Team by default. The 12th Mess got cold and took the lead in the 11th inning, but the Medics Sluggers utilized the time by a sharp practice session so that they would not go "stale." They showed up very well and were led in the practice by their stellar first baseman, Sgt. James Smith. The "Pill-puffers" have been a credit to their outfit, as well as to their coach, Lt. Michael J. Ricci, who works tirelessly trying to whip the team into shape. The Medics are after a check the Championship, the play-off of which is this week.

Slightly late, but nevertheless, our hearty congratulations are extended to Sgt. Charles Smith on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Mary Fitzgerald of N. Y., nice work, Smitty.

With all the furloughs and all the married men the first seven grades living off the Post, the Medical Barracks seem a rather strange and empty these nights. We are, alas of us, thinking seriously of getting married. Do you blame us? Where is the old army with its "read three grades privileges"?

"Read the Bulletin Board twice daily" says the town Crier, it is quite amusing these days to see the boys gather around the once forgotten information reservoir, now that the furlough lists are being posted. Twice daily those G. I. comes running out of their offices, or from their place of work, for a quick look-see hoping to find their names among the lucky few to be granted Furloughs each half month. The precious ten or fifteen furlough days pass all too rapidly in the present war-time world, having just returned from a ten day furlough in New York, boy, oh, boy!

In our wanderings we note many new things. Among them we see that the well known "Dispensary Plough," Lt. J. Kelly, has collected some furs on his upper lip, which he proudly calls a moustache



Could be! With a lot of care and lots of luck, we wonder how long it will take.

The Detachment personnel were complimented on their fine showing in the Retreat on Friday 10 September, 1943. Major Miller, S-3, thought the formation a "Touch of West Point." Let us do as well on our next Retreat, eh, Medics? Kincaid's good-natured expression by the whole Detachment to Pvt. Paul Whyton on the sudden death of his mother-in-law.

Two soldiers were carrying a buddy in a stretcher. "What happened to him?" asked a passerby. "He [name] off KP."

"Well that's not the way to the hospital."

"Hospital, hell! He's going on guard duty."

Father: "The man who marries my daughter will get a prize."

Young Man: "May I see it, sir?"

New York building when Italy's surrender was announced.

S-Sgt. Willard Duncan while home on furlough to Wilmington, Del., announced his engagement to girl, "Evelyn" — Congratulations, Duncan!

Pfc. Stanley Wolfenden hits a fashion note in Army attire — or should it say retro. His "striped" pajamas are tailored by Brooks Bros., and as Stanley puts it, "Brooks Bros. of New York — Miami — London — ETO, U.S. — The Army." Evelyn's name is "Queenie." Pvt. "Evelyn" is a romantic mood, night requesting Sgt. Johnny Mathison "This was goodnight Johnny." Goodness!