

AIR-O-MECH

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MAJOR J. B. MURR, Special Services Officer
EDITORIAL

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HIS SECRET WEAPON--

"Yeah," said the soldier on the train. "those Russians are doing okay. But I wouldn't trust 'em. You watch and see... we'll have to take them on, too, before this war's over."

"Sure," said the GI in the PX, "the British are making out fine in Italy. But who do you think they're fighting for, besides themselves. They're out for their own good and nobody else's."

And Adolf Hitler crouching in his refuge at Berchtesgaden, smiled his crooked little maniac's grin when he heard those words. For Adolf Hitler knows what the war is all about.

Adolf Hitler, mad though he may be, knows that the war of the Russians and the war of the British and our own struggle are all one war. He knows that the workers of America and the capitalists of America and every person from the white-collar men and women to the coal miners are fighting the same war.

But he smiles, because he knows that some of us don't know what he knows. And, spider-like, he sends his agents out into the world to whisper these mouldy and moth-eaten lies into the ear of every gullible fool who will listen.

To the workers, he points out the huge profits of their bosses. To the owners, he cries out in alarm against the organization of labor. To the English, he calls us "Uncle Shylock." To the Russians, he calls us a "pluto-democracy."

And to us? Well, you've heard the lies he spreads. You've heard them from the lips of your barracks mates and read them in a very few of our newspapers. They're designed to break apart our unity... a unity which will eventually spell defeat for Adolf Hitler.

And every time he hears one of his own diseased brain-children spoken by someone—anyone—in the United Nations, he smiles.

Are you giving him cause for that smile?

SHARE-THE-RIDE

With the initiation of our new "Share-The-Ride" program, Seymour Johnson Field may soon be fairly well fixed as far as transportation for regular commuters is concerned. But what is yet to be accomplished is almost as important.

We refer, of course, to the soldiers who go into town fairly regularly but are not classed as commuters. You can find them any day clustered about the bus stops, clogging the already overloaded buses, and patiently waiting by the side of the road for some driver with an extra seat or two to pick them up.

It's the drivers who are guilty of this unfriendly and close-packed busses, or to standing by the side of the road? Will drivers continue to pass them by, no matter what the weather—pass them by when empty seats could well be offered to them?

It's the drivers who are guilty of this unfriendly and ill-mannered action that this editorial is directed. It's about time, don't you think, that you broke down and did the right thing by these lads?

AN OFFICER'S PRAYER--

Lord, I come to you humbly for guidance. In my hand I clasp my insignia—not a symbol of a thing accomplished, as my vanity first thought, but a memento of awesome responsibility. For this is not a trinket, but a voice that keeps saying: "You're your brother's keeper." These men, who yesterday were strangers are now my charges. In me rests the fearful accountability for their lives. Impart to me wisdom, so I may be hard without harshness, firm without fear, and give me leadership.

Let me harbor hatred for our common enemy only, and no fear other than that I may fail in my bounden duty. Grant that I be true to my men, my country, and myself.

Teach me to inspire in others, the enthusiasm, the courage, the will-to-do, that I ask you to instill in my heart. Impart to me all qualities needed, to be a good brother, a good father, a good soldier. And never permit my reason to falter in judgment, my heart in understanding or my feet in danger. So I may look my fellow soldier unflinchingly in his eyes and honestly say: "Where thou goest, I goeth, what thou doest, I doest. Thy way is my way."

Keep me close to my men, O Lord—draw them close to me. Lead them to understand that the discipline I demand is no more than I readily accept from my superiors. Let me be between us mutual trust, confidence, and comradeship. Teach us to share our hardships, our wounds, our pains for the common causes of home, country, and ultimate victory.

And lastly, grant that my men offer through their right hands, a salute of respect and trust that emanates from their heart. Make me, not a good master of my men, but a true servant of my country. Amen.

(The author of "A Non-Com's Creed.")



Barrack-Chief School The Chaplain In Hollywood's Manner Speaks

Since the performance of "Aerial Gunner" at the Post Theater, we have been wanting to write a motion picture on the Army Air Corps. Why not? After all, everybody's doing it and who is better qualified than we? So, with this in mind, we ate a supper of beans, saurkraut and milk, went into our sack and came up with the following:
Cpl. Brightersnood — Humphrey Bogart
Pvt. [unclear] — Lord [unclear]
Pfc. Ichovitch — Chester Morris
Pfc. Ichovitch — Zasu Pitts
Pfc. Ichovitch — Maria Ouspensky
Sgt. Fuddle — Edward G. Robinson
General [unclear] — [unclear]
Our study opens on a troop train bound for Phoenix, Arizona, where the Army Air Corps maintains a school for barracks chiefs. On this train are Bogart, Nolan and Ichovitch (the male). They arrive amid a shower of hail and are met by Cpl. Fuddle, who proceeds to make a speech at the depot, despite the fact that the men are completely covered with hail before he is done.

"Remember," he says, "either you are a good Barracks Chief, or you are a dead one." The rescue squads dig out the frozen bodies and cart them to the dormitory. Next day, they are sufficiently thawed out to permit the beginning of their course.

BUT first, they must sweat out nerves by doing ninety days of karpis (show you). Finally this too, is done and they are ready to begin. They are taught the dangerous job of policing a barracks, blacking a stove, and giving a floor.

Since the brightest boy in the class must always be killed before completing school, just to make it authentically Hollywood, and to show that the boys are not there for a picnic, Pfc. Steinman gets his falling out of a top bunk, and is buried there on the spot. Attending the funeral are the top glamorous sisters of Morris, Pfc. Ichovitch and her sister PFC Ichovitch, both of the WACs. PFC Ichovitch, played by Zasu Pitts, promptly falls in love with Cpl. Brightersnood, play-

ed by Bogart. PFC Ichovitch, on the other hand, played by Maria Ouspensky, falls for Nolan, who is in his casket. (Both girls are WACs stationed at nearby Pipe-squeak AAB).

Nolan is presented his Barracks Chief's wings Posthumously, while an entire squadron...
Graduate...
This group is sent to Gooch Field, near East Bend, Idaho. Here the main story comes to light.

A GI brush is left carelessly lying around and is attacked by termites. PFC Ichovitch (Morris) yells, "That GI brush is valuable equipment for Uncle Sam. It must be saved so that it can scrub again." "I'll get the fit gun and hold them off while you, Cpl. Brightersnood, get a squad of me to save the brush."

Morris jumps into a portable toilet and begins to spray the termites. Meanwhile, Bogart and picked group of volunteers save the brush, but poor Morris is over-run and killed by the termites. He dies clutching a letter from his Aunt Samantha in Woodlouse, Ohio.

Nolan uses the GI brush, now repaired, to wipe out the termites and the brush. Nothing Can Stop The Army Air Corps.
Guess we'd better crawl back into the sack!

Father: "I don't like to see that soldier kissing you that way."
Daughter: "Give him a chance, father. He's just a beginner."

Yom Kippur Services...

Services for the Jewish Day of Atonement, Yom Kippur, will be held on October 6 and 7 at Chapel No. 4, The 8th, Friday, and see services started at 10:30, while Saturday's services begin at 8:00. Chasid Moshe M. Gold will officiate.

LANCIE A. MANTLE, 1ST. LT.

Citizens of New York City have picked one fine thing from the blackout... they have discovered the stars! The beauty of the firmament has been unknown to thousands of persons who have always lived under the bright lights. But if we will take a good look, we shall discover that they are still shining, and are just as beautiful as ever.

The Star of Human Decency is still shining. One fine example of this may be found in the Jewish people. Only about half of the refugees from Germany have been Jews, but it is the gifts of the more than \$100,000 last year—that has kept the Protestant and Catholic Refugee Committee from closing.

The Star of Faith, too, is still shining. God is not to blame for the darkness that covers the earth today. His light is of man's making—and the promise of man—has suffered so severely that if we do not have faith in God, we are unfortunate indeed. We need to remember, too, that having faith in God does not mean that we may leave the job of cleaning up the world to Him. God does not trust Himself forward when we turn our backs on Him, and crash through the closed doors of our hearts. The light is on the inside.

And the Star of Hope still shines. Water painting, "Hope," is a good painting for our day. A woman sits on the globe with a harp in her hand. The day is dark—but, shining through the darkness shines our day star. This star is unseen, for the woman is blindfolded, and every strain in her body is to be seen. Yet the star, unseen, calm, eager and confident that some day light will come and music will sound again.

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