

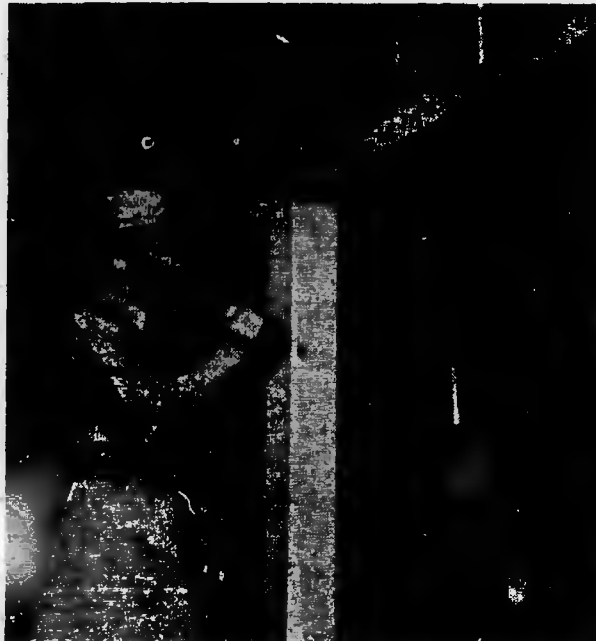
Air-O-Mech visits the ...

Air - Wacs

stationed here at Seymour Johnson Field to show them at work and at play. Air-Wac recruiting is now in progress and qualified women may enlist for the Air Forces.



JUST A LITTLE wider, please. Cpl. Margie Holman, assistant at the Post Dental Clinics, helps the dentist drill on some luckless GI. Margie doesn't think she's what you might call a gold digger, but many's the filling she's reached in and snagged before its owner swallowed it. Somehow, watching Margie, while that drill grinds deeper and deeper into some shivering molar, doesn't seem too bad. If you gotta suffer, at least take the easy way.



IT'S GAS ALERT in the WAC area as the alarm gongs toll all over the field. Cpl. Oglesby, Supply NCO, warns all girls in the detachment grounds to don their masks until the "All Clear." There have been many gags told about WACs and WAVEs and lady Marines in and out of their gas masks, but you'll still find a huge majority of the guys around the field prefer the girls without the masks. Right?



"DEAR WALTER . . . It's after hours now, and I'm writing to you about the day's work. This afternoon . . ." Cpl. Estelle Neton writes her T-4 twin brother in her spare time. The WAC Layroom, with a combined PX in it, is a fine place to write the homefolks just what's going on. You'll find the girls write letters at about the same rate-per-day that other GIs do. You won't find as much mush, though, because they all seem to have left affairs well in hand before they donned Uncle Sam's issue.



NO ICE CHICK is this WAC shown slicing the Service Club mahogany down to the bone. She's riding the beat out of this world and knocking the assembled bash down to its brogans. Let the squares stare, the buffs flip their nostrils—the canary digs the dirty stuff but rest. After a day's session behind some off-beat clack-box, the kid's steady and ready to fling the metatarsals across the wriggle-podium.



NUMBER PLEEKKE? Sgt. Mattie Simpson and Cpl. Flora Aussenbaugh take care of the calls coming into and going out of Seymour Johnson Field from their switchboards in the Signal Center building. Civilian telephone operators will tell you that running one of those complicated switchboards with the lights flashing and the buzzers-buzzing all day long is no snap job. The girls put in plenty of hours around the clock and their work has to be fast, accurate, and courteous.