

COLUMN White

FINAL NEWS FROM YOUR SQUADRON

36th Has Theatre Party Basketball Team Is Tops

By FFC. HENRY COOPERMAN

To the 36th goes the honor of being the first Squadron ever to have a theatre party, on this field. We had to get permission from the War Department, no less, and it was not for our aggressive C. O. who might not have had the swell time we did.

Two of the very first men to answer Uncle Sam's call for more Aviation Cadets were P. F. C. A. Don Marquis and Ed Anderson. You just know that both of them will be "hot" pilots, too, good luck boys!

By the time this column goes to press, we will have P. F. C. George Seebold back again. After an emergency appendectomy, George is on his feet again and rarin' to go. Glad to hear you back, Felix!

Have you tried P. F. C. Dinardo for pressing and sewing uniforms yet? He's really good and reasonable. Look in case you're interested, he's in Bachelor 704.

This corner believes one of the surprises of the year will be the 36th basketball team spearheaded by "Shorty" Stabenberger. I'm not afraid to predict how high it will go in the inter-squadron competition for fear of jinxing it. Lt. Homa is doing a swell job in keeping the boys up to scratch, and although naturally reticent, he does not hesitate in saying that the 36th is the team to beat.

If you're the serious type, we'd like to recommend the Open Forum held at the U. S. O. in town every Saturday at 3:00 p. m. The Forum was designed to provide the G. I. the opportunity to express his thoughts on the kind of life he wants to come to. The Forum is a medium through which we can exercise one of our most precious rights, the freedom of speech. In these historic times, it is of the greatest importance that we discuss these problems which are going to affect our future lives.

It is interesting to note that this week China celebrates her "Double Ten" day. On this day, the tenth day of the tenth month, November, thirty-three years ago, the Republic of China was created under the leadership of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen. This was accomplished through the overthrow of the incumbent Manchu Dynasty, and is comparable to July Fourth, our Independence Day. Food for thought: I wonder why so many G. I.'s think they're God's Gift to women???

We hope the planes are more in tune than they were in our Orderly Room. "Never fear Powers is here" has a deep answer in the not too dim background - How do you do it, Bill? The winds blew, the sides of the barracks bulged out. Men under any means of evil available. Women fainted at the grisly scene. Squadron men turned pale and looked sick - yes, a woman's accident or fall, yes, Sgt. (General) Every, talking us of his experiences - The offer still stands, Pete.

Wedding Bells Ring In 9th AC

By S-SGT. V. UYUN AND SGT. V. ESPOSITO

Wedding Bells - Those cadets are champing for the boys of the 9th en masse these days with Cpl. Louis Trotto marrying local talent and nice "talent" too Louis - Sgt. "What can I do?" Pavro going home to be married - and Pfc. Ronald Cummings (finally taking that fatal step with his girl of the mails - Well boys you know how the squadron feels about its squadron wives or do you? Don't keep them hid -



"Pick up your chest!" "Fall in your gut." "Get these shoulders back, Miller!" - T-Sgt. Ed Fortney must be wondering how a guy can march with his "gut" tucked in his chest tucked on his chest and still keep the backside of his lap from being prominently displayed. Stay with it, Ed and we will be the first to give you a "highball" when you win those bars after completing your Air Cadet Training.

Lt. Hawkins, our acting C. O. in the absence of Major Morgan, kept things burning and running smoothly in our Squadron. Need we say how amazingly the men of our Squadron have taken to his berding and "foster fathering." You can C. O. as anytime, Lt. - Many of the men may be wondering what has kept that ball rolling along so smoothly - Answer - Our adjutant, Lt. Mayer, a "G. I." officer. Are those grey hairs we see on your head Sgt. Joe Mayer as the result of that birthday last week's "Porkie" Lind has that gleam in his eye these days - Can it be because of the near arrival of his better half? "As if" "As if" tomorrow morning." "Just a minute, I'll see." Sounds like a walking information booth - Just a word picture of our Sgt. Major, S-Sgt. LaBarge.

Personality of the Week - Sgt. Charlie (Aunt) Amorelli, who has more troubles than Scales of St. Nick put together. Guess you "Amore" we all love you - and your wife too.

Personnel has won our own "Fencehater" Sweater away from

Highball Pays Dividends Walker Dates Snow White

The 12th Mess Group has welcomed 2nd Lt. George Koenig to the outfit and we wish him a long and successful career. Assigned to the 12th Mess Group from the 91st war married to the former Miss O. O. S. in August of this year O. O. S. Koenig graduated from O. C. S. in August of 1942.

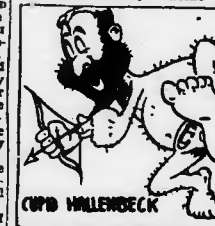
A bridegroom of five weeks he was married to the former Miss Edith Rittken of Bridgeport, Connecticut the happy couple's hometown while on a well earned leave. Lt. Koenig is 28 years of age and in civilian life is an attorney. The 12th Mess Group wishes Mrs. Koenig a long and happy life together.

This is not a story but a true occurrence with a real sense of humor. It seems that Pfc. Clayton Carpentier of the 36th Mess Squadron, a bus and therein lies our preaching and perceiving it can do things right. The 12th Mess Group officers and Non-Coms to salute correctly and this time it paid dividends. To his surprise the car came to a stop and he was hailed by the officer within. Imagine his astonishment at being offered a ride by none other than Brigadier General Erroy, commanding General of Seymour Johnson Field.

We do not know the identity of the other men concerned but we do know that they were not of the Mess Group. We of the 12th Mess Group are proud our men take place. Congratulations to both Sgt. LaVache and the future Mrs. LaVache.

Sgt. Bill Walker has finally dated "Snow White." It looks like a shining romance and your scribe will have to scurry around and dig up another subject. Even so I feel like a Cupid, in 200 pound ones and I know Bill and Virginia really do appreciate my efforts. Yeah! If anything happens to me you all know why.

To be more or less officious we could say, "The following named men have recently left the ranks of the Benedicts" but no, we prefer to be softly sentimental about such things. We therefore call this the "Love and Cherish" department. Today is the big day for S-Sgt. Daniel LaVache. He is taking an bride Miss Rita Merrill of Boston, Mass., Danny's home town.



Congratulations are also in order for Sgt. Pete Iodice of the 36th Mess Sqdn. Pete and Mrs. Iodice were married in Meriden, Conn. on Oct. 23, 1943. Only two weeks of marriage and already Pete says, "It is the best life there is. Wish it had done it sooner." Olga probably does too Pete and we know you will have many long years of happiness ahead of you.

Four items and three bridegrooms. Looks like the New England "Yanks" are getting all out for Morale.

Lt. Maurice Beaulieu, C. O. of the 40th Mess Sqdn. is advising his men to get in shape for a command inspection on the 23rd and 24th of this month. Let's see you fellows in the 40th get behind this with all you've got and really put it across. We know that you can do it.

S-Sgt. Ed Eruk, Cpl. Herb Dunn, Sgt. Alfred Harvey and Sgt. Charles McElmeel, are saying that trip they took a while back was very enjoyable and hope to go again soon. We therefore call this the "Along the next time, then we call all sweat out a three day pass. Incidentally I must take some golf lessons from Ed. He used to be known with a former pro and should be very good.

S-Sgt. Bill Markunas is out of the hospital and ready for wrestling some more beef over at the Central Butcher Shop. Glad to have you back Bill, we missed you.

Well, gang I guess this is the limit for now but drop around with your news items. We will be glad to have all your news to give us. See you around at show time.

Oh Nellie had a bathing suit. 'Twas beautiful, no doubt - But when she got inside the thing, The most of her stayed out.

Hq-Hq Shindig Huge Success; Revelers Romp

By FVT. JIMMY HEARNS

Our Squadron dance party held at the Community Building in the Housing Project on the Fourth of this month was a four star hit. A young man could be finished on the complete romps on of that night, but the precious space is lacking as a consequence of a lot of jostling will have to do the trick.

Captain Seabury and his charming Mrs. were there enjoying the festivities as was Lt. Duncan Foster and his ... Lt. Foster, former member of the French in the first world conflict, drew plaudits from the throng of G. I. and G. J. boys with his fancy stepping to the tune of the music.

S-Sgt. Tommy Dorsey, lived up to his nickname of The Chief as he did a whooping war dance near the soda drink counter to the accompaniment of piano-curding. The crowd from his buddies - "Animals," Di Rita was doing hilarious impersonations and skits for the benefit of the 12th Mess barracks. Mistress Jimmy Steele did royally in his MCing spot, making the announcements and doing a terrific job with the singing work. Cpls. Bohran, Tull, Haley and Sgt. Snodgrass provided the time quartet wallings in el latrine way into the a. m. . .

Cpl.: If you could shoot as well as you eat you'd be an expert. Rookie: Sir, I've had this rifle for two weeks, and I've been eating for two years.

333rd Mail Clerk Pleads With Santa For Mail Bag

By S-Sgt. ADAM HENDERSKI

Forty four days until Christmas and boys are already expressing wishes as to what they would like most! A careful analysis discloses that a soldier isn't selfish. For example: Sgt. Willie Barnes wants a mail bag so that he can deliver the letters and of having the boys call for their mail. He would wear out less shoe leather than the guys who wear out his welcome mail three times a day and still get no answer. They are the "Forgotten Men." Willie's recent idea that the mail room could be better located in the Day Station, has aroused comment as to Willie's reasons. Maybe the line think that Willie is self-conscious. The mail is the only reason the boys gather around and not to watch the antics of our beloved Postmaster. Maybe the line-ness in between mail's calls and the bars on the window make Willie uneasy. Santa's Christmas list contains: S-Sgt. John Dufrenoy would like a camouflage suit. That would still enable him to work without being seen and bothered. Sgt. Herb Westfield would like a pair of rubber shoes so that he could hitch a ride to town from some of the cheap skates that pass by with empty cars. Not to mention names, but our firemen would like a central heating system to take care of all the buildings in the area.

whether people were throwing dirt looks at me so I wiped the windshield - same difference only clearer.

Sport topics of the day: The basketball team is shaping up gradually and a promising quintet is in the making as proven by winning scores in three recent practices.



New candidates have turned out for the practice of Pvt. "Nip" Posey and Cpl. George Rowe are recent new discoveries. Posey, having played two years with George Washington University Pfc. Charles Malsed, has the individual high score and will no doubt be the team's "roving forward."

T-Sgt. Klub a set-shot artist, played on the Ecorse High team in the East of sporty town of Ecorse, Michigan. He also played with the Ward Baking Company team and Stimms Clothiers, a semi-pro team in an independent league. More "dope" and sketches on other interesting members of the team will appear in this column. Returning to his home station after christening the new baby M-Sgt. Richardson made the following statement: "I am going to suggest to the War Department that salt water be substituted for champagne and cognac in christening ships so that more would be available for the proper christening of babies. At the rate bottles are being busted over ships and submarines, perhaps I should protest to

The Wolf

by Sansone



"Old I'll bet I know what you're wishing!"



Recent wisecracks: Sgt. Finnick. "I don't want to seem inquisitive but who has my car today?" Cpl. Ernest Slack, "I couldn't tell