

# AIR-O-MECH

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EDITORIAL  
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## An Empty Barrel . . .

Guys who discuss the war are divided into three classes.

There's the guy who doesn't know anything except what his nightly radio commentator tells him. His ideas are a curious mixture of fact and fancy, with a liberal sprinkling of ancient prejudices and fears.

There's the loud-mouthed guy who has all the dope and wants everybody to know it. He ends up calling the other guy all kinds of names and trying to outshout him, but he hasn't convinced anybody.

Then there's the lad with something on the ball. He reads the papers and magazines, studies the situation carefully, and has a pretty good idea of what the score is. You can tell him from the rest because he doesn't argue about the war with them.

In barrack after barrack, you'll find arguments in full swing, with the guys lying on their sacks and solving the war's problems of the top of their voices. And, as wars have a way of doing, this one just keeps on going, regardless of what decisions the Bull-sessions come to.

So, you might ask, what's the sense of talking about it? Well, there's a lot of sense to it. Intelligent discussion, with everybody knowing what he's talking about, can accomplish a lot of things. If three guys get in a session, and two of them understand the situation, the third guy will come away with a much better idea of everything.

It stands to reason, then, that you can get a lot out of such barracks-forums.

But there's one joker in the deck. You've got to know what you're talking about. You just don't run off at the mouth about things, and get anything important accomplished.

What about free speech, you might ask? What about the right to talk about anything you damn well please? Isn't that what we're fighting for . . . the right to shoot off our mouths whenever the spirit moves us?

No, you've got to earn the right to talk. You've got to prove that you can discuss things intelligently before you have any business telling other people the score.

That's the trouble with our democracy—too many guys going off half-cocked. Too many characters heating up the air with baloney. Too many lads who think that because they have a tongue in their mouth, they can buttonhole somebody and bend his ear.

That stuff doesn't go anymore. You've got to realize that sooner or later. People have gotten wise in the past few years. They know now that the old proverb was plenty right—"An empty barrel makes the loudest noise."

Better fill up the think-tank before you start to spout off.

## It's Coming Soon . . .

Well, it's "dig down deep" again, men. The Fourth War Loan Drive begins January 18th, 1944, and runs through to February 15th. The goal for the entire country is \$14,000,000,000, which ain't hay . . . and isn't easy to get together, either.

Now, wait a second. This ain't another of those appeals again. This time we're just letting you in on the deal before it comes off. We're tipping you off in advance, so you can begin to scrape up the scratch right now.

You see, this time the drive is scheduled for a bad time. A bad time, that is, for GIs like us. It starts just past the middle of the month and ends right on the halfway mark. Which means that it hits only one pay-day, and barely brushes a single supplemental.

Last time we were lucky because we had two pay-days during the drive. That's one of the reasons we went so very far over the top in making our quota here on the field.

The other reason, of course, is that we're smart enough to know that War Savings Bonds are the best place to keep our money.

We won't have an extra pay-day to boost investments this time, but if everybody begins planning now, we shouldn't have any trouble dusting off another Bond Drive. Start saving now, and we'll beat the quota again. Start saving now, so you'll have the cash socked away for afterwards . . . when Army pay-days will be a thing of the past.

True scholarship consists in knowing not what things exist, but what they mean; it is not memory but judgment.—James Russell Lowell

Marry by all means. If you get a good wife you will become very happy; if you get a bad one you will become a philosopher—and that is good for every man.—Socrates

Is there one word that can serve as a principle for the conduct of life? Perhaps the word "reciprocity" will do. Do unto others what you want others to do unto you.

Do not worry about people not knowing your ability, but worry that you have not got it.

## IT'S EASY TO TALK



## Feature . . . Heres The Lowdown On Slang In The Army; Dig Us, Jackson?

GI slang is something that baffles civilians. There's no good reason why it should, seeing as how it's all good American lingo, but you'll find countless columns of articles devoted to the topic in magazines and newspapers all over the country.

The only trouble with these stories that civilians get to read about soldier-talk, is that no soldier ever heard most of the terms they mention so knowingly.

Did you ever, for instance, hear anybody call GI coffee "battery acid"? Nobody ever calls it that, because everybody just takes it for granted. Mees hall Java is some thing we all know about.

Or, have you ever heard the guy next to you atchow call condensed milk "armored cow"? Certainly not. We've just gotten used to calling it cream, because that's what it takes the place of. If you've got holes in your shoes, you don't go around making funny little remarks about them. It's the same thing with condensed milk. You take it for granted, and just forget about it.

What we need is a good, sincere dictionary of GI terms for the benefit of civilians about to be inducted and for the families and friends of soldiers who have a tough time with the letters they receive.

To begin with, let's settle the question of Army Time. After 12 o'clock noon, you add the number 12 to the time the clock shows. It's simple. 2:30 p. m. is 14:30. 10:15 a. m. is 10:15. Just like that. Midnight is 24:00. . . or 00:00, or something like that. I mean, it's really 2400 till 2400 and then it's 0:00. I mean, it's really . . .

The next thing to clear up is "taking off." You "take off" when you leave some place. You take off for chow for town for your barracks, for a movie, for the Service Club. This is not to be confused with "going-off." Or any other of the "ts" that nasty GIs have taught you.

"Taking a break" is not being reduced in grade. It is not fracturing some bone in your body. It is not taking advantage of a stroke of luck. It is not making a start for freedom, in the gangland sense. It is, merely, taking a rest. Like on Mess Management detail. You know, a "break." Pardon us for bringing the subject up.

Following are a few GI slang terms that ought to settle that. A lead-off sergeant posted the following notice on the barracks bulletin at Fort Custer, Michigan:

"All members of this organization will fall out for drill at 0900. Cooperation is necessary. If you men will play ball with me, I will play ball with you."  
Later in the day, someone scribbled this addition to the Sgt's note: "We would like to cooperate, sergeant, but we've got all of a them to play ball." (CNS)  
As planned. (CNS)

expressions and their English equivalents:  
Following are a few English terms and their GI slang equivalents:

Drug store, cafe restaurant, movie house, or any other place in an Army town "CLIP JOINT."

Letter from a girl you never expected to hear from again "TYPE!"

Action packed night in town, with women, and song predominating "THE DREAMER"

Package from home with three hungry guys banking next to you

Well, that's about all, fellas. We have gotta get going over to the orderly room. Got a little br— apple-polishing to do.

## Is this a . . . Good Idea

If it's true that you only get out of life what you put into it, then how's about getting on the ball as far as Goldsboro's concerned. You'll hear everybody from Pfc's to M. Sgts. griping like mad about what a dead town it is and how there's nothing to do in it. That's just a mistaken notion, once you start to think about it.

How can there be nothing to do in a town as big as Goldsboro? It stands to reason that there must be plenty of interesting places to go and have to know them.

As part of its "Good Idea" department, Air-O-Mech this week, brings this problem to your attention, and invites you to turn to the entertainment section on page 15 this issue.

Enough GIs have been coming to us and other with this gripe . . . now here's a good way to settle the whole problem. Look through the entertainment section and pick yourself a few places to go and things to do. Then, try them out and see if it isn't a "Good Idea."

**TOUGH LUCK, KIDDO**  
A former Marine Sergeant named George Koehler is pretty loyal to his old outfit. He and his wife had a baby daughter the other day and George was out at a loss to do his active and fanciful imagination, he brought this one up and had the baby christened. Shee now "Marine Corps Koehler." (CNS)

## Artist Milt Caniff Draws For Victory

Milton Caniff, who draws Male Call for the Air-O-Mech and for many other service papers, is a guy who gets lots of fun from doing things for other people.

That characteristic makes him worth his weight in gold to the United States. If you add his talent to this sterling quality, you have a combination that's hard to beat.

Despite being classified 4F, he still devotes most of his time and energy to the war effort. To begin with, there's his Male Call strip which is syndicated through Camp Newspaper Service. Then there does for the War Department—all of them without charge. He's illustrated manuals and draws posters till he's blue in the face, but he loves it.

Caniff knows what people—especially servicemen—like. In a case you care to question that statement, take a gander at Male Call this week. Watch Miss Lace as she travels through adventure after adventure with her vicinity. You can't help getting a kick out of the thing.

Back in October, 1943, Caniff went to Yank Magazine with the idea of contributing his work. They refused with understandable reluctance, because Yank must confine itself to servicemen talents. But the CNS took up the idea and began distributing a new strip called Terry and the Pirates to hundreds of camp papers throughout the country.

The seductive character "Burmese" was assigned to titillate GI eyeballs in the original strip, but copyright conflict soon cropped up. The Terry title went back into muddle again and Burma went along with it. Another gal took the ball and carried it right along. She was Miss Lace, sweetheart of a million GI hearts.

Miss Lace is a brimete charmer with a lot that keeps the eye and a lot that Caniff meets on the beach for special occasions. She pals around with Edna mainly, but has been known to bend the elbow with commissioned ranks.

Besides Male Call, Caniff has done plenty of work for the overseas guide pamphlets on China and the Pacific Islands. He's decorated the Army song sheet, Hit Kilt, and dreamed up a lot of the orientation posters distributed for us GI education. His friendship with Lt. Col. Philip Cochran, renowned "Flop Corbin" of Terry and the Pirates, is another of his many Army ties.

For a guy he really keeps on the beam to victory.

Charlotte: I know the secret of popularity.  
Mary: So do I, but mother says I mustn't.