

# AIR-O-MECH

This newspaper is published weekly by and for the personnel of Seymour Johnson Field, N. C., under the direction of the Special Service Officer. Full coverage of the Camp Newspaper Service is received. All material is passed by the Public Relations Office. All photographs, unless otherwise credited, are Army Air Forces photographs. News appearing in this paper is for general release provided proper credit is given.

BRIG. GEN. FRANCIS M. BRADY  
MAJOR J. B. MURR, Special Service Officer  
EDITORIAL  
Pfc. Leslie Walker M/Sgt. Richard B. Tarr  
Pfc. James Hoars

## A New Year's Message

At Christmas last year we began to see light after the long darkness of the first year of the war. Confident of your enormous efforts as individuals and as a fighting force, I knew that we could expect with assurance a new year that would be a bright year and a proud year. We in the AAF have found it so. The hopes we held were abundantly realized. The confidence we felt proved to be well-founded.

This Christmas we have all that to be thankful for. Our hopes for the future are very high. In the consciousness of hard jobs well done, I hope every man and woman in the AAF will have at heart a Merry Christmas even in surroundings that may be strange.

Christmas Eve and Christmas Day some of you may find yourselves engaged in deadly combat. Many of you will be suffering hardships and dangers in situations as unlike Christmas as any you ever imagined. Very few of you will be able to spend Christmas as we would all wish to spend it. That will come again on those Christmases after we have finished the job.

With these thoughts in mind I send my Christmas and New Year's greetings to every one of you, wherever you are. As you know, the coming year will bring the most decisive days of our time, the most decisive of centuries to come perhaps. I am fully confident that you are equal to the challenge. Your courage and endurance, your devotion and your labor have carried us strong and safe and brought us one year nearer victory and realization of the things for which Christmas stands.—H. H. Arnold, General U. S. Army Commanding General, Army Air Forces.

## This Is The Last Warning

We had hoped that it would not be necessary to bring the following subject to your attention again. But it seems that there are still a number of men of this field who feel that because they were wearing uniforms, they are no longer expected to act like gentlemen.

We are all aware of the fact that there are very few busses plying between Goldsboro and the field that do not have people standing the entire distance. What we cannot understand is why they should all be women.

The ride into town on the bus is no fun, especially if you are standing and have to get out at the gate while the passes are being checked. But there again, why should it be the ladies who must pile off.

The other day a soldier walked into our office and told us of having to see his mother stand all the way into Goldsboro on a Saturday night, while 99 per cent of the seats were filled with comfortable and remarkably unobnoxious men from this post. Fine work men, you should be decorated.

This is not directed at any one group of men, but at every man guilty, whether he be a Private, a Master Sgt., Cadet or Officer. We can only hope that the mothers and wives of the men who don't believe in giving up their seats to ladies here at Johnson Field are receiving the same treatment back home.

It happens every day on every bus that enters or leaves the field. It is not only a reflection on the manners of the individual involved, but a worse reflection on the Army in general and Seymour Johnson Field in particular.

## It Pays To Be Honest

The following story appeared in the Raleigh News and Observer. It seems that 15 American soldiers had taken time out in their fight against the Japs, jungles, snakes and heat in New Guinea to reward a Washington, D. C., bellhop, who they said got a 10 cent tip for finding a guest's wallet containing \$2,800.

The bellhop was said to have found the wallet, and on returning it the owner handed him two nickels. The bellhop declined the proffered nickels with a few well chosen remarks. The owner replied: "I shouldn't have offered you anything at all."

The 15 Yanks collaborated in a letter to Hodges, appointing him an official and honorary member of the New Guinea Sod Sack Club, and inclosed \$15. The reward, they told the bellhop, was "so you won't lose completely your faith in human nature."



### Feature:

## The Night Before 1944: Why Good Citizens Leave Home

I was just sitting there on my footlocker, not particularly noticing much of anything, when I saw McCann looking for something on my bunkmate's shelf. McCann is not the kind of guy who does things with out reason. I thought to myself, and so thinking, I asked him what was up.

"Hair Oil," said McCann.

I turned that over in my mind for a second. McCann, being from Boston, could hardly expect his utterances completely understood by other citizens of the United States. The Army had done him a world of good, however, and there were days when even the least intelligent of our squadron got the gist of his pursuing.

"Hair oil?" I asked.

"Yeah, New Year's Eve," said McCann as he pounced on my bunkmate's bottle of lotion and began dabbing himself with it.

"Oh," I said, New Year's Eve. New Year's... why, so it was, and I had forgotten all about it. That explained the hair-oil, then. McCann had a date.

"Gonna do the town up brown, eh?" I inquired.

"No," said McCann. "Gonna stay right here all night."

"Then why the hair-oil?" I asked. Things were beginning to look all confused again. There was a time when McCann worried me, in a vague sort of way.

"Atmosphere," said McCann and wiped his hands on a handkerchief. "Atmosphere," he repeated and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"What," he asked slowly and with emphasis, "did you do last New Year's Eve?" He gazed at me with a peculiar sort of look.

"I worked," I said without hesitation. "I worked from midnight 'til eight in the morning." I paused to let the full effect of this sink in. "Then I went to bed," I added triumphantly.

McCann's face fell. "You didn't get tight?" he nearly yelled. "You didn't pass out around 3 a. m. home? You didn't have a date with a girl and lose her just after midnight in the crowd?"

"No," I answered simply. McCann blinked several times and cleared his throat. "Were you, may I ask, a civilian?" he said.

"Yes," I admitted modestly. "Well, I'll be," said McCann slowly, a look of awe and respect in his eyes. He sat back on the bed and looked at me.

"Hair-oil, I said, aren't you, 'Atmosphere. Remember?'"

"Oh," said McCann. "Well, that's a very simple story. You see, last New Year's Eve, I got tight. Being as how I was not in the army of Uncle Sam's fighting forces, and being as how there were no Articles of War covering the conduct of civilians, I got tight."

"Naturally," I agreed.

"That was December 31st, 1943," said McCann. "And on January 1st, 1944, at 11:20 p. m. I got off the train and gazed at the beautiful grounds at Fort Devens, Mass."

"You were in the Army?" I queried.

"That I was," said McCann. He paused and sighed to himself. "It seems like only yesterday. 'But,' he added, 'The memory of that glorious night lingers yet, like a sad, sweet melody, coursing through my brain. I cannot forget that lovely, lovely night.'"

"Of course," I said sympathetically.

"And that is why I have slicked myself up," said McCann. "I am now going to lie down on my bunk and go to sleep, there to dream of Boston and that lovely night just one year ago."

"Curious," I mused aloud. "I was thinking of doing the same thing."

"Leave us do it together," said McCann.

"Leave us," I agreed. So saying, we got dressed, went to town, and got very hilarious on a fifth of orange. Much McCann had found someplace.

NEW YORK — Ann Marie Saporita is out in Hollywood looking for a job in the movies, but when she comes home she's going to find that moppet is very, very angry. She's also going to find a cop sitting on her doorstep, all ready to arrest her for bigamy.

Ann Marie, a cafe society gal, is married to two servicemen. The couples have learned. One of them is Marine Lt. Allan Thomas Sturges, whom Ann Marie wedded in Woodford, Va. in July 1941 and the other, is 1st Sgt. Jerome Mark, whom Ann Marie married in Charleston, S. C., the following November. Ann's first husband was Pvt. Gordon W. Gilman, now stationed in North Africa, who on Ann married in 1938 when she was 18. That one was annulled by Ma Saporita. (ONS)

WASHINGTON — The Army and Navy are expected to call 200,000 new men into the services in January, the War Manpower Commission has learned. This quota has been set, according to the WMC so that the Army may reach its goal of 7,700,000 men early next year. (ONS)

### LIFE SAVERS

REMEMBER THAT bleeding will stop in a short while if the patient is quiet and that the pressure of the pads and bandages will keep it controlled.

REVIEW YOUR first aid instructions occasionally. It is equally important to know what not to do as well as what to do when taking care of yourself or a wounded companion before the medic arrive.

## New Weapons Equal Nazis' Say Experts

The United States Army and Navy have developed a series of deadly new "secret weapons" that equal and even far surpass anything the Nazis are known to have.

One of them is the 75 mm plane cannon now carried by Mitchell bombers. It has already destroyed a Jap destroyer with a single mighty volley, according to reports. Another is a new anti-aircraft gun which will shoot higher than any plane can fly. A third is a new 81 ton tank, a huge monster built at a locomotive plant which is big enough and tough enough to knock out any known tank the enemy can put on the field.

"There are hundreds of new developments, some refinements, and some revolutionary in character," according to Rear Adm. W. H. P. B. and during whose tenure in office as chief of the Bureau of Ordnance much of the progress was made. "Some of the latter, which are fully comparable to the German radio-controlled bomb and acoustic homing torpedo, have been in actual use for many months but even their purpose cannot be revealed."

In addition to developing potent new weapons of our own, the Army and Navy have also been giving close to the study of the new weapons developed by the Germans. New rocket guns, aerial bombs, and Hitler's famous "silver fire" are under constant surveillance by our experts who are busy developing the antitoxins to these weapons. (ONS)

Overheard in a booth at the "Browns": "Hands off, Columbus, you've discovered enough for tonight."