

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 Force 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. Tait
Pfc. James Kearns

UNASSIGNED STAFF: Pvt. Paul J. Gavanhan, Pvt. Charles Rotkin

It's no joke...

A situation that has long existed at Seymour Johnson Field and has affected the actions and outlook of almost everyone of the personnel, is the propagandizing of new recruits.

Isn't it true that when you first stumbled off the train, weary after a hard sleepless ride and staggering under a pyramid of barracks bags, that the first thing you heard was "You'll be sorry!" Then all the wisecracks and latrine mongers ganged up on you and before you knew it you were disgusted with the place, cynical over poor meals you'd never eaten, shivering at the thought of cold barracks you'd never yet lived in, wary of your officers and noncoms and an all-round sad sack when you finally got into the swing of things.

It was true in the case of many men. Just as soon as a squadron number is given to a group, a mob of G. I. spectators almost collapse on the field, bemoaning their plight and publicly praying that they live through it. Then they walked down to the mess hall and before they even dirtied the forks or spoons, general opinion had told them that the chow was lousy and scanty and all that sort of thing. Well, matters continue for a couple of days like this and what with rumors, latrinegrams, hot tips and orderly room rope, they are discouraged and frankly unhappy.

It's this regular campaign of discouraging all newcomers that's responsible for the poor starts many a lad gets at Seymour Johnson Field.

If it's a game, it's a pretty rotten one.

It isn't the chow or the schedule or the officers that get the newcomer jeepe down. It's the attitude of the dopes who are already here that affects them.

As a matter of fact, you can rarely get a bonafide complaint from the regulars concerning chow here. Besides, the schools and staff are excellent, being highly rated all over the nation. What's so bad about that?

Think it over...

We're at the half-way mark between payrolls now, and the lads who were popping for cokes last week are now tainly true that when you've got the dough, you spend it, looking for somebody to do their own popping. It's certain the only thing wrong is that after you spend it, you haven't got it.

No, that's wrong. You CAN have your cake and eat it, too. You can spend your long green, and get it back after you've spent it. People have been doing it for years on Wall Street, only every once in a while, they go to cash in and find out they've got less money than they put in.

But this way we've got in mind for you, you don't cash in and get less for your dough... You get more. That's right, it's War Savings Bonds, just like the kind the rest of the country is buying as fast as they can.

War Saving Bonds. Sounds pretty good. It is, too. It's the safest way to sock your money away for that day, no one knows how far off, when you'll be marching back home with those discharge papers in your pocket, nestling along side that mustering-out pay.

So, next payday, why not have your cake and eat it, too. Why not help make the Fourth War Loan Drive now in progress all over the nation and here on the field. A personal punch in the snoot for the ugly jokers who started this war... and a personal promise that when it's over, you'll have the wherewithal to start life anew in the way you've always wanted.

Cold, wasn't it...

Boy, it's really been cold out lately, hasn't it? Last week, we thought they'd forgotten all about North Carolina and were letting it stand out on the doorstep to freeze... like a bottle of milk. We heard all kinds of weird reports circulating around the field.

Down in one of the hangars, for instance, we heard they had a novel way of catching the field mice that scamper about, getting into flap-grease and losing themselves in hydraulic glands, etc. etc. They set pieces of cheese under the thermometers at night, and when the mouse goes for the bait, the mercury comes down, bops him on the head, and knocks him cold. But cold.

Then there was the unfounded rumor that for three days running, a whole barracks had been absent from all formations. Checking on it, so we heard, the 1st Sergeant found that the boys had piled sandbags over the doors and windows, and settled down to hibernate for the duration plus six. Good excuse, anyway.

Are you guys sottes? Aren't you the guys they wrote the song about? "Nothing can stop the Army Air Corps!" What's a little thing like a cold snap? And before you answer, what the heck happened to that muffler we laid down here a minute ago?

GIVE HIM A CHANCE



The Chaplain's Message...

FIRST THINGS FIRST

An owner of a big factory was on an inspection tour of his factory, checking up on the men and their operation of machinery. He came into one room and found a young man reading a book while the machinery was running. The owner of the factory immediately walked to the foreman and said, "Fire that man. I will not tolerate any young man working for me and reading a book and ignoring my machinery." The foreman replied, "That young man is the best help I have. He goes to night school. This is the only opportunity he has to study his lessons. He is taking better care of his machinery than it looks. He is really shrewd about his work, also, his education. I wish you would not make me fire him." The owner replied, "No must go." The owner walked over to the young man and said, "Young man, I will not tolerate anyone working for me and studying while on duty." The young man looked up into the owner's face and said, "Please don't fire me, mister. My pay check is all that my mother has to live on. I promise never to bring another book into this factory if you just won't fire me." The owner of the factory said, "No, get your hat. You must go. But this is what I'm going to do. I am going to permit you to go to school every day. Each Monday you may call here to your foreman and get your weekly pay check as long as you make satisfactory grades."

The young man went to school and was very industrious. He graduated from high school with honors. His pay envelope was always on hand every Monday. After the completion of high school the foreman recommended to the owner of the plant that the pay check be continued to give the young man an opportunity to go through college. The recommendation was accepted and the young man went to college. He studied law and became a lawyer. Having completed his college education he returned home to his mother.

Several years had elapsed since he had left the factory. The owner of the factory was beginning to get gray and the young man decided to pay his respects to him for his generosity which made it possible for him to obtain his education. He went to the chief man's office and made himself known. He said to the owner, "I want to express to you my deepest appreciation for the privilege, made possible by you, to go through college. I would like very much also to explain to you my anticipations in life."

"I plan on going out west and finding some small lively town and growing up with that town. The

old man said, "Young man, that's fine. What next?" The young lawyer replied, "I intend to take my first case, regardless of how small they are, and work on them as though thousands of dollars were involved. I intend to make such a good lawyer that when the people see me riding down the street they will point their finger at me and say, 'There goes the best lawyer of that city.'" The old man replied, "That is fine, young man. What next?" He said, "In the meantime I intend to find a young lady who has the same ideas and outlook on life that I have and get married. I want to rear children and have a home and I want to send these children off to get the finest education they can obtain."

The old man said, "Young man, that is fine. What next?" He said, "All this having taken place I hope to travel extensively and by that time I will be passing over on the shady side of life." The old man again said, "Young man, that is fine. What next?" The young lawyer replied that the questions being asked by the old man were leading him to an explanation about the beyond and being perturbed, he said, "I guess by then the death angel will come and I will have to reckon with God." The old man said, "Young man, your plans are wonderful with one exception. You put God at the wrong end of the line."

There is a statement from the greatest of all teachers which says, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these other things (material things, temporal things) shall be added on to you." It seems to me if mankind would remember to put God first, last, and always, civilization would make more peaceful strides in the future than it has in the past.

CHAPLAIN JOHN W. REAVES

HOW CHARACTERISTIC OF HIM!

A lad from Bel Air, Maryland, was suffering from chapped lips. It was the winter, undoubtedly. He scrambled himself down to the corner drug store and feverishly bought what he thought was a stick of lip pomade from the nearest clerk behind the counter. Eagerly, he smeared the stuff on his lips. It wasn't until later, in the swanky atmosphere of a downtown restaurant, that he noticed he was getting an undue amount of attention, every time he dabbed his lips with the stuff. Looking in a mirror, he noticed that it wasn't lip pomade after all. It was lipstick. (CNS)

GI: "I want some ladies with underwear." Sales clerk: "For your wife, or would you like to see something better?"

Silver Star



Since August 8, 1932, six thousand Army and Navy heroes have been awarded the nation's third highest combat medal, the Silver Star. However, it also is a retroactive award inasmuch as those persons in the armed forces previously cited in the Spanish-American war, the Philippine-American war, the Philippine Insurrection and the First World War are eligible for it and have received it on seven separate occasions during the Great War, General Douglas MacArthur displayed such gallantry and extreme heroism that he made a record unique among all American divisions. He was the first recipient of the medal.

For heroic action during the desperate Philippine struggle, General John J. Pershing also received this citation. However, the Silver Star is now bestowed on any member of the Army, Navy, Marines and Coast Guard, who, since Dec. 8, 1941, has distinguished himself notably by intrepidity against an armed enemy.

This medal is a raised silver star, encircled by a laurel wreath, all on a bronze star background. The recipient's name and "For Gallantry in Action" are inscribed on the reverse. Suspended from a red, white and blue moire ribbon, the medal also included oak leaves for additional citations gained by Army men.

Examples of the type of heroism required to gain this award are numerous, although the gallantry displayed in action must be conspicuous. Generally these brave deeds are beyond the call of duty and in the face of almost certain death. The badly wounded gunner who ignored his own personal safety in order to drag his crew mates out of a blazing crashed A-20 bomber or the doughboy who deserted the security of his foxhole in order to carry his crippled company commander through a hail of bullets to friendly medical care, whatever the service man did in action that showed extreme intrepidity, for that he receives the cherished Silver Star.