

PHOTOQUIZ

Prepared by the Editors of LOOK Magazine



1 Duck into a feather, when you see it.
(a) Messerschmitt (c) Zero
(b) Corsica (d) Boston



2 High-ranking men on the high seas in
(a) Halsey (c) Mountbatten
(b) King (d) Land



3 Some... head is swathed in a bandage.
(a) costume (c) merrill
(b) bassinet (d) tortoise



4 Toughen up for Uncle Sam with these.
(a) rolling pins (c) ruffing clubs
(b) baseball bats (d) tin can clubs



5 At your next jam session play this.
(a) accordion (c) clarinet
(b) clarinet (d) concerto



6 Their lips seem beautiful to some.
(a) Utopias (c) fuzzy wuzzies
(b) Showages (d) Powers models



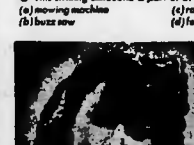
7 In dip and about to yield to
(a) Charles Chaplin (c) Fred Allen
(b) Harold Lloyd (d) Adolf Hitler



8 This striking silhouette is part of a
(a) cream (c) razor
(b) buzz saw (d) fence



9 The sticky setting is home for the
(a) Senate (c) President
(b) Treasury (d) Supreme Court



10 Here in a positive mood is vicious.
(a) Betty Grable (c) Theresa Wright
(b) Jennifer Jones (d) Barbara Stanwyck

PHOTOQUIZ ANSWERS

1—(a) Messerschmitt 2—(a) Mountbatten 3—(a) costume 4—(a) rolling pins 5—(a) accordion 6—(a) Utopias 7—(a) Charles Chaplin 8—(a) cream 9—(a) Senate 10—(a) Betty Grable

Reporter Writes Letter To Buddy, 791st Doing's Abound

Seymour Johnson Field
January 15, 1944.

Dear Johnny... Your repeated pleas for news of the 'old squadron' finally won out over my inherent laziness. Here the life, generally, is unchanged. The personnel changes, the problems repeat themselves, but the pattern remains unchanged. All the barracks that were empty when you left are filled now. The names on the bulletin-boards may be spelled differently but they still make the honor-roll of democracy, the faces may be strange but each is stamped with the spirit of America.

Remember, the days we gathered in the squadron area—along side the P. F. barracks—did our "columns left" and marched by the Orderly Room, onto the read and off to school. That's been changed. We "above-off" now under a new system "child" new feet. It's "columns right" out of the area onto 8 St., and then "columns right" again to school. The men like the idea. It eliminates that old, cloying "hurry" of the sergeant and gives us an opportunity to illustrate to the 6th the meaning of real marching.

This will bother you, Johnny. You were an apostle of the tradition of the 791st—I can still hear your calm, matter-of-fact definition of what it means. You said even your own tradition. "I'm doing the job right, the job to help a civilization that has fallen to its knees."—And I don't like telling you that there are some guys here who find it a problem to become adults. It's nothing serious. Perhaps, it's a physiological reaction of these cold, winter months, or perhaps an overdose of holiday spirit. But that important, extra something is missing. Don't fret about it. The guys with the guts: who remember things like Pearl Harbor, and the bloody ob- lation of Leningrad, or the kids who had to be born in British subways, they'll take care of it, they will.

You wanted to know about Charlie (Happy) Fawcett, right? He's fine. His bassoon-voiced hasn't lost any of its volume. It still prevents us from doing while we march to the drill field these mornings. He was very unhappy last week. It was one of those unfortunate mistakes that happen in the lives of all men. He

started out to complete a business transaction involving her—since gas-raising you're prices—she called it off. He discovered his journey meant waiting three hours for a bus. The next day he read the "horse-market" paper and learned the deal would have meant a \$248.00 profit. He didn't open his book of Plate for days after that happened. It was no time for philosophy.

Remember the day the gang entered school as "Class-243B"? And we started to prophesize who would be top man of the class on graduation day? Well, it's going to be that five-by-two package of dynamite, Eddie (Cubby) Kubisak. I still think we were suckers for not betting on him. He's a right guy.

You were in the barracks long enough to know Rus Sanderson—remember his hair-raising imitation of a shouting child—how do you think he spent one of his hollidays? I know you can't guess. It was making a crippled kid happy. He was walking along one of the streets of Wilton. What he spotted the kid and started a conversation with her. Things weren't right with the kid so he decided to play Santa Claus. The guy who told me the story said it was almost holy to see the way he tried so hard, and the things; the clowning and gagging he did, to make the kid laugh. Who the hell says we can't win this war. We can lose with guys like that on our side.

The Sergeants Nat Finkelstein, Navin Bagdale and Karlen Cooke blossomed with a talent a few weeks ago—interior decorating! Think of "Marphy" with a mouth full of pins and his profile concealed behind a couple of yards of soft-curtain. He spent the entire night (New Year's Eve) putting the finishing touches on the decorations of the Non-Comm Club and reading it for a New Year's message. He's known talents. He slumbering beneath the lethargic personalities of our non-comm. hey ehmm?

I know you'll never forget Vince Paul—his "Fawcett-deer" of Barracks 83. He's abandoned his career at AM School for more interesting things. Took his session at the rifle-range a couple of days ago. Lt. Dave Freedman is the father of a new squadron stunt. Reads a summary of the news over the P.

A. every morning. Think of how much that would have helped you when the Cade-Bon go with those queries on Current Events. Have you found out, yet, where Nurse Island is situated?

It was a double-Merry Xmas for Sgt. Bill Jones. He opened his Xmas presents at Norwood, Mass. Guess, anyway, is Xmas when you're home, again.

Cpl. Bob Schulz was married on New Year's Day, yeah. I know it's Leap Year but if you saw Mrs. Schulz you'd stop playing the bright-eyed cynic. She's beautiful. Look, you're the best with the high I.Q. and your old man was one of the best dicks in N. Y. C. Maybe together you can unravel me this one—The Mystery of The Missing-Sink-Step. And ten has to replace them every couple of weeks. Probably, the Kraft-Edging character, who has the idea of ME way —are the first to howl when the drains become clogged with make-shift tissue stoppers.

The O. C. heard of some of the best of their folks and girlfriends on the Post and were wondering how to introduce the family to him. So, not to disappoint the kid, he spent New Year's behind his desk and held "open-house." It's things like that that should make the guys try a little harder. Well, Jocko, hope that will keep you going while I'm back back into hibernation until I bear from you again.

Keep it clean.
Joe Martin

Here's That Newsy 715th

By SGT. JAMES E. HOWARD.
There was at least five minutes this year when Sgt. David (Ned) Rogers was ready to lose for words—such occasions being very rare indeed—and that was when he received news of his wife having given birth to a second son. The news came in New York at 6:30 on the last day of December. Congratulations. (Frankly, though, we sincerely hope that the Rogers baby gets along better than we did with my sudden loss of my happy pappy passed out.

The 715th was very ably represented by Sgt. Joe (Commando) Losordo and Sgt. Rudy (Fanthor) Dombrowski in the pack roller contest night. They loaded, rolled and slung their duffel and full packs to win a full two minutes before the pack roller contest. Dombrowski almost rolled Joe up in his. Although they didn't come out highest on appearance, their packs had an envelope roll, didn't have any sudden loss of content. Another rugged character is PFC Harold Minkie from Massachusetts. He tells about the time he was getting his inoculations in Miami. It didn't hurt him the first time or even the second time, and when the lieutenant needed him the third time, he passed out—no, not Minkie—the lieutenant. He didn't have any sudden loss of content. A big dent in Sgt. Ed. "Moe" Fershtman's Christmas haul after Sgt. Andy McCaul persuaded him to bring some of it into the orderly room for a pack roller contest Sunday's ago. Net loss: two cans of Spam and a box of very delicious crackers.

Sgt. McCaul transferred into Altkhuc and Altkhuc, but he still frequents the 715th area on the lookout for gastronomical loot. Yes, brethren, it pays to advertise. We printed an appeal to our orderly room to come home, and it showed up in the area to celebrate New Year's with us. Looking a lot rested, it has taken up residence in my room, under the roller-throwing clerk and their ilk, under the gentle care of Cpl. Don Zoerhof and Sgt. Leroy Simons, but she still has the 2-walk-to-go-places and-do-things look in her eye.

This item is addressed to the soldier who walked into the orderly room after drill and came out with a dazed look on his face. (Come to think of it, it's almost likely he's not a New Year's hanger-on; there really are two Sadovskis, there are twins. Sgt. Steve holds forth on the drill field, and Pvt. Joe contributes to the efficiency of the orderly room. They were united after having been separated for 23 months when Joe was transferred in here from an infantry outfit in Russia. It's not hard to tell 'em apart: if you offer Steve a cigarette, and he takes it, then it's Joe. And, by the way, what well-known copolice is named after the D. I'm sure you're running expecting some terrible

Dig This Medics Album Leaf, Bud

By F.V.T. E. B. VAN ROOK, JR.
Speaking for the members of the Detachment, with sincere sympathy to Lt. Ochs on the recent sudden death of his Father.

We have it on very good authority that the Red Cross is planning to install new doors in the Orderly Room, especially for Private Harold Farwell, who, the other day when leaving those Hallowed Halls to go to the noon

meal, found himself stymied as he tried to effect entrance thru the relatively solid walls of that Chamber—Wake up, Private!

Who was the member of the Physical Processing Team who wore the New Year's uniform working industriously (very unusual occurrence for him) behind the Snack Bar at the U. S. O. Could it have been Private Montgomery?

Congratulations are extended and a warm farewell is bidden to four of our number who leave soon to become Flying Cadets, Good Luck and Happy Landings, Cpl. Charles Carter, Tec 5 Robert D. Frawley, Cpl. Charles H. Rhoads, and Pfc Henry J. Internmann.

Furloughs are wonderful things and one who is fortunate enough to be granted one should do nothing to endanger his chances of getting another. At least, that secures to the order of Pvt. Stanley Watkins of Detachment Mess who was so excited over having a furlough that he returned over one day early.

More news of our Gas Unit. The other night as the rain was beating a merry tattoo on the windows of the Hospital and surrounding buildings, several young women visitors were preparing to leave the Hospital. They were not anxious to go out in the rain to await the uncertain arrival of the bus for town and so were wondering how the rain was to be broken. Cody came to the rescue with an M. F. whistle that he secured from somewhere and gave forth with a blast that rocked the buildings and threatened to break the Hospital windows. The sound of the whistle not only brought the bus to a halt, but it also brought out on the run anyone and everyone who was in the vicinity of the D. I'm sure you're running expecting some terrible

with a brisk march makes you feel fine for the rest of the day. Hope we don't wake any of you boys!

Rendezvous with WAC dates can now be held in the Red Cross Craft Shop on the corner where persevering of Romeos were formerly content to stand and slowly freeze while waiting for their kismet lassies to appear. Just walk in, fellows. Dust off the floor, and take a seat! She'll be along eventually. WACs! We were wishing for a swimming pool very nearly bad their dream come true, when North Carolina skies gave out in a big way last Sunday. Practicality of sending for a raft was considered, but wise ones who knew the predicament involved, advised against it. It was decided to wait until it stopped raining before taking any extensive trips away from the area.

One would have thought the cheers which shook the mess-hall the other evening portended steak for supper. A treat of another sort, it was decided to have one of the WACs who jogged—taking an evening constitutional after PT—and to whom he has thoughtfully called encouragement as they continued to march the block. At the WAC CO. Thanks for the good words, buddy!

WACs Bid Farewell To Some; Greet Newcomers

By PFC JEAN LEVY
The WAC area this week took on the aspects of a casual detachment with the arrival of new WACs and the departure of old. Wednesday we said goodbye to Tec 4 Louise Peary who is being transferred. Shortly before, Cpl. Flora Aussenbaugh of switchboard note received her travelling orders.
Cpl. Frances Valente joined the Seymour Johnson WACs, transferring in from Texas. She is on temporary duty with the Classification Office. As in Classification the present are Pvt. Jeanette Love and Nonette Renier, who arrived recently from Administration School at Conway, Arkansas. Newcomers to the WAC Detachment are always hailed with glee by their new sisters, who give them the third degree as to home state, basic training, etc., before they have the chance to unpack their barracks bags.
In case the Medics are wondering, the olive drab spectres on your baseball diamond at an unearthy hour of the morning going through drill routines were four local WACs. Starting the day off

right with a brisk march makes you feel fine for the rest of the day. Hope we don't wake any of you boys!
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