

Concert Pianist, Conductor And Music Raconteur Found In 715th; He's Cpl Lawrence

SGT. JAMES E. BOWARD It's a big jump from being Quismaster on the Metropolitan Opera's coast-to-coast program to being conductor of a symphonic orchestra program on the Seymour Johnson Field rifle range. A d Cpl. Robert Lawrence of the 715th Training Group was very relieved that he made the grade. He said he had to worry about it a lot much. Anyone who has been guest conductor for such organizations as the New York Philharmonic Symphony, the Wallenstein Symphonia, the Chicago Opera, the Radio City Music Hall, and the Metropolitan Opera orchestra shouldn't find it hard to get along with music-loving G. I.'s.

Cpl. Lawrence, who is rated as one of the top young men in American music, came up here from Greenboro, where he is assigned to the Special Service Division of BTC No. 10. It was while he was stationed there that Dorothy Maynor, Larry Adler, Paul Draper, Alex Templeton and Jan Peerce, among others, came to the post to entertain the men. He was also responsible for organizing a weekly chamber music series and a course in music appreciation for the soldiers there.

Before coming into the army, Lawrence was assistant music critic as well as dance critic for the New York Herald Tribune. He was graduated from CCNY and received his master's degree from Columbia. In between these times, he taught English literature, music history at the former. He qualified for a fellowship at the Juilliard school of music in 1932 and held it until 1936 when he became a lecturer for the Layman's Music Course. Before taking the position on the Tribune, he had composed scripts for the Metropolitan Opera Guild.

Besides being the co-author of the authoritative "Metropolitan Opera Guide," he has written several dozen books on opera and ballet for Children. The last time he was back in New York, he conducted the orchestra of the Ballet Theatre in uniform.

It was while he was a critic on

the Tribune that he had two of those experiences that usually happen in the magazines. Lawrence attended the recital of a well-known pianist, and on that evening, the artist's playing was erratic and uncertain, unlike his usual musicianship. Lawrence felt something deeper than just poor playing, and, as he wrote his review, he attributed it "not to a lack of mastery, but rather to a psychic barrier." And as he developed Lawrence had read the pianist's nervous strain well from the latter was found dead in his hotel suite, a victim of suicide.



The other time was more cheerful, at the performance of Norman Gordon whom Lawrence had considered up to then to be a promising young bass baritone. After hearing this recital, Lawrence declared in his review that the singer had "passed from the status of a promising young man to that of a mature artist." And so he had, for just before the performance, the basso had been told that he had become the father of a baby boy.

Headquarters Squadron Has Huge Column; Okey, Fellas?

By PFC JIMMY HEARNS

The men of Barracks 207 made merry on the night of January the 4th as a giant Birthday cake with twenty candles on its plashed away. Junior Walker, guest of honor, made a wish and then blew them all out. The boys presented Junior with small tokens of their fellowship and then they spent the next few hours battling about a friendly breeze. A good cozy time was had by all.

Some members of the party were: Padre Pinzone, Lloyd "What A Man" Schultz, Les "Haw" Waller. How about that O'Neill Tommy S. A. . . . George "Daredevil" "Hot" Hawks, Kegler McCready, Musicmaker Pietragallo. "Tav-erowner" Duffy, Tony B it n e r, Frank "No Letter Today" Boyes, et c.

Around The Area

One peek at those silly hats that head Zalesky wears and you no longer wonder how he got his nickname. . . A steady at the Sports Arena Fite Nite's is Harrocco or else. . . "Camouflage" Oly Hemmendinger, who also is a student of the history of the "Little Chickadee" movie game. Has seen lots of the good uns of ring history. . . The ex-Hemmendinger came back from barrack's chief of 207 is still in seeing a film on malaria control that dated condition since his re-uptains. Snap out of it, Gars, our "Big Tent." From within came the melodious singing not of or

ing with your mustache so much. You got the guys nervous. Just stick to sewing on those PFC stripes.

Dev Bergengren wishes to inform his buddies that he will not meet them anymore at the "Ham-and-eggeteria between 0830 and 1700. Well, I always did say that a person would get sick of a certain kind of food if it were eaten too often. Ham and Eggs up Foo, eh, Dev? . . . Wow! Earl Miller may try to keep it a secret but we see how all the young ladies of Ass't. B's flock around him. What magnetic charm! "Sgt. S. A. . . . George "Daredevil" Bellmore still continues to worry about his Penny. . . We are glad to note the fine comradeship existing between Tony Buehner and Reliable Roland Ayres. They spend almost all of their evenings writing letters together or staying in their barracks. Real homies. . . Tony Kubic will please be toning down that radio at a reasonable hour or else. . . "Camouflage" Oly Hemmendinger, who also is a student of the history of the "Little Chickadee" movie game. Has seen lots of the good uns of ring history. . . The ex-Hemmendinger came back from barrack's chief of 207 is still in seeing a film on malaria control that dated condition since his re-uptains. Snap out of it, Gars, our "Big Tent." From within came the melodious singing not of or

to be a father-and-son situation in the old Prokoshes 100, as "Baker" Norton, who has been laying down on the stove lately, plays Dad to his little talking machine boy Lucky Roman. . . . The answer has "O'h a I es Boyer" Brackett as his action. . . . Red "Ray Kyser" Weyer really hates the word "Holland." I wonder why?

We go usually go in for anonymous characters, but who was the Soldier Air corporal and Air-O Mech cartoonist who was recently seen squiring two beautiful gorgeous, exciting, seductive, sly lady Marines around town and camp. Ask Joe Pinzone. . . "Pod" Podaski doesn't rate a salute yet, fellas, so stop his saluting him. He is SERGEANT Paul Boyer is certainly a dangerous man to awaken in the morning. If he were in my barracks, I'd wonder him whether he'd stay in bed or not. Boom, boom, boom, and he'd be on the floor. . . Carl Harrison is said to be giving up (?) his Diamond State answer for the "Sgt." who dishes out the hen fruit at the PX. After a life-and-death struggle, he beat out rival Nick Hummel for her affections. . . . They'll see you'll next week. Thumbs up, Kids.

Latest Inside Scoops From The 798th Rifle Range Sq.

By SGT. E. A. ALLEN and SGT. PETER A. ORLANDO

Browsing up on the hill the other evening your reporters stumbled across one of the most adventurous nights of all times. In the dark faces of the Bivouac Area is our "Big Tent." From within came the melodious singing not of or

from the deep of ye olde G. I. beautiful maidens! Chaplain Martine, who had taken out himself to inveigle these lovelies to ramble out to our Range tucked away deep in the Carolina woods. Their song was about a fine magic and we can well imagine that the boys went to bunk fatigue that eve with a much lighter heart.

A little bit of heaven breasted in the life of Pfc. Frank E. Slay. The other day, Guess what? Well her name is Madeline Francis, age, not quite one month old. Congratulations Pappy!! and thanks for the news!

Sgt. Mac McManis, skipper of the new powerful twilight football team and Sgt. Kaebisch, skipper of the opposing forces, gather their men and perhaps they are persuaded to take on all challengers.

The team is made up of the following men: 1st team, Pvt. Elnor Beck, a fast and sure-footed runner, Lippencott, a slow moving but hard driving back, Miller, our wire center who knows just where to put the pig-skin, Mulligan, the tri-samp, who plays guard. Probabak filling in the role of a blocking back. Home again! affords fullback McMenamin plenty of time to find a receiver to complete his long spiral passes. Skipper of the capable fullback returned of the second team has this line-up to compete with Mac. Wall at fullback, Martin a native Carolinian holding down the center post. How sure he lined up at the halfback position, tall and rangy Ed Hennessy at end who combined with Cap Wall's passing is a hard combination to beat. Our play smashing guard is Poole. And last but not least is Greenwalt our blocking back.

Thoughts while strolling. Often be at even tide there is that quiet hour just before sunset when the sun seems all the world is an enchanting parade of beauty and soft-ness. Pfc. E. E. E. golden clouds race by brightening glow brings with it the setting sun. It is then the stirring words - Victory and that strong hearts dream of all ease and Daddy's home again!

that is left behind, with favorite memories breaking through—the way that held them firmly throughout the past day.

You've recalled those dreams soldier. Not really forgotten; not neglected, were they? Just tucked away in some cozy place in your heart till dreaming time.

Came across a lad the other eve, Bronzed, young, lean and fighting, man - a Yank. Paper and pen in hand, he was writing slowly, deliberately, reclining comfortably against the base of a stately pine. What were his thoughts as the pen slowly etched his dreams across its surface?

It was you and countless other boys writing home that night reaching across the miles with laughter and cheer, with hope and love, with every fiber of your being pouring into each delightful dream into each precious word. There is just play the other. Seems the boys one thing to remember soldier., believe they are pretty sure every word or thought you've ever dreamed is returned a thousand-fold! They are waiting - feverent!

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Again! Air-O-Mech Beats World With Mess Scoop

By CPL. CLARENCE HALLENBECK

Five Squads in the Mess Group and still no news forthcoming from you guys. With all that territory to cover we need news and are more or less dependent on you fellows to get some news on us. You can "squel" on your bar-rack mates and if it is good you can be darn sure we will use the items. Get them in, Brother, and get them in! Cpl. Foss is on our tough and we are glad of them. Two weeks without him - boy!

We salute - Cpl. Halenbeck, so-called writer of this column. Brothers, believe us, he has a head-ache and not one that "Snapback" will cure either. A week and a half before the "Air-O-Mech" comes out this column must be in. Every time the paper comes out someone wants to know where in hell his name is. Sorry, guys, but if you want to bother go out in the woods and let loose. In fact things are so bad that every Wednesday at 1300 we start worrying about getting the column in by 1500 of the same day. See - I told you it bothers me. We can't sleep nights either. That may be the odds but others we room with but then again it may not. In any case, boys when you see Cpl. Halenbeck coming and move over, give him room and let silence reign - yes we mean YOU wanna make something of it? You do!! See us after our first night!

You may have heard about the guy who went into the drug store, drank 8 'cokes' and burped "Seventy-up", but if you didn't there it is. "The Pets Nook" - We received this one from S-Sgt. Bernard Zuker who recently joined the Mess Group. Don't say we didn't warn you because we think it smells us but use your own judgement.

You eat your chow in a warm dining hall. But think of the Cooks who are "right on the ball." They work like hell every single day. With no time at all to go out and play (Except shooting crap around pay day)

2. The meals you eat are really grand. Even the spinach has no sand. The food is cooked fit for a king. Makes the K. P.'s work and sing. (They would rather be snoring with that certain sing.)

3. We know for sure our cooks are the best. And we will match them right with the rest. Our crew is a perfect, matchless team.

(They would rather be with a girl who doesn't scream) There it is and about all we can say for it is that it fills space and we even have nerve enough to put in another. . . Sgt. Fred Lawson is always griping about Boston and that brought this one on. . . Oh! Sergeant Lawson, came

from Boston To join the Army while still in his teens. This Sergeant Lawson who came from Boston Now misses, His girl's kisses, and Godfish and beans!!

Mess Man of the Week! - S-Sgt. Harold Horne, Supervisor of the Central Butcher Shop, Harold wants to bleed over this job and we want to let you know why. Day and night phone calls come pouring into the Central Butcher Shop. "Where is the meat for Mess no. . . With a job like this it's no wonder that Harold sweats blood! There's a lot of men here at Seymour Johnson to feed and those boys can really eat meat. Figure out what a real business in Civilian Life this would be - we can't - it as-sesses us!!

Harold is 25 years old; calls Brighton, Mass. home town, and has one sister, Elinor, who is single and a nurse. We would like a few more details about her Harold. How about it?? Harold on the Army; "I wish I was stationed at Scully Square in Boston." Harold on girls: "I love them all but I can't wait until I get married." What I know which one to marry!

Chaplain: "Which of the parabolas do you like best?" Q: "The one, where someone, loafs and fishes."

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"



Briefs For Mission

ALL SOLDIER SHOW

"GUARDHOUSE GAYETIES" OF "LIFE IN A DIS-ORDERLY ROOM"

featuring a Chorus of BLACK SERGEANTS singing "KICKER-BYED-HE-BABY" Paul & J. S. MCGOOLTY, TRUANTS

