

Column Write NEWS FROM YOUR SQUADRON

11TH TECHNICAL SCHOOL GROUP

799TH TECH. SCH. SQUADRON

Sgt. Don Sutherland

Our idea of wasted talent is that OK clarinet tooting of Frank Scorma, who holds forth each afternoon on the steps of his barracks. His only listeners, however, are the uninterested doggies in the area.

(Ed. Note-The briefness of Sgt. Sutherland's Sqdn. News is resultant of his turning in such excellent material that we used his stories in a headline manner. His tale on "The 53 Year Old Student" is on page 1 and the piece on Sgt. Evan's purchase of the \$1000 bond is on Pg. 8.)

800TH TECH. SCH. SQUADRON

Sgt. Wm. Veneaky

The 800th is feeling pretty proud these days about being photographed first in the Air-O-Mech's new feature. The boys are giving all the credit for the area's neatness to S/Sgt. Leonardo and Sattlemeyer, squadron mechanic and duty sergeant respectively, who whipped the grounds into tiptop shape. They and their men really start the dirt flying when they get an idea. It took them exactly one day to set up the Squadron's new basketball court.

1st Sgt. Chicino, the Squadron's former sergeant major, is expected to leave shortly for O.C.S. When he leaves, the boys want him to know that he'll take all their best wishes with him.

Orderly Room life is slowly driving him "carrissime," according to S/Sgt. Dalley, who recently transferred there. He swears up and down that the other day a "case for the Chaplain" slumped into the room and divulged the information that he was not on the payroll.

The Squadron welcomed back Lt. Dawson this week from a leave in Texas. The Lieutenant looks fine and had a fine time.

The 800th's "Gripping Hour" ceases almost any evening in the Orderly Room when some of Lt. Duff's lads make with the floor brush. The audience at the windows spend an enjoyable time listening to the scene of "I ain't guilty, I tell yuh," and, "I been framed."

PFC Gideons, who sports the nickname of "The Mad Painter," has been keeping his brush hot these days painting all the day rooms, and they knock your eye out, too.



802ND TECH. SCH. SQUADRON

Pfc. C. E. Pearce

The Squadron's ping-pong tournament got under way with a bang

last week as Pfc. Charles Perron and Jerry Meyer defeated Robert Aban and Joseph Testa in the initial rounds of the meet. Men are flocking to sign up and overflow bookings are predicted. The call has been put out for athletes of every shape and variety, regardless of experience, to come out and enjoy all the opportunities for sports which the Squadron offers.

It seems that a lot of the boys in the 802nd are suffering from that pernicious disease, the "GI Shorts" (Not to be confused with those little brown things with the belt in the back). Your reporter attributes this to the enormous amount of money spent by the boys on the enjoyment of classical music, English poetry, chess and cricket, and a new game unknown outside the area called Harlem tennis. The lads are careful, however, to eat enough scratch acids for a GI out. Some things are essential.

As if everything else wasn't enough, the 802nd has started a rivalry to see who has the deepest sun tan. The boys who had their back in the South got an unfair edge over those from the North, but the Northerners have been keeping an eagle eye on Old Sol and they soak up every ray they can get their hands on.

801ST TECH. SCH. SQUADRON

Cpl. W. J. O'Hara

The boys of the 801st said goodbye last week to M/Sgt. Thompson and S/Sgt. "Der Pusher" Ritter shach, who left for Greensboro, and said hello to Pfc. Manos and Miller, who came in from Colorado.

The Squadron baseball squad has been getting a lot of practice these days. The boys look real snappy in their new uniforms. The untiring efforts of Manager "Joe McCarthy" Lewis are not to be overlooked. At a practice the other day, Lewis said the boys "are in pretty good shape." Interviewed two weeks ago, all Lewis had to say was "Bah!" so evidently things are improving.

"Casanova" Pollock is all smiles again and no wonder. After sending one dozen roses to the one he loves, plus sixteen or so letters, he finally received an answer yesterday. It was written on a penny postcard and read, "Thanks - Elaine."

This week Orchids go to the entire squadron for the high rating they received in the last inspection. They upped their score from 28 to 85 and intend to make it an even hundred next time.

333RD AIR BASE SQUADRON

Cpl. Francis Feeny

Pfc "Peaches" Keogh has a new girl friend. Her name is Rosie the Riveter from the City of Industry in the State of Defense. Flash - we have a new Casanova in the Squadron. His name is S/Sgt "Red" Hart, now don't blush, Sergeant.

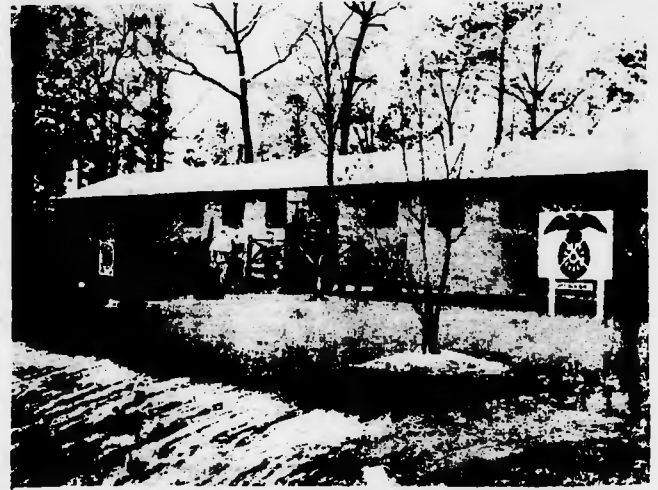
Lonesome and want a pen pal? Just drop a line to "Heart Troubles" care of Pvt "Lovellorn" Locke, Jr.

We hear that Pfc. Free has his girl friend writing him poems now. We wonder who the cute little Red head is that Pvt. Judd was seen with in Goldsboro last week.

Attention, Service Club: Dust off one of your special chairs for

333RD AB

906TH QM



Coolly nestled amid rapidly blooming shade trees is the trim Orderly Room of the 333rd Air Base Squadron and the 906th Quartermaster Co. Having one of the prettiest aspects of any Orderly Room on the field, its EM really pride themselves on its trim appearance.

Pfc "Willy" Menbrocker as he is back from furlough and we suppose his beaming face will be seen at one of your tables.

Those two squadron detail men, Pfc. Albrecht and Nolan, certainly get around these days.

Pfc. Lee Scott is now taking lessons from S/Sgt. Boudrie in the art of how to play ping-pong.

Who is the lad with the educated hair out? Can it be that under that one ball is Pfc "Baldy" Tweedle?

Pfc "Slinger" Sawchuk claims he has an in with a WAAC private and hopes she comes to this field, and the carton of cigarets does not interest him.



HEADQUARTERS & HEADQUARTERS

Sgt. Dan Sobel

Our heartfelt sympathy to Sgt. John Groves whose brother was killed in action somewhere "over there". This is just a grin reminder that this fight we're in is "for keeps" and doesn't entirely consist of three day passes, furloughs and a date with that gal in Wilson or LaGrange.

I'll say this much for the Medics-they give patients who fall into their clutches a thorough going over. Sgt. Tom Flaherty who was recently confined to the hospital with a broken finger has extracted a promise from the docs to perform a bit of plastic surgery on his proboscis.

Wonder what has happened to Buck Sgt. "Arbert" Clark that has caused such a drastic change in his attitude. His cheerful demeanor has changed to such a degree that he almost (but not quite) resembles Sgt. William Carroll when the latter is redly awakened by the raucous voi-

ce of his barracks chief in the wee hours of the morning.

I'd certainly enjoy sitting in on a meeting of the callisthenic leaders when they devise new methods of making us turn ourselves inside out. Betcha they all wear hideous expressions and applaud each other gleefully when one of them comes out with a particularly guesstimate suggestion such as putting both feet in our mouths, doing a one finger handstand and whistling "Dixie" all at the same time.

One thing I've discovered about rumors is that for the most part they're entirely incoherent. In fact, you'll find that a good many of them conflict and tend to confuse rather than enlighten. So, let's quit listening to them, also passing them out. At a hotel where I stayed recently a bellhop was fired for spreading a rumor. We won't be fired but we can certainly cause a great deal more harm as a good many of us have access to military information which we might unwittingly pass onto enemy ears. In better words, let's not "talk shop".

Wish someone would convince Sgt. Bob Zergibel that it would be a splendid idea for him to bring his bride-to-be down to Goldsboro for a while. Just imagine how much she would appreciate returning to Joisey after spending a few weeks in the wilds of Goldsboro. Another advantage, Bob, is that the little woman could do the laundry for you.

If anyone has an opinion to offer on the question "Should a Soldier Marry", please type it on an eight by twelve sheet of paper (preferably manila) using side of the paper only and not more than 4, 236 words (G.I. terms acceptable), address it plainly Eleanor Roosevelt, c/o White House, Wash., D.C. Then drop it, the letter, into the nearest G.I. can.

DETACHMENT 906TH Q.M.

Sam La Rosa

Cpl. Spiva and T/5 Leadbette are expecting their wives in goldsboro this week.

Cpls. Paxton and Foreman didn't have new Easter suits this past Sunday, but they did have a nice pair of blondes!

T/5 W. Manos is anticipating wedding bells sometime this coming June. Looks like "Smiley" Carney is the only eligible bachelor left