

COLUMN *Writes* NEWS FROM YOUR SQUADRON

794TH TECH. SCH. SQUADRON

Sgt. Bill Spencer

The squadron lost some of its real old members this past week in 3/Sgt. Tom Heath, Sgt. Andy Reid, Sgt. John Walton, and Cpl. Tom Laverty. Both Heath and Reid came from Miami Beach last August. They are all good men and we are sorry to lose them. Best of luck, Soldiers.

Well, today is the day for PFC Charlie Spears of the Casual Dept. to be married. Here is hoping that nothing happens to interrupt the wedding.

Letter received from Cpl. Neal Kelso former member of the squadron now down at CCS, Fort Jennings, Ga., which is Infantry, informs us that we have the wrong slant on the infantry. It's not so much brawny men as it is knowledge of guns, etc. Be governed accordingly Infantry Applicants.

The continual flow of men in and out of the Orderly Room after Aviation cadet applications is really showing the determination of the men to get in and end this war in a rush.

One thing we would like to know is how many times a week Sgt. Stan Pogorselski calls his one and only home in upstate New York. He sure is keeping tabs on her, by gosh.

Cpl. Ben Bogdan off for home on his furlough. If he could get anymore in that suitcase he wouldn't be able to lift it.

Those games of softball that the boys are playing between themselves here may not be exactly big league style, but they sure are plenty more fun. The higher the score the better the game. If you want to apply for the umpire's job make sure that you are carrying the \$10,000 insurance policy.

The Wolf by Sarason



333RD AIR BASE SQUADRON

We wonder why Pfc (Flat Top) Tweedle persists in keeping his cap on? Could it be to the total absence of his curls?

Pay day really saved the day for Pfc (Tobacco Road) Tobin — he finally ran out of things to hock.

Alas, Pfc (Peaches) Keogh will never learn. He was promised riches by the silvery tongued hawk at the carnival who told him to roll the golf ball in the proper hole. Result — golf ball still rolling and "Peaches" out four bucks.

Attention Squadron: Pfc "Mat-try" Free claims to be the champion horseshoe player and challenge all

comers from the squadron.

Pfc Rowe says that during a plane ride a certain Sgt couldn't take it and got very air sick. We wonder who the Sgt is? Could it be our Irwin? Don't you laugh, Oresini, for you were across off than he and had to borrow a flying helmet.

Our Sgt Kittrell didn't look so well over the week-end. Could his journey to Mt Olive have any thing to do with his feeling low? It's only one mile, Sergeant, as the crow flies.

Your reporter can't seem to find out very much about what goes on in that isolated Barracks 103. How about letting us in on what happens, fellows?

Could that be a soot suit that Pvt (Lovelorn) Locke, Jr., is wearing these days? You had better have those pants taken in a little.

Sgt (Arky) Owens says it sure feels good to get those GI Shoes off at night. You see, fellows, he never wore shoes until he came into the Army.

We would like to know Pfc Walton, who the blonde girl friend is in Goldsboro. You know, the one you were holding hands with on the porch?

Congratulations and best wishes to Cpl Seclere on his recent engagement while on furlough.

R_x MEDIC ALBUM

By

Cpl Laperuta & Pfc Dwyer

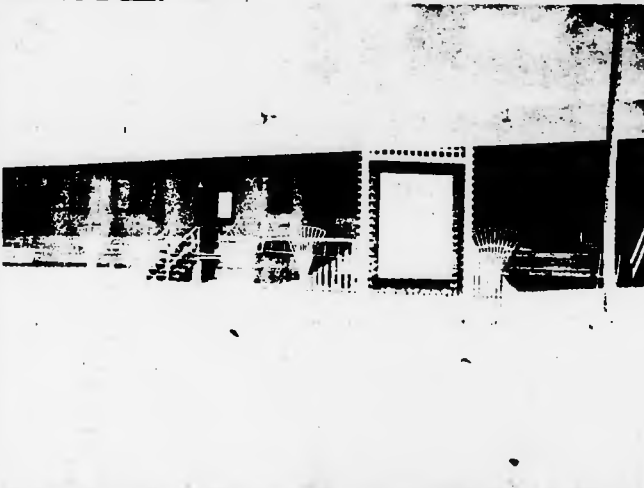
It looks like we should all be in shape again, being that "Bone Crushers" Bell and Colona are giving us daily calisthenics. They are really doing a splendid job, so lets all cooperate. The Medical Detachment softball team won their opener, by trouncing the 796th Sqdn., due to the fine pitching of Pvt. Rodgers and the sensational fielding of Sgt. (Short Stuff) DeLarco. Two word description of Lt. Archer—"FOP UP". We hear that Hank Diamond, the former pool shark of the Medics, is now doing all his hustling in Greensboro. According to the very latest latrine-a-grams wedding bells will be ringing in Brooklyn when PFC Wallace arrives there. (Can we come Ediessee?)

Lt. Riccu's constant cry on the ball field—"Don't get hurt out there!" The Medical Detachment softball team challenges the officers to a game for a barrel of beer with the losers not drinking and no moaning. Is you all game? Could that disappointed look on Sgt. Kranz's face be due to the fact that the WAACS have left? Any GI who has any gossip and would like to have it put in the paper, kindly contact yours truly at any time. The Non-Coms in barracks three would really appreciate it if Sgt. Vincent "Bronxite" Grims will kindly stop his snoring so they will be able to get some sleep. By the way, we still haven't seen the sardines yet, Gross! How about opening up? These nosing reporters will now sign off.

793RD TECH. SCH. SQUADRON

That Rock Garden we are bragging about so much, will soon be finished. A good rainfall would help. Any "Rain-makers" reading this column, please oblige. Our latest addition to the Garden is a bridge spanning th fish pond. Credit for the

MEDIC ORDERLY ROOM



The Medics' Orderly Room is surrounded by a white fence which typifies the Medical Detachment. A large sign tells the story.

bridge goes to Stan Trzaska and Henry Dolnair.

A self-styled promoter named Pvt. K... (B-340) launched a party for the boys from Bks. 350. The nine girls and nine soldiers taxied to a tavern on the Raleigh Road. Cpl. Ehrenworth performed expertly as Master of Ceremonies and literally had everyone "rolling in the aisles". What a CHARACTER!!! Rumors Here and About

The "E" Banner still flies at the mast of the 793rd TSS. We in this Sqdn. like this habit.

The squadron has started its collection for the fish pond. To this date, we have a total of two turtles and one crawfish; he's better known as "Daddy" and was tracked down by "Crawfish" McCarthy and "Porky" Royal, when they noticed a neat little hole in the middle of their flower garden. The boys got out their shovels and politely dug "Daddy" out of his house; after chasing him through four feet of N.C. soil.

Last, but certainly not least; this reporter wants to tell a gory story about two PFCs McArthur and McLansaw, natives of the South. While in Raleigh these two he-men ran into a 4-I and when the battle was over, our two PFCs looked as though they had been run thru a meatgrinder. Takii! Tekii!

11TH. TECH. SCH. GP.

In a remote corner of every squadron orderly room sits an unassuming little guy who does much, says little and is hardly ever noticed. This unsung hero of the battle against the monster "red tape" is no other than our own squadron runner.

During the busiest hours of every day, you will find this man dashing in and out of more offices than there are in the Empire State building. His greatest treat is a kind smile. His job is as big as the muscles in his overworked legs. He is the Army fugitive from a six-day bike race.

The 11th Technical School Group considers it a privilege to find time and space for an orchid to the busiest little man in a big job—the runner!

The boys in the 801 mail room have adopted a family of squirrels and the little animals will probably be sick from overeating before long. It seems that a few months ago Cpl. Alton Gove was busy sort-

ing letters when he noticed that a squirrel had climbed the wall and was sitting in the window, sising up the situation and looking hungry. Like a good soldier, Alton rummaged around until he found a cookie and then proffered it to the newcomer. That was only the beginning.

Since then the rest of the family, some five squirrels in all, have been dropping in regularly for their morning snack and Cpl. Gove has had to summon reinforcements. Sgt. Howard Russell, PFCs John Laird, Art Weider and Ed Suchma have pitched in with goodies until the squirrels now get choosy about what they're fed. In the old days they took anything they could get, but when last observed they were turning their noses up at anything but peanuts. They're probably hiding those, Cpl. Gove figures; winter's only eight months away.

PFC William H. Dawson, of the 802nd T.S.S., is a modest man. But there's nothing modest about the scale on which he buys War Bonds. Pay room clerks were astonished last week when they asked if he intended to buy some War Stamps. "Guess so," he calmly replied, "Give me about \$150 worth of them."

Taken into Goldsboro by Captain S. J. Marsden, his commanding officer, he cashed the check and promptly converted the cash into two War Bonds worth \$100 each. Said Dawson, "I guess War Bonds and Stamps are just about the best investment for anybody's money." He has been buying them since his induction into the Army seven months ago from his home at Hayesville, La., he said, but this was the largest amount he'd purchased in that time.

"I'll tell you why I'm investing so much in War Savings," Dawson said. "It's simple—I want to get this war over with as fast as I can. And I figure that's one of the best ways I can do it."

Wedding bells rang last week in Chapel No. 4 for 802's PFC Paul Konsig and his pretty wife, Laura. Complete with a guard of honor from his own barracks, No. 608, PFC Konsig was married to his childhood sweetheart from New Jersey. PFC Alfred A. Jaskik of the same barracks, was best man.

**BUY STAMPS
AND
LICK THE OTHER SIDE**