

COLUMN Write

NEWS FROM YOUR SQUADRON

Boys in 322 Plant Garden

By PVT. EDWARD STEPCZYK

The "homeless boys" from Bowman Field, quartered in Bkrs. 322 have planted corn, radishes, a n d m... around their barracks area. This is their bid for a Victory Garden. PFC's Beany, Kozicki, Adleman and Vassallo; not forgetting "Death Head" Thompson invite and want soldiers to come over and pick out a radish or two... but they get awfully mad when unthinking soldiers tramp all over the newly planted corn and melons. They haven't any objection to men taking the vegetables when it's ripe. So, men, let's walk around their garden and not thru it. If they ship out before the crop becomes edible and they've willed their crop to anyone in the squadron who will care for it and will not ruin what's planted.

Alongside Flight Headquarters we have a Little Bag that seems to be the oasis of the arid. Warm from it is cold, tasty and refreshing... threatens to interfere with the soft drink concessions. Credit for keeping the bag filled goes to Sgt. Royal and his boys. Everybody finds this water irresistible.

The chief news this week seems to be the weather... it has most of us bewildered. Where are the so-called "Rainmakers"? From the looks of the powdered soil we'll all be blowing away soon. Things have been in quite an uproar with the 79th writing it. But they are acclimating themselves nicely and things are running smoothly again.

Hot Weather Gets Hq. and Hq.

By 8-SGT. DAVE SOBEL

Thanks to this ungodly weather, all of us "damnyanks" walk around with slow halting steps, glazed of eye, and broken in spirit. Honestly, I feel like a Zombie (to, Louis Rhea, not the kind you get in tall glasses, ony one to a customer). A few more weeks of callisthenics in that broiling sun and we'll all resemble South Sea Islanders. Anyhow, vitamin D is plenty good for you-all, so soak it up while the soaking is good, y'hear me?

Suggestion by Harry Burnworth, the personality kid that walks in the orderly room, viz.—that every barracks be equipped with individual showers beside each bed. Then, when the spirit moves you, and it's with this blistering heat, you can simply slide out of bed, take a bath, and drag your dripping carcass back to bed. Sorry, Harry, no can do—priorities and all that sort of thing. We know it's a dreadfully long trek to the latrine but this is war and we must all do our part, so there...

Does one think it's real neighborly-like for T-Sgt. John Evans to invite a guest to accompany him on his nightly excursion to you-know-where. In fact it's too darn neighborly. Evans, and best time you take up at three A. M. to get a drink (??) go alone—you don't require company.

Strange Clicking Sounds

Next time Tommy Hawks leaves his radio on all night, there won't be any radio to play in the morning; get me? Must be something wrong with the plumbing in the latrine—for about a week after every pay day there emerges from the aforementioned latrine a strange clicking noise. Perhaps 't would be a good idea for someone to borrow a tenpost and investigate the source of the weird sounds.

Complaint by Doc Stone—It's hard to work in an office that is overflowing with feminine picknickers. Doc, but show me one office on this year field that is overflowing with, f. p. In fact, show me one office that boasts of one beautiful female and I'll show you 8-Sgt. Serlando who claims to be a comoloser of f beauty in any form... animal, vegetable or mineral.

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Y'know what, I think Sgt. John Paul Martin is enamoured of a Goldsboro Deb. Tell you why, practically every night Kid Martin goes into town with a bundle of laundry under his manly arm, ostensibly to the cleaners. He's probably goes to the "cleaners" but not the one you might think of. Methinks he trades that bundle of laundry for a bundle of charms. Right, John?

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See Sgt. Murphy On Hair Care

By SGT. BILL STANLEY

Any person that wants to learn how to take care of their hair other than the way "Gabe" so cleverly advises can go to 8-Sgt. Bill Murphy of Newburyport, Mass. He's free advice. He will gladly give you a hair care method that have worked so well for him.

We have a new Bridgroom in the squadron in Pvt. Frank Gasiorowski. It happened while he was on furlough. Best of luck, Frank.

There was quite a ball game in the squadron the other night. Cpl. Carl Melvin and company challenged the official number one team of the squadron Pvt. Jackson Armstrong's battling outfit. Needless to say that Pvt. Armstrong had his team all keyed up for this game which they took by the score of five to three. Cpl. Melvin on the losing side played a flawless game afield, and at bat. Pfc. Gunter Slade has a few pointers he wants to pass on to Cpl. Melvin which may bring victory to his team. The pointers all summed up simply mean that Pfc. Slade should have been in the game.

From reliable sources we have been informed that a certain C. O. put his right foot on a AWOL. That my friends is a great deviation to duty.

Sgt. Tom Brophy must be reading this issue of the Air-O-Mech every day. He has a few pointers yet. Tom has been boosting the morale of the home front the past ten days.

Have you ever seen a dream walking? See Sgt. Harvey Haddad in his bath robe, bouncing back and forth from the shower room. He's like many Harvey the Powers Moore with his feet wasn't in the shoes.

To Cpl. Frank J. Babson on his promotion to Sergeant, and to Pvt. Mike Hrynyk on his promotion to Corporal, the congratulations of the squadron. Woot! Woot! It's good to Wooty did Mike???

is closed in the 79th the boys are all scrubbing their own clothes. It is quite a sight to see some of our Sergeants sweating over a scrub-board.

New that a certain young lady no longer works at E.R. No. 3, we all wonder if Capt. McGowan is going to drop over next.

The Squadron Softball team also brought its activities to a close with a grand and glorious finish. It wound up its season by defeating the 52nd by 19-3, behind the strong hurling of Pfc. Neal Aiello.

The men of the 79th are all looking pretty shiny these days. The boys have been looking that way since Sgt. J. T. Macdonald closed the Day Rooms with the clothes machines in them.

The night change of quarters in the 79th has plenty to moan about these days. Since all the chairs have been moved out on an empty nail keg which is far from comfortable.

The 79th Korn Kobbler's reached the end of f their musical career this week also. Pfc. David Allen sold his guitar when he learned of breaking up of the Squadron.

Since Allen can no longer accompany him, Pvt. Howie Breitwisch now also intends to send his accordion home.

Since this is the final article to come from the 79th, this reporter would like to wish the best of luck to all the officers and men who made up the BEST SQUADRON on the field.

797th's 'Clipper' On Furlough

By CPL. JULIUS YELLEN

Our favorite barber, Sal Trentino, is at this moment up in God's country (Can I help it if I'm a Yankee). Back in 1941 BG (before Goldsboro) "Tren" worked in a clip joint on Wall Street, N. Y. That's a barber shop he quickly adds. "Tren" is the kind of a barber that can give you a GI haircut, and it won't look to bad. Our favorite barber had the honor of giving General Reed a haircut.

A chow hound if there ever were one is Edward Polaski. "Polack" eats three meals a day plus.... "Chow hound" Polaski. Not until then do the rest of us walk in.

That smiling face in Flight Headquarters belongs to 8-Sgt. Ray Krueger. Ray says he's come over to give the piece some "much needed class."

From the New York Daily News comes word that our former Commanding Officer, Major Thomas D. Jordan, was recently married at Kearns Field, Utah. The best of luck to you, Sir.

The boys have added a new marching song to their repertoire. It goes like this, "Zacharia will wash the car, paries vus, etc." The Zacharia in this case is that "Baltimore Place" Zacharia. Now that we've said all of that, Zach will probably have us court-martialed. He said he would. Come now, friend, you don't mean that did you? To my constituents: This hodge-podge of gossip may originate from the Guard House next week.

Here's one man who believes in doing things in a big way. William Roe is the name, and he's the proud father of twins. But, that's not all; once before Bill was the father of twins. Mother and the new additions are doing fine. Pop is still quite stinky from the ordeal. Pfc. Roe, we salute you!

Russell Fitzgerald has been entertaining his wife who's been visiting our surroundings. And Gerald Shaw says his wife is in town, too. Any more, fellas?

Our deepest sympathy goes out to Pvt. Tony Slane on the recent death of his mother.

36th Loses First Sergeant

By Sgts. MORENO & GUSTAFSON

A note of sadness struck the 36th Technical School Squadron last Thursday when the 36th squadron received word that M-Sgt. Melvin Zurcher was being transferred out of the field. We wish to express our appreciation at this time to the one and only top kicker we've had in the 36th since 1941 when the organization was established at Chanute Field. M-Sgt. Zurcher gained the respect of every enlisted man and officer for his hard work and capable ability in administering the Squadron's affairs. So 'tz so long, Sergeant. Each and every one of us sincerely wish you all the luck in the world. This squadron won high honors for two weeks in a row by taking the excellent banner award in stepping for marching formations. Congratulations, Students! Keep up the good work.

Our squadron also won top honors for the inspection and review by Col. Smith last Saturday. More credit to the 36th where credit is due!

Our non-commissioned officers are anxiously awaiting the completion of the WOO building. At a recently held meeting, all the non-coms were in favor of the club 100 per cent and are awaiting its grand opening.

Band Members Get Stripes

By CPL. BEN ROBINSON

Three members of the 7th Army Air Forces band effective June 1 received new stripes. Sgt. Anthony M. Troitz and William Essitt were promoted to staff sergeants; cpl. Howard W. Brey and Paul P. Heber were promoted to sergeant, and Pfc. William C. Moore and Leon V. Padgett were promoted to Pfc.

Sgt. Oscar McCauley, leader of the Post Dance Band, says he has been a victim of the unfortunates Pearl Harbor attack, or might we call it the "old double cross" or the stab in the back. His conception, he says, "I was mortally wounded on June 1 by an unidentified party." (Unquote—If you don't understand what we mean, see McCauley?)

Two of our boys, Cpl. B. C. Morrow, the boy with the sporty red Plymouth convertible, and Sgt. Ghines seem to have become official members of society among the younger generation of Goldsboro. Some of us don't seem to have the technique, or is it that we don't have a red convertible to ride them in?

Everyone seemed well pleased with the band concert given in the Service Club last week. Much applause was received for the splendid performance rendered by Pvt. James Dracup, our piccoloist. His solo was undoubtedly the outstanding feature of the entire concert, and from the comments received, you'll probably be hearing more from him in the near future. The concert was under the direction of Warrant Officer Freeman L. Russell.

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795th Writes Last Column

By PVT. HOWARD BREITWISCH

The 79th T.S.S. reached the end of its colorful career this week. Organized at Chanute Field last June, the Squadron existed exactly one year before it was deactivated. As a fitting climax to its career the 79th was awarded the honor banner of the 9th School Group during its final week of existence.

The boys all wish the best of luck to Lt. Anderson M. Anderson who was made Commanding Officer of the 79th Technical School Squadron.

The most crowded place in the Squadron these days is the show room. Since the G. I. Laundry

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Male Call

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

SORRY TO BE SO GOONY, GENERALS—I HAVE A SLIGHT HEADACHE!

HINKY AND IKE ARE MEDICAL CORPSMEN, MISS LACE...THEY CAN FIX YOU UP...

YEAH MAN!

OH—HUH!

Male Call

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

PULSE...

Male Call

NO THERMOMETER... WELL, SEE IF YOU'RE OVERHEATED...

Male Call

HEART...

Male Call

SAY... IS THIS GONNA DO ME ANY GOOD?

ABOUT AS MUCH AS BEIN' IN TH' SIGNAL CORP' IS DOIN' ME!

