

COLUMN White



Pinch Hits For 333rd Reporter

By CPT. LOUIS L. PICARIELLO
Sgt. Francis T. Feehey is on Emergency Furlough and I have been nominated to carry on for him to the best of my ability, so here goes:

I will begin my reportorial career by asking a certain Sgt., up in the ranks, why is he always hiding behind curtains in the "Oriental Club" in Raleigh — is he trying to pop the question? Why not see Dave McBride our "Love Trouble Man"?

The whole squadron is wondering what happened in Rocky Mount when Sgt. Herman Callout was there on a three day pass. How about telling us Sgt.?

Major Merrill K. Riddick, our Co. took a few seconds off to wish our Squadrons Softball Team all the luck in the world, would boys you get that Tropey or see... Cpls. Lovaski & Kapinski were seen in Wilson over the weekend chasing a couple of Southern Belles watch out boys, you will use all those B stickers. Marriage In Offing

Word has been received that Sgt. Leggio "The Squadron Lover" is considering marrying the little college girl from Wilson. Good luck. What PFO in our Sq. is always looking in a mirror and complaining how black he is—could it be that ticket seller in Theater No. 2 — could be Sgt. Tony Bennett, the millionaire play-boy of our Sq., is looking for a wife, so come girls you can have him—good luck all around.

M-Sgt. Curtiss has been seen in Wilson, last Sat. with a cute "Little Dove" Sgt. We would appreciate it very much you would conduct a class in "How To Make Love". Pvt. Sharston is showing all of his friends how he is mess ladies are feeding him. He is now 360 lbs. of "Bulky" meat. Danman was seen hanging around the Service Club quite a bit lately. What is it a Blonde, or Brunette, Steve?

Good Command Greetings
Sgt. Mansfield intervened in the act of saluting the picture on the desk the other night. Now the question arises — is that a direct order or a hobby of his own. We all agree that he deserves it, and that he should receive the "Good Conduct Medal." Sgt. Kittrell asked me to tell all men to report to him for a present that he has been looking for them.

Congratulations go to Opl. Fred Wolf for giving the field some grand music — keep it up Fred.

Complaints have been coming forth by Barracks 87 the Pfc. Reed, our new mail clerk, has been talking to his girl's picture and keeping the men awake all night long. A committee has been formed and a decision reached that his girl will be brought here and have them married so there will be peace in the Barracks once again. Pfc. Rothrock has changed a slogan for a typewriter — Good Luck Kid — you will need it with our Sgt. Major. It is a pleasure to note that T. O. Collins respects his elders in Barracks 119.

Two men of Barracks 119 have just completed a short stay in Washington. Asked how the trip was and also what they saw up there—neither of them could remember.

Upon meeting a weather man the other day—asked him if it was going to rain. No, was the answer. 1 1/2 hours later I observed that same party soaking wet.

797th Suspicious Of Steve Rooney

By CPT. JULIUS YELLEN
Hey, Steve Rooney, s'about time you're getting out of the hospital, don't you think? You've been there so long we're beginning to suspect you have a crush on one (or more) of those beautiful nurses up there. Since you hail from Brooklyn, we know you're up to something. Hurry up and get well, will ya! Oh by the way, a civilian—Big Steve, Elam had departed from Johnson Field, Goldsboro, et cetera and is at present away in Iowa. Yessa was transferred to the Enlisted Reserve Corps last week, and will henceforth contribute his share to the war effort by working in a war factory manufacturing tires for Army trucks and jeeps. Plantes letters

While we "Keep-Em-Flyin'" Jessa will "Keep-Em-Rolling." "Shortly" Glenn Bender who looks like a grammar school kid, but with college ideas was showing us a picture of his "Sweetie-pie" from California, and trying to tell us she was his one and only, why, Junior, you're not even grown up yet! (We're only kiddin')... And another guy pestering us with photos is Cpl. Edward Rodgers. His 20-acre ranch and his farm in Nebraska, and cute, too. Ed if you 797th GIs are unaware of the fact is the one responsible for your moving from barracks to barracks. The time this copy reaches the typewriter, Ed will be safely encamped at his parents' ranch in Kansas. Ed's been telling us of the cigars, the bouncin' baby girl weighing 3-4 lbs is named after her mother who in turn is named after her mother... R. Luther Jordan who'd rather be called Johnny Jordan is showing his wife the sights (!) of Goldsboro. Johnny's been with us only a few weeks, and is proving a welcome addition to the baseball team. Prior to entering the AAF he was an aircraft engine mechanic at Brookley Field, Alabama. And so won't you cheer when he starts the Alf course here... Goldsboro nice life dept: Pfc. Charlie Hoshman and Fred Yost making the rounds about town and in arm with their wives... In closing, we mustn't forget to report that the 797th is flying the E Bomber in front of the Orderly Room.

Op. Anthony Yankowski, the well-known Jersey Bounce, has been spending some time of late in Greensboro, parading of the city's points, no doubt Tony referred to as A. Yank. In T. I. AAF has a favorite expression "Wow!" No need to explain that. Pfc. Julian McLendon of Bks. 404 has been showing off his wife, Martha to his friends. Martha is spending a couple weeks in Goldsboro comparing our Carolina atmosphere to that of Georgia's. Yes, Martha is "Georgie Beach" hailing from Baldoista, Ga.

Believe it or not, policing the area seems to be a favorite detail these sunny days, that is, if the area to be policed is in the vicinity of the telegraph office. My, how popular you are, Carolans, and I thank you for having us as you go to work each morning. Without your sunny disposition we just couldn't start our day properly... Chaplains Step Up

You have the best of the groom standing up the bride, but have you heard of the bride and groom standing up the Chaplain? Well, Pfc. Byron Wolfe and Miss Sylvia Schuster can verify that. The couple had arranged to be married in the Post Chapel, but were delayed in town making arrangements. Rather than continue to the field they decided to be hitched in Goldsboro. The Chaplain and the lifted guests are probably still waiting for the wedding ceremony. We notice Byron walking around in a daze, so we gather that married life is OK. Eh, Byron? ... Back From Furlough

Just as black as when he left, Sgt. Bill Kienast has returned from furlough, and declares there being

The Moral of this story — a 119 weatherman should carry umbrellas and wear hip boots.



From a bare and hot, soldiers from the 793rd Technical School Squadron have built this rock garden. An arching bridge, flat pond and variety of flowers provides a picturesque scene for the camera-men. In the background, two GIs continue to plant flowers.

no finer place that Mitchell, South Dakota. Say, that must be one of your tall stories, Bill. "Wilhelm" is our foremost tall-story teller, and with his return to the fold has, no doubt, brought back a case full of new stories to regale us with. That smoke screen around the 797th area last week was the result of no military maneuver, we can assure you. The cause of the smoke was the birth of Kathleen Ann Yowa. And in true tradition Pvt. John Yowa, the proud and d bearing father was passing out the cigars. The bouncin' baby girl weighing 3-4 lbs is named after her mother who in turn is named after her mother... R. Luther Jordan who'd rather be called Johnny Jordan is showing his wife the sights (!) of Goldsboro. Johnny's been with us only a few weeks, and is proving a welcome addition to the baseball team. Prior to entering the AAF he was an aircraft engine mechanic at Brookley Field, Alabama. And so won't you cheer when he starts the Alf course here... Goldsboro nice life dept: Pfc. Charlie Hoshman and Fred Yost making the rounds about town and in arm with their wives... In closing, we mustn't forget to report that the 797th is flying the E Bomber in front of the Orderly Room.

one other had gained much ground. The audience became impatient and decided to take a Hand in things. Their audience became impatient and decided to take a hand things. Both Desboro and Frederick were taken hands and feet and thrown in the shower together. Man Of The Hour
Hollywood has its Clark Gable, Tyrone Power or Victor Mature but Squadron 791 also had their own super casanova. Down in the simple quarters that barracks 85 of fers, lives our man of the hour, that radiant personality, Samuel H. Barker. Out of the thousands of soldiers in town every week-end take his castles in the air. Sam is apparently the only one who possesses that hidden power that just makes the women flock after him. Maybe he uses a flick like Fred did.

For the past few days there no longer has been a group around the steps of the back of building 86. The little toy trailer; Smulfoo by name, is no longer there. Every day the boys would get pieces of bread, meat and greens in their pockets at chow and when put together they would make up the legs dinner. It seemed the pup just couldn't get used to his army life so Opl. Donald Stupben of barracks 669 arranged for the dog to live in Smithfield, N. C.

It is a little wonder the barracks 831 was recently awarded the plaque for having the neatest barracks in 791. There are many hard workers in this barracks but one who really takes cleanliness to heart is Aldo "Pete" Pietropoli who got the fellows together and induced them to chip-in and buy two small sized carpets, one for the back door and the other for the front.

Every now and then one of the fellows will come up with a novel idea. The latest and most unique of all is that "Chief" Messer of barracks 821. Before he received his G. I. greeting card he was a member of the Navajo Indian tribe, where he learned to be an artist of exceptional ability. He is now working on a map of the U. S. in full color. On the various states will be placed small tags, on which will be printed the names of those of the barracks who were former residents of that particular state.

Berlin, Cologne, Dortmund, Dusseldorf, Duisberg, Essen — then all the way down the alphabet to Wuppertal. It is the RAF, uncovering a nice change of pace.

Sgt. Kimbell In Limelight

By S-SGT. DAVID SOBEL

I hereby propose a vote of thank to Sgt. Howard Kimball for his sincere efforts in endeavoring to keep Barracks 307 spotless. Prior to each inspection you find Kimball industriously scrubbing the steps or cleaning the window ledges. Hate off to a real soldier!—How about starting a rumor that the N. C. O. Club we expect to have real soon will opt a real outdoor swimming pool? Who knows, perhaps it may materialize — I think you, Disans should invest in a sewing machine with all the business he's been getting from the newly made non-coms. Tony is the chief stripe-sweeper-ener in our squadron. Rates Too High

Rates will have to come down to Sgt. Howard Kimball if they expect to get any business—rumor has it that some of his best customers have been complaining because of the early rising hour — fumes about Barracks 204 things are quiet all evening until lights out at ten, then all hell breaks loose, pillows begin to fly hitler and you, Willie (Singer) Baldwin makes with those curly hair and funny stories which are usually accompanied by gales of laughter (his own). Warning — if these practices do not cease drastic measures will have to be taken, see?

Why doesn't someone take Howie Bennett in hand and teach him the fundamentals of volley ball? His awkward movements on the volleyball court are the talk of the squadron. Or maybe he could take his castles in the air while we're all at work, then there would be no one around to laugh. McCready and Evans Back

Well, the conquering heroes are about to leave us for a week from their encamped three day pass. Our days of rest and quiet are over until their next pass. My it be soon and let Sgt. Jim "Fearless" McKee really squint. Listen to those two G. I.'s who are attempting to dissuade him from attending O. C. S. It's not as rough as they make it out to be, Mac. Besides who are you, man or mouse? Anyhow, Kubie and Sobel are just jealous because they're afraid of not being accepted if they should apply.

Incidentally, your reporter took it upon himself to investigate those clicking noises in the latrine, mentioned in last week's column. We'll not discuss it any further. Now that it's permissible to remove ties while working in offices Opl. Murry Miller wants to request permission from Post Headquarters to work in athletic shorts. Now that carrying things a bit to far — Wonder how Brothers, Owens and Symanski acquired such respect. I mean, nothing tells us that while the rest of us are slaving away these three lie basking in the sun's rays — the cute little baskers.

Brother's Name Found On Captured Truck

Aldredes Frerking Grand, Md. (OWB) — Pvt. Sam Bucheri was inspecting a captured Italian truck brought here from Africa when his eyes popped open in amazement. On the back of the truck was the autograph of his brother, Cpl. Pat Bucheri, who is serving in that area.

Barracks 821 Has Feed Bag Party

By P. F. C. JIM BORRELLI

The desire for something beside G. I. chow finally reached a climax for all the fellows in Barracks 821. Last week they got together at a little place about two miles outside of Goldsboro and really put on the old feed-bag. The menu included such appetizing dishes as oven browned potatoes, roast chicken or tender juicy steaks. There were also treat buttered peas and oven-hot butter buns. Throughout the course of the dinner several toasts were made to various states represented. There is no disputing the fact that all had one wonderful time. Splash Party

On Sunday June 6, barracks 883 held a splash party. Originally the idea was thought up by Red Desboro and Paul Frederick. It all was to show who was superior in strength. The weaker of the two would end up in the shower. After much struggling by both men nei-

Male Call

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



EASY DOES IT, SPORT! HOW ABOUT A GAME OF RUMMY — WITHOUT THE GIN!

NO BRIDGEHEAD, ENJINE — EER! YOU CAN'T MAKE A RUNWAY OUTTA THESE SOFT SHOULDERS!

FALL BACK AND RE-GROUP, FLY BOY! LACE ISN'T YOUR TARGET FOR TONIGHT!

Quite A Battle Sight
SAY — IS THERE SOME SORT OF CAMPAIGN RIBBON FOR A GAI WHO HAS FOUGHT AGAINST THE U.S. ARMY?