

# CLUB NEWS FROM YOUR SQUADRON

## 11th Group Has Real G. I. Party

By PFC L. F. WALLER

A real G.I. Party about the rafters of the Personnel and Headquarters office last week. It was complete with carved invitations to the boys, noisemakers in the form of hammers and saws, and copious bowls of liquid—and various varieties of the office had its face lifted with a bang, and the whole staff was out to join in the festivities. The Carpenters Committee, under such able-bodied wood-workers as T-Sgt. Richard Garrett and S-Sgt. Roland Scalcucci, saw to it that none of the guests had an idle moment. After an evening of concentrated frolicking, the office stepped forth in a new face, suit of clothes, and trills to match. Members of the staff who were absent from the blowout were seen to walk in the next morning, look around in wonder and awe, and walk out again looking for the right place.

It was erroneously reported in this column last week that the late John A. McClain, long renowned as one of the mainstays of propriety in the Personnel Office, had been the originator of the so-called "back to the native town of New York. This is a slight misstatement of the fact, to say nothing of a downright lie, and we wish to take this opportunity to correct the situation. To begin with, Cpl. McClain was not the first man in Greenpoint to curl his toes, hold his belt, and begin slicing the Axminster in torrid circles. McClain, by his own admission, is a square from Delaware, a jerk from Albuquerque, and an lck with no tick. "I can't stand live," McClain said in an exclusive interview. "And I wish you wouldn't give people the impression that I wore soot-suits. I was, in civilian life, a quiet, unassuming, and nothing more." So be it, but we wouldn't be caught dead admitting it.

## Pfc. Bud Drake Gets Fan Mail

By PFC L. E. WALLER

Pfc. Etwesler D. Drake's new value has slumped considerably since those halcyon days of his great adventures. The quietest backwash of the Wac's stationed on the post. It was addressed to Bud (that gay dog) and to his mentor, Sgt. Pat Mangel. We didn't notice whether it was a K or not.

Sgt. Arnold Oleswald was more than a little interested in last week's All-Star baseball game. Two of his former Milwaukee buddies, Ken Feltner and Ed Leash, were sparring the Americans to their win. Oleswald says that Feltner and Leash used to be his high school team, and remember the good old days of smacking flies with the two of them. Chuck Penake, famous track star, was also one of Oleswald's Wisconsin acquaintances, having run against the sergeant many times in interschool competition.

The Non-Com School has brought out the "guardhouse lawyer" in at least half of the Permanent Party. You can find them right after the morning's workout, busily arguing the pros and cons of some obscure Army Regulation and finally adjourning undecided. A K or not.

Rumor has it that Sgt. Carmine Racco, happily peaceful all a life's years of married life, has a slight case of the jitters these days. It is reported that he is thinking of bringing his wife down to Goldsboro since a new Army detachment moved in across the street from his home.

Off on furlough this week were Sgt. Bob Snyder and Pfc. Ed Sullivan. They were northward bound to set aflame the New York-N.Y. Wac's Delaware region. It's one to keep the home fires burning, they agree, but it's a lot more fun to feed 'em a little fuel once in a while.

WAC Sorensen as Lita Guard CAMP POLK, La. (OWB) — The GIs here have been doing a lot of swimming ever since W. G. Ann Whithead headed the Guard. Ann, a well-proportioned former professional swimmer, was an Aquacade mermaid at the New York World's Fair in 1939.

## Medics Ball Club Has Winning Streak

By T-S VICTOR COLONNA & PFC JERRY LIFTON

The hottest boys in baseball shoes are Seymour Johnson allamonds are the Medics ball club. Underpublicized and looked on as a strictly mediocre team, the Medics have won their last three games. Shaking the dust of the cellar spot from their spikes, the boys are heading for the top of the heap. An orchid to Pfc. H. R. Johnson and Pvt. Ed Nelson for their excellent mound work and one to "Home Run" Harry Adams for his mighty clouts which are helping put the team in the win column. GI Medics ought to give themselves a treat and get out and see a smooth winning team.

Indicative of the times — Our pooch "Bunk Fatigue" just presented the Detachment with two pups with no argument at all. They were named "Ture Day Pass" and "Furlough" respectively. Let it never be said that our mascot gets anything that we don't get.

Dedication — The Post Engineers formally presented the Med. Det. with a shiny new latrine. Chief of Latrines/Lines, Sgt. Cliff Trout, cut the ribbon and the operators and monitors and was bowled over in the rush.

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## 794th's Boxing Ring Popular

By SGT. BILL SPENCER

The boxing ring here in the squadron area holds the spotlight for a night's entertainment. The fights are good. Some of the boys have more guts and courage than others, but nevertheless everybody gives their all.

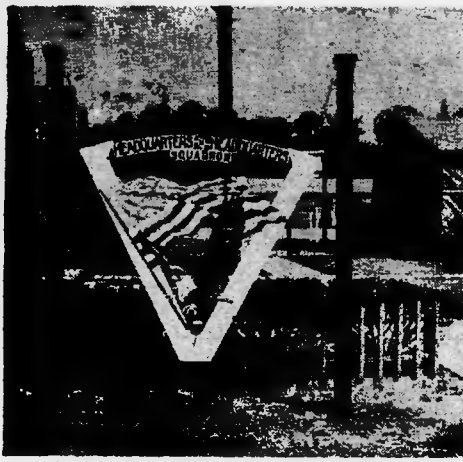
The students really did some cheering the other night when two persons stepped in to do battle. For a minute it looked like a couple of professionals putting on act when Cpl. M. J. Smith and the first pair took a dive to the floor after Sgt. Work, the party of the second part, made a wild swing that missed by a city block.

Pfc. Jackson Armstrong, the "All American Boy," is back from his furlough which he spent at home in Detroit. He has been that spent fourteen days of anything goes. Jack looks fine. He must have been eating plenty of wheats.

Talk about a stubborn man. Sgt. Forgozelski slept on the springs of his bunk rather than reach up for his mattress. The boys were putting his mattress up on the shelf. In came the Sgt. and rather than take it down he slept on the springs. Mabeline Gandhi Forgozelski they call him now.

You lucky people are to see the near future a picture of Waccy's barracks. This barracks will have the best furniture of all that have seen it. By the way the number of the barracks is not 440. It is 440 1-2. The men in 440 almost had me up for Court. Mar. 1st calling their barracks a Chick-n-Coop.

Very shortly now the men that came to Seymour Johnson Field from Miami Beach last August will be celebrating their first anniversary at the field. It hardly seems like a full year has gone by since the hottest day there ever was. Aug. 1, 1942 that we climbed out of the train and stared at a rock and lumber pile, wondering where we were and what we had to do. Yes, sir, we found out!



## School Days, School Days Is Theme Song Of 797th

By SGT. JULIUS YELLEN

"School days, school days, dear old golden days, etc. etc. etc. is the new theme song these days as the PPs go marching to Non Com School. Really a soldierly-looking bunch of GIs, bedecked in their clean leggings, gaiters, full of hope — that it rains like you know before school starts. Cpl. Art Garbrecht came to school with a white's round-shoulder, and he looks like me. And then some bright pupil with graft in his mind, brings teacher, Sgt. William Klemast, a bright red apple. Which was OK and the just mentioned Sgt. Klemast, who bit into the apple and said, "That's a good one, but it's not a soldier at attention." (And now, dear readers, I've invited to witness the duel at dawn tomorrow between Sgt. Yellen and the just mentioned Sgt. Klemast. I doesn't like the preceding statement. My weapon? A pea shooter. Anyway, only 30 weeks left at Non Com School.)

Open — Air Boxing Show

Up above the sky was bright and clear, fitting for an open-air boxing show. Down below under a well-lit ring two sturdy Wacs were battling it out much to the enjoyment of several hundred fans. Just another in the series of martial arts shows presented by the Supply Officer. Much credit is due the officer for arranging all the details necessary. And thank to the boxers, for without them the event would be no fight. Among the recent winners: Pfc. W. Roe, L. Perna, G. Sabolich, C. Retzwick, F. Smith, L. Unterhill.

A reminder that the 797th Squadron dance is to be held the 30th of this July. A dance committee has been formed with plans underway to provide all with an enjoyable time, and with at least one femme to each GI. Well, no harm in dreaming, is there?

"Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, etc. etc." and Sgt. Sam Schwartz is a firm believer in that proverb. For who else but Sam would make it a habit to rise and shine each morning before the sun? Back on his Mass. "farm" Sam was the one who always woke the rooster in the early dawn. It is suggested that Sam be designated as the official waker — upper to the Post bugler.

How would you like to have had a date with screen actress Gene Tierney (Yeah, so would I) Pfc. George Downs is the lucky fellow who experienced the thrill of dating the lovely Miss Tierney. That was several years ago when George was a swimming instructor at an exclusive hotel in Conn. The place was just full of famous people. One of these was the now Lt. Tyrone Power (Yeah, so would I). George reports as a regular guy. At present George is helping out at the new Community Center pool where GIs come to cool off, and then get heated up at the sight of those

Goldsboro swimming beauties. George, we'll be down to see you just as soon as we get our water wings.

All the way from Sunny California comes a long distance call to Sgt. John Overton who nearly fell over in the excitement to reach Alexander Graham Bell's invention. But John ain't saying much regarding the female voice on the other end. So all we can do is surmise.

Apologies are hereby offered to S-Sgt. Charles Glace who never gotten his name in this here column. Charlie handles the AR's in the Orderly Room so it's safe to call him the brains of the outfit. Before Johnson Field, Charles worked in Post Hq. Miami Beach where he had a number of girls working for him. Then he asked to be transferred. Yeah, you're right. The guy's nuts!

## 799th Throws Squadron Party

By SGT. DON SUTHERLAND

The long-awaited squadron party was announced a long time ago, but it's been held at a neighboring bivouac. Various edibles and potables graced the festive board and several members of the squadron's personnel, both officers and enlisted men, were introduced as speakers by 1st Sgt. Martin Birch, acting as MC.

The proud Pennsylvanian who is working at his Personnel chores with renewed spirit is Hank Schorn. And the reason — why Opl Schorn is the brand-new daddy of a brand-new son.

Thoughts that will have to pass on a too-hot night: The way married life has changed. Slip Call is a GI soldier if that's ever was — and rumor hath it that there once was one. The Frisco mailmen on the Ridgewood Avenue mail route seem to be getting a little Irene which had their daily place in the scheme of things literary for ten months. Ah, the military thrill of wearing leggins. Lessons are being learned from the area demand that first awful morning. "What wonders the NCO School hath wrought" (apologies to Alexander Graham Bell)... the quirk of fate which has Dick (Lafayette) Redmond. A slight difference in personalities has been noted by interested observers. For a while our students seemed interested as to just who would finally win the war for us, but they have now settled the voting in favor of our topkick whom they serenade daily. The rumor that helped make our party such a wonderful success.

Squadron Sweetheart, come all you O. I.'s gather round and take a gander at the little bundle of loveliness, she's 5'7" tall and blue eyes, gorgeous curly black hair, loves dancing and out door sports and from what we hear this young lady is a wonderful cook. The work you say gang, can the 36th. pick them or not? The lucky girl is none other than, Mrs. Betty Hackett of Plymouth, N.C. And her husband (the lucky fellow) is Pfc. Wm. S. Hackett, also going Bill.

We wish at this time to express our gratitude to Cpl. Lou Mince, a regular fellow, for the work he did in the past for the squadron, who was just recently discharged from the service, as Good-Luck, Lou, from all the members of the post.

## 913th Acquires New Mascot

By S-SGT. R. W. BALL, JR.

The most recent acquisition of the 913th Guard Squadron is a brown puppy named Jeff who has been made the squadron mascot. Where he came from is a mystery and his ancestry is dubious but he appears to be mostly bound, with sad eyes and a mournful face. He has become the prime favorite of all the men and under constant attention at present is a palatial doghouse to be equipped with all the comforts of home. Still too young to make any comment for our readers we expect him to become quite valuable as he increases in age and size and shall strive to record his statements and actions for posterity.

Two members of the organization committed the fatal error this month while on furlough and by some strange coincidence both were married the same day in widely separated places. Pfc. Nelson B. Spitzer married Mary Ann Masopust in El Reno, Okla., and Pfc. Clifford Havel called "I do" with Dorothy Martin of Union, Mo., both on July 7, 1943. Congratulations to both of you. Havel brought his wife back to Goldsboro with him. Cliff, do you think it wise to bring an attractive wife into this den of G. I. wolves?

One of our well known Corporals, clerk in the Military Police office, while recently on furlough started his own Back-to-the-Land movement or so he says. Anyway, his claim is that he pitched hay (while the sun shone) and drove a two-horse team for five days on a farm in New Hampshire. We are all waiting for some photographs as proof, Webber.

See picture of Squadron Sweetheart on opposite page

## 36th's Sweetheart Is Betty Hackett



By SGT. MORENO & McDOWELL

Dishing the dirt, has it that Sgt. Eugene Alvey just returned from furlough and can't get K.Y. off his mind. (Wonder why), it couldn't be a cute little gal by the name of Opal, could it Sgt.? The latest scoop is that Sgt. Jim Ahram's girl - friend has gone A. W. O. L. on him, tough luck Sgt.

Praise the Lord and pass the watermelon, was the tune of the men of the 36th, on the night of 14 July 1942, a good time was had by all and through the cooperation of the men, the squadron area was spic-and-span the following morning. We wish to express our appreciation to the men that helped make our party such a wonderful success.

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