

AIR-O-MECH

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EDITORIAL

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Third War Loan Drive

Thursday, September 9th marks the beginning of the Third War Loan Drive. Here at Seymour Johnson Field, we are going to beat the gun and start September 1st.

You will be asked to back the fighting forces to the very limit of your resources. To meet the national quota every individual at this camp, Soldier and Civilian must invest every red cent he possibly can.

Scrape up the money from every source . . . turn in all the loose cash you carry with you . . . dig out what you had tucked away "just in case." Go without pleasures, luxuries, even necessities this September. And give our fighting men the things they need to fight with—and win.

These men are throwing everything they have into this fierce invasion push. They are giving their blood, their lives. No one can put a price on such courage, self sacrifice, devotion. But you can show you're with them to the limit! And the one way to do it is with BONDS * BONDS * BONDS.

There is an American soldier over there, you refer to him as a buddy. Some day, if God is with him, he'll come home.

And when he does, you'll get the biggest thrill of your life if you can look him squarely in the eye and say, "I wasn't there to help you fight—but I did everything in my power to help you win."

There's only one way you can say that . . . honestly say it. And that is to help now by buying bonds with every darn cent you can get your hands on.

Three Kinds Of Men

1—THE ONE WHO IS NOT ABLE

This is the man who fulfills his obligations poorly. He makes mistakes and forgets things easily. He blames others for everything that happens to him. He is like a lame man who stumbles as he walks. He understands everything poorly, especially his own lack of capacity. With his blunders, his mistakes, and his carelessness, he causes an enormous amount of displeasure and disturbance. Of men such as this there is the greatest abundance.

2—THE ONE WHO IS ABLE

This is the man who fulfills his obligations. He is "the right man in the right place." He is punctual, obedient, careful. He is the man for whom people everywhere are looking. He is the strong cornerstone of great organizations. Nevertheless . . .

You can't ask him to do more than he does. There is no use expecting anything unusual of him. There is no use counting on him in any exceptional situation. All that can be expected of him is that he will bear the burden of his task without becoming fatigued. Men of this kind are not easily found.

3—THE ONE WHO IS MORE THAN ABLE

This is the man who not only fulfills his obligations but who also makes others perform their tasks. He is the man who possesses the qualities of leadership. Instead of limiting himself to following the course of the routine daily task, he is always disposed to strike out over new ways. He is always short of time. He always feels that he has not done much. He normally travels on the run. The world owes its progress to the tireless work of these fighters who are full of optimism and vision. Men such as these are scarce everywhere for they are like the April rains and the May sunshine . . . wherever they are they arouse everything to life about them.

(Translated from a Spanish article in Ejercito (Cuba).

Letter To A P.O.W.

How about that buddy of yours in the prison camp, have you written him lately?

When you do sit down to write, tell him why you didn't buy your share of War Bonds last pay day.

"Dear Joe," you might say, "the old topcoat was getting kind of threadbare, so I . . .

No, cross it out, Joe might not understand about the topcoat, especially if he's shivering in a damp Japanese cell.

Let's try again. "Dear Joe, I've been working pretty hard and haven't had a vacation in over a year, so . . .

Hell, better cross that out, too. They don't ever get a vacation where Joe's staying.

Well what are you waiting for? Go ahead and finish the letter. Well then if you can't finish the letter you can at least do this for Joe. Put a lot of extra money into War Bonds, and keep right on putting money into them. If you do I think your next letter to Joe might not be so hard to write.

Maybe You Would Rather Wear Them . . .



No Honor Among Wolves

Legal Aid Set Up To Help G. I.s

More than 600 legal assistance offices have been established in military installations in the U. S. and abroad to aid soldiers. This program was started several months ago by the American Bar Association and the War Department as a contribution to the esprit-de-corps and efficiency of soldiers whose civilian affairs need attention.

Approximately 14,000 civilian members of State bar associations have volunteered their services to arrange legal matters ranging from drawing up wills to straightening out problems in insurance. It's all free.

If your blacksheep brother-in-law is trying to do you out of a nest egg, the legal aid boys will hold up your end of the battle. And if the landlord has been threatening to toss your wife and kids out, the Army will go to bat for you too. You can stop worrying about "problems" like this and concentrate on the Krauts and the Japs.

To get this aid you apply at the legal assistance office at your post and lay your problem on the table. Each legal assistance office, officers and noncoms of the Judge Advocate General's Department advise soldiers on legal problems. Most JAG personnel were lawyers in civilian life. This legal service does not include military court martial, nor can the military personnel of the legal assistance offices appear in civil courts on behalf of their clients.

Address Unknown

Address unknown. That's the reason why more than forty thousand Allowment-of-Pay and Family Allowance checks are sent back to the War Department Office of Dependency Benefits each month, undelivered.

If you have made an allotment for a dependent, and they are in writing, tell your department to notify them that your ODE check will follow them to their new address, by notifying the ODE in writing. Tell your department to send their new address to the Office of Department Benefits, Newark, New Jersey. Repeating that to the Office of Dependency Benefits, Newark, New Jersey. Also, notify their former postmaster.

It's a simple thing to do—but it means the difference between getting their check promptly at their new address, or going through long weeks of delay.

Pvt. What is home without a mother?
Gal. I am tonight handsome.

Two dogs were strolling down Center Street discussing the sultriness of the weather and the poor quality of mess hall garbage. In the midst of their philoprophizing, a WAC walked by on the other side of the street.

"There," said one dog, "goes a tasty morsel."
"The Army has become a much more attractive place since they started putting additional sex to those khaki uniforms," said the other dog.

"Temping is the word for her, my friend. In fact, she is so temping that I think I will just whip across the street and bite her."
"You take the thought right out of my mind."
"Leave us be sporting about it. I think we should toss for the pleasure."

So, while one dog did a flip-flop, the other dog barked "Tails." The dog who was doing the flip-flop, being a smart dog, naturally landed on his head and thereby won the toss.

"Wow," said the winning dog, staggering slightly, "I'll bite her." "I still think you ought to be losing about it," murmured the losing dog sulkily. "You should at least growl before you bite her."

"Very well," said the winning dog in high spirits. "I'll growl." And he growled greedily.

"Loud enough so she can hear you. And paw the ground."

The winning dog growled lustily, snide smile curling his lips. He made the ground feverishly with his nails.

"O. K.," sighed the losing dog. "Go ahead."

But just then a sergeant came along and bit the WAC himself and bit the victor. The dogs turned from the scene in high disdain. As they trotted gloomily down the road, the winning dog kicked himself several times at the hindquarters.

MORAL: Wolves, unlike dogs, have no sporting blood.

Fort Dix Post

Redmond Tastes Bitter Gall

By SGT. DON SUTHERLAND
In a titanic struggle for the squadron tennis crown, Captain Alfred Hastings called on his vast store of court knowledge to put down the challenge of Sgt. Jack Redmond, the enlisted men's representative, 6-3, 4-6, 6-4. In a state-published Air-Mech publication the victor panted: "Tak, tak, what's the matter with the younger men of this organization? A harder work-out I should get from my young son, yet." Sgt. Redmond seemed both to discount the matter but with hope springing eternal in his hairy breast, promised sweet revenge in the next meeting of these commandos of our clay court.

Congratulations from this corner to Dick Halfaker and Whitey Harden on their promotions from Corporal to the three-stripe classification. Dick was on a furlough when the extra chevrons was handed out,

The Chaplain Speaks

The Indian population is increasing and they are not forced to live on reservations but wherever they wish. They are citizens if born within the territorial limits of the United States. The Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational, Christian, and other Protestant Churches as well as the Catholic Church, have from the very early days had missions among the Indians. Here is a true story.

In 1851 the Sioux had sold to the United States, at a few cents per acre, 35,000,000 acres of land in Minnesota, Dakota, and Northern Iowa. They were to be paid each June 1st, 1852, when they came to the agency for their money, it was not paid and they were without food. The white traders had plenty of supplies, but would not sell on credit. In a conference between white traders and Indian chiefs, the traders' agent said, "As far as I am concerned, if they are hungry, let them eat grass." There was a dead silence, then wild abouts as the chiefs rushed out to their hungry tribes and two days later a terrible massacre broke out in which 700 whites were killed. Three hundred Sioux were sentenced to be hanged, but most of them were pardoned by Lincoln and later received reservations in South Dakota. Through the work of missionaries numbers of them became Christians.

One of the best known Indian stories is the Appeal to the Great Spirit," which shows an Indian on horseback, his head thrown back, his arms outstretched, his whole body in an attitude of worship. Let us think of this hunger for God as being common to every race. Where do we get our prejudice? First, anthropologists tell us that human beings are inherently alike. There is nothing in the blood stream of an individual that makes him clear for instance; or in another that makes him dirty; or nothing that makes an Indian reserved and a Jew aggressive, or that makes a Japanese a good farmer and Slovak's good miner. Second, such traits come from the environment. Third, there has never yet been a race that has not shown tremendous improvement under Christian teaching.

Lay That Washboard Down, Son!

Don't wash your dirty linen in public, fellas. Why not try the Post Laundry's super-service. Thirty pieces of clothing every week for the same charge as just one. And the job they do is plenty good. The Laundry is now equipped to handle the wash of every mark on the head, and in record time, so you are sure that a try you won't regret it.

but the Georgia Peach was on hand to receive the good news in person and the "smell" news had been correspondingly wider over since.