

AIR-O-MECH

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EDITORIAL

Pic. Leslie Waller M/Sgt. Richard B. Tall
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Pvt James Kearns Post Photo Section

The Buck Private

I am a soldier, commonly known as "just a buck private" . . . the outgrowth of the rookie larvae—the graduate of BTC. Some speak of me with derision, others with disdain. Often I am the butt of a distorted sense of humor. But I hold my head high, for I am well compensated when the knowing ones say "He is a soldier."

I am of the rank and file. I am a small part of the 80 per cent of all forces. As one, I count for little. An integral part of the whole, I am the backbone, sinew, muscle and the bulwark of this democracy.

My duty is to receive and obey orders. It is not for me to command. Yet it is from me that those who command arise. So I obey with the same willingness and discharge my duties with the same cheerfulness that I would want others to do, if ever I were called upon to command. My one inviolate privilege is to gripe, but only after I have fulfilled the task.

My country knows me well, respects me, trusts me, loves me. And I respect, trust and love my country. When a statue is erected in commemoration it is the figure of the Buck Private that symbolizes the event. It is my brother, long departed, that is universally revered and honored—my brother, the Unknown Soldier.

There is no shame attached to my status except which I may bring upon myself. I was with Washington at Valley Forge, Meade at Gettysburg, Jackson at New Orleans, Teddy at San Juan. And the tiny crosses in the Argonne bear mute witness that I was there too. You have heard of me recently in the foxholes, jungles, in the fogs of Attu, or the cruel desert in Africa. Yes, I was there. I will always be there . . . where and when my country needs me.

My uniform is my own personal decoration. And for this honor, I give three things to my country, my services, my loyalty, my life. I am the Buck Private. (By the author of "The Non-Com's Creed").

Could You Do Better?

Every Wednesday night, a lot of the boys on the field go down to the Sports Arena and watch the fights.

They're pretty good fights, some of them. An even match between two fair boxers can bring plenty of entertainment to the audience. The lads obviously can't get much training done with the regular schedules they have to carry, but they get in the ring and slug it out as best they can.

More than a lot of the lads in the audience would ever do, believe us.

More than a lot of the noisy, wisecracking bunch of gees who cluster around the canvas every Wednesday night and gripe and boo and holler their fool heads off about any little thing that isn't just exactly tailored to their fancy.

Imagine the nerve of one joker we heard last week who turned to us and said, "Do I have to come here every lousy week and see this stuff. These guys couldn't punch their way out of a paper bag."

Picture it. This guy sitting there on his big bench and griping away because he wasn't getting entertained enough. Nobody asked him to come. Nobody guaranteed that he'd have the time of his life. What he obviously wanted was blood, and he couldn't stand to see a boxer leave the ring under his own power.

Spectators like him, with their unsportsmanlike attitude, and a "show me" sneer on their faces, can break any fighter's heart, can take the edge off any bout, and can spoil the evening for everybody else who is having fun. Watch yourself at the next Fight Night. Maybe it's you, too.

Personnel Of The Army Air Forces

Your attention is called to the increasing number of published statements attributed to Air Force personnel, containing expression of opinion on the length of the war, the quality of our efforts and the status of our opposition. Such opinions can serve no good purpose and when they are publicly interpreted to represent official viewpoints, they are both harmful and dangerous. If the present practice continues, the moral of industrial workers, our production of airplanes and estimations of the value of attacks on the enemy will be seriously impaired as each unfounded statement or ill-considered asser-

The Army Air Forces are making a magnificent combat record but we all must realize that we have a long bitter fight ahead of us. I want you to maintain your enthusiastic confidence in our purpose and methods. But only by greater effort, greater sacrifice and greater devotion to duty can we hasten the day of victory. Until that day arrives, let your work and your authorized spokesmen speak for you.

(S) H. E. ARNOLD
H. E. ARNOLD
General, U. S. Army
Commanding General, Army Air Corps.



Soldiers; Be Sure to Vote In Forthcoming Elections

G.I.'s interested in voting in any of the coming elections can now secure the necessary forms from their orderly rooms, a recent War Department announcement stated. According to the provisions of Circular 136 members of the armed forces should take the following steps to cast a war ballot. (1) Apply to the organization commanding officer for a post card; fill in and sign the postcard, which must be certified by a commissioned officer. In addition to signing the post card, the individual should also print or type his name legibly; mail the post card, postage

free, to the Secretary of State of home state. (2) Upon receipt of war ballot execute it in accordance with instructions accompanying the ballot (ballot is also returned postage free). (3) In certain states, such as New York which do not recognize the post card as an application for ballot except for voting on Federal issues, an additional step is necessary in voting on state or local issues. Upon receipt of the post card, the state sends an application for registration and ballot; this must be executed in accordance with instructions accompanying it, and returned to the state; the state will thereafter send the war ballot, which may be executed and disposed of as in (2) above.

Indignation, too. Baltimore led thought he could beat the old Army games the other week when he found out that he was scheduled for induction. He took out his draft card, sprinkled salt and pepper on it, and ate it. Didn't work, though. He got a \$10 fine for disturbing the peace.

Wait till they get in the Army! Harvard college undergrads are threatening to strike for more and better food. They say that their chow has hit an all-time low. What they really are striving for, they say, is cream cheese, peanut butter, and jelly sandwiches.

The city slicker. A lady from Chicago, recently traveling through the thriving metropolis of Denver, Colorado, was stopped by a traffic cop when she crossed against a red light. "Beat it, hayseed," she is reported to have said. "We don't have hick rules like that back in Chi." They do in Denver, though, and it cost her \$30 to find out.

It's Tough, boys, It's tough. A want ad in the Yakima, Washington, paper read: "SUCKERS ONLY. We drink, smoke, gamble, and use profane language. We have two children, a boy and a girl who are professional housebreakers, breaking anything handy. We have been ousted from every house we rented, but still need a place to call home. Does anybody have courage enough to rent us a furnished two-bedroom house?"

What did he do back home??? A Marine from Michigan looked around his Southwest Pacific station and sighed. Then, inspiration struck him. He grabbed a can of peaches, a couple of empty cans and kegs, and a steel coil from a wrecked bomber. He must have had the old "know-how" because what came out was the best peach brandy in the Solomons.

WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?



The Chaplain Speaks Chihuahua Steers

There are thousands of acres covered with scant vegetation in the State of Chihuahua. The quantity is limited and the quality low, therefore, one naturally expects poor production from a topographic condition of that type; however, there is meat in that there grass. Chihuahuan steers constitute a motley group; a combination of most every color known to the kind family can be found in most any single herd. This steer learns from a very small calf to endure many reversing conditions if he expects to survive. From infancy the milk supply is limited and the winters are hard, and the summers long, hot and dry. His within period of from four to ten years; this hardy persevering, and hardship enduring animal is brought to market and produces a mighty fine eating for a kind steers.

Some of us come from the country, the village, the town and the city; from every nationality on the face of the globe, and with every religious belief from the days of Adam until the present. We have not as yet acquired the sense of endurance, and the willingness to persevere that is manifest by the Mexican steer. His within period of homes and great mansions on the mislearned to the human encyclopedia, from places of deprivation to stores of an abundance, and yet some of us have never learned to soldier, and probably never will learn that there is a job for each to do. Some people spend more time trying to keep out of work than it would actually take them to do the job with the skill of an artist.

Christian living requires a fight; good soldiers require good fighting. The minority will never be Christian, neither will they be soldiers, for the simple reason they have not got the "stuff" or else they have never been willing to buckle down to hard earnest toil. There are to many men like the hunter's hound dog, which sat on a cockle burr; he was too lazy to get up, therefore, he whined, and yelped for help, but no help came.

All of us admire the old steer which withers the storm, endures the heat, and eventually furnishes a nice juicy steak for the sustenance of life. What fellow who endures the pain of suffering, hardships, and laughs in the face of calamity is not graciously and amply awarded both in this life and the life to come? Let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. The fight is on; this is no time for namby - pamby, "molly-coddling, pussy" - crying, spineless men, but it is time for pure, clean, big-hearted, honest-to-goodness Christian living and soldiering.
EABL E. L. LANDTROOP
CHAPLAIN (1st Lt.) USA

Marriage License Clerk: "Do you have the parents' consent?" Trembling G. I.: "Parents' consent! Who do you think that is in the doorway? Daniel Boone?"

Most men are like clocks. Too fast or too slow.