

COLUMN Write



Flash, Scoop!!!

Gabe Heatter, aBseball, and 204's Hitler in Hq. and Hq. Spot Today

By JIMMY HEARNS

Sgt. Tim Carroll has been causing a lot of stir in Bks. 219. This fawner at the altar of the great seer, Gabriel Heatter, is always cluttering up the aisle with his packing and repacking of barracks bags with each bit of cheer that Gabe sends over the air waves. "We'll be home by Xmas. I tell ya!" is his fan-damn cry on the "Stood bad the" baseball season is over. Headquarters would

under the iron-fisted domination of a small-time dictator. According to what info we've been able to scrape together, you gotta be A Friend of the Head Man to get on there. If you're not, you get stuck for all the grimy details he can think of. A lot of guys have been complaining, but nothing seems to get done about it.

Who is the monstrous Barracks Chief who pitched which cudgel-totin' carrot top out of his upper bunk last Monday? The victim looked real dodo-ish as he tumbled down on his nose with mal-treas quickly following in his wake... Tommy Hawks is doing all the chewing of food for "Gummy" Finsons this week since the latter 207 occupant paid a visit to the Post Dental Clinic... Jeppers! Still another one of our gees is gonna quit the ranks of the Hq-Hq bachelors! Yowah, Sgt. Karl "F." Weber is aplanain' to tie up with his one and only white on his coming furlough. Besta luck, Karl!!!

Latest communique from the Plophouse, Slophouse, or what have you, is that the boarders there are going to all get married to something or other and move out to the housing project. (After that or they will pueeels under the partial residence and move it to some hidden corner of



be a lead pipe cinch to snatch the Post honors. If the season were just about to start, 206 a S-Sgt. Al Sedotit and S-Sgt. Ken Herman bunking one on top of the other and this is a helluva battery! Both soldiers formerly started for the deceased 501st... Remarking in that infamous place for a mile longer, we want to let all Hq. men know what to do if they should ever decide to make a sightseeing tour of some of our states. Don't grab for a travel booklet. Merely step into 205 and bat the breeze with Pvt. James Busbee. This GI has hit every part of the continent in his pre-Army days and is a sure muf walking into bureau on the U. S. A. Aside from traveling, Busbee's favorite hobby is studying the Eastern, Southern, Western and all other types of the species: Damself. What tales he doth spin!

The squadron area is mighty busy these days with the athletic-minded men of the squadron keeping things active. The volley ball court seems to be always swarming with semi-dressed Tarzans. The horseshoe pitching starts early in the dusky morning hours and is still going when most of the lights are being switched on in the various barracks. A crossfire of footballs, baseballs and softball make passage across the area a risky job most of the time. These and the multi-in-door sports keep the men in a frisky frame of mind. With the departure of Cruse, the Joe Butera, we've got a number of his boys left in our little black book. Number One on his list was a little reminder to look into the rings on in Barracks 204. Beware that that isolated little hovel is

the field like the rehabilitation area or the camouflage section. De boys crave an isolated spot where they can have peace and quiet. Says they it would be a 100 per cent Bacchanalian field day from dawn to dusk. I betcha.

Wa'tress: "I have stewed kidneys, boiled tongue, fried liver, and pig's feet."

Soldier: "Don't tell me your troubles, sister, give me a chicken pie."

A WAC, taking a golf lesson, asked, "What do I do, instructor?" "All you do is smack the pill and walk."

"Oh, it's just like the automobile ride I had last night." Delicite: "I dared that good-look-



As a leopard is known by his spots a wolf is likewise known by his stripes. Meet T/Sgt. Alonzo A. Parker. This picture was snapped just before big game hunter Miss Ruth (Bring 'em Back Alive) Gran-ham trapped him for life. From a roving predatory creature she has changed him to a domesticated husband, much to the happy relief of the many pretty little innocent lambs here about. Let us pray that his prying days are over. Notice is hereby served M/Wolf Sgt. Fields, a similar fate is in store for him.

WAC Detachment Breaks Into Print With Some Inside Dope

By PFC. ELSE DINSMORE

Well, here's the column you've all been waiting for. The inside dirt about the WAC detachment, boys, and it's for your ears only. All of our secrets (?) fly high, wide and handsome over the field even before our lady soldiers get a chance to tell their one and only, boys, and it's for your ears only. All of our secrets (?) fly high, wide and handsome over the field even before our lady soldiers get a chance to tell their one and only, boys, and it's for your ears only. All of our secrets (?) fly high, wide and handsome over the field even before our lady soldiers get a chance to tell their one and only, boys, and it's for your ears only.



There's one cute little WAC on the field who has the best chance of all to be nice to GIs. Her name's Jeanette and she works in the Service Club, but don't let that worry you. She just got back from a furlough with her 12 m lily and friends in Steubogyan, Wisconsin, and returned with a renewed interest in her work. Must have been the climate.

The tea given by all the WAC's Organizations of Goldsboro was a happy affair, even though we all got there a little late. The women were very interested in us, and we in turn showed a little interest. A charming afternoon in all, and one that'll be long remembered.

Any of our boys ever noticed the two Buck Sgt's who did around in that snaky coupe with the Connecticut license plates? Well, we have. To be more particular, Shrey and "Jensen" have. Nice trip, girls!

Pfc. Price was a lucky WAC last week. She got the chance to go visit her baby who's stationed at Norfolk, Virginia. Not all the girls

can do that, can they, Dorothy? Safe from the wives of the Air Corps, but exposed to their real brothers of the tall timber of North Carolina, the WACs Tuesday night enjoyed an exclusive wienie-roast in the WAC sanctum.

Under the sponsorship of Izzy Goggin and Howard, wieners were charred over a pine fire and eaten between home-baked rolls with onions, pickles, and mustard. The feast was washed down with 32 and considerable stamina.

Spontaneous singing was the order of the evening, with novelty contributions in songs and dances by J. A. Cowart. Lorelei tactics attacked only one pair of MPs who left in disgust when not invited to partake of the ashen tid-bits.

The extraordinary disappearance of the hot dawgs was finally attributed to the WAC cat who was found yawning in the wienie box.

Well, that's about all for this week. Just about all we can scow up, and just about all you can stand. Before we sign off though, don't forget the Wednesday and Sunday date nights. They're in our nifty day-room, and all you need is the one of the girls to invite you up. But don't forget that invitation.



She: "You look familiar"
He: "I might be"

Pop: Sonny, I'm going to tell you a story.
Four Year Old: Okay Bill, but keep it clean; the old lady may hear you.

"I have a pain in my abdomen," said the rookie to the Army Doc.
"Young man," said the medical "officers have abdomens, sergeants have stomachs, YOU have a bellyache.

Cupid Hits 12th Mess Sq. Dance!

By PVT. MEYER W. FOSS
S-Sgt. Lawrence Harrison met Margaret at a Squadron Dance, and have been 'thataway' about each other since. Their wedding date has been set for October. You see fellows what may happen at a Squadron Dance, that is if you get time enough to get her name and address.

Sgt. Oliver Wilson who goes home on furlough shortly to Green Bay, Wis., will wed girl-friend Helen of the same city.

S-Sgt. Donald Johnson's car 'Betsy' is constantly on 'tick call.' We have been informed all he needs is a new screw driver!

Our reporter friend S-Sgt. Carl Schulz has been hospitalized for minor operation. All the boys wish you speedy recovery Carl.

Another hospital casualty is Sgt. John Moriarty who suffered a broken finger in a recent baseball game. All the boys salute John who helped to keep the team in first division and wish him speedy recovery.

Pvt. John Castorano celebrated his 20th birthday this week. Happy birthday John, and pass the cake!

Cpl. Walter Greenleaf has been wearing a broad smile these days... A pretty red-head from Brooklyn named Esther Red hair and from Brooklyn, Terrific!

S-Sgt. Henry Stark has been receiving the nicest gifts from girl-friend Marjorie... From the girls we saw... we would say she was Henry's Gift-Up Girl!

Cpl. Henry Kacmarek spends all of his duty time at Seven Springs. Her name is Sarah.

Latest Romance: Sgt. Robert Schwartz Asst. Mess Stewart No. 8, and Sgt. Fleming of the WAC Miss! Now who's WAC'y over Kahl!

Last week's Squadron Dance was a huge success. Everyone reporting they had a grand time.

Flight 'A' Dope Dished as New Scribe Reports

By PFC. BILL BUTTRY
We enter into the field of Journalism with fears of reprisals at the hands of flight. Stepping into the area in search of news, and being threatened by prominent members of this organization to march his column in George Fox Hole.

The Wolf by Sansone



Frankly, I don't see how you rate a good conduct medal! Specially after last weekend!