

AIR-O-MECH

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COL. DONALD B. SMITH, Commanding Officer
MAJOR J. E. MURR, Special Service Officer
EDITORIAL

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OUR NEW C. O.

With the departure of Colonel Donald B. Smith, Seymour Johnson Field welcomes its new Commanding General, Brigadier General Francis M. Brady.

It's been a long, hard pull since the field first rose from the mud and cotton of North Carolina. Ask any of the officers and enlisted men who came here when our post was still in the blue-print stage. They know the struggle it has taken.

But today, nearly a year and a half later, Seymour Johnson Field is a vital, bustling center of activity—an important part of the Army Air Forces and the nation's war effort.

So we welcome our new C. G. with a feeling of pride in work accomplished and a certainty that we can handle whatever is expected of us in the future.

General Brady comes to us from the combat areas of this global war. He has seen in action some of the men we helped train. And, having seen war in all its reality, he has expressed a profound faith and trust in the American soldier.

It's up to all of us, then, to show him that he can expect the limit . . . and that he won't be disappointed.

ONE GREAT EFFORT

Once upon a time, when the war was young and countries were falling like autumn's leaves, the citizens of our nation watched its spreading growth and did the one American thing they could do.

They gave their money to help oppressed peoples ravaged by Nazis and Japanese war might. They formed committees, staged drives and rallies gave benefit performances, and raised enough money to help many ways the starving, diseased victims of Axis terror.

But, at the same time that drives were under way for Britain, Russia, China, and other equally-suffering nations of Europe, the people of America were being called upon for other important causes. War bonds and stamps claimed much of their paycheck, and the United Service Organizations were making a powerful appeal to them for funds to help keep up the morale of servicemen.

While most of these drives were successful, they were confusing in their effect, were often miscalculated and interfered with each other.

Last year, however, one national organization was set up to coordinate the fun-raising efforts of seventeen of these outfits. It's name is **The National War Fund**, and it combines all individual drives into one, concerted effort.

This is the time of year when the NWF makes its great appeal to the people of America. From the proceeds of its drive, such organizations as the U.S.O., British War Relief, Russian War Relief, and United China Relief get their money to continue sending food and medical aid to our allies and to give comfort and entertainment to our fighting men.

From this drive, and from no others, do these organizations get their funds. It is one of the truly important money-raising efforts in the nation and ranks second only to our all-out drive to buy War Bonds and Stamps.

Yes, as soldiers, have limited means at your disposal for contributing to this drive. But, while doing what you can, urge your friends and families at home to give as much as they can spare to this worthy cause. Your own morale, and the spirit of millions of fighting people all over the world—all fighting against a common enemy and all fighting with every ounce of effort they can give—all these things are helped by contributions to the National War Funds.

HOW IT STARTED—

"Retreat" being one of the most colorful of Army traditions here on the post, we thought a lot of you might like to know the history and background of this ceremony. Investigation shows that it stems from the French Cavalry "Bataillon," whose tune dates back to the 11th and 12th Century Crusades in the Holy Land.

The bugle call "To The Color" (note that "color" is not plural) is played whenever a band is not available. While this seldom happens here on the field, it occasionally occurs, and when it does, the call is saluted just as is the National Anthem played by a band.

The music was first introduced as legitimate music by the famed French composer Louis Berlioz in an opera and was used as a bugle call by French troops in skirmishes during this time.

When Retreat became a standardized military ceremony, a gun was usually fired at sundown as the colors were lowered to rest. In the opinion of experts, this stems from the ancient practice of making loud noises to frighten away the spirits of darkness.

So, after "Retreat" is sounded, "To The Color" or the "Star Spangled Banner" is played as the color guard lowers our national emblem to earth. While it is being played, all vehicles remain at rest, and military personnel stand at attention and salute. They hold their salute till the last notes die away into the evening air. Then, and only then, the day is officially brought to an end at Seymour Johnson Field.

ONE FOR SEVENTEEN



Feature . . .

Don't Eat So Much and You'll Get Thin, Maybe

Friends, this month's edition of chow and he gone forever, a national digest magazine has a simply fascinating article called "Only One Way To Get Thin." Its theme, if we understand the thought correctly, is that there is only one way to get thin providing you're fat. Don't eat so much. The article quoted a few well-known physicians doing research along these lines and came to the conclusion that if you overeat,

"Let's have some of that boiled cabbage," he says bravely. "A little spinach, please," he says a y a. "How's about three slices of bread, chum?" he asks.

Result? We see Quagmire being rolled down the street a little while later, floating like a barrage balloon and urping vulgarly all the while. He is fat, is Quagmire. And his cheeks flab gently in the breeze. He waddles when he walks and the seams of his GI clothes protest in amazement, giving little tearing sounds as evidence.

Poo Quagmire is now a chow hound, seduced into gluttony by the tasty blandishments of GI food. The delicate flavor of fatty chunks of pork surrounds his greasy jaws. The indescribable aroma of bread pudding clings to his slobbering lips. And steaming carrot slices ooze from his ears in a golden cascade.

Quagmire is lost, friends. He is a hopeless case. One taste of GI chow and he is gone forever, victim at the altar of good food. He now thrives on rutabagas and egg-plant, tossing them down with gleeful abandon, and making noises all the while.

In such a situation, this new idea of not eating so much is strictly a snafu scheme. How can you reason with a jerk like Quagmire who is crazed over the sight of GI chow? Two months from now, after running through three sets of clothes, Quag will be eligible for a C. D. on grounds of overweightedness. What can you do



all the time, you'll either gain weight, or stay fat, or at least never get thin.

Their idea is that you should eat a little less than you need and make your body burn up all the excess fat piling up around you in blubbery layers.

Now this is a fine little idea, although not especially a new one. People have been suspecting this startling fact for a couple of thousand years now, but the magazine, being strictly on the ball, has just tumbled to the idea. "Don't eat so much—don't get fat. Sort of sensible, we'd say, except for one thing. . . . Chow-lines.

Here, walking blithely up to the mess hall on noon's Pfc Quagmire Frongie, a slim, dapper young lad with a build like a starving garter snake. Quagmire is strictly a six-inch wailer, who has to be careful when he sips a soda, for fear of slipping down through the straw and getting drowned.

Quag runs through the chow-line with closed eyes and a perpetual shaking of the head. He doesn't want any beans today, he doesn't want a weinie, he doesn't want any lettuce with bayonettes. He wants a heel of bread on his tray with a half a dab of butter and munches it with water. He's a saving character, all right.

But, a few weeks of this, and Quagmire begins to chafe from where his belt-buckle rubs against his spine. He decides to maybe eat a little of what the happy, joyful mess management ladies are pressing on him. So, one bright noon, he goes through the



with people like him who are nuts about good, healthy food?

Not a doggone thing. So lets just forget about it, hey? Let's just sit around and let the avoid-avoid eating or whatever. Let's just sit around and let the avoid-avoid build layer on layer. If that's the way the mess sergeant wants it, okay. Who are we to argue with a fat chow-chow chow? Well, in his hand, and a heavy cool-book in the other!

The CHAPLAIN'S Message

The story is told of a master violinist accepted the suggestion. He was falling in health because he had a very busy and strenuous life making a skilled musician. Now the strain was becoming too heavy for his age and his health, and falling in health he sought the advice and medical attention of a physician. The physician recommended that he take a rest from his obligations and work. He suggested that he go into the mountains and hunt and fish, completely forgetting his regular strenuous routines in life. The master violinist accepted the suggestion for a rest. One evening, having finished supper and being in the home of an old mountaineer, he came into the old guest room with the big fireplace and strong sturdy mantelpiece. He noticed an old violin case in which was a worn rugged violin. Being a violinist, naturally he was interested. He asked the old mountaineer if he played the violin. In reply he said, "A little." The old violinist asked the mountaineer to play a tune for him, and, of course, the mountaineer played the music which was peculiar to his mode of living—mountain music. Having finished playing, he turned to the old mountaineer and he said, "Yes." The mountaineer requested that the violinist play, not knowing that he was a master with the bow and violin. The master violinist had a very sensitive accurate ear, thus he tuned the violin to a higher and more accurate pitch. He held the violin as an expert violin player and began to draw the bow across the strings. Immediately, the wife of the old mountaineer came rushing in from the kitchen where she had been washing the dishes and straightening up after the evening meal. She was drying her hands on her apron. Tears were in her eyes. Her voice was exclaiming, "Oh, what beautiful music an old violin can make when touched by a master's hand."

This story illustrates the lives of individuals and the life of our Christ. We are like the old mountaineer making ordinary individual one of our lives because we are not masters at the development of character. Our lives would be much more beautiful; our attitudes much friendlier; our personalities much leveler if they were touched by the more in hand. Jesus stands at the door and knocks and he says, "Behold I stand at the door and knock. If any man would let me in, I will come in and sup with him and he will be with Me." When we permit Christ to enter into our hearts and to direct our lives in the being "touched by the Master's hand," why not give Christ a chance to see what he can do with our lives?
Chaplain John W. Reeves